A Collection of Psalms and Hymns Tunes, Never Published before.

Price one Guinea bound.

To be had at the Park Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner.

Note: This Collection is Published for the Benefit of the Charity.
TO THE MOST NOBLE
PEREGRINE, DUKE OF ANCASTER,
PERPETUAL PRESIDENT.

GEORGE, Duke of Manchester,
JOHN, Marquis of Granby,
ANTHONY, Earl of Shaftesbury,
WILLIAM, Earl of Dartmouth,

| JOHN, Lord Monson, |
| LORD BROWNLAW BERTIE, |
| SIR RICHARD LYTTETON, |
| Knight of the Bath. |

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

AND TO THE REST OF THE

GOVERNORS of the Lock Hospital, near HYDE-PARK-CORNER,

To whom the Entire Copy of this Collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes is presented, as a Benefaction to the Hospital, that the Profits arising from the Sale of it, may be applied for the Benefit of the Charity.
My Lords and Gentlemen,

I HAVE at last, with no small Care and Trouble, compleated this Book of Tunes for the Use of the Chapel, and as the Publication of them may be of Service to the Charity, I must desire your Acceptance of the Entire Copy, hoping that by the Sale of this Music, some Addition may be made to your Fund, for maintaining and promoting the Charitable Work, which you have undertaken. It's Prosperity will ever give me Pleasure, as will every Opportunity of contributing towards it.

I should be extremely ungrateful, was I not, upon this Occasion, to acknowledge the Obligations which the Charity lays under, to Messrs. Giardini, Vento, Alessandri, Worgan, Burney, Arnold, and the other great Masters, who have embellished the Work, by their excellent Compositions and Corrections.

I should hope that all Music-Sellers and Printers will observe, that the Property of this Music is now vested in You for the Benefit of the Charity, and that the Poor Objects who are-sharing your Bounty, will have no Reason to complain of their being injured by Surreptitious, and Piratical Impressions.

I am,

Knightsbridge,
August 18, 1769.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

M. MADAN.
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The Second Advent

He comes! He comes! the Judge severe.
The seventh Trumpet speaks him near.
His Lightnings flash, his Thunders roll.
He's welcome to the faithful Soul.
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome.
Welcome to the faithful Soul.

2
From Heav'n angelic Voices sound,
Son the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the Saviour's Face.
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory decks the Saviour's Face.
Descending on his Azure Throne.
He claims the Kingdoms for his own;
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him their triumphant Lord.

4
Shout all the People of the Sky.
And all the Saints of the Most High;
Our God, who now his Right obtains,
For ever and for ever Reigns;
Ever, ever, ever, ever, and for ever Reigns.

5
The Father praise, the Son adore.
The Spirit blest for evermore;
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome Thee Great Three in One!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome Thou Great Three in One!
Patient's Tune

Ye Servants of God, whose diligent Care, Is ever employed in Watching and Pray'r.

With Praise unceasing Your Jesus proclaim, Rejoicing and blessing His excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to His House,
And lift up your Hands, And pay him your Vow.
And whilst ye are giving Your Jesus his Due,
The Lord out of Heaven Shall sanctify you.
Lock Tune

Yea, Servants of God, Your Master proclaim, And publish abroad His wonderful Name. The Name all-victorious of Jesus exalt; His Kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, Almighty to save, And still he is nigh, His Presence we have, The great Congregation His Triumph shall sing, Acribing Salvation To Jesus our King.

Salvation to God, Who sits on the Throne, Let all cry aloud, And honour the Son: Our Jesus's Praises The Angels proclaim, Fall down on their Faces, And worship the Lamb.

Then let us adore And give him his Right, All Glory and Power, And Wisdom, and Might; All Honour and Blessing, With Angels above, And Thanks never ceasing, And infinite Love.
Blendon

1. Jesus my all, to Heaven is gone, He whom I fix my Hopes upon; His Track I

fee, and I'll pursue the narrow Way, till Him I view.

2. The Way the holy Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,
The King's Highway of Holiness
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

3. No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lover of the World and Sin,
No Lion, so devouring, Care,
No Sin, nor Sorrow shall be there.

4. No, nothing may go up thereon,
But trav'ling Souls, and I am one;
Way-faring Men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the Way be found.

5. This is the Way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My Grief a Burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.

6. The more I strive against it's Pow'r,
I find and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say
"Come hither, Soul, I am the Way."

7. Lo! glad I come, and Thou bless'd Lamb,
Shalt take me to Thee as I am.
Nothing but Sin I Thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.

Then wilt I tell to Sinners found,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming Blood,
And say, "Behold the Way to God!"
Dorset

How sad our State by Nature is, Our Sin how deep it stains! And Satan binds our Captive Souls Fast in his

Fia. for his Chains, But there’s a Voice of Sovereign Grace Sounds from God’s sacred Word; Ho! ye despairing

Fia. for Sinners, come And trust upon the Lord. Ho! ye despairing Sinners, come And trust upon the Lord.

2

O may we hear th’Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief;
We would believe thy Promise, Lord,
O help our Unbelief!
To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
Teach us, O Lord, to fly;
There may we wash our spotted Souls
From Crimes of deepest Dye!

Stretch out thine Arm, victorious King,
Our reigning Sins subdue;
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With his infernal Crew.
Poor, guilty, weak, and helpless Worms,
Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteousness,
Our Jefus and our All!
Wandsworth

1. O Sun of Righteousness arise, With Healing in thy Wings;
   To my fainting Soul Thy Light Salvation brings.

2. These Clouds of Pride and Sin dispel
   By thine all-piercing Beam,
   Lighten mine Eyes with Faith, my Heart
   With holy Hope inflame

3. My Mind by thy all quickning Pow'r
   From low Desires set free,
   Unite my scatter'd Thoughts, and fix
   My Love entire on Thee.

4. Father, thy long-lost Son receive;
   Saviour, thy Purchase own;
   Blest Comforter, with Peace and Joy
   Thy new-made Creature crown.
**Hotham**

Jesu, Lover of my Soul, let me to thy Bosom fly, While the nearer Waters roll, while the Tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the Storm of Life is past; Safe into the Haven guide, O Receive O Receive O Receive my Soul at last.

Other Refuge have I none,
Hangs, my helpless Soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my Trust on Thee is stay'd,
All mine Help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless Head
With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
More than All in Thee I find:
Raise the Fallen, cheer the Faint,
Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Just and Holy is thy Name,
I am all Unrighteousness!
Vile and Full of Sin I am,
Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our Sin:
Let the healing Streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my Heart,
Rise to all Eternity!
Hymn to the TRINITY

Come thou Almighty King, Help us thy Name to sing, Help us to Praise! Father All-glorious,

O'er All Victorious! Come, and reign over us, Antient of Days!

Jesus our Lord arise, Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our sure defence be made—
Our Souls on Thee be stay'd—
Lord hear our Call!

3
Come Thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy Mighty Sword—
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People blest,
And give thy Word success,
Spirit of Holiness
On us descend!

4
Come Holy Comforter,
Thy Sacred Witness bear,
In this glad Hour!
Thou who Almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And never from us depart,
Spirit of Power!

5
To the Great One in Three
Eternal Praisies be
Hence—Evermore!
His Sov'reign Majesty
May we in Glory see,
And to Eternity
Love and Adore!
Knightbridge

Almighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r exert, The Mountain from my Soul remove.

Almighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Pow'r exert, The Mountain from my Soul remove.

The Hardness of mine Heart: My most obdurate Heart subdue, In Honour of thy Son, And now the gracious Wonder shew, And take away the Stone. And take away the Stone.

I want a Principle within
Of jealous, Godly Fear;
A Sensibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near:
I want the first Approach to feel
Of Pride or vain Desire,
To catch the Wand'ring of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more thy Goodness grieve;
The filial Awe, the fleshly Heart,
The tender Conscience give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God, my Conscience make,
Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake!
Rondeau

Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace, My God, my heavenly King! Let

Age to Age thy Righteousness In Sounds of Glory sing.
Age to Age thy Righteousness In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
Thro' the whole Earth his Goodness shines,
And every Want supplies;
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord!
How slow thine Anger moves!
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
But soon He sends his pard'ning Word,
To cheer the Soul He loves.
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace.

