Names of Composers.

M. M. Revd. Mr. Madan.
T. H. Revd. Mr. Hawes.
F. G. Mr. Giardini.
J. W. Mr. Worgan.
C. B. Mr. Burney.
M. V. Mr. Vento.
J. R. Mr. Lockhart.
Dr. H. Dr. Heighington.
E. E. Sir. Francis Isles.
W. E. Mr. William Bromfield.
J. B. Mrs. Jane Bromfield.
I. E. Surgeon Bromfield.
W. I. Mr. William Jackson.
J. A. Mr. Samuel Arnold.
F. A. Mr. Francis Alessandro.

Music

From a manuscript copy of Madan's Psalm T Hymn tunes, made by James Haywood in 1764-71.
A Collection of Psalms and Hymn Tunes, never published before.

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

No. 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 Brownlow Bertie,
Sir Richard Lyttelton,
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. M. D. A. N.
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The Second Advent

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

From heav'n angelic Voices sound,
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd!
Girt with Conquering 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:
Until 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, ever, ever and for ever Reigns.

5
The Father praiseth, 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 Thee Great Three in One!
Patient's Tune.

Ye Servants of God, whose diligent Care, Is ever employ'd in watching and

Pray'r. With Praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaim, Rejoicing and blessing his excellent Name, Rejoicing and blessing his excellent Name.

'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to his House, And lift up your Hands, And pay him your vows; And whilst ye are giving your Jesus his Due, The Lord out of Heaven shall sanctify you.
Blendon.

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

see, and I'll pursue The narrow Way, 'till Him I view.

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,

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

No, nothing may go up thereon,
But traveling Souls, and I am one,
Way faring Men, to Canaan bound,
Shall only in the way be found.

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

The more I strove against its Power,
I stumbled and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither Soul I am the Way;"

Lo, glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am,
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Nothing but Love shall I receive.

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

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

For lavish Chains. But there's a Voice of Sovereign Grace Sounds from God's sacred Word; Ho! ye des-pairing

Sinners, come And trust upon the Lord. Ho! ye des-pairing Sinners, come And trust upon the Lord.

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 Jesus and our all!
Wandsworth.

O Sun of Righteousness arise, With Healing in thy Wings; To

my diseased my fainting Soul, Thy Light Salvation brings.

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

My Mind by thy all quickening Power
From low Desires let free,
Unite my scattered Thoughts and fix
My Love entire on thee.

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

Jesu, joy of my Soul, let me to the mercy seat fly, While the nearer Waters roll, while the Tempest
Jesu, joy of my Soul, let me to the mercy seat fly, While the nearer Waters roll, while the Tempest
till is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the Storm of Life is past; Safe into the Ha-ven guide,
till is high; Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the Storm of Life is past; Safe into the Ha-ven guide,
O Receive O Receive O Receive my Soul at last.
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 All I find:
Rais’d the Fallen, cheer the Sait;
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, All-merciful King, Help us thy Name to sing, Help us to Praise! O Father All-glorious,
Come thou All-powerful King, Help us thy Name to sing, Help us to Praise! O Father All-glorious.

Our 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!

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!

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

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

Almighty God of Truth and Love! In me thy Power 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 show, 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 Deceit,
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 Confidence give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
   O God, my Confidence make,
Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
   And keep it still awake!

Set by M.M.
God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies;
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
Through the whole Earth his Goodness shines,
And every want supplies.
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace.

With longing Eye thy Creatures wait
On thine, for daily Food;
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
Thy liberal Hand provides them Meat,
And fills their Mouths with Good.
Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace.
Love divine, all Love excelling, Joy of Heaven to Earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful Mercies crown: Jesus! Thou art all Compassion, pure unbounded Love Thou art, Visit us with thy Salvation, Enter every trembling Heart.

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit, Into every troubled Breast, Let us all in Thee inherit, Let us find thy promised Rest; Take away the Power of Sinning, Alpha and Omega be, End of Faith, as its Beginning, Set our Hearts at Liberty.

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

Finish then thy new Creation, Pure, unspotted may we be, Let us see thy great Salvation, Perfectly restored by Thee! Chang'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.
Bur'ry'd in Shadows of the Night, We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light; Wif-

Bur'ry'd in Shadows of the Night, We lie, 'till Christ restores the Light; Wif-

dom descends to heal the Blind, And chase the Darkness of the Mind, and chase the-

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Darkness of the Mind.

Darkness of the Mind.

Lo! guilt'ly Souls are drown'd in Tears,
Till the atoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Distre's,
And fix 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 posllef,
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness.
Thou art our mighty All;灭 we Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to T.
The Penitent.

When with my Mind devoutly press Dear Saviour my revolving Breast Would past Offences

trace. Trembling I make the black review Yet pleased behold admiring too the power the power the power of changing Grace.

This Tongue with Blasphemies defil'd,
These Feet to erring Paths beguil'd,
In Heavenly League agree,
Who could believe such Lips could praise,
Or think my dark and winding ways,
Should ever lead to thee.

These Eyes that once abus'd their Sight,
Now lift to thee their want'ry Light,
And weep a silent Flood,
These Hands as end in tearless Pray'r,
O wash away the stains they wear,
In pure redeeming Blood.

These Ears that pleas'd could entertain,
The midnight Oath, the Insultful Strain,
When round the festal Board,
Now deaf to all th'enchancing noise,
Avoid the Throng, detest the Joys,
And press to hear thy Word.

Thus art Thou sèrd in every Part,
And now thou dost transform my Heart,
That drossy Thing refine,
Now Grace doth Nature's Strength control,
And now a new Creature Body, Soul,
Are, LORD for ever thine,
Molesworth.

A rise my Soul with Wonder fee, What Love divine for thee hath done, Behold thy Sorrow

Sin and Grief, Are laid on God's Eternal Son, Are laid on God's Eternal 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, and all,
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 joyful Day
Come Death and some 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 de-scending Once for favour'd Sin-ners slain Thoufand thoufand Saints attending

Swell the Triumph of his T. u r e l Hail to fue jah. Hail to jujah Hallelujujah A-men

Ev'ry Eye shall now behold Him, Rolled in dread-ful Majesty.
Those who set at nought and fled Him,
Fieled and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the True MESSIONIAH see

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

Now Redemption long expected
Seek out lamb's Lamb appear
All His Saints, by Man rejected
Shall meet him in the air
Hallelujah

Ant'wur thine own Bright and Spirit
Hasten LORD, the great and Domo
The new Heaven and Earth inherit
Take thy pining Exiles Home
All Creation

Yahweh, Lord, be
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r in E'ry
Gain 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 Glebe I faint,
Or on the thorny Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,
My weary wand ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers soft and flow,
Amid the verdant Landskip 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.

Thou in a bare and rugged Way,
Thro' devising lonely Wilds I stray,
Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wildernes shall smile,
With sudden Greens & Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.
Kippax.

When I travaill in Distress Or Grief of any Kind Burdened with un

When I travaill in Distress Or Grief of any Kind Burdened with un

- easiness Or Anguish on my Mind. One sweet Ray of Heavenly Light Dispels the

- easiness Or Anguish on my Mind. One sweet Ray of Heavenly Light Dispels the

Clouds which intervene Turns to Day the gloomy Night And quite renews the Scene.

Clouds which intervene Turns to Day the gloomy Night And quite renews 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
Birksted.

Who hath our report believed SHILOH come in not received not received by his

own Promised Branch from Root of JESSE DAVID'S Offspring sent to bless ye Country Meekly to be known.

Tell me O thou favoured Nation, 
Whose 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 MESTAIL unrespected, 
MAN of Griefs Desp'd Rejected, 
Wounds his Form disfiguring, 
Mark'd His Visage more than any, 
For He hears the Sins of Many, 
All our Sorrows crying.

