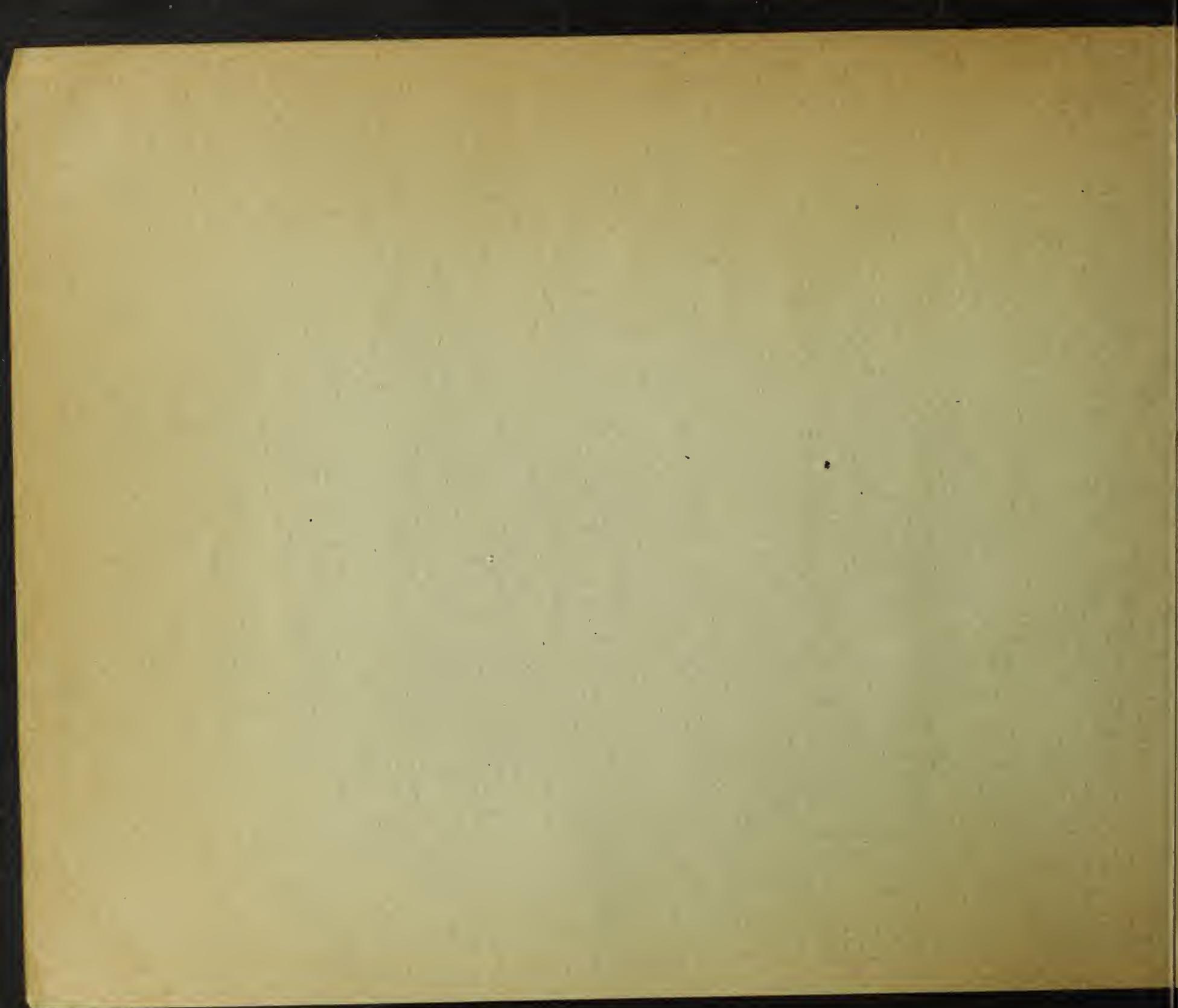
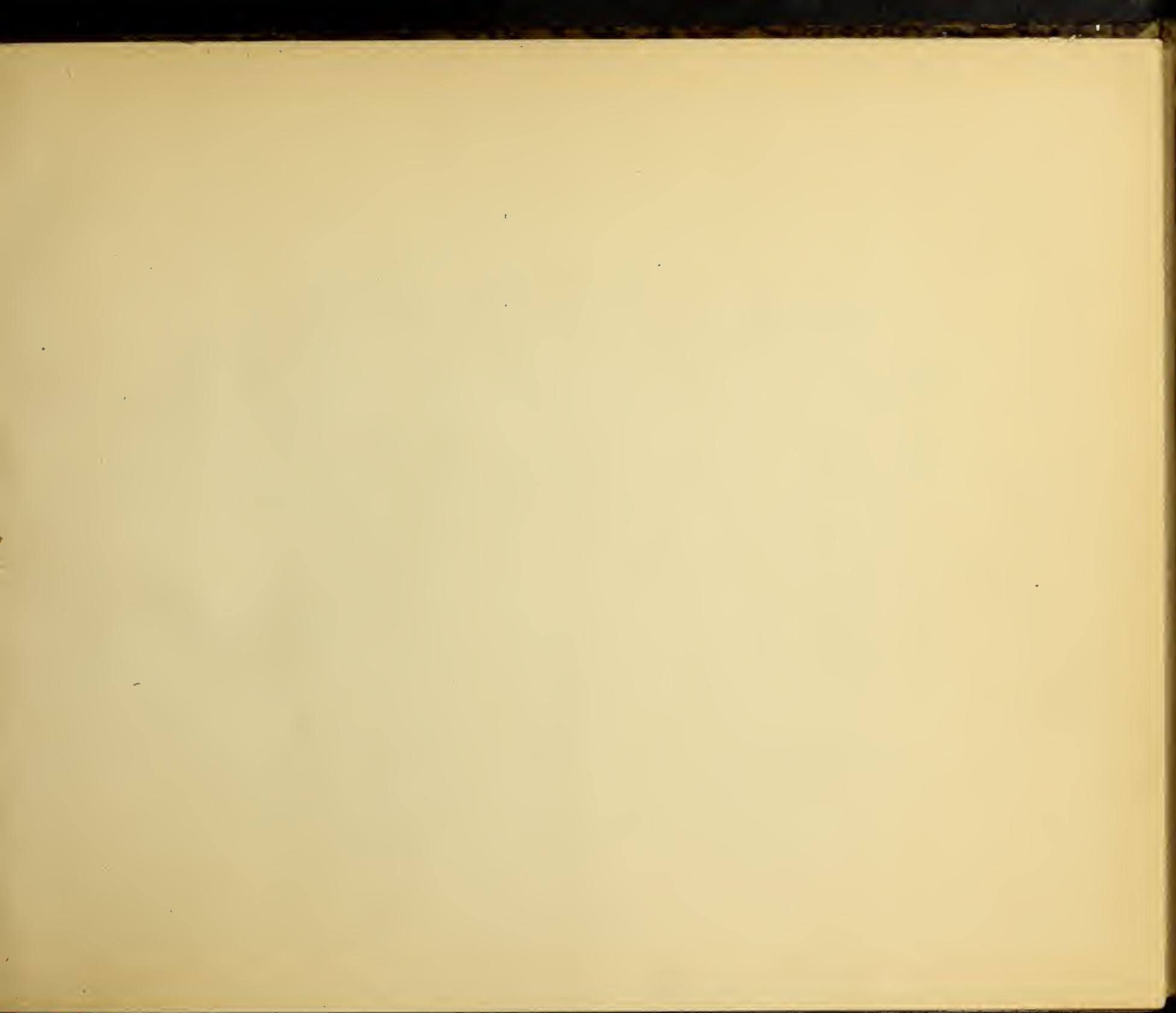


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THE
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SACRED HARMONY.

SELECTED FROM EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH MANY NEW TUNES
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some additional Tunes suited to the particular Metres in TATE and BRADY'S, and
DR. BELKNAP'S Collection of Psalms and Hymns.

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION OF PRACTICAL PRINCIPLES.

THE WHOLE DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, MUSICAL SOCIETIES, AND WORSHIPPING ASSEMBLIES.

BY SAMUEL HOLYOKE, A. M.

PUBLISHED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS. 1802

FROM THE MUSIC-PRESS OF HENRY RANLET, EXETER, NEWHAMPSHIRE.

The Compiler of "The Columbian Repository" presents his most grateful acknowledgements to those Gentlemen, who have honored him with their Patronage and Liberal Assistance, by which he has been enabled to complete this Publication. That their generous intentions for assisting the improvement of Sacred Music should not be frustrated has been his constant aim while engaged in the compilation. Should this work be so fortunate as to meet their approbation, it will afford an higher degree of confidence, when submitting it to the perusal of a discerning Public.

DEDICATION.

To the Members of the "Essex Musical Association.

GENTLEMEN,

BY your permission the following work is respectfully submitted to your inspection, with a hope that it may in some degree assist your attempts for ameliorating and refining the present taste for music. That you may be successful in your endeavours is the ardent wish of

Your Humble Servant,

The COMPILER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

SOME concise directions for playing the Bass Viol having been given in a late work, intitled the "Instrumental Assistant," there insertion here, as formerly proposed, was thought unnecessary. The intended Index of Tunes adapted to Dr. Belknap's Psalms and Hymns, is omitted as superfluous, as every Chorister is supposed capable of adapting his choice of music to the subject.

Every typographical error, which has been discovered, is pointed out in the Errata, into which every singer is requested to look, previous to the performing of a tune, by which he will have the music correct.

It is presumed that there has no work of the kind yet appeared in the United States in which there is a greater variety of Style to be found, than in the present; and should the encouragement be equivalent to the time and labor bestowed upon it, the design will be answered.

Mar 17, 1906

INTRODUCTION.

CHAP. I.

MUSIC combines MELODY, AIR, HARMONY, and MEASURE.—
Melody is a series of simple sounds, so regulated as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear.

Air is the spirit, or style of the melody.

Harmony is the consonance of two, or more sounds, which may be either *natural* or *artificial*.

Natural harmony is produced by the common chord.

Artificial harmony is a mixture of concords and discords, bearing relation to the common chord.

OF THE DIATONIC SCALE OF MUSIC.

The notes of the Diatonic Scale are seven, whose distances are measured by tones and semitones. Seven letters are applied to the notes in the following order, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. When there is occasion for an eighth letter the first is repeated.

The above letters comprehend a system of degrees, which is usually called an octave, from the various dispositions of which, we have the foundation of and endless variety of harmony.

The Diatonic Scale.

22	G	No. 4.							
21	F								
20	E								
19	D								
18	C								
17	B								
16	A								
15	G		G	No. 2.	G	A	No. 3.	G	
14	F		F		F			F	
13	E		E		E			E	
12	D		D		D			D	
11	C		C		C			C	
10	B	No. 1.	B		B			B	
9	A		A		A			A	
8	G		G		G			G	
7	F		F		F			F	
6	E		E		E			E	
5	D		D						
4	C								
3	B								
2	A								
1	G								

The figures prefixed to the scale show that the whole number of letters expressed amount to three octaves. But few voices having a larger compass the scale is not extended further.

The letters from figure 1 to 10, expressed by 5 lines, with their spaces, is the scale of the Bass staff—No. 1.

The letters from figure 5 to 15, are the Tenor staff—No. 2.

The letters from figure 6 to 16, are the Counter staff—No. 3.

The letters from 12 to 22, are the Treble staff—No. 4.

The *Bass staff* is assigned to the deepest men's voices.

The *Tenor staff* to the highest men's voices,

The *Counter staff* to boy's and the lowest women's voices.

The *Treble staff* to the highest women's voices.

The Diatonic Scale Divided.

For Counter.	For Tenor and Treble.	For Bass.
Space above, A	Space Above, G	Space above, B
5th Line, G	5th Line, F	5th Line, A
4th Space, F	4th Space, E	4th Space, G
4th Line, E	4th Line, D	4th Line, F
3d Space, D	3d Space, C	3d Space, E
3d Line, C	3d Line, B	3d Line, D
2d Space, B	2d Space, A	2d Space, C
2d Line, A	2d Line, G	2d Line, B
1st Space, G	1st Space, F	1st Space, A
1st Line, F	1st Line, E	1st Line, G
Space below, E	Space below, D	Space below, F

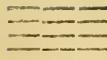
In Bass.—If there be one ledger line below the staff, the letter is E, if there be two, the letter is C, if there be one above the staff the letter is C.

In Tenor and Treble.—If there be one ledger line below the staff the letter is C, if there be one above the staff the letter is A.

In Counter.—If there be one ledger line above the staff the letter is B.

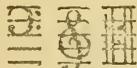
CHAP. II.

OF MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

A Staff  comprehends five lines with their spaces, whereon notes and other characters are placed.

Ledger lines  are used when notes ascend or descend beyond the compass of the staff.

A Brace  shows how many parts are sung together.

Cliffs  are placed at the beginning of every staff, determining the names of every line and space.

The F Cliff  is used only in Bass, and derives its name from the letter on which it is placed.

The G Cliff  is used in Tenor and Treble, and sometimes in Counter, and receives its name from its letter. This cliff always holds its place.

The C Cliff  is used in Counter, and sometimes in Tenor and Treble, taking its name from its letter.—*N.B.* The C Cliff is removeable to any line or space in the staff, in that case it removes the order of the seven letters with it.

A Sharp  set before a note raises it one degree or semitone.

A Flat  set before a note sinks it one degree or semitone.

When Sharps or Flats appear at the beginning of a tune, they have influence through it unless contradicted by a natural. Observe that sharps or flats affect the sound of no letters but those on which they are set.

A Natural  restores a note, made flat or sharp, to its primitive sound.

A Repeat  shows what part of a tune is to be sung over again.

Figures 1, 2 are used when some part of a tune is to be repeated. The note under figure 1 is to be sung the first time, and the note under figure 2 when the same part is repeated, omitting the note under figure 1. If the notes under the figures are connected by a slur, they are both to be sung the second time.

A Slur  is drawn over, or under so many notes as are to be sung to one syllable.

Marks of Distinction  signify that the notes over which they are set should be sung as distinctly and emphatically as possible.

A Point of Addition  extends the sound of a note, for instance, when set after a Semibreve it makes it equal to three minims.

A Direct  is set at the end of a staff to direct the performer to the first note in the next staff.

Figure 3 or Point of Diminution  placed over or under any three notes reduces them to the time of two notes of the same kind.

Choosing Notes  are placed in a direct line, one above another, either of which, or both may be sung.

A Legature or Tye  comprehends two or more notes upon the same line or space, which are considered as one sound and one name.

A single Bar  divides the time agreeably with the measure note.

A Double Bar  shows the end of a strain. It is sometimes used to divide the different notes which belong to the various lines of poetry.

A Close  shows the end of a tune.

CHAP. III.

TABLE OF THE TRANSPOSITION OF THE MI.

WHEN a tune has neither flats nor sharps at the beginning Mi is in B. But

If there be	1 Flat	Mi is in E.
	2 Flats	Mi is in A.
	3 Flats	Mi is in D.
	4 Flats	Mi is in G.
	5 Flats	Mi is in C.
	6 Flats	Mi is in F.
	7 Flats	Mi is in B.

N.B. Flats drive the *mi* from one letter to another.

If there be	1 Sharp	Mi is in F.
	2 Sharps	Mi is in C.
	3 Sharps	Mi is in G.
	4 Sharps	Mi is in D.
	5 Sharps	Mi is in A.
	6 Sharps	Mi is in E.
	7 Sharps	Mi is in B.

N.B. Sharps carry the *mi* from one letter to another.

Table of the places of Mi by Flats.

RULE.—A Flat removes the Mi to a Fourth above, or a Fifth below its former place.

	1 Flat.	2 Flats	3 Flats.	4 Flats	5 Flats.
Treble.					
	B	E	A	D	G
Counter.					
	B	E	A	D	G
Tenor.					
	B	E	A	D	G
Bass.					
	B	E	A	D	G

The rule will operate in the same manner for the other places of Mi.

Table of the places of Mi by Sharps.

RULE.—A Sharp removes the Mi to Fifth above, or a Fourth below its former place.

	1 Sharp.	2 Sharps.	3 Sharps.	4 Sharps.	5 Sharps.
Treble.					
	B	F	C	G	D
Counter.					
	B	F	C	G	D
Tenor.					
	B	F	C	G	D
Bass.					
	B	F	C	G	D

The rule for the sharps will also operate in the same way for the remaining sharps.

CHAP. IV.

OF NAMING THE NOTES.

Ascending—RULE.—Above Mi are Faw, Sol, Law, Faw, Sol, Law, then comes Mi.

Descending—RULE.—Below Mi are Law, Sol, Faw, Law, Sol, Faw, then comes Mi.

ASCENDING.

First find the place of the Mi.

Then the 1st note above Mi is Faw.
 the 2d - is Sol.
 the 3d - is Law.
 the 4th - is Faw.
 the 5th - is Sol.
 the 6th - is Law.
 Then comes - - Mi.

DESCENDING.

Find the place of the Mi.

Then the 1st note below Mi is Law.
 the 2d - is Sol.
 the 3d - - is Faw.
 the 4th - is Law.
 the 5th - is Sol.
 the 6th - is Faw.
 Then comes - - Mi.

EXAMPLE.

Treble.

Counter.

Tenor.

Bass.

Compare the rule with the example, the first note of which is Mi, then the first note above Mi is faw, the second fol, &c.

The last note faw in the example is to show that, if the notes were to ascend still further, the same order of the names is to be observed.

EXAMPLE.

Treble.

Counter.

Tenor.

Bass.

The last note law in the example is to show that, should notes descend still further, the same order in the names is preserved.

Compare the rule with the example.—The first note below mi is law, the second fol, &c.

If the Mode or Key be major, the last note in the tune will be faw; if it be minor the last note will be law.

3d Example.

For Ten. or Treb. Common way. As the 1st method.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

For Bass.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

4th Example.

For Ten. or Treb.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

For Bass.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

By Restored Notes—1st Example.

For Ten. or Treb. Common way. As the 1st method.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

For Bass.

fol, faw, faw, mi, law. fol, faw, fol, faw, law.

2d Example.

For Ten. or Treb.

faw, fol, fol, faw, fol. faw, fol, faw, mi, faw.

For Bass.

faw, fol, law, faw, fol. faw, fol, law, mi, faw.

3d Example.

For Ten. or Treb.

faw, fol, fol, faw, fol. faw, fol, faw, mi, faw.

For Bass.

faw, fol, fol, faw, fol. faw, fol, faw, mi, faw.

4th Example.

For Ten. or Treb.

faw, fol, fol, faw, fol. faw, fol, faw, mi, faw.

For Bass.

faw, fol, fol, faw, fol. faw, fol, faw, mi, faw.

Examples might easily be multiplied, but if the learner practise the above attentively, he may make many changes in a variety of instances, by which he may arrive at the true tone of almost any notes.

CHAP. VI.

OF THE NOTES WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE POWERS.

MUSICAL sounds are represented by certain characters of various forms, by which their proportionate difference is specified.

Six characters are used, which are known by these names—

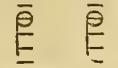
- 1st A Semibreve, or a whole,
- 2d A Minim or a half,
- 3d A Crotchet, or a 4th,
- 4th A Quaver, or an 8th,
- 5th A Semiquaver, or a 16th,
- 6th A Demifemiquaver, or a 32d,

The terms, *whole*, *half*, &c. determine their proportion with respect to each other.

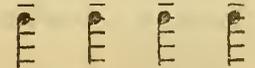
Tables of the Powers of Notes.

TABLE I.—The Semibreve as a measure Note.

One Semibreve or whole, contains either two Minims,



or four Crotchets,



or eight Quavers,



or sixteen Semiquavers,



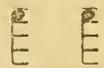
or thirty two Demifemiquavers,



TABLE II.

The Minim as a measure note.

One Minim  or half, contains either two crotchets,



or four Quavers,



or eight Semiquavers.



or sixteen Demifemiquavers,



TABLE III.

The Crotchet as a measure note.

One Crotchet  or 4th, contains either two quavers.



or four Semiquavers,



or eight Demifemiquavers.



TABLE IV.

The Quaver as a measure note.

One Quaver  or 8th, contains either two Semiquavers,



or four Demifemiquavers.



TABLE V.

The Semiquaver as a measure note.

One Semiq.  or 16th, contains two Demifemiquavers.



From a ready comprehension of the preceding tables, the learner will be enabled to arrange the notes in any bar according to the measure note, and to determine the number of notes, which, in one part, correspond with any note, or notes in another part.

A point of Addition adds to a note half its original length. See the Table.

Table of pointed Notes.

No. 1. 1st bar. 2d bar. 3d bar. 4th bar. 5th bar.

No. 2.

No. 3.

In No. 1. 1st bar we have a pointed Semibreve, which is equal to a semibreve and a minim, as will appear in No. 2, 1st bar, which semibreve being pointed is equal to three minims, as appears in the 1st bar, No. 3.

In 2d bar, No. 1, there is a pointed minim, which, according to the 2d bar, No. 2, is equal to a minim and a crotchet, and which, according to bar 2d, No. 3, is equal to three crotchets. Always reckon by the tables of the powers of notes, as thus, one semibreve is equal to two minims, &c.

The flurs, extending from the notes to the points in No. 1, answer to those in No. 2 and 3, and show, for instance, the proportion, which No. 2 and 3 bears to No. 1, or the pointed notes, and determines the length of a point, as set to different notes.

CHAP. VI.

OF RESTS WITH THEIR SEVERAL POWERS.

THE characters, called rests, signify that the sound should be suspended so long time as it would take to sound any notes, which they represent; for instance, should a semibreve rest occur, then silence should be observed while a semibreve might be sung, &c.

	Rests.	Notes
A Semibreve Rest, requires the time of a Semibreve,		
A Minim Rest, requires the time of Minim,		
A Crotchet Rest, requires the time of a Crotchet		
A Quaver Rest requires the time of a Quaver		
A Semiquaver Rest requires the time of a Semiquaver,		
A Demifemiquaver Rest the time of a Demifemiquaver,		

The Semibreve rest is used in the different kinds of time to fill a bar, which has no notes.

Rest of 1 bar. Rest of 2 bars. Rest of 3 bars. Rest of 4 bars. Rest of 5 bars. Rest of 6 bars.

It is as necessary for a performer to be as well acquainted with the powers of the rests, as those of the notes, otherwise he will be continually making mistakes, which is contrary to the accuracy, which is to be desired in every musical performance. The learner, therefore, cannot be too solicitous to acquire an exactness in his first attempts.

CHAP. VIII.

OF MEASURE, TIME, AND MOVEMENT.

MEASURE is the division of notes into equal parts, by means of bars.

Time signifies the measure of a sound with respect to its duration, and is the Spirit of the Air.

Movement is that peculiar degree of velocity, which the character of the piece, performed, gives to the measure, for "every kind of measure has a movement peculiar to itself."

The principal modifications of movement from slow to quick, are five, which are expressed by the words *Largo, Adagio, Andante, Allegro, and Presto.*

There are three divisions of measure, viz: *Common, Triple and Compound,* which are distinguished by certain characters or signs.

Of the first Division, or Common Measure.

Common Measure is similar to even numbers, as two, four, &c. and is to be known by these signs,

1st \overline{C} 2d \overline{C} barred, 3d $\overline{3}$ reversed, 4th $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{2}$

The first three signs have a Semibreve for a measure note, and contain either a Semibreve, or its amount in other notes, in a bar.

The two last signs have a Minim for a measure note, or its value in other notes in a bar.

The 1st sign \overline{C} signifies that the bar is to be divided by *four* motions of the hand, thus,

1st, Let the ends of the fingers fall.

2d, Let the heel of the hand fall.

3d, Raise the heel of the hand.

4th, Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

The 2d sign \overline{C} Signifies that the bar is to be divided by *two* motions of the hand, thus,

1st, Let the ends of the fingers fall.

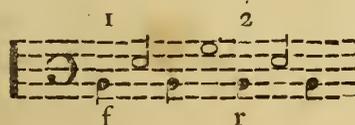
2d, Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

The 3d sign $\overline{3}$ Signifies that the bar is to be divided by *two* motions of the hand, in the manner of the second sign.

The 4th sign $\frac{2}{4}$ or $\frac{2}{2}$ Signifies *two* motions of the hand in a bar, as in the second sign.

B

EXAMPLES.



N. B. This sign \overline{C} barred, signifies only *two* motions of the hand in each bar throughout this book. Other Compilers, however, have adopted the 2d sign for *four* motions of the hand.

Should the learner take the 1st sign to begin with, and familiarize the four motions of the hand, perhaps it may be easier to omit one motion afterward than to add one.

Of the 2d Division, or Triple Measure.

Triple Measure is composed of odd numbers, as 3, &c. each bar including either a pointed Semibreve, a pointed Minim, a pointed Crotchet, or their value in other notes, and is to be known by these signs

$\overline{3}$ $\overline{3}$ $\overline{3}$ which are all to be beaten thus,

1st Let the ends of the fingers fall.

2d Let the heel of the hand fall.

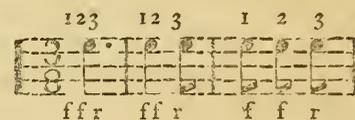
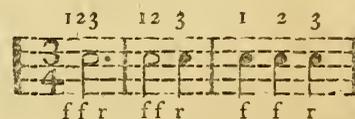
3d Raise the ends of the fingers, which completes the bar.

The 1st sign $\overline{3}$ Called *three to two*, includes either a pointed Semibreve, a Semibreve and a Minim, or three Minims in a bar.

The 3d sign $\overline{4}$ Called *three from four*, includes either a pointed Minim, a Minim and a Crotchet, or three Crotchets in a bar.

The 3d sign $\overline{8}$ Called *three from eight*, includes either a pointed Crotchet, a Crotchet and a Quaver, or three Quavers in a bar.

EXAMPLES.



N. B. The figures 2, 4 and 8, in the three preceding signs, denote the composition to be of the measure of such like notes, as will make a bar in common measure.

It is not to be supposed that the bars of the last examples will admit of no other disposition, for it will be found that a bar may contain two minims and two crotchets, four crotchets and one minim, or six crotchets, and all reducible to the measure note of each sign, which are the pointed semibreve, the pointed minim, and pointed crotchet.

Of the 3d Division, or Compound Measure.

Compound Measure may be divided into compound common and compound triple,

Of Compound Common Measure.

The 1st sign $\frac{6}{4}$ Called *six to four*, contains either two pointed Minims, or their value in other notes in a bar.

The 2d sign $\frac{6}{8}$ Called *six from eight*, contains either two pointed Crotchets, or their value in other notes in a bar.

The 1st and 2d signs require *two* motions of the hand in each bar.

The sign $\frac{6}{8}$ should generally be performed slowly and gracefully, unless some direction be given to the contrary.

The 3d sign $\frac{12}{4}$ Called *twelve to four*, contains either four pointed Minims, or twelve crotchets in a bar.

The 4th sign $\frac{12}{8}$ Called *twelve to eight*, contains either four pointed Crotchets, or twelve Quavers in a bar.

The 3d and 4th signs require *four* motions of the hand in each bar.

Of Compound Triple Measure.

The 1st sign $\frac{9}{4}$ Called *nine to four*, contains either three pointed Minims, or one Crotchet in a bar.

The 2d sign $\frac{9}{8}$ Called *nine to eight*, contains either three pointed Crotchets, or nine Quavers in a bar.

The *two* last signs require three motions of the hand in each bar.

N. B. The figures refer to the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th motions of the hand. The letters *f* and *r*, to the falling and rising of the hand according to the figures.

EXAMPLES.

1 2 1 2

f r f r

1 2 1 2

f r f r

1 2 3 4

f f r r

1 2 3 4

f f r r

EXAMPLES.

1 2 3

f f r

1 2 3

f f r

CHAP. IX.

OF KEEPING TIME.

TO keep accurate Time, it is necessary that the proportionate duration and velocity of notes should be familiar, for which purpose a motion of the hand is thought requisite. When the learner attempts to keep time with the hand, he will find it advantageous to name the parts of the bar according to the figures, especially when ever a rest happens. This will

familiarize the positions of the hand to the several parts of the bars, and assist the eye to discern at once its divisions and contents.

Let the motion of the hand, at first, be large, equal and simple; afterward a very small motion will be sufficient.

Examples.—Common Measure.

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 1 2

f f r r f f r r f f r r f f r r f r f r f r

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 1 2 1 2

f f r r f f r r f f r r f r f r f r

Triple. 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3

f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r

1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3 1 2 3

f r r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r f f r

Compound. 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

f r f r f r f r f r f r f r f r

1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

f r f r f r f r f r f r f r f r

It is a common error for the voice, in many instances, to follow the motion of the hand upon a pointed note, which causes it to sound like two distinct notes, when in fact a point only extends the sound of a note.

This error destroys the melody, and it takes place principally upon the rising motion of the hand in common measure: in triple measure it takes place on the falling of the heel of the hand.

Example of Pointed Notes.

1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

The above example as it is commonly sung.

Other examples of notes erroneously sung.

Written.



Many examples might be added, but an attentive perusal of the above may lead the learner to watch the manner of his performance, and to avoid similar errors.

It is of the utmost consequence in musical performance, that the Time should be kept accurately, that no notes be cut short of, or continued beyond their proper length, excepting in cadence, and that the notes, in one part, should be struck at the same moment with the corresponding notes in the other parts. For irregular time will ever destroy all propriety of performance.

CHAP. X.

OF the DIRECTIVE TERMS.

THE Terms *Andante*, *Moderato*, *Piano*, &c. are called *directive*, because from them we discover the character and movement of a piece of music. Many fingers pay no attention to these terms, but decide the velocity of a movement from the signs of the measure C, $\frac{3}{2}$, &c. which are inserted at the beginning of the staff; whereas those signs signify no more than the measure, or contents of the bars. Wherever any directive words appear, an invariable adherence to them is indispensibly necessary. At the same time the subject ought to be consulted, especially, when no directive words are found. Then, and then only, may the performer suppose that he has a tolerable idea of the design of the piece.

The principal Terms, used to denote the degree of slowness, or quickness of a piece of music, are the following, viz: *Largo*, *Adagio*, *Andante*, *Allegro*, and *Presto*. There are some other words used as diminutives of the above. The succeeding table will show their several places.

Table of the Five Principal Degrees of Movement, with their Diminutives.

1st—	LARGO.	VERY SLOW.
	Gravemente—same as Largo.	
	Larghetto—not so slow as Largo.	
2d—	ADAGIO—	SLOW.
	Affettuoso—not so slow as Adagio.	
3d—	ANDANTE—	MODERATE.
	Andante Grazioso—same as Andante.	
	Andantino—somewhat quicker than Andante.	
	Moderato—quicker than Andante.	
4th—	ALLEGRO—	BRISK.
	Allegretto—not so quick as Allegro.	
5th—	PRESTO—	QUICK.
	Precissimo—very quick.	

The five preceding Terms, with their Diminutives, are used by the Italians to determine the velocity of a movement.

Two words frequently stand together, as *con spirito*—For their signification, see the Explanation of musical terms.

CHAP. XI.

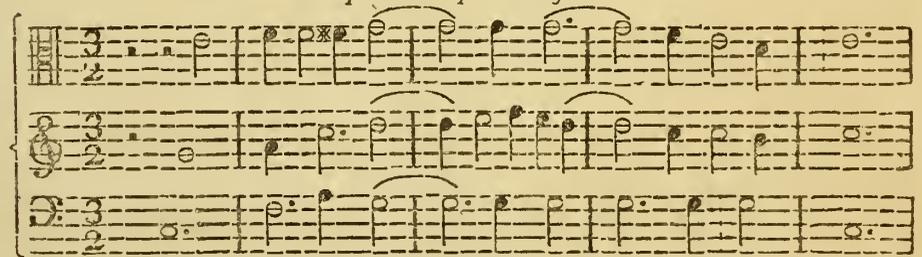
OF SYNCOPATION.

SYNCOPATION is difficult for beginners, because the hand is moving while the sound of a note is continued. See the Examples.

Example in Common Measure.



Example in Triple Measure.



The above examples, being practised till they become familiar, may serve to direct to the manner of performing syncopated passages in general.

CHAP. XII.

OF ACCENT.

ACCENT is the arithmetical order, by which the contents of a bar are divided and arranged. Although the principles of the accent belong chiefly to the composer, yet the performer ought not to be wholly unacquainted with them.—The accented and unaccented parts of a bar, in the several measures may be seen in the following

TABLE.

In the sign of \underline{C} \underline{C} \underline{A} the 1st note is accented; the 2d, unaccented; the 3d accented; the 4th unaccented.



In the sign of 2 or $\frac{2}{4}$, the 1st note is accented; the 2d unaccented.



In the signs of $\frac{3}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, $\frac{3}{8}$ the first note is accented; the 2d unaccented; the 3d accented.



In the signs of $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{6}{8}$, the 1st and 3d notes are accented, the 2d unaccented, the 4th and 6th accented, the 5th unaccented.



In the signs of $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{8}$ the accents lie in the order of $\frac{6}{4}$ and $\frac{6}{8}$.

In the signs of $\frac{2}{4}$, $\frac{2}{8}$ the accents lie in the order of $\frac{3}{4}$ and $\frac{3}{8}$.

The terms *accented* and *unaccented*, strictly, require no difference in the strength of tones. In vocal music, if any difference be allowed, it must arise from the pronunciation of accented and unaccented syllables.

CHAP. XIII.

OF THE MODES, OR KEYS.

THERE are but two Modes, or Keys, in music, viz: Major and Minor, or Sharp and Flat. The Major Mode is applied to cheerful, and the Minor Mode to melancholy subjects.

There are two pitches, or letters, which are called original, viz: C major, and A minor; being naturally divided by tones and semitones, they require no alteration, in their respective octaves, by sharps or flats, excepting in the rising 6th and 7th in the mode of A.

The series of notes, beginning at C and rising eight notes to C above, without flats or sharps, comprehends what is called the original octave of C. The series, descending, of the same octave, is the same as the ascending.

The series of notes, beginning at A and rising eight notes to A above, with the 6th and 7th sharped, comprehends the ascending octave of A, but in the descending series of eight notes the sharps are removed. This is called the original octave of A.

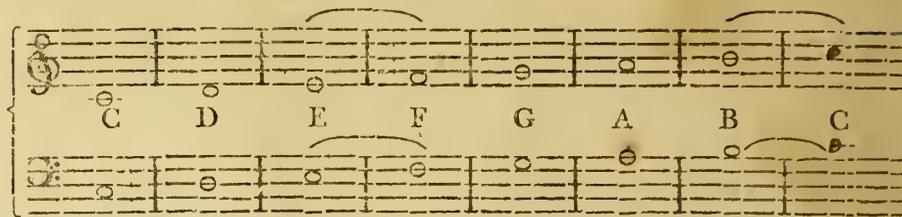
The modes, or octaves of C and A being the only original ones, all other modes are but transpositions of them, as may be seen in the chapter on transposition.

The diatonic degrees are commonly measured by *tones* and *semitones*. Perhaps the distances may be understood more clearly, if we say that the distance of notes may be measured by a rule of inches; for instance, when the distance of a tone is mentioned, say it is an inch, and when a semitone is expressed, say it is half an inch

OF THE MAJOR MODE.

Example of the original Mode, or Octave of C.

ASCENDING.



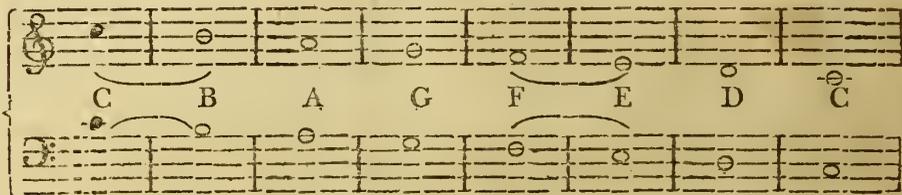
The semitones lie *between* E and F, and B and C, as shown by the slurs, according to the following Table.

ASCENDING.

From C to D	the distance is a whole tone, or an inch.
— D to E	— whole tone, or an inch.
— E to F	— semitone, or an half inch.
— F to G	— whole tone, or an inch.
— G to A	— whole tone, or an inch.
— A to B	— whole tone, or an inch.
— B to C	— semitone, or a half inch.

From hence it appears that the octave contains five whole tones, and two semitones.

DESCENDING.



In the descending series we find that the semitones lie in the same order, as in the ascending series, as in the succeeding Table.

DESCENDING.

From C to B	the distance is a semitone, or a half inch.
— B to A	— whole tone, or an inch.
— A to G	— whole tone, or an inch.
— G to F	— whole tone, or an inch.
— F to E	— semitone, or a half inch.
— E to D	— whole tone, or an inch.
— D to C	— whole tone, or an inch.

Table of Intervals determining their relation to the Pitch.—The Pitch may be any given note or letter.

ASCENDING.

Pitch.	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C

C is the given pitch. D is one note above C and is the 2d to C. E is the 3d, F the 4th, G the 5th, A the 6th, B the 7th, C the 8th.

DESCENDING.

8th	7th	6th	5th	4th	3d,	2d	Pitch.
C	B	A	G	F	E	D	C

C is the 8th from the pitch, B is the 7th, A the 6th, G the 5th, F the 4th, E the 3d, D the 2d, C the given pitch.

OF THE MINOR MODE.

Example of the Original Mode, or Octave of A.

ASCENDING.

Table of Ascending Series.

From A to B	the distance is a	whole tone.
— B to C	-	femitone.
— C to D	-	whole tone.
— D to E	-	whole tone.
— E to F*	-	whole tone.
— F* to G*	-	whole tone.
— G* to A	-	femitone.

DESCENDING.

Table of Descending Series.

From A to G	the distance is a	whole tone.
— G to F	-	whole tone.
— F to E	-	femitone.
— E to D	-	whole tone.
— D to C	-	whole tone.
— C to B	-	femitone.
— B to A	-	whole tone.

In the examples of the series of notes, ascending and descending, the femitones lie between B and C. But they differ in the upper part of the octave.

In the ascending series, F and G being sharpened, the femitone lies between G* and A; but in the descending series, the sharps being removed from F and G, the femitone lies between F and E, as in the Major Mode.

Table of Intervals determining their relation to the Pitch.

ASCENDING.

Pitch.	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
A	B	C	D	E	F*	G*	A

A is the given Pitch. B is one note above A and is 2d to B, C is its 3d, D its 4th, E its 5th, F* its 6th, G* its 7th, A its 8th.

DESCENDING.

8th	7th	6th	5th	4th	3d	2d	Pitch.
A	G	F	E	D	C	B	A

A is the 8th from the pitch, G the 7th, F the 6th, E the 5th, D the 4th, E the 3d, D the 2d, A the pitch.

The learner will be confused in the next chapter unless he has clear ideas of the Diatonic steps in this. He ought therefore to be cautious of going to fast in his attempts to gain a knowledge of fixed principles.

OF THE CHROMATIC SCALE, OR THE DIATONIC SCALE DIVIDED BY SEMITONES, OR DISTANCES.

ASCENDING.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

C C* or D♭ D D* or E♭ E F F* or G♭ G G* or A♭ A A* or B♭ B C

The white notes answer to the tones in the Diatonic Scale on the same letters.

DESCENDING,

12 11 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

C B B♭ or A* A A♭ or G* G G♭ or F* F E E♭ or D* D D♭ or C* C

The above scale comprehends twelve semitones ascending and descending.

Observe that in the above scale every two notes, connected by a slur, are to be considered as one sound. For instance, from C to D, in the Diatonic Scale, there is a whole tone, but, if either C be sharped, or D be flatted they will amount to the same tone, because, as before observed, a sharp raises a note one semitone, or a flat sinks it one semitone.

The succeeding tables will direct how to name the semitones, and letters of the Chromatic Scale.

Table for the Semitones.

ASCENDING.	DESCENDING.
From C to C* or D♭ is the 1st semi-	From C to B is the 12th semi-
--- C* or D♭ to D is the 2d tone.	--- B to B♭ or A* --- 11th tone
--- D to D* or E♭ --- 2d	--- B♭ or A* to A --- 10th.
--- D* or E♭ to E --- 4th.	--- A to A♭ or G* --- 9th.
--- E to F --- 5th.	--- A♭ or G* to G --- 8th.
--- F to F* or G♭ --- 6th.	--- G to G♭ or F* --- 7th.
--- F* or G♭ to G --- 7th.	--- G♭ or F* to F --- 6th.
--- G to G* or A♭ --- 8th.	--- F to E --- 5th.
--- G* or A♭ to A --- 9th.	--- E to E♭ or D* --- 4th.
--- A to A* or B♭ --- 10th.	--- E♭ or D* to D --- 3d.
--- A* or B♭ to B --- 11th.	--- D to D♭ or C* --- 2d.
--- B to C --- 12th.	--- D♭ or C* to C. --- 1st.

It frequently happens that a learner, when attempting to comprehend the Chromatic Scale, confounds the number of the distances with the number of sounds composing any interval.

Without repeating examples look at the scale and you will find the letters, which are to be thus expressed.

C or the pitch is the 1st found.	G - - - is the 8th ---
C* or D♭ --- 2d ---	G* or A♭ --- 9th ---
D - - - --- 3d ---	A - - - --- 10th ---
D* to E♭ --- 4th ---	A* or B♭ --- 11th ---
E - - - --- 5th ---	B - - - --- 12th ---
F - - - --- 6th ---	C - - - --- 13th ---
F* or G♭ --- 7th ---	

From the above we see that an octave is composed of thirteen sounds, each of which may be taken as a pitch, either in the major or minor modes, by adding flats or sharps.

From the preceding tables, and the succeeding scales of intervals, we may attempt to discover the construction of the modes;—For which purpose, the following rules may not, perhaps, be amiss.

RULE 1st.—Take the pitch as the ground for determining the relative distances of the other notes in the octave, or for enumerating the several sounds composing any chord.

2d.—Find the number of semitones, or sounds, in the first third from the pitch, then from the number of the distances in, or from the number of sounds composing the first third, the construction of the mode may be determined.

3d.—Ascertain the number of distances, or sounds as you may choose, which the 6th and 7th from the pitch contain.

4th.—Examine the distances, or sounds, in the chromatic scale to prove the value of the 3d, 6th and 7th, from the pitch.

To remove all obscurity the subsequent scales are given both in the Major and Minor Modes.

The 1st and 2d, gives the number of distances; and the 3d and 4th the number of sounds composing any chord.

SCALE OF DISTANCES.

1st. MAJOR MODE—ASCENDING.			2d. MINOR MODE—ASCENDING.		
From the Pitch to the 2d found is the 1st dist.			From the Pitch to the 2d found is the 1st dist.		
2d	3d	2d tance	2d	3d	2d tance
3d	4th	3d	3d	4th	3d
4th	5th	4th	4th	5th	4th
5th	6th	5th	5th	6th	5th
6th	7th	6th	6th	7th	6th
7th	8th	7th	7th	8th	7th
8th	9th	8th	8th	9th	8th
9th	10th	9th	9th	10th	9th
10th	11th	10th	10th	11th	10th
11th	12th	11th	11th	12th	11th
12th	13th	12th	12th	13th	12th

SCALE OF SOUNDS COMPOSING ANY CHORD.

3d. MAJOR MODE.			4th. MINOR MODE.		
The Pitch	is the 1st found		The Pitch	is the 1st found.	
Its 2d	is the 3d found from		Its 2d	is the 3d found from	
— 3d	— 5th [the pitch.]		— 3d	— 4th	
— 4th	— 6th		— 4th	— 6th	
— 5th	— 8th		— 5th	— 8th	
— 6th	— 10th		— 6th	{ rising 10th	
— 7th	— 12th		— 6th	{ falling 9th	
— 8th	— 13th		— 7th	{ rising 12th	
			— 7th	{ falling 11th	
			— 8th	— 13th	

Examples in the Major Mode

The found which constitutes the Mode is marked with the figure 3.

No. 1. Plain. 3d 6th 7th

C is the Pitch, E is its 3d, A its 6th, B its 7th.

The preceding Example proved by *distances*. The first two notes are only used.

No. 2. 1 2 3 4

From the figures there are four distances from C to E.

Example No. 1. proved by *sounds* composing a third from the Pitch.

No. 3. 1 2 3 4 5

From the figures we find five sounds composing a 3d from the pitch.

Examples in the Minor Mode.

The note which makes a 3d from the Pitch is marked with a figure 3.

No. 1. 3d 6th 7th

A is the pitch, C its 3d, F* its 6th, G* its 7th.

Example No. 1. proved by *distances*. The first two notes are only used.

No. 2. 1 2 3

By the figures we find but three distances from A to C.

Example No. 1. proved by *sounds* composing a third from the pitch.

No. 3. 1 2 3 4

By the figures we find but four sounds from A to C, which makes a third.

To make the difference still more plain, take the same A both as Major and Minor.

MAJOR MODE. MINOR MODE.

In the above example we find five sounds, or four distances. The sounds, which compose the first third begin at A and extend to C* or D♭. The sounds, which compose the first third, in the Minor, begin at A and extend to C. We then find the difference between the Major and Minor modes to be *one sound*, that is, we find one sound more in the first third, in the Major, than we do in the Minor mode. Or if we examine the thirds by their *distances*, we find *four* in the Major, and but *three* in the Minor mode, as may be seen by the figures under the bass staff; so there is one wanting in either case, whether it be a *sound*, or a *distance*.

The Sixth and Seventh are left for the exercise of the learner.

Though the mode of C has been exhibited as a major mode, and the mode of A as a minor, yet their characters are capable of being reversed, when the mode of C may appear as minor, and the mode of A as major, by applying either flats or sharps.

The Pitch of C both as a Major and Minor Mode.

MAJOR MODE OF C.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4 5

1st 3d from C is E. Proved by the five sounds.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4 5

MINOR MODE OF C.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4

1st 3d from C. Proved by the four sounds.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4

The Pitch of A both as Minor and Major.

MINOR MODE OF A.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3

First third from A is C. Proved by the three distances.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3

MAJOR MODE OF A.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4

First third from A is C. Proved by the four distances.

1st 2d 3d 1 2 3 4

There are certain sounds, which are the same in both modes, viz; The pitch, its 2d, 4th, 5th and 8th. The changeable sounds are the 3d, 6th and 7th from the pitch.

Example of the sounds, which agree in both Modes.

Major Mode. Minor Mode.

Pitch. 2d 4th 5th 8th Pitch. 2d 4th 5th 8th

Example of changeable Sounds.

Pitch 2d. 3d 4th 5th 6th 7th 8th

From the example, the 3d, 6th and 7th from the pitch may be changed at pleasure from major to minor and from minor to major. Though all the other letters are changeable in a course of modulation, yet the 3d, 6th and 7th only determine the quality of the mode.—From the whole the following rules may be derived, viz :

- 1st. That if four distances are found in the first 3d from the pitch the mode is Major ; if but three are found it is Minor.
- 2d. That if five sounds compose the first 3d from the pitch, the mode is Major, if but four are found, the mode is Minor.
- 3d. That the first 3d from the pitch constitutes and determines the mode.

CHAP. XV.

OF THE MODULATION OF THE MODES.

THE modulating, or changing of the modes from one letter or pitch to another, being so frequent in every regular composition, the performer will be continually embarrassed, unless he endeavours to acquire a habit of discerning those changes.

The transitions of a mode from one pitch to another takes place either abruptly, or by gradual preparation.

When the change is gradual, the new pitch is announced either by a sharp, flat or natural. When the change is abrupt, the usual signs are either altered or removed.

Examples of the gradual transitions of the Major Mode from one pitch to another.

Example I.

Mode of C into D by a sharp on F.

Example II.

Mode of G into D by a sharp on C.

Example III.

Mode of C into F by a flat on B.

Example IV.

Mode of F into C by a natural on B.

In Example I. The pitch of A is announced by a sharp on F. In Example III. The pitch of F is prepared by a flat on B.

Examples of the gradual transitions of the Minor Mode from one pitch to another.

Mode of A into E.

Mode of E into B.

Mode of F into D.

Mode of D into A.

Examples of Abrupt Changes.

Mode of C into F.

F into B \flat

B \flat into E \flat

Examples of transitions from Major to Minor, and from Minor to Major.

C into A Minor to C Major. Major to C Minor.

CHAP. XVI.

OF TRANSPOSITION.

BY transposition we understand the removal of the original modes from one pitch, or letter, to another. For instance, the mode of C major, may be transposed to the pitch of G by inserting a sharp on F; and from thence to the pitch of D by inserting another sharp on C, &c.

But why sharps and flats are set upon particular letters we cannot comprehend, unless we examine the reason of *some letters* being sharped or flatted in preference to others.

At every new transposition of the mode, an additional flat or sharp is requisite.—First attend to the table of the transposition of the sharp 7th, as follows;

If there be neither sharps nor flats at the beginning of the staff the sharp 7th is in B; but

If B be flatted, the sharp 7th is in E.	Or if F be sharped, the * 7th is in F*
— B and E be flatted it is in A	— F and C be sharped it is in C*
— B, E and A - - - D	— F, C and G - - - G*
— B, E, A and D - - - G	— F, C, G and D - - - D*
— B, E, A, D and G - - - C	— F, C, G, D and A - - - A*
— B, E, A, D, G and C - - - F	— F, C, G, D, A and E - - - E*
— B, E, A, D, G, C and F - - - B ^b	— F, C, G, D, A, E and B - - - B*

The learner will observe, that the *Mi* always stands upon what is here called the sharp seventh.

The original Major and Minor Modes transposed to different letters or pitches, either by flats or sharps.

Major mode of C transposed by Flats.

The mode of C requires neither flats nor sharps.
The mode of F requires - - - one Flat.
_____ of B ^b - - - two Flats.
_____ of E ^b - - - three Flats.
_____ of A ^b - - - four Flats.
_____ of D ^b - - - five Flats, &c.

Minor Mode of A transposed by Flats.

The mode of A requires neither flats nor sharps.
The mode of D requires - - - one Flat.
_____ of G - - - two Flats.
_____ of C - - - three Flats.
_____ of F - - - four Flats.
_____ of B ^b - - - five Flats, &c.

Major Mode of C transposed by Sharps.

The mode of C requires neither flats nor sharps.
The mode of G requires - - - one Sharp.
_____ of D - - - two Sharps.
_____ of A - - - three Sharps.
_____ of E - - - four Sharps.
_____ of B - - - five Sharps, &c.

Minor Mode of A transposed by Sharps.

The mode of A requires neither flats nor sharps.
The mode of E requires - - - one Sharp.
_____ of B - - - two Sharps.
_____ of F* - - - three Sharps.
_____ of C* - - - four Sharps.
_____ of G* - - - five Sharps, &c.

Examples in the Major Mode.

Mode of C with its sharp 7th.	Mode of F with its sharp 7th.	Mode of B with its sharp 7th.	Mode of G with its sharp 7th.	Mode of D with its sharp 7th.
Neither flats nor sharps.	1 flat.	2 flats.	1 sharp.	2 sharps.

Examples in the Minor Mode.

Mode of A with sharp 7th.	Mode of D with sharp 7th.	Mode of G with sharp 7th.	Mode of E with sharp 7th.	Mode of B with sharp 7th.
No flats nor sharps.	1 flat.	2 flats.	1 sharp.	2 sharps.

The black notes signify the sharp 7th, and the white notes the pitch of the mode.

Since the original modes of C and A do not require the insertion of either flats or sharps, it may, perhaps, be enquired whether all music might not be written in those two modes, by which the perplexing variations, which take place in consequence of using flats and sharps, might be avoided? In answer to which it may be observed that although any transposed mode is in effect the same with respect to the disposition of their sounds and distances, yet the confining of music to the two modes of C and A would be very inconvenient, for many pieces of music, having a large compass of notes, would extend several ledger lines, either below, or above the staff, and therefore many notes would be out of the reach of most voices; and also, as every pitch becomes characteristic with

respect to its acuteness, or gravity, when compared with another, it may follow that the mode also becomes characteristic, when founded upon any pitch, whether grave or acute.

In the Diatonic Scale, or in the example of the original mode of C, we find the semitones to lie between E and F, and B and C.

When the mode of C is transposed to another letter, the same order of tones and semitones must be preserved. For instance, should the mode of C be transposed to G, a sharp must be inserted on F, the reason of which will more clearly appear by attending to the examples of the transpositions of the modes.

Examples of the transposition of the Mode of C Major.

Mode of C. ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

Mode of G.

Mode of F.

Mode of D.

Mode of Bb

In the mode of C, the semitones lie between the 3d and 4th, or E and F and the 6th and 7th, or B and C, as shown by the *flurs*. The mode of C is transposed into that of G, and a sharp inserted upon F. The reason why but one sharp is required in the mode of G may be seen by comparing the tones and semitones with those in the mode of C. In the mode of C the first notes are $\overset{1}{C}$, $\overset{2}{D}$, $\overset{3}{E}$, distant from each other a *whole* tone. In the mode of G, the three first notes are $\overset{1}{G}$, $\overset{2}{A}$, $\overset{3}{B}$, distant from each other a *whole* tone. In the mode of C the next note is $\overset{4}{F}$, distant from E one semitone. In the mode of G, the next note is $\overset{4}{C}$, distant from B one semitone. We find therefore the distance between the 3d and 4th in both modes to be the same, consequently no alteration is necessary between the 3d and 4th in the mode of G. In the mode of C, the 5th, 6th and 7th notes are G, A, B, distant from each other a whole tone. In the mode of G, the 5th, 6th and 7th notes are D, E, F*, Without the sharp F is a whole tone distant from G, therefore a sharp is placed to bring F into the same relation to G, as B is to C in the mode of C.

In the mode of F one flat is required, which is placed upon B, because B is a whole tone distant from A; therefore by the insertion of a flat on B, the 3d and 4th are in the same relation as the 3d and 4th in the mode of C. The 5th, 6th and 7th notes $\overset{5}{C}$, $\overset{6}{D}$, $\overset{7}{E}$, are the same as in the mode of C. The 7th note $\overset{7}{E}$ is but a semitone distant from F, therefore it requires no alteration, and stands in the same relation to F as B to C in the mode of C.

In the same manner may every transposed mode be examined, if it be major.

As the order of the distances is different in the minor mode, we must have recourse to examples, to understand the construction of the mode, when transposed.

Examples of the Mode of A Minor.

Mode of A. ASCENDING. DESCENDING.

Mode of E.

Mode of D.

The minor mode of A, ascending, has its semitones between the 2d and 3d, or B and C, and between the 7th and 8th, or G* and A. In the mode of E, F is sharped, that F* and G may answer the order of B and C, or the 7th and 8th in the mode of A. In the mode of E, the 6th and 7th, or C* and D* agree with the 6th and 7th or F* and G* in the mode of A.

In the minor of A, descending, the sharps are removed, and the semitones lie in the order of the descending major.

In the mode of E, descending, the sharps are removed, that C and B may correspond with F and E, in the mode of A descending. The sharp on F, descending, is continued, that F* and E may correspond with C and B in the mode of A descending.

If the above examples be well understood, it will be easy, by the same principle, to comprehend the whole affair of transposition.

CHAP. XVII.

OF PITCHING THE SEVERAL PARTS.

THE pitch of any of the higher parts should always be determined from the given pitch of the Bass, according to the following examples, where every note, in the bass, on different letters, is considered as a given pitch, from which the distance of the notes, in the other parts, are to be counted. The propriety of determining the pitches of the upper parts, from the given pitch in the bass will appear, if we consider that the given pitch is the foundation of a mode, whether major or minor.

Example in the Major Mode.

Treble. 3d. 3d. 5th. 3d. 8th.

Counter. 5th. 8th. 8th. 3d. 5th. 10th.

Tenor. 3d. 5th. 5th. 8th. 8th. 5th.

Bass. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch.

Mode of C. Mode of G. Mode of D. Mode of A. Mode of F. Mode of Bb

Explanation.

Mode of C—C	the given pitch,	E its 3d,	G its 5th,	C its 8th.
— G—G	—	B its 3d,	D its 5th,	G its 8th.
— D—D	—	F* its 3d,	A its 5th,	D its 8th.
— A—A	—	C* its 3d,	E its 5th,	A its unison
— F—F	—	A its 3d,	C its 5th,	F its 8th.
— Bb—Bb	—	D its 3d,	F its 5th,	Bb its 8th.

Example in the Minor Mode.

Treble. 3d. 3d. 5th. 3d. 5th. 3d.

Counter. 5th. 8th. 10th. 5th. 10th. 8th.

Ten. unison. 5th. 8th. 8th. 8th. 5th.

Bass. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch. Pitch.

Mode of A. Mode of E. Mode of B. Mode of F*. Mode of D. Mode of G.

Explanation.

Mode of A—A	the given pitch,	C its 3d,	E its 5th,	A its unison.
— E—E	—	G its 3d,	B its 5th,	E its 8th.
— B—B	—	D its 3d,	F* its 5th,	D its 10th.
— F*—F*	—	A its 3d,	C* its 5th,	F its 8th.
— D—D	—	F its 3d,	A its 5th,	D its 8th.
— G—G	—	Bb its 3d,	D its 5th,	G its 8th.

In the same manner may the parts in any of the modes obtain their proper pitches.

CHAP. XVIII.

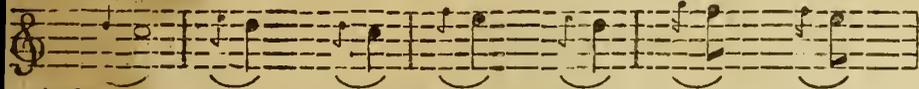
OF THE CHARACTERS USED AS GRACES.

APPOGIATURE, Leaning or Preparative Notes, are small additional notes, which should receive their length in proportion to the note against which they may be placed, which note is called the principal note. There are two kinds of appoggiature notes, viz :

1st. The *common appoggiature*. When the principal note is succeeded by another, or makes the last note in the bar, the appoggiature is called *common*. The rule is then to divide the length of the principal with the appoggiature.

Example.

As written.



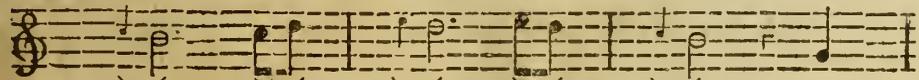
As sung.



2d. The *large appoggiature*. When a point or rest follows the principal note, the appoggiature is called *large*. The rule is then to make the appoggiature as long as the principal, and fill the place of the point or rest with the sound of the principal.

Example.

As written.



As sung.

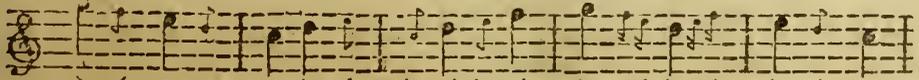


The appoggiature is termed a leaning note from its frequently bearing the expression of a concluding cadence, or from its deciding the climax of a musical period. It is called *preparative* from its causing a suspension of the resolution of a chord.

Notes of Transition are added to the regular notes to guide the voice more easily and gracefully into the sound of the succeeding notes. The time, which is given to them, is taken from the note, to which they are tied.

Example.

Written.



Sung.



Notes of transition are sometimes called appoggiature. When they descend to their principals they are called *superior*, when they ascend, inferior.

Shake, or Trill, tr. In practising the shake, begin slow, and gradually increase the velocity to any degree you please.

Marked.

Sung.



The *Beat* and *Turn* are nearly of the same nature, and are to be learnt in the same manner.

Beat.

Turn.

Sung.



The *Swell* and *Diminish* are occasionally used separately. The *Swell* is made by beginning a note soft, and concluding it loud. The *Diminish*, on the contrary, begins loud and ends soft.

The *Swell* and *Diminish* united. This, though it be but seldom marked, should be frequently introduced. *Rule*—Begin the note very soft, increase the sound to the middle of the note, then decrease till the note be concluded.

The *Hold* or *Cadence*, or *Reprise*. This character signifies an unmeasured pause, or suspension, that room may be given for a peculiar expression; or for introducing voluntary graces, as may suit taste and fancy.

Example.

Marked.

tr



Sung thus or otherwise.



The period immediately succeeding the mark of *cadence* should be sung soft unless there be a direction to the contrary. Sometimes this character is used, in tunes adapted to metres, to show the note, which closes a line of the poetry. The mark of cadence is also frequently placed over a Rest, in which case, the time is extended *ad libitum*.

CHAP. XIX.

OF SINGING WITH PROPRIETY.

A MONOTONY of tone in musical performance is more disagreeable, if possible, than in reading. To go through a piece of music without any variation in the strength of tone, let the subject be what it may, excludes every idea of gracefulness. Harsh singing, especially when the whole strength of the voice is constantly employed, will seldom, if ever, produce any effect, unless it be that of disgust. For loud and hard singing is usually as

accompanied with a distorted countenance, a convulsive motion, a vicious pronunciation, a harsh melody, and an unmeaning bawling, which cannot have the most distant claim to the idea of music. In soft singing there is power left for maintaining a just expression, a proper accent upon the language, and a smooth flowing melody. By singing within the strength of the voice, and in an easy, agreeable tone, the voice will gradually improve, and become more smooth and pleasing; and on this the singer may hope to become a graceful and an elegant performer.

If the directive terms, such as *Pia*, *Forte*, &c. be properly noticed, they will have a great effect in the performance, and will also have a tendency to lead to the observation of other important ideas in music, though they may not be particularly pointed out.

When the word *Piano*, or *Soft* occurs, the voice should maintain a moderate strength of tone. When the term *Pianissimo*, or *very soft* is set over any passage, the notes should be sung in a soft, smooth and agreeable manner, and at the same time very distinctly. When the words *Forte*, or *loud*, and *Fortissimo*, or *loud as possible*, are used, the passage should be performed in a full, bold tone without harshness, and without straining the voice beyond its natural strength. The singer, by having the strength of his voice under command, and from the various inflections of which it is capable, will be able to express the *bold* and *temperate*, the *pleasing* and *pathetic*, the *cheerful* and *melancholy*, and in short the various passions of the mind.

All the *Psalms* tunes should be varied according to the subjects to which they may be applied. The *soft* and *loud* ought also to be practised according to the subject of the psalm, or its different verses. From such variations a tune would frequently appear like different music, and would not wear that sameness, which commonly accompanies metrical music, when applied to different verses.

Particular directions, when to sing *loud* and *soft* are not always given. In which case, the subject, the music, the occasion, and the judgment of instructors must direct.

CHAP. XX.

OF EXPRESSION.

“EXPRESSION is a quality by which the musician is enabled to render the sense of a subject with energy.” There are two kinds of expression, one of which belongs to the composer, and the other to the performer; from their union agreeable effects are produced. From this quality, either in composition or performance, we receive a kind of sentimental appeal to our feelings; and it is that, which constitutes one of the first of musical requisites.

However animated and expressive a piece of music may have come from the imagination of the composer, no effects will be produced, if the souls of those who perform it have not caught the fire, which exists therein. The singer, who at the most has but a knowledge of the notes of the several parts, cannot do justice to the composition. His performance is not genuine, unless he understands the true sense and extent of the subject. The singer should therefore endeavour to acquire a complete knowledge of the *Air*, its connection with the sense of the words, “the distinction of its phrase,” its peculiar *accent*, the *energy*, which the music derives from the subject, the justice done to the poet by the composer, and the force, which ought to be given to the music. He should then give loose to all the fire, with which a view of the objects, which unite in a good composition, may have inspired him. He will then see how and when to ornament his airs, giving fire and sharpness to the gay and animated parts, the soft and smooth to the tender and pathetic, and the rough and bold to the transports of violent passion. He will also quicken or suspend the velocity of the movement, agreeably with the changes of the subject, and so diversify his performance, that his expression shall be agreeable and energetic; the sense will then be communicated, and the sentiments forcibly impressed; the ear will be delighted, and the heart moved. “Such an agreement will then appear between the words and the air, that their union will constitute a delightful language, capable of expressing every thing, and which cannot fail of pleasing.”

CHAP. XXI.

OF NECESSARY RULES TO BE OBSERVED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

1. THE first and most necessary rule is to keep the voice steady.
2. Form the voice in as pleasing a tone as possible.
3. Be exactly in tune, for it is not worth while to attempt singing, without a perfect intonation.
4. Practise the swell and diminish frequently.
5. Never force the voice beyond its natural compass, or strength.—Many singers suppose that they perform well, when they exert the whole strength of the voice; but this precludes all delicacy of taste and expression, and renders the performance, at best, but a dissonant bawling.
6. Take the part to which the voice is best adapted.
7. The acute sounds should never be so forced, as to render them similar to stricks.
8. Avoid all affected gestures, and discover no pain, nor difficulty in distortion of the mouth, or grimace of any kind.
9. Never sing through the nose, unless you wish to disgust all, who hear you.
10. Attend strictly to the directive terms.
11. Vocalize correctly, that is, give an open and clear sound to the vowels.
12. Words, beginning with a vowel, ought not to be pronounced as if they began with a consonant. This is a very common error, and is occasioned by shutting instead of opening the mouth previously to the pronouncing of vowel sounds.
13. Pronouncing distinctly and with propriety is one of the principal beauties of vocal performance.
14. Such words as *and*, *of*, *to*, *the*, *a*, *an*, *by*, &c. commonly require but little emphasis.
15. Never make a word plural when it is written singular, nor pronounce it as singular when it is written plural, by carelessly adding letters, when singing, which frequently makes nonsense.
16. Be cautious lest you acquire a habit of *drawing* words when you sing.
17. Let your manner of pronouncing be sprightly & animated, & expressive of the subject.
18. Endeavour to understand the subject, the force of the expression, and the design, and suffer not the mind to leave them for a moment.
19. Take breath between the passages, and in proper time, and never catch the breath in the middle of a word, or between syllables.
20. The tones of the voice must be united.
21. The singer should pay all possible attention to what he is performing; for if the hearer have reason to suspect his engagedness, he will be disgusted with him and his performance.
22. When any part is silent, never attempt to sing one, where none was designed; for that will argue that you know better than the composer, with respect to the construction of the parts.
23. Accustom yourself to hearing and practising good harmony, which will improve the ear, and help to distinguish the elegant from the insipid.
24. Be not solicitous to introduce what you may suppose to be graces, till you have learnt to judge, in some measure of the power of simple notes, as applied to any subject.
25. In performing notes connected by a slur, the lips should never be closed.
26. Pay attention to the Appoggiatures, accidental Sharps, Flats and Naturals, for if nothing were meant by their introduction they would not certainly have been inserted.
27. Sit upright, when you sing, or stand, which is better, that your tones be not injured by any pressure upon the lungs.
28. Let your deportment be decent, when you are engaged in performing sacred subjects, an irregular behaviour, especially in worshipping societies, being inexcusable, arguing a mind insensible to solemn impressions, and unfit for engaging in one of the most pleasing parts of the worship of the Supreme Being.

CHAP. XXII.

MUSICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.

A, in, for, &c.
A tempo, in strict time.
A Duo, or a 2, for two voices.
A Tre, or a 3, for three voices.
A Tempo Giusto, in just, or exact time.
Accompaniment, those parts which are subservient to the principal part, or that only accompany the principal.
Adagio, the 2d degree of slowness.
Ad Libitum, at pleasure of the performer.
Affettuoso, affectionately.
Agitato, agitated.
Alla breve, a movement that has one breve, or two semibreves in a bar.
Alla Capella, in the style of church music.
Allegro, the 4th degree of movement.
Allegretto, not so quick as allegro.
Alto, the Counter Tenor part.
Amoroso, tenderly.
Andante, the 3d degree in the movements.
Andantino, quicker than andante.
Arco, or *Col Arco*, after having pinched the string of the violin, then resume the bow.
Assai, to augment the quickness or slowness, as *Allegro Assai*, very brisk, or *Largo Assai*, very slow.
Bene placito, at pleasure.
Bis, those bars over which this term is placed, should be performed twice.
Brillante, in a brilliant style.
Brio, spirited.
Bassi, the lowest part in a harmony.
Breve, an ancient note containing two semibreves,
Cadence or *Cadenza*, a suspension of the measure.
Cantabile, in a graceful and melodious style.
Canto, song, or leading part.
Canto Fermo, plain song.
Canon, a composition where one part follows another, repeating the same melody.
Capriccio, an extempore air, performed at the liberty of fancy.
Carillon, an air to be executed by small bells, or clocks.
Col, with, as *col viol*, with the violin.
Choro grande, grand chorus.
Chromatic, that species of music, which moves by semitones.
Con, with.
Con dolce, with sweetness.
Con affettuoso, with affection.
Con furia, with boldness.
Con spirito, with spirit.

Contra basso, a double bass.
Contra bassi, double basses.
Crescendo, increasing the sound.
Da Capo, close with the first part.
Del segno, from the sign.
Diatonic, the species of music in which both tones and semitones are used.
Divoto, solemnly.
Dolce, tenderly or sweetly.
Doxology, an ascription of praise to the Deity, often used at the close of anthems.
Diminuendo, diminishing the sound.
Dirge, a funeral piece of music.
Duetto, } A piece of music consisting of two parts.
Duet, }
Duo, }
E, and, *violino eslauto*, violin and flute.
Espressivo, expressively.
Falsetto, singing in a feigned voice.
Finale, the last movement of a musical piece.
Fuge, or } a composition, in which a subject is successively repeated, or imitated in two or more parts.
Fuga, }
Forte, loud.
Fortissimo, as loud as possible.
Grave, or } heavy, these words refer both to the style of the composition, and the execution, and are frequently used for the term *Largo*.
Gravemente, }
Grazioso, gracefully, often used with andante.
Gusto, taste, as *con gusto*, with taste.
Gustoso, with much taste.
Interlude, an instrumental passage introduced between the vocal passages.
Interval, the distance between sounds, as tone and semitone.
In tonation, singing in tune.
Largo, the slowest degree in the movements.
Larghetto, not so slow as *largo*.
Legato, slurred or tyed.
Lento, slow and soft.
Lentement, rather slow and soft.
Ma, but, as *ma non troppo*, but not too fast.
Majesto, majestic, in a bold style.
Mancando, decreasing in sound.
Men, less, as *men for*, less loud.
Men Allegro, not so quick as *allegro*.
Mezza voce, moderate strength of tone and in a pleasing manner.
Mezzo forte, moderately loud.
Mezzo piano, rather soft.
Moderato, moderately.
Non, not, as *non troppo presto*, not too quick.
Obligato, denotes *that voice*, or instrument,

which cannot be left out, and which are indispensable in the performance
Oratorio, a composition in a dramatic style.
Ordinario, usual, as *tempo ordinario*, in the usual time.
Pastorale, in a pastoral and tender style.
Piano, soft.
Pianissimo, very soft.
Piu, more.
Plaintive, mournfully, sometimes expressed by *doloroso* or *lamentabile*.
Poco, little, as *poco piu*, a little more.
Pomposo, in a grand or pompous style.
Presto, the 5th degree in the movements.
Prestissimo, the superlative of *presto*.
Primo, 1st or leading part.
Quartetto, music for 4 voices or instruments.
Quintetto, music for 5 voices or instruments.
Recitative, a sort of style resembling speaking.
Response, the answer in chants, which is given to the solo part by the chorus.
Rondeau, a tuae in which the first part is repeated.
Score, three or more parts connected by a brace are said to be in score.
Semitone, the smallest interval used in vocal music.
Semplice, with simplicity.
Senza, without, as *senza organo*, without an organ.
Sesteto, music for 6 voices.
Sforzando, particular stress on the note so marked.
Secundo, second, or accompanying part.

Siciliano, a pastoral movement of 6 or 12 quavers in a bar, to be performed slowly and gracefully.
Sinfonia, a piece for a whole band.
Solo, a piece of music for one voice, or instrument.
Soave, agreeable and pleasing.
Soprano, the treble or higher voice part.
Sotto voce, middling strength of voice.
Spiritoso, sprightly.
Staccato, distinctly, accented, and pointed.
Symphony, a part for instruments.
Tasto solo, when the bass is played without thorough bass.
Tempo, time with respect to measure and bars.
Tone, the distance of two semitones.
Trio, music for 3 voices or instruments.
Tutti, when all join after a solo.
Unison, used when parts unite in one sound.
Volce, quick.
Vigoroso, with energy.
Vivace, in a lively style.

Musical Terms are sometimes abbreviated, as

P, *Pia*, for piano.
F, or *For*, for Forte.
F. F. for Fortissimo.
Cres. for Crescendo.
D. C. for Da Capo.
1mo. for Primo.
2do. for Secundo.
Dim. for Diminuendo, &c.

LESSONS FOR THE EXERCISE OF THE VOICE.

Lesson I. The Octave Ascending and Descending.

f f r r f f r r f f r r f f r r
 faw, fol, law, faw, fol, law, mi, faw. faw, mi, law, fol, faw, law, fol, faw.
 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
 f f r r f f r r f f r r f f r r

The figures signify the 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th motions of the hand in a bar, the letter *f* and *r*, the falling and rising of the hand.

Lesson II.

The Octave Ascending.

Musical notation for 'The Octave Ascending' in C major, showing an ascending scale on a treble and bass clef with fingerings 1-2-3-4.

The Octave Descending.

Musical notation for 'The Octave Descending' in C major, showing a descending scale on a treble and bass clef with fingerings 1-2-3-4 and specific phrasing instructions.

The difference between the 3d an 4th ought to be habitually distinguished.

Musical notation for interval exercises, including 8ths, 5ths, 3ds, 4ths, 6ths, 5th, 4th, 4th, 5th, 3d, 6th, 6th, 3d, sharp 7th, and Minor 7th.

RULE—The rising 5th from the pitch is the falling 4th from the 8th of the pitch.
 The rising 4th ——— 5th ———
 The rising 3d ——— 6th ———
 The rising 6th ——— 3d ———

N.B. Call the minor 7th faw, instead of Mi, which will assist in learning that interval. The small notes are for conducting the voice to the tone required.

Lesson III.

Musical notation for Lesson III, showing various interval exercises with labels like 2ds, 3ds, 4ths, 5ths, 6ths, 7ths, 8ths, 7ths, 6ths, 5ths, 4ths, 3ds, 2ds, 2ds, 3ds, 4ths, 5ths, 6ths, 7ths, 8ths, 7ths, 6ths, 5ths, 4ths, 3ds, 2ds.

When the learner has made himself master of the preceding Lessons, it will be beneficial to apply to an Instructor for direction in his attempts to apply them in different modes.

AIR.

Blest is the man, who shuns the place, Where sinners love to meet ; Who fears to tread their wicked ways, And hates the scoffer's feat. And hates the scoffer's feat.

- 2 Who in the statutes of the Lord has plac'd his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word and meditates by night.
3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind by living waters set,
Sate from the storms and blasting wind, enjoys a peaceful state.
4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear like clusters on the vine.

- 5 Not so the impious and unjust ; what vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust, or chaff before the storm.
6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand, appoints his fain'ts a place.
7 His eye beholds the path they tread, His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead down to the gates of hell.

No. 2.

Upminster.

Ps. 1. S. M. double.

AIR.

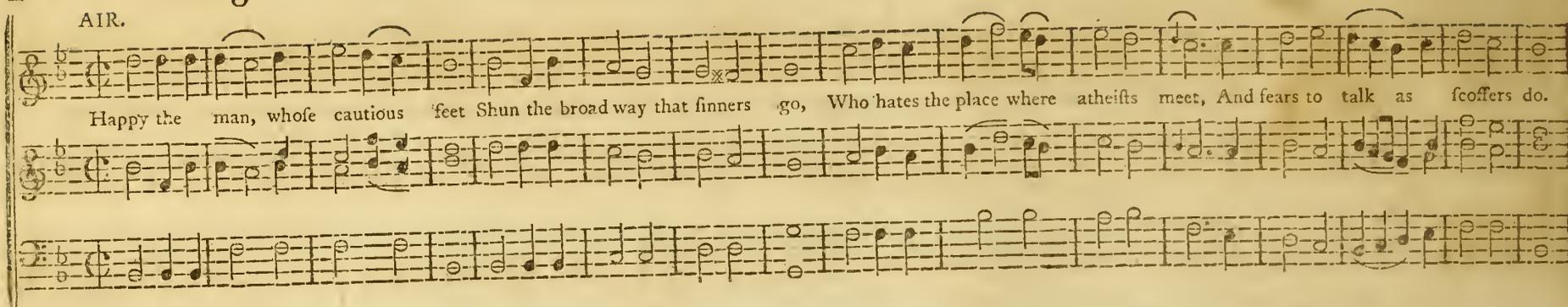
The man is ever blest, Who shuns the sinners' ways, Among their counsels never stands, Nor takes the scoffer's place. Nor takes the scoffer's place.

Who makes the law of God His study and delight, Amidst the labors of the day, And watches of the night. And watches of the night.

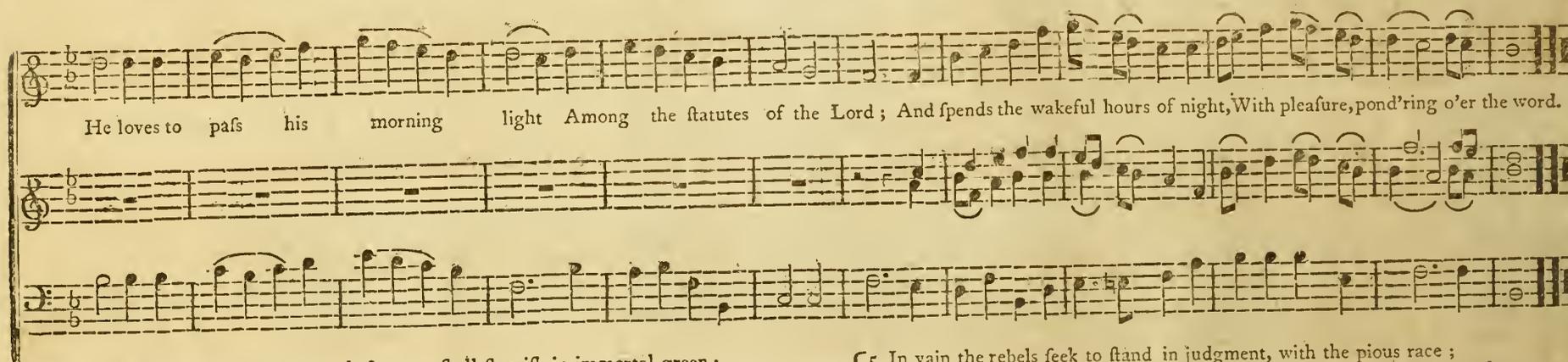
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive, with waters near the root :
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ; His works are heav'nly fruit.
4 But the ungodly race, can no such blessings find :
Their hopes will fly like empty chaff before the driving wind.

- 5 How will they bear to stand Before that Judgment-seat,
Where all the fain'ts at Christ's right hand in full assembly meet
6 He knows and he approves the way the righteous go ;
But sinners and their works will meet a dreadful overthrow.

AIR.



Happy the man, whose cautious feet Shun the broad way that sinners go, Who hates the place where atheists meet, And fears to talk as scoffers do.

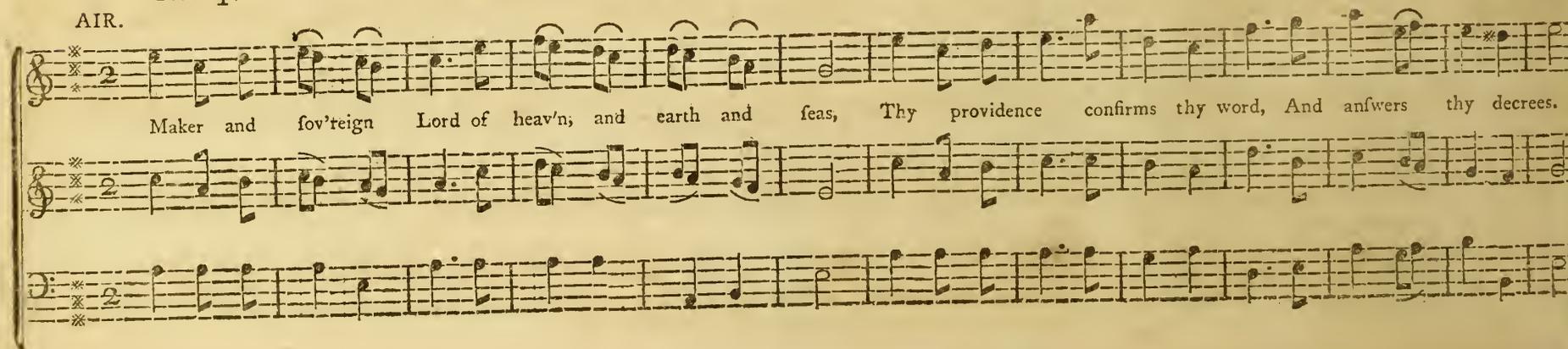


He loves to pass his morning light Among the statutes of the Lord; And spends the wakeful hours of night, With pleasure, pond'ring o'er the word.

3 He, like a plant by gentle streams, shall flourish in immortal green;
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams on ev'ry work his hands begin.
4 But sinners find their counsels crost; as chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost, when the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebels seek to stand in judgment, with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge with stern command divides them to a different place.
6 Straight is the way my taints have trod, I blest'd the path and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road, and down it leads to endless pain.

AIR.



Maker and sov'reign Lord of heav'n, and earth and seas, Thy providence confirms thy word, And answers thy decrees.

The things so long foretold By David are fulfill'd When Jews and Gentiles join to slay Jesus, thine holy child.

- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage, and Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy th' anointed of the Lord?
4 Rulers and Kings agree to form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite, against his Christ they join.
5 The Lord derides their rage, and will support his throne,
The Lord who rais'd him from the dead hath own'd him for his Son,
6 Now he's ascended high, and asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads, and pleads his heav'nly birth.

- 7 He asks, and God bestows a large inheritance:
Far as the world's remotest ends his kingdom shall advance.
8 The nations that rebel must feel his iron rod;
He'll vindicate those honors well, which he receiv'd from God.
9 Be wise, ye rulers, now, and worship at his throne;
With trembling joy, ye people, bow, to God's exalted Son.
10 If once his wrath arise, yet perish on the place;
Then blessed is the soul that flies for refuge to his grace.

No. 5.

Harwell.

Ps. 2. C. M.

AIR. Why did the nations join to say The Lord's anointed Son! Why did they cast his laws away, And tread his gospel down? And tread his gospel down.

- 2 The Lord, who sits above the skies, derides their rage below;
He speaks, with vengeance in his eyes, and strikes their spirits through.
3 I call him my eternal Son, and raise him from the dead;
I make my holy hill his throne, and wide his kingdom spread.

- 4 Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy the utmost Heathen lands:
Thy rod of iron shall destroy the rebel who withstands.
5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth, obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth, and tremble at his word.

- 6 With humble love address his throne: for, if he frown, ye die:
Those are secure, and those alone, who on his grace rely.

Affettuoso.

A. WILLIAMS' COLL.

Why did the Jews proclaim their rage? The Romans, why their swords employ? Against the Lord their pow'rs engage, His dear anointed to destroy.

- 2 Come, let us break his bands, say they : this man shall never give us laws :
And thus they call his yoke away, and nail'd the Monarch to the cross.
3 But God, who high in glory reigns, laughs at their pride, their rage controls!
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains, and speak in thunder to their souls.
4 I will maintain the King I made on Zion's everlasting hill ;
My hand shall bring him from the dead, and he shall stand your Sov'reign still.
5 His wond'rous rising from the earth, makes his eternal God-head known ;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth, this day have I begot my Son.

- 6 Ascend, my Son, to my right hand, there thou shalt ask and I bestow
The utmost bounds of Heathen lands, to thee the Northern isles shall bow.
7 But nations that resist his grace shall fall beneath his iron stroke :
His rod shall crush his foes with ease, as potters' earthen work is broke.
8 Now ye who sit on earthly thrones, be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb ;
Now at his feet submit your crowns, rejoice and tremble at his name.
9 With humble love address the Son, lest he grow angry, and ye die ;
His wrath shall burn to worlds unknown, if ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell, he is a God, and ye but dust,
Happy the souls that know him well ; and make his grace their only trust.

No. 7.

North-Hill.

Psalm 3. C. M.

AIR.

My God, how many are my fears! How fast my foes increase! Conspiring my eternal death, They break my present peace. They break my present peace.

- 2 The lying tempter would persuade there's no relief in heav'n ;
And all my swelling sins appear too big to be forgiv'n.
3 But thou, my glory and my strength, shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt, and raise my drooping head.
4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill He bow'd a list'ning ear ;
I call'd my Father and my God, And he subdu'd my fear.

- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes, In spite of all my foes ;
I 'woke and wonder'd at the grace which guarded my repose.
6 What though the hosts of death and hell all arm'd against me stood,
Terrors no more shall shake my soul ; my refuge is my God.
7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace, while I thy glory sing :
My God has broke the serpent's teeth, and death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs, His arm alone can save :
Blessings attend thy people here, and reach beyond the grave.

No. 8.

Lenwick.

Ps. 3. L. M. D.

5

AIR.

O Lord, how many are my foes In this weak state of flesh and blood ! My peace they daily discompose, But my defence and hope is God.

Tir'd with the burdens of the day, To thee I rais'd an evening cry : Thou heardst when I began to pray, And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid, I laid me down and slept secure ;
Not death should make my heart afraid, though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night ; Salvation doth to God belong :
He rais'd my head to see the light, and make his praise my morning song.

No. 9.

Churchill.

Psalm 4. L. M.

AIR.

O God of grace and righteousness, Hear and attend when I complain ; Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress, Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try to turn my glory into shame :
How long will scoffers love to lie, and dare reproach my Saviour's name ?

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints from all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears the cry of penitents for the dear sake of Christ who dy'd.

4 When our obed'ent hands have done a thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone, and glory in his pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say, who will bestow some earthly good ?
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ; our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice, at grace and favour so divine ;
Nor will I change my happy choice for all their corn and all their wine.

Lord, thou wilt hear me, when I pray ; I am forev - er Thine ; I fear before thee all the day, Nor would I dare to fin.
AIR.

Soft.

Loud when repeated.

And while I rest my weary head, From cares and bus'ness free, 'Tis sweet conver - sing on my bed With my own heart and Thee.

AIR.

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear My voice ascending high, To thee will I direct my pray'r, To thee lift up mine eye.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all his faints, Present - ing at his Father's throne, Our songs and our complaints.

- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight the wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight, nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 4 But to thy house will I resort, to taste thy mercies there,
I will frequent thine holy court, and worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet In ways of righteousness !
Make ev'ry path of duty straight, and plain before my face.

- PAUSE.—6 My watchful enemies combine to tempt my feet astray ;
They flatter with a base design, to make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent into dust, and all his plots destroy ;
While those who in thy mercy trust, forever shout for joy.
- 8 The men who love and fear thy name, shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty God will compass them with favor as a shield.

No. 12.

Castleton.

Psalm 6. C. M. D.

AIR.

In anger, Lord, rebuke me not, Withdraw the dreadful storm ; Nor let thy fury grow so hot Against a feeble worm.

My soul bows down with heavy cares ; My flesh with pain oppress'd ; My couch is witness to my tears ; My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ; I waste the night with cries ;
Counting the minutes as they pass, 'till the slow morning rise.
4 Shall I be still tormented more ? mine eye consum'd with grief ?
How long, my God, how long, before thy hand afford relief ?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak ; he pities all our groans ;
He saves us for his mercy's sake, and heals our broken bones.
6 The virtue of his sov'reign word restores our fainting breath ;
But silent graves praise not the Lord, nor is he known in death.

No. 13.

Dummerston.

Ps. 6. L. M. double.

AIR.

Lord I can suffer thy rebukes When thou with kindness doth chastise ; But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear ; O let it not against me rise.

Pity my languish - ing estate, And ease the sorrows which I feel : The wounds thine heavy hand have made, O let thy gentler touches heal !

3 See how I pass my weary days in sighs and groans ; and when 'tis night,
My bed is water'd with my tears ; my grief consumes and dims my sight.
4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn ! how long, Almighty God, how long ?
When shall thine hour of grace return ? when shall I make thy grace my song ?

B

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave, my thoughts are tempted to despair ;
But graves can never praise the Lord, for all is dust and silence there.
6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul ; and all despairing thoughts, depart ;
My God, who hears my humble moan, will ease my pain and cheer my heart.

AIR.

My trust is in my heav'nly friend, My hope in thee, my God; Rise, and my helpless life defend From those who seek my blood.

With inso - lence and fury, they My soul in pieces tear, As hungry lions rend the prey When no de - liv'rer's near.

- 3 If I have e'er provok'd them first, or once abus'd my foe, :
Then let him tread my life to dust, and lay mine honor low.
4 If there be malice hid in me, I know thy piercing eyes ;
I should not dare appeal to thee, nor ask my God to rise.
5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand, their pride and pow'r control ;
Awake to judgment and command deliv'rance for my soul.

- PAUSE.—6 Let sinners and their wicked rage be humbled to the dust :
Shall not the God of truth engage to vindicate the just ?
7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins, he will defend th' upright :
His sharpest arrows he ordains against the sons of spite.
8 For me their malice digg'd a pit, but there themselves are cast ;
My God makes all their mischief light on their own heads at last.
9 That cruel persecuting race must feel his dreadful sword ;
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace and justice of the Lord.

AIR.

O Lord, our heav'nly King, Thy name is all divine ; Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

When to thy works on high I raise my wondring eyes, And see the moon, complete in light, Adorn the darksome skies :

- 3 When I survey the stars and all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing, a-kin to dust and worms !
4 Lord, what is worthless man, that thou should'st love him so !
Next to thine angels is he plac'd, and Lord of all below.
5 Thine honors crown his head, while beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings, and fish which cleave the sea.

- 6 How rich thy bounties are ! and wond'rous are thy ways :
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame a monument of praise.
7 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name ! and strike the world with awe.
8 O Lord, our heav'nly king, thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread, and o'er the heav'ns they shine.

AIR.

No. 16.

Orset.

Ps. 8. C. M. double.

O Lord, our Lord, how wund'rous great Is thine ex - alted name ! The glories of thy heav'nly state Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high, The moon which rules the night, And stars that well adorn the sky, Those moving worlds of light :

- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race, who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace, and love his nature so !
4 That thine eternal Son should bear to take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are, to save a dying worm !
5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown, and men would not adore,
Obedient seas and fishes own, his Godhead and his pow'r.

- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ; and fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net, bring tribute to his hand.
7 These lesser glories of thy Son shone through the fleshy cloud ;
Now we behold him on his throne, and men confess him God.
8 Let him be crown'd with majesty who bow'd his head to death ;
And be his honors founded high, by all things that have breath.

- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great is thine exalted name !
The glories of thy heav'nly state let the whole earth proclaim.

AIR. Almighty Ruler of the skies, Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread; O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

And thine eternal glories rise O'er

- 2 To thee the voices of the young a monument of honor raise ;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue, declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age to bring proud rebels to the ground ;
To still the bold blasphemer's rage, and all their policies confound.

- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng to see their great Redeemer's face ;
The son of David is their song, and young Hofannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests in vain their impious cavils bring ;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts while Jewish babes proclaim their king.

AIR.

No. 18.

Marshfield.

Ps. 8. L. M. 2d Part.

W. BILLINGS.

Lord, what was man, when made at first, Adam, the offspring of the dust, That thou should'st set him and his race, But just below an angel's place !

- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so, and make him Lord of all below ;
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit, and lay the fishes at his feet !
- 3 But O! what brighter glories wait to crown the second Adam's state !
What honors shall thy Son adorn ; Who condescended to be born.

- 4 See him below his angels made ! See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ; Then see him reign with pow'r divine !
- 5 The world to come redeem'd from all The mis'ries which attend the fall,
New made, and glo'rous, shall submit at our exalted Saviour's feet.

AIR.

No. 19.

Orwell.

Psalm 9. C. M. 1st Part.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song ; Thy wonders I'll proclaim ; Thou Sov'reign Judge of right and wrong Wilt put my foes to shame. Wilt put my foes to shame.

- 2 I'll sing thy Majesty and grace ; My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in right'ousness, and make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove for all the poor oppress'd ;
To save the people of his love, and give the weary rest.

- 4 The men, who know thy name, will trust in thy abundant grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsok the just, who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word, and doth his grace fulfil.

AIR.

T. WILLIAMS' COLL.

When the Great Judge supreme and just, Shall once enquire for blood, The humble souls who mourn in dust, Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death Does his own children raise :
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath, they sing their Father's praise.

- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet, into the pit they made ;
And sinners perish in the net which their own hands had spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God, are thy deep counsels known :
When men of mischief are destroy'd, the snare must be their own.

- PAUSE.—5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ; thy wrath devour the lands
That dare forget thee, or rebel against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought, and wait, and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still forgot, nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat, to judge and save the poor ;
Let Nations tremble at thy feet, and man prevail no more.

- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud, and put their hearts to pain,
Make them confess that thou art God, and they but feeble men.

No. 21.

Dighton.

Psalm 10. C. M. double.

AIR.

Why doth the Lord stand off so far? And why conceal his face, When great calamities appear, And times of deep distress?

Lord, shall the wicked still deride Thy justice and thy pow'r? Shall they advance their heads in pride, And still thy saints devour?

- 3 They put thy judgments from their sight, and then insult the poor ;
They boast in their exalted height, that they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand ; attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand when God ascends on high.

- PAUSE.—5 Why do the men of malice rage, and say, with foolish pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage to fight on Zion's side?

- 6 Since thou for ever art the Lord : and pow'rful is thine hand,
As when the Heathen felt thy sword, and perish'd from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray, and cause thine ear to hear.
He hearkens what his children say, and puts the world in fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress ; no more despise the just ;
And mighty sinners shall confess, they are but earth and dust.

AIR.

My refuge is the God of love; Why do my foes insult and cry, Why do my foes insult and cry, Fly, like a

tim'rous trembling dove, To distant woods or mountains fly? To distant woods or mountains fly?

tim'rous trembling dove, To distant woods or mountains fly? To distant woods or mountains fly?

2 If government be all destroy'd, (that firm foundation of our peace)

And violence make justice void, where shall the right'ous seek redrefs?

3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne; his eyesurvey the world below;

To him all mortal things are known; his eye lids search our spirits through.

6 The right'ous Lord loves right'ous souls, whose thoughts and actions are sincere,

And with a gracious eye beholds the men who his own image bear.

4 If he afflicts his fairs so far, to prove their love and try their grace,

What may the bold transgressors fear! his very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,

Such as he kindled on the plain of Sodom, with his angry breath.

No. 23.

Wellington.

Psalm 12. L. M.

AIR, Lord, if thou dost not soon appear, Virtue and truth will fly away; A faithful man among us here Will scarce be found if thou delay.

AIR, Lord, if thou dost not soon appear, Virtue and truth will fly away; A faithful man among us here Will scarce be found if thou delay.

AIR, Lord, if thou dost not soon appear, Virtue and truth will fly away; A faithful man among us here Will scarce be found if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet, is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;

Their lips are flattery and deceit, and their proud language is profane;

3 But lips that with deceit abound shall not maintain their triumph long;

The God of vengeance will confound the flatter'ing and blaspheming tongue.

4 Yet shall our words be free, they cry, our tongues shall be control'd by none;

Where is the Lord will ask us why? or say our lips are not our own?

5 The Lord, who sees the poor oppress'd, and hears oppressors' haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest, nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd, void of deceit shall still appear;

Not silver seven times purify'd from dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy Grace shall, in the darkest hour, defend the holy soul from harm;

Though when the vilest men have pow'r, on every side will sinners swarm.

Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail Religion loses ground! The sons of violence prevail, And treacheries abound.

- 2 Their oaths and promises they break, yet act the flatt'rer's part :
With fair deceitful lips they speak, and with a double heart.
3 If we reprove some hateful lie, how is their fury stirr'd!
Are not our lips our own? they cry, and who shall be our Lord?
4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side, while a vile race of men
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride, and bear the sword in vain.

- PAUSE.—5 Lord, when iniquities abound, and blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found, and love is waxing cold,
6 Is not thy char'ot hast'ning on? hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon a promise so divine?
7 Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise, and make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprize, and set my servants free."
8 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd, thro' ages shall endure:
The men who in thy truth confide, shall find the promise sure.

No. 25.

Blenheim.

Psalm 13. L. M.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain Like one who seeks his God in vain? Can't thou thy face forever hide, And I still pray, and be deny'd.

- 2 Shall I forever be forgot, as one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn? and still despair of thy return?
3 How long shall my poor troubled breast be with these anxious tho'ts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious foe, rejoice to see me sunk so low?

- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief, before my death concludes my grief;
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light, I sleep in everlasting night.
5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast, if but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace, and shall again behold thy face.

- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest, thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise my cheerful voice to songs of praise.

No. 26.

Fullingham.

Ps. 13. C. M.

How long wilt thou conceal thy face? My God, how long delay! When shall I feel those heav'nly rays Which chase my fears away.

- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul wrestle and toil, in vain?
Thy word can all my foes control, and ease my raging pain.
3 See how the prince of darkness tries all his malicious arts!
He spreads a mist around my eyes, and throws his fiery darts.
4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield; my soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd in death's eternal sleep.

- 5 How will the tempter boast aloud if I become his prey!
Behold the sons of hell grow proud at thy so long delay!
6 But they shall flee at thy rebuke, and Satan hide his head:
He knows the terrors of thy look, and hears thy voice with dread.
7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace where all my hopes have hung;
I shall employ my lips in praise, and vict'ry shall be sung.

AIR. Fools in their hearts believe and say That all religion's vain; There is no God who reigns on high, Or minds affairs of men.

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane, corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And in their impious hands are found abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne, look'd down on things below,
To find the man who sought his grace, or did his justice know.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root) in all our hearts are found ;
Nor can they bear diviner fruit, 'till grace refine the ground.

4 By nature all are gone astray ; their practice all the same :
There's none who fears his Maker's hand ; there's none who loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit ; their slanders never cease ;
How swift to mischief are their feet ! nor know the path's of peace.

AIR. No. 28.

Bloxton.

Ps. 14. 2d Part. C. M.

AIR. Are sinners now so senseless grown that they thy founts devour ; And never worship at thy throne, Nor fear thine awful pow'r ?

2 Great God ! appear to their surprize, reveal thy dreadful name !
Let them no more thy wrath despise, nor turn our hope to shame.

4 O that the joyful day were come, to finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home, our songs shall never cease.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ? and yet our foes deride,
That we should make thy name our trust : Great God ! confound their pride.

AIR. No. 29.

Fairlee.

Psalm 15. C. M.

Who shall inhabit in thy hill, O God of holiness ? Whom will the Lord admit to dwell So near his throne of grace. Se near his throne of grace.

2 The man who walks in pious ways, and works with righteous hands,
Who trusts his Maker's promises, and follows his commands :

3 Who speaks the meaning of his heart, nor slanders with his tongue ;
Will not promote an ill report, nor do his neighbour wrong :

4 Who wealthy sinners still contemns, loves all who fear the Lord ;
And though to his own hurt he swears, still he performs his word :

5 Whose hands disdain a golden bribe, and never gripe the poor :
This man shall dwell with God on earth, and find his heav'n secure.

AIR.

Who shall ascend thy heav'nly place? Great God! and dwell before thy face? The man who minds religion
now, And humbly walks with God below: The man who minds religion now, And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean, whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No flanders dwell upon his tongue; he hates to do his neighbour wrong;
[3 Who will not trust an ill report, nor vent it, to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise: but saints are honor'd in his eyes:
4 Firm to his word he ever stood, and always makes his promise good;
Nor dares to change the thing he swears, whatever pain or loss he bears.

5 He never deals in bribing gold, and mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor, sweet charity attends his door.]
6 He loves his enemies, and prays for those who curse him to his face:
And doth to all men still the same which he would hope or wish from them.
7 Yet, when his holiest works are done, his soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see, and dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

AIR.

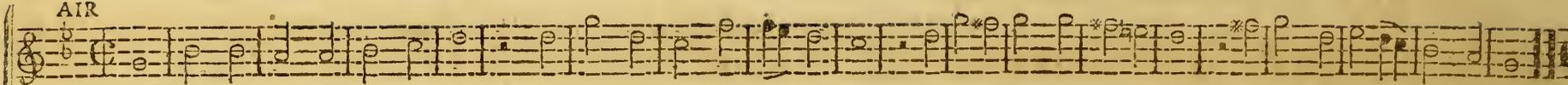
Preserve me, Lord, in time of need, For succour to thy throne I flee, But have no merits there to plead; My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confest, How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blest, nor add new glories to thy name.

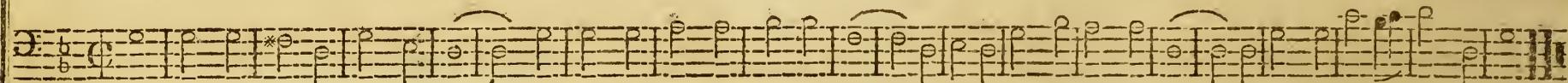
3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap, Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep, these are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the fons of mirth, to give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth, whose thoughts and language are divine.

AIR



How fast their guilt and sorrow rise, Who haste to seek some idol god ; I will not taste their sacrifice, Their off'rings of forbidden blood.



2 My God provides a richer cup, and nobler food to live upon ;
He for my life has offer'd up Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast ; by day his counsels guide me right ?
And, be his name forever blest, he gives me sweet advice by night.

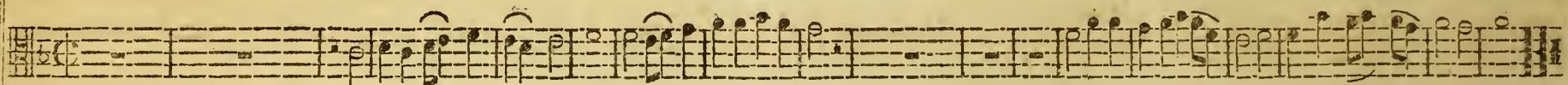
4 I set him still before mine eyes ; at my right hand he stands prepar'd
'To keep my soul from all surprize, and be my everlasting guard.

No. 33.

Lynnfield.

Ps. 16. 3d Part. L. M.

AIR.

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

When God is nigh, my faith is strong, His arm is my almighty prop: Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue, My dying flesh shall rest in hope. Be glad, my heart, rejoice, my tongue, My, &c,

Tenor.

2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head, yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead ; nor lose thy children in the grave ;

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey, shake off its dust and rise on high ;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way up to thy throne above the sky,

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow, and full discov'ries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below) spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

AIR.

Save me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe: In thee my trust I place, Though all the good which I can do, Can ne'er deserve, Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

- 2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath, the saints may profit by't ;
The faints, the glory of the earth, the men of my delight.
3 Let Heathens to their idols haste, and worship wood or stone ;
But, my delightful lot is cast where the true God is known.

- 4 His hand provides my constant food ; he fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good, but more rejoice in hope.
5 God is my portion and my joy ! his counsels are my light :
He gives me sweet advice by day, and gentle hints by night.

- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve to his all-seeing eye :
Nor death nor hell my hopes shall move, while such a friend is nigh.

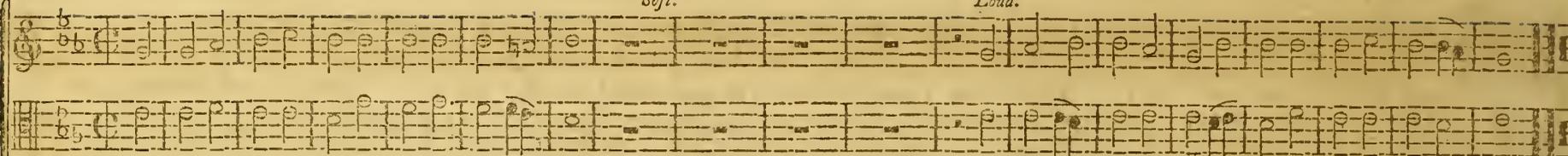
AIR.

I set the Lord before my face, He bears my courage up ; My heart and tongue their joys express ; My flesh shall rest in hope. My spirit, Lord, thou

wilt not leave Where souls departed are ; Nor quit my body to the grave, To see cor - ruption there. To see cor - ruption there.

- 3 Thou wilt reveal the path of life, and raise me to thy throne :
Thy courts immortal pleasures give, thy presence, joy unknown.
4 Thus, in the name of Christ the Lord, the holy David sung,
And providence fulfils the word of his prophetic tongue.

- 5 Jesus, whom ev'ry faint adores, was crucify'd and slain ;
Behold the tomb its prey restores ! behold, he lives again !
6 When shall my feet arise, and stand on heav'n's eternal hills ?
There sits the Son at God's right hand, and there the father smiles.

*Soft.**Loud.*

Arise, my gracious God, And make the wicked flee; They are but thy chastising rod, They are but thy chastising rod To drive thy faints to thee.



- 2 Behold, the sinner dies ! his haughty words are vain :
Here; in this life, his pleasure lies ; and all beyond is pain :
3 Then let his pride advance, and boast of all his store ;
The Lord is my inheritance, my soul can wish no more.

- 4 I shall behold the face of my forgiving God ;
And stand complete in right'ousness, wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
5 See the new heav'n begun when I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son, and draw immortal breath !

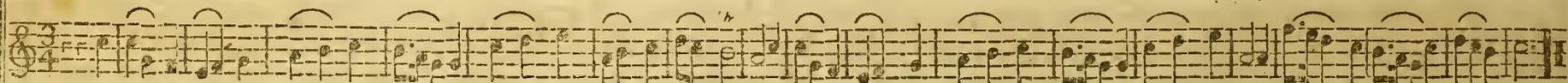
No. 37.

Islington.

Psalm 17. L. M.

2d Treble.*1st Treble & Counter.*

AIR. Lord, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove My faith, my patience, and my love : When men of spite against me join ; They are the sword, They are the sword ; the hand is thine.



- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ; 'tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek : they take their shares, and leave the rest among their heirs.
3 What sinners value, I resign ; Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face, and stand complete in right'ousness.

- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ; but the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ; when shall I 'wake and find me there ?
5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode ! I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sin no more control the sacred pleasure of my soul.

- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground, 'till the last trumpet's joyful sound :
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise, and in my saviour's image rise.

Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere, Hast made thy love and truth appear; Before mine eyes I set thy laws, And thou hast own'd my right'ous cause

Soft.

Since I have learn'd thy holy ways, Or, if my feet did e'er depart, 'Twas ever with a broken heart.
I've walk'd upright before thy face,

{ 3 What fore temptations broke my rest! what wars and strugglings in my breast!
But, through thy grace which reigns within, I guard against my darling sin.
4 That sin which close befets me still, which works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sov'reign pow'r destroy it, that it rise no more?

{ [5 With an impartial hand, the Lord deals out to mortals their reward:
The kind and faithful souls shall find, a God as faithful and as kind.]
6 The just and pure shall ever say, Thou art more pure, more just than they:
And men who love revenge, shall know, God hath an arm of vengeance too.

AIR.

Just are thy ways, and true thy word, Great Rock of my secure abode ; Who is a God, beside the Lord ? Or, where's a refuge like our God ?

- 2 'Tis he who girds me with his might, gives me his holy sword to wield ;
And while with sin and hell I fight, spreads his salvation for my shield.
5 He lives, (yea, blessed be my Rock) the God of my salvation lives !
The dark designs of hell are broke ; sweet is the peace my father gives.

- 4 Before the scoffers of the age I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage, but meet reproach, and bear the shame.
5 To David and his royal seed, thy grace forever shall extend ;
Thy love to saints in Christ their Head, knows not a limit, nor an end.

AIR.

No. 41.

Fanshaw.

Ps. 18. C. M. 1st Part. D.

We love thee, Lord, and we adore, Now is thine arm reveal'd ; Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r, Our bulwark and our shield.

We fly to our e - ternal Rock, And find a sure defence ; His holy name our lips invoke, And draw salvation thence.

- { 3 When God, our Leader, shines in arms, what mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms, the light'ning of his spear ?
4 He rides upon the winged wind, and angels, in array,
In millions wait, to know his mind, and swift as flames obey.

- { 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke whole armies are dismay'd ;
His voice, his frown, his angry look strikes all their courage dead.
6 He forms our gen'ral's for the field, with all their dreadful skill,
Gives them his awful sword to wield, and makes their hearts of steel.

- { [7 He arms our captains to the fight, tho' there his name's forgot ;
(He girded Cyrus with his might, but Cyrus knew him not.)
8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest, for his own churches' sake ;
The pow'rs which give his people rest, shall of his care partake.

AIR. *Moderato.*

To thine almighty arm we owe The triumphs of the day ; Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe, And melt their strength away. 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail, And break u-

nited pow'rs : Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale The proudest of their tow'rs. Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale The proudest of their tow'rs. The proudest of their tow'rs.

- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field, and trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield ; but they no shelter found !
4 In vain, to idol-faints they cry ; they perish in their blood :
Where is a rock so great, so high, so pow'rful as our God ?

- 5 The Rock of Is'el ever lives ; his name be ever blest ;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives, and gives his people rest.
6 On faints who live as David did, he pours his blessings down ;
Secures their priv'lege to their seed, and treats them as his own.

No. 43.

Sutton.

Psalm 19. S. M. 1st Part.

Behold the lof - ty sky Declares its Maker God, And all his starry works on high Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

- 2 The darkness and the light still keep their course the same ;
While night to day, and day to night, divinely teach his name.
3 In ev'ry different land their gen'ral voice is known ;
They saw the wonders of his hand, and orders of his throne.
4 America, rejoice ! he here reveals his word ;
We are not left to nature's voice to bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands, where our salvation lies.
6 His laws are just and pure ; his truth without deceit ;
His promises forever sure, and his rewards are great.
7 Not honey to the taste affords so much delight ;
Nor gold, which has the furnace past, so much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing, thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King, in my Redeemer's name.]

AIR.

Behold the morning sun Begins his glor'ous way! His beams through all the nations run, And life and light convey. And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes, it spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs, and gives the blind their sight.
3 How perfect is thy word! and all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord, and men securely trust,
4 My gracious God, how plain are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain, but find the path to heav'n!

5 I hear thy word with love, and I would fain obey;
Send thy good spirit from above to guide me, lest I stray.
6 O who can ever find the errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumpt'ous mind I would not dare transgress.
7 Warn me of ev'ry sin; forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine, whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song, my Sav'our and my God.

AIR.

No. 45.

Comparison.

Ps. 19. L. M. double.

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord! In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines: But, when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in fairer lines. The

rolling sun, the changing light, And nights, and days, thy pow'r confests; But the blest volume thou hast writ Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when the truth began its race, it touch'd, it glanc'd on ev'ry land.
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest 'till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ has all the nations blest which see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise! blest the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise; thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
6 Thy noblest wonders here we view, in souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew, and make thy word my guide to heav'n!

AIR.

Moderate.

Great God! the heav'n's well-order'd frame Declares the glories of thy name: There thy rich works of wonder shine; A thousand stary beauties there, A thousand radiant

marks appear Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet, their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun;
And ev'ry nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where e'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles, and speaks his Maker God.
All nature joins to shew thy praise;
Thus, God in ev'ry creature shines;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

AIR. No. 47. Limford. Ps. 19. 5th Verse. Pause.

I love the volumes of thy word; What light and

joy those leaves afford To souls benighted and distressed! Thy precepts guide my doubtful way; Thy promise leads my soul to rest.

Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;

6 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold, which hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies!
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
Which makes my guilty conscience clean;
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward!

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumpt'ous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Now may the God of pow'r and grace Attend his people's humble cry! Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays, And brings deliv'rance from on high.

- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends better than shields, or brazen walls ;
He, from his sanctuary, sends succour and strength, when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs ; his love exceeds our best deserts ;
His love accepts the sacrifice of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope, and in the name of Isr'el's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners-up, our natives spread their flags abroad.

- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war, and some of char'ots make their beasts ;
Our surest expectations are from thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 O may the mem'ry of thy name inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame, or quit the field with shameful flight.
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear ; now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Then let salvation soon appear, and joy and triumph raise the song.

AIR.

tr

Soft.

Loud.

tr

David rejoic'd in God his strength, Rais'd to the throne by special grace ; But Christ, the Son, appears at length, Fulfils the triumph, Fulfils the triumph, Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

- 2 How great is the Messiah's joy in the salvation of thy hand !
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high, and giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants what e'er he will, nor doth the least request withhold,
Blessings of love prevent him still, and crowns of glory, not of gold.

- 4 Honor and majesty divine around his sacred temples shine ;
Blest with the favor of thy face, and length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ; and, as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and living coals, so shall thy wrath devour their souls.

AIR.

Why has my God my soul forsok, Nor will a smile afford ? Thus David once in anguish spoke, And thus our dying Lord.

- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight, to dwell among thy praising saints ;
Yet, thou canst hear a groan as well, and pity our complaints.
- 3 Our Fathers trusted in thy name, and great deliv'rance found ;
But I'm a worm, despis'd of men, and trodden to the ground.

- 6 Why will my Father hide his face when foes stand thrcat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress, and not a helper found ?

- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by, and laugh my soul to scorn :
In vain he trusts in God, they cry, neglected and forlorn.
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh, by thine almighty word :
And since I hung upon the breast My hope is in the Lord.

Behold thy Darling, left among The cruel and the proud! As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong, And lion's roaring loud.

AIR.

{ 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet; to multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet, and try to vex my heart.

{ 9 Yet, if thy sov'reign hand let loose the rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise the Son he loves so well?

{ 10 My God, if possible it be, withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee, and drink the sorrows up.

{ 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown; In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down low as the dust of death.

{ 12 Father, I give my spirit up, and trust it in thy hand:
My dying flesh shall rest in hope, and rise at thy command.

No. 52.

Mentz.

Ps. 22. C. M. 2d Part.

Now from the roaring lion's rage, O Lord, protect thy Son! Nor leave thy Darling to engage The pow'rs of hell alone.

AIR

{ 2 Thus did the suff'ring Saviour pray, with mighty cries and tears:
God heard him, in that dreadful day, and chas'd away his fears.

{ 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death, his throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth shall worship, or shall die.

{ 4 A num'rous offspring must arise from his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd, in his eyes, for daughters and for sons.

{ 5 The meek and humble souls shall see his table richly spread;
And all who seek the Lord, shall be with joys immortal fed.

{ 6 The isles shall know the right'ousness of our incarnate God,
And nations, yet unborn, profess salvation in his blood.



AIR. Now, let our mournful songs record The dying sorrows of our Lord; When he complain'd in tears and blood, As one forsaken of his God.



2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn, and shake the head and laugh in scorn; He rescu'd others from the grave, now, let him try himself to save.

3 This is the man did once pretend God was his Father, and his Friend; If God the blessed lov'd him so, why doth he fail to help him now?"

6 But God his Father heard his cry; Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high; The nations learn his right'ousness; and humble sinners taste his grace.

4 Barbarous people; cruel priests! how they stand round like savage beasts: Like lions, gaping to devour, when God has left him in their pow'r.

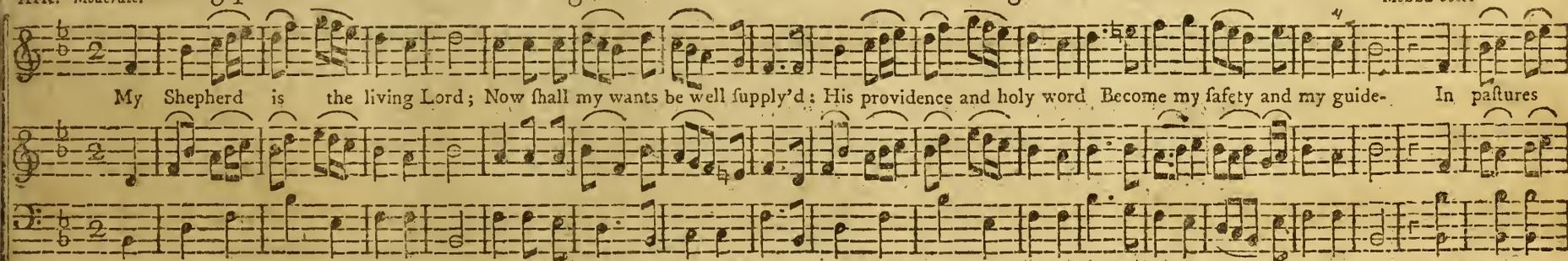
5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet, 'till streams of blood each other meet; By lot his garments they divide, and mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

AIR. *Moderate.* No. 54.

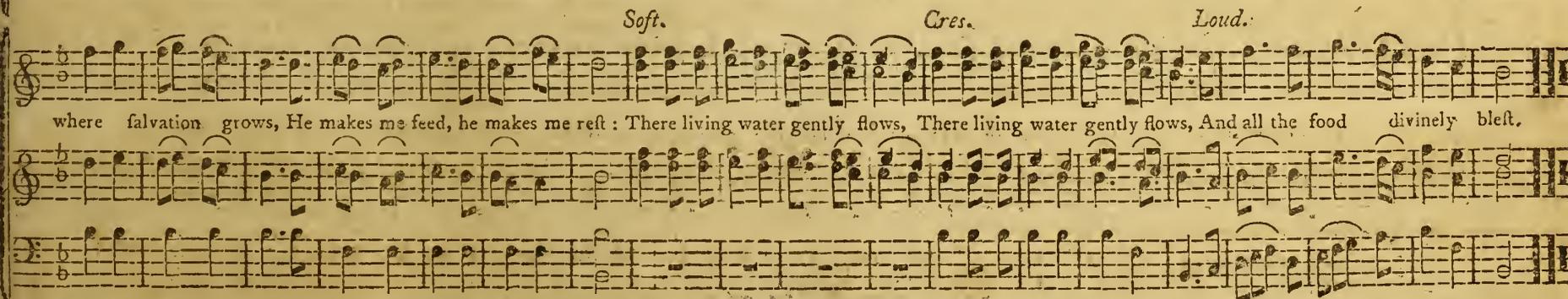
Orangedale.