With longing Eye thy Creatures wait
On Thee, for daily Food;
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
The liberal Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace.
Love divine

Breathèr, O breathe thy loving Spirit,
Into ev'ry troubled Breast.
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised Rest.
Take away the Foul of Sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Not our Hearts at Liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy Life receive,
Suddenly return, and never
Never more thy Temples leave.
There we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thou hast above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finish their thy new Creation,
Pure, unbotted may we be.
Let us see thy great Salvation,
Perfectly restored by Thee.
Changel'd from Glory into Glory,
Till in Heaven we take our Place,
'Till we cast our Crowns before Thee.
Lost in Wonder, Love, and Praise.
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night, We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light; While

Loft guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears, 'Till the atoning Blood appears; Then they awake from deep Distress, And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns, Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains; He sets the Prisoner free, and breaks The iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in Thee possest,
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness:
Thou art our mighty All, may we Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to Thee.
The Penitent

When with my Mind devoutly press Deity SAVIOUR my revolving Scepter World
too the Power the power the power of changing Grace

This Tongue with Blasphemies defiled,
Throes Ears that pleas'd could entertain,
The Midnight Oath the lustful Strain,
When round the festive Board,

These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In Heav'ly League agree,
Now deaf to all th'enchanting Noise,

Who could believe such Lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways,
Avoid the Throng detest the Jaws,
And with the silent Word,

Should ever lead to Thee
Should ever lead to Thee
Should ever lead to Thee
And pronto hear thy Word


These Eyes that once abused their Sight,
These Eyes that once abused their Sight,
These Eyes that once abused their Sight,
That droopy Thing refine,

Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,
Now lift to thee their wat'ry Light,
Now Grace doth Nature's Strength controul,

And weep a silent Flood,
And now thou dost transform thy Heart,
And weep a silent Flood,
And a new Creature Body Soul,

These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r,
These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r,
These Hands ascend in ceaseless Pray'r,
Are LORD for ever thine

O wash away the Stains they wear,
O wash away the Stains they wear,
O wash away the Stains they wear,
Now Grace doth Nature's Strength controul,

In pure redeeming Blood
In pure redeeming Blood
In pure redeeming Blood
And a new Creature Body Soul,
A - rise my Soul with Wonder see What Love di - vine for thee hath done Be - hold thy
Sor - row Sin and Grief Are laid on GOD'S E - ter - nal SON Are laid on
GOD'S E - ter - nal SON

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
Did e'er such Love, such Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so bright a Crown.

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.
Rockingham

He is a God of Sov'reign Love That promis'd Heav'n to me And taught my

Thoughts to soar a-bove Where happy where happy where happy Spirits be

Prepare me Lord for thy right Hand

Then come the joyfull Day

Come Death and come celestial Band

To bear my Soul away

Then my Beloved take my Soul

Up to thy blest Abode

That Face to Face I may behold

My SAVIOUR and my GOD
Lo! He comes with Clouds descending
Once for favour'd Sinners slain
Thousand thousand Saints attending
Swell the Triumphant Train
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him,
Rob'd in dreadful Majesty,
Those who sat at nought and sold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True MESSIAH see

3
Ev'ry Island Sea, and Mountain,
Heaven and Earth shall flee away,
All who hate Him, must, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day,
Come to judgment
Come to judgment come away

Now Redemption long expected,
See in solemn Pomp appear
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the Air
Hallelujah
See the Day of GOD appear

Yea! Amen Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own
O come quickly
Hallelujah Come,LORD come
This GOD is the GOD we adore our faithful unchangeable Friend Whose Love is as great as his

Pow'r and neither knows measure nor end. 'Tis JESUS the first and the Last Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home. We'll praise him for all that is past. And trust him for all that's to come.
Pastoral Hymn

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

When in the sultry Globe I faint, Or on the thirsty Mountain pant, To fertile Vales and dewy Meads, My weary wand ring Steps he leads, Where peaceful Rivers soft and flow, Amid the verdant Landship flow.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread, With gloomy Horrors overspread, My steadfast Heart shall fear no ill, For thou O LORD, art with me still, Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid, And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way, Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray, Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile, The barren Wilderness shall smile, With sudden Greens & Herbage crown'd, And Streams shall mumble all around.
When I travaile in Distresse Or Grief of any Kind Burden'd with un-
seasnings Or Anguish on my Mind One sweet Ray of Heavenly Light Dif-
pels the
Clouds which intervene Turns to Day the gloomy Night And quite re-
news the Scene

My Complaints with Speed remove,
My Sorrows turn to Joy,
Songs of Melody and Love,
Again my Tongue employ,
Then I find the resting Place,
To all the carnal World unknown,
There I taste the glorious Peace,
Felt by the Saints alone
Birkenhead

Who hath our report believed SHILOH come is not received Not received by his

own Promis'd Branch from Root of JESSE DAVID's Offspring sent to blest ye Comes too Meekly to be known

Tell me O thou favour'd Nation,
What is thy fond Expectation,
Some fair spreading lofty Tree,
Let not worldly Pride confound thee,
Mong the lowly Plants around thee,
Mark the Lowest that is He.

Like a tender Plant that's growing,
Where no Waters friendly flowing,
No kind Rains refresh the Ground,
Drooping dying we shall view Him,
See no Charms to draw us to Him,
There no Beauty will be found.

Lo MESIAH unspected,
MAN of Grief's Desp'rd Rejected,
Wounds his Form disfiguring,
Marr'd His Village more than any,
For He bears the Sins of Many
All our Sorrows carrying.

No deceit His Mouth had spoken,
Blameless He no Law had broken,
Yet was number'd with the Worf
For because the LORD would grieve him,
We who saw it, did believe Him,
For his own Offences curst.

But while Him our Thoughts accused,
He for Us, alone was bruised,
Stricken smitten for Our Guilt,
With His Stripes Our Wounds are cured,
By His Pains Our Peace afferred
Purchased with the Blood He spilt.

Love amazing so to mind us,
Shepherd come from Heav'n to find us,
Silly Sheep all gone astray,
Lost Undone by our Transgressions,
Worth than stript of all Possessions,
Debtors without Hope to pay.
Chilton

Thou GOD of Glorious Majesty to Thee against my self to Thee. A Worm of Earth I cry An

half a waken'd Child of Man An Heir of endless Bliss or Pain A Sinner born to die

Lo on a narrow Neck of Land,
Twixt two unbounded Seas I stand,
Secure insensible,
A Point of Time a Moment’s Space,
Removes me to that heavenly Place,
Or shuts me up in Hell.

O GOD mine inmost Soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful Heart,
Eternal Things impress,
Give me to feel their solemn Weight,
And tremble on the Brink of Fate,
And wake to Righteousness.

Before me place in dread array,
The Lord of that tremendous Day,
When Thou with Clouds shalt come,
To judge the Nations at thy Bar,
And tell me LORD shall I be there,
To meet a joyful Doom.

Be this my one great Business here,
With serious industry and Fear,
My future Bliss t’insure,
Thine utmost Counsel to fulfill,
And suffer all thy righteous Will,
And to the End endure.

Then SAVIOUR then my Soul receive,
Transported from the Vale to live,
And reign with Thee above,
Where Faith is sweetly lost in Sight,
And Hope in full supreme Delight,
And everlasting Love.
O JESU our LORD Thy Name be adored for all the rich Blessings for
all the rich Blessings convey'd thro' thy Word convey'd thro' thy Word,
In Spirit we trace,
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And cheerfully join in a Comfort of Praise.

The ANCIENT OF DAYS,
His Glory displays,
And shines on his Chosen with cherishing Rays.

The Trumpet of GOD,
Is sounding abroad,
The Language of Mercy Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they,
Who hear and obey,
And share in the Blessings of this Gospel Day.

The People who know,
The SAVIOUR below,
With burning Affection to worship him. Glow.

Their Anguish and Smart,
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

This Blessing is mine,
Thro' Favour divine,
But O my REDEEMER the glory he thine.

The Work is of Grace,
Thine thine be the Praise,
And mine to adore Thee and tell of thy Ways.
Buxton

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Power,
Sing how He intercedes above,
For those whose Sins He bore.

Sing till we feel our Hearts,
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Song.

Sing on your Heavenly Way,
Ye ransomed Sinners sing,
Sing on rejoicing every Day,
In Christ the eternal King;

Soon shall ye hear,
Ye blessed Children come,
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'ers home.
Huddersfield

My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r And Shield art thou O LORD I firmly Anchor

Andante
My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r And Shield art thou O LORD I firmly Anchor

all my Hopes On thy unerring Word On thy unerring Word

2
Engrav'd as in eternal Brass,
The mighty Promise shines;
Nor can the Powers of Darkness rase,
Those Everlasting Lines.

The Sacred Word of Grace is strong,
As that which built the Skies,
The Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promises.