N. Hereit His Mouth had spoken, 
Blasph. low Hope it had broken, 
Yet 500 nations with the West, 
For because the LORD would grieve him, 
We who saw him believe Him, 
For his own Offences cursed.

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

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

Fear our Portion Slaves in Spirit, 
He redeemed Us by His Merit, 
To a glorious Liberty, 
Dearly first His Kindness bought us, 
Truth and Love then sweetly taught us, 
Truth and Love have made us free.

Blessed be the Pow'r who gave us, 
Freely gave His SON to save us, 
Blessed the SON who freely came, 
Honour Blessing Adoration, 
Ever from the whole Creation, 
Be to GOD and to the Lamb.
Chilton

Thou GOD of Glorious Majest-ty to Thee a-gainst my self to Thee A Worm of Earth I cry An

half a waken'd Child of Man An Heir of end-les Bliss or Pain A Sin-ner born to die

Lo on a narrow Neck of Land,
Ta'xt two unbounded Seas I stand,
Secure inextinguishable,
A Point of Time a Moment's Space,
Removes me to that heav'nly Place,
Or shuts me up in Hell.

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

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

My 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.
Hinnick

O JESU our LORD Thy Name be ador'd for all the rich Blessings for

all the rich Blessings con-vey'd thro' thy Word con-vey'd thro' thy Word.

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 be thine.

The Work is of Grace,
Thrice thing be the Prais;
And mine to adore Thou.
Awake and Sing the Song of Moses and the Lamb Wake every Heart and every Tongue to praise the Saviour's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose Sin he bore,

Sing till we feel our Hearts,
Attending 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 blest Children come,
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'ring home.
Huddersfield.

My hiding Place my Refuge Tower And Shield art thou O LORD I firmly Anchor

Andante

My hiding Place my Refuge Tower And Shield art thou O LORD I firmly Anchor

all my Hopes On thy unerring Word On thy unerring Word.

Engraved as in eternal Brafs.
The mighty Promise shines,
Nor can the Powers of Darkness' raze,
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.

My hiding Place my Refuge Tower,
And Shield art Thou O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes,
On thy unerring Word.
Leeds

Andante

Jesu thy Blood and Righteousness, My Beauty, are my glorious Dress, Midst flaming Worlds in

Jesu thy Blood and Righteousness, My Beauxty, are my glorious Dress, Midst flaming Worlds in

there array'd With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

there array'd With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my Mansioe in the Skies,
Evn' then shall this be all my Plea:
"Jesu hath liv'd hath dy'd for me."

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.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice.
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice.
Their Beauty this, their glorious Dress.
Jesu, the Lord our Righteousness.

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

Ye who see the Father's Grace
Beaming in the Saviour's Face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praise and blest Redeeming Love.

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

Welcome all by Sin oppress'd
Welcome, to His sacred Seat.
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but Redeeming Love.

He brand'd th' infernal Powers,
His tremendous Feet end ours
From their cursed Empire drove,
Mighty in Redeeming Love.

Hither then ye Musick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.
4. "What shall we render unto Thee, Thou glorious Lord of Life and Power! Teach us to bow the humble knee, Teach us with Thee to adore."

2. "Then like lost sheep we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When horned along th'impetuous tide,
"Of this World! Sin and Vanity;"
Our feet from the Heavens came down,
To rise by His grace alone."

3. "We bore our Sins upon the Tree
To stem 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."

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And every Tear be wiped away.
No Sin, No Sorrow shall be found.
So bright o'er-cloud the endless Day.

Before the Father's awful Throne;
Our merciful High-Priest, He stands;
And interceding for His own,
The purchase 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 leave to Him in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.
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 Wel-

come.

Mettage That bids us go in Peace, There wait the Welcome Mettage That bids us go in Peace.

(2)

Lord we are helpless Creatures, Full of the deepest Sin; Throughout defiled by Nature, Stupid, and only Dead; Our Strength is perfect Weakness, And all we have is Sin; Our Hearts are all Unclean, A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition, Who can 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.

We’ll never cease repeating Our numberless Complaints, But ever be intreating 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.

Then we, with all in Glory Shall thankfully relate The amazing, pleasing Story, Of Jesus’s Love so great. In this blest Contemplation We shall for ever dwell, And prove such Confutation 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
Touched with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For He hath felt the same.

3
He, in the Days of feeble Fleeth,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels all with
What every Member bears.

4
He'll never quench the smoaking Flax.
But raise it to a Flame.
The bruised Reed He never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

5
Then let our humble Faith address,
His Mercy and his Power:
We shall obtain delivering Grace
In the distressing Hour.
Lord where shall guilty Souls retire For-got-ten and un-known. In Hell they meet thy

vengeful Ire, In Heav'n thy glorious Throne. In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

Should they suppress their vital Breath, 
T'escape the Wrath Divine; 
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death, 
And make the Grave resign.

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.

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

The Beams of Moon, the Midnight Hour, 
Are both alike to Thee; 
O may we never provoke that hour 
From which we cannot flee.
*Hymn of Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm*

We to the Lord in humble prayer,
Breathe on our sad distress,
The Lord, yet with contrite hearts
We beg return of peace.

With pining eyes, the Prince of grace,
Blest is our inlets grief;
He favors us with amazing love!
"He came to our relief."

The stormy winds did cease to blow
The waves no more did roll,
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.

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 joyful Sound! What Pleasure to our Ears! A sovereign Balm for every Wound, A Cordial for our Fears.

Salvation! O the joyful Sound! What Pleasure to our Ears! A sovereign Balm for every Wound, A Cordial for our Fears.
O Come, thou wounded Lamb of God: Come, wash us in thy cleansing Blood; Give us to know thy Love: then Part, is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

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

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

Ah Lord, enlarge our tender thoughts,
To know the Wonders thou hast wrought.
Unloose our stammering Tongue to tell
Thy Love immutable, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren Thou,
To Thee both Earth and Heaven must bow;
Help us to Thee our All we give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live!
Hallifax

ANDANTE

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh, 'Tis God invites the fallen Race.

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

2
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.

3
See, from the Rock a Fountain rise!
For you in healing Streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye labring, burthen'd, Sin-fick Souls.

4
Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Receive the Gift of God's relieve.
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.

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

3 On this glad day a brighter scene Of glory was display'd By God, the eternal Word, than when This universe was made.

4 He rises, who mankind hath bought With grief and pain extreme; 'Twas great to speak the world from nought— 'Twas greater to redeem!
Milbank

Set by C.B.

Of him who did Salvation bring, Lord, may we ever think and sing!

Of him who did Salvation bring, Lord, may we ever think and sing!

Praise, ye guilty, hell forgiv; A-sist ye needy, hell relieve.

2

Sternal Lord, Almighty King,
All Heaven doth with thy triumphs ring!
Thou conquerst all beneath, above,
Devils with force, and Men with Love!

3

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

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Though an Event, how soon Gone
Eternal Waters in the Night
Rising Sun

The Body-bane of Flesh and Blood,
With all their Care and Toil,
Are saved, and eased by the Blood,
And lost in following Years.
Edgcumbe.

My drowsy Powers why sleep ye so? Arise my sluggisgh Soul: Nothing hath half thy

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

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.

(5)
We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour for our Good:
How careful to secure that Crown,
If purchased with the blood

Lord God, we live so sluggisgh still,
And never act our Parts;
Come Lord thy gracious Word fulfill,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

(4)
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.

Tendrest 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 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

A Country I've found, where true joys abound: To dwell I'm determined 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 grace.

No Mortal doth know What we can bestow, What Light, Strength, & Comfort o'er after Him go.

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

And now I'm in Care, My Neighbours may share These blessings, to seek them Will none of you dare.