Psalm 23. L. M. *double.*

Mezza voce.



My Shepherd is the living Lord; Now shall my wants be well supply'd: His providence and holy word Become my safety and my guide- In pastures



where salvation grows, He makes me feed, he makes me rest: There living water gently flows, There living water gently flows, And all the food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake; But he restores my soul to peace; And leads me, for his mercy's sake, in the fair path of right'ousness.
4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale, where death and all its terrors are, My heart and hope shall never fail, for God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps, thou art my comfort, thou my stay; Thy staff supports my feeble steps; thy rod directs my doubtful way.
6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell Gaze at thy goodness, and repine To see my table spread so well, with living bread and cheerful wine,

[7 How I rejoice, when on my head thy Spirit condescends to rest 'Tis a divine anointing, shed like oil of gladness, at a feast.
8 Surely the mercies of the Lord attend his household all their days; There will I dwell to hear his word, to seek his face, and sing his praise.]

My Shepherd will supply my need; Je - hovah is his name; In pastures fresh he makes me feed, Beside the living stream. Beside the living stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back, When I forsake his ways, And leads me, for his mercy's sake, In paths of truth and grace. In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk through the shades of death, thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath drives all my fears away.
4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes, doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows, Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God, attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode, and all my work be praise!
6 There would I find a settled rest, (while others go and come)
No more a stranger, or a guest, but, like a child, at home.

The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supply'd: Since he is mine, and I am his, What can I want beside! He

Sft.

Loud.

leads me to the place Where heav'nly pasture grows, Where living waters gently pass, And full salvation flows. And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray, he doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way, for his most holy name.
 4 While he affords his aid, I cannot yield to fear ;
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade, my Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows, and joy exalts my head.
 6 The bounties of thy love shall crown my foll'wing days ;
 Nor From thy house will I remove, nor cease to speak thy praise.

No. 57.

Harwood.

Psalm 24. C. M. double.

AIR. *Moderate.*

The earth for ever is the Lord's, With Adam's num'rous race ; He rais'd its arches o'er the floods, And built it on the seas.

But who, among the sons of men, May visit thine abode ? He who has hands from mischief clean, Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise and take the blessings of his grace :
 This is the lot of those, who seek the God of Jacob's face.

4 Now, let your soul's immortal pow'rs to meet the Lord prepare ;
 Lift up their everlasting doors, the King of glory's near.

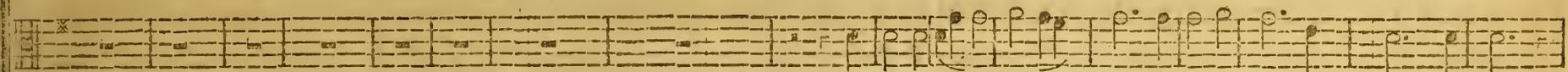
5 The King of glory ! who can tell the wonders of his might !
 He rules the nations ; but to dwell with saints is his delight,



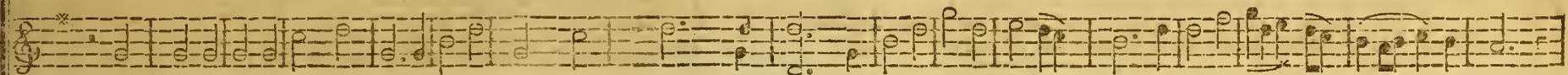
Verse 5th. Pause.

Soft.

Loud.



Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high, Behold, the King of glory's nigh ! Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high, Behold, the King of glory's nigh !

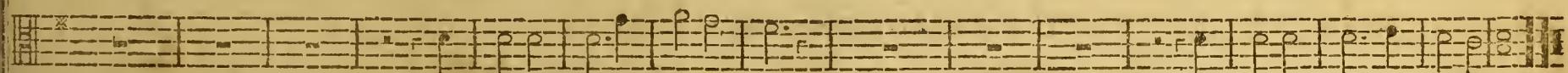
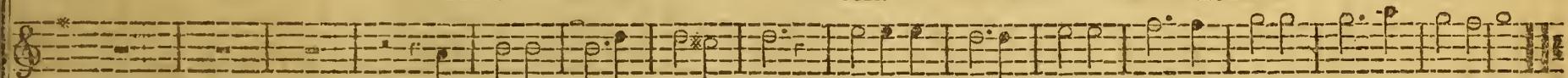


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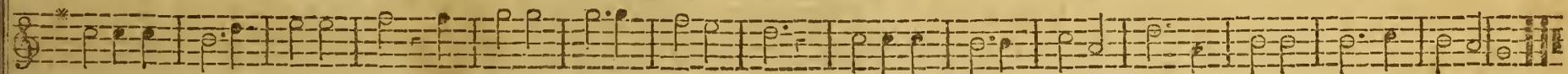
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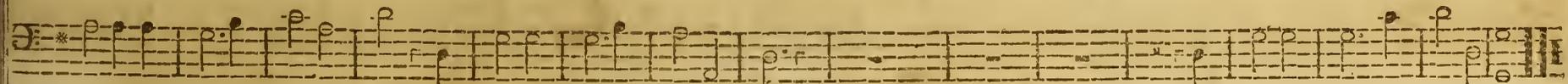
Loud.



The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he ! Who can this King of glory be ? The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.



Who can this King of glory be ?



{ 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display to make the Lord the Saviour way ;
 { Laden with spoils of earth and hell, the conqu'ror comes, with God to dwell !

E

{ 7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before ; he opens heav'ns eternal door,
 { To give his faints a blest abode, near their Redeemer and their God.

AIR.

I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood Still triumph in my shame. Still triumph in my shame.

{ 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell, persuade me to despair :
 Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well, that I may 'scape the snare.
 { 3 From the first dawning light 'till the dark ev'ning rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait with ever longing eyes.

{ 6 For his own goodness sake he faves my soul from shame !
 He pardons (though my guilt be great) through my Redeemer's name.

{ 4 Remember all thy grace, and lead me in thy truth ;
 Forgive the sins of riper days, and follies of my youth.
 { 5 The Lord is just and kind, the meek shall learn his ways,
 And ev'ry humble sinner find the methods of his grace.

AIR.

No. 60.

St. Simons's.

Ps. 25. S. M. 2d Part.

Where shall the man be found That fears t'offend his God, That loves the gospel's joyful found, And trembles at the rod ?

{ 2 The Lord shall make him know the secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his cov'nant show, and all his love impart.

{ 4 Their souls shall dwell at ease before their Maker's face ;
 Their feed shall taste the promises in their extensive grace.

{ 3 The dealings of his hand are truth and mercy still,
 With such as to his cov'nant stand, and love to do his will.

No. 61.

Aylesbury.

Ps. 25. S. M. 3d Part.

AIR.

Mine eyes and my desire Are ever to the Lord I love to plead his promises, And rest upon his word.

{ 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul, bring thy falvation near ;
 When will thy hand releafe my feet out of the deadly snare ?
 { 3 When shall the fov'reign grace of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways my wand'ring feet have trod !
 { 4 The tumult of my thoughts doth but enlarge my woe ;
 My spirit languishes, my heart is desolate and low.

{ 5 With ev'ry morning light my sorrow new begins ;
 Look on my anguish and my pain, and pardon all my sins.
 PAUSE. { 6 Behold the hosts of hell, how cruel is their hate ?
 Against my life they rise, and join their fury with deceit.
 { 7 O keep my soul from death, nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have plac'd my only trust in my Redeemer's name.
 { 8 With humble faith I wait to see thy face again ;
 Of Ifre'l it shall ne'er be said, he fought the Lord in vain.

AIR. No. 62.

Winchester.

Psalm 26. L. M.

Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways, And try my reins, and try my heart ; My faith upon thy promise stays, Nor from thy law my feet depart.

{ 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit with men of vanity and lies :
 The scoffer and the hypocrite are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
 { 3 Among thy faints will I appear with hands well wash'd in innocence :
 But when I stand before thy bar, the blood of Christ is my defence.

{ 4 I love thine habitation, Lord, the temple where thine honors dwell ;
 There shall I hear thy holy word, and there thy works of wonder tell.
 { 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last with men of treachery and blood.
 Since I my days on earth have past among the faints, and near my God.

No. 63.

Victory.

Psalm 27. C. M. 1st Part.

do, What all my foes can do,

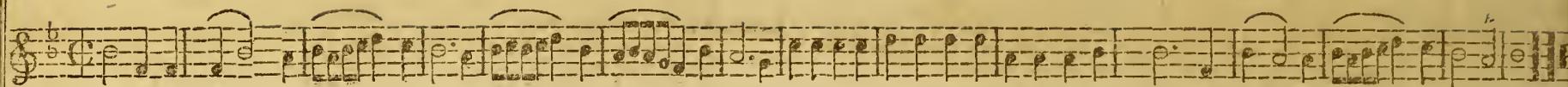
AIR. The Lord of glory is my light, And my falvation too ; God is my strength ; nor will I fear What all my foes can do. do, do, What all my foes can do.

What all my foes can do, do,

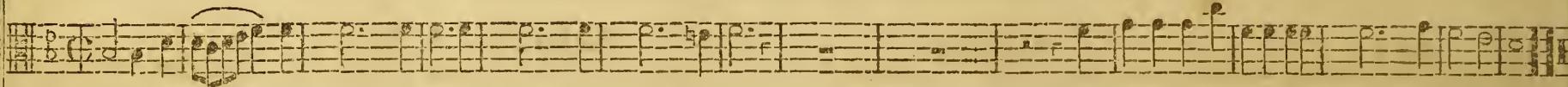
What all my foes can do, do,

{ 2 One privilege my heart desires ; O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy faints, the temples of my God !
 { 3 There shall I offer my requests, and see thy beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy messages of love, and there enquire thy will.

{ 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear, there may his children hide ;
 God has a strong pavilion, where he makes my soul abide.
 { 5 Now shall my head be lifted high above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory within thy temple sound.



My heart reply'd, without delay, My heart reply'd, without delay, I'll

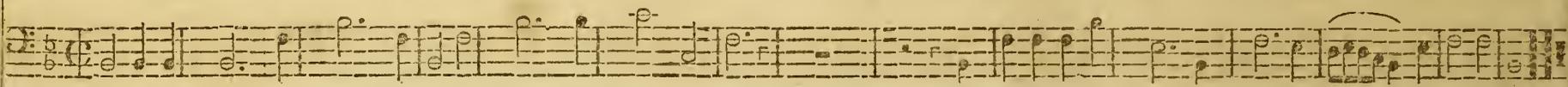


Soon as I heard my Father say, Ye children, seek my grace,
AIR

My heart reply'd without delay, I'll seek my father's face.



My heart reply'd, without delay, My heart reply'd, without delay, I'll



My heart reply'd, without delay, I'll

{ 2 Let not thy face be hid from me, nor frown my soul away :
God of my life, I fly to thee, in a distressing day.
{ 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care, and all my need supply.

{ 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief, had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief, nor was my hope deceiv'd.
{ 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling faints, and keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints, and far exceed your hope.

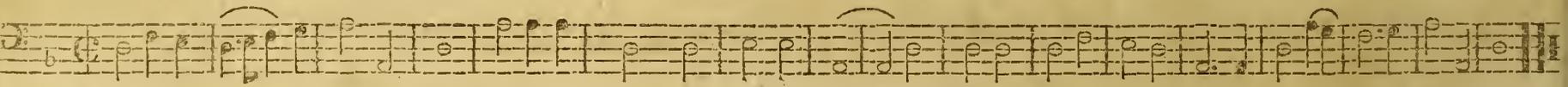
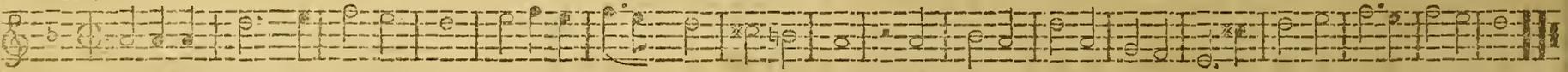
No. 65.

Gilmore.

Psalm 28. L. M.



To thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ; My fervent pray'r in mercy hear ; For ruin waits my trembling soul, If thou refuse a gracious ear.
AIR.



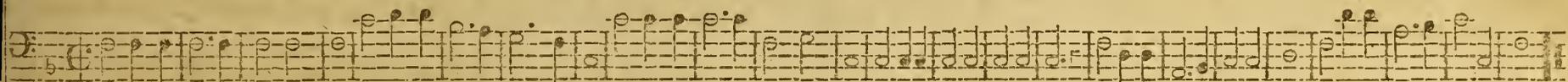
{ 2 When suppliant toward thy holy hill, I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace nor drive me still, with impious hypocrites away.
{ 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise the works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward, and sinks their souls to endless pain.

{ 4 But, ever blessed be the Lord, whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart that trusted in his word, in his salvation shall rejoice.
{ 5 Let every faint in sore distress, by faith approach his Saviour God ;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace, and feed thy church with heav'nly food.

AIR.



Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame, Give to the Lord renown and pow'r; Ascribe due honors to his name, And his eternal might adore. Ascribe due honors to his name, And his, &c.



{ 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud, over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud, and light'nings blaze at his command.
{ 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind, lay the wide forest bare, around:
The fearful hart and frighten'd hind, leap at the terror of the sound.

{ 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice, and lo! the stately cedars break!
The mountains tremble at the noise; the vallies roar; the desarts quake.
{ 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood; the thund'rer reigns forever King:
But makes his Church his best abode, where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there, the Lord the counsels of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm, his word speaks peace and courage, to our hearts.

No. 67.

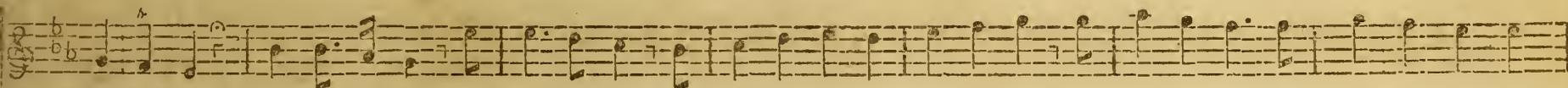
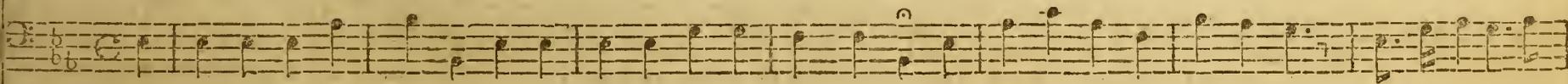
Restoration.

Psalm 30. L. M. 1st Part.

AIR.



I will extol thee, Lord, on high, At thy command dis-eases fly! Who, but a God, can speak and save From the dark borders



of the grave? Sing to the Lord, ye faints of his, And tell how large his goodness is; Let all your pow'rs rejoice and blest, While



Affettuoso.

you record his holi - nefs. Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless, While you record his holiness. His anger but a moment stays; His

Cres. *Loud.*

love is life and length of days, Though grief and tears the night employ, The morning star restores the joy, restores the joy, The morning star restores the joy.

No. 68.

Woburn.

Ps. 30. L. M. 2d Part.

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Firm was my health, my day was bright, And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night: Fondly I said within my heart, Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong, which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide, my health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee my God ! what canst thou profit by my blood ?
Deep in the dust can I declare thy truth, or sing thy goodnes there ?

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame, shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n, for sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n.

4 Hear me, O God of grace ; I said, and bring me from among the dead :
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt, thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe, are turn'd to joy and praises now ;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground, and ease and gladness gird me round.

AIR.

Into thine hand, O God of truth, My spirit I commit; Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death, And sav'd me from the pit.

- 2 The passions of my hope and fear maintain'd a double strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd to take away my life.
3 My times are in thine hand, I cry'd, though I draw near the dust:
Thou art the refuge where I hide, the God in whom I trust.
4 O make thy reconciled face upon thy servant shine,
And save me, for thy mercy's sake, for I'm entirely thine.

- PAUSE.—[5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said, I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes; but thou hast heard my cry.]
6 Thy goodness, how divinely free! how wond'rous is thy grace,
To those, who fear thy Majesty, and trust thy promises!
7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints, and sing his praises loud;
He'll lend his ear to your complaints, and recompense the proud.

AIR.

No. 70.

St. David's.

Ps. 31. C. M. 2d Part.

My heart re - joices in thy name, My God, my Help, my Trust; Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame, Mine honor from the dust.

- 2 My life is spent with grief, I cry'd, my years consum'd in groans,
My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd, and sorrow wastes my bones.
3 Among mine enemies, my name was a mere proverb grown,
While to my neighbours I became forgotten and unknown.
4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side seiz'd and besat me round:
I to the throne of grace apply'd, and speedy rescue found.

- PAUSE.—5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought, and made their boasting vain!
6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues, shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs, and crush the sons of pride.
7 Within thy secret presence, Lord, let me forever dwell;
No fenced city wall'd and barr'd secures a saint so well.

AIR.

No. 71.

Copeland.

Psalm 32. S. M.

O blessed souls are they Whose sins are cover'd o'er! Divine - ly blest, to whom the Lord Imputes their guilt no more. They mourn their

follics past, And keep their hearts with care ; Their lips and lives, without deceit, Shall prove their faith sincere. While I conceal'd my guilt, I felt the fest'r

wound, 'Till I confess'd my sins to thee, And ready pardon found. Let sinners learn to pray ; Let saints keep near the throne ; Our help, in times of deep distress, Is found in God, alone

No. 72.

Hollis.

Ps. 32. C. M.

AIR.

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

Happy the man, to whom his God No more imputes his sin, But, wash'd in his Redeemer's blood, Hath made his garments clean. But, wash'd in his Redeemer's blood, Hath, &c.

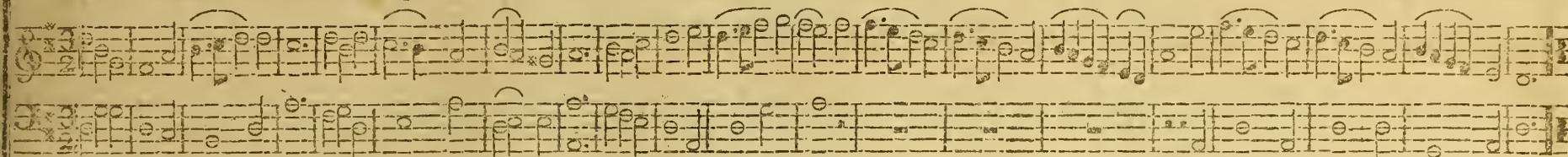
- 2 Happy, beyond expression, he whose debts are thus discharg'd !
And from the guilty bondage free, he feels his soul enlarg'd.
3 His spirit hates deceit and lies ; his words are all sincere ;
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes to keep his conscience clear.

- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress, no quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast, and rack'd my tortur'd mind.
5 Then, I confess'd my troubled thoughts, my secret sins reveal'd ;
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults, thy love my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ; while, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay is a forgiving God.



AIR. Blest is the man, forever blest, Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God, Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd, And cover'd with his Saviour's blood, And cover'd with his, &c.



{ 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord imputes not his iniquities,
He pleads no merit of reward, and not on works, but grace relies.

{ 3 From guile his heart and lips are free; his humble joy, his holy fear,
With deep repentance well agree, and join to prove his faith sincere.

{ 4 How glorious is that righteousness that hides and cancels all his sins;
While a bright evidence of grace thro' his whole life appears and shines.

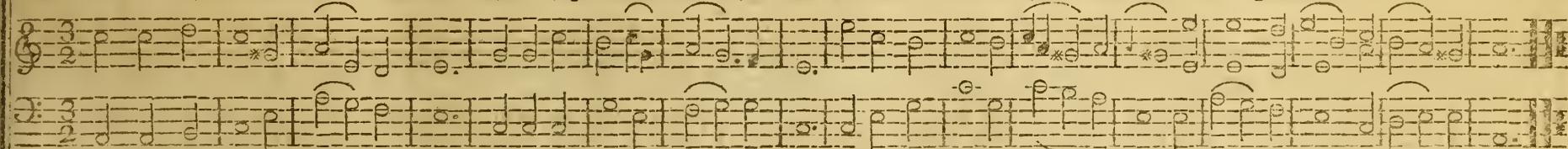
AIR. No. 74.

Langton.

Ps. 32. L. M. 2d Part.



While I keep silence and conceal My heavy guilt within my heart, What torments doth my conscience feel, What agonies of inward smart.



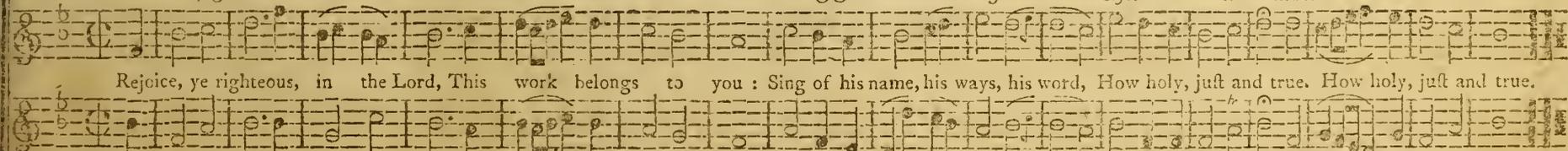
{ 2 I spread my sins before the Lord, and all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word, thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.

{ 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul, Make swift addresses to thy seat:
When floods of huge temptations roll, there shall they find a blest retreat.

{ 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie, when days grow dark and storms appear;
And when I walk, thy watchful eye Shall guide me safe from every snare.

AIR. No. 75.

Barnet

Psalm 33. C. M. 1st Part. *Soft.**tr Loud.**tr*

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord, This work belongs to you: Sing of his name, his ways, his word, How holy, just and true. How holy, just and true.



{ 2 His mercy and his righteousness let heav'n and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace, reveal his wond'rous name.

{ 3 His wisdom and almighty word the heav'nly arches spread:
And by the spirit of the Lord their shining hosts were made.

{ 4 He bade the liquid waters flow to their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know, and their own station keep.

{ 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth, with fear before him stand:
He spake, and nature took his birth, and rests on his command.

{ 6 He scorns the angry nations rage, and breaks their vain designs,
His counsel stands through every age, and in full glory shines.

AIR.

Blest is the nation where the Lord hath fix'd his gracious throne; Where he reveals his heav'nly word, And calls their tribes his own,

His eye, with infinite survey, Does the whole world behold; He form'd us all of equal clay, And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force Of armies from the grave:
 Nor speed nor courage of an horse Can the bold rider save.
 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men, To hope for safety thence;
 But holy fairs from God obtain A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust, When plagues or famine spread;
 His watchful eye secures the just, Among ten thousand dead.
 6 Lord, let our hearts rejoice in thee, And bless us from thy throne;
 For we have made thy word our choice, And trust thy grace alone.

No. 77.

St. Hellen's

Ps. 33. P. M. 1st Part.

AIR. Ye holy souls, in God rejoice, Your Maker's praise becomes your voice, Great is your theme, your songs be new; Sing

of his name, his word his ways, His works of nature and of grace, How wise and holy, just and true.

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heav'nly arches spread ;
How wide they shine from north to south ;
And by the spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,
Those wat'ry treasures know their place
In the vast store-house of the deep :
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage ;
Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsels stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

AIR. No. 78.

Elbridge.

Ps. 33. P. M. 2d Part.

O happy nation, where the Lord Reveals the treasures of his word, And builds his church, his earthly throne !
His eye the heathen world sur-
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways, But God their Maker is unknown. But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed, or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When death, or dangers threat'ning stand :
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne :
We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone,

AIR. *Moderate.**Soft.*

Lord I will blefs thee all my days, Thy praise shall dwell up on my tongue; My foul shall glory in thy grace, While

Loud.

faints rejoice to hear the fong. My foul shall glory in thy grace, While faints rejoice to hear the fong.

{ 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me, Come let us all exalt his name;
 I fought th' eternal God, and he Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
 { 3 I told him all my secret grief, My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
 He gave my inward pains relief, And calm'd the tumult of My fears.

{ 6 The wild young lions pinch'd with pain And hunger, roar through all the wood.
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain, Nor want supplies of real good;

{ 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes, Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;
 A beam of mercy from the skies Fills them with light and joy divine.
 { 5 His holy angels pitch their tents Around the men that serve the Lord;
 O fear and love him all ye faints Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

No. 80.

Oreby.

Ps. 34. L. M. 2d Part.

Children in years and knowledge young, Your parents hope, your parents joy, Attend the counfels of my tongue, Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

{ 2 If you desire a length of days, And peace to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from sinful ways, Your lips from slander and deceit.
 { 3 The eyes of God regard his faints, His ears are open to their cries;
 He sets his frowning face against The sons of violence and lies.

{ 4 To humble souls and broken hearts, God with his grace is ever nigh;
 Pardon and hope his love imparts, When men in deep contrition lie.
 { 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans, His Son redeems their souls from death,
 His Spirit heals their broken bones, They in his praise employ their breath.

AIR.

tr

tr

I'll bless the Lord from day to day, How good are all his ways! Ye humble souls that use to pray, Come help my lips to praise.

Soft.

Loud.

Sing to the honor of his name, How a poor sinner cry'd, Nor was his hope expos'd to shame, Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood, Redoubling all my woes.

4 I told the Lord my sore distress, With heavy groans and tears;
He gave my sharpest torments ease, And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.—5 [O sinners, come and taste his love, And learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents Round where his children dwell;
What ill their heav'nly care prevents, No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 O love the Lord, ye faints of his; His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is, Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar, And famish in the wood;
But God supplies his holy poor, With ev'ry needful good.

AIR.

No. 82.

Peachum.

Ps. 34. C.M. 2^d Part.

tr

Come, children, learn to fear the Lord, And that your days be long, Let not a false or spiteful word Be found upon your tongue. Be found upon your tongue.

{ 2 Depart from mischief, practice love, Pursue the works of peace:
So shall the Lord your ways approve, And set your souls at ease.

{ 3 His eyes awake to guard the just, His ears attend their cry:
When broken spirits dwell in dust, The God of grace is nigh.

{ 6 When desolation, like a flood, O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God, For he redeem'd their souls.

{ 4 What though the sorrows here they taste Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord who saves them all at last, Is their supporter now.

{ 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead; But God secures his own:
Prevents the mischief when they slide, Or heals the broken bone.

AIR.

Now plead my cause, almighty God, With all the sons of strife; And fight against the men of blood, Who fight against my life, Who fight against my life. Draw

out thy spear, and stop their way, Lift thine avenging rod; But to my soul in mercy say, I am thy Saviour God. I am thy Saviour God.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 They plant their snares to catch my feet, And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit, That their own hands have made.</p> <p>4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way, And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey, And all their rage confound.</p> | <p>5 They fly like chaff before the wind, Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind, Pursues them down to death.</p> <p>6 They love the road that leads to hell; Then let the rebels die,
Whose malice is implacable Against the Lord on high.</p> |
| <p>7 But if thou hast a chosen few Among that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew, By thy surprising grace.</p> <p>8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice, To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice, And bless thee for my own.</p> | |

No. 84.

St. Martin's.

Ps. 35. C. M. 2^d Part.

Behold the love, the gen'rous love that holy David shows; Hark how his sounding bowels move To his afflicted foes!

2 When they are sick, his soul complains, And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns, And melts his pious heart.
3 How did his flowing tears condole, As for a brother dead!
And fasting, mortify'd his soul, While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head The righteous God returns.
5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace! Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinner's curse, the Saviour prays, And pities them with tears.

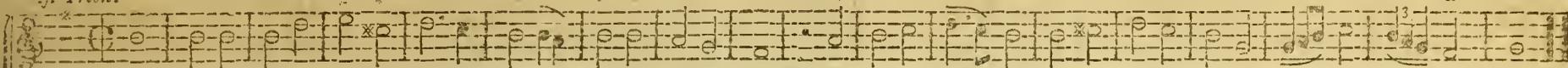
6 He the true David, Israel's King, Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin, Pay'd his own dearest blood.

No. 85.

Orleans.

Psalm 36. L. M. double.

1st Treble.

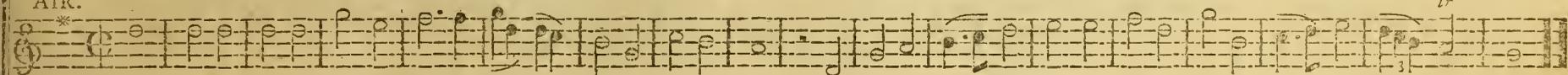


2d Treble.

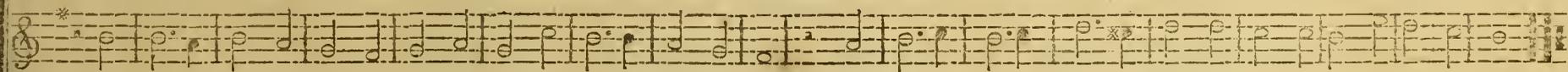


High in the heav'ns, eternal God, Thy goodness in full glory shines; thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud That veils and darkens thy designs.

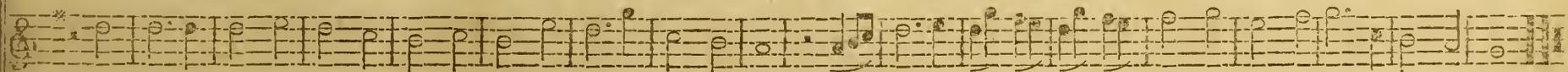
AIR.



Bass.



For ever firm thy justice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the wonders of thine hands; Thy judgments are a mighty deep.



3 Thy providence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge, But saints are thy peculiar care.
4 My God! how excellent thy grace! Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress, Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house We shall be fed with sweet repast;
Thy mercy like a river flows, And brings salvation to our taste.
6 Life, like a fountain rich and free, Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in the light our souls shall see The glories promis'd in thy word.

AIR. While men grow bold in wicked ways, And yet a God they own, My heart within me often says, Their thoughts believe there's none.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare (Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear, Nor will they seek his grace.</p> <p>3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes! But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see with sore surprize, The terrors of thy pow'r.</p> <p>4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne, Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown, A deep unfathom'd sea.</p> | <p>5 Above these heav'ns created rounds, Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds Where time and nature end.</p> <p>6 Safety to man thy goodness brings, Nor overlooks the beast ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings Thy children choose to rest.</p> <p>7 [From thee when creature streams run low, And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow, And raise our pleasures high.</p> <p>8 Though all created light decay, And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day, Where clouds can never rise.]</p> |
|---|---|

AIR.

No. 87.

Southwell.

Ps. 36. S. M.

When man grows bold in sin, My heart within me cries, He hath no faith of God within, Nor fear before his eyes.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 [He walks a while conceal'd, In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd Expose his hateful name.]</p> <p>3 His heart is false and foul, His words are smooth and fair ;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul, And leaves no goodness there.</p> <p>4 He plots upon his bed, New mischiefs to fulfil :
He sets his heart, and hands, and head, To practise all that's ill.</p> | <p>5 But there's a dreadful God, Though men renounce his fear ;
His justice hid behind a cloud, Shall one great day appear.</p> <p>6 His truth transcends the sky, In heav'n his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie, His anger burns to hell.</p> <p>7 How excellent his love, Whence all our safety springs :
O never let my soul remove From underneath his wings !</p> |
|---|--|

AIR.

No. 88.

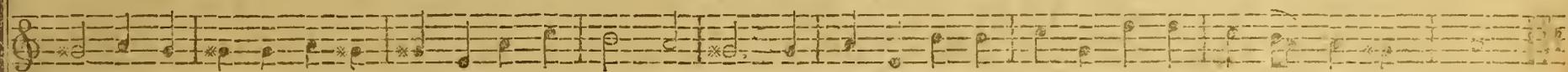
Sandown.

Psalm 37. C. M. 1st Part. D.

Why should I vex my soul and fret To see the wicked rise ; Or envy sinners waxing great By violence and lies ?



As flow'ry grafs cut down at noon, Before the ev'ning fades, So shall their glories vanish soon In ever - laſting ſhades.



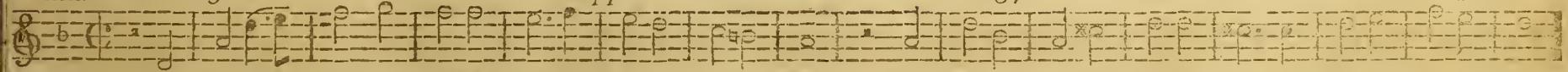
3 Then let me make the Lord my truſt, And praife all that's good :
 So ſhall I dwell among the juſt, And he'll provide me food.
 4 I to my God my ways commit, And cheerful wait his will ;
 Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet, Shall my deſires fulfil.
 5 Mine innocence ſhalt thou diſplay, And make thy judgments known,
 Fair as the light of dawning day, And glorious as the noon.
 6 The meek at laſt the earth poſſeſs, And are the heirs of heav'n ;
 True riches, with abundant peace, To humble ſouls are giv'n.

PAUSE.—7 Reſt in the Lord, and keep his way, Nor let your anger riſe.
 Though Providence ſhould long delay To puniſh haughty vice.
 8 Let ſinners join to break your peace, And plot, and rage, and foam ;
 The Lord derides them, for he ſees Their day of vengeance come.
 9 They have drawn out the threat'ning ſword, Have bent the murd'rous bow,
 To ſlay the men that fear the Lord, And bring the righteous low.
 10 My God ſhall break their bows, and burn Their perſecuting darts,
 Shall their own ſwords againſt them turn, And pain ſurpriſe their hearts.

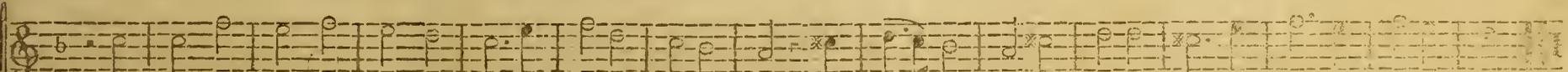
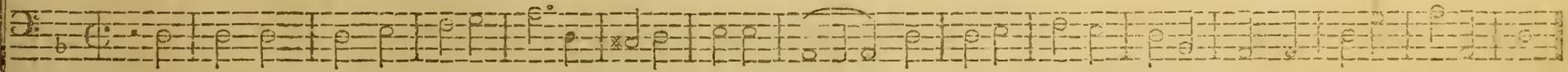
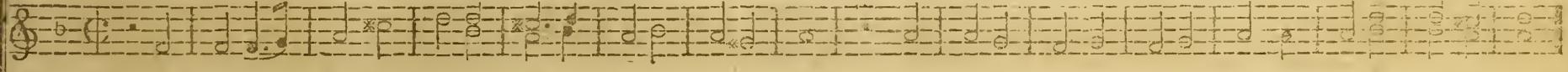
AIR. No. 89.

Keppel.

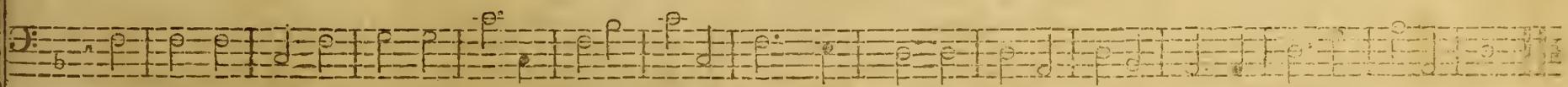
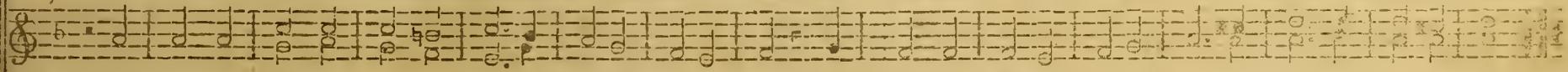
Ps. 37. C. M. 2d Part. D.



Why do the wealthy wicked boaſt, And grow profanely bold? The meanſt portion of the juſt, Excels the ſinner's gold.



The wicked borrows of his friends, But ne'er deſigns to pay ; The ſaint is merciful and lends, Nor turns the poor away.



3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives Among the ſons of need ;
 His mem'ry to long ages lives, And bleſſed is his ſeed.
 4 His lips abhor to talk profane, To ſlander or defraud ;
 His ready tongue declares to men What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and goſpel of the Lord, Deep in his heart abide ;
 Led by the Spirit and the word, His feet ſhall never ſlide.
 6 When ſinners fall, the righteous ſtand Preſerv'd from ev'ry ſnare,
 They ſhall poſſeſs the promis'd land, And dwell forever there.

AIR. *Affettuoso.*

My God, the steps of pious men Are order'd by thy will ; Tho' they should fall they rise again, Thy hand supports them still.

- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways, Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace, Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs, Their portion and their home :
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men, Nor fear when tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain, When justice casts them down.

- PAUSE. 5 The haughty sinner I have seen, Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green, Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground, Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root nor branch, nor leaf was found Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness, His several steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways, And peaceful is his end.

AIR.

No. 91.

Lamport.

Psalm 38. C. M. double.

Amidst thy wrath remember love. Restore thy servant, Lord, Nor let a father's chaf'ning prove Like an avenger's sword.

Thine arrows stick within my heart, My flesh is sorely prest ; Between the sorrow and the smart, My spirit finds no rest.

- 3 My sins a heavy load appear, And o'er my head are gone ;
Too heavy they for me to bear, Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea, My head still bending down ;
And I go mourning all the day Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore, None of my pow'rs are whole ;
The inward anguish makes me roar, The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desire to thee is known Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan Is notic'd by thine ear.

- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope, My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up When Satan bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide, My foes rejoice to see't ;
They raise their pleasure and their pride, When they supplant my feet.]
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee, And grieve for all my sin ;
I'll mourn how weak my graces be, And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past, And be forever nigh ;
O Lord of my salvation haste Before thy servant die.]

AIR.

Thus I resolv'd before the Lord, Now will I watch my tongue, Lest I let slip one sinful word, Or do my neighbour wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay With men of lives profane,
I'll fet a double guard that day, Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th'occasion take To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear, I'll not be over aw'd,
But let the scoffing finners hear That we can speak for God.

AIR.

No. 93.

Walsall.

Ps. 39. C. M. 2d Part.

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

2 A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move Like shadow's o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love, But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gaudy show, Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain, And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope, My fond desires recal!
I give my mortal interest up, And make my God my all.

AIR.

No. 94.

Detroit.

Ps. 39. C. M. 3d Part.

God of my life, look gently down, Behold the pains I feel; But I am dumb before thy throne, Nor dare dispute thy will, Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord, They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmur'ing word, Against thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet may I plead with humble cries, Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes, my spirit dies, Through thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand, We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand, And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace, How soon the bubble's broke
Adam and all his num'rous race Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below, As all my father's were;
May I be well prepar'd to go, When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile, Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still, And I'll declare thy love.

AIR. I waited patient for the Lord, He bow'd to hear my cry : He saw me resting on his word, And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a Lorn'd pit, Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bands releas'd my feet, Deep bonds of miry clay.
3 I am on a rock he made me stand, And taught my cheerful tongue,
To praise the wonders of his hand In a new thankful song.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
My God beholds my heavy woe,

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad ; The saints with joy shall hear,
And sinners learn to make my God Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love ! Thy mercies, Lord, how great !
We have not words, nor hours enough, Their numbers to repeat.

And light and peace depart,
And bears me on his heart.

AIR.

No. 96.

Woodston.

Ps. 40. C. M. 2d Part. D.

Thus saith the Lord, your work is vain, Give your burnt off'rings o'er, In dying goats and bullocks slain. My foul delights no more.

Then spake the Saviour, lo, I'm here, My God, to do thy will ; Whate'er thy sacred books declare Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 Thy law is ever in my sight, I keep it near my heart ;
Mine ears are open'd with delight To what thy lips impart.
4 And see the blest Redeemer comes, Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time aflames The body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace, And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness Where great assemblies stood,

6 His Father's honor touch'd his heart, He pity'd sinner's cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.—7 No blood of beasts on altars shed Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread, And satan's kingdom shook ;
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed, The serpent's head was broke.

AIR. *Lento.*

The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought, Exceed our praise, surmount our thought, Should I attempt the long detail, My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt, Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
 But thou hast set before our eyes An all-sufficient sacrifice.
 3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears, To thy designs he bows his ears ;
 Afflames a body well prepar'd, And well performs a work so hard.
 4 Behold I come (the Saviour cries, With love and duty in his eyes)
 I come to bear the heavy load Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 'Tis written in thy great decree, 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 I must fulfil the Saviour's part ; And lo ! thy law is in my heart.
 6 I'll magnify thy holy law, And rebels to obedience crawl,
 When on my cross I'm lifted high, Or to my crown above the sky.
 7 The spirit shall descend and show What thou hast done, and what I do ;
 The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace, Thy wisdom and thy righteousness.

AIR. No. 98.

Charity.

Psalm 41. L. M. double.

Counter. Blest is the man whose bowels move, And melt with pity to the poor, Whose soul by sympathizing love Feels what his fellow saints endure.

His heart contrives for their relief More good than his own hands can do ; He in a time of gen'ral grief Shall find the Lord his mercy too.

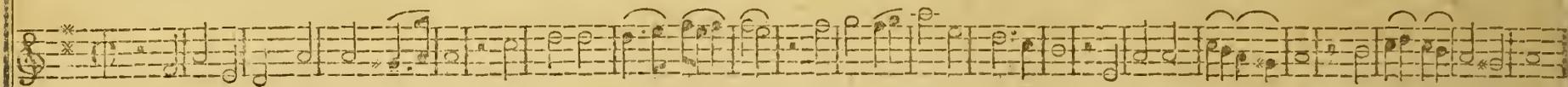
3 His soul shall live secure on earth ; With secret blessings on his head,
 When drought, and pestilence, and death, Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch, God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
 Will save him with a healing touch, Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

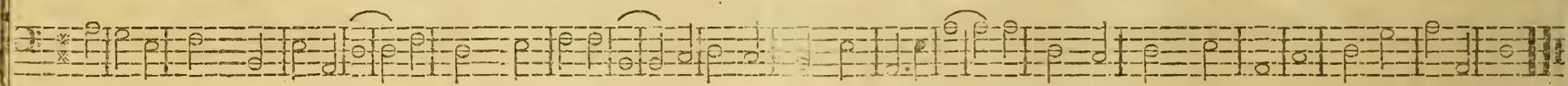
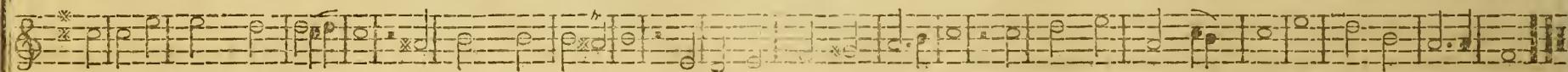
AIR.



With earnest longings of the mind, My God, to thee I look, So pants the hunted hart to find And taste the cooling brook. And taste the cooling brook.



When shall I see thy courts of grace, And meet my God again? So long an absence from thy face My heart endures with pain. My heart endures with pain.



3 Temptations vex my weary soul, And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul, And where's your God at last?
4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now I think on ancient days;
Then to thy house did numbers go, And all our work was praise.

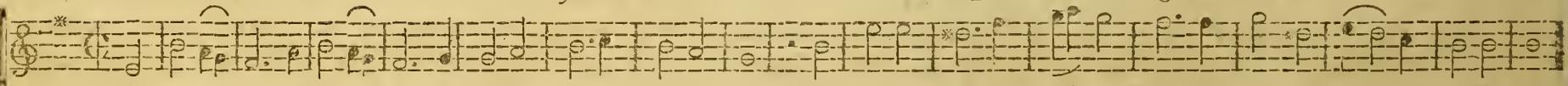
5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far Beneath this heavy load;
Why do my thoughts indulge despair, And sin against my God?
6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand Can all my woes remove,
For I shall yet before him stand, And sing restoring love.

AIR.

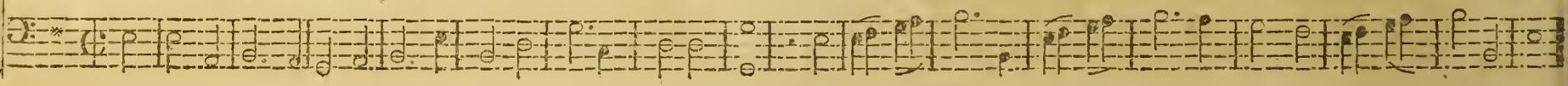
No. 100.

Leyden.

Ps. 42. L. M. 3 Verses.

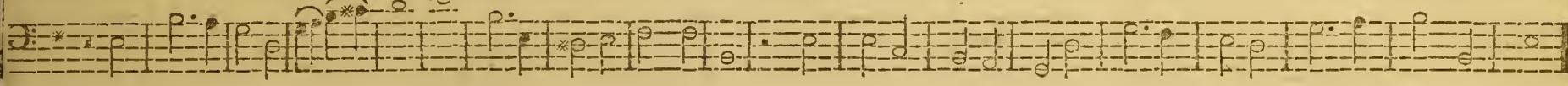


My spirit sinks within me, Lord, But I will call thy name to mind, And times of past distress record, When I have found my God was kind.





Huge troubles, with tumult'ous noise, Swell like a sea, and round me spread ; Thy water-spouts drown all my joys, And rising waves roll o'er my head.

Yet will the Lord command his love, When I address his throne by day, Nor in the night his grace remove ; The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, 'My God, my heav'nly Rock,
'Why doth thy love so long forget
'The soul that groans beneath thy stroke ?'

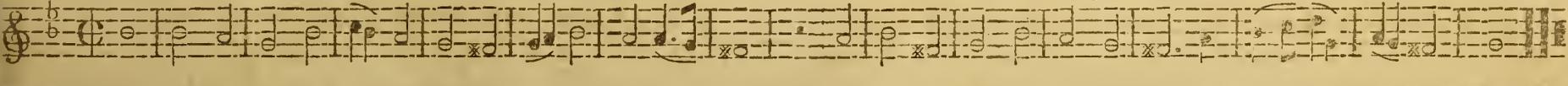
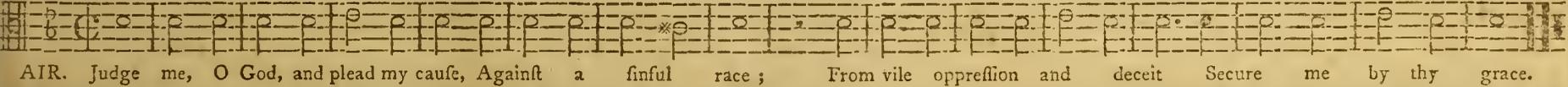
5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
Why should my soul indulge her grief,
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

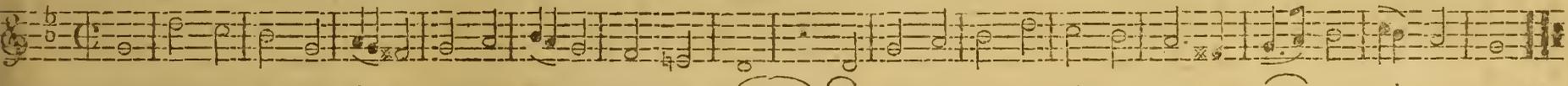
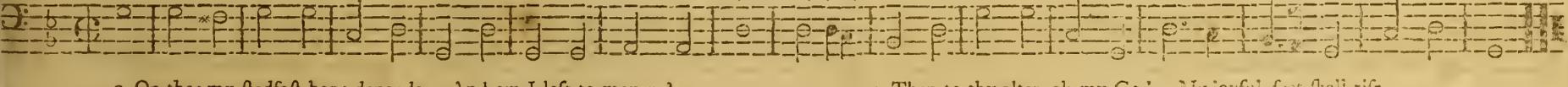
No. 101.

Dartmouth.

Psalm 43. C. M.

AIR. Judge me, O God, and plead my cause, Against a sinful race ; From vile oppression and deceit Secure me by thy grace.

2 On thee my steadfast hope depends, And am I left to mourn ?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain Implore thy kind return ?
3 O send thy light to guide my feet, And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill, And taste thy mercies there.

4 Then to thy altar, oh my God, My joyful feet shall rise.
And my triumphant songs shall praise, The God that rules the skies.
5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear, Nor yield to weak despair ;
For I shall live to praise the Lord, And bless his guardian care.

AIR.

Lord, we have heard thy works of old, Thy works of pow'r and grace, When to our ears our fathers told The wonders of their days. How thou didst

build thy churches here, And make thy gospel known; Among them did thine arm appear, Thy light and glory shone. Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day, And in a cheerful throng,
Did thousands meet to praise and pray, And grace was all their song.
4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame, Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme, And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God, Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road Of duty thou hast giv'n.
6 Though dragons all around us roar With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore Hard by the gates of death.

AIR.

No. 103.

Carolina.

Verse 7th. Pause. C. M.

We are expos'd all day to die, As martyrs for thy cause, As sheep for slaughter bound we lie By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord, Why sleeps thy wonted grace!
Why should we look like men abhorr'd, Or banish'd from thy face;
9 Wilt thou forever cast us off, And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd, And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud, And all their pow'rs confound.
11 Redeem us from perpetual shame, Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honors of thy name, The merits of thy blood.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

My Saviour and my King, Thy beauties are divine ; Thy lips with blessings over - flow, And ev'ry grace is thine. Thy

lips with blessings over - flow, And ev'ry grace is thine. Now make thy glory known, Gird on thy dreadful sword, And ride in majef-

ty, to spread the conquests of thy word. And ride in majef - ty, to spread the conquests of thy word.

{ 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes, Or melt their hearts t' obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth, Attend thy glorious way.
4 Thy laws, O God, are right ; Thy throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious gospel proves A sceptre in thy hand.

{ 5 [Thy Father and thy God, Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil T' anoint thy sacred head.
6 Behold at thy right hand The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire, And princes guard the queen.]

{ 7 Fair bride, receive his love, Forget thy father's house ;
Forfake thy gods, thy idol gods, And pay thy Lord thy vows.
8 O let thy God and King Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honors sing In palaces of joy.

AIR.

I'll speak the honors of my King; His form divine - ly fair; None of the sons of mortal race May

Tenor.

None of the sons of

with the Lord compare. May with the Lord compare. May with the Lord compare. May with the Lord compare.

mortal race, None of the sons of mortal race May with the Lord compare. May

None of the sons of mortal race May

- { 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace Upon thy lips is shed;
 Thy God with blessings infinite Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- { 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince, Ride with majestic sway;
 Thy terror shall strike through thy foes, And make the world obey.

- { 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands; Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands, To rule thy faints by love.
- { 5 Justice and truth attend thee still, But mercy is thy choice;
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill With most peculiar joys.

AIR. No. 106.

Osnaburgh.

Ps. 45. L. M. 1st Part.

Now be my heart inspir'd to sing The glories of my Saviour King, Jesus the Lord, how heav'nly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!

- { 2 O'er all the sons of human race He shines with a superior grace,
 Love from his lips divinely flows, And blessings all his state compose.
- { 3 Drest thee in arms, most mighty Lord, Gird on the terror of thy sword,
 In majesty and glory ride With truth and meekness at thy side.

- { 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart, Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
 Or words of mercy kind and sweet Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.
- { 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands, Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right, Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed His oil of gladness on thy head,
 And with his sacred spirit blest His first-born Son above the rest.

AIR.

The King of saints, how fair his face, Adorn'd with majesty and grace ; He comes with blessings from above, And wins the nations to his love.

At his right hand, our eyes behold, The queen array'd in purest gold ; The world admires her heav'nly dress ; Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own, He calls and feasts her near his throne :
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget The idols of thy native state.
 4 So shall the king the more rejoice In thee the fav'rite of his choice ;
 Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd, For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all thy sons (a num'rous train) Each like a prince in glory reign.
 6 Let endless honors crown his head ; Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;
 While we with cheerful songs approve The condescension of his love.

No. 108.

Berlin.

Psalm 46. L. M. 1st Part.

AIR.

God is the refuge of his faints, When storms of sharp distress invade ; Ere we can offer our complaints Behold him present with his aid. Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep, and bury'd there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world, Our faith shall never yield to fear.
 3 Loud may the troubl'd ocean roar, In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through, And wat'ring our divine abode.
 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word, That all my raging fear controls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford, And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love, Secure against a threat'ning hour ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move, Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

AIR. Moderate.

Counter. Let Zion in her King rejoice, Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise; He utters his al - mighty voice, The nations melt, the tumult dies.

Soft.

Loud.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought, And Jacob's God is still our aid: Behold the works his hand has wrought, What desolation he has made.

3 From sea to sea, through all the shores, He makes the noise of battle cease;
 When from on high his thunder roars, He awes the trembling world to peace.
 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear, Char'ots he burns with heav'nly flame;
 Keep silence all the earth, and hear The sound and glory of his name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God, I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
 "I will be known and fear'd abroad, But still my throne in Zion stands."
 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King, While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing Defiance to the gates of hell.

No. 110.

Quincy,

Psalm 47. C. M. double.

Treble.

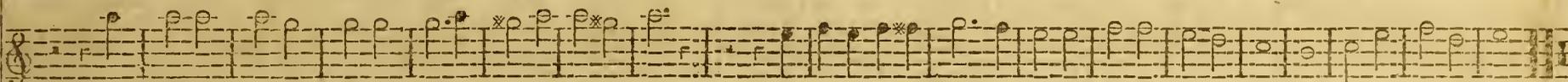
Counter.

Tenor.

Bass.



Attend him rising through the sky, With



Jesus our God ascends on high, His heav'nly guards around, Attend him rising through the sky, With trumpets joyful sound. With trumpets joyful sound.



3 While angels shout and praise their King, Let mortals learn their strains :
Let all the earth his honors sing ; O'er all the earth he reigns.
4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ; Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5 In Isra'l stood his ancient throne, He lov'd that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own, And heathens taste his grace.
6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's, There Abram's God is known,
While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords, Submit before his throne.

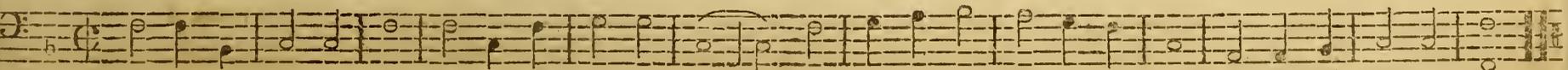
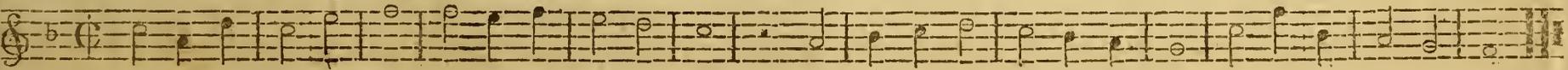
No. 111.

Durham.

Psalm 48. S. M. 1st Part.



AIR. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his abode, His most delightful feat.



2 These temples of his grace, How beautiful they stand,
The honors of our native place, The bulworks of our land.
3 In Zion God is known A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone Through all her palaces.
4 When kings against her join'd And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind, They fled with hasty fear,

5 When navies tall and proud Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud, And sinks them in the seas.
6 Oft have our fathers told, Our eyes have often seen
How well our God secures the fold Where his own sheep have been,
7 In ev'ry new distress We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wond'rous grace, And seek deliv'rance there,

AIR. *Mastoso.*

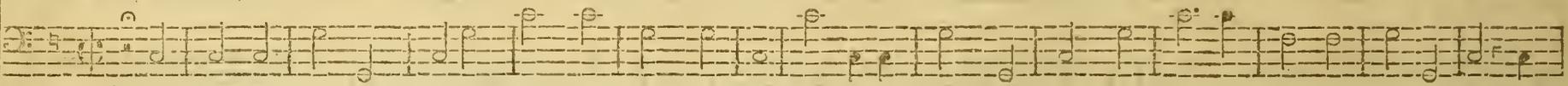
Far as thy name is known, The world declares thy praise, Thy faints, O Lord, before thy throne, Their songs of honor raise.



2 With joy let Judah stand On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand, And counsels of thy will.

Andantino.

Let strangers walk around The city where we dwell, Compass and view thine holy ground, And mark the building well. The



orders of thy house, The worship of thy court, The cheerful songs, the solemn vows, And make a fair report.



MODERATO. Mezza voce.

How decent and how wise! How glor'ous to behold! Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes And rites adorn'd with gold.

The God we worship now Will guide us till we die, Will be our God while here below, And ours above the sky.

AIR. No. 113.

Winfield.

Psalm 49. C. M. 1st Part.

Why doth the man of riches grow to in - so - lence and pride, To see his wealth and honors flow With ev'ry rising tide?

{ 2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn, Made of the self same clay,
And boast as though his flesh was born Of better dust than they?]
{ 3 Not all his treasure can procure His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour, Or make his brother live.
{ 4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold, The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold, That man may never die.]
{ 5 He sees the brutish and the wise, The tim'ous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes, And hasten to the grave.

{ 6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride, " My house shall ever stand :
" And that my name May long abide, " I'll give it to my land,"
{ 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost, How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is written in the dust, Where his own carcase lies.
PAUSE. { 8 This is the folly of their way ; And yet their sons as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say, And act their works again.
{ 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace, If honor raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race, And like the beast, they die.

{ 10 [Laid in the grave like silly sheep, Death feeds upon them there,
'Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep, In terror and despair.]

AIR.

Ye fons of pride that hate the juſt, And trample on the poor, When death has brought you down to duſt, Your pomp ſhall riſe no more.

2 The laſt great day ſhall change the ſcene ; When will that hour appear ?
When ſhall the juſt revive, and reign O'er all that ſcorn'd them here ?

3 God will my naked ſoul receive, When ſep'rate from the fleſh ;
And break the priſon of the grave, To raiſe my bones a freſh.

4 Heav'n is my everlaſting home, Th' inheritance is ſure ;
Let men of pride their rage reſume, But I'll repine no more.

AIR. No. 115.

Swinford.

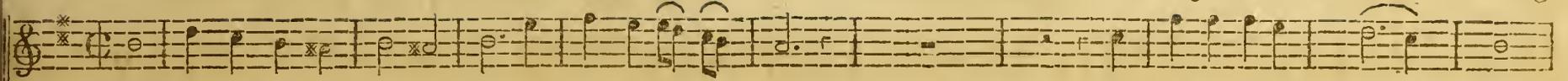
Ps. 49. L. M. double.

Why do the proud inſult the poor, And boaſt the large eſtates they have ? How vain are riches to ſecure Their haughty owners from the grave.

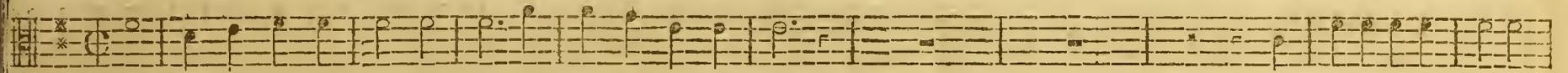
They can't redeem one hour from death With all the wealth in which they truſt ; Nor give a dying brother breath, When God commands him down to duſt.

3 There the dark earth and diſmal ſhade Shall claſp their naked bodies round ;
That fleſh ſo delicately fed, Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
4 Like thoughtleſs ſheep the ſinner dies, Laid in the grave for worms to eat ;
The faints ſhall in the morning riſe, And find th' oppreſſor at their feet.

5 His honors periſh in the duſt, And pomp and beauty, birth and blood ;
That glorious day exalts the juſt To full dominion o'er the proud.
6 My Saviour ſhall my life reſtore, And raiſe me from my dark abode ;
My fleſh and ſoul ſhall part no more ; But dwell forever near my God.



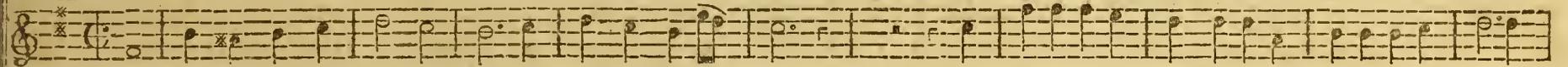
The nations near the rising



The Lord, the Judge, before his throne Bids the whole earth draw nigh,

The nations near the rising |

AIR.



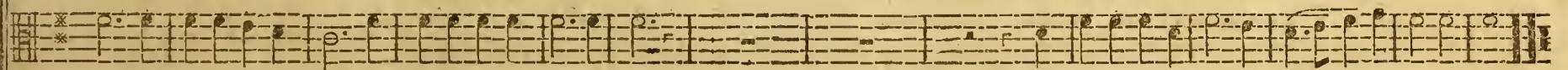
The nations near the rising sun, The nations near the rising



The nations near the rising sun, The nations near the rising

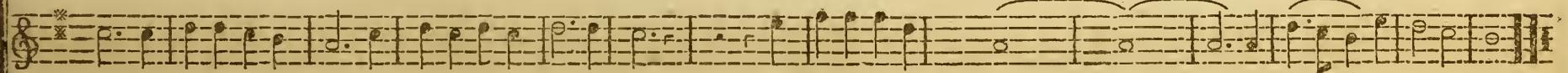


And near the western sky. And

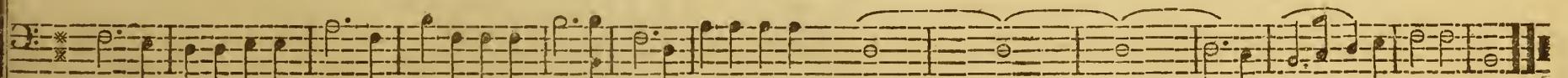


sun, And near the western sky. The nations near the rising sun,

And near the western sky. And near the western sky.



And near the western sky.



And near the western sky.

{ 2 No more shall bold blasphemer's say, "Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay, To impudence and sin.

{ 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come, Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm, Lead on the dreadful day.

{ 6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light, Shall make the world confess
"My sentence of reward is right, And heav'n adore my grace."

I

{ 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear, Attending angels come;
And earth and hell shall know and fear His justice and their doom.

{ 5 "But gather all my faints (he cries) That made their peace with God,
"By the Redeemer's sacrifice, And seal'd it with his blood.

AIR.

Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields And flocks and herds are mine, O'er all the cattle of the hills I claim a right divine.

{ 2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice, Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;
"To hope and love, to pray and praise, Is all that I require.

{ 3 "Call upon me when trouble's near, My hand shall set thee free ;
"Then shall thy thankful lips declare The honor due to me.

{ 4 "The man that offers humble praise, He glorifies me best :
"And those that tread my holy ways, Shall my salvation taste.

AIR. No. 118.

Milesford.

Ps. 50. C. M. 3d Part.

When Christ to judgment shall descend And saints surround their Lord, He calls the nations to attend And hear his awful word.

{ 2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain, Will I the world reprove ;
"Altars and rites, and forms are vain, Without the fire of love.
3 "And what have hypocrites to do, To bring their sacrifice ?
"They call my statutes just and true, But deal in theft and lies.

{ 4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight, And sin without control ?
"But I shall bring your crimes to light, With anguish in your soul."
5 Consider ye that slight the Lord, Before his wrath appear ;
If once you fall beneath his sword, There's no deliv'rer there.

AIR. No. 119.

Wilbraham.

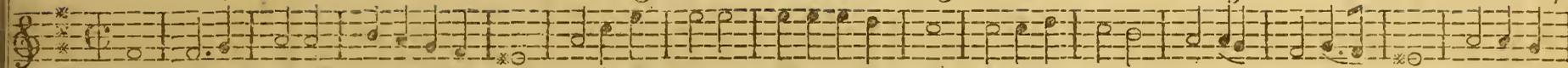
Ps. 50. L. M.

The Lord the Judge his churches warns ; Let hypocrites attend and fear, Who place their hope in rites and forms ? But make not faith nor love their care.

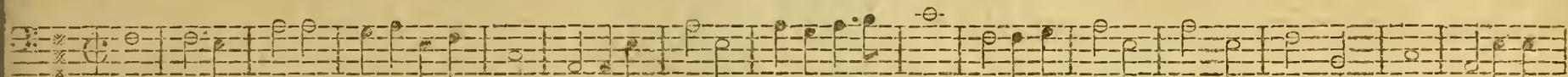
{ 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame, And sooth and flatter those they hate.
3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong, Yet dare to seek their maker's face ;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue, But break his laws, abuse his grace.

{ 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean, Desil'd with lust, desil'd with blood ;
By night they praise ev'ry sin, By day their mouths draw near to God.
5 And while his judgments long delay, They grow secure and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they, And put far off the dreadful hour.

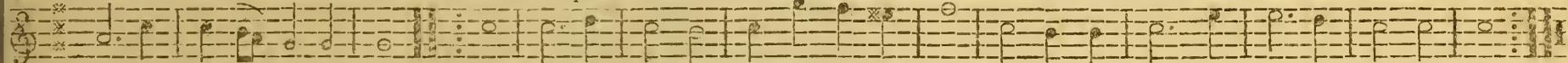
{ 6 O dreadful hour, when God draws near, And sets their crimes before their eyes :
His wrath their guilty souls shall tear, And no deliv'rer dare to rise.



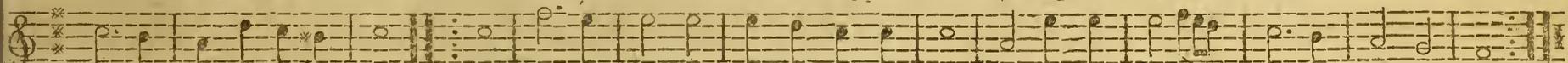
AIR. The Lord, the sov'reign sends his fummons forth, Calls the south nations and awakes the north ; From east to west the founding orders spread Thro' distant



Loud when repeated.



worlds and regions of the dead ; No more shall Atheists mock his long delay ; His vengeance sleeps no more behold the day !



2 Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh,
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky ;
Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near ; let all things come
To hear his justice, and the sinners doom ;
But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold my cov'nant stands forever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrific in blood,
And sign'd with all their names ;—the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship, or the new ;
There's no distinction here ; come, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

4 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge : Ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Tho'se awful truths that sinners dread to hear ;
Sinners in Sion, tremble and retire ;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love : In vain the store
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before ;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood ?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastic vows ?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?

7 Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ;
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove ?
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous, would indulge thy sin ?
Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners awake betimes ; ye fools be wise ;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

The God of glory sends his summons forth, Calls the fourth nations and awakes the north; From east to west the sov'reign orders spread Thro' distant worlds and

AIR.

regions of the dead. The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, ye faints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold the Judge descend; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near: let all things come,
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom;
But gather first my faints; (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye angels from their distant lands."

*When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion:
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

4 "Behold my cov'nant stands forever good,
Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
And sign'd with all their names;—the Greek, the Jew,
That paid the ancient worship or the new."

*There's no distinction here, join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices.*

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward."

*When Christ returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion:
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,
I am the Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths, that sinners dread to hear."

*When God appears, all nature shall adore him:
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain;
Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in faints attire,
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."

*Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

PAUSE 1st.

PAUSE 2d.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 "Do I condemn thee, bulls and goats are vain
 "Without the flames of love: In vain the store
 "Of brutal off'rings that were mine before."

*Earth is the Lord's: All nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 "When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's blood?
 "Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
 "Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed."

*All is the Lord's he rules the wide creation,
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 "Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
 "Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 "Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"

*God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please

"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these?"

"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 "Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.

*Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;

"Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends:

"While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
 "His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."

*God is the Judge of hearts: No fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

13 "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love;

"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?"

"And cherish such an impious thought within,
 "That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"

*See, God appears; all nature joins t'adore him;
 Judgments proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,

"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;

"Now, like a lion, shall thy vengeance tear
 "Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near."

*Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise!
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend.
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;

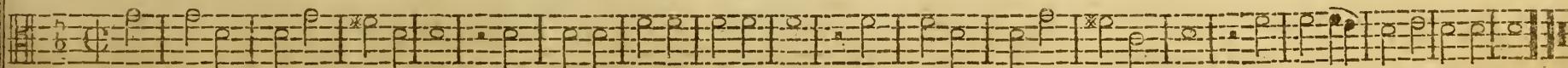
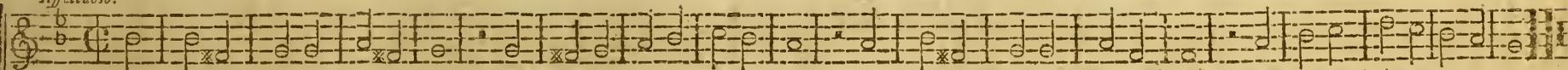
*Then join, ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

No. 122.

Brownford,

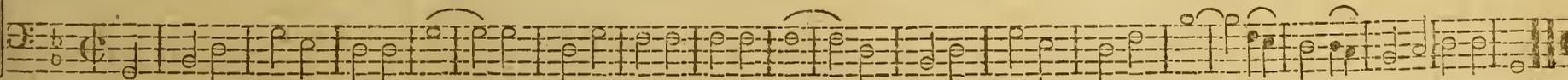
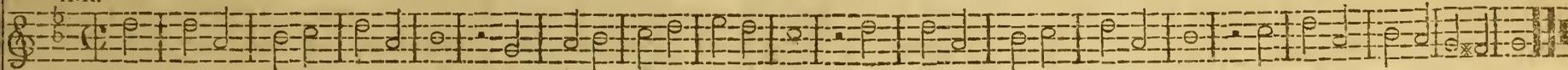
Psalm 51. L. M. 1st Part.

Affettuoso.



Shew pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive, Let a repenting rebel live; Are not thy mercies large and free? May not a sinner trust in thee?

AIR.



{ 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass The pow'r and glory of thy grace:
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound, So let thy pard'ning love be found.
 { 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin, And make my guilty conscience clean:
 Here on my heart the burden lies, And past offences pain mine eyes.

{ 4 My lips with shame my sins confess Against thy law, against thy grace:
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe, I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
 { 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce thee just in death:
 And if my soul were sent to hell, Thy righteous law approves it well.

{ 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord, Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support against despair.

AIR. *Soft.*

Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin; And born un - holy and unclean; Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Cor-

Lead.

rrupts the race, and taints us all. Sprung from the man whose guilty fall Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath, The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart; But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart a-new, And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face; My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean; The leprosy lies deep within.

- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast, Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea, Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone Hath pow'r sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow, No Jewish rites could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace, Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice, And make my broken bones rejoice.

AIR. O thou, that hear'st when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

- 2 Create my nature pure within, And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart, Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light, Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore, And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord, Thy help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne To plead the merits of thy Son.

- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King, Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust, And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways; Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood, And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue! Salvation shall be all my song:
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless The Lord, my strength and righteousness,

AIR.

Lord I would spread my fore distress And guilt before thine eyes : Against thy laws; against thy grace, How high my crimes arise !

- 2 Should thou condemn my soul to hell, And crush my flesh to dust,
Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well, And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of Adam came, Unholy and unclean ;
All my original is shame, And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew Contagion with my breath ;
And as my days advanc'd, I grew A juster prey for death.

- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul With thy forgiving love ;
O make my broken spirit whole, And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy spirit quite depart, Nor drive me from thy face ;
Create a-new my vicious heart, And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known Before the sons of men ;
Backsliders shall address thy throne, And turn to God again.

AIR.

No. 126.

Finland.

Ps. 51. C. M. 2d Part.

O God of mercy, hear my call, My loads of guilt remove ; Break down this separat - ing wall That bars me from thy love, That bars me from thy love.

- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone.
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise :
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

AIR.

No. 127.

Polehill.

Psalm 52. C. M. APPENDIX.

Why should the mighty make their boast, And heav'nly grace despise ? In their own arm they put their trust, And fill their mouth with lies. And fill their mouth with lies.

- 2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face,
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

- 3 But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

- 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy faints shall rest secure,
And all, who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

AIR.

Why should the haughty hero boast, His vengeful arm, his warlike host? While blood defiles his cruel hand, And desolation wastes the land.

He joys to hear the captive's cry, The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh; And when the wearied sword would spare, His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.

{ 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong, And arms with rage his impious tongue
With pride proclaims his dreadful pow'r And bids the trembling world adore.
3 But God beholds, and with a frown, Casts to the dust his honors down;
The righteous freed their hopes recal, And hail the proud oppressors fall.

{ 4 How low the insulting tyrant lies, Who dar'd th' eternal pow'r despise;
And vainly deem'd with envious joy, His arm almighty to destroy.
6 We praise the Lord who heard our cries, And sent salvation from the skies;
The faints, who saw our mournful days, Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

AIR.

No. 129.

Heybridge.

Psalm 53. C. M.

Are all the foes of Sion fools, Who thus devour her faints? Do they not know her Saviour rules, And pities her complaints?

{ 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surpris; For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise To do his children harm.

{ 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host, They fall an easy prey.

{ 4 O for a word from Sion's King, Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all the tribes shall sing, And Judah weep no more.

AIR.

Behold us Lord, and let our cry Before thy throne ascend, Cast thou on us a pitying eye, And fill our lives defend.

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>{ 2 For slaughtering foes insult us round,
They cast thy temples to the ground,</p> | <p>Oppressive, proud and vain,
And all our rites profane.</p> | <p>{ 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust; And in thy pow'r rejoice:
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust, Thy praise inspire our voice.</p> |
| <p>{ 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Extend thy truth through ev'ry land,</p> | <p>Upheld us in distress,
And fill thy people blest.</p> | |

AIR.

No. 131.

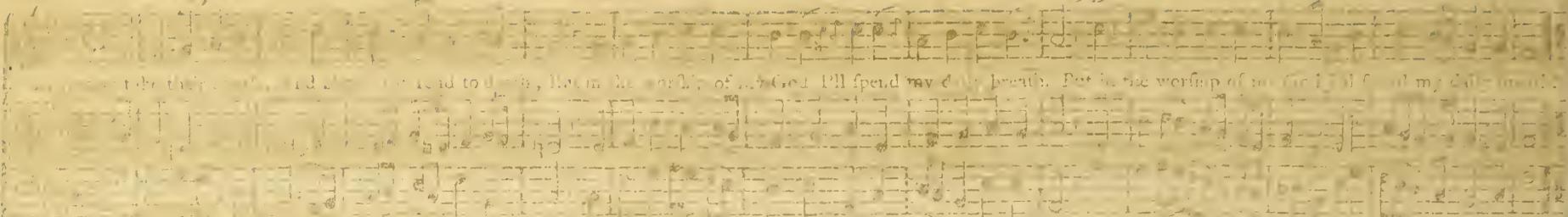
Alderney.

Psalm 55. C. M. double.

O God! my refuge, hear my cries, Behold my flowing tears, For earth and hell my hurt devise And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is level'd at my life, My soul with guilt they load, And fill my thoughts with inward strife, To shake my hope in God.

- | | | |
|--|---------------|--|
| <p>{ 3 With inward pain my heart-strings found, I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round Amongst the shades of death.</p> | <p>PAUSE.</p> | <p>{ 7 By morning light I'll seek his face, At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace, Nor will he long deny.</p> |
| <p>{ 4 O were I like a feather'd dove, And innocence had wings;
I'd fly, and make a long remove From all these restless things.</p> | | <p>{ 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear, Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear If he command their aid.</p> |
| <p>{ 5 Let me to some wild desert go, And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow, Temptations never come.</p> | | <p>{ 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord, The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word, That faints shall never fall.</p> |
| <p>{ 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all, To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call, Can save me here as well.</p> | | <p>{ 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain, My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men, Scarce live out half their days.</p> |



My God, in whom are all the springs of boundless love, and grace unknown, Hide me beneath thy spreading wings 'Till the dark cloud is overblown.

1	My thoughts address his throne - When solemn hours bring the night;	2	Because they dwell at ease, And never change their seat,
2	I cease not to sing ev'ry noon, And praise my vows at night.	3	They neither fear a storm nor war, Nor learn to cease they will.
3	For thou hast said my refuge, O my eternal God,	4	But I will call my arms, And I have set the bow.
4	When danger perish in my life, Perseverance angry nod	5	I'll cast my burden on his arm, And trust upon his word.

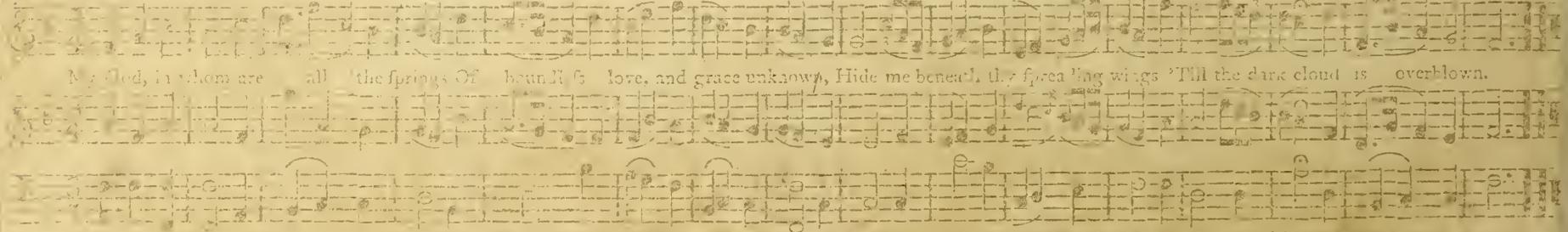
St. Ambrose. Psalm 56. C. M.



O thou, whose justice reigns on high, And make'st th' oppressor cease, Behold how envious sinners try to vex and break my peace - Behold how envious sinners try to vex, &c.

1	The fear of violence and lies, Join to devour me, Lord;	6	God counts the sorrows of the faints, Their groans affect his ears;
2	But as my hourly song rises, My refuge is thy word.	7	Thou hast a book for my complaints, A bottle for my tears.
3	O God, most holy, just, and true; I have repos'd my trust;	8	When to thy throne I raise my cry, The wicked fear and flee;
4	Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring of the dust.	9	So when I pray to reach thy throne, O hear, O God to me.
5	How weak are words to match thy will, Charge me with unknown faults;	10	In time, O holy just and true, I have repos'd my trust;
6	My heart did all these evils do, And in thee all their thoughts.	11	Nor will I fear what man can do, The offspring of the dust.
7	Shall they escape without thy frown? Must their devices stand?	12	Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord, Thou shalt receive my praise;
8	O cast the haughty sinner down, And let him know thy hand.	13	I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word; How righteous all thy ways!"
9	Thou hast deliver'd my soul from death, O set a prisoner free!	14	That heart and hand, and life and breath, May be employ'd for thee.

No. 134. Leeds. Psalm 57. L. M.



My God, in whom are all the springs of boundless love, and grace unknown, Hide me beneath thy spreading wings 'Till the dark cloud is overblown.

1	Up to the heavens I send my cry, The Lord will my desires perform;	4	My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise Immortal honours to thy name;
2	He sends his angel from the sky, And saves me from the threatening storm.	5	Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise, My tongue, the glory of my frame;
3	Exalted, O my God, Above the heavens where angels dwell;	6	High o'er the earth his mercy reigns, And reaches to the utmost sky!
4	Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.	7	His truth to endless years remains, When lower worlds dissolve and die.
5	Be thou exalted, O my God, Above the heavens where angels dwell;	8	Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad, And land to land thy wonders tell.

Whippusbro^o,

Justice, who shall be his, While he dispute the wrongs cause, When the world's noon before him passes,

And let rich men's traps be set, While gold and greatness bind your hands? While gold and greatness bind your hands,

Have ye forgotten he that will judge the righteous?
High in the heavens he sitteth,
Yet you invade the palace of God, And lead your bold decrees abroad,
To bind the righteous in your chains,
To hold them fast in your toils, The arrow sharp the poison strong,
And death and sorrow shall be your doer:
Yet there no thought of vengeance; So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power of drawing fishes.

Break out their teeth, eternal God, Their teeth of brass they shall be,
And crush the serpent in the dust;
As empty shells, when whirlwinds blow, Before the wind ye shall be blown,
So let the roots and names be cut.
The Almighty hinders from the sky, Their grave he hath prepared for them,
A hill of snow shall rise and run,
Or floods that perish in their stone, Or licks that come before their face,
Vanish shall they that never see the face.

6 Thus shall all the vengeance of the Lord be done,
And all that hear shall praise and say,
"Sure there's a God that reigns on high, A God that hears us when we cry,
"And will their fillings well repay."

AIR. No. 136. Danvers. Psalm 59. P. M. ANTIEN

Who brave the vengeance of the Lord, And in the night their watchings hold,

And desert wilds they come, And in the night their watchings hold,
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade, And waste the fields by day,
As I would God I were, In regard of our pain,
To root in their sign!

5 In vain their secret guile, Or when they move
His eye can pierce the deepest veil, They shall not escape my sight.
6 Ye have them, Lord, from death, I'll not let them escape my sight,
But drive them with thine angry breath, As fire shall burn up all their haunt,
7 Then shall our grateful voice Proclaim our gracious God,
Thy name shall praise the earth rejoice, And sound the praise abroad!

Treble.

AIR. Lord, hast thou cast the nation off,

Counter.

Bass. Must we for ever mourn.

Treble.

Tenor. Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?

Counter.

Bass. Shall mercy ne'er return?

Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath? Shall mercy ne'er return?

{ 2 The terror of one frown of thine, Melts all our strength away ;
 Like men that totter, drunk with wine We tremble in dismay.

{ 3 "Our Sion trembles at thy stroke, And dreads thy lifted hand !
 "Oh, heal the people thou hast broke, And save the sinking land."

{ 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown By thine assisting hand ;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down, And makes the feeble stand.

{ 4 Lift up a banner in the field, For those that fear thy name ;
 Save thy beloved with thy shield, And put our foes to shame.

{ 5 Go with our armies to the fight, Like a confed'rate God ;
 In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite Against thy lifted rod,

AIR. No. 138.

Middleton.

Psalm 61. S. M. double.

When overwhelm'd with grief, My heart within me dies ; Helpless and far from all relief, To heav'n I lift mine eyes. O lead me to the rock That's high above my

head, And make the covert of thy wings My shelter and my shade. My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord, For ever I'll abide ;
 Thou art the tow'r of my defence, The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot Of those that fear thy name ;
 If endless life be their reward, I shall possess the same.

My spirit looks to God alone ; My rock and refuge is his throne ; In all my fears, in all my straits, My soul on his salvation waits.

{ 2 Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways, Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade, God is our all-sufficient aid.

{ 3 False are the men of high degree, The baser sort are vanity ;
Laid in the balance both appear Light as a puff of empty air.

{ 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,

{ 4 Make not increasing gold your trust, Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke, And not believe what God has spoke ?

{ 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd, Once and again my ears have heard,
" All power is his eternal due ; He must be fear'd and trusted too."

Grace is a partner of the throne ;
Shall well divide our last reward.

Early, my God, without delay, I haste to seek thy face ; My thirsty spirit faints away Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims, on the scorching sand, Beneath a burning sky, Long for a cooling stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

{ 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r Through all thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour, That vision so divine.
4 Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste And in thy presence dwell.

{ 5 Not life itself with all its joys, Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice, As thy forgiving love.
6 Thus 'till my last expiring day, I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray, And tune my lips to sing.

I was in the wilderness, while many sought thee, O Lord; but I have said, My soul is parched as the desert land,

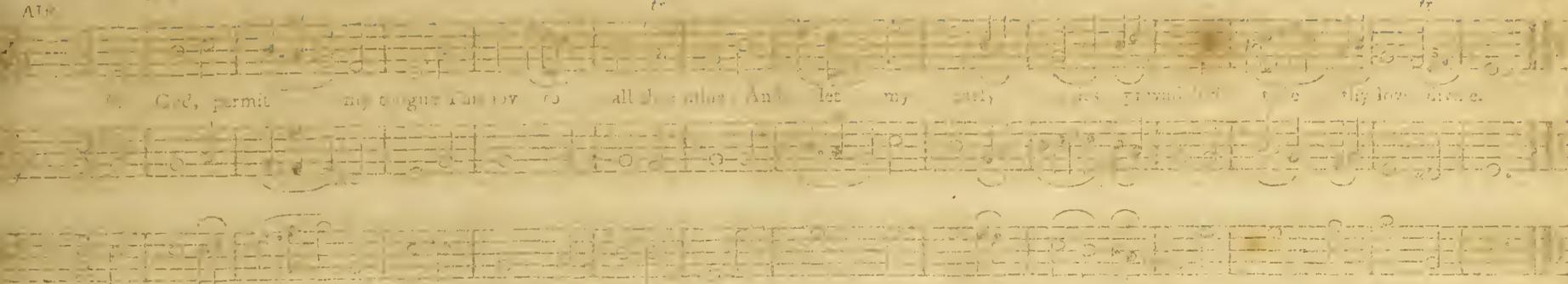
- 1 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 2 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 3 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 4 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 5 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 6 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.

Great God, thy glory in the world to be, Thou art my hope, and in my refuge thou art my God; and I have said, My soul is parched as the desert land,

Thou art my God, and good, the just and wise, Thou art my Father, and my God; and I have said, My soul is parched as the desert land,

- 1 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands, For thee I long, to thee I look.
- 2 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 3 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 4 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 5 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 6 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 7 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.
- 8 My soul is parched as the desert land, My soul is parched as the desert land.

Alc



1 O God, permit my tongue can say to all Jesuites, And let my early risings praise thy love divine.

- 2 My misery, longing soul! Thy mercy does impart; Not to y' Pers in desert lands - Can pant for water, more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place, Thy pow'r and glory to behold, And feel thy quickning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love - No rest I can afford: No joy can be compar'd with this, To serve and plead the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands, And praise thee when I live; Not the rich dainties of a feast - So shall food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night, I call my God to mind: I think how wide thy compass are, And all thy doing kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help, To thee my faith I'll give, And on thy watchful providence, Thy cheerful hope I'll give.
- 8 The shadow of thy word, My soul in safety keeps: I follow where my father leads, And he supports my steps.

Alc No. 144

Pentonville

Psalm 64. L. M.

APPENDIX



1 O God attend to my complaint, Nor let my drooping spirit faint; When foes in secret spread the snare, Let



my salvation be thy care. When foes in secret spread the snare, Let my salvation be thy care.

- 2 Shield me without, and guard within, From treacherous foes and deadly sin; Thy justice and thy pow'r display, And scatter far thy foes away; While listening nations learn thy word, And faints triumphant bless the Lord.
- 3 Thy justice and thy pow'r display, And scatter far thy foes away; While listening nations learn thy word, And faints triumphant bless the Lord.
- 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice, And all that love thy name rejoice; By faith approach thine awful throne, And plead the merits of thy Son.

AIR.

The praise of Sion waits for thee, My God ; and praise becomes thy house, There shall thy faints thy glory see, And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies, To save when humble sinners pray,
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes, And islands of the Northern sea.
 3 Against thy will my sins prevail, But grace shall purge away their stain ;
 The blood of Christ will never fail To wash my garments white again.
 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose, And give him kind access to thee ;
 Give him a place within thy house, To taste thy love divinely free.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays ; Babel prepare for long distress,
 When Sion's God himself arrays In terror and in righteousness.
 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils What his afflicted faints request ;
 And with almighty wrath reveals His love to give his churches rest.
 7 Then shall the flocking nations run To Sion's hill, and own their Lord ;
 The rising and the setting sun, Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

AIR. 146.

Providence.

Ps: 65. L. M. 2d Part. D.

The God of my salvation hears The groan's of Sion mix'd with tears, Yet when he comes with kind designs, Through all the way his terror shines.

On him the race of man depends, Far as the earth's remotest ends, Where the Creator's name is known, By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors that travel o'er the flood, Address their 'frighted souls to God :
 When tempests rage, and billows roar, At dreadful distance from the shore.
 4 He bids the noisy tempest cease, He calms the raging croud to peace ;
 When a tumultuous nation raves, Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm, He settles in a peaceful form ;
 Mountains establish'd by his hand, Firm on their old foundation stand.
 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky, New comets blaze, and lightnings fly ;
 The heathen lands with swift surprize, From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
 7 At his command the morning ray Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;
 He guides the sun's declining wheels, Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice, The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
 To see the earth made soft with show'rs, Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs,
 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high, He gives the thirsty ground supply ;
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence Doth his enriching drops dispense.
 10 The desert grows a fruitful field, Abundant food the vallies yield ;
 The vallies shout with cheerful voice, And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
 11 The pastures smile in green array ; There lambs and larger cattle play ;
 The larger cattle and the lamb, Each in his language, speaks thy name.
 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ; O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine ;
 Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear ; Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

AIR.

Praise waits in Zion, Lord, for thee, There shall our vows be paid ; Thou hast an ear when sinners pray, All flesh shall seek thine aid. All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail, But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill To conquer ev'ry sin.
3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose, To bring them near thy face.
Give them a dwelling in thine house, To feast upon thy grace.

4 In ans'ring what thy church requests; Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness Fulfil thy kind design.
5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see The Lord is good and just ;
And distant islands fly to thee, And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord, When signs in heav'n appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy word, And love as well as fear.

Counter.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r The sea grows calm at thy command, The
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r !
'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand, God of eternal pow'r !
sea grows calm at thy command, And tempests cease to roar. And tempests cease to roar. And tempests cease to roar.

2 The morning light and ev'ning shade Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad, Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours, Heav'n, earth and air are thine,
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs, The author is divine.

4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky, Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply The furrows of the ground,
5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill, And ranks of corn appear ;
Thy ways abound with blessings still, Thy goodness crowns the year.

Treble.

Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King, Who makes the earth his care, Who makes the earth his care, Visits the pastures ev'ry spring, And bids the grafs appear, And bids the grafs appear.

Tenor.

Visits the pastures And

Visits the pastures ev'ry spring, And

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high, Pour out, at his command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky, To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield, And the poor lab'ers sing.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs

4 The little hills on ev'ry side, Rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows dress'd in all their pride, Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain, Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again, And raise the reaper's hope.

How bounteous are thy ways!
And shepherds shout thy praise.

No. 150.

Wickham.

Psalm 66. C. M. 1st Part.

Sing all ye nations to the Lord, Sing with a joyful noise; With melody of sound record His honors, and your joys. His honors, and your joys.

AIR.

Treble. Duett.

Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky, "How terrible art thou? Sinners before thy presence fly, Or at thy feet they bow."

Bass.

Come, see the wonders of our God, How glor'ous are his ways! In Moses' hand he puts his rod,

And cleaves the frightened, cleaves the frightened seas. And cleaves the frightened seas, In Moses' hand he puts his rod, And cleaves the frightened seas. And

And cleaves the frightened, cleaves the frightened seas. In Moses' hand he puts his rod, In Moses' hand he puts his rod, And

And cleaves the frightened seas. And cleaves the frightened seas. In Moses' hand he puts his rod, And

cleaves the frightened seas. In Moses' hand he puts his rod, And cleaves the frightened seas. And cleaves the frightened seas.

And cleaves the frightened seas. And

And cleaves the frightened seas. And cleaves the frightened seas. And

Tenor.

He made the ebbing channel dry, While Is'el pass'd the flood; There did the church begin their joy, And triumph in their God.

Bass.

He rules by his resistless might; Will rebel mortals dare Provoke th' Eternal to the fight, And tempt that dreadful war?

O blefs our God, and never cease, Ye saints, fulfil his praise: He keeps our life, maintains our peace, And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls, To make our graces shine;
So silver bears, the burning coals, The metal to refine.

8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways, We march at thy command,
Led to possess the promis'd place, By thine unerring hand.

AIR.

No. 151.

St. John's

Ps. 66. C. M. 2d Part.

Now shall my solemn vows be paid to that almighty pow'r, That heard the long requests I made In my distressful hour,

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear The wonders he has done.
3 When on my head huge sorrows fell, I sought his heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell, And death's eternal shade,

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart, While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard, Nor I his praises sung.
5 [But God, his name be ever blest, Has set my spirit free:
Nor turn'd from him my poor request, Nor turn'd his heart from me.]

AIR.

Shine, mighty God, on Sion shine, on Sion shine, With beams of heav'nly grace; Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,

on Shine, mighty God, on

Reveal thy

And shew thy smiling face. Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts, Reveal thy

And show thy smiling face. Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our

pow'r thro' all our coasts, Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts,

pow'r thro' all our coasts, Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts And show thy smiling face.

coasts, Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, Reveal

Reveal thy pow'r thro' all our coasts, And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amid our "realm" exalted high, Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire, Surround the fav'rite land.]
3 When shall thy name from shore to shore Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love Their Saviour and their God?
4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Sing loud with solemn voice;
"Let ev'ry" tongue exalt his praise, And ev'ry heart rejoice.

5 He the great Lord, the Sov'reign Judge, That sits enthron'd above,
Wifely commands the worlds he made, In justice and in love.
6 Earth shall obey her maker's will, And yield a full increase;
Our God will crown his chosen "land", with fruitfulness and peace,
7 God the Redeemer scatters round His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound Shall see, adore and fear.

AIR.

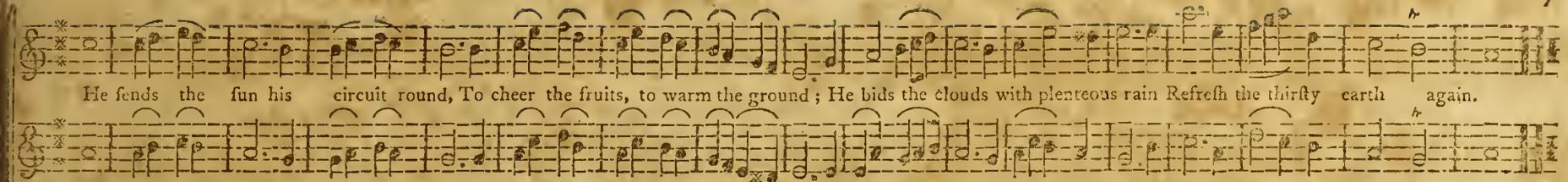
Let God arise in all his might, And put the troops of hell to fight ; As smoke that sought to cloud the skies, Before the rising tempest flies. Before the rising tempest flies.

- 2 [He comes array'd in burning flames, Justice and vengeance are his names ; Behold his fainting foes expire Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky, His name Jehovah sounds on high ; PAUSE. 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ; Crown him ye nations in your song : Sing to his name, ye sons of grace, Ye saints rejoice before his face. His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse ; His honors shall enrich your verse.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless Fly to his aid in sharp distress ; 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ; How terrible is God in arms ! In him the poor and helpless find A judge that's just, a father kind. In Israel are his mercies known, Israel is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest, He's your defence, your joy, your rest ; When terrors rise and nations faint, God is the strength of ev'ry faint.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ; Those heav'nly guards around thee wait, Like chariots that attend thy state.

- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear More glorious when the Lord was there ; 3 How bright the triumph none can tell, When the rebellious pow'rs of hell, While he pronounc'd his dreadful law, And struck the chosen tribes with awe, That thousand souls had captive made, Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne, He sent the promis'd Spirit down, With gifts and grace for rebel men, That God might dwell on earth again.

We bless the Lord, the just and good, Who fills our hearts with joy and food, Who pours his blessings from the skies, And loads our days with rich supplies.



He sends the sun his circuit round, To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground; He bids the clouds with plenteous rain Refresh the thirsty earth again.



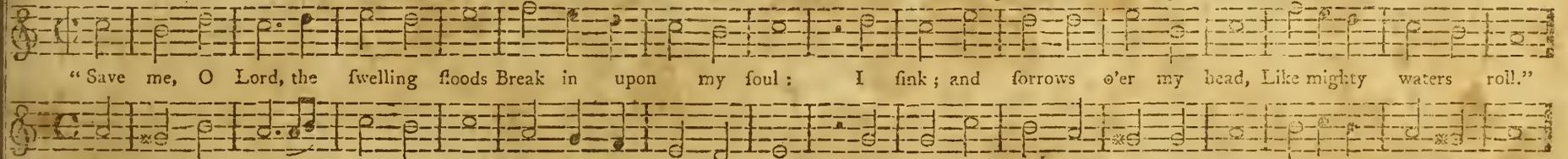
3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath, And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong; He helps the weak and guards the strong.
4 He makes the saint and sinner prove The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains, Is endless joys, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head, On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound, And smite him with a lasting wound.
6 But his right hand his saints shall raise From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above, There shall they taste his special love.

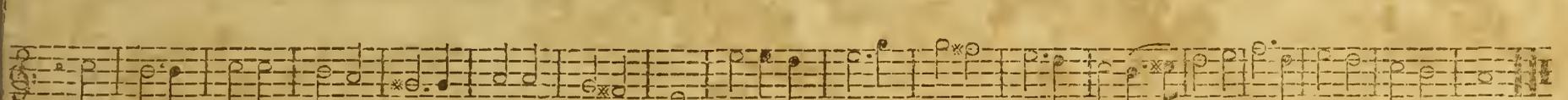
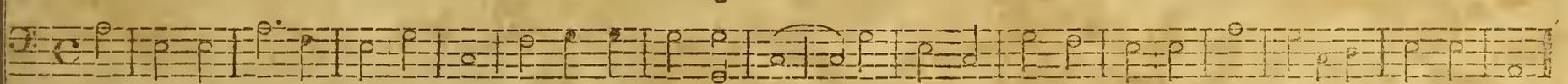
AIR. No. 156.

Heshbon.

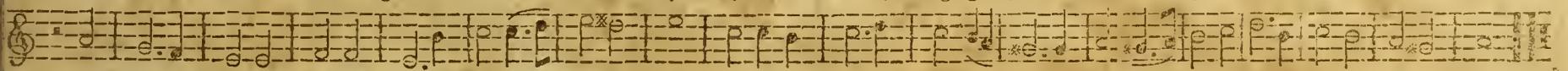
Psalm 69. C. M. 1st Part. D.



"Save me, O Lord, the swelling floods Break in upon my soul: I sink; and sorrows o'er my head, Like mighty waters roll."



"I cry 'till all my voice be gone, In tears I waste the day: My God, behold my longing eyes, And shorten thy delay. And shorten thy delay."



3 "They hate my soul without a cause, And still their number grows
"More than the hairs around my head, And mighty are my foes.
4 "'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt That men could never pay,
"And gave those honors to thy law Which sinners took away."
5 Thus, in the great Messiah's name, The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief, And gives us joy by turns.
6 "Now shall the saints rejoice and find Salvation in thy name;
"For I have borne their heavy load, Of sorrow, pain and shame.
7 "Grief, like a garment cloth'd me round, And sackcloth was my dress,
"While I procur'd for naked souls A robe of righteousness.

8 "Among my brethren and the Jews, I like a stranger stood,
"And bore their vile reproach, to bring The Gentiles near to God.
9 "I came, in sinful mortals' stead, To do my Father's will;
"Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house, They scandaliz'd my zeal.
10 "My fasting and my holy groans Were made the drunkard's song;
"But God, from his celestial throne, Heard my complaining tongue.
11 "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep, Nor let me soul be drown'd;
"He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet On well establish'd ground.
12 "'Twas in a most accepted hour My prayer rose on high;
"And for my sake my God shall hear The dying Sinner's cry."

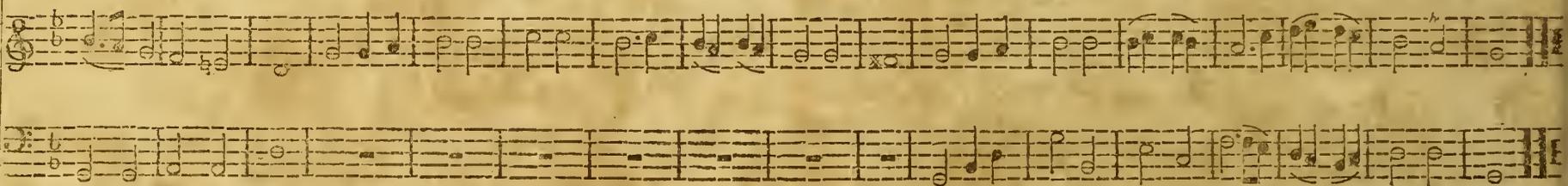


Now let our lips with holy fear And mournful pleasure sing The sufferings of our great High Priest, The sorrows of our King. He sinks in floods of deep distress; How

AIR.

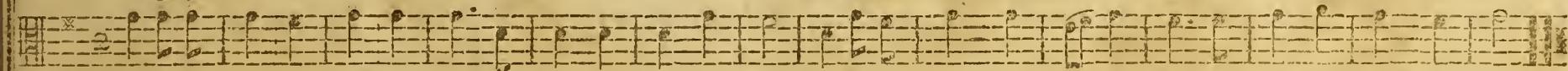


high the waters rise! While to his heav'nly Father's ear He sends perpetual cries. While to his heav'nly Father's ear He sends perpetual cries.

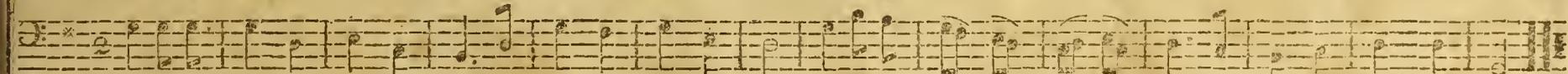


- 3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son, Nor hide thy shining face;
 "Why should thy fav'rite look like one Forsaken of thy grace?
 4 "With rage they persecute the man, That groans beneath thy wound,
 "While, for a sacrifice, I pour My life upon the ground.
 5 "They tread my honor to the dust, And laugh when I complain;
 "Their sharp insulting slanders add Fresh anguish to my pain.
 6 "All my reproach is known to thee, The scandal and the shame;
 "Reproach has broke my bleeding heart; And lies desil'd my name.

- 7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain; My kindred are my grief,
 "I ask my friends for comfort round, But meet with no relief.
 8 "With vinegar they mock my thirst, They give me gall for food;
 "And sporting with my dying groans, They triumph in my blood.
 9 "Shine into my distressed soul, Let thy compassion save;
 "And though my flesh sink down to death, Redeem it from the grave.
 10 "I shall arise to praise thy name, Shall reign in worlds unknown,
 "And thy salvation, O my God, Shall seat me on thy throne."



AIR. Father, I sing thy wond'rous grace, I bless my Saviour's name; He bought salva - tion for the poor, And bore the sinner's shame.



2 His deep distress has rais'd us high; His duty and his zeal,
Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke, And finish'd all thy will.
3 His dying groans, his living songs, Shall better please my God,
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound, Than goat's or bullock's blood.

4 This shall his humble foll'wers see, And set their hearts at rest;
They by his death draw near to thee, And live forever blest.
5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high, To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky, And join t'advance his praise.

6 Zion is thine, most holy God; Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory purchas'd by his blood For thine own Israel waits.

No. 159.

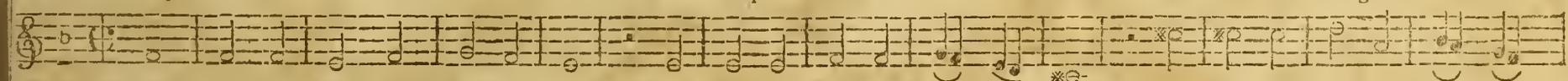
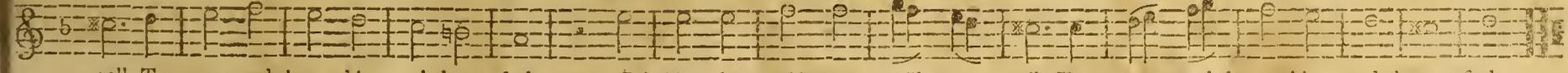
Calvary.

Ps. 69. L. M. 1st Part.

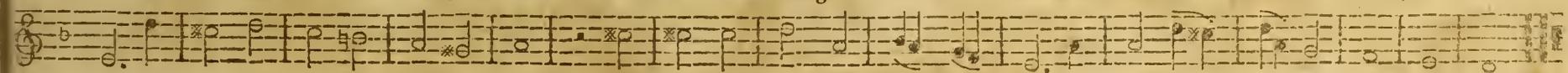
AIR.

Soff.

Deep in our hearts let us record The deeper furrows of our Lord; Behold the rising billows

*Loud.*

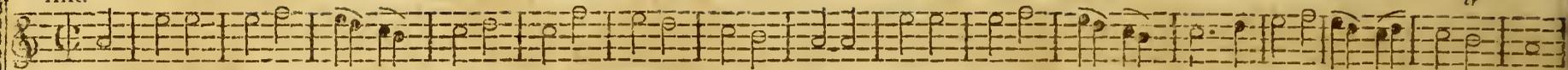
roll, To overwhelm his holy soul. Behold the rising billows roll. To overwhelm his holy soul.



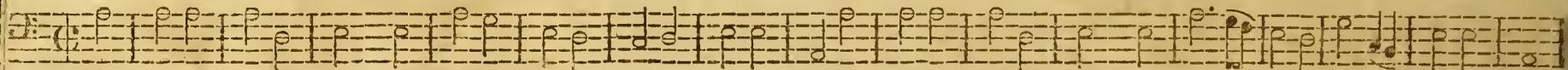
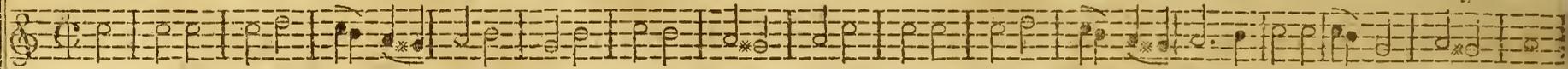
2 In long complaints he spends his breath, While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join To execute their curst design.
3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son Aton'd for sins which we have done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord The honors of thy law restor'd:
His furrows made thy justice known And paid for follies not his own.
5 O for his sake our guilt forgive, And let the mourning sinner live:
The Lord will hear us in his name, Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

AIR.



'Twas for our sake eter - nal God, Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load Of base reproach and fore disgrace, And shame defil'd his sacred face.



The Jews, his brethren and his kin, Abus'd the man that check'd their sin; While he fulfill'd thy holy laws, They hate him, but without a cause.



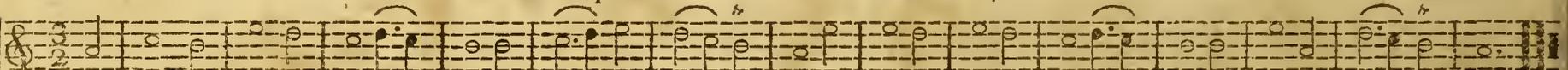
- 3 ["My father's house (said he) was made, A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and bras, He scourg'd the merchants from the place.
4 [Zeal for the temple of his God Confum'd his life, expos'd his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]
5 His friends forfook, his followers fled, While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a stand'rous tongue, And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

- 6 His life they load with hateful lies, And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree;— There hung the man that dy'd for me!
7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones Insult his piety and groans;
Gall was the food they gave him there, And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]
8 But God beheld; and from his throne Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead, Shall pour forth vengeance on their head.

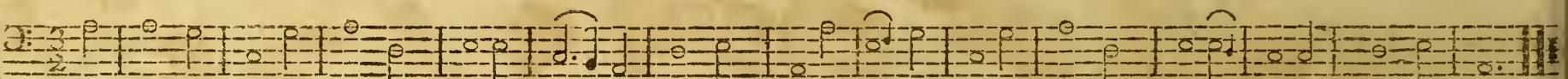
AIR. No. 161.

Worksop.

Psalm 70. C. M. APPENDIX.



In haste, O God, attend my call, Nor hear my cries in vain; O let thy speed prevent my fall, And still my hope sustain.



- 2 When foes insidious wound my name, And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall with lasting shame, To their own plots a prey.
3 While all that love thy name rejoice, And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice, And magnify the Lord.
4 O thou my help in time of need, Behold my fore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid, Nor let thy grace delay.

AIR.

My God, my everlasting hope, I live upon thy truth: Thine hands have held my childhood up, And strengthen'd all my youth. And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r, With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour I've been entirely thine.
3 Still has my life new wonders seen Repeated ev'ry year ;
Behold my days that yet remain, I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines, When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glories shine, Whene'er thy servant dies.
5 Then in the hist'ry of my age, When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page, In ev'ry line, thy praise.

AIR.

No. 163.

Hills.

Ps. 71. C. M. 2d Part. D.

My Saviour, my almighty friend, When I begin thy praise, Where will the growing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace ?

Thou art my everlasting trust, Thy goodness I adore ! And since I knew thy graces first, I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length Of the celestial road ;
And march with courage in thy strength To see my Father God.
4 When I am fill'd with sore distress For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness, And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell The vict'ries of my King !
My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell, Shall thy salvation sing.
6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame, And drown'd them in his blood,

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ; With this delightful song ;
I'll entertain the darkest hours, Nor think the song ;

AIR.

God of my childhood, and my youth, The guide of all my days, I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs, And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years, If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim To the surviving age,
And leave the favour of thy name When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath Teach the wide world thy love!

8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust, My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust To raise them strong and fair.

PAUSE.—5 Thy righteousness is deep and high, Unsearchable thy deeds:
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky, And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar, And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me sore, Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down Securely to the grave.

AIR. No. 165.

Cheltenham.

Psalm 72. L. M. 1st Part.

Great God, whose uni - versal sway The known and unknown worlds obey, Now give the kingdom to thy Son, Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands, All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor, And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With pow'r he vindicates the just, And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last, 'Till hours, and years, and time be past.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days, Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown, So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distills Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath The shades of overspreading light,
Revive at his first dawning light, And deserts blossom at the sight.

No. 166.

Feversham.

Ps. 72. L. M. 2d Part.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, Does his successive journey run; His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, 'Till moons shall wax and wane no more. Till moons, &c.

2 [Behold the islands, with their kings, And Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet to pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold, There India shines in eastern gold;
And barb'rous nations at his word Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown his head;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
 And infant voices shall proclaim Their early blessings on his name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns, The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
 The weary find eternal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
 7 [Where he displays his healing pow'r, Death and the curse are known no more:
 In him the tribes of Adam boast More blessings than their father lost,
 Peculiar honors to their king:
 And earth repeat the long amen.]

AIR. Moderate. No. 167.

Littleton.

Psalm 73, C. M. 1st Part. D.

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes They lay their fears to sleep;
 "Against the heav'n's their slanders rise, While saints in silence weep.
 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray, And cleanse my heart in vain,
 "For I am chasten'd all the day, The night renews my pain."
 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints, I felt my heart reprove;
 "Sure I shall thus offend thy saints, And grieve the men I love."
 6 But still I found my doubts too hard, The conflict too severe,
 "Till I retir'd to search thy word, And learn thy secrets there,

7 There, as in some prophetic glass, I saw the sinner's feet,
 High mounted on a slipp'ry place, Beside a fiery pit.
 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast, 'Till at thy frown he fell;
 His honors in a dream were lost, And he awakes in hell.
 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was! How like a thoughtless beast!
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace, And think the wicked blest.
 10 Yet I was kept from full despair, Upheld by pow'r unknown:
 That blessed hand that broke the snare, Shall guide me to thy throne.

AIR. No. 168.

Brighthelmstone.

Ps. 73, C. M. 2d Part.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet Through this dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat, To dwell before thy face.
 3 Were I in heav'n without my God, 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And while this earth is my abode, I long for none but thee.
 6 But to draw near to thee, my God, Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad, And tell the world my joy.

4 What if the springs of life were broke, And flesh and heart should faint,
 God is my soul's eternal rock, The strength of ev'ry faint.
 5 Behold the sinners that remove Far from thy presence die!
 Not all the idol gods they love Can save them when they cry.

AIR. *Slow.*

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I, To mourn, and murmur, and repine, To see the wicked plac'd on high, In pride and robes of honor shine.

But, O their end, their dreadful end! Thy sanctuary taught me so: On slippery rocks I see them stand, And fiery billows roll below.

- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise, I'll never envy them again,
 There they may stand with haughty eyes 'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee! Just like a dream when man awakes:
 Their songs of softest harmony Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine, Too dear to purchase with my blood;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine, My life, my portion, and my God.

AIR. No. 170.

Lempster.

Ps. 73. S. M.

AIR. Sure there's a righteous God, Nor is religion vain; Though men of vice may boast aloud, And men of grace complain. And men of grace complain.

- 2 I saw the wicked rise, And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty souls, with scornful eyes, In robes of honor shine.
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease, Their flesh looks full and fair,
 Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas, And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains That pious souls endure,
 Through all their life oppression reigns, And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme The everlasting God:
 Their malice blasts the good man's name, And spreads their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
 "Is there a God that sees or hears The things below the skies?"
- 7 The tumults of my thought Held me in hard suspense,
 'Till to thy house my feet were brought To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and pow'r Did my mistakes amend;
 I view'd the sinner's lives before, But here I learn'd their end.
- 9 On what a slip'ry steep The thoughtless wretches go;
 And O that dreadful fiery deep, That waits their fall below!
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow, My thoughts no more repine:
 I call my God my portion now, And all my pow'rs are thine.

AIR.

Will God forever cast us off? His wrath forever smoke Against the people of his love, His little chosen flock?

- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought With their Redeemer's blood ;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot, Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste, Aboud our ruin calls ;
See what a wide and fearful waste Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang, Thy foes profanely roar :
Over thy gates their ensigns hang, Sad tokens of their pow'r.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke ! They tear thy buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke, Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy Thy children in their nest ;
"Come, let us burn at once, they cry, The temple and the priest."
- 7 And still to heighten our distress, Thy presence is withdrawn ;
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace, Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes But all the seers mourn ;
There's not a soul among us knows, The time of thy return.
- PAUSE.—9 How long, eternal God, how long Shall men of pride blaspheme !
Shall Saints be made their endless song, And bear immortal shame ?

- 10 Canst thou forever sit and hear Thine holy name profan'd ?
And still thy jealousy forbear, And still withhold thine hand ?
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown In ages long before ?
And now no other God we own, No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea By thy restless might,
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way, And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine, The darkness and the day ?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine, And mark the sun his way ?
- 14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast, And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost, In their perpetual rounds ?
- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust That sacred power blaspheme ?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first Avenge thine injur'd name ?
- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made, And all thy words of love ;
Nor let the birds of prey invade And vex thy mourning dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood, And make our hope their jest ;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God, And give thy children rest.

No. 172.

Beverly.

Psalm 75. L. M.

To thee most Holy and most High, To thee we bring our thankful praise ; Thy works declare thy name is nigh, Thy works of wonder and of grace.

- 2 "To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons Beheld their foes triumphant rise ;
"And fore oppress by earthly thrones, They sought the sov'reign of the skies.
- 3 "Twas then, great God, with equal pow'r, Arose thy vengeance and thy grace.
"To scourge their legions from the shore, And save the remnant of thy race."
- 4 "Let haughty sinners sink their pride ; Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
"But lay their foolish thoughts aside, And own the "empire" God hath made.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just, And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust, My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

- 5 Such honors never come by chance, Nor do the winds promotion blow :
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance ; 'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth, Shall fix a tyrant on the throne ;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth, Will rise and make his justice known.
- 7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up, Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.

AIR.

In Judah God of old was known, His name in Iſ'el great, In Salem flood his holy throne; And Sion was his feat. And Sion was his feat.

- 2 Among the praises of his faints, His dwelling there he chose ;
There he receiv'd her just complaints Against their haughty foes.
3 From Sion went his dreadful word, And broke the threat'ning spear ;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword, And crush'd the Assyrian war.
4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else, But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells Is glorious more than they.
5 'Twas Sion's King that stopp'd the breath Of captains and their bands ;
The men of might slept fast in death, And never found their hands.

- 6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God, Both horse and chariot fell :
Who knows the terror of thy rod ! Thy vengeance who can tell ?
7 What pow'r can stand before thy fight When once thy wrath appears ?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light, The earth lies still and fears.
8 When God in his own sov'reign ways Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise, And he'll restrain the rest.
9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring ; Yc princes, fear his frown :
His terrors shake the proudest king, And cuts an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke Our haughty foes shall feel ;
For Jacob's God hath not forfook, But dwells in Sion still.]

AIR. No. 174.

Northfield.

Psalm 77. C. M. 1st Part. D.

To God I cry'd with mournful voice, I sought his gracious ear, In the sad day when troubles rose, And fill'd my heart with fear. Sad were my days and dark my

nights, My soul refus'd relief ; I thought on God, the just and wise, But thoughts increas'd my grief. But thoughts increas'd my grief.

- 3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd, My heart began to break :
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest, And kept mine eyes awake.
4 My overwhelming sorrows grew, 'Till I could speak no more ;
Then I within myself withdrew, And call'd thy judgments o'er.
5 I call'd back years and ancient times When I beheld thy face ;
My spirit search'd for secret crimes That might withhold thy grace.
6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind Which I enjoy'd before ;
And will the Lord no more be kind ? His face appear no more ?

- 7 Will he forever cast me off ? His promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender love ? Shall anger still prevail ?
8 But I forbid this hopeless thought, This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ; Thy hand is still the same.
9 I'll think again of all thy ways, And talk thy wond'ers o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace, When flesh could hope no more.
10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ; And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known The counsels of the Lord.

AIR.

How awful is thy chast'ning rod? May thine own children say, The great, the wise, the dreadful God! How holy is his way. How holy is his way. How holy is his way. How holy is his way.

