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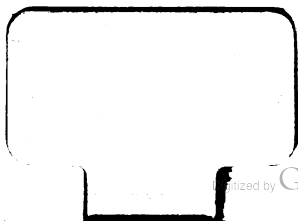
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COLLECTION  
OF  
P S A L M S  
AND  
H Y M N S.



CHARLES-TOWN,  
Printed by LEWIS TIMOTHY. 1737.

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*With Preface by the*  
REV. G. OSBORN, D.D.

LONDON:  
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AND 66, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

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## P R E F A C E.

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EARLY in the year 1740, John Wesley supplied a brief account of himself for insertion in a new and enlarged edition of Wood's *Athenæ Oxoniensis*. In that document he states that he published a Collection of Psalms and Hymns in 1736, a statement which until lately was very perplexing. It was known that he had published a book with this title at London in 1738, shortly after his return from America; but he did not describe that publication as a second edition, and he superseded it by another with the same title three years afterwards. The book of 1738 has now almost disappeared, only two or three copies of it being known to exist; but that of 1736 had neither been seen nor heard of until a few months since, when a copy came into the possession of Mr. Brooke, of Richmond Road, Hackney. This unique volume he has kindly permitted the Methodist Book Committee to reprint in *facsimile*, and thus conferred a great obligation on that large and increasing number of persons who are interested in the hymnology of Methodism.



A comparison of the three publications bearing the same title leaves no room to doubt that they are the work of the same man, though he only avows himself on the title of the third, which bears date 1741. In 1743 he issued a new edition of the book of 1741, which he called the "Second Edition enlarged," thus ignoring the books of 1736 and 1738 altogether, and numbering the subsequent editions (of which there were many) accordingly. These enlarged editions bore the names of the two brothers; Mr. Charles contributing psalms versified by himself to supersede several of those selected by his brother for the earlier publications, and adding others. There is not space here for a further discussion of the subject; but those who wish for fuller information may find it in vol. iii. of the *Collected Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*, or in the *Record of Methodist Literature*, pp. 3, 4, where the contents of the books published in 1738 and 1741 are specified, and the means of comparing all the three collections are furnished.

It has been supposed that this collection of Psalms and Hymns was the first published in our language; so that in this provision for the improvement of public worship, as in many other improvements which have since been generally adopted, Wesley led the way. But this question, however interesting, is too large

to be considered here. It is more to our purpose to observe that the present volume having been published while the compiler was, to use his own phrase, "a missionary in Georgia," strikingly illustrates his care to provide for the spiritual wants of those committed to his care; his earnest and serious temper; and his prominent ecclesiasticism. The three divisions into Psalms and Hymns for Sunday, Wednesday, and Saturday, the first including such as were proper for general worship, while those for Wednesday and Friday are occupied with confession and humiliation, and those for Saturday with praise to God especially considered as the Creator of the Universe, bespeak a strict regard to those usages of a remote antiquity to which he then attached a very exaggerated importance. It is pleasant, however, to note that the foolish bigotry which led him to refuse the Lord's Supper to a Lutheran minister did not prevent him from availing himself of the invaluable Psalms and Hymns of Dr. Watts, which make more than one-third of the whole number contained in this little volume. The student will also be interested in observing the variations in the translations from the German as given here (particularly No. xvi) and in the author's subsequent publications; and the attempt to present in a form fit for singing the noble "Hymn of Eupolis," which, whether original

or translated, stamps the father of the Wesleys a true poet, and of which his son John was so justly proud. In reference to this document, Dr. Clarke's *Wesley Family* (Works, 12mo, vol. ii.) may be consulted with advantage.

The first Methodists at Oxford sung Psalms in proportion to their earnestness in religion ; when they declined, and shrank from the reproach of serious godliness, the psalm singing in their little meetings was given up. After their "day of Pentecost had come," at Whitsuntide, 1738, the habit of singing was revived, as the biographies abundantly testify. And when hundreds more had their lips opened by the sense of pardoning mercy obtained under the preaching of the two brothers, the revival of singing in England became very marked and general, and Tune-books as well as Hymn-books came into request. John Wesley supplied his people with four, and appears to have permitted, if he did not encourage, the use of two others. Of these four, the first, which has long been extremely rare, is now reprinted to accompany the first Hymn-book. When it originally appeared, the once solitary "missioner in Georgia" had become a very popular clergyman in London, followed by large congregations, and occupying one place of worship, if no more. He had also published more than one volume of Hymns (in addition to the Collection of Psalms and Hymns

already spoken of), and some of these in metres which were not then commonly used in England. So his little Collection of Tunes would be highly serviceable, if not absolutely necessary; and his characteristic love of the poor, and desire for their improvement, are seen in providing them with more than forty tunes for sixpence. That all might learn to sing, he printed only the melody, leaving the harmony to be supplied by the more skilful; and as he determined that neither ignorance nor poverty should stand in the way of improvement, he afterwards published, at the price of a penny, an Introduction to Vocal Music adapted to general use. How useful these several publications were in building up the United Societies in the joy of faith we must not stop to consider; but we may not omit to notice the high character of many of the compositions which he thus circulated, and which have retained their hold on the public taste to this day; and the sober and devout style of singing which he sought to encourage. What was boisterous and rude received no countenance either from the teaching or the example of the founder of Methodism, whose motto might well have been—

“Who know His power, His grace who prove,  
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love.”

The subjoined list of Errata, though long, may not be quite complete, but will be readily

excused by the candid reader, a *fac-simile* reprint not admitting of corrections of the press. The number and character of the printer's mistakes suggests the probability of the book being printed without the personal superintendence of Wesley, whose proverbial accuracy must have been sorely tried by the sight of the book when it came into his hands.

G. OSBORN.

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## ERRATA.

The date on the title page is 1737, which disagrees with the Author's date (Outlines of Wesleyan Bibliography, p. 212).

- Page 15, last line but one, *for mercies read* mercy's.  
 „ 29, verse 8, line 2, *for fears read* tears.  
 „ 30, „ 5, „ 3, *for attone read* atone.  
 „ 30, „ 8, „ 2, *for on read* all.  
 „ 31, „ 3, „ last, *for drawing read* dawning.  
 „ 32, „ 2, „ 3, *for skilfull read* skilful.  
 „ 32, „ 4, „ 4, *for hill read* hills.  
 „ 38, „ 6, „ 3, *for stoped read* stopped.  
 „ 45, „ 4, „ 1, *for streeming read* streaming,  
 „ 45, „ 4, „ 4, *for pace read* peace.  
 „ 46, „ 5, „ 3, comma after gain.  
 „ 58, „ 11, „ 2, *for mercie's read* mercy's  
 „ 63, „ 1, „ 3, *for streight read* straight.  
 „ 64, „ 1, „ 3, *for carreer read* career.  
 „ 68, „ 4, „ 2, *for bows read* boughs.  
 „ 69, „ 2, „ 4, *for ecchoing read* echoing.  
 „ 70, „ 4, „ 2, *for waining read* waning.  
 „ 73, „ 1, „ 7, *for streight read* straight.



**COLLECTION**  
**OF**  
**PSALMS**  
**AND**  
**HYMNS.**



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**CHARLES-TOWN,**  
Printed by **Lewis TIMOTHY. 1737.**





**PSALMS and HYMN'S**  
*For Sunday.*

**I.**

**Psalm XXXIII.**

- 1 **Y**E holy Souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice:  
Great is your Theme. your Songs be new  
Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,  
His Works of Nature and of Grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,  
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves ;  
His Word the heavenly Arches spread :  
How wide they shine from North to South !  
And by the Spirit of his Mouth  
Were all the Starry Armies made.
- 3 Thou gatherest the wide-flowing Seas ;  
Those watry Treasures know their Place  
In the vast Store-house of the Deep :  
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth ;  
And Fires and Seas and Heaven and Earth  
His everlasting Orders keep.
- 4 Let Mortals tremble and adore  
A GOD of such resistless Power,  
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage :  
Vain are your Thoughts and weak your Hands,  
But his eternal Counsel stands,  
And rules the World from Age to Age.



## II.

## Pſalm XLVI.

- 1 **O**N God ſupreme our Hope depends,  
 Whoſe omnipreſent Sight  
 Even to the pathleſs Realms extends  
 Of uncreated Night.
- 2 Plung'd in the Abyſs of deep Diſtreſs  
 To him we rais'd our Cry :  
 His Mercy bad our Sorrows ceaſe  
 And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.
- 3 Tho' Earth her ancient Seat forſake,  
 By Pangs convulſive torn,  
 Tho' her ſelf-ballanc'd Fabrick ſhake  
 And ruin'd Nature mourn :
- 4 Tho' Hills be in the Ocean loſt  
 With all their trembling Load,  
 No Fear ſhall e'er diſturb the Juſt,  
 Or ſhake his Truſt in God.
- 5 Nations remote and Realms unknown  
 In vain reſiſt his Sway ;  
 For lo ! Jehovah's Voice is ſhewn  
 And Earth ſhall melt away.
- 6 Let War's devouring Surges riſe  
 And ſwell on every ſide :  
 The Lord of Hoſts our Safeguard is,  
 And Jacob's God our Guide.

## III.

## Pſalm XLVII.

- 1 **O** For a Shout of ſacred Joy  
 To God the ſovereign King !

Let

- Let every Land their Tongues employ,  
And Hymns of Triumph sing.
- 2 *Jefus* our God afcends on high ;  
His heavenly Guards around  
Attend him rifing through the Sky,  
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.
- 3 While Angels fhout and praife their King,  
Let Mortals learn their Strains :  
Let all the Earth his Honours fing ;  
O'er all the Earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearfe his Praife with Awe profound,  
Let Knowledge guide the Song.  
Nor mock him with a folemn Sound  
Upon a thoughtlefs Tongue.
- 5 In *Ifrael* flood his ancient Throne,  
He lov'd that chofen Race ;  
But now he calls the World his own,  
And *Heathens* tafte his Grace.
- 6 Remotefteft Nations are the Lord's ;  
There *Abraham's* God is known :  
While Powers and Princes, Shields and Swords  
Bow down before his Throne.

## IV.

## Pfalm C.

- 1 **B**Efore *Jehovah's* awful Throne,  
Ye Nations, bow with facred joy.  
Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
He can create, and he deftroy.
- 2 His fovereign Power without our aid  
Made us of clay and form'd us Men ;  
And when like wandring Sheep we fray'd  
He brought us to his Fold again.
- 3 We'll

6                    *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 3 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,  
High as the Heavens our Voices raise ;  
And Earth with her Ten Thousand Tongues  
Shall fill thy Courts with founding Praise.
- 4 Wide as the World is thy Command.  
Vaft as Eternity thy Love :  
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muft stand  
When rolling Years fhall ceafe to move.

V.

*Pfalm CXIII.*

- 1 **Y**E Priests of God, whose happy Days  
Are fpent in your Creator's Praise,  
Still more and more his Fame exprefs !  
Ye pious Worshippers proclaim  
With shouts of Joy his holy Name ;  
Nor fatisfied with praifing, blefs.
- 2 Let God's high Praifes ftill refund,  
Beyond old Times too scanty bound  
And thro' eternal Ages pierce,  
From where the Sun firft gilds the Streams  
To where he fets with purpled Beams,  
Thro' all the wide ftretch'd Univerfe.
- 3 The various Tribes of Earth obey  
Thy awful and imperial Sway ;  
Nor Earth thy fovereign Power confines ;  
Above the Sun's all-cheering Light  
Above the Stars and far more bright  
Thy pure effential Glory fhines.
- 4 What mortal form'd of fading clay,  
What Native of eternal Day  
Can with the God of Heaven compare ?  
Yet Angels round thy glorious Throne
- Thou

- Thou stoop'st to view : nor they alone ;  
 Even Earth-born Men thy Goodness share.
- 5 The Poor thou liftest from the Dust ;  
 The Sinner, if in thee he trust,  
 From depths of guilt and shame thou'lt raise,  
 That he in Peace and Safety plac'd  
 With Power and Love and Wisdom grac'd  
 May sing aloud his Saviour's Praise.
- 6 To Father, Son and Holy-Ghost  
 The God whom Heaven's triumphant Host  
 And suffering Saints on Earth adore,  
 Be Glory as in Ages past,  
 As now it is and so shall last  
 When Earth and Heaven shall be no more.

VI.

Part of Psalm CXV.

- 1 **N**Ot unto us : We all disclaim :  
 Glory alone to God's great Name,  
 Whose Truth shall stand for ever fast,  
 Whose Love to endless Ages last.
- 2 Thou reignest, Lord, enthroned above !  
 Yet dost thy humble Sons approve :  
 Thou all Events disposest still ;  
 For all obey thy sovereign Will.
- 3 The silent Dead no Praises give :  
 But we who by thy Mercy live,  
 While we have Breath will Offerings bring,  
 And grateful *Hallelujahs* sing.
- 4 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be Honour, Praise and Glory given,  
 By all on Earth and all in Heaven.

VII.

## VII.

## Pſalm CXVI.

- 1 **O** Thou, who when I did complain,  
 Didſt all my Griefs remove,  
 O Saviour, do not now diſdain  
 My humble Praise and Love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying Ear didſt give  
 And hear me when I pray'd,  
 I'll call upon thee while I live,  
 And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale Death with all his ghastly Train  
 My Soul encompass round,  
 Anguish and Sin, and Dread and Pain  
 On every ſide I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of Life, I pray'd  
 And did for Succour flee :  
 O ſave (in my Diſtreſs I ſaid)  
 The Soul that truſts in thee !
- 5 How good thou art ! How large thy Grace !  
 How eaſy to forgive !  
 The helpleſs thou delight'ſt to raiſe :  
 And by thy Love I live.
- 6 Then, O my Soul, be never more  
 With anxious Thoughts diſtreſt,  
 God's bounteous Love doth thee reſtore  
 To Eaſe and Joy and Reſt.
- 7 My Eyes no longer drown'd in Tears  
 My Feet from falling free,  
 Redeem'd from Death and guilty Fears  
 O Lord, I'll live to thee !

## VIII.

## VIII.

## Psalm CXVII.

- 1 YE Nations, who the Globe divide,  
 Ye numerous Nations scatter'd wide,  
 To God your grateful Voices raise :  
 To all his boundless Mercies shewn,  
 His Truth to endless Ages known  
 Require our endless Love and Praise.
- 2 To him who reigns inthron'd on high,  
 To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,  
 Our Guilt and Errors to remove ;  
 To that blest Spirit who Grace imparts,  
 Who rules in all believing Hearts,  
 Be ceaseless Glory, Praise and Love !

## IX.

## Psalm CXLVI.

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've Breath  
 And when my Voice is lost in Death  
 Praise shall employ my nobler Powers.  
 My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past  
 While Life and Thought and Being last,  
 Or Immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the Man whose hopes rely  
 On *Israel's* God : He made the Sky  
 And Earth and Seas with all their Train :  
 His Truth for ever stands secure ;  
 He saves th' Opprest ; he feeds the Poor,  
 And none shall find his Promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours Eye-sight on the Blind,  
 The Lord supports the fainting Mind,  
 He sends the labouring Conscience Peace,  
 B He

He helps the Stranger in distress,  
The Widow and the Fatherless,  
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

- 4 I'll praise him while he lend's me Breath,  
And when my Voice is lost in Death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers:  
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,  
While Life and Thought and Being last,  
Or Immortality endures.

## X.

## Psalm CXLVII.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord: 'Tis good to raise  
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise,  
His Nature and his Works invite  
To make this Duty our Delight.
- 2 He form'd the Stars, those heavenly Flames  
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names  
His Wisdom 's vast and knows no Bound,  
A deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord and great his Might  
And all his Glory's infinite  
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,  
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.
- 4 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,  
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky,  
These he prepares the fruitful Rain,  
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.
- 5 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn  
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn.  
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply  
And the young Ravens when they cry.
- 6 What

- 6 What is the Creature's Skill or Force?  
 The spritely Man or warlike Horſe?  
 The piercing Wit, the active Limb?  
 All are too mean Delights for him.
- 7 But Saints are lovely in his Sight  
 He views his Children with Delight:  
 He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,  
 And looks and loves his Image there.
- 8 Praiſe God from whom all Bleſſings flow.  
 Praiſe him all Creatures here below:  
 Praiſe him above, ye heavenly Hoſt  
 Praiſe Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt.

XI.

Hymn to God the Father.