In Bondage O why! And Death will you lie, When One here afflicts you Free Grace is so nigh.
Canterbury

Hail great Im—ma-nell! bal—my Name thy Praise the ran—som’d will pro—claim. We

For

thee Phyl—li-cian call We own no o—the cure but thing; Thou the de—li—verer di-

vine! our Health! our life our all!

Set by I.W.
Varmouth.

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

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 last, Religion never was designed To make our Pleasures last,

Let those refer to sing Who never knew our God; But Children of the heavenly King Will speak their joys abroad. The Hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly Fields Or walk the golden Streets.

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

Then let our Songs abound And every Tear be dry We're marching thru' Emanuel's Ground To fairer Worlds on high.
Feversham

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, By Faith we are come, Who on Earth can conceive, They are bold to outside the Storms of Affliction beneath: To our permanent Home, How happy we live With the Prophet thou four By Hope we the Rapture improve: In the City of God the great King! To that heavenly shore, By Love we still live, What a Concert of Praise, And look down on the Skies For the Heaven of Heavens is Love! When our Jesus's Grace, The whole heavenly Company sing!

And outfly all the Storms of Death. For the Heaven 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, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb! When the glory'd Throng, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

In the Spirit of Harmony join! To the King of the Skies, Join all the glad Choirs, To the Lamb that was slain, Hearts, Voices and Lyres, and liveth again.

And the Earkthen is Mercy divine. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!
My Soul, repeat his Praises, Mercies are so great, whose Anger is so slow to rise, so ready to abate.

High as the Heavens 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 Grains, or like the Morning Flower; it withers in an Hour.

But thy Compassions, Lord, to endless Years endure; and Children's Children ever find Thy Word of Promise sure, My Soul, repeat his Praises, 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 e-ver-more: Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re-joyce, a-gain I fay re-joyce.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
When he had purg’d our Stains,
He took his Seat above;
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re-joyce, again I fay, Re-joyce.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o’er Earth and Heav’n:
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice, Re-joyce, again I fay, Re-joyce.

He sits at Gods 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, Re-joyce, again I fay, Re-joyce.

Re-joyce in glorious Hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home:
We soon shall hear the Archangels Voice
The Trump of God shall sound, Re-joyce.
Shrewsbury

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

Perfect all our Souls in Love.

Dust and Ashes tho' we be
Full of Guilt and Misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Power divine;
Love unspeakable are Thine;
Praise by all to Thee be given
Sons of Earth and Heav'n.
Dartmouth

We give immortal praise, immortal praise: To God the Father's love; for all our comforts here, and better hopes above, and better

Hopes above. He sent his own eternal 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 feasts the fruit
Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship given;
Whole new creative power
Makes the dead Stanley live;
His work completes
The great delight,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee
Re and let's honours done;
The undivided three
And the mysterious one;
Where Reason fails
With all her powers,
These faith prevails
And love adores.

Almighty God to thee to thee
Montpelier.

Glo-ry be to God on High. God whose Glo-ry fills the Sky; Peace on

Glo-ry be to God on High. God whose Glo-ry fills the Sky; Peace on

Chorus.

Earth to Man for-gi-ven. Man the well be lov'd of Heav'n. Glo-ry be to

Earth to Man for-gi-ven. Man the well be lov'd of Heav'n. Glo-ry be to

God on high. God whose Glo-ry fills the Sky.

God on high. God whose Glo-ry fills the Sky.

Chorus

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

All Glory be to God on high, To Him all Praise is due; The Promise is fulfill’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 Adams 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 Frick, and our King.
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb, We love to hear of Thee, No Music like thy charming Name, Nor.

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

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.

\[\text{(3) When we appear in yonder Cloud, With all his favour'd Throng, Then will we sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be our Song.} \]
Fordwich (C. B.)

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, To praise thee for thy wondrous Love.

When His loft Sheep we wandered wide, And felt the watchful Shepherd's Eye; When borne along tempestuous Tide, On this World's Sin and Vanity; Our Jets from the Heavens came down, For none as 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.

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 Lost and Lone;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realm of Peace.

Then shall our grateful song abound,
And every Tear be wipe'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!
Happy is the Heart, where Graces reign, Where Love inspirs 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 Harps
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.

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

Praise Him in Holy Fame, Let every Creature sing, Glory to their Maker give, And Homage to their King:

Hallowed be his Name beneath, As in Heaven on Earth adored, Praise the Lord in every Breath. Let all Things praise the Lord.

Publish, spread to All around, The great Immanuel's Name, Let Trumpets' martial Sound

All the Bows of heavenly Art, All the Powers of Music bring, The Music of the Heart.
Praise ye the Lord, ye immortal Choir, That fill the Realms above; Praise Him who form'd you of his Fire.

And feeds you with his Love; Shine to his Praise, ye crystal Skies, the Floor of his abode, Or veil in Shades your Thousand Eyes, Before before your brighter God.
Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
  Whose beams create our Day,
Join with the Silver Queen of Night,
  To own your borrowed Rays:
Winds, ye shall hear his Name aloud,
  Thro' the otherial Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
  He makes his Wheels of you.

Meet and right it is to sing,
  The Praise to our God and King:
Meet in every Time and Place,
  To rehearse his solemn Praise:

Join, ye Saints, the Song around,
  Praises here to Thee we give.
Angels help the cheerful Sound;
  Gracious Thou our Thanks receive:
Publish thro' the World abroad
  Holy Father, Sovereign Lord,
Glory to th' eternal God.
  Ev'ry where be Thou adored.

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 meeker Creatures sing,
  Ye Mortals, take the Sound:
Echo the Glories of your King,
  Thro' all the Nation round.
Sweet is the Work, O God, our King To praise thy Name, give Thanks, and sing: To shew thy Love by Morning 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.

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!

O may we see, and hear, and know, What Mortals cannot reach below: May all our Powers find sweet Employ In Christ’s eternal World of Joy!
The Pilgrim's Song

Set by J.W.

Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings. Thy better Portion trace: Rise from every Thing, Towards Heaven. 

Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings. For this Portion trace: Rise from every Thing, Towards Heaven. 

Heaven thy native Place. Towards Heaven thy native Place. Sun and Moon, and Stars decay, Time shall soon this

Heaven thy native Place. Towards Heaven 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 — To Seats prepared above.

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

Rivers to the Ocean run. So a Soul that's born of God. 
Nor stay in all their Course; Pains to view his glorious Face, 
Fire ascending feels the Sun. Upwards tends to his Abode, 
Both speed them to their Source; To rest in his Embrace.

Cour-ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn. Yet a Season and you know.
Praise onward to the Prize! Happy Entrance will be given,
Soon our Saviour will return. All our Sorrows left below,
Triumphant in the Skies: And Earth exchanged for Heaven.
Mansfield

A-wake our Souls (a-way our Fears, let every trembling Thought be gone) A-wake and run the heavenly Race.

Race, And put a cheerful Courage on. And put a cheerful Courage on.

heavenly Race, and put a cheerful Courage on. And put a cheerful Courage on.

True it is a strict and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of every Saint.

2

mighty God, thy matchless Pow'r
Ever new and ever young:
And thine endures, while earth endures:
Their everlasting Circle on.

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

5

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 heavenly Road.

Set by C. J.
Hartford.  Set by T. H.

The Lord supplies his People's Need, Jehovah is his Name; In Praise.

The Lord supplies his People's Need, Jehovah is his Name; In Praise.

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

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

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

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 art th' eternal Light,
That shin'st in deepest Night,
Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic Train
While Thou bow'dst the Heav'n's beneath;
...with God went Man with Man,
Man to live from endless Death.

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

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

Thou art our King! Thy ceaseless Praise we sing; Praise shall our glad Tongue em'ploy Praise our

flow our grateful Soul, While we vi-t'ral Breath en-joy, While e-ter- nal A-ges roll.

Enthron'd above you Sky,
Thou reign'st with God most high:
Profrate 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!