2 I'll meditate his works of old; The King who reigns above,
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told, And learn to trust his love.
 3 Long did the house of Joseph lie, With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
 Long he delay'd to hear their cry, Nor gave his people rest.
 4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd Abandon'd to their foes;
 But his almighty arm redeem'd The nation whom he chose.
 5 Israel, his people and his sheep, Must follow where he calls;
 He bids them venture through the deep, And made the waves their walls.
 19 He gave them water from the rock, And safe by Moses' hand
 Through a dry desert led his flock Home to the promis'd land.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God, The waters saw thee come;
 Backward they fled, and frighted stood, To make thine armies room.
 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea, Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
 Terrors attend the wond'rous way That brings thy mercies down.
 8 [Thy voice, with terror in the sound, Through clouds and darkness broke;
 All heav'n in light'ning shone around, And earth with thunder shook.
 9 Think arrows thro' the sky were hurl'd, How glorious is the Lord!
 Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world, And his own saints ador'd.

AIR. No. 176.

Amersfort.

Psalm 78. C. M. 1st Part. D.

Counter. Let children hear the mighty deeds which God perform'd of old; Which in our younger years we saw, And which our fathers told.

Soft. He bids us make his glories known; His works of pow'r and grace; And we'll convey his wonders down through ev'ry rising race.

Loud.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons, And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works, But praise his commands.

AIR.

O what a stiff rebel - lious house Was Jacob's ancient race! False to their own most solemn vows, And to their Maker's grace.

- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love, And did his laws despise,
Forgot the works he wrought to prove His pow'r before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light, From his revenging hand,
What dreadful tokens of his might Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea, And march'd with safety through,
With wat'ry wall to guard their way, 'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wond'rous pillow mark'd the road, Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud, A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd; The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side, A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high, And dar'd distrust his hand:
"Can he with bread our host supply Amidst this desert land?"
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard, And caus'd his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepar'd To vindicate his name.

No. 178.

Rochelle.

Ps. 78. C. M. 3d Part.

AIR Moderato.

When Israel sins the Lord reproveth, And fills their hearts with dread; Yet he forgives the men he loves, And sends them heav'nly bread.

- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand, And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command To pour provision down.
- 3 The Manna, like a morning show'r, Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure, As though 'twere angels meat.
- 4 But they in murmur'ing language said, "Manna is all our feast;
"We loathe this light, this airy bread; We must have flesh to taste."
- 5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust," The Lord in wrath reply'd;
And sent them quails like sand or dust, Heap'd up from side to side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire; And greedy as they fed,
His vengeance burnt with secret fire, And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd, And sought the Lord with tears;
Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd, But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd and still forgave, 'Till by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save, Possess'd the promis'd land.

AIR.

No. 179.

Eversham.

Ps. 78. L. M.

Great God, how oft did Israel prove By turns thine anger and thy love? There in a glass our hearts may see How fickle and how false they be. How fickle and how false they be.

- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot The dreadful wonders God had wrought?
Then they provoke him to his face, Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain, And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march through unknown ways, Wore out their strength, & spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their breth'ren slain, They mourn'd and sought the Lord in again,
Call'd him the Rock of their abode, Their high Redeemer and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive The men who ne'er deserv'd to live:
His anger oft away he turn'd, Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail, He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham lov'd them still, And led them to his holy hill.

AIR.

Behold, O God, what cruel foes, thy peaceful heritage invade ; Thy holy temple stands desil'd, In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

2 Wide o'er the valies, drench'd in blood, Thy people fall'n in death remain ;
The fowls of heav'n their flesh devour, And savage beafts divide the slain.

3 Th' insulting foes with impious rage, Reprcach thy children to their face ;
" Where is your God of boasted pow'r ? And where the promise of his grace ?"

6 So shall thy children, freed from death, Eternal songs of honor raise,
And ev'ry future age shall tell Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms, O hear the mournful captiv'es sigh,
And let thy sov'reign pow'r reprove, The trembling souls condemn'd to die.

5 Let those, who dar'd insult thy reign, Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise, Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.

AIR. No. 181.

Sterling.

Psalm 80. L. M. double.

Great Shepherd of thine Israel, Who did between the cherubs dwell, And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep, Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

Thy church is in the desert now, Shine from on high and guide it through ; Turn us to thee, thy love restore, We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey, How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return ? How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread Thy faints with their own tears are fed ?
Turn us to thee, thy love restore, We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands A lovely vine in Heathen lands ?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot, And bless the nations with the fruit ?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ? Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?
Strangers and foes against her join, And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return ; Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :
Turn us to thee, thy love restore, We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew, Thou wast its strength and glory too !
Attack'd in vain by all its foes, 'Till the fair branch of promise rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot From David's stock, from Jacob's root ;
Himself a noble Vine, and we The lesser branches of the Tree :

11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;
Thy first-born Son, ador'd and blest With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O ! for his sake, attend our cry, Shine on thy churches lest they die ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore, We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

AIR.

Sing to the Lord aloud, and make a joyful noise; God is our strength, our saviour God; Let Isr'el hear his voice.

- 2 " From vile idolatry Preserve my worship clean ;
 " I am the Lord who set thee free From slav'ry and from sin.
 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad, And I'll supply them well ;
 " But if ye will refuse your God, If Israel will rebel :

- 4 " I'll leave them, saith the Lord, 'To their own lusts a prey,
 " And let them run the dang'rous road, 'Tis their own chosen way.
 5 " Yet, O! that all my saints Would hearken to my voice !
 " Soon I would ease their fore complaints, And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their foes, I'd richly seed my flock,
 " And they should taste the stream that flows From their eternal Rock."

AIR. No. 183. Gosport. Psalm 82. L. M.

Among th' assemblies of the great, A greater Ruler takes his seat; The God of heav'n, as judge, surveys Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws? Or why support th' unrighteous cause? 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know, Dark are the ways in which they go;
 When will ye once defend the poor, That sinners vex the saints no more? Their name of earthly gods is vain, For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod, He is our Judge, and he our God,

AIR. No. 184. Wotton. Psalm 83. S. M.

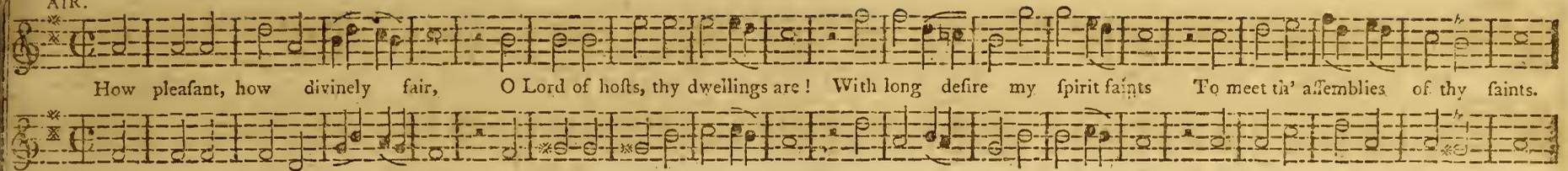
And will the God of grace Perpet - ual silence keep? The God of justice hold his peace, And let his vengeance sleep?

- 2 Behold what cursed snares The men of mischief spread :
 The men that hate thy saints, and thee, Lift up their threat'ning head.
 3 Against thy hidden ones Their counsels they employ,
 And malice, with her watchful eye, Pursues them to destroy.
 4 The noble and the base Into thy pastures leap ;
 The lion and the stupid ass Conspire to vex thy sheep.

- 5 " Come, let us join, they cry, To root them from the ground,
 " 'Till not the name of saints remain, Nor mem'ry shall be found."
 6 Awake, almighty God, And call thy wrath to mind ;
 Give them like forests to the fire, Or stubble to the wind.
 7 Convince their madness, Lord, And make them seek thy name :
 Or else their stubborn rage confound, That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know That glorious dreadful word !
 Jehovah !—is thy name alone, And thou the sov'reign Lord.

AIR.



How pleasant, how divinely fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spirit faints To meet th' assemblies of thy fairs.



My flesh would rest in thine abode, My panting heart cries out for God; My God, my king, why should I be So far from all my joys and thee?



The sparrow chooseth where to rest, And for her young provides her nest: But will my God to sparrows grant That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the fairs who set on high
Thy brightest glories shine above, And all their work is praise and love.

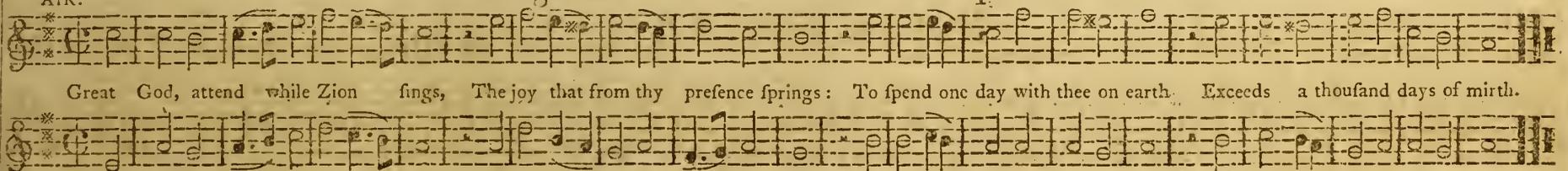
5 Blest are the souls that find a place Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays, And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength, 'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
'Till all before thy face appear, And join in nobler worship there.

AIR. No. 186.

Stoughton.

Ps. 84. L. M. 2d Part.



Great God, attend while Zion sings, The joy that from thy presence springs: To spend one day with thee on earth Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.



Might I enjoy the meanest place, Within thy house, O God of grace, Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

2 God is our sun, he makes our day; God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow, And crown that grace with glory too!
He gives us all things, and withholds No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our king, whose sov'reign sway The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee, Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

AIR. *Soft.* *Loud.*

My soul, how lovely is the place To which thy God resorts! 'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face, Tho' in his earthly courts. Tho in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes, With kind and quick'ning rays.
3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove, Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love, And sheds abroad his grace.
4 There, mighty God, thy words declare The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there, And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.—5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee, While far from thine abode;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest, And suffers no remove;
O make me, like the sparrows, blest, 'To dwell but where I love.
7 To sit one day beneath thine eye, And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity Employ'd in carnal joys.
8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait While Jesus is within,
Rather then fill a throne of state, Or live in tents of sin.
9 Could I command the spacious land, And the more boundless sea,
For one blest hour at thy right hand I'll give them both away.

AIR. No. 188. *Sunderland.* Ps. 84. H. M. double.

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly temples are! To thine abode My heart aspires, With warm desires To see my God.

2 The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long To find their wonted rest!
My spirit faints, With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell, Among thy faints.

4 They go from strength to strength, Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length; 'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat, When God our King
Shall thither bring Our willing feet!

3 O happy souls that pray, Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay their constant service there;
They praise thee still; And happy they
That love the way To Zion's hill.

AIR. No. 189. *Argyle.* Ps. 84. H. M. Verse 5th. Pause.

To spend one sacred day, Where God and faints abide, Affords diviner joy Than thousand days beside; Where God resorts, I love it more To keep the door Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield, Our light and our defence;
With gifts his hands are fill'd, We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow On Jacob's race
Peculiar grace And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves; His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves, From pure and pious souls;
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts Alone in thee.

AIR.

Lord, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind, Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ; So God forgave when Ifr'el sinn'd, And bro't his wandring captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free, And made thy fiercest wrath abate ;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee, And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord, And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ; We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say ; He'll speak and give his people peace ;
But let them run no more astray, Left his returning wrath increase.

No. 191.

Barbadoes.

Ps. 85. L. M. 2d Part.

And grace descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

AIR. Salvation is forever nigh To souls that fear and trust the Lord : And grace descending from on high, And grace descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

And grace descending from on high, Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

And grace descending from on high, And grace descending from on high Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met, Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n :
By his obedience so complete Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound, Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground, In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before, To give us free access to God ;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more, But mark his steps and keep the road.

No. 192.

Harleigh.

Psalm 86. C. M.

Treble. Among the princes, earthly gods, There's none hath pow'r divine ; Nor is their nature mighty Lord, Nor are their works like thine. Nor are their works like thine.

Tenor. Among the princes, earthly gods, There's none hath pow'r divine ; Nor is their nature mighty Lord, Nor are their works like thine. Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring Their off'rings round thy throne ;
For thou alone dost wond'rous things, For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet ; Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue Shall those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul Rose from the deeps of hell.

AIR.

God in his earthly temple lays Foundations for his heav'nly praise : He likes the tents of Jacob well, But still in Zion loves to dwell.

- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old ? What wonders are of Zion told ?
Thou city of our God below, Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew, Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honor to appear As one new-born, or nourish'd there !

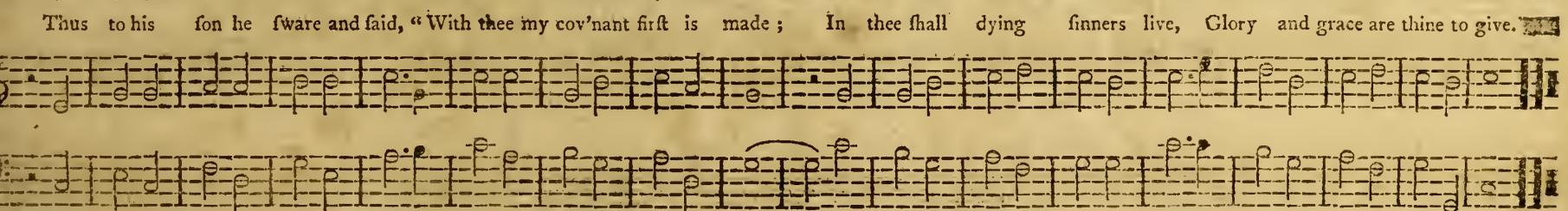
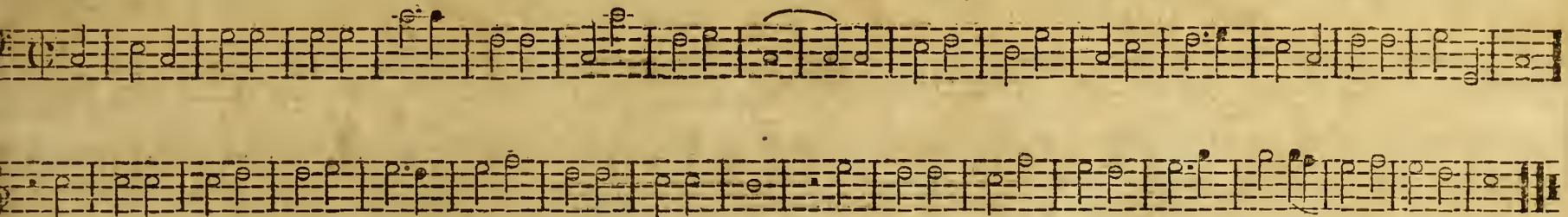
O God of my salvation, hear My nightly groan, my daily pray'r, That still employ my wasting breath ; My soul, declining

to the grave, Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save, From dark despair and lasting death. From dark despair and lasting death.

- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul, And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom ;
My friends belov'd in happier days, The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As lost in lonely grief I tread The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go ;
Through all alike I rove alone, While here forgot and there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.

- 4 And why will God neglect my call ? Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires ?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ? Or wake or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heav'nly quires ?
- 5 Yet through each melancholy day, I've pray'd to thee, and still we pray,
Imploring still thy kind return—
But oh ! my friends, my comforts fled, And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wand'ring thoughts to mourn.

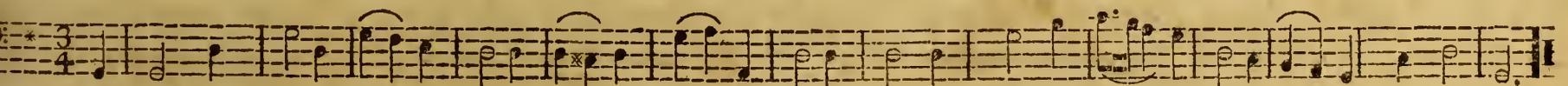
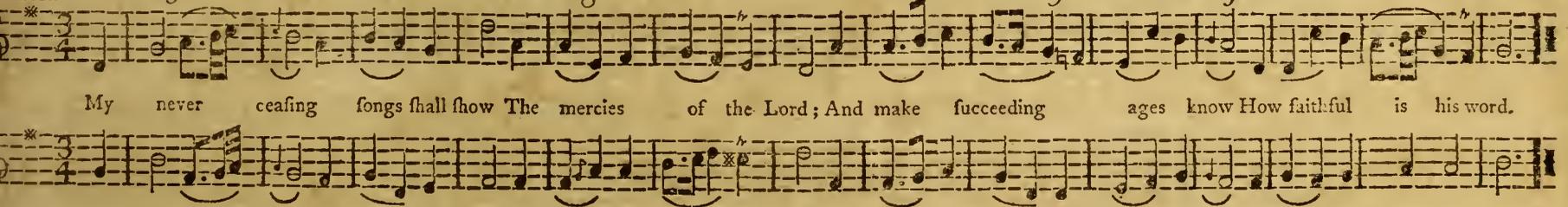
AIR.



AIR. No. 196.

Foundling.

Ps. 89. C. M. 1st Part.



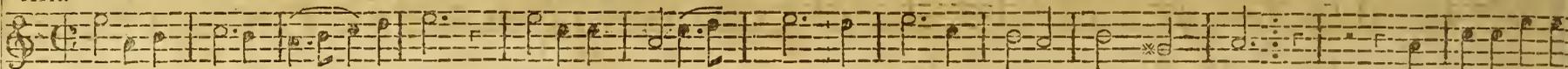


With rev'ence let the faints appear, With rev'ence let the faints appear And

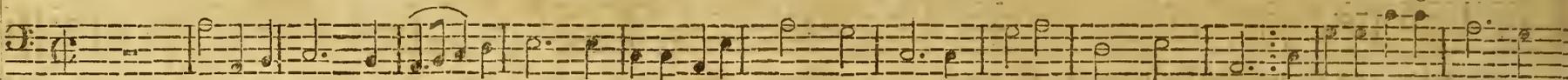


With rev'ence let the faints, the faints appear And bow before the Lord, His

AIR.



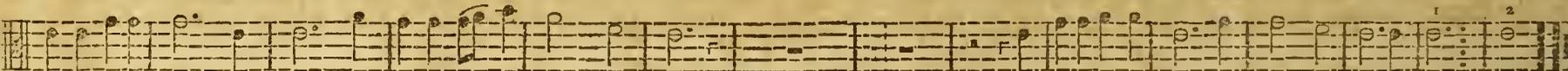
With rev'ence let the faints appear With rev'ence let the faints appear And His high commands wit



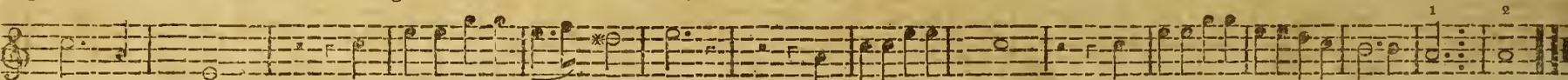
With rev'ence let the faints appear With rev'ence let the faints appear And His high commands with rev'ence



His high commands with rev'ence hear, His high commands with rev'ence hear, And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word!



high commands with rev'ence hear, His high commands with rev'ence hear, And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word!



rev'ence hear, His high commands with rev'ence hear, And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word!



hear, His high commands, His high commands with rev'ence hear, And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word! And tremble at his word!

2 How terrible thy glories rise! How bright thy beauties shine!
Where is the pow'r with thee that vies? Or truth compar'd with thine?

3 The Northern pole, and Southern rest On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from East to West Move round at thy command.

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
While truth and mercy join'd-in one,

4 Thy words the raging winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine, And the dark world of hell;
How did thine arm in vengeance shine, When Egypt durst rebel!

Yet wond'rous is thy grace;
Invite us near thy face.

Soft.

Loud.

Blest are the souls that hear and know The gospel's joyful sound; Peace shall attend the paths they go, And light their steps around.

AIR.

Soft.

Cres.

Loud.

Peace shall attend the paths they go, And light their steps around. And light their steps, And light their steps around.

108 1st & 2d Treble.
Slow and soft.

WOMEN'S VOICES ONLY.



Their joy shall bear their spirits up Through their Redeemer's name; His righteousness exalts their hope, Nor Satan dares condemn

1st & 2d Tenor.

MEN'S VOICES ONLY.

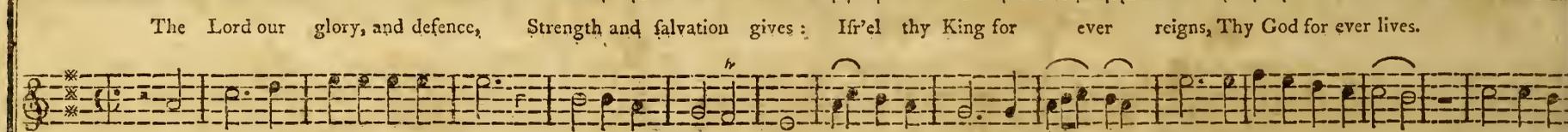


Their joy shall bear their spirits up Through their Redeemer's name; His righteousness exalts their hope, Nor Satan dares condemn.

Spiritoso.



The Lord our glory, and defence, Strength and salvation gives: Is'el thy King for ever reigns, Thy God for ever lives.



Is'el, thy



Thy God forev - er lives, forev - er, Thy God forev - er lives.



King for ever, for ever, thy King for ever reigns,



AIR.

*Soft.**Loud.*

tr

Hear what the Lord in vision said, And made his mercy known: "Sinners, behold, your help is laid On my almighty Son. On my almighty Son."

- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o'erflows, The spirit of my grace.
3 High shall he reign on David's throne, My peoples better King;
My arm shall beat his rivals down, And still new subjects bring.
3 My truth shall guard him in his way, With mercy by his side,
While in my name o'er earth and sea He shall in triumph ride.

- 5 Me for his Father and his God He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode, And I'll support my Son.
6 My first born Son, array'd in grace, At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place, And monarchs at his feet.
7 My cov'nant stands for ever fast, My promises are strong;
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last, His feed endure as long.

AIR. *Affettuoso.*

Yet, faith the Lord, if David's race, The children of my Son, Should break my laws, abuse my grace, And tempt mine anger down; And tempt mine anger down;

Their sins I'll visit with the rod, And make their folly smart; But I'll not cease to be their God, Nor from my truth depart. Nor from my truth depart.

- 3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke, But keep my grace in mind;
And what eternal love hath spoke, Eternal truth shall bind.
4 Once have I sworn (I need no more) And pledg'd my holiness,
To seal the sacred promise sure To David and his race,

- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise And spread from sea to sea,
Long as he travels round the skies To give the nations day.
6 Sure as the moon that rules the night His kingdom shall endure,
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light Shall be observ'd no more.

AIR. Adagio.

Remember, Lord, our mortal state How frail our life, how short the date? Where is the man that draws his breath Safe from disease secure from death.

- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die, Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
 "Must death forever rage and reign? Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just? Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
 But faith forbids those mournful sighs, And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day, Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honor of thy word; Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

No. 202.

Lunenburg.

Ps. 89. P. M.

AIR. Affettuoso.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man; How few his hours, how short his span; Short from the cradle to the grave. Who can secure his vital breath, Who

Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold, Against the bold demands of death, With skill to fly, or pow'r to save. With skill to fly, or pow'r to save.

Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold demands of death,

Who can secure his vital breath, Against the bold, Against the bold demands of death,

- 2 Lord, shall it be forever said, "The race of man was only made,
 "For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
 Are not thy servants day by day Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son And all his seed a heav'nly crown?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair;
 For ever blessed be the Lord, That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

N.B. The fourth verse to be performed in the succeeding tune.

AIR.

For ever blessed be the Lord, Who gives his saints a long reward, For all their toil, reproach, and pain; For all their toil reproach and pain;

For all their toil, reproach, and pain; For all their toil, reproach, and pain; Let

For all their toil, reproach, and pain; For all their toil, reproach, and pain;

Let all below, and all above, Let all below, and all above, Join to proclaim his wond'rous love, And each repeat the loud Amen.

all below, and all above, and all above, Let Join to proclaim his wond'rous love, his wond'rous love, And each repeat the loud Amen.

Let all below, Let Join to proclaim his wond'rous love, Join to proclaim his wond'rous love, And, &c.

AIR. Largo.

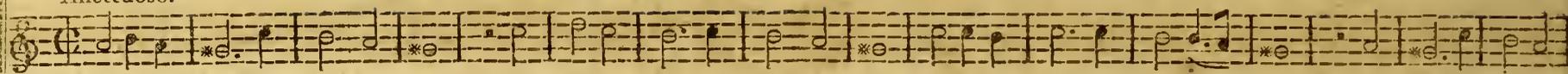
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began, Or dust was fashion'd to a man; And long thy kingdom shall endure When earth and time shall be no more.

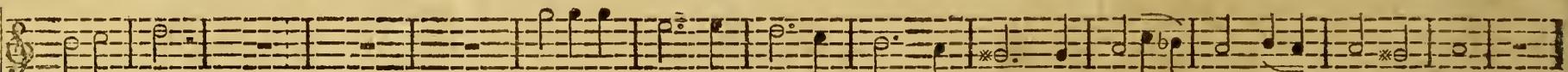
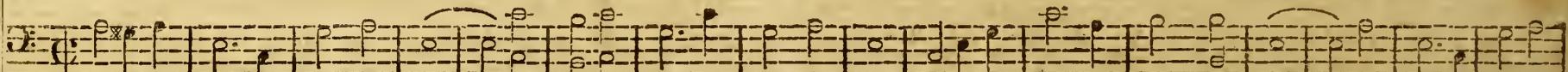
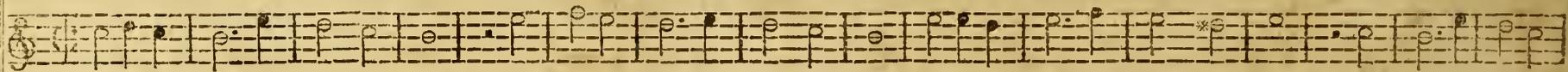
3 But man, weak man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and vanity; Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just, — "Return ye sinners to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount Scarce to a day in thine account, Like yesterday's departed light, Or the last watch of ending night.]

Affettuoso.



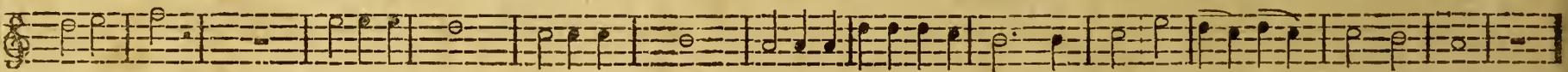
Death, like an overflowing stream, Sweeps us away; our life's a dream; An empty tale; A morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd



An empty tale, A morning, morning flow'r,



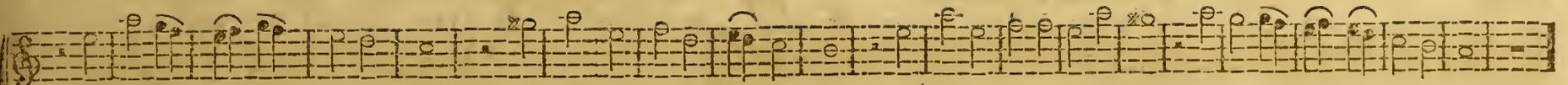
in an hour. An empty tale; An empty tale; a morning flow'r, Cut down and wither'd in an hour.



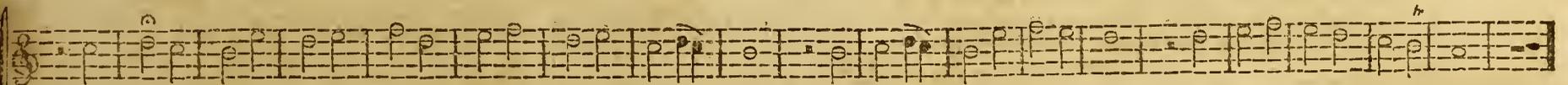
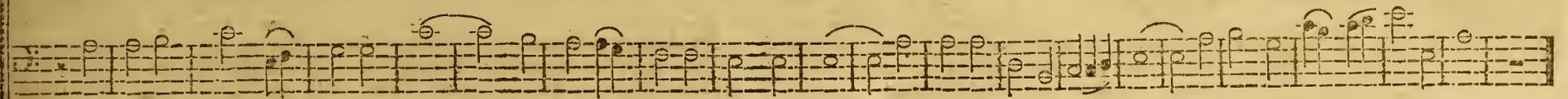
An empty tale; a morning flow'r, An empty tale; a morning flow'r,



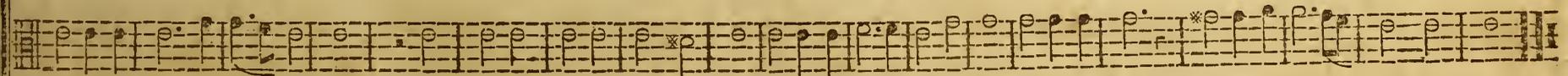
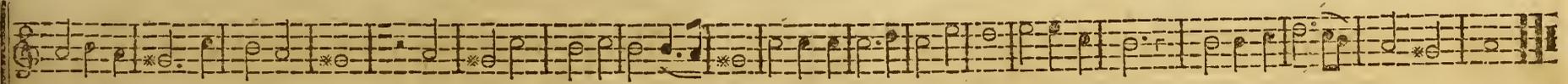
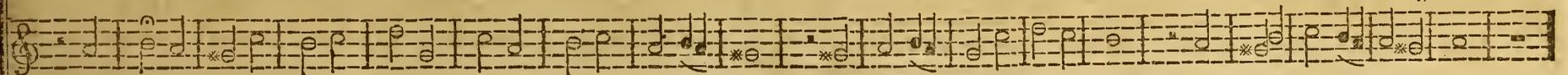
An empty tale; a morning flow'r, An empty tale; a morning flow'r,



Our age *se* seventy years is *set*; How short the term! how frail the state! And if to eighty we arrive, We rather sigh and groan, than live.

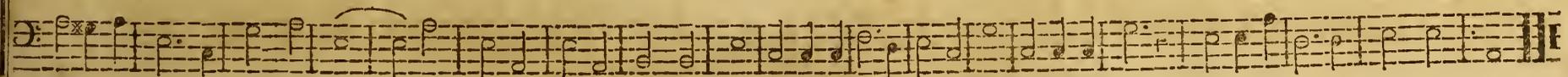
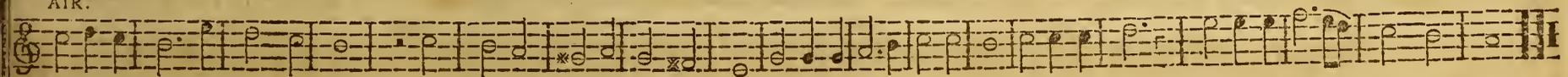


But O! how oft thy wrath appears, And cuts off our expected years! Thy wrath awakes our humble dread; We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.



Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man; And kindly lengthen out our span, 'Till a wise care of piety Fit us to die, Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

AIR.



AIR. *tr* *Soft.* *Loud.*

Our God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home. And our eternal home.

- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne, Thy faints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is thine arm alone, And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood, Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, To endless years the fame.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust, "Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first, And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood, With all their lives and cares,
Are carry'd downwards by the flood, And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a dream Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand, Pleas'd with the morning light:
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand, Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last, And our eternal home.

AIR. *No. 207.* *Narbath.* *Ps. 90. C. M. 2^d Part.*

Lord, if thine eyes survey our faults, And justice grows feverè, Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts, And burns beyond our fear. And burns beyond our fear.

- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust, By one offence to thee
Adam, with all his sons, have lost Their immortality.
- 3 Life like a vain amusement flies, A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies, Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount To threecore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife Bear up the crazy load,
And drag those poor remains of life Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love, And not thy wrath alone;
O let our sweet experience prove The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part, And live beyond the grave.

AIR. *No. 208.* *Shutesbury.* *Ps. 90. C. M. 3^d Part.*

Return, O God of love return; Earth is a tiresome place; How long shall we thy children mourn Our absence from thy face? Our absence from thy face?

- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years, Let sin and sorrow cease;
And in proportion to our tears, So make our joys increase.

- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show, Make thy own work complete;
Then shall our souls thy glory know, And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne In all thy beauty, Lord;
And the poor service we have done Meet a divine reward.

AIR.

Lord, what a feeble piece is this our mortal frame? Our life how poor a trifle 'tis, That scarce deserves the name!

Alas! 'twas brittle clay That built our bodies first! And ev'ry month and ev'ry day 'Tis mould'ring back to dust. 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace, Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days, Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in fight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore Of blest eternity.

AIR. No. 210.

Alstead.

Psalm 91. L. M.

He, that hath made his refuge, God, Shall find a most secure abode; Shall walk all day beneath his shade, And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "my God, thy pow'r Shall be my fortress and my tow'r:
"I that am form'd of feeble dust Make thine almighty arm my trust."
3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan the fowler, who betrays Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
4 Just as a hen protects her brood, (From birds of prey that seek their blood,)
Under her feathers, so the Lord Makes his own arm his people's guard.
5 If burning beams of noon conspire To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread To shield them with a healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side, At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen people saves, Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
8 So when he sent his angel down To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye Past all the doors of Jacob by.
9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword, Receive commission from the Lord,
To strike his faints among the rest, Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence or fire, Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free, And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

AIR.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race, Expos'd to ev'ry snare, Come, make the Lord your dwelling place, And try, and trust his care. And try, and trust his care. And try, and trust his care. And

- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell ; Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell, 'Twill raise his saints on high.
3 He'll give his angels charge to keep Your feet in all their ways :
To watch your pillow while you sleep, And guard your happy days.
4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall And dash against the stones ;
Are they not servants at his call, And sent t' attend his sons ?

- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ? The tempter's wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the serpent's head Puts them beneath your feet.
6 " Because on me they set their love, I'll save them (saith the Lord)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above Destruction, and the sword.
7 " My grace shall answer when they call : In trouble I'll be nigh ;
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall, And raise them when they die.
8 " Those that on earth my name have known I'll honor them in heav'n :
" There my salvation shall be shown, And endless life be giv'n."

No. 212,

Kettering.

Psalm 92. L. M. 1st Part.

AIR.

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 truth at night. Sweet is the day of

Soft,

Loud.

Soft.

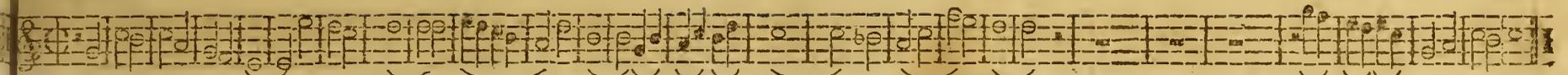
Loud.

tr.

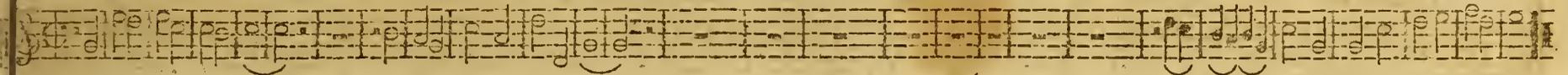
sacred rest, No mortal cares shall seize my breast : O may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound. Like David's harp of solemn sound.

- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord, And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine ! How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ; Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,
Like grass they flourish, 'till thy breath Blast them in everlasting death.
5 But I shall share a glorious part, When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed, Like holy oil to cheer my head.
6 Sin (my worst enemy before) Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;
My inward foes shall all be slain, Nor Satan break my peace again.
7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know, All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ In that eternal world of joy.

Treble.



Tenor. Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand In gardens planted by thine hand ; Let me within thy courts be seen Like a young cedar fresh & green.



In gardens planted by thine hand ;

Like a young cedar, a young cedar, fresh & green.



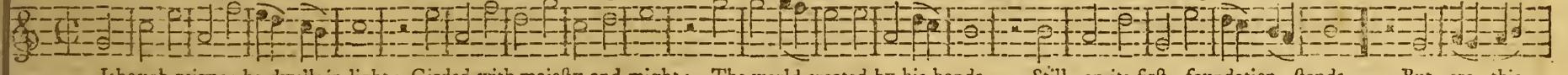
Like a young cedar, fresh and green. Like

- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love, Blest with thine influence from above ;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 The plants of grace shall ever live ; (Nature decays but grace must thrive)
 Time that doth all things else impair Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
- 4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew The Lord is holy, just and true ;
 None that attend his gates shall find A God unfaithful or unkind.

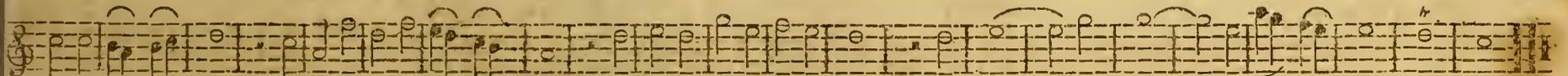
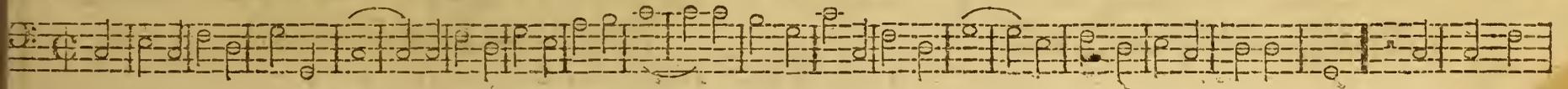
AIR. No. 214.

Altenburg.

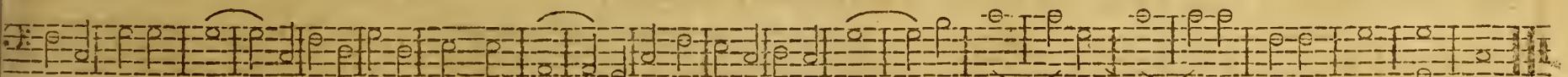
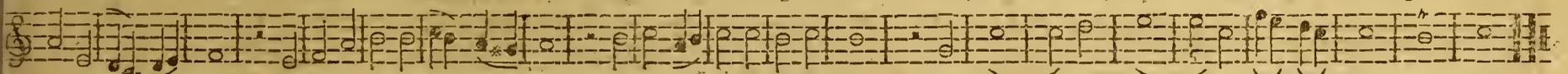
Psalm 93. L. M. 1st Part.



Jehovah reigns ; he dwells in light : Girded with majesty and might : The world created by his hands Still on its first foundation stands. But ere this



spacious world was made, Or had its first foundations laid, Thy throne eternal ages stood, Thyself, Thyself the ever - living God.



- 3 Like floods the angry nations rise, And aim their rage against the skies ;
 Vain floods that aim their rage so high ! At thy rebuke the billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy throne endure ; Thy promise stands for ever sure :
 And everlasting holiness Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

AIR.

The Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high, His robes of state are strength and majesty; This wide creation rose at

his command, Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand: Long stood his throne ere he began creation, And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign: In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise, And roar, and tofs their waves against the skies; Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild commotion, But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still And the mad world obedient to his will Built on his truth, his church must ever stand; Firm are his promises and strong his hand See his own sons, when they appear before him, Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

Array'd in robes of light,

AIR. The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal state maintains, His head with awful glories crown'd; Begirt with sov'reign might, And rays of majef-

ty around. Array'd in robes of light, Begirt with sov'reign might, And rays of majesty around. And rays of majesty around.

- 2 Upheld by thy commands, The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word :
Thy throne was fix'd on high Before the starry sky :
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy crowd, Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar ;
In vain with angry spite The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

- 4 Let floods and nations rage, And all their pow'rs engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky ;
The terrors of thy frown Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true, Thy grace is ever new :
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy faints with holy fear Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

AIR. 217.

Ophel.

Psalm 94. C. M. 1st Part.

O God! to whom revenge belongs, Proclaim thy wrath aloud ; Let sov'reign pow'r redress our wrongs, Let justice smite the proud. Let Justice smite the proud.

- 2 They say, "the Lord nor sees nor hears ;" When will the fools be wise ?
Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ? Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious tho'ts are vain, And they shall feel his pow'r ;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain, In some surprizing hour.

- 4 But if thy faints deserve rebuke, Thou hast a gentler rod ;
Thy providences and thy book Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise, And to his duty draw :
Thy scourges make thy children wise, When they forget thy law.

- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his faints, Nor his own promise break ;
He pardons his inheritance For their redeemer's sake.

AIR. No. 218.

St. Lawrence's.

Ps. 94. C. M. 2d Part.

Who will arise and plead my right, Against my num'rous foes ; While earth and hell their force unite, And all my hopes oppose.

- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help, Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt, My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 "Alas, my sliding feet !" I cry'd, Thy promise was my prop ;
"Thy grace stood constant by my side, Thy spirit bore me up.

- 4 When multitudes of mournful thoughts Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults, Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise, And frame pernicious laws ;
But God my refuge rules the skies, He will defend my cause.

- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud ; Let bold blasphemers scoff ;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud, And cut the sinners off.

AIR.

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name, And in his strength rejoice; When his salvation is our theme, Exal - ted be our voice. With thanks ap -

Loud.

proach his awful sight, And psalms of honor sing, The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole creation's King. The whole creation's King.

- 3 Let princes hear, let angels know, How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below, When once compar'd with him.
4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep, Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep, And where the hills must stand.

- 5 Come and with humble souls adore, Come kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his pow'r Be children of his grace.
6 Now is the time he bends his ear, And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear "Ye shall not see my rest."

No. 220.

Silverstreet.

Ps. 95. S. M.

AIR.

Soft.

tr

Loud.

tr

Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glory sing; Jeho - vah is the sov'reign God, The uni - versal King.

- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown; He gave the seas their bound:
The wat'ry worlds are all his own, And all the solid ground.
3 Come, worship at his throne, Come bow before the Lord:
We are his works, and not our own, He form'd us by his word.

- 6 The Lord in vengeance dress'd, Will lift his hand and swear,
"You that despite my promis'd rest, Shall have no portion there."

- 4 To day attend his voice, Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come like the people of his choice And own your gracious God.
5 But if your cars refuse The language of his grace,
And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews, That unbelieving race!

Treble or Tenor.

Come, let our voices join to raise, A sacred song of solemn praise: A sacred song of solemn praise:

Treble or Tenor.

Come, let our voices join to raise, A.

Come, let our voices join to raise a sacred song of solemn praise, A.

God is a fov'reign King; rehearse His honors in ex-

God is a fov'reign King; rehearse

God is a fov'reign King; rehearse, God is a fov'reign King; rehearse His honors in ex - alted verse.

alted verse. God is a fov'reign King; re - hearse His honors in ex - alted verse.

King; rehearse His

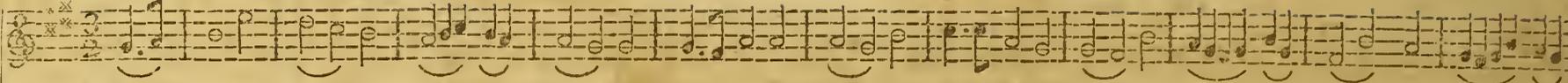
His honors in ex - alted verse. God is a fov'reign King; rehearse His

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord, Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd! we the sheep, His mercy choose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day, The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace, Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless, unbelieving brood, That tir'd the patience of their God.

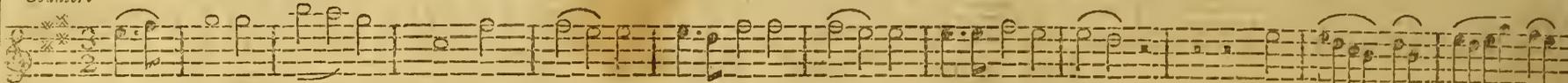
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "how false they prove, Forget my pow'r, abuse my love;
" Since they despise my rest, I swear Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread, And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to day, Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits, And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest; Obey and be forever blest.]

Q

Treble.



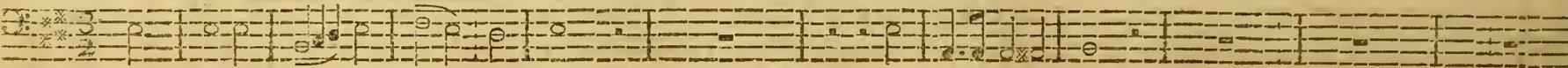
Counter.



Tenor.

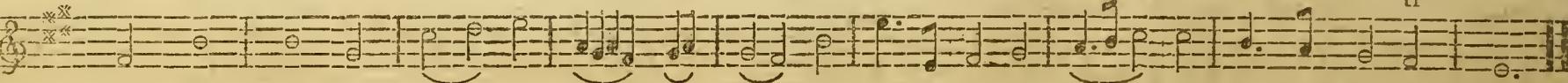


Bass.

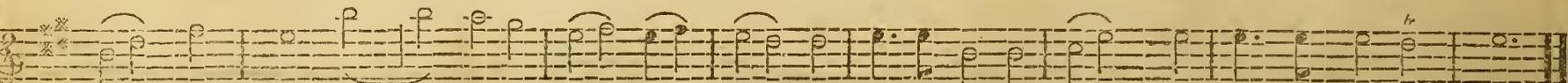


His new dif - cov - er'd grace de

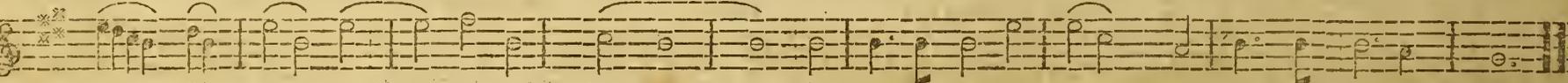
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands, Ye tribes of every tongue ; Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ; His new dif - cov - er'd



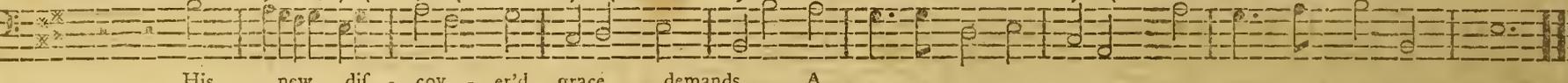
mands, His new dif - cov - er'd grace demands A



grace demands A new and nobler song. A new and nobler song. A new and nobler song.



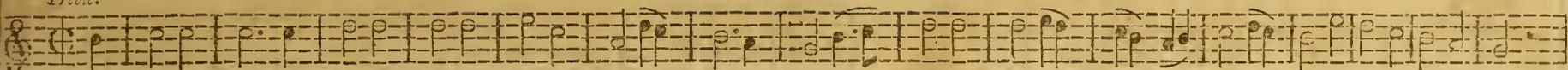
new dif - cov - er'd grace demands - - A



His new dif - cov - er'd grace demands A

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns, God's own almighty Son ;
His pow'r the sinking world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.</p> <p>3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day, Joy through the earth be seen ;
Let cities shine in bright array, And fields in cheerful green.</p> <p>6 But when his voice shall raise the dead, And bid the world draw near,
How will the guilty nations dread, To see their judge appear.</p> | <p>4 Let an unusual joy surprise The islands of the sea ;
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise, Prepare the Lord his way.</p> <p>5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless The nations as their God ;
To shew the world his righteousness, And send his truth abroad,</p> |
|---|--|

Treble.

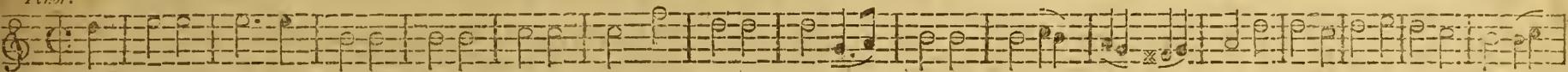


Counter.



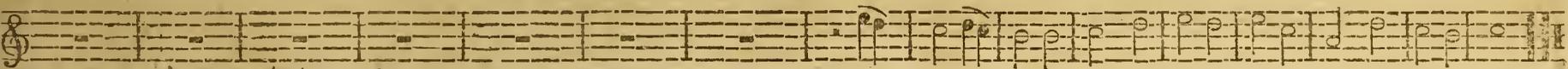
Let all the earth their voices raise To sing the choicest psalm of praise, To sing and bless Je - hovah's name ; To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;

Tenor.

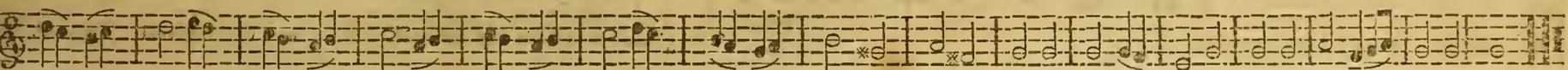


His

Bass.



And all his saving works proclaim, And all his saving works proclaim.



glory let the heathen know, His wonders to the nations show,



2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord ;
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
Among us is Jehovah known ;
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties, how divinely bright !
His temple, how divinely fair !

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

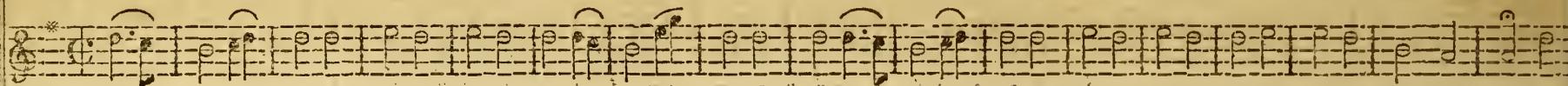
Treble.



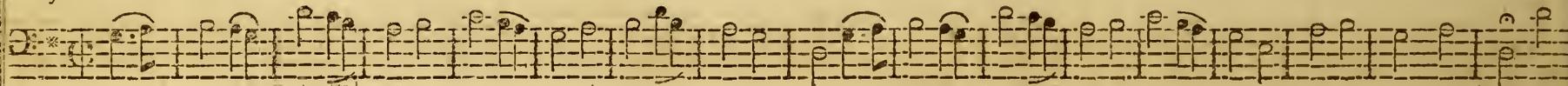
Counter Tenor.



Tenor. He reigns, the Lord, the Saviour reigns, Praise him in evangelic strains; Let the whole earth in songs rejoice, And distant islands join their voice. Deep



Bass.



But grace and truth support his throne:



are his counsels and unknown,

Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their eternal ground.



unknown



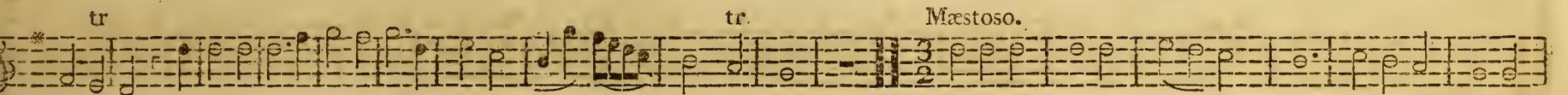
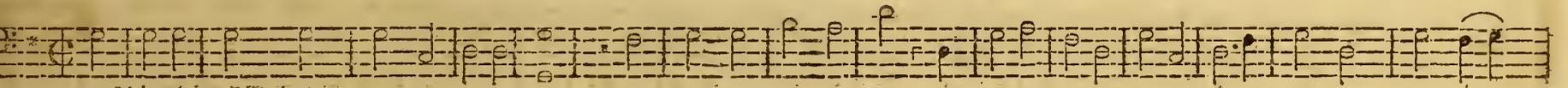
3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes! Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs,
Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4 His enemies, with fore dismay, Fly from the sight and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high, And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

AIR.



The Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim, His birth; the nations learn his name; An unknown star directs the road Of eastern fages



to their God, An unknown star directs the road Of eastern fages to their God, All ye bright armies of the skies, Go worship where the



Saviour lies. Angels and kings before him bow, Those gods on high and gods below; Let idols, totter, to the ground, And,



their own worshippers confound; But Zion shall his glories sing, And earth confess her sov'reign king.

No. 226.

Calabria.

Ps. 97. L. M. 3d Part. D.

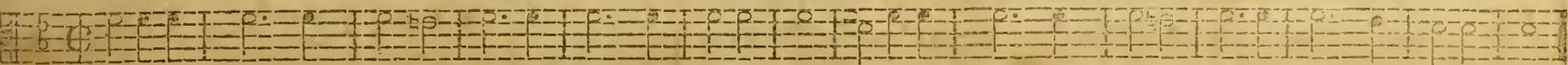
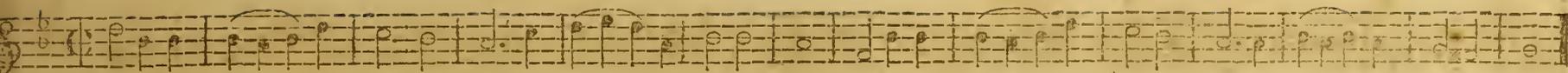
AIR. *With Spirit.*

Th' Almighty reigns exalted high, O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky: Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet, His dwelling is the mercy seat.

O ye that love his holy name, Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame; He guards the souls of all his friends, And from the snares of hell defends.

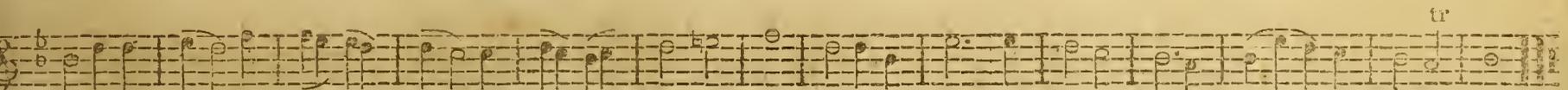
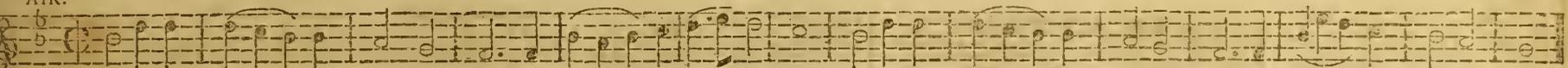
3 Immortal light and joys unknown, Are for the faints in darkness frown;
These glorious seeds shall spring and rise And the bright harvest blefs our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace Can triumph in his holiness.

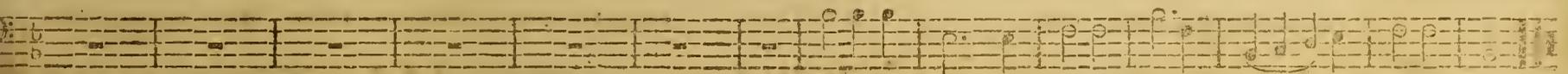


Ye islands of the northern sea, Rejoice the Saviour reigns; His word like fire prepares his way, And mountains melt to plains.

AIR.



His presence sinks the proudest hills, And makes the vallies rise; The humble soul enjoys his smiles, The haughty sinner dies.



3 The heav'ns his rightful pow'r proclaim; The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame, And totter to the ground.
4 Adoring angels at his birth Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight, And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight, And leave the world on fire.
6 The seeds of joy and glory sown For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown, And a rich harvest bear.

Treble.
 To our almighty Maker, God, New honors be address; His great salvation shines abroad A

Counter.
 His great salvation shines abroad

Tenor.
 To our almighty Maker, God, His great salvation shines abroad

Bass.
 To our almighty Maker, God, His And

makes the nations blest. His great salvation shines abroad And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest.

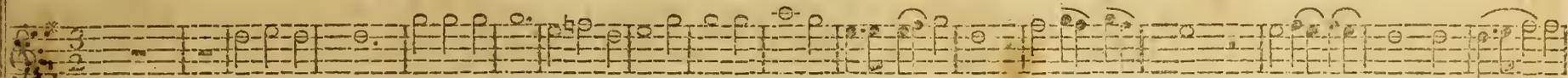
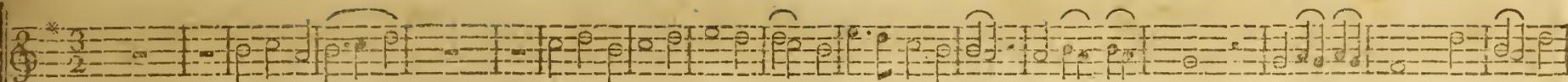
And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest.

And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest.

And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest. His great salvation shines abroad And makes the nations blest. And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Ab'ram first, His truth fulfills his grace ;
 The Gentiles make his name their trust, And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim With all her different tongues ;
 And spread the honors of his name In melody and songs.

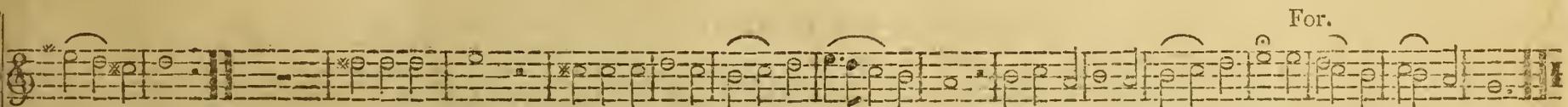
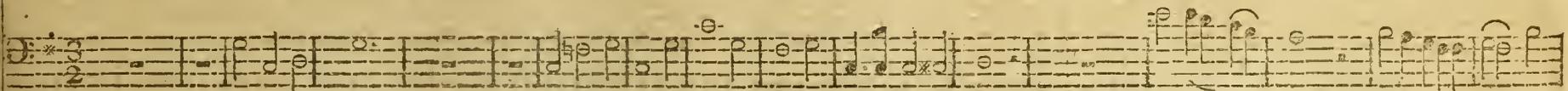


Joy to the world : Joy to the world : Joy to the world : the Lord is come, Let earth receive her King : Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and

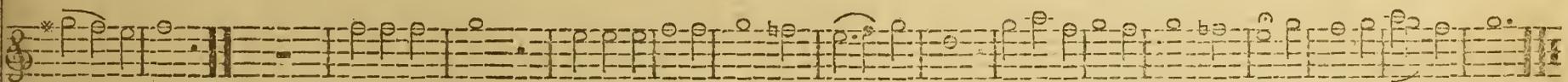


Joy to the world :

Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and

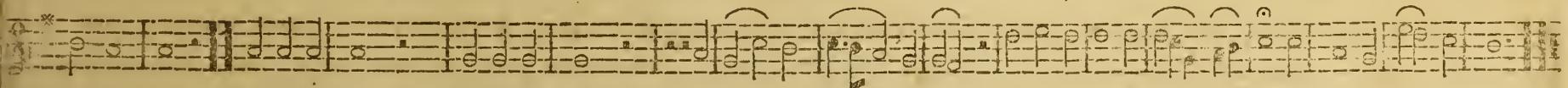


For.



nature sing.

Joy to the earth : the Saviour reigns ; Let men their songs employ : While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.



Joy to the earth : the Saviour reigns ;



3 No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow Far as the curse is found.

R

4 He rules the world with truth and grace. And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness, And wonders of his love.

AIR.

The God Jehovah reigns, Let all the nations fear : Let sinners tremble at his throne, And saints be humble there. Let sinners tremble at his throne, And

faints be humble there. Jesus the Saviour reigns ! the Saviour reigns ! Let earth adore its Lord ; Bright cherubs his attendants stand, Swift to fulfil his word.

Jesus the Saviour, the Saviour reigns ;

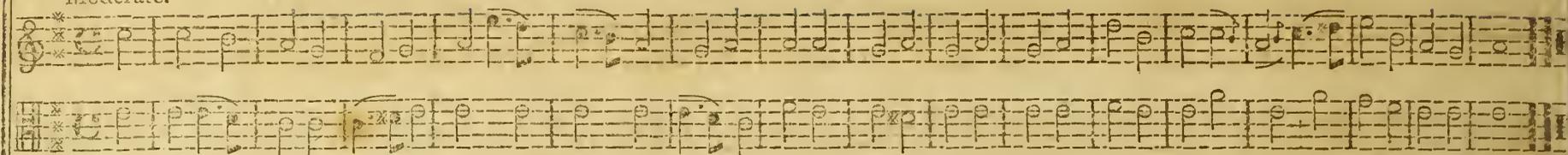
Jesus the Saviour reigns !

In Zion is his throne, His honors are divine ; His church shall make his wonders known, His church shall make his wonders known, his wonders known,

His church shall make his wonders known, his wonders known, his wonders known, For there his glorie

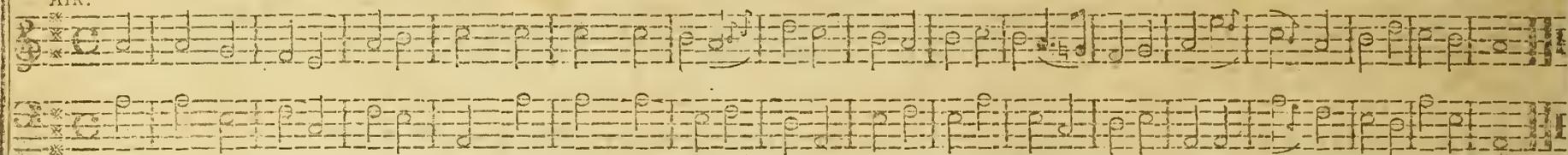
His church shall make his wonders known, his wonders known, For

Moderate.



Ye nations round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord your sov'reign King, Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

AIR.



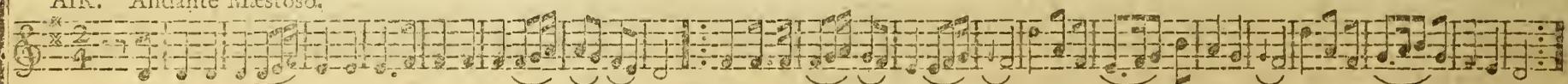
2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone Doth life and breath and being give ;
 We are his work, and not our own ; The sheep that on his pastures live.
 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy, With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ, To pay your thanks and honors there.
 4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ; Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find His truth from age to age endure.

No. 233.

Denmark.

Ps. 100. L. M. 2d Part.

AIR. Andante Maestoso.



1st verse. Sing to the Lord with joyful voice ; Let ev'ry land his name adore ; The nothern isles shall send the noise Across the ocean to the shore. Across the ocean to the shore.



2d verse. Before Jehovah's awful throne Ye nations bow with sacred joy ; Know that the Lord is God alone ; He can create, and he destroy. He can create, and he destroy.



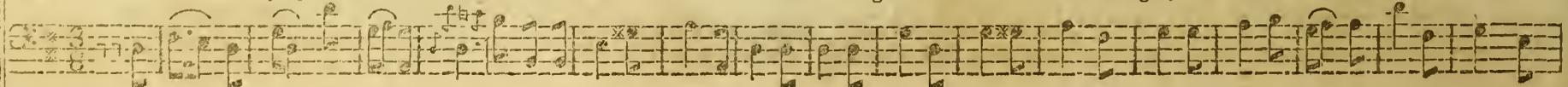
Slow, Soft.



3d verse. His sov'reign pow'r without our aid, Made us of clay and form'd us men : And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd, he bro't us to his fold again. He bro't us



4th verse. We are his people, we his care, Our souls and all our mortal frame : What lasting honors shall we rear, Almighty Maker, to thy name ? Almighty



Loud.

Soft.

Loud.



to his fold again, We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs, High as the heav'ns our voices raise; And earth with her ten thousand, thousand tongues



Maker to thy name.



Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

1.

2.

Mæstoso



Shall fill thy courts with founding praise. Shall fill thy courts with founding praise. Shall fill, shall fill thy courts, &c. Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as eternity, e-



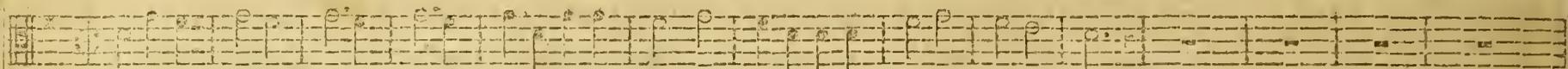
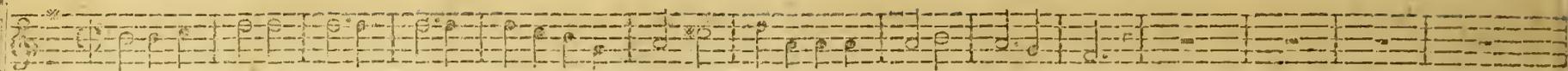
Soft.

Loud:



ternity thy love; Firm as a rock thy truth must stand, When rolling years shall cease to move. When rolling years shall cease to move. When rolling years shall cease to move.



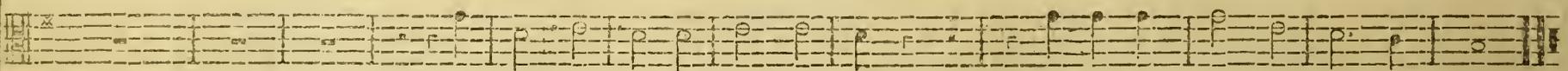
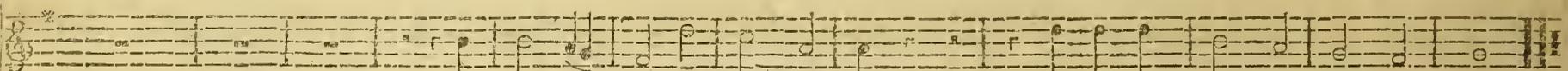


AIR

Mercy and judgment are my song! And since they both to thee belong, And since they both to thee belong,



My gracious God, my righteous King, To thee my

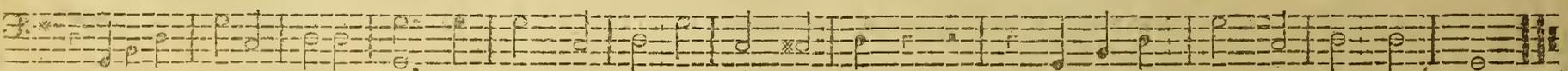


My gracious God, my righteous King, To thee my songs and vows I bring.



songs and vows I bring.

To thee my songs



To thee my songs and vows I bring.

To thee

- 2 If I am rais'd to hear the sword, I'll take my counsels from thy word ;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide, And let my God with me reside ;
No wicked thing shall dwell with me, Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage or strife Shall be companions of my life ;
The haughty look, the heart of pride, Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

- 5 [I'll search the land and raise the just To posts of honor, wealth and trust ;
The men that work thy holy will, Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;
And while the innocent I guard, The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, that seditious band, Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;
And all that break the public rest, Where I have pow'r shall be suppress'd.

AIR.

Of justice and of grace I sing, And pay my God my vows; Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King, Teach me to rule my house.

- 2 Now to my tent, O God repair, And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong, By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue, I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 6 I'll purge my family around, And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found A dwelling fit for thee.

- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just, And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust, The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit, I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate, And banish from my sight.

AIR. No. 236.

Brimfield.

Psalm 102. C. M. 1st Part. D.

Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face, But answer lest I die: Hast thou not built a throne of grace, To hear when sinners cry?

My days are wasted like the smoke Dissolving in the air; My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke, And sinking in despair.

- 3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass, And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top, The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope, I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness, Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place, And where the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears, Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes, And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows Unpleasant to my taste.

- 8 Sense can afford no real joy To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high, Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear; And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are, That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou forever art the same, O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name, And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face, Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace, That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry, And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die, And fills their tongues with praise.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Let Zion and her Sons rejoice, Behold the promis'd hour! Her God hath heard her mourning voice, And comes t' exalt his pow'r. And comes to exalt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain, Are precious in our eyes ;
Those ruins shall be built again, And all that dust shall rise.
3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem, And stand in glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his name, And kings attend with fear.

4 He fits a sov'reign on his throne, With pity in his eyes :
He hears the dying pris'ner's groan, And sees their sighs arise.
5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death, And when his faints complain,
It shan't be said "that praying breath Was ever spent in vain."

6 This shall be known when we are dead, And left on long record,
That ages yet unborn may read, And trust, and praise the Lord.

AIR. No. 238.

Stamford.

Ps. 102. L.M.

It is the Lord our Saviour's hand Weakens our strength amid the race ; Disease and death at his command Arrest us and cut short our days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray, Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day, And must thy children die so soon ?
3 Yet in the midst of death and grief This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;
"Our Father and our Saviour live ; Christ is the same through ev'ry age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ; Heav'n is the building of his hand ;
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade, And all be chang'd at his command.
5 The starry curtains of the sky Like garments shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high ; Thy church forever must abide.

6 Before thy face thy church shall live, And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive, And the dead saints be rais'd again.

1st Treble or Tenor. No. 239.

Canton.

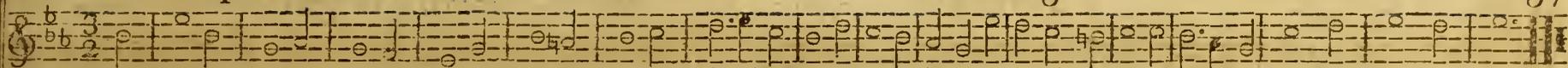
Psalm 103. L. M. 1st Part.

Bless, O my soul, the living God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad, Let all the pow'rs within me join, In work and worship so divine.

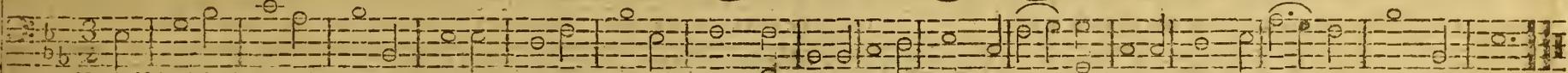
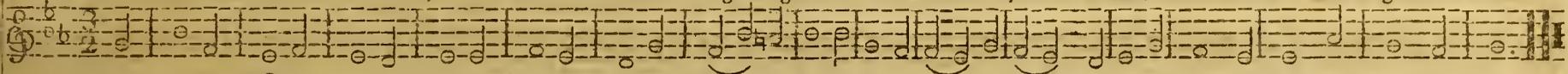
2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace : His favors claim thy highest praise :
Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in silence and forgot ?
3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son, To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives The hourly follies of our lives.
4 The vires of the mind he heals, And cures the pains that nature feels,
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves Our wasting life from threaten'g graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs ; His mercy crowns our growing years :
He satisfies our mouth with good, And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd, And often gives the sufferers rest ;
But will his justice more display In the great, last rewarding day.
7 [His pow'r he shew'd by Moses' hands, And gave to Israel his commands ;
But sent his truth and mercy down To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess, Let the whole earth adore his grace ;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join, In work and worship so divine.]

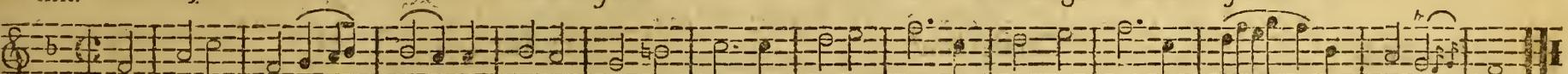


The Lord, how wond'rous are his ways! How firm his truth, how large his grace! He takes his mercy for his throne, And thence he makes his glories known.

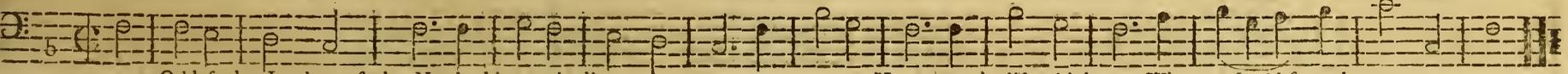
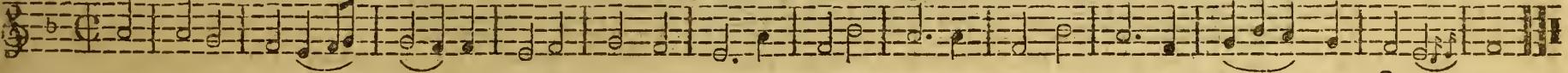


2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise, Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
3 Nor half so far hath nature plac'd The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes The daily guilt of those he loves.
4 How slowly doth his wrath arise! On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn, How soon his frowns to pity turn!
5 Amid his wrath compassion shines; His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his faints, His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise, With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart, And move the pity of their heart.
PAUSE.
7 The mighty God, the wise and just, Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose Beyond the strength that he bestows.
8 He knows how soon our nature dies, Blasted by ev'ry wind that blows!
Like grafs we spring, and die as soon, As morning flow'rs that fade at noon.
9 But his eternal love is sure To all the faints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign, Nor children's children hope in vain.



O blest the Lord, my soul, Let all within me join, And aid my tongue to blest his name, Whose favors are divine.



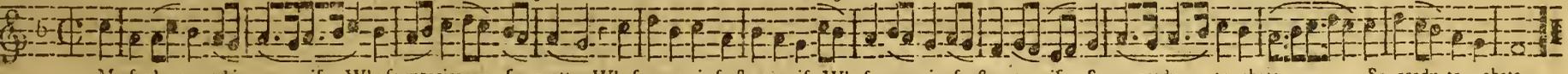
2 O blest the Lord, my soul, Nor let his mercies be
Forgotten in unthankfulness, And without praises die.
3 'Tis he forgives thy sins, 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'tis he that heals thy sicknesses, And makes thee young again:

4 He crowns thy life with love, When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
5 He fills the poor with good; He gives the suff'ers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud, And justice for th' oppress.

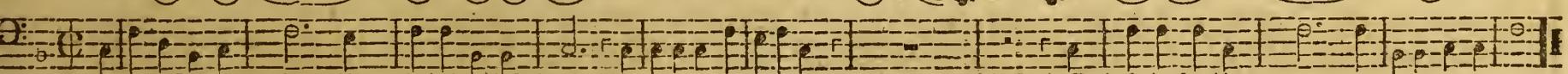
6 His wond'rous works and ways He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace, By his beloved Son.

Soft.

Loud.



My soul, repeat his praise, Whose mercies are so great; Whose anger is so slow to rise, Whose anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate. So ready to abate.



2 God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt.
3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace Our highest thoughts exceed.
4 His pow'r subdues our sins, And his forgiving love,
Far as the East is from the West, Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel; He knows our feeble frame.
6 He knows we are but dust, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath,
His anger like a rising wind Can send us swift to death.
7 Our days are as the grafs, Or like the morning flow'r;
It one sharp blast sweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassion, Lord, To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find Thy words of promise sure.

- 2 Ye angels, great in might, And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear, Whose pleasure ye fulfil.
- 3 Let the bright hosts who wait The orders of their king,
And guard his churches when they pray, Join in the praise they sing.
- 4 While all his wond'rous works Through his vast kingdom shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul, Shall sing his graces too.

No. 244.

Cumberland.

Psalm 104. L. M.

Lonc. tr CHORUS. To be sung at the close of each verse. tr

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtain spread, Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom his own breath inspires, His ministers are flaming fires;
And swift as thought their armies move, To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand Are pois'd, and shall forever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood, Which high above the mountain flood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled, Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow, And cheer the vallies as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay, And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink ;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy cistern pours On parched earth enriching show'rs :
The grove, the garden, and the field, A thousand joyful blessings yield.
10 He makes the grassy food arise, And gives the cattle large supplies ;
With herbs for man, of various pow'r, To nourish nature, or to cure.
11 What noble fruits the vines produce ! The olive yields an useful juice ;
Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine, With inward joy our faces shine.
12 O bless his name, ye people, led With nature's chief supporter, bread :
While bread your vital strength imparts, Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly, And build their nests secure on high.
14 To craggy hills ascends the goat ; And at the airy mountains foot
The feebler creatures make their cell ; He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
15 He sets the sun his circling race, Appoints the moon to change her face ;
And when thick darkness veils the day, Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad, And roaring ask their meat from God ;
But when the morning beams arise The savage beat to covert flies.
17 Then man to daily labor goes ; The night was made for his repose :
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief From tiresome toil and waking grief.

18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill, And ev'ry land thy riches fill :
Thy wisdom round the world we see, This spacious earth is full of thee.
19 Nor less thy glories in the deep, Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions swift or slow, Still wand'ring in the paths below.
20 There ships divide the wat'ry way. And flocks of scaly monsters play ;
There dwells the huge leviathan, And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord, All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand, Waiting their portion from thy hand.
22 While each receives his diff'rent food Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.
23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn, And dying to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign : Life, breath, and spirit all are thine.
24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again, And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath Repairs the wastes of time and death.
25 His works, the wonders of his might, Are honor'd with his own delight :
How awful are his glorious ways ! The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke, And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face, And tell their wants of sov'reign grace.
27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet, And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ, Till it expire in endless joy.
28 While haughty sinners die accurst, Their glory bury'd in the dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly king, Immortal hallelujahs sing.

No. 245.

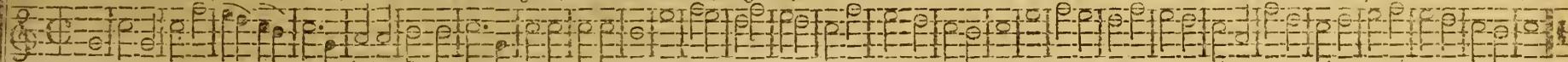
Egypt.

Psalm 105. C. M.

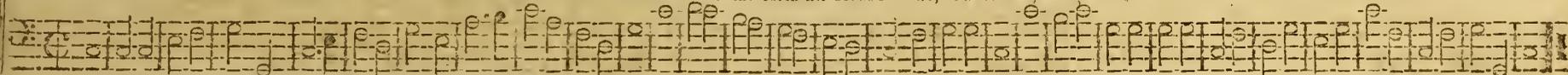


AIR. Give thanks to God, invoke his name, And tell the world his grace, And tell the world, his grace ;

Sound thro' the earth his deeds fame, That all may seek his face. That, &c.



Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame, That all may seek his face.



2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind. For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind, In equal force shall last.
3 He sware to Abr'ham and his seed And made the blessing sure :
Gentiles the ancient promise read, And find his truth endure.
4 " Thy seed shall make all nations blest," (Said the Almighty voice)
" And Canaan's land shall be their rest, The type of heav'nly joys."
5 [How large the grant ! how rich the grace ! To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place, A little feeble band !
6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round, Securely they remov'd ;
And haughty kings that on them frown'd, Severely he reprov'd.
7 " Touch mine Anointed, and mine arm, Shall soon avenge the wrong ;
" The man that does my prophets harm, Shall know their God is strong."
8 Then let the world forbear its rage, Nor put the church in fear :
Israel must live through ev'ry age, And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the faints, And thus provok'd their God,
Moses was sent at their complaints, Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
10 He call'd for darkness ; darkness came, Like an o'erwhelming flood :
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream To lakes and streams of blood.
11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies Through the whole country spread ;

And frogs in croaking armies rise About the monarch's bed.
12 Through fields and towns and palaces, The tenfold vengeance flew :
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees, And hail their cattle slew :
13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke The flow'r of Egypt dy'd ;
The strength of every house was broke, Their glory and their pride.
14 Now let the world forbear its rage, Nor put the church in fear ;
Israel must live through ev'ry age, And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage bro't And left the hated ground ;
Each some Egyptian spoils had got, And not one feeble found.
16 The Lord himself chose out their way, And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day, A fiery guide by night.
17 They thirst ; and waters from the rock In rich abundance flow,
And foll'wing still the course they took, Ran all the desert through.
18 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type. Of ever flowing grace !
So Christ our rock maintains our life Through all this wilderness.
19 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand, The chosen tribes possess
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land, And there enjoy'd their rest.
20 Then let the world forbear its rage, The church renounce her fear ;
Israel must live through ev'ry age, And be th' Almighty's care.

AIR.



To God the great, the ever blest, Let songs of honor be address'd; His mercy firm forever stands: Give him the thanks his love demands. Give him the thanks his love demands.

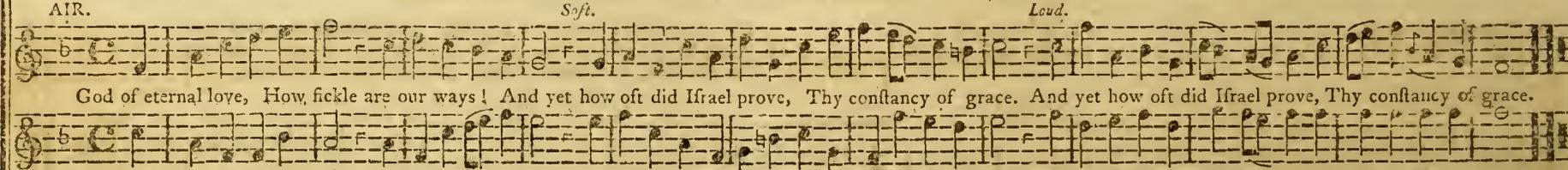
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways? Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise? 3 Remember what thy mercy did For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
Blest are the souls that fear thee still, And pay their duty to thy will. And with the same salvation blest The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice, And aid their triumph's with my voice!
This is my glory, Lord, to be Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

No. 247.

Thorn.

Ps. 106. S. M.

AIR.



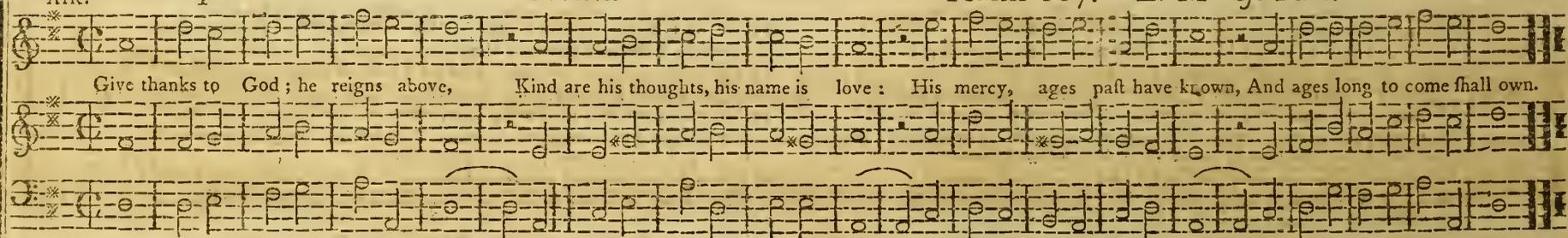
God of eternal love, How fickle are our ways! And yet how oft did Israel prove, Thy constancy of grace. And yet how oft did Israel prove, Thy constancy of grace.

- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought, And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot, And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word, While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord, And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults, He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thot's, And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book, He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook The people whom he chose.
- 6 Let Israel blest the Lord, Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word Amen, to all the praise.

AIR. No. 248.

Groton.

Psalm 107. L. M. 1st Part.



Give thanks to God; he reigns above, Kind are his thoughts, his name is love: His mercy, ages past have known, And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord The wonders of his grace record:
Israel, the nation whom he chose, And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round A wild and solitary ground!
- 4 There they could find no leading road, Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd; God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their march far wand'ring round; 'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release was gain From Sin's own yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass, A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way, He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand, And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways! Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

AIR.

From age to age exalt his name, God and his grace are still the same; He fills the hungry soul with food, And feeds the poor, with ev'ry good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heav'nly word, And slight the counsels of the Lord;
3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground, And no deliv'rance shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath In darkness and the shades of death.

6 O may the sons of men record The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!

How great his works! how kind his ways! Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries, He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade That hung so heavy round their head.
5 He cuts the bars of brass in two, And lets the smiling pris'ner through;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief, And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

AIR. No. 250.

Pow'nal.

Ps. 107. L. M. 3d Part.

Vain man on foolish pleasures bent, Prepares for his own punishment; What pains, what loathsome maladies From luxury and lust arise.

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste; Yet drowns his health to please his taste:
'Till all his active pow'rs are lost, And fainting life draws near the dust.
3 The glutton groans and loaths to eat, His soul abhors delicious meat;
Nature with heavy loads opprest, Would yield to death to be releas'd.

6 O may the sons of men record The wond'rous goodness of the Lord,

And let their thankful off'rings prove How they adore their Maker's love.

4 Then how the frighten'd sinners fly To God for help with earnest cry;
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath, And saves them from approaching death.
5 No med'cines could effect the cure So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeats, He sends his sov'reign word and heals.

No. 251.

The Seaman's Song.

Ps. 107. L. M. 4th Part.

AIR.

Would you behold the works of God, His wonders in the world abroad, Go with the mariners and trace The unknown regions of the seas. The unknown regions of the seas.

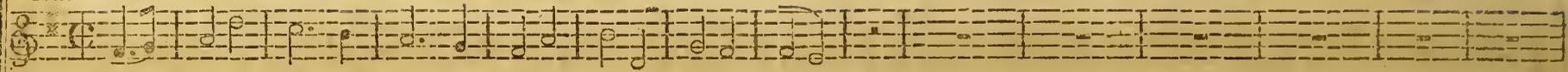
2 They leave their native shores behind, And seize the favor of the wind;
'Till God commands and tempests rise That heave the ocean to the skies.
3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain, Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!

6 O may the sons of men record The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!

Let them their private off'rings bring, And in the church his glory sing.

4 When land is far, and death is nigh, Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address, And sends salvation in distress.
5 He bids the wind their wrath assuage, The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see The haven where they wish'd to be.

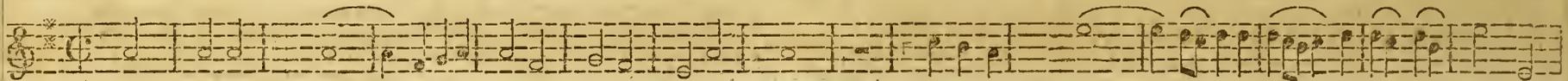
Treble.



Counter Tenor.

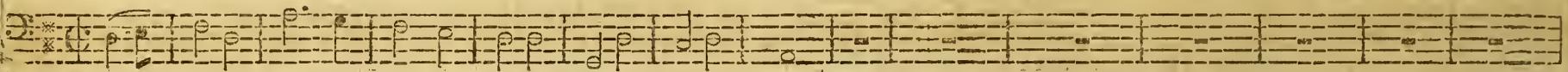


Tenor.

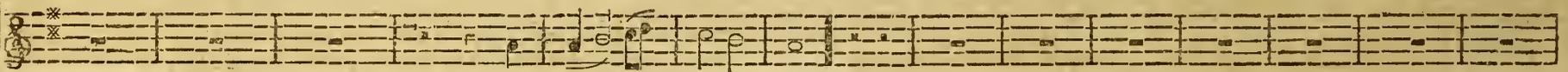


Thy works of glory, mighty Lord, Thy wonders in the deeps, The sons of courage shall record, Who trade in floating

glory, mighty Lord, The sons of courage shall record, Who trade in floating



glory



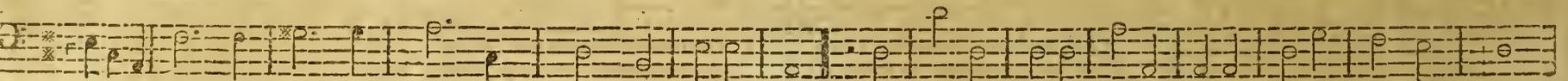
Who



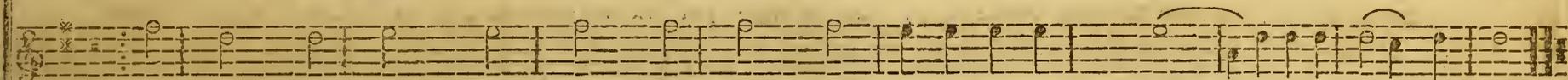
ships. The sons of courage shall record, Who trade, who trade in floating ships. At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring waves ;



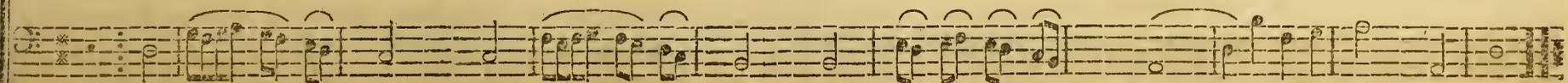
Who



The sons of courage shall record, Who



The men aston - ish'd mount the skies, And sink in gaping graves. And sink in gaping graves.



- 3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills, And plunge in deeps again!
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels, And finds his courage vain.
4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar, They part with flutt'ring breath,
And hopeless of the distant shore, Expect immediate death.]
5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries, He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies, And lays the floods to rest,

- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears, And see the storm allay'd;
Now to their eyes the port appears There let their vows be paid.
7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land; Let stupid mortals know
That waves are under his command, And all the winds that blow.
8 O that the Sons of men would praise The goodness of the Lord!
And those that see thy wond'rous ways Thy wond'rous love record.

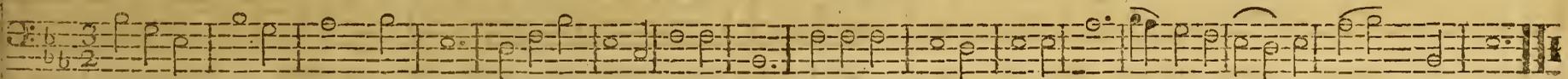
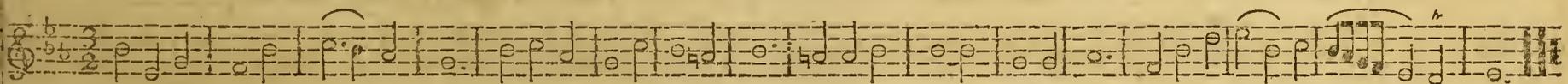
AIR. No. 253.

Abingdon.

Ps. 107. L. M. 5th Part.



When God provok'd with daring crimes, Scourges the madness of the times, He turns their fields to barren sand, And dries the rivers from the land.



- 2 His word can raise the springs again, And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send show'ry blessings from the skies, And harvests in the desert rise.
3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey, Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair, And builds them towns and cities there.
4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant, Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
Their race grows up from fruitful rocks, Their wealth increases with their flocks
5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin, He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands, Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

- 6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn, Wander unprovok'd and forlorn:
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd, And desolation spreads the field.
7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns, Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive, And bids the dying churches live.]
8 The righteous, with a joyful sense, Admire the works of providence;
And tongues of Atheists shall no more Blaspheme the God that saints adore.
9 How few with pious care record These wond'rous dealings of the Lord;
But wise observers still shall find The Lord is holy, just and kind.

AIR.

Awake, my soul, to sound his praise, Awake my harp to sing; Join all my pow'rs the song to raise, And morning incense bring.

Among the people of his care, And thro' the nations round; Glad songs of praise will I prepare, And there his name refound.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God, Above the starry train;
Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad, And teach the world thy reign.

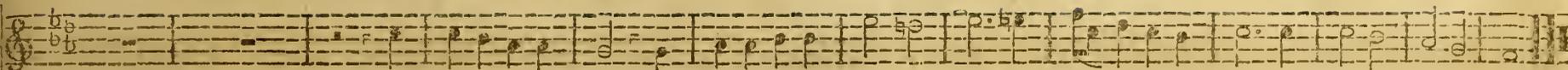
4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice, And throng thy courts above;
While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice, And taste redeeming love.

No. 255.

Maroneck.

Psalm 109. C. M. double.

AIR. God of my mercy and my praise, Thy glory is my song; Though sinners speak against thy grace With a blaspheming tongue.



When in the form of mortal man Thy Son on earth was found, With cruel slanders false and vain, They compass him around. They compass him around.

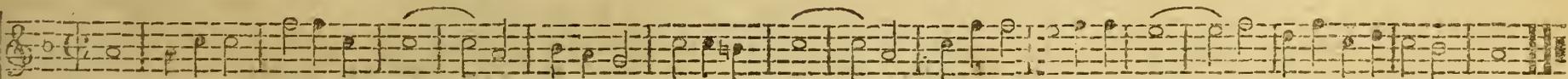


3 Their mis'ries his compassion move, Their peace he still pursu'd ;
They render hatred for his love, And evil for his good.
4 Their malice rag'd without a cause, Yet with his dying breath
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross, And blest his foes in death.

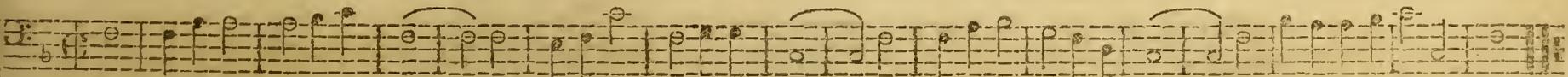
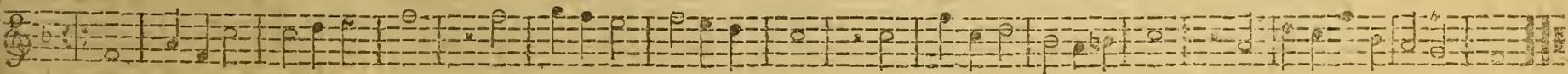
5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine In vain before my eyes ?
Give me a soul a-kin to thine, To love mine enemies.
6 The Lord shall on my side engage, And in my Saviour's name
I shall defeat their pride and rage Who slander and condemn.

No. 256.

Hedgebury.

Psalm 110. L. M. 1st Part.

AIR. Thus the eternal father spake To Christ the Son ; ascend and sit At my right hand, 'till I shall make Thy foes submissive at thy feet.



2 " From Zion shall thy word proceed, Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
" Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed, And bow their wills to thy command.

4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !
And converts who thy grace obey,

3 " That day shall shew thy pow'r is great, When faints shall flock with willing minds,
" And sinners croud thy temple gate, Where holiness in beauty shines."

Exceed the drops of morning dew.

AIR. Thus the great Lord of earth and sea Spake to his Son, and thus he swore : "Eternal shall thy priesthood be, And change from hand to hand no more.

- 2 "Aaron and all his sons must die : But everlasting life is thine,
 "To save forever those that fly For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 "By me Melchisedeck was made On earth a king and priest at once ;
 "And thou, my heav'nly priest, shalt plead And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
- 4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne; While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son, Proceeds with honor and success.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread, And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel
 Then shall he judge the rising dead, And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way, He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The suff'rings of that dreadful day Shall but advance him near to God.

What wonders shall thy gospel do ! Thy converts shall surpass

AIR. Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne, And near thy Father sit ;
 In Zion shall thy pow'r be known, And make thy foes submit,

The num'rous drops, num'rous drops,

Inst.

tr HALLELUJAH. To close the Psalm.

m'rous drops of morning dew, And own thy sov'reign grace. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Halle - lujah.

3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree, Nor changes what he swore ;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be, When Aaron is no more.
 4 " Melchisedeck, that wond'rous priest, That king of high decree,
 " That holy man, who Abr'ham blest, Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our priest forever lives, To plead for us above :
 Jesus our king forever gives The blessings of his love.
 6 God shall exalt his glorious head, And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead Who dare oppose his reign.

AIR. No. 259.

Hampstead.

Psalm 111. C. M. 1st Part. D.

Songs of im - mortal praise belong To my almighty God ! He has my heart and, he my tongue, To spread his name abroad.

Soft. tr Loud. tr

How great the works his hand has wrought ! How glo'rous in our fight ! And men in ev'ry age have fought His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact his natures frame ! How wise the eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme That his first thoughts design'd.
 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons, He fix'd his cov'nant sure ;
 The o-ders that his lips pronounce To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies, Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise, But learn to read thy name ?
 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace, Is our divinest skill :
 And he's the wisest of our race That best obeys thy will.

AIR.

Great is the Lord, his works of might Demand our noblest songs ; Let his assem - bled saints unite Their harmony of tongues. Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord, He gives his children food ;
And ever mindful of his word, He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer came To seal his cov'nant sure ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name, His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise, Must with his fear begin :
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies In hating ev'ry sin.

AIR. Slow.

No. 261.

Vincent.

Psalm 112. P. M.

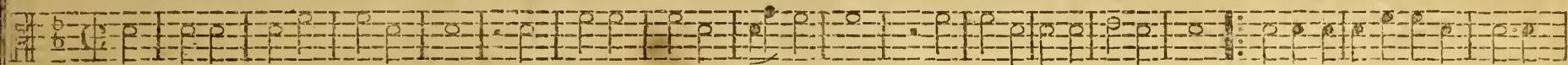
That man is blest who stands in awe Of God, and loves his sacred law : His seed on earth shall be renown'd : His house the

feat of wealth shall be An in - ex - hausted trea - su - ry, And with suc - cessive honors crown'd.

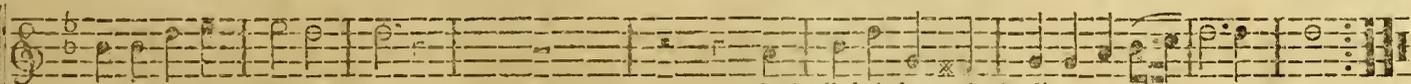
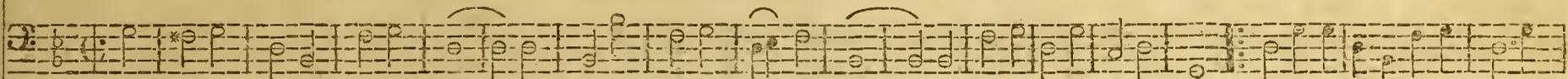
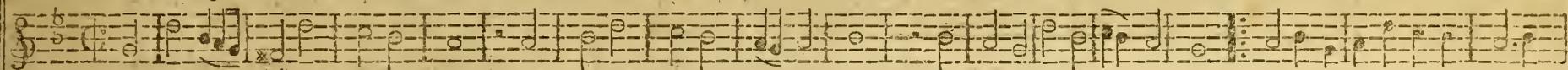
2 His lib'ral favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends :
A gen'rous pity fills his mind :
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd :
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground :
His conscience holds his courage up :
The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
And sees in darkness beams of hope,



AIR. Ill tidings never can surprize His heart, that fix'd on God relies, Tho' waves and tempests roar around : Safe on a rock he sits and sees The

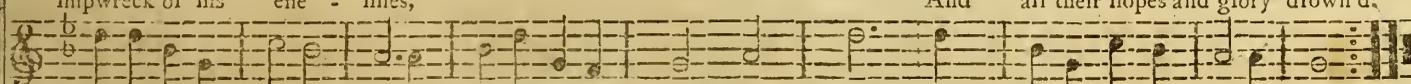


And all their hope, And all



shipwreck of his ene - mies,

And all their hopes and glory drown'd,

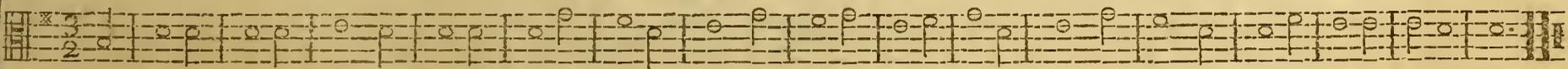
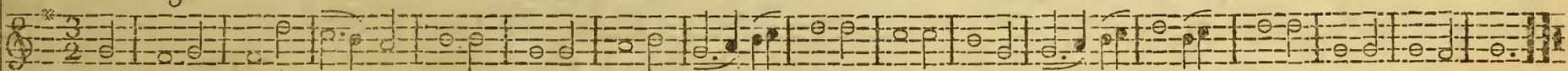


And all their hope and glory drown'd, And

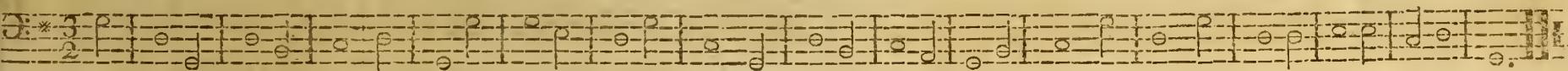
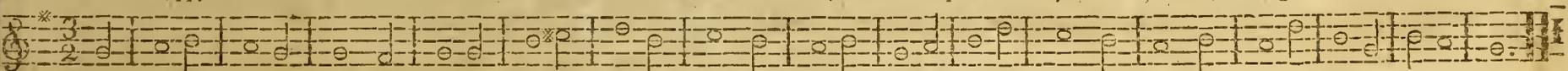


And all their hope and glory drown'd. And all,

6. The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony,
To find their expectations crost,
They and their envy, pride and spite,
Sink down to everlasting night,
And all their names in darkness lost.



AIR. Thrice happy man, who fears the Lord, Loves his commands and trusts his word ; Honor and peace his days attend, And blessings to his seed descend.



2 Compassion dwells upon his mind, To works of mercy still inclin'd ;
He lends the poor some present aid, Or gives them not to be repaid.
3 When times grow dark, & tidings spread That fill his neighbour round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear, For God with all his pow'r is there.

4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord, Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;
Amid the darkness light shall rise, To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes
5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad, His works are still before his God ;
His name on earth shall long remain, While envious sinners fret in vain.

Treble. The four first bars to be sung to the first verse only.

Happy, Happy,

Happy is he, who fears the Lord, And follows his commands, And follows his commands,

Happy, Happy,

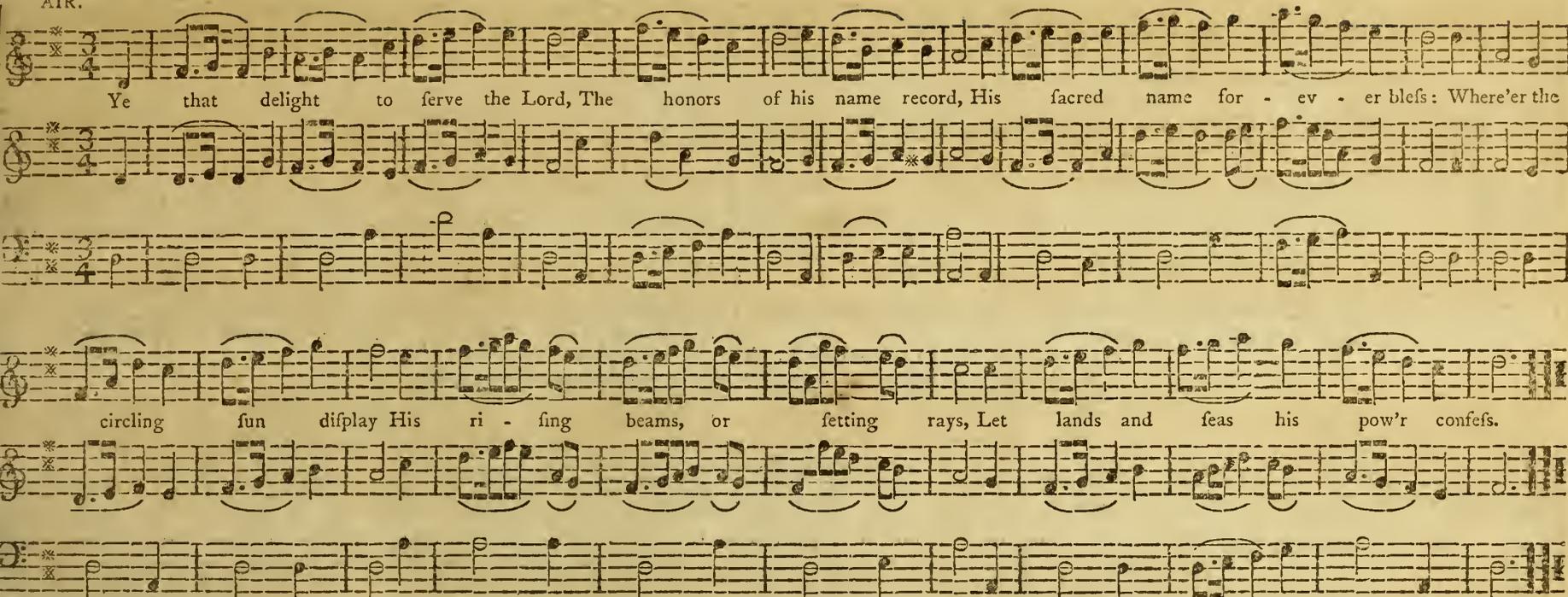
Or gives with lib'ral hands. Or gives with lib'ral hands.

Who lends the poor without reward, Who lends the poor without reward,

- 2 As pity dwells within his breast To all the fons of need ;
So God shall answer his request With blessings on his feed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprize His well establish'd mind ;
His soul to God his refuge flies, And leaves his fears behind.

- 4 In times of general distress Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness, And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love Remain before the Lord :
Honor on earth, and joys above, Shall be his sure reward.

AIR.



Ye that delight to serve the Lord, The honors of his name record, His sacred name for - ev - er blest: Where'er the

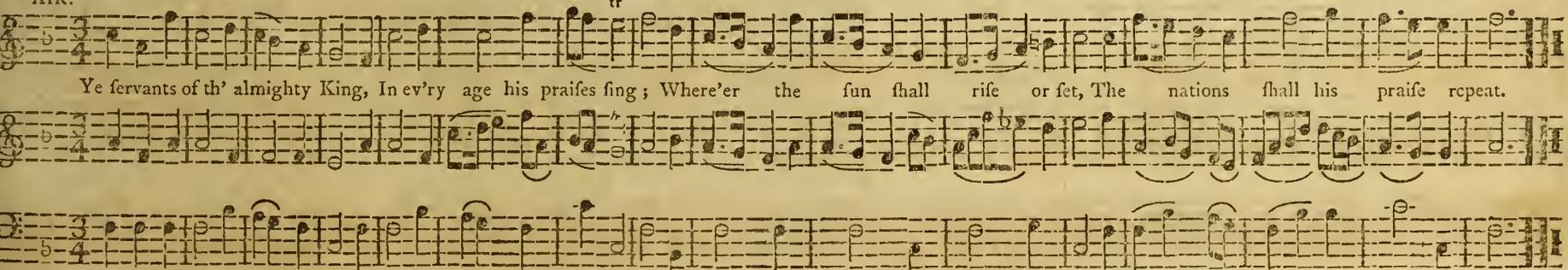
circling sun display His ri - sing beams, or setting rays, Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds;
Can give his vast dominion bounds;
The heav'n's are far below his height;
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And make them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessings of an heir
To rescue their expiring name;
The mother, with a thankful voice
Proclaims his praises and her joys:
Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

AIR.



Ye servants of th' almighty King, In ev'ry age his praises sing; Where'er the sun shall rise or set, The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky, Stands his high throne of majesty;
Nor time, nor place his pow'r restrain, Nor bound his universal reign.
3 Which of the sons of Adam dare, Or angels with their God compare?
His glories how divinely bright, Who dwells in uncreated light!
4 Behold his love, he stoops to view What fairs above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honors of his sons, And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.
6 [A word of his creating voice, Can make the barren house rejoice:
Though Sarah's ninety years were past, The promis'd seed is born at last.
7 With joy the mother views her son, And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs; If nature fails, the promise bears.]

AIR. *Soft.* *Loud.* tr

When Iſr'el, freed from Pharaoh's hand. Left the proud tyrant and his land, The tribes with cheerful homage own Their King, and Judah was his throne.

- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ; The deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their march, and fled With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep, Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
Not Sinai on her base could stand, Conscious of ſov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ! Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills ? And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood, Retire, and know the approaching God,
The King of Iſrael ; ſee him here : Tremble, thou earth, adore, and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns, The rock to ſtanding pools he turns ;
Flints ſpring with fountains at his word, And fires and ſeas confeſs the Lord.

Not to ourſelves, who are but duſt, Not to ourſelves is glory due, E - ternal God, thou only juſt, thou only gracious, wiſe and true.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name ; Why ſhould a heathen's haughty tongue Inſult us, and to raiſe our ſhame, Say, "Where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long ?"

- 3 The God we ſerve maintains his throne Above the clouds, beyond the ſkies,
Thro' all the earth his will is done, He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore Are ſenſeleſs ſhapes of ſtone and wood ;
At beſt a maſs of glitt'ring ore, A ſilver faint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head ; Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind :
In vain are coſtly off'rings made, And vows are ſcatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move, Nor hands to ſave when mortals pray :
Mortals that pay them fear or love, Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Iſrael, make the Lord thy hope, Thy help, thy refuge, and thy reſt ;
The Lord ſhall build thy ruins up, And bleſs the people and the prieſt.
- 8 The dead no more can ſpeak thy praiſe, They dwell in ſilence in the grave ;
But we ſhall live to ſing thy grace, And tell the world thy pow'r to ſave,

1st Treble.

2d Treble.

Counter.

Not to our names, thou only just and true, Not to our worthless names is glory due, Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim Immortal honors

AIR.

Bass.

to thy sov'reign name. Shine through the earth from heav'n thy blest abode, Nor let the heathen say, "And where's your God !

Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling croud, with looks devout behold
Their silver favours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shap'es of eyes and ears,
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r, nor love !
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold :
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless flock,
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock :
People and priest drive on the solemn trade
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.

5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd ! 'tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods or they.
O Israel, trust the Lord : he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace :
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.

6 In God we trust ; our impious foes in vain
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign ;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise :
But we are sav'd, and live : Let songs arise,
And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

I love the Lord; he heard my cries, And pity'd ev'ry groan; Long as I live, when troubles rise, Long

as I live, when troubles rise, I'll hasten to his throne. I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear, And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair, While I have breath to pray!
3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell, And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell, Perplex'd my wakeful head.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death, And dry'd my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath, And my remaining years:

4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save, Thou ever good and just;
" Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave, Thy pow'r is all my trust.
5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd, He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest, For thou hast known his love.

No. 271.

Burnham.

Ps. 116. C. M. 2d Part.

AIR. What shall I render to my God, For all his kindness shown? My feet shall visit thine abode, My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the faints that fill thine house, My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows My soul in anguish made.
3 How much is mercy thy delight, Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight! How precious is their blood!

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow, And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye faints, who hear me now, If I forsake the Lord.

4 How happy all thy servants are! How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care, Lord, I devote to thee.
5 Now I am thine, for ever thine, Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain, And bound me with thy love.



His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land, thro' His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land; Pro-

His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land, His mercy, his mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land,

His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land, thro' ev'ry land, His mercy reigns, His mercy, His mercy reigns

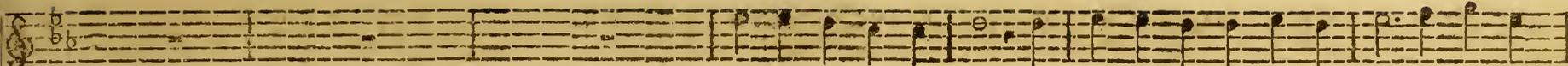
His mercy reigns thro' His mercy reigns, His mercy reigns

claim his grace abroad, Proclaim his grace, Proclaim his grace abroad,

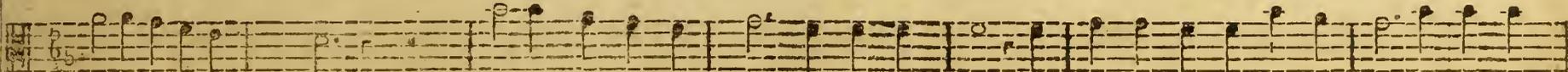
Proclaim his grace abroad, Proclaim his grace abroad, For ever firm his truth shall stand, his truth shall stand,

Proclaim his grace abroad, Proclaim, proclaim his grace abroad,

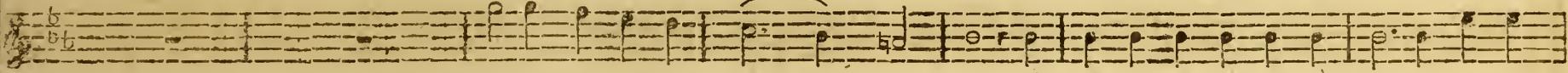
Proclaim his grace abroad, Proclaim his grace abroad,



Praise ye the faithful God.



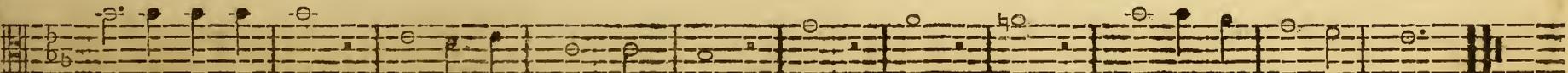
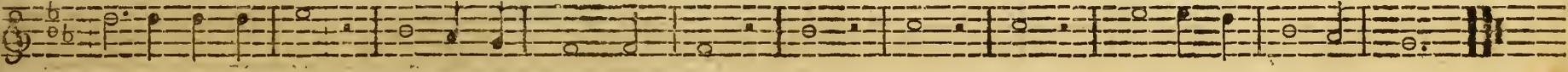
Praise ye the faithful God. Praise ye the faithful God, the faithful God. For ever firm his truth shall stand, For ever



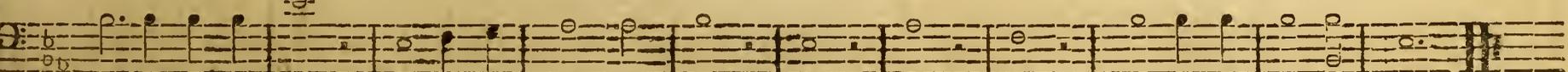
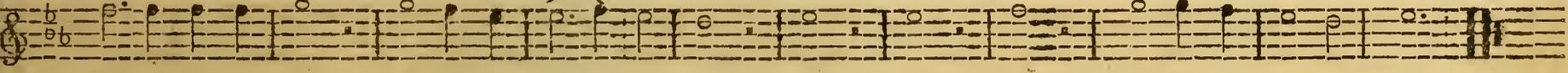
Praise ye the faithful, faith - ful God.



Praise ye the faithful God. Praise ye the faithful God.



firm his truth shall stand, Praise ye the faithful God. Praise, praise, praise, praise ye the faithful God.

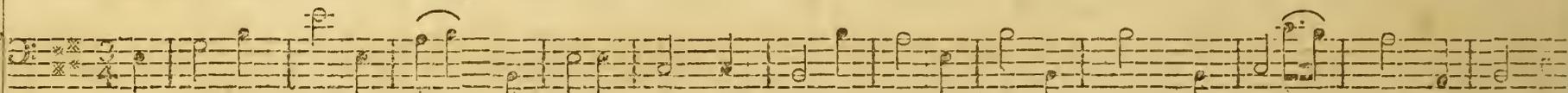


AIR.

Pia.



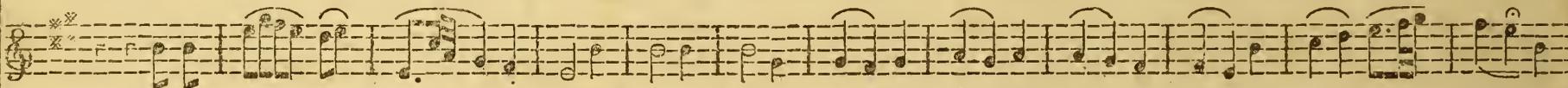
From all who dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - ator's praise arise : Let the Redeemer's name be sung Thro'



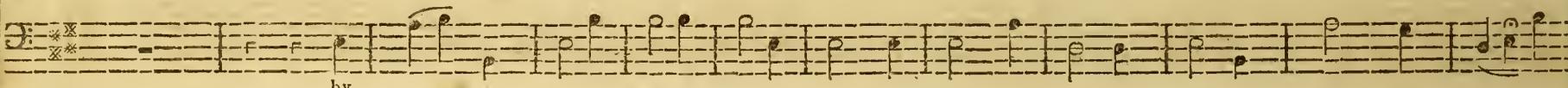
Tutti.



ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue. E - ternal are thy mercies, Lord ; E - ternal truth attends thy word : Thy



ev'ry land by



by

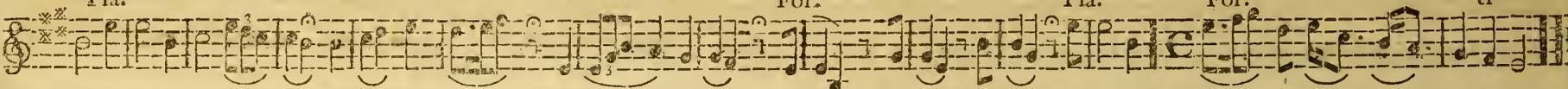
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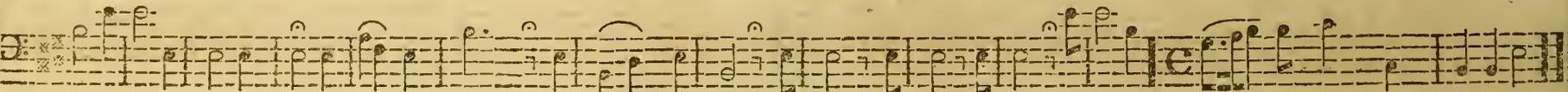
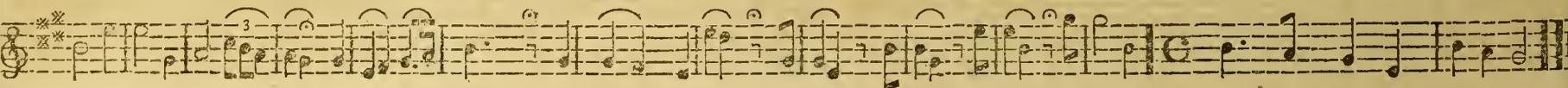
Pia.

For.

tr



praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till suns shall rise and set no more. 'Till suns shall rise and set no more. 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.



AIR.

tr



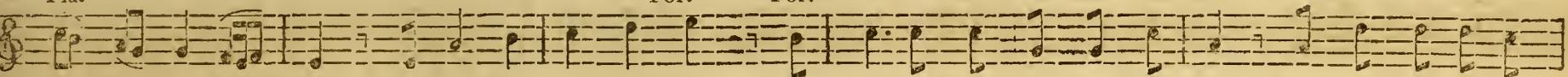
Thy name, almighty Lord, Shall sound thro' distant lands; *Symp.* Great is thy grace, and sure thy word! Thy truth for ever stands, Far



Pia.

For.

For.



be thine honor spread, And long thy praise endure, 'Till morning light and ev'ning shade 'Till morning light and

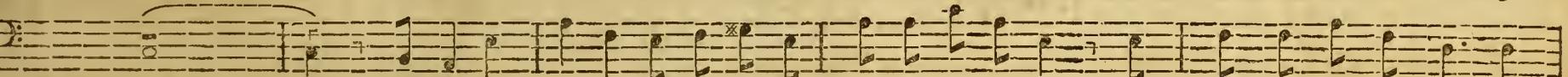


Organ.

And

For.

'Till morning light and ev'ning shade 'Till morning light and ev'ning



'Till morning light and ev'ning shade 'Till morning light and ev'ning



For.

