Refound his Praise by whom you rose
That Sea, which never Ebbs or flows.

Yea Trees, whose Roots descend as low
As high in Air your Branches grow,
That pour a venerable Shade
For Thought and friendly Converse made:
Your leavy Arms to Heaven extend,
And bend your Heads, in Homage bend:
Cedars and Pines that wave above,
Waving adore your parent Jove.

No Evil can from thee proceed,
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed;
As Darkness is not from the Sun,
Nor mount the Shades till he is gone.
Even then the Pious on his guard
Stands undismay'd, for all prepar'd:
What'er befall, his Mind's at rest;
Since what thou fend'st, must needs be best.

O Father King, whose heavenly Face
Shines still serene on all thy Race,
Can we forget thy guardian Care,
How slow to punish, glad to spare!
We thy Magnificence adore;
We thy unceasing Aid implore;
Nor vainly for thy Help we call,
Nor can we want; for thou art ALL.

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Praise be to the Father given, Christ he gave
Us to save now the Heirs of Heaven.


O throw away thy Rod,
O throw away thy Wrath,
My gracious Saviour, and my God,
O take the gentle Path.
And wilt thou yet be found? And may I

Still draw near? Then listen to the plaintive

Sound of a poor Sinner's Prayer. Je-su thy

Aid al-ford, If...thee, my Lord, lift up

To thee, I look, to thee, my Lord, lift up

an help-less Heart.

JERICHO.

Commit thou all thy Grieves, and
Who points the Clouds their Course, whom

Ways into his Hands; to his sure Truth and
Winds and Seas o-bey; he shall di-rect thy

tender Care, who Earth and Heaven commands.
wandering Feet, he shall pre-pare the Way.

Thou on the Lord re-ly, so safe shalt thou go

on; fix on his Work thy stead-fast Eye, so

Shall thy Work be done. No Prer-

A 3 cont.
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Canst thou gain by self-consuming Care;
To him commend thy Cause, his Ear attends the softest Pray'r.

Bromswock Tune, to the 104th Psalm.

Father of Mankind, be ever ador'd,
Thy Mercy we find in sending our Lord:
To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness we praise,
For sending in Jesus Salvation by Grace.

St. Athol's.

A Collection of Tunes.


Ye happy Sinners, hear, the Prisoner of the Lord,
And wait 'till Christ appear, according to his Word.

Re-joyce in Hope, re-joyce with me,
We shall from all our Sins be free.


Jesus the Truth, the Way,
The Life in us appear, Thy
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Thy Glorious Arm display, and bring Salvation near;
The great Salvation thou hast wrought, above the Reach of human Thought.


There Je-sus art our King, thy con-fess,
Praise we sing; Praise shall our glad Tongue em-
ploy, Praise o'er-flow our grate-ful Soul, while

dans.}

A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

we vi-tal Breath en-joy, while e-
eternal A-ges roll.


Sa-viour if thy pre-cious Love,
Could be mer-i-ted by mine,
Faith these Mountains would re-move;

Faith would make me e-ver thine.
Holy Lamb, who thee receive, who in thee begin to live, Day and Night they cry to thee, As thou art, so let us be.


Heavenly Father, Sovereign Lord, Ever faithful to thy Word, Humbly we our Seal set to, Tremble and sing as in a world of peace.

A Collection of Tunes.


Christ the Lord, is ris'n to Day, Hallelujah, Sons of Men and Angels say, Hallelujah. Raise your joys and Triumphs high, Hallelujah, Sing ye.

Heav'n, and Earth re-joy, Hallelujah.

A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.
A Collection of Tunes.

**Frankfort Tune. Vol. 3. Page 221.**

Jesus shall I never be
Firmly grounded upon thee?
Never by thy Word abide,
Never in thy Wounds reside!

**Love Feast Tune. Vol. 2. Page 181.**

Come and let us sweetly join,
Give me all with one accord,
Christ to praise in, Christ to praise in
Glory to our, Glory to our

A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Hymns Divine,
common Lord.

Hands and Hearts and Voices raise,
Sing as in the ancient Days, ans-
---date the joys above, ce-
---brate the Feast of Love.


On God supreme our Hope depends.
Whole.
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Whole omni-present Sight,

Even to the Fath-less Realms ex-tends

Of un-created Night.


My Stock lies dead, and no In create

Does thy past Gifts im-prove:

O let thy Gra-ces with-out scale

Drop gen-er-ly from a-bove.

Bedford Tune. Vol. 3. P. 89.

The Lord unto my lord hath said,

Sit thou in Glo-ry, st.

Till I thine E-ne-mies have made

To bow be-neath thy Feet.


Sa-viour, who rea-dy art to hear (rea-

dier than I to pray) An-swer my fearc-ly

ut-ter'd Pray'r, and meet me on the Way.

Bedford

Marienborn


**A Collection of Tunes.**

**Marienborn Tune.** Vol. 1. Page 35.

Enslav'd to Sense, to Pleasure prone,

Fond of created Good;

Father, our Help-fulness we own.