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.
From all that dwell below the Skies, Let the Creator's Praise arise; Let the Redeemer's Name be sung, thrice, every

Land by every Tongue, Eternal 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. Till Sun shall rise and set no more. Till Sun shall rise and set no more.
Lambeth.

Set by C. L.

Long have we sat, beneath the Sound Of thy Salvation, Lord. But still how weak our Faith is found, And

Knowledge of thy Word! Oft we frequent thine holy Place, yet hear almost in vain:

How small a Portion of thy Grace do our falfe Hearts retain! How small a Portion
3

Our gracious Saviour and our God
How little art Thou known,
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Blessings of thy Throne.

4

How cold and feeble is our Love,
How negligent our Fears!
How low our Hope of Joys above.
How few Affections there!

5

Great God, thy Sovereign Aid impe.
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation on our Heart;
And makes us learn thy Grace.

6

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way,
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love shall never die.

Set by M. M.

Andante Lento.

Glory and Honour be to Thee, Thou self-existent Deity; Thee we revere, and Thee adore, In Mercy

For.


To Thee, our joyful Hearts we lift.
To Thee, we bring our Songs of Praise.
Whole bounteous Care and Love in parts celestial Blessings to our Hearts.

3

Unto the holy Trinity God,
Who hast on us, poor Worms, bestowed
Such Favours, such amazing Grace,
We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praise.
Kingston.

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord! Be endless Praise to Thee. Supreme essential One adored.

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.

To Thee by mystic Pow'r's 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.
Stratham.

Blest are the Soul that hear and know The Gospell joy-ful Sound. Sy.

Blest are the Soul that hear and know The Gospell joy-ful Sound.

Peace shall at-tend the Path they go, And Light their Steps fur-round.

Peace shall at-tend the Path they go, And Light their Steps fur-round.

Peace shall at-tend the Path they go, And Light their Steps fur-round. And Light their Steps fur-round.

Their Joy shall hear their Spirits up,
Yet their Redeemer's Name:
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
No. Satan darses condemn.

The Lord our Glory and Di-clence,
Strength and Salva-tion gies:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever. lye...
Andante. Nantwich.

O God, how endless is thy Love! Thy Gifts are every Evening new; And Morning Mercies from above, Gently diffuse early Dew. Gently diffuse like early Dew.

Thou spread’st the Curtain of the Night, Great Guardian of our sleeping Hours; Thy Sovereign Word restores the Light, And quickens all our drowsy Powers.

We yield our Powers 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!

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

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

Now to the Pow'r of God Supreme Be everlast'ng Everlast'ng Honour giv'n: He saves from

Now to the Pow'r of God Supreme Be everlast'ng Everlast'ng Honour giv'n, He saves from

Hell,(we blest his Name) He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n, He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

Hell,(we blest his Name) He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n, He calls lost wand'ring Souls to Heav'n.

2
Not for our Duties or Deferts
But of his own abounding Grace,
He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praise.

4
'Twas his own Purpoe that begun
To rescue Rebels doom'd to die,
He gave us Grace in Christ his Son.
Before he spread the Iarly Skye.

Jefus, the Lord, appears at last,
And makes his Father's Councils known,
Declares the great Transfiguration'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. ad lib. Come Saints and drop a Tear or two for Him who groaned beneath your Load. He shed a thousand drops for you a thousand drops of richer Blood.
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. Sveva.

The rising God forsakes the Tomb, in vain the Tomb forbids his Rise! Cherubic Legions guard Him home, and shout Him welcome to the Skies. Sveva.
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.

Raise your triumphant Songs To an immortal Tune; Let the wide Earth re-ound the Deeds of

Celestial Grace has done. Celestial Grace has done. Sing how eternal Love Its chief Beloved

chose, and bid Him raise our wretched Race from their Abyss of Woes. and bid Him raise our wretched Race from
3
His Hand no Thunder bears,
No Terror cloths 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 Rebel doom'd to die.

Piano

Sym

Now, Now, Sinners, dry your Tears.
Let hopeles

Now, Now, Sinners, dry your Tears.
Let hopeles

hopeles Sorrows cease;
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the of-ferd Peace.

hopeles Sorrows cease;
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love, and take the of-ferd Peace.
Deptford.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One as by the Celestial Host. Let thy

will on Earth be done. Let thy will on Earth be done. Praise by all to Thee be given Glorious-

Lord of Earth and Heav'n. Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n. Praise by all to Thee be giv'n. Glorious
2
If so poor a Worm as I,
May to thy great Glory live,
All mine Actions sanctify,
All my Thoughts and Words receive.
Claim me for thy Service—claim
All I have, and all I am.

3
Take my Soul and Body's Powers,
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.

4
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the Caelestial Hoist,
Let thy Will on Earth be done!
Praise be all to Thee be giv'n,
Glorious Lord of Earth and Heav'n.

Buckingham.

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

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

Now the Heirs the Heirs of Heaven.

2
Pay we equal Adoration
To the Son
He alone
Wrought out our Salvation.

3
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 ceasing.
Clapham.

Let Earth and Heav'n agree.
Angels and Men be join'd

Let Earth and Heav'n agree.
Angels and Men be join'd

Celebrate with me
The Saviour of Man-kind;

Celebrate with me
The Saviour of Man-kind;

Piano

Of Man-kind. Sy

Piano

Of Man-kind. Sy

Set by C.L.
Forte

Je-su's Name. Sy-

T'a-dore the all-a-to-ning Lamb, and bless the Sound of

Je-su's Name.

T'a-dore the all-a-to-ning Lamb, and bless the Sound of

Forte

Je-su's Name. Sy

And bless the Sound of Je-su's Name.

Je-su's Name.

And bless the Sound of Je-su's Name.

Jesus' transport-ing 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.

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.
Tadcafter

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 loud-est Praise. Call for Songs of loud-est Praise. Teach me some me-lo-dious Sonnet.
Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine Help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good Pleasure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
Jesus fought me, when a Stranger,
Wandering from the Fold of God.
He, to rescue me from Danger,
Interposed with precious Blood.

O! to Grace, how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wandering 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.

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

Grassiose 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...
Heav'n and Earth are at Peace, for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is shewn towards

Heav'n and Earth are at Peace, for Heav'n and Earth art at Peace. Now the Good will of Heav'n is shewn towards

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

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

First Chorus

save to save them by Infinite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns above. Where hymning Seraphs sing, Join all the glad Pow'rs.

save to save them by Infinite Grace. Then let us join the Heav'ns above. Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King
The Nativity.

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

Mer-cy mild, God and Sin-ners re-con-ciled.
Joy-ful

all ye Na-tions rise. Join the Trium-phant of the Skies. With an-gel-ic Host pro-claim.

all ye Na-tions rise. Join the Trium-phant of the Skies. With an-gel-ic Host pro-claim.
Christ is born in Bethlehem. Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! the Herald Angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.

Christ, by highest Heaven ador'd. Hail the Heav'n born Prince of Peace!
Christ the everlasting Lord; Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Late in Time behold him come. Light and Life to all he brings.
Offspring of a Virgins Womb. Risen with Healing in his Wings.

Veiled in Flesh the Godhead see. Mild he lays his Glory by.
Hail th' Incarnate Deity! Born, that Man no more may die;
Pleased as Man with Men t' appear. Born to raise the Sons of Earth.
Jesus our Immanuel here. Born to give them second Birth.
How glorious the Lamb is seen on his Throne, His labours are o'er, His conquests put on; A Kingdom is given in to the Lambs

Hand, in Earth and in Heaven, forever to stand, in Earth and in Heaven, forever to stand.

Wickham

Set by C.B.

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.

Set by C.L.
Name, Jesus. Unchangeable, unchangeable the Same. If Angels whilst to Thee they sing, Wrap up their

Faces in their Wing, How shall we sinful Dust draw nigh the great, the aweful Deity.