- 1 **H**Ail, Father, whoſe creating Call  
 Unnumber'd Worlds attend,  
*Jehovah*, comprehending all,  
 Whom none can comprehend!
- 2 In Light unſearchable inthron'd  
 Which Angels dimly ſee;  
 The Fountain of the God-head own'd  
 And foremoſt of the Three.
- 3 From thee thro' an eternal Now,  
 The Son, thine Offspring, flow'd;  
 An everlaſting Father thou,  
 As everlaſting God.
- 4 Nor quite diſplay'd to Worlds above,  
 Nor quite on Earth conceal'd:  
 By wondrous, unexhausted Love  
 To mortal Man reveal'd:

B 2

5 Supreme



12            PSALMS *and* HYMNS.

- 5 Supreme and all sufficient God,  
    When Nature shall expire  
    And Worlds created by thy Nod  
    Shall perish by thy Fire.
- 6 Thy Name *Jehovah* be ador'd  
    By Creatures without End,  
    Whom none but thy essential Word  
    And Spirit comprehend.

XII.

Hymn to God the Son.

- 1 **H**Ail, God the Son, in Glory crown'd  
    E'er Time began to be,  
    Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the Round  
    Of wide Eternity !
- 2 Let Heaven and Earth's stupendous Frame  
    Display their Author's Power,  
    And each exalted Seraph Flame,  
    Creator, thee adore !
- 3 Thy wondrous Love the God-head shew'd  
    Contracted to a Span,  
    The Co-eternal Son of God,  
    The mortal Son of Man.
- 4 To save Mankind from lost Estate,  
    Behold his Life-Blood Stream !  
    Hail, Lord Almighty to create !  
    Almighty to redeem !
- 5 The Mediator's Godlike sway,  
    His Church beneath sustains :  
    Till Nature shall her Judge survey  
    The King *Messiah* reigns.

6 Hail

- 6 Hail with essential Glory crown'd  
 When time shall cease to be,  
 Thron'd with the Father thro' the Round  
 Of whole Eternity !

## XIII.

## Hymn to God the Holy-Ghost.

- 1 **H**Ail, Holy-Ghost, *Jehovah*, Third  
 In order of the Three ;  
 Sprung from the Father and the Word  
 From all Eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' Abyfs  
 Of firmless Waters lay,  
 Spoke into Order all that is,  
 And Darknefs into Day.
- 3 In deepeft Hell or Heavens height  
 Thy Prefence who can fly ?  
 Known is the Father to thy Sight,  
 Th' Abyfs of Deity.
- 4 Thy Power thro' *Jefus's* Life difplay'd  
 Quite from the Virgin's Womb,  
 Dying his Soul an offering made,  
 And rais'd him from the Tomb.
- 5 God's Image which our Sins deftroy  
 Thy Grace reftores below.  
 And Truth and Holinefs and Joy  
 From thee, their Fountain, flow.
- 6 Hail, Holy Ghost, *Jehovah*, third  
 In order of the Three,  
 Sprung from the Father and the Word  
 From all Eternity.

## XIV.

## XIV.

## Hymn to the Trinity.

- 1 **H**Ail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
 Be endless Praise to thee!  
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
 In Co-eternal Three.
- 2 Inthron'd in everlasting State  
 E'er Time its Round began,  
 Who join'd in Council to create  
 The Dignity of Man.
- 3 To whom *Isaiah's* Vision shew'd  
 The Seraphs veil their Wings,  
 While thee, *Jehovah*, Lord and God  
 Th' angelick Army sings.
- 4 To thee by Mystick Powers on high  
 Were humble Praises given,  
 When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye  
 Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.
- 5 All that the Name of Creature owns  
 To thee in Hymns aspire:  
 May we as Angels on our Thrones  
 For ever join the Choir!
- 6 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!  
 Be endless Praise to thee;  
 Supreme, essential One, ador'd  
 In Co-eternal Three;

## XV.

## God's Eternity.

- 1 **R**ise, o my Soul and leave the Ground,  
 Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,

And

And rouse up every tuneful Sound  
To praise th' eternal God.

- 2 Long e'er the lofty Skies were spread  
*Fehovah* fill'd his Throne ;  
E'er *Adam* form'd or Angels made  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 Thy boundless Years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their Prime,  
Eternity's thy dwelling place,  
And *Ever* is thy time.
- 4 While like a Tide our Minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal Now  
And sees our Ages waft.
- 5 The Sea and Sky must perish too  
And vast destruction come ;  
The Creatures, look how old they grow !  
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the Sea waft all away,  
And Flame melt down the Skies,  
My God shall live an endless Day,  
When th' old Creation dies.

XVI.

From the German.

- 1 **O** God, thou bottomless Abyfs,  
Thee to perfection who can know ?  
O Height immense ! What Words suffice  
Thy countless Attributes to shew !  
Unfathomable Depths thou art !  
I plunge me in thy Mercies Sea ;  
Void of true Wisdom is my Heart :

With

With love embrace and cover me.  
 While thee, All-infinite, I set  
 Before my ravish'd Eye,  
 My weaknes bends beneath the Weight :  
 I sink, I faint, I die !

2 Eternity thy Fountain was,  
 Which like thee, no beginning knew ;  
 Thou wast e'er Time began his Race,  
 E'er glow'd with Stars th' eternal Blew.  
 Greatness unspeakable is thine  
 Greatness whose undiminish'd Ray  
 When short-liv'd Worlds are lost, shall shine,  
 When Earth and Heaven are fled away.  
 Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,  
 Of Life the boundless Sea,  
 What lives and moves, lives by thy Word  
 What is, is all from thee !

3 Thy Parent Hand, thy forming Skill  
 Firm fixt this universal Chain :  
 Else empty, barren darkness still  
 Had held his unmolested Reign.  
 Whate'er in Earth, or Sea, or Sky  
 Or shuns or meets the wandring Thought  
 Escapes or strikes the searching Eye,  
 By thee was to perfection brought.  
 High is thy Power above all Height :  
 Whate'er thou will'ft is done :  
 Thy Wisdom equal to thy Might  
 Only to thee is known.

4 Heaven's Glory is thy awful Throne,  
 Yet Earth partakes thy gracious Sway ;  
 Vain Man ! Thy Wisdom, Folly own :  
 Loft is thy Reason's feeble Ray.  
 What his dim Eye cou'd never see  
 Is plain and naked to thy Sight ;

What

What thickest Darkneſs veil's, to thee  
 Shines clearly as the Morning Light.  
 In Light thou dwell'ſt : Light that no ſhade  
 No changes ever knew :  
 And Heaven above and Hell beneath  
 Are open to thy View.

5 Thou, true and only God, lead'ſt forth  
 Th' immortal Armies of the Sky :  
 Thou laugh'ſt to ſcorn the Gods of Earth ;  
 Thou thunder'ſt, and amaz'd they fly.  
 With down caſt Eye th' angelic Choir  
 Appear before thy awful Face,  
 Trembling they ſtrike the golden Lyre  
 And thro' Heav'ns Vault reſound thy Praise.  
 In Earth, Air, Skies, in all thou art :  
 Creation feels thy Nod,  
 Whoſe Hand impreſt on every Part  
 The Image of its God.

6 Thine, Lord, is Wiſdom, thine alone ;  
 Juſtice and Truth before thee ſtand :  
 Yet nearer to thy ſacred Throne  
 Mercy withholdſ thy liſted Hand.  
 Each Evening ſhews thy tender Love,  
 Each riſing Morn thy plenteous Grace ;  
 Thy waken'd Wrath doth ſlowly move,  
 Thy willing Mercy flies a Pace.  
 Father, to thy indulgent Care  
 This Light, this Breath we owe :  
 And all we have, and all we are,  
 From thee, great Fountain, flow.

7 Parent of Good, thy bounteous Hand  
 Inceſſant Bleſſings down diſtills,  
 And all in Air, or Sea, or Land  
 With plenteous Food and Gladneſs fills.

C

All

All things in thee, live, move and are  
 Thy Power infus'd does all sustain ;  
 Even those thy daily Favours share  
 Who thankless spurn thy easy Reign.  
 Thy Sun thou bid'st his genial Ray  
 On all impartial pour ;  
 To all who hate or bless thy Sway  
 Thou send'st the fruitful Show'r.

8 Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy Might  
 Shall feel thee a consuming Fire,  
 How sweet the Joys, the Crown how bright  
 Of those who to thy Love aspire !  
 All Creatures praise th' eternal Name  
 Ye Hosts that to his Courts belong,  
 Cherubick Quires, seraphick Flames,  
 Awake the everlasting Song.  
 Thrice Holy, thine the Kingdom is,  
 Th' almighty Power is thine,  
 And when created Nature dies  
 Thy ceaseless Glories shine.

## XVII.

## Hymn to Christ.

1 *JESU*, behold the Wise from far,  
 Led to thy Cradle by a Star  
 Bring Gifts to thee, their God and King :  
 O guide us by thy Light, that we  
 The Way may find, and so to thee  
 Our Hearts, our all for Tribute bring.

2 *Jesu*, the pure, the spotless Lamb,  
 Who to the Temple humbly came,  
 Duteous the legal Rights to pay,  
 O make our proud, our stubborn Will

All

All thy Wife, gracious Laws fulfill,  
 What e'er rebellous Nature say.

- 4 *Jesu*, who on the fatal Wood  
 Pour'dst forth thy Lives last drop of Blood  
 Nail'd to th' accurd shameful Crofs ;  
 O may we blefs thy Love, and be  
 Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee  
 All Shame, all Grief, all Pain, all Lofs !
- 4 *Jesu*, who by thine own Love slain,  
 By thine own Power took'st Life again  
 And Conqueror from the Grave did'st rise,  
 O may thy Death our Hearts revive,  
 And at our Death a new Life give,  
 A glorious Life that never dies.
- 5 *Jesu*, who to thy Heaven again  
 Return'dst in triumph, there to reign  
 Of Men and Angels sovereign King,  
 O may our parting Souls take flight  
 Up to that Land of Joy and Light  
 And there for ever grateful sing.
- 6 All Glory to the sacred Three,  
 One undivided Deity,  
 All Honour, Power and Love and Praise ;  
 Still may thy blessed Name shine bright  
 In beams of uncreated Light  
 Crown'd with its own eternal Rays.

### XVIII.

#### Adoption.

- 1 **B**Ehold what wondrous Grace  
 The Father hath bestow'd  
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,  
 To call them Sons of God !

C 2

2 Nor



- 2 Nor doth it yet appear  
     How great we shall be made  
 But when we see our Saviour here  
     We shall be like our Head
- 3 Lord, arm us with this Hope  
     All Trials to endure :  
 O purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,  
     As thou our God art pure.
- 4 If in my Father's Love  
     I share filial Part,  
 Show'r down thy Influence, holy Dove,  
     And rest upon my Heart.
- 5 We wou'd no longer lie  
     Like Slaves beneath thy Throne :  
 O let us *Abba*, Father, cry  
     And thou the Kindred own !

## XIX.

## The Christian Race.

- 1 **A** Wake our Souls (away our Fears,  
     Let every trembling Thought be gone)  
 Awake, and run the heavenly Race  
     And put a chearful Courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a streight and thorny Road,  
 And mortal Spirits tire and faint :  
 But we forget the mighty God,  
     That feeds the Strenght of every Saint.
- 3 O mighty God thy matchless Power  
 Is ever new, and ever young,  
 And firm endures while endless Years  
     Their everlasting Circles run.
- 4 From thee the overflowing Spring

Our

Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply :  
 While such as trust their native Strength  
 Shall melt away and droop and die.

- 5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air  
 We'll mount aloft to thine Abode ;  
 On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly  
 Nor tire amid't the heavenly Road !

XX.

Praise.

- 1 **O** King of Glory, King of Peace,  
 Thee only will I love ;  
 Thee that my Love may never cease  
 Incessant will I move.
- 2 For thou hast granted my Request,  
 For thou my Cries hast heard ;  
 Mark'd all the Workings of my Breast,  
 And hast in Mercy spar'd.
- 3 Therefore with all my Strength and Art  
 Thy Mercy will I sing :  
 To thee the Tribute of my Heart  
 My Soul, my all I bring.
- 4 What tho' my Sins against me cried  
 Thou did'st the Sinner spare :  
 In vain th' Accuser loud replied ;  
 For Love had charm'd thy Ear.
- 5 The seven whole Days, not one in seven,  
 Unwearied will I praise,  
 And in my Heart as in thy Heaven  
 Thy Throne triumphant raise.
- 6 Soften'd and vanquish'd by my Tears  
 Thou could'st no more withstand,

But

But when stern Justice call'd for Fears  
Difarm'd her lifted Hand:

- 7 Small is it in this humble fort  
Thy Mercy's Fame to raise;  
For even Eternity's too short  
To utter all thy Praise!

## XXI.

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.

- 1 **W**Hat equal Honours shall we bring  
To thee o Lord, our God the Lamb?  
Since all the Notes that Angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy Name.
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and died,  
Worthy to rise and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father's Side.
- 3 Power and Dominion are his due  
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* Bar:  
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,  
Tho' he was charg'd with Madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid  
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn.  
While Glory shines around this Head,  
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
Who bore the curse for wretched Men!  
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,  
And every Creature say, *Amen*.

## XXII.

Hymn to the Holy-Ghost.

- 1 **C**ome holy Spirit, send down those Beams  
Which gently flow in silent Streams  
From

- From thy eternal Throne above :  
 Come thou enricher of the Poor,  
 Thou bounteous source of all our Store,  
 Fill us with Faith and Hope and Love.
- 2 Come thou, our Soul's delightful Guest,  
 The wearied Pilgrim's sweetest rest,  
 The fainting Sufferer's best relief:  
 Come thou, our Passions cool allay :  
 Thy Comfort wipes all Tears away,  
 And turns to Peace all Joy and Grief.
- 3 Lord, wash our sinful Stains away,  
 Water from Heaven our barren Clay,  
 Our Sickness cure, our Bruises heal :  
 To thy sweet Yoke our stiff Necks bow,  
 Warm with thy Fire our Hearts of Snow,  
 And there enthron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All Glory to the sacred Three  
 One everlasting Deity,  
 All Love and Power and Might and Praise;  
 As at the first, e'er time begun,  
 May the same Homage still be done  
 When Earth and Heaven itself decays.

## XXIII.

## The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E blefs the Prophet of the Lord,  
 That comes with Truth and Grace ;  
*Jefus*, thy Spirit and thy Word  
 Shall lead us in thy Ways.
- 2 We rev'rence our high Priest above ;  
 Who offer'd up his Blood :  
 Live, Lord, and carry on thy Love  
 By pleading with our God.

3 We

24            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 3 We honour our exalted King ;  
    How sweet are thy Commands !  
O Guard our Souls from Hell and Sin  
    In thy Almighty Hands.
- 4 *Hofannah* to thy glorious Name  
    Who sav'ft by different Ways !  
Thy Mercies lay a fovereign Claim  
    To our immortal Praise.

XXIV.

Hymn for Sunday.

- 1 **B**Ehold we come, dear Lord, to thee  
    And bow before thy Throne,  
We come to offer all our Vows,  
    Our Souls to thee alone.
- 2 What e'er we have, what e'er we are,  
    Thy Bounty freely gave :  
Thou dost us here in Mercy spare,  
    And wilt hereafter save.
- 3 But o ! can all our Store afford  
    No better Gifts for thee ?  
Thus we confefs thy Riches, Lord,  
    And thus our Poverty.
- 4 'Tis not our Tongues or Knees can pay  
    The mighty Debt we owe :  
Far more we shou'd, than we can fay,  
    Far lower shou'd we bow.
- 5 Come then my Soul, bring all thy Powers  
    And grieve thou haft no more,  
Bring every Day thy choicest Hours  
    And thy great God adore.
- 6 But above all prepare thy Heart  
    On this his own blest Day,

In

In it's fweet Task to bear a part,  
And fing and love and pray !

## XXV.

## Triumph over Death.

- 1 **A**Nd muft this Body die ?  
This well wrought Frame decay ?  
And muft thefe a tive Limbs of mine  
Lie mouldring in the Clay ?
- 2 Corruption, Earth and Worms  
Shall but refine this flefh,  
Till my triumphant Spirit comes  
To put it on a frefh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives  
And often from the Skies  
Looks down and watches all my Duft,  
Till he fhall bid it rife.
- 4 Array'd in glorious Grace  
Shall thefe vile Bodies fhine,  
And every Shape and every Face  
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 Thefe lively Hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying Love :  
O may we blefs thy Grace below,  
And fing thy Power above.
- 6 Saviour accept the Praise  
Of thefe our humble Songs,  
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raife  
With our immortal Tongues.

D

XXVI.

## XXVI.

From the German.