3
My hiding Place my Refuge Tow'r,
And Shield art Thou O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word.

4
When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
E'en then, shall this be all my Plea:
"Jesus hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me!"

3

Bold shall I stand in that great Day
For who ought to my Charge shall lay,
Fully thro' Thee absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

4

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

5

This spotless Robe the same appears
When rust'd Nature sinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of Christ is ever new.

6

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice.
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress,
Jesus, the Lord our Righteousness.
When I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain is lost,
And poor in Him I rich am made.

Gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy Blood.
Redeeming Love

No. 2
Ye who see the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.

Ye alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves of Death and Sin,
Now from Bliss no longer rove;
Stop— and taste Redeeming Love.

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Banish all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curse remove,
Cursed by Redeeming Love.

He subdu'd th'Infernal Powers,
His tremendous Foes and ours
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then your Psalms bring
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hymns above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.
Scarborough

What shall we render unto Thee, Glorious Lord of Life and Power, Teach us to bow the humble knee, Teach us with thankful heart, To adore; To praise Thee, to praise Thee, as the Hosts above, To praise Thee, to praise Thee for thy wondrous Love.

When like lost sheep we wander'd wide, And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye; When borne along the tempestuous tide, Of this world's sin and vanity; Our Jesus from the Heavens came down, To save us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree To seek and save the lost He came There was He bound to set us free From Death and everlasting Shame; The captive Flock from Hell was freed; And ransomed when their Shepherd bled.

After the Father's awful Throne; Our merciful High-Priest, He stands, And interceding for his own, The purchase of Remnant now demands, His People's everlasting Friend, Who loving—loves them to the End.

May we his banished ones rejoice, Him for our Lord and God to own, To take Him as our only Choice, And cleave to Him in Love, alone; Be growing up in Holiness, Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound, And every Tear be wiped away; No Sin, No Sorrow shall be found; No Night o'er-cloud the endless Day. O Praise Him! all beneath, above, O Praise Him! Praise, the God of Love!
**Brighthelmstone**

**Andante**

O Lord, how great's the favour! That we, such sinners poor, Can thro' thy Blood's sweet favour Ap

O Lord, how great's the favour! That we, such sinners poor, Can thro' thy Blood's sweet favour Ap

proach thy Mercy's Door, To find an open Passage Un.to the Throne of Grace, There wait the Welcome proach thy Mercy's Door, To find an open Passage Un.to the Throne of Grace, There wait the Welcome

Message That bids us go in Peace. There wait the Welcome Message That bids us go in Peace.

(2)

Lord we are helpless Creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defiled by nature,
Stupid, and inly dead.

Our strength is perfect weakness,
And all we have is sin,
Our hearts are all uncleanness,
A den of thieves within.

(3)

In this forlorn condition,
Who shall afford us aid!
Where shall we find compassion,
But in the Church's head.

Jesus, thou art all pity,
Oh take us to thine arms,
And exercise thy mercy,
To save us from all harms.

(4)

We'll never cease repeating
Our numberless complaints,
But ever be entertaining
The glorious King of saints.

Till we attain the image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful homage
With all the saints above.

(5)

Then we with all in glory
Shall thankfully relate
Thamazing, pleasing story,
Of Jesus' love so great.

In this blest contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such consolation
As none below can tell.
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 sore Temptations mean,
    For He hath felt the same.

He, in the Days of feeble Flesh,
    Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meas'ure feels afresh
    What every Member bears.

3

He'll never quench the smoaking Flax,
    But raise it to a Flame,
The bruised Reed He never breaks,
    Nor scorns the meanest Name.

Then let our humble Faith address,
    His Mercy and his Power;
We shall obtain delivering Grace
    In the distressing Hour.
Waybridge

Lord where shall guilty Souls retire Forgotten and unknown. In Hell they meet thy vengeful Ire. In Heaven thy glorious Throne.

2 Should they suppress their vital Breath, To escape the Wrath Divine. Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death, And make the Grave resign.

3 If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light They fly beyond the West. Thine Hand, which must support their Flight, Would soon betray their Rest.

4 If o'er their Sins they seek to draw The Curtains of the Night, Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law, Would turn the Shades to Light.

5 The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour, Are both alike to Thee; O may we ne'er provoke that Pow'r From which we cannot flee!
Allegro

Our little Bark on boisterous Seas By cruel Tempest toft Without one cheerfull beam of Hope Expecting

Our little Bark on boisterous Seas By cruel Tempest toft Without one cheerfull beam of Hope Expecting

N.B.: The Hallelujah to be Sung only at the End of the fifth and sixth Verses.

to be loft. Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Amen.
to be loft. Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Amen.

1
We to the Lord in humble Pray'r
Breath'd out our sad Distress
Tho' feeble, yet with contrite Hearts
We beg'd return of Peace.

2
With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace,
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and (O amazing Love)!
"He came to our Relief."

3

4
The Stormy Winds did cease to blow
The Waves no more did roll
And soon again a placid Sea
Spoke Comfort to each Soul.

5
Oh! may our grateful, trembling Hearts
Sweet Hallelujahs sing
To Him, who hath our lives preserved
Our Saviour and our King.

Let us proclaim to all the World
With Heart and Voice again
And tell the Wonders he hath done
For us the Sons of Men.
Salvation! O the joyeful Sound! What Pleasure to our Ears! A sovereign Balm for every Wound, A Cordial for our Fears. A sovereign Balm for every Wound, A Cordial for our Fears.

Salvation! let the Echo fly
The spacious Earth around
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound!
O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God! Come, wash us in thy cleansing Blood; Give us to know thy Love, then Pain is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be For ever clo'd to all but Thee; Seal Thou our Breasts, and let us wear That Pledge of Love for ever there.

How can it be, thou heav'nly King That thou shouldst Man to Glory bring! Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne, Deck'd with a never-fading Crown!

Ah Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought, To know the Wonders thou haft wrought, Unloose our stammering Tongue to tell Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren Thou, To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow; Help us to Thee our All we give, Thine may we die, thine may we live!
Hallowed be the Name, draw nigh, ('Tis God invites the fallen Race)

Mercy and free Salvation buy, Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel-Grace.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'ring, home.
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountain rise!
For you in healing Streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, Sin-sick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the Gift of God receive,
Pardon, and Peace, in Jesus find.
Windsor
Andante

The Lord of Sabbath let us praise In Concert with the Blest, Who Joyful in harmonious Lays Employ an
endless Rest, employ an endless Rest. Who, Joyful in harmonious Lays Employ an endless Rest.

Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By Hymns of Praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.

He rises, who Mankind hath bought
With Grief and Pain extreme;
'Twas greater to speak the World from Nought—
'Twas greater to redeem!

On this glad Day a brighter Scene
Of Glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
This Universe was made.
Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and Men with Love.

To purge our Sins, Christ shed his Blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God such Love could show.
Plimouth

O God our Help in Ages past, Our Hope for Years for Years to come, Our Shelter from the Stormy Blast.

And our eternal Home, Before the Hills in Order stood, Or Earth received its Frame, From everlasting thou art God, To endless Years the same.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight Are as an Ev'ning gone Short as the Watch that ends the Night Before the rising Sun.

The b Ivy Tribes of Flesh and Blood, With all their Cares and Fears, Are carry'd downward by the Flood, And lost in following Years.
Edgcumbe.

My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so? Awake my slumbering soul:

Nothing hath half thy work to do; yet nothing's half so dull.

For

Work to do; yet nothing's half so dull. Yet nothing's half so dull.

(2)

Go to the Ants—for one poor grain
See how they toil and strive;
Yet we who have a Heaven to obtain,
How negligent we live.

(3)

We for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our Good;
How careless to secure that Crown,
He purchased with his Blood.

(4)

Lord shall we live so sluggishly still,
And never act our Parts;
Come Lord thy gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

(5)

Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vigorous Souls to rise;
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love,
To fly and take the Prize.
Son of God! thy Blessing grant, Still supply my every Want, Tree of Life thine Influence shed;

Son of God! thy Blessing grant, Still supply my every Want, Tree of Life thine Influence shed,

With thy Sap my Spirit feed, With thy Sap my Spirit feed, With thy Sap my Spirit feed.

With thy Sap my Spirit feed, With thy Sap my Spirit feed, With thy Sap my Spirit feed.