(3) Glory to Thee, auspicious Lamb!
Thou holy Lord, Thou greatest I am!
With all our Power, thy Grace we blest,
Our Joy, our Peace, our Righteousness.

(4) Live, ever glorious Jesus! live;
Worthy all Blessings to receive;
Worthy on high enthroned to sit,
With every Power beneath thy Feet.
Iffington

Piano

Forte

Blest be the Father and his Love. To whose celestial Source we owe

Rivers of endless Joys above, And Rills of Comfort here below. Rivers of endless Joys above, and Rills of Comfort here below.

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.

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.
Launcestiôn.

World adieu! thou real Cheat, Oft have thy deceitful Charms fill'd my Heart with fond Con-

Vain thy entertaining Sights,
False thy Promises renew'd,
All the Pomp of thy Delights,
Does but flatter and delude:
Thee I quit, for Heav'n 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,
Thro' Eternity shall last.

Farewel Honour's empty Pride,
Thy own nice, uncertain Gult,
If the least Mis'tance beside,
Lays thee lower than the Dust:
Wordly Honours end in Gall,
Rise To-day. Tomorrow fall.

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

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

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. His sovereign Power, without our aid, Made us of Clay and formed us Men; And when like wandering Sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold again. We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs, High as the Heavens our hearts do sing.
Come let us Join our cheerful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Chorus

Come let us Join our cheerful Songs With Angels round the Throne; Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one; ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Organ

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.

Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues, but all but all their Joys are one.
Women Duetto

Andante

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd for us, To be to be ex-alt-ed thus: Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply, for

he for he was Slain for us. Jesu is worthy to receive Honour and Pow'r, and Pow'r divine; And Blessings more than we can give, Be

Lord, be Lord for e-ver thine, And Blessings more than we can give, Be Lord, be Lord for e-ver thine.
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. 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. Of him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore to adore the Lamb. Of him that sits upon the Throne.
Praise on the Throne, and to adore the Lamb. Of him that sits upon the Throne, and to adore the Lamb.

The whole creation join in one to bless the sacred Name Of him who sits upon the Throne, and to adore, to adore, to adore, to adore the Lamb, to adore the Lamb, to adore the Lamb, to adore the Lamb.
Wellingborough

Larghetto

Set by I.W.

Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the Shades of Death,

For Organ Pia

Come! and by thy Love's revealing, Diffuse the Clouds beneath:

For Organ Pia

The new Heaven and Earth's Creator, In our deepest Darkness rise!

For Organ Pia

Scattering all the Night of Nature, Pouring Eternity on our Eyes!

Andante

Still we wait for thine Appearing, Life and Joy thy Beams impart,
Chaffing all our fears, and cherishing every poor, benighted heart: Come, and minister 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, every burdened soul release, every weary wandering spirit, guide into thy perfect peace!
Greenwich.

Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair, We wretched, wretched Sinners lay, Without one cheerful beam of hope, Or spark of glimmering day. With pitying eyes, the Prince of Grace beheld our helpless, help-less Grief; He saw, and O amazing Love! He came, he came to our relief. Down from the

Set by M. M.
thining Seats a - bove, With joyful, joy - ful haste he fled, Enter'd the Grave in mor - tal Flesh, And dwelt, and
dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lafting Silence
dwelt, and dwelt among the Dead. Oh! Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills their lafting Silence
break, Their lafting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu - man Tongues, The Sa - viour's Praises speak.
break, Their lafting Silence break, their Silence break, And all Harmonious hu - man Tongues, The Sa - viour's Praises speak.
Chorus

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

Angels a-fight our mighty Joys, Strike all your Harps, your Harps of Gold; But when you raise your highest

Notes, your highest Notes His Love, His Love, His Love can never be told, His Love can never be told.
Falmouth.

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

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:

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.

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

In thine own appointed way, Now we seek Thee here we stay; Lord, we know not how to go Till a blessing Thou bestow.

Send some Meffage from thy word, That may Joy and Peace afford; Let thy Spirit now impart Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn, Let the time of Joy return; Those that are cast down lift up, Make them strong in Faith and Hope.

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 a

way the Stain. But Christ, but Christ the heavenly Lamb, Takes all our Sins, our
Chorus. Vivace

Believing we rejoice to see the Curse remove
Believing we rejoice to see the Curse remove,

Believing we rejoice to see the Curse remove. Believing we rejoice to see the Curse remove,

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

move, 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. Believing we re-

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-


To see the Curse remove; Believing, we rejoice To see the Curse 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. his bleeding Love.

cheerful Voice and Sing, and Sing his bleeding Love. his bleeding Love.
Our Shepherd a = lone the Lord let us bless, Who reigns on the Throne the Prince of our Peace, Who evermore saves us by

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.

Set by M. M.

We daily will sing
Thy Kindness for ever
To Men we will tell,
And s.v. our de - Saviour
Redeems us from Hell.

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

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.
Father, Father, how wide thy Glory 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.
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

Da Capo forte

To have rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

To have rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

To have rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compassion join in their divinest Forms.

Tafto solo
Here the whole Deity is known, Nor dares a Creature guess, Which of the Glories bright-est

Siciliana Andante.

Shone, The Justice or the Grace, Now the full Glories of the Lamb, A-dorn the heavenly Plains,

Shone, The Justice or the Grace, Now the full Glories of the Lamb, A-dorn the heavenly Plains,
Bright Seraphs learn Immanuel's Name, and try their choicest Strains. O, may I bear some humble Part in

Tasto Solo

Piano

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

DaCapo forte
Chefshunt.

Our Lord is risen from the Dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high, The Pows'rs of Hell are captive

led, Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky. The Pows'rs of Hell are captive led, Drag'd to the Portals of the

Sky. Drag'd to the Portals of the Sky. There his triumphal
Who is the King of Glory

Who is the King of Glory

who. 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.
Lo! his tri-ump-hal Cha-riot waits, And An-gels chaunt the so-lemn Lay, Lift up your Heads, ye heav’nly Gates, Ye everlast-ing Doors give Way. Lift up your Heads, ye heav’nly Gates, Ye everlast-ing Doors give Way.

Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. Who is the King of Glo-ry Doors give Way. Who is the King of Glory who. who. Who is the King of Glo-ry
Children of the Heavenly King As ye journey sweetly sing Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy Praise Glorious
Children of ye, sce.

in his Works and 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.

O ye human! (8) be glad (9) CHRIST our Advocate is made, (8) Up to live our Flesh anemies. (9) Brother to our Souls be come, (8) Shout ye Little Flock and blest, (9) You on JESUS's Throne shall rest, (8) Fear not Brethren joyful stand, (9) On the Borders of your Land, (8) JESUS CHRIST, Father's SON, (9) There your Seat is now prepar'd, (8) Ricks you unshipping'd go on, (9) LORD obediently we'll go, (8) Gladly leaving all below, (9) Only Thou our Leader be, (8) And we will will follow Thee.
Croydon

Tis Finish'd 'tis Finish'd 'tis Finish'd the Redeemer died, And meekly meekly bowed his dying Head.

Whilest we this Sentence bear, Whilest we this Sentence bear,
Come Sinners and observe the Word Behold the Conquests of our Lord.

Behold the Conquests the Conquests of our Lord, Compelst for help - less.

Largo
Siciliana

Man Compleat for help'les Man
Finisht the Righteousness of Grace Finisht for Sinners pard'ning Peace Their mighty Debt is

paid. Accusing Law cancel'd by Blood And Wrath of an off'ned GOD In Sweet Oblivion Laid In Sweet Oblivion Laid.

Who now shall urge a second Claim.
The Law no longer can contend,
Faith a Releas'd can show:
Justice itself a Friend appears,
The Prison house a Whiper hours,
Loose him and let him go.