- 1 **J**ESU, to thee my Heart I bow,  
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove:  
Fairest among Ten Thousand thou,  
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.
- 2 All Heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire ;  
O shine upon my frozen Breast ;  
With sacred Warmth my Heart inspire,  
May I too thy hid Sweetness taste.
- 3 I see thy Garments roll'd in Blood,  
Thy streaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side :  
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God,  
Now Man shall live ; for God hath died.
- 4 O kill in me this rebel Sin,  
And triumph o'er my willing Breast :  
Restore thy Image Lord, therein,  
And lead me to my Father's Rest :
- 5 Ye earthly Loves be far away !  
Saviour, be thou my Love alone ;  
Ne'er more may mine usurp the Sway,  
But in me thy great Will be done !
- 6 Yea, thou, true Witness, spotless Lamb,  
All Things for thee I count but Loss ;  
My sole desire, my constant Aim,  
My only Glory be thy Cross !

## XXVII.

Thanksgiving for God's particular  
Providence.

- 1 **W**Hen all thy Mercies, o my God,  
My rising Soul surveys,

Why

- Why my cold Heart, art thou not loft  
 In Wonder, Love and Praise ?
- 2 Thy Providence my Life sustain'd  
 And all my Wants redrest,  
 While in the silent Womb I lay  
 And hung upon the Breast.
- 3 To all my weak Complaints and Cries  
 Thy Mercy lent an Ear  
 E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd  
 To form themselves in Prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul  
 Thy tender Care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant Heart conceived  
 From whom those Comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery Paths of Youth  
 With heedless Steps I ran,  
 Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe  
 And led me up to Man.
- 6 Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Ten Thousand Thousand precious Gifts  
 My daily Thanks employ ;  
 Nor is the least a chearful Heart  
 That tastes those Gifts with Joy.
- 8 Thro' every Period of my Life  
 Thy Goodness I'll pursue,  
 And after Death in distant Worlds  
 The pleasing Theme renew.
- 9 Thro' all Eternity to thee  
 A grateful Song I'll raise.:



But o! Eternity's too short  
To utter all thy Praise.

## XXVIII.

## A Morning Hymn.

- 1 **M**Y God how endless is thy Love!  
Thy Gifts are every Evening new :  
And Morning Mercies from above  
Gently distill like early Dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night  
Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours :  
Thy sovereign Word restores the Light  
And Quickens all my drooping Powers.
- 3 I yield my Powers to thy Command,  
To thee I consecrate my Days :  
Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand  
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

## XXIX.

## Heaven begun on Earth.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,  
And let your Joys be known,  
Join in a Song with sweet accord  
While ye surround his Throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing  
That never knew our God :  
But Servants of the heavenly King  
May speak their Joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,  
That all the Earth furveys,  
That rides upon the stormy Sky

And

And calms the roaring Seas,

- 4 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love :  
Thou shalt send down thy heavenly Powers  
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see thy Face  
And never, never Sin ;  
There from the Rivers of thy Grace  
Drink endless Pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise  
To that immortal State,  
The Thoughts of such amazing Blifs,  
Shou'd constant Joys create.
- 7 The Men of Grace have found  
Glory begun below :  
Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground  
From Faith and Hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our Songs abound  
And every Fear be dry :  
We're marching thro' *Immanuel's* Ground  
To fairer Worlds on high :

### XXX.

#### The Names of Christ.

- 1 **J**oin all the Names of Love and Power  
That ever Men or Angels bore ;  
All are too mean to speak thy Worth,  
Saviour, or set thy Glories forth.
- 2 But o ! what condescending Ways  
Thou take'st to teach thy heavenly Grace :  
My Eyes with Joy and Wonder see  
What Forms of Love thou bear'st for me.
- 3 Great

- 3 Great Prophet, let me blefs thy Name !  
By thee the joyful Tidings came,  
Of Wrath appeas'd, of Sins forgiven,  
Of Hell subdued, and Peace with Heaven.
- 4 My bright Example and my Guide,  
I wou'd be walking near thy Side :  
O never let me run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden Way.
- 5 *Jefus* my great high Priest has died,  
I feek no Sacrifice beside ;  
Thy Blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before thy Throne.
- 6 My Lord, my Conqueror and my King,  
Thy Scepter and thy Sword I fing,  
Thine is the Victory and I fit  
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.
- 7 Aspire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,  
The Captain of Salvation leads :  
March on, nor fear to win the Day,  
Tho' Death and Hell obstruct the Way.
- 8 Shou'd Death and Hell and Powers unknown  
Put on their forms of Mifchief on,  
I fhall be fafe, for Christ difplays  
Salvation in more powerful Ways.

## XXXI.

*Solomon's Song, Ch. 2 Ver. 8. &c.*

- 1 **T**HE Voice of my beloved founds,  
Over the Rocks and rifing Grounds,  
O'er Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief  
He leaps, he flies to my Relief,
- 2 Now thro' the Veil of Flefh I fee

With

With Eyes of Love he looks at me,  
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glas  
He shews the Beauties of his Face.

- 3 Gently he draws my Heart along,  
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue ;  
Rise, faith my Lord, make haste away,  
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry State is gone  
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,  
The sacred Turtle Dove we hear  
Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.
- 5 Th' immortal Vine of heavenly Root  
Blossoms and buds and gives her Fruit ;  
So we are come to taste the Wine ;  
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
- 6 And when I hear my *Jefus* say  
Rise up, my Love, make haste away !  
My Heart would fain out-fly the Wind,  
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

## XXXII.

Verse 14, &c.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, my thankful Heart revives  
The Hope thine Invitation gives :  
To thee my joyful Lips shall raise  
The Voice of Prayer, the Voice of Praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine :  
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Passions join :  
Not let a Motion or a Word,  
Or Thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 3 Till the Day breaks and Shadows flee,  
Till the sweet drawing Light I see,

Thine

Thine Eyes to me ward ever turn,  
Nor let my Soul in Darknes mourn.

- 4 Be like a Hart on Mountains green ;  
Leap o'er these Hill of Fear and Sin :  
Nor Guilt nor Unbelief divide  
My Love, my Saviour from my Side.

## XXXIII.

## Sincere Praise.

- 1 **A**lmighty Maker, God !  
How glorious is thy Name !  
Thy Wonders how diffus'd abroad,  
Thro'out Creations Frame !
- 2 In Native white and red,  
The Rose and Lilly stand :  
And free from Pride their Beauties spread  
To shew thy skillful Hand.
- 3 The Lark mounts up the Sky  
With unambitious Song,  
And bears her Maker's Praise on High  
Upon her artless Tongue.
- 4 Fain wou'd I rise and sing  
To my Creator too ;  
Fain wou'd my Heart adore my King  
And give him Praises due.
- 5 But Pride that busy Sin,  
Spoils all that I perform,  
Curs'd Pride that creeps securely in  
And swells a haughty Worm.
- 6 Thy Glories I abate,  
Or praise thee with Design,

Part

Part of thy Favours I forget,  
Or think the Merit mine.

- 7 Create my Soul a new,  
Else all my Worship's vain .  
This wretched Heart will ne'er prove true  
Till it be form'd again.
- 8 Descend, celestial Fire  
And seize me from above !  
Wrap me in Flames of pure Desire  
A Sacrifice to love.
- 9 Let Joy and Worship spend  
The remnant of my Days,  
And to my God my Soul ascend  
In sweet Perfumes of Praise !

XXXIV.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous,  
bles ye the Lord.

- 1 **H**Ail, glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,  
Ye high born Sons of Fire !  
Whose Hearts burn chast, whose Flames shine  
All Joy, yet all Desire. (bright,
- 2 Hail, holy Saints, who long in Hope  
And Expectation sat,  
Till for its King. Heaven did set ope  
Its everlasting Gate.
- 3 Hail, great Apostles of the Lamb,  
Who brought that early Ray,  
Which from our Sun reflected came,  
And made a glorious Day.

E

4 Hail,

34            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 4 Hail, generous Martyrs, whose strong Hearts  
    Bravely rejoiced to prove,  
    How weak, pale Death, are all thy Darts  
    Compar'd to those of Love.
- 5 Hail, beauteous Virgins, whose pure Love  
    Renounc'd all low Desires,  
    Who wifely fixt your Hearts above,  
    And burnt with heavenly Fires.
- 6 Hail, all ye happy Spirits above,  
    Who make that glorious Ring  
    About the sparkling Throne of Love  
    And there for ever sing.
- 7 Great Lord, among their Crowns of Praise  
    Accept this little Wreath,  
    Which while their lofty Notes they raise  
    We humbly sing beneath.

XXXV.

The Shortness of Life.

- 1 **T**ime, what an empty Vapour 'tis !  
    And Days how swift they are !  
    Swift as an Indian Arrow flies  
    Or as a shooting Star !
- 2 The present Moments just appear,  
    Then glide away in haste,  
    That we can never say they're here !  
    But only say, they're past !
- 3 Our Life is ever on the Wing  
    And Death is ever nigh ;  
    The Moment when our Lives begin  
    We all begin to die.

4 Yet

- 4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting Days  
Thy lasting Favours share :  
Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace  
Thou load'st the rolling Year.
- 5 'Tis fovereign Mercy finds us Food,  
And we are cloath'd by Love,  
While Grace stands pointing out the Road  
That leads our Souls above.
- 6 Thy Goodness runs an endless Round !  
All Glory to the Lord !  
Thy Mercy never knows a Bound,  
Be thy great Name ador'd !
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting Song,  
And when we close our Eyes,  
Let following Times thy Praise prolong,  
Till Time and Nature dies.

## XXXVI.

Christ our Wisdom, &amp;c.

- 1 **B**uried in Shadows of the Night  
We lie, till Christ restores the Light  
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind  
And chase the Darknes of the Mind.
- 2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears  
Till thy atoning Blood appears :  
Then we awake from deep distress  
And sing, the Lord our Righteousness.
- 3 *J*esus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains,  
He sets the Prisoners free and breaks  
The iron Bondage from our Necks.

E 2

4 Poor



- 4 Poor helpless Worms in thee possess  
 Grace, Wisdom, Power and Righteousness ;  
 Thou art our mighty All, and we  
 Give our whole selves, o Lord, to thee.

## XXXVII.

## Gloria Patri.

- 1 **B**lest be the Father and his Love,  
 To whose celestial Source we owe  
 Rivers of endless Joys above  
 And Rills of Comfort here below.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

## XXXVIII.

## Hymn to Christ.

- 1 **O** *Jesu*, why, why dost thou Love  
 Such worthless Things as we ?  
 Why is thy Heart still toward us  
 Who seldom think on thee ?

2 Thy

- 2 Thy Bounty gives us all we have  
 And we thy Gifts abuse :  
 Thy Bounty gives us even thy self,  
 And we thy self refuse.
- 3 And why alas, why do we love  
 Such wretched Things as these ?  
 These that withdraw us from our Lord  
 And his pure Eyes displease ?
- 4 Break off and raise thy manly Eye  
 Up to those Joys above,  
 Behold all these our Lord prepares  
 To gain and crown thy Love.
- 5 Alas, o Lord, we cannot love  
 Unless thou draw our Heart !  
 Thou who vouchsaf'st to make us know,  
 O make us do our part.
- 6 Still do thou love me, o my Lord,  
 That I may still love thee :  
 Still make me love thee, o my God  
 That thou may'st still love me.

XXXIX.

Prayer.

- 1 **H**ow swiftly wafted in a Sigh,  
 Thou God that hear'st the Prayer,  
 Do our Requests invade the Sky  
 And pierce thy bending Ear !
- 2 My Suit is made, my Prayer is o'er,  
 If I but lift my Eye ;  
 Thou gracious Father, canst no more  
 Not hear, than thou canst die.

3 How

38            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 3 How shall we thy great Arm revere  
Which gives this All to be,  
Connects the Center with the Sphere  
And spans Infinity ?
- 4 Whate'er our ardent Souls require,  
Whate'er we wish is there ;  
Thy Power exceeds our scant Desire  
And blames our partial Prayer.
- 5 O ! how unbounded is thy Love  
Which when thou could'st not die,  
Descending from thy Throne above  
Put on Mortality !
- 6 Thou leav'st thy Father's blissful Face  
Our Guilt and Curse to assume,  
To burst the Bars that stop'd thy Grace  
And make thy Bounty room.
- 7 Then still let Prayer with me remain,  
This my Companion be ;  
So shall I all my wants obtain,  
Obtain all Heaven in thee !

**XL.**

From the German.

- 1 **O** *Jesu*, Source of calm Repose,  
Thy like nor Man nor Angel knows,  
Fairest among ten thousand fair !  
Even those whom Death's sad Fetters bound,  
Whom thickest Darkness compass round  
Find Light and Life if thou appear.
- 2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,  
E'er rolling Planets knew to shine,  
E'er Time its ceaseless Course began ;  
Thou

- Thou when the appointed Hour was come  
 Did'st not disdain the Virgin's Womb,  
 But God with God wert Man with Man :
- 3 The World, Sin, Death oppose in vain,  
 Thou by thy dying, Death hast slain,  
 My great Deliverer and my God !  
 In vain does the old Dragon rage,  
 In vain all Hell its Powers engage :  
 None can withstand thy conquering Blood.
- 4 Lord over all, sent to fulfill  
 Thy gracious Father's sovereign Will,  
 To thy dread Scepter will I bow •  
 With dutious Reverence at thy Feet,  
 Like humble *Mary*, lo, I fit,  
 Speak, Lord, thy Servant heareth now.
- 5 Renew thy Image Lord in me,  
 Lowly and gentle may I be ;  
 No Charms to thee but these are dear :  
 No Anger may'st thou ever find ;  
 No Pride in my unruffled Mind  
 But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace are there.
- 6 A patient, a victorious Mind  
 That Life and all Things cast behind,  
 Springs forth, obedient to thy call,  
 A Heart that no desire can move,  
 But still t'adore and praise and love,  
 Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.

## P S A L M S and H Y M N S

*For Wednesday or Friday*

## I.

## Pſalm XXXVIII.

- 1 **A** Midſt thy Wrath remember Love,  
 Reſtore thy Servant, Lord !  
 Nor let a Father's Chaf't'ning prove  
 Like an Avenger's Sword !
- 2 My Sins a heavy burden are,  
 And o'er my Head are gone :  
 Too heavy they for me to bear,  
 Too great for me t' atone.
- 3 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,  
 My Head ſtill bending down :  
 And I go mourning all the Day,  
 Father, beneath thy Frown.
- 4 All my deſire to thee is known,  
 Thine Eye counts every Tear,  
 And every Sigh and every Groan  
 Is notic'd by thine Ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only Hope ;  
 O hearken to my cry ;  
 O bear my fainting Spirits up,  
 When Satan bids me die.
- 6 Lord, I confeſs my Guilt to thee,  
 I grieve for all my Sin ;  
 My helpleſs Impotence I fee,  
 And beg Support divine.

- 7 O God, forgive my Follies past ;  
 Be thou for ever nigh !  
 O Lord of my Salvation haste,  
 And save me, or I die !

II.

Psalm LI.

- 1 **O** Thou that hear'ft when Sinners cry,  
 Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,  
 Behold me not with angry Look,  
 But blot their Memory from thy Book.
- 2 Create my Nature pure within,  
 And form my Soul averfe from Sin :  
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
 Nor hide thy Prefence from my Heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy Light,  
 Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight :  
 Thy faving Strength, o Lord restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
 His help and comfort ftill afford :  
 And let a Wretch come near thy Throne  
 To plead the Merits of thy Son.
- 5 My Soul lies humbled in the Duft,  
 And owns thy dreadful Sentence juft :  
 Look down o Lord with pitying Eye,  
 And fave the Soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the World thy Ways :  
 Sinners fhall learn thy fovereign Grace :  
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,  
 And they fhall praife a pard'ning God.

F

70

- 7 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue,  
 Salvation shall be all my Song,  
 And all my Powers shall join to bless  
 The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

## III.

## Psalm XC.

- 1 **T**Hro' every Age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode :  
 High was thy Throne e'er Heaven was made,  
 Or Earth thy humble Foot-stool laid.
- 2 Long had'st thou reign'd e'er time began  
 Or Dust was fashion'd into Man :  
 And long thy Kingdom shall endure,  
 When Earth and Time shall be no more.
- 3 But Man, weak Man is born to die,  
 Made up of Guilt and Vanity :  
 Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just :  
 Dust as thou art, return to dust.
- 4 Death like an over-flowing Stream  
 Sweeps us away, our Life's a Dream :  
 An empty Tale, a Morning Flower,  
 Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.
- 5 Our Age to seventy Years is set :  
 How short the Term, how frail the State !  
 Or if to Eighty we arrive,  
 We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 6 Teach us, o Lord, how frail is Man ;  
 And kindly lengthen out our Span,  
 Till from the Chains of Sin fet free  
 We find immortal Life in thee !

