

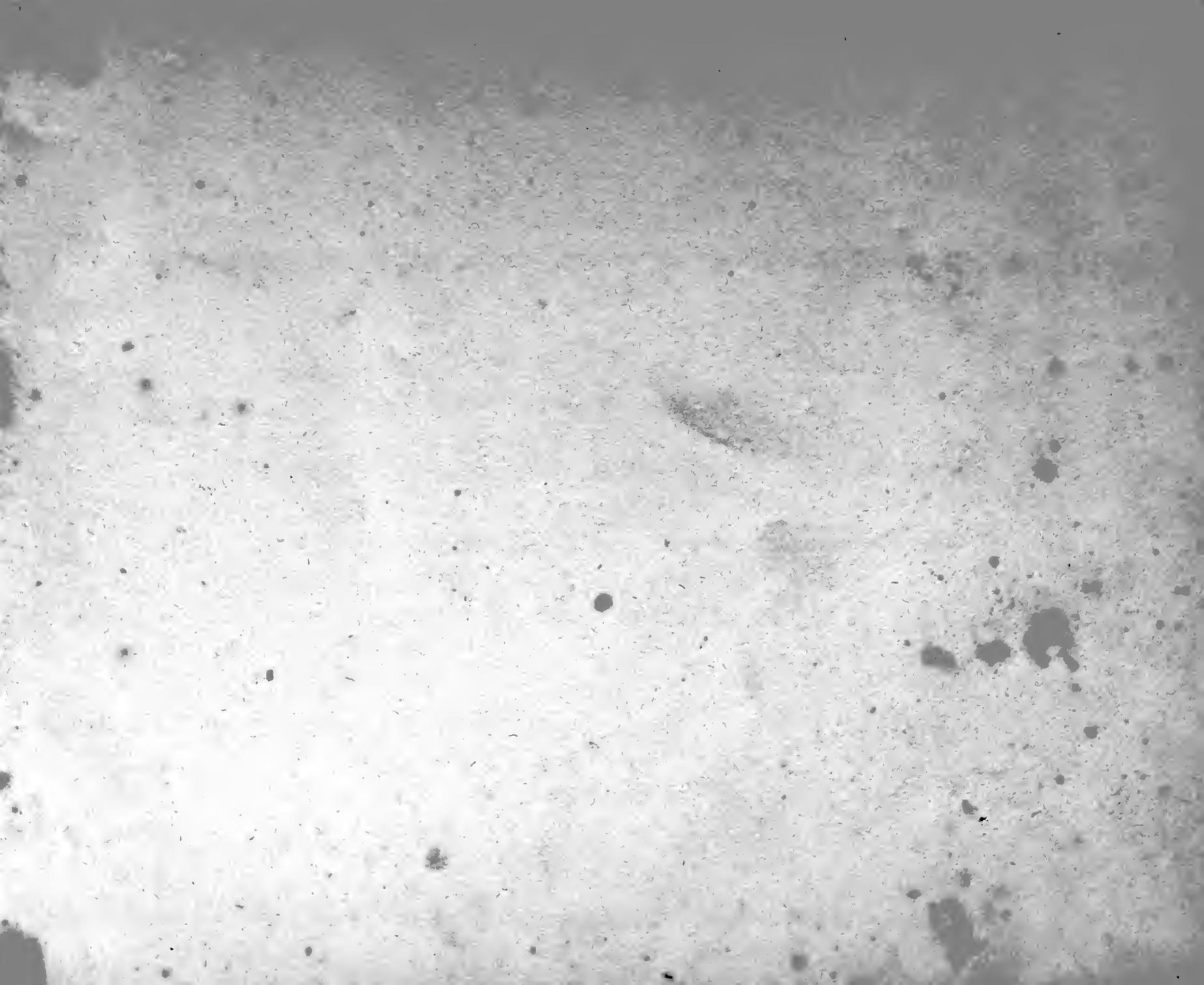


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Harmonia Sacra,



OR

A COMPILATION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES,

COLLECTED FROM

THE MOST CELEBRATED EUROPEAN MASTERS,

AS PUBLISHED IN THE DIFFERENT LONDON EDITIONS BY THOMAS BUTTS;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVERAL SELECT PIECES FROM

GREEN & HANDEL.

ANDOVER

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY FLAGG AND GOULD.

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1816.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT;

DISTRICT CLERK'S OFFICE.

~~~~~  
Seal. ~~~~~  
~~~~~

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the second day of July, A. D. 1816, and in the fortieth year of the independence of the United States of America, FLAGG and GOULD of the said district, deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim, as proprietors, in the words following, viz:—HARMONIA SACRA, OR A COMPILATION OF PSALM AND HYMN TUNES, COLLECTED FROM THE MOST CELEBRATED EUROPEAN MASTERS, AS PUBLISHED IN THE DIFFERENT LONDON EDITIONS BY THOMAS BUTTS; TO WHICH ARE ADDED SEVERAL SELECT PIECES FROM GREEN AND HANDEL.—In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned;” and also to an act, entitled “An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints.”

W. S. SHAW, { Clerk of the district
 { of Massachusetts.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE AMERICAN EDITION.