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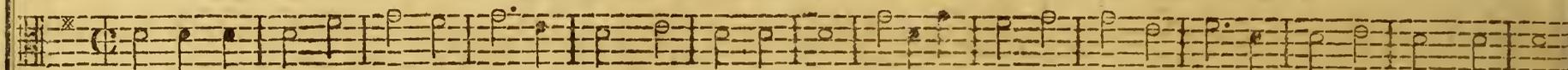
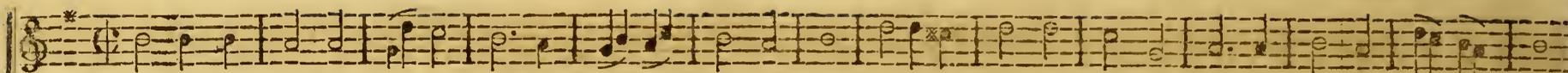
ev'ning shade Shall be exchange'd no more. Shall be exchange'd no more. *Symp.*



shade Shall be, Shall be

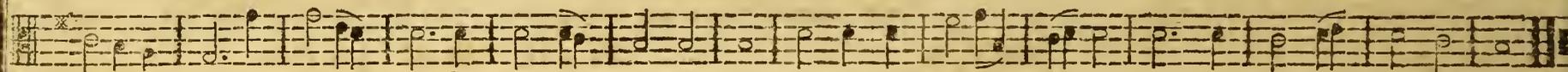
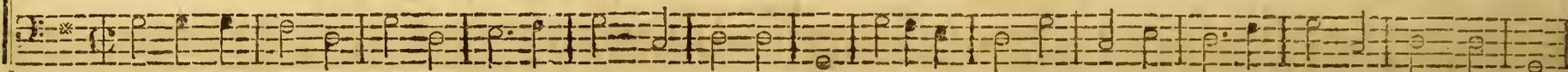
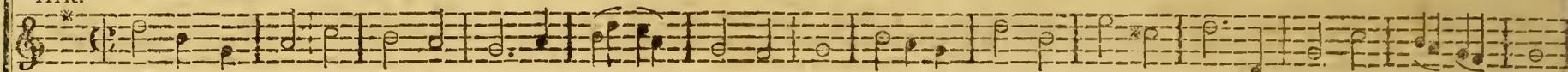


shade Shall be, Shall be

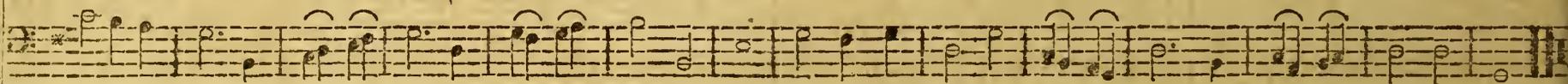
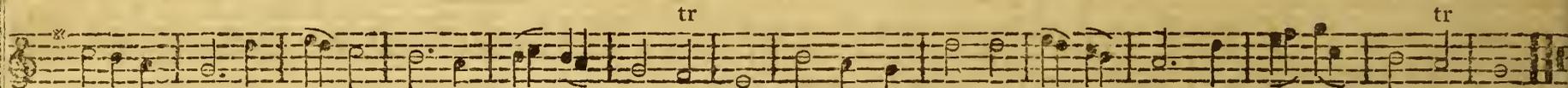


The Lord appears my helper now, Nor is my faith afraid What all the fons of earth can do, Since heav'n affords its aid.

AIR.



'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee, And have my God my friend, Than trust in men of high degree, And on their truth depend.



3 Like bees my foes beset me round, A large and angry swarm ;
But I shall all their rage confound By thine almighty arm.
4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong, In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song, How cheerful is my voice !

5 Like angry bees they girt me round ; When God appears they fly ;
So burning thorns with crackling sound, Make a fierce blaze and die.
6 Joy to the faints, and peace belongs ; The Lord protects their days :
Let Israel tune immortal songs To his almighty grace.

AIR.

Lord thou hast heard thy servant cry, And rescu'd from the grave; Now shall he live: And none can die, If God resolve to save.

2 Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him fore,
Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go,
Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy faints
Our thankful voice we raise;
There we have told thee our complaints
And there we speak thy praise.

AIR.

No. 277.

Loughton.

Loud when repeated.

Ps. 118. C. M. 3d Part.

Behold the sure foundation stone Which God in Sion lays, To build our heav'nly hopes upon, And his e - ternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And faints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

No. 278.

Arkwright.

Ps. 118. C. M. 4th Part.

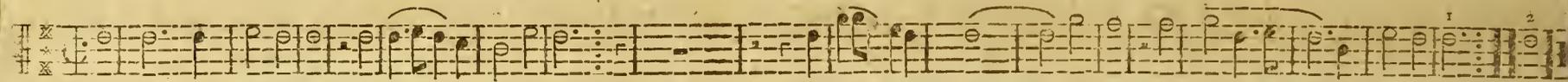
AIR. This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead, And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread, And all his wonders tell.
3 Hosanna to the anointed King, To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With messages of grace;
Who comes in God his Father's name To save our sinful race.
5 Hosanna in the highest strains The church on earth can raise;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns, Shall give him nobler praise.



Yet God hath built his church thereon,

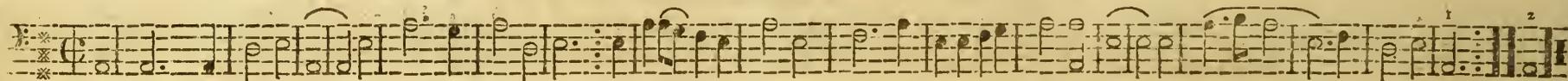


AIR. See what a living Stone The builders did refuse;

Yet God hath built his church thereon, In spite of envious Jews.



Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet God &c.



Yet God hath built his church thereon, Yet God hath

2 The Scribe and angry Priest Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest, As the chief corner stone.
3 The work, O Lord, is thine, And wond'rous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine, This day did Jesus rise.

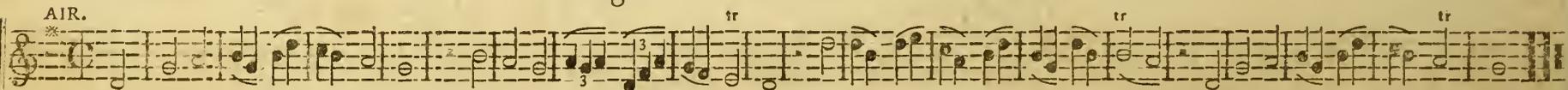
4 This is the glorious day That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray; Let all the church be glad.
5 Hofanna to the king Of David's royal blood;
Bless him ye fairs: He comes to bring Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy word Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord, Our sacrifice of praise.

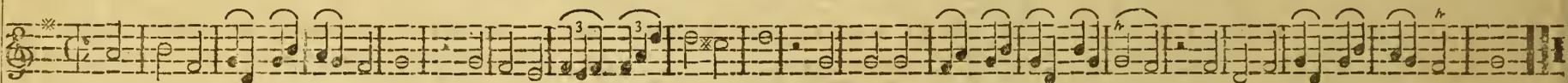
No. 280

Portugal.

Ps. 118. L. M.



Lo! what a glorious Corner-stone The Jewish builders did refuse: But God hath built his church thereon, In spite of envy and the Jews.

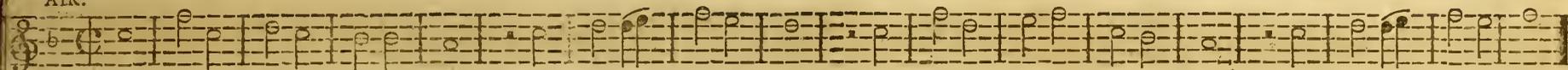


2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

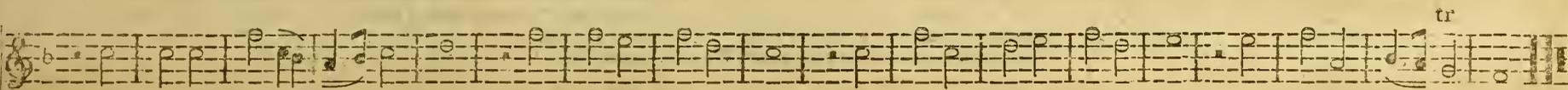
3 Sinners rejoice and fairs be glad;
Hofanna, let his name be blest:
A thousand honors on his head,
With peace and light, and glory rest!

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race;
Let the whole church address their king
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

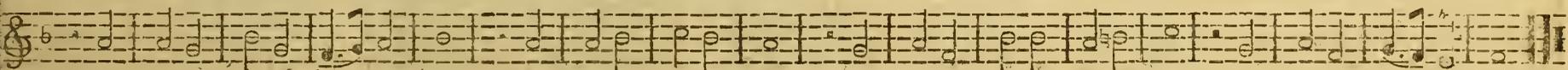
AIR.



Blest are the unde - fil'd in heart, Whose ways are right and clean ; Who never from thy law depart, But fly from ev'ry sin.



Blest are the men who keep thy word, And practise thy commands ; With their whole heart they seek the Lord And serve thee with their hands.



- 3 Great is their peace who love thy law ; How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw Their steady feet aside.
4 Then shall my heart have inward joy, And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey, And honor all thy name.

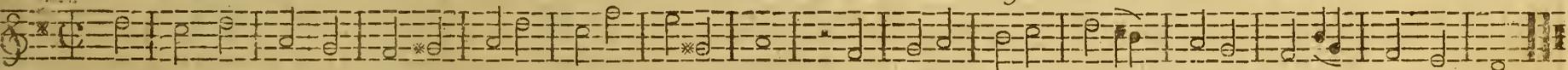
- 5 But haughty sinners God will hate, The proud shall die accurst ;
The sons of falsehood and deceit Are trodden to the dust.
6 Vile as the dross the wicked are : And those that leave thy ways,
Shall see salvation from afar, But never taste thy grace.

AIR.

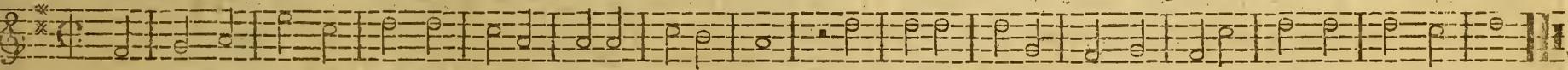
No. 282.

Wandsworth.

Ps. 119. C. M. 2d Part.



To thee, before the dawning light, My gracious God, I pray ; I meditate thy name by night, And keep thy law by day.



- 2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up :
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

- 3 Sev'n times a-day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee ;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

- 4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

AIR.

Thou art my portion, O my God, Soon as I know thy way, My heart makes haste t'obey thy word, And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth, And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace, I set before mine eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength, And there my comfort lies.

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, 'till mortal life shall end, Would I perform thy will.

4 If once I wander from thy path, I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands, And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine, O save thy servant, Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding place, My hope is in thy word.

How shall the young secure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choicest rule imparts To keep the conscience clean, To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind, It spreads such light abroad, The meanest souls instruction find, And raise their thoughts to God. And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night, A lamp to lead our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care, And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are, And better know the Lord.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise; I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise, But love thy law, my God.

6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey, The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day Thy skill and pow'r express.

7 But still thy Law and gospel, Lord, Have lessons more divine:
Not earth stands firmer than thy word, Nor stars so nobly shine.]

8 Thy word is everlasting truth! How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth, And well support our age.

AIR.

O how I love thy holy law, 'Tis daily my delight; And thence my medi - tations draw Divine advice by night. My waking eyes prevent the

day, To medi - tate thy word; My soul with longing melts away To hear thy gospel, Lord. To hear thy gos - pel, Lord.

3 How doth thy word my heart engage! How well employ my tongue!
And in my tiresome pilgrimage, Yields me a heav'nly song.
4 Am I a stranger, or at home? 'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb, So much delights my taste.

5 No treasures so enrich the mind; Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd, Nor heaps of choicest gold.
6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop, Thy promises of grace,
Are pillars to support my hope, And there I write thy praise.

AIR. Lord, I esteem thy judgments right, And all thy statutes just; Thence I maintain a constant fight With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be;"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee:

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil
Have joys compar'd to mine.

AIR. *tr* *Soft.* *Loud.* *tr*

Let all the heathen writers join To form one perfect book, Great God! if once compar'd with thine, How mean their writings look

- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave; But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call Perfection here below;
How short the pow'rs of nature fall, And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God, By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad, Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here, While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace, Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and rightcounes Dwell only with the Lord.

AIR. No. 288.

Painswick.

Ps. 119. C. M. 8th Part.

Lord, I have made thy word my choice, My lasting heritage; There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice, My warmest thoughts engage.

- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in fight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hopes beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

No. 289.

Hackney.

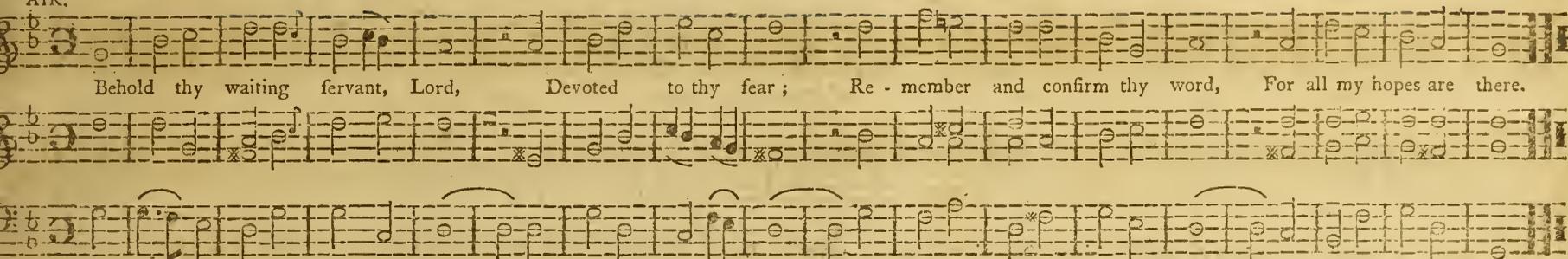
Ps. 119. C. M. 9th Part.

AIR. *tr* *Soft.* *tr*

Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord, How good thy works appear! Open mine eyes to read thy word, And see thy wonders there. And see thy wonders there.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand, My service is thy due,
O make thy servant understand The duties he must do.
- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below, Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go, And be my constant guide.
- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways. Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace, Or I shall stray again.
- 5 If God to me his statutes shew, And heav'nly truth im part,
His work forever I'll pursue, His law shall rule my heart.
- 6 This was my comfort when I bore Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more, And fly to that relief,
- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now; I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go Whence all my hopes I draw.
- 8 When I have learnt my Father's will, I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

AIR.



Behold thy waiting servant, Lord, Devoted to thy fear; Re-member and confirm thy word, For all my hopes are there.

3 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
And promis'd quickning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

AIR. No. 291.

Lutterworth.

Ps. 119. C. M. 11th Part.



O that the Lord would guide my ways To keep his statutes still! O that my God would grant me grace To know and do his will.

2 O send thy spirit down to write Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit, Nor act the liar's part.
3 From vanity turn off my eyes Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise Within this soul of mine.

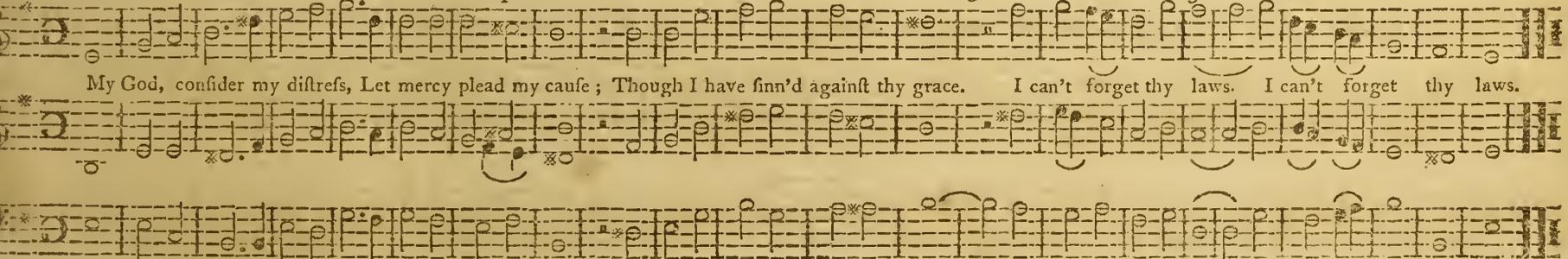
6 Make me to walk in thy commands;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands, Offend against my God.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord, But keep my conscience clear.
5 My soul hath gone too far astray, My feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy way, Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

AIR. *Andantino.* No. 292.

Verplank.

Ps. 119. C. M. Twelfth Part.



My God, consider my distress, Let mercy plead my cause; Though I have sinn'd against thy grace. I can't forget thy laws. I can't forget thy laws.

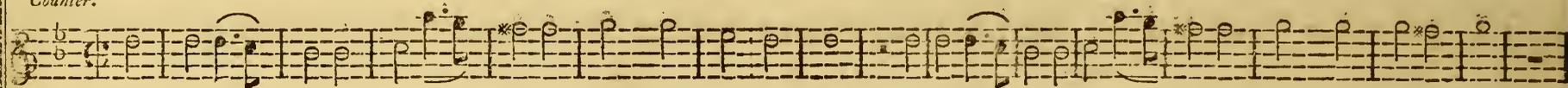
2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach, Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes, Nor let my shame appear.
3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me, Nor let the proud oppress,
But make thy waiting servant see The shinings of thy face.

4 Mine eyes with expectation fail, My heart within me cries,
When will the Lord his truth fulfil And made my comforts rise?
5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord, And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford To those that love thy name.

Canto.



Counter.

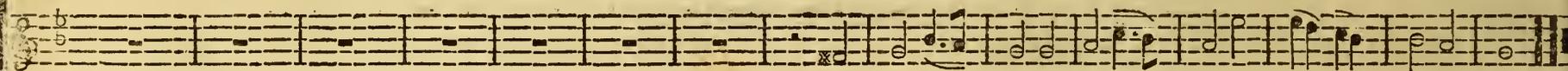
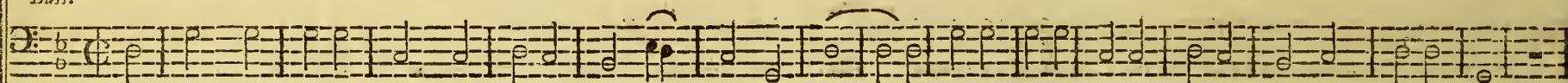


With my whole heart I've fought thy face, O let me never stray From thy commands, O God of grace, Nor tread the fanners way.

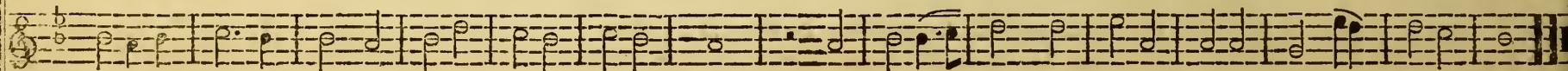
Tencr.



Bass.

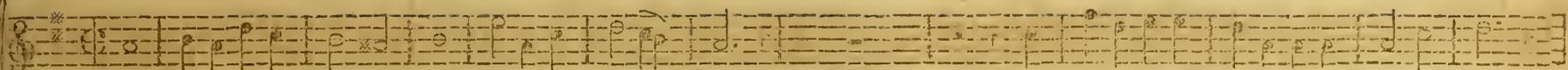


Thy word I've hid within my heart, To keep my conscience clean, And be an ever - lasting guard From ev'ry rising sin.

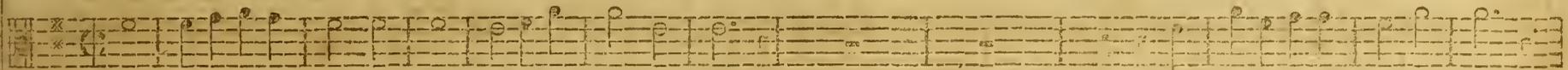


- 3 I'm a companion of the saints, Who fear and love the Lord ;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints, When men transgress thy word.
 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong, My spirit stands in awe ;
 My soul abhors a lying tongue, But loves thy righteous law.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears The threat'nings of thy word ;
 My flesh with holy trembling fears The judgments of the Lord.
 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait For thy salvation still ;
 While thy whole law is my delight, And I obey thy will.



My soul for thy, My



Consider all my sorrows, Lord, And thy deliverance send;

My soul for thy salvation fairs;

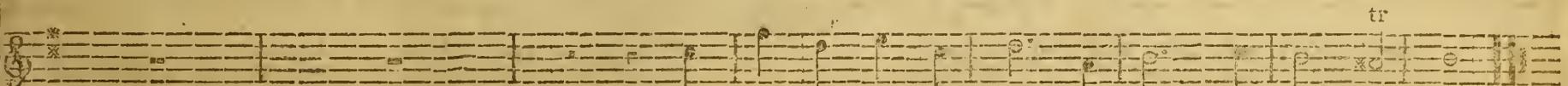
AIR.



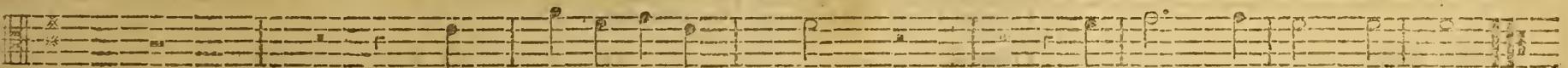
My soul for thy salvation fairs, My



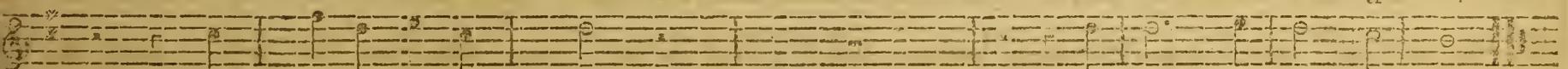
My soul for thy salva - tion fairs, My when



When will my troubles end?



When will my troubles end? When will my troubles end?



When will my trouble end?



will my troubles end? When will my troubles end?

2 Yet have I found 'tis good for me To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law, And live upon my God.

3 This is the comfort I enjoy When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy way, And hate my former sins.

6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod, My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word, Nor wander from thy way.

4 Had not thy word been my delight When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight, Had sunk among the dead.

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right, Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest scourgings I endure Flow from thy faithful care.

Treble or Tenor.

Treb. or Ten. O that thy statutes ev'ry hour Might dwell upon my mind! Might dwell upon my mind! Might dwell upon my

Might dwell upon my mind! Might dwell upon my mind! Might dwell upon my

mind! Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r, And daily peace I find, And daily peace I find.

Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r, And

Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r, And

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord, Shall be my sweet employ ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word, Thy word is all my joy,
3 How would I run in thy commands, If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains, And fet my feet at large.

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race, Whose hands and hearts are ill ;
I love my God, I love his ways, And must obey his will.

4 My lips with courage shall declare Thy statutes and thy name ;
I'll speak thy word, though kings should bear, Nor yield to sinful shame.
5 Let bands of persecutors rise To rob me of my my right,
Let pride and malice forge their lies, Thy law is my delight.

No. 296.

Quercy.

Ps. 119. C. M. 16th Part.

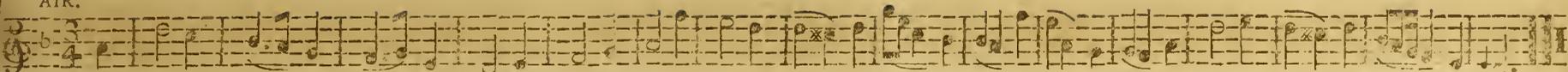
AIR. My soul lies cleaving to the dust : Lord, give me life divine ; From vain desires and ev'ry lust Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace To speed me in thy way,
Left I should loiter in my race, Or turn my feet astray.
3 When fore afflictions press me down, I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Thy word that I have rested on Shall help my heaviest hours.

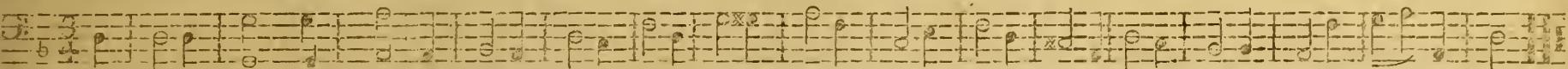
6 Then shall I love thy gospel more, And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r To draw me near the Lord.

4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still, And thou a faithful God ?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal To run the heav'nly road ?
5 Does not my heart thy precepts love, And long to see thy face ?
And yet how slow my spirits move Without enliv'ning grace !

AIR.



When pain and anguish seize me, Lord. All my support is from thy word : My soul dissolves for heaviness ; Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.



2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies, They watch my feet with envious eyes,
And tempt my soul to snares and sin ; Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause, They hate to see me love thy laws ;
But I will trust and fear thy name, 'Till pride and malice die with shame.

AIR.

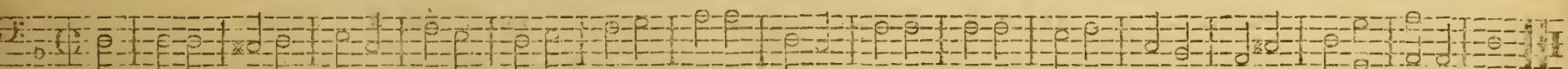
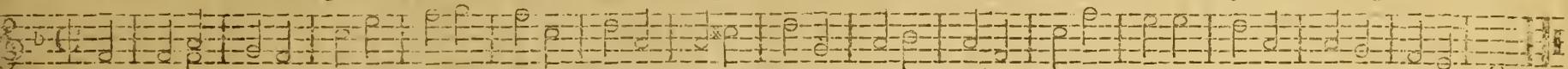
No. 298.

Gilsum,

Ps. 119. L. M. Last Part,



Father, I bless thy gentle hand ; How kind was thy chastising rod, That forc'd my conscience to a stand, And brought my wand'ring soul to God.



2 Foolish and vain I went astray, Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide, and lost my way, But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke. For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke, That I might learn his statutes well.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord. At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word, And made thy grace my holy choice,

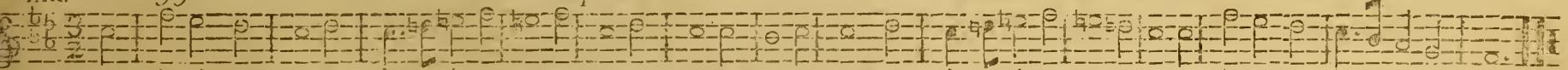
4 The law that issues from thy mouth Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south, Or western hills of golden ore.

5 Thy handshave made my mortal frame, Thy spirit form'd my soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name, And guard me safe from death and sin.

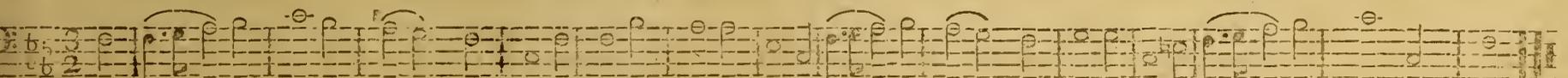
AIR. No. 299.

Aphec.

Psalm 120. C. M.



Thou God of love, thou ever blest, Pity my suffering state ; When wilt thou set my soul at rest From lips that love deceit !



2 Hard lot of mine' my days are cast Among the sons of strife,
Whose never ceasing brawlings waste My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place, How would I choose to dwell
In some wide lone some wilderness, And leave these gates of hell !

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro' Strict justice would approve ;
But I had rather spare my foe, And melt his heart with love.

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek, How lovely are its charms ?
I am for peace ; but when I speak, They all declare for arms.

5 New passions still their souls engage, And keep their malice strong,
What shall be done to curb thy rage, O thou devouring tongue !

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes, Th' eternal hills beyond the skies; Thence all her help my soul derives: There my almighty refuge lives.

- 2 He lives; the everlasting God, That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made; And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way; His ironing smiles bless all the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest, May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes Admit no slumber nor surprize.

- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day, Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
Shall blait thy couch; no baleful star Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn, Still thou shalt go, and still return
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r; And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road, Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes, There all my hopes are laid; The Lord that built the earth and skies Is my per - petual aid.

Tenor or Counter.

- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall, Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call; His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs, With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours Against surprizing harm.

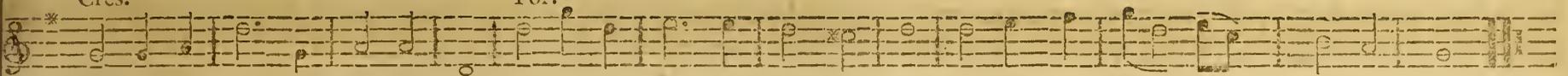
- 4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure, Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon, Shall have his leave to smite;
He shields thy head from burning noon, From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath, Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death, 'Till God commands thee home.

Upward I lift mine eyes, From God is all my aid; The God that built the skies, And earth and nature made.

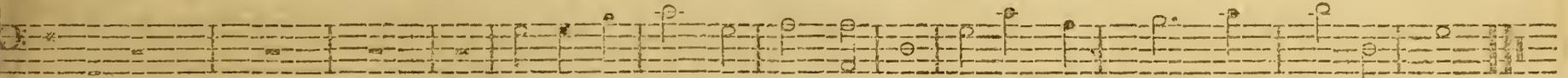
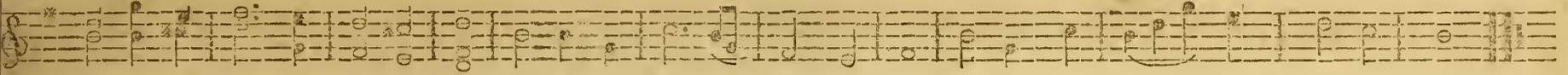
God is the tow'r To which I fly;

Cres.

For.



God is the tow'r To which I fly; God is the tow'r To which I fly; His grace is nigh in ev'ry hour.



2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God my guard and guide
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep
Shall Israel keep
When dangers rife.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my sun,
And thou my shade,
To guard my head
By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save my soul from death !
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
'Till from on high
Thou call me home,

No. 303.

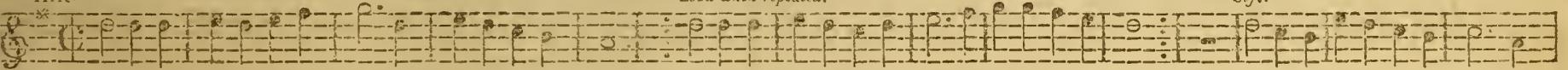
Westminster.

Psalm 122, C. M.

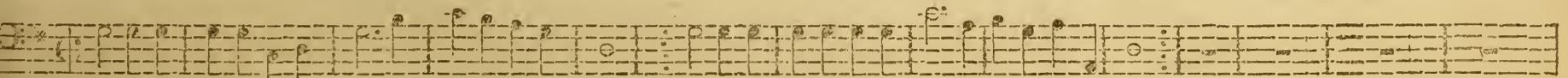
AIR-

Loud when repeated.

Soft.

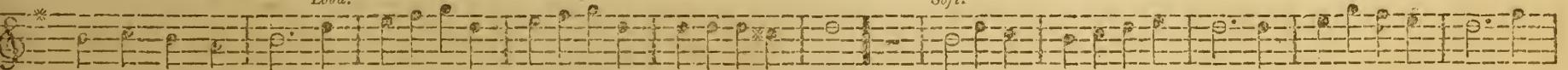


How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, " In Zion let us all appear, And keep the solemn day ! " I love her gates, I love the road ; The



Loud.

Soft.



church adorn'd with grace Stands like a palace built for God To shew his milder face. Up to her courts with joys unknown The holy tribes repair ; The



Moderate.

Son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgment there, He hears our praises and complaints! And while his awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, W

Brisk.

tremble and rejoice. Peace be within this sacred place, And joy a constant guest! With holy gifts and heav'nly grace, Be her at-

Peace be within this sacred place, And

Peace be with in this sacred place. And

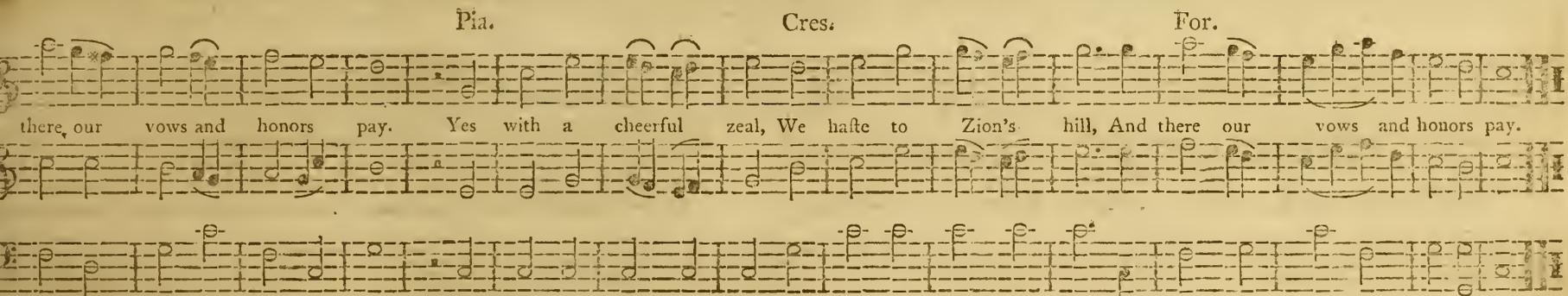
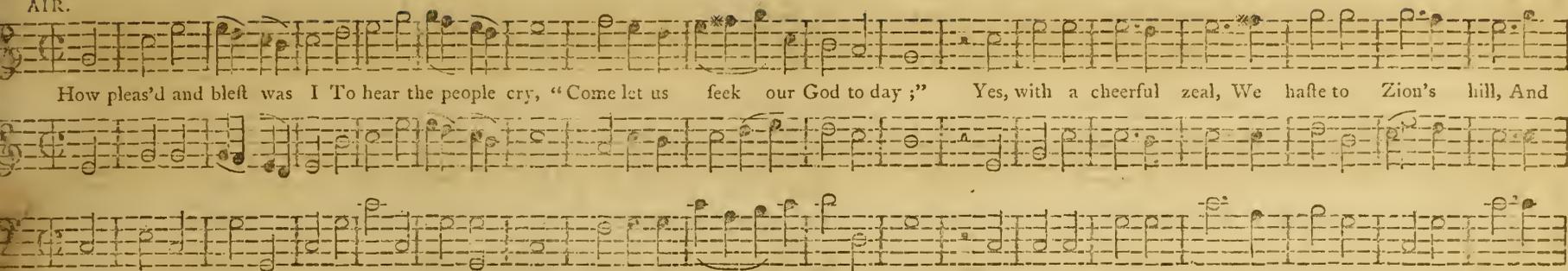
Pia.

Cres.

For.

tendants blest. My soul shall pray for Zion fill, While life or breath remains, Where my best friends, my kindred dwell, There God my Saviour reigns. There God my Saviour reigns.

AIR.



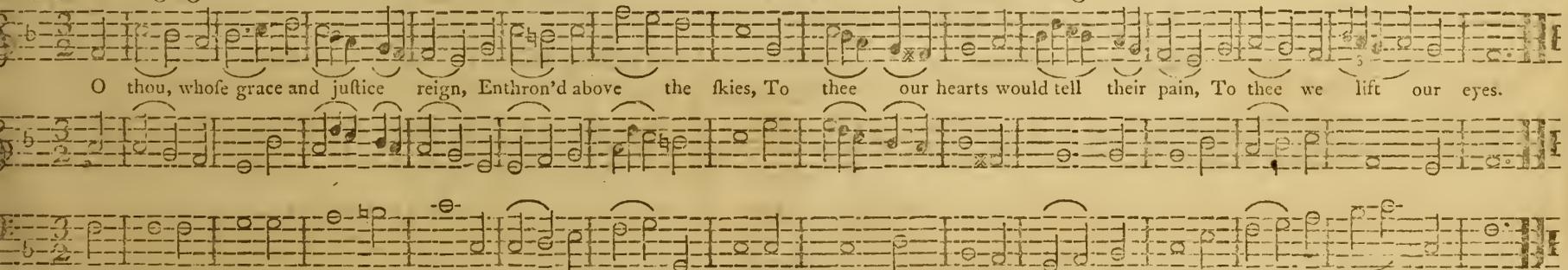
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place, Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear, To pray, and praise and hear,
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
- 3 There David's greater Son Has fix'd his royal throne,
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad, He makes the sinner sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

- 4 May peace attend thy thy gate, And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev'ry guest;
The man that seeks thy peace, And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows, "Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

AIR. No. 305.

Newent.

Psalm 123. C. M.

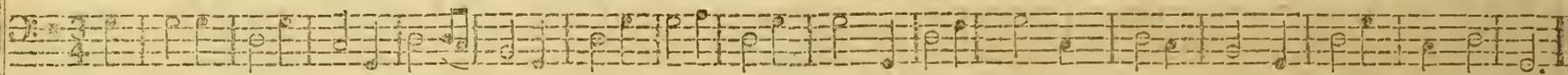


- 2 As servants watch their master's hand, And fear the angry stroke!
Or maids before their mistress stand, And wait a peaceful look:
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel Thy discipline, O God;
Yet wait the gracious moment still, 'Till thou remove thy rod.

- 4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live, Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope In thy compassion lies:
This thought shall bear our spirits up, That God will not despise.



AIR. Had not the Lord, may Israel say, Had not the Lord maintain'd our side, When men to make our lives a prey, Rose like the swelling of the tide ;



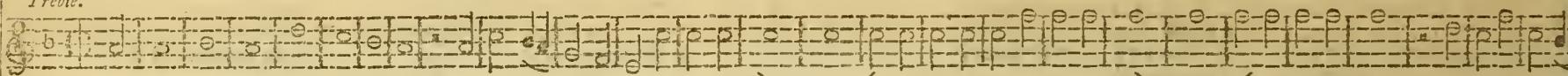
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The swelling tide had ropt our breath, So fiercely did the waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in death ; Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.</p> <p>3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing, Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;
So flies the bird with cheerful wing, When once the fowler's snare is broke.</p> | <p>4 For ever blessed be the Lord, Who broke the fowler's curst snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword, And made our lives and souls his care.</p> <p>5 Our help is in Jehovah's name, Who form'd the earth and built the skies :
He that upholds that wond'rous frame, Guards his own church with watchful eyes</p> |
|---|--|

No. 307.

Madrid.

Psalm 125. C. M.

Treble.



Firm as a rock the Firm as a rock the

Counter.

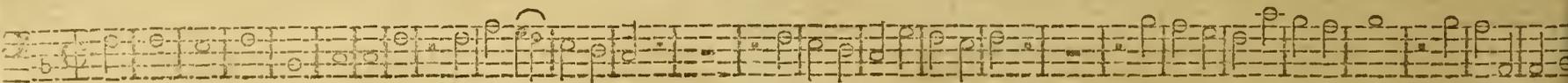


Unshaken as the sacred hill, And firm as mountains be, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, That leans, O Lord, on

Tenor.



Firm as a rock the Firm as a rock the



Firm as a rock the Firm as a rock the

that that that Firm that

thee that leans, O Lord, on thee, that leans, O Lord, on thee, that leans, O Lord, on thee. Firm as a rock the soul shall rest, that leans, O Lord, on thee.

that leans, O Lord, on thee. that that Firm that

that that Firm that

2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well Old Salem's happy ground;
As those eternal arms of love That ev'ry faint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge To drive them near to God,
Divine compassion does allay The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere, And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise, Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell Shall smite his foll'wers too.

AIR. No. 308.

Bankfield.

Ps. 125. S. M.

Firm and unmov'd are they That rest their souls on God; Firm as the mount where David dwelt, Or where the ark abode. As mountains stood to guard the

city's sacred ground, So God and his almighty love Embrace his faints around. So God and his almighty love Embrace his faints around.

3 What though the Father's rod Dropt a chastising stroke,
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep, Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace, Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage Too long oppress the faint;
The God of Israel will support His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there, Where bolder sinners dwell.

Soft.

The grace beyond our That joy

When God restor'd our captive state, Joy was our song, and grace our theme ! our hopes so great, That joy appear'd a

AIR.

The grace beyond our

Soft.

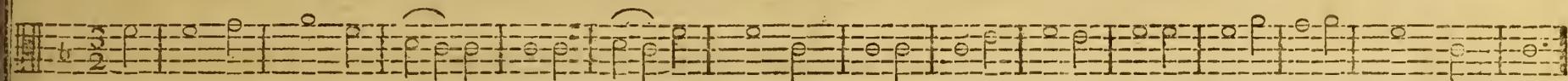
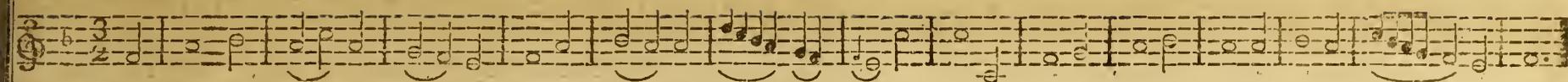
Loud.

painted dream. The grace beyond our hopes so great, That joy ap - pear'd a painted dream.

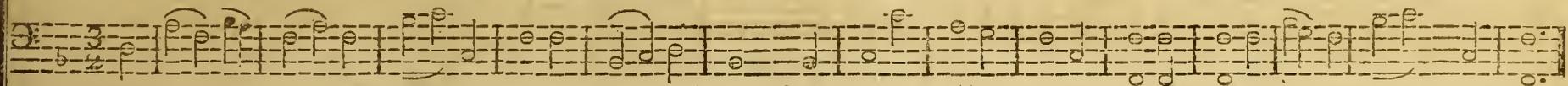
2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors to thy name :
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field,
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.



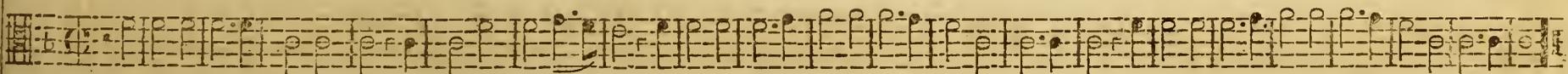
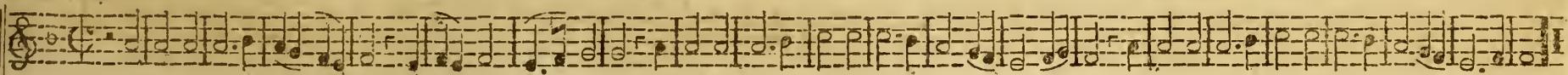
AIR. When God reveal'd his gracious name, And chang'd my mournful state, My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream, The grace appear'd so great.



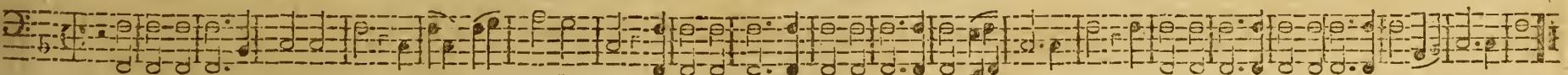
Soft.

Cres.

Loud.



The world beheld the glorious change, And did thy hand confess; My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And sung surprising grace. My tongue broke out in unknown strains, And &c.



3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd, And own'd thy pow'r divine;
 "Great is the work, my heart reply'd, And be the glory thine."
 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies, Can give us day for night;
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise To rivers of delight,

5 Let those that sow in sadness, wait 'Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great, And shout the blessings home.
 6 Though seed lie buried long in the dust, It shan't deceive their hope!
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost, For grace infuses the crop.

AIR.

If God succeed not, all the cost And pains to build the house are lost ; If God the city will not keep, The watchful guards as well may sleep.

2 What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread ;

3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet gives us rest ;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If God our sov'reign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends :
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love !

AIR.

No. 312.

Lyndeborough.

Ps. 127. C. M.

If God to build the house deny, The builders work in vain ; And towns without his wakeful eye, An useles watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And 'till the stars ascend the skies
Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;
In vain, 'till God has blest ;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

Trebble.

No. 313.

Alzey.

Psalm. 128. C. M.

O happy man, whose soul is fill'd With zeal and rev'rend awe ! His lips to God their honors yield, His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand Its kindly blessings shed.
3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ! Thy children round thy board,
Each like a plant of honor shine, And learn to fear the Lord.

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil For months and years to come ;
The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill Shall send the blessings home.
5 This is the man whose happy eyes Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise, Then leave the world in peace,



Up from my youth, may Israel say, Have I been nurs'd in tears; My griefs were constant as the day, And tedious as the years.



2 Up from my youth I bore the rage Of all the sons of strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper age, But not destroy'd my life.
3 Their cruel plough hath torn my flesh, With furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh: Nor let my sorrows sleep.
4 The Lord grew angry on his throne, And with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done, Then let his arrows fly.
5 How was their insolence surpriz'd, To hear his thunders roll!
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the faints, Be blasted from the sky;
Their glory fades, their courage faints, And all their projects die.
7 [What though they flourish tall and fair They have no root beneath;
Their growth shall perish in despair, And lie despis'd in death.
8 So corn that on the house top stands, No hope of harvest gives;
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands, Nor binder fold the sheaves.
9 It springs and withers on the place: No traveler bestows
A word of blessing on the grafs, Nor minds it as he goes.]



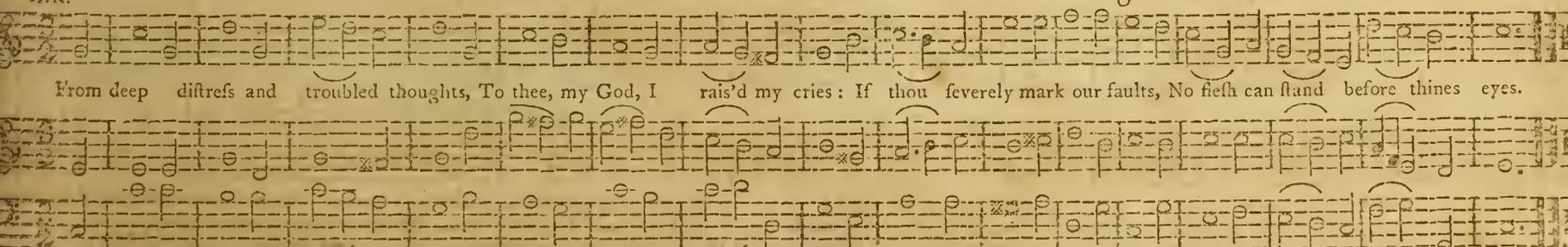
Out of the deeps of long distress, And borders of despair, I sent my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear.



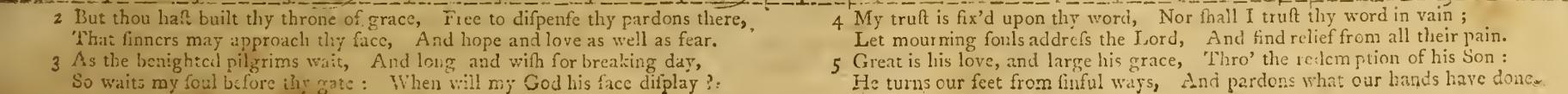
2 Great God, should thy severer eye, And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity, No mortal flesh could stand.
3 But there are pardons with my God, For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood, To draw us near to thee.
4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord, With strong desires I wait;
My soul invited by thy word, Stands watching at thy gate.

5 Just as the guards that keep the night Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams or breaking light, And meet them with their eyes;
6 So waits my soul to see thy grace, And more intent than they
Meets the first op'nings of thy face, And finds a brighter day;
7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust, Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just, And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne For sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his son: And Israel shall be sav'd.



From deep distress and troubled thoughts, To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries: If thou severely mark our faults, No flesh can stand before thine eyes.



2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there,
That sinners may approach thy face, And hope and love as well as fear.
3 As the benighted pilgrims wait, And long and wish for breaking day,
So waits my soul before thy gate: When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word in vain;
Let mourning souls address the Lord, And find relief from all their pain.
5 Great is his love, and large his grace, Thro' the redemption of his Son:
He turns our feet from sinful ways, And pardons what our hands have done.

AIR.

Is there ambition in my heart? Search, gracious God, and see: Or do I act a haughty part? Lord I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still, And all my carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy will, And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind, Shall have a large reward:
Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd, And trust a faithful Lord.

AIR. No. 318.

Western.

Ps. 132. L. M. double.

Where shall we go to seek and find An habi - tation for our God, A dwelling for th' eternal mind Among the sons of flesh and blood?

Pia.

For.

The God of Jacob chose the hill Of Zion for his ancient rest; And Zion is his dwelling still, His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne, And reign forever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my pow'r and love be known, And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor, And fill their souls with living bread,
Sinners that wait before my door, With sweet provision shall be fed.

7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed Born here t' uphold his glorious name;
His crown shall flourish on his head While all his foes are cloth'd with shame.

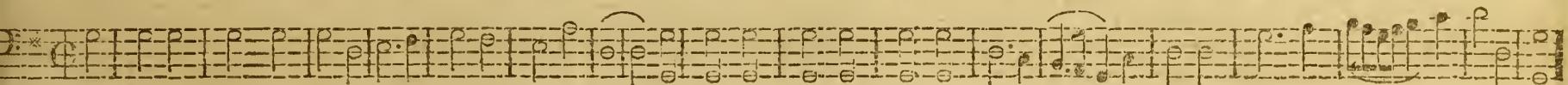
5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace, My priests, my ministers shall shine:
Not Aaron in his costly dress, Made an appearance so divine.

6 The faints unable to contain Their inward joys shall shout and sing;
The Son of David here shall reign, And Zion triumph in her King.

AIR.



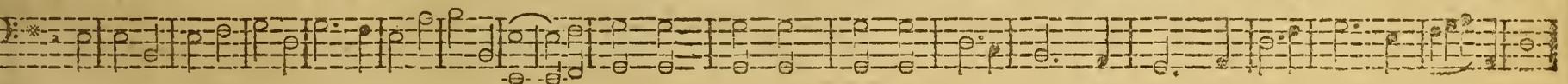
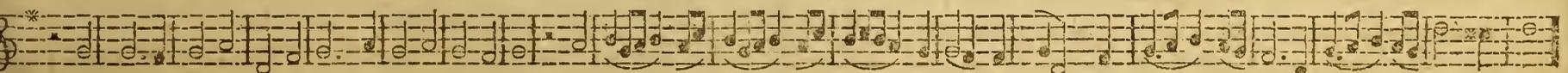
No sleep nor slumber to his eyes, Good David would afford, 'Till he had found below the skies A dwelling for the Lord. A dwelling for the Lord.



Mezza voce.

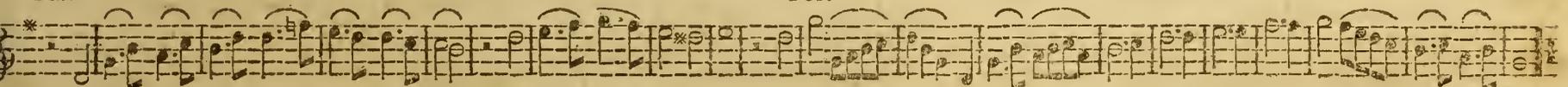


The Lord in Zion plac'd his name, His ark was fettled there : To Zion the whole nation came, To worship thrice a year. To worship thrice a year.

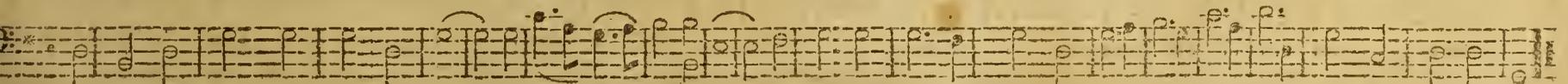
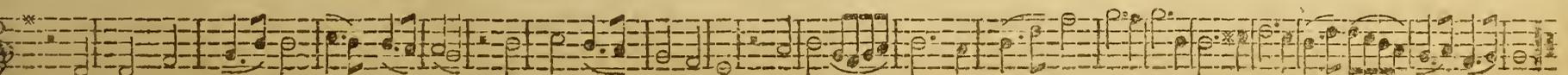


Pia.

For.



But we have no such lengths to go, Nor wander far abroad ; Where'er thy saints assemble now, There is a house for God. There is a house for God.



4 Arise, O King of grace, arise, And enter to thy rest,
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes, Thus to be own'd and blest'd.

5 Enter with all thy glorious train, Thy spirit and thy word :
All that the ark did once contain, Could no such grace afford.

8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And as his kingdom grows,
And shame confound his foes.

6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows, Here let thy praise be spread :
Bless the provisions of thy house, And fill thy poor with bread.

7 Here let the Son of David reign, Let God's anointed shine !
Justice and truth his court maintain, With love and pow'r divine.

¶ The 7th and 8th verses to be sung in the music of the 2d and 3d verses.

AIR. Pia. For.

Lo! what an enter - tain - ing fight Are brethren who agree: Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite, In bonds of piety. In bonds of piety.

Lo! what an entertaining fight Are

Lo! what an enter - tain - ing fight Are

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole,

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

AIR. No. 321. Bowe. Ps. 133. S. M.

Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one, Whose kind designs to serve and please, Thro' all their actions run.

Thro' all their actions run.

Thro' all their actions run.

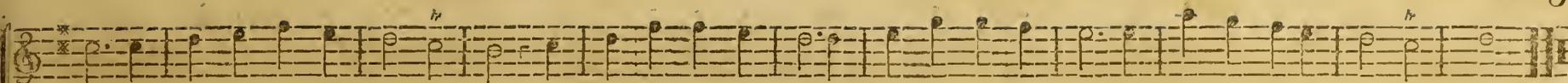
2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread.
And pleasure fill'd the room.

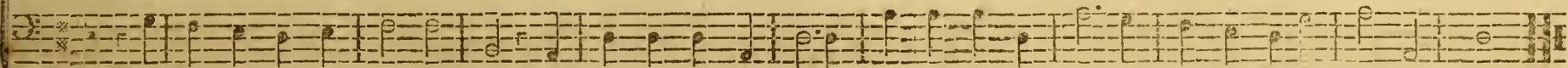
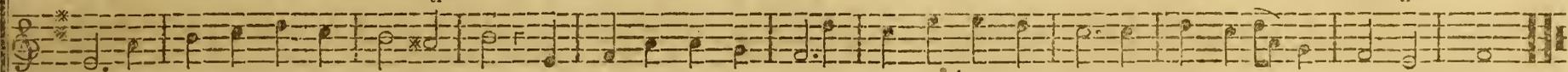
4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

AIR. No. 322. Ledbury. Ps. 133. P. M. 6's & 8's.

How pleasant 'tis to see Kindred and friends agree. Each in their proper station move: And each fulfil their part, With sympathizing



heart, In all the cares of life and love! And each fulfil their part With sympathising heart, In all the cares of life and love.



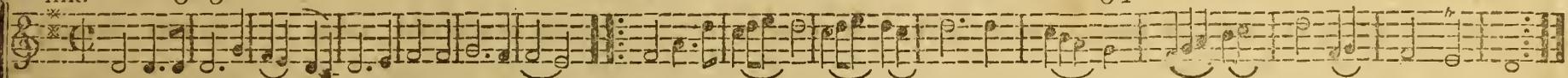
2 'Tis like the ointment shed On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain, That water all the plain,
Descending from the neigh'ring hills:
Such streams of pleasure roll Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

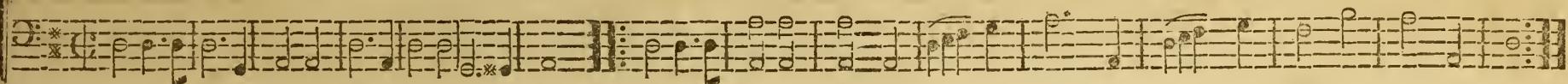
AIR. No. 323.

Austria.

Psalm 134. C. M.

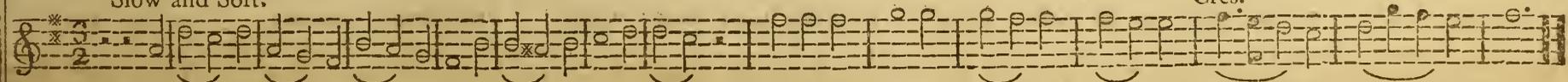


Ye that obey th' immortal king, Attend his holy place, Bow to the glories of his pow'r, And blest his wond'rous grace. his wond'rous grace.

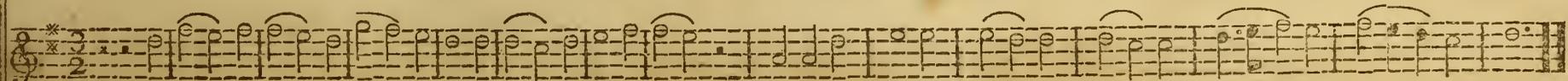


Slow and Soft.

Cres.



Lift up your hands by morning light, And send your souls on high; Raife your admiring thoughts by night, Above the starry sky.



Andantino.

Fortissimo.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts with rays of quick'ning grace ; The God, who spread the heav'ns abroad, And rules the swell - ing seas.

AIR. No. 324.

Shefnal.

Psalm 135. L. M. 1st Part.

Praise ye the Lord ; exalt his name, While in his holy courts ye wait, Ye faints that to his house belong Or stand attending

Soft.

Loud.

at his gate. Ye faints that to his house belong, Ye faints, that to his house belong, Or stand attending at his gate.

- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good : To praise his name is sweet employ ;
Israel he chose of old, and still His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his faints : He treats his servants as his friends :
And when he hears their fore complaints, Repents the sorrows that he sends.

- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest, And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love, People and priests exalt his name :
Among his faints he ever dwells : His church is his Jerusalem.

AIR.

Great is the Lord, exalted high, Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne : What'er he please in earth or sea, Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

Great is the Lord, exalted high, Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne : What'er he please Or heav'n or hell,

Great is the Lord, exalted high, Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne : What'er he please Or heav'n or hell,

- 2 At his command the vapors rise, The light'nings flash, the thunders roar,
He pours the rain, he brings the wind And tempest from his airy store,
3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent, O Egypt, through thy stubborn land ;
When all thy first-born beats and men, Fell dead by his avenging hand.

- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings, He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd, No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave ?
5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace, 'That saves us from the hosts of hell ;
And heav'n he gives us to possess, Whence those apostate angels fell.

AIR. No. 326.

Skipton.

Ps. 135. C. M. double.

Awake, ye faints, to praise your king, Your sweetest passions raise, Your pious pleasure while you sing, Increasing with the praise.

P.a.

For.

tr

Great is the Lord ; and works unknown, Are his divine employ : But still his faints are near his throne, His treasure and his joy.

- 3 Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand ; He bids the vapors rise ;
Lightning and storm at his command Sweep through the sounding skies,
4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd Is found with him alone ;
But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd Where our Jehovah's known.
5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust Can give them show'rs of rain ?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dult, And pray to gold in vain.

- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk, Such as their makers gave ;
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk, Nor hands have pow'r to save.
7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf, Nor hear when mortals pray ;
Mortals that wait for their relief, Are blind and deaf as they.]
8 Ye faints adore the living God, Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode, And claims your honors there.

AIR. Repeat Soft.



Give thanks to God the sov'reign Lord : His mercies still endure ;
And be the King of Kings ador'd : His truth is ever sure.

What wonders bath his wisdom done ; " How mighty is his hand ! " Heav'n, earth and



sea he fram'd alone ; How wide is his command ! Heav'n, earth and sea, Heav'n, earth and sea he fram'd alone ; How wide is his command ! How wide is his command !



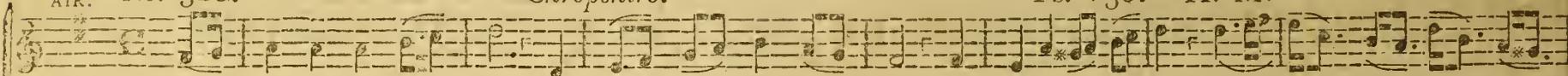
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light ! How bright his counsels shine !
The moon and stars adorn the night : His works are all divine.
4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead ; How mighty is his rod ?
And thence with joy his people led : How gracious is our God !
5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ; His arm is great in might :
And gave the tribes a passage through : His pow'r and grace unite.
6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd ; How glorious are his ways !
And brought his faints through desert ground : Eternal be his praise.

- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ; Victorious is his sword :
While Israel took the promis'd land ; And faithful is his word.]
8 He saw the nations dead in sin ; He felt his pity move :
How sad the state the world was in ! How boundless was his love !
9 He sent to save us from our woe ; His goodness never fails ;
From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ; And still his grace prevails.
10 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King, His mercies still endure ;
Let the whole earth his praises sing : His truth is ever sure.

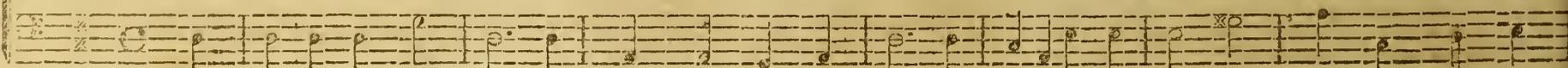
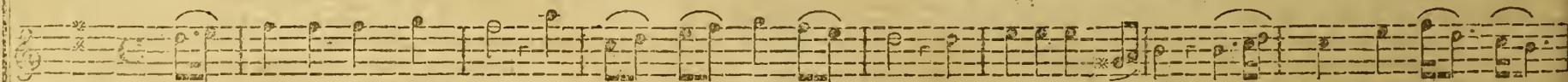
AIR. No. 328.

Shropshire.

Ps. 136. H. M.



Give thanks to God most high, The u - ni - ver - sal Lord : The sov'reign king of kings ; And be his grace a -



dor'd, "His pow'r and grace Are still the same : And let his name Have endless praise. And let his name Have endless praise. Have endless praise.

- 2 How mighty is his hand ! What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas, And spread the heav'n's alone.
"Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
"And ever sure Abides thy word."
- 3 His wisdom fram'd the sun, To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars, To cheer the darksome night.
"His pow'r and grace Are still the same ;
"And let his name Have endless praise."

- 4 [He smote the first born sons, 'The flow'r of Egypt, dead,
And thence his chosen tribes, With joy and glory led.
"Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
"And ever sure Abides thy word."
- 5 His pow'r and lifted rod Cleft the Red Sea in two :
And for his people made A wond'rous passage through.
"His pow'r and grace Are still the same ;
"And let his name Have endless praise."

- 6 But cruel Pharaoh there With all his host he drown'd,
And brought his Israel safe Through a long desert ground.
"Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
"And ever sure Abides thy word."

No. 329.

Danbury.

Ps. 136. H. M. Verse 7th.

AIR. Moderately slow.

The kings of Canaan fell beneath his dreadful hand ; While his own servants took possession of their land.

Loud.

"His pow'r and grace Are still the same ; And let his name Have endless praise.

- He sent the nations lie All perishing in sin.
And pity'd the sad state the ruin'd world was in.
"Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
"And ever sure Abides thy word."

- 9 He sent his only son To save us from our woe,
From Satan, sin and death, And ev'ry hurtful foe.
"His pow'r and grace Are still the same ;
"And let his name have endless praise."

- 10 Give thanks aloud to God, To God the heav'nly king :
And let the spacious earth His works and glories sing.
"Thy mercy, Lord, Shall still endure ;
"And ever sure Abides thy word."

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft

Give to our God im - mortal praise ! Mercy and truth are all his ways ! " Wonders of grace, to God belong, Re

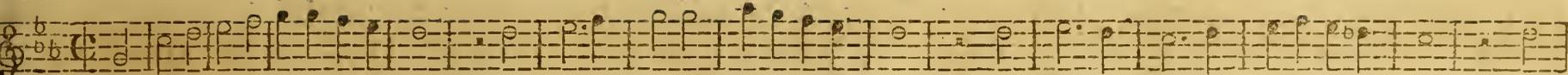
peat his mercies, Repeat his mercies, Repeat his mercies in your song." Give to the Lord of lords renown, The King of

kings with glory crown ; " His mercies ever, ever shall endure, When lords and kings are known no more. When lords and kings are known no more."

- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fix'd the starry lights on high :
 " Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song."
 4 He fills the sun with morning light, He bids the moon direct the night ;
 " His mercies ever shall endure, When suns and moons shall shine no more."
 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand, And brought them to the promis'd land ;
 " Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song."

- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin, And felt his pity work within ;
 " His mercies ever shall endure, When death and sin shall reign no more,"
 7 He sent his Son with pow'r to save From guilt and darkness and the grave :
 " Wonders of grace to God belong, Repeat his mercies in your song."
 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet, And leads us to his heav'nly seat :
 " His mercies ever shall endure, When this vain world shall be no more."

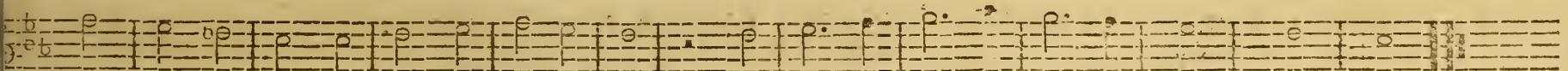
AIR.



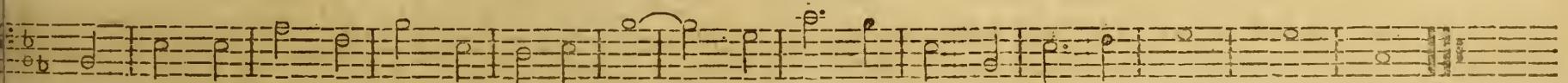
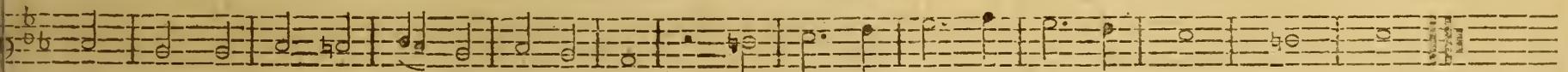
Along the banks where Babel's current flows, Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose, Her



friends, her children, mingled with the dead. The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung, When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,



In mournful silence on the willows hung; And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.



he barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe, With taunting smiles, a song of Zion claim; 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name, If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
sacred praise in strains melodious flow, While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name. Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame; My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.
ut how, in heathen chains and lands unknown, Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise? 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls, O'ertake her foes with terror & dismay.
elpless Salem, God's terrestrial throne, Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise. His arm avenge her desolated walls, And raise her children to eternal day.

AIR.

With all my pow'rs of heart and tongue I'll praise my Maker in my song ; Angels shall hear the notes I raise, Approve the song and join the praise.

- 2 Angels that make the church their care Shall witness my devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord, I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all the works and names below So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose ; He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;
He did my rising fears control, And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state, Frowns on the proud and scorns the great ;
But from his throne descends to see The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amid a thousand snares I stand Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
Thy words my fainting soul revive, And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins, To save from sorrow or from sins :
The work that wisdom undertakes Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

AIR. No. 333.

Camberwell.

Psalm 139. L. M. 1st Part. D.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through ; Thine eye commands with piercing view, My rising and my resting hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.

- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break,

- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height ;
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

CHORUS. To be sung in the 5th, 10th and 13th verses only.

Loud when repeated.

" O may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest : Nor let my weaker passions dare Consent to sin for God is there.

PAUSE I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove, To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun, Or from thy dreadful glory run?
7 If up to heav'n I take my flight, 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns, And Satan groans beneath thy chains.
8 If mounted on a morning ray, I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive, And there arrest thy fugitive.
9 Or should I try to shun thy fight Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray, Would kindle darkness into day.

- 10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare, Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise, No screen from thy all searching eyes:
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon, Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
12 Midnight and noon in this agree, Great God they're both alike to thee;
Not death can hide what God will spy, And hell lies naked to his eye.
13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast, Where'er I rove, where'er I rest?
"Nor let my weaker passions dare, Consent to sin, for God is there."

AIR. No. 334.

Fairfax.

Ps. 139. L. M. 2d Part.

'Twas from thy hand, my God I came A work of such a curious frame; In me thy fear-ful won-ders shine, And earth proclaims thy skill divine.

- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey, Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took, Form'd by the model of thy book.
3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd, And what thy sov'reign councils fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart) Was copy'd with unerring art.
4 At last to shew my Maker's name, God stamp'd his image on thy frame,
And in some unknown moment join'd The finish'd members of the mind.
5 There the young seeds of thought began, And all the passions of the man;
Great God, our infant nature pays Immortal tribute to thy praise.
6 Lord, since in my advancing age, I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount The pow'r of numbers to recount.
7 I could survey the ocean o'er, And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
8 These on my heart are still impress'd, With these I give my eyes to rest;
And at my waking hour I find God and his love possess my mind.

AIR. No. 335.

Bampton.

Ps. 139. L. M. 3d Part.

My God, what inward grief I feel! When impious men transgress thy will! I mourn to hear their lips profane, Take thy tremendous name in vain.

- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
The sons of malice and deceit?
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought;
Though my own heart accuse me not
Of walking in a false disguise,
I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown sin?
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

AIR.

In all my vast con - cerns with thee, In vain my soul would try To shun thy pre - sence; Lord, or flee the no - tice of thine eye.

- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways, And secrets of my breast.
3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord, Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.

- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a creature hide!
Within thy circling arms I lie, Beset on ev'ry side.
5 So let thy grace surround me still, And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill; Secur'd by sov'reign love.

Lord, where shall guilty souls retire, Forgotten and unknown? In hell they meet thy vengeful ire, In heav'n thy glorious throne. In heav'n thy glorious throne.

- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice could break the bars of death, And make the grave resign.
8 If wing'd with beams of morning light, I fly beyond the West,
Thy hand which must support my flight Would soon betray my rest.

- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law, Would turn the shades to light.
10 The beams of noon, the midnight-hour, Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r From which I cannot flee!

When I with pleasing wonder stand, And all my frame survey, Lord, 'tis thy work: I own thy hand That built my humble clay.

- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess, Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd, And all my members drew.
3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd The growth of every part,
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid, Was copy'd by thy art.

- 4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind Shew me thy wond'rous skill,
But I review myself and find Diviner wonders still.
5 Thy awful glories round me shine, My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join Thy miracles of grace.

Soft.

Loud.

Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er, Not all the sands that spread the shore To equal numbers rise.
They strike me with surprise, They strike me surprise;
My flesh with fear and wonder stands, The produ& of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands Thy thoughts of love reveal.
3 These on my heart by night I keep: How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep, Still find my thoughts with thee.

Protect us, Lord, from fatal harm; Behold our rising woes; Behold our rising woes; We trust alone thy powerful arm, To scatter all our foes, To scatter all our foes.
2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart, Their thoughts are full of guile,
While rage and carnage swell their heart, They wear a peaceful smile.
3 O God of grace, thy guardian care, When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare, Supplies our constant aid.
4 Let falsehood flee before thy face, Thy heav'nly truth extend,
All nations taste thy heav'nly grace, And all delusion end.
5 With daily bread the poor supply. The cause of justice plead,
And be thy church exalted high, With Christ the glorious head.

My God, accept my early vows, Like morning incense in thy house, And let my nightly worship rise, Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them Lord,
From ev'ry rash and heedless word:
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.
4 When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

To God I made my sorrows known, From God I sought relief: In long complaints before his throne I pour'd out all my grief:

My soul was overwhelm'd with woes, My heart began to break by God, who all my burden knows, He knows the ways I take.

- 3 On ev'ry side, I cast mine eye, And found my helpers gone,
While friends and strangers past me by, Neglected and unknown.
4 Then did I raise a louder cry, And call'd thy mercy near,
"Thou art my portion when I die, Be thou my refuge here."

- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low, Now let thine ear attend,
And make my foes who vex me, know I've an Almighty friend.
6 From my sad prison set me free, Then shall I praise thy name,
And holy men shall join with me, Thy kindness to proclaim.

AIR. No. 343.

Mizpeh.

Psalm 143. L. M.

My righteous Judge, my gracious God, Hear when I spread my hands abroad, And cry for succour from thy throne, O make thy truth and mercy known. O make thy truth, &c.

O make thy truth and mercy known.

- 2 Let judgment not against me pass; Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar, No man alive is guiltless there.
3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see, The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought, Like one long bury'd and forgot:

- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen, My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace The ancient wonders of thy grace.
5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hand to God again, And thirst like parched lands for rain.

O make thy truth and mercy known. O make thy truth and mercy known.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ; When will thy smiling face return ?
 Shall all my joys on earth remove ? And God forever hide his love ?
 7 My God, thy long delay to save, Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave ;
 My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ; Make haste to help before I die.
 8 The night is witness to my tears, Distressing pains, distressing fears ;
 O might I hear thy morning voice, How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice !

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh, And lift my weary soul on high ;
 For thee sit waiting all the day, And wear the tiresome hours away.
 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show Which is the path my feet should go ;
 If snares and foes beset the road, I flee to hide me near my God.
 11 Teach me to do thy holy will, And lead me to thy heav'nly hill ;
 Let the good spirit of thy love Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain, The temper then shall rage in vain ;
 And flesh that was my foe before, Shall never vex my spirit more.

No. 344.

Pownalborough,

Psalm 144. C. M. 1st Part,

He sends his Spirit
 For ever blessed be the Lord, My Saviour and my shield ; He sends his Spirit, sends his Spirit
 He sends his Spirit with his word, He sends his Spirit
 He sends his Spirit with his word, He sends his Spirit, sends his Spirit
 with his word, To arm me for the field. He
 with his word He sends his Spirit with his word, To arm me for the field.
 with his word, He
 with his word, To arm me for the field. He

2 When sin and hell their force unite, He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me in the heav'nly fight, And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine Doth my weak courage raise ;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine, And his shall be the praise.

AIR.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man, Born of the earth at first; His life a shadow, light and vain, Still hast'ning to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man, Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern, To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down, Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown, How wond'rous is his love!

AIR. No. 346.

Ulverston.

Ps. 144. L. M.

Happy the city where their sons Like pillars round a palace set, And daughters bright as polish'd stones Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep, Cattle, and corn, have large increase
Where men securely work or sleep, Nor sons of plunder break their peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd, But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God Himself with all his grace bestows.

AIR. 347.

Charleston.

Psalm 145. L. M.

My God, my king, Thy various praise, Shall fill the remnant of my days, Thy grace employ my humble tongue, 'Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim; Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger slow, But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine, And speak thy majesty divine;
Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim The sound and honor of thy name,

5 Let distant times and nations raise The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds? Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways, Vast and immortal be thy praise.

AIR.

Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and joy shall be the same, In the bright world above

Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown, And let his praise be great: I'll sing the honors of thy throne, Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue; And while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song Shall join their cheerful voice,
4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name; And children learn thy ways?
Ages to come thy truth proclaim, And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly state, With public splendour shown,
6 The world is manag'd by thy hands, Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands, Though rocks and hills remove.

AIR. No. 349.

Penngrove.

Ps. 145. C. M. 2d Part.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace, My God, my heav'nly king; Let age to age thy righteousness In sounds of glory sing. In sounds of glory sing. In sounds of glory sing.

In sounds of glory sing. In

In sounds of glory sing, In

2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines And ev'ry want supplies
3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat, And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord! How slow thine anger moves;
But soon he sends his pard'ning word To cheer the souls he loves.
5 Creatures, with all their endless race, Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, that taste thy richer grace, Delight to bless thy name.

AIR.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak, Thou sov'reign Lord of all ! Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak, And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down, Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown, Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
3 The Lord supports our tottering days, And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways, And all his words are truth.
4 He knows the pain his servants feel, He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil His grace is ever nigh.

- 5 His mercy never shall remove From men of heart sincere
He saves the souls, whose humble love Is join'd with holy fear.
6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay, And pierce their hearts with pain ;
But none that serve the Lord shall say, "They fought his aid in vain."]
7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise, And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise The honors of their God.]

AIR. No. 351.

Orville.

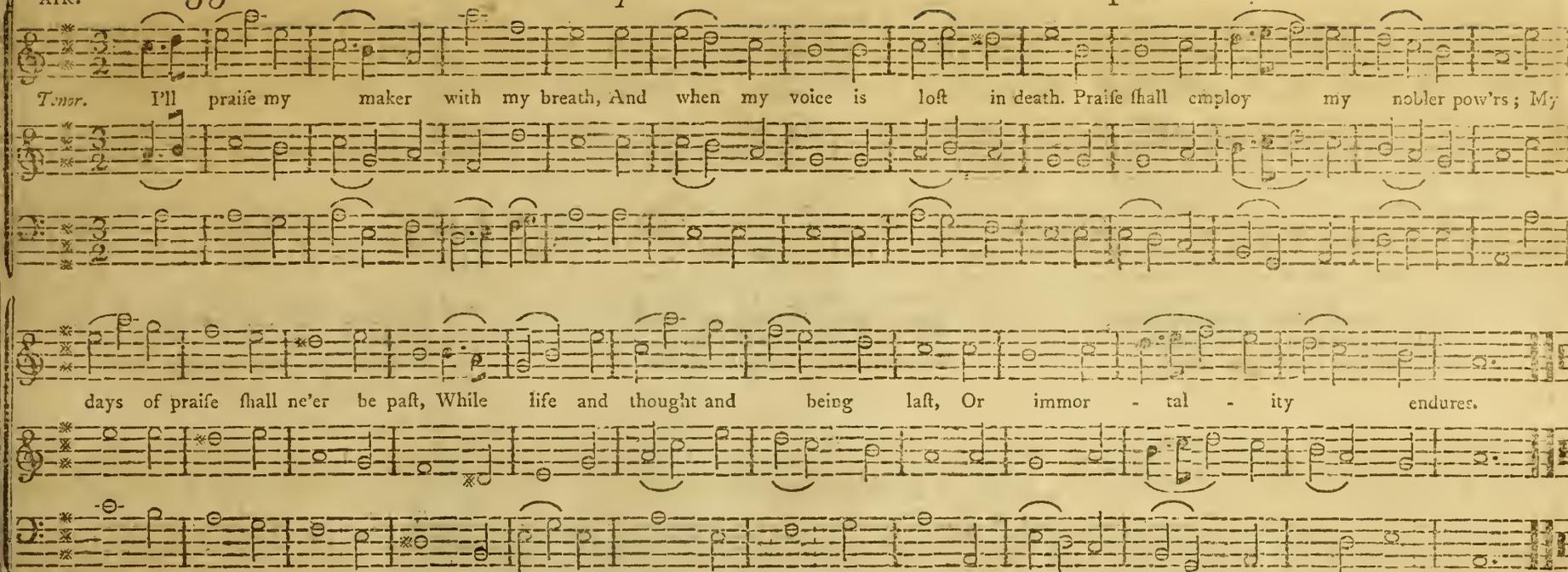
Psalm 146. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join In work so pleasant, so divine ; Now while the flesh is mine a-

bode, And when my soul ascends to God. Now while the flesh is mine abode And when my soul ascends to God.

- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs, While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last.
3 Why should I make a man my trust ? Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r And thoughts all vanish in an hour.
4 Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God : he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train, And none shall find his promise vain.

- 5 His truth for ever stands secure : He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the labouring conscience peace, And grants the prisoner sweet release.
6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ; The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress. The widow and the fatherless.
7 He loves his saints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ; Praise him in everlasting strains.



Tenor. I'll praise my maker with my breath, And when my voice is lost in death. Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last, Or immortal-ity endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust? Princes must die and turn to dust:
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God: He made the sky,
 And earth and seas, with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure: He faves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind; The Lord supports the sinking mind:
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
 He helps the stranger in distress, The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

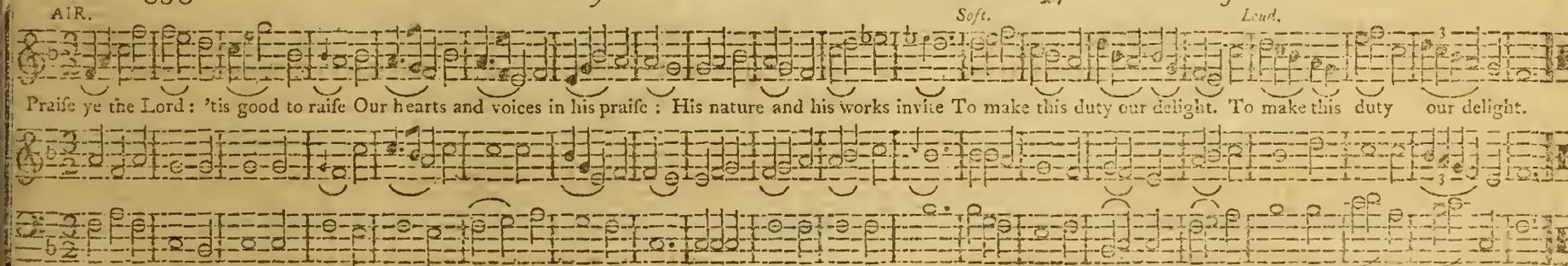
5 He loves his faints, he knows them well, But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age, In this exalted work engage:
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

No 353.

Kettleby's.

Psalm 147. L. M. 1st Part.



Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voices in his praise: His nature and his works invite To make this duty our delight. To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name;
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is the Lord, and great his might;
 And all his glories infinite:
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

AIR.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high, Who spreads his clouds all round the sky ; There he prepares the fruitful rain, Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grafs the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands fupply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horfe,
The nimble wit, the active limb !
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But faints are lovely in his fight ;
He views his children with delight :
He fees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

AIR. No. 355. Waldoborough. Ps. 147. L. M. 2d Part. D.

Let Zion praise the mighty God, And make his honors known abroad ; For sweet the joy our fongs to raife, And glorious is the work of praife.

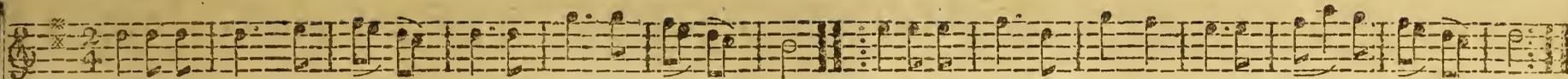
Soft. Loud.

Our children are fecure and blest, Our fhores have peace, our cities rest ; He feeds our fons with fineft wheat, And adds his bleffing to their meat.

3 The changing feafons he ordains, The early and the later rains ;
His flakes of fnow like wool he fends, And thus the fpringing corn defends.
4 With hoary froft he ftrews the ground ; His hail descends with clatt'ring found ;
Where is the man fo vainly bold, That dares defy his dreadful cold !

5 He bids the Southern breezes blow ; The ice diffolves, the waters flow :
But he hath nobler works and ways To call his people to his praife.
6 To all our realm his laws are fhown ; His gospel through the nation known ;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word To ev'ry land : Praife ye the Lord.

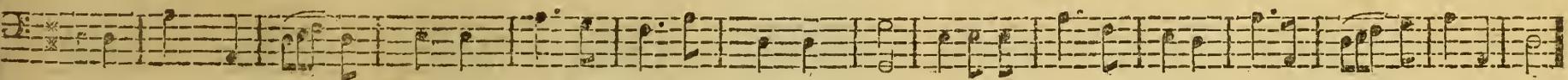
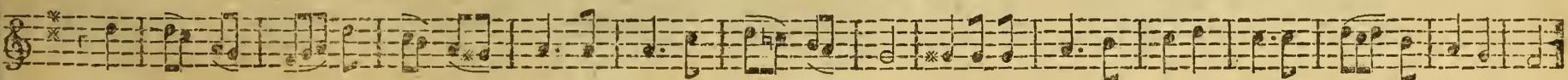
Air. Andante.



With songs and honors founding loud, Address the Lord on high ; Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud, And waters veil the sky.



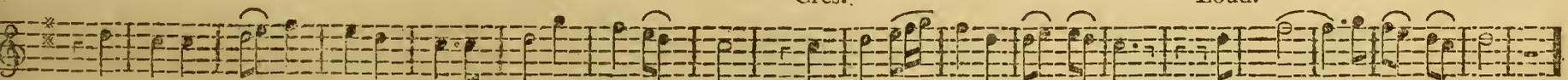
He sends his show'rs of blessings down To cheer the plains below ; He makes the grafs the mountains crown, And corn in vallies grow.



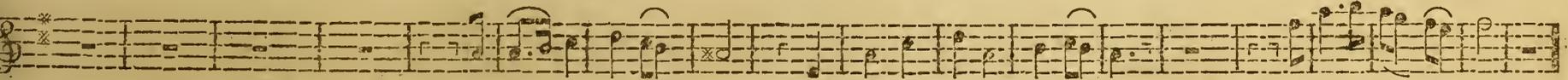
Soft.

Cres.

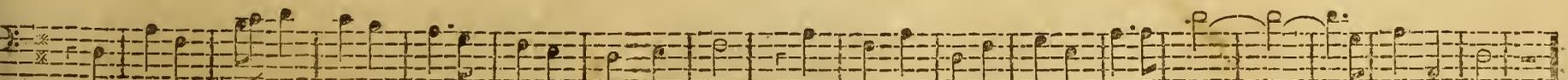
Loud.



He gives the grazing ox his meat, He hears the ravens cry : But man, who tastes his finest wheat, Should raise his honors high.



Should raise his



Should raise his

Moderato. Pia.

His steady counsels change the face Of the declin - ing year; He bids the sun cut short his race, And wintry days appear.

Andante. Pia. For.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow, Descend and clothe the ground: The liquid streams forbear to flow In icy fetters bound.

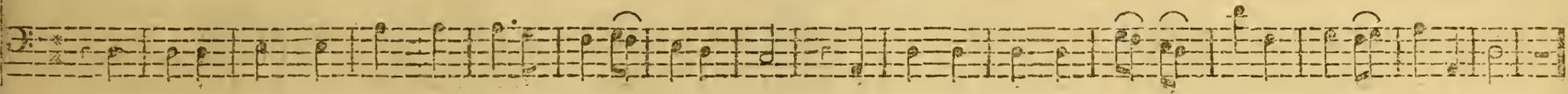
Adagio.

When from his dreadful stores on high He pours the rattling hail, The wretch who dares this God defy, Shall find his courage fail.

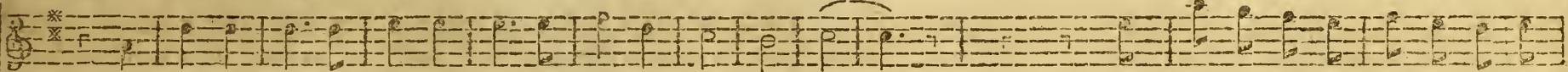
Pia. Allegro moderato.



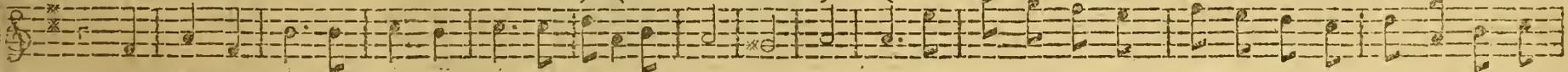
He sends his word and melts the snow, The fields no longer mourn; He calls the warmer gales to blow, And bids the spring return.



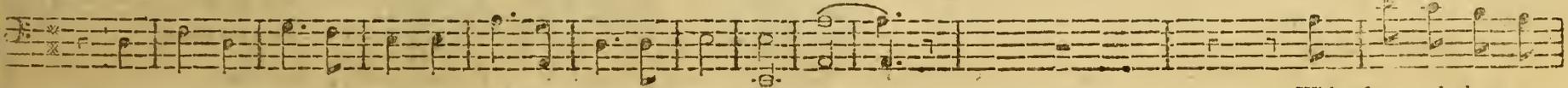
Brisk.



The changing wind the flying cloud, Obey his mighty word, With songs and honors sounding loud, With



With songs and honors sounding loud, With songs and honors



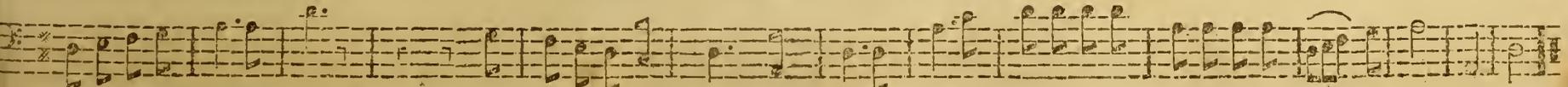
With songs and honors



songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord, Praise ye the sov'reign, sov'reign Lord. With songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.



songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign, sov'reign Lord. With



songs and honors sounding loud, Praise ye the sov'reign Lord, The sov'reign Lord, With

AIR. tr. Soft.

Ye tribes of Adam join, With heav'n and earth and seas, And offer notes divin: To your Creator's praise, To your Creator's praise, Ye holy throng of angels

Loud. Soft. Loud. tr.

bright, In worlds of light begin the song. Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song. In worlds of light begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare, Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above,
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command.
He spake the word, And all their frame
From nothing came To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each his word fulfils
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways His works proclaim
His wond'rous name, and speak his praise.

No. 358

Praise.

Ps. 148 Verse 5. Pause.

Let all the earth born race, And monsters of the deep, And fish that cleave the sea, Or in their bosom sleep. From sea and shore their tribute pay, And

still display their Maker's pow'r. From sea and shore their tribute pay, and still display, and still display their Maker's pow'r.

and still

and still display their Maker's pow'r, and still

6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.

When light'nings shine, Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore, His hand divine.

9 Virgins and youths, engage
To found his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feebler voices join :

Wide as he reigns, His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue, In endless strains.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear.

Beasts wild and tame, Birds, flies and worms,
In various forms, Exalt his name.

8 Ye kings and judges fear,
The Lord the sov'reign King,
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honors sing :

Nor let the dream Of pow'r and state
Make you forget His pow'r supreme.

10 Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above :
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love ;

While earth and sky Attempt his praise,
His faints shall raise His honors high.

AIR. No. 359.

Coos.

Ps. 148. L. M. Double.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord, From distant worlds where creatures dwell, Let heav'n begin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.

The Lord ! how absolute he reigns ; Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be. And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell, An awful throne of shining bliss ;
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame In sounds of dreadful praise declare,
And the sweet whisper of his name Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree To join their praise with blazing fire,
Let the firm earth and rolling sea, In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill, Valleys lie low before his eye ;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

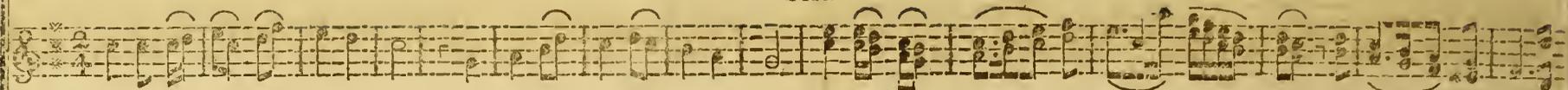
7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines, Bend your high branches and adore ;
Praise him ye beasts in different strains ; The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make this praise your theme, Nature demands a song from you ;
While the dumb fish that cut the stream Leap up and mean his praises too.

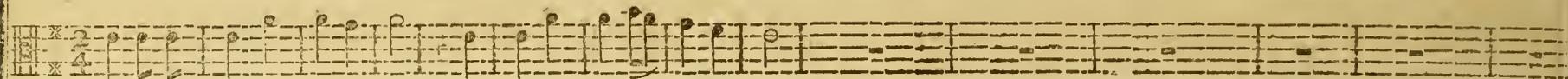
☞ These two lines may be added when sung to a tune of six lines.

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.

Soft.

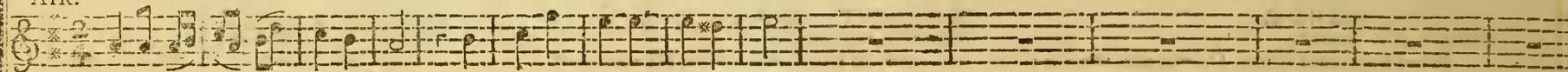


O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains, and



Mortals can you refrain your tongue, When nature all around you sings?

AIR.



Loud.

Mæstoso.



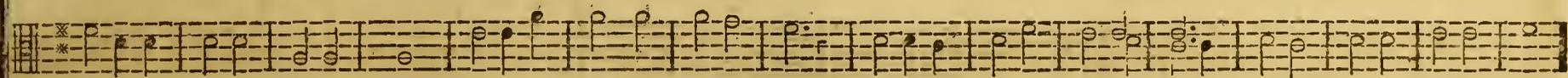
lofty Kings!



O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains and lofty Kings.

Wide as his vast dominion lies,





Make the Creator's name be known ; Loud as his thunder shout his praise, Loud as his thunder shout his praise, And sound it lofty as his throne.

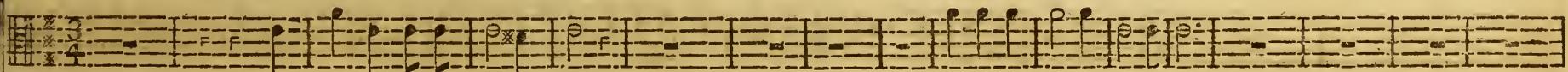


Andante.

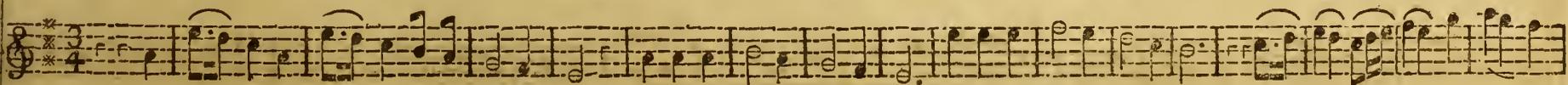
Soft:

Loud.

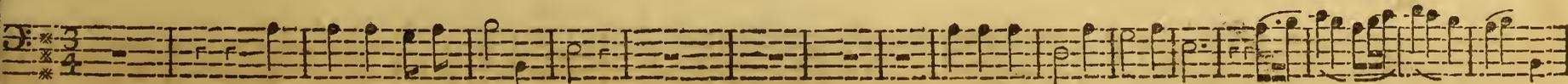
Soft:



Jeho - vah, Jeho - vah, 'tis a glorious word, O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue ! O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue !



But faints, who best have known the



Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. It begins with a 'Loud.' dynamic marking, followed by a 'Soft.' marking, and ends with a 'Loud.' marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing harmonic support for the melody.

Are bound to raise the noblest song.

speak of the wonders of that love, Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord, Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord : From

The second system continues the musical piece. The upper staff (treble clef) contains the vocal melody, and the lower staff (bass clef) contains the accompaniment. The dynamics remain consistent with the first system.

Lord

The third system of music continues the piece. The upper staff (treble clef) and lower staff (bass clef) maintain the melodic and harmonic lines established in the previous systems.

Soft.

Loud.

The fourth system of music begins with a 'Soft.' dynamic marking, which then changes to 'Loud.' for the remainder of the system. The upper staff (treble clef) and lower staff (bass clef) continue the musical composition.

all below and all above, Loud hallelujahs to the Lord. From all below and all above, Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

The fifth and final system of music on this page. The upper staff (treble clef) and lower staff (bass clef) conclude the piece with a final cadence. The dynamics are consistent with the previous system.

AIR.

Let ev'ry creature join To praise th' eternal God; Ye heav'nly hofts, the fong begin, Ye heav'nly hofts, the fong begin, And sound his name abroad.
Ye heav'nly hofts, the fong begin, And
Ye heav'nly hofts, the fong begin, Ye heav'nly hofts the fong begin, And

2 Thou sun with golden beams, And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames, Shine to your Maker's praise.
3 He built those worlds above, And fix'd their wond'rous frame:
By his command they stand or move, And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when you rise, Or fall in show'rs, or snow;
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies, His pow'r and glory show.
5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire, Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire To execute his word.

6 By all his works above His honors be exprest:
But faints that taste his saving love Should sing his praises best.

No. 362.

Watts's

Ps. 148. S. M. Verse 7. Pause 1.

AIR.

Let earth and ocean know, They owe their Maker praise; Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below, And monsters of the seas. And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky Let his high praise resound,
From humble shrubs and cedars high, And vales and fields around.
9 Ye lions of the wood, And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food, And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing, On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry bows, and sing Your Maker's glory there.
11 Ye creeping ants and worms, His various wisdom show,
And flies in all your shining swarms, Praise him that dress you so.

12 By all the earth-born race, His honors be exprest;
But faints that know his heav'nly grace, Should learn to praise him best.

No. 363.

Mansfield.

Ps. 148. S. M. Verse 13. Pause 2.

AIR.

Monarchs of wide command, Praise ye th' eternal King, Judges adore that sov'reign hand, Whence all your honors spring. Judges adore that sov'reign hand, Whence all, &c.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage
To sound his praises high:
While growing babes and with'ring age,
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise:
God is the Lord, his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But faints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

AIR. Soft.

All ye who love the Lord rejoice, And let your songs be new; Amid the church with cheerful voice His later wonders shew. The Jews, the

Loud.

people of his grace Shall their Redeemer sing; And Gentile nations join the praise, While Zion owns, While Zion owns her king-
tr

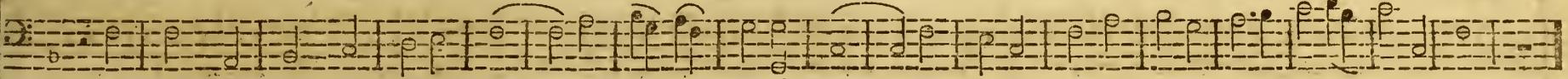
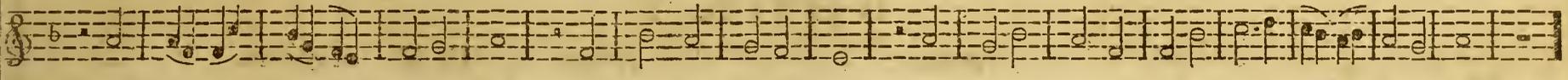
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just, Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek that lie despis'd in dust Salvation shall adorn.
4 Saints should be joyful in their king, Ev'n on a dying bed;
And like the souls in glory sing, For God shall raise the dead.
5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues, Their hands shall wield the sword;
And vengeance shall attend their songs, The vengeance of the Lord.

- 6 When Christ his judgment seat ascends, And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends, Who humbly lov'd him here.
7 Then shall they rule with iron rod Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the sentence of their God, On tyrants doom'd to hell.
8 The royal sinners bound in chains, New triumphs shall afford;
Such honor for the faints remains; Praise ye and love the Lord.

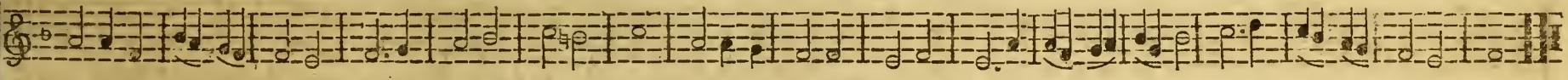
In God's own house pronounce his praise, His grace he there reveals; To heav'n your joy and wonder raise, For there his glory dwells.



Let all your sacred passions move, While you rehearse his deeds: But the great work of saving love Your highest praise exceeds.



All that have motion, life and breath, Proclaim your Maker blest; Yet when my voice expires in death, My soul shall praise him best. My soul shall praise him best.



The Christian Doxology.

LONG METRE.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

COMMON METRE.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or faints to love the Lord.

COMMON METRE, *where the tune includes two stanzas.*

THE God of mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.
To praise the Father and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
The One in Three and Three in One,
Let faints and angels join.

SHORT METRE.

YE angels round the throne,
And faints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too,

PARTICULAR METRE.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be,
Eternal praise and glory giv'n
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the faints in earth and heav'n.

PARTICULAR METRE.

TO God the Father's throne,
Perpetual honors raise,
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our pow'rs,
Eternal King,
Thy name we sing,
While faith adores.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BOOK I.

AIR. No. 367.

Parma.

Hymn 1. C. M. 2 verses.

Behold the glories of the Lamb Amid his father's throne : Prepare new honors for his name, Prepare new, &c. And songs before unknown. Let elders worship at his feet, Th

church adore around ; With vials full of odours sweet, With vials full of odours sweet And harps of sweeter found, And harps of sweeter found.

- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise :
 Jesus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.
 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look Into thy secret will ?
 Who but the Son shall take that book, And open ev'ry seal ?
 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees, The Son deserves it well ;
 Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys, Of heav'n, and death, and hell :]

- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain, Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain Forever on thy head.
 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood, Hast set the pris'ners free,
 Hast made us kings and priests to God, And we shall reign with thee !
 8 The worlds of nature and of grace Are put beneath thy pow'r ;
 Then shorten these delaying days, And bring the promis'd hour.

AIR. No. 368.

Hanbury.

Hymn 2. L. M. 2 verses.

Ere the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad, From everlasting was the word ; With God he was ; the word was God, And must divinely be ador'd.

By his own pow'r were all things made, By him supported all things stand ; He is the whole creation's head, And angels fly at his command.

3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell, He led the host of morning stars ;
 (Thy generation who can tell, Or count the number of thy years ?
 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms, The word descends and dwells in clay ;
 That he may hold converse with worms, Drefs'd in such feeble flesh as they ;

5 Mortals with joy beheld his face Th' eternal Father's only Son ;
 How full of truth ! how full of grace ! When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone. ;
 6 Archangels leave their high abode, To learn new myst'ries here and tell
 The love of our descending God, The glories of Immanuel.

AIR. No. 369.

Seabrook.

Hymn 3. S. M. 2 verses.

Behold, the grace appears ! The promise is fulfill'd ; Mary, the wond'rous virgin bears, And Jesus is the child ! The Lord, the highest God,

Soft.

Loud.

Calls him his only Son ; He bids him rule the lands abroad, And gives him David's throne. He bids him rule the lands abroad, And gives him David's throne.

3 O'er Jacob shall he reign With a peculiar sway ;
 The nations shall his grace obtain, His kingdom ne'er decay.]
 4 To bring the glorious news, A heav'nly form appears ;
 He tells the shepherds of their joys, And banishes their fears.
 5 Go, humble swains, said he, To David's city fly ;
 The promis'd infant, born to day, Doth in a manger lie.

6 With looks and heart serene, Go visit Christ your King ;
 And straight a flaming troop was seen ; The shepherds heard them sing :
 7 Glory to God on high ! And heav'nly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy, At the Redeemer's birth.
 8 [In worship so divine Let saints employ their tongues,
 With the celestial host we join, And loud repeat their songs :

9 Glory to God on high ! And heav'nly peace on earth,
 Good will to men, to angels joy, At our Redeemer's birth.]

AIR.

Naked as from the earth we came, And crept to life at first, We to the earth return again, And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy, And fondly call our own, Are but short favors borrow'd now, To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread,
And we'll adore the justice too
That strikes our comforts dead,

No. 371:

Rochester.

Hymn 6. C. M.

AIR. Great God, I own thy sentence just, And nature must decay; I yield my body to the dust, To dwell with fellow clay.

2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave, And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives, My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty conqueror shall appear High on a royal seat,
And death, the last of all his foes, Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

4 Though greedy worms devour my skin, And gnaw my wasting flesh,
When God shall build my bones again, He'll clothe them all afresh:

5 Then shall I see thy lovely face With strong immortal eyes,
And feast upon thy unknown grace With pleasure and surprise.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

tr

Let ev'ry mortal ear attend, And ev'ry heart rejoice, The trumpet of the gospel sounds, With an inviting voice. With an inviting voice. With an inviting voice.

With

With

With

- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls, That feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd A soul reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams, And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows, Like floods of milk and wine.

- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor, Who work with mighty pain,
To weave a garment of your own, That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked and adorn your souls In robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the labours of his Son, And dy'd in his own blood.]
- 8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love Are everlasting mines,
Deep as our helpless miseries are, And boundless as our sins!
- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace Stand open night and day:
Lord, we are come to seek supplies, And drive our wants away.

No. 373.

Holderness.

Hymn 8. C. M.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

How honor - able is the place Where we ador - ing stand, Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land!

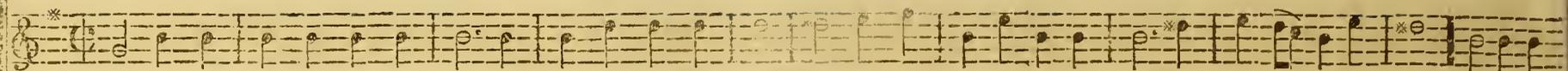
Soft.

Loud.

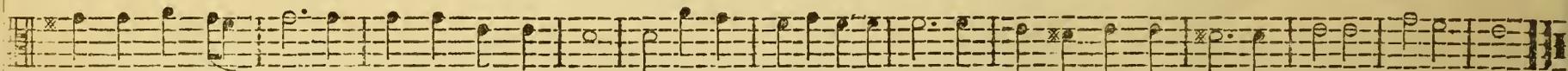
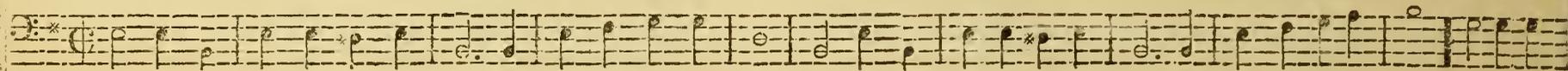
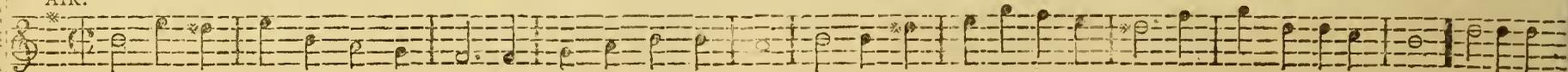
Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land. Zion, the glory of the earth, And beauty of the land.

- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made, Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates, The doors wide open fling,
Enter ye nations that obey The statutes of our king.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys, And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name, And ventur'd on his grace.

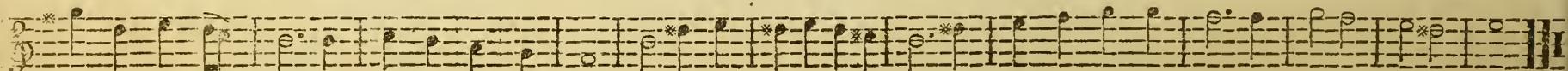
- 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust, And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells, Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high, His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On Babylon our feet shall tread, In that rejoicing hour.
The ruins of her walls shall spread A pavement for the poor.



AIR. In vain we lavish out our lives, To gather empty wind; The choicest blessings earth can yield, Will starve an hungry mind. Come, and the



Lord shall feed our souls With more substantial meat, With such as saints in glory love, With such as angels eat. With such as angels eat.



3 Our God will ev'ry want supply, And fill our hearts with peace;
He gives by cov'nant and by oath The riches of his grace.
4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls, And wash away our stains
In the dear fountain that his Son, Pour'd from his dying veins.
5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away, Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea, And shall be found no more.
6 And lest pollution should o'erspread Our inward pow'rs again,
His spirit shall bedew our souls Like purifying rain.]

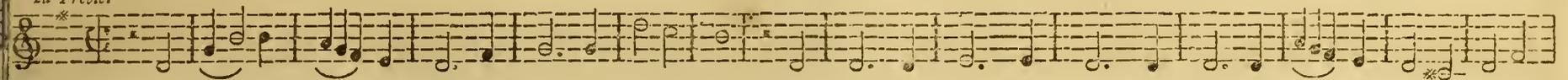
7 Our heart, that stony, stubborn thing, That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath, Shall be dissolv'd by love:
8 Or he can take the slint away That would not be refin'd,
And from the treasures of his grace Bestow a softer mind,
9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell, And deep engrave his law,
And ev'ry motion of our souls To swift obedience draw.
10 Thus will he pour salvation down, And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love, And he our God of grace.

1st Treble.



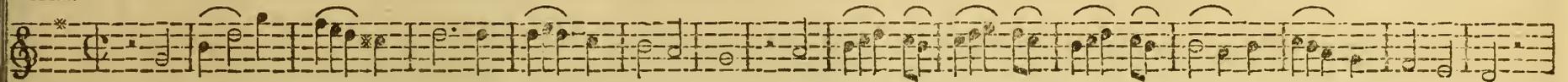
Who

2d Treble.



AIR.

How beautiful are their feet, Who stand on Zion's hill; Who bring salva - tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.



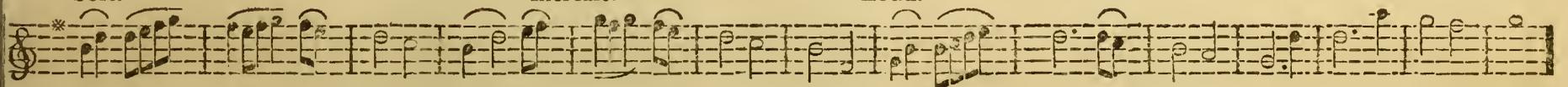
Bass.



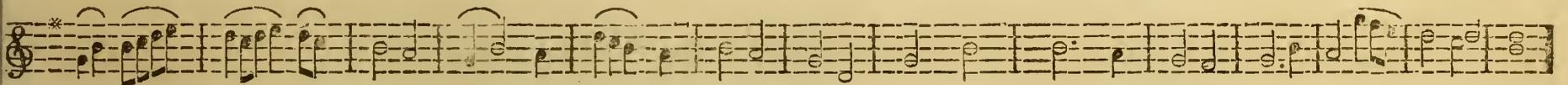
Soft.

Increase.

Loud.



bring salva - tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal. Who



And words of peace reveal. Who bring salva - tion on their tongues, And words of peace reveal.



And words of peace reveal. Who



Who

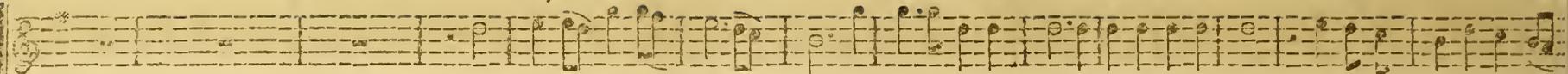
Soft.

Very soft.

Increase.

Loud.

Soft.

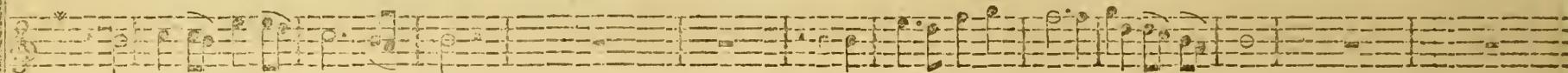


How charming, charming is their voice,

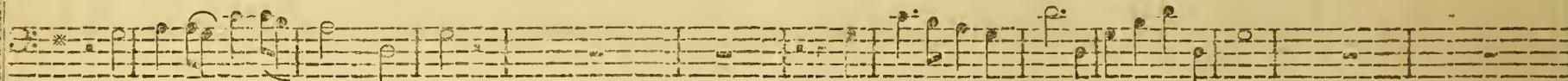
Zion, behold thy Saviour



How sweet the tidings are ! How sweet the tidings are !

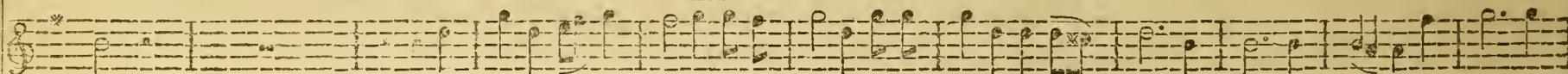


How charming, charming is their voice,



Increase.

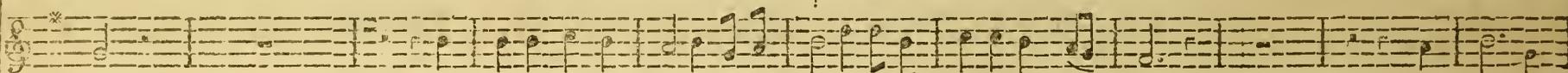
Loud. !



King,

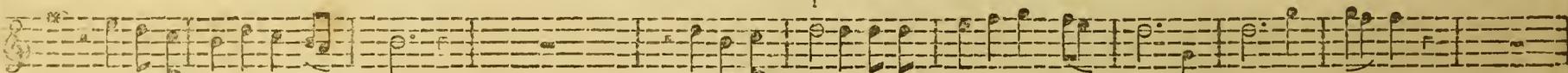
He reigns and triumphs here. Zion

He reigns and triumphs, He reigns and



Zion, behold, Zion, behold thy Saviour King,

He reigns, He



Zion, behold thy Saviour King,

Zion,

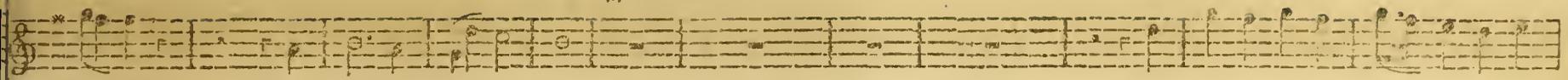
He reigns and triumphs,



He reigns and triumphs

Mezza Voce.

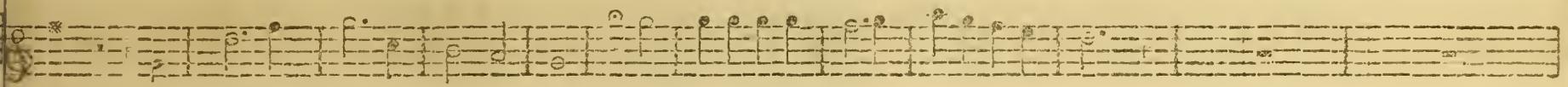
Soft.



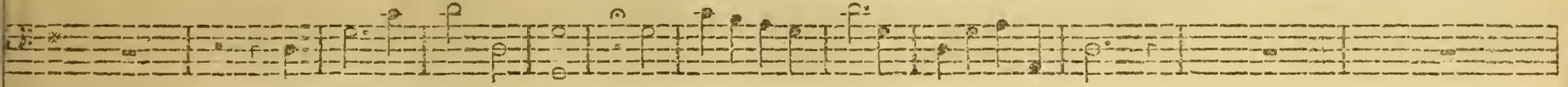
triumphs He reigns How happy, happy are our ears, That



reigns and triumphs, He reigns and triumphs here. How happy are our ears, That hear this joyful sound,



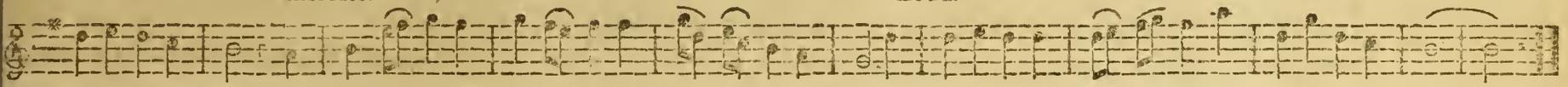
He reigns, He reigns



He reigns

Increase.

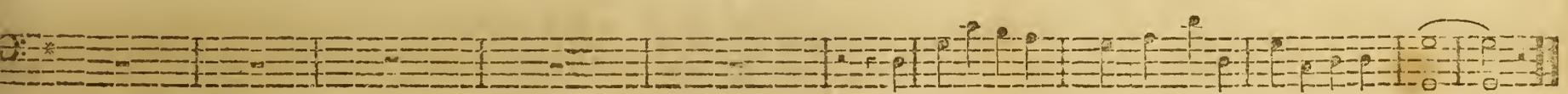
Loud.



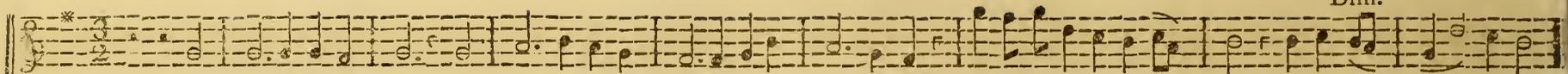
hear this joyful sound,



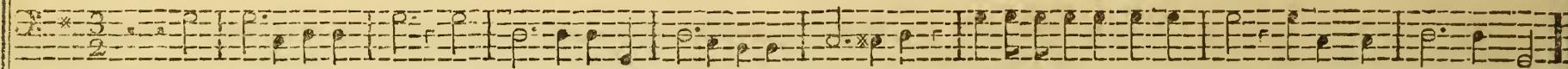
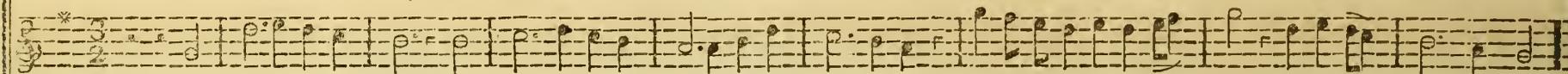
Which Kings and Prophets waited for, And fought, but never found. Which Kings and Prophets waited for, And fought, but never found.



Dim.



How blessed are our eyes, How blessed are our eyes, That see this heav'nly light ; Prophets and Kings desir'd it long, But dy'd without the fight.



The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ,

And tuneful notes employ, And tuneful notes, And



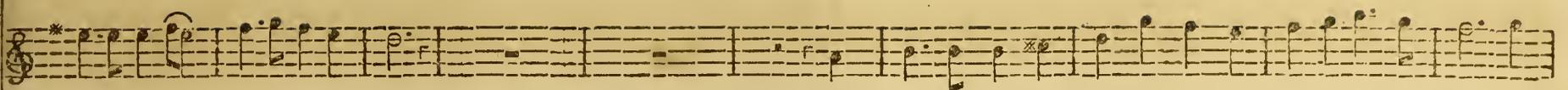
The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ ; The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes employ,

And



And tuneful notes employ,





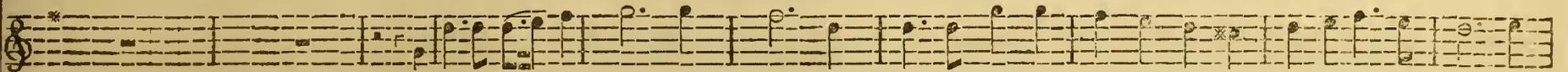
tuneful notes, And tuneful notes employ.