## IV.

## IV.

## The same.

- 1 **L**ord if thine Eye survereys our Faults  
 And Justice grow severe,  
 Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,  
 And burns beyond our Fears.
- 2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust :  
 By one Offence to thee  
*Adam* with all his Sons have lost  
 Their Immortality.
- 3 Life like a vain Amusement flies,  
 A Fable or a Song,  
 By swift Degrees our Nature dies,  
 Nor can our Joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose Days amount  
 To three score Years and ten :  
 And all beyond that short Account  
 Is sorrow, Toil and Pain.
- 5 Almighty God reveal thy Love,  
 And not thy Wrath alone !  
 O let our sweet Experience prove  
 The Mercies of thy Throne.
- 6 Our Souls wou'd learn the heav'nly Art  
 T' improve the Hours we have :  
 That we may act the wiser Part,  
 And live beyond the Grave.

## V.

## A Thought in Affliction.

- 1 **W**ilt thou, O Lord, regard my Tears  
 The Fruit of Guilt and Fear?

F 2

Me



- Me, who thy Justice have provok'd,  
O will thy Mercy spare?
- 2 Yes : for the broken, contrite Heart  
Saviour, thy Sufferings plead :  
O quench not then the smoking Flax,  
Nor break the bruised Reed !
- 3 Thy poor unworthy Servant view,  
Refig'n'd to thy Decree ;  
Ordain me or to live or die,  
But live or die in thee.
- 4 Upon thy gracious Promise, Lord,  
My humbled Soul is cast !  
O bear me safe thro' Life, thro' Death,  
And raise me up at last !
- 5 Low as this mortal Frame must lie  
This mortal Frame shall sing,  
Where is thy Victory, o Grave,  
And where, o Death, thy Sting?

## VI.

## On the Crucifixion.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these dire Portents around,  
That Earth and Heav'n amaze ?  
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground,  
Why hides the Sun his Rays ?
- 2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling Head  
With sacred Horror nod,  
Beneath the dark Pavilion spread  
O legislative God.
- 3 Thou, Earth, thy lowest Center shake  
With *Jesu* sympathize !

Thou

Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,  
'Tis thy Creator dies !

4 See streaming from th' accursed Tree  
His all atoning Blood !  
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis he,  
My Saviour and my God !

5 For me these Pangs his Soul assail,  
For me the Death is born !  
My Sin gave sharpness to the Nail  
And pointed every Thorn !

6 Let Sin no more my Soul inflave !  
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain !  
O save me, whom thou can'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain !

## VII.

### Discipline.

1 **O** Throw away thy Rod !  
O throw away thy Wrath !  
My gracious Saviour and my God,  
O take the gentle Path.

2 Thou see'st my Heart's Desire  
Still unto thee is bent !  
Still does my longing soul aspire  
To an entire Consent.

3 Not e'en a Word or Look  
Do I approve or own,  
But by the Model of thy Book,  
Thy sacred Book alone.

4 Altho' I fail, I weep,  
Altho' I halt in Peace

Yet

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Yet still with trembling steps I creep  
Unto the Throne of Grace.

5 O then let Wrath remove ;  
For Love will do the Deed ;  
Love will the Conquest gain with Love  
Even strong Hearts will bleed.

6 For Love is swift of Foot,  
Love is a Man of War ;  
Love can resistless Arrows shoot,  
And hit the Mark from far.

7 Who can escape his Bow ?  
That which hath wrought on thee,  
Which brought the King of Glory low,  
Must surely work on me.

8 O throw away thy Rod,  
What tho' Man Frailties hath ?  
Thou art our Saviour and our God :  
O throw away thy Wrath !

VIII.

On the Crucifixion.

1 **B**Ehold the Saviour of Mankind  
Nail'd to the shameful Tree !  
How vast the Love that him inclin'd  
To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark how he groans ! while Nature shakes,  
And Earth's strong Pillars bend !  
The Temple's Veil in funder breaks,  
The solid Marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious Ransom's paid ;  
Receive my soul, he cries :

See

See where he bows his sacred Head !  
He bows his Head and dies.

- 4 But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain  
And in full Glory shine ;  
O Lamb of God was ever pain,  
Was ever Love like thine !

## IX.

## A Sinner's Prayer.

- 1 **T**Hou Lord my Power and Wisdom art  
O do not then reject my Heart !  
Thy Clay that weeps, thy Dust I am  
That call's.—O put me not to shame :
- 2 Thy Glories, Lord, in all Things shine,  
Thine is the Deed, the Praise is thine.  
A feeble helpless Creature, I  
Do at thy Pleasure live or die.
- 3 Lord well I know, I merit Grief,  
Yea endless Fears without Relief :  
Yet o ! t' exact thy Due forbear,  
And spare, a feeble Creature, spare.
- 4 Still if I wail not (still to wail  
Nature denies and Flesh wou'd fail)  
Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good  
My want of Tears with store of Blood.

## X.

## Judgment.

- 1 **W**Hen rising from the Bed of Death,  
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear  
I view my Maker Face to Face,  
O how shall I appear.

2 If

48            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 2 If yet, while Pardon may be found  
And Mercy may be fought,  
My soul with inward Horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the Thought ;
- 3 When thou o Lord shalt stand disclos'd  
In Majesty severe,  
And sit in Judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear !
- 4 O may my broken, contrite Heart  
Timely my Sins lament,  
And early with repentant Tears  
Eternal Woe prevent !
- 5 Behold the Sorrows of my Heart,  
E'er yet it be too late !  
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her Pardon to secure ;  
Who knows thy only Son has died,  
To make that Pardon sure.

XI.

Christ's Compassion to the Tempted.

- 1 **W**ith Joy we meditate the Grace  
Of our high Priest above ;  
His Heart is made of Tendernefs,  
His Bowels melt with Love.
- 2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within  
He knows our feeble Frame ;  
He knows what fore Temptations mean,  
For he hath felt the same.

3 He

- 3 He in the Days of feeble Flefh  
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears  
 And in his Measure feels afrefh  
 What every Member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the fmoaking Flax  
 But raife it to a Flame,  
 The bruifed Reed he never breaks  
 Nor fcorns the meaneft Name.
- 5 Then let our humble Faith addrefs  
 His Mercy and his Power :  
 We fhall obtain delivering Grace  
 In the diftreffing Hour.

## XII.

## Frailty.

- 1 **L**Ord, how in Silence I defpife  
 The giddy Worldling's Snare,  
 This Beauty, Riches, Honour, Toys  
 Beneath a Moments Care ?
- 2 Hence painted Duft, and gilded Clay !  
 You have no Charms for me :  
 Delufive Breath be far away !  
 I wafte no Thought on thee.
- 3 But when abroad at once I view  
 Both the World's Hofts and thine,  
 Thefe, fimple, fad, afflicted, few,  
 Thofe numerous, gay and fine !
- 4 Loft my Refolves, my Scorn is paf,ft,  
 I boaft my Strength no more.  
 A willing Slave they bind me faft  
 With unrefifted Power.

G

50

50            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- 5 O brook not this ! Let not thy Foes  
    Profane thy hallow'd Shrine :  
    Thine is my Soul, by sacred Vows  
    Of strictest Union Thine !
- 9 O hear my just, tho' late Request,  
    Once more the Captive free,  
    Renew thy Image in my Breast,  
    And claim my Heart for thee.

XIII.

Unfruitfulness.

- 1 **L**ong have I sat beneath the Sound  
    Of thy Salvation, Lord,  
    But still how weak my Faith is found  
    And Knowledge of thy Word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy Place ;  
    Yet hear almost in vain :  
    How small a Portion of thy Grace  
    Can my hard Heart retain !
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God  
    How little art thou known  
    By all the Judgments of thy Rod,  
    And Blessings of thy Throne ?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my Love !  
    How negligent my Fear !  
    How low my hope of Joys above !  
    How few Affections there !
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign Power impart,  
    To give thy Word Success ;  
    Write thy Salvation in my Heart,  
    And make me learn thy Grace.

6 Shew

- 6 Shew my forgetful Feet the way  
That leads to Joys on high,  
There Knowledge grows without Decay  
And Love shall never die.

## XIV.

From the German.

- 1 **T**Hou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,  
For thee my thirsty Soul doth pine !  
My longing Heart implores thy Grace  
O make in me thy Likeness shine.
- 2 With fraudless, even, humble Mind  
Thy Will in all Things may I see :  
In Love be every Wish resign'd,  
And hallow'd my whole Heart to thee :
- 3 When Pain o'er my weak Flesh prevails  
With Lamb-like Patience arm my Breast :  
When Grief my wounded Soul affails  
In lowly Meekness may I rest.
- 4 Close by thy Side still may I keep,  
How e'er Life's various current flow ;  
With stedfast Eye mark every Step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go.
- 5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful Fight hast won  
Alone thou hast the Vinepress trod :  
In me thy Strengthening Grace be shewn,  
O may I conquer thro' thy Blood !
- 6 So when on *Sion* thou shalt stand,  
And all Heaven's Host adore their King,  
Shall I be found at thy Right Hand,  
And free from Pain thy Glories sing.

G 2

XV.



## XV.

## Faith in Christ.

- 1 **H**ow sad our State by Nature is,  
 Our Sin how deep it stains !  
 And Satan binds our captive Souls  
 Fast in his slavish Chains.
- 2 But there's a Voice of sovereign Grace  
 Sounds from thy sacred Word,  
 Here ye despairing Sinners come  
 And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My Soul obeys th'Almighty Call  
 And runs to this Relief :  
 I wou'd believe thy Promise, Lord !  
 O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,  
 Incarnate God, I fly :  
 Here let me wash my spotted Soul  
 From Crimes of deepest Die.
- 5 Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,  
 My reigning Sins subdue :  
 Drive the old Dragon from his Seat  
 With his infernal Crew.
- A guilty, weak and helpless Worm  
 Into thy Arms I fall ;  
 Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
 My *Jesus* and my All.

## XVI.

## Longing.

**W**ith bended Knees and aching Eyes  
 Weary and faint to thee my Cries,

To

To thee my Tears, my Groans I fend ;  
O when shall my Complaining end ?

- 1 Wither'd my Heart like barren Ground  
Accurst of God : My Head turns round,  
My Throat is hoarse ; I faint, I fall,  
Yet falling still for Pity call.
- 3 Eternal Streams of Pity flow  
From thee their source to Earth below :  
Mothers are kind, because thou art,  
Thy Tendernefs o'erflows their Heart.
- 4 Lord of my Soul, bow down thine Ear !  
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear !  
O give not to the Winds my Prayer !  
Thy Name, thy hallow'd Name is there.
- 5 Look on my Sorrows ! Mark them well :  
The Shame, the Pangs, the Flames, I feel !  
Consider, Lord, thine Ear incline :  
Thy Son hath made my Sufferings thine.
- 6 Thou, *Jefu*, on th' accursed Tree  
Didst bow thy dying Head for me :  
Incline it now ! Who made the Ear  
Can he, can he forget to hear ?
- 7 See thy poor Dust in pity see  
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at thee !  
Haste, save it from the greedy Tomb !  
Come, every Atom bids thee come !
- 8 'Tis thine to help ! forget me not !  
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot !  
Lock'd is thy Ear ? Yet still my Plea  
May speed, for Mercy keeps the Key.
- 9 Thou tarriest while I sink, I die,  
And fall to nothing ! Thou on high

See't

54            *PSALMS and HYMNS.*

- See'ft me undone ! yet am I ftill'd  
 By thee (loft as I am) thy Child !
- 10 Yet thou art good ; and yet abide  
 Thy Promifes ; they fpeak, they chide,  
 They in my Bofom pour my Tears,  
 And my Complaint prefent as theirs.
- 11 Hear, *Jefu* ! Hear my broken Heart !  
 Broken fo long, that every part  
 Hath got a Tongue which ne'er fhall ceafe,  
 Till thou pronounce, depart in Peace,
- 12 My Lord, my Saviour, hear my Cry,  
 By thefe thy Feet at which I lie ;  
 Pluck out thy Dart : Regard my Sighs :  
 Now heal my Heart, or now it dies.

XVII.

Salvation by Grace.

- 1 **L**ord, we confeß our numerous Faults,  
 How great our guilt has been !  
 Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,  
 And all our Lives were Sin.
- 2 But, O my Soul, for ever praife  
 For ever love his Name,  
 Who turns thy Feet from dangerous Ways  
 Of Folly, Sin and Shame.
- 3 'Tis not by Works of Righteoufneß,  
 Which our own Hands have done ;  
 But we are faved by fovereign Grace  
 Abounding thro' thy Son.
- 4 'Tis from the Mercy of our God  
 That all our Hopes begin ;

'Tis

- 'Tis by the Water and the Blood  
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin :
- 5 'Tis thro' the Purchase of his Death  
Who hung upon the Tree  
Thy Spirit is sent down to breath  
On such dry Bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the Dead we live anew  
And justified by Grace,  
We shall appear in Glory too  
And see our Father's Face.

## XVIII.

## Inconstancy.

- 1 **L**ord *Jesu*, when, when shall it be,  
That I no more shall break with thee !  
When will this War of Passions cease,  
And my free Soul enjoy thy Peace ?
- 2 Here I repent and sin again :  
Now I revive and now am Slain :  
Slain with the same unhappy Dart,  
Which, o ! too often wounds my Heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be  
A Garden seal'd to all but thee ?  
No more expos'd, no more undone :  
But live und grow to thee alone !
- 4 Guide thou, my Lord, guide thou my Course  
And draw me on with thy sweet Force ?  
Still make me walk, still make me tend  
By thee my Way, to thee my End ;

## XIX.

## XIX.

## Christ our Righteousness.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the Night  
That hangs upon our Eyes !  
Till Christ with his reviving Light  
Upon our Souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty Spirits dread  
To meet the Wrath of Heaven :  
But in thy Righteousness array'd  
We see our Sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
Are all our Thoughts and Ways :  
Thy hand infected Nature cure  
With sanctifying Grace.
- 4 The Powers of Hell agree  
To hold our Souls in vain :  
Thou set'st the Sons of Bondage free,  
And break'st the curst Chain.
- 5 Lord, we adore thy Ways  
To bring us near to God,  
Thy sovereign Power, thy healing Grace  
And thine atoning Blood.

## XX.

## From the German.

- 1 **M**Y Soul before thee prostrate lies,  
To thee, her Source my Spirit flies,  
My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see  
O let thy Presence set me free !
- 2 Lost and undone for aid I cry ;  
In thy Death, Saviour, let me die !

Griev'd

Griev'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,  
Ne'er may I feel Self-Love again.

- 3 *Jesu*, vouchsafe my Heart and Will  
With thy meek Lowliness to fill ;  
No more her Power let Nature boast,  
But in thy Will may mine be lost !
- 4 I feel well that I love thee, Lord :  
I exercise me in thy Word :  
Yet vile Affections claim a part,  
And thou hast only half my Heart.
- 5 In Life's short Day let me yet more  
Of thy enlivening Power implore :  
My Mind must deeper sink in thee ;  
My Foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.
- 6 Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails  
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails ;  
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean ?  
Thou only, Lord, supreme of Men.
- 7 And well I know thy tender Love :  
Thou never didst unfaithful prove :  
And well I know thou stand'st by me,  
Pleas'd from my self to set me free.
- 8 Still I do watch and labour still  
To banish every Thought of ill ;  
Till thou in thy good Time appear  
And sav'st me from the Fowler's Snare.
- 9 Already springing Hope I feel ;  
God will destroy the Power of Hell :  
God from the Land of Wars and Pain  
Leads me, where Peace and Safety reign.
- 10 One only care my Soul shall know,  
Father, all thy Commands to do :

H

Ah

- Ah deep engrave it on my Breast,  
That I in thee ev'n now am blest ;
- 11 When my warm'd Thoughts I fix on thee  
And plunge me in thy Mercie's Sea,  
Then ev'n on me thy Face shall shine  
And quicken this dead Heart of Mine.
- 12 So ev'n in Storms my Zeal shall grow,  
So shall I thy hid Sweetness know,  
And feel (what endless Age shall prove)  
That thou, my Lord, my God art Love !
- 

**PSALMS and HYMNS**

*For Saturday.*

**I.**

**Pfalm XIX.**

- 1 **B**Ehold the lofty Sky  
Declares its Maker God,  
And all his starry Works on high  
Proclaim his Power abroad.
- 2 The Darknes and the Light  
Still keep their Course the same,  
While Night to Day and Day to Night  
Divinely teach his Name.
- 3 In every different Land  
Their general Voice is known :  
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,  
And Orders of his Throne.
- 4 Ye happy Lands rejoice  
here he reveals his Word :

We

We are not left to Nature's Voice  
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His Statutes and Commands  
Are set before our Eyes ;  
He puts his Gospel in our Hands  
Where our Salvation lies :
- 6 His Laws are just and pure  
His Truth without Deceit,  
His Promises for ever sure,  
And his Rewards are great.
- 7 While of thy Works I sing  
Thy Glory to proclaim,  
Accept the Praise, my God and King  
In my Redeemer's Name.