JUSTICE to the Publishers of this volume requires that the subscribers and the public in general be assured, that it comprises all the tunes, contained in two different editions of this admirable species of sacred music, familiarly called *Harmonia Sacra major and minor* ; to which are now added a thanksgiving piece and a sublime chorus from Dr. GREEN, and a celestial air from HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

The volume also contains more pages, and is printed on larger and better paper, than was at first proposed ; the procurement of which has occasioned some delay in the publication. The execution of this work, it is believed, will not disappoint its patrons.

For special reasons the names of a few of the tunes are changed ; and the names of the authors are never given, because many are absolutely unknown, and because the authors of productions of so high antiquity are seldom known with certainty. It would have been easy however, had uniformity permitted, to have gratified curiosity and embellished the work with the celebrated names of the reputed authors of many pieces, such as Arne, Croft, Worgan, Clarke, Green, Purcel, Handel, &c. &c.

Under the full influence of music like this, performed in true spirit, though anonymous, the genuine sons and daughters of sacred song will often be prompted to exclaim, " 'tis more than human." With this conviction it is humbly hoped, that divine providence will render this publication instrumental in correcting and elevating the musical taste of our country, too long debased ; and that, if a due distinction be made between those plain, solemn, majestic movements, in which a *congregation* may join, and which only constitute true PSALMODY, and those tender, delicate, exquisite ODES and AIRS, which are adapted only to voices, ears, and souls, the most cultivated and refined, in select, *private* circles ; our devotion, public, family, and personal, may be thus purified, inflamed, and exalted.



INTRODUCTION.

GAMUT.

A diagram showing the seven lines of a musical staff with notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The notes are placed on the lines and in the spaces between them, with the top line being G and the bottom line being F.

TREBLE.

COUNTER, OR MEDIUS.

Two diagrams showing musical staves. The first is labeled 'TREBLE' and has notes G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The second is labeled 'COUNTER, OR MEDIUS' and has notes F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

THE Gamut, or Scale of Music, consists of lines and spaces, on which are placed these seven letters, viz. A, B, C, D, E, F, G; which are repeated as often, as the compass of Music requires.

The three Characters in the Scale, viz.  are the three Cliffs; the first of which is called the G Cliff, because the letter G is placed on the same line with it; and in this cliff is set the Treble, or highest part in music. The second is the C Cliff, because the letter C is placed on the same line with it; and in this is set the Medius, Tenor, Counter, and all inner parts of music. The third is the F Cliff, because the letter F is placed on the same line with it; and in this cliff is set the Bass, or lowest part in music.

TENOR.

BASS.

Two diagrams showing musical staves. The first is labeled 'TENOR' and has notes C, D, E, F, G, A, B. The second is labeled 'BASS' and has notes F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G.

All tunes are generally set within the compass of five lines, on which are placed the three signal cliffs, as in the scale; but the C cliff, being used in all the inner parts, is set on any one of the five lines, according to the part, for which it is used; but its most usual places are, as in this example. It may not be improper to observe here, that the Treble, or G cliff, is now much used in the Tenor part, being less moveable, and consequently more easy for young practitioners.

Those seven letters, viz. A, B, C, D, E, F, G; are called Keys, each of which is a several degree or sound, which is more grave or acute, according to the line or space, in which it is placed.

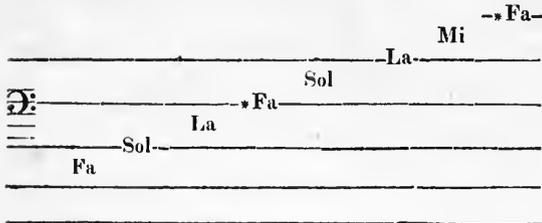
That these degrees may be performed by the voice, four syllables, viz. mi, fa, sol, la, are appropriated to the seven keys in such manner, as to express their several sounds, however varied by the (b) Flat and (#) Sharp, and yet keep the same distance of sound, each to other; e. g. sol is always the next note above fa; the same distance of sound is between fa and sol, when placed on C, D, as when they are on F, G, and so of the rest.

In a gradual series of eight notes are contained all the several sounds in music. Now these eight notes are not so many equal degrees, but consist of five tones or whole notes, and two semitones or half notes, whose order differs according to the key, from which they are computed.

The key is the principal or fundamental note of a tune, to which the other notes have proper relation, and in which the Bass always concludes. It is called Flat or Sharp, not from the flats or sharps, set at the beginning of the tune, but with respect to the Third, Sixth, and Seventh above it; for if they be less, the key is flat; if greater, the key is sharp.

Thirds, &c. are called greater or less, according to the number of semitones contained in them. A greater Third consists of four semitones; a less Third of three semitones; a greater Sixth of nine semitones; a less Sixth, of eight; and so of the Seventh, as will easily be demonstrated, when the places of two semitones in the scale of eight notes are observed.

The places of the semitones are distinguished by the note fa; e. g. from mi to fa, and from la to fa, is a semitone; from fa to sol, from sol to la, and from la to mi, is a tone, as in this scale, in which the semitones are marked with a star.



Any three of these notes are called a Third, which, reckoned inclusively, contains but two notes; now, if one of these be a semitone, that Third is called less; but, if they be two whole tones, it is called greater. Thus the three highest notes in the scale are a less Third, and the three lowest a greater Third; and so of the Sixth and Seventh.

Hence it appears, that every tune, whose Bass concludes with fa is in a sharp key, because the Third, &c. above it are greater; and those, that end with la, are in a flat key, because the third, sixth, &c. above it are less; and that all tunes whatsoever may be reduced to A and C natural, those in a flat key to A, in a sharp key to C.