Je - ru - falem breaks forth in fongs, And deferts learn the joy. The

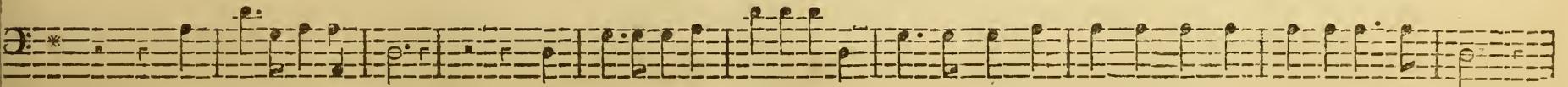


tuneful notes, And tuneful notes employ,

Jeru - falem, Jeru - falem breaks forth in fongs, And deferts learn the joy.



Jerufalem breaks forth in fongs, Je - ru - falem breaks forth in fongs, And deferts learn the joy. The



And tuneful notes employ.

Je - rufalem breaks forth in fongs, Jeru - falem breaks forth in fongs, And deferts learn the joy.



watchmen join, The watchmen join their voice,

And tuneful notes employ, Je . ru - falem breaks



The watchmen join their voice,

And tuneful notes And tuneful notes employ,



watchmen join their voice,

And tuneful notes em - ploy, And tuneful notes employ,

Je-



The watchmen join their voice, And tuneful notes em - ploy,

And tuneful notes employ,

Mastoso.



forth, breaks forth in songs, breaks forth in songs, And



Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy. And deserts learn the joy. The Lord make



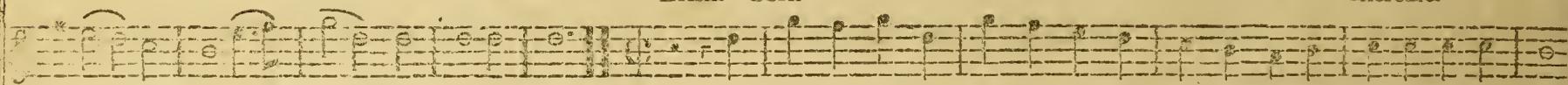
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs, breaks forth in songs, And



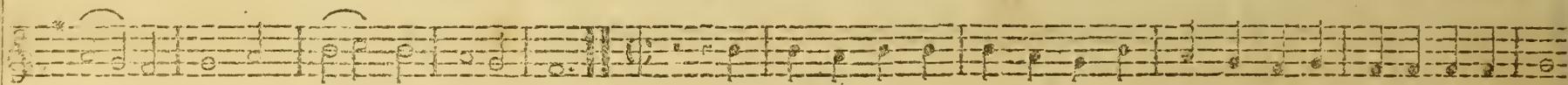
Je - rusalem breaks forth in songs, And

Brisk. Soft.

Increase.

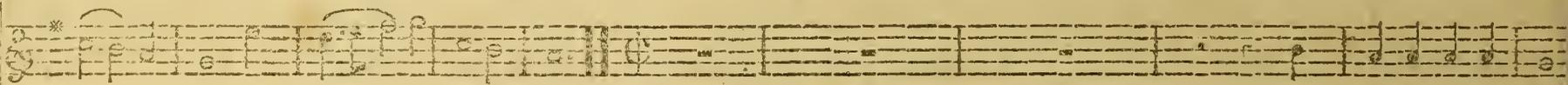


Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry nation now behold Their Saviour and their God.



bare his arm, Thro' all the earth abroad.

Their Saviour and their God.



Loud.



Let ev'ry nation now be hold Their Saviour, their Saviour, their Sa - viour and their God.

AIR. No. 376.

Barnstable.

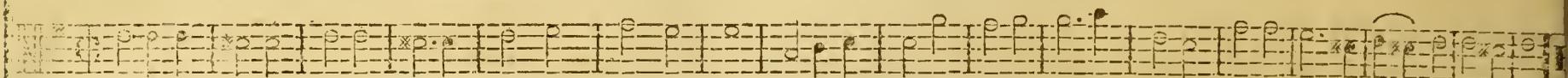
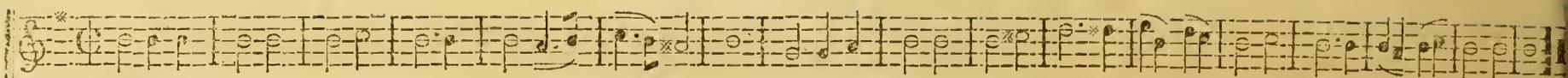
Hymn 11. L. M. 2 verses.

There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd, And spoke his joy in words of praise; "Father I thank thee, mighty God, Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.

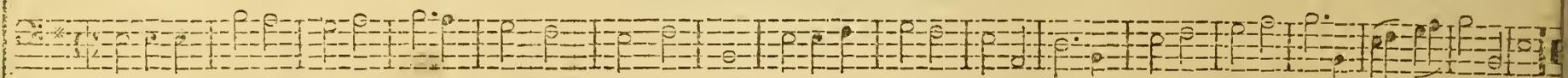
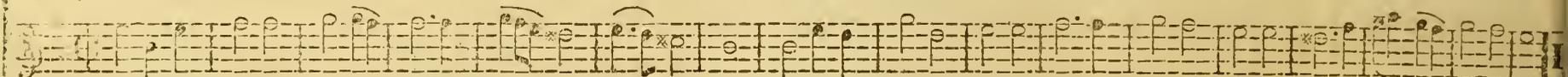
" I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love, Which crowns my doctrine with success; And makes the babes in knowledge learn, The height and breadth, and length of grace,

3 " But all his glory lies conceal'd, From men of prudence and of might;
 4 " The prince of darkness blinds their eyes, And their own pride resists the light,
 4 " Father, 'tis thus, because thy will Chose and ordain'd it should be so;
 4 " 'Tis thy delights t' abate the proud, And lay the haughty scorner low.

5 " There's none can know the Father right, But those who learn it from the Son;
 6 " Nor can the Son be well receiv'd, But where the Father makes him known,"
 6 Then let our souls adore our God, That deals his graces as he pleases;
 Nor gives to mortals an account, Or of his actions or decrees.



AIR. Jesus, the man of constant grief, A mourner all his days : His spirit once rejoic'd aloud, And turn'd his joy to praise. And turn'd his joy to praise.



2 Father I thank thy wond'rous love,
That hath reveal'd thy Son
To men unlearn'd ; and to babes
Has made the gospel known.

3 The myst'ries of redeeming grace
Are hidden from the wise,
While pride and carnal reas'nings join
To swell and blind their eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
His great decrees fulfil,
And orders all his works of grace,
By his own sov'reign will.

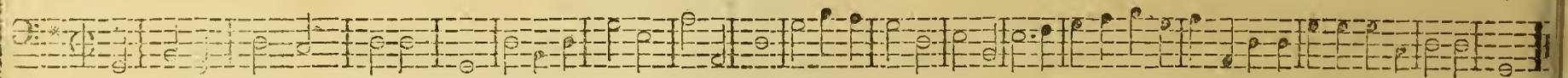
No. 378.

Tolland.

Hymn 13. L. M.



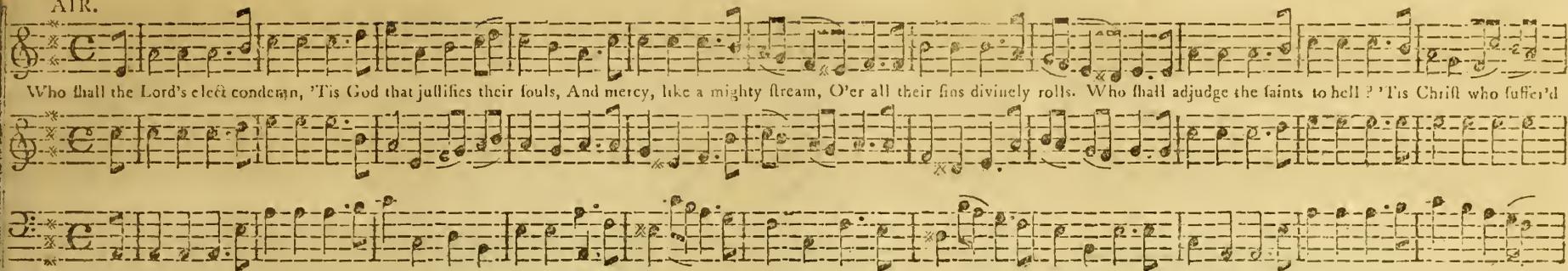
AIR. The lands that long in darkness lay, Now have beheld a heav'nly light ; Nations that sat in death's cold shade, Are blest with beams divinely bright. Ars, &c.



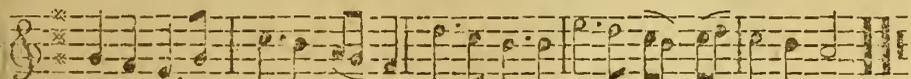
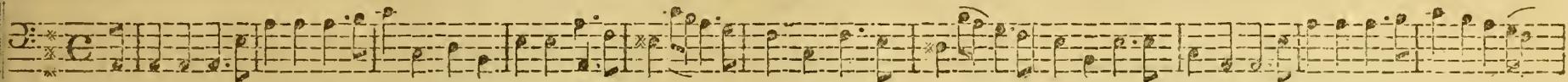
2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born ; Behold the expect'd child appear :
What shall his names or titles be ? The Wonderful, The Counsellor.
3 [This infant is the mighty God, Come to be suckled and ador'd ;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace, The Son of David and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas Upon his shoulders shall be laid ;
His wide dominions shall increase, And honors to his name be paid.
5 Jesus the holy child shall sit High on his father David's throne,
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet, And reign to ages yet unknown,

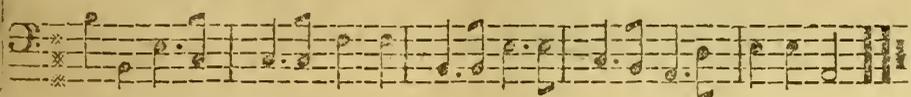
AIR.



Who shall the Lord's elect condemn, 'Tis God that justifies their souls, And mercy, like a mighty stream, O'er all their sins divinely rolls. Who shall adjudge the fains to hell? 'Tis Christ who suffer'd



in their stead; And the salvation to fulfil, Behold him rising from the dead.



3 He lives! he lives! and sits above, For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love, Or what should tempt us to despair?

4 Shall persecution or distress, Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath lov'd us, bears us through, And makes us more than conquerors too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r, It triumphs in the dying hour;
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope, Nor can we sink with such a prop.

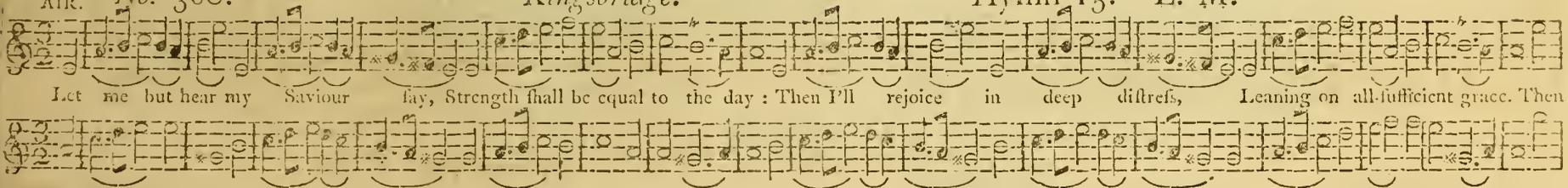
6 Not all that men on earth can do, Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove, Or wear our hearts from Christ our love.

AIR.

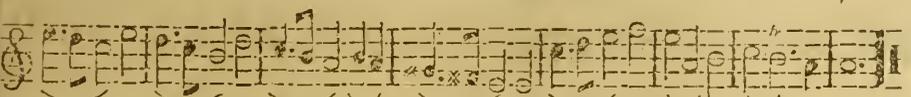
No. 380.

Kingsbridge.

Hymn 15. L. M.



Let me but hear my Saviour say, Strength shall be equal to the day: Then I'll rejoice in deep distress, Leaning on all-sufficient grace. Then



I'll rejoice in deep distress, Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

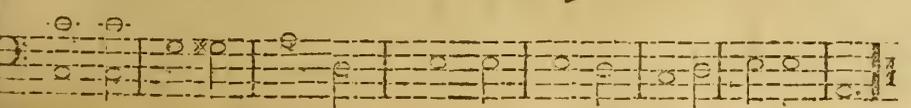


1 I glory in infirmity, That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me:
When I am weak, then am I strong, Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear All sufferings, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains, While his left hand my head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn, And we attempt the work alone;
When new temptations spring and rise, We find how great our weakness is.

5 So Sampson, when his hair was lost, Met the Philistines to his cost;
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprize. Made feeble sight, and lost his eyes.



Hofan - na to the royal Son Of David's ancient line ! His natures two, his person one, Mysterious and divine.

The root of David here we find, And offspring is the same ; Eter - nity and time are join'd In our Immanuel's name.

3 Bless'd he that comes to wretched men With peaceful news from heav'n !
Hofanna, of the highest strain, To Christ the Lord be giv'n !

4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take Th' Hofanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should raise, And break their silence into songs,

O for an ever - coming faith To cheer my dying hours, To triumph o'er the monster death, And all his frightful pow'rs. And all his frightful pow'rs.

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quiv'ring lip should sing,
Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave ?
And where the monster's sting ?

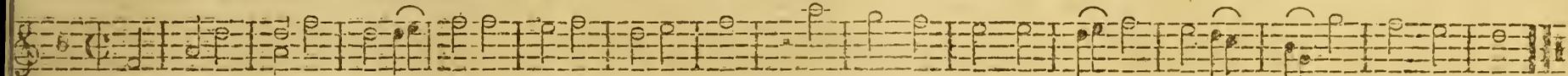
3 If sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
But Christ my ransom dy'd.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die
Through Christ our living head.

AIR.



Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims For all the pious dead, Sweet is the favour of their names, And soft their sleeping bed.



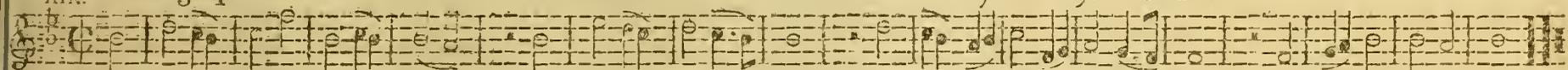
2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd: How kind their slumbers are!
From suff'rings and from sins releas'd, And freed from ev'ry snare.

3 Far from this world of toil and strife. They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life End in a large reward.

AIR. No. 384.

Waltham.

Hymn 19. C. M.



Lord, at thy temple we appear, As happy Simeon came, And hope to meet our Saviour here; O make our joys the same.



2 With what divine and vast delight The good old man was fill'd,
When fondly in his wither'd arms He clasp'd the holy Child;

4 "This is the light prepar'd to shine Upon the Gentile lands,
"Thine Israel's glory, and their hope, To break their slavish bands."

3 "Now I can leave this world he cry'd, Behold thy servant dies;
"I've seen thy great salvation, Lord, And close my peaceful eyes.

5 Jesus! the vision of thy face Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace, If Christ be in my arms.

6 Then will ye hear my heart strings break, How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek, And glory in my soul.]

AIR. No. 385.

St. George's.

Hymn 20. C. M.



Awake, my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In God the life of all my joys, Aloud will I rejoice. Aloud will I rejoice.



2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul, And made salvation mine;
Upon a poor polluted worm He makes his graces shine.
3 And left the shadow of a spot Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe the Saviour wrought, And cast it all around.

4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds What earthly princes wear!
These ornaments, how bright they shine! How white the garments are!

5 The Spirit wrought by faith and love, And hope in ev'ry grace;
But Jesus spent his life, to work The robe of righteousness.

6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd By the great sacred Three!
In sweetest harmony of praise Let all thy pow'rs agree.

AIR.

Lo, what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas are pass'd away, The earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old rolling skies.

From the third heav'n, where God resides, that holy, happy place, The new Jerusalem comes down, The new Jerusalem comes down, Adorn'd with shining grace. Adorn'd, &c.

- 3 Attending angels shout for joy, And the bright armies sing,
 " Mortals, behold the sacred feat Of your descending King.
 4 " The God of glory down to men Removes his bless'd abode;
 " Men, the dear objects of his grace, And he the loving God,

- 5 " His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev'ry weeping eye,
 " And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears, And death itself shall die."
 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long! Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round ye wheels of time, And bring the welcome day.

No. 387.

Maxwell.

Hymn 24. L. M.

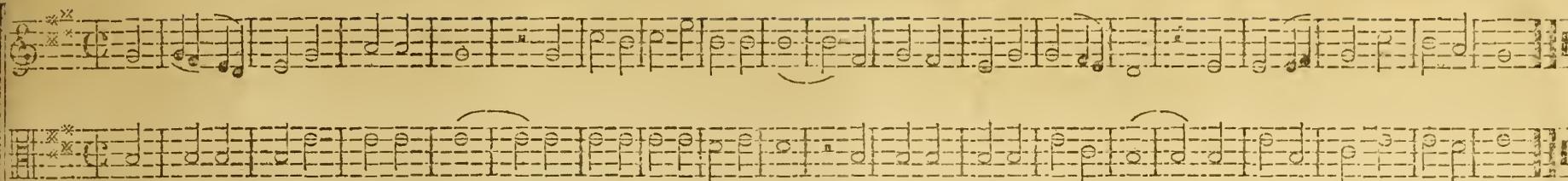
AIR.

In vain the wealthy mortals toil, And heap their shining dust in vain, Look down and scorn the humble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain.

- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,
 Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death
 From glut'ring roots and downy beds,

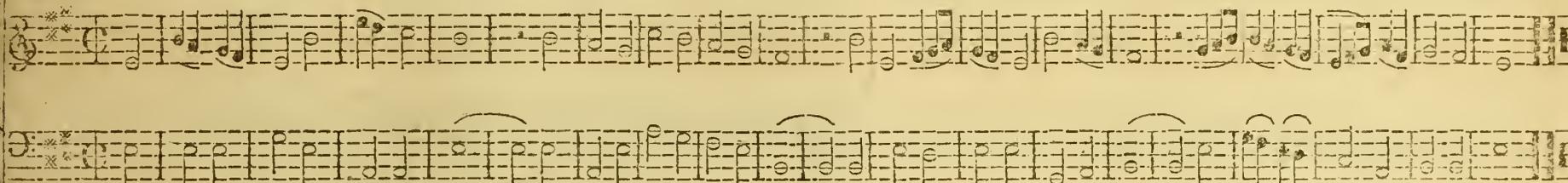
- 3 The lingering, the unwilling soul,
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell,
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay,

- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings, and slaves have equal thrones;
 Their bones without distinction lie
 Among the heaps of meaner bones.



All mortal vani - ties begone, Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears : Behold. amid th' eternal throne, A vision of the lamb appears.

AIR



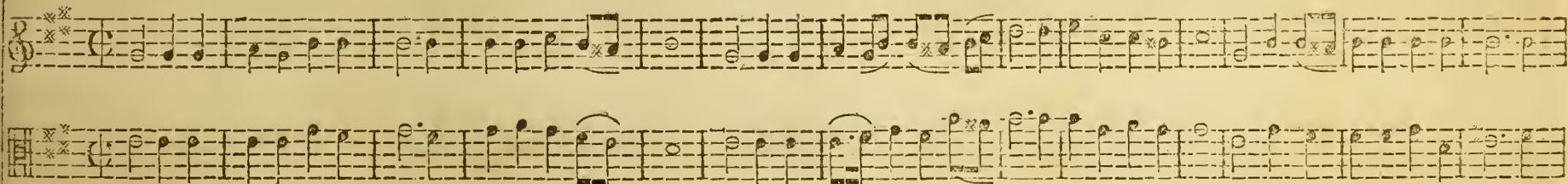
2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns, Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;
 Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns, To speak his wisdom and his pow'r,
 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book From him that sits upon the throne ;
 Jesus, my Lord prevails to look On dark decrees and things unknown.]
 4 All the assembling saints around Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
 And in new songs of gospel sound Address their honors to his name,
 5 The joy, the shout, the harmony Flies o'er the everlasting hills ;
 Worthy art thou alone, they cry, To read the book, to loose the seals.

6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain, And with transporting pleasure sing,
 Worthy the Lamb that once was slain, To be our teacher and our king !
 7 His words of prophecy reveal Eternal councils, deep designs :
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell With thine invaluable blood ;
 And wretches that did once rebel Are now made fav'rites of their God.
 9 Worthy forever is the Lord, That dy'd for treasons not his own,
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd, And dwell upon his Father's throne.

No. 389.

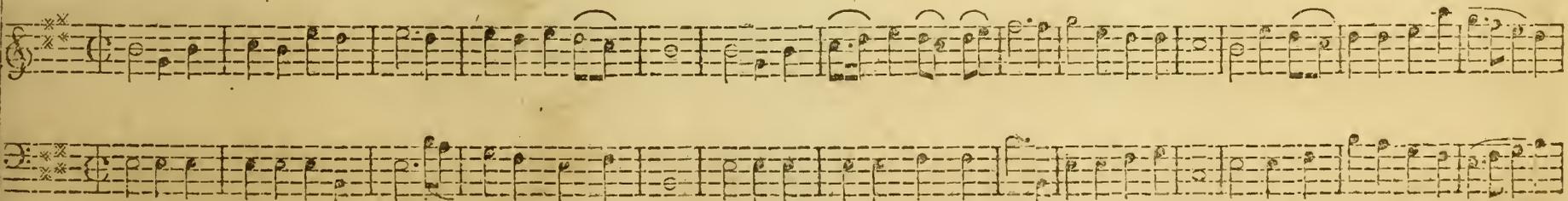
Normandy.

Hymn 26. C. M.



Blest be the everlasting God, The Father of our Lord : Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His majesty ador'd. Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His

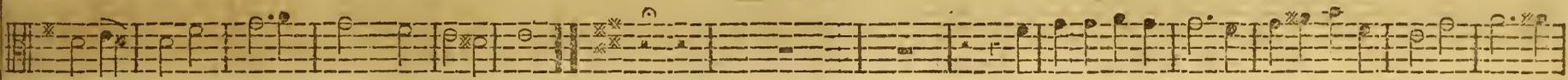
AIR.



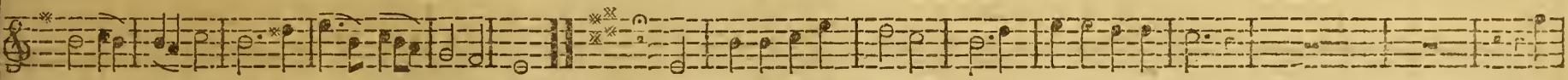
Soft.

majesty ador'd. When from the dead he rais'd his Son, And call'd him to the sky, That they should never die, He gave our souls a lively hops

gave our souls a lively hope That they should never die. What though our inbred sine require Our flesh to see the dust, Yet as the

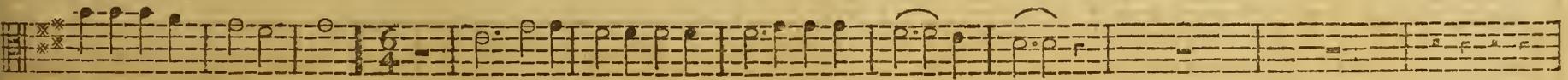
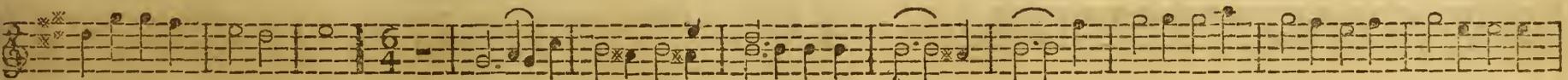


Lord our Saviour rose, So all his foll'wers must. There's an inheritance divine, Reserv'd against that day; 'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd, And

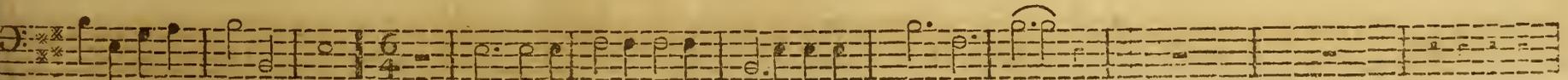
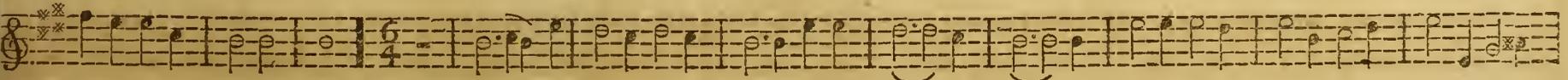


Moderate.

Soft.



cannot, cannot waste away. Saints by the pow'r of God are kept, 'Till the sal - vation come : We walk by faith, as strangers here, 'Till Christ shall call us



Loud.

Maestoso.

home. We walk by faith as strangers here, 'Till Christ, 'Till Christ shall call us home.

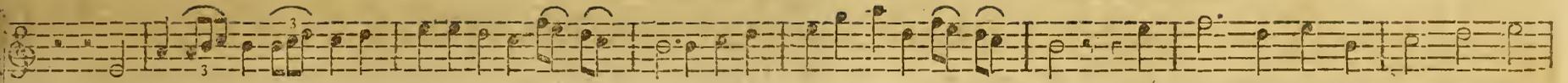
AIR: No. 390.

Assurance.

Hymn 27. C. M.

Death may dissolve my body now, And bear my spirit home; Why do my minutes move so slow, Why do my minutes move so slow, Nor my Salvation

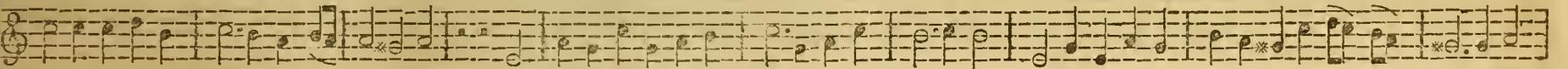
come? Nor my salvation come? With heav'nly weapons I have fought, The battles of the Lord, Finish'd my course, and kept the faith, And wait a sure reward.



God hath laid up, in heav'n for me, A crown which cannot fade ; A crown which cannot, cannot, cannot fade ; The righteous Judge, at that great day



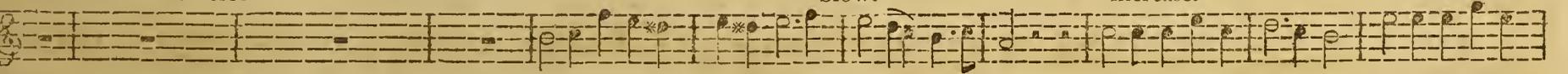
Will place it on my head, Will place it on my head. Nor hath the King of grace decreed This prize for me alone ; But all who love and long to see Th' appearance of his Son.



Soft thro' the verse-

Slow.

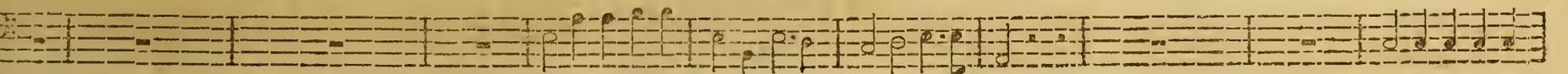
Increase.



And to his heav'nly kingdom take This feeble soul of mine. Heav'n is my everlasting aid, Heav'n is my ever-



Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe From ev'ry ill design ;



lasting aid, And hell shall rage in vain, And hell shall rage in vain ; To him be highest glory paid, And endless praise, And endless, endless, endless praise, amen.

AIR. No. 391.

Bozrah.

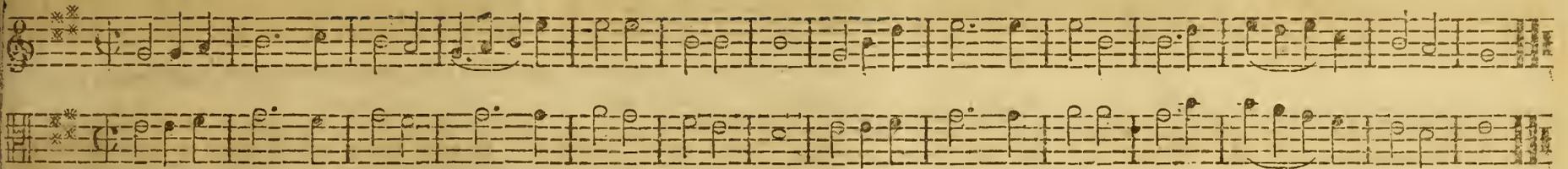
Hymn 28. C. M. 2 verses.

What mighty man, or mighty God, comes travelling in state Along the Idu - mean road, Away from Bozrah's gate? The

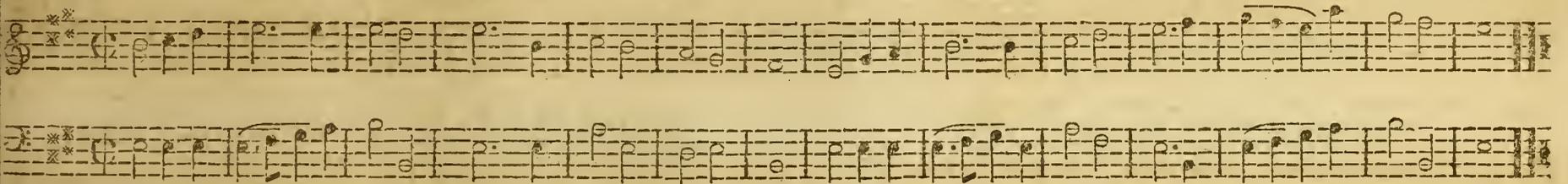
glory of his robes proclaim 'Tis some victorious king! 'Tis I the just, th' Almighty One, That your salvation bring."

3 Why, mighty Lord, thy fairs inquire, Why thine apparel red?
And all thy vesture stain'd like those Who in the wine-press tread?
4 "I by myself have trod the press, And crush'd my foes alone;
"My wrath has struck the rebels dead, My fury stamp'd them down.

5 "'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes With joyful scarlet stains;
"The triumph that my raiment wears Sprung from their bleeding veins.
6 "Thus shall the nations be destroy'd That dare insult my fairs;
"I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs, An ear for their complaints.



AIR. "I lift my banner, faith the Lord, Where Antichrist has stood; The city of my gospel foes Shall be a field of blood.



2 "My heart has studied just revenge, And now the day appears,
 "The day of my redeem'd is come, To wipe away their tears.
 3 "Quite weary is my patience grown, And bids my fury go:
 "Swift as the light'ning it shall move, And be as fatal too.
 4 "I call for helpers but in vain: Then has my gospel none?
 "Well mine own arm has might enough To crush my foes alone.
 5 "Slaughter, and my devouring sword Shall walk the streets around,
 "Babel shall reel beneath my stroke, And stagger to the ground."
 6 Thy honors, O victorious King! Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing, And our deliv'rer praise,

No. 393.

All-Saints.

Hymn 30. L. M.



AIR. In thine own ways, O God of love, We wait the visits of thy grace; Our souls desire is to thy name, And the remembrance of thy face.



My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee, 'Mong the black shades of lonc some night,
 My earnest cries salute the skies, Before the dawn restore the light.
 Look how rebellious men deride The tender patience of my God;
 But they shall see thy lifted hand, And feel the scourges of thy rod.
 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky, A mighty voice before him goes,
 A voice of music to his friends, But threat'ning thunder to his foes.
 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms, Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 'Till the fierce storm be overblown, And my avenging fury cease.
 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain, And drink the blood of haughty kings,
 While heav'nly peace around my flock Stretches its soft and shady wings.

AIR. Whence do our mournful tho'ts arise, And where's our courage fled? Has restless sin, and raging hell, Struck all our comforts dead?

- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name, That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak, And treads their foes to hell.

- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die, And youthful vigor cease!
But we that wait upon the Lord, Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The faints shall mount on eagles' wings And taste the promis'd bliss,
'Till their unwearied feet arrive Where perfect pleasure is.

AIR. No. 395.

Guernsey.

Hymn 39. C. M. 2 verses.

Now shall my inward joys arise, And burst into a song: Almighty love inspires my heart, And pleasure tunes my tongue. And pleasure tunes my tongue. God on his thirsty Zion's

hill Some mercy drops has thrown, And solemn oaths have bound his love To show'r salvation down. And solemn oaths have bound his love To show'r salvation down.

- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears, Suspensions and complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his grace, Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget The infant of her womb,
And 'mong a thousand tender thoughts Her suckling have no room?

- 5 Yet, faith the Lord, should nature change, And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the heart Of everlasting love.
- 6 Deep on the palms of both my hands I have engrav'd her name:
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls, And build her broken frame.

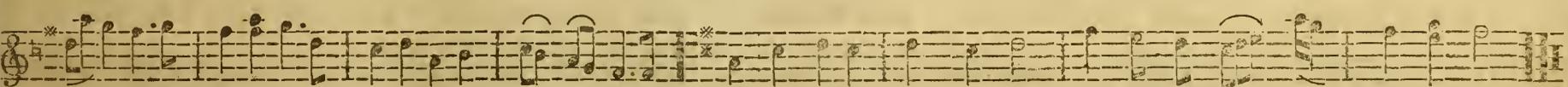
AIR.



What happy men, or angels these, That all their robes are spotless white ? Whence did this glorious troop arrive At the pure realms of heav'nly light ? From



tort'ring racks and burning fires, And seas of their own blood they came : But nobler blood has wash'd their robes Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.



3 Now they approach th' almighty throne, With loud Hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three-One, Measure their blest'd eternity,
4 No more shall hunger pain their souls : He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings, To screen them from the scorching sun.

5 The Lamb that fills the middle throne, Shall shed around his milder beams ;
There shall they feast on his rich love, And drink full joys from living streams.
6 Thus shall their mighty bliss renew, Through the vast round of endless years,
And the soft hand of sov'reign grace Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

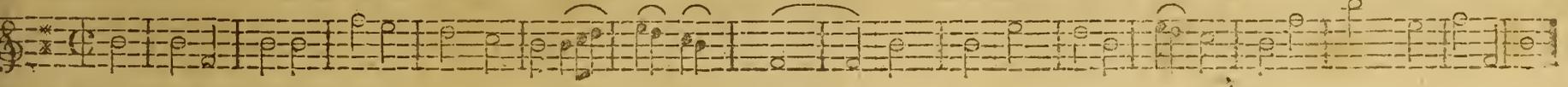
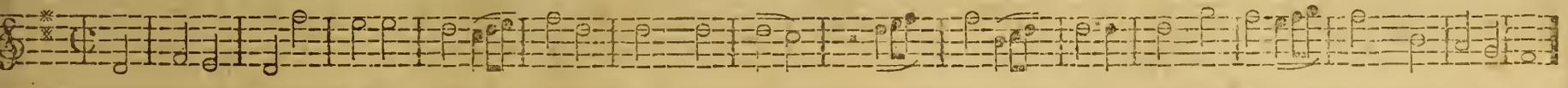
AIR. No. 397.

Indostan.

Hymn 41. C. M.



These glorious minds, how bright they shine, Whence all their white array ? How came they to the happy seats of ever - lasting day.



From tort'ring pains to endless joy, On fiery wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their garments white, In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God, And bow before his throne; Their warbling harps and sacred songs, Adore the Holy One.

The unveil'd glories of his face Among his fairs reside, While the rich treasure of his grace Sees all their wants supply'd.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls, And hunger flee as fast; The fruit of life's immortal tree Shall be their sweet repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock, Where living fountains rise, And love divine shall wipe away The sorrows of their eyes.

No. 398.

Wanstead.

Hymn 42. C. M.

AIR. Adore and tremble for our God Is a consuming fire; His jealous eyes his wrath inflame, And raise his vengeance high'r.

- 2 Almighty vengeance how it burns; How bright his fury glows; Vast magazines of plagues and storms Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees Are forc'd into a flame, But kindled, Oh! how fierce they blaze! And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee, And seek a wat'ry grave; The frighted sea makes haste away, And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

- 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks Are swift as hailstones hurl'd: Who dares engage his fiery rage, That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet mighty God! thy sov'reign grace Sits regent on the throne, The refuge of thy chosen race, When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings A fiery tempest pour, While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings Thy just revenge adore.

AIR. No. 399.

Smithfield.

Hymn 45. C. M.

See where the great incarnate God, Fills a majestic throne, While from the skies his awful voice Bears the last judgment down.

Bears the last judgment down.

- 2 "I am the first, and I the last, Through endless years the same; "I AM—is my memorial still, And my eternal name.
- 3 "Such favors as a God can give, My royal grace bestows; "Ye thirsty souls come taste the streams Where life and pleasure flows.
- 4 "The faint that triumphs o'er his sins, I'll own him for a son; "The whole creation shall reward The conquests he has won.

- 5 "But bloody hands and hearts unclean, And all the lying race, "The faithless and the scoffing crew, That spurn at offer'd grace;
- 6 "They shall be taken from my sight, Bound fast in iron chains, "And headlong plung'd into the lake Where fire and darkness reigns."
- 7 O may I stand before the Lamb When earth and seas are fled! And hear the Judge pronounce my name With blessings on my head.

- 8 May I with those forever dwell Who here were my delight, While sinners banish'd down to hell, No more offend my sight.

AIR.

Awake! our souls, away, our fears, Let ev'ry trembling tho't be gone; Awake! and run the heav'nly race, And put a cheerful courage on. True, 'tis a strait and thorny road, And

mortal spirits tire and faint, But they forget the mighty God, Who feeds the strength of ev'ry faint. The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r, Is ever new and ever young, And

firm endures, while endless years Their everlasting circles run. From thee, the overflowing spring, Our souls shall drink a fresh supply, While such as trust their native strength Shall

Adagio.

Lively.

Soft.

Loud.

melt away, and droop, and die. Swift as an eagle cuts the air, We'll mount aloft to thine abode; On wings of love our souls shall fly, On wings of love our souls shall fly, Nor tire amid the heav'nly road.

AIR. No. 401.

Chesterton.

Hymn 49. C. M.

Soft.

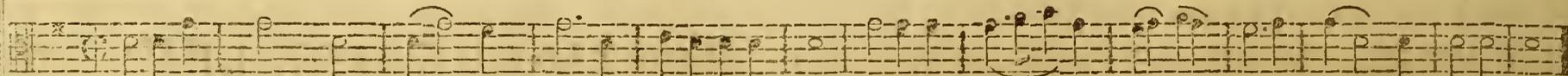
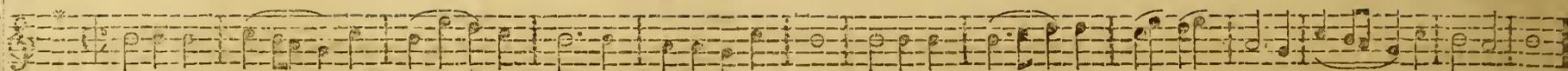
Loud.

How strong thine arm is, mighty God! Who would not fear thy name? Jesus, how sweet thy graces are! Who would not fear thy name? Who would not love the Lamb?

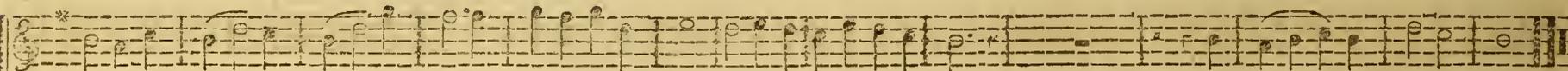
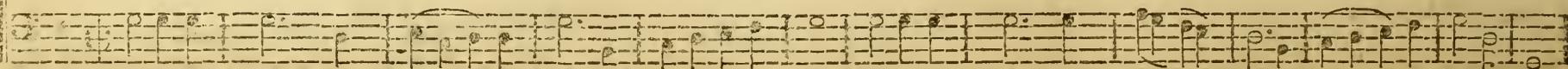
He hath done more than Moses did, Our Prophet and our King; From bonds of hell he freed our souls, And taught our lips to sing. And taught our lips to sing.

3 In the Red Sea by Moses' hand The Egyptian host was drown'd ;
 But his own blood hides all our sins, And guilt no more is found.
 4 When through the desert Israel went, With manna they were fed ;
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh, And calls it living bread.

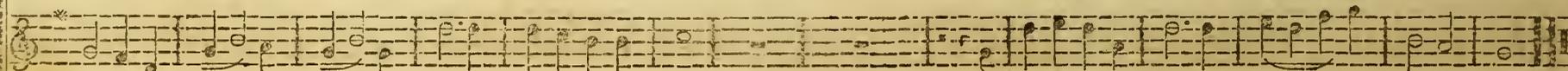
5 Moses beheld the promis'd land, Yet never reach'd the place :
 But Christ shall bring his foll'wers home, To see his Father's face.
 6 Then shall our love and joy be full, And feel a warmer flame,
 And sweeter voices tune the song Of Moses and the Lamb.



AIR. Now be the God of If - rael blefs'd, Who makes his truth appear; His mighty hand ful - fills his word, And all the oaths he fwore.



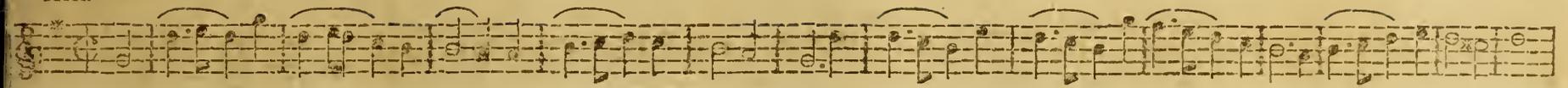
Now he bedews old David's root With blessings from the skies: He makes the branch of promise grow, The promis'd horn arise. The promis'd horn arise.



3 [John was the prophet of the Lord, To go before his face,
The herald which our Saviour God Sent to prepare his ways.
4 He makes the great salvation known, He speaks of pardon'd sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love, In its own glory shines.
5 "Behold the Lamb of God, he cries, That takes our guilt away;
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head On his baptizing day.]

6 "Be ev'ry vale exalted high, Sink ev'ry mountain low;
"The proud must stoop, and humble souls Shall his salvation know.
7 "The heathen realms with Israel's land Shall join in sweet accord;
"And all that's born of man shall see, The glory of the Lord.
8 "Behold the morning star arise, Ye that in darkness sit:
"He marks the path that leads to peace And guides our doubtful feet."

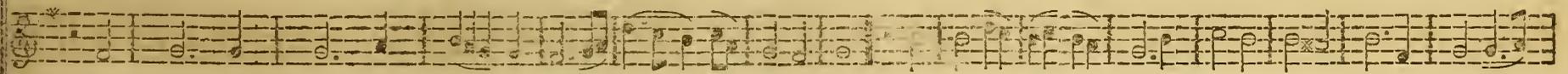
AIR.



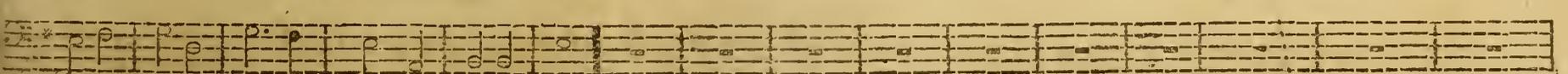
To God the on : ly wife, Our Saviour and our King, Let all the faints below the skies Their humble praifes bring.



Let all the faints below the skies Their humble praifes bring. 'Tis his almighty love, His counfel and his care, Preserves us



safe from fin and death, And ev'ry hurtful snare. He will present our souls Unblemish'd and complete, Before the glory of his



Soft.

Loud.

face, With joys divinely great. Before the glories of his face, With joys divinely great. Then all the chosen

Soft.

Loud.

feed Shall meet around the throne, Shall bless the conduct of his grace, And make his wonders known. To our Re - deemer God Wisdom and pow'r belongs,

Soft.

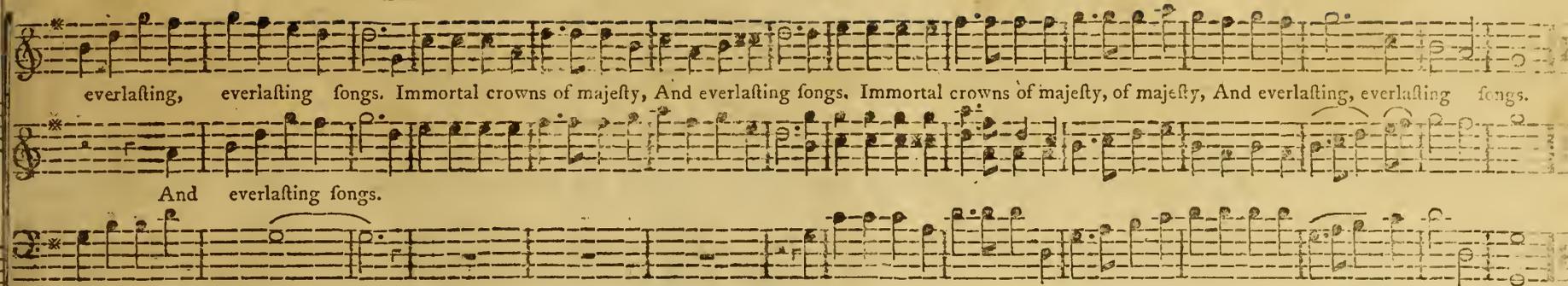
Loud.

To our Redeemer God Wisdom and pow'r belongs, Immortal crowns of majesty, of majesty And
Immortal crowns of majesty,
Immortal crowns of majesty, Immortal crowns of majesty and everlasting

Dim.

Cres.

Loud.



everlasting, everlasting fongs. Immortal crowns of majesty, And everlasting fongs. Immortal crowns of majesty, of majesty, And everlasting, everlasting fongs.
And everlasting fongs.

No. 404.

China.

Hymn 52. L. M.



'Twas the commission of our Lord, Go teach the nations, and baptize, The nations have receiv'd the word, The nations have receiv'd the word, Since he ascended to the skies.

AIR.

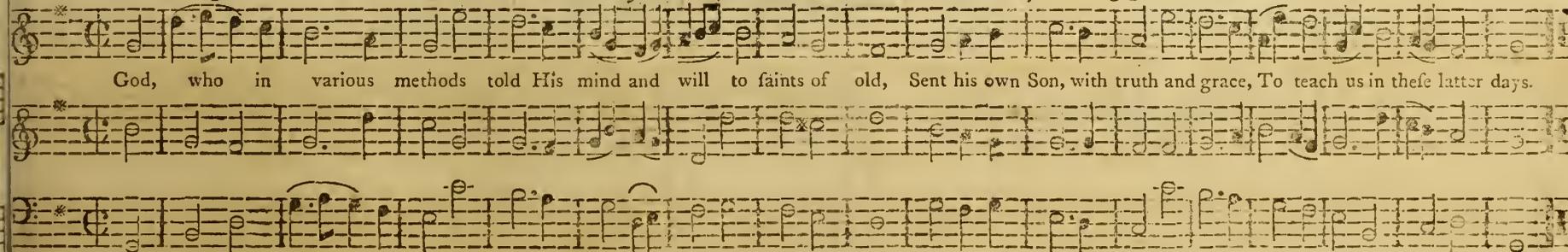


2 He sits upon th' eternal hills, With grace and pardon in his hands,
And sends his cov'nant, with the seals, To bless the distant christian lands.
3 Repent, and be baptiz'd he faith, For the remission of your sins;
And thus our sense assists our faith, And shews us what his gospel means.
4 Our souls he washes in his blood, As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God Descends like purifying rain.
5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee, And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great Eternal Three In heav'n our solemn vows record!

AIR. No. 405.

Henley.

Hymn 53. L. M.



God, who in various methods told His mind and will to fainsts of old, Sent his own Son, with truth and grace, To teach us in these latter days.

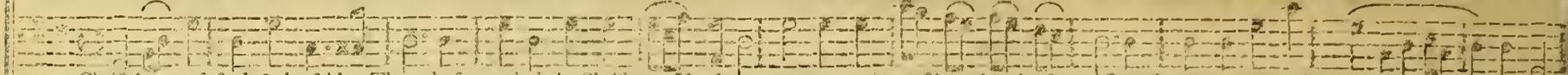
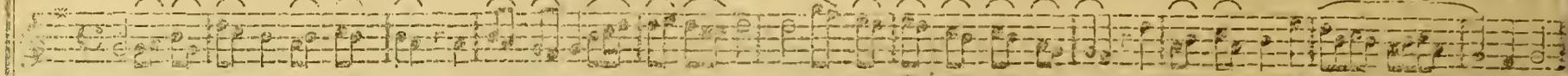
2 Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heav'n,
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye people all who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land) praise ye the Lord.



AIR. Jesus we bless thy Father's name; Thy God and ours are both the same; What heav'nly blessings from his throne Flow down to sinners through his Son!



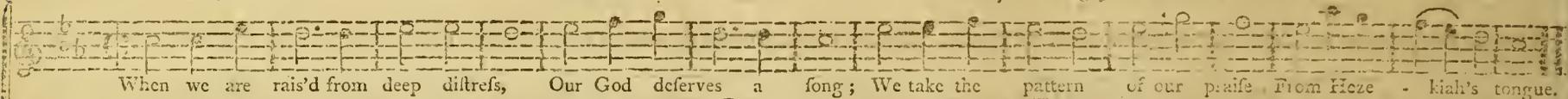
- 2 Christ be my first elect, he said, Then chose our souls in Christ our Head,
Before he gave the mountains birth, Or laid foundations for the earth.
3 Thus did eternal love begin To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed; Blameless in love, a holy feed.

- 4 Predestinated to be sons, Born by degrees, but choose at once,
A new regenerated race, To praise the glory of his grace.
5 With Christ, our Lord, we share a part In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd, 'Till he forgets his first be lov'd.

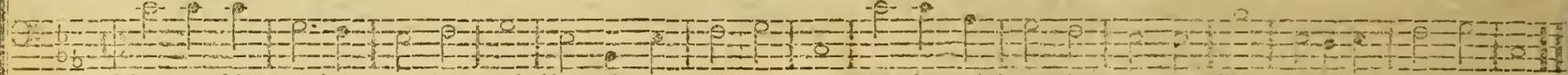
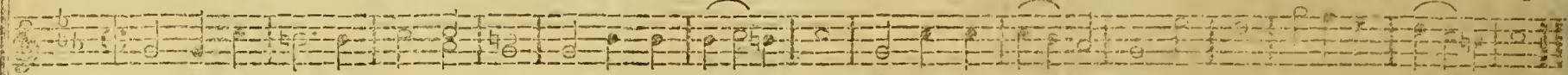
AIR. No. 407.

Barston.

Hymn 55. C. M.



When we are rais'd from deep distress, Our God deserves a song; We take the pattern of our praise From Heze - kiah's tongue.



- 2 The gates of the devouring grave Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death Commands them fast again.
3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse Our minds with slavish fears;
Our days are past, and we shall lose The remnant of our years.

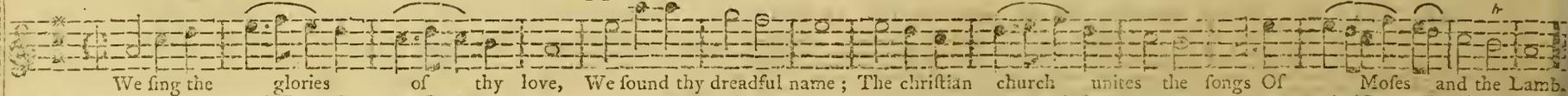
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice, Or like a dove we mourn,
With bitterness instead of joys, Afflicted and forlorn.
5 Jehovah speaks the healing word, And no disease withstands;
Fevens and plagues obey the Lord, And fly at his commands.

- 6 If half the strings of life should break, He can our frame restore;
He casts our sins behind his back, And they are found no more.

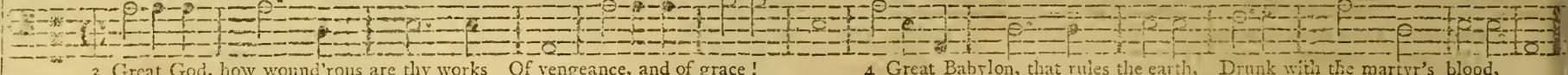
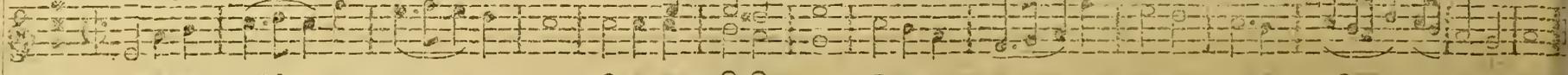
AIR. No. 408.

Epping.

Hymn 56. C. M.



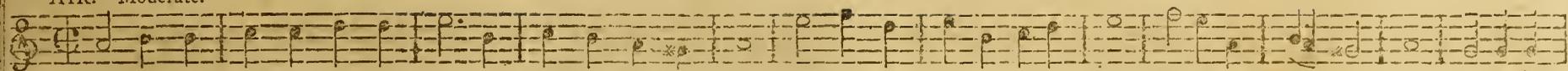
We sing the glories of thy love, We found thy dreadful name; The christian church unites the songs Of Moses and the Lamb.



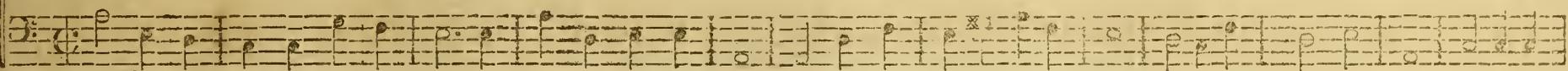
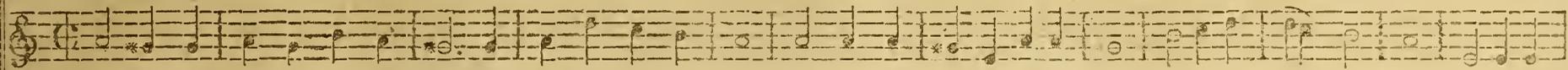
- 2 Great God, how wondrous are thy works Of vengeance, and of grace!
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord, How just and true thy ways!
3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name, Or worship at thy throne!
Thy judgments speak thy holiness Through all the nations known.

- 4 Great Babylon, that rules the earth, Drunk with the martyr's blood,
Her crimes shall speedily awake The fury of our God.
5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd, And she must drink the dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge, And shall fulfil the plagues.

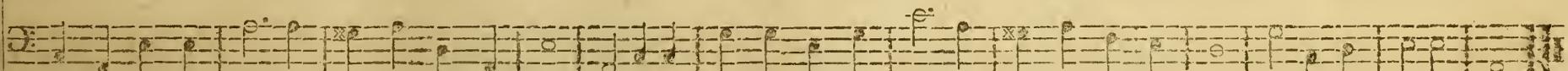
AIR. Moderate.



Backward with humble shame we look On our orig - inal; How is our nature dash'd and broke In our first father's fall. To all that's



good, averse and blind, But prone to all that's ill; What dreadful darknes veils our mind! How obstinate our will! How obstinate our will!



- 3 Conceived in sin (O wretched state) Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat Iniquity and death.
4 How strong in our degen'rate blood The old corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked flood, Wanders through all our veins!
5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit From such a deadly tree?

- 6 What mortal pow'r from things unclean Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream From an infected spring?
7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love, Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above The tempter, death, and sin.
8 The second Adam shall restore The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sov'reign pow'r That new creates our dust!

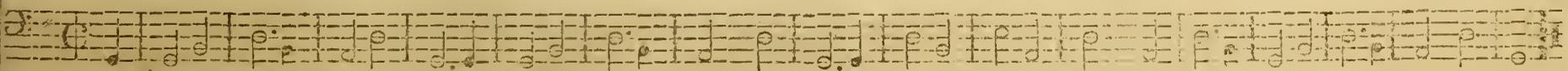
AIR. No. 410.

Lockwood.

Hymn 58. L. M.



Let mortal tongues attempt to sing The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King, And fought the battles of our God.



- 2 Against the dragon and his host The armies of the Lord prevail;
In vain they rage, in vain they boast, Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
3 Down to the earth was Satan thrown, Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown, And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
4 Now is the hour of darkness past, Christ has assum'd his reigning pow'r;
Behold the great accuser cast Down from the skies, to rise no more.
5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb, Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name They gain'd the battle and renown.
6 Rejoice, ye heav'ns, let ev'ry star Shine with new glories round the sky:
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war, Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

AIR.

In Gabriel's hand, a mighty stone, Lies a fair type of Babylon: Prophets rejoice, and all ye faints, God shall avenge your long complaints.

He said, and dreadful as he stood, He sunk the millstone in the flood: Thus terribly shall Babel fall, Thus, and no more be found at all.

No. 412.

Whitestown.

Hymn 60. L. M.

AIR. Our souls shall magnify the Lord, In God the Saviour we rejoice; While we repeat the Virgin's song, May the same spirit tune our voice. May the same spirit, &c.

2 [The Highest saw her low estate, And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing pow'r and grace Makes her the mother of his Son.

3 Let ev'ry nation call her blest And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd; Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

6 But now no more shall Israel wait, No more the Gentiles lie forlorn;
Lo, the desire of nations comes; Behold the promis'd seed is born!

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord, His mercy stands forever sure:
From age to age his promise lives, And the performance is secure.

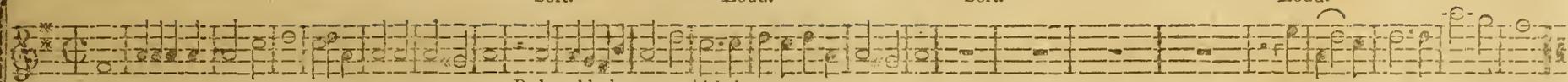
5 He spake to Ab'ram and his seed, In thee shall all the earth be blest'd:
The mem'ry of that ancient word, Lay long in his eternal breast.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

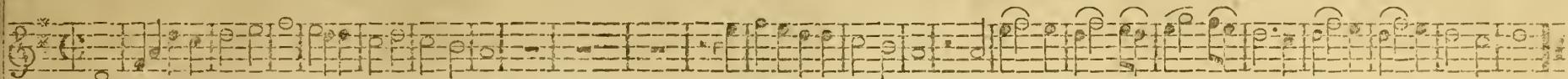
Loud.



Be humble honors paid below,



AIR. Now to the Lord, who makes us know The wonders of his dying love. And strains of nobler praise above, Be humble honors paid below, And strains of nobler praise above.



- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins, And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
- 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings, And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus our atoning Priest, To Jesus our superior King,
- Be everlasting pow'r confess'd, And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.

- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes, And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;
- Though with our sins we pierc'd him once. Then he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail, While we rejoice to see the day :
- Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail, Nor let thy chariots long delay.

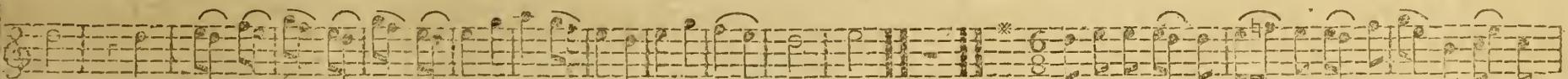
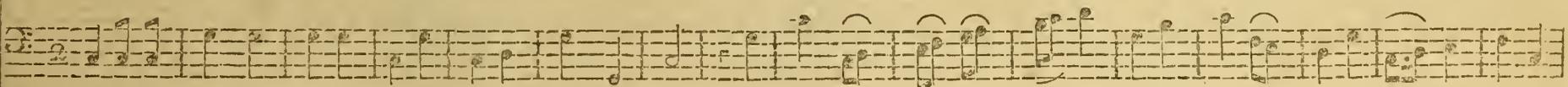
AIR. No. 414.

Dunkirk.

Hymn 62. C. M.

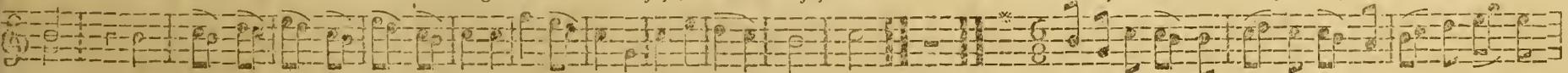


Come, let us join our cheerful songs, With angels round the throne ; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all their joys, But all their joys are



one. Ten thousand, thousand are their tongues, But all their joys, but all their joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb, who dy'd, they cry, To be, to be ex-



altered thus : Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, For he was slain for us. Worthy the Lamb' our lips reply, For he was slain, For

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply For he was slain, For

Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply, For

he was slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honor and pow'r, and pow'r divine ; And blessings, more than we can give, Be

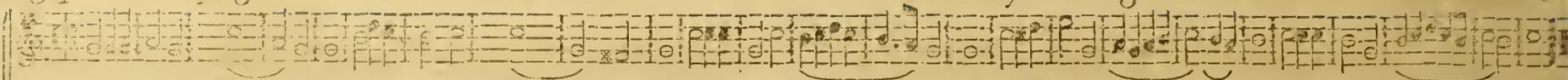
Lord, Be, Lord, forever thine. Let all who dwell above the sky, And air, And earth, and seas, Conspire to lift thy

With Spirit.

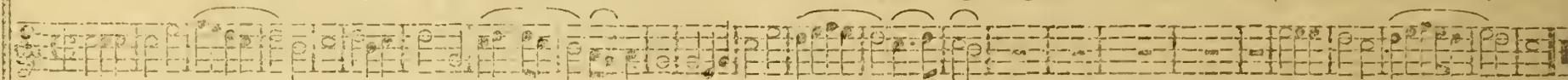
glories high, And speak thine endless praise. The whole creation join in one, To blefs, to blefs the facred name Of

him, who fits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb. The whole creation join in one, To blefs the facred

name Of him, who fits upon the throne, And to adore the Lamb. to adore, to adore the Lamb.



AIR. What equal honors shall we bring, To thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb, When all the notes that angels sing, Are far inferior to thy name. Are far inferior to thy name.

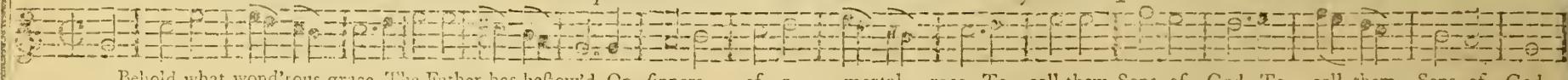


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Worthy is he that once was slain, The Prince of Life that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign At his Almighty Father's side.</p> <p>3 Pow'r and dominion are his due, Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar,
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too, Tho' he was charg'd with madness there,</p> | <p>4 All riches are his native right, Yet he sustain'd amazing loss;
To him ascribe eternal might, Who left his weakness on the cross.</p> <p>5 Honor immortal must be paid, Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head, And a bright crown without a thorn.</p> <p>6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretched men:
Let angels sound his sacred name, And ev'ry creature say, Amen.</p> |
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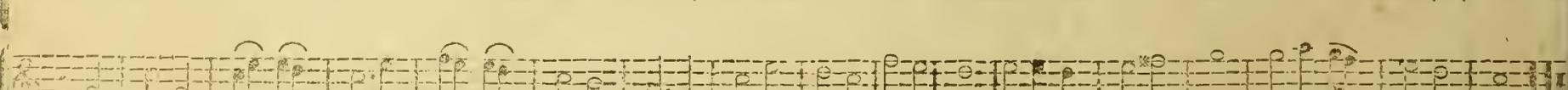
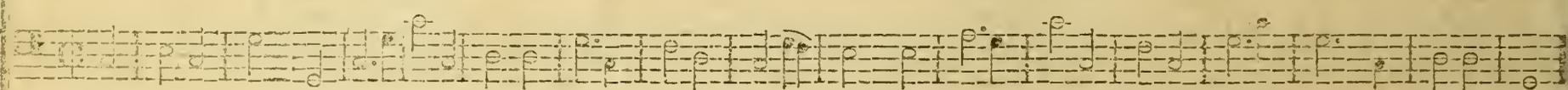
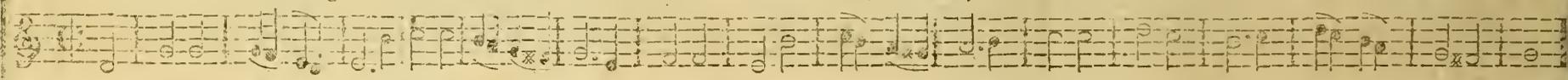
AIR. No. 416.

Adoption.

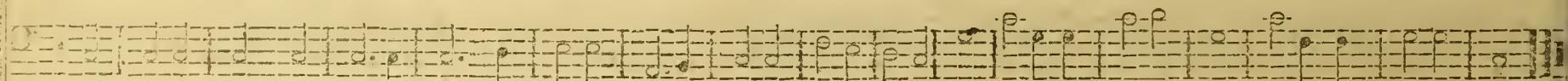
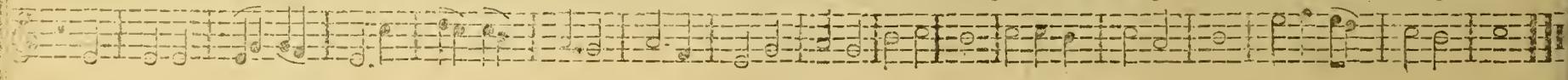
Hymn 64. S. M. 2 verses.



Behold what wond'rous grace The Father has bestow'd On sinners of a mortal race, To call them Sons of God. To call them Sons of God.



'Tis no sur - prising thing, That we should be unknown; The Jewish world knew not their King, God's everlasting Son. God's ever - lasting Son.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Nor doth it yet appear How great we must be made:
But when we see our Saviour here, We shall be like our head.</p> <p>4 A hope so much divine May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin, As Christ the Lord is pure.</p> | <p>5 If in my Father's love I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove To rest upon my heart.</p> <p>6 We would no longer lie Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry, And thou the kindred own.</p> |
|--|--|

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

tr



2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come ;
Jesus the Lamb, who once was slain,
For ever live, for ever reign.

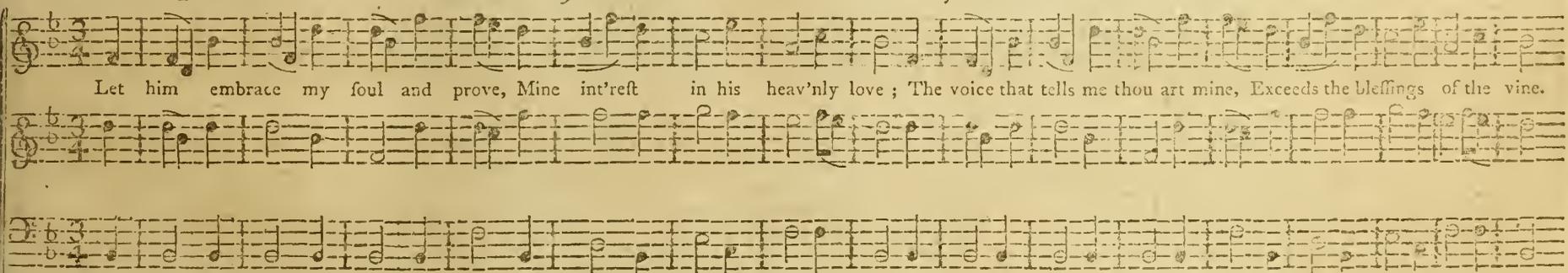
3 The angry nations fret and roar,
That they can slay the fain's no more ;
On wings of vengeance flies our God,
To pay the long arrears of blood!

4 Now must the rising dead appear :
Now the decisive sentence hear ;
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
Receive an infinite reward.

AIR. No. 418.

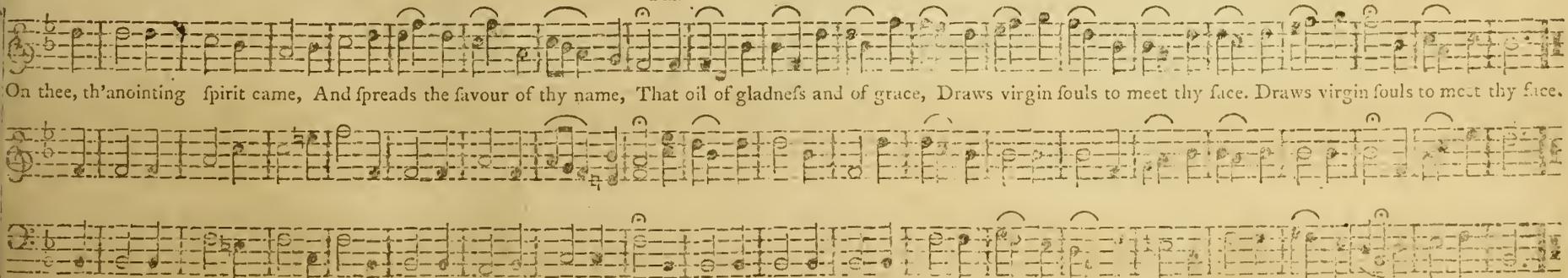
Italy.

Hymn 66. L. M. 2 verses.



Pia.

For.



3 Jesus allure me by thy charms, My soul shall fly into thine arms,
Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring To the fair chambers of the King.
4 [Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice, To speak thy praises and our joys ;
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are, And black as Kedars tents appear,
Yet when we put thy beauties on, Fair as the courts of Solomon.

6 [While at his table sits the King, He loves to see us smile and sing ;
Our graces are our best perfume, And breathe like spikeard round the room.
7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree, Such is a dy'ng Christ to me :
And while he makes my soul his guest, My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
8 No beams of cedar or of fir, Can with thy courts on earth compare,
And here we wait until thy love Raise us to nobler seats above.]

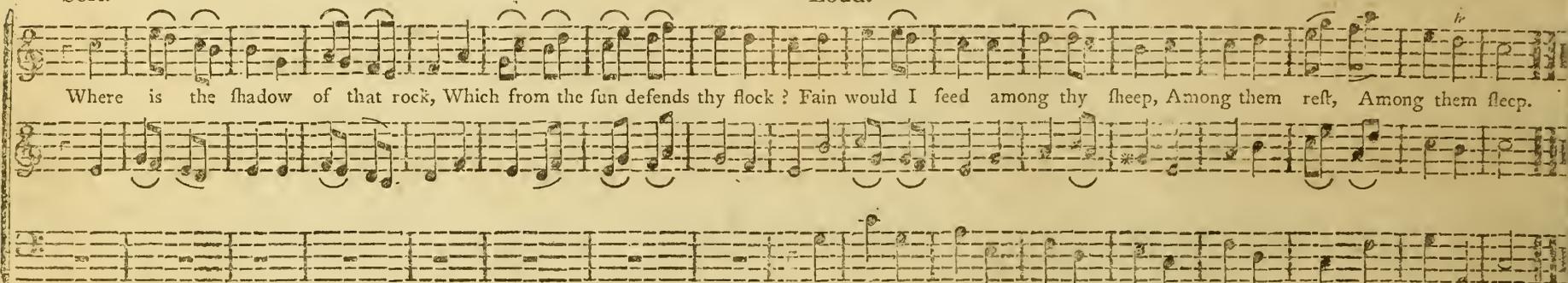
AIR.



Thou, whom my soul admires above All earthly joys and earthly love, Tell me, dear shepherd, let me know Where doth thy sweetest pastures grow.

Soft.

Loud.



Where is the shadow of that rock, Which from the sun defends thy flock? Fain would I feed among thy sheep, Among them rest, Among them sleep.

3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

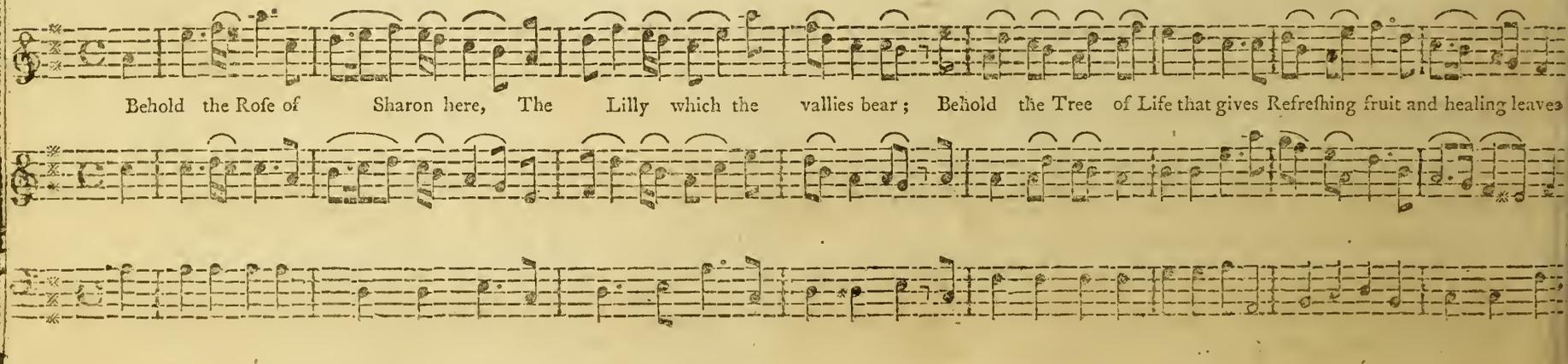
4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul will come,
'Till my beloved lead me home.]

AIR. No. 420.

Sharon.

Hymn 68. L. M. 2 verses.



Behold the Rose of Sharon here, The Lilly which the vallies bear; Behold the Tree of Life that gives Refreshing fruit and healing leaves



Among the thorns fo lillies shine : Among wild gourds the noble vine ; So in my eyes, my Saviour proves Amid a thousand meaner loves.



- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat, To shield me from the burning heat ;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast, To feed my eyes and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place Where stands the banquet of his grace ;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head, The banner of his love he spread,
- 5 With living bread and gen'rous wine, He cheers this sinking heart of mine ;
And op'ning his own heart to me, He shows his thoughts, how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart, Lie down and rest upon my heart ;
I charge my sins not once to move, Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

No. 421.

Adon.

Hymn 69. L. M.

1st Treble.



The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds ;

2^d Treble.



Counter.



The voice of my beloved sounds Over the rocks and rising grounds ;

AIR.



Over the rocks and ri - sing grounds ; He flies to my relief.

He leaps,

He leaps, he flies to my relief. O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief.

O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief, He

Soft.

He flies

He leaps, He leaps, he flies to my relief, He leaps, he flies to my relief Now thro' the veil of flesh I see, With

He flies

leaps,

Soft.

Gently he draws my heart a-

eyes of love he looks at me; Now in the gospel's clearest glafs, He fhows the beauties of his face.

long, Gently he draws my heart along, Both with his beauty and his tongue.

Rise, rise, rise, faith my Lord, make

Soft.

Cres.

haste away Rise, rise, rise, faith my Lord, make haste, make haste away, No mortal joys are worth thy stay, No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

Siciliano.

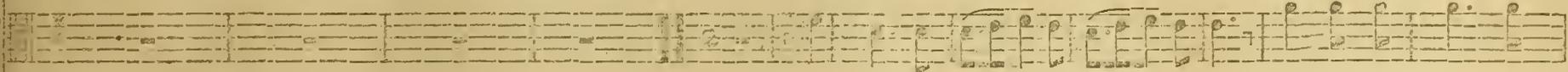
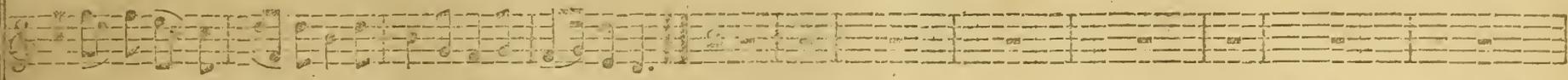
Cres.

The Jewish wint'ry state is gone, The mists are fled, the spring comes on, The sacred turtle dove we hear, Proclaim the new, the joyful year. The

The



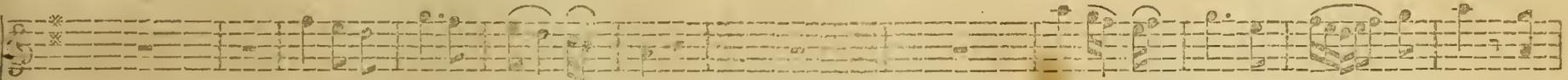
facred turtle dove we hear Proclaim the new the joyful year.



Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root Blossoms and buds, and



facred turtle dove we hear Proclaim the new, the joyful year.



Lo, we are come to taste the wine ; Lo, we are come to taste the wine ; Our



Our



gives her fruit ; Our souls rejoice and blefs the vine. Our



Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;



And blefs the vine,
 Our fouls rejoice
 fouls rejoice, Our fouls, rejoice and blefs, and blefs the vine. Our fouls rejoice and blefs the vine.
 And blefs the vine.
 Our fouls rejoice

Soft. Cres. Soft.
 Rife up, my love, make hafte away ! Our hearts would fain outfly the wind, And leave all earthly loves be-
 And when we hear our Jefus fay, Rife up, my love, make hafte away !

Loud.

hind,

Our hearts would fain outfly the wind, And leave all earthly loves behind. And leave all earthly love behind.

Ever.

No. 422.

Surrinam.

Hymn 60. L. M.

AIR. *Andante.*

Hark! the Redeemer from on high Sweetly invites his favorites nigh; From caves of darkness and of doubt, He gently speaks and calls us out.

Soft.

Loud.

My dove, who hidest in the rock, Thine heart almost with sorrow broke; Lift up thy face, forget thy fear, And let thy voice delight mine ear.

Ductt. Tenor.

Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ; My graces in thy count'nance meet ; Though the vain world thy face despise, 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes.

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives The hope thy invi - tation gives ; To thee our joyful lips shall raise The voice of pray'r and that of praise.

I am my Love's, and he is mine ; Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ; Nor let a motion nor a word, Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.

*Soft. Ductt.**1st Treble.*

My soul to pastures fair he leads, Among the lillies where he feeds ; Among the faints (whose robes are white, Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.

*2d Treble,**Minor. Affettuoso.*

'Till the day break, and shadows flee, 'Till the sweet dawning light I see, Thine eyes to me-ward often turn, Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

Andante.

Be like a hart on mountains green, on mountains green, Leap o'er the hills of fear & sin; Nor guilt nor unbelief divide, Nor guilt nor unbelief divide My Lord & Saviour from my side.

Be like a hart on mountains green, on mountains green, Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin; Nor guilt nor unbelief divide My

Be like a hart on mountains green, Leap o'er the hills of fear. and sin; Nor guilt nor unbelief, nor unbelief divide My

AIR. No. 423.

Greenston.

Hymn 71. L. M. 2 verses.

Often I seek my Lord by night, Jesus, my love, my soul's delight; With warm desire and restless thought I seek him oft, but find him not.

Often I seek my Lord by night, Jesus, my love, my soul's delight; With warm desire and restless thought I seek him oft, but find him not.

Often I seek my Lord by night, Jesus, my love, my soul's delight; With warm desire and restless thought I seek him oft, but find him not.

Then I arise, and search the street, 'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet; I ask the watchmen of the night, Where did you see my soul's delight?

Then I arise, and search the street, 'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet; I ask the watchmen of the night, Where did you see my soul's delight?

Then I arise, and search the street, 'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet; I ask the watchmen of the night, Where did you see my soul's delight?

3 Sometimes I find him in my way; Directed by heav'nly ray;
 I leap for joy to see his face, And hold him fast in mine embrace.
 4 I bring him to my mother's home, Nor does my Lord refuse to come
 To Sion's sacred chambers where My soul first drew the vital air.

5 He gives me there his bleeding heart, Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart;
 I give my soul to him, and there Our loves their mutual tokens share.
 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys, Approach not to disturb my joys;
 Nor sin, nor hell come near my heart, Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

AIR.

Daughters of Sion, come, behold, The crown of honor and of gold, Which the glad church, with joys unknown, Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

Jesus, thou ever - lasting King, Accept the tribute which we bring; Accept the well deserv'd renown, And wear our praises as thy crown.

3 Let ev'ry act of worship be, Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour, when from above We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
4 The gladness of that happy day! Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold, Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

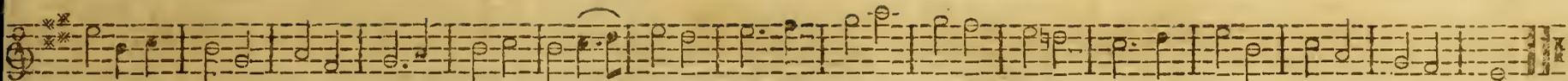
5 Each foll'wing minute as it flies, Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name At the great supper of the Lamb.
6 O that the months would roll away, And bring that coronation day!
The King of grace shall fill the throne, With all his Father's glories on.

AIR. No. 425.

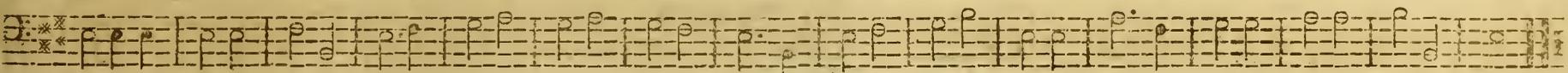
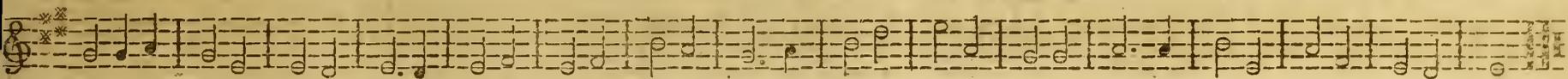
Dunham.

Hymn 73. L. M. 2 verses.

Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord, Affection sounds in ev'ry word; Lo, thou art fair, my love he cries, Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.



Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice Salutes mine ears with secret joys ; No spice so much delights the smell, Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.



3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ; I will behold no spot in thee.
 What mighty wonders love performs, And puts a comeliness on worms !
 4 Desil'd and loathsome as we are, He makes us white and calls us fair ;
 Adorns us with that heav'nly dress, His graces and his righteousnes.

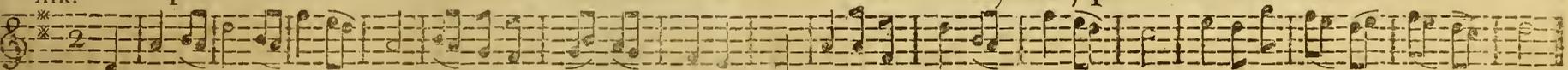
5 My sifter and my spouse, he cries, Bound to my heart by various ties,
 Thy pow'rful love my heart detains In strong delight and pleasing chains.
 6 He calls me from the Leopard's den, From this wide world of bealts and men,
 To Sion where his glories are ; Not Lebanon is half so fair.

7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains, Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, or force my stay, When Christ invites my soul away.

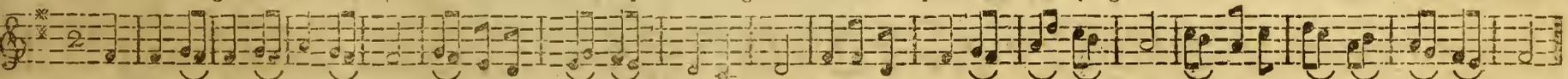
AIR. No. 426.

Nubia.

Hymn 74. L. M. 2 verses.

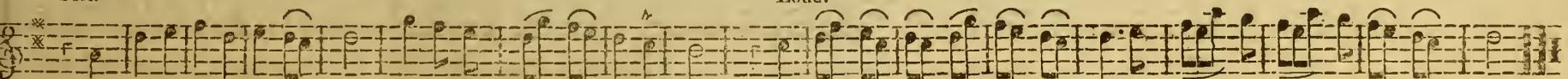


We are a garden well around, Chosen and made peculiar ground ; A little spot inclos'd by grace, Out of the world's wide wilderness.

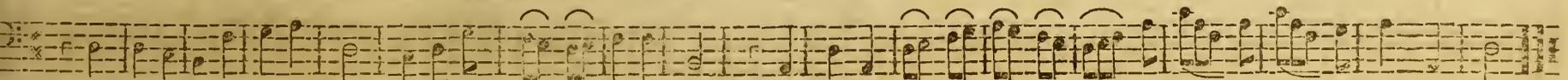
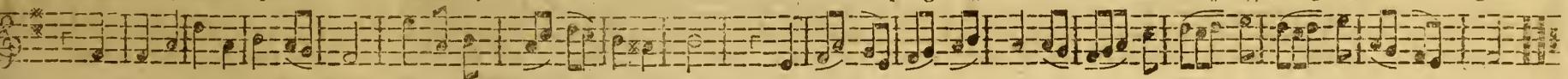


Soft.

Loud.



Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand, Planted by God the Father's hand, And all the springs in Sion flow, To make the young plantation grow.



3 Awake, O heav'nly wind, and come, Blow on this garden of perfume ;
 Spirit divine, descend and breath A gracious gale on plants beneath.
 4 Make our best spices flow abroad, To entertain our Saviour God :
 And faith and love, and joy appear, And ev'ry grace be active here.
 5 Let my beloved come and taste His pleasant fruits at his own feast ;
 I come my spouse, I come, he cries, With love and pleasure in his eyes.

6 Our Lord into his garden comes Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,
 And calls us to a feast divine, Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
 7 Eat of the tree of life my friends, The blessings that my father sends ;
 Your taste shall all my dainties prove, And drink abundance of my love.
 8 Jesus, we will frequent thy board, And sing the bounties of our Lord ;
 But the rich food on which we live Demands more praise than tongue can g're.

AIR.

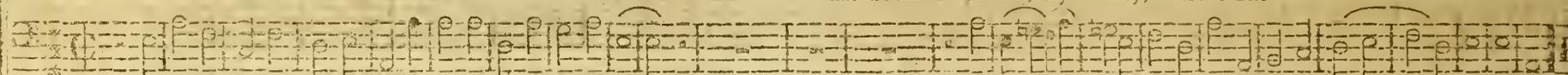


The wond'ring world inquires to know Why I should love my Jesus so : What are his charms, say they, above The objects of a mortal love ? The objects of a mortal love.

Tenor.



What are his charms, say they, above The



What are his charms, say they, above The

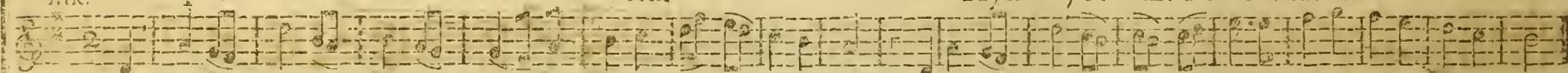
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Yes, my beloved to my sight Shews a sweet mixture red and white :
All human beauties, all divine, In my beloved meet and shine.</p> <p>3 White is his soul, from blemish free ; Red with the blood he shed for me ;
The fairest of ten thousand fairs ; A sun among ten thousand stars.</p> <p>4 His head the finest gold excels ; There wisdom in perfection dwells,
And glory like a crown adorns Those temples once beset with thorns.</p> <p>5 Compassions in his heart are found, Close by the signals of his wound :
His sacred side no more shall bear The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.</p> <p>10 All over glorious is my Lord, Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd ;
His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him too.</p> | <p>6 His hands are fairer to behold Than diamonds set in rings of gold ;
Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.</p> <p>7 Though once he bow'd his feeble knees Loaded with sins and agonies,
Now on the throne of his command His legs like marble pillars stand.</p> <p>8 His eyes are majesty and love, The eagle temper'd with the dove ;
No more shall trickling sorrows roll Through those dear windows of his soul.</p> <p>9 His mouth that pour'd out long complaints, Now smiles & cheers his fainting saints
His countenance more graceful is Than Lebanon with all its trees</p> |
|---|--|

AIR.

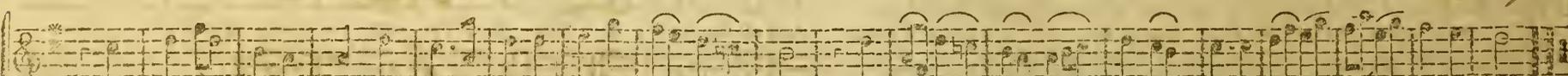
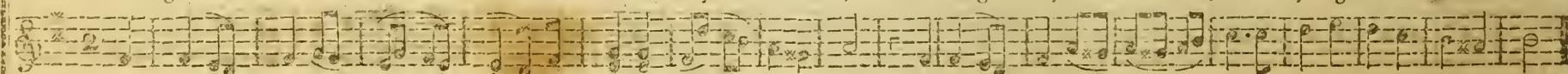
No. 428.

Winchelsea.

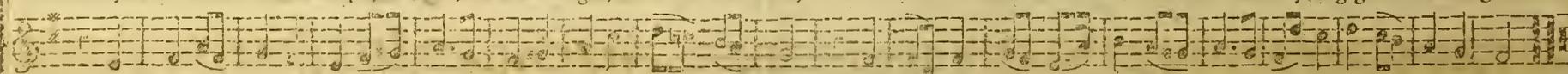
Hymn 76. L. M. 2 verses.



When strangers stand and hear me tell What beauties in my Saviour dwell ; Whers he is gone they fain would know, That they might seek and love him too.



My best beloved keeps his throne, On hills of light, in worlds unknown ; But he descends and shows his face In the young gardens of his grace.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 In vineyards planted by his hand, Where fruitful trees in order stand ;
He feeds among the spicy beds, Where lillies show their spotless heads.</p> <p>4 He has engross'd my warmest love, No earthly charms my soul can move :
I have a mansion in his heart, Nor death nor hell shall make us part.</p> | <p>5 He takes my soul e'er I'm aware, And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariot of Amminadib The heav'nly rapture can describe.</p> <p>6 O may my spirit daily rise On wings of faith above the skies,
'Till death shall make my last remove, To dwell forever with my love.</p> |
|--|--|

AIR.

Soft.

Now in the gall'ries of his grace Appears the King, and thus he says, "How fair my faints are in my sight, My love how pleasant for delight.

Loud.

My love how pleasant for delight. How fair my faints are in my sight, My love how pleasant for delight. My love how pleasant for delight.

- 2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord, There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip Of faints that were almost asleep
To speak the praises of thy name, And make our cold affections flame.

- 4 These are the joys he lets us know In fields and villages below:
Gives us a relish of his love, But keeps his noblest feast above.
- 5 In Paradise, within the gates An higher entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in store, Where we shall feed but thirst no more.

AIR. No. 430.

Plastow.

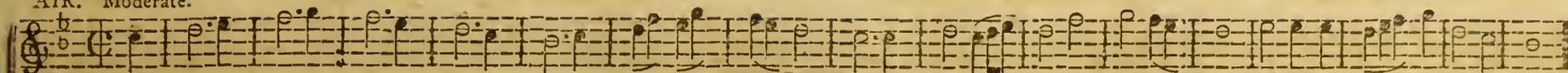
Hymn 78. L. M.

Who is this fair one in distress That travels from the wilderness? And press'd with sorrows and with sins, On her be- lov - ed Lord she leans.

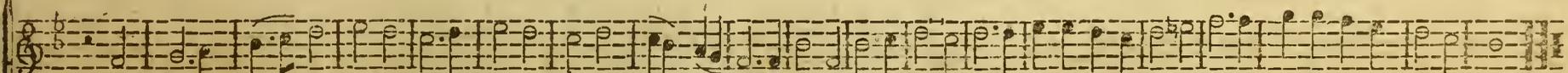
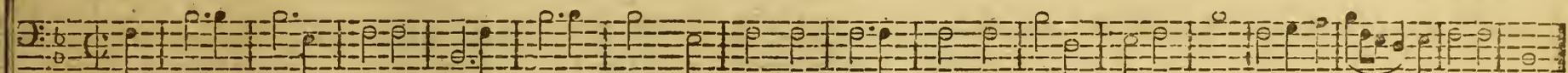
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God, Bought with the treasures of his blood:
And her request, and her complaint, Is but the voice of ev'ry faint.
- 3 "O let my name engraven stand, Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear, That pledge of love for ever there.
- 4 Stronger than death thy love is known, Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine To quench a fire so much divine.

- 5 But I am jealous of my heart, Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impress'd, As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home, Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see, And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 Come, my beloved, haste away, Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful heart or roe Over the hills where spices grow."

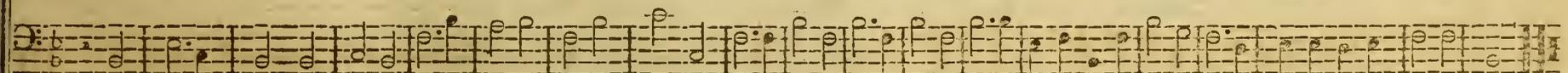
AIR. Moderate.



Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days, And ev'ry evening shall make known, Some fresh memorials of his grace.



Much of my time has run to waste, And I perhaps am near my home ; But he forgives my follies past, He gives me strength for days to come. He gives me strength for &c.



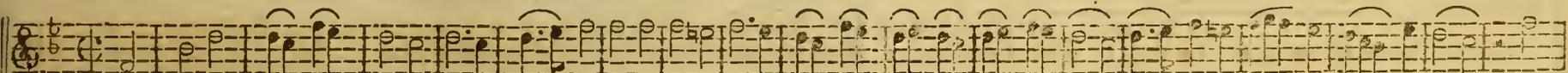
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep, Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well appointed angels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
4 In vain the sons of earth or hell Tell me a thousand frightful things ;
My God in safety makes me dwell Beneath the shadow of his wings.

- 5 Faith in his name, forbids my fear : O may thy presence ne'er depart,
And in the morning make me hear The love and kindness of thy heart.
6 Thus when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb, With sweet salvation in the found.

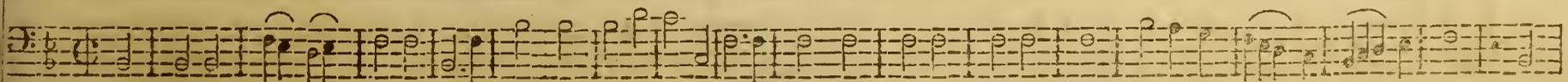
AIR. No. 483.

Morning Song.

Hymn 81. L. M.

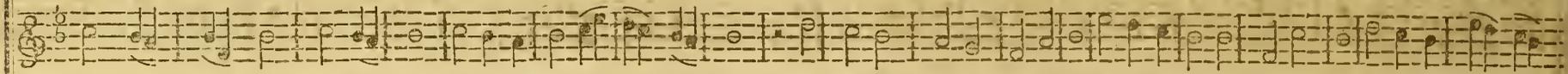


My God, how endless is thy love ! Thy gifts are ev'ry evening new ; And morning mercies from above, Gently distil like early dew. And

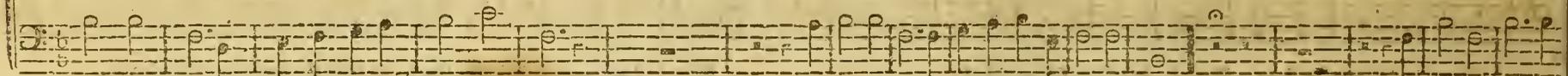




morning mercies from above, Gently distil like early dew. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sov'reign word re-



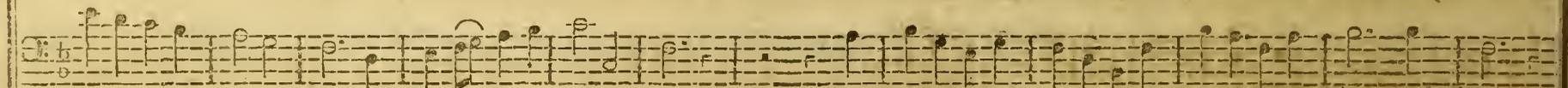
tores the light, And quicken's all my drowfy pow'rs. Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowfy pow'rs. I yield my pow'rs to thy command, To



thee I consecrate my days; To thee I consecrate my days; Perpetual blessings from thine hand, Perpetual blessings, Perpetual blessings from thine hand,



Perpetual blessings from thine hand, De-



Perpetual blessings from thine hand, Perpetual blessings from thine hand,

Demand perpetual fongs of praise, De - mand; Demand perpetual fongs of praise.
 mand perpetual fongs of praise, De - mand per - petual fongs of praise. Demand
 Demand perpetual fongs of praise. Demand

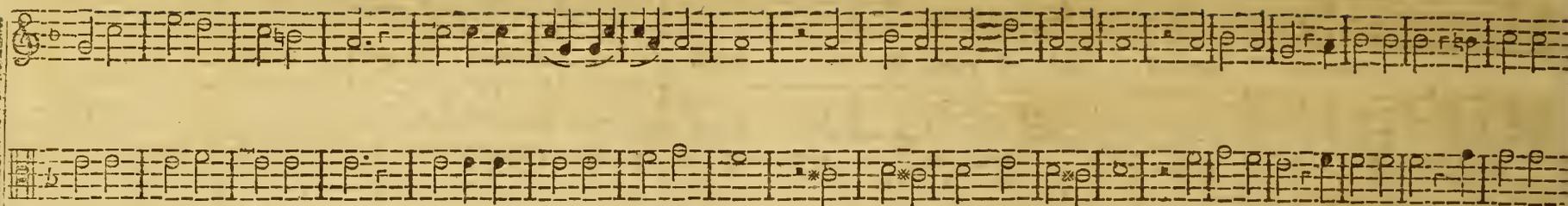
No. 434.

Volenton.

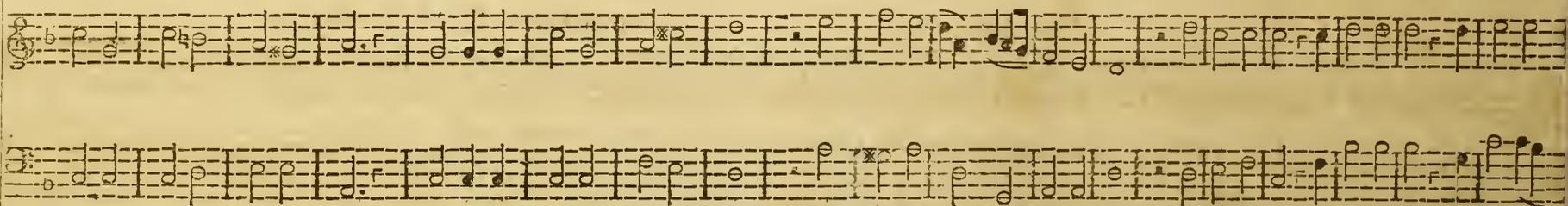
Hymn 82. L. M. 5 verses.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood Contend with their Creator God? Shall mortal worms presume to be More holy, wise, or just than he? Behold he,
 AIR

Their natures, when compar'd with his, Are neither holy, just nor wise.
 puts his trust in none Of all the spirits round his throne; But how much meaner things are they, Who



spring from dust, and dwell in clay? Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath, We faint and vanish like the moth. From night to day, from day to night, We die by

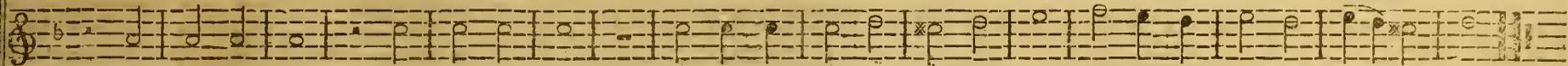


thousands in thy fight; Bury'd in dust, whole nations lie, Like a forgotten vanity. Almight - ty pow'r, to thee we bow!





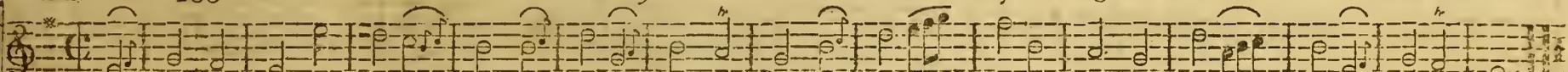
How frail are we! How glorious thou! No more the fons of earth shall dare With an e - ternal God compare.



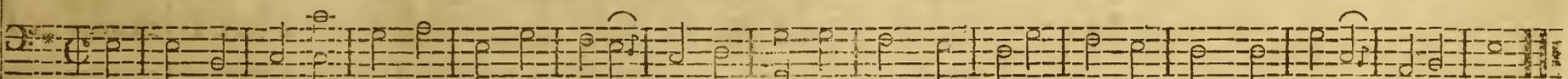
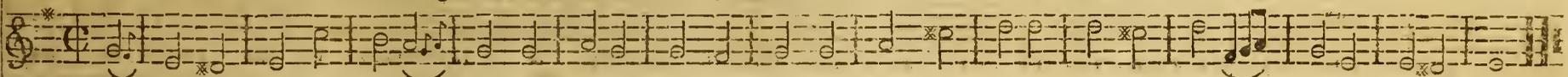
AIR. No. 435.

St. Mary's.

Hymn 83. C. M.



Not from the dust affliction grows, Nor troubles rise by chance; Yet we are born to cares and woes, A sad inher - itance.



2 As sparks break out from burning coals,
And still are upward borne;
So grief is rooted in our souls,
And man grows up to mourn.

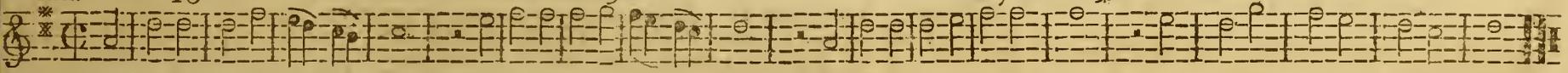
3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,
And trust his promis'd grace;
He rules me by his well known laws
Of love and righteoutness.

4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore
Shall spoil my future peace,
For death and hell can do no more
Than what my Father please.

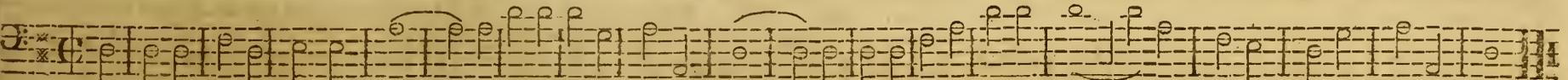
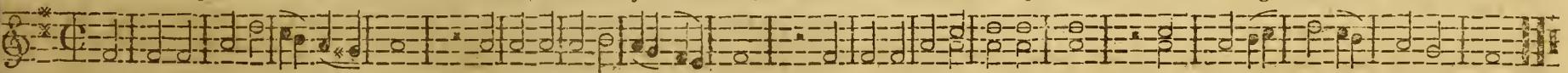
AIR. No. 436.

Medway.

Hymn 84. L. M.



Jehovah speaks, let Israel hear, Let all the earth rejoice and fear, While God's eternal Son proclaims His sov'reign honors and his names.



2 " I am the last, and I the first, The Saviour God, and God the just;
There's none besides pretends to shew Such justice and salvation too.

3 Ye that in shades of darkness dwell, Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands; Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

6 In me, the Lord, shall all the feed Of Israel from their sins be freed,
And by their shining graces prove Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

4 I by my holy name have sworn, Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee, And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.

5 In me alone shall men confess Lies all their strength and righteouness.
But such as dare despise my name, I'll clothe them with eternal shames.

The Lord on high proclaims His Godhead from his throne; Mercy and justice are the names By which I will be known.

2 Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recovering grace.

3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, my Lord, alone.

4 In thee shall Israel trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

No. 438.

Bangor.

Hymn 86. C. M.

How should the sons of Adam's race Be pure before their God! If he contend in righteousness We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts I'll make no more pretence;
Not one of all my thousand faults Can bear a just defence.

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise; What vain presumer's dare
Against their Maker's hand to rise Or tempt th' unequal war?

6 He walks upon the stormy sea; Flies on the stormy wind;
There's none can trace his wondrous way, Or his dark footsteps find.

4 Mountains by his almighty wrath From their old seats are torn;
He shakes the earth from south to north, And all her pillars mourn.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise, The obedient sun forbears;
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies, And seals up all the stars.

AIR. No. 439.

Norwich.

Hymn 87. L. M.

Thus saith the high and lofty One, "I sit upon my holy throne; My name is God, I dwell on high, I dwell on high, Dwell
My name is God, I dwell on high,
My name is God, I dwell on high, My name is God, I dwell on high,

in my own eter - ni - ty. Dwell in my own eter - ni - ty. Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty.

Dwell in my own e - ter - ni - ty. Dwell

Dwell in my own eter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty. Dwell

- 2 But I descend to worlds below, On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite Is an abode of my delight,
- 3 The humble soul my words revive, I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find, And ease the sorrows of the mind.

- 4 When I contend against their sin, I make them know how vile they've been ;
But should my wrath for ever smoke, Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh, Left we should faint, despair and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve The method's of thy chaf'ning love.

AIR. No. 440.

Boundbrook.

Hymn 88. L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord, The time t'infure the great reward, And while the lamp holds out to burn, The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has giv'n To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n ; The day of grace, and mortals may Secure the blessings of the day.

- 3 The living know that they must die, But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone, Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost, Their envy bury'd in the dust ;
They have no share in all that's done Beneath the circuit of the sun.

- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do, My hands, with all your might pursue,
Since no device, nor work is found, Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past In the cold grave to which we haste,
But darkness, death, and long despair Reign in eternal silence there.

AIR. Ye sons of Adam, vain and young, Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue Taste the delights your souls desire, And give a loofe to all your fire.

- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth; but know There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts, His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done Must all appear before the sun.

- 4 The vengeance to your follies due Should strike your hearts with terror thro':
How will ye stand before his face, Or answer for his injur'd grace?
- 5 Almighty God turn off their eyes From these alluring vanities,
And let the thunder of thy word Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

AIR. No. 442.

Randolph.

Hymn 90. C. M.

Lo the young tribes of Adam rise, And through all nature rove, Fulfil the wishes of their eyes, And taste the joys they love.

- 2 Thy give a loofe to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I'd give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

AIR. No. 443.

Butleigh.

Hymn 91. L. M.

Now in the heat of youthful blood, Remember your Creator God; Behold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say "my joys are gone!"

- 2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

- 3 The dust returns to dust again:
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

- 4 Eternal King, I fear thy name,
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

AIR.

Shall wisdom cry aloud, And not her speech be heard? The voice of God's eternal word, Deserves it no regard?

"I was his chief delight, His ever-lasting Son; Before the first of all his works Creation was begun.

- 3 Before the flying clouds, Before the solid land,
Before the fields, before the floods, I dwelt at his right hand.
4 When he adorn'd the skies, And built them, I was there,
To order, when the sun should rise, And marshal ev'ry star.
5 When he pour'd out the sea, And spread the flowing deep,
I gave the flood a firm decree, In its own bounds to keep.

- 6 Upon the empty air The earth was balanc'd well;
With joy I saw the mansion where The sons of men should dwell.
7 My busy thoughts at first On their salvation ran,
Ere sin was born or Adam's dust Was fashion'd to a man.
8 Then come, receive my grace, Ye children and be wise;
Happy the man that keeps my ways; The man that thuns them dies."

AIR. No. 445.

Brecknock.

Hymn 93. L. M.

Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord, "Blest is the man that hears my word, Keeps daily watch before my gates, And at my feet for mercy waits.

- 2 The soul that seeks me shall obtain Immortal wealth, and heav'nly gain;
Immortal life is his reward, Life and the favour of the Lord.

- 3 But the vile wretch that flies from me, Doth his own soul an injury;
Fools that against my grace rebel Seek death, and love the road to hell.

AIR.

Tain are the hopes the fons of men On their own works have built ; Their hearts by nature all unclean, And all their actions guilt. And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,
Without a murm'ring word,
And the whole race of Adam stand
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
To justify us now,
Since to convince, and to condemn,
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus how glorious is thy grace,
When in thy name we trust !
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

AIR. No. 447.

Croyland.

Hymn 95. C. M. 2 verses.

Soft.

Not all the outward forms on earth, Nor rites that God has giv'n, Nor will of man, nor blood of beasts, Can raise a soul to heav'n The sov'reign will of

Loud.

God alone Creates us heirs of grace ; Born in the image of his Son, A new peculiar race, A new peculiar race.

3 The spirit like some heav'nly wind, Blows on the fons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind, And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise From the long sleep of death ;
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes, And praise employs our breath.

AIR.

2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God ;
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honorable blood.

3 He calls the fool, and makes him know
The myst'ries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.

4 Nature has all its glories lost,
When brought before his throne ;
No flesh shall in his presence boast
But in the Lord alone.

No. 449.

Danbury.

Hymn 97. L. M.

AIR.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears, 'Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress, And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."
3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin, His spirit makes our natures clean :
Such virtues from his sufferings flow, At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks The iron bondage from our necks.
5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty All, and we, Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

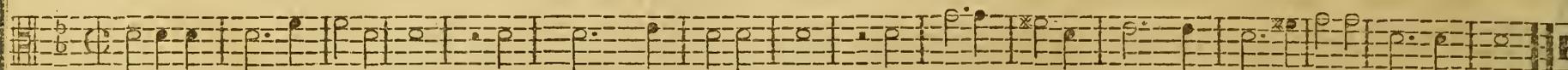
AIR. No. 450.

Dracut.

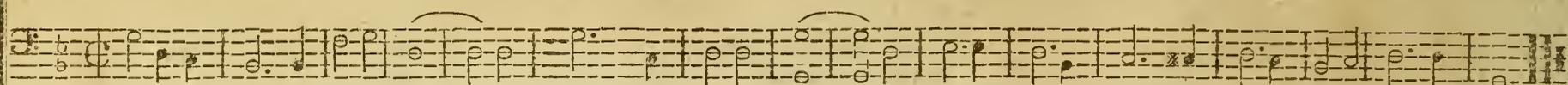
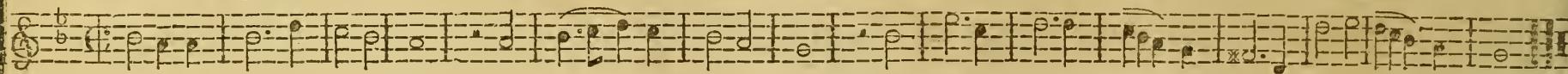
Hymn 98. S. M.

2 Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of heav'n,
But in his righteousness array'd, We see our sins forgiv'n.
3 Unholy and impure Are all our thoughts and ways,
His hands infested nature cure With sanctifying grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree To hold our souls in vain,
He sets the sons of bondage free, And breaks the cursed chain.
5 Lord, we adore thy ways, To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace, And thine atoning blood.



AIR. Vain are the hopes that rebels place, Upon their birth and blood, Def - cended from a pious race, Their fathers now with God.



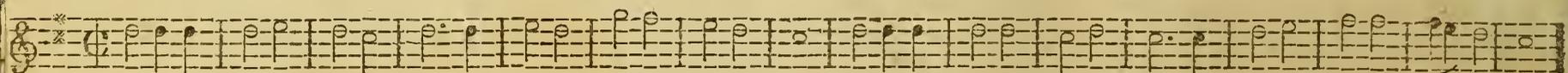
2 He from the caves of earth and hell Can take the hardest stones,
And fill the house of Abraham well With new created sons.

3 Such wond'rous pow'r doth he possess, Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness; The world obey'd and came.

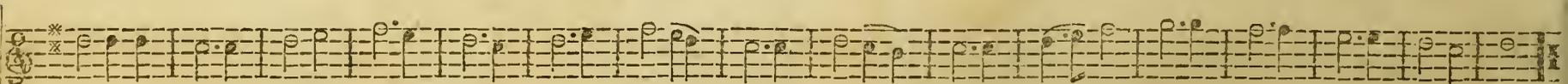
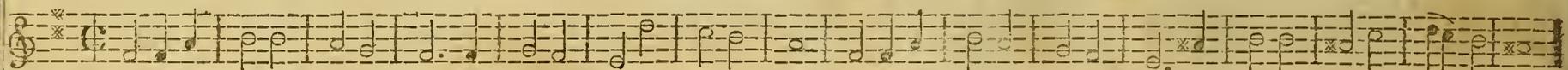
AIR. No. 452.

Orkney.

Hymn 100. L. M. 2 verses.



Not to condemn the sons of men Did Christ the son of God appear: No weapons in his hands are seen, Nor flaming sword, nor thunder there.

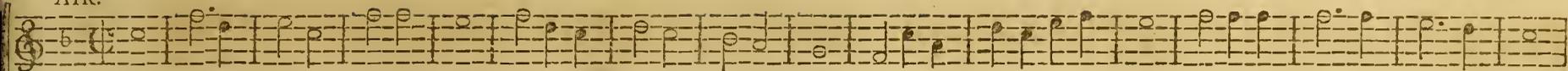


Such was the pity of our God, He lov'd the race of man so well, He sent his Son to bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

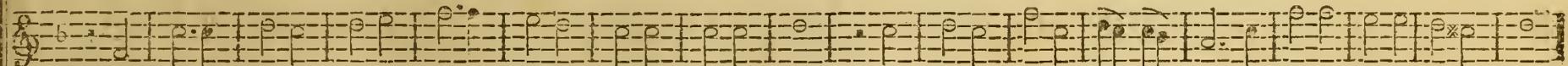
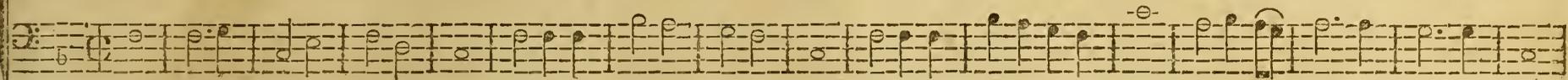
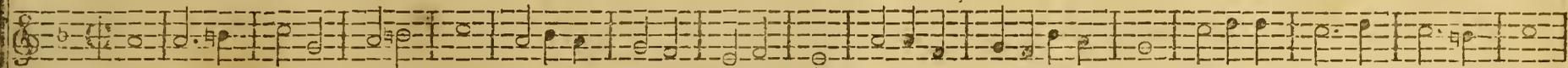


3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word, Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford, His hands a thousand blessings give.

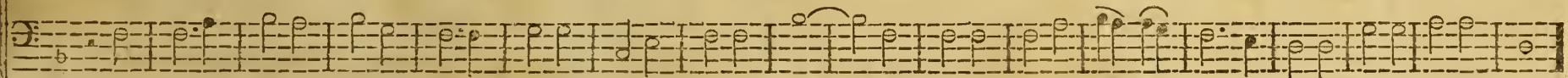
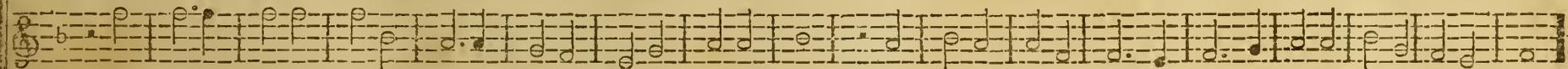
4 But vengeance and damnation lies On rebels who refuse his grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise, The hottest hell shall be their place.



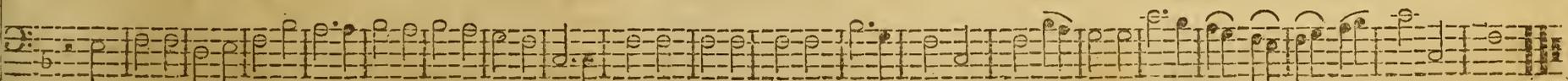
Who can describe the joys that rise Thro' all the courts of paradise, To see a prodigal return, To see an heir of glory born?



With joy the Father doth approve The fruit of his eternal love; The Son with joy looks down and sees The purchase of his agonies.



The spirit takes delight to view The holy soul, he form'd anew, And saints and angels join to sing The growing empire of their King, The growing empire of their King.



AIR. Soft. tr Loud. tr Soft.

Blest are the humble souls that see Their emptiness and poverty ; Treasures of grace to them are giv'n, And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n. Blest are the

Loud. tr Soft. Loud. tr

men of broken heart, Who mourn for sin with inward smart ; The blood of Christ divinely flows A healing balm for all their woes. A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar From rage and passion, noise and war ;
 God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause against the great.
 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace, Hunger and long for righteousness.
 They shall be well supply'd and fed With living streams and living bread.
 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move And melt with sympathy and love :
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain Like sympathy and love again.

6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean From the defiling pow'r of sin ;
 With endless pleasure they shall see A God of spotless purity.
 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life, Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
 They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss, The sons of God, the God of peace.
 8 Blest are the sufferers who partake Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ; Glory and joy are their reward.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause, Maintain the honor of his word, The glory of his cross. Jesus, my God, I know his

Soft.

Loud.

name ; His name is all my trust, Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost. Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

Soft.

Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure, What I've committed to his hands, 'Till the decisive hour. Then will he own my worthless

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

name, Then will he own my worthless name, Before his Father's face ; And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place. And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place.

AIR.

Not the ma - licious or profane, The wanton or the proud, Nor thieves, nor slan - ders shall obtain The kingdom of our God.

2 Surprising grace ! and such were we
By nature and by sin,
Heirs of immortal misery,
Unholy and unclean.

3 But we are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
We're pardon'd through his name ;
And the good spirit of our God
Has sanctify'd our frame.

4 O for a persevering pow'r
To keep thy just commands !
We should defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

No. 457,

St. Hilary's.

Hymn 105. C. M.

AIR.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, Nor sense nor reason known, What joys the Father hath prepar'd For those who love the Son. For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord Reveals a heav'n to come :
The beams of glory in his word Allure and guide us home.
3 Pure are the joys above the sky, And all the region peace ;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye, Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates for ever bar Pollution, sin and shame :
None shall obtain admittance there, But foll'wers of the Lamb.
5 He keeps the Father's book of life, There all their names are found ;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive To tread the heav'nly ground.

No. 458.

Thetford.

Hymn 106. S. M. 3 verses.