## II.

## The same.

- 1 **T**He spacious Firmament on high,  
And all the wide, etherial Sky,  
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
Th' unwearied Sun from Day to Day  
Does his Creator's Power display  
And publishes to every Land  
The Work of an Almighty Hand.
- 2 Soon as the Evening Shades prevail  
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,  
And nightly to the listning Earth  
Repeats the Story of her Birth :  
While all the Stars that round her burn  
And all the Planets in their Turn,  
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,  
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.
- H 2
- 3 What



- 3 What tho' in solemn Silence all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial Ball?  
 What tho' nor real Voice nor Sound,  
 Amid their radiant Orbs be found?  
 In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious Voice,  
 For ever singing as they shine,  
 The Hand that made us is divine!

## III.

## The same.

- 1 **G**reat God, the Heav'ns well order'd Frame  
 Declares the Glory of thy Name;  
 There thy rich Works of Wonder shine:  
 A Thousand starry Beauties there,  
 A Thousand radiant Marks appear  
 Of boundless Power and Skill divine.
- 2 From Night to Day from Day to Night  
 The dawning and the falling Light  
 Lectures of heavenly Wisdom read:  
 With silent Eloquence they raise  
 Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,  
 And neither Sound nor Language need.
- 3 Yet their divine Instructions run  
 Far as the Journeys of the Sun,  
 And every Nation knows their Voice:  
 The Sun like a young Bridegroom drest  
 Breaks from the Chamber of the East  
 Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his Beams abroad  
 He smiles and speaks his Maker God:  
 All Nature joins to shew thy Praise:

Thus

Thus God in every Creature shines ;  
 Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines ;  
 But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

- 5 I love the Volumes of thy Word :  
 What Joy and Light those Leaves afford  
 To Souls benighted and distrest ;  
 Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,  
 Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray ;  
 Thy Promise leads my Heart to rest.
- 6 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts ?  
 O cleanse me from my secret Faults,  
 And from presumptuous Sins restrain :  
 Accept my poor Attempts of Praise,  
 If I have read thy Book of Grace  
 And Book of Nature not in vain.

IV.

Pfalm LXV.

- 1 **O**N thee the Race of Man depends,  
 Far as the Earth's remotest Ends ;  
 Where the Creator's Name is known  
 By Nature's feeble Light alone.
- 2 At thy Command the Morning Ray  
 Smiles in the East and leads the Day ;  
 Thou guid'ft the Sun's declining Wheels  
 Over the Tops of Western Hills.
- 3 Seasons and Times obey thy Voice ;  
 The Evening and the Morn rejoice  
 To see the Earth made soft with Showers,  
 Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.
- 4 'Tis from the watry Stores on high  
 Thou giv'ft the thirsty Ground supply ;  
Thou

- Thou walk'st upon the Clouds, and thence  
Dost thy enriching Drops dispence.
- 5 The Defart grows a fertile Field ;  
Abundant Fruit the Valleys yield  
The Vallies shout with chearful Voice,  
And neighbouring Hills repeat their Joys.
- 6 The Pastures smile in green array,  
Where Lambs and larger Cattle play :  
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,  
Each in his Language speaks thy Name.
- 7 Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine ;  
O'er every Field thy Glories shine :  
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear,  
Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

## V.

## Psalms CIV.

*Part I.*

- 1 **T**Hee, Lord, my Soul aspires to sing,  
Almighty, everlasting King,  
Creator! wondrous to survey  
Thy Works excite the grateful Lay.  
From thy bright Throne beyond yon Height  
Spread Plains of Empyrean Light,  
The Spheres assume the second place,  
Swift moving thro' th' Eternal Space.
- 2 Beneath more close compacted lie  
The Regions of th' inferior Sky.  
Here float the Clouds, the Thunders roll,  
And Tempests whirl from Pole to Pole.  
Here thy obedient Spirits find  
The Stores of Vengeance for Mankind :  
And pleas'd thy Orders to perform  
Lance the hot Bolt, or drive the Storm.

3 Till

- 3 Till thou restrain'd it like a Robe  
 The deep involv'd the shapeless Globe ;  
 And now tho' the proud Surges rise,  
 Range the wide waft, and threat the Skies,  
 Fix'd is their Bound, their Tumults end ;  
 Yet where thou bidst the Main extend,  
 Awed by thy Voice aloof they roar,  
 Or gently leave th'uninjured shore.
- 4 Mean while the piercing Liquid strains  
 Thro' the tall Mountains secret Veins ;  
 Thence down the silver Currents flow  
 And wander thro' the Vales below.  
 And while their Streams fresh Moisture yield  
 To the dry Cattle of the Field,  
 Lo, Trees project their Branches fair  
 And lodge the Songsters of the Air.

*Part II.*

- 1 Thou send'st, thy Creatures to sustain,  
 The former and the latter Rain :  
 See streight Herbs, Flowers and Fruits appear,  
 And various Plenty crowns the Year.  
 Grass for the Beast, the Olive grows  
 For Man, and the rich Vintage flows ;  
 His Life and Vigour to sustain  
 Waves o'er the Field the ripening Grain.
- 2 Lord, how dost thou all-bounteous send,  
 Unnumber'd Blessings without End !  
 "Thro' all the Earth thy Glories shine,  
 Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine"  
 To their full growth by just Degrees  
 Majestick rise the forest Trees  
 Up to the Clouds their Arms they throw.  
 Their Roots the Center seek below.

3 The

- 5 The Nations of the feather'd kind  
 Here hospitable Shelter find  
 The Stork in the tall Fir Trees height  
 Here leaves her Brood, and wings her Flight:  
 And where their shadowy Gloom they throw  
 Wide waving o'er the Mountains Brow  
 Earth's feebl' Tribes rejoice to share  
 Thy tender Love and guardian Care.

*Part III.*

- 1 The Moon to run her destin'd Space  
 Fills her pale Orb with borrow'd Rays ;  
 The appointed Sun with just Carreer  
 Metes out the Day, the Month, the Year.  
 His Lamp withdrawn then ravening stray  
 Wild Beasts, outragious for their Prey ;  
 The Lion roars his wants aloud  
 And roaring, seeks his Meat from God.
- 2 When the East glows with opening Day  
 Back to their Dens they haste away :  
 Nor sooner are the Shades of Night  
 Fled from the Suns returning Light,  
 Then the strong Husbandman renews  
 His Toil, his daily Task pursues,  
 Till Evening calls again to rest,  
 Both toiling Man and weary Beast.
- 3 How various is thy Praife display'd  
 O Lord, in all thy Hands have made !  
 Loft in amazement down we fall ;  
 In Wisdom thou hast made them all !  
 How on the Earth thy Riches shower  
 Incessant, unexhausted Store ;  
 New every Morn thy Gifts appear ;  
 Great God, thy Goodness fills the Year !
- 4 And

- 4 And yet, lo other Scenes disclose !  
 The Sea no less thy Goodness shews,  
 Here the finn'd Race unnumber'd stray,  
 Dive deep, or on the Surface play.  
 Here huge Leviathan may reign  
 Sole Tyrant of the watry Plain.  
 He moves ; the boiling Deeps divide :  
 He breathes a Storm and spouts a Tide.

*Part IV.*

- 1 These all own thy paternal Care,  
 In thee they live and move and are !  
 The copius Good thy Hand bestows  
 Enjoy, and praise thee as it flows.  
 But thy blest Influence once withdrawn,  
 No more Joy, Light or Comfort dawn :  
 Dire Pain succeeds and sad Decay,  
 And Death demands his destin'd Prey.
- 2 Yet unimpair'd the Species all  
 Stand, while the Individuals fall ;  
 Thy timely Care each Chasm supplies,  
 One rising as another dies.  
 Hence thro' the whole Creation known  
 Still shall thy Guardian Power be shown  
 Till at thy Word devouring Flame  
 Consume the univerfal Frame.
- 3 Ev'n in that lov'd that dreadful Day  
 When Earth and Heav'n shall melt away,  
 Thou still, my Soul, shalt found abroad  
 Praise to thy Father, and thy God.  
 Praise thou the Lord : He is thy Friend,  
 The Cause of all Things and their End !  
 O'er Earth, Seas, Heav'n, let Time prevail !  
 The Rock thou build'ft on, cannot fail.

## VI.

## Psalm CXIV.

- 1 **W**hen *Israel*, freed from *Pharoah's* Hand,  
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,  
The Tribes with chearful Homage own  
Their King, and *Fudah* was his Throne.
- 2 Across the Deep their Journey lay;  
The Deep divides to make them way:  
*Fordan* beheld their March and fled  
With backward Current to his Head.
- 3 The Mountains shook like frighted Sheep.  
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap:  
Not Sinai on the Base cou'd stand,  
Confcious of Sovereign Pow'r at Hand.
- 4 What Pow'r cou'd make the Deep divide?  
Make *Fordan* backward roll his Tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?  
And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels?
- 5 Let every Mountain, every Flood  
Retire, and know th'approaching God,  
The King of *Israel*: See him here,  
Tremble thou Earth; adore and fear!
- 6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns;  
The Rock to standing Pools he turns;  
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,  
And Fires and Seas confefs the Lord.

## VII.

## Psalm CXLVIII.

*Part I.*

- 1 **L**et every Creature join  
To praise th'Eternal God,

Ye

- Ye heavenly Hofts the Song begin  
And found his Name abroad.
- 2 Thou Sun with golden Beams  
And Moon with paler Rays,  
Ye ftarry Lights, ye fparkling Flames  
Shine to your Maker's Praife.
- 3 He built thofe Worlds above  
And fixt their wondrous Frame,  
By his Command they ftand or move  
And ever fpeak his Name.
- 4 Ye Vapours, when ye rife  
Or fall in Showers, or Snow,  
Ye Thunders murm'ring round the Skies  
His Power and Glory fhew.
- 5 Wind, Hail and ftarching Fire  
Agree to praife the Lord,  
When ye in vengeful Storms confpire  
To execute his Word.
- 6 By all his Works above  
His Honours be exprest :  
But thofe who tafte his faving Love  
Shou'd fing his Praifes beft.

*Part II.*

- 1 Let Earth and Ocean know  
They owe their Maker Praife :  
Praife him, ye watry Worlds below  
And Monfters of the Seas.
- 2 From Mountains near the Sky  
Let his loud Praife refound ;  
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high  
And Vales and Fields around.

I 2

3 Ye



- 3 Ye Lions of the Wood  
 And tamer Beasts that graze,  
 Ye live upon his daily Food,  
 And he expects your Praise.
- 4 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,  
 On high his Praises bear :  
 Or fit on flowry Bows and sing  
 Your Maker's Glory there.
- 5 Ye creeping Ants and Worms  
 His various Wisdom shew ;  
 And Flies in all your shining Forms  
 Praise him that dress'd you so.
- 6 By all the Earth born Race  
 His Honours be express'd :  
 But those that know his heavenly Grace,  
 Shou'd learn to praise him best.

### *Part III.*

- 1 Monarchs of wide Command,  
 Praise ye th'Eternal King :  
 Judges, adore that sovereign Hand  
 Whence all your Honours spring.
- 2 Let vigorous Youth engage  
 To sound his Praises high,  
 While growing Babes and withering Age  
 Their feebler Voices try.
- 3 United Zeal be shown  
 His wondrous Fame to raise :  
 God is the Lord ; his Name alone  
 Deserves our endless Praise.
- 4 Let Nature join with Art  
 And all pronounce him blest :

But

But Saints who dwell so near his Heart  
Shou'd sing his Praises best.

## VIII.

## Univerfal Praise.

- 1 **H**Ark, my dull Soul, how every Thing  
Strives to adore our bounteous King!  
Hark, each a double Tribute pays :  
First sings its part and then obeys.
- 2 Here Nature's sprightliest, sweetest Quire  
Their Lord with chearful Notes admire  
And every Day they chant their Lauds,  
Th' ecchoing Grove their Song applauds.
- 3 What tho' their Voices lower be,  
The Streams too have their Melody,  
Both Night and Day they warbling run,  
They never pause but still sing on.
- 4 All the gay Flow'rs that paint the Spring  
Hither their silent Musick bring ;  
If Heaven blefs them thankful they  
Do smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Awake from shame my sluggish Heart,  
Awake and gladly sing thy part,  
Learn ev'n of Birds and Springs and Flowers  
How to employ thy nobler Powers.
- 6 O call whole Nature to thy aid  
Since it was he whole Nature made :  
Join we in one Eternal Song,  
We who to one God all belong.
- 7 Live thou for ever, glorious Lord,  
Live thou by all thy Works ador'd,

Great

Great One in Three and Three in One  
 May all Things bow to thee alone.

## IX.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the  
 Lord.

- 1 **R**egent of all the Worlds above,  
 Thou, Sun, whose Rays adorn our Sphere  
 And with unwearied Swiftneſs move  
 To form the Circle of the Year :
- 2 Praise the Creator of the Skies  
 Who decks thy Orb with borrow'd Rays ;  
 Or may the Sun forget to riſe  
 When he forgets his Maker's Praise.
- 3 Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,  
 Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,  
 Whoſe paler Fires and Female Light  
 Are ſofter Rivals of the Noon :
- 4 Ariſe, and to that ſovereign Power  
 Waxing and waining Honours pay,  
 Who had thee rule the dusky Hours  
 And half ſupply the abſent Day.
- 5 Ye glittering Stars that gild the Skies  
 When Darkneſs has her Curtain drawn,  
 That keep the Watch with wakeful Eyes,  
 When Buſineſs, Cares and Day are gone :
- 6 Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,  
 Diſpers'd thro' all the heav'nly Street,  
 Whoſe boundleſs Treasures can afford  
 So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

7 Thou

- 7 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns supremely bright,  
Fair Palace of the Court divine,  
Where with inimitable Light  
The Godhead condescends to shine :
- 8 Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace  
On every Angel, every Saint,  
Nor veils the Lustre of his Face.
- 9 O God of Glory, God of Love,  
Thou art the Sun that mak'st our Days :  
Mid'st all thy wondrous Works above  
Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise !

## X.

*Eupolis's* Hymn to the Creator.*Part I.*

- 1 **A** Uthor of Being, Source of Light,  
With never fading Beauties bright.  
Thou, Fullness, Goodness, rolling round  
Thy own fair Orb without a Bound.  
Ei, or Jao, thee we hail,  
Great Essence that canst never fail !  
By Grecian or Barbarick Name,  
Thy steadfast Being still the same !
- 2 Thee may thy humble Suppliants call  
Or Truth, or Good, or One, or All !  
Thee, when fair Morning greets the Skies  
With rosy Cheeks and humid Eyes,  
Thee, when the sweet declining Day  
Now sinks in purple Waves away,  
Thee will I sing, O Parent Jove,  
And teach the World to praise and love.
- 3 Lo!

- 3 Lo! yonder azure Vault on high,  
 Lo! yonder blue, low, liquid Sky,  
 Lo! Earth on its firm Basis plac'd,  
 And round with circling Waves embrac'd ;  
 All these creating Power confests,  
 All these their mighty Maker blefs ;  
 And still thy powerful Hands sustain  
 Both Earth and Heav'n, both Firm and Main.

*Part II.*

- 1 Scarce can our daring Thought arise  
 To thy Pavilion in the Skies ;  
 Nor can a mortal Tongue declare  
 The Blifs, the Joy, the Rapture there.  
 Nor solitary dost thou reign,  
 But circled with a glorious Train,  
 The Sons of God, the Sons of Light,  
 For ever joying in thy Sight !
- 2 For thee their silver Harps are strung,  
 While ever beauteous, ever young,  
 Th' Angelick Forms their Voices raise,  
 And thro' Heav'ns Arch resound thy Praise.  
 The feather'd Souls that swim the Air,  
 And bath in liquid Ether there ;  
 The Lark, Precentor of their Quire,  
 Leading them higher still and higher,
- 3 Listen and learn, th' angelick Notes  
 Repeating in their warbling Throats :  
 And e'er to soft Repose they go  
 They teach them to their Lords below.  
 On the green Turf, their mossy Nest,  
 The Ev'ning Anthem swells their Breat.  
 Thus, like thy golden Chain from high,  
 Thy Praise unites the Earth and Sky !