Tend'rest Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die:
Weak as helpless Infancy
O confirm my Soul in Thee.

Unsustained by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help me in every Moment need.

All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me! save me to the End!
Give me the continuing Grace
Take the everlasting Praise.
Bramham

O tell me no more of this World's vain Store: The Time for such Tri-fles the Time for such

Tri-fles the Time for such Tri-fles, With me now is 'der With me now is 'der.

A Country I've found, Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd, On that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe, In Paradise live
And me in that Number, Will Jesus receive.

My Soul don't delay, He calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, And bless the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know What He can bestow,
What Light, Strength, & Comfort; Go after Him, go.

And when I'm to die, "Receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me, I cannot say why.

And now I'm in Care My Neighbours may share
Thiefs Blessings, To seek them, Will none of you dare.

In Bondage O why! And Death will you lie,
When One here assures you Free Grace is so nigh.
Hail great Immanuel! Balm-\-my Name thy Praise the ran-\-som\-\-d will pro-\-claim. We

For the Physician call We own no o-\-ther cure but thine; Thou the de-\-li-\-verer di-

--vine! our Health! our life our all!

--vine! our Health! our life our all!
Yarmouth.

Come ye that love the Lord, And let your Joys be known, Join in a Song with sweet Accord, While ye surround the Throne, The

Sorrows of the Mind Be banished from the Place; Religion never was designed To make our PLEASURES less. Re-

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But Children of the heavenly King Will speak their Joys abroad.

The Men of Grace have found Glory begun below; Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground. From Faith and Hope may grow.

The Hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred Sweets, Before we reach the heavenly Fields Or walk the golden Streets.

Then let our Songs abound. And every Tear be dry We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground To fairer Worlds on high.
Fever'sham

Come let us ascend, My Companion and Friend, To a Taste of the Banquet above If thine Heart be as

mine, If for Jesus it pine, Come up in to the Chariot of Love, Come up in to the Chariot of Love.

Who in Jesus confide, They are bold to outride The Storms of Affliction beneath: With the Prophet they fear To that heavenly Shore, And outfly all the Arrows of Death.

By Faith we are come To our permanent Home, By Hope, we the Rapture improve: By Love we still rise, And look down on the Skies For the Heav'n of Heavens is Love!

Who on Earth can conceive How happy we live In the City of God the great King! What a Concert of Praise, When our Jesus's Grace, The whole heavenly Company sing!

What a rapturous Song When the glorify'd Throng, In the Spirit of Harmony join! Join all the glad Choirs, Hearts, Voices and Lyres, And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

Hallelujah they cry To the King of the Sky, To the great everlasting I am, To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
Pelham

My Soul, repeat his Praise, Whose Mercies are so great:

My Soul, repeat his Praise, Whose Anger is so slow to rise, So ready to abate.

High as the Heavns are raised above the Ground we tread, So far the Riches of his Grace, Our highest thoughts exceed.

The Pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his Name;
Is such as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning Flower;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

But thy Compaisions, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise true,
My Soul, repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great, &c.
Shaftesbury  

Re-joyce, the Lord is King: Your Lord and King a-dore: Mortals give Thanks and sing, And tri-umph
Chorus

Jesu the Saviour reigns,  
The God of Truth and Love;  
When he had purged our Stains, 
He took his Seat above:  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

His Kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n;  
The Keys of Death and Hell  
Are to our Jesu given:  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

He sits at God's Right Hand,  
Till all his Foes submit,  
And bow to his Command,  
And fall beneath his Feet:  
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,  
Jesu the Judge shall come,  
And take his Servants up  
To their Eternal Home:  
We soon shall hear the Archangel's Voice,  
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

Set by W.B.
Shrewsbury

Holy Lamb, who Thee receive, Who in Thee begin to live, Day and Night they cry to Thee, As Thou art, so

Pia

let us be! Fix, O fix each warring Mind, To thy Cross our Spirit bind; Earthly Passions far remove,

let us be! Fix, O fix each warring Mind, To thy Cross our Spirit bind; Earthly Passions far remove,

Perfect all our Souls in Love

(4) Dust and Ashes tho’ we be
Full of Guilt and Miser
y;
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

(5) Boundless Wisdom, Power divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine;
Praise by all to Thee be given
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heaven.
We give immortal Praise, immortal Praise To God the Father's Love; For all our Comforts here, And better Hopes a-bove, and better

Hopes a-bove, He sent his own e-ternal Son, To die for Sins that Man had done. To die for Sins that Man had done.

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.

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.

Almighty God, to Thee Be endless Honours done; The undivided Three And the mysterious One. Where Reason fails With all her Pow'rs, There faith prevails And love adores.

Almighty God to Thee to Thee
Montpelier

Glory be to God on High. God whose Glory fills the Sky; Peace on

Glory be to God on High. God whose Glory fills the Sky; Peace on

Chorus.

Earth to Man forgiven; Man the well be loved of Heav'n. Glory be to

Earth to Man forgiven; Man the well be loved of Heav'n. Glory be to

2

Christ our Lord and God we own,

Christ the Father's only Son,

Lamb of God for Sinners slain.

Saviour of offending Man. Chorus

Glory be to God on high. &c.
Xmas

Lift up your Heads in joyful Hope, Salute the happy Morn; Salute the happy Morn; Each Heavenly Pow'r proclaims your glad
Hour; Lo Jesus the Saviour is born. Lo Jesus the Saviour is born.

All Glory be to God on high,
To Him all Praise is due;
The Promise is seal'd,
The Saviour's reveal'd,
And proves that the Record is true,
Let Joy around like Rivers flow,
Flow on, and still increase;
Spread o'er the glad Earth
At Jesus his Birth,
For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Now the Good-will of Heaven is shewn
Towards Adam's helpless Race,
Messiah is come
To ransom his Own,
To save them by infinite Grace.
Then let us join the Heavens above
Where hymning Seraphs sing,
Join all the glad Pow'rs,
For their Lord is Ours,
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.
Be \{\textit{r}e\textit{d}ee\textit{m}er\}, \textit{dying Lamb}, \textit{We love to hear of Thee}, \textit{No Music like thy charming Name}, \textit{Nor}

(2) O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak,
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great Melchisedec.

(3) Our Jesus shall be still our Theme,
While in this World we stay,
We'll sing our Jesus's lovely Name,
When all Things else decay.

(4) When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favoured Throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our Song.
What shall we render unto Thee, Thou glorious Lord of Life and Power! Teach us to bow the humble Knee, Teach us, teach us with Thankfulness to adore; To praise Thee as the Saints above.

When like lost Sheep, we wander'd wide, And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye; When borne along the tempestuous Tide, Of this World's Sin and Vanity; Our Jesus from the Heavens came down, To save us by His Grace alone.

(2)  He bore our Sins upon the Tree (To seek and save the lost He came) There was He bound to let us free From Death and everlasting Shame; The captive Flock from Hell was freed, And ransomed when their Shepherd bled.

(3)  Before the Father's awful Throne, Our merciful High-Priest, He stands, And interceding for His own, The purchased Remnant now demands, His People's everlasting Friend, Who, loving, loves them to the End.
May we, his banish'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him, in love alone;
Be growing up in Holiness;
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin, no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endless Day.
Oh praise Him! all beneath above,
Oh praise Him! Praise the God of Love!

Reading

Set by T. H.

All things besides which charm the Sight are shadows tipt with Glow-worm light are shadows tipt—-with Glow-worm Light.

Thy beauty Lord then ruptured Eye which fully views it first must die then let me die thro'

Death to know that Joy I seek in vain below that Joy I seek in vain below.
Happy the Heart, where Graces reign, Where Love inspires the Breast! Love is the
Brightest of the Train. And perfects 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
When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above.
Then shall we tune our golden Harp:
And ev'ry Note be—Love.
Praise the Lord, who reigns above, And keep his Court below, Praise the holy God of Love, And all his Greatness:

Praise the Lord, who reigns above, And keep his Court below, Praise the holy God of Love, And all his Greatness:

For.

Praise Him for his noble Deeds, Praise Him for his matchless Power; Him from whom all Good proceeds, Let Heaven and Earth adore. Let Heaven and Earth adore.

Publish, spread to All around,
The great Immanuel's Name,
Let the Trumpets' martial Sound
Him Lord of Hosts proclaim:
Praise Him every tuneful String,
All the Resplendent Arts,
All the Powers of Music bring,
The Music of the Heart.