OF NAMING THE NOTES.

The names of the notes, that belong to each line and space, are easily known from the place of Mi; which is therefore called the master note, and is disposed of according to these rules.

If no (b) flat, nor (#) sharp be set at the beginning of a tune,	- - - - -	Mi is in B.
If B be flat,	- - - - -	Mi is in E.
If B and E be flat,	- - - - -	Mi is in A.
If F alone be sharp,	- - - - -	Mi is in F.
If F and C be sharp,	- - - - -	Mi is in C.
If F, C, and G be sharp,	- - - - -	Mi is in G.

Mi in B, Mi in E, Mi in A, Mi in F, Mi in C, Mi in G.

This example serves to discover the place of *mi* in the four parts ; for, wheresoever *mi* is placed, the names of the next lines and spaces above it are *fa*, *sol*, *la*, *fa*, *sol*, *la* ; and beneath it are *la*, *sol*, *fa*, *la*, *sol*, *fa* ; so that every eighth note is the same in name as well, as in nature.

Note. The (*b*) flat, set before any particular note in a tune, makes it a semitone lower ; the (*#*) sharp a semitone higher.

Those passages, which abound with flats or sharps, and seem difficult to learn by sol-fa-ing, are made easy by inverting the names of the notes all along the cadence, for which they are preparing, and calling them, as in the natural key ; i. e., when *fa* by sharps is raised a semitone (for two or three bars together) call it *mi*, and the notes above and below it accordingly ; so when *mi* is a semitone lower by flats, call it *fa*, and the notes above and below it, as if it really were so. This way of inverting the notes gives the true sound of those difficult places, in the easy way of common sol-fa-ing.

Of Time, &c.

Time is of two sorts, viz. Common, marked thus, $\underline{\underline{C}}$ and Triple, marked thus, $\underline{\underline{3}}$ Both of these are divided by bars, which do each include an equal length of time, whether expressed by notes or rests.

THE NOTES AND THEIR RESTS.

Notes —————
Rests —————

Semibreve, Minim, Crotchet, Quaver, Semiquaver.

The notes distinguish the length of sounds. A rest denotes silence, to be continued so long, as its respective note is to be sounded, as in the example.

In common time $\underline{\underline{C}}$ one semibreve, or so many notes, as make up the length of a semibreve, are a bar ; whose length is while one may leisurely say one, two, three, four ; and is measured by a constant and equal motion of the hand or foot, giving one half of the bar to the hand down, and the other half to it up, as in this lesson, where the hand is to be down, at 1, 2, and up at 3, 4.

N. B. When the mode is dashed thus, $\underline{\underline{C}}$ the bar is swifter ; when inverted and dashed thus, $\underline{\underline{3}}$ or marked with a figure 2 thus, $\underline{\underline{2}}$ it is more swift. Note also, a dot after a note, either in common or triple time, makes it longer by one half ; thus, a $\underline{\underline{C}}$ is equal to $\underline{\underline{3}}$ &c.

Of the various proportions in triple time I shall only mention two, marked thus, $\frac{3}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ as in this lesson, where the hand must be down at 1, 2, and up at 3.

There are several graces in music, the chief of which is a trill, marked thus ; (tr) and performed thus,



This grace and all others are best learnt by hearing them well performed.

Another principal grace is a clear and distinct speaking of the words after the most polite way of pronunciation.

A repeat, $\overline{\underline{\quad}}$ shows that the music, so marked, must be sung or played again.

A hold, \frown shows that the note, over which it is placed, must be protracted beyond its common length.

A slur, \frown shows that all the notes, over which it is placed, must be sung to one syllable.

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A

All glory and praise
 Almighty God of truth and love,
 Amid Thy wrath remember love,
 Almighty Maker, God,
 All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet;
 Ah, lovely appearance of death,
 And can I in sorrow lay down
 Arise, my soul, arise,
 And let this feeble body fail,
 Away my unbelieving fear;
 Ah, wo is me, constrain'd to dwell
 Ah, tell us no more
 Angels speak, let men give ear,
 Ah, where am I now?
 And is the lovely shadow fled?

B

Buried in shadows of the night,
 Begin the high celestial strain,
 Blest Prince of righteousness and peace,

C

Come, let us arise,
 Come ye, that love the Lord,
 Come, let us rejoice
 Clap your hands, ye people all,
 Come, sing the great Jehovah's praise,
 Come, and let us sweetly join,
 Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice
 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 Commit thou all thy griefs
 Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to day,
 Come let us anew
 Come, thou long expected Jesus,
 Come, let us attend,
 Come, Holy Ghost, Thy influence shed
 Come on, my partners in distress,
 Canst thou, Marina, leave the world,
 Come, ye weary sinners, come,

D

29 Dying friend of sinners, hear us,

E

71
 72 Eternal Sire, enthron'd on high,
 88 Extended on a cursed tree,
 100 Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode

F

118
 120
 141 Father, how wide thy glory shines!
 156 From whence these dire portends around,
 160 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 164 Father, I stretch my hands to Thee,
 176 Faint is my head; and sick my heart,
 179 Father of light, from whom proceeds
 186 Father, our hearts we lift
 214

G

Great is the Lord, His works of might
 20 God of all grace, and majesty,
 57 God of my life, whose gracious pow'r
 149 God is the refuge of His saints,
 God of unexampled grace,
 Glory and worship are before Him;