*Part*

*Part III.*

- 1 Thou, Sole from Sole, command'ft the Sun  
 Round on the burning Axles run ;  
 The Stars like Duft around him fly  
 And ftrew the Area of the Sky.  
 He drives fo fwift his Race above  
 That Mortals can't perceive him move ;  
 So smooth his Courfe, oblique or freight,  
*Olympus* fhakes not with his Weight.
- 2 As the fair Queen of folemn Night  
 Fills at his Vafe her Orb of Light,  
 Imparted Luftre ; thus we fee  
 The folar Virtue fhines by thee.  
 Eirefione we'll no more  
 Imaginary Power adore,  
 Since Oil and Wool and chearing Wine  
 And Life-fuftaining Bread are thine.
- 3 The fragrant Thyme, the bloomy Rose,  
 Flower and Herb and Shrub that grows  
 Or on Theffalian Tempe's Plain,  
 Or where the rich Sabeans reign :  
 That treat the Taft, or Smell, or Sight,  
 For Food, for Medecine, or Delight,  
 All planted by thy parent Care  
 Do fpring and fmile and flourish there.

*Part IV.*

- 1 O ye fweet Nurfes of foft Dreams,  
 Ye reedy Brooks and winding Streams,  
 Or murm'ring o'er the Pebbles \* fheen,  
 Or fliding thro' the Meadows green ;  
 Or where thro' matted Sedge you creep  
 Slow trav'ling to your parent Deep,

K

Refound

\* i. e. *fhining* or *smooth*.

- Refound his Praise by whom you rose  
That Sea, which never Ebbs or flows.
- 2 Ye Trees, whose Roots descend as low  
As high in Air your Branches grow,  
That pour a venerable Shade  
For Thought and friendly Converse made :  
Your leavy Arms to Heaven extend,  
And bend your Heads, in Homage bend :  
Cedars and Pines that wave above,  
Waving adore your parent Jove.
- 3 No Evil can from thee proceed,  
'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed ;  
As Darknes is not from the Sun,  
Nor mount the Shades till he is gone.  
Even then the Pious on his guard  
Stands undismay'd, for all prepar'd :  
Whate'er befall, his Mind's at rest ;  
Since what thou send'st, must needs be best.
- 4 O Father King, whose heavenly Face  
Shines still serene on all thy Race,  
Can we forget thy guardian Care,  
How slow to punish, glad to spare !  
We thy Magnificence adore ;  
We thy unceasing Aid implore :  
Nor vainly for thy Help we call,  
Nor can we want ; for thou art ALL.



A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
TUNES,  
Set to MUSIC,  
As they are commonly SUNG at the  
FOUNDRY

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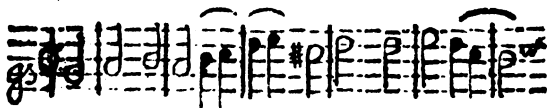
LONDON:

Printed by A. PEARSON, and sold by  
T. HARRIS, at the *Looking-Glass* and *Bible*,  
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*Gate, Holborn*, and at the *Foundry*, near *Upper-*  
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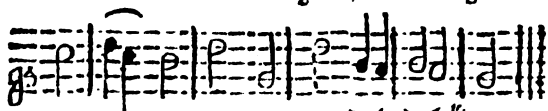




*Hemdyke Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 101.

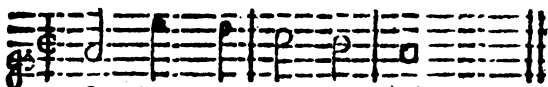


Praise be to the Fa-ther given, Christ he gave

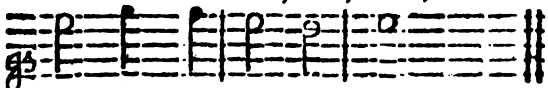


Us to save now the Heirs of Hea—ven.

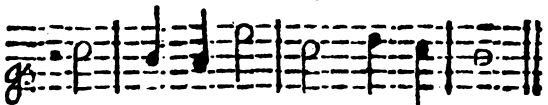
*Fetter Lane Tune.* Vol. 1. P. 77.



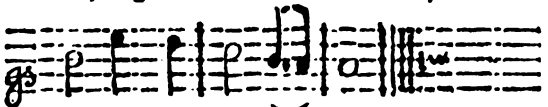
O throw a—way thy Rod,



O throw a—way thy Wrath,



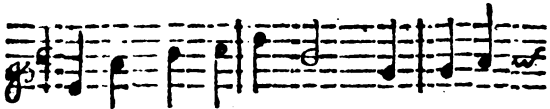
My grac'ous Sa—v'our, and my God,



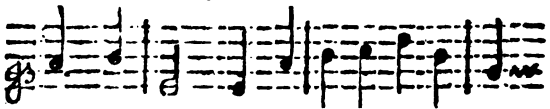
O take the gen—tle Path.

A 2

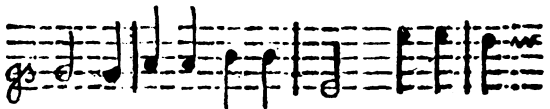
*The*

*The Resignation Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 16.

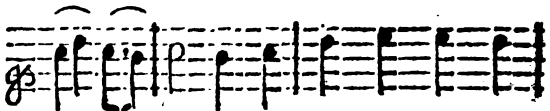
And wilt thou yet be found? And may I



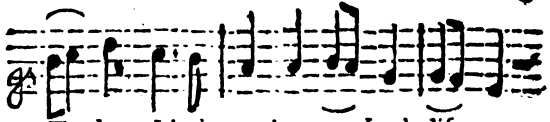
still draw near? Then list-en to the plaintive



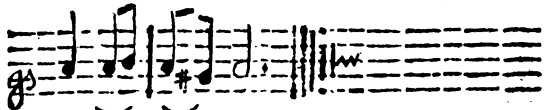
Sound of a poor Sinner's Pray'r. Je—su thy



Aid af—ford, If still the same thou art,



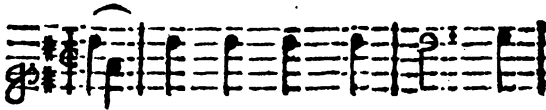
To thee, I look, to thee, my Lord, lift up



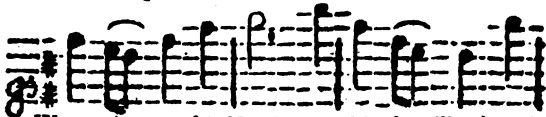
an help—less Heart.

*Jericho.*

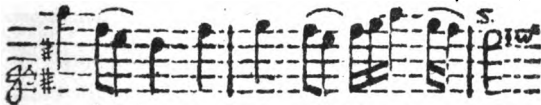
Jericho Tune. Vol. 1. Page 141.



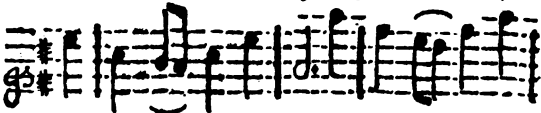
Com—mit thou all thy Griets and  
Who points the Clouds their Course, whom



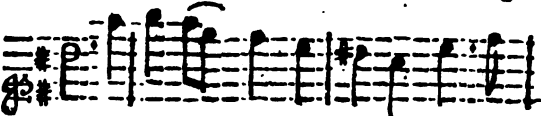
Ways in—to his Hands; to his sure Truth and  
Winds and Seas o—bey; he shall di—rect thy



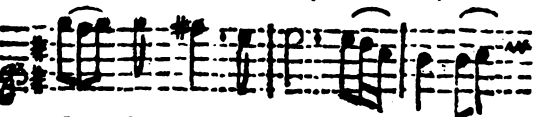
ten—der Care, who Earth and Heav'n commands.  
wand'ring Feet, he shall pre—pare the Way.



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




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



shall thy Work be done. No Pro—fit

Continued.



Canst thou gain by self con-sum-ing Care ;  
To him com-mend thy Cause, his Ear at-  
tends the soft-est Pray'r.

*Bromswick Tune, to the 104th Psalm.*

Vol. 2. Page 103.



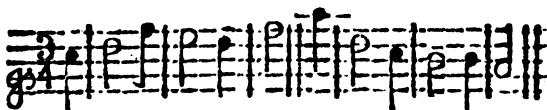
Fa-ther of Mankind, be e-ver a-der'd,  
Thy Mercy we find in send-ing our Lord :  
To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness we praise,  
For sending tu' Je-fus Sal-va-tion by Grace.

*St. Athol's*

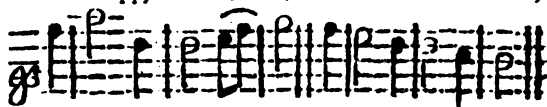
*A Collection of Tunes.*

7

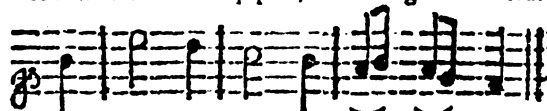
*St. Athol's Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 183.



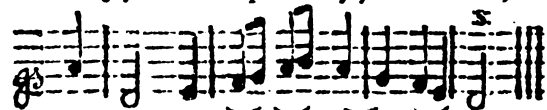
Ye happy Sinners, hear, the Prisoner of the Lord,



And wait 'till Christ ap-pear, accord-ing to his Word.



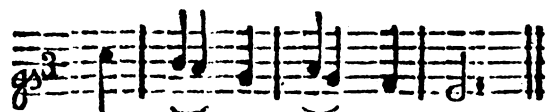
Re-joyce in Hope, re-joyce with me,



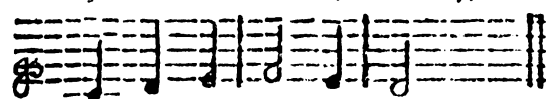
We shall from all our Sins be free.

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*Fonnon Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 268.



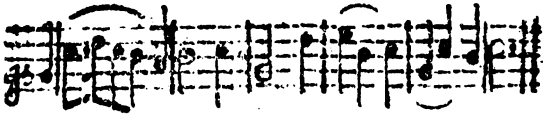
Je—su the Truth, the Way,



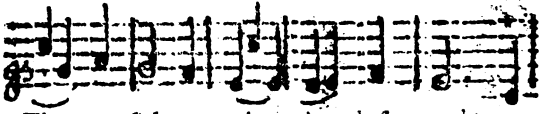
The Life in us ap—pear,

Thy

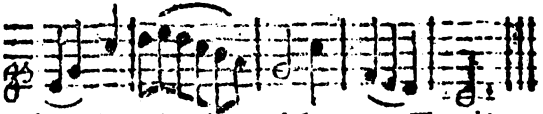
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Thy Glorious Arm display, and bring Salvation near.

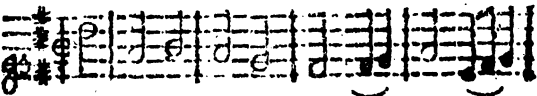


The great Sal-va-tion thou hast wrought, a

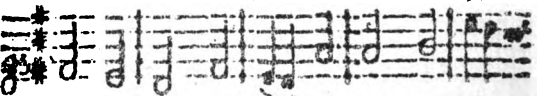


bove the Reach of hu-man Thought.

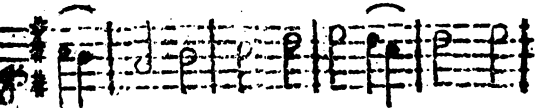
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*Savannah Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 175.


Thou Je-sus art our King, thy cease-less



Praise we sing: Praise shall our glad Tongue em-



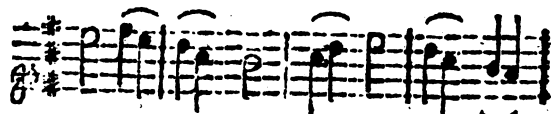
ploy, Praise o'er-flow our grate-ful Soul, while

—tal

A Collection of Tunes.

9

Continued.



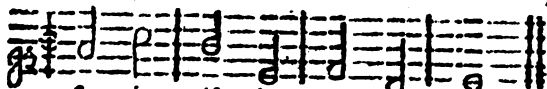
we vi-tal Breath en-joy, while e-



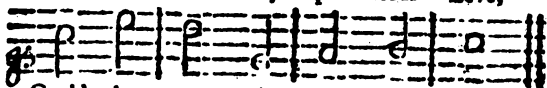
ter-nal A-ges roll?

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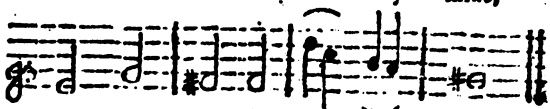
London New Tune. Vol. 1. Page 120.



Sa-viour if thy pre-cious Love,



Could be me-ri-ted by mine,



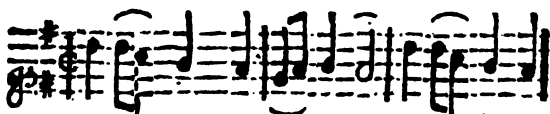
Faith these Mountains would re-move ;



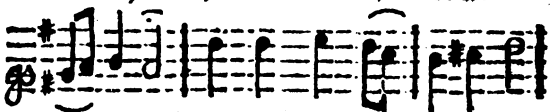
Faith would make me e-ver thine.

*Hernbutt*

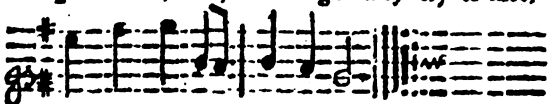


*Hernbath Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 93.

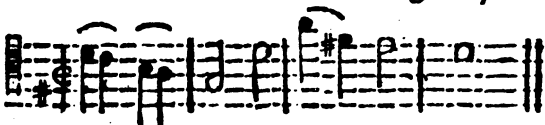
Ho-ly Lamb, who thee receive, who in thee be-



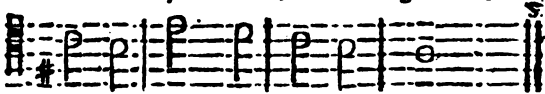
—gia to live, Day and Night they cry to thee,



As thou art, fo let us be.

*Penmark Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 107.

Hea-v'nly Fa-ther, So-v'reign Lord,



E-ver faith-ful to thy Word,



Hum---bly we our Seal set to,  
Tef—

A Collection of Tunes.

11

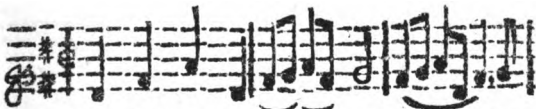
Continued.



Tef-ti-sy that thou art true.

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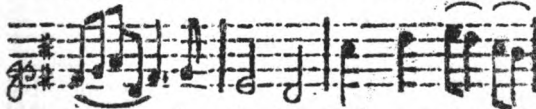
Salisbury Tune. Vol. 1. Page 209.



Christ the Lord, is ris'n to Day, Hal-le-



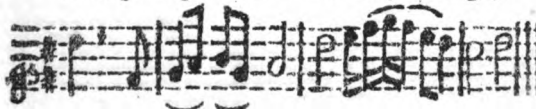
-lu-jah, Sons of Men and Angels say,



Hal-le-lu-jah. Raise your Joys and



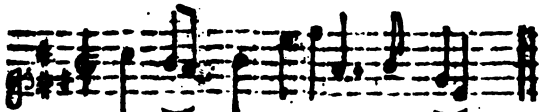
Triumphs high, Hal-le-lu-jah. Sing ye



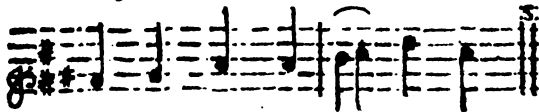
Heav'ns, and Earth re-ply. Hal-le-lu-jah.

Frank-

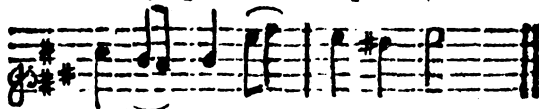
*Frankfort Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 221.



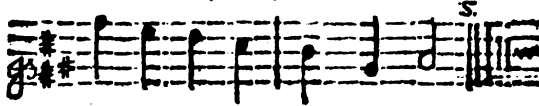
Je—fus shall I ne—ver be



Firm—ly ground—ed up—on thee?

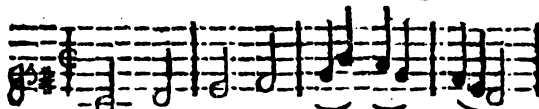


Ne—ver by thy Word a—bide,

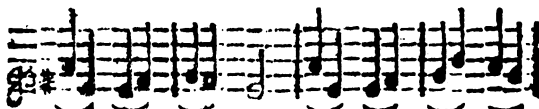


Ne—ver in thy Wounds re—side!