2

3

Him, in whom they move, and live.
Let every Creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King;
Hallowed be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth adore,
Praise the Lord in every Brest;
Let all Things praise the Lord.
Praise ye the Lord, y'immortal Choir, That fill the Realms above; Praise Him who form'd you of his

Fire, And feeds you and feeds you with his Love: Shine to his Praise, ye crystal Skies, the Floor of his a

bode, Or veil in Shades your Thousand Eyes, Before before your brighter God.
Thou restlest Globe of golden Light,  
Whose Beams create our Day,  
Join with the Silver Queen of Night  
To own your borrow'd Rays:  
Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud,  
Thro' the ethereal Blue;  
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,  
He makes his Wheels of you.

Thunder and Hail and Fire and Storms,  
The Troops of his Command,  
Appear in all your dreadful Forms,  
And speak his awful Hand:  
Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,  
In your eternal Roar;  
Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,  
And Shore reply to Shore.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,  
To him that bids you grow;  
Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines  
On ev'ry thankful Bough:  
Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,  
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:  
Echo the Glories of your King,  
Thro' all the Nation round.

Meet and right it is to sing, Glory to our God and King: Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,  
To rehearse his solemn Praise. Meet in ev'ry Time and Place,  
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,  
Angels help the cheerful Sound;  
Publish thro' the World abroad  
Glory to th'eternal God.

Praises here to Thee we give,  
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive;  
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,  
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd!

Tho' th'injurious World exclaim,  
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;  
Saviour, Thee we ever bless,  
Thee our Lord and God confess.
Leicester

Sweet is the Work, O God, our King
To praise thy Name, give thanks, and sing:

Light, and talk of all thy Truth by Night.
Sweet is the Day of Sacred Rest,
No mortal care should

feize our breast. O may our hearts in tune be found, like David's Harp, of solemn sound.

2
Our hearts should triumph in Thee, Lord.
And bless thy works, and bless thy word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine.
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3
O may we see, and hear, and know.
What mortals cannot reach below;
May all our pow'rs find sweet employ
In Christ's eternal world of joy!
Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings, Thy better Portion trace: Rise from transitory Things, Towards Heav'n

Heav'n thy native Place. Towards Heav'n thy native Place.

Sun, and Moon, and Stars decay, Time shall soon this

Earth remove; Rise, my Soul, and haste away, To Seats prepared above.

Rivers to the Ocean run.
Nay stay in all their Course;
Fire ascending seeks the Sun.
Both speed them to their Source;

So a Soul that's born of God.
Pants to view his glorious Face.
Upwards tends to his Abode.
To rest in his Embrace.

Cesse, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn.
Praise onward to the Prize.
Soon our Saviour will return.
Triumphant in the Skies.

Yet a Season and you know
Happy Entrance will be given.
All our Sorrows left below.
And Earth exchange'd for Heav'n.
Mansfield

A-wake our Souls (a-way our Fears, let ev’ry trembling Thought be gone) A-wake and run the heav’nly Race, And put a cheerful Courage on. And put a cheerful Courage on.

True ’tis a first and thorny Road, And mortal Spirits tire and faint; But we forget the mighty God, That feeds the Strength of ev’ry Saint.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring, Believers drink a fresh Supply, While such as trust their native Strength, Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

O mighty God, thy matchless Pow’r Is ever new and ever young; And firm endures, while endless Years Their everlasting Circles run.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air, Oh may we mount to thine Abode, On Wings of Love, to Jesus fly, Nor tire amidst the heav’nly Road.
Hartford.

The Lord supplies his People's Need, Jehovah is his Name; In Pastures fresh he makes them feed Beside the living Stream.

2

He brings their wand'ring Spirits back,
When they forsook his Ways,
And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake,
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

3

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death,
His Presence is their Stay:
A Word of his supporting Breath
Drives all their Fears away.

Set by T. H.

4

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes
Doth still their Table spread,
Their Cup with Blessings overflows,
His Oil anoints their Head.

5

The sure Provisions of our God,
Attend us all our Days!
O may his House be our Abode,
And all our Work his Praise.
Thou, Je-fus, art our King! Thy ceaseless Praise we sing; Praise shall our glad Tongue employ; Praise o'er-

Thou Je-fus, art our King! Thy ceaseless Praise we sing; Praise shall our glad Tongue employ; Praise o'er-

flow our grateful Soul. While we vi-tal Breath en-joy, While ex-ter-nal A-ges roll.

flow our grateful Soul. While we vi-tal Breath en-joy, While ex-ter-nal A-ges roll.

2

Thou art th' eternal Light,
That shin'ft in deepest Night,
Wond'ring gaz' d th' an-gelic Train
While Thou bow'dst the Heav'n's beneath;
God with God were Man with Man.
Man to save from endless Death.

3

Thou with our Pain didst mourn,
Thou haft our Sicknes born:
All our Sins on Thee were laid!
Thou with unexampled Grace
All the mighty Debt haft paid,
Due from Adam's helpless Race!

4

En-thron'd above you Sky,
Thou reign'st with God most high:
Prostrate at thy Feet we fall:
Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n,
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Thee, the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!

5

Aris' e! stir up thy Pow' r.
Thou deathless Conqueror!
King of all! with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel!
'Midst the Snares of Death e lie,
'Midst the banded Pow' rs of Hell.

6

O Lord! O God of Love!
Let us thy Mercy prove!
Help us to obtain the Prize.
Help us well to close our Race;
That with Thee, above the Skies.
Endless Joy we may posses.
Denbig

From all that dwell below the Skies, Let the Creator's Praise arise; Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, thro' every land by every Tongue. External are thy Mercies, Lord, Eternal Truth attends thy Word; Thy Praise shall sound from shore to shore, 'Till Sun shall rise and set no more.

Set by M. M.
Lambeth.

Piae.

Set by C.L.

Long have we fast beneath the sound of thy salvation, Lord. But still how weak our faith is found, and

Long have we fast beneath the sound of thy salvation, Lord. But still how weak our faith is found, and

Knowledge of thy Word. Sy.

Oft we frequent thine holy place. Yet hear almost in vain:

Knowledge of thy Word. Sy.

Oft we frequent thine holy place. Yet hear almost in vain:

How small a portion of thy grace do our false hearts retain! How small a portion.
Andante Dunstan.

Glo ry and Hon our be to Thee, Thou self-ex ist ent De vis ity; Thee we revere, and Thee a-dore, In Mercy

Glo ry and Hon our be to Thee, Thou self-ex ist ent De vis ity; Thee we revere, and Thee a-dore, In Mercy

For.

in fi nite, and Pow’r. In Mer cy in fi nite, and Pow’r.

in fi nite, and Pow’r. In Mer cy in fi nite, and Pow’r.

Set by M. M.

2

To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raise;
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praise.
Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts
Celestial Blessings to our Hearts.

3

Unto the holy Triune God,
Who hast on us, poor Worms, bestowed
Such Favours, such amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage. Thanks and Praise.
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord! Be endless Praise to Thee! Supreme essential One ador'd
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord! Be endless Praise to Thee! Supreme essential One ador'd

In co-eternal Three! Enthron'd in everlast ing State, e'er Time its round began, Who join'd in
In co-eternal Three! Enthron'd in everlast ing State, e'er Time its round began, Who join'd in

Council to create the Dignity of Man. The Dignity of Man.
Council to create the Dignity of Man. The Dignity of Man.

To whom Isaiah's Vision shew'd,
The Seraphs veil their Wings,
While Thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic Army sings.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on high
Were humble Praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd Eye
Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

All that the Name of Creature owns.
To Thee in Hymns aspire;
May we as Angels on our Thrones
For ever join the Choir!

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless Praise to Thee;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd,
In co-eternal Three.
Norwich.

Andante

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Be Praise midst the heavenly

Set by I. W.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost, Be Praise midst the heavenly

Hoft, And in the Church below; From whom all Creatures drew their Birth. By whom Redemption blest the

Hoft, And in the Church below; From whom all Creatures drew their Birth. By whom Redemption blest the

Earth, From whom all Comforts flow. From whom all Comforts flow.

Earth, From whom all Comforts flow. From whom all Comforts flow.
Blest are the Souls that hear and know The Gospel's joyful Sound.

Peace shall attend the Path they go, And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name:
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns.
Thy God for ever lives.
Nantwich.

Andante.

Set by M. M.

O God, how endless is thy Love! Thy Gifts are every Evening new; And Morning Mercies.