H

29
 35
 45 Happy the soul, to Jesus join'd,
 46 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 56 How happy, gracious Lord, are we,
 61 How heavy is the night,
 63 Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
 67 Hail, hail, reviv'd, reviving spring,
 112 Happy the man, who finds the grace,
 118 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 155 How sad our state by nature is!
 158 Hail, Father, whose creating call
 172 How sad our state by nature is!
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 188 His truth forever stands secure;
 197 He dies, the heav'nly Lover dies;
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L

Lord of the worlds above,
 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
 Lo God is here ; let us adore,
 Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll
 Let every tongue Thy goodness speak,
 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love
 Lord and God of heav'nly pow'rs
 Light of those, whose dreary dwelling
 Lord, how secure and blest are they,
 Lord, all I am is known to Thee,
 Let earth and heaven agree,
 Lord, in the solemn shades of night,
 Listed into the cause of sin,
 Love divine, all love excelling,

M

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 My God, my King, Thy various praise
 My God, in whom are all the springs

N

Now I have found the ground, wherein
 Non nobis, Domine,

O

O God, sole object of our love
 O Love Divine, what hast thou done ?
 O, what shall I do
 O, King of glory, Thy rich grace
 O God, our help in ages past,
 O God, of good th' unfathom'd Sea,
 O Absalom, my son, my son !
 O God, my God, my all Thou art ;
 O, how I love Thy holy law !
 O, come, let us join,
 O, Thou, to whom all creatures bow
 O God of all grace,
 O Love Divine, how sweet thou art !
 O God of good, in whom combine
 O, render thanks to God above,

P

18 Praise the Lord, enthron'd on high,
 29 Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to praise
 49 Praise be to the Father given ;
 53 Praise ye the Lord, our God, within
 75 Praise, praise the Lord, ye servants,
 95 Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir,
 103 Praise to the God, who arch'd the sky,
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R

144 Rejoice, the Lord is King,
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 Sweet is the mem'ry of Thy grace,
 Strange reverse of human fate,
 19 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,
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 236 Sing we to our God above,
 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
 Son of God, Thy blessing grant
 84 Stand, and adore ; how glorious
 168 Soldier of Christ, adieu ;
 Spirit of truth, descend,
 22 Son of God, for Thee we languish,
 40 Some seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue,
 48 Sons of men, behold from far,

T

59
 60 Thee we adore, eternal Name,
 116 The voice of my beloved sounds,
 129 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done ;
 139 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 143 Thou hidden love of God, whose height
 166 The Sun of righteousness appears
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 89 With songs and honors, sounding loud, 210

Y

122 Ye saints and servants of the Lord, 77
 126 Ye, that seek the Lord, who died, 96
 131 Ye servants of God, 106
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Father, how wide thy glo - ry shines! How high thy won - ders rise! Known through the earth by thousand signs,

By thousand thro' the skies. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

2
Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labor of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

3
But, when we view thy strange design,
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

4
Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess,
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice, or the grace.

5
Now the full glories of the Lamb,
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

6
O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

Aldridge. C. M.

When I with pleasing wonder stand, And all my frame sur - vey ; Lord, 'tis thy work, I own thy

6 # 6 5 # 8 7 # # # 7 6 5 7 6

hand, Lord 'tis thy work, I own thy hand, That built my humble clay, That built my humble clay.

7 # 6 5 4 # 6 5 # 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 - 6 - 6 6 6 5 4 #

2
 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
 Where unborn nature grew ;
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
 And all my members drew.

4
 Thine eye with tender care survey'd
 The growth of every part ;
 Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,
 Was copied by thy art.

3
 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Show me thy wond'rous skill ;
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

5
 Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

With glory clad, with strength array'd, The Lord, who o'er all na - - - ture reigns ; The world's foun - dation

6 6/4 # 6/4 7 6/4 6/4 7

strong - ly laid, And the vast fa - - - - - And the vast fa - - - - - bric still sus - - - tains.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6/4 5/3

2
How sure establish'd is thy throne !
Which shall no change, nor period see ;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art King from all eternity.

3
The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4
Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they, who in thy house would dwell :
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Canterbury. C. M.

Great is the Lord, his works of might De-mand our noblest songs; Let his as - ssembled saints u - nite Their harmo - ny of tongues.

Great is the Lord, his works of might De-mand our noblest songs; Let his as - ssembled saints u - nite Their harmo - ny of tongues.

-6- 6

Shoreditch. C. M.

Hap - py the soul, to Jesus join'd, And sav'd by grace a - lone; Walk - ing in all thy ways, we find Our heav'n on earth be - gun.

6 5 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

2
The church, triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3
Thee in thy glorious realms they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

4
The Holy to the Holiest leads,
From hence our spirits rise;
And he, who in thy statutes tread,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

Rejoice, the Lord is King, Your Lord and king a - dore ; Mortals give thanks and sing, And triumph ev - er - more ;

Lift up your heart, lift up your voice, Rejoice, again I say, rejoice re - joice, rejoice, Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2
 Jesus, the Savior reigns,
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains,
 He took his seat above ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3
 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heaven ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Jesus given ;
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4
 Rejoice in glorious hope,
 Jesus, the Judge, shall come,
 And takè his servants up
 To their eternal home ;
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
 The trump of God shall sound, rejoice.

Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas - ant and how fair, The dwell - ings of thy love,

Thy earth - ly temples are! To thine a - bode my heart as - pires, With warm de - sires, to see my God.

2
The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wand'ring swallows long,
To find their wonted rest;
My spirit faints with equal zeal,
To rise and dwell among the saints.

3
O happy souls, that pray,
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men, who pay
Their constant service there.
They praise Thee still, and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.

4
They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears;
Till each o'ercome at length,
Till each in heaven appears;
O, glorious seat! Thou, God, our king,
Shalt thither bring our willing feet.

My God the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And Thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss;
If Jesus show his mercy mine,
And whisper, "I am his;"

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Ascend with joy the shining way,
'To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through ev'ry foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

Burford. C. M.

How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin; Thy word the choicest rules imparts, To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad;
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp, to lead our way.

4 The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Their skill and power express,

5 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Nor earth stands firmer, than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

6 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Comparison. C. M.

Musical score for 'Comparison. C. M.' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The melody is primarily in the treble clefs, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

In - finite Pow'r, eternal Lord, How sov'reign is thy hand! All nature rose t' obey thy word, And moves at thy command, And moves at thy command.

2
With steady course the shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

3
The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will;
And every beast and every tree
Thy great design fulfil.

4
Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to Thee?
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me?

5
Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Brentford. L. M.

Musical score for 'Brentford. L. M.' in D major, 3/4 time. The score consists of three staves: two treble clefs and one bass clef. The melody is primarily in the treble clefs, with the bass clef providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Buried in shadows of the night, We lie, till Christ restores the light; Wisdom descends, to heal the blind, And chase the darkness of the mind.

2
Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
Till the atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord, our righteousness.

3
Jesus beholds, where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
He sets the pris'ner free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

4
Poor, helpless worms in Thee possess,
Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness,
Thou art our mighty All, and we
Give our whole selves. O Lord, to Thee.

Sym.

How happy, gracious Lord, are we, Di - vinely

drawn to follow thee; Whose hours di - vi - ded are between the mount and mul - ti - tude; Our day is spent in do - ing good, Our

night in praise and prayer - - - - -, Our night in praise and prayer.

2
 With us no melancholy void,
 No moment lingers unemploy'd,
 Or unimprov'd below;
 Our weariness of life is gone,
 Who live, to serve our God alone,
 And only Thee to know.

6

3
 The winter's night and summer's day
 Glide imperceptibly away,
 Too short, to sing thy praise;
 Too few we find the happy hours,
 And haste, to join those heavenly powers
 In everlasting lays.

4
 With all, who chant thy name on high,
 And holy, holy, holy cry,
 A bright harmonious throng,
 We long thy praises to repeat,
 And restless sing around thy seat
 The new, eternal song.

Modbury.

O God, sole object of our love, Our refuge from our foes;

Our hope, our fortress, our defence, Our hav - en of repose. *Largo Andante.*

2
 When danger, misery, and death
 Encompass'd us around;
 In 'midst of terror and despair
 Thy mercy still we found.

The Lord descendeth from above, And bows the heav'ns most high; And underneath his feet he casts The darkness of the

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

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

6 6 6 4 6 6 7 5 6 6

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

6 6 4 6 6 7 5 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 6 6

E - ter - nal Sire, enthron'd on high, Whom angel hosts a - dore; Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh, Thy presence I employ.

6 * * * 76 * * * 6 * 4 * *

O, guide me down the steep of age, And keep my passions cool; Teach me to scan the sacred page, And practise ev'ry rule.

* 6 6 6 5 6 * 5b * * 76 *

2
 My flying years Time urges on,
 What's human, must decay;
 My friends, my youth's companions gone,
 Can I expect to stay?
 Ah, no; then smooth the mortal hour,
 On Thee my hope depends;
 Support me with Almighty pow'r.
 While dust to dust descends.

3
 Then wing my soul, O gracious God,
 While angels guard the way;
 Admitted to the blest abode,
 I'll endless anthems pay.
 Through heav'n, howe'er remote the bound,
 Thy matchless love proclaim;
 And join the choir of saints, that sound
 Their dear Redeemer's name.

Re - gent of all the worlds a - bove, Thou Sun, whose rays a - - dorn our sphere,

6 -6- 6 6 6 5 4 # 6 6 7

And with un - - wea - ried swift - ness move, To form the cir - - cle of the year.

6 7 6 6 6 -6- 6 # 4# 6 6 5 6 5 4 #

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 sov'reign Pow'r, .
Waxing and waning honors pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the absent day.

5
Ye glitt'ring 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 through all the heav'nly street ;
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

7
O GOD of glory, GOD of love,
Thou art the Sun, that mak'st our days ;
'Midst all thy wond'rous works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

All glo - ry and praise To the Antient of Days, Who was born, and was slain, to re - deem a lost race.

2
 Salvation to God,
 Who carried our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3
 And shall he not have
 The lives, which he gave
 Such an infinite ransom, forever to save ?

4
 Yes, LORD, we are thine,
 And gladly resign
 Our souls, to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5
 How, when it shall be,
 We cannot foresee ;
 But, O, let us live, let us die unto Thee.

Bishopsgate. C. M.

Lord, where shall guilty souls re - tire, For - gotten and unknown? In hell they meet thy venge - ful ire, In heav'n thy glo - rious throne.