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

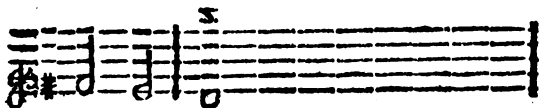


Come and let us sweet—ly joyn,  
Give me all with one Ac—cord,

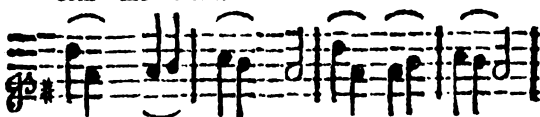


Christ to praise in, Christ to praise in  
Glo—ry to our, Glo—ry to our  
Hymn

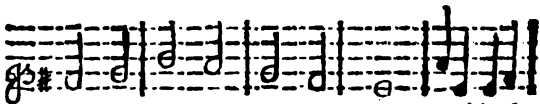
Continued.



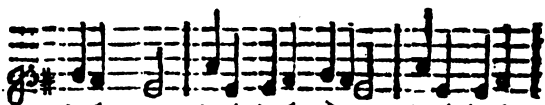
Hymns Di—vine.  
com—mon Lord.



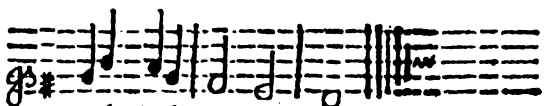
Hands and Hearts and Voi—ces raise,



Sing as in the an—tient Days, an—ts—



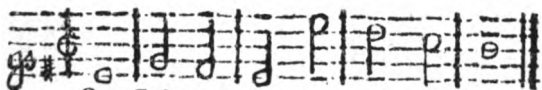
—date the Joys a—bove, ce—le—



—brate the Feast of Love.

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St. Mary's Tune. Vol. 1. Page 135.



On God fu—prone our Hope de—pends,

**B**

**Whole**

Continued.

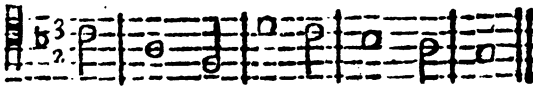
Whose om-ni-pre-sent Sight,  
 Ev'n to the Path-less Realms ex-tends  
 Of un-cre-a-ted Night.

St. John's Tune. Vol. 1. Page 43.

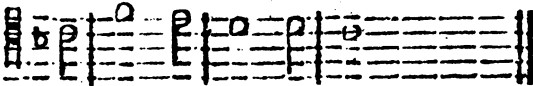
My Stock lies dead, and no In crease  
 Does thy past Gifts im-prove :  
 O let thy Gra-ces with-out cease  
 Drop gent-ly from a-bove.

Bedford

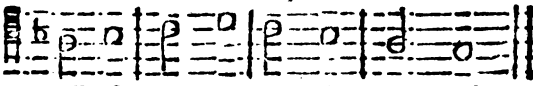
Bedford Tune. Vol. 3. P. 89.



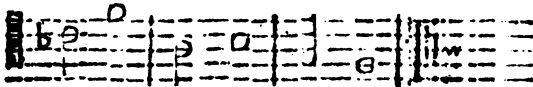
The Lord un—to my lord hath said,



Sit thou in Glo—ry, sit,



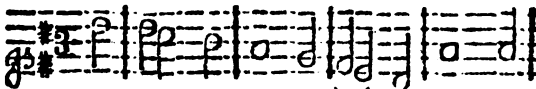
Till I thine E—ne—mies have made



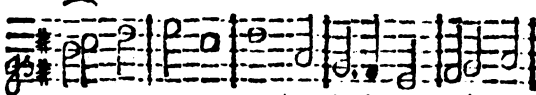
To bow be—neath thy Feet.

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Bexley Tune. Vol. 2. Page 127.



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



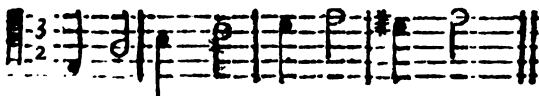
—dier than I to pray) An—swer my scarce—ly



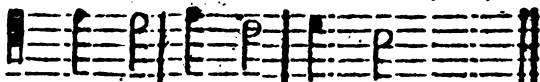
ut—ter'd Pray'r, and meet me on the Way.

B 2

*Marienborn*

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

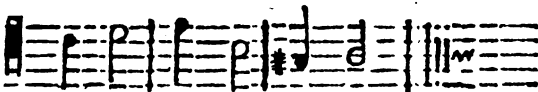
Enslav'd to Sense, to Plea—sure prone,



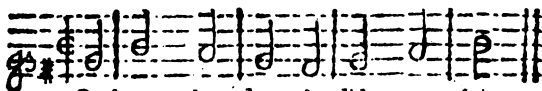
Fond of cre—-a—-ted Good ;



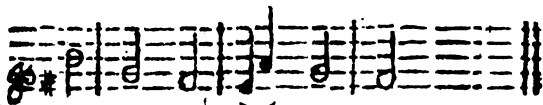
Fa—ther, our Help—-less we own,



And trem—bling taste our Food.

*Bristol Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 138.

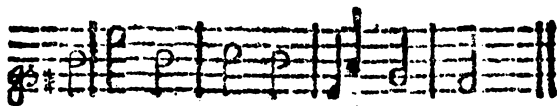
O thou, who when I did com—plain,



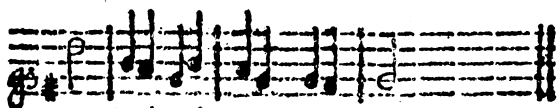
Didst all my Griefs re—-move,

O Sa-

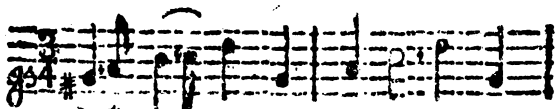
Continued.



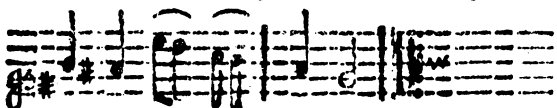
O Se-*vi*our do not now dis-*dain*,



My hum-*ble* Praise and Love.



Hal-*le-lu-jah*, Hal-*le-lu-jah*,



Hal-*le-lu-jah*. A-men.

*Wenwo* Tune. Vol. 2. Page 79.



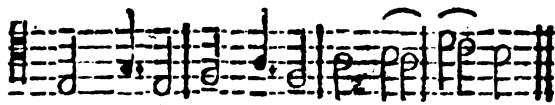
O that thou would'st the Hea-*vens* rent,



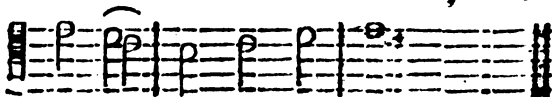
In Ma-*je-s*ty come down!



Continued.



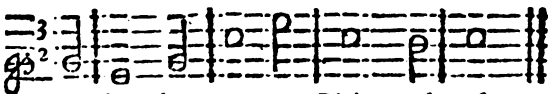
Stretch out thine Arm Om—ni—po—tent,



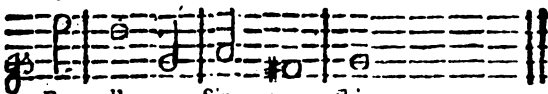
And seize me for thine own.



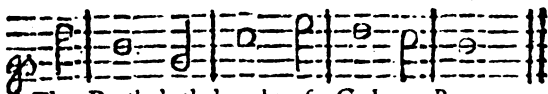
And seize me for, and seize me for thine own.

*St. Matthew's Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 95.

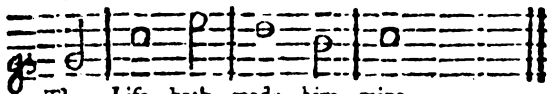
Je—su, thou art my Righte—ous—ness,



For all my Sins were thine,



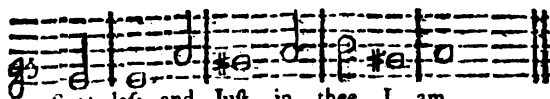
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,



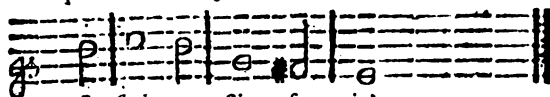
Thy Life hath made him mine.

Spot—

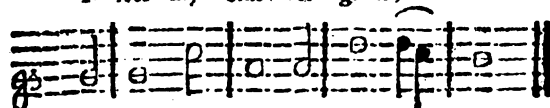
Continued.



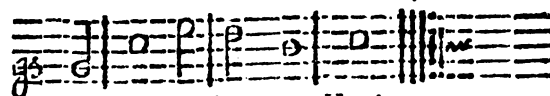
Spot-less and Just in thee. I am,



I feel my Sins for-giv'n;



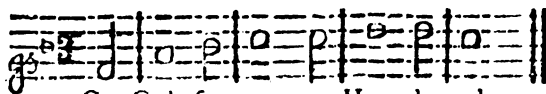
I taste Sal--va--tion in thy Name,



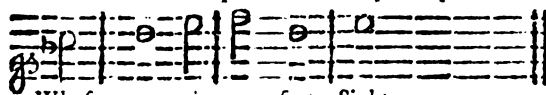
And an-te-date my Heav'n.

---

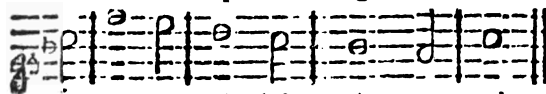
*Cripplegate Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 301.



On God su-preme our Hope depends,



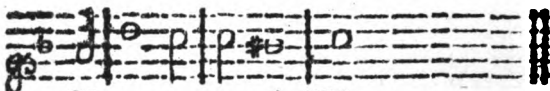
Whose om-ni-pre-sent Sight;



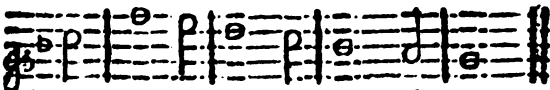
In-to the path-less Realms ex-tends,

Of

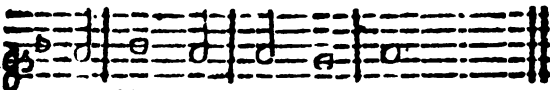
Continued.



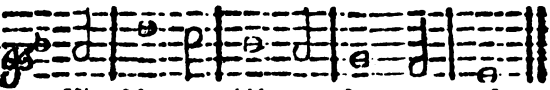
Of un-cro-ss-ed Night:



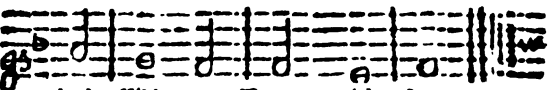
Plung'd in A-byss of deep Dif-tress,



To him we rais'd our Cry,



His Mer-cy bid our Sor-rows cease,



And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.

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*Bramsgrove Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 102.


Let Heav'n and Earth a-gree,



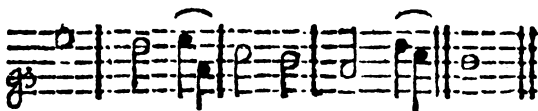
The Fa-ther's Praise to sing,

Who

A Collection of Tunes.

21

Continued.



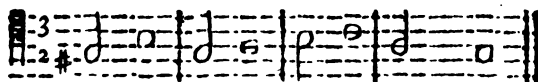
Who draws us to the Son, that he



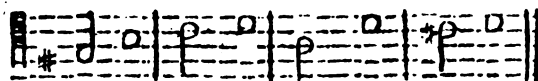
May us to Glo—ry bring.

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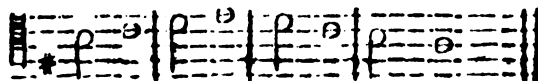
*Angel's Hymn Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 87.



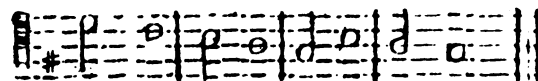
Who hath be-liev'd the Ti-dings? who?



Or felt the Joys our Words im--part?

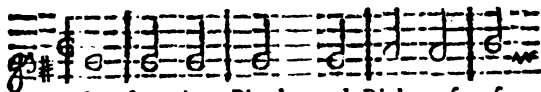


Gladly confess'd our Re-cord true,

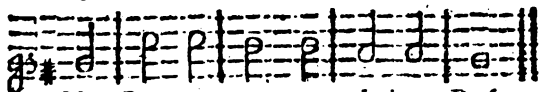


And found the Saviour in his Heart.

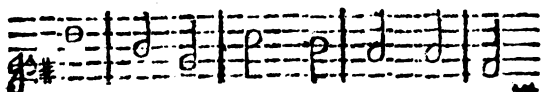
*Cannon*

*Cannon Tune. Vol. 2. Page 177.*

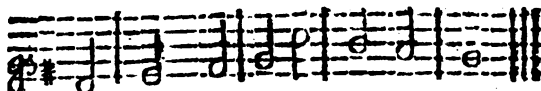
Je—su, thy Blood, and Righteous—ness,



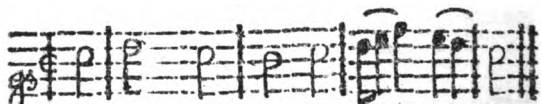
My Beau—ty are, my glorious Dress.



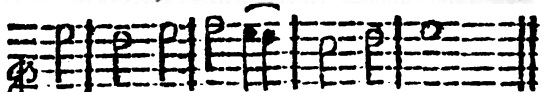
'Midst flaming Worlds in these ar—ray'd



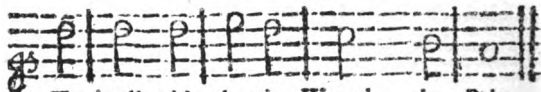
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

*First German Tune. Vol. 2. Page 74.*

I thirst, thou wound ed Lamb of God,



To wash me in thy cleansing Blood,



To dwell with—in thy Wounds ; then Pain

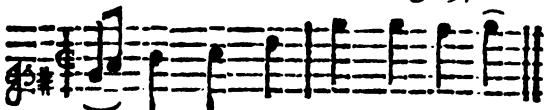
Continued.



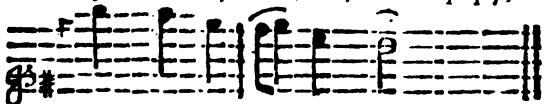
Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

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*Leipsick Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 97.



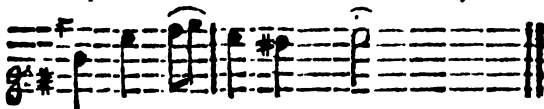
Je—su! my Life, thy—self ap—ply,



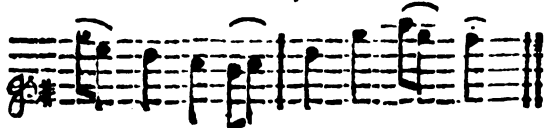
Thy ho—ly Spi—rit breathe,



My vile Af—fecti—ons cru—ci—fy,

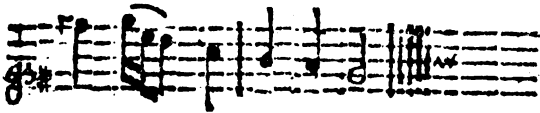


Conform me to thy Death.

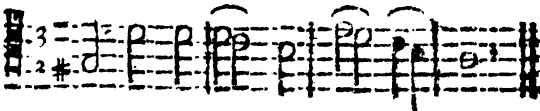


Con-

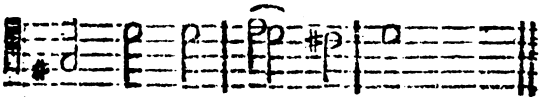
Continued.



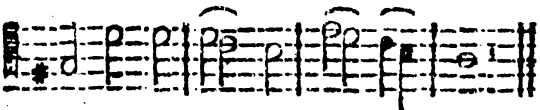
Jera Tune. Vol. 1. Page 36.



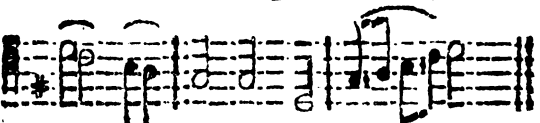
Be—ing of Be—ings, God of Love,



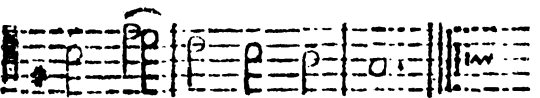
To thee, our Hearts we raise;



Thy all—fuf—tain—ing Pow'r we prove,



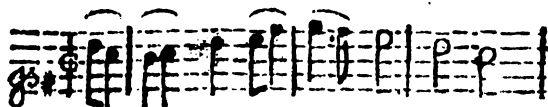
And glad—ly fing thy Praise.



And glad—ly fing thy Praise.

Second

Second German Tune. Vol. 1. Page 94.