O God, how endless is thy Love! Thy Gifts are every Evening new; And Morning Mercies.

from above, Gently distill like early Dew. Gently distill like early Dew.

from above, Gently distill like early Dew. Gently distill like early Dew.

2

Thou spread'st the Curtain of the Night,
Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours;
Thy Sov'reign Word restores the Light;
And quickens all our drowsy Pow'r's.

3

We yield our Pow'r's to thy Command,
To Thee we consecrate our Days,
Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.
Lothbury.

Saviour! Saviour! Saviour! and can it be, That Thou shouldst dwell with me!

Saviour! Saviour! and can it be, That Thou shouldst dwell with me!

From thine high and lofty Throne, Throne of everlasting Bliss.

Will thy

From thine high and lofty Throne, Throne of everlasting Bliss.

Will thy

Majesty, thy Majesty stoop down, To so mean an House as this.

Will thy Majesty, thy

Majesty, thy Majesty stoop down, To so mean an House as this.

Will thy Majesty, thy
I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, and self-abhor'd,
There, my God, to entertain,
In this poor, polluted Heart;
I am a frail, sinful Man,
All my Nature cries Depart.

Yet come! thou Heavenly Guest,
And purify my Breast.
Come! thou great and glorious King,
While before thy Cross I bow,
With Thyselves Salvation bring,
Cleanse the House by entering now.

Gloria Patri.

Sing we to our God a-bove, Praise, eternal as His Love: Praise Him all ye heavenly Host Father, Son, and

Holy Ghost. Praise Him, all ye heavenly Host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Set by M. M.
Not for our Duties or Deserts
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

'Twas his own Purpose that began
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son.
Before he spread the starry Sky.

Jesus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Councils known,
Declares the great Transaction's past,
And brings immortal Blessings down.
Easter.
Andante Affettuoso.

He dies the Friend of Sinners dies. Lo! Salem's Daughters weep a round a solemn Darkness.

veils the Skies, a sudden Trembling shakes the Ground.

Him who groaned beneath your Load, He shed a thousand drops for you a thousand drops of richer Blood.

Set by M. M. 78
Affettuoso

Here's Love and Grief beyond Degree, the Lord of Glory dies for Men. But lo! what sudden Joys we see! Jesus the Dead revives again.

Vivace

The rising God forspakes the Tomb, in vain the Tomb for bids his Rise! Cherubic Legions guard Him home, and shout Him welcome to the Skies.
Vivace

Break off your Tears ye Saints! and tell how high our great Deliverer reigns! Sing how He spoil'd the Hoots of Hell, and

led the Monster Death in Chains: Say Live for ever, wondrous King! Born to redeem and strong to save. Then

ask the Monster where's thy Sting? And where's thy Victory boast- ing Grave? And where's thy Victory boast- ing Grave?
Roehampton.

Set by C.L.

Raise your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-sound the Deeds, Ce-lestial Grace has done. Ce-lestial Grace has done. Sing how e-ter-nal Love Its chief Be-loved.

chose, and bid Him raise our wretched Race from their A-byfs of Woes, and bid Him raise our wretched Race from.
3  His Hand no Thunder bears,
   No Terror cloaths 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.

Piano

Sym

Now, Now, Sinners, dry your Tears.

Let hopeless Sorrow cease; Sy

Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the offered Peace.
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the offer'd Peace. May we obey the Call! And lay an

humble Claim.

He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! and love and praise his Name!

Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the offer'd Peace. May we obey the Call! And lay an

humble Claim.

To the Salvation He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! To the Salvation

humble Claim.

To the Salvation He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! To the Salvation

humble Claim.

To the Salvation He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! To the Salvation

humble Claim.

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To the Salvation He hath brought, and love and praise his Name! To the Salvation

humble Claim.

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Colchester.

Set by M. M. 79

The extent of Jesus' Love What Heart can comprehend. A Breadth whose Distance none can prove. A Length without an

End. The first-born Seraphs try the Mystery to explore, they cannot find it out, for why. The Curse they never

bore. The Curse they never bore.

The Grace unsearchable. Transcending human Thought. Who, who, in Earth or Heaven can tell, Or find the Wonder out! All the angelic Choir Unite to give Him Praise; And Saints-redeeming Love admire, And loud Hosannas raise.

To Christ we lift our Voice, Who have Redemption found; And in His Name alone rejoice. Whence all our Joys abound; This cures the burden'd Mind, This calms the troubled Heart; This manifests the Saviour Kind- And bids our Fears depart.
Lord of Earth and Heav'n.

If so poor a Worm as I
May to thy great Glory live,
All my Actions sanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive.
Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

Take my Soul and Body's Pow'r,
Take my Mem'ry, Mind and Will,
All my Goods, and all mine Hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and speak, and do,
Take mine Heart—but make it new.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One.
As by the Celestial Host
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n.

Praise be to the Father given Christ He gave us to save, Now the Heirs the Heirs of Heaven.

Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son
He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.

Glory to the Eternal Spirit,
Us He seals;
Christ reveals;
And applies his Merit.

Worship, Honour, Thanks and Blessing.
One in Three,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceaseing.
Je-fu's Name. Sy-
Adore the all-a-to-ning Lamb, and bless the Sound of
Je-fu's Name. Sy-
Adore the all-a-to-ning Lamb, and bless the Sound of
Je-fu's Name. Sy-
And bless the Sound of Je-fu's Name.
Je-fu's Name. Sy-
And bless the Sound of Je-fu's Name.
Je-fu's Name. Sy-
And bless the Sound of Je-fu's Name.

(2)
Jesus, transporting Sound;
The Joy of Earth and Heav'n;
No other Help is found, 
No other Name is giv'n, 
By which we can Salvation have—
But Jesus came the World to save.

(3)
Jesus, harmonious Name!
It charms the Hosts above;
They evermore proclaim, 
And wonder at His Love; 
'Tis, all their Happiness to gaze, 
'Tis Heav'n to see, our Jesus' Face.

His Name the Sinner hears, 
And is from Sin set free; 
'Tis Music in His Ears; 
'Tis Life and Victory; 
New Songs do now his Lips employ, 
And dances his glad Heart for Joy.
Come thou Fount of every Blessing, Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace.

Tune mine Heart to sing thy Grace Streams of Mercy never ceasing. Call for Songs of loudest Praise. Teach me some melodious Sonnet.
Sung by flaming Tongues a-bove
Praise the Mount I'm fix'd up-on it,

Mount of Gods un-chang-ing Love.

Here I raise my Eben-er-
Hither by thine Help I'm come;
And, I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home:

Jesus sought me, when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of God.
He, to rescue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to Thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it.
Prone to leave the God I Love—
Here's mine Heart—O take, and seal it!
Seal it from thy Courts above!
Harborough

Vivace. Chorus.

Set by C. B.

Lift up your Heads in joyful Hope, Salute the happy the happy Morn; each Heavenly Power,

-claims the glad Hour, Lo Jesus the Saviour is born! Lo Jesus the Saviour is born.

All Glory be to God on high, To Him all Praise is due;

The Promise is sealed,

And proves that Record is true

Gracioso e pia.

Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on, and still in cease; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Jesus his Birth, for

Let Joy around like Rivers flow, flow on, and still in cease; Spread o'er the glad Earth at Jesus his Birth, for
Heaven and Earth are at Peace.
for Heaven and Earth are at Peace.
Now the Good will of Heaven is shewntowards
Heaven and Earth are at Peace.
for Heaven and Earth are at Peace.
Now the Good will of Heaven is shewntowards

Adam's helpless, helpless Race;
Messiah is come to ransom his Own,
To save them to save them by Infinite Grace.

First Chorus:
Then let us join the Heav'n's above.
Then let us join the Heav'n's above.
Where hymning Seraphs sing.
Join all the glad Pow'rs.
For their Lord is Ours.
Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.

suck to save them by Infinite Grace.
save to save them by Infinite Grace.
The Nativity.

Hark! Hark! the Herald Angels sing, Glory to the new-born King! Peace on Earth and

Mercy mild. God and Sinners reconciled.

all ye Nations rise. Join the Triumph of the Skies. With angelic Host proclaim.

3
Christ by highest Heav'n ador'd.
Christ the everlasting Lord;
Late in Time behold him come.
Offspring of a Virgins Womb.

Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see.
Hail th' Incarnate Deity!
Plead'd as Man with Men t'appear.
Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and Life to all he brings;
Risen with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by.
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth.
Born to give them second Birth.
Stockwell

How glorious the Lamb is seen on his Throne. His Labours are o'er, His Conquests put on: A Kingdom is given to the Lamb.

Hand, in Earth and in Heaven, for ever to stand. in Earth and in Heaven, for ever to stand.

Ye Sinners below
Then trust in the Lord.
Look up to his Arm.
His Honour, his Word:
A thirst for his Favour.
His Godhead adore.
Look up to your Saviour.
And Joy evermore.

Wickham

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust, Thou only holy, only just, Oh tune our Souls to praise thy

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust, Thou only holy, only just, Oh tune our Souls to praise thy

O Thou in whom the Gentiles trust, Thou only holy, only just, Oh tune our Souls to praise thy
Name, Je-fus! Un-change-able, un-change-a-ble the Same! If Angels whilst to Thee they sing, Wrap up their
Faces in their Wing, How shall we sin ful Dust draw nigh the great, the awe ful De i ty.

Glory to Thee, as picious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, Thou great I am:
With all our Pow'rs, thy Grace we blest.
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

Live, ever glorious Jesus! live,
Worthy all Blessings to receive.
Worthy on high enthron'd to sit,
With ev'ry Pow'r beneath thy Feet.
Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from thy wounded Body rolls.
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

We give the Sacred Spirit Praise,
Who, in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace arise.
And into boundless Glory flow.
Launceston.

World adieu! thou real Chest, Oft have thy deceitful Charms, fill'd my Heart with fond Concord.

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
Falsc thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights,
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for Heaven's above,
Object of the noblest Love.

Let not, Lord! my wand'ring Mind
Follow after fleeting Toys,
Since, in Thee alone, I find
Solid and substantial Joys:
Joys that never overpast,
Tho' Eternity shall last.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Guilt,
If the least Mischance betide,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Wordly Honours end in Gall,
Rise To-day - To-morrow fall.

Lord! how happy is a Heart
After Thee while it aspires;
True and faithful as Thou art,
Thou shalt answer its Desires;
It shall see the glorious Scene
Of thine everlasting Reign.

Foolish Vanity - Farewel -
More inconstant than the Wave,
Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,
Purest Tempers they deprave:
He, to whom I fly from thee,
Jesus Christ shall set me free.
Denmark.

Set by M. M.

Before Jehovah's awful Throne, Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone. He can create, and he destroy.

Before Jehovah's awful Throne, Ye Nations bow with sacred Joy; Know that the Lord is God a - lone. He can create, and he destroy.

He can create, and he destroy. His sov'reign Power, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formed us Men; And when like wandering Sheep we stray'd, He

He can create, and he destroy. His sov'reign Power, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formed us Men; And when like wandering Sheep we stray'd, He

brought us to his fold a - gain. We'll crowd thy Gates with thank - ful Songs, High as the Heav'n's our
Women Duetto

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for

Men Duetto Pian

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be exalted thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for

he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Power, and Power divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be

he for he was Slain for us. Jesus is worthy to receive Honour and Power, and Power divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be

Lord, be Lord for e-ter thine. And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e-ter thine.
Chorus

The whole Creation join in one, To bless, to bless the sacred Name Of him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore, to adore the Lamb.

The whole Creation join in one, To bless, to bless the sacred Name Of him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore, to adore the Lamb.
Fia-
or
on the Throne, And to adore to adore the Lamb. Of him that fits up-on the Throne, And to adore to adore the Lamb.

on the Throne, And to adore to adore the Lamb. Of him that fits up-on the Throne, And to adore to adore the Lamb.

The whole Creation join in one to blest, to blest the sacred Name Of him who fits up-on the Throne, And

The whole Creation join in one to blest, to blest the sacred Name Of him who fits up-on the Throne, And

to adore, to adore the Lamb. And to adore, to adore the Lamb. And to adore, to adore the Lamb, to adore the Lamb.

to adore, to adore the Lamb. And to adore, to adore the Lamb. And to adore, to adore the Lamb, to adore the Lamb.
Wellingborough

Larghetto

Light of those whole dreary dwelling borders on the shades of death,

Come! and by thy love's revealing, dissipate the clouds beneath:

The new heaven and earth's creator, in our deepest darkness rise!

Scattering all the night of nature, pouring... light on our eyes!

Still we wait for thine appearing, life and joy thy beams impart.
Chafing all our fears, and cheer ing ev'ry poor be night ed heart: Come, and mani fest the favour God hath for the ransomed race; Come! thou glorious God and Saviour!

Come! and bring the Gospel grace! Save us, save us in thy great compassion, save us,

O thou mild pacific Prince! Give the knowledge of salvation, Give the pardon of our sins! By thine all restoring merit, Ev'ry burdened soul release, Ev'ry weary wandering spirit, Guide into thy perfect peace!
Greenwich.
2° Volta for Set by M. M.

Andante

Plung’d in a gulph of dark despair We wretched, wretched Sin - ners lay, Without one cheerful

Beam of hope, Or Spark of glimmering Day. With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace Be - held our

helpless, help-less Grief; He faw, and O a - masing Lovel He came, he came to our re - lief. Down from the
Shining seats above, with joyful, joyful haste he fled,Entered the grave in mortal flesh, and dwelt, and dwelt, and dwelt among the dead. Oh! Oh! for this love let rocks and hills their lasting silence break, Their lasting silence break, their silence break, and all harmonious human tongues, the Saviour's praises speak.

Chorus Vivace

Andante
Chorus.

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lafting Silence break, Their lafting Silence break, their Silence break.

Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lafting Silence break, Their lafting Silence break, their Silence break.

Angels affift our migh-ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raife your high-est

Angels affift our migh-ty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raife your high-est

Notes, your higheft Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can ne'er be told. His Love can ne'er be told.

Notes, your higheft Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can ne'er be told. His Love can ne'er be told.
Falmouth.

Lord, we come before thee now, At thy feet we humbly bow: O do not our suit disdain,

Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain: Lord, on Thee our souls depend, In compassion now descend:

Fill our hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips to sing thy praise. Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine appointed way, Now we seek Thee here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go

Send some message from thy word, That may joy and peace afford; Let thy spirit now impart

Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of joy return; Those that are cast down lift up

Grant that all may seek and find Thee, a God sincere and kind; Heal the sick, the captive free,

Let us all rejoice in Thee!
Not all the Blood, Not all the Blood of Beasts On Jewish Altars, On Jewish Altars Slain, Could give the guilty Conscience Peace, Or wash, Or wash away the Stain. But Christ, but Christ the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our Sins our
Sins away: A Sacrifice of nobler Name, And richer Blood than they!

Sins away: A Sacrifice of nobler Name, And richer Blood than they!

Solo Andante

My Faith would lay its hand On that dear head of thine, While like a

Penitent I stand And there confess my Sin. Organ

My Soul looks back to see The Burdens thou didst bear, When hanging on th' accursed Tree, And hopes, and hopes her Guilt was there. Org:
Believing we rejoice to see the Curfe remove
Believing we rejoice to see the Curfe remove

We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice, and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. We bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice, and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love.

Lamb with cheerful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love.
Believing we re
Lamb with cheerful Voice And Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love.
Believing we re
Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth receive her king. Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth receive her king.

Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth receive her king. Joy to the world, the Lord has come; Let earth receive her king.

Lamb with cheerful voice and sing, and sing his bleeding love. We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice and sing, and sing his bleeding love. We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice and sing, and sing his bleeding love.

Adg?
Our Shepherd alone the Lord let us bless, Who reigns on the Throne, the Prince of our Peace, Who evermore saves us by the Lord let us bless, Who reigns on the Throne, the Prince of our Peace, Who evermore saves us by shedding his Blood. All hail, all hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God! All hail, all hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God. Shedding his Blood. All hail, all hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God. All hail, all hail, holy Jesus, Our Lord and our God.

We daily will sing Thy Merits, thy Praise, Thou merciful Spring Of Pity and Grace: Thy glorious Salvation, Till joyful we see the beautiful Vision Completed in Thee.

Thy Kindness for ever To Men we will tell, And say, our dear Saviour Redeems us from Hell.

Preserve us in Love While here we abide; Nor ever remove, Nor cover, nor hide.

Thy glorious Salvation, Till joyful we see the beautiful Vision Completed in Thee.
Cambridge. Adagio maestoso.