2
 Should I suppress my vital breath,
 T' escape the wrath divine ;
 Thy voice would break the bars of death,
 And make the grave resign.

3
 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west ;
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

4
 If o'er my sins I seek to draw
 The curtains of the night ;
 Those flaming eyes, that guard thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.

5
 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to Thee ;
 O, may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r.
 From which I cannot flee !

Wirksworth. S. M.

How heavy is the night, That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ with his re - vi - ving light, Upon our souls a - rise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
But, in thy righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
Thy hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The pow'rs of hell agree,
To hold our souls in vain;
Thou sett'st the sons of bondage free,
And break'st th' accursed chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways,
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

Babylon. L. M.

Ex - tend - ed on a cursed tree, Besmear'd with dust, and sweat, and blood, See here, the King of Glory see, Sinks, and expires the Son of God.

The burthen for me to sustain
Too great, on thee, my Lord, was laid;
To heal me, thou hast born my pain;
To bless me, thou a curse wast made.

My Savior, how shall I proclaim,
How pay the mighty debt, I owe?
Let all I have, and all I am
Ceaseless to all thy glory show.

Too much to Thee I cannot give,
Too much I cannot do for Thee;
Let all thy love, and all thy grief,
Grav'n on my heart for ever be.

Still let thy tears, thy groans, thy sighs,
O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,
'Till loose from flesh, and earth I rise,
And ever in thy bosom rest.

Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Name, And humbly own to Thee, How fee - ble is our mortal frame, What dying worms we be.

2

Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And ev'ry beating pulse, we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, that first it gave ;
What e'er we do, where e'er we be,
We're traveling to the grave.

4

Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To push us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

5

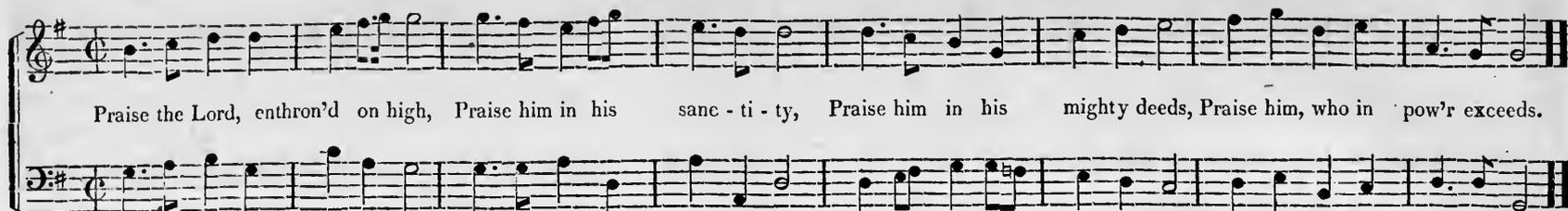
Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things !
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !

6

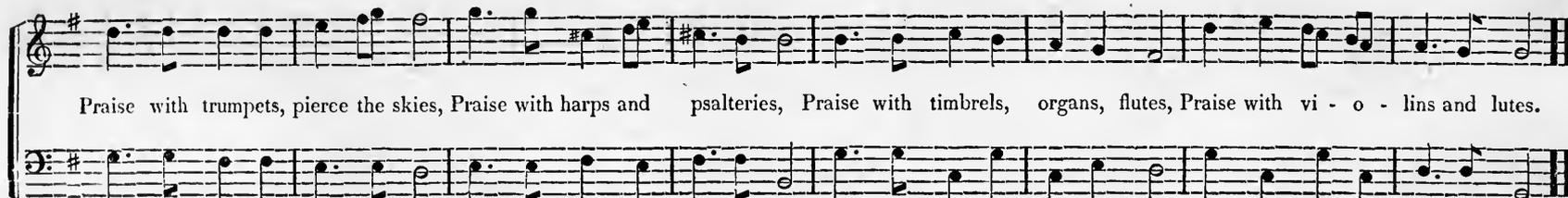
Infinite joy and endless wo
Attend on ev'ry breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

7

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road ;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God !



Praise the Lord, enthron'd on high, Praise him in his sanc - ti - ty, Praise him in his mighty deeds, Praise him, who in pow'r exceeds.



Praise with trumpets, pierce the skies, Praise with harps and psalteries, Praise with timbrels, organs, flutes, Praise with vi - o - lins and lutes.



Hallelujah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

3

Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky;
Shout, ye angel choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.

4

Sons of earth the triumph join,
Praise him with the hosts divine;
Emulate the heavenly pow'rs,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

Sweet is the mem'ry of 'thy grace, My God, my heav'nly King, Let age to age thy righteous - - ness

In sounds of glo - - ry sing. Hal - - le - lu - jah, Hal - - le - - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - - jah, A - - men.

2
 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

3
 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

4
 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
 To cheer the soul, he loves.

5
 Creatures with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
 But we, who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

Savannah. S. P. M.

Jesus comes with all his grace, Comes, to save a fallen race; Object of our glorious hope, Jesus comes to lift us up.

2
Let the living stones cry out,
Let the sons of Abraham shout;
Praise we all our lowly King,
Give him thanks, rejoice, and sing.

3
He hath our salvation wrought,
He our captive souls hath bought;
He hath reconcil'd to God,
He hath wash'd us in his blood.

4
We are now his lawful right,
Walk, as children of the light;
We shall soon obtain the grace,
Pure in heart to see his face.