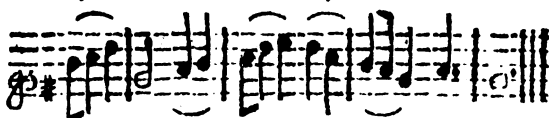
My Soul be—fore thee prostrate lies,



To thee her Source my Spi—rit flies,



My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see:



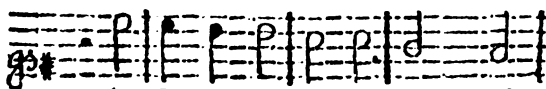
O let thy Pre--fence set me free!

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Crucifixion Tune. Vol. 1. Page 117.



And can it be that I should gain



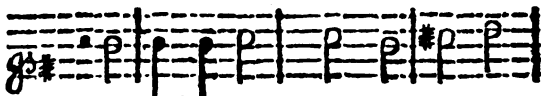
An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood!

C

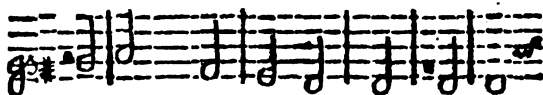
Dy'd



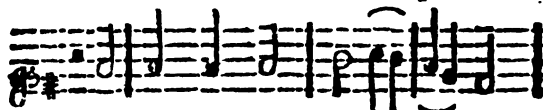
Continued.



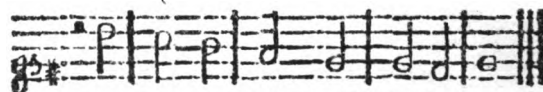
Dy'd he for me?— who caus'd his Pain!



For me?— who him to Death pur-su'd.



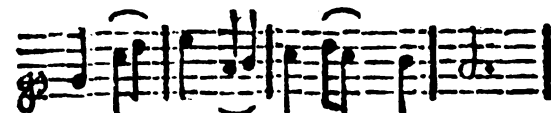
A—ma—zing Love! how can it be,



That thou, my God, shouldst die for me.

*Islington Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 169.

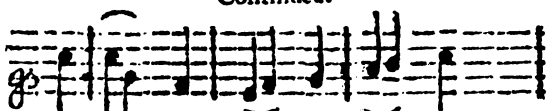
Bro—ther in Christ, and well—be—lov'd,



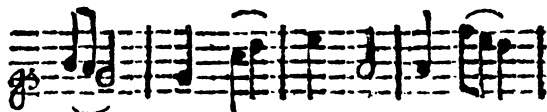
to Je—sus, and his Ser—vants dear,

**Enter,**

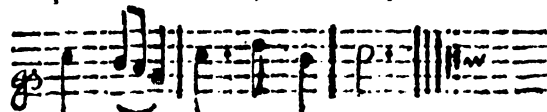
Continued.



En—ter, and shew thy—self ap—



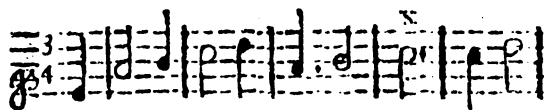
prov'd, en—ter, and find, en—ter



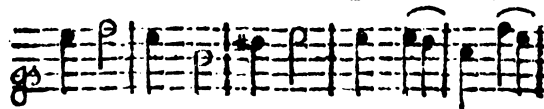
and find that God is here!

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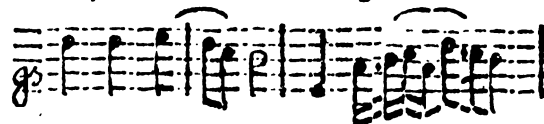
*Tans'ur's Tunes.* Vol. 3. Page 278.



O that the Life—in—su—sing Grace, the pure



and per—fect Peace of God, might now de—scend



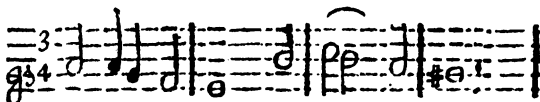
on Is—rael's Race, the Church,

Continued.

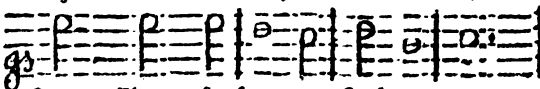


the Church, he purchas'd with his Blood !

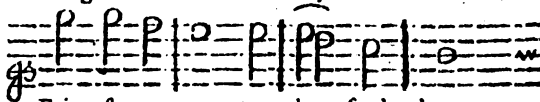
*Clark's Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 122.



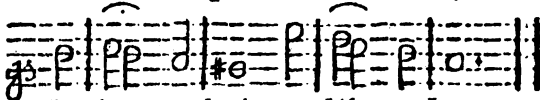
Je—su to thee, my Heart I bow,



Strange Flames far from my Soul re—move ;

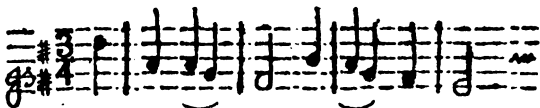


Fair—est a—mong ten thou—sand thou,



Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

*Cardiff Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 115.



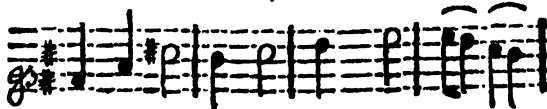
Come. O thou Tra—vel—ler un—known,

Whom

Continued.



Whom still I hold, but can-not see, my



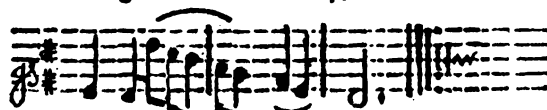
Com-pa-ny be-fore is gone, and I



am left a—lone with thee, with thee

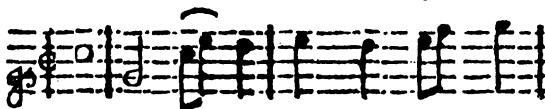


all Night I mean to stay, and wrestle 'till



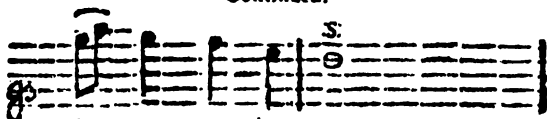
the Break of Day.

*Amsterdam Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 210.

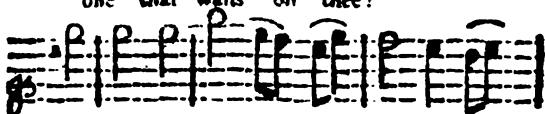


I will heark-en what my Lord shall  
 Haft thou uot a gra-cious Word for  
 C 3 say

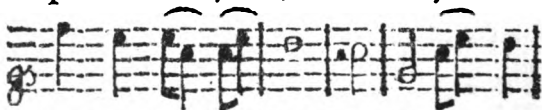
Continued.



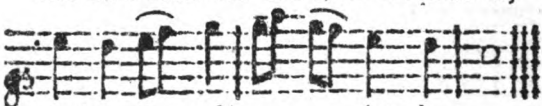
say con-cern-ing me.  
one that waits on thee?



Speak it to my Soul, that I may in

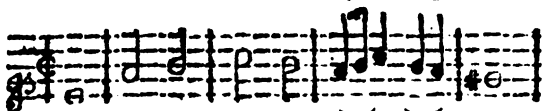


thee have Peace and Pow'r, ne-ver from my

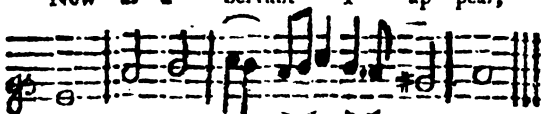


Saviour thy, and ne-ver grieve thee more.

*Slow German Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 142.



My Father, O my Fa—ther, hear  
Now as a Servant I ap—pear,

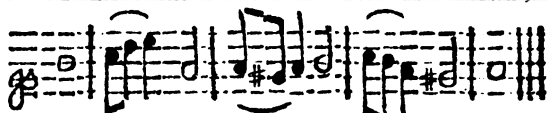


thy weak-est Child's im—per—fect Call!  
and yet thou know'st me Heir of. all.  
O make

Continued.



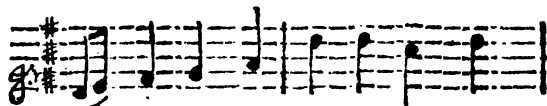
O make me know as I am known;



Speak, Fa—ther, am I not thy Son?

---

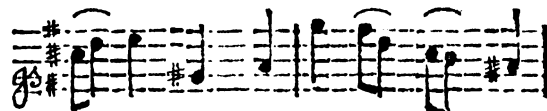
Vol. 2. Page 26.



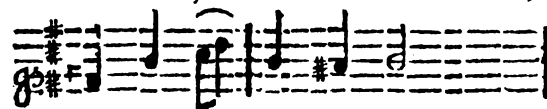
Je—sus, the all—a—ton—ing Lamb,  
Sal—va—tion in whose on—ly Name



Lo—ver of lost Man—kind,  
A fin—ful World can find:



I ask thy Grace to make me clean,



I come to thee, my God:

Open,

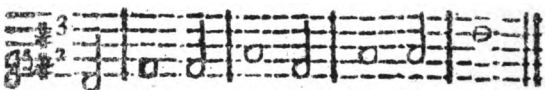
Continued.



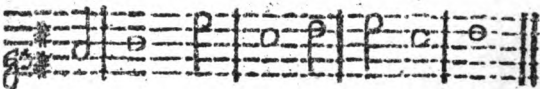
O—pen, O Lord, for this Day's Sin



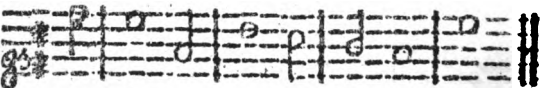
The Foun—tain of thy Blood.

*St. Luke's Tune.* Vol. I. Page 132.

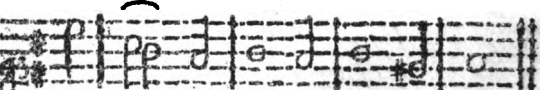
No common Vi—sion this I see



In more than hu—man Ma—je—sty!



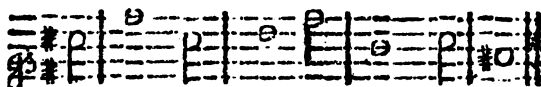
Who is this might-y He—ro, who,



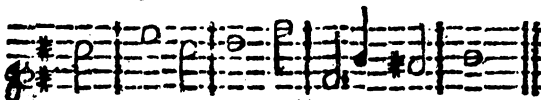
With glo—rious Ter—ror on his Brow?

His

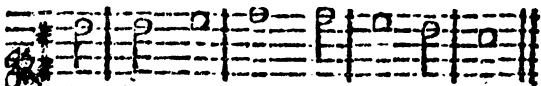
Continued.



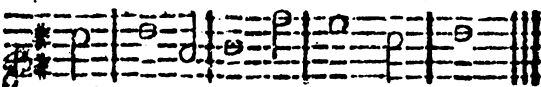
His deep dy'd Crim-son Robes out-vie



The Blushes of the Morn-ing Sky :

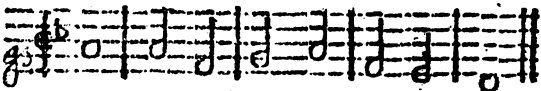


Lo, how tri-um-phant he ap-pears

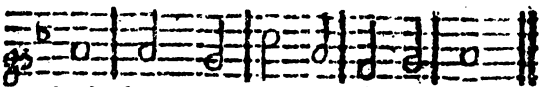


And Vi&amp;rsquo;ry in his Vi-sage bears.

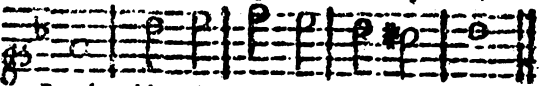
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*Playford's Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 131.


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



Send forth the Spi-rit of thy Son,

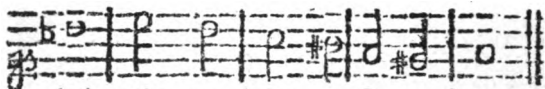


Breathe him in--to my pant-ing Heart,

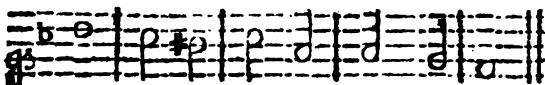
And



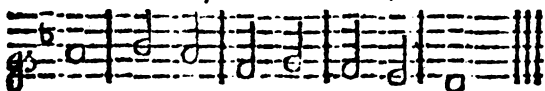
Continued.



And make me know as I am known :

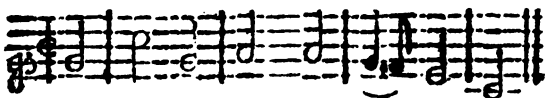


Make me thy conscious Child, that I

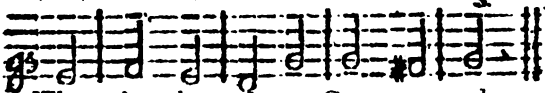


May Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther cry.

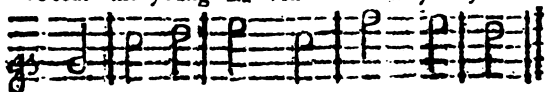
*Swift German Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 85.



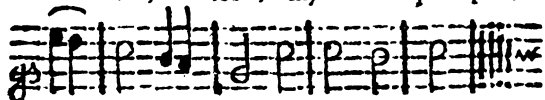
Fa—ther of Light, from whom pro—ceeds :  
Whose Goodness pro—vi—dent—ly nigh



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



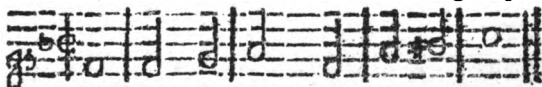
To thee, I look; my Heart pre—pare,



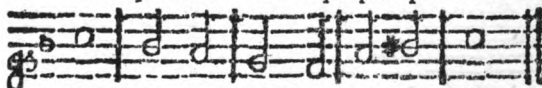
Sug—gest and heark—en to my Pray'r.

Tb:

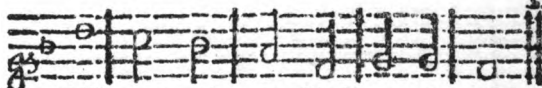
The 113th Psalm Tune. Vol. 1. Page 136.



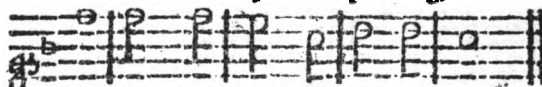
Ye Priests of God, whose hap-py Days  
Ye pi-ous Wor-ship-pers pro-claim



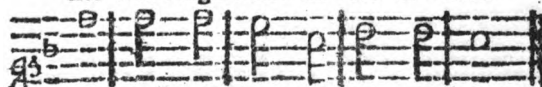
Are spent in your Cre-a-tor's Praise,  
With Shouts of Joy his ho-ly Name;



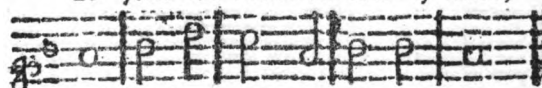
Still more and more his Fame ex-press!  
Nor fa-tis-fy'd with prai-sing, bless.



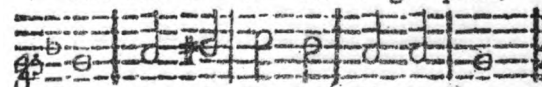
Let God's high Prai-ses still re-sound



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



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

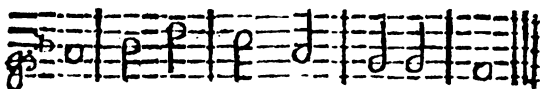


From where the Sun first gilds the Streams



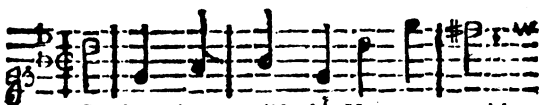
To where he sets with pur-pled Beams,  
Thro'

Continued.

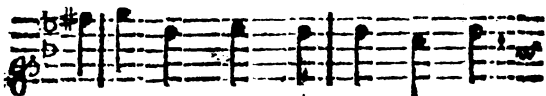


Thro' all the wide-stretch'd U-ni-verſe.

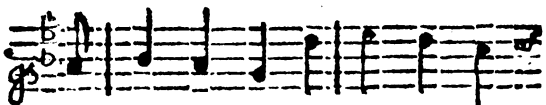
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*Exeſham Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 200.


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



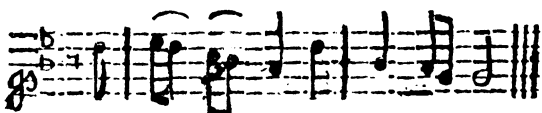
O that thou would'ſt this Hour come down!



De-ſcend Al-might-ty God, de-ſcend,



And ſtrong-ly vin-di-cate thine own,



And ſtrong-ly vin-di-cate thine own.

F I N I S.





Mus 491 .75 .1737 .2

Collection of psalms and hymns : Ch

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