O Unbelief injurious Bar
Source of tormenting fruitless Fear.
Why dost thou yet reply
Where ere thy loud Objection fall,
'Tis finish'd still may answer all,
And silence every Cry.
Adam the second from the dust Raises the ruins of the first Where sin did reign and death a-bound, There have the sons of Adam found abounding life There glorious grace reigns through the Lord our righteousness reigns through the Lord our righteousness.
St. Katharine Cree

Set by C.L.

To GOD the only Wise, Our SAVIOUR and our King Let all the Saints be-

To GOD the only Wise, Our SAVIOUR and our King Let all the Saints be-

low the Skies Their humble Praises bring Let all the Saints be-low the Skies their hum-ble Prai-

low the Skies Their humble Praises bring Let all the Saints be-low the Skies their hum-ble Prai-

bring

bring
Siciliana Adagio Pia

Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care,
Pre-serves us safe from Sin and Death, and every hurt-ful

Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsel and his Care,
Pre-serves us safe from Sin and Death, and every hurt-ful

Snares, Pre-serves us safe from Sin and Death, and every hurt-ful Snares.

Vivace:

He will pre-sent his Saints Un-blemith'd and compleat Before the Glory of his Face, with

He will pre-sent his Saints Un-blemith'd and compleat Before the Glory of his Face, with
Joys di-vine-ly great. Before the Glo-ry of his Face with Joys di-vine-ly great.

Chorus

Then all the cho-ten Seed shall meet a-round the Thro-ne Shall bless the Con-dect of his Grace and

make his Wonders known To our Redeem-ing GOD
Wisdom and Pow’r belongs.
Immortal Crowns of Majesty And everlasting Songs To Our Redeeming GOD

Wisdom and Power belongs Immortal Crowns of Majesty And everlasting Songs

Im-

mortal Crowns of Majesty And everlasting Songs.
Litchfield

Set by M.M.

Sotto voce dolce

Maestoso

To GOD To GOD the only wise, Our SAVIOUR and our King, Let all the Saints below the Skies their humble Praises bring. Their humble Praises bring, Their humble Praises bring. Their humble Praises bring. Their humble Praises bring.

Tis His Almighty Love, His Counsell and his Care, Preserves us...
Safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death,

Safe from Sin and Death, from Sin and Death, preserves us safe from Sin and Death,

Repeat 1st Chorus.

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

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

Face with Jos divine—ly great, divine—ly great, With Jos
divine—ly great.

Face with Jos divine—ly great, divine—ly great, With Jos
divine—ly 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 & Power Wisdom and Power belongs.

Immortal Crowns of Majesty and everlasting Songs & everlasting Songs Immortal Crowns of Majesty and everlasting Songs.
Exeter, Andante Allegro

Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord, The triumphs of His Name recorded, His sacred Name forever blest, Where'er the circling Sun displays his rising beams or setting rays, Due praise to his great Name address.

Go 'tho' 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.

Yet His to Earth vouchsafes his Care; He takes the Needy from his Cell, Advancing him to Courts to dwell, Companion of the greatest there.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God whom Heaven's triumphs hallow And suffers Saints on Earth to be, Be Glory as in Ages past, As now it is, and to 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'd to leave the world beh-

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

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

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

ye are traveling from. From Tribulation, we thro' Grace, a new are now returning Home.

ye are traveling from. From Tribulation, we thro' Grace, are now returning Home.
Allegro: Chorus.

Is not your native Country here?
Like you not this Abode?
We seek a better Country far,
A City built by God.

Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Rest to rest.
Nor we till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are blest.

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

Come let us a new our Journey pursue, roll round with the Year, roll round with the Year. And never stand still till our Master appear, and never stand still till our Master appear.

His adorable Will let us gladly fulfill, and our Talents improve, By the Patience of Hope, and the Labour of Love. By the
-ter-ni-ty's here. E-ter-ni-ty's here. the Mil-le-nial Year Rushes on to our View, and E-ter-ni-ty's here. E-

-ter-ni-ty's here. E-ter-ni-ty's here. the Mil-le-nial Year Rushes on to our View, and E-ter-ni-ty's here. E-

-ter-ni-ty's here. E-ter-ni-ty's here. E-ter-ni-ty's here. Sy-


Andante

Solo: O that each in the Day of his Coming may say I have fought my Way thro' have fought my Way thro'.

I have finish'd the Work Thou didst give me to do. have finish'd the Work Thou didst give me to do.
O that each from the Lord may receive the glad Word, Well and faithfully done, faithfully done. Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne. Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne. Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne. Enter into my Joy, and sit down on my Throne.
Gloria Patri.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and Holy Ghost,
One God whom we adore.
join with the heavenly Host
to praise to praise Thee evermore.


all Glory all Glory be to Thee. be to Thee. be to Thee.
Bloxham

Andante con molto affetto

World a-dieu! thou real Cheat, Oft have thy deceitful Charms fill'd my heart with fond Conceit,

World a-dieu! thou real Cheat, Oft have thy deceitful Charms fill'd my heart with fond Conceit,

Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms: Now I see, as clear as Day, How thy Follies pass away.

Foolish Hopes, and false Alarms: Now I see, as clear as Day, How thy Follies pass away.

Vain thy entertaining Sights,

Foolish Vanity — Farewell —

Farewell Hon'rous empty Pride,

More inconstant than the Wave,

Thy own nice, uncertain Guilt,

Where thy soothing Fancies dwell,

If the least Misfortune betide,

Purest Tempers they depreyed,

Does but flatter and delude:

He, to whom I fly from thee,

Thee I quit, for Heaven above,

Jesus Christ shall set me free,

Object of the noblest Love

LORD! how happy is a Heart

Let not LORD! my wandering Mind

After Thee while it aspires!

Follow after fleeting Toys

True and faithful as Thou art.

Since, in Thee alone, I find

Thou shalt answer it's Desires:

Solid and substantial Joys;

It shall see the glorious Scene

Joys that never overspast,

Of thine everlasting Reign.

Thou Eternity shall last.
Epsom

Set by M.M.

Come, let us join our cheerful Songs with Angels round the Throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues; are their tongues but all their Joys are one. Ten thousand thousand are their tongues but all their Joys are one. Worthy the Lamb Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry, to be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb our Hearts reply. For he was slain was slain for us, was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive honour and Power divine, and Blessings more than we can give, be

Lord, for ever for ever thine, for ever thine, for ever thine, for ever thine.
Tutti Moderato

The whole Creation join in one, To blest the sacred Name Of Him that sits upon the Throne, and to adore the

Pia

The whole Creation join in one, To blest the sacred Name Of Him that sits upon the Throne, and to adore the

Pia

Lamb, adore the Lamb, and to adore the Lamb, the whole Creation join in one the whole Creation join in one To blest the sacred

Lamb, adore the Lamb, and to adore the Lamb, the whole Creation join in one the whole Creation join in one To blest the sacred

for

Name of Him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore the Lamb, of Him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore adore the Lamb.

Name of Him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore the Lamb, of Him that sits upon the Throne, And to adore adore the Lamb.
Come, let us all unite to praise the Saviour of Mankind
Our thankful Hearts, in solemn Lays, Be with our Voices join'd.

Our thankful Hearts, in solemn Lays, Our thankful Hearts, in solemn praise Be with our Voices join'd.

Organ
Andante di molto
Sotto voce

But how shall Duff his Worth declare,
When Angels try in vain, Their Fasces veil when they appear before the
Son of Man, when they appear before the Son of Man.

Tutti
Adagio

O Lord O Lord we cannot silent be, By Love we are constrained to offer our best Thanks to Thee our
Saviour and our Friend! Our Saviour Our Saviour Our Saviour and our Friend!

Saviour and our Friend! Our Saviour Our Saviour Our Saviour and our Friend!

Though feeble are our best Effays, Thy Love will not despise our grateful Songs of humble praise.