And trembling taste our Food.

---


O thou, who when I did complain,

Didst all my Griefs remove,

---


O that thou wouldst the Heavens rest,

In Majesty come down!
A Collection of Tunes.
Continued.


Stretch out thine Arm Om-ni-po-tent,
And seize me for thine own.

And seize me for, and seize me for thine own.


Je-fu, thou art my Right-ou-nefs,
For all my Sins were thine,
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,
Thy Life hath made him mine.

Spot-leafs and Juf in thee. I am,
I feel my Sins for-giv'n;
I taste Sal-va-tion in thy Name,
And an-te-date my Heav'n.

On God supreme our Hope de-pends,
Whole om-ni-pre-sent Sight;
In-to the path-leafs Realms ex-ten ds,
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Of un-created Night:
Plung'd in Abyss of deep Distress,

To him we rais'd our Cry,

His Mercy bid our Sorrow cease,
And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.


Let Heaven and Earth agree,
The Father's Praise to sing,

Who draws us to the Son, that he
May us to Glory bring.


Who hath believe'd the Tidings? who?
Or felt the Joys our Words impart?
Gladly confess'd our Record true,
And found the Saviour in his Heart.

Cannon

Je—fu, thy Blood, and Righteous—nes,
My Beau—ty are, my glorious Dress.
'Midr flaming Worlds in these ar—ray'd
With joy shall I lift up my Head.

First German Tune. Vol. 2. Page 74.

I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing Blood,
To dwell within thy Wounds; then Pain


Je—fu! my Life, thy—self ap—ply,
Thy ho—ly Spi—rit breathe,
My vile Af—feclions cru—ci—fy,
Conform me to thy Death.

Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.


My Soul before thee prostrate lies,
To thee, her Source my Spirit flies,
My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see:
O let thy Presence set me free!


And can it be that I should gain
An Interest in the Saviour's Blood!

Second
Dy'd he for me?—who caus'd his Pain!

For me?—who him to Death pur-su'd.

A-ma-zing Love! how can it be,

That thou, my God, shoul'dst die for me.

\textit{Islington Tune. Vol. 2. Page 169.}

Bro-ther in Christ, and well-belov'd,

to Je-sus, and his Ser-vants dear,

\textit{Enter,}
A Collection of Tunes.
Continued.


Je-sus to thee, my Heart I bow,
Strange Flames far from my Soul re-move;
Fair-est a-mong ten thou-sand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.


Come. O thou Trav-er-ser un-known,
Whom


I will heark-en what my Lord shall
Hast thou not a gra-cious Word for

Whom still I hold, but can-not see, my
Company be-fore is gone, and I
am left a-lone with thee, with thee
all Night I mean to stay, and wrestle 'till
the Break of Day.
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Say concerning me,
One that waits on thee?

Speak it to my Soul, that I may in
Thee have Peace and Pow'r, never from my
Saviour fly, and never grieve thee more.


My Father, O my Father, hear
Now as a Servant I appear,

Thy weak-child's imperfect Call!
And yet thou know'st me Heir of all.

O make me know as I am known;

Speak, Father, am I not thy Son?


Jesus, the all-atoning Lamb,
Salvation in whom on-ly Name

Lover of lost Man-kind,
A sin-ful World can find:

I ask thy Grace to make me clean,

I come to thee, my God:
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

"Open, O Lord, for this Day's Sin

The Fountain of thy Blood.


No common Vision thus I see

In more than human Majesty!

Who is this mighty Hero, who,

With glorious Terror on his Brow?

His deep dy'd Crimson Robes out-vie

The Blushes of the Morning Sky:

Lo, how triumph-ant he appears

And Victory in his Vi-sage bears.


Fa-ther, if thou my Fa-ther art,

Send forth the Spirit of thy Son,

Breathe him in—to my pant-ing Heart.
And make me know as I am known:

Make me thy conscious Child, that I

May Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther cry.


Fa-ther of Light, from whom pro-ceeds Whose Goodness pro-vi-de-nt-ly nigh

What-e'er thy ev'-ry Crea-ture needs Feeds the young Ra-vens when they cry.

To thee, I look; my Heart pre-pare,

Sug-gest and heark-en to my Pray'r.

Ye Priests of God, whose hap-py Days Ye pi-o-nous Wor-ship-ers pro-claim

Are spent in your Cre-a-tor's Praise, With Shouts of Joy his ho-ly Name;

Still more and more his Fame ex-press! Nor sa-tis-fy'd with prai-ning, blest.

Let God's high Prais-es still re-found

Be-yond old Time's too scan-ry Bound,

And thro' e-ter-nal A-ges pierce,

From where the Sun first gilds the Streams

To where he sets with pret-ty Poesy,
A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.

Thro' all the wide-stretch'd Uni-verse.


O that thou would'st the Hea-veas rend!

O that thou would'st this Hour come down!

De-scend Al-might-y God, de-scend,

And strongly vin-di-cate thine own,

And strongly vin-di-cate thine own.

FINIS.