Fairfax. S. P. M.

Jesu, shall I never be Firmly grounded upon Thee? Never by thy work a - bide, Never in thy love reside?

2
O, how wavering is my mind,
Tost about by ev'ry wind!
O, how quickly doth my heart
From the living God depart!

3
Easily I fall away,
Never am I at one stay;
Strong in faith I seem this hour,
Stript the next of all my pow'r.

4
Seek, O seek me, Lord, again,
Let not all thy gifts be vain;
Comfort to my soul restore,
Come, and never leave me more.

Come ye, that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, While ye, While ye surround his throne.

2

Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But servants of the heav'nly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3

The God, who rules on high,
Who all the earth surveys,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas;

4

This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
Thou wilt send down thy heav'nly pow'rs,
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 bliss
Should 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 ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Cheshunt.

The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain tops he bounds ; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the

Chord diagrams: $\#$, 6, $\begin{matrix} 87 \\ 65 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 87 \\ 65 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} \# \\ 2 \end{matrix}$, 6, 65, $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 5 \\ \# \end{matrix}$, 7, $\#$, 65, 6

hills, And all my soul with transport fills ; The voice of my be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the mountain tops he

Chord diagrams: $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 43 \end{matrix}$, 6, $\begin{matrix} 66 \\ 43 \end{matrix}$, 65, 6, 6, 5, $\begin{matrix} 98 \\ 43 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 98 \\ 76 \end{matrix}$, 87, $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 4\# \\ 2 \end{matrix}$, 6, 6, $\#$

bounds ; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills ; He flies ex - ult - ing

Chord diagrams: $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, 6, $\begin{matrix} 67 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, 6, $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 87 \\ 65 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} \# \\ 2 \end{matrix}$, 6, 65, $\begin{matrix} 6 \\ 4 \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 5 \\ \# \end{matrix}$, 7, $\begin{matrix} 67 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$, $\begin{matrix} 65 \\ 4\# \end{matrix}$

o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills. Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my love, and

6 6 5 4# 8 7 # 4# 6 6 5 6 4 5# 6 6 6 5 3 6 7

come a - way, co - - - - - me a - - way;

6 5 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 5 3

Gently doth he chide my stay, Rise, my love, and come a - way; The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While

6 7 6 7 6 6 5 4# 2 4 6 8 7 6 5 4#

o'er the moun - tain tops he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing o'er the hills, And all my soul with transport fills.

87 65 * 4# 6 65 6 4 5 # 65 6 65 43 6 56# 6b5 6 6 5

2

The scatter'd clouds are fled at last,
 The rain is gone, the winter's past,
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear,
 The feather'd choirs invite our ear;
 Now with sweetly pensive moan
 Cooes the turtle dove alone.

3

The voice of my beloved sounds,
 While o'er the mountain tops he bounds;
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,
 And all my soul with transport fills;
 Gently doth he chide my stay,
 Rise, my love, and come away.

Cradle Hymn.

Slow.

Hush, my dear, lie still, and slumber; Holy angels guard thy bed; Heav'nly blessings without number, Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment, house and home thy friends provide; All without thy care or payment, All thy wants are well supply'd.

2

How much better thou'rt attended,
 Than the Son of God could be,
 When from Heaven he descended,
 And became a child, like thee!
 Soft and easy is thy cradle;
 Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
 When his birth place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

3

See the simple shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky;
 There they sought him, there they found him,
 With his Virgin mother by.
 Lo, he slumbers in a manger,
 Where the horned oxen fed;
 Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
 Here's no ox a near thy bed.

4

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
 Save my dear from burning flame,
 Bitter groans, and endless crying,
 That thy blest Redeemer came.
 May'st thou live, to know and fear him,
 Trust and love him all thy days!
 Then go dwell forever near him,
 See His face, and sing His praise.

O Love Di - vine, what hast thou done? The Lord of life hath dy'd for me, The Fa - ther's co - - e - ternal Son

Bore all my sins up - on the tree; The Lord of life for me hath dy'd, My Lord, my Love is Cru - - - ci - fy'd.

2

Behold him, all ye, that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of life and peace;
Come, see, ye worms, your Maker die,
And say, was ever grief like his?
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd,
My LORD, my love is crucify'd;

3

Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us rebels near to God;
Believe, believe the record true;
We all are bought with JESU'S blood;
Pardon for all flows from his side,
My LORD, my love is crucify'd.

4

Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
And gladly catch the healing stream;
All things for him account, but loss,
And give up all our heart to him;
Of nothing speak, or think beside,
My LORD, my love is crucify'd.

Hail, hail, re - viv'd, re - viv - ing spring, Fair type of heav'n's e - ter - nal year, Fair type of heav'n's e - ter - nal year;

Fingerings: 6 6 6 65 4 43 -6- *

While nature's works thy praises sing, Lo, gratitude, Lo, gratitude salutes thee here; Lo gratitude, Lo, gratitude salutes thee here.

Fingerings: 6 65 43 6 5 6 4 3 6 5 4 3

Swell, gent - ly swell; Swell, gent - ly swell the solemn song; Swell, gent - ly swell, gently swell the sol - emn song. Now pour the

Fingerings: 65 43 6 4 5 3 6 6 65 43 4 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 4 3

bound - - ing notes along, Now pour the bounding notes along. Teach choirs below to choirs above, To echo back the common lay;

5 -6- 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 # 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 5 4#

And, as they praise un - bound-ed Love, To join in bounty's hol - i-day, To join in bounty's hol - i-day, To join in bounty's hol - i-day.