Praise, our well meant Sacrifice.
Let ev'ry tongue thy Goodness show, and spread abroad thy Name. Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow, and blest thy sacred Name. Let ev'ry tongue thy Goodness show, and spread abroad thy Name. Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow, and blest thy sacred Name. Let ev'ry tongue thy Goodness show, and spread abroad thy Name. Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow, and blest thy sacred Name. Let ev'ry Heart with Praise o'erflow, and blest thy sacred Name.
Worship, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus given. By Men below by Hosts above by

Worship, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus given. By Men below by Hosts above by

Tutti Sotto voce

all in Earth and Heavn. Worship, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus given. By Men below by all in Earth and Heavn. By all in Earth and Heavn!

all in Earth and Heavn. Worship, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus given. By Men below by all in Earth and Heavn. By all in Earth and Heavn!

all in Earth and Heavn. Worship, and Honour, Thanks and Love, Be to our Jesus given. By Men below by all in Earth and Heavn. By all in Earth and Heavn!
Dear Object of our Strong de-cifer Howlong pro-strac ted is thy Day, when burfting forth in vi-vid Fire thy
tee ming glories shaulds dis-play, with vari ous ills en-com-pass'd round main-ten ing Still dis-
ground: Lo! patience waits a Sil-ent Maid by hope in a Zure robe ar-ray'd. She waits for fire not
Distant far the day that all our misery heals me thanks I hear thy rattling Car the thunder of thy burning wheels the.

Trumpet Sounds the Dead arise the Dead arise. Jesus triumphant through the Skies descends his Kingdom.

to maintain and pour the glories of his reign and pour the glories of his reign.
Worcester.

Andante

In this World of Sin and Sorrow, compass'd round with many a Care, From E-ter-ni-ty we borrow Hope, that can ex-

clude de-pair:

Thee, triumphant God and Saviour, in the Glass of Faith we see, O afflict each faint En-

deavour, raise our earth-born Souls to Thee.

Place that awe-ful Scene before us
of the last tremendous Day, When to Life Thou wilt restore us Ling'ring Ages, hast' a-way hast' a-

of the last tremendous Day, When to Life Thou wilt restore us Ling'ring Ages, hast' a-way hast' a-

Tasto solo

For. Pia. For. S. Vivace e Pia.

away hast' a-way. Then this vile and sinful Nature incorrup-tion shall put on; Life re-

away hast' a-way. Then this vile and sinful Nature incorrupt-ion shall put on; Life re-

Dal Segno S. Sy

newing, glorious Saviour. Let thy gracious will be done. Let thy gracious will be done.

newing, glorious Saviour. Let thy gracious will be done. Let thy gracious will be done.
Morden

Andante

Set by M.M.

Jesus we hang upon the Word our faithful souls have heard of Thee; Be mindful of thy promise, Lord.

Thy promise made to all, and me, Thy followers who thy steps pursue, And dare believe that God is True.

Thou saidst I will the Father pray,
And He the Paraclete shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;
Myself will to my orphans come
And make you mine eternal home.

Come then dear Lord! Thyself reveal;
And let the promise now take place,
Be it according to thy will
According to the word of grace.
Thy sorrow, life, and cheer,
And for the Comforter.

He visits now the troubled breast,
And oft relieves our sad complaint,
But soon we lose the transient guest
But soon we droop again, and faint,
Repeat the melancholy moan
Our joy is fled, our comfort gone.

Hasten Him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure inseplicable guide
O might we meet and never part;
O might He in our hearts abide.
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there.
Alton

Hither ye poor, ye sick, ye blind, a Sin disordered trembling through, To you the Gospel calls, to you

Dal Segno S. Org: Solo

Reasons and Virtue boasting Sens derive no

blessing from his Tree, For Sinners' only Jesus dyd, Then sure I hear he dy'd for me, For Sinners only
Chorus Vivace

Awake each Heart arise each Soul and join the blissful Choirs above, may nothing tine our future.

Awake each Heart arise each Soul and join the blissful Choirs above, may nothing tine our future.


Tutti
O God how endless is thy Love, Thy gifts are every evening new, And Morning Mercies from above, Gent-

ly distill like early dew, Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spreadst the Curtain of the Night, Great Guardian of our sleeping hours, Thy sovereign Word restores the light, And
al Segno 8  Org: Solo

quicken all our drowsy Powers. And quickens all our drowsy Powers.

quicken all our drowsy Powers. And quickens all our drowsy Powers.

(Repeat the first Air.)

We yield our Powers to thy command,
To thee we consecrate our days;
Perpetual Blessings from thine hand,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

Torbay

Andante

out of the depth of self despair, Help us O Lord to cry, Our Misery

out of the depth of self despair, Help us O Lord to cry, Our Misery

If thou art rigorously severe
Who may the Text abide?
O where shall sinful Man appear,
Or how be justified?

But O Forgiveness is with Thee,
That Sinners may adore;
With filial Fear the goodness for,
And never grieve Thee more.
Bennington.

Hail thou once despised Jesus, Hail thou Galilean King, Who didst suffer to release us, Who didst.

Moderator

Hail thou once despised Jesus, Hail thou Galilean King, Who didst suffer to release us, Who didst.

Free Salvation bring! Hail thou glorious God and Saviour, thou hast borne our sin and shame, Thro' whose merit we find favour,

Free Salvation bring! Hail thou glorious God and Saviour, thou hast borne our sin and shame, Thro' whose merit we find favour,

Life is given thro' thy Name. Life is given, Life is given thro' thy Name. Hail thou glorious God and

Life is given thro' thy Name. Life is given, Life is given thro' thy Name. Hail thou glorious God and
Saviour, who hast borne our Sin and Shame, Thro' whose Merits we find favour, Life is given thro' thy Name, Life is given,

Saviour, who hast borne our Sin and Shame, Thro' whose Merits we find favour, Life is given thro' thy Name, Life is given,

Largo Pia Sempre

Jesus Hail enthroned in Glory, There for e-ter to a-bide, All the heav'nly Hoft adore thee, Seated at thy Fathers fide.

Jesus Hail enthroned in Glory, There for e-ter to a-bide, All the heav'nly Hoft adore thee, Seated at thy Fathers fide.

Volti
There for Sinners thou art pleading Spare them yet another Year, There for Saints art interceding, 'till in Glory they appear. 'till in Glory they appear. Andante

Worship Honour Power and blessing Christ is worthy to receive, Loudest Praises without ceasing must it be for us to give.
Praise without ceasing meet it is for us to give.

Praise without ceasing meet it is for us to give.

Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your sweetest noblest lays; Help to Sing our Jesus' Merits Help to chant Immanuel's Praise.

Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your sweetest noblest lays; Help to Sing our Jesus' Merits Help to chant Immanuel's Praise.

Help to Sing our Jesus' Merits Help to chant Immanuel's Praise. Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your sweetest noblest lays;

Help to Sing our Jesus' Merits Help to chant Immanuel's Praise. Help ye bright Angelic Spirits bring your sweetest noblest lays;

Volts
Leinster.

Ho evry one that Thists draw nigh, his GOD invites the Fallen race, Mercy and free Salvation buy, buy

Wine and Milk and Gospel Grace: Come to the living Waters come, Sinners o-buy your Makers call Return ye weary wanderers

home and find my Grace and find my Grace reachd out to All, reachd 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 bring weary Sinfull Souls?

labring, Frankly the Pardon and Pardon and
Carlisle

Andante

Affectuoso

Light of those whose dreary dwelling, Borders on the shades of Death. Come, and by thy Love revealing, Diffuse the clouds beneath, The new Heaven and Earth. Creator, In our deepest darkness rise, Scattering all the Night of

Nature, Pouring Eyeflight on our Eyes.

Still we wait for thine appearing, Life and joy thy beams impart, Chasing all our fears, and cheering Every poor benighted heart.