Fa-ther, Fa-ther, how wide thy Glo-ry shines! How high thy Wonders rise! Known thro' the Earth by

Fa-ther, Fa-ther, how wide thy Glo-ry shines! How high thy Wonders rise! Known thro' the Earth by

Fa-ther, Fa-ther, how wide thy Glo-ry shines! How high thy Wonders rise! Known thro' the Earth by

thousand Signs, By thousand thro' the Skies. Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Those Motions speak thy Skill.

thousand Signs, By thousand thro' the Skies. Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Those Motions speak thy Skill.

thousand Signs, By thousand thro' the Skies. Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r, Those Motions speak thy Skill.
Andante Grazioso

And on the Wings of ev’ry Hour we read thy Patience still.
But when we view thy great Design

And on the Wings of ev’ry Hour we read thy Patience still.
But when we view thy great Design

And on the Wings of ev’ry Hour we read thy Patience still.
But when we view thy great Design

And on the Wings of ev’ry Hour we read thy Patience still.
But when we view thy great Design

Da Capo Forte

to save rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

to save rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

to save rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

Tasto fìno

5 4 5
3 2 3
6 5 6
4 3 4
7 6
5 4 5
3 2 3
Siciliana Andante.

Pia.

Here the whole De-ity is known, Nor dares a Creature gues5, Which of the Glo-ries bright-est

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)

\( \text{\textit{Siciliana Andante.}} \)
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's Name, and try their choicest Strains. O, may I bear some humble Part in

that Immortal Song. Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart, and Love command my Tongue.
Chefhunt.

Our Lord is risen from the Dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high, The Powers of Hell are captive led, Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky. The Powers of Hell are captive led, Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky. Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky. There his triumphal
Chariot waits, And Angels chant the solemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates, ye everlasting Doors give Way.

Solo: Lose your Bars of majesty Light, And wide un-fold the the-a-drinal Scene; He claims these Mansions as his Right, re-
receive the King of Glory in! He claims these Mansions as his Right, receive the King of Glory in! Loofe your Bars of mazy Light, And wide unfold the theatrical Scene; He claims these Mansions as his Right, receive the King of Glory in! He claims these Mansions as his Right, receive the King of Glory in! Sy-
Who is the King of Glory, who, who, who is the King of Glory.

Who is the Lord that all his Foes overcame, the World, Sin, Death, and Hell overthrew. And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name. And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name. And Jesus is the Conqueror's Name.
Lo! his triumphant Chariot waits, And Angels chant the solemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates, Ye everlasting Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heavenly Gates, Ye everlasting Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who, who, who, Who is the King of Glory who, who, who,
who. The Lord of glorious Pow'r pos's est, The King of Saints and An-gels too. God o-ver

all. for e-ver blest. God o-ver all. for e-ver blest. God o-ver all. for e-ver

blest. God o-ver all. for e-ver blest. for e-ver blest.
Somerset

Children of the Heavenly King As ye journey sweetly sing Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy Praise Glorious

Children of his ways Ye are traveling home to GOD In the ways the Fathers trod They are happy now and

Soon their happiness shall see Soon their happiness shall see.
Croydon

Tis finish'd, Tis finish'd, Tis finish'd the Redeemer said, And meekly meekly bow'd his dying head.

Whilst we this Sentence bear, Whilst we this Sentence bear, Come Sinners and observe the Word Behold the Conques of our LORD, Complete for help...
Siciliana

Man completed for helpless Man
Finith'd the Righteousness of Grace Finith'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace Their mighty Debt is

Man completed for helpless Man
Finith'd the Righteousness of Grace Finith'd for Sinners pard'ning Peace Their mighty Debt is

paid. Accusing Law cancel'd by Blood, And Wrath of an offended GOD In Sweet Oblivion Laid In Sweet Oblivion laid.

paid. Accusing Law cancel'd by Blood, And Wrath of an offended GOD In Sweet Oblivion Laid In Sweet Oblivion laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim.
The Law no longer can condemn,
Faith a Releas' can show:
Justice herself a Friend appears,
The Prison house a Whiter hears,
Loose him and let him go.

(3) O Unbelief injurious Bru
Source of tormenting Guilt's Fear,
Why dost thou not reply
Where is the loud objection felt,
'Tis finith'd still may answer all,
And silence every Cry.
Adam the second from the Dust
Raiseth the Ruins of the First
Where Sin did reign and

Death abounds, There have the Sons of Adam found Abounding Life There glorious Grace Reigns through the

LORD Our Righteousness Reigns through the LORD Our Righteousness.
Siciliana Adagio Pia

'Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care, Preserves us safe from Sin and Death, and every hurtful Snare.

Vivace

He will present his Saints Unblemished and complete Before the Glory of his Face.
Chorus

Joys divinely great. Before the Glory of his Face with Joys divinely great.

Chorus

Then all the chosen Seed shall meet around the Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace and

make his Wonders known To our Redeeming GOD Wisdom and Power belongs.
Immortal Crowns of Majesty And Everlasting Songs To Our Redeeming GOD

Wisdom and Power belongs Immortal Crowns of Majesty And Everlasting Songs

Immortal Crowns of Majesty And Everlasting Songs
Litchfield

Set by M.M.

GOD To GOD the only wise Our SAVIOUR and our King. Let all the Saints below the

Sake their humble Praises bring. Their humble Praises bring. Let all the Saints below the Skies Their

Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care, Prefers us

humble Praises bring. Their humble Praises bring. Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care, Prefers us
Safe from Sin and Death, Safe from Sin and Death, Safe from Sin and Death, Safe from Sin and Death.

Death, and every hurtful Snare. He shall present his Saints, Unblemished and complete Before the Glory of his

Face with Joys divinely great, divinely great. With Joys divinely great.
Then all the chosen Seed Shall meet around his Throne Shall bless the Conduct of his Grace & make his Wonders known & make his

Wonders known To Our Redeeming God To our Redeeming God Wisdom & Pow'r, Wisdom & Pow'r he belongs

Immortal Crowns of Majesty and ever-lasting Songs & ever-lasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majesty and ever-lasting Songs
Exeter. Andante Allegro

Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord, The triumphs of His Name record, His sacred Name for ever bless, Where'er the circling

Sun displays his rising Beams or setting Rays, Due Praife to his great Name adores. 

God thru' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But. Shadows of his Glory are,
With Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the Heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created Power compare.

Tho' tis beneath his State to view
In highest Heaven what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchsafes his Care;
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heaven's triumphant Host
And suffering Saints on Earth adore.
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is, and for shall last
When Earth and Heaven shall be no more.
Tell us, tell us, O Women, we would know whither so fast ye move, We call to leave the World be-

Tell us, tell us, O Women, we would know whither so fast ye move, We call to leave the World be-

below, are seeking are seeking one above. Whence came ye, Whence came ye say and what the Place that

below, are seeking one above. Whence came ye, Whence came ye say what the Place that

ye are trav'ling from. From Tribulation, we thro' Grace, are now are now returning Home.

ye are trav'ling from. From Tribulation, we thro' Grace, are now returning Home.
Is not your native Country here?  
Like you nor this Abode?  
We seek a better Country far,  
A City built by God.

Thither we travel, nor intend  
Short of that Bliss to rest.  
Not we, till in the Sinner's Friend  
Our weary Souls are blest.

Allegro. Chorus.

Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign. Saviour Saviour we

ask no more, we ask no more. Hail Lamb of God, for Sinners slain, Whom Heaven and Earth adore.

Whom Heaven and Earth adore. Whom Heaven and Earth adore.

Whom Heaven and Earth adore. Whom Heaven and Earth adore.
Amesbury.

Set by S. A.

Come let us anew our journey pursue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our Master appear. His adorable Will let us gladly fulfil, and our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the
Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love, the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love.

Our Life is a Dream, Our Time, as a Stream, glides swiftly away, glides swiftly away, and the fugitive Moment rushes to stay. The Arrow is flown. The Moment is gone, the Millennial Year Rushes on to our View, and E

Andante

Solo

O that each in the Day of his Coming may say I have fought my Way thro' have fought my Way thro' have I finished the Work Thou didst give me to do. have finished the Work Thou didst give me to do.
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithfully done. Enter
into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne. Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne.
down on my Throne, and sit down on my Throne.
Gloria Patri.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and Holy Ghost, One God whom we adore.

Join we with the heavenly Host To praise to praise Thee evermore.

Set by F.A.
To praise to praise Thee evermore. Live by Heav'n Live by Heav'n and Earth adord.

Three in One, and One in Three. Holy, holy, holy Lord, all Glory be