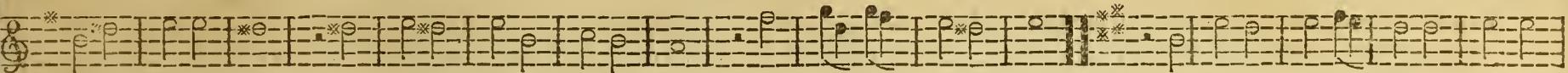
AIR.

Shall we go on to sin, Because thy grace abounds ? Or crucify the Lord again, And open all his wounds ? Forbid it, mighty God, Nor

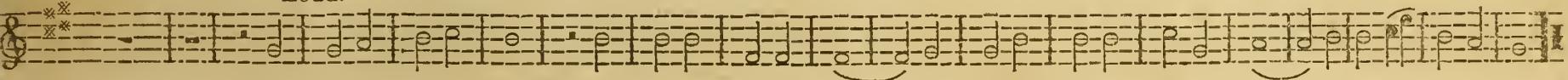
Soft.



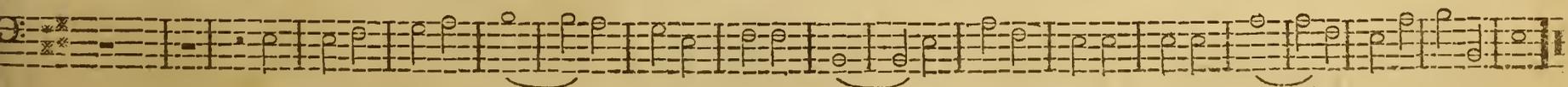
let it e'er be said, That we, whose sins are crucify'd, Should raise them from the dead. We will be slaves no more, since Christ hath



Loud.



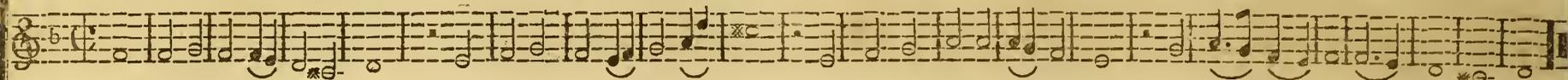
made us free, We will be slaves no more, Since Christ hath made us free, He's nail'd our tyrants to his cross, And bought our liberty.



AIR.



Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell, Adam our head, our father fell, When Satan in the Serpent hid, Propos'd the fruit which God forbid.

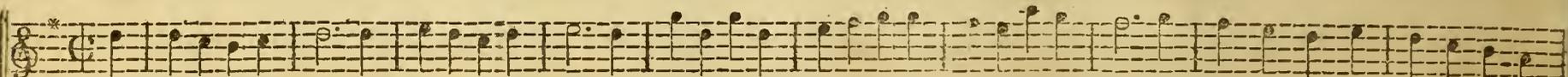


- 2 Death was the threat'ning ; death began To take possession of the man :
His unborn race receiv'd the wound, And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But Satan found a worse reward ; Thus faith the vengeance of the Lord,
Let everlasting hatred be Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.
- 4 The woman's seed shall be my Son, He shall destroy what thou hast done :
Shall break thy head, and only feel Thy malice raging at his heel.
- 5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years Roll on ; at length his Son appears ;
Angels with joy descend to earth, And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ; But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
He gave their prince a fatal blow ; And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

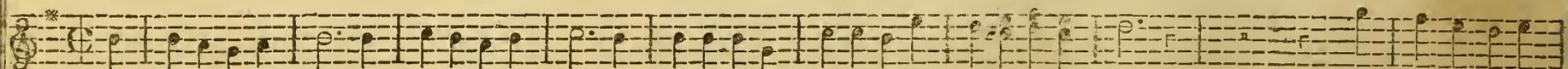
AIR. No. 460.

Ashford.

Hymn 108. S. M.



Not with our mortal eyes Have we beheld the Lord, Yet we rejoice to hear his name, And love him in his word. Yet we rejoice to hear his name, Yet

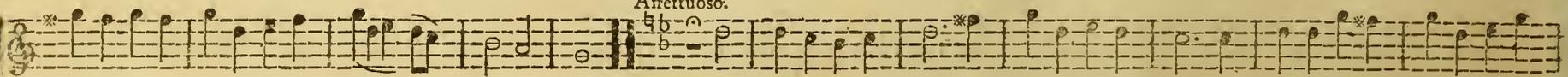


Yet we rejoice, Yet

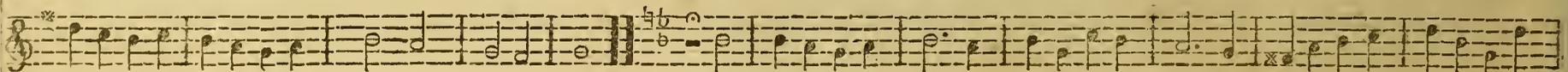


Yet

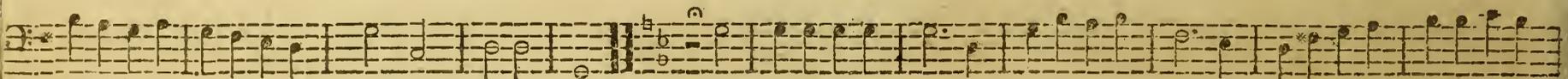
Affettuoso.



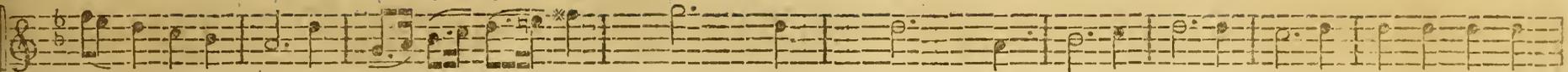
we rejoice to hear his name, And love him in his word. On earth we want the sight Of our Redeemer's face, Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight, To



we rejoice to



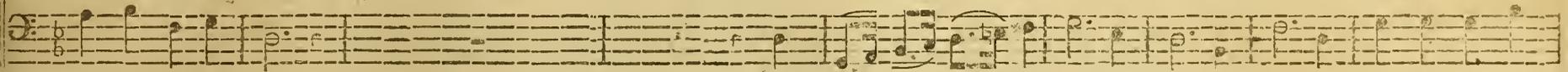
we rejoice to



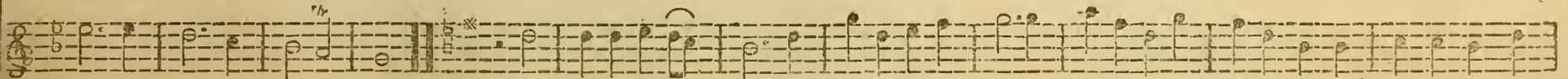
dwell upon thy grace. Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts de - light, our inmost thoughts delight To dwell upon thy



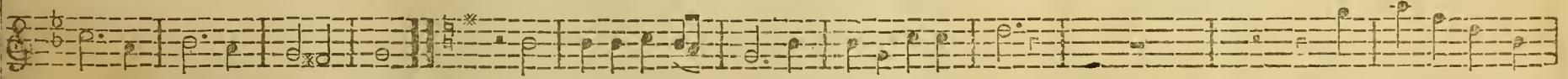
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts, our inmost thought delight



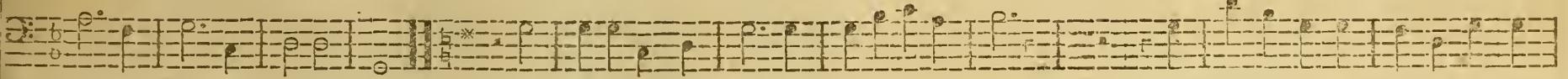
Yet, Lord, our inmost, inmost thoughts delight



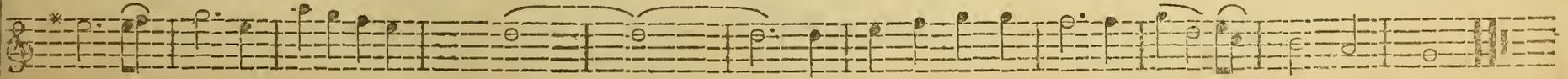
grace. To dwell upon thy grace. And when we taste thy love, Our joys divinely grow Unspeakable, like those above, Unspeakable, like



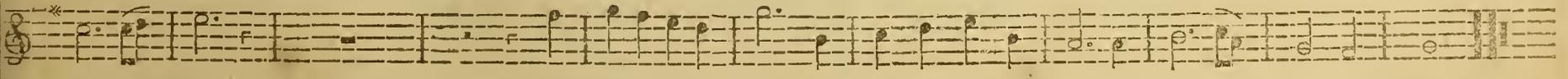
Unspeakable like



Unspeakable, Unspeakable, like.



those above, And heav'n begins be - low And heav'n begins below, And heav'n begins below.



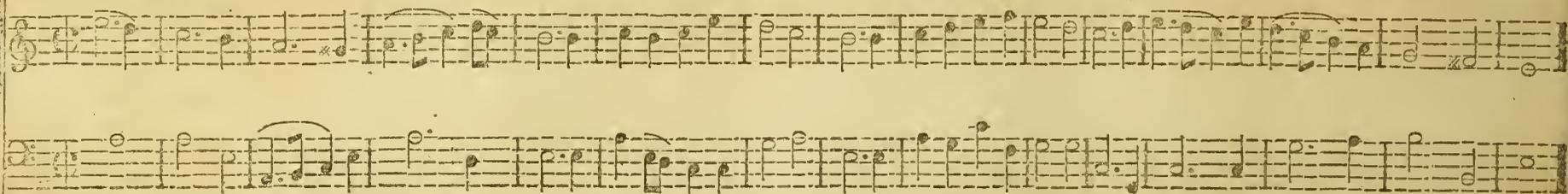
those above, And heav'n begins below. And



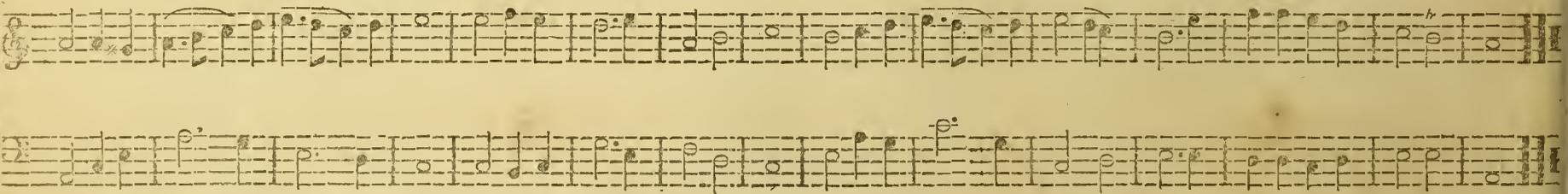
those above, And heav'n begins be - low . . . And



AIR. No more, my God, I boast no more Of all the duties I have done ; I quit the hopes I held before, To trust the merits of thy Son.



Now for the love, I bear his name, What was my gain, I count my loss ; My former pride, I count my shame, And nail my glory to his cross.



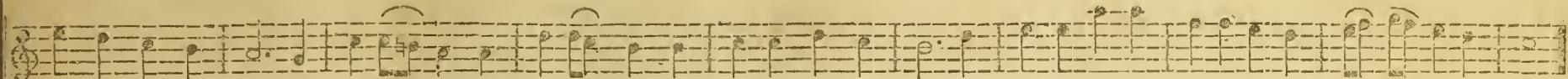
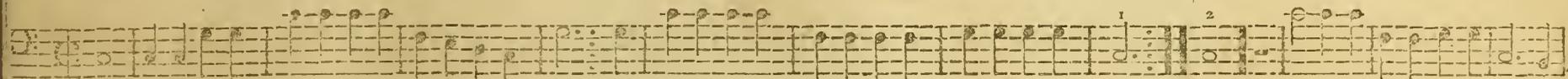
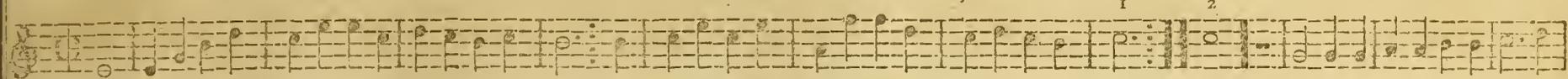
3 Yes, and I must and will esteem All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in him, And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands, By pleading what my Lord has done.

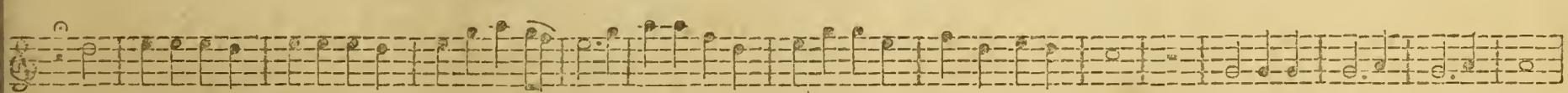
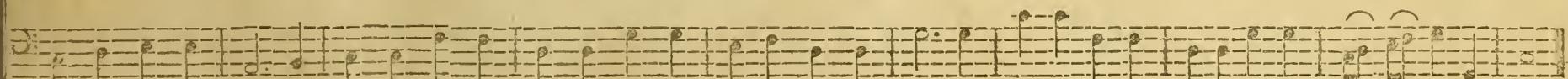
AIR.



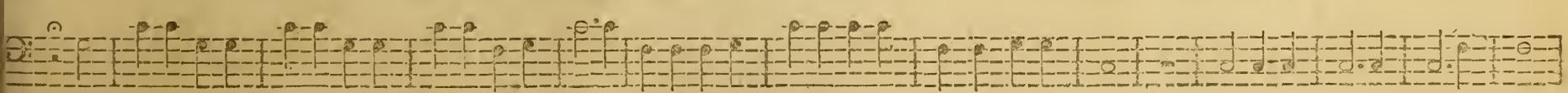
There is a house not made with hands Eternal, and on high, And here my spirit waiting stands, 'Till God shall bid it fly. Shortly this prison of my clay Must



be dissolv'd and fall: Then, O my soul, with joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's call. Then, O my soul, with joy obey Thy heav'nly Father's call.



'Tis he, by his almighty grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n; And as an earnest of the place, Has his own spirit giv'n. We walk by faith of joys to come.



Faith lives upon his word; But while the body is our home, We're absent from the Lord. 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace, But we had rather see, We

would be absent from the flesh, And present, Lord, with thee. We would be absent from the flesh, And present, Lord, with thee.

AIR. No. 463.

Brentfield.

Hymn 111. C. M.

Lord, we confess our num'rous faults, How great our guilt has been! Foolish and vain were all our thoughts, And all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul, for ever praise, For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways Of folly, sin and flame.
3 'Tis not by works of righteousness, Which our own hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace, Abounding through his Son.

6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew; And justify'd by grace,
We shall appear in glory too, And see our Father's face.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood Our souls are wash'd from sin.
5 'Tis through the purchase of his death Who hung upon the tree,
The Spirit is sent down to breathe On such dry bones as we.

AIR. Andante.

Slow. Soft.



So did the Hebrew prophet raise The brazen serpent high; The wounded felt immediate ease, The camp forbore to die. Look upward in the



Andante.



dying hour, And live, the prophet cries; But Christ performs a nobler cure, When faith lifts up her eyes. When faith lifts up her eyes. High on the cross the



Saviour hung, High in the heav'ns he reigns: Here sinners, by th' old serpent flung, Look and forget their pains. Look and forget their pains. When God's own Son is



lifted up, A dying world revives : The Jew beholds the glorious hope Th' expiring Gentile lives.

AIR. No. 465.

Ulmén.

Hymn 113. C. M.

How large the promise ! how divine, To Abrah'm and his seed ! I'll be a God to thee and thine, Sup - ply - ing all their need.

2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessings sure.

3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great Fathers giv'n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the fame ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

AIR. No. 466.

Ware.

Hymn 114. C. M.

Gentiles by nature, we belong To the wild olive wood ! Grace took us from the barren tree, And grafts us in the good.

Grace took us from the barren tree, And

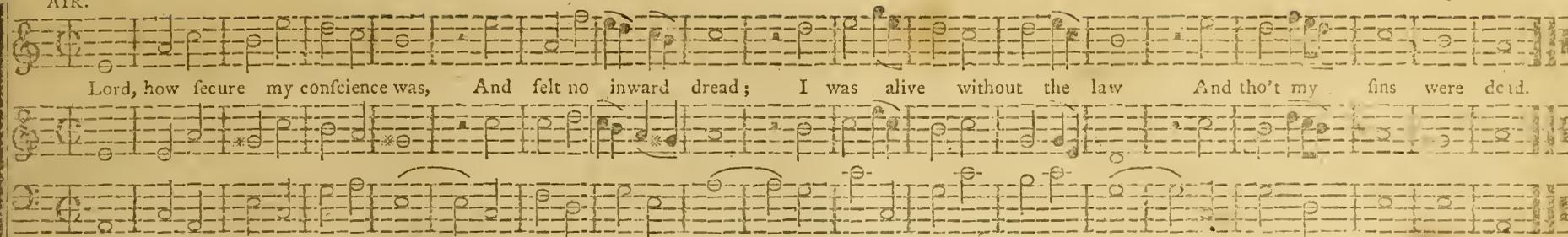
Grace took us from the barren tree And

2 With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

3 Then let the children of the saints
Be dedicate to God ;
Pour out thy spirit on them, Lord,
And wash them in thy blood.

4 Thus to the parents and their seed
Shall thy salvation come,
And num'rous households meet at last
In one eternal home.

AIR.



Lord, how secure my conscience was, And felt no inward dread; I was alive without the law And tho't my sins were dead.

2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright, But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light, I find how vile I am,
3 My guilt appear'd but small before, 'Till terribly I saw,
How perfect, holy, just and pure, Was thine eternal law.

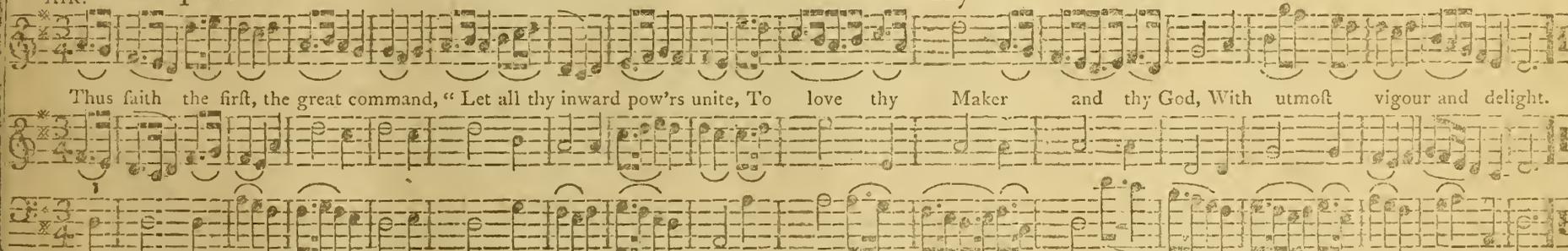
4 Then felt my soul the heavy load, My sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God, And all my hopes were slain.
5 I'm like a helpless captive fold, Under the pow'r of sin:
I cannot do the good I would, Nor keep my conscience clean.

6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath, For some kind pow'r to save,
To break the yoke of sin and death, And thus redeem the slave.

AIR. No. 468.

Leith.

Hymn 116. L. M.



Thus saith the first, the great command, "Let all thy inward pow'rs unite, To love thy Maker and thy God, With utmost vigour and delight.

6 Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affection and esteem,
And let thy kindness to thyself,
Measure and rule thy love to him."

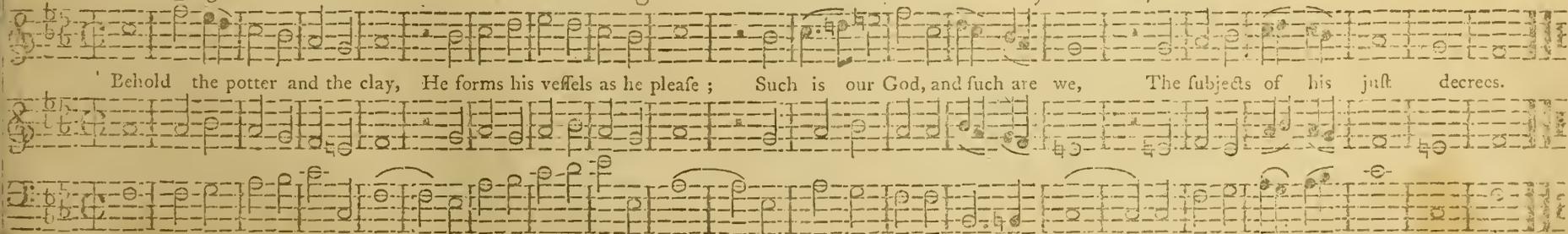
3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfil'd by love.

4 But O how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

AIR. No. 469.

Nottingham.

Hymn 117. L. M.



'Behold the potter and the clay, He forms his vessels as he please; Such is our God, and such are we, The subjects of his just decrees.

2 Doth not the workman's pow'r extend O'er all the mass which part to choose,
And mould it for a nobler end, And which to leave for viler use?
3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high Dispense his favors as he will,
Choose some to life, while others die, And yet be just and gracious still?
4 What if to make his terror known, He lets his patience long endure,
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on, And seal their own destruction sure?

5 What if he means to shew his grace, And his electing love employs,
To mark out some of mortal race, And form them fit for heav'nly joys?
6 Shall man reply against the Lord, And call his maker's ways unjust,
The thunder of whose dreadful word Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright, Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
Yet still his written will obey, And wait the great decisive day.

8 Then he shall make his justice known, And the whole world before his throne,
With joy or terror shall confess The glory of his righteousness.

AIR.

The law by Moses came, But peace and truth and love, Were brought by Christ, a nobler name, Descending from above.

2 Amid the house of God Their different works were done :
Moses, a faithful servant stood, But Christ a faithful Son.
3 Then to his new commands Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands The sov'reign and the head.

4 The man that durst despise The law that Moses brought ;
Behold ! how terribly he dies For his presumpt'ous fault :
5 But sorer vengeance falls On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls, And dare resist his grace.

No. 471.

Cyrene.

Hymn 119. C. M.

AIR.

Christ and his cross is all our theme, The myst'ries, that we speak Are scandal' in the Jews' esteem, And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlighten'd from above ;
With joy receive the word ;
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.

3 The vital favour of his name
Restores their fainting breath ;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death,

4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

No. 472.

Genessee.

Hymn 120. C. M. double.

AIR. Andantino.

Faith is the brightest evidence Of things beyond our sight, Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense, And dwells in heav'nly light. And dwells in heav'nly light.

Soft.

Cres.

Loud.

It sets times past in present view,

Of things a thousand years ago Or thousand years to come. Of things a thousand years ago Or thousand years to come.

Brings distant prospects home;

3 By faith we know the worlds were made By God's almighty word;
Abrah'm to unknown countries led, By faith obey'd the Lord.

4 He fought a city far and high, Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, though we die, That heav'nly building stands.

No. 473.

St. Sebastian's.

Hymn 121. L. M.

Air.

Soft.

Loud.

Thus faith the mercy of the Lord, I'll be a God to thee: I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they, I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they, I'll bless, &c. Shall be a feed for me.

2 Abrah'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truth embrace:
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim the grace.

No. 474.

Kingswood.

Hymn 122. L. M.

Air.

Soft.

Loud.

Do we not know that solemn word, That we are bury'd with the Lord; Baptiz'd into his death and then Put of the body of our sin? body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath, Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death:
So from the grave did Christ arise, And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin or Satan reign Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we serv'd before Shall have dominion now no more.

AIR. Moderate.

Behold the wretch whose lust and wine Has waisted his estate, He begs a share among the wine To taste the husks they eat.

For.

Pia.

"I die with hunger here," he cries, "I starve in foreign lands; My Father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

3 I'll go, and with a mournful tongue Fall down before his face;
 Father, I've done thy justice wrong, Nor can deserve thy grace."

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home, To seek his father's love;
 The father saw the rebel come, And all his bowels move.

7 A day of feasting I ordain, Let mirth and joy abound;
 My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, and now is found."

5 He ran and fell upon his neck, Embrac'd and kiss'd his son;
 The rebel's heart with sorrow brake For follies he had done.

6 "Take of his clothes of shame and sin, (The father gives command)
 Dress him in garments white and clean, With rings adorn his hand.

AIR. No. 476.

Acworth.

Hymn 124. L. M. double.

Deep in the dust before thy throne, Our guilt and our disgrace we own; Great God, we own th' unhappy name Whence sprung our nature and our shame.

Adam the sinner : at his fall, Death like a conq'ror seiz'd us all ; A thousand new born babes are dead By fatal union to their head.

3 But while our spirits fill'd with awe Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace, That sent to save our ruin'd race.
4 We sing thine everlasting Son, Who join'd our nature to his own :
Adam the second from the dust Rais'd the ruins of the first.

5 [By the rebellion of one man, Through all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one man's obedience now Are all his seed made righteous too.
6 Where sin did reign, and death abound, There have the sons of Adam found
Abounding life ; there glorious grace Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

No. 477.

Oldford.

Hymn 125. C. M.

AIR. Affettuoso.

With joy we meditate the grace of our high priest above ; His heart is made of tenderness, His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what fore temptations mean, For he hath felt the same.
3 But spotless, innocent and pure The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore, And did resist to blood.

4 He in the days of feeble flesh, Pour'd out his cries and tears.
And in his measure feels afresh What ev'ry member bears.
5 [He'll never quench the smould'ring flax, But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks, Nor scorns the meanest name.]

6 Then let our humble faith address His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall maintain deliv'ring grace, In the distressing hour.

AIR. No. 478.

Berwick.

Hymn 126. L. M.

Not different food, nor different dress, Compose the kingdom of our Lord, But peace and joy, But peace and joy and righteousness, Faith and obedience to his word.

But peace and joy and righteousness, But peace and joy and righteousness, Faith.

But peace and joy and righteousness, Faith

2 When weaker Christians we despise, We do the gospel mighty wrong ;
For God the gracious and the wise, Receives the feeble with the strong.

3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence, Meekness and love our souls pursue :
Nor shall our practice give offence To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

Come hither all ye weary souls, Ye heavy laden sinners come, I'll give you rest from all your toils, And raise you to my heav'nly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me,
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

AIR. No. 480.

Tilbury.

Hymn 128. L. M.

Go, preach my gospel, faith the Lord, Bid the whole earth my grace receive, He shall be fav'd that trusts my word ; He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

2 I'll make your great commission known. And ye shall prove my gospel true,
By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.
3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead, Go cast out devils in my name ;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, Though Greeks reproach and Jews blaspheme.

4 Teach all the nations my commands, I'm with you till the world shall end ;
All pow'r is trusted in my hands, I can destroy, and I defend."
5 He spake, and light shone round his head, On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode :
They to the farthest nations spread The grace of their ascended God.

No. 481.

Shellingford.

Hymn 129. L. M.

Saints' at your heav'nly Father's word, Give up your comforts to the Lord ; He shall restore what you resign, Or grant you blessings more divine. Or grant you blessings, &c.

2 So Abrah'm with obedient hand
Led forth his Son at God's command ;
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.

3 Abrah'm forbear, the angel cry'd,
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;
Thy son shall live and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.

4 Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;
The mount of danger is the place,
Where we shall see surprising grace.

AIR.



Now by the bowels of my God, His sharp distress, his sore complaints, By his last groans, his dying blood, I charge my soul to love the faints.



2 Clamour and wrath and war be gone,
Envy and spite forever cease,
Let bitter words no more be known
Among the faints, the sons of peace.

3 The spirit like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife;
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

No. 483.

Portsea.

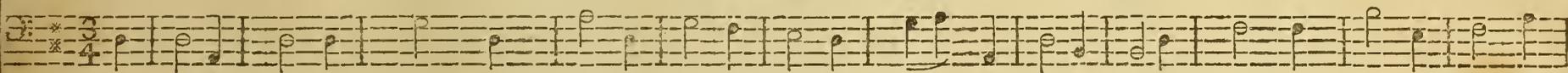
Hymn 131. L. M.

Soft.

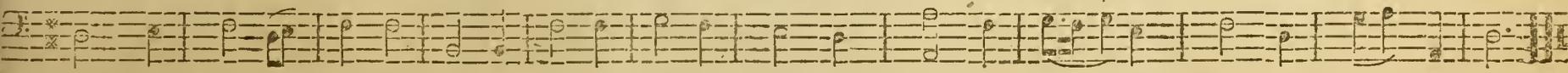
AIR.



Behold how sinners disagree, The Publican and Pharisee; One doth his righteousness proclaim, The



other owns his guilt and shame. One doth his righteousness proclaim, The other owns his guilt and shame.



2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

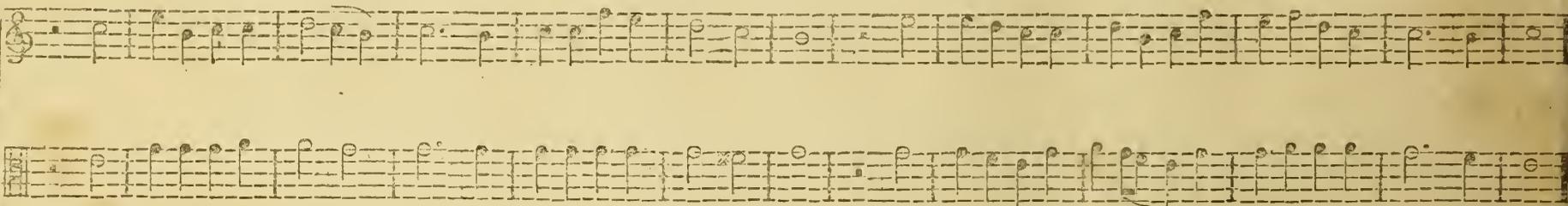
3 The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
While on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

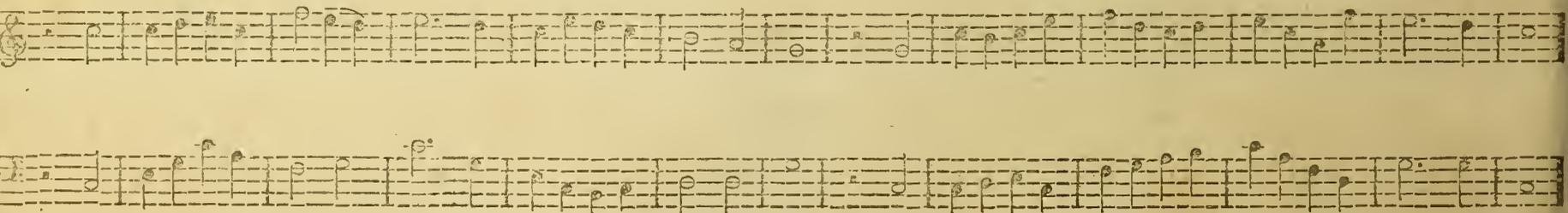


So let our lips and lives exprefs The holy gospel we profefs ; So let our works and virtues fhine, To prove the doctrine all divine.

AIR.

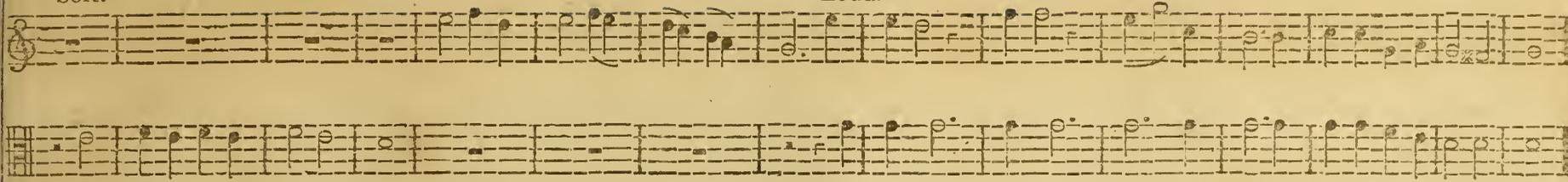


Thus fhall we beft proclaim abroad The honors of our Saviour God ; When the falvation reigns within, And grace fubdues the pow'r of fin.

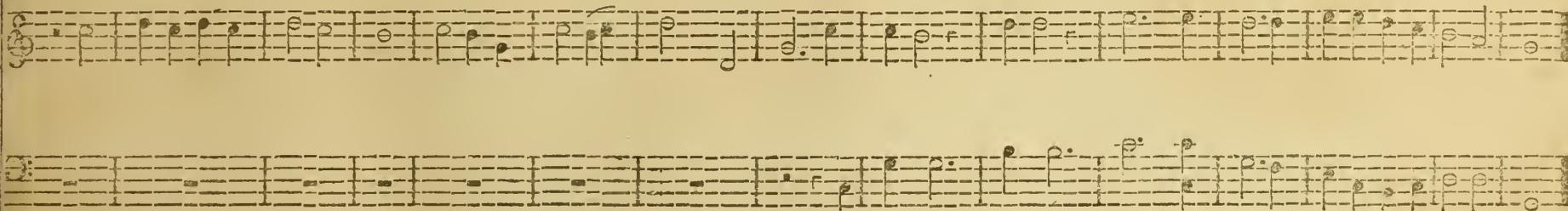


Soft.

Loud.



Our flesh and sense must be deny'd, Passion and envy, lust and pride, While justice, temp'rance, truth and love, Our inward piety approve.



Soft.

Increase.

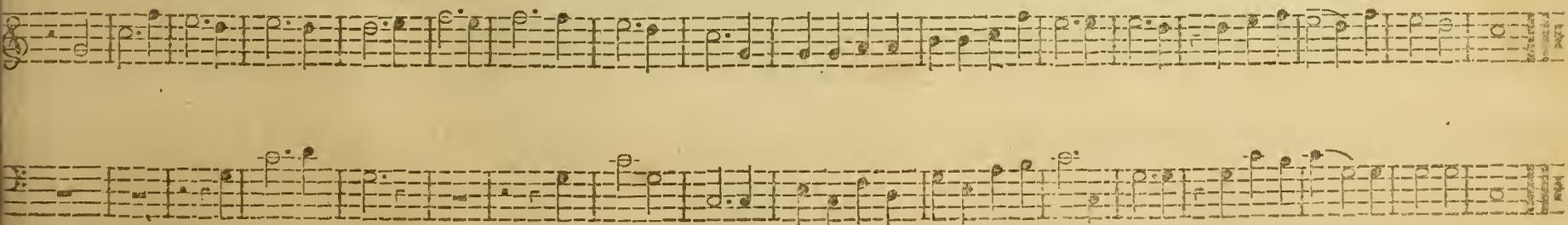
Diminish.

Increase.

Loud.



Religion bears our spirits up, While we expect that blessed hope, The bright appearance of the Lord, And faith stands leaning, And faith stands leaning on his word.



AIR.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews, And nobler speech than angels use, If love be absent I am found, If love be absent
 If love be absent I
 If love be absent I am found, If love be absent
 I am found Like tinkling brags, an emp - ty found. Like tinkling brags, an empty found.
 am found, Like tinkling brags, an empty, empty found,
 Like tinkling brags, an empty found.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store
 To feed the bowels of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame.
 To gain a martyr's glor'ous name;

4 If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The works of love can e'er fulfil.

No. 487.

St. Jude's.

Hymn 135. L. M.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

tr

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell By faith & love in ev'ry breast, By faith & love in ev'ry breast, Then shall we know & taste & feel The joys that cannot be express'd. The, &c.

2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength, Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height and breadth and length Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honours done By all the church through Christ his Son.

AIR.

God is a Spirit; just and wise, He sees our inmost mind; In vain to heav'n we raise our cries, and leave our souls behind.

2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear:
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice.
Where not the heart is found.

4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways
And make my soul sincere;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

No. 489.

Bredby.

Hymn 137. L. M.

AIR.

Now to the pow'r of God supreme, Be ev - er - lasting, ev - er - lasting honors giv'n, He

saves from hell, we bless his name, He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n. He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

2 Not for our duty or deserts, But of his own abundant grace,
He works salvation in our hearts, And forms a people for his praise.

3 'Twas his own purpose that begun To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son, Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last, And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions pass'd, And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He dies! and in that dreadful night Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light And took possession of the joy.

AIR.

tr

tr

Soft.

Loud.

tr



Firm as the earth thy gospel stands, My Lord, my hope, my trust, If I am found in Jesus' hands My soul can ne'er be lost. If I am found in Jesus' hands My soul can ne'er be lost.



2 His honor is engag'd to save The meanest of his sheep ;
All that his heav'nly father gave His hands securely keep.

3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove His fav'rites from his breast ;
In the dear bosom of his love They must forever rest.

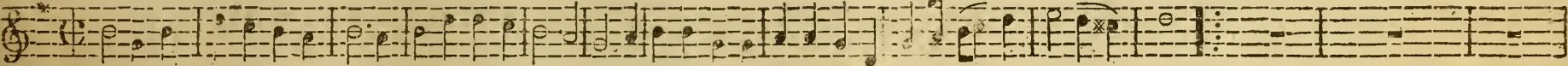
No. 491.

Confidence.

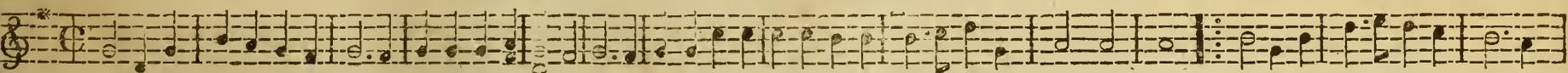
Hymn 139. L. M. double.

AIR.

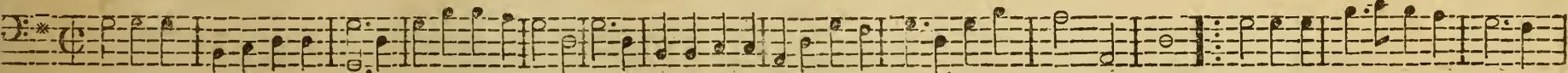
Soft.



How oft hath sin and Satan strove To rend my soul from thee, my God ? But everlasting is thy love, And Jesus seals it with his blood,



The oath and promise of the Lord Join



Increase.

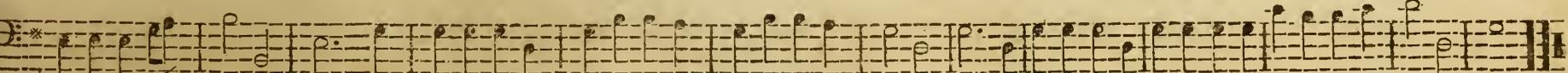
Loud.



Eternal pow'r performs the word, And fills all heav'n with endless praise. Eternal pow'r performs the word, And fills all heav'n with endless praise.



to confirm the wond'rous grace ;



3 Amid temptations sharp and long, My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong, While tempests blow, and billows rise.

4 The gospel bears my spirit up ; A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope, In oaths, and promises, and blood.

Mistaken souls! that dream of heav'n, And make their empty boast, Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n, While they are slaves to lust.

- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights, If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living pow'r unites To Christ the living head.
3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart, 'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart, And lifts the thoughts above.
4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell, By a celestial pow'r;
This is the grace that shall prevail In the decisive hour.

- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will, As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still For his own holiness.
6 When from the curse he sets us free, He makes our natures clean,
Nor would he send his Son to be The Minister of sin.
7 His Spirit purifies our frame, And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came By water and by blood.]

No. 493.

Little Marlborough.

Hymn 141. S. M.

Who has believ'd thy word, Or thy salvation known? Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord, And glorify thy Son.

AIR.

- 2 The Jews esteem'd him here Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were, And his companion grief.
3 They turn'd their eyes away, And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay, Their sorrows he has borne.
4 'Twas for the stubborn Jews And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise His best beloved Son.

- 5 "But I'll prolong his days, And make his kingdom stand;
My pleasure, saith the God of Grace, Shall prosper in his hand.
6 [His joyful soul shall see The purchase of his pain,
And by his knowledge justify The guilty sons of men.]
7 [Ten thousand captive slaves, Releas'd from death and sin,
Shall quit their prisons and their graves And own his pow'r divine.]

8 [Heav'n shall advance my Son To joys that earth deny'd;
Who saw the follies men had done, And bore their sins and dy'd.]

AIR. *Affettuoso.*

Like sheep we went astray, And broke the fold of God, Each wand'ring in a different way, But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour, When God our wand'rings laid, And did at once his vengeance pour Upon the Shepherd's head.

- 3 How glorious was the grace, When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
His life and blood the shepherd pays A ransom for the flock.
4 His honor and his breath Were taken both away ;
Join'd with the wicked in his death And made as vile as they.

- 5 But God shall raise his head O'er all the sons of men ;
And make him see a num'rous feed To recompense his pain.
6 " I'll give him, faith the Lord, A portion with the strong ;
He shall possess a large reward, And hold his honors long."

AIR. No. 495.

Asia.

Hymn 143. C. M.

So new born babes desire the breast, To feed, and grow, and thrive ; So saints with joy the gospel taste, And by the gospel live. And by the gospel live.

- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves All that the word relates ;
They love the men their Father loves, And hate the work he hates.]
3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth Can make them slaves to lust ;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth Nor grovel in the dust.
4 Not all the chains that tyrants use Shall bind their souls to vice :
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce A thousand victories.]
5 Grace, like an uncorrupted seed, Abides and reigns within ;
Immortal principles forbid The sons of God to sin

- 6 Not by the terrors of a slave Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest pow'rs they have His sweet commands fulfil.
7 They find access at ev'ry hour To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r And joys that never fail.
8 O happy souls ! O glorious state Of ever flowing grace !
To dwell so near thy father's seat, And see his lovely face !
9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne ; Call me a child of thine ;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son To form my heart divine.
10 There shed thy choicest love abroad, And make my comforts strong ;
Then shall I say, My Father, God, With an unwa'ring tongue,

Air. *Soft.* *Loud.*

Why should the children of a King Go mourning all their days? Great Comforter, descend and bring Some tokens of, Some tokens of, Some tokens of thy grace.
Some tokens of Some Some tokens of, Some

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heav'n?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiv'n?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

No. 497.

Persia.

Hymn 145. C. M.

Air. *Mestoso.*

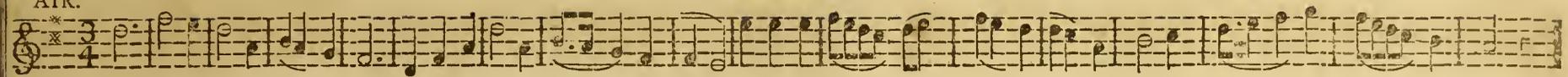
Jesus, in thee our eyes behold A thousand glories more Than the rich gems and polish'd gold The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt offerings bro't, To purge themselves from sin; Thy life was pure without a spot, And all thy nature clean.

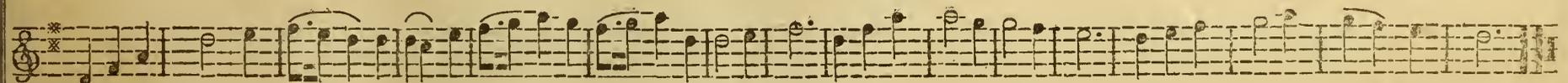
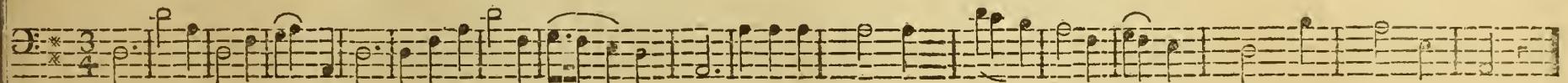
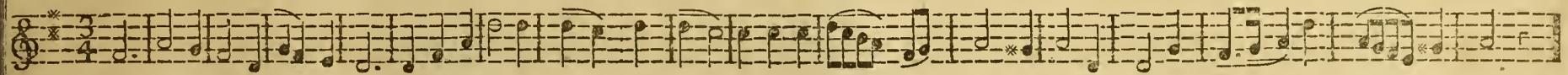
3 Fresh blood, as constant as the day, Was on their altar spilt:
But thy one offering takes away Forever all our guilt.
4 Their priesthood ran thro' several hands For mortal was their race;
Thy never changing office stands, Eternal as thy days.
5 Once, in the circuit of a year, With blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the veil appears, Before the golden throne.

6 But Christ by his own pow'ful blood, Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God, Shows his own sacrifice.
7 Jesus, the King of glory reigns, On Sion's heav'nly hill;
Looks like a lamb that has been slain, And wears his priesthood still.
8 He ever lives to intercede Before his Father's face;
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead, Nor doubt the Father's grace.

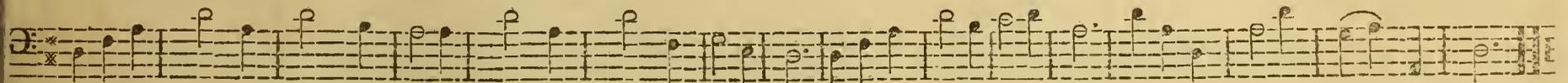
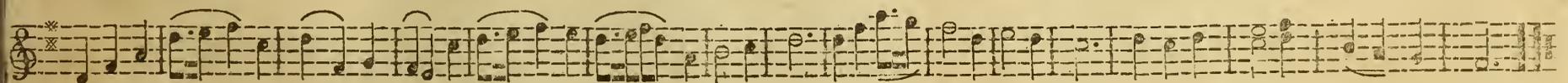
AIR.



Go worship at Immanuel's feet, See in his face what wonders meet! Earth is too narrow to express His worth, his glory, or his grace.



The whole creation can afford, But some faint shadows of my Lord; Nature, to make his beauties known, Must mingle colours not her own.



- 3 Is he compar'd to wine or bread? Dear Lord our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine, Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.
- 4 Is he a tree? The world receives Salvation from his healing leaves:
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough, Is David's root and offspring too.
- 5 Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume, The vallies blest the rich perfume.
- 6 Is he a vine? His heav'nly root Supplies the boughs with life and fruit:
O let a lasting union join My soul to Christ the living vine.
- 7 Is he the head? Each member lives, And owns the vital pow'r he gives;
The faints below, and faints above, Join'd by the spirit and his love.
- 8 Is he a fountain? There I bathe, And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew, And cleanse my spotted garments too.
- 9 Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross: But the true gold sustains no loss;
Like a refiner shall he sit, And tread the refuse with his feet.
- 10 Is he a rock? How firm he proves! The rock of ages never moves:
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow Attend us all the desert through.

- 11 Is he a way? He leads to God, The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal, 'Till I arrive at Sion's hill.
- 12 Is he a door? I'll enter in; Behold the pastures large and green;
A paradise divinely fair, None but the sheep have freedom there.
- 13 Is he design'd a corner stone, For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too, Nor fear the plots of hell below.
- 14 Is he a temple? I adore Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;
And still to his most holy place Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.
- 15 Is he a star? He breaks the night, Piercing the shades with dawning light?
I know his glories from afar, I know the bright, the morning star.
- 16 Is he a sun? His beams are grace, His course is joy and righteousness:
Nations rejoice when he appears To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.
- 17 O let me climb those higher skies, Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his pow'r abroad, And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars, Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace, 'Till we behold him face to face.

AIR

'Tis from the treasure of his word I borrow titles for my Lord : Nor art nor nature

can supply Sufficient forms of majesty. Sufficient forms of majesty.

Sufficient forms of

- 2 Bright image of the father's face, Shining with undiminish'd rays :
Th' eternal God's eternal Son, The heir and partner of his throne.
- 3 The King of kings, the Lord most high, Writes his own name upon his thigh.
He wears a garment dipt in blood, And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move, The Lamb repents his injur'd love,
Awakes his wrath without delay, And Judah's lion tears they prey.

- 5 But when for works of peace he comes, What winning titles he assumes !
Light of the world, and life of men : Nor bears those characters in vain.
- 6 With tender pity in his heart, He acts the Mediator's part ;
A friend and brother he appears, And well fulfils the name he wears.
- 7 At length the Judge his throne ascends, Divides the rebels from his friends,
And faints in full fruition prove His rich variety of love.

No. 500.

Worship.

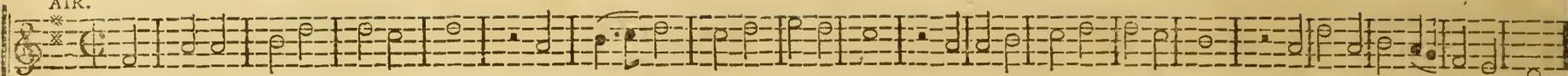
Hymn 148. H. M.

AIR. With cheerful voice I sing The titles of my Lord, And borrow all the names Of honor from his word ; Nature and art Can ne'er supply Sufficient forms Of majesty.

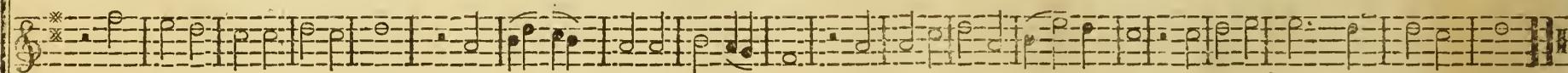
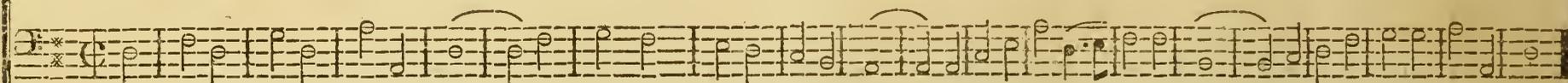
- 2 In Jesus we behold His Father's glorious face,
Shining forever bright With mild and lovely rays :
Th' eternal God's Eternal Son
Inherits and Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sov'reign King of kings, The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon His garment and his thigh :
His name is call'd The Word of God,
He rules the earth With iron rod.

- 4 When promises and grace Can neither melt nor move,
The angry lamb repents Th' inj'ries of his love ;
Awakes his wrath Without delay,
As lions roar, And tear the prey.
- 5 But when for works of peace The great Redeemer comes,
What gentle characters, What titles he assumes !
Light of the world, And life of men ;
Nor will he bear Those names in vain.

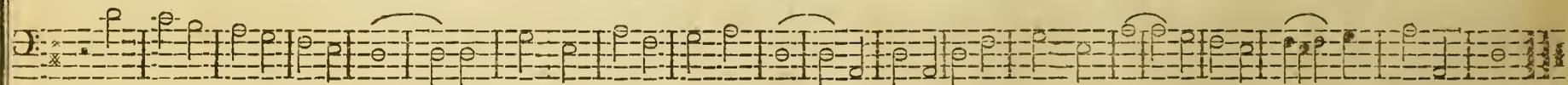
AIR.



Join all the names of love and pow'r, That ever men or angels bore, All are too mean to speak his worth, Or set Immanuel's glory forth.



But O what condescending ways He takes to teach his heav'nly grace! My eyes with joy and wonder see What forms of love he bears to me.



3 The angel of the cov'nant stands With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne, To make the great salvation known.
4 Great Prophet! let me blefs thy name; By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeas'd, of sins forgiv'n, Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.
5 My bright example and my guide, I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray, Nor follow the forbidden way!
6 I love my Shepherd, he shall keep My wand'ring soul among his sheep;
He feeds his flocks, he calls their names, And in his bosom bears the lambs.
7 My Surety undertakes my cause, Answering his Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set, My Surety paid the dreadful debt.

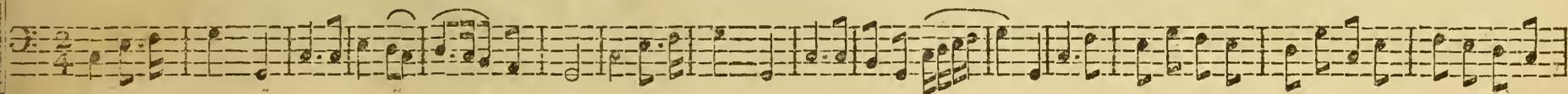
8 Jesus, my great High Priest, has dy'd, I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone, And now it pleads before the throne.
9 My Advocate appears on high, The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say Shall turn my Father's heart away.
10 My Lord, my Conqueror and my King, Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit A joyful subject at thy feet.
11 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds, The Captain of salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day, Though death and hell obstruct the way.
12 Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown, Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays Salvation in more sov'reign ways.

Air.

Soft.



Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love and pow'r, That ever mortals knew, That angels ever bore : All are too mean To speak his worth, Too mean to set My



Loud.

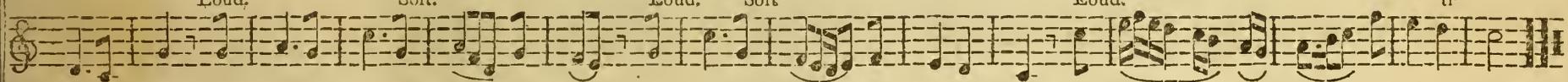
Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

tr



Saviour forth. All are too mean To speak his worth, To mean to set My Saviour forth. Too mean to set my Saviour forth.



- 2 But O what gentle terms, What condescending ways
Doth our Redeemer use, To teach his heav'nly grace !
Mine eyes with joy And wonder see
What forms of love He bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh, He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises And pardons in his hands.
Commission'd from His Father's throne,
To make his grace To mortals known.
- 4 Great Prophet of my God, My tongue would bless thy name ;
By thee the joyful news Of our salvation came ;
The joyful news Of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, And peace with heav'n.

- 5 Be thou my counsellor, My pattern and my guide ;
And through this desert land Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek The crooked way !
- 6 I love my Shepherd's voice, His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among The thousands of his sheep ;
He feeds his flock, He calls their names,
His bosom bears The tender lambs.
- 7 To this dear Surety's hand Will I commit my cause ;
He answers and fulfils His Father's broken laws ?
Behold my soul At freedom set !
My Surety paid The dreadful debt.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

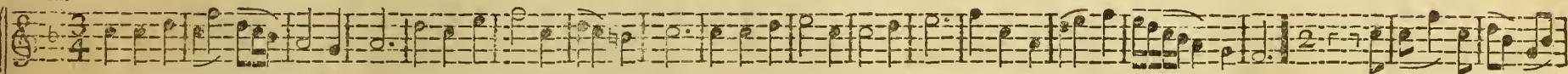
BOOK II.

No. 505.

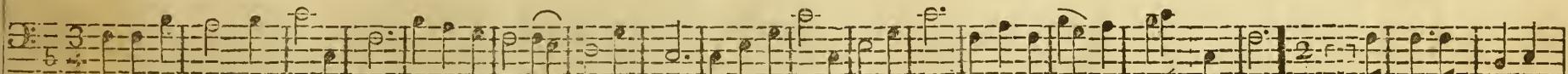
Tyringham.

Hymn 1. L. M. double.

AIR.



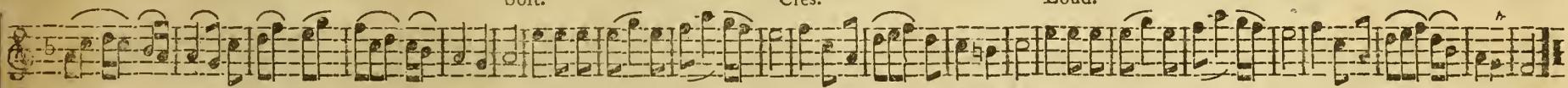
Nature, with all her pow'r shall sing, God the Creator, and the King ; Nor air, nor earth, nor skies nor seas, Deny the tribute of their praise. Begin to make his



Soft.

Cres.

Loud.



glories known, Ye seraphs, that sit near the throne ; Tune your harps high, and spread the sound To the creation's utmost bound. Tune your harps high, & spread the sound, To &c.



3 All mortal things of meaner frame, Exert your force, and own his name ;
While with our souls, and with our voice, We sing his honors and our joys.

4 To him be sacred all we have, From the young cradle to the grave :
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell, And ev'ry word a miracle.

5 These Western shores, our native land, Lie safe in the Almighty's hand ;
Our foes of vict'ry dream in vain, And wear the captivating chain.

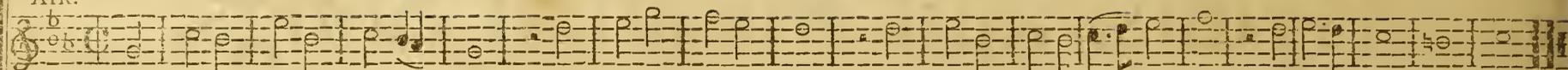
9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame, Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The strongest notes that angels raise, Faint in the worship and the praise.

6 Raise monumental praises high To him that thunders through the sky,
And, with an awful nod or frown, Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

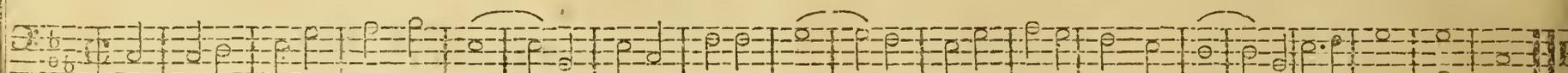
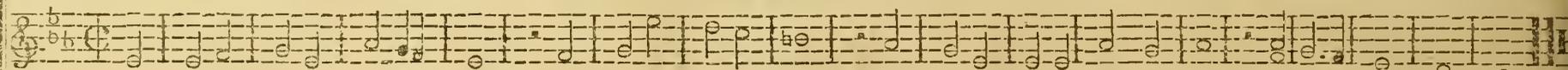
7 Pillars of lasting brass proclaim The triumphs of th' eternal name ;
While trembling nations read from far, The honors of the God of war.

8 Thus let our flaming zeal empy Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs ;
Let there be sung with warmest joy Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

AIR.



My thoughts on awful subjects roll, Damnation and the dead ; What horrors seize the guilty soul Upon a dying bed-



2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores, She makes a long delay,
'Till, like a flood with rapid force, Death sweeps the wretch away.
3 Then swift and dreadful she descends Down to the fiery coast,
Among abominable fiends, Herself a frightened ghost.

4 There endless crowds of sinners lie, And darkness makes their chains :
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry, Yet wait for fiercer pains.
5 Not all their anguish and their blood For their old guilt atones,
Nor the compassion of a God Shall hearken to their groans.

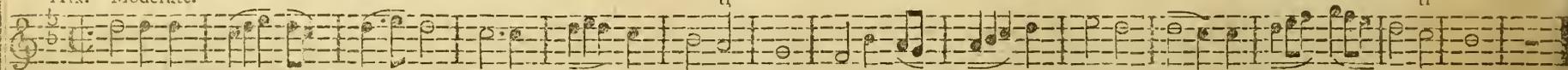
6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath, Nor bid my soul remove,
'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death, And well insur'd his love !

No. 507.

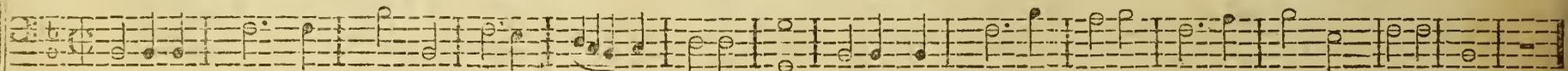
Hamlet.

Hymn 3. C. M. double.

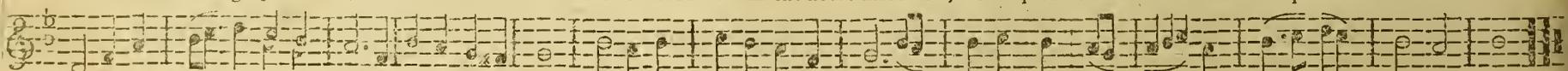
AIR. Moderate.



Why do we mourn departing friends ? Or shake at death's alarms ? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends To call them to his arms.



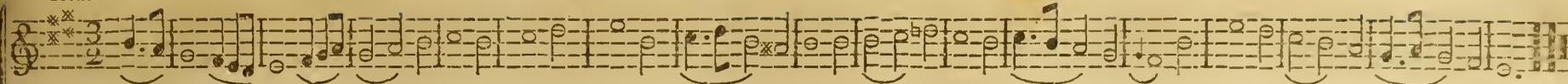
Are we not tending upward too, As fast as time can move ? Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love. To keep us from our love.



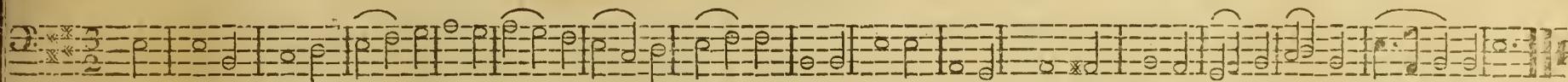
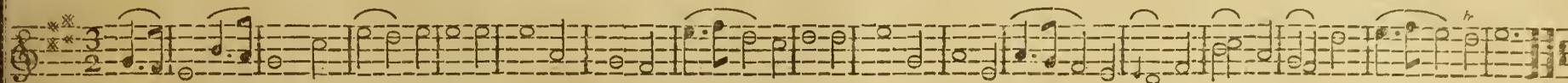
3 Why should we tremble to convey Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay And left a long perfume.
4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd, And soften'd ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest, But with the dying Head.

5 Thence he arose, ascended high, And shew'd our feet the way :
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly, At the great rising day.
6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound, And bid our kindred rise ;
Awake, ye nations under ground, Ye faints ascend the skies.

AIR.



Here at thy cross, My dying God, I lay my soul beneath thy love, Beneath the droppings of thy blood, Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.



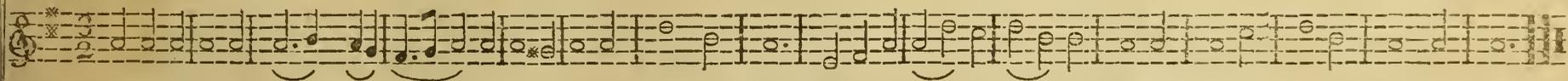
2 Not all that tyrants think or say, With rage and lightning in their eyes,
Nor hell shall fright my heart away, Should hell with all its legions rise.
3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Moveless & firm this heart should lie,
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence) If I must perish, there to die.

4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ; Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here, Nor Satan dare my soul invade,
5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood, And all my foes shall loose their aim ;
Hosanna to my dying God, And my best honors to his name.

No. 509.

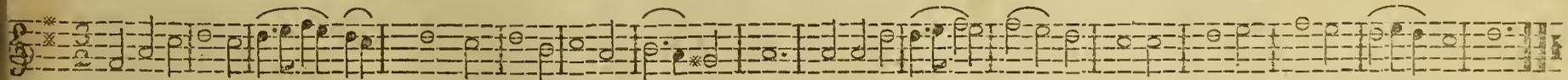
Tamworth.

Hymn 5. L. M.



Lord, when my tho'ts with wonder roll, O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul, And read my Maker's broken laws, Repair'd and honor'd by the cross ;

AIR



2 When I behold death, hell, and sin, Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd, Sit glorious by his Father's side -
3 My passions rise and soar above, I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love ;
Fain would I reach eternal things, And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains For want of their immortal strains ;
And in such humble notes as these, Must fall below thy victories.
5 Well, the kind minute must appear, When we shall leave these bodies here ;
These clogs of clay, and mount on high, To join the songs above the sky.

AIR

Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rolls the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats, The day renews the found,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame, My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead, But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled, Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou length'nest out my thread, And yet my moments run.
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine; While I enjoy the light:
Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a pleasant night.

AIR. No. 511.

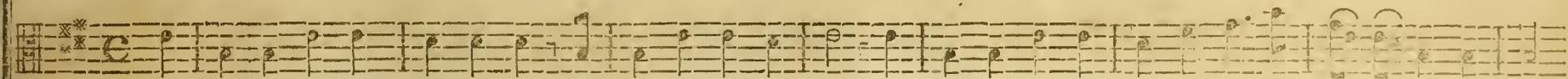
Newfane.

Hymn 7. C. M. double.

Dread sov'reign, let my ev'ning song Like holy incense rise; Assist the offerings of my tongue To reach the lofty skies.

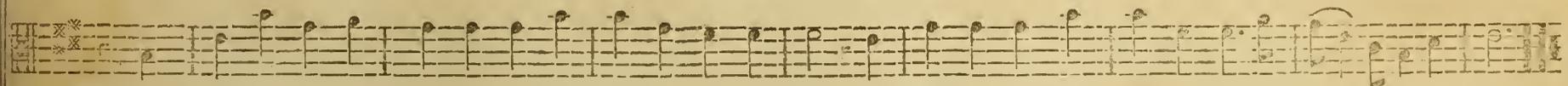
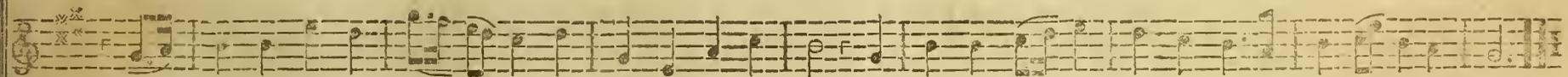
Through all the dangers of the day, Thy hand was still my guard, And still to drive my wants away, Thy mercy stood prepar'd.

- 3 Perpetual blessings from above Encompass me around;
But O how few returns of love, Hath my Creator found?
- 4 What have I done for him that dy'd To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiply'd, Fast as the minutes roll?
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine To thy dear cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign, To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God, Or on my Saviour's breast.

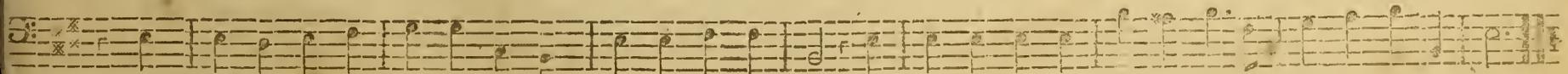
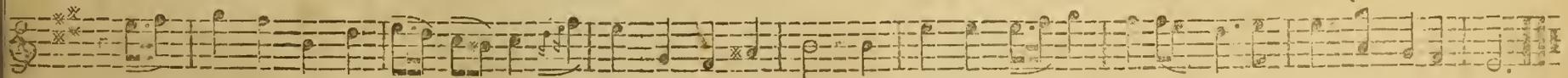


Hofanna, with a cheerful sound, To God's upholding hand; Ten thousand snares attend us round, And yet secure we stand.

AIR.



That was a most amazing pow'r, That rais'd us with a word, And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour, We lean upon the Lord.



3 The ev'ning rests our weary head, And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed That was not made our tomb.
4 The rising morning can't assure That we shall end the day!
For death stands ready at the door, To seize our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin To God's revenging law;
We own thy grace, immortal King, In ev'ry gasp we draw.
6 God is our sun, whose daily light Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night Beneath his shady wings.

AIR.

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine, And bath'd in its own blood, While all expos'd to wrath divine, The glorious sufferer stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown! And love beyond degree!

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd For man the creature's sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes in tears.

6 But drops of tears can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away, 'Tis all that I can do.

AIR.

No. 514.

Horace.

Hymn 10. C. M.

My soul forsakes her vain delight And bids the world farewell; Base as the dirt beneath my feet, And mischievous as hell. Base as the dirt beneath my feet, And, &c.

2 No longer will I ask your love, Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve Lies not within your pow'r.

3 There's nothing round this spacious earth That suits my large desire;
To boundless joy and solid mirth My nobler thoughts aspire.

6 Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Saviour drest in love, And there my smiling God.

4 Where pleasure rolls its living flood, From sin and dross refin'd,
Still springing from the throne of God, And fit to cheer the mind.

5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere, The glorious and the great,
Brings his own allsufficiency there, To make our bliss complete.

AIR.

I fend the joys of earth away ; Away ye tempters of the mind, False as the smooth deceitful sea, And empty as the whistling wind,

2 Your streams were floating me along Down to the gulph of black despair,
And while I listen to your song, Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace, That warn'd me of that dark abyfs ;
That drew me from those treach'rous seas, And bid me seek superior blifs.

4 Now to the shining realms above I stretch my hands and glance my eyes :
O for the pinions of a dove, To bear me to the upper skies !
5 There from the bosom of my God Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode, And drown the sorrows of my foul.

AIR. No. 516.

Nazareth.

Hymn 12. C. M. double.

The true Messi - ah now appears, The types are all withdrawn ; So fly the shadows and the stars Before the rising dawn.

No smoaking sweets, nor bleeding lambs, Nor kid nor bullocks slain, Incense and spice of costly names Would all be burnt in vain, Would all be burnt in vain.

3 Aaron must lay his robes away,
His mitre and his vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The off'ring and the priest.

4 He took our mortal flesh to show
The wonders of his love ;
For us he paid his life below,
And prays for us above.

5 Father, he cries, forgive their sins,
For I myself have dy'd ;
And then he shows his open'd veins,
And pleads his wounded side,

The Lord that rear'd, The Lord that rear'd this stately frame; And lands unknown repeat his name. And lands, &c.

Sing to the Lord, that built the skies, The Lord that rear'd this stately frame; Let all the nations sound his praise, And lands unknown repeat his name.

AIR.

The Lord that rear'd, The Lord that rear'd this stately frame; And lands unknown repeat, repeat his praise.

The Lord that rais'd this stately frame; And lands unknown, And lands unknown repeat his praise.

2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills, Made ev'ry drop and ev'ry dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels, And put them into motion first.
3 Now from his high imperial throne, He looks far down upon the spheres,
He bids the shining orbs roll on, And round he turns the hasty years.

4 Thus shall this moving engine last 'Till all his fountains are gather'd in,
Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast To shake it all to dust again!
5 Yet when the sound shall tear the skies, And lightning burn the globe below,
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes, There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

No. 518.

Brentwood.

Hymn 14. S. M.

And these rejoicing eyes. And

And these rejoicing eyes. And

AIR.

Welcome sweet day of rest That saw the Lord arise;

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes.

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes. And

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing eyes. And

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing, these rejoicing eyes. And

Welcome to this reviving breast, And these rejoicing, these rejoicing eyes. And

2 The King himself comes near,
And seats his saints to day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

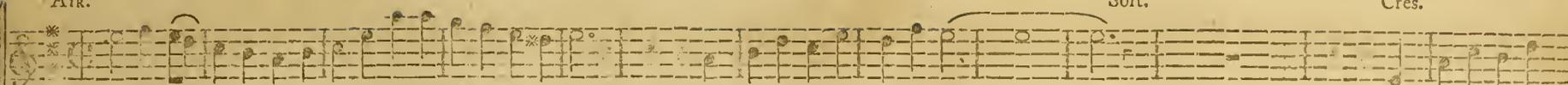
3 One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this
And sit and sing herself away,
To everlasting bliss.

Air.

Soft.

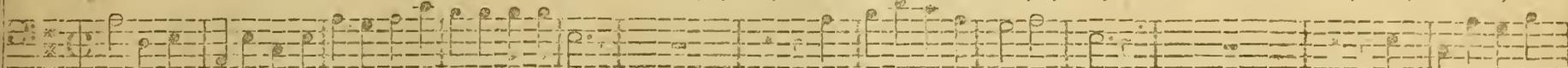
Cres.



Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours alone: Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit,



Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit, Lord, from thee,

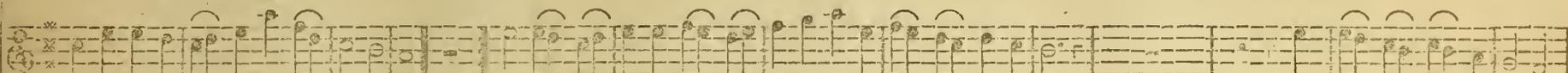


Fain would my eyes my Saviour see, I wait a visit,

Loud.

Soft.

Cres.

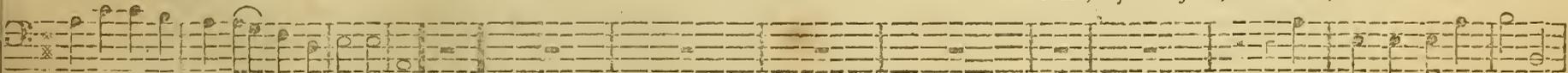


Lord, from thee. I wait a visit, Lord, from thee. My heart grows warm with holy fire, And kindles with a pure desire: And feed my soul with heav'nly



I wait

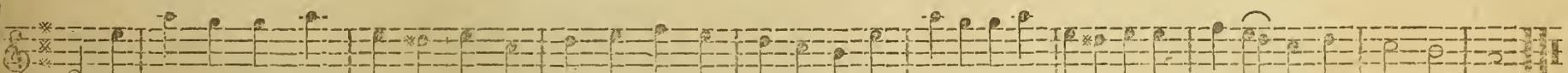
Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And



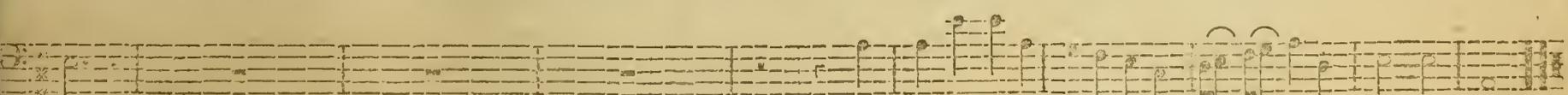
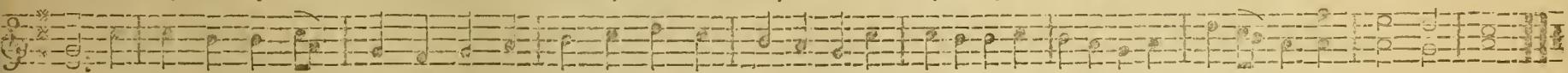
Lord, from thee, I wait

Soft.

Loud.



love. Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heav'nly love. Come, my dear Jesus, from above, And feed my soul with heav'nly love.



3 The trees of life immortal stand In beauteous rows at thy right hand,
And in sweet murmurs by their side Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
4 Haste then but with a smiling face, And spread the table of thy grace:
Bring down a taste of truth divine, And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

5 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare! How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above Redeeming grace and dying love.
6 Hail, great Immanuel all divine! In thee thy Father's glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One, That eyes have seen, or angels known.

AIR. tr

Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace, Shines through the beauties of thy face, And lights our passions to a flame! Lord, how we love thy charming name.

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| <p>2 When I can say, my God is mine,
I tread the world beneath my feet,</p> <p>3 While such a scene of sacred joys,
Here we could sit and gaze away,</p> | <p>When I can feel thy glories shine,
And all the earth calls good or great.</p> <p>Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,
A long and everlasting day.</p> <p>6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of Thee.</p> | <p>4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,
Then shall our joyful senses rove
O'er the dear object of our love,</p> <p>5 There shall we drink full draughts of bliss
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!
Yet, now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heav'n on worms below.</p> |
|--|--|--|

AIR. No. 521.

Falmouth.

Hymn 17. C. M. double.

Rise, rise my soul, and leave the ground, Stretch all thy thoughts abroad, And rouse up ev'ry tuneful, tuneful sound, To praise th' eternal

And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound

And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound, And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound, To

God. To praise th' eternal God. And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound To praise th' eternal God. Long ere the lofty skies were spread, Jehovah fill'd his throne;

To praise th' eternal God. And

praise th' eternal, praise th' eternal God.

Or Adam form'd, or angels made, or angels made, Jehovah liv'd alone. Or Adam form'd, or angels made, Jehovah liv'd alone.

Or Adam form'd, or angels made, Or Adam form'd, or angels made, Jeho - vah liv'd alone. Or

Or Adam form'd, or angels made, Jehovah liv'd alone, Or

3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease, But still maintain their prime ;
 Eternity's his dwelling place, And ever is his time.
 4 While like a tide our minutes flow, The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal NOW, And sees our ages waste.

5 The sea and sky must perish too, And vast destruction come ;
 The creatures look ! how old they grow And wait their fiery doom.
 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away, And flame melt down the skies,
 My God shall live an endless day, When old creation dies.

AIR. No. 522. Saranac. Hymn 18. L. M.

High on a hill of dazzling light The king of glory spreads his feat, And troops of angels stretch'd for flight, Stand waiting round his awful feat.

Soft. Loud.

Go, faith the Lord, my Gabriel, go, Salute the Virgin's fruitful womb : Make haste, ye cherubs down below, Sing and proclaim the Saviour's come.

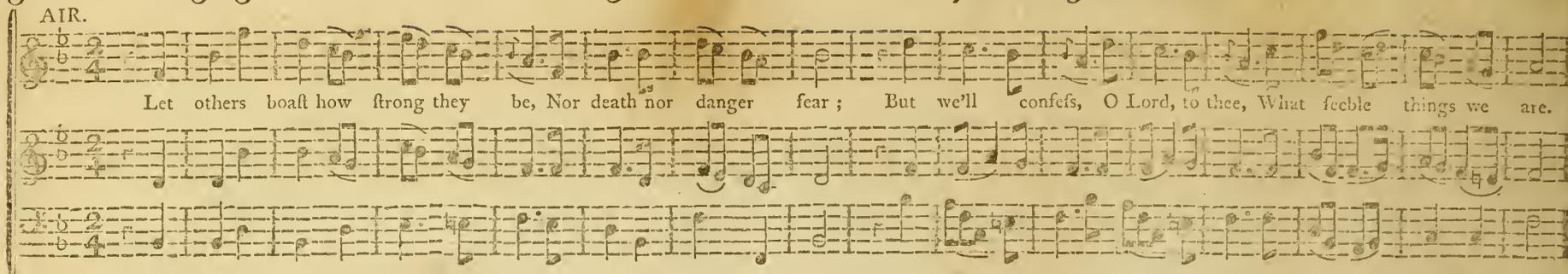
Make haste, ye cherubs down below, Sing

3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
 And thick around Elisha stands ;
 Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
 And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

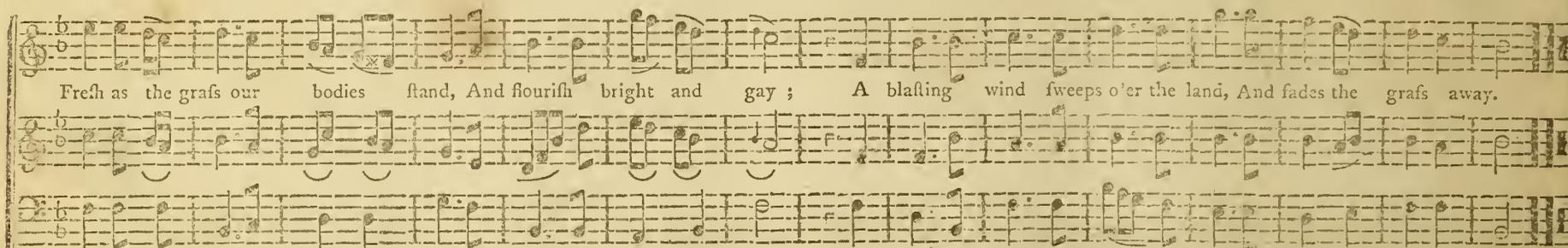
4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
 Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;
 Here we are failing to thy coasts,
 Let angels be our convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy Servants, Lord ?
 At thy command they go and come ;
 With cheerful haste obey thy word,
 And guard thy children to their home.

AIR.



Let others boast how strong they be, Nor death nor danger fear; But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee, What feeble things we are.



Fresh as the grass our bodies stand, And flourish bright and gay; A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land, And fades the grass away.

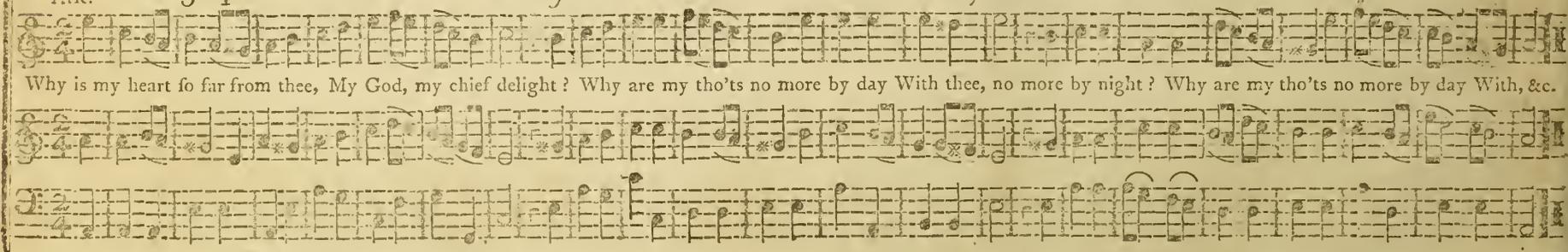
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone;
Strange! that a harp of thousand strings Should keep in tune so long.
4 But 'tis our God supports our frame, The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' Almighty name That rear'd us from the dust.

- 5 He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains In all their motions rose;
Let blood, said he, flow round the veins! And round the veins it flows.
6 While we have breath to use our tongues, Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs, Or they would breathe no more.

AIR. No. 524.

Litchfield.

Hymn 20. C. M.



Why is my heart so far from thee, My God, my chief delight? Why are my tho'ts no more by day With thee, no more by night? Why are my tho'ts no more by day With, &c.

- 2 Why should my foolish passions rove? Where can such sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy love, As I have found in thee?
3 When my forgetful soul renews The favour of thy grace,
My heart preumes I cannot loose The relish, all my days.
4 But ere one fleeting hour is past, The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste, And to pollute my joys.
5 Trifles of nature, or of art, With fair deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart, And thrust me from thy arms:

- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul, That I should leave thee so;
Where will those wild affections roll That let a Saviour go?
7 Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain, And I am drown'd in grief!
But my dear Lord returns again, He flies to my relief:
8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize, He draws with loving bands;
Divine compassion in his eyes, And pardon in his hands.
9 Wretch that I am to wander thus, In chase of false delight!
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross, Rather than lose thy fight.

10 Make haste my days to reach the goal, And bring my heart to rest
On the dear centre of my soul, My God, my Saviour's breast.

1st and 2d Treble.

Soft

Let the old heathens tune their song Of great Diana and of Jove But the sweet theme that moves my tongue Is my Redeemer and his love.

Is my Redeemer and his love.

2 Behold a God descends and dies,
To save my soul from gaping hell ;
How the black gulph where Satan lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !

3 How justice frown'd and vengeance stood.
To drive me down to endless pain !
But the great Son propos'd his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honors giv'n ;
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

AIR. No. 526.

Tinmore.

Hymn 22. L. M.

Terrible God that reign'st on high, How awful is thy thund'ring hand, Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly, Nor can all earth, or hell withstand. Nor can all earth, &c.

2 This the old rebel angels knew, And Satan fell beneath thy frown :
Thine arrows struck the traitor through, And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
3 This Sodom felt and feels it still, And roars beneath th' eternal load ;
With endless burnings who can dwell, Or bear the fury of a God ?

4 Tremble ye sinners and submit, Throw down your arms before his throne,
Bend your heads low beneath his feet, Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
5 And ye bless'd saints that love him too, With rev'rence bow before his name ;
Thus all the heav'nly servants do : God is a bright and burning flame.

AIR. No. 527.

Milbank.

Hymn 23. L. M.

Descend from heav'n immortal dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things.

2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky, Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die, And fruits immortal feast the soul.
3 O for a sight, a pleasant sight Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light, Cloth'd in a body like our own.

4 Adoring saints around him stand, And thrones and pow'rs before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through the man, And sheds sweet glories on them all.
5 O what amazing joys they feel, While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill, And spread the triumphs of their King !

6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear, That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst 'em there, And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

Soft.

When the great Builder arch'd the skies, And form'd all nature with a word, The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise, And

Loud.

ev'ry bending throne ador'd. The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise, And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the throng
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
Among the morning stars he sung,
'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
3 'Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies ;
How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies !

4 And thus our two first parents good,
'Till sin defil'd the happy place ;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn race.
5 So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad,
Sin, the curs'd name ! that in one hour,
Spoil'd six days labour of a God.

6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast ;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;
Oh ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting arm we sing,
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

No. 529.

Edgecumbe.

Hymn 25. C. M.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

My drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ? Awake, my sluggish soul ! Nothing has half thy work to do, Yet nothing's half so dull. Yet nothing's half so dull.

2 The little ants for one poor grain Labour, and tug, and strive,
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain, How negligent we live.
3 We, for whose sake all nature stands And stars their courses move,
We, for whose guard the angel bands Come flying from above.

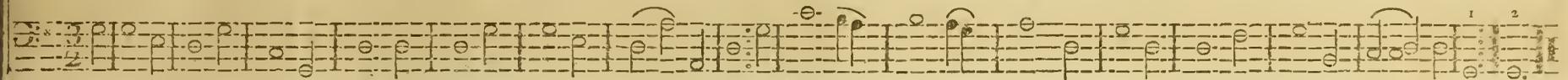
6 Then shall our active spirits move, Upward our souls shall rise :
With hands of faith and wings of love, We'll fly and take the prize.

4 We, for whom God the Son came down, And labour'd for our good ;
How careless to secure that crown He purchas'd with his blood !
5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still, And never act our parts ;
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill, And sit, and warm our hearts.

AIR.



Lord, we were blind, we mortals blind, We can't behold thy bright abode ; O 'tis beyond a creature's mind, To glance a thought half way to God.



2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great eternal reigns alone,
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the topsless throne.

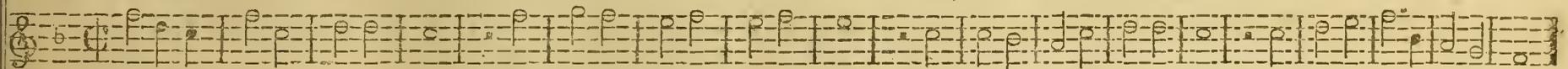
3 The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems incomparably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet
Substantial beams of gloomy night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
Look through and cheer us from above :
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

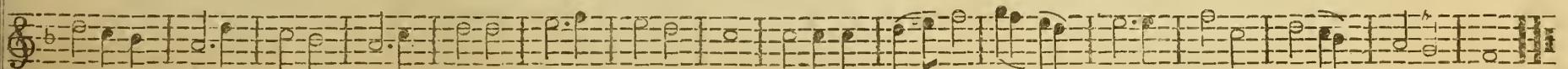
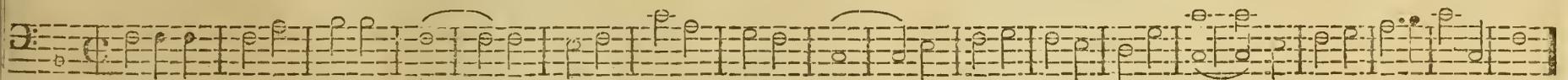
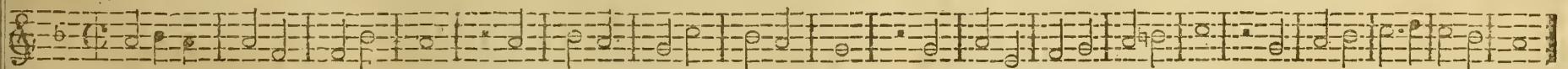
AIR. No. 531.

Rome.

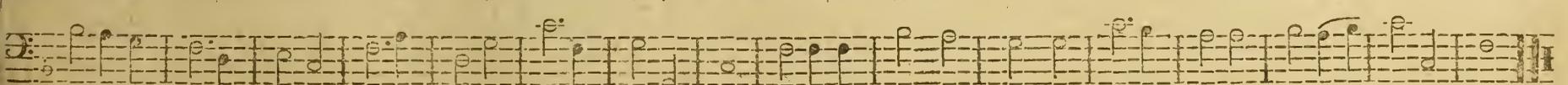
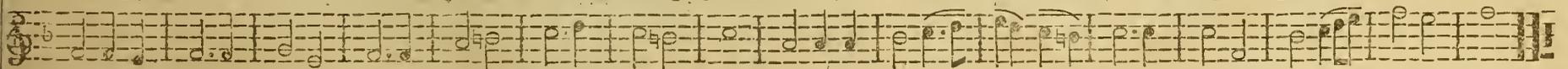
Hymn 27. L. M.



God! the eternal, awful name, That the whole heav'nly army fears, That shakes the wide creation's frame, And Satan trembles when he hears.



Like flames of fire his servants are, And light surrounds his dwelling place ; But, O ye fiery flames, declare The brighter glories of his face.



3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we To speak so infinite a thing ;
But your immortal eyes survey The beauties of your sov'reign King.
4 Tell how he shows his smiling face, And clothes all heav'n in bright array ;
Triumph and joy run thro' the place, And songs eternal as the day.
5 Speak, for you feel his burning love, What zeal it spreads thro' all your frame ;
That sacred fire dwells all above, For we on earth have lost the name.

6 Sing of his pow'r and justice too, That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquish'd Satan and his crew, And thunder drove them down from bliss.
7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts Were hur'd upon the rebels there ?
What deadly jav'lins nail their hearts Fast to the racks of long despair !
8 Shout to your King, you heav'nly host, You that behold the sinking foe ;
Firmly ye stood when they were lost ; Praise the rich grace that kept you so.

9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies
And while you sound his lofty praise, Let humble mortals bow and fear.



AIR. Stoop down, my thoughts, that us'd to rise, Converſe awhile with death; Think how a gasping mortal lies, And pants away his breath.



2 His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down, His pulse is faint and few,
Then ſpeechleſs, with a doleful groan, He bids the world adieu.

3 But oh, the ſoul that never dies! At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, purſue it where it flies, And track its wond'rous way.

6 Jeſus, to thy dear faithful hand, My naked ſoul I truſt;

And my fleſh waits for thy command, To drop into my duſt.

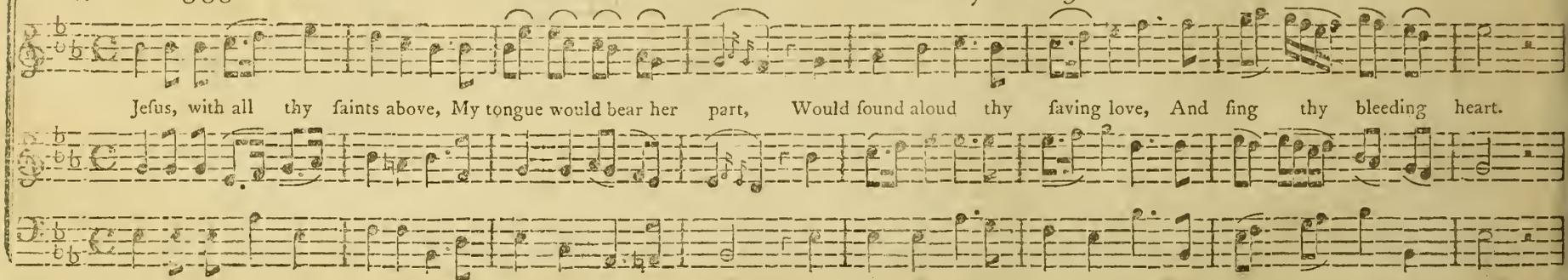
4 Up to the courts where angels dwell, It mounts triumphant there,
Or devils plunge it down to hell, In infinite deſpair.

5 And muſt my body faint and die? And muſt this ſoul remove?
Oh, for ſome guardian angel nigh To bear it ſafe above.

AIR. No. 533.

Rhone.

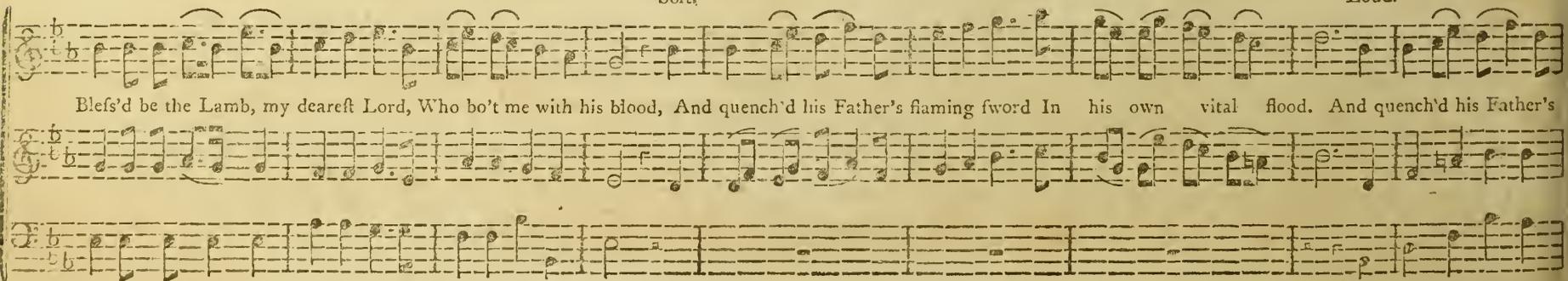
Hymn 29. C. M.



Jeſus, with all thy ſaints above, My tongue would bear her part,
Would ſound aloud thy ſaving love, And ſing thy bleeding heart.

Soft,

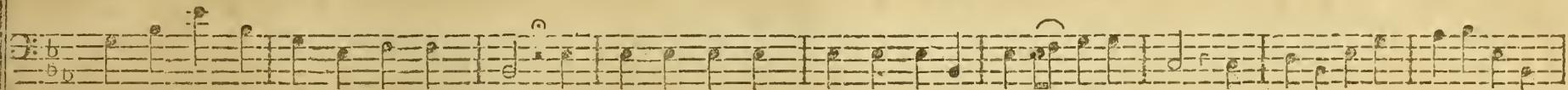
Loud.



Bleſs'd be the Lamb, my deareſt Lord, Who bo't me with his blood, And quench'd his Father's flaming ſword
In his own vital flood. And quench'd his Father's



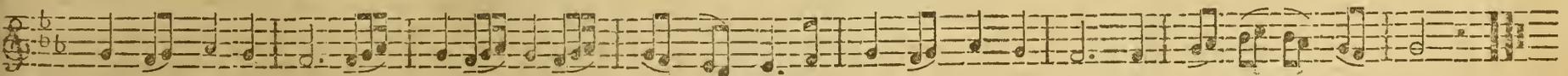
flaming sword In his own vital flood. The Lamb, who freed my captive soul From Satan's heavy chains, - And sent the lion down to howl, Where



hell and horror reigns. All glory to the dying Lamb, And never ceasing praise, While angels live to know his name, Or



faints to feel his grace. While angels live to know his name, Or faints to feel his grace, Or faints to feel his grace.



AIR

Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known ; Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
Join in a song with sweet accord, Join in a song with sweet accord.

And thus surround, And thus surround the throne. Join in the song, Join in the song with
And thus surround the throne. And Join in the song with sweet accord, Join

sweet accord, And thus surround the throne. And thus surround the throne.
And thus surround the throne, And
And thus surround the throne. And

- 2 The sorrows of the mind Be banish'd from the place !
Religion never was design'd To make our pleasures less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing, That never knew our God,
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God that rules on high, And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky, And manages the seas.
- 5 This awful God is ours, Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs To carry us above.

- 6 There we shall see his face, And never, never sin :
There from the rivers of his grace Drink endless pleasures in.
- 7 Yes, and before we rise To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing blifs Should constant joys create.
- 8 The men of grace have found Glory begun below,
Celestial fruits on earthly ground From faith and hope may grow.
- 9 The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

AIR.

Why should we start, And fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals

Why should we start and fear to die? And fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals

Why should we start and fear to die? Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals

are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

are! Death is the gate to endless joy, And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh! If my Lord woul come and meet
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 536.

Bengal.

Hymn 32. C. M.

AIR. How short and hasty is our life; How vast our souls affairs! Yet senseless mortals vainly strive To lavish out their years. To lavish out their years.

2 Our days run thoughtlessly along, Without a moment's stay;
Just like a story or a song We pass our lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home! But we march heedless on,
And ever halt'ning to the tomb, Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest hell That flight the joys above!
What chains of vengeance should we feel That break such cords of love?

5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace, And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race, And see salvation nigh.

AIR.

Raise thee, my soul, fly up and run Thro' ev'ry heav'nly street, And say, there's nought below the sun, That's worthy of thy feet. Thus will we mount on

sacred wings And tread the courts above : Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things, Shall tempt our meanest, Shall tempt our meanest, Shall tempt our meanest love.

Soft. Loud.

- 3 There on a high majestic throne Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down On all the blissful plains.
4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits And spreads eternal noon ;
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights, To want the feeble moon.
5 Amid those ever shining skies Behold the sacred dove,
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies From all the realms of love.

- 6 The glorious tenants of the place Stand bending round the throne ;
And saints and seraphs sing and praise The infinite Three-One.
7 But, oh, what beams of heav'nly grace Transport them all the while !
Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face, And love in ev'ry smile.
8 Jesus, and when shall that dear day, That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay, To dwell amongst 'em there ?

No. 538.

Walworth.

Hymn 34. C. M.

ARR. Moderate.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs, Kindle a flame of sacred love In these cold hearts of ours. In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below, Fond of these trifling toys :
Our souls can neither fly nor go To reach eternal joys.
3 In vain we tune our formal songs, In vain we strive to rise,
Hofannas languish on our tongues, And our devotion dies,

- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever lie At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great ?
5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love, And that shall kindle ours.

Air. Let them neglect thy glory, Lord, Who never knew thy grace : But our loud song shall

Inst. Bass.

The wonders of thy praise. The wonders of thy praise. But our loud song shall still record The wonders of thy praise.

still record The wonders of thy praise. The wonders of thy praise The wonders of thy praise.

The wonders of thy praise. The wonders of thy praise. The wonders of The wonders of thy praise.

The wonders of thy praise ; The wonders of thy praise. But our loud song shall still record The wonders of thy praise.

2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
And send them to thy throne ;
All glory to th' united Three,
The undivided One.

T 2

3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That form'd us by a word ;
'Tis he restores our ruin'd frame :
Salvation to the Lord !

4 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
Repeat the joyful sound ;
Rocks, hills, and vales repeat the voice
In one eternal round.

AIR.

Well, the Redeemer's gone T' appear before your God, To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne, With his atoning blood.

- 2 No fiery vengeance now, No burning wrath comes down ;
 If justice calls for sinners blood, The Saviour shews his own.
 3 Before his father's eye Our humble suit he moves ;
 The father lays his thunder by, And looks, and smiles and loves.
 4 Now may our joyful tongues Our Maker's honors sing ;
 Jesus, the priest, receives our songs, And bears them to the King.

- 5 We bow before his face, And sound his glories high,
 Hosanna to the God of grace, That lays his thunder by.
 6 On earth thy mercy reigns, And triumphs all above :
 But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains To speak immortal love !
 7 How jarring and how low Are all the notes we sing !
 Sweet Saviour tune our songs anew, And they shall please the King.

Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly feat Where your Redeemer stays; Kind inter - cessor, there he sits, And loves, and

tr Soft.

pleads, and prays. 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee, And shed his vital blood, Appears'd stern

Loud.

tr

justice on the tree, And then arose to God, Appeals'd stern justice on the tree, And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now and praise may rise, And faints their off'rings bring,
The priest with his own sacrifice Presents them to the King,
4 Let Papists trust what names they please, Their saints and angels boast;
We've no such advocates as these, Nor pray to th' heav'nly host;

5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries Up to his Father's throne:
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs, And sweetens ev'ry groan.
6 Ten thousand praises to the King, Hosanna in the highest:
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring To God, and to his Christ.

AIR. No. 542.

Petersham.

Hymn 38. C. M.

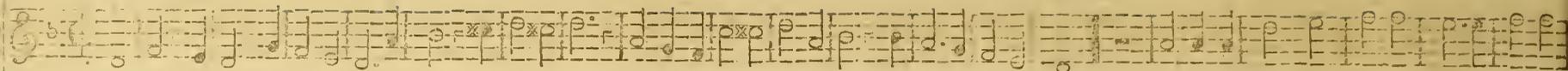
Happy the heart where graces reign, Where love inspires the breast: Love is the brightest of the train,

And strengthen's all the rest. Love is the brightest of the train, And strengthens all the rest.

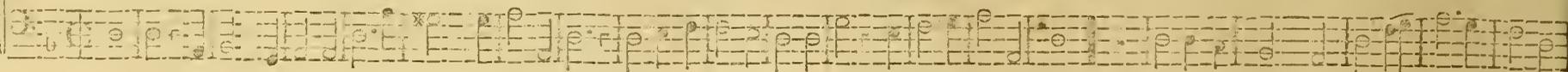
2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain, And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign, If love be absent there.
3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too, But Satan cannot love!

4 This is the grace that lives and sings, When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings In the sweet realms of bliss.
5 Before we quite forsake our clay, Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away To see our smiling God.

AIR. Moderato.



Our days, alas! our mortal days Are short and wretched too; Evil and few, the patriarchs say, And well the patriarchs knew. 'Tis but at best a narrow bound That heav'n al-



Affettuoso.



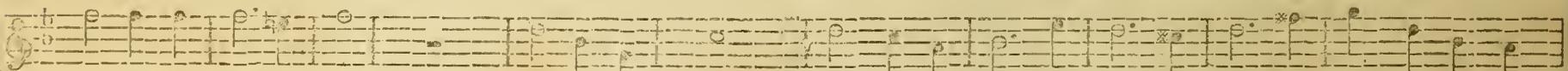
lows to men, And pains, and sins run thro' the round Of threescore years and ten. Well, if ye must be sad and few, Run on my days, Run on my days



Run on my days, Run on my



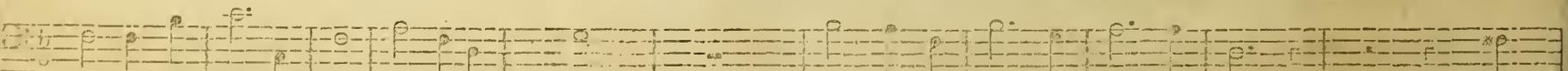
Run on my days



Run on my days in haste; Moments of sin Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye cannot fly too



days, my days in haste; Moments of sin and



Run on my days in haste; Moments of sin, Moments of sin and Ye



fast. Ye cannot fly too fast. Ye cannot, cannot fly too fast. Moments of sin and months of woe, Ye



Ye cannot fly to fast. Ye



cannot fly too fast. Ye cannot. Ye

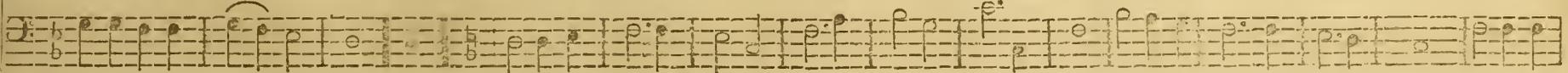
Andante.



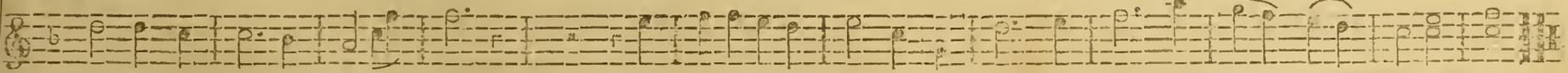
cannot, cannot fly too fast. Let heav'nly love prepare my soul, And call her to the skies, Where years of long salvation roll.



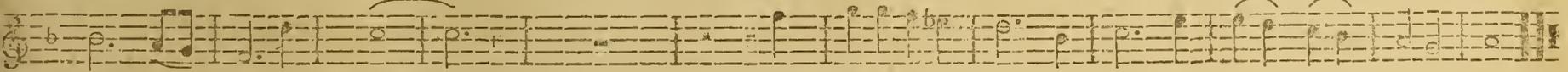
Where years of



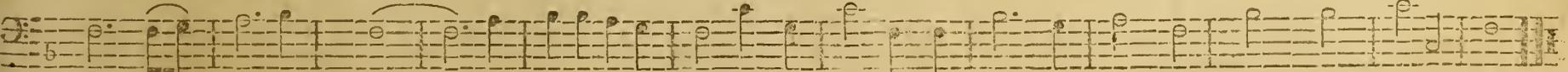
Where years of long salvation roll, Where years of



Where years of long salvation roll. And glory never dies, never dies, And glory, glory never dies.



long salvation roll, And glory never dies,



long salvation roll, And glory never dies, never dies, never dies.



AIR. Our God, how firm his promise stands, Ev'n when he hides his face ! He trusts, in our Redeemer's hands, glory, glory, glory, and his grace.



His glory,

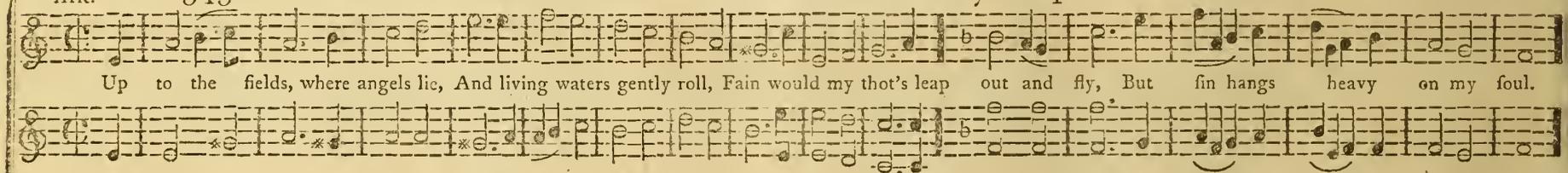
2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints, Since Christ and we are one ?
Thy God is faithful to his saints, Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd, And part of heav'n possess'd ;
I praise his name for grace receiv'd, And trust him for the rest.

AIR. No. 545.

Leicestershire.

Hymn 41. L. M. double.



Up to the fields, where angels lie, And living waters gently roll, Fain would my thot's leap out and fly, But sin hangs heavy on my soul.



Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying Christ, Can make this world of guilt remove ; And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st On thy kind wings, celestial dove.



Can make this world of guilt remove ;

3 O might I once mount up and see The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be ? How despicable to my eyes ?
4 Had I a glance of thee, my God, Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish, as though I saw them not, As a dim candle dies at noon.

5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave, I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf While rattling thunders round us roar.
6 Great All in All, eternal King, Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing, Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.



My God, what endless pleasures dwell Above at thy right hand, The courts below, how amiable, Where all thy graces stand.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 The swallow near thy temple lies, And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upwards tow'rd the skies, And tunes her warbling throat.</p> <p>3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord, We shout with joyful tongues ;
Or sitting round our Father's board, We crown the feast with songs.</p> <p>6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop and hang the wing When Jesus hides his love.</p> | <p>4 While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace, We sing and mount on high ;
But if a frown becloud his face, We faint, and tire, and die.</p> <p>5 Just as we see the lonesome dove Bemoan her widow'd state,
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove, And mourns her loving mate.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 547.

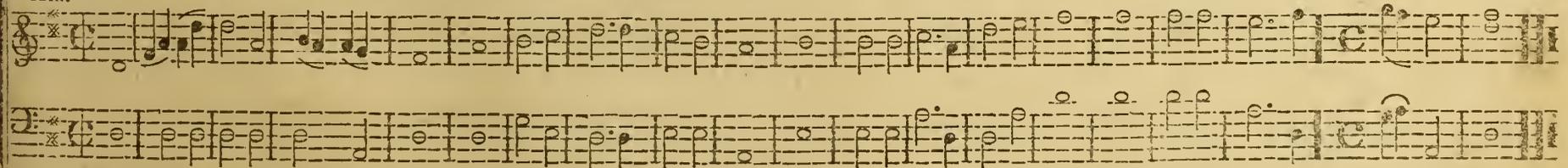
Arnheim.

Hymn 43. L. M.



Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's equal Son! Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

AIR.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Sing, how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above ;
How swift and joyful was his flight On wings of everlasting love.</p> <p>3 Down to this base, this sinful earth, He came to raise our nature high ;
He came t' atone almighty wrath : Jesus the God was born to die.</p> <p>4 Hell and its lion's roar'd around, His precious blood the monsters spilt ;
While weighty sorrows press'd him down, Large as the loads of all our guilt.</p> | <p>5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death Th' almighty captive pris'ner lay ;
Th' almighty captive left the earth, And rose to everlasting day.</p> <p>6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light, Up to his throne of shining grace ;
See what immortal glories sit Round the sweet beauties of his face.</p> <p>7 Among a thousand harps and songs Jesus the God exalted reigns,
His sacred name fills all their tongues, And echoes through the heav'nly plains!</p> |
|--|--|

AIR.

With holy fear, and humble song, The dreadful God, our souls adore, Rev'rence and awe becomes the tongue, That speaks the terrors of his pow'r.

Far in the deep, where darkness dwells, The land of horror and despair, Justice has built a dismal hell, And laid her stores of vengeance there.

3 Eternal plagues, and heavy chains, Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts t' inflict immortal pains, Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
4 There Satan the first sinner lies, And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise, Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.

5 There guilty ghosts of Adam's race Shriek out, and howl beneath the rod;
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace, But they incens'd a dreadful God.
6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son: Sinner obey thy Saviour's call;
Else your damnation hastens on, And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

AIR. No. 549.

Clarence.

Hymn 45. L. M.

Thy favors, Lord, surprize our souls; Will the eternal dwell with us? What canst thou find beneath the poles, To tempt thy chariot downward thus? Still might he fill his starry

Soft.

throne; And please his ears with Gabriel's songs; But heav'nly majesty comes down, And bows to hearken to our tongues. Great God! what poor returns we pay For love so

Cres.

Loud.

infinite as thine: Words are but air, and tongues but clay, But thy compassion's all divine. But thy compassion's all divine.

AIR. No. 550.

St. Mark's.

Hymn 46. L. M.

Up to the Lord, that reigns on high, And views the nations from afar, Let everlasting praises fly And tell how large his bounties are.

- 2 (He that can shake the worlds he made, Or with his word or with his rod, His goodness, how amazing great! And what a condescending God!)
- 3 (God that must stoop to view the skies, And bow to see what angels do, Down to the earth he casts his eyes, And bends his footsteps downwards too.)
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things, And manages our mean affairs: On humble souls the King of kings Bestows his councils and his cares.

- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour Into the bosom of our God; He hears us in the mournful hour, And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try Such condescension to perform; For worms were never rais'd so high, Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise A tribute equal to thy grace, To the third heav'n our songs should rise, And teach the golden harps thy praise.

AIR.

Now to the Lord a noble song, Awake my soul, Awake my tongue, Hosanna to th' eternal name, And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'ful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:

4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grazioso.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme; My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name! Ye angels dwell upon the sound; Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground.

Soft.

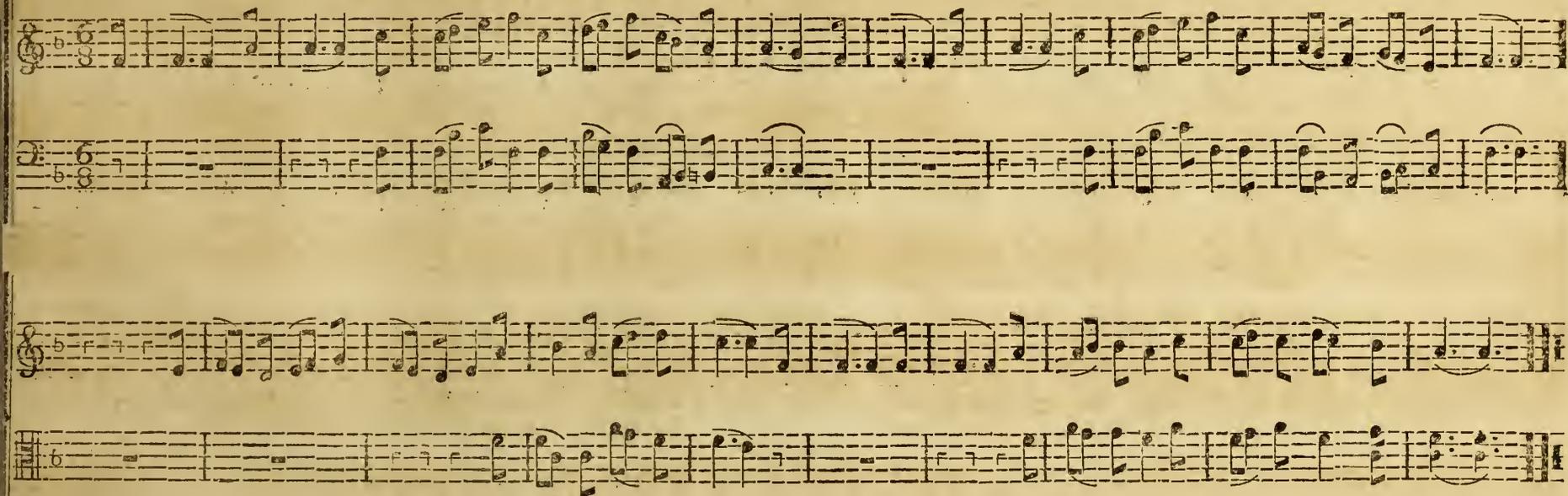
Loud,

Oh! may I live to reach the place Where he unveils his lovely face! Where all his beauties you behold, And sing his name to harps of gold?

Slow.



How vain are all things here below, How false, and yet how fair! Each pleasure hath its poison too; And ev'ry sweet a snare.



The brightest things below the sky Give but a flatt'ring light; We should suspect some danger nigh, Where we possess delight.



3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The fondness of a creature's love
How strong it strikes the sense?
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

AIR.

Death cannot make our souls afraid, If God be with us there ; We may walk thro' the darkest shade, And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below, If my Creator bid ; And run, If I were call'd to go, And die As Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top, And view the promis'd land,
My flesh itself should long to drop, And pray for the command.

4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms, I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms Of so divine a death.

No. 554.

Bushwick.

Hymn 50. L. M. double.

Now let the Lord, my Saviour smile, And shew my name upon his heart ; I would forget my pains awhile, And in the pleasure, in the pleasure lose the smart.

AIR.



But Oh! it swells my sorrows high, To see my blessed Jesus frown; My spirits sink, my comforts die, And all the springs of life, all the springs of life are down.



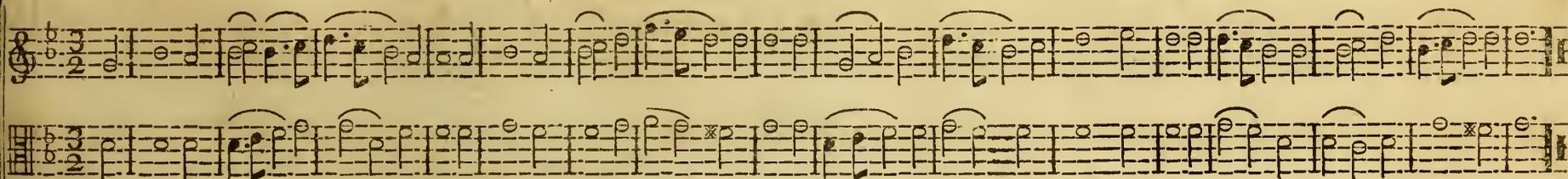
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints? Still while he frowns his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his faints, And feels their sorrows, and his love.
4 My name is printed on his breast; His book of life contains my name,
I'd rather have it there impress'd, Than in the bright records of fame.

- 5 When the last fire burns all things here, Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear, Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
6 Now shall my minutes smoothly run, While here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun Roll gently up and down the hill.

No. 555.

Suffolk.

Hymn 51. L. M.

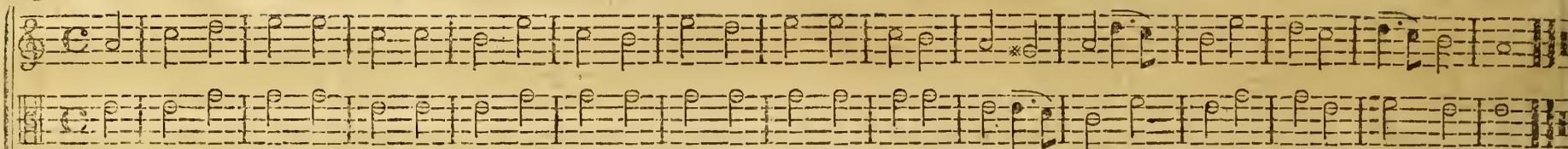


Bright King of glory, dreadful God, Our spirits bow before thy feat: To thee we lift an humble thought, And worship at thine awful feet.

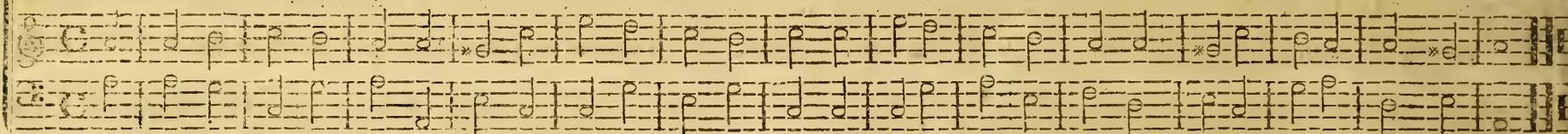


- 2 Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways All nature with a sov'reign word:
And the bright world of stars obeys The will of their superior Lord.
3 Mercy and truth unite in one, And smiling sit at thy right hand:
Eternal justice guards thy throne, And vengeance waits thy dread command.
4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, among the sons of light, Pretends comparifon with thee?

- 5 Yet there is one of human frame, Jesus, array'd in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim A full equality with God.
6 Their glory shines with equal beams; Their essence is forever one;
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names The Father God, and God the Son.
7 Then let the name of Christ our King With equal honor's be ador'd;
His praise let ev'ry angel sing, And all the nations own the Lord.



AIR. Death, 'tis a melancholy day To those that have no God, When the poor soul is forc'd away To seek her last abode.