God hath for the ransomed race, Come, thou glorious God and Saviour, Come, and bring the Gospel Grace!

Set by M.M.

(g)

Save us in thy great compassion, O thou mild pacific Prince! Give the knowledge of Salvation, Give the Pardon of our Sins.

By thine all restoring Merit, Every burdened soul release, Be weary wandring Spirit, Go into thy perfect Peace!
MELTON MOWBRAY. A HYMN for 3 Voices with a Thorough Bass for the Harpsichord, Compos'd by Cha: Lockhart Organist of the Lock Hospital Chapel near Hyde Park Corner, and of St. Catharine Cree Church Leaden Hall Street.

Langante

Maestoso

Head of the Church triumphant, we joyfully adore thee; 'till

thou appear, thy Members here, shall sing like those in glory; 'till

thou appear, thy Members here, shall sing like those in glory; 'till

thou appear, thy Members here, shall sing like those in glory;
All, moderate

Thou dost conduct thy People thro' torrents of temptation nor will we fear while thou art near the fire of Tribulation the fire of tribu

Sym

the World with Sin and Satan in vain our March opposes by Thee we shall break thro' them all and sing the Song of

Moses by thee we shall break thro' them all and sing the Song of Moses and sing the Song of Moses.
each as dy-ing Stephen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to

Heaven. By Faith we see the Glory, To which thou shalt restore us, The

Cros-ses de-sire for that high Prize —— Which thou hast set before us: Which

Cros-ses de-sire for that high Prize —— Which thou hast set before us: Which
174:

thou hast set before us, And if thou count us worthy, We each as dying,

thou hast set before us, And if thou count us worthy, We each as dying,

Stephen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven. Shall

Stephen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand, To take us up to Heaven. Shall

Shall

Shall
WHITCHURCH and DALSTON. TWO HYMNS Set to Music for 3 Voices
with a Thorough Bass for the HARPSICHORD.

WHITCHURCH.

Lord of the Worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy Love, Thine

Lord of the Worlds above, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy Love, Thine

earthly Temples are! To his abode my Soul aspire, with warm desire to see thy God.

earthly Temples are! To his abode my Soul aspire, with warm desire to see thy God.

2
O happy Souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there:
They Praise Christ still, and happy they
That love the way to Zions Hill.

3
They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears;
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heaven appears:
O glorious Seat of God our King!
Lord thither bring our willing Feet.

4
The Lord his People loves,
His Hand no good withholds,
From thof't his Heart approves,
From praying humble Souls:
Thrice happy be O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit traits alone in thee.
Dalston.

Lord and God of heavenly Powers, Hallelujah. Theirs, and O be-nig-ny Ours,


Worms attempt to chant thy Name, Hal-le-lujah. Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,

Worms attempt to chant thy Name, Hal-le-lujah. Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hallelujah. Hear the World's atonement thou, Hallelujah.

Hallelujah. Hear the World's atonement thou, Hallelujah.

Jesus in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah. Take Otake our Sins away,

Jesus in thy Name we pray, Hallelujah. Take Otake our Sins away,

2

Thee to laud in Songs divine, Hallelujah.
Angels and Archangels join, Hallelujah.

We with them our Voices raise, Hallelujah.
Echoing thine Almighty Praise, Hallelujah.
Holy Holy Holy Lord, Hallelujah.

Live by Heaven and Earth adored, Hallelujah.
Full of Thee they ever cry, Hallelujah.

"Glory be to God on high", Hallelujah.
INVOCATION
by Mrs. LOCKHART

Come Holy Spirit come, Let thy bright beams arise!

Pia.

Dispel the Darkness from our minds and open all our eyes.

For.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and Fears remove
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never dying Love.

Convince us of our Sin,
Then lead to Jesus blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The secret Love of God.

Dwell therefore in our Hearts,
Our minds from bondage free,
Then shall we know and praise and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.
Number VI. Composed by Charles Lockhart, Organist to the Charity.

Kettering.

Maestoso

O let thy love our hearts constrain, Jesus the crucified;

What hast thou done our hearts to gain, Languish'd, and groan'd and died,

Languish'd and groan'd and died.

For

Languish'd and groan'd and died.

Pia
Us into closest Union draw, And in our inward Parts,

Let Kindness sweetly write her Law, Let Love command our

Hearts:
Who would not now pursue the way,
Where Jesus's footsteps shine,
Who would not own the pleasing way
Of Charity divine.

O let us find the Ancient way
Our wondering Foes to move,
And force the Heathen World to say,
"See how these Christians love."
O what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace, so plenteous in Grace; So strong to deliver, so good to redeem, The weakest Believer that
2

How happy the Man whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee,
Their Joy is to walk in the light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's Grace.

3

Their daily delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall as their Right, thy Righteousness claim;
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy Blood
Sold shall they appear in the presence of God.

4

For thou art their Boast, their Glory and Pow'r,
And I also trust to see the glad Hour,
My Soul's new-Creation, a Lift from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation that lifts up my head.

5

Yea, Lord, I shall see the Bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known,
For Sorrow and Sadness I Joy shall receive,
And share in the Gladness of all that believe.
B R A M S H O T.

Thee we adore Eternal Name, And humbly own to Thee, How

fee - ble is our Mortal Frame What dy - ing Worms we be, Our

wast - ing Lives grow short - er still, As Months and Days in - crease, And
The Year rolls round and steals away
The Breath, that first it gave,
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the Grave.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
To push us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diseases wait around,
To hurry Mortals home.

Great God, on what a slender Thread
Hang Everlasting Things,
The eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

Infinite Joy and endless Woe,
Attend on ev'ry Breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death.

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.

Waken O Lord our drowsy Sense &c &c
O Lord how great's the favour, That we such Sinners poor, Can

tho thy Blood's sweet Saviour, Approach thy Mercy's Door;

And find an open Passage, Unto the Throne of Grace, There
Lord, we are helpless Creatures,
Full of the deepest need,
Throughout defil’d by Nature,
Stupid and inly Dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakness,
And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all uncleaness,
A Den of Thieves within.

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.

We’ll never cease repeating,
Our numberless Complaints,
But ever be insisting,
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.

Then we with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate,
Th’ amazing 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.
Con Spirito

Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and King adore,
Mortals give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore:

For

Lift up your Hearts, Lift up your Voice, Re
2 Jesus the Savior reigns,
The Son 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.

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

4 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.

5 He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall all our Sins destroy;
And ev'ry Bosom swell
With pure Seraphic Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

6 Rejoice in glorious Hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!
Amglo ma
non troppo

Salvation: the joyful Sound, What Pleasure
Salvation! O the joyful Sound, What Pleasure

to our Ears, A Sovereign Balm for every Wound or
dial
to our Ears, A Sovereign Balm for every Wound or
dial

for our Fears; Salvation! let the Echo fly, The
for our Fears; Salvation! let the Echo fly, The
Spacious Earth around, While all the Armies of the Sky, Conspire to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound, to raise the Sound.
FINE DON.

Blessed are the Sons of God, They are bought with Christ's own Blood, They are ransom'd.

For from the Grave, Life eternal they shall have, With them number'd may we, be Here, and in Eternity.

God did love them in his Son,
Long before the World begun;
They the Seal of this receive,
When on Jesus they believe.

They are Justified by Grace,
They enjoy a solid Peace;
All their Sins are wash'd away,
They shall stand in God's great Day.

They produce the Fruits of Grace,
In the works of Righteousness!
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, humble, undefil'd.

They are Lights upon the Earth,
Children of an Heavenly birth,
One with God, with Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun.

With them &c

With them &c
**Tamworth**

**Guide me, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim, through this barren land;**
I am weak, but Thou art mighty.
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of Heaven, Bread of Heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2
Open Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer &c.

Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3
When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Death of Deaths, and Hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's Side:
Songs of Praises &c
I will ever give to thee.