6 6 6 6 56 65 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 6 65 65
43 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 6 6 43

CHORUS.

To God, the u - ni-ver-sal King, Be sacred ev'ry grateful choir, Be sacred ev'ry grateful choir;

6 6 7 7 6 5 4#

In endless hymns all praises sing, That endless bounty can inspire; In endless hymns all praises

8 7 6 5 # 8 7 6 5 # 6 4 # 7 6 5 6 5 6 6 6 6

sing, That endless bounty can inspire; In endless hymns all praises sing, That endless bounty can inspire.

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

1
 All lost beneath stern winter's reign,
 Creation's genial pow'rs appear'd;
 Spring call'd them into life again;
 See, budding verdure shows they heard.
 Bless, bless, O man, the kind design,
 Whose nobler counterpart is thine;
 Thy pow'rs a gloomier winter froze,
 Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,
 Prolific of fair truth, arose,
 And shed the blaze of mental day.

2
 All spotless, as the truth, He taught;
 Free, as the mercy, He display'd;
 He show'd, what human duty ought;
 He did, what Heav'nly Goodness bade;
 Enforc'd each just command, He gave;
 Nor liv'd, nor died in vain, to save.
 His realms on high, His worlds below,
 All witness'd His unwearied care;
 The Victim here of gen'ral wo,
 The Captain of Salvation there.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done; The Spirit is fled, The pris'ner is gone, The Christian is dead; The Christian is living Through

Je - sus his Love, And glad - ly re - ceiving A kingdom a - bove, And glad - ly re - ceiving A kingdom a - bove.

All honor and praise
Are JESUS's due;
Supported by grace,
He fought his way through;
Triumphantly glorious,
Through JESUS's zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er sin, death, and hell.

Then let us record
The conquering Name,
Our Captain and LORD
With shoutings proclaim;
Who trust in his passion,
And follow our head,
To certain salvation
We all shall be led.

O JESUS, lead on
Thy militant care,
And give us the crown
Of righteousness there;
Where, dazzled with glory,
The Seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore thee
In silence of praise.

Come, LORD, and display
Thy sign in the sky,
And bear us away
To mansions on high;
The kingdom be given,
The purchase divine,
And crown us in Heaven
Eternally thine.

Come, let us re - joice In con - fi - dent hope Of hear - ing the voice, That rais - es us up,

All in - ward - ly glorious, And ho - ly, and clean, And more than vic - to - rious O'er hell, earth, and sin.

2
 The pow'r of our Lord
 Doth all things subdue;
 We shall by his word
 Be fashion'd anew;
 Our souls and our bodies
 Shall bow to his reign,
 The weakness of God
 Is far stronger, than men.

3
 Our Jesus shall show
 His fulness of pow'r,
 And perfect below,
 And throughly restore
 Our souls to his nature,
 (If still we pursue)
 And seal the new creature
 Eternally new.

4
 The blood of the Lamb
 Shall wash our hearts clean;
 His nature and name
 Is freedom from sin;
 This is the Foundation,
 Immoveably sure,
 His mighty salvation
 Shall always endure.

Till death and glory raise the song, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

2

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
And ev'ry sitting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for Thee.

3

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise ;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labor of their tongue.

3

Thy truth and beauty I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4

But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

O, what shall I do, My Savior to praise; So faithful and true; So plenteous in grace;

So strong, to de-liv-er; So good, to re-deem The weakest be-liev-er Who hangs up-on Him.

2
How happy the man,
Whose heart is set free ;
The people, that can
Be joyful in Thee !
Their joy is to walk in
The light of thy face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's grace.

3
For thou'rt their boast,
Their glory and pow'r,
And I also trust
To see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation
A life from the dead,
The day of Salvation,
That lifts up my head.

4
Yes, Lord, I shall see
The bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me
Shall soon be made known ;
For sorrow and sadness
I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness
Of all, who believe.

Lo, God is here; let us a - dore, And own, how dreadful is this place! Let all within us feel His pow'r,

And si - lent bow be - fore His face. Who know His pow'r, His grace who prove, Serve Him with awe, with rev'rence, love.

2
 Lo, God is here; Him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing;
 To Him, enthron'd above all height,
 Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring.
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise Thee with a stamm'ring tongue.

3
 Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill!
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear, and do thy sov'reign will!
 To Thee may all our thoughts arise.
 Ceaseless accepted sacrifice!

Sym. *Pia.* *Pia.* *For.*

* 6 6 7 -6- 6 * 6 * * 6 6 7 -6- 6 * 6 * 6 7 #

Pia. *For.* *Pia.* *For.*

6 * 6 4 5 # 6 7 6 * 6 4 5 #

Strange reverse of human fate, Mighty joy, and mighty wo; Strange reverse of

Pia. *Sym.* *For.* *Pia.*

* 6 6 6 -6- 6 * 6 * #

human fate, Mighty joy, and mighty wo; None are happy, none are great In this changeful state below.

6 6 6 -6- 6 * 6 * 6 7 6 6 6 4 5 #

Sym. *Sym.*

None are happy, none are great; Strange reverse of human fate, Mighty joy, and mighty wo,

6 6 # 6 6 6 6 -6- 6 6

Sym. *