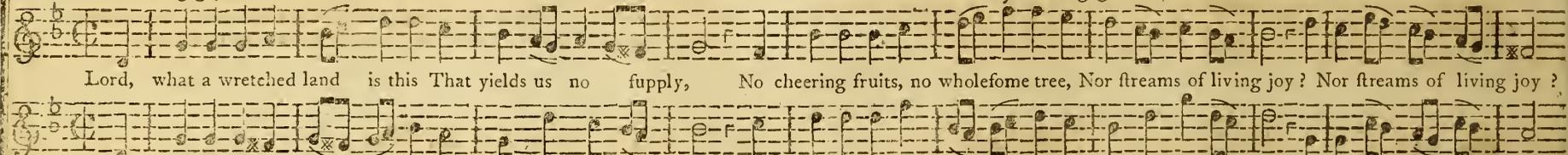


- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes ; But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downwards from the skies, To darkness, fire and pain.</p> <p>3 Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell, Let stubborn sinners fear ;
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell A long forever there.</p> <p>6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand, Then come the joyful day ;
Come death and some celestial band ; To bear my soul away.</p> | <p>4 See how the pit gapes wide for you, And flashes in your face ;
And thou, my soul, look downwards too And sing recover'g grace.</p> <p>5 He is a God of sov'reign love, That promis'd heav'n to me,
And taught my soul to soar above, Where happy spirits be.</p> |
|---|---|

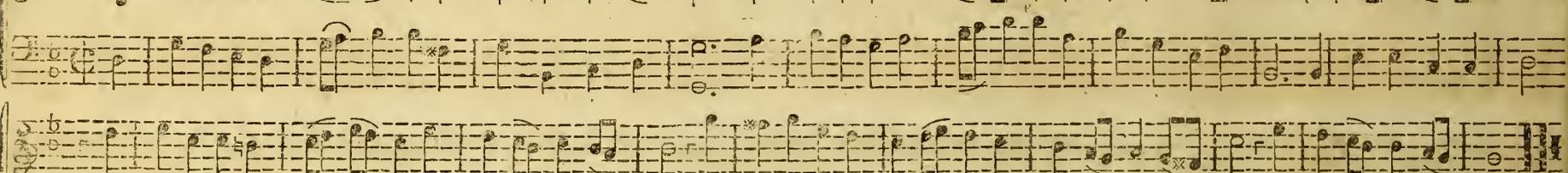
AIR. No. 557.

Colebrook.

Hymn 53. C. M. double.



Lord, what a wretched land is this That yields us no supply, No cheering fruits, no wholesome tree, Nor streams of living joy ? Nor streams of living joy ?

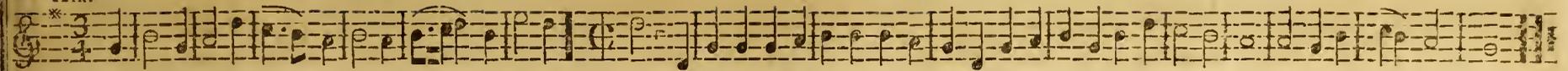


But pricking thorns through all the ground, And mortal poisons grow, And all the rivers that are found, With dang'rous waters flow. With dang'rous waters flow.

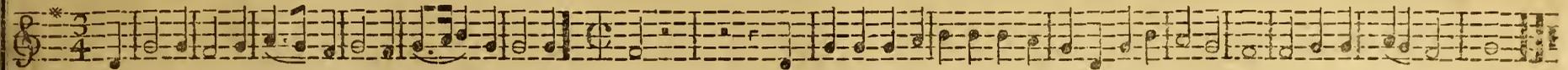


- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Yet the dear path to thine abode Lies through this horrid land :
Lord ! we would keep the heav'nly road, And run at thy command.</p> <p>4 Our souls shall tread the desert through With undiverted feet ;
And faith and flaming zeal subdue The terrors that we meet.</p> <p>5 A thousand savage beasts of prey Around the forest roam :
But Judah's Lion guards the way, And guides the strangers home.</p> <p>6 Long nights and darkness dwell below, With scarce a twinkling ray ;
But the bright world to which we go, Is everlasting day.</p> <p>7 By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears, We trace the sacred road ;
Through dismal deeps and dang'rous snares, We make our way to God.</p> | <p>8 Our journey is a thorny maze, But we march upwards still ;
Forget the troubles of the ways, And reach at Zion's hill.</p> <p>9 See the kind angels at the gates, Inviting us to come :
There Jesus the forerunner waits To welcome travellers home.</p> <p>10 There on a green and flow'ry mount, Our weary souls shall sit,
And with transporting joys recount The labours of our feet.</p> <p>11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongues, Nor trifles vex our ears ;
Infinite grace shall fill our song, And God rejoice to hear.</p> <p>12 Eternal glories to the King, That brought us safely through ;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing, And endless praise renew.</p> |
|--|--|

AIR.



My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of, The glory of my brightest days, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.



The glory of my brightest days, The glory of my



The glory of my brightest days, The glory of my

- 2 In darkest shades if he appear, My dawning is begun!
He is my soul's sweet morning star, And he my rising sun.
3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shews his heart is mine, And whispers, I am his.

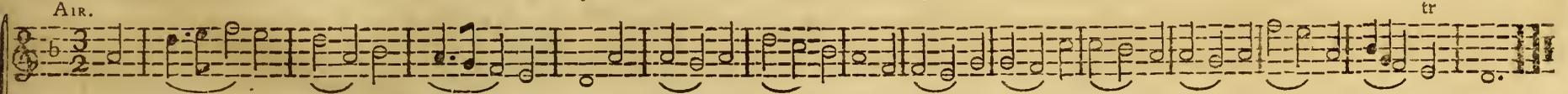
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay, At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way, 'T' embrace my dearest Lord.
5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death, I'd break through ev'ry foe,
The wings of love, and arms of faith, Shall bear me conqu'ror through.

No. 559.

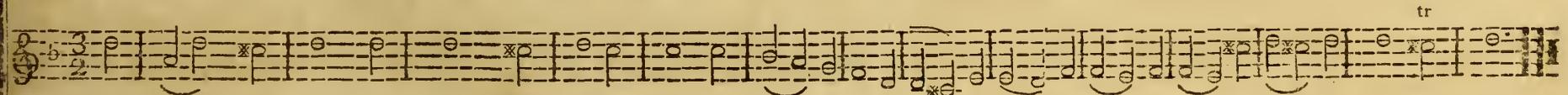
Frailty.

Hymn 55. C. M.

AIR.



Thee we adore, eter - nal name, And humbly own to thee, How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we.



- 2 Our winking lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.
3 The year rolls round, and steals away The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be, We're trav'ling to the grave.
4 Dangers stand thick through all the ground, To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around, To hurry mortals home.

- 5 Good God! on what a slender thread Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all the dead Upon life's feeble strings.
6 Infinite joy or endless woe Attends on ev'ry breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go Upon the brink of death.
7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense, To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence, May they be found with God,

AIR.

No, I shall envy them no more Who grow profanely great, Though they increase their golden store, And rise to wond'rous height.

- 2 They taste of all the joys that grow Upon this earthly clod ;
Well, they may search the creature through, For they have ne'er a God.
3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too, And think your life your own ;
But death comes halt'ning on to you, To mow your glory down.

- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head, Away your spirit flies,
And no kind angel near your bed, To bear it to the skies.
5 Go now and boast of all your stores, And tell how bright they shine ;
Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours, And my Redeemer's mine.

AIR. No. 561.

Truro.

Hymn 57. L. M.

Lord, how secure and blest are they, Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ? Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

- 2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads, Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades Their mighty minutes gently move.
3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on, But fly not half so fast away ;
Their souls are ever bright as noon, And calm as summer ev'nings be.

- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills, Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
5 They scorn to seek our golden toys, But spend the day and share the night
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys That heav'n prepares for their delight:

- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles, Lie groveling in the dust below ;
Almighty grace renew our souls, And we'll aspire to glory too.

AIR. No. 562.

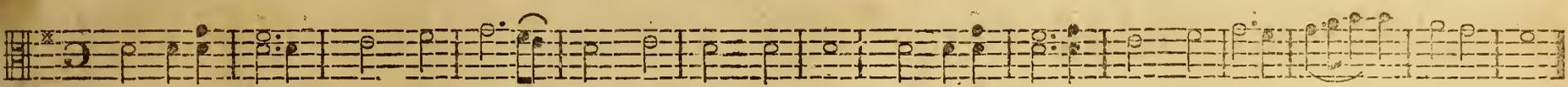
Middleboro'.

Hymn 58. C. M.

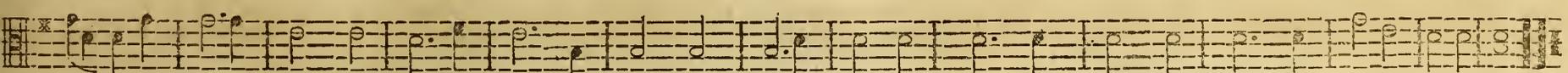
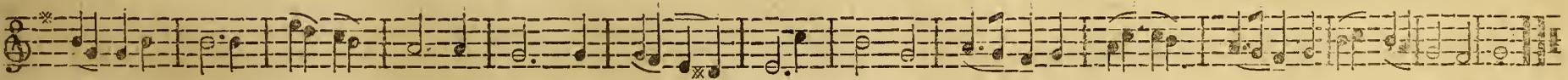
Time ! what an empty vapour 'tis ! And days, how swift they are ? Swift as an Indian arrow flies, Or like a shooting star. Or like a shooting star.

- 2 The present moments just appear, Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say they're here, But only say, they're past.
3 Our life is ever on the wing, And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin, We all begin to die.
4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days Thy lasting favors share,
Yet with the bounties of thy grace Thou load'st the rolling year.

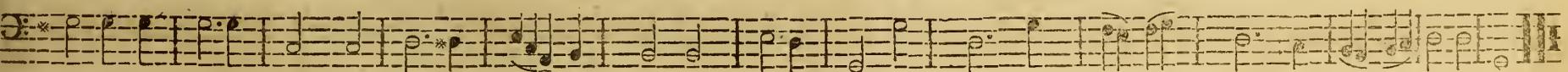
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food, And we are cloth'd with love ;
While grace stands pointing out the road, That leads our souls above.
6 His goodness runs an endless round ; All glory to the Lord !
His mercy never knows a bound ; And be his name ador'd !
7 Thus we begin the lasting song ; And when we close our eyes,
Let the next age thy praise prolong, 'Till time and nature dies,



Glory to God, who walks the sky, And sends his blessings through ; Who tells his faints of joys on high, And gives a taste below.



Glory to God, who stoops his throne, That dust and worms may see't, And brings a glimpse of glory down, Around his sacred feet.



3 When Christ with all his graces crown'd Sheds his kind beams abroad,
 'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground, And glory in the bud.
 4 A blooming paradise of joy In this wild desert springs,
 And ev'ry sense, I straight employ On sweet celestial things.
 5 White lilies all around appear, And each his glory shows ;
 The rose of Sharon blossoms here, The fairest flow'r that blows.

6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit, And bring the pleasures down,
 Pleasures that flow hard by the foot Of the eternal throne.
 7 But ah ! how soon my joys decay, How soon my sins arise,
 And snatch the heav'nly scene away From these lamenting eyes.
 8 When shall the time, dear Jesus, when The shining day appear,
 That I shall leave those clouds of sin, And guilt and darkness here ?

9 Up to the fields above the skies, My hasty feet would go,
 There everlasting flow'rs arise, There joys unwithering grow.

AIR.

Praise, everlasting praise be paid To him that earth's foundation laid ; Praise to the God, whose strong decrees Sway the crea - tion as he please.

Praise to the goodness, Praise to the goodness of the Lord, Who rules his people by his word, And there as strong as his decrees, He sets his kindest promises.

Praise to the

- 3 Firm are the words his prophets give, Sweet words on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God, Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'ful as that sound, That bid the new made world go round ;
And stronger than the solid poles, On which the wheel of nature rolls.
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise, Why trickling sorrows down our eyes ?
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives The comforts that our Maker gives.

- 6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith, To credit what th' Almighty faith !
T' embrace the message of his Son, And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake And all the wheels of nature break ;
Our steady souls shall fear no more, Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise Above the ruinable skies,
Where th' eternal Builder reigns, And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

No. 565.

St. Clave's.

Hymn 61. C. M.

AIR.

tr Soft. Loud. tr

My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it stands, When thou must quit this house of clay, And fly to unknown lands. And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb :
This gloomy prison waits for you, Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those that die, And place us in their stead ;
Then would our spirits learn to fly, And converse with the dead :

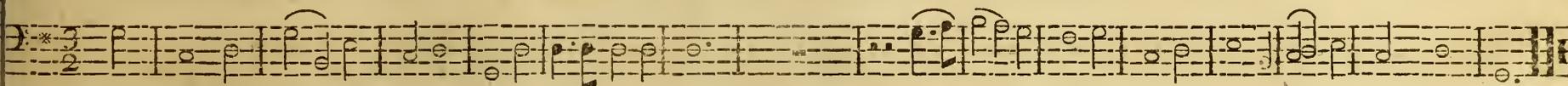
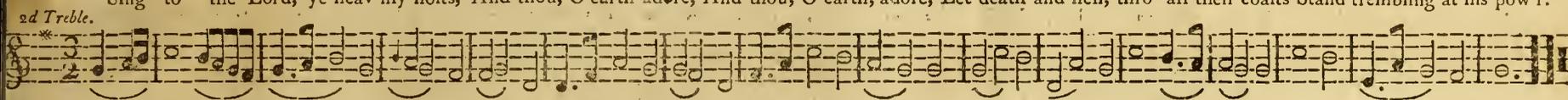
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay
And pray and wish our souls away

- 4 Then should we see the saints above In their own glorious forms,
And wonder why our souls should love To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 How we should scorn these clothes of flesh, These fetters and this load,
And long for ev'ning to undress, That we may rest with God.

- Before the summons come,
To their eternal home.



Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts, And thou, O earth adore, And thou, O earth, adore, Let death and hell, thro' all their coasts Stand trembling at his pow'r.



2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne ;
There all his stores of lightning lie, 'Till vengeance dart them down.
3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams, And from his awful tongue
A sov'reign voice divides the flames, And thunder rolls along.

4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day, When this incensed God
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea, And fling his wrath abroad !
5 What shall the wretch the finner do ? He once defy'd the Lord ;
But he shall dread the thund'rer now, And sink beneath his word,

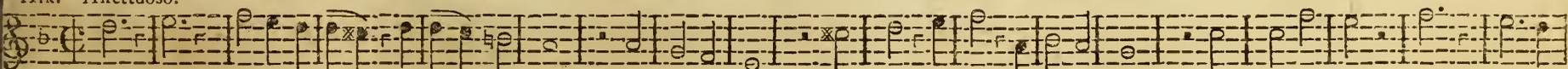
6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll, To blast the rebel worm,
And beat upon his naked soul In one eternal storm.

No. 567.

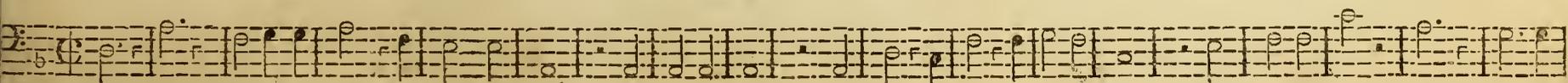
Hark! from the Tombs, &c.

Hymn 63. C. M.

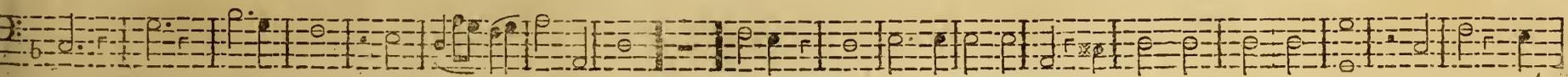
AIR. Affettuoso.



Hark! hark! hark from the tombs, a mournful found, a mournful found, My ears attend, attend the cry. Ye living men, come, view the



ground, come, view the ground, Where you must shortly lie. Princes, This clay must be your bed In spite of all your tow'rs, The tall, the



Affettuoso.

wife, the rev'rend head, Must lie as low, Must lie as low, Must lie as low as ours. Great God! is this our certain doom?

Andante.

And are we still secure? Still walking downward to the tomb, And yet prepare no more? Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace To

Soft.

Increase.

Loud.

fit our souls to fly. We'll rise, We'll rise above the sky.

Then, when we drop this dying flesh, We'll rise,

We'll rise,

AIR.



Happy the church, thou sacred place, The seat of thy Creator's grace; Thine holy courts are his abode, Thou earthly palace of our God.



2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move, Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
3 Thy foes in vain designs engage, Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves with angry roar, That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Sion dwell, Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell:
His arms embrace this happy ground, Like brazen bulwarks built around.
5 God is our shield, and God our sun! Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace, And we reflect his brightest praise.

AIR. No. 569.

Penobscot.

Hymn 65. C. M.



When I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies, I bid farewell to ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. I bid farewell to



ev'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. Should earth against my soul engage, And hellish darts be hurl'd,

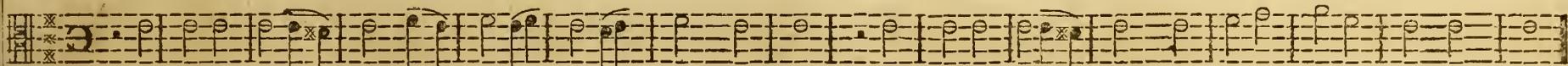
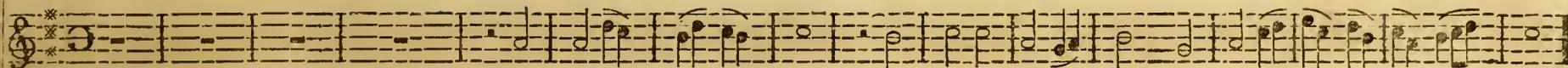


Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world. Let cares, like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall;

May I but safely reach my home, May I but safely reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all: Then shall I bathe my

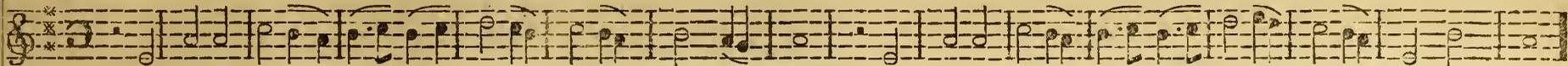
Soft when repeated.

weary soul In seas of heav'nly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.



There is a land of pure delight, Where fairs immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

AIR.

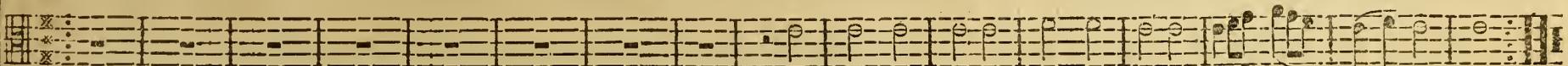
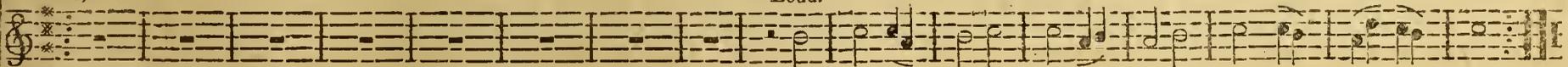


There everlasting spring abides, And never with'ring flow'rs: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

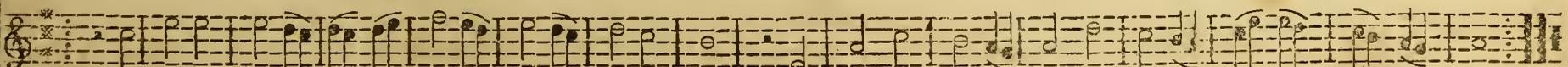


Soft,

Loud.



Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dress'd in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood, While Jordan roll'd between.



But tim'rous mortals start and shrink, To cross this narrow sea, And linger, shiv'ring on the brink, And fear to launch away.

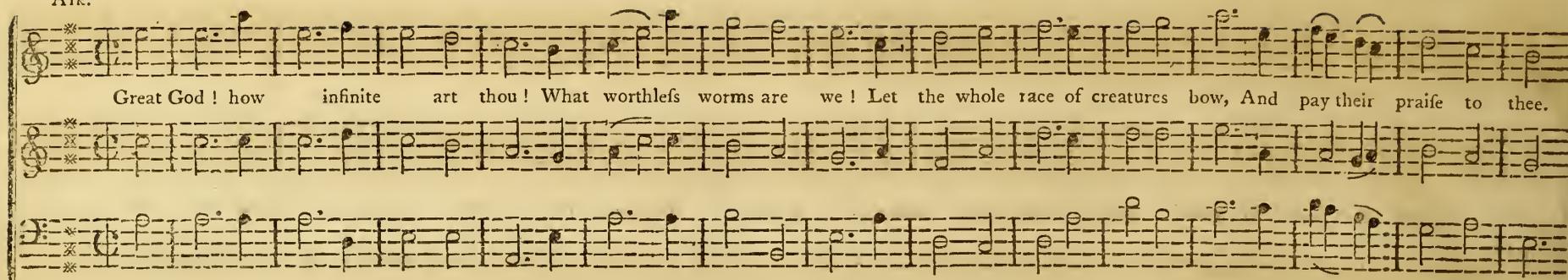


5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove, Those gloomy doubts that rife,
And see the Canaan that we love, With unclouded eyes!

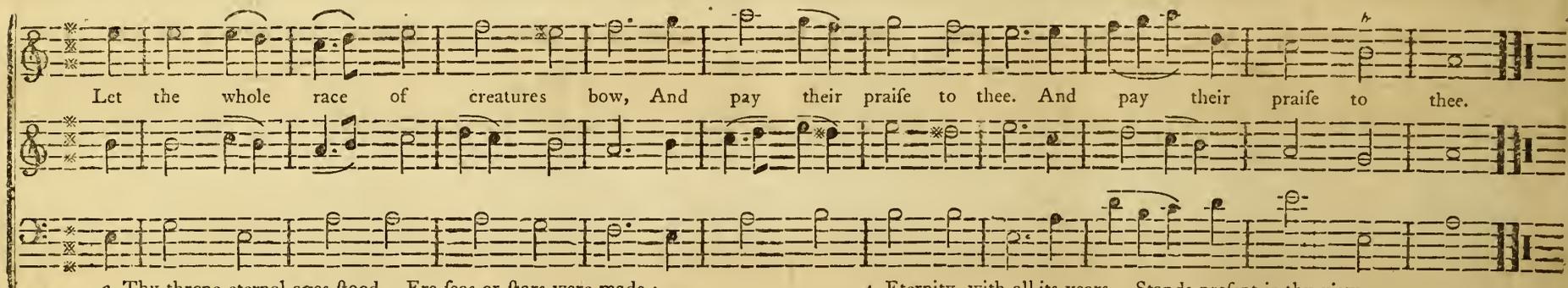
6 Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

N. B. The 1st and 2d verses are to be sung in the first part of the tune; the 3d and 4th verses in the latter part, and the 5th and 6th verses to go through the tune.

AIR.



Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.



Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee. And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood, Ere seas or stars were made :
Thou art the ever living God, Were all the nations dead.
3 Nature and time quite naked lie To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky, To the great burning day.

6 Great God! how infinite art thou! What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

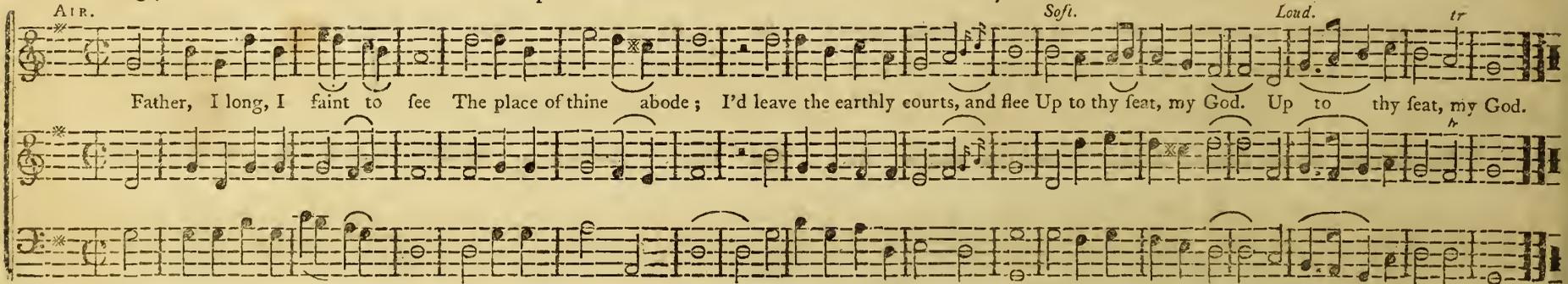
4 Eternity, with all its years, Stands present in thy view ;
To thee there's nothing old appears ; Great God! there's nothing new.
5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on Thine undisturb'd affairs.

No. 572.

Chapel-Court.

Hymn 68. C. M.

AIR.



Father, I long, I faint to see The place of thine abode; I'd leave the earthly courts, and flee Up to thy seat, my God. Up to thy seat, my God.

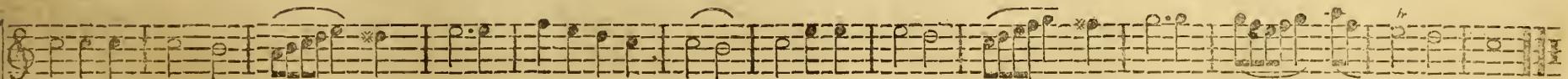
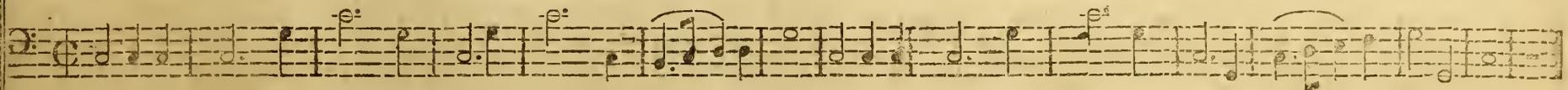
2 Here I behold thy distant face, And 'tis a pleasant sight ;
But, to abide in thine embrace, Is infinite delight.
3 I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze upon thy throne ;
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence, Unspeakable, unknown.
4 There all the heav'nly hosts are seen, In shining ranks they move,
And drink immortal vigor in With wonder, and with love.

5 Then at thy feet with awful fear, Th' adoring armies fall :
With joy they shrink to nothing there, Before th' eternal All.
6 There would I vie with all the host, In duty and in bliss ;
While less than nothing I could boast And vanity confess.
7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes, The humbler I shall lie ;
Thus, while I sink, my joy shall rise Unmeasurably high.

AIR.



Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing, The mighty works, or mightier name Of our eternal King.



Tell of his wond'rous faith - ful - nefs, And found his pow'r abroad; Sing the sweet promise of his grace, And the performing God.



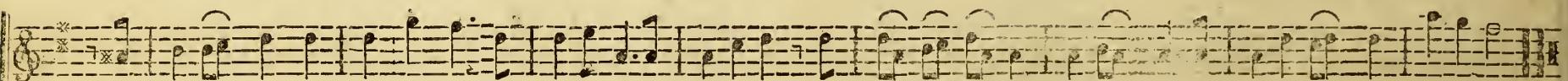
3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord For wretched dying men :
 His hand has writ the sacred word With an immortal pen.
 4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass, The mighty promise shines ;
 Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze Those everlasting lines.
 5 He that can dash whole worlds to death, And make them when he please,
 He speaks, and that almighty breath Fulfils his great decrees.

6 His very word of grace is strong As that which built the skies ;
 The voice that rolls the stars along Speaks all the promises.
 7 He said, Let the wide heav'n be spread, And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;
 Abrah'm I'll be thy God, he said, And he was Abrah'm's God.
 8 Oh, might I hear thine heav'nly tongue But whisper, Thou art mine !
 Those gentle words should raise my song To notes almost divine.

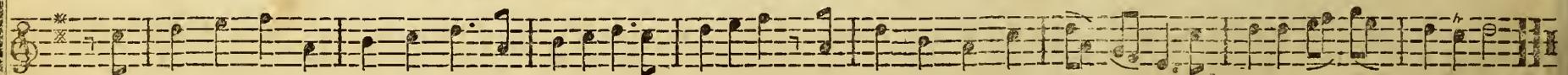
9 How would my leaping heart rejoice, And think my heav'n secure !
 I trust the All-creating voice, And faith desires no more.



AIR. God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice Makes all the roaring waves rejoice ! And one soft word of thy command, Can sink them silent in the sand.



If but a Moses wave his rod, The sea divides and owns its God ; The stormy floods their Maker knew, And let his chosen armies thro'.



3 The scaly shoals amid the sea To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay ;
The meanest fish that swims the flood, Leaps up, and means a praise to God.

4 The larger monsters of the deep On thy commands attendance keep ;
By thy permission, sport and play, And cleave along their foaming way.

5 If God his voice of tempest rears, Leviathan lies still, and fears ;
Anon he lifts his nostrils high, And spouts the ocean to the sky.

9 Oh, for some signal of thine hand ! Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land ;
Great Judge ! descend, lest men deny That there's a God that rules the sky.

6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd Amid these wat'ry nations, Lord !

Yet the bold men that trace the seas, Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.

7 What scenes of miracles they see, And never tune a song to thee !

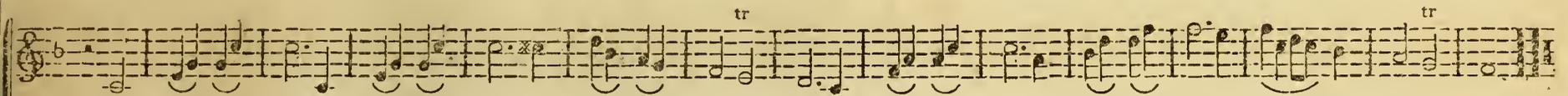
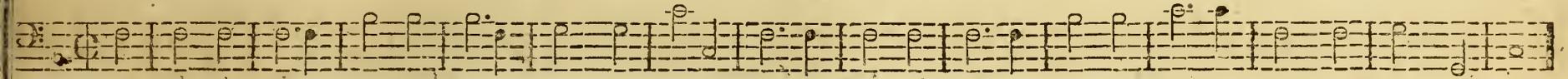
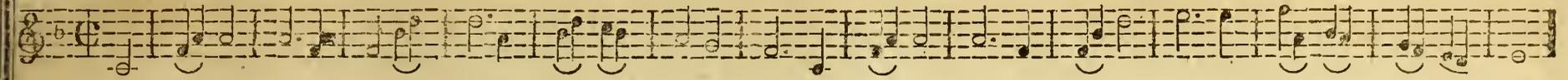
While on the flood they safely ride, They curse the hand that smooths the tide.

8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves, And some drink death among the waves ;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme, Nor own the God that rescu'd them.

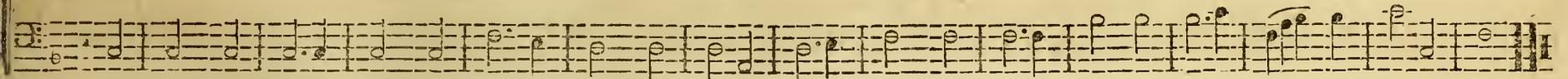
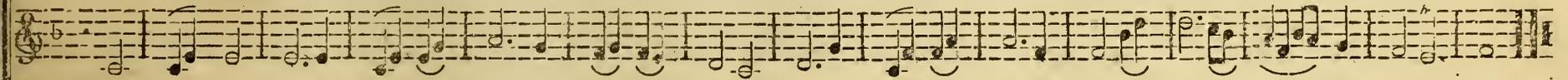
AIR.



The glories of my Maker, God, My joyful voice shall sing, And call the nations to adore Their Former and their King.



'Twas his right hand that shap'd our clay, And wrought this human frame; But from his own immediate breath Our nobler spirits came.



3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God, And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies, And join th' angelic songs.
4 Yet grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape, And fowls of ev'ry wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas, Their various tribute bring.

5 Ye planets, to his honor shine, And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unweary'd course Around the steady pole.
6 The brightness of our Maker's name The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies, Beyond the heav'nly hills.

No. 576.

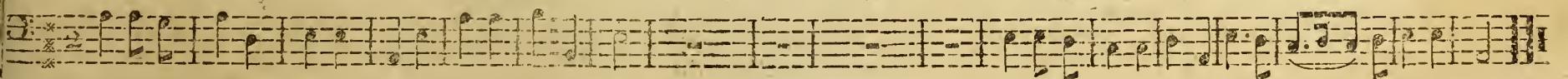
Bath.

Hymn 72. C. M.

AIR.



Bless'd morning, whose young dawning rays Beheld our rising God; That saw him triumph, that saw him triumph, that saw him triumph o'er the grave And leave his last abode.



2 In the cold prison of a tomb The dear Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving skies had brought The third, th' appointed day.
3 Hell and the grave unite their force To hold our God in vain;
The sleeping-conqueror arose, And burst their feeble chain.

4 To thy great name, almighty Lord, These sacred hours we pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim The triumph of the day.
5 Salvation and immortal praise To our victorious King;
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas With glad Hosannas ring.



Hence from my foul, sad that's begone ; And leave me to my joys ; My tongue shall triumph in my God, And make a joyful noise. And make a joyful noise.



2 Darknefs and doubts had veil'd my mind,
And drown'd my head in tears,
'Till sov'reign grace with shining rays,
Dispell'd my gloomy fears.

3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine !

4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain ;
One glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy face
Revives my joys again.

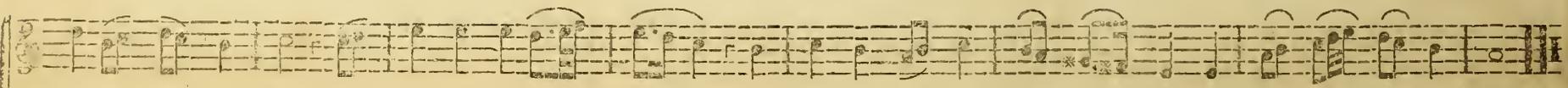
AIR. No. 578.

Oulney.

Hymn 74. S. M. double.



Is this the kind return And these the thanks we owe, Thus to abuse e - ternal love, Whence all our blessings flow ? To



what a stubborn frame Has sin reduc'd our mind ! What strange rebellious wretches we, And God as strangely kind.



3 On us he bids the sun Shed his reviving rays ;
For us the skies their circles run, To lengthen out our days.
4 The brutes obey their God, And bow their necks to men ;
But we more base, more brutish things, Reject his easy reign.

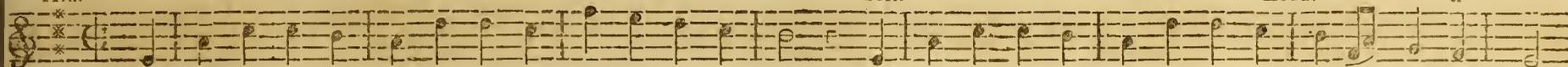
5 Turn, turn us, mighty God, And mould our souls afresh ;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone And give us hearts of flesh.
6 Let old ingratitude Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall, Let hourly thanks arise.

AIR.

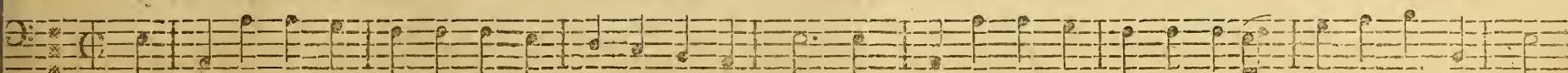
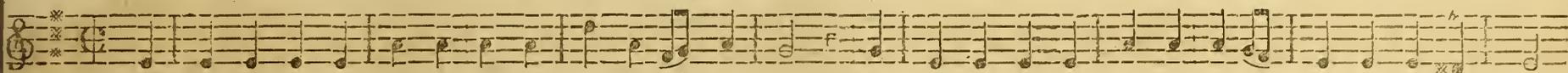
Soft.

Loud.

tr



From thee, my God, my joys shall rise, And run eternal rounds, Beyond the limits of the skies, And all created bounds.



Soft.

Loud.

tr



The holy triumphs of my soul, Shall death itself out-brave, Leave dull mortal - i - ty behind, And fly beyond the grave.



- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns, In heav'n's unmeasur'd space, I'll spend a long eternity In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes Shall o'er thy beauties rove, And endless ages I'll adore The glories of thy love.

- 5 Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine. Shall fresh endearments bring, And thousand tastes of new delight From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul Up to thy blest'd abode; Fly, for my spirit longs to see My Saviour and my God.

No. 580.

Blooms Grove.

Hymn 76. C. M.

AIR.

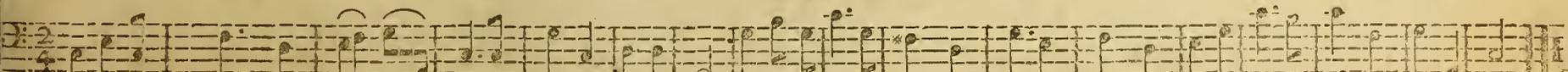
Soft.

Loud.

tr

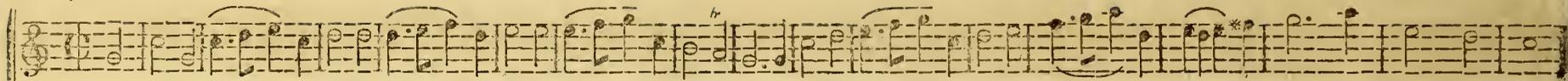


Hosanna to the Prince of light, That cloth'd himself in clay! Enter'd the iron gates of death, And tore the bars away. And tore the bars away.

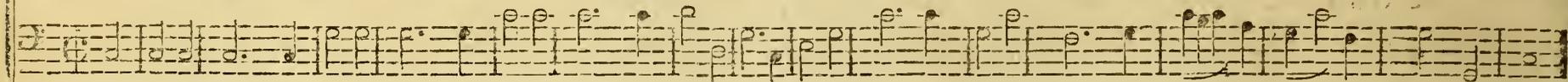
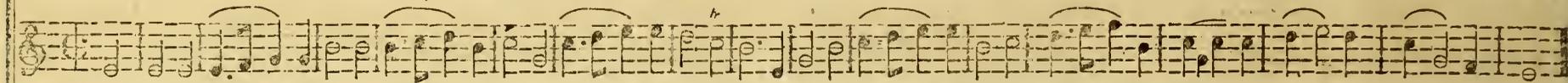


- 2 Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Immanuel rose; He took the tyrant's sting away, And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft, And to his Father flies, With fears of honor in his flesh, And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns, And scatters blessings down; Our Jesus fills the middle seat Of the celestial throne.
- 5 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues, To reach his blest'd abode, Sweet be the accents of your songs To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings, Your sweetest voices raise; Let heav'n and all created things, Sound our Immanuel's praise.

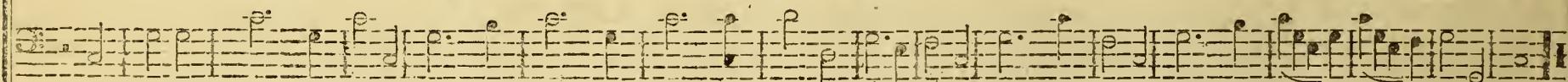
AIR.



Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armour on; March to the gates of endless joy Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.



Hell and thy sins resist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes; Thy Jesus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.



3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage And waste the fury of his spite?
Eternal chains confine him down To fiery deeps, and endless night.

4 What though thine inward lusts rebel? 'Tis but a struggling gale for life;
The weapons of victorious grace Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

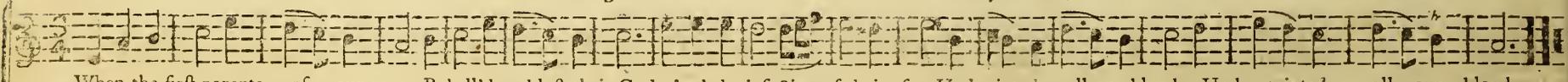
5 Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heav'nly gate,
There peace and joy eternal reign, And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

6 There shall I wear a starry crown, And triumph in Almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

AIR. No. 582.

Bakersfield.

Hymn 78. C. M.



When the first parents of our race, Rebell'd and lost their God, And the infection of their sin Had tainted all our blood; Had tainted all our blood;



2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart Of the eternal Son,
Descending from the heav'nly court, He left his Father's throne.

3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw His most divine array,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil Of our inferior clay.

4 His living pow'r and dying love, Redeem'd unhappy men:
And rais'd the ruins of our race To life and God again.

5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul We joyfully resign;
Blest Jesus take us for thy own, For we are doubly thine.

6 Thine honor shall forever be The business of our days,
For ever shall our thankful tongues Speak thy deserved praise.

Air. Affettuoso.

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair We wretched, wretched sinners lay Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimm'ring day.

Andante Pia.

For.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace Beheld our helpless grief; He saw, and O! amazing love! He came to our relief.

Tenor. Allegro moderato.

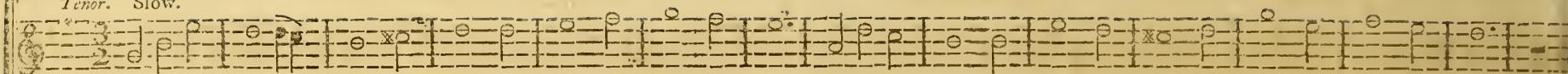
Down from the shining seats above With joyful haste he fled, Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh And dwelt, and dwelt among the dead.

Bass.

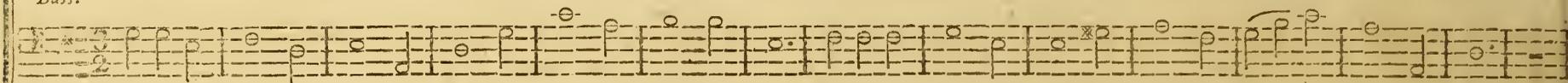
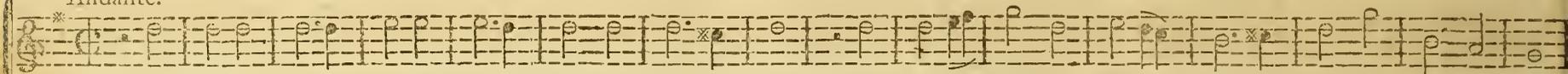
1st Treble.

He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus And brake our iron chains, Jesus has freed our captive souls From ev - er - lasting pains.

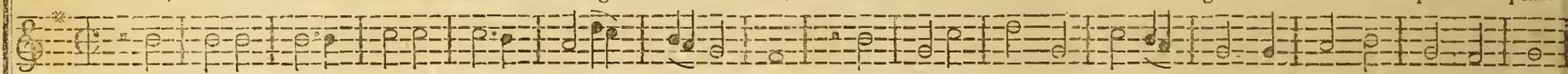
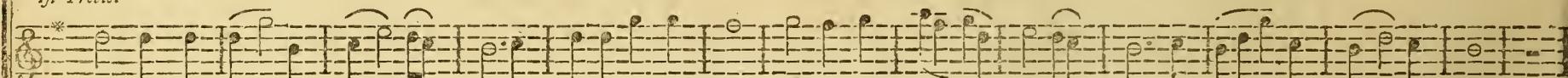
2d Treble.

Tenor. Slow.

In vain the baffled prince of hell His curst projects tries; We that were doom'd his endless slaves Are rais'd above the skies.

Bass.*Andante.*

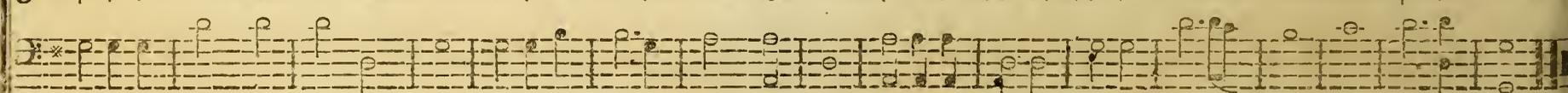
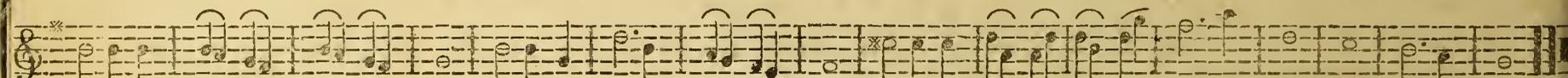
Oh, for this love let rocks and hills Their lasting silence break, And all harmonious human tongues The Saviour's praises speak.

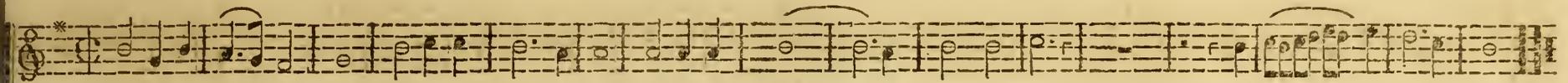
*1st Treble.*

Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord, Our souls are all on flame; Hosanna round the spacious earth To thine ador - ed name.

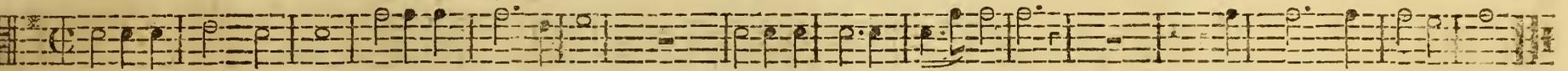
2d. Treble.*Mæstoso.*

Angels, assist our mighty joys, Strike all your harps, your harps of gold; But when you raise your highest notes, His love can ne'er be told.





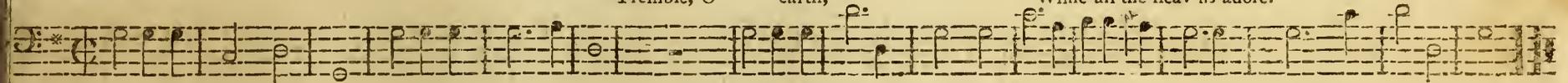
Tremble, O earth,



Air. O! the almighty Lord! how matchless is his pow'r! Tremble, O earth, beneath his word, While all the heav'ns adore.



Tremble, O earth, While all the heav'ns adore.



Tremble, O earth,

2 Let proud imperious kings Bow low before his throne!
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things, Or he shall tread you down.
3 Above the skies he reigns, And with amazing blows
He deals insufferable pains On his rebellious foes.

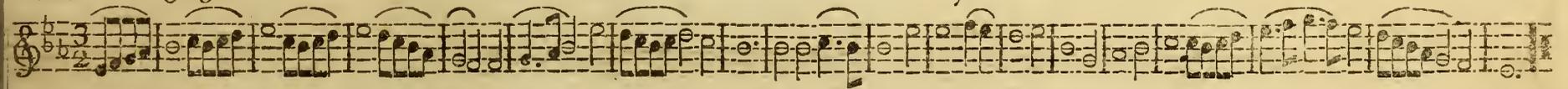
4 Yet, everlasting God, We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod, The sceptre of thy grace.
5 The arms of mighty love Defend our Zion well,
And heav'nly mercy walls us round From Babylon and hell.

6 Salvation to the King That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might, And bless the God of love.

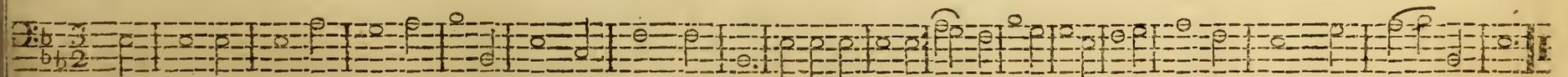
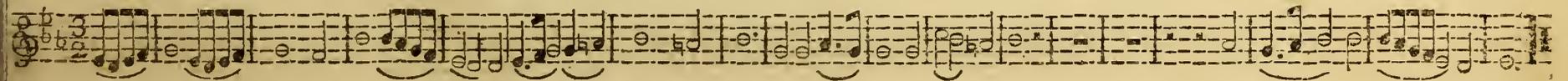
AIR. No. 585.

Boscawen.

Hymn 81. C. M.



And now the scales have left mine eyes, Now I begin to see! Oh the curs'd deeds my sins have done, What murd'rous things they be. What murd'rous things they be.



2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord, That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs With floods of purple gore?
3 Was it for crimes that I had done, My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seiz'd God's only Son, And put his soul to pain?

4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of Peace, I'll wound my God no more:
Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone, For Jesus I adore.
5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war With ev'ry darling sin,

Air. *tr* *tr* *tr*

Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs, And triumph in my God; Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim His glor'ous grace abroad.

Soft. *tr* Loud. *tr*

He rais'd me from the deeps of sin, The gates of gaping hell, And fix'd my standing more secure Than 'twas before I fell!

- 3 The arms of everlasting love, Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the rock of ages set My slipp'ry footsteps fast.
4 The city of my blest abode Is wall'd around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands To shield the sacred place.

- 5 Satan may vent his sharpest spite, And all his regions roar;
Almighty mercy guards my life, And bounds his raging pow'r.
6 Arise my soul, awake my voice, And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address My Saviour and my King.

No. 587.

Hampton.

Hymn 83. C. M.

Awake, my wrath, and smite the man, and

Thus saith the Ruler of the skies, Awake my dreadful sword, A-

Awake my wrath, and smite the

Awake my wrath, and

smite the man, Awake
 wake my wrath, Awake my wrath, and smite the man, My Fellow, faith the Lord, My Fellow, faith the Lord.
 man, Awake
 smite the man, Awake

- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command, And armed, down she flies:
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand, And bows his head and dies.
 3 But, oh! the wisdom and the grace That join with vengeance now!
 He dies to save our guilty race, 'And yet he rises too.

- 4 A person so divine was he, Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his soul away, And take his life again.
 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high, Let ev'ry nation sing,
 And angels sound with endless joy, 'The Saviour and the King.

AIR. No. 588.

Regensburg.

Hymn 84. S. M. double.

Come, all harmonious tongues, Your noblest music bring; 'Tis Christ the ever-lasting God, And Christ the man we sing.
 Tell how he took our flesh, To take away our guilt! Sing the dear drops of sacred blood, That hellish monsters spilt.

- 3 Alas! the cruel spear Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.
 4 The waves of swelling grief Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of Almighty wrath Lay heavy on his soul.
 5 Down to the shades of death He bow'd his awful head;
 Yet he arose to live and reign, When death itself is dead.

- 6 No more the bloody spear, The cross and nails no more;
 For hell itself shakes at his name, And all the heav'ns adore.
 7 There the Redeemer sits High on the Father's throne;
 The Father lays his vengeance by, And smiles upon his Son.
 8 There his full glories shine With uncreated rays
 And bless his saints and angels eyes To everlasting days.

Allegro Moderato.



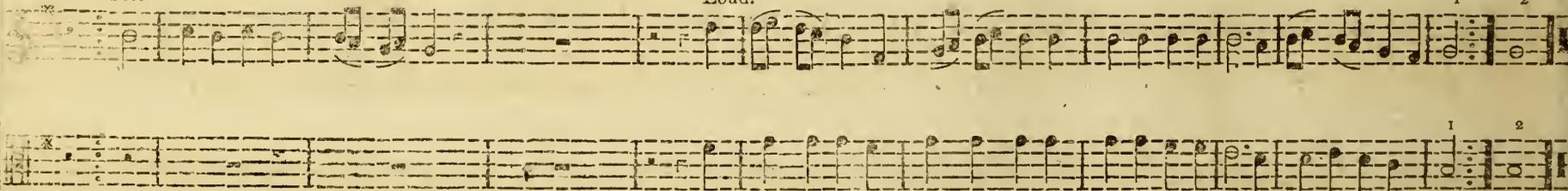
Why does your face, ye humble souls, Those mournful colours wear? What doubts are these, that waste your faith, And nourish your despair?

AIR.



Soft.

Loud.



What tho' your num'rous sins exceed The stars that fill the skies, And aiming at th' eternal throne, Like pointed mountains rise? Like pointed mountains rise?



3 What though your mighty guilt beyond The wide creation swell,
And has its curst foundations laid Low as the deeps of hell?

4 See here an endless ocean flows Of never-failing grace;
Behold a dying Saviour's veins The sacred flood increase:

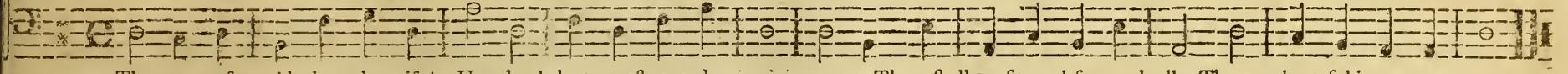
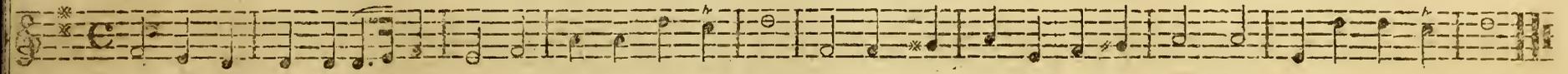
4 It rises high, and drowns the hills, Has neither shore nor bound:
Now if we search to find our sins, Our sins can ne'er be found.

5 Awake our hearts, adore the grace That buries all our faults,
And pard'ning blood, that swells above Our follies and our thoughts.

AIR.



Our sins, alas! how strong they be, And like a vi'lent sea, They break our duty, Lord, to thee, And hurry us away.



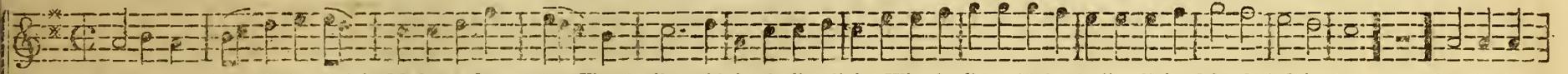
2 The waves of trouble, how they rise! How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls Safe on the heav'nly shore.
3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands, Our speedy feet shall move!
No sin shall clog our winged zeal, Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell The wonders of his grace,
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts, And smile in ev'ry face.
5 For ever his dear sacred name Shall dwell upon our tongue,
And Jesus and salvation be The close of ev'ry song.

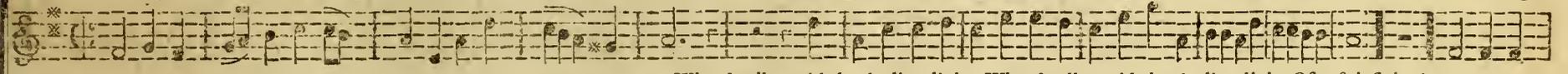
AIR. No. 591.

Ossipee.

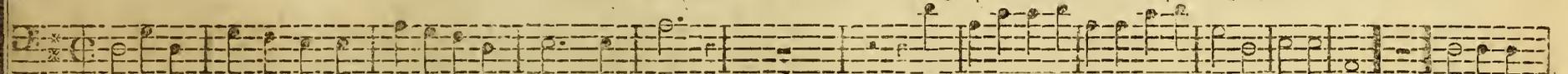
Hymn 87. C. M. double.



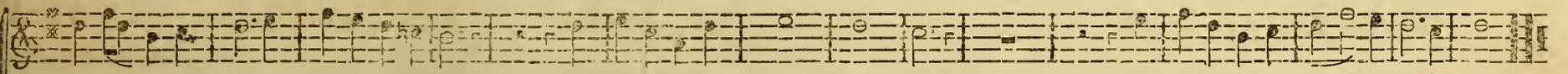
How wond'rous great, how glorious bright Must our Creator be, Who dwells amid the dazling light, Who dwells amid the dazling light Of vast infinity! Our foaring



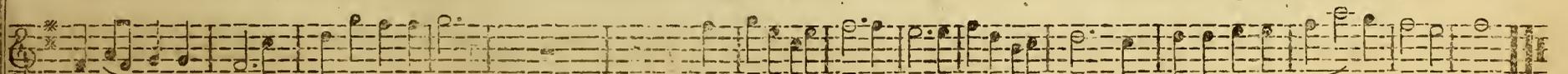
Who dwells amid the dazling light, Who dwells amid the dazling light Of vast infinity!



Who dwells amid the dazling light Of vast infinity!



spirits upwards rise Tow'rd the celestial throne: Fain would we see the blessed Three, And the almighty, the almighty One.



Fain would we see the blessed Three, And the almighty One, And the almighty, the almighty One.



Fain would we see the blessed Three, Fain would we see the blessed three, And the almighty One, And the almighty One.

3 Our reason stretches all its wings, And climbs above the skies;
But still how far beneath thy feet Our grov'ling reason lies!
4 Lord, here we bend our humble souls, And awfully adore:
For the weak pinions of our mind, Can stretch a thought no more.

5 Thy glories infinitely rise Above our lab'ring tongue;
In vain the highest seraph tries To form an equal song.
6 In humble notes our faith adores The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs, And sweep th' immortal string.

AIR.

Salvation! O' the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears; A fov'reign balm, A fov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A

A fov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A

cordial for our fears. A fov'reign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears. - - - - A cordial for our fears.

A cordial for our fears.

A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine, To see a heav'nly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly, The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.

AIR. No. 593.

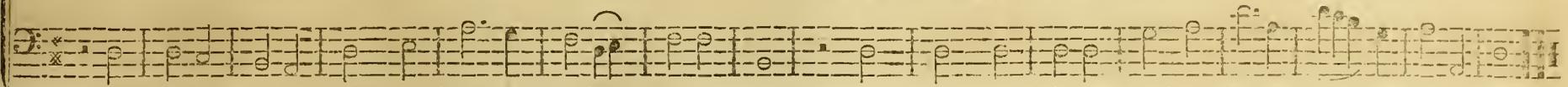
Portsmouth.

Hymn 89. C. M. double.

Hofanna to our conqu'ring King! The Prince of darkness flies, His troops rush headlong down to hell, Like lightning from the skies.



There, bound in chains, the lion's roar, And fright the rescue'd sheep, But heavy bars confine their pow'r And malice to the deep.



3 Hosanna to our conqu'ring King, All hail, incarnate love !
Ten thousand songs and glories wait To crown my head above.

4 Thy vict'ries and thy deathless fame Through the wide world shall run ;
And everlasting ages sing The triumphs thou hast won.

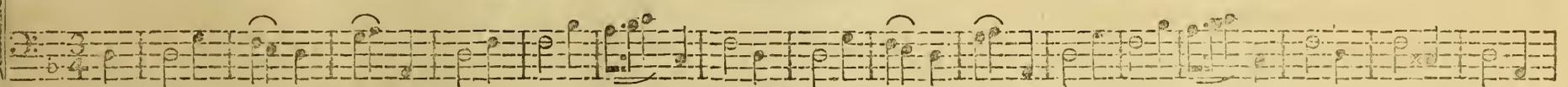
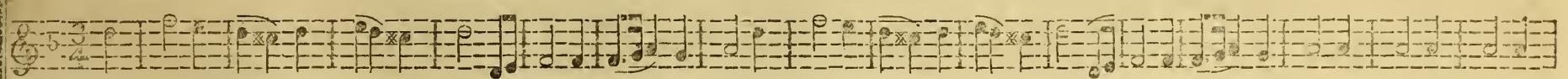
AIR. No. 594.

Dorset.

Hymn 90. C. M. double.



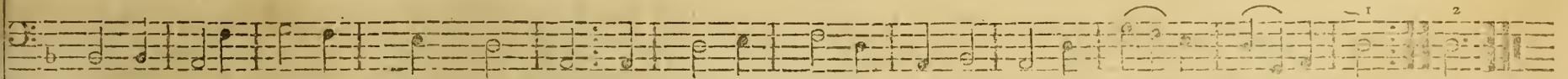
How sad our state by nature is, Our sin, how deep it stains! And Satan binds our captive souls, Fast in the slavish chains. But there's a voice of



Repeat Loud.



sov'reign grace Sounds from God's sacred word; Ho! ye despair - ing sinners, come, And trust upon the Lord.



3 My soul obeys th' almighty call, And runs to this relief ;
I would believe thy promise, Lord, Oh ! help my unbelief.

4 To the dear fountain of thy blood, Incarnate God, I fly ;
Here let me wash my spotted soul From crimes of deepest dye.

5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King, My reigning sins subdue ;
Drive the old dragon from his seat, With all his hellish crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm, On thy kind arms I fall :
Be thou my strength and righteous, My Jesus, and my Ail.

AIR.

O the delights, the heav'nly joys, The glories of the place, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, the brightest beams, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where

Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams, Where

his o'erflowing grace! Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams Of his o'erflowing grace! Sweet majesty and awful love Sit smiling on his brow, And all the glorious

Of his o'erflowing grace! And

Of his o'erflowing, his o'erflowing grace!

ranks above, And all the glorious ranks above At humble distance bow. And all the glorious ranks above, At humble distance bow.

all the glorious, all the glorious ranks above At humble distance bow.

And all the glorious ranks above, At humble distance bow.

3 Princes to his imperial name Bend their bright sceptres down ;
Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice To see him wear the crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty praise Through ev'ry heav'nly street,
And lay their highest honors down Submissive at his feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his, That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand, And all the faints adore.

9 And while our faith enjoys this sight, We long to leave our clay ;
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord. To fetch our souls away.

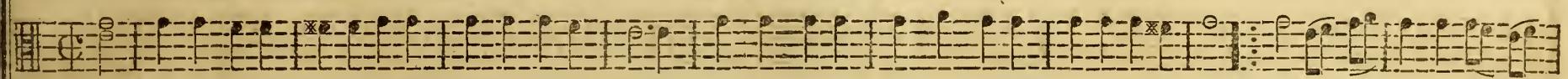
6 His head, the dear majestic head, That cruel thorns did wound,
See what immortal glories thine, And circle it around !

7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man, Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our eyes behold his face, Our hearts shall love him more.

8 Lord, how our souls are all on fire To see thy blest'd abode ;
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise To our incarnate God !



Thee,

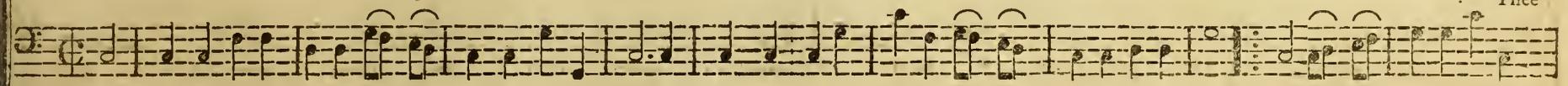


Shout to the Lord, and let your joys Through the whole nation run; Ye western skies rebound the noise Beyond the rising sun. Thee, mighty God, our souls ad-

AIR.



Thee



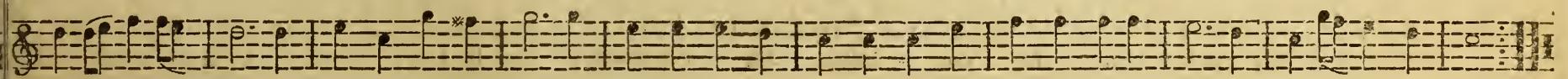
Thee, mighty God, our souls ad-



our glad voices sing,



mire, Thee, our glad voices sing, And join with the celestial choir, To praise th' eternal King. To praise th' eternal King.



our glad voices sing,



mire,

3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules, And on the starry skies
Sits smiling at the weak designs Thine envious foes devise.
4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage, And with an awful frown,
Flings vast confusion on their plots, And shakes their Babel down.
5 Their secret fires in caverns lay, And we the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd, Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the Lord, that broke the snare Their cursed hands have laid.
7 In vain the busy sons of hell Still new rebellions try,
Their souls shall pine with envious rage, And vex away, and die.
8 Almighty grace defends our land From their malicious pow'r;
Then let us with united songs Almighty grace adore.

AIR.

My God, my life my love, To thee, to thee I call; I cannot live, If thou remove, For thou art all, For thou art all in all.

I cannot live, if thou remove, For thou art all in all.

I cannot live, if thou remove,

Thy shining grace can cheer This dungeon where I dwell; 'Tis paradise when thou art here; If thou depart 'tis hell.

'Tis paradise when thou art here;

'Tis paradise when thou art here;

- 3 The smilings of thy face, How amiable they are !
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace, And no where else but there.
- 4 To thee, and thee alone, The angels owe their blifs ;
They sit around thy gracious throne, And dwell where Jesus is.
- 5 Not all the harps above Can make a heav'nly place,
If God his residence remove, Or but conceal his face.

- 6 Nor earth nor all the sky, Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy, Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love, Where all my pleasures roll ;
The circle where my passions move, And centre of my soul.
- 8 To thee my spirits fly With infinite desire :
And yet, how far from thee I lie ! Dear Jesus raise me higher.

AIR. No. 598.

St. Ann's.

Hymn 94. C. M.

My God, my portion, and my love, My ever - lasting All, I've none but thee in heav'n above, Or on this earthly ball.

- 2 What empty things are all the skies, And this inferior clod !
There's nothing here deserves my joys, There's nothing like my God.
- 3 In vain the bright, the burning sun Scatters his feeble light :
'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ; If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And while upon my restless bed Among the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shew his head, 'Tis morning with my soul.

- 5 To thee we owe our wealth and friends, And health and safe abode ;
Thanks to thy name for meaner things, But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth, If once compar'd to thee ?
Or what's my safety, or my health, Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth, And call'd the stars mine own ;
Without thy graces, and thyself, I were a wretch undone :

8 Let others stretch their arms like seas, And grasp in all the shore,
Grant me the visits of thy face, And I desire no more.

AIR. Affettuoso.

tr

Infinite grief! amazing woe! Behold my bleeding Lord: Hell and the Jews conspir'd his death, And us'd the Roman sword. Oh! the sharp pangs of

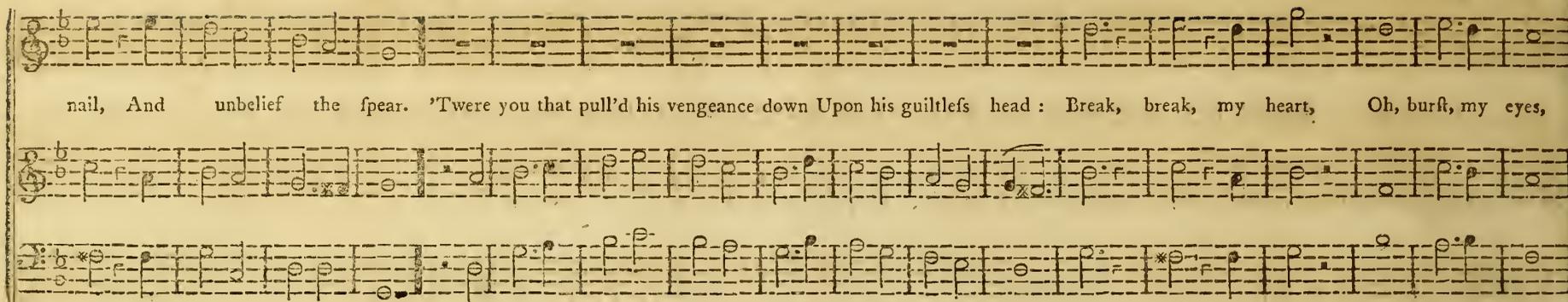
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Passionate.

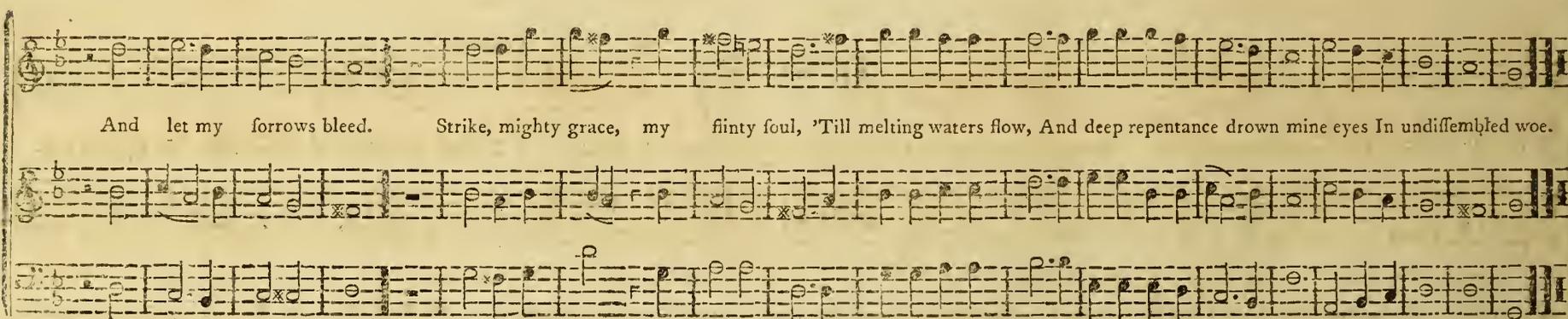
smarting pain My dear Redeemer bore, When knotty whips, and ragged thorns, His sacred body tore. But knotty whips, and ragged thorns In vain do I ac-

Affettuoso. ! !

cuse; In vain I blame the Roman bands, And the more spiteful Jews. 'Twere you my sins, my cruel sins, His chief tormentors were; Each of my crimes became a



nail, And unbelief the spear. 'Twere you that pull'd his vengeance down Upon his guiltless head : Break, break, my heart, Oh, burst, my eyes,

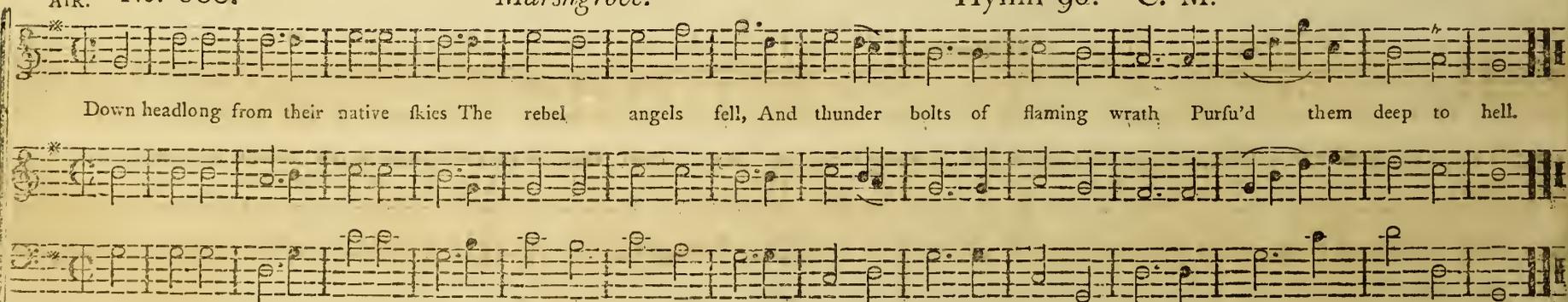


And let my sorrows bleed. Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul, 'Till melting waters flow, And deep repentance drown mine eyes In undissembled woe.

AIR. No. 600.

Marshgrove.

Hymn 96. C. M.



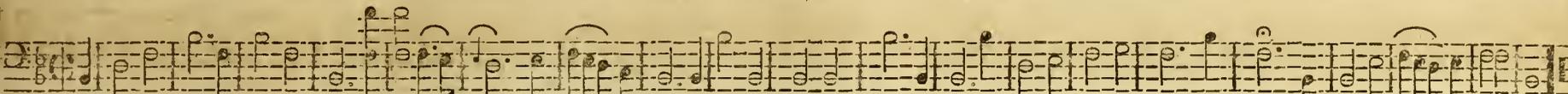
Down headlong from their native skies The rebel angels fell, And thunder bolts of flaming wrath Pursu'd them deep to hell.

2 Down from the top of earthly bliss Rebellious man was hurl'd ;
 And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave, To reach a sinking world.
 3 Oh, love of infinite degree ! Unmeasurable grace !
 Must heav'n's eternal darling die, To save a trait'rous race ?

4 Must angels sink for ever down, And burn in quenchless fire,
 While God forsakes his shining throne, To raise us wretches higher ?
 5 Oh, for his love, let earth and skies With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues All hallelujahs sing.



From heav'n the sinning angels fell, And wrath and darkness chain'd them down, But man, vile man, forsook his bliss, And mercy lifts him to a crown. And mercy, &c.

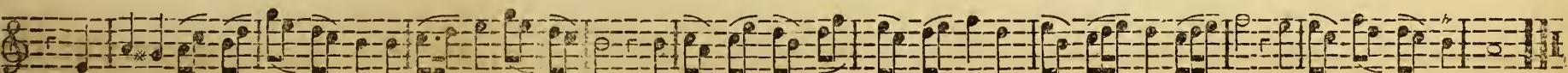
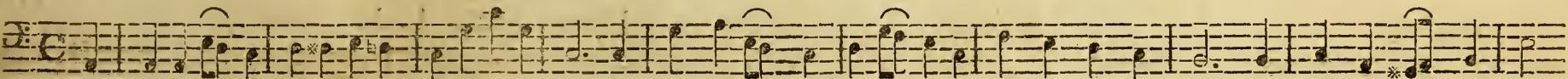


2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace, That could distinguish rebels so!
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud For everlasting fetters too.

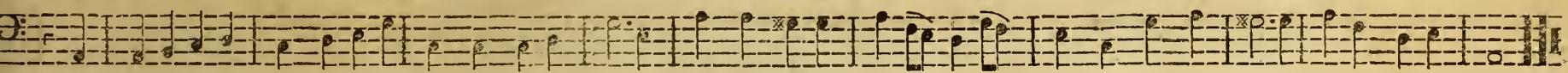
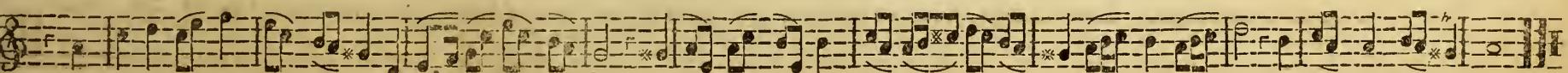
3 To thee, to thee, almighty love, Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay;
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise On the bright hills of heav'nly day.



My heart, how dreadful hard it is! How heavy here it lies; Heavy and cold within my breast, Just like a rock of ice! Just like a rock of ice!



Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits Upon this flinty throne, And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep Beneath this heart of stone. Beneath this heart of stone.



3 How seldom do I rise to God, Or taste the joys above?
This mountain presses down my faith And chills my flaming love.

4 When smiling mercy courts my soul With all its heav'nly charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing, Would thrust it from my arms.

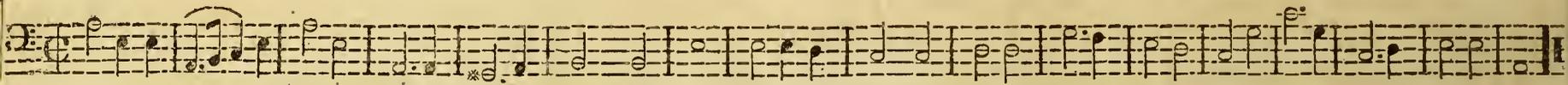
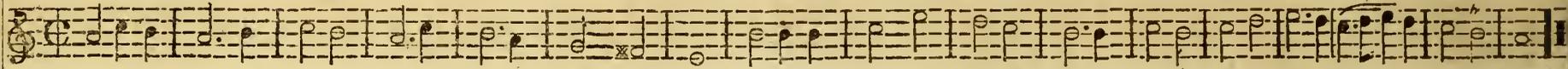
5 Against the thunders of thy word Rebellious I have stood;
My heart it shakes not at the wrath And terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine In thine own crimson sea!
None but a bath of blood divine Can melt the flint away.



Let the whole race of creatures lie Abas'd before their God; Whate'er his fov'reign voice hath form'd, He governs with a nod, He governs with a nod.

AIR.



2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies Were into motion brought ;
All the long years and worlds to come Stood present to his thought.
3 There's not a sparrow or a worm, But's found in his decrees ;
He raises monarchs to their thrones, And sinks them as he please.

4 If light attends the course I run, 'Tis he provides those rays !
And 'tis his hand that hides my sun, If darkness cloud my days.
5 Yet I could not be much concern'd, Nor vainly long to see
The volumes of his deep decrees, What months are writ for me.

6 When he reveals the book of life, Oh, may I read my name
Among the chosen of his love, The foll'wers of the Lamb.

No. 604.

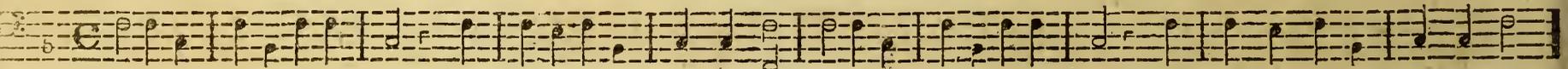
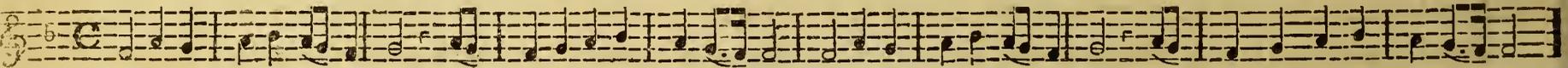
Dresden.

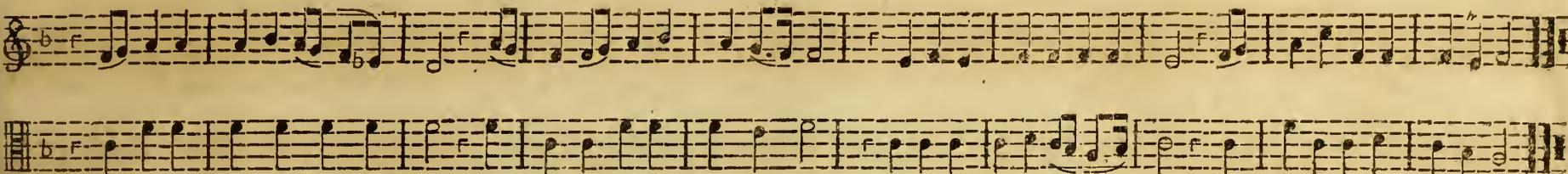
Hymn 100. L. M. double.



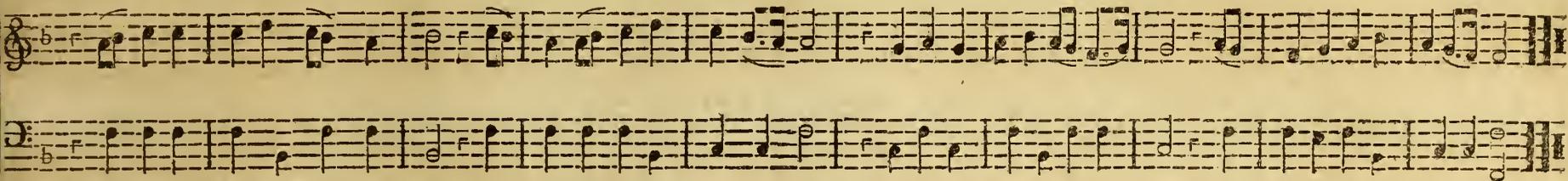
How full of anguish is the thought, How it distracts and tears my heart, If God at last, my fov'reign Judge, Should frown, and bid my soul depart.

AIR.





Lord, when I quit this earthly stage, Where shall I fly but to thy breast? For I have sought no other home; For I have learnt no other rest.



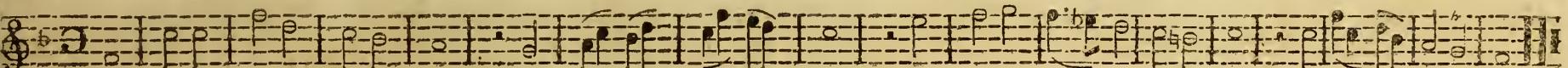
3 I cannot live contented here, Without some glimpses of thy face;
 And heav'n, without thy presence there, Will be a dark and tiresome place.
 4 When earthly cares engross the day, And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
 The shining hours of cheerful light Are long and tedious years to me.
 5 And if no ev'ning visit's paid Between my Saviour and my soul,
 How dull the night! how sad the shade! How mournfully the minutes roll!
 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon To live, yet part with all my blood;
 To breathe, when vital air is gone, Or thrive and grow without my food.

7 Christ is my light, my life, my care, My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
 Dearer than all my passions are, My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
 8 The strings that twine about my heart, Tortures and racks may tear them off;
 But they can never, never part With their dear hold of Christ, my love
 9 My God! and can a humble child, That loves thee with a flame so high,
 Be ever from thy face exil'd, Without the pity of thine eye?
 10 Impossible!—For thine own hands Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,
 And in thy book the promise stands, That where thou art, thy friends must be.

AIR. No. 605.

Paxton.

Hymn 101. C. M.



When in the light of faith divine We look on things below, Honor and gold, and sensual joy, How vain and dang'rous too!

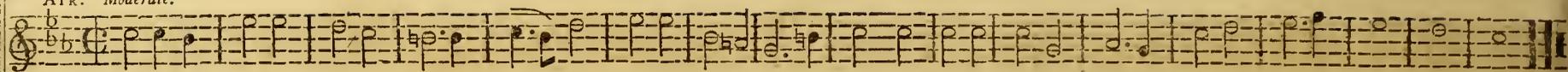


2 Honor's a puff of nois' breath; Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death To gain that airy good.
 3 While others starve the nobler mind, And feed on shining dust,
 They rob the serpent of his food, T' indulge a sordid lust.

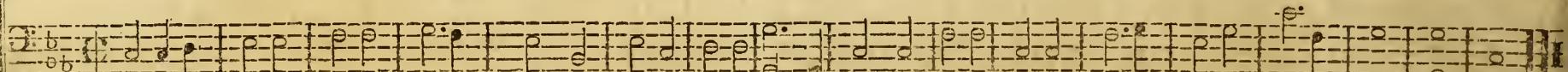
4 The pleasures that allure our sense Are dang'rous snares to souls;
 There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet, And dash'd with bitter bowls,
 5 God is mine all-sufficient good, My portion and my choice,
 In him my vast desires are fill'd, And all my pow'rs rejoice.

6 In vain the world accosts my ear, And tempts my heart anew;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear, Nor part with heav'n for you.

AIR. Moderate.



No, I'll repine at death no more, But with a cheerful gasp resign To the cold dungeon of the grave These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh, And crumble all my bones to dust,
My God shall raise my frame anew, At the revival of the just.</p> <p>3 Break, sacred morning, through the skies, Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come, Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay.</p> | <p>4 Our wearied spirits faint to see The light of thy returning face,
And hear the language of those lips Where God has shed his richest grace.</p> <p>5 Hasten then upon the wings of love, Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
That we may join in heav'nly joys, And sing the triumph of the day.</p> |
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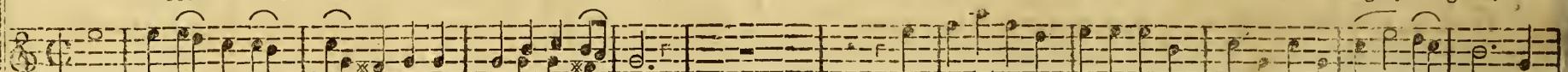
AIR. No. 607.

Vassalborough.

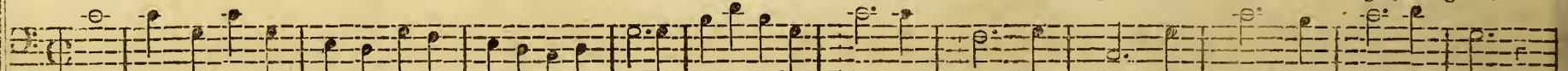
Hymn 103. C. M. double.



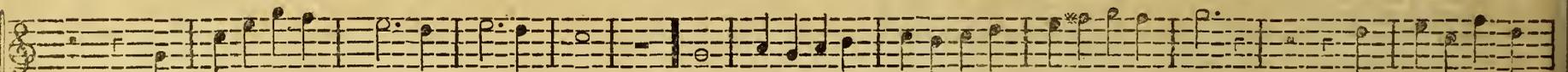
Come, happy souls, approach your God, With new melodious songs; Come, tender to almighty grace, Come, tender to almighty grace,



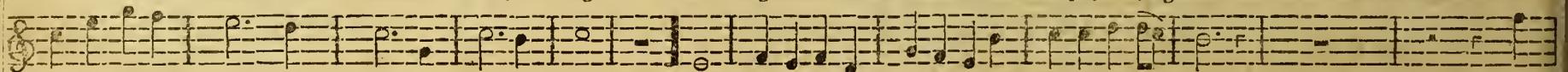
Come, tender to almighty grace, Come, tender to almighty grace, The



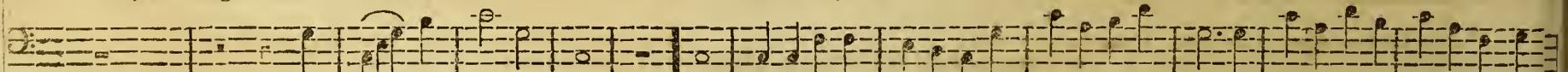
Come, tender to almighty grace, Come, tender to almighty grace,



The tribute of, the tribute of your tongues. So strange, so boundless was the love, That pity'd dying men, The Father sent his



tribute of your tongues. the tribute The



The tribute The Father sent his equal Son, The

equal Son, The Father sent his equal Son, To give them life, To give them life again.
 Father sent his equal Son, his equal Son, To give them life, To give them life, To
 Father sent his equal Son, his equal Son, To

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd, With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform The vengeance of a God ;
 4 But all was mercy, all was mild, And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came, And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds, And wipe your sorrows dry :
 Trust in the mighty Saviour's name, And you shall never die.
 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls Accept thine offer'd grace ;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love, And give the Father praise.

No. 608.

Pelham.

Hymn 104. S. M. double.

AIR. Soft.

Raise your triumphant songs To an immortal tune, Let the wide earth resound the deeds, Celestial grace has done. Sing how e - ternal

Loud. Soft. Loud. tr

love Its chief beloved chose, And bid him raise our wretched race From their abyfs of woes. From their abyfs of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears, Nor terror clothes his brow ;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls To fiercer flames below.
 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne, And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now, sinners, dry your tears, Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love, And take the offer'd peace.
 6 Lord, we obey thy call ; We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought, And love and praise thy name.

AIR.

And are we wretches yet alive? And do we yet rebel? 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love, That bears us up from hell.

2 The burden of our weighty guilt Would sink us down to flames,
And threat'ning vengeance rolls above To crush our feeble frames.

3 Almighty goodness cries—Forbear! And strait the thunder stays:
And dare we now provoke his wrath And weary out his grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love. Too long indulg'd our sin,
Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see What rebels we have been.

5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command, No more will we obey:
Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hand, And drive thy foes away.

AIR. No. 610. *Wednesbury.* Hymn 106. C. M.

Oh! if my soul were form'd for woe, How would I vent my sighs! Repentance should like rivers flow, From both my streaming eyes. 'Twas for my sins my

dearest Lord Hung on the cursed tree, And groan'd away a dying life For thee, my soul, for thee. For thee, my soul, for thee.

3 Oh! how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God,
Those sins that pierc'd and nail'd his flesh
Fast to the fatal wood.

4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My heart has so decreed;
Nor will I spare the guilty things,
That made my Saviour bleed.

5 While with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

Slow.



That awful day will surely Come, Th' appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand before my Judge And pass the solemn test.

AIR.



2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys, Thou sov'reign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice Pronounce the sound, depart !
3 The thunder of that dismal word Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord, With most tormenting fear.
4 What, to be banish'd for my life, And yet forbid to die ?
To linger in eternal pain, Yet death for ever fly ?

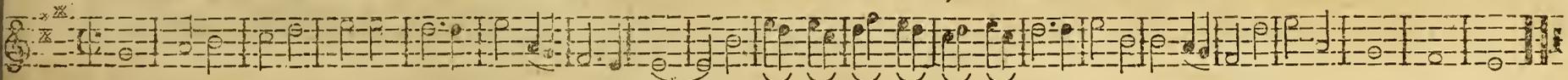
5 Oh ! wretched state of deep despair To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where I must not taste his love !
6 Jesus, I throw my arms around And hang upon thy breast ;
Without a gracious smile from thee My spirit cannot rest.
7 Oh ! tell me that my worthless name Is graven on thy hands,
Shew me some promise in thy book, Where my salvation stands.

8 Give me one kind, assuring word, To sink my fears again,
And cheerfully my soul shall wait Her three score years and ten.

AIR. No. 612.

Ulrica.

Hymn 108. C. M.



Come, let us lift our joyful eyes Up to the courts above, And smile to see our Father there Upon a throne of love. Upon a throne of love.



2 Once 'twas a feat of dreadful wrath, And shot devouring flame ;
Our God appear'd consuming fire, And vengeance was his name.
3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood That calm'd his frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er his burning throne, And turn'd the wrath to grace.

4 Now we may bow before his feet, And venture near the Lord ;
No fiery cherub guards his seat, Nor double flaming sword.
5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss Are open'd by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise, And reach th' almighty throne.

AIR.

Lord, we adore thy vast designs, Th' obscure abyfs of providence, Too deep to foud with mortal lines, Too dark - - - - - to view with feeble fenfe.

2 Now thou array'ft thine awful face
In angry frowns, without a fmile ;
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compaffion fill.

3 Through fea and ftorms of deep diftrefs
We fail by faith, and not by fight,
Faith guides us in the wildernefs,
Through all the briars, and the night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to fcourge us here below,
Still we muft lean upon our God,
Thine arm fhall bear us fafely through.

AIR. No. 614.

Quito.

Hymn 110. S. M.

And muft this body die? This mortal frame decay? And muft thefe active limbs of mine Lie mould'ring in the clay.

2 Corruption, earth, and worms Shall but refine this flefh,
'Till my triumphant fpirit comes, To put it on afrefh,
3 God, my Redeemer, lives, And often from the fkief,
Looks down and watches all my duft, 'Till he fhall bid it rife.

6 Dear Lord, accept the praife Of thefe our humble fongf,
'Till tunes of nobler found we raife, With our immortal tongues.

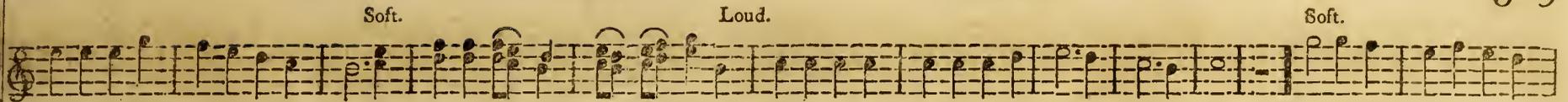
4 Array'd in glorious grace, Shall thefe vile bodies fhine,
And ev'ry fhape, and ev'ry face, Look heav'nly and divine.
5 Thefe lively hopes we owe To Jefus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below, And fing his pow'r above.

1st Treble. No. 615.

Amoskeag.

Hymn 111. C. M. double.

Come, let us own the heav'nly King, the
Zion, rejoice, and Judah fing, The Lord affumes his throne ;
Come, let us own the
Come, let us own the heav'nly King, Come, let us own the
Come, let us own the heav'nly King,



heav'nly King, And Come, let us own the heav'nly King, Come, The great, the wicked, and the

heav'nly King, And make his glories known. Come, let us own the heav'nly King, And make his glories known.

Come, Come,

Cres. *Loud.*
proud, From their high seats are hurl'd ; Jehovah rides upon a cloud, upon a cloud, Jehovah

Jehovah rides upon a cloud, Jehovah rides upon a cloud, And thunders through the world.

Jehovah rides upon a cloud, Jehovah

Jehovah rides upon a cloud, upon a cloud, Jehovah

3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frown's.

4 Navies that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath,
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to watry death.

5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land :
Jehovah's name is our defence ;
Our buckler is his hand.

AIR. *Mestoso.*

Great God! to what a glorious height Hast thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son! Angels in all their robes of light, Are made the servants of his throne.

- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait, And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state, In works of vengeance and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts, Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard our native coasts, When foreign rage invades our land.

- 4 Now they are sent to guard our feet Up to the gates of thine abode,
Through all the dangers that we meet, In travelling the heav'nly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground, And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
Send a beloved angel down, Safe to conduct my spirit home.

AIR. No. 617.

Moresco.

Hymn 113. C. M.

The majesty of Solomon, How glorious to behold, The servants waiting round his throne. The iv'ry and the gold!

- 2 But, mighty God; thy palace shines With far superior beams;
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds, Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 Soon as thine only Son had made His entrance on the earth,
A shining army downward fled, To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when oppress'd with pains and fears, On the cold ground he lies,
Behold a heav'nly form appears, T' allay his agonies.

- 5 Now to the hands of Christ, our King, Are all their legions giv'n;
They wait upon his saints, and bring His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their host, To see a sinner turn;
That Satan has a captive lost, And Christ a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy, When he his angels sends
Obstinate rebels to destroy, And gather in his friends.

8 Oh! could I say without a doubt, There shall my soul be found,
Then let the great archangel shout, And the last trumpet sound.

AIR. No. 618.

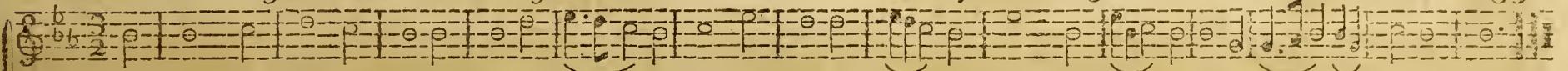
Kinderhook.

Hymn 114. C. M.

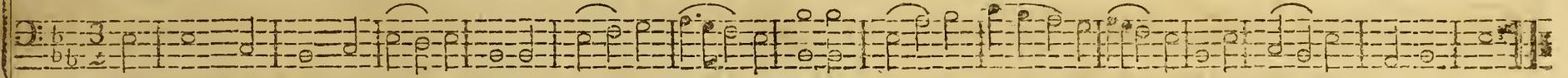
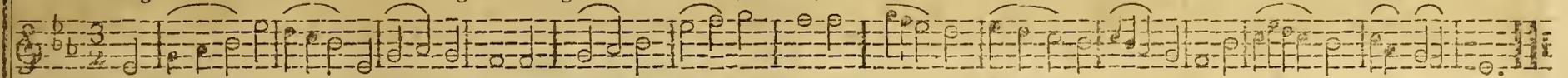
I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death; He conquer'd when he fell: 'Tis finish'd! said his dying breath, And shook the gates of hell.

- 2 'Tis finish'd! our Immanuel cries. The dreadful work is done!
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise, His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid For glory and renown.
When through the regions of the dead He pass'd to reach the crown.

- 4 Exalted at his Father's side Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye, Await their several crowns,
And all the sons of darkness fly The terror of his frowns.



AIR. High as the heav'ns above the ground, Reigns the Creator, God; Wide as the whole creation's bound Extends his awful rod.



2 Let princes of exalted state To him ascribe their crown,
Render their homage at his feet, And cast their glories down.
3 Know that his kingdom is supreme, Your lofty thoughts are vain;
He calls you gods, that awful name, But ye must die like men.

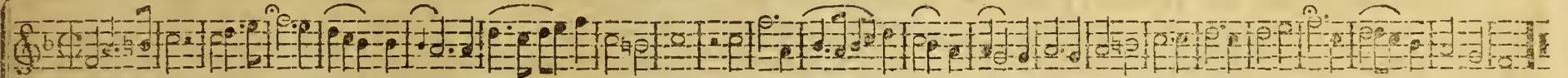
4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe Not dare to vex the just;
He puts on vengeance like a robe, And treads the worms to dust.
5 Ye Judges of the earth be wise, And think of heav'n with fear;
The meanest faint that you despise Has an avenger there.

No. 620.

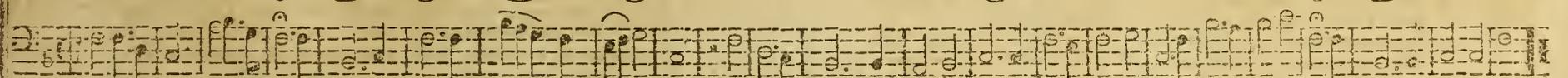
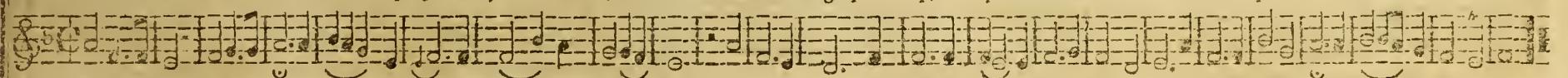
Grovehouse.

Hymn 116. C. M.

AIR. Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud. tr



How can I sink, How can I sink with such a prop As my eternal God, Who bears the earth's huge pillars up, And spreads the heav'ns abroad. And spreads the heav'ns abroad. And &c



2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead;
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted head.

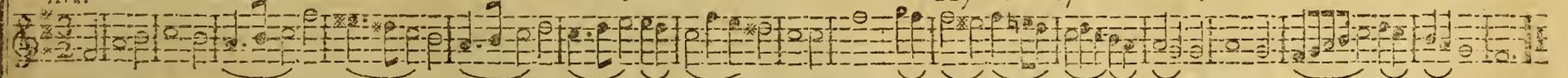
3 All that I am, and all I have
Shall be for ever thine;
What'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

4 Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great,
That I should give him all.

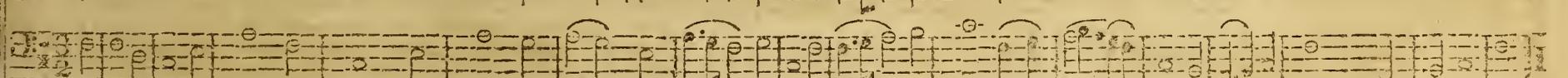
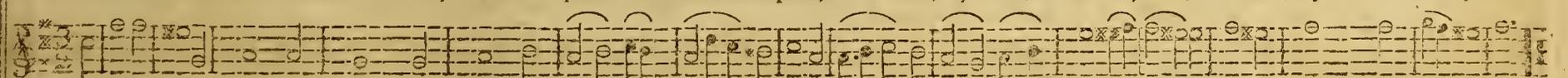
AIR. No. 621.

Forthill.

Hymn 117. L. M.



I cannot bear thine absence, Lord, My life expires if thou depart; Be thou, my heart, still near my God, And thou, my God, be near my heart.



2 I was not born for earth or sin, Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time, And hope and wait for heav'n a while.

3 Then, dear'd Lord, in thine embrace, Let me resign my fleeting breath,
And, with a smile upon my face, Pass the important hour of death.

AIR. Soft. Loud. Soft. Loud. tr

Blood has a voice to pierce the skies, Revenge the blood of Abel cries : Revenge, &c. But the dear stream, when Christ was slain, Speaks peace as loud from ev'ry vein. Speaks, &c.

2 Pardon and peace from God on high ; Behold he lays his vengeance by ;
And rebels that deserve his sword Become the fav'rites of the Lord.

3 To Jesus let our praises rise, Who gave his life a sacrifice ;
Now he appears before his God, And, for our pardon, pleads his blood.

AIR. No. 623. Huntsburg. Hymn 119. C. M.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears, I fly to thee, my Lord, And not glimpse of hope appears, But in thy written word, But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace Does all my grief assuage :
Here I behold my Saviour's face Almost in ev'ry page.
3 This is the field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown ;
That merchant is divinely wise, Who makes the pearl his own.

4 Here consecrated water flows, To quench my thirst of sin ;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, No danger dwells therein.
5 This is the Judge that ends the strife, Where wit and reason fail ;
My guide my everlasting life, Through all this gloomy vale.

6 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God, My roving feet command ;
Nor I forsake the happy road That leads to thy right hand.

AIR. No. 624. Peckham. Hymn 120. S. M.

The Lord declares his will, And keeps the world in awe ; Amid the smoke on Sinai's hill, Breaks out his fiery law.

2 The Lord reveals his face, And, smiling from above,
Sends down the gospel of his grace, Th' epistles of his love.
3 These sacred words impart Our maker's just commands ;
The pity of his melting heart, And vengeance of his hands.
4 Hence we awake our fear We draw our comfort hence ;
The arms of grace are treasur'd here, And armour of defence.

5 We learn Christ crucify'd, And here behold his blood ;
All arts and knowledges beside Will do us little good.
6 We read the heav'nly word, We take the offer'd grace,
Obey the statutes of the Lord, And trust his promises.
7 In vain shall Satan rage Against a book divine,
Where wrath and lightning guard the page, Where beams of mercy shine.

AIR.

The law commands, and makes us know What duties to our God we owe; But 'tis the gospel must reveal Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,
And shews how vile our hearts have been;
Only the gospel can express
Forgiving love, and cleansing grace:

3 What curses doth the law denounce
Again the man that fails but once?
But in the gospel Christ appears,
Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law:
Fly to the hope the gospel gives:
The man that trusts the promise lives.

No. 626.

Cookston.

Hymn 122. L. M.

AIR.

My God, permit me not to be A stranger to myself and thee; Amid a thousand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my highest love. Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

No. 627.

Johnsburgh.

Hymn 123. L. M.

AIR.

Away from ev'ry mortal care, Away from earth, our souls retreat; We leave this worthless world afar, And wait and worship near thy feat. We leave this worthless world afar, And, &c.

2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace We see thy feet, and we adore;
We gaze upon thy lovely face. And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
3 While here our various wants we mourn, United groans ascend on high;
And pray'rs produce a quick return Of blessings in variety.

4 If Satan rage, and sin grow strong, Here we receive some cheering word;
We gird the gospel armour on, To fight the battles of the Lord.
5 Or if our spirit faints and dies, (Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)
Here doth the righteous sun arise, With healing beams beneath his wings.

6 Father! my soul would still abide Within thy temple near thy side;
But if my feet must hence depart, Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

Hymn 124. C. M.

394 No. 628.

Edgeware.

AIR.

'Tis not the law of ten commands, On holy Sinai giv'n, Or sent to man by Mofes' hand, Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2 'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt, Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
Can buy a pardon for our guilt, Or save our souls from hell.
3 Aaron, the priest, resigns his breath, At God's immediate will;
And in the desert yields to death, Upon th' appointed hill.

4 And thus on Jordan's yonder side The tribes of Israel stand,
While Mofes bow'd his head and dy'd Short of the promis'd land.
5 Israel rejoice, now Joshua leads, He'll bring your tribes to rest;
So far the Saviours name exceeds The ruler and the priest.

Hymn 125. L. M.

Bridgeport.

AIR. No. 629.

Life and immortal joys are giv'n To souls that mourn the sins they've done; Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n, By faith in God's eternal Son.

2 Woe to the wretch that never felt The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt The stubborn sin of unbelief.

3 The law condemns the rebel dead, Under the wrath of God he lies:
He feels the curse on his own head, And with a double vengeance dies.

Hymn 126. C. M.

Rehoboth.

No. 630.

Pia.

For.

AIR.

The Lord descending from above, Invites his children near; While pow'r and truth, and boundless love, While pow'r and truth, and boundless love.

While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love,

While

Pia. For.

Display their glories here. While pow'r, and truth, and boundless love Display their glories here.

Display their glories here. While

Display their glories here While

- 2 Here, in the gospel's wond'rous frame, Fresh wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand angels learn thy name, Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines, Thy wonders here we trace ;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines, And shines in Jesus' face.

- 4 The law its best obedience owes To our incarnate God ;
And thy revenging justice shows Its honors in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays, And more exalts our joys.

AIR. No. 631.

Needham.

Hymn 127. L. M.

Thus did the fons of Abrah'm pass, Under the bloody seal of grace ; The young disciples bore the yoke, 'Till

Pia. For. tr

Christ the painful bondage broke. The young dis - ciples bore the yoke, 'Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

- 2 By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love ;
He seals to faints his glorious grace,
Nor does forbid their infant race.

- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God ;
His spirit on their off'rings shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

- 4 Let ev'ry faint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice ;
Young children in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

AIR.

Bless'd with the joys of innocence, Adam our father stood, 'Till he debas'd his soul to sense And eat th' unlawful food. And eat th' unlawful food.

- 2 Now we are born a sensual race, To sinful joys inclin'd ;
Reason has lost its native place, And flesh inflames the mind.
3 While flesh and sense and passion reigns, Sin is the sweetest good ;
We fancy music in our chains, And so forget the load.

- 4 Great God ! renew our ruin'd frame, Our broken pow'rs restore,
Inspire us with a heav'nly flame, And flesh shall reign no more.
5 Eternal Spirit ! write thy law Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw His image on our hearts.

No. 633.

Pomfret.

Hymn 129. L. M.

AIR.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come, We walk thro' deserts dark as night, 'Till we arrive at heav'n our home, Faith is our guide, and faith our light. 'Till we, &c. Faith is, &c.

- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear :
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

- 4 So Abrah'm by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

AIR. No. 634.

Brockmer.

Hymn 130. C. M.

Attend, while God's exalted Son Doth his own glory shew : Behold I sit upon my throne, Creating all things new. Behold I sit upon my throne, Creating all things new.

- 2 Nature and sin are pass'd away, And the old Adam dies ;
My hands a new foundation lay—See the new world arise !
3 I'll be a Sun of righteousness To the new heav'n's I make ;
None but the new born heirs of grace My glories shall partake.

- 6 Far from the regions of the dead, From sin and earth and hell ;
In the new world that grace has made, I would forever dwell.

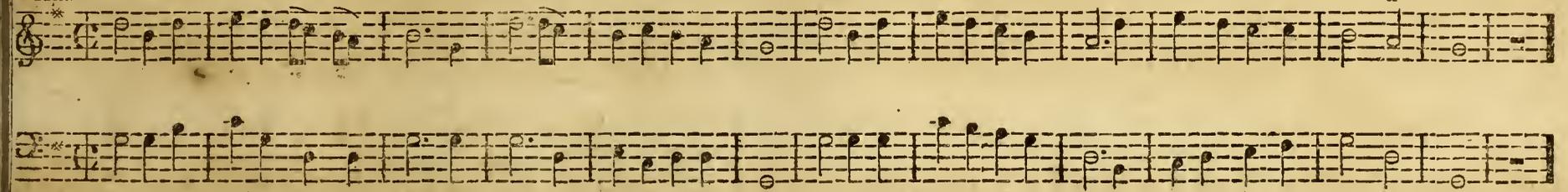
- 4 Mighty Redeemer, set me free From my old state of sin ;
Oh, make my soul alive to thee, Create new pow'rs within.
5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears And mould my heart afresh ;
Give me new passions, joys and fears, And turn the stone to flesh.



Let everlasting glories crown Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord ; Thy hands have brought salvation down, And writ the blessings in thy word.

AIR.

tr



Soft.

Loud.



There shall be no religion found, So just to God, so safe for man. So just to God, so safe for man.



What if we trace the globe around, And search from Britain to Japan,



3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks Some solid ground to rest upon ;
 With long despair the spirit breaks, 'Till we apply to Christ alone.
 4 How well thy blessed truths agree ! How wise and holy thy commands !
 Thy promises, how firm they be ! How firm our hope and comfort stands

5 Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
 Nor does the Turkish paradise Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
 6 Should all the forms that men devise Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies, And bind the gospel to my heart.

We blefs the prophet of the Lord, We blefs the prophet of the Lord, That
 We blefs the prophet, prophet of the Lord, That comes with truth and grace,
 We blefs the prophet of the Lord, We blefs the prophet, prophet of the Lord, That
 We blefs the prophet of the Lord, We blefs the prophet of the Lord, That Jesus, thy spirit

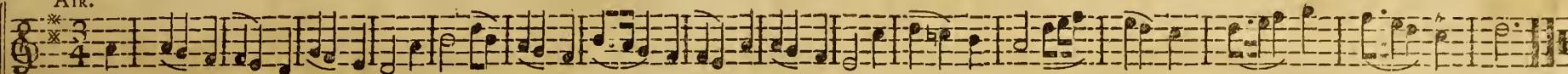
Jefus, thy spirit and thy word Shall lead us in thy ways, Shall lead us in thy ways, Shall lead us in thy ways
 Jefus, thy spirit and thy word, Shall lead us in thy ways. Shall lead us in, Shall lead us in thy ways.
 fus, thy spirit and thy word, Jefus, thy spirit and thy word, Shall lead us in thy ways, Shall lead us in thy ways.
 and thy word, Jefus, thy spirit and thy word, Shall lead us in thy ways, Shall

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood ;
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.

3 We honor our exalted King ;
 How sweet are his commands ;
 He guards our souls from hell and sin,
 By his almighty hands.

4 Hofanna to his glorious name,
 Who faves by different ways,
 His mercy lays a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

AIR.



Eternal Spirit, we confess, And sing the wonders of thy grace; Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down From God the Father and the Son.



2 Enlighten'd by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

3 Thy pow'r and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin;
Doth our imperious lusts subdue,
And forms our wretched hearts anew:

4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the furies of the mind.

No. 638.

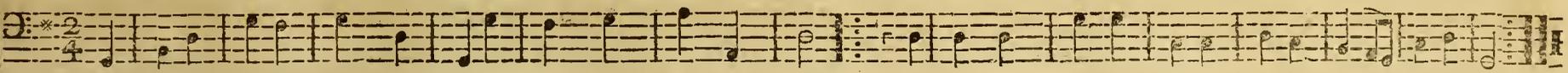
Ashley.

Hymn 134. C. M.

AIR. Andante.



The promise was divinely free, Extensive was the grace; "I will the God of Abrah'm be, And of his num'rous race.



2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Consum'd the words he spoke:
Long did the sons of Abrah'm feel
The sharp and painful yoke.

3 'Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed;
And Gentiles taste the blessings now,
From the hard bondage freed.

4 The God of Abrah'm claims our praise,
His promises endure;
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways,
Makes the salvation sure.

Allegro. For.

DOXOLOGY to close the Hymn,

Pia.

tr

For.

Adagio.



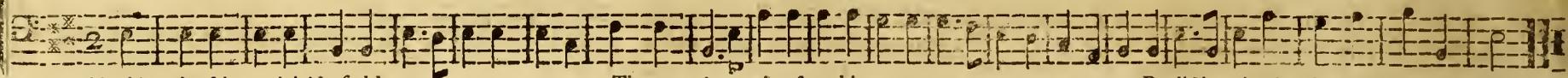
Glory, honor, praise and power, Be unto the Lamb forever, Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah praise the Lord.



AIR. Moderate.



Behold the woman's promis'd seed, Behold the great Messiah come ! Behold the prophets all agreed To give him the superior room ! To give him the superior room !



2 Abrah'm, the faint, rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses, the man of God, foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

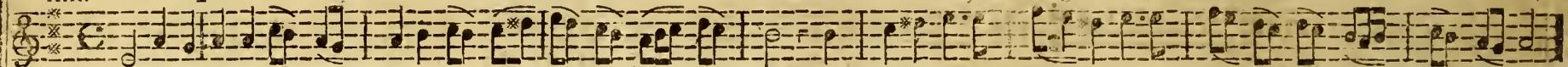
3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd ;
The incense, and the bleeding Lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.

4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head :
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd seed.

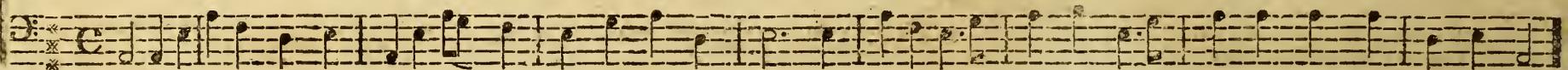
AIR. No. 640.

Somerset.

Hymn 136. L. M. double.



The King of glory sends his Son To make his entrance on the earth ; Behold the midnight bright as noon, And heav'nly hosts declare his birth.

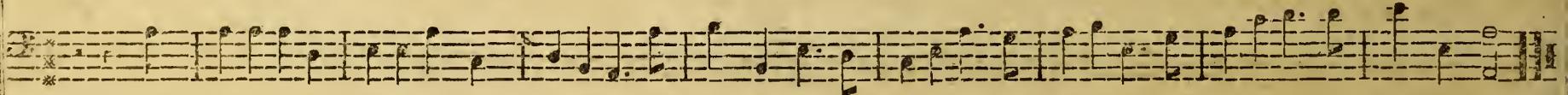


Soft.

Loud.



About the young Redeemer's head What wonders and what glories meet ! An unknown star arose and led The eastern sages to his feet.



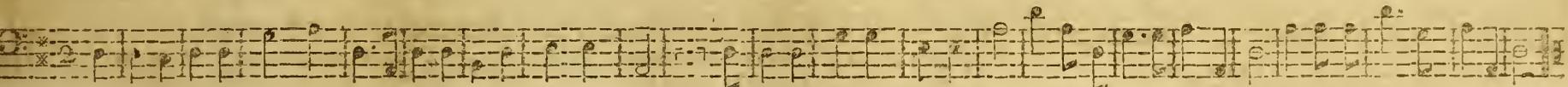
3 Simeon and Anna both conspire The infant Saviour to proclaim ;
Inward they felt the sacred fire, And blest'd the babe, and own'd his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud, And treat the holy child with scorn ;
Our souls adore th' eternal God Who condescended to be born.

AIR.



Behold the blind their sight receive ! Behold the dead awake and live ! The dumb speak wonders, and the lame Leap like the hart and blefs his name. Leap like, &c.



2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises, and appears a God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die

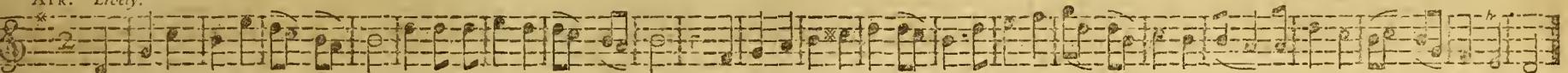
4 Hence and forever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

No. 642.

Connecticut.

Hymn 138. L. M. double.

AIR. Lively.



This is the word of truth and love, Sent to the nations from above ; Jehovah here resolves to shew What his almighty grace can do. What his almighty grace can do.



This remedy did wisdom find, To heal diseases of the mind ; This sov'reign balm, whose virtues can Restore the ruin'd creature, man. Restore the ruin'd creature, man.



3 The gospel bids the dead revive, Sinners obey the voice, and live :
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh, And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
4 Where Satan reign'd in shades of night ; The gospel strikes a heav'nly light ;
Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controls, And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name Put on the nature of the lamb ;
While the wide world esteems it strange, Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.
6 May but this grace my soul renew, Let sinners gaze and hate me too ;
The word that saves me does engage A sure defence from all their rage.

AIR.

My dear Redeemer, and my Lord, I read my duty in thy word : But in thy life the law appears : Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such defence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine.
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witness the fervour of thy pray'r ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here !
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

No. 644.

Bristol.

Hymn 140. C. M.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Give me the wings of faith to rise Within the veil, and see, Within the veil, and see The faints above, how great their joys ; How bright their glories be, How bright, &c.

2 Once they were mourning here below, And wet their couch with tears :
They weiled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came ? They with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ; Their triumph, to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod, (His zeal inspir'd their breast :)
And, following their incarnate God, Possess'd the promis'd rest.

5 Our glorious leader claims our praise, For his own pattern giv'n,
While the long cloud of witnesses Shew the same path to heav'n.

No. 645.

Hinsdale.

Hymn 141. C. M

AIR.

And brings his graces down to sense, And

My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince, Reigns far above the skies ;

And brings his graces down to sense, And helps my faith to rise.

And brings his graces down to, down to sense, And

And brings his graces down to sense, And brings his graces down to sense, And

Andante.

thou didst bear, When hanging on the curf'd tree, And hopes, and hopes, and hopes her guilt was there. Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove; Be-

lieving, we rejoice To see the curse remove; Believing, we rejoice To see the curse remove; We blefs the Lamb with cheerful voice, We blefs the Lamb with

We blefs the Lamb with cheerful voice, with

Adagio.

cheerful voice, And fing his bleeding love. We blefs the Lamb with cheerful voice, And fing his bleed - ing love.

that work within, I hate the thoughts that
 What different pow'rs of grace and sin Attend our mortal state? I hate the thoughts I hate the thoughts that
 I hate the thoughts, I hate the thoughts that
 that work within, I hate the thoughts that

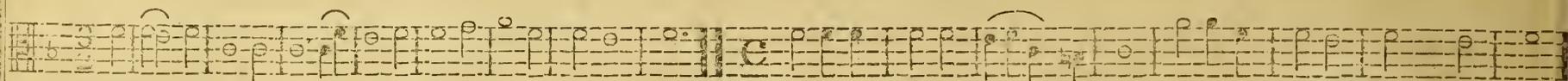
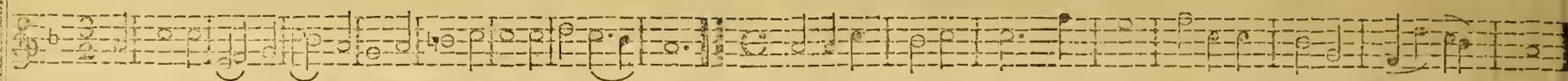
Instrument.

And do And
 work within *Symp.* And do the works I hate. And do the works I hate. *Symp.*
 And do And
 And do And

2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 While sin and Satan reign :
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 For grace prevails again.

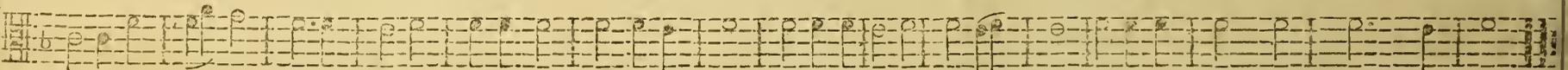
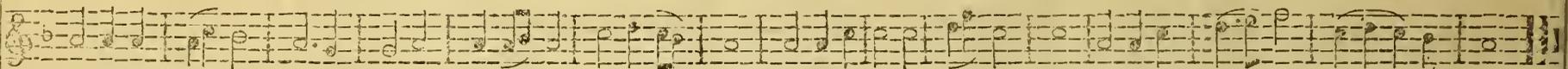
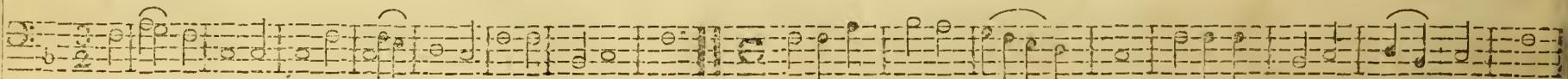
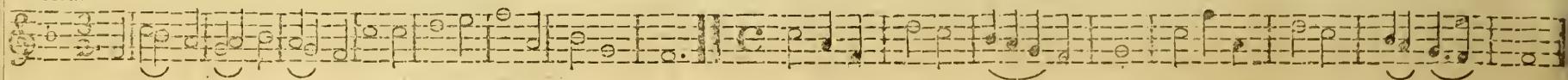
3 So darknefs struggles with the light,
 'Till perfect day arise ;
 Water and fire maintain the fight
 Until the weaker dies.

4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
 And vex and break my peace ;
 But I shall quit this mortal life,
 And sin for ever cease.

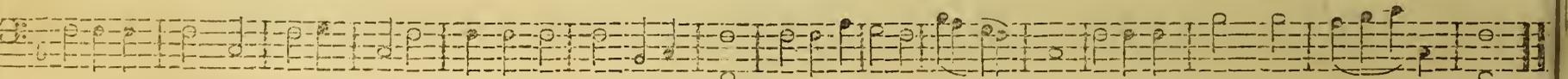
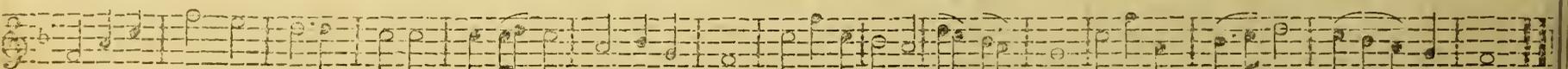


Great was the day, the joy was great, When the divine disciples met ; While on their heads the Spirit came, And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

AIR.



What gifts, what miracles he gave ! And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save ; Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words, Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.



3 Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth, From east to west, from south to north ;
Go ! and assert your Saviour's cause ; Go ! spread the myst'ry of his cross.

4 These weapons of the holy war, Of what almighty force they are,
To make our stubborn passions bow, And lay the proudest rebel low !

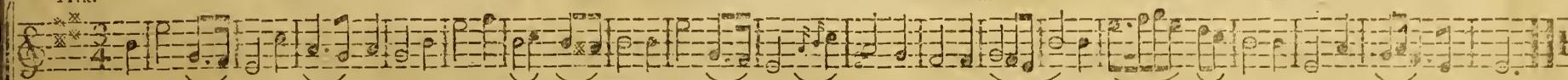
5 Nations, the learned and the rude, Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd :
While Satan rages at his loss, And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6 Great King of grace, my heart subdue : I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord, And sing the vic'ries of his word.

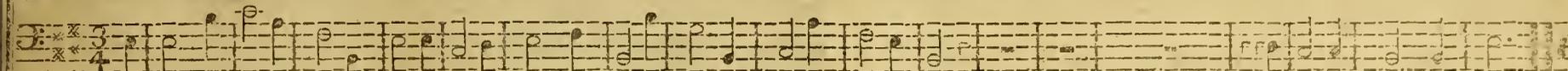
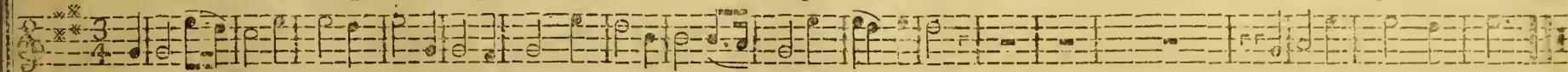
AIR.

Pia.

For.



I love the windows of thy grace,, Through which my Lord is seen, And long to meet my Saviour's face, Without a glass between. Without a glass between.



2 Oh! that the happy hour were come, To change my faith to fight!
I should behold my Lord at home, In a diviner light.

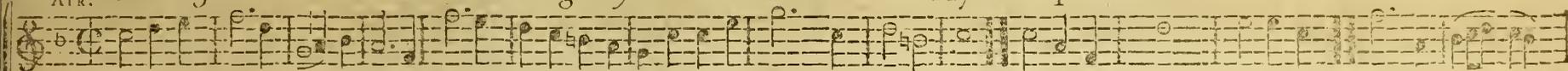
3 Hasten, my beloved, and remove These interposing days:
Then shall my passions all be love, And all my powers be praise.

AIR.

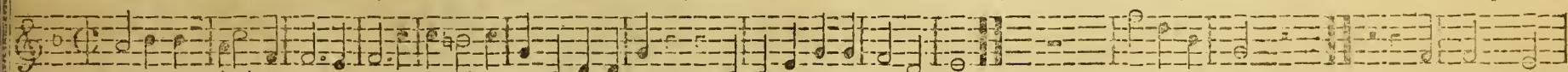
No. 650.

Anglesey.

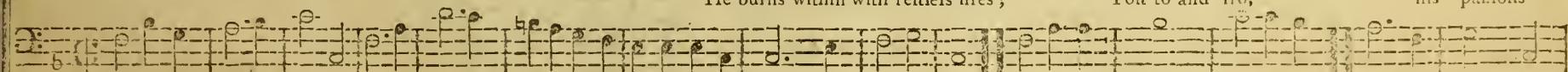
Hymn 146. L. M.



Man has a soul of vast desires, He burns within with restless fires, He burns within with restless fires; Tost to and fro, Tost to and fro, his passions



He burns within with restless fires; Tost to and fro, his passions

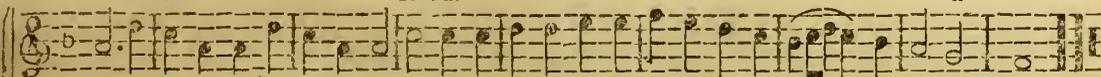


He burns within with restless fires; Tost to and fro, Tost to and fro,

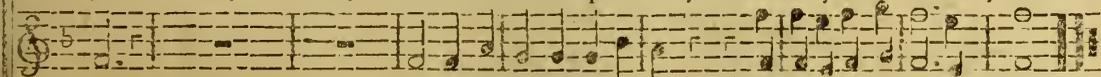
Soft.

Loud.

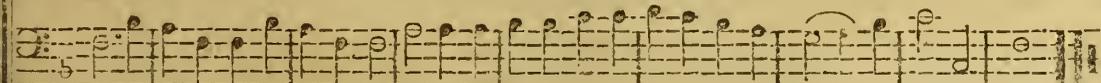
tr



fly From vanity to vanity. Tost to and fro his passions fly From vanity to vanity.



From vanity to vanity.



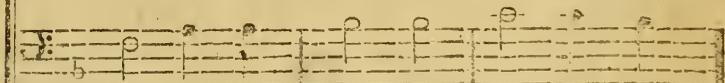
Verse 3d perform as verse 1st.—Verse 2d, line 3d, and verse 4th, line 3d, perform as below instead of the three bars between the above double bars.



We try new pleasures, We try new, &c.
Cure the vile fever, Cure the vile, &c.



We try new pleasures,
Cure the vile fe - ver,



We try new pleasures, We try new, &c.
Cure the vile fever, Cure the vile, &c.

2 In vain on earth we hope to find
Some solid good to fill the mind:
We try new pleasures, but we feel
The inward thirst and torment still.

3 So when a raging fever burns,
We shift from side to side by turns;
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
To change the place but keep the pain,

4 Great God! subdue this vicious thirst,
This love of vanity and dust;
Cure the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

At

Now let a spacious world arise, Said the Creator Lord :

AIR.

At once th' obedient

At once th' obedient earth and

once th' obedient earth and skies, At once th' obedient earth and skies Rose at, Rose at his

At once th' obedient earth, At once th' obedient earth and skies Rose at - - - his sov'reign word. Rose at his sov'reign word.

earth and skies, At once th' obedient earth and skies Rose

skies At once th' obedient earth and skies Rose

- 2 Dark was the deep ; the waters lay Confus'd and drown'd the land ;
He call'd the light ; the new born day Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ; The clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky, And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below Was gather'd by his hand :
The rolling seas together flow, And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth, The naked globe he crown'd,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth, Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ; Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise, To mark out months and years.

- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of ev'ry wing, And fish of ev'ry name.
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm At once their wond'rous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay, Though sov'reign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they ; With God's own image bless'd.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye The young creation flood ;
He saw the building from on high, His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands, Thy praise shall fill my tongue ;
But the new world of grace demands A more exalted song.

AIR.

Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits

Soft.

Cres.

Loud.

of thy death The Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath, 'Tis by thine interceding breath, The Spirit dwells with men.

3 'Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just and sacred Three
Are terrors to my mind.

4 But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

5 While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

AIR. No. 653.

Hallowell.

Hymn 149. C. M.

Eternal sov'reign of the sky, And Lord of all below, We mortals to thy majesty, We mortals to thy majesty Our first obedience owe. Our first obedience owe.

We mortals to, We mortals to thy majesty Our

We mortals to thy majesty, We mortals to thy majesty Our

2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme, And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name, Our glory and defence.
3 The crowns of all those princes shine With rays above the rest.
Where laws and liberties combine To make the nation bless'd.

4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand, While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land By justice and the sword.
5 Let Cæsar's due be ever paid To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made To be the Lord's alone.

AIR.

Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts To practise on the mind ; With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts But leaves a sting behind. With names of

virtue she deceives The aged and the young ; And while the heedless wretch believes, She makes his fetters strong.

3 She pleads for all the joys she brings, And gives a fair pretence ;
But cheats the soul of heav'nly things, And chains it down to sense.

4 So on a tree divinely fair Grew the forbidden food ;
Our mother took the poison there, And tainted all her blood.

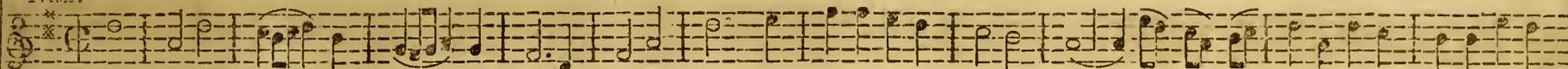
'Twas by an order from the Lord, The ancient prophets spoke his word ; His spirit did their tongues inspire, And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire. And warm'd, &c.

2 The works and wonders which they wro't
Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.

3 Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish'd in the wind :
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word, and must endure.

Treble.



The tempest, fire and smoke, The tempest, fire and smoke, Not to the thunder of that word, Not to the

Counter.

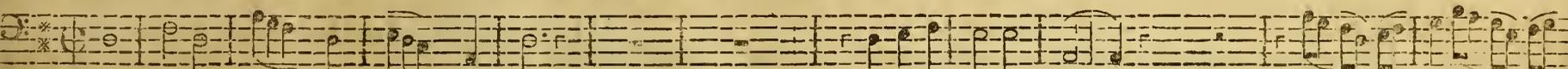


Not to the terrors of the Lord, The tempest, fire and smoke, Not to the

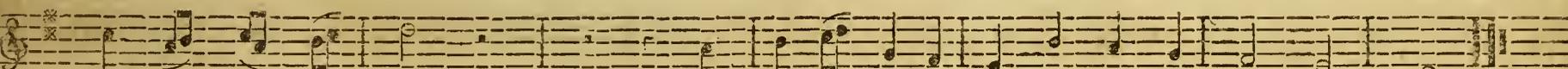
Tenor.



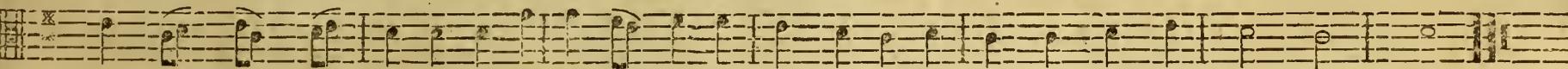
The tempest, fire



The tempest, fire and smoke; Not to the thunder of that



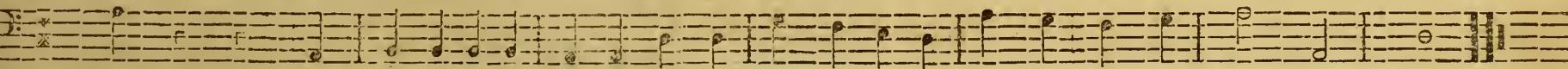
thunder of that word, Which Which



thunder of that word, the thunder of that word, Which God on Sinai spoke. Which God on Sinia spoke.



Not to the thunder Which Which



word, Not to the thunder Which Which

2 But we are come to Sion's hill, The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will, And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just, Whose faith is turn'd to fight!

6 In such society as this My weary soul would rest:

The man that dwells where Jesus is, Must be for ever blest.

4 Behold the blest assembly there, Whose names are writ in heav'n!
And God, the judge of all declares Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The faints on earth, and all the dead, But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living head, And of his grace partake.

AIR.

Sin, like a venomous disease, Infects our vital blood, The only balm is sov'reign grace, And the physician, God.

2 Our beauty and our strength are fled, And we draw near to dearth ;
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead, With his almighty breath.

3 Madness, by nature reigns within, The passions burn and rage,
'Till God's own Son with skill divine The inward fire assuage.

6 The possess'd among the tombs, Cuts his own flesh and cries :
He foams and raves, 'till Jesus comes, And the foul spirit flies.

4 We lick the dust, we grasp the wind, And solid good despise :
Such is the folly of the mind, 'Till Jesus makes us wise.

5 We give our souls the wounds they feel, We drink the pois'nous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell ; But heav'n prevents the fall.

AIR. No. 658. Southwick. Hymn 154. L. M.

Where are the mourners, saith the Lord, That wait and tremble at my word, That walk in darkness all the day ? Come, make my name your trust and stay, Come, &c.

2 No works nor duties of your own Can for the smallest sin atone ;
The robes that nature may provide, Will not your least pollutions hide.

3 The softest couch that nature knows, Can give the conscience no repose ;
Look to my righteousness and live ; Comfort and peace are mine to give.

4 Ye sons of pride that kindle coals With your own hands, to warm your souls,
Walk in the light of your own fire, Enjoy the sparks that ye desire :—

5 This is your portion at my hands, Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there, In death and darkness, and despair.

AIR. No. 659. Ashfield. Hymn 155. C. M.

Lo! the destroying angel flies To Pharaoh's stubborn land ! The pride and flow'r of Egypt dies By his vindictive hand. By his vindictive hand.

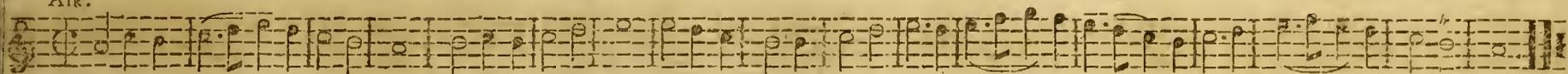
2 He pass'd the tents of Jacob o'er, Nor pour'd the wrath divine ;
He saw the blood on ev'ry door, And bless'd the peaceful sign.

3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed, To break th' Egyptian yoke ;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed, And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

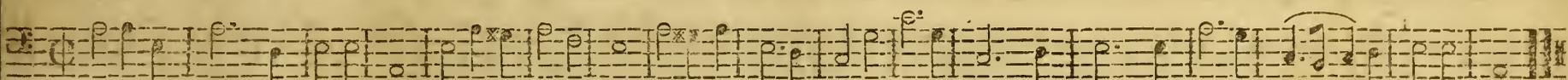
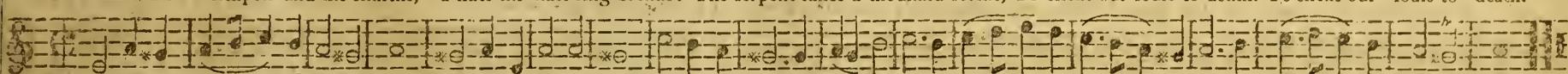
4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue This guilty soul of mine.

5 Jesus our passover was slain, And has at once procur'd
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain And God's avenging sword.

AIR.



I hate the tempter and his charms, I hate his flatt'ring breath: The serpent takes a thousand forms, To cheat our souls to death. To cheat our souls to death.



- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams, Or kills with slavish fear ;
And holds us still in wide extremes, Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, How easy 'tis To walk the road to heav'n :
Anon he swells our 'sins and cries They cannot be forgiv'n.
- 4 He bids young sinners, yet forbear To think of God or death ;
Pray'r and real devotion are But melancholy breath.

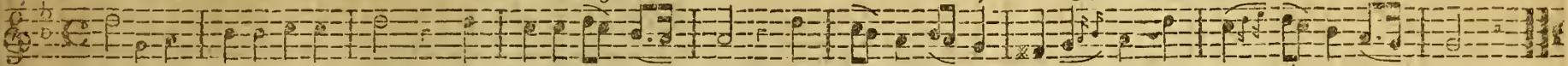
- 5 He tells the aged, they must die, And 'tis too late to pray ;
In vain for mercy now they cry, For they have lost their day.
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne By mischief and deceit,
And drags the sons of Adam down To darknes and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God cut short his pow'r, Let him in darknes dwell ;
And that he vex the earth no more, Confine him down to hell.

AIR.

No. 661.

Elmfall.

Hymn 157. C. M.



Now Satan comes with dreadful roar And threatens to destroy ; He worries whom he can't devour With a malicious joy.



- 2 Ye sons of God oppose his rage,
Resist, and he'll be gone ;
Thus did our dearest Lord engage
And vanquish him alone.

- 3 Now he appears almost divine,
Like innocence and love.
But the old serpent lurks within,
When he assumes the dove.

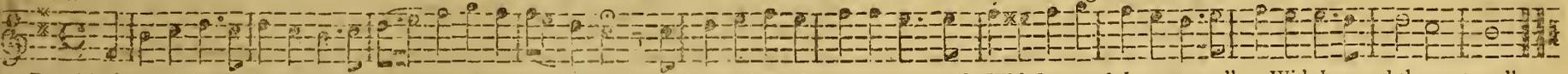
- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
Ye sons of Adam, fly !
Our parents found the snare too strong,
Nor should the children try.

AIR.

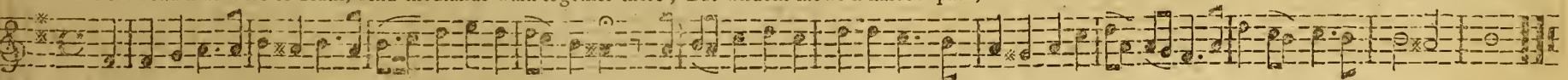
No. 662.

New-Salem.

Hymn 158. L. M.



Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there ; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a traveller. With here and there a traveller.



- 2 Deny thyself, and take thy cross,
Is the Redeemer's great command !
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If the world gain this heav'nly land.

- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd—almost a saint,
And maks his own destruction sure.

- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

AIR.

Great King of glory and of grace ! We own, with humble shame, How vile is our degen'rate race, And our first Father's name. And our first Father's name.

2 From Adam flows our tainted blood, The poison reigns within,
Makes us averse to all that's good, And willing slaves to sin.
3 Daily we break thy holy laws, And then reject thy grace ;
Engag'd in the old Serpent's cause, Against our Maker's face.

6 We raise our Father's name on high, Who his own Spirit sends
To bring rebellious strangers nigh, And turn his foes to friends.

4 We live estrang'd afar from God, And love the distance well ;
With haste we run the dang'rous road That leads to death and hell.
5 And can such rebels be restor'd ! Such natures made divine !
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord, And feel this pow'r of thine.

AIR. No. 664.

Upley.

Hymn 160. L. M.

Let the wild leopards of the wood Put off the spots that nature gives, Then may the wicked turn to God, And change their tempers, and their lives.

2 As well might Ethiopian slaves
Wash out the darknefs of their skin ;
The dead as well may leave their graves,
As old transgressors cease to sin.

3 Where vice has held its empire long,
'Twill not endure the least control ;
None but a pow'r divinely strong
Can turn the current of the foul,

4 Great God ! I own thy pow'r divine,
That works to change this heart of mine ;
I would be form'd anew, and blefs
The wonders of creating grace.

AIR. No. 665.

Landau.

Hymn 161. C. M.

Straight is the way, the door is strait, That leads to joys on high ; 'Tis but a few that find the gate, While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be deny'd, The mind and will renew'd,
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd, And vain desires subdu'd.
3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace, Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd Lest they destroy our souls.

6 Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm Fulfil a task so hard !
Thy grace must all my work perform, And give the free reward.

4 The love of gold be banish'd hence, (That vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense, In sweet subjection lie.
5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r, Requires a strong restraint :
We must be watchful ev'ry hour, And pray but never faint.

AIR.

My thoughts surmount these lower skies, And look within the veil; There springs of endless pleasure rise, The waters never fail.

There I behold with sweet delight, The blessed Three in One, And strong affections fix my sight On God's eternal Son.

3 His promise stands forever firm,
His race shall ne'er depart;
He binds my name upon his arm,
And seals it on his heart.

4 Light are the pains that nature brings:
How short our sorrows are,
When with eternal future things,
The present we compare!

5 I would not be a stranger still
To that celestial place,
Where I forever hope to dwell
Near my Redeemer's face.

No. 667.

Winthrop.

Hymn 163. C. M.

AIR. Dear Lord! behold our fore distress; Our sins attempt to reign; Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace, And let thy foes be slain. And let thy foes be slain.

2 The lion with his dreadful roar Affrights thy feeble sheep:
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r And chain him to the deep.

3 Must we indulge a long despair? Shall our petitions die?
Our mournings never reach thine ear, Nor tears affect thine eye?

6 How boundless is our father's grace. In height and depth and length!
He made his Son our righteousness, His Spirit is our strength.

4 If thou despise a mortal groan, Yet hear a Saviour's blood;
An advocate so near the throne Pleads and prevails with God.

5 He brought the Spirit's pow'ful sword, To slay our deadly foes:
Our sins shall die beneath thy word, And hell in vain oppose,

AIR.

Why should this earth delight us so? Why should we fix our eyes On these low grounds where sorrows grow, And ev'ry pleasure dies:

While time his sharpest teeth prepares Our comforts to devour, There is a land above the stars, And joys above his pow'r.

3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die, The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly Before my Saviour's face.

4 When will that glorious morning rise? When the last trumpet found,
And call the nations to the skies From underneath the ground?

AIR.

No. 669.

Gadesdon.

Hymn 165. C. M.

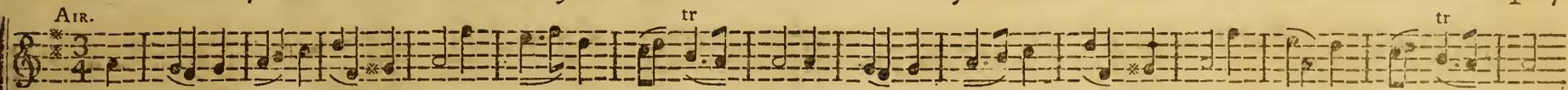
Long have I sat beneath the sound Of thy salvation, Lord; But still how weak my faith is found, And knowledge of thy word! And knowledge of thy word.

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place, And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace My mem'ry can retain!
3 My dear Almighty, and my God, How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod, And blessings of thy throne.

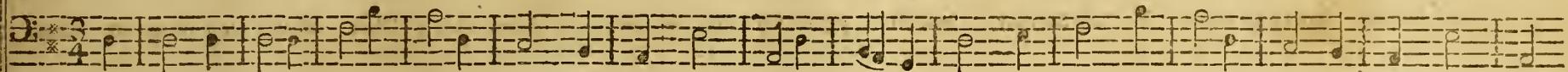
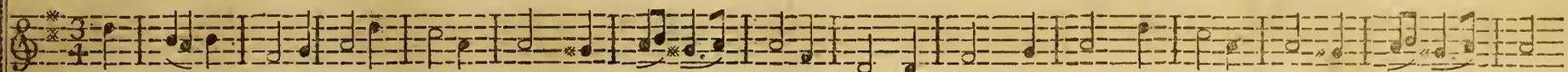
4 How cold and feeble is my love! How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above; How few affections there.
5 Great God thy sov'reign pow'r impart, To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart, And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay, And love shall never die.

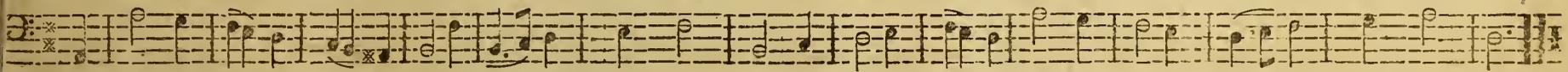
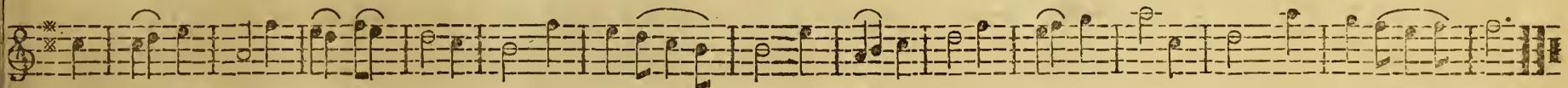
Air.



How shall I praise th' eternal God, That infinite unknown? Who can ascend his high abode, Or venture near his throne?



The great invi - sible! He dwells Conceal'd in dazzling light; But his all-searching eye reveals The secrets of the night.



3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep, Survey the world around;
His wisdom is a boundless deep, Where all our thoughts are drown'd.
4 Speak we of strength? His arm is strong, To save or to destroy;
Infinite years his life prolong, And endless is his joy.
5 He knows no shadow of a change, Nor alters his decrees;
Firm as a rock his truth remains, To guard his promises.

6 Sinners before his presence die: How holy is his name;
His anger and his jealousy Burn like devouring flame.
7 Justice upon a dreadful throne Maintains the rights of God,
While mercy sends her pardons down, Bought with a Saviour's blood.
8 Now to my soul, immortal King, Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing The glories of my Lord.

THE HALLELUJAH to close the Hymn:



Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lu - - - jah.



Halle - lu - jah,

Halle - lu - - jah.



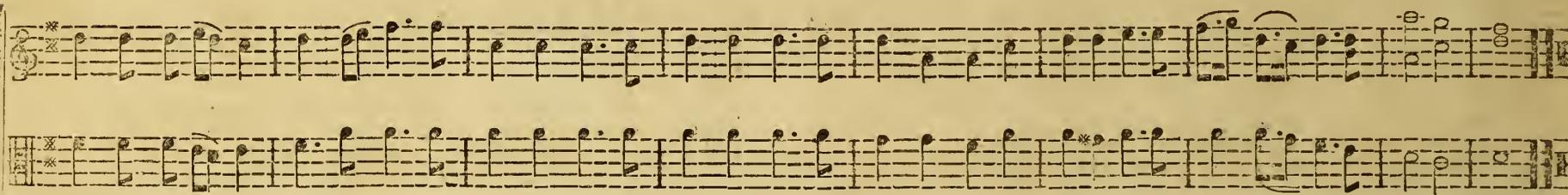
Halle - lu - jah.

Halle - lu - jah.



Great God, thy glories shall employ My holy fear, my humble joy! My lips, in songs of honor bring Their tribute to th' eternal King.

AIR.



Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown, Depend precarious on his throne, All nature hangs upon his word, And grace and glory own their Lord.



- 3 His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows? If he commands, who dare oppose?
With strength he girds himself around, And treads the rebels to the ground.
- 4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill, Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom like a sea divine, Flows deep and high beyond our line.
- 5 His name is holy, and his eye Burns with immortal jealousy;
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds His fiery vengeance on their heads.
- 6 The beamings of his piercing sight Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie, And hell uncover'd to his eye.

- 7 Th' eternal law before him stands; His justice with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward, Or by the sceptre or the sword.
- 8 His mercy like a boundless sea Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd, T' engage his justice on our side.
- 9 Each of his words demands my faith, My soul can rest on all he saith:
His truth inviolably keeps The largest promise of his lips.
- 10 Oh, tell me with a gentle voice, Thou art my God, and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim The brightest honors of thy name.

AIR.

tr Soft.

Jehovah reigns; his throne is high, His robes are light and majes - ty, His robes are light and majesty; His glory

shines with beams so bright, No mortal can sustain the fight. No mortal can sustain the fight.

Loud. Soft. Loud.

2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
His justice guards his holy law,
His love reveals a smiling face,
His truth and promise seal the grace.

3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

4 And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my father and my friend?
Then let my songs with angels join!
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

AIR. No. 673.

Mantua.

Hymn 169. H. M.

1st Treble.

His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye, No mortal eye can

2d Treble.

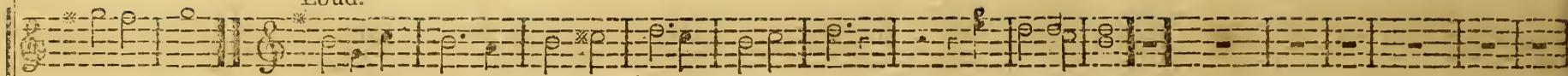
The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes, Are light and majesty.

3d Treble.

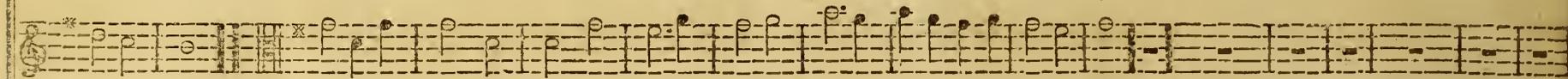
With beams so bright, No

4th Treble & Tenor.

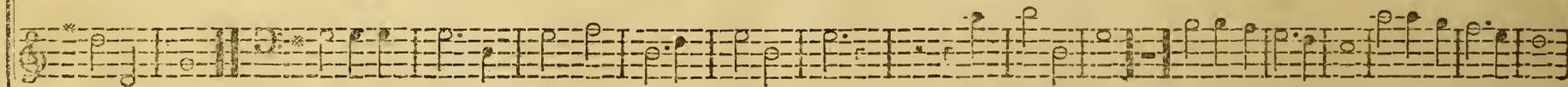
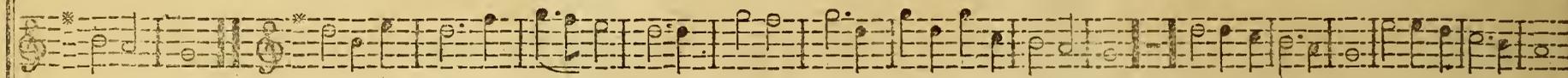
Loud.



bear the fight.



His glories shine With beams so bright, No mortal eye, No mortal eye Can bear the fight. The thunders of his hand Keep the wide world in awe ;

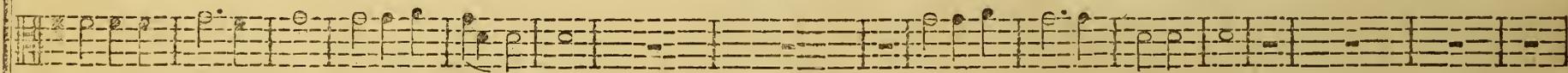


Pia.

For.



And where his love Refolves to blefs,

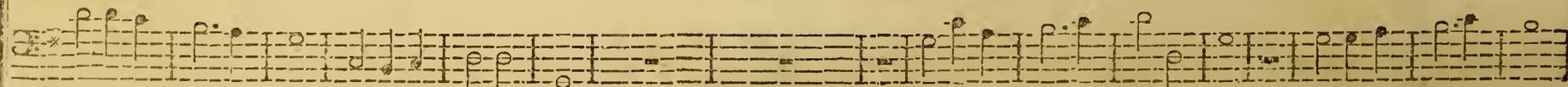


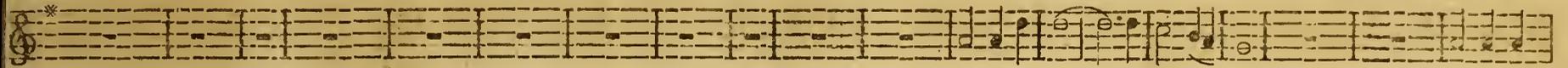
His wrath and justice stand To guard his holy law ;

His truth confirms And seals the grace.

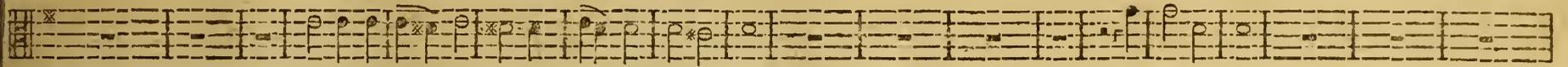


Thro' all his ancient works,





Strong is his arm, And His great de-



Confounds the pow'rs of hell, And breaks their curst designs. And shall fulfil



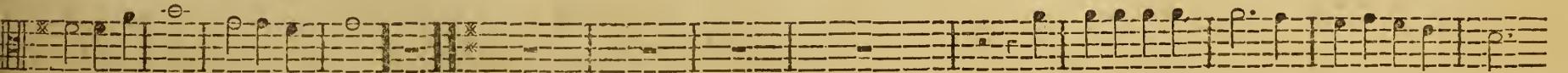
Surprising wisdom shines, Strong is his arm, And shall, And shall fulfil His great decrees,



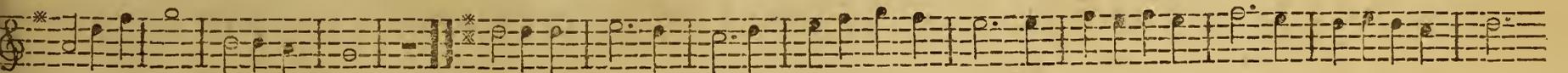
Strong is his arm And shall, And His great decrees,



crees.



His great decrees, His fov'reign will. And can this mighty King, Of glory condescend, And will he write his name, My Father and my Friend.



1st Treble. Mezza voce. *Cres.* *Loud.*

I love his name, I love his word, I love his word;

2d Treble.

I love his name, I love his word; Join, all my pow'rs, Join, all my pow'rs, And praise the Lord.

3d Treble.

I love his name, I love his word, I love his word;

4th Treble.

I love his name, I love his word, I love his word;

No. 674.

Lavington.

Hymn 170. L. M. double.

AIR.

Can creatures to perfection find Th' eternal uncreated mind? Or can the largest stretch of thought Measure and search his nature out.

'Tis high as heav'n! 'tis deep as hell! And what can mortals know or tell? His glory spreads beyond the sky, And all the shining worlds on high.

3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise, Born, like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind, And smells and snuffs the empty wind.
4 God is a King of pow'r unknowa, Firm are the orders of his throne ;
If he resolve, who dare oppose, Or ask him why, or what he does ?
5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ; He calms the tempest of the soul.
When he shuts up in long despair, Who can remove the heavy bar ?

6 He frowns and darkness veils the moon, The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof Tremble and start at his reproof.
7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form, The crooked serpent and the worm,
He breaks the billows with his breath, And smites the sons of pride to death.
8 These are a portion of his ways ; But who shall dare describe his face ?
Who can endure his light ; or stand To hear the thunders of his hand ?

No. 675.

DOXOLOGY.

AIR. Repeat Soft.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One God, whom we adore— Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be ever—
Be glory ev - - - er -
Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be ever—
Soft Loud. tr
more. Be glory as it was, is now, Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be ever - more.
Be glo - - - ry now, And ev - - - er - more.
Be glory as it was, is now, And shall be ever - more.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BOOK III.

No. 676.

Brookfield.

Hymn 1. L. M.

'Twas on that dark, that doleful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell arose Against the Son of God's delight, And friends betray'd him to his foes :

AIR.

- 2 Before the mournful scene began, He took the bread, and blest'd, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran ! What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 This is my body broke for sin, Receive and eat the living food ;
Then took the cup and blest'd the wine ; 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn, He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;
And justice pour'd upon his head Its heavy vengeance, in our stead.

- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt, To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When for black crimes of biggest size, He gave his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end, In mem'ry of your dying friend :
Meet at my table, and record The love of your departed Lord.
- 7 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate, We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
'Till thou return, and we shall eat The marriage supper of the Lamb.

AIR. No. 677.

Tigris.

Hymn 2. S. M.

Jesus invites his fain'ts To meet around his board ; Here pardon'd rebels sit and hold Communion with the Lord.

- 2 For food he gives his flesh ; He bids us drink his blood ;
Amazing favor, matchless grace Of our descending God !
- 3 This holy bread and wine, Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord, And interest in his death.

- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his love, And he the first born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts Of the same broken bread ;
One body hath its sev'ral limbs, But Jesus is the head.

6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd, His glorious name to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind, And ev'ry voice be praise.

Air. tr Soft.

The promise of my Father's love Shall stand forever good ; He said, and gave his soul to death, He said, and gave his soul to

Loud. Soft. Loud. tr

death, And seal'd the grace with blood. And seal'd the grace with blood. He said, and gave his soul to death, And seal'd it with his blood.

2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word I set my worthless name ;
 I feel th' engagement to my Lord, And make my humble claim.
 3 The light, and strength, and pard'ning grace, And glory shall be mine ;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh, And all my pow'rs are thine.

4 I call that legacy my own, Which Jesus did bequeath ;
 'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan, And ratify'd in death.
 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name Who bless'd us in his will,
 And to his testament of love, Made his own life the seal.

AIR. No. 679.

Colchester-New.

Hymn 4. C. M.

How condescending, and how kind Was God's eter - nal Son ! Our mis'ry reach'd his heavn'ly mind, And pity brought him down.

2 When justice, by our sins provok'd, Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke, Without a murm'ring word.
 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes, To raise us to his throne :
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows But cost his heart a groan.
 4 This was compassion like a God, That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood, His pity ne'er withdrew.

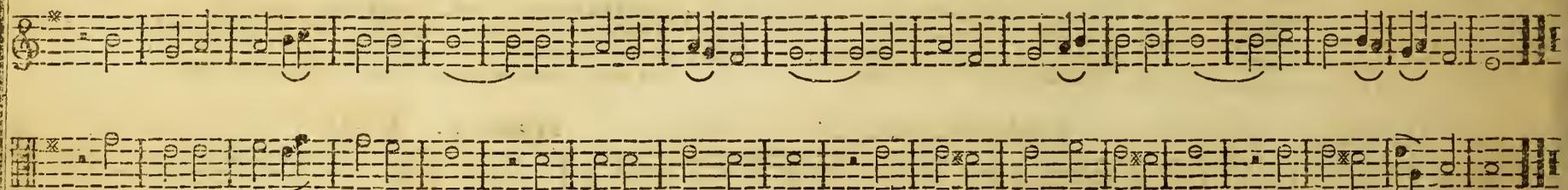
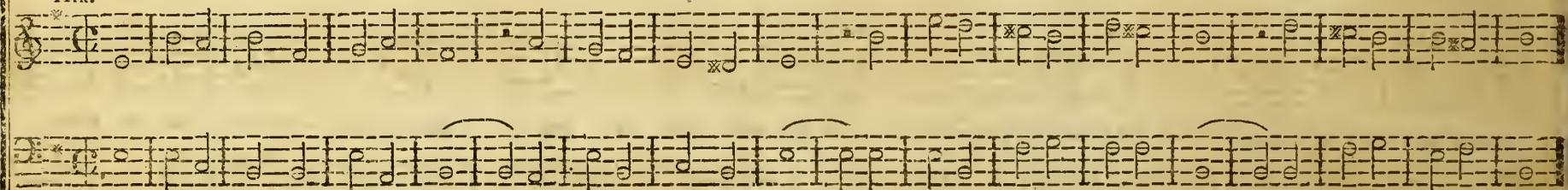
5 Now though he reigns exalted high, His love is still as great :
 Well he remembers Calvary, Nor lets his faints forget.
 6 Here we behold his bowels roll As kind as when he dy'd,
 And see the sorrows of his soul Bleed through his wounded side.
 7 Here we receive repeated seals Of Jesus' dying love :
 Hard is the wretch that never feels One soft affection move.

8 Here let our hearts begin to melt, While we his death record,
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt, Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.



Let us adore th' eternal word, 'Tis he our souls hath fed: Thou art the living stream, O Lord, And thou th' immortal head.

Air.



The manna came from lower skies, But Jesus from above, Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise, And rivers flow with love.



- 3 The Jews, the fathers, dy'd at last, Who eat that heav'nly bread;
But these provisions which we taste, Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh, Left we should faint again.

- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death, For Jesus never dies.
- 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays, But Christ our life shall come;
His unresist'd pow'r shall raise Our bodies from the tomb.

AIR.

Jesus is gone above the sky, Where our weak senses reach him not ; And carnal objects court our eyes, To thrust our Saviour from our thoughts.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have, Apt to forget his lovely face ;
And to refresh our minds, he gave These kind memorials of his grace.</p> <p>3 The Lord of life this table spread With his own flesh and dying blood,
We on the rich provision feed, And taste the wine and blefs our God,</p> | <p>4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot, And earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought, And faith and hope be fix'd on him.</p> <p>5 While he is absent from our sight, 'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light, And live for ever near his face.</p> <p>6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills Whence our returning Lord shall come :
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels, To fetch our longing spirits home.</p> |
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No. 682.

Waynesborough.

Hymn 7. L. M. 2 verses.

AIR. Moderate.

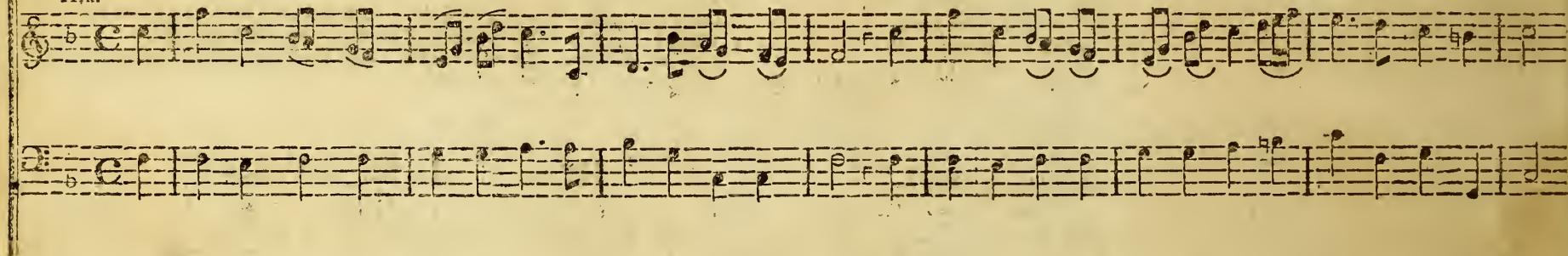
When I survey the wond'rous cross On which the prince of glory dy'd, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save
in the death of Christ, my God : All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood. All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to his blood.

- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <p>3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?</p> | <p>4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.</p> | <p>5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p> |
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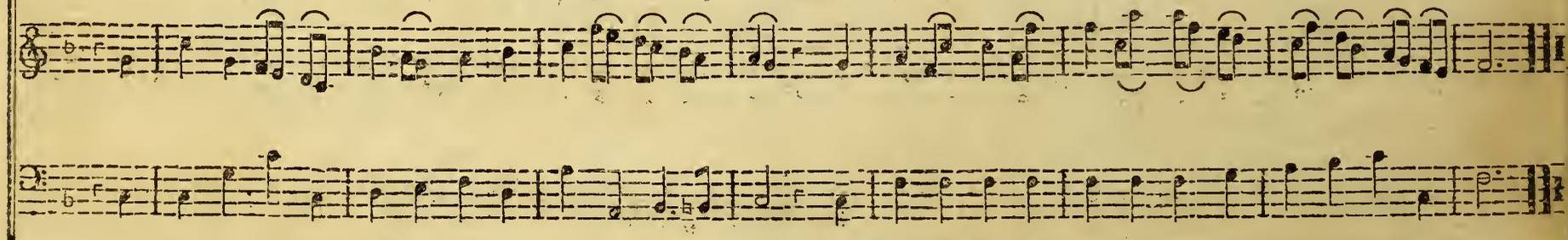


Come, let us join a joyful tune To our exalted Lord, Ye faints on high around his throne, And we around his board.

AIR.

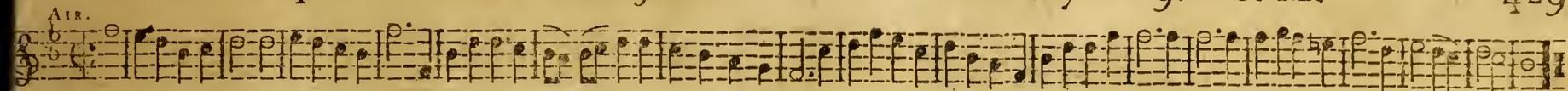


While once upon this lower ground Weary and faint ye stood, What dear refreshment here ye found From this immortal food.

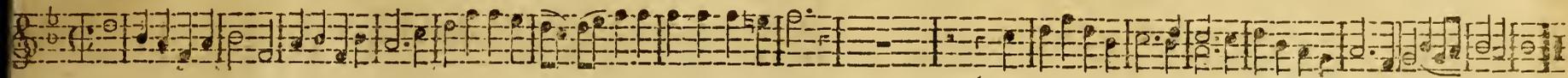


- 3 The tree of life that's near the throne In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down Its ever smiling boughs.
4 Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands The sweet celestial dove,
And Jesus on the branches hangs The banner of his love.
5 'Tis a young heav'n of strange delight While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight, And to the taste as sweet.

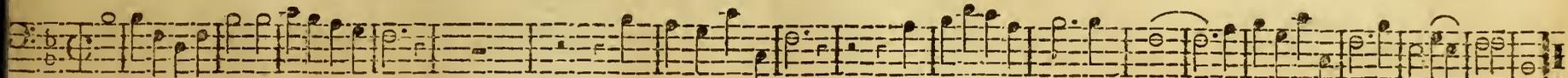
- 6 New life it spreads through dying hearts, And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts, Without a sting behind.
7 Now let the flaming weapon stand, And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land That bears such fruit as these.
8 Infinite grace our souls adore, Whose wond'rous hands has made
This living branch of sov'reign pow'r To raise and heal the dead.



Let all our tongues be one To praise our God on high, Who from his bosom sent his Son, To fetch us strangers nigh. Who from his bosom sent his Son, Who from his bosom sent his Son, To fetch, &c.



Who from his bosom sent his Son, To

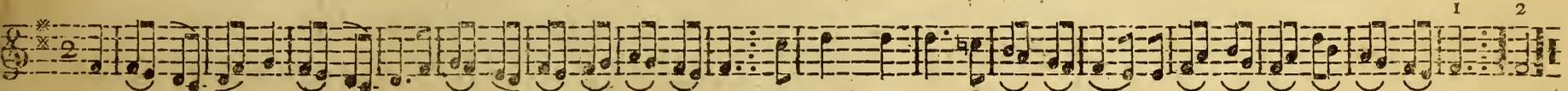


Who from his bosom sent his Son, To

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Nor let our voices cease To sing the Saviour's name ;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace, How cheerfully he came ?</p> <p>3 It cost him cries and tears To bring us near to God,
Great was our debt, and he appears To make the payment good.</p> <p>4 My Saviour's pierced side Pour'd out a double flood ;
By water we are purify'd, And pardon'd by the blood.</p> <p>5 Infinite was our guilt, But he, our priest, atones :
On the cold ground his life was spilt, And offer'd with his groans.</p> <p>10 Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
Great Comforter ! abide within,</p> | <p>6 Look up, my soul, to him Whose death was thy desert,
And humbly view the living stream Flow from his breaking heart.</p> <p>7 There, on the cursed tree, In dying pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great decree, And all our wants supplies.</p> <p>8 Thus the Redeemer came, By water and by blood :
And when the Spirit speaks the same, We feel his witness good.</p> <p>9 While the eternal Three Bear their record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me, And seal'd my Saviour's love.</p> <p>Nor let my grace depart ;
And witness to my heart.</p> |
|--|---|



Nature with open volume stands, To spread her Maker's praise abroad ; And ev'ry labor of his hands Shows something worthy of a God.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 But in the grace that rescu'd man, His brightest form of glory shines ;
Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn In precious blood, and crimson lines.</p> <p>3 Here his whole name appears complete ; Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
Which of the letters best he writ, The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.</p> <p>6 I would for ever speak his name In sounds to mortal ears unknown.
With angels join to praise the Lamb, And worship at his Father's throne.</p> | <p>4 Here I behold his inmost heart, Where grace and vengeance strangely join ;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart, To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.</p> <p>5 Oh ! the sweet wonders of that cross, Where God, the Saviour, lov'd and dy'd !
Her noblest life, my spirit draws From his dear wounds and bleeding side.</p> |
|---|---|

AIR.

Lord, how divine thy comforts are, How heav'nly is the place Where Jesus spreads the sacred feasts Of his redeeming grace ! Of his redeeming grace !

There the rich bounties of our God, And sweetest glories shine ; There Jesus says, that I am his, There Jesus says that I am his, And my beloved's mine.

There Jesus says that I am his, And

There Jesus says that I am his And

3 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord, And shews his wounded side)
See here the spring of all your joys, That open'd when I dy'd !
4 He smiles and cheers my mournful heart, And tells of all his pain :
All this, says he, I bore for thee, And then he smiles again.

7 To him who wash'd us in his blood Be everlasting praise ;
Salvation, honor, glory, pow'r, Eternal as his days.

5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King, For grace so vast as this ?
He brings our pardon to our eyes, And seals it with a kiss.
6 Let such amazing loves as these Be founded all abroad ;
Such favors are beyond degrees, And worthy of a God.

AIR. No. 687.

Tewksbury.

Hymn 12. L. M.

How rich are thy provi - sions, Lord ! Thy table furnish'd from above ! The fruits of life o'erspread the board, The

cup o'erflows with heav'nly love, The fruits of life o'erspread the board, The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

- 2 Thine ancient family, the Jews, Were first invited to the feast :
We humbly take what they refuse, And Gentiles thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame ; And help was far, and death was nigh !
But at the gospel call, we came, And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell, From paths of darknes and deffair ;
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell, Glad to enjoy thy presence here.

- 5 What shall we pay th' eternal Son, That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down, To bring us wand'ers back to God.
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives ; To buy our souls, it cost his own ;
And all the unknown joys he gives, Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due To him that ransom'd finners lost ;
And pity'd rebels, when he knew The vast expence his love would cost.

AIR. No. 688.

Hackinsac.

Hymn 13. C. M. 2 verses.

How sweet and awful is the place With Christ within the doors, While everlasting love displays The choicest of her stores.

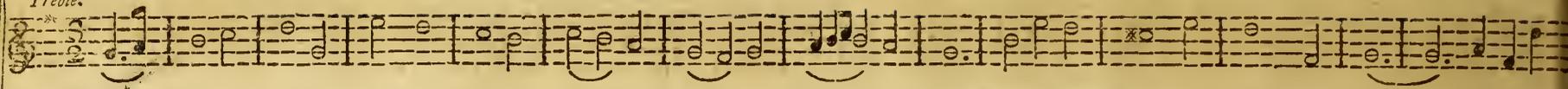
Here ev'ry bowel of our God With soft com - passion rolls ; Here peace and pardon bought with blood, Is food for dying souls.

- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs, Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues, " Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 " Why was I made to hear thy voice, And enter while there's room ?
" When thousands make a wretched choice, And rather starve than come ?"

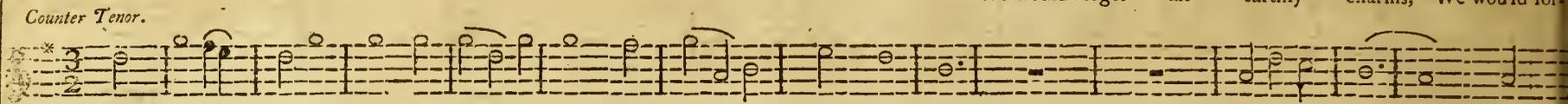
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweetly forc'd us in ;
Else we had still refus'd to taste, And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God, Constrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious word abroad ; And bring the strangers home.

7 We long to see thy churches full, That all the chosen race
May with one voice, and heart, and soul, Sing thy redeeming grace.

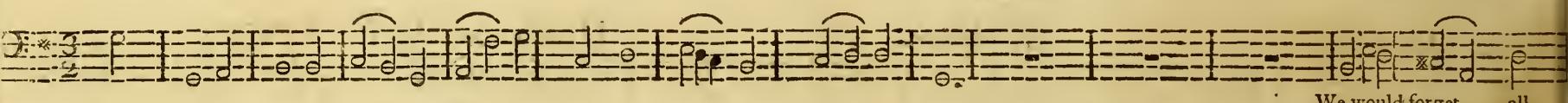
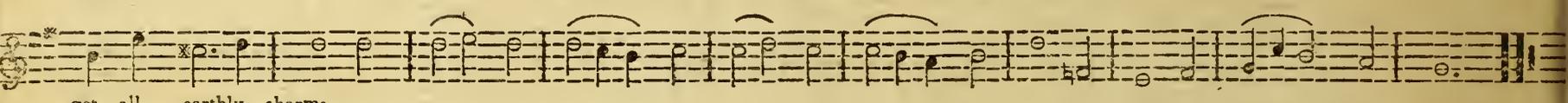
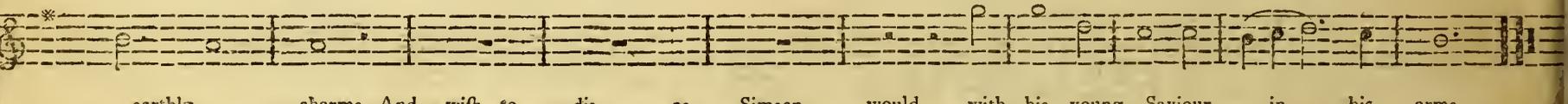
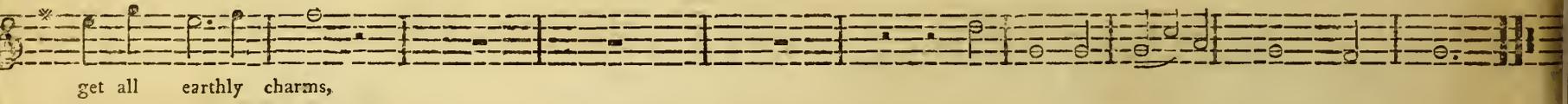
Treble.



Counter Tenor.



Tenor.


2 Our lips should learn that joyful song, Were but our hearts prepar'd like his :
 " Our souls still waiting to be gone, And at thy word depart in peace.
 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord, And view'd salvation with our eyes,
 Tasted and felt the living word, The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb, Hast set his blood before our face,
 To teach the terrors of thy name, And shew the wonders of thy grace.
 5 He is our light, our morning star Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;
 The glory of thine Israel here, And joy of spirits near the throne."

AIR.

The mem'ry of our dying Lord Awakes a thankful tongue : How rich he spread his royal board, And blest'd the food and fung. And blest'd, &c. Happy the men, who ate this bread, But doubly blest'd was he, That gently bow'd his loving head, And lean'd it, Lord, on thee. That gently bow'd his loving head, And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

- 3 By faith the same delights we taste, As that great fav'rite did, And sit and lean on Jesus' breast, And take the heav'nly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies, Hither the King descends ; " Come my beloved, eat, he cries, And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 " My flesh is food and physic too, A balm for all your pains : " And the red streams of pardon flow From these my pierced veins."
- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love, For such a feast below ! And yet he feeds his faints above With nobler blessings too.
- 7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour, That brings our souls to rest ; Then we shall need these types no more, But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.

No. 691.

Canterbury.

Hymn 16. C. M.

AIR. Now let our pains be all forgot Our hearts no more repine : Our suff'rings are not worth a thought, Lord, when compar'd with thine.

- 2 In lively figures here we see The bleeding Prince of Love ; Each of us hope he dy'd for me, And then our griefs remove.
- 3 Our humble faith here takes her rise, While sitting round his board ; And back to Calvary she flies, To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt When his own God withdrew ; And the large load of all our guilt, Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the divinity within, Supported him to bear : Dying he conquer'd hell and sin, And made his triumph there.
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought The wonders of that day ; No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought, Can equal thanks repay.
- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above, Could we our voices raise ; Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love, And all our lives be praise.

We sing th' amazing deeds, That grace divine performs ; Th' eternal Son comes down and bleeds To nourish dying worms.

AIR.

Sft. Loud.

This soul reviving wine, Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood ; We thank that sacred flesh of thine, For this immortal food.

3 The banquet that we eat, Is made of heav'nly things :
 Earth hath no dainties half so sweet As our Redeemer brings.
 4 In vain had Adam fought, And search'd his garden round,
 For there was no such blessed fruit In all the happy ground.
 5 Th' angelic host above Can never taste this food ;
 They feast upon their Maker's love, But not a Saviour's blood,

6 On us th' almighty Lord Bestows this matchless grace,
 And meets us with some cheering word, With pleasure in his face.
 7 Come, all ye drooping saints, And banquet with the King ;
 This wine will drown your sad complaints, And tune your voice to sing.
 8 Salvation to the name Of our adored Christ :
 Through this wide earth his grace proclaim, His glory in the high'st.

AIR.

At thy command, our dearest Lord, Here we attend thy dying feast; Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board, And thine own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

Soft.

Loud.

Soft.

Loud.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love, And trusts for life in one that dy'd; We hope for heav'nly crowns above, From a Redeemer, From a Redeemer crucify'd.

3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame, And fling their scandal on the cause;
We come to boast our Saviour's name, And make our triumphs in his cross.

4 With joy we tell the scoffing age, He that was dead has left his tomb,
He lives above their utmost rage, And we are waiting till he come.

No. 695.

Homerston.

Hymn 20. C. M.

Soft.

Loud.

Air. Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand, And sing the solemn feast, Where sweet celestial dainties stand, Where sweet celestial dainties stand, For ev'ry willing guest. For, &c.

- 2 The tree of life adorns the board With rich immortal fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming sword, To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice, The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use, In rivulets of love.

- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art, The pleasure's well refin'd ;
They spread new life through ev'ry heart, And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love, Ye faints that taste his wine ;
Join with your kindred faints above, In loud Hofannas join.

6 A thousand glories to the God That gives such joy as this ;
Hofanna ! let it sound abroad, And reach where Jesus is.

AIR. No. 696.

Swanzey.

Hymn 21. C. M.

Come, let us lift our voices high, High as our joys arise, And join the songs above the skies, And join the songs above the skies, Where
And join the songs, And join
And join

pleasure never dies, And join the songs above the skies, Where pleasure never dies. Where pleasure never dies.

- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled, And conquer'd when he fell ;
That rose, and at his chariot wheels, Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.
- 3 Jesus, the God, invites us here To this triumphal feast,
And brings immortal blessings down For each redeemed guest.
- 4 The Lord ! how glorious is his face ! How kind his smiles appear !
And oh ! what melting words he says To ev'ry humble ear.
- 5 " For you the children of my love, It was for you I dy'd ;
" Behold my hands, behold my feet, And look into my side.
- 6 " These are the wounds for you I bore, The tokens of my pains,
" When I came down to free your souls From misery and chains.

- 7 " Justice unsheath'd its fiery sword, And plung'd it in my heart ;
" Infinite pangs for you I bore, And most tormenting smart.
- 8 " When hell, and all its spiteful pow'rs, Stood dreadful in my way,
" To rescue those dear lives of yours, I gave my own away.
- 9 " But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd, I ruin'd Satan's throne ;
" High on my cross I hung and spy'd The monster tumbling down.
- 10 " Now you must triumph at my feast, And taste my flesh, my blood,
" And live eternal ages blest'd, For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious God ! what can we pay For favors so divine ?
We would devote our hearts away To be for ever thine.

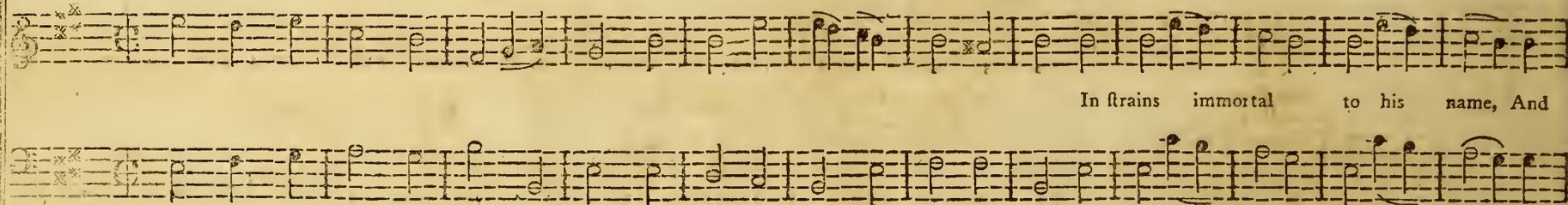
12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise, The tribute of our tongues ;
But themes so infinite as these Exceed our noblest songs.

Soft.

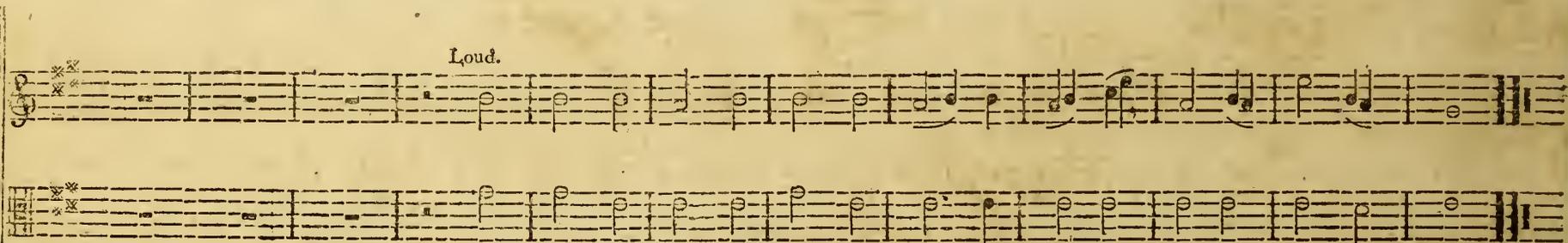


Our spirits join t'adore the Lamb, Oh, that our feeble lips could move.

AIR.



In strains immortal to his name, And



Loud.

In strains immortal as his name, And melting as his dying love!



melting as his dying love!

2 Was ever equal pity found? The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground, To ransom guilty worms from death.
3 Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws; He from the threat'ning sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance of his cross, And nail'd the curses to the tree.

4 The law proclaims no terror now, And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
From all his wounds new blessings flow, A sea of joy without a shore.
5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains, And heald our wounds with heav'nly blood.
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins Of Jesus our incarnate God.

6 In vain our mortal voices strive To speak compassion so divine:
Had we a thousand lives to give, A thousand lives should all be thine.

AIR.

Soft.

Loud.

Sitting around our Father's board, We raise our tuneful breath,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord, And dooms our sins to death,
Our faith beholds her dying Lord, And dooms our sins to death.

2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise ;
The sinner views th' atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heav'nly crowns ;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;
Our healing from thy wounds.

4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we,
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

AIR. No. 699.

Grafton.

Hymn 24. C. M. 2 verses.

Father, we wait to feel thy grace, To see thy glories shine : The Lord will his own table bless, And make the feast divine.

We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread, We drink the sacred cup ; With outward forms our sense is fed, Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,
And sprinkled with his blood.

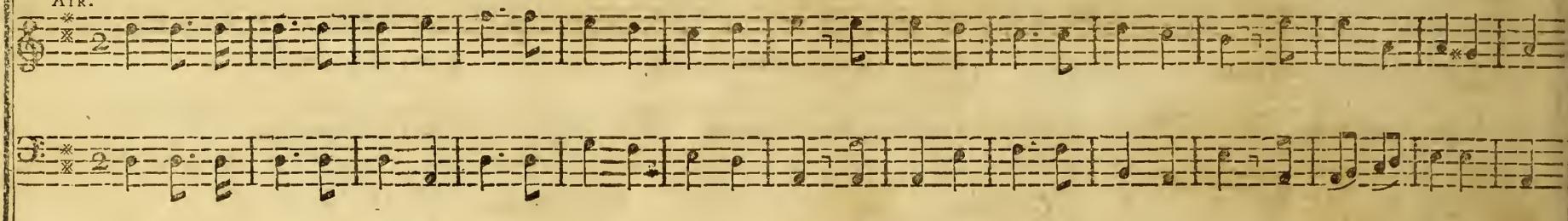
4 We shall be strong to run the race,
And climb the upper sky ;
Christ will provide our souls with grace,
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
For joy becomes a feast !
We love the mem'ry of his name,
More than the wine we taste.



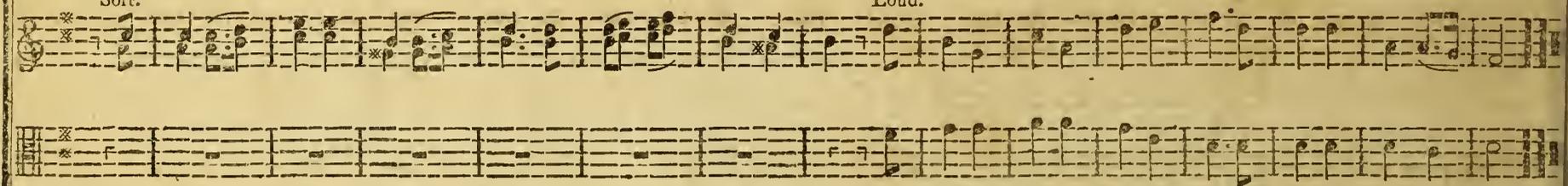
How are thy glories here display'd! Great God! how bright they shine; While at thy word, we break the bread, And pour the flowing wine.

AIR.

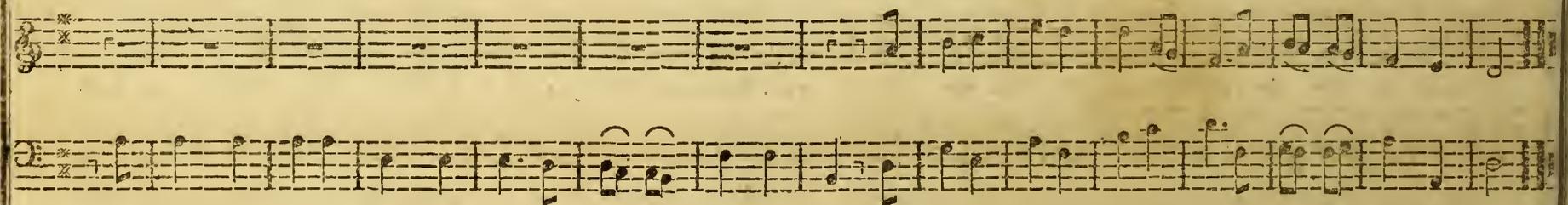


Soft.

Loud.



Here thy revenging justice stands, And pleads its dreadful cause; Here saving mercy spreads her hands Like Jesus on the cross.



3 Thy faints attend with ev'ry grace On this great sacrifice;
And love appears with cheerful face, And faith with fixed eyes.
4 Our hope in waiting posture sits, To heav'n directs her sight;
Here ev'ry warmer passion meets, And warmer pow'rs unite.

5 Zeal and revenge perform their part, And rising sin destroy;
Repentance comes with aching heart, Yet not forbids the joy.
6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to fight; Let sin for ever die:
Then shall our souls be all delight, And ev'ry tear be dry.

Gloria Patri.

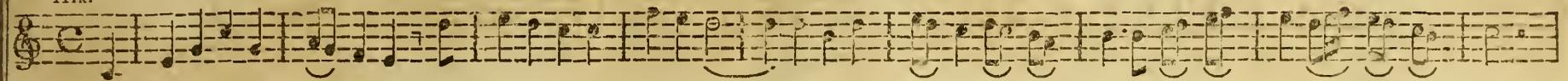
A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

No. 707.

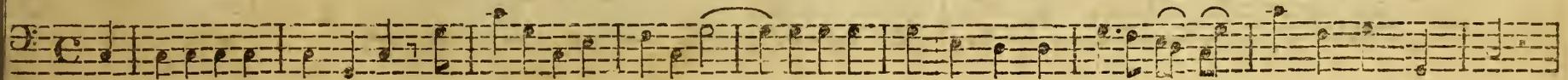
Augusta.

26. 1st L. M.

AIR.



Blest be the Father and his love, To whose celestial source we owe Rivers of endless joy above, And rills of comfort here below.



Glory to thee, great Son of God, From whose dear wounded body rolls A precious stream of vital blood, Pardon and peace for dying souls.



We give thee, sacred Spirit, praise, Who, in our hearts of sin and woe, Makes living springs of grace arise, And into boundless

glory flow. Thus God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit we adore, That sea of life and

love unknown, Without a bottom or a shore. That sea of life and love unknown, Without a bottom or a shore.

Who from our Chose out his

Glory to God the Father's name, Who from our sinful race, Chose out his fav'rites to pro-

Who from our to pro-

Who from, who from our Chose out his

Instrument.

fav'rites, Chose out his fav'rites, Chose out The

claim, to proclaim, Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim The honors of his grace. *Symphony.*

claim, to proclaim, Chose out The

fav'rite, Chose out his fav'rites, Chose out The

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
 Who dwelt in humble clay,
 And, to redeem us from the dead,
 Gave his down life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
 From whose almighty pow'r
 Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
 And bleis the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
 Th' eternal Three in One,
 Who by the wonders of his love,
 Has made his nature known.

AIR.

Let God the Father live Sinners from his first love derive, Sin-

Let God the Father live, For ever on our tongues, For ever on our tongues, Sinners from his first

Sin-

ners from his first love derive, first love derive,

love derive, Sinners from his first love derive The ground of all their songs, Sinners from his first love derive The ground of all their songs.

ners from his first love derive, first love derive,

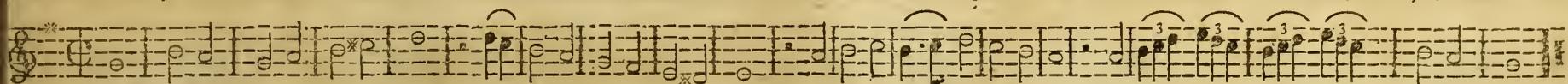
Sinners from his first love derive,

2 Ye faints employ your breath, In honor to the Son,
 Who brought your souls from hell and death, By off'ring up his own.
 3 Give to the Spirit praise Of an immortal strain,
 Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys Salvation down to men.

4 While God, the Comforter, Reveals our pardon'd sin,
 O may the blood and water bear, The same record within,
 5 'To the great One, and Three, That seal this grace in heav'n,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be Eternal glory giv'n.



AIR Glory to God the Trinity, Whose name has mysteries unknown: In essence One, in persons Three; A social nature, yet, alone.

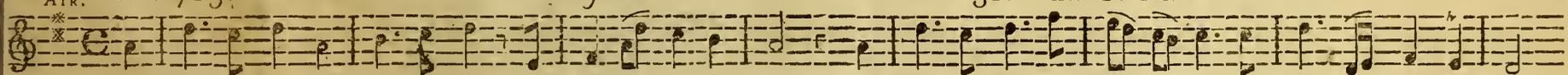


2 When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd, The honors of thy name to raise;
Thy glories over-match our mind, And angels faint beneath the praise.

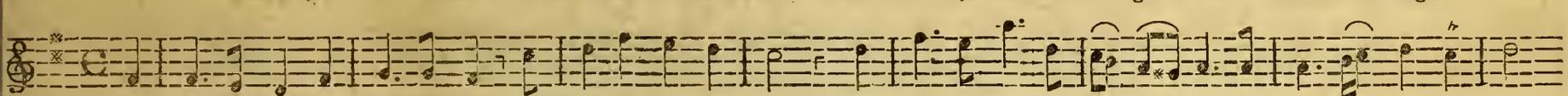
AIR. No. 705.

Norfolk.

30. 2d C. M.



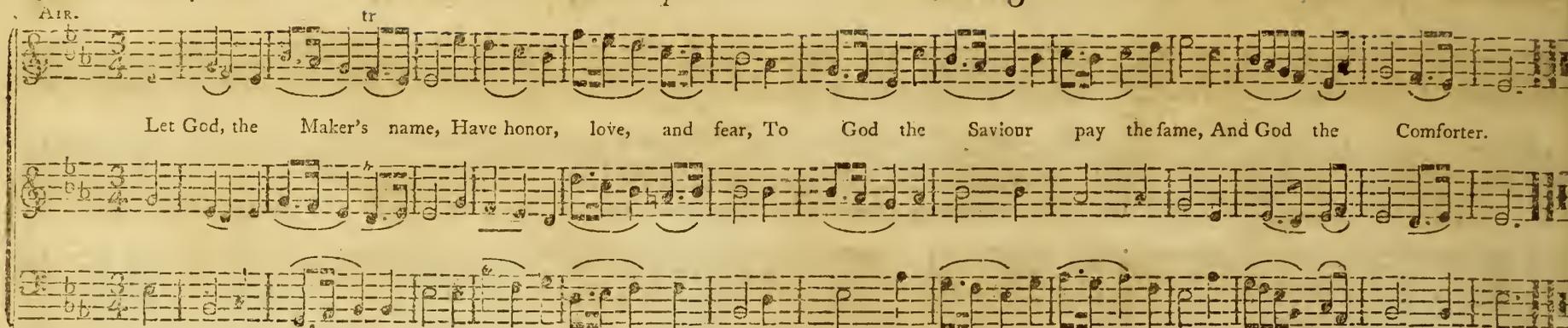
The God of mercy be ador'd Who calls our souls from death, Who saves by his redeeming word, And new creating breath.



To praise the Father, and the Son, And Spirit all divine, The One in Three, and Three in One, Let faints and angels join. Let faints and angels join.



AIR. tr



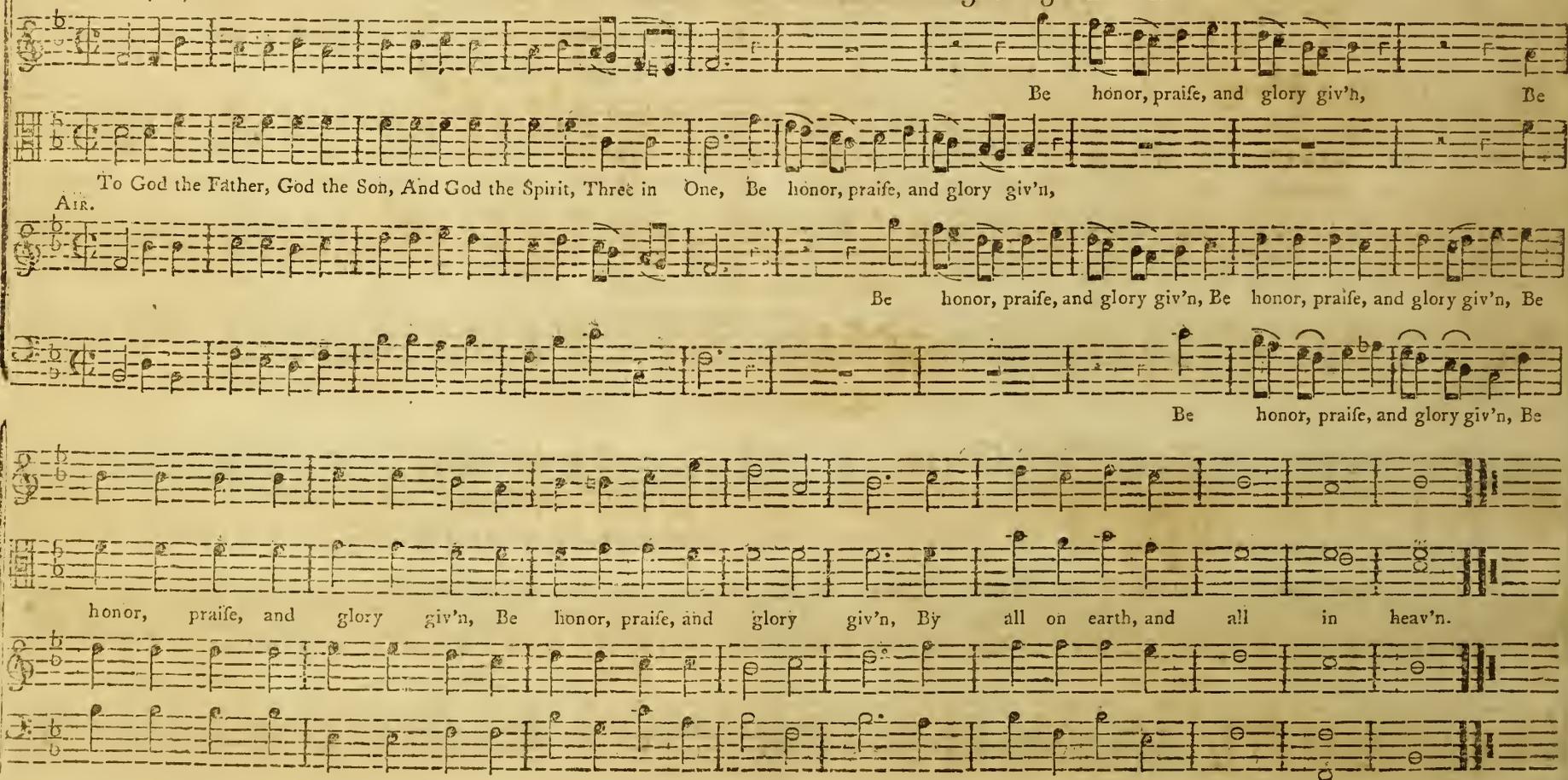
Let God, the Maker's name, Have honor, love, and fear, To God the Saviour pay the fame, And God the Comforter.

2 Father of lights above, Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love, And Spirit of thy pow'r.

No. 707.

Parthia.

32. 3d L. M.



Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n, Be

To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, Three in One, Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,

AIR.

Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n, Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n, Be

Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n, Be

honor, praise, and glory giv'n, Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n, By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

AIR.

All glory to the wond'rous name, Father of mercy, God of love : Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb, And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

No. 709.

Henriker.

34. 3d C. M.

Where there are works, Where Or faints to love the Lord, Or

Now let the Father and the Son, And Spirit be ador'd, Where there are works to make him known, Where there are works to make him known, Or faints to love the Lord.

AIR.

Where there are works to make him known, Where Or faints to love the Lord, Or

Where there are works to make him known, Where

AIR.

No. 710.

Wicklów.

35. C. M.

Honor to th' almighty Three, And everlasting One ; All glory to the Father be, The Spirit and the Son, The Spirit and the Son.

AIR.

Ye angels round the throne, And fairs that dwell below, Worship the Father, love the Son, And blefs the Spirit too.

AIR. No. 712. Farnham. 37. S. M.

Give to the Father praise, Give glory to the Son; And to the Spirit of his grace Be equal honor done.

AIR. No. 713. Westford. 38. H. M. Soft. Loud.

I give immortal praise To God the Father's love, For all my comforts here, And better hopes above. He sent his own Eternal Son, To die for sins That man had done.

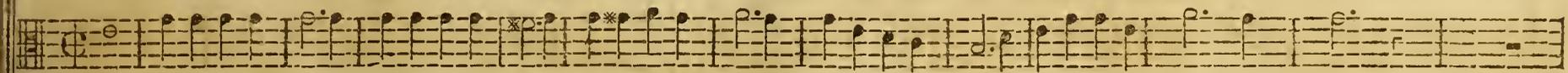
2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too;
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new creating pow'r
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes The great design,
And fills the soul With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honor done
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One;
Where reason fails With all her pow'rs,
There faith prevails, And love adores.



To him, who form'd our hearts anew, Be endless



To him, who chose us first Before the world began, To him, who bore the curse To save rebellious man ; To him, who form'd our hearts anew,

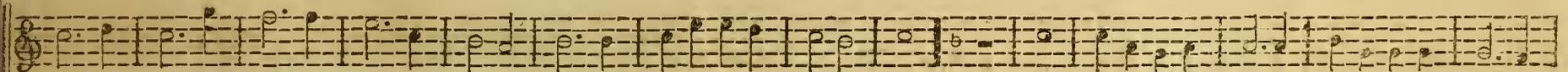
AIR.



To him, who form'd our hearts anew, Be



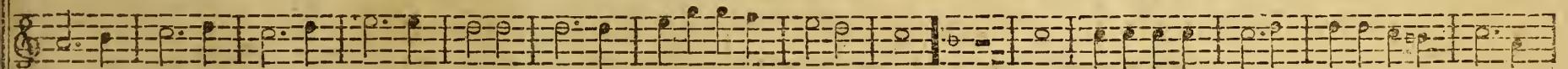
To him, who form'd our hearts anew,



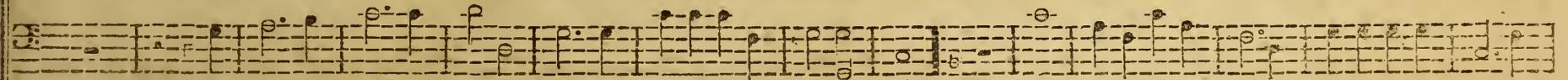
praise, Be endless, endless praise and glory due. Be



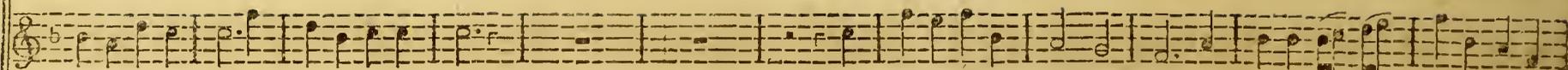
Be endless, endless praise and glory due. Be endless praise and glory due. The Father's love shall run Through our immortal songs, We



endless praise, Be endless praise and glory due. Be



Be endless praise and glory due. Be



Our lips address the Spirit's name,



bring to God the Son, Hosannas on our tongues ;

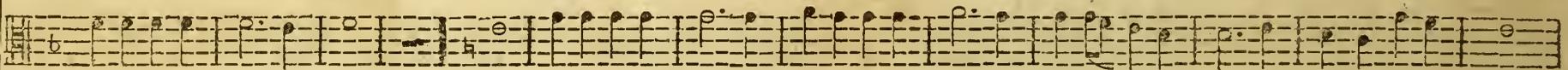
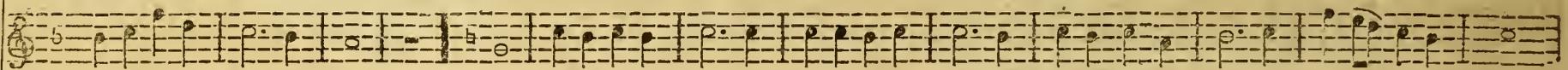
Our lips address the Spirit's name, the Spirit's name, With equal praise and zeal the fame. With



Our lips address the Spirit's name, Our lips address the Spirit's name,

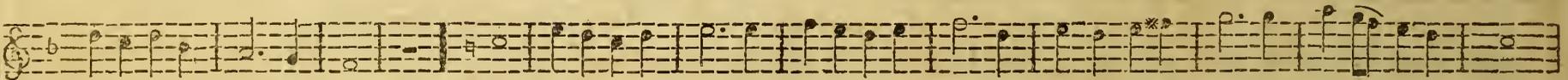


Our lips address the Spirit's name, Our lips address the Spirit's name, the Spirit's name,



equal praise and zeal the fame.

Let ev'ry faint above, And angels round the throne, For ever blest and love The sacred Three in One :



The first system of music consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The music is written in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and half notes.

Thus heav'n shall raise his honors high, When earth and time grow old and die.

The second system of music continues the piece from the first system, maintaining the same treble and bass staff arrangement and musical style.

AIR. No. 715. Shaftsbury. 40. 3d H. M.

The third system of music is the beginning of a new piece, 'AIR. No. 715. Shaftsbury. 40. 3d H. M.'. It features a treble staff with a treble clef and a 2/4 time signature, and a bass staff with a bass clef and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is more rhythmic, featuring eighth and sixteenth notes.

To God the Father's throne Perpetual honors raise; Glory to God the Son, To God the Spirit praise:

The fourth system of music continues the 'AIR. No. 715. Shaftsbury' piece, showing the continuation of the treble and bass staves.

The fifth system of music continues the piece, featuring trills (tr) above certain notes in the treble staff.

And while our lips Their tribute bring, Our faith adores The name we sing.

The sixth system of music continues the piece, with trills (tr) still present in the treble staff.

The seventh system of music concludes the piece, showing the final notes on both the treble and bass staves.

AIR.



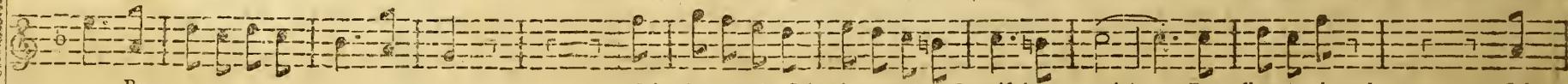
To our eternal God, The Father and the Son, And Spirit all divine, Three mysteries in one: Salvation, pow'r and praise be



Salvation, pow'r and praise be



giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n. Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n. Sal-



By Salvation, pow'r, Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n By all on earth and Sal-



vation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n By all on earth and all in heav'n.



vation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, By-



and praise be giv'n, Salvation, pow'r and praise be giv'n, By

The Hosanna,

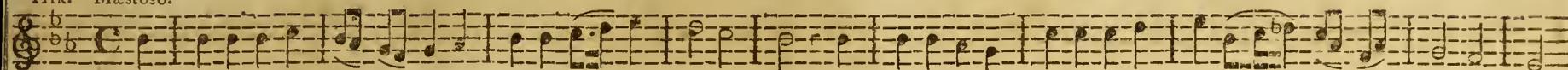
OR SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

No. 717.

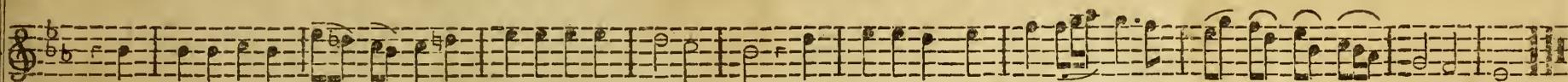
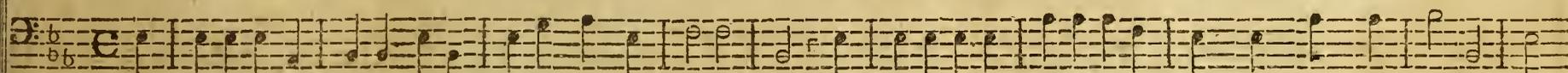
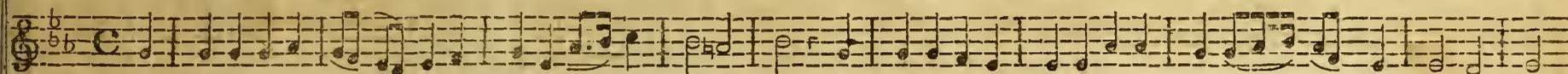
Wainfleet.

42. L. M.

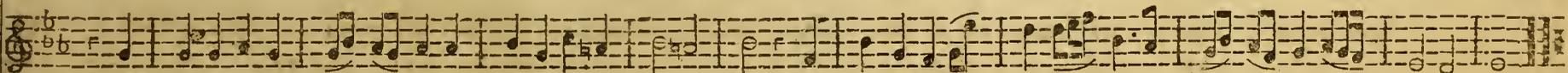
Air. *Mæstoso.*



Hofanna to King David's Son, Who reigns on a superior throne; We blefs the prince of heav'nly birth, Who brings falvation down to earth.



Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age, In this delightful work engage; Old men and babes in Sion fing, The growing glories of her King.



Air. tr Soft.

Hofanna to the Prince of grace, Sion behold, behold thy King; Proclaim the Son of David's race, And teach the babes to sing. Ho-

Loud.

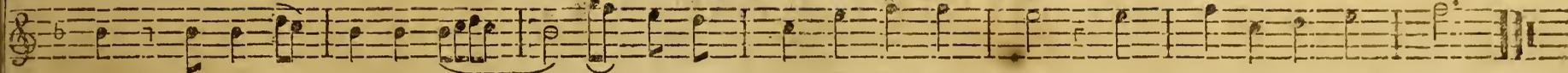
fanna to th'incarnate Word, Who from the Father came; Ascribe salvation to the Lord, With blessings on his name. With blessings on his name.

Air. Pia. For.

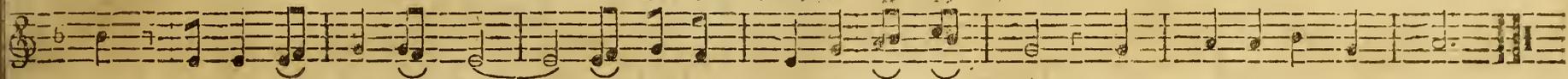
Hofanna to the Son Of David and of God, Who bro't the news of pardon down, Who bro't the news of pardon down, And bo't it with his

Pia.

For.



blood. And bo't it with his blood, Who bro't the news of pardon down, And bought it with his blood.



2 To Christ th' anointed King Be endless blessings giv'n ;
Let the whole earth his glory sing, Who made our peace with heav'n.

No. 720.

Princeton.

45. H. M.

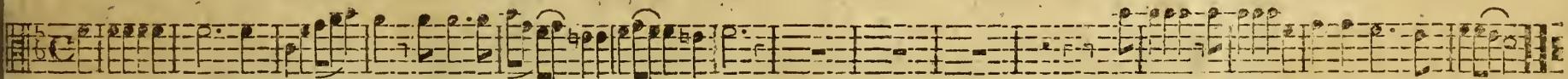
With Spirit.

Soft.

Loud.

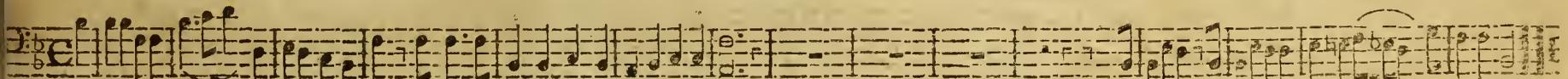
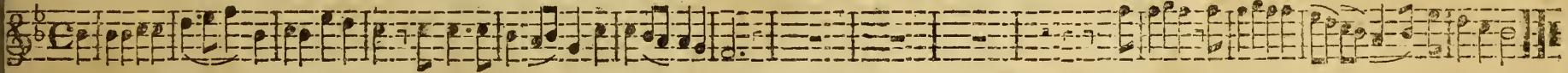


Let old and young attend his way, And at his feet their honors lay.



Hofanna to the King Of David's ancient blood, Behold he comes to bring Forgiving grace from God : Let old and young attend his way, And at his feet their honors lay.

AIR.



2 Glory to God on high, Salvation to the Lamb ;
Let earth, and sea, and sky His wond'rous love proclaim :
Upon his head Shall honors rest,
And ev'ry age Pronounce him blest.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

SUPPLEMENT.

The following Tunes are suited to Metres in *Dr. Belknap's* and *Tate & Brady's* Psalms and Hymns, which are not in *Dr. Watts's*.

AIR. No. 721. *Aithlone.* Psalm 54. 8, 8 & 6. Dr. Belknap's Coll.

Thy name, O God, my heart avows, Do thou my injur'd cause espouse, And be thy strength my aid; My fervent

cries in mercy hear, And let them by thy pitying ear With full regard be weigh'd.

With full
With full

AIR. No. 722. *Canada.* Psalm 64. L. M. 6's. Dr. Belknap's Coll.

O Lord, to our request give ear, And free our souls from hostile fear, For crafty men of impious mind Their pow'rs in secret league combin'd. With

factions rage their plots devise, And vent their malice mix'd with lies, And vent their malice mix'd with lies,

No. 723.

Hamden.

Psalm 23. L. M. 6 lines. Dr. Belknap's Coll.

AIR.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care ; His presence shall my wants supply And guard me

with a watchful eye : My noon day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

AIR.

Let God arise in all his might, And put his enemies to flight, As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies, Be

fore the rising tempest flies, Or wax, that melts before the fire, Or wax, that melts before the fire, So shall his fainting foes expire.

The musical score for 'Yadkin' consists of three systems of three staves each. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: 'Let God arise in all his might, And put his enemies to flight, As smoke, that sought to cloud the skies, Be fore the rising tempest flies, Or wax, that melts before the fire, Or wax, that melts before the fire, So shall his fainting foes expire.'

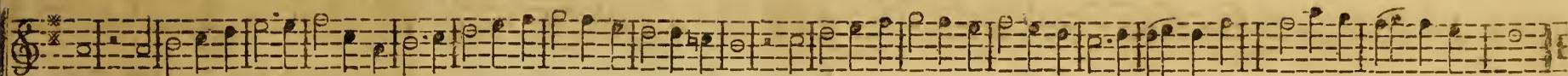
AIR. No. 725.

Verney.

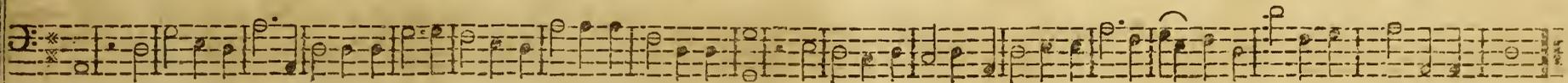
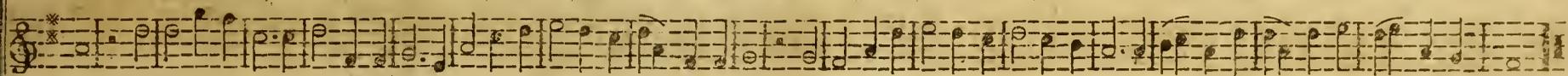
Psalm 104. Dr. Belknap's Coll.

Bless God, O my soul, Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice thy greatness proclaim, Surpassing in honor, Dominion and might, Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the

The musical score for 'Verney' consists of three systems of three staves each. The first system contains the first line of lyrics. The second system contains the second line of lyrics. The third system contains the third line of lyrics. The music is written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are: 'Bless God, O my soul, Rejoice in his name, And let my glad voice thy greatness proclaim, Surpassing in honor, Dominion and might, Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the'.



light. The sky we behold A curtain display'd, The chambers of heaven On waters are laid. The clouds are a chariot, Thy glory to bear, On winds thou art wafted, Thou ridest on air.



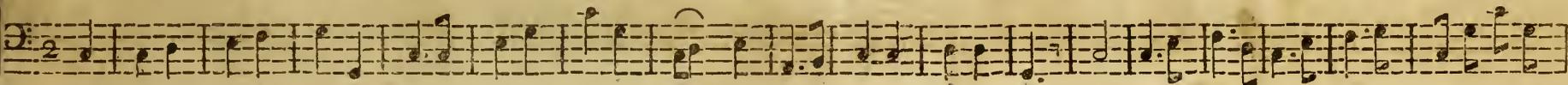
AIR. 726.

Bankton.

Psalm 148. 8, 8 & 6. Dr. Belknap's Coll.



Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay, Let each enraptur'd thought obey, And praise th' almighty name Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one melodious



concert rise To swell th' inspiring theme! Lo! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies, In one melodious concert rise, To swell th' inspiring theme!



Con Spirito.

Pia.

Sing to the Lord a new made song, Let earth in one assembled throng, Her common patron's praise resound; Sing to the Lord and blefs his

Mezza Forte.

CHORUS. For. Slow.

name, From day to day his praise proclaim, Who us has with falvation crown'd, To heathen lands his fame rehearse, His wonders to the universe.

AIR.

O praise the Lord, prepare your glad voice His praise in the great assembly to sing, In our great Creator let Iſr'el rejoice, And children of Zion be glad in their King. And, &c.

AIR.



Almighty King of heav'n above, Eternal source of truth and love, And Lord of all below, With rev'rence & religious fear, Permit thy suppliants to draw near,



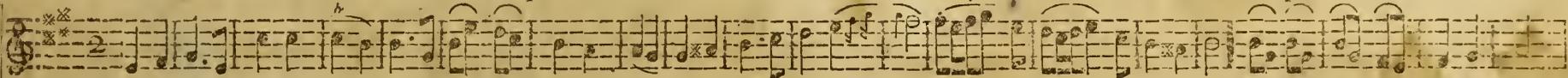
And at thy feet to bow. And at thy feet to bow.



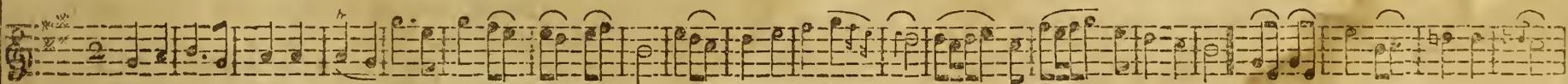
AIR. No. 730.

Conquest.

Hymn 17. 7's. Dr. Belknap's Coll.

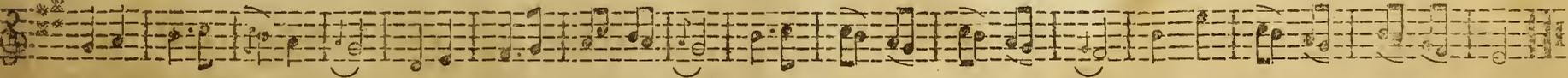


Angels roll the stone away, Death give up thy mighty prey ; See ! he rises from the tomb, Shining in immortal bloom : 'Tis the Saviour, angels raise

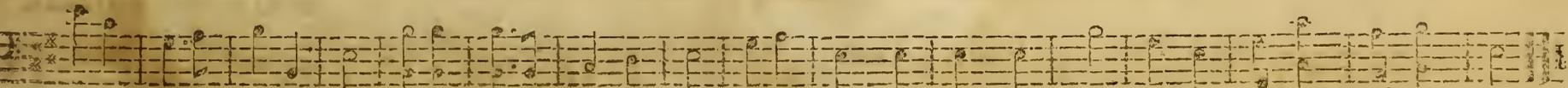
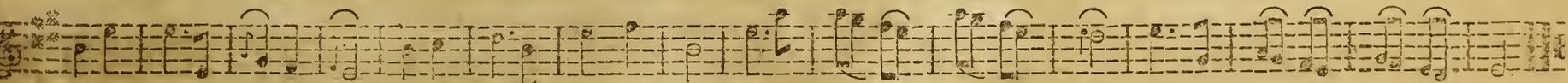


Pia.

For.



your triumphant song of praise ; Let the heav'n's remotest bound, Hear the joy inspiring sound. Hear the joy inspiring sound.



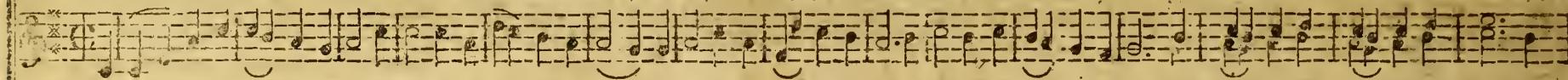
Air.

Pia.

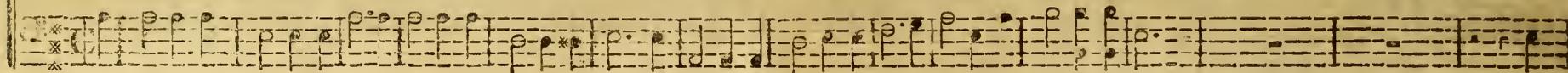


How cheerful along the gay mead, The daisies and cowslips are seen, The flocks, as they carelessly feed, Rejoice in the beautiful green.

Re-



The flocks as they carelessly feed,

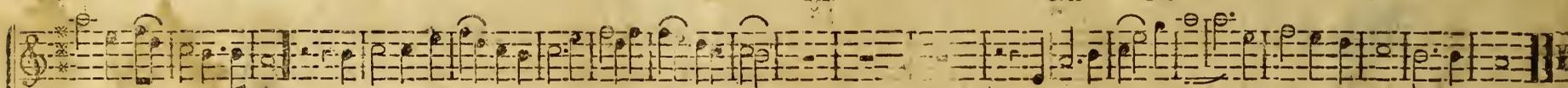


For.

Pia.

Cres

For.



joice in the beautiful green. The vines, that encircle the bow'rs, The herbage, that springs from the sod, All rise, all rise, all rise, all rise to the praise of my God.

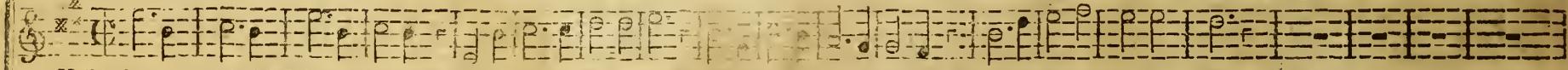


Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs all rise,



Air. Andante.

Pia.



Hail! thou once despised Jesus, Thou didst free salvation bring, By thy death thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.



By thy death thou didst release us



For.

Affettuoso.

Andante Pia.

From the tyrant's deadly sting, Hail, thou agonizing Saviour, Bearer of our guilt and shame! By thy merits we find

For.

favor, Life is given through thy name! By thy merits we find favor, Life is given through thy name!

No. 733.

St. Michaels.

Psalm 87. P. M. Tate & Brady.

AIR.

God's temple crowns the holy mount, The Lord there condescends to dwell His Sion's gates in his account, Our Israel's fairest tents excell:

Fame glorious things of thee shall sing O city of th' almighty King.

DOXOLOG.

Air. *Mestoso*,

Now unto Him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all, that we can ask or think. Unto Him be glory, glory, glory, in the

Unto him be glory in the

Unto Him be glory in the church, be glory in the

church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, World without end, world without end, world without end, amen. Unto Him be glory in the

church World without end, world without end, amen. Unto Him be glory in, be glory in the

church World without end, amen. be glory in the

church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages. World without end, a men amen, amen.

church World without end, amen, amen, amen.

church World without end, a men amen, amen.



ERRATA.

- PAGE.
- 3. 10th verse, for *yet* read *ye*.
 - 5. 3d Treble staff, 15th bar, the crotchet on C should be on B 3d line.
 - 8. 3d Treble staff, 4th bar, insert a natural before the crotchet on B.
 - 10. 2d Treble staff, 13th bar, insert a sharp before the minim F 1st space.
 - 10. 2d Bass staff, 2d bar, for a minim on D 3d line, insert a minim on G 4th space.
 - 11. 3d Air staff, 9th bar, for the crotchet B 2d line, insert a crotchet on D 4th line.
 - 12. 1st Bass staff, 11th bar, erase the point between the minims.
 - 14. 3d Air staff, 10th bar, the crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 22. 2d Verse, 4th line, read "Twas *never* with a *wicked* heart.
 - 23. 2d Air staff, 2d bar, the 2d crotchet should be B 3d line.
 - 24. 1st Treble staff, 2d bar, the 2d minim should be G 2d line.
 - 24. 1st Bass staff, 7th bar, the 2d crotchet should be G 4th space.
 - 25. 3d Treble staff, 5th bar, the 2d crotchet should be E 1st line.
 - 25. 3d Bass staff, 6th bar, the 3d crotchet should be A 1st space.
 - 30. 2d Air staff, 4th bar, the 4th quaver should be E 4th space.
 - 33. 2d Counter staff, 15th bar, insert a minim on D 4th space between the minims.
 - 35. 2d Air staff, 8th bar, the 1st crotchet should be E 4th space.
 - 40. 3d Treble staff, 18th bar, for the crotchet B insert a crotchet D 4th line.
 - 43. 4th Verse, 4th line, read "Vain are your *thoughts*, &c.
 - 44. 3d Treble staff, 7th bar, for the 2d natural insert a flat.
 - 46. 2d Bass staff, 2d bar, the 1st crotchet should be F 4th line.
 - 49. 2d Treble staff, 15th bar, the minim on B should be on A 2d space.
 - 50. 2d Treble staff, 3d bar, insert a sharp between the minims.
 - 51. The tune Walfall, 1st verse, 3d line, read "I would *survey*, &c.
 - 53. 3d Air staff, 1st bar, the 2d crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 62. 2d Treble staff, 10th bar, the 1st crotchet should be E 1st line.
 - 62. 3d Air staff, 4th bar, the 1st crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 68. 2d Treble staff, 6th bar, the 1st minim should be E 4th space.
 - 69. 14th Verse, 3d line, for *thy* read *my*, &c.
 - 71. 3d Air staff, 8th bar, for the natural insert a flat on B 2d line.
 - 74. Tune No. 133, 4th verse, read *counsels* fill.
 - 74. 3d Air staff, 2d bar, the 2d minim should be a crotchet.
 - 77. 1st Air staff, 10th bar, the slur must begin at the 3d crotchet.
 - 79. 1st Air staff, 5th bar, the minim should be a semibreve.
 - 79. The 8th verse, for *leads* read *leads*, &c.
 - 80. 3d Air staff, 15th bar, the 2d crotchet should be G space above the staff.
 - 83. 2d Air staff, 10th bar, erase the the words, *fees And*.
 - 91. 1st Treble staff, 5th bar, the 1st quaver should be B 3d line.
 - 91. No. 163, 7th verse, last line, read "Nor think the season long."
 - 92. 3d Treble staff, 22d bar, the crotchet should be A 2d space.
 - 94. 2d Bass staff, 1st bar, the crotchet should be G 4th space.
 - 96. No. 174, 9th verse, read "thy *wonders* oer."
 - 97. 1st Treble staff, 6th bar, insert a point after the minim.
 - 98. 3d Treble staff, last bar but one, insert a sharp between the minims on D 4th line.
 - 98. No. 179, 4th verse, erase the word *in*.
 - 99. 2d Air staff, 18th bar, the 1st crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 101. 1st Air staff, 5th bar, the semibreve should be A 2d space.
 - 101. 2d Treble staff, 12th bar, the 2d quaver should be E 1st line.
 - 101. 2d Bass staff, 17th bar, the 2d minim should be D above one ledger line.
 - 102. 2d Treble staff, 21st bar, the 4th crotchet on F should be E 4th space.
 - 104. No. 194, 3d verse, 3d line, read "While here forgot," &c.
 - 111. 3d Treble staff, 9th bar, the 4th crotchet should be G 2d line.
 - 114. 1st Treble staff, 3d bar, insert a sharp between the 1st and 2d crotchets.
 - 114. N. 207, verse 4th, for *accuat* read *account*.

- PAGE.
- 114. 3rd Treble staff, 17th bar, the 1st crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 118. 1st Bass staff, 14th bar, the 4th crotchet should be G 4th space.
 - 118. 3d Air staff, last bar, the 4th crotchet should be on D 4th line.
 - 118. 3d Bass staff, last bar, the 4th crotchet should be D 3d line.
 - 119. 2d Treble staff, 4th bar, insert a sharp between the semibreve and minim.
 - 121. No. 221, 2d verse, read "His mercy chose," &c.
 - 124. 1st bass staff, 7th bar, the 1st crotchet should be C one ledger line above the staff.
 - 140. 1st bass staff, 18th bar, the 2d minim should be on C 2d space.
 - 140. 2d bass staff, 10th bar, the 4th crotchet should be B the space above the staff.
 - 145. 1st bass staff, last bar, the semibreve should be F 4th line.
 - 159. 1st Air staff, last bar, the quaver should be C 3d space.
 - 171. 1st Treble staff, 3d bar, the 3d crotchet should be D space below the staff.
 - 174. 3d Air staff, 1st bar, the 2d minim should be F 5th line.
 - 183. 3d Treble staff, 16th bar, the minim should be C 3d space.
 - 184. 2d Treble staff, 12th bar, insert a natural between the two crotchets on B 3d line.
 - 214. 1st Treble staff, 9th bar, the last quaver should be A 2d space.
 - 230. 2d Air staff, 8th bar, the crotchet should be a minim.
 - 246. 2d Treble staff, 4th bar, for the natural insert a flat.
 - 254. 2d Treble staff, 1st bar, the minim should be E 1st line.
 - 256. 2d Air staff, 3d bar, the 1st crotchet should be on C 3d space.
 - 262. The 2d staff of the 2d Treble, 6th bar, the 1st quaver on A should be on C 3d space.
 - 263. No. 422 should be Hymn 70.
 - 265. 1st Treble staff, last bar but one, the 1st crotchet should be A 2d space (in some copies.)
 - 267. 3d Bass staff, 15 and 16th bars, the 1st crotchet in each bar should be D above the ledger line.
 - 280. 2d Bass staff, 7th bar, the last crotchet should be A 5th line.
 - 299. 3d Bass staff, 5th bar, the 2d minim should be on C 2d space.
 - 321. 1st Counter staff, 8th bar, the 4th quaver should be C 3d line.
 - 333. No. 533, last verse, for *grace* read *grace*.
 - 346. 2d Bass staff, 6th bar, for the 2d crotchet on D insert a crotchet on B 2d line.
 - 357. 3d Air staff, last bar, add a point after the crotchet.
 - 357. 3d Treble staff, last bar, make the 1st crotchet a quaver, and add a point after the 2d crotchet.
 - 363. 2d Treble staff, 7th bar, insert a sharp between the minims.
 - 364. 2d Air staff, 3d bar, erase the 1st sharp.
 - 366. 2d Treble staff, 5th bar, the last crotchet should be G 2d line.
 - 368. 3d Air staff, 2d bar, the 4th crotchet should be A 2d space.
 - 370. 3d Bass staff, 6th bar, the minim should be E 3d space.
 - 387. 1st Air staff, 12th bar, the 1st crotchet should be A 2d space.
 - 406. Instead of this sign C, insert the bar'd C, 2 beats.
 - 409. 2d Air staff, 3d bar, the 1st quaver, in some copies, should be C 2d space.
 - 413. 3d Bass staff, 7th bar, the 2d sharp should be a natural.
 - 416. 2d Bass staff, 4th bar, the 1st crotchet should be F 4th line.
 - 424. 1st Air staff, 7th bar, the 1st pointed crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 429. 1st Air staff, 2d bar, the 1st crotchet, should be D 4th line, and the 2d crotchet should be C 3d space.
 - 430. 2d Bass staff, 7th bar, the crotchet should be F 4th line.
 - 441. 1st Treble staff, 6th bar, the 3d crotchet should be G 2d line.
 - 459. 1st Air staff, 5th bar, the 1st crotchet should be D 4th line.
 - 462. 2d Bass staff, 6th bar, the 2d crotchet should be E 3d space.
 - 462. 3d Bass staff, 17th bar, the crotchet should be G 4th space.
 - Chapter 17th, page 20, 3d line from the bottom, in a few copies, for *connected* read *counted*.

	C. maj	<i>Dr. Nares,</i>	164	*Hillsborough, L. min	112	Luton	L, maj	<i>A. Williams' coll.</i>	195
Egremont,	L. min	<i>Dr. Arne.</i>	171	Harpwell, C, maj	116	†Ludlow	L, maj		208
England,	C. min	<i>W. Richardson,</i>	198	Harvard, L, maj	124	Marfield	L, min	<i>W. Billings,</i>	12
Fullingham,	C. min	<i>W. Knapp,</i>	15	*Harwich, S, maj	131	Monvert	s, maj	<i>A. Williams,</i>	25
*Fairlee,	C. maj		16	*Hedgebury, L, maj	145	Mentz	c, min	<i>Village Harmony,</i>	28
*Fanshaw,	C. maj		23	Hampstead, C, maj	147	Martins St.	c, maj	<i>W. Tansur,</i>	46
*Finmark,	C. maj		30	*Hezron, C, maj	163	Mowbray	c, maj	<i>Dr. Boyce,</i>	50
Fernay,	C. maj	<i>Har. Americana,</i>	42	Hackney, C, maj	166	Milesford	c, maj	<i>R. Broderip,</i>	66
Fordham,	C. maj	<i>B. Cuzens,</i>	48	Hispaniola, C, min	168	†Milham	c, min		76
Finland,	C. min	<i>Harmonia Sacra,</i>	71	Hague, C, min	181	Middleton	s, min	<i>J. Kimball, jr.</i>	76
Feverham.	L. maj	<i>Dr. Madan's coll.</i>	92	Humber, C, maj	200	Mahon	L, maj	<i>R. Taylor,</i>	86
Flintshire,	S. maj	<i>B. Cuzens,</i>	100	Illington, L, maj	20	†Medford	c, maj		144
Foundling,	C. maj	<i>Theo. Smith,</i>	105	*Inverness, C, maj	36	†Maroneck	c, min		144
Fairfield,	P. min	<i>J. Stephenson,</i>	149	§Incarnation, C, maj	127	Moriah	L, maj	<i>W. Heptinstall,</i>	152
*Fisbkill,	H. maj		172	John's St. C, maj	84	†Mortlake	P, maj		153
Fairfax,	L. min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	193	Kent	27	Madrid	c, maj	<i>J. W. Callcott,</i>	176
*Fairhaven,	C. maj		212	*Keppel, C, min	49	†Mendon	P, min		191
*Graham,	L. maj		2	Kentucky, S, maj	62	†Mizpeh	L, min		196
*Gilmore,	L. min		36	Kittering, L, maj	116	†Millton	s, maj		211
*Greenfield,	C. maj		45	Kettleby's, L, maj	201	Mansfield	s, maj	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	211
Geneva,	L. min	<i>B. Milgrove,</i>	94	*Lemnos, c, maj	1	†Northhill	c, min		4
Gosport,	L. maj	<i>J. Gelightly,</i>	100	*Lenwick, L, min	5	†Nahant	c, maj		19
Greenston,	C. min	<i>Harmonia Sacra</i>	114	*Lynnfield L, maj	18	†Northfield	c, min		96
*Groton,	L. maj		140	*Lyme L, maj	21	Newbury	c, min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	97
Germany,	P. maj	<i>Har. Americana,</i>	151	*Lincoln c, maj	24	†Northampton	L, maj		101
Gilfum,	L. min	<i>Hart,</i>	171	§Limford P, min	26	†Natick	L, maj		105
German,	L. min	<i>Dr. Madan's coll.</i>	180	Langton L, min	41	†Nottingham	L, min		111
*Greenburg.	L. maj		192	†Lampport c, min	50	†Narbath	c, min		114
*Harwell,	C. min		3	Liddington, L, maj	53	Northboro'	L, maj	<i>J. W. Callcott,</i>	117
Hingham,	C. min	<i>T. William's coll.</i>	13	†Leyden, L, min	54	†Norway,	L, maj		152
Helmsfont,	P. maj	<i>Har. Americana,</i>	26	Lafwell L, maj	60	Newent,	c, maj	<i>J. Scott,</i>	175
*Harwood,	C. maj		31	Leeds L, maj	74	†Orfet	c, maj		11
*Hollis,	C. maj		40	†Littleton c, min	93	†Orwell	c, maj		12
Hellens St.	P. maj	<i>Jennings,</i>	42	†Lempster s, min	94	†Oakham	L, min		18
*Harrisburg,	L. maj		59	†Lymefield P, min	104	†Orangedale	L, maj		29
Hertford,	C. maj	<i>H. E.</i>	71	†Leicester c, maj	107	†Oreby	L, min		44
Heybridge,	C. maj	<i>R. Broderip,</i>	72	†Lunenburg P, min	110	Orleans	L, maj	<i>Har. Americana,</i>	47
*Hadesf,	C. min		73	Leedham, s, min	115	Ofnaburg	L, maj	<i>Handel,</i>	58
Hatfield,	L. maj	<i>C. Burney,</i>	80	Lawrence St. c, min	119	Obedience	c, maj	<i>R. Broderip,</i>	66
Hillington,	C. maj	<i>T. N.</i>	81	London c, maj	129	Ofset	s, min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	79
*Heshbon,	C. min		87	Liberality c, maj	150	Ophel	c, min	<i>S. Long,</i>	119
*Hebron,	L. min		90	Loughton c, maj	161	Old Hundred	L, maj	<i>Martin Luther,</i>	132
Hills'	C. maj	<i>Harmonia Sacra,</i>	91	Lutterworth c, min	167	Okeingham	c, maj	<i>Harmonia Sacra,</i>	199
Harleigh,	C. maj	<i>Handel,</i>	103	Livonja L, maj	172	†Orville	L, maj		200
Harlech,	L. maj	<i>J. Darwell,</i>	104	†Lyndeboro' c, min	180	†Ontario	c, maj		203
Huddersfield.	C. maj	<i>Dr. Madan,</i>	109	†Ledbury P, maj	184	Plymouth	c, min	<i>W. Tansur,</i>	22

		PAGE			PAGE			PAGE			
†Peachum	c, min	45	†Stanwix	L, maj	86	Winchester	L, maj	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	35		
Prudence	c, maj	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	†Sherlock	c, maj	96	Woburn	L, min	J. Kimball, jr.	38		
Piermont	c, maj	do.	64	†Sterling	L, min	99	Walsfall	c, min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	51	
†Poplin	c, min	65	†Stoughton	L, maj	101	†Woodston	c, maj		52		
†Polehill	c, maj	71	Stephens St.	c, maj	<i>J. Husband,</i>	102	Winfield	c, min	<i>R. Broderip,</i>	63	
Pentonville	L, maj	<i>C. Lockhart.</i>	79	Sunderland	H, maj	<i>Essex Harmony.</i>	102	†Willbraham	L, min		66
†Providence	L, maj	80	†Shutesbury	c, min	114	Wantage	c, min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	78		
†Piedmont	c, min	88	†Savoy	P, maj	118	Wickham	c, maj	<i>W. Knapp,</i>	82		
Portland	c, maj	<i>Har. Americana.</i>	120	Silverstreet,	s, maj	<i>I. Smith,</i>	120	Workfop	c, min	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	90
Poland	c, maj	<i>J. W. Callcott.</i>	122	†Stamford	L, min		136	Wotton	s, min	<i>G. Breillat,</i>	100
Paul's St.	L, maj	<i>W. Selby.</i>	137	Seaman's Song	L, maj	<i>T. Williams' coll.</i>	141	†Westpoint	P, maj		111
†Pownal	L, maj		141	Stepney	s, maj	<i>R. Taylor.</i>	159	†Warwick	s, maj		130
†Palermo	c, maj		155	Stafford	s, maj	<i>D. Read.</i>	162	Walney	L, maj	<i>Tallis.</i>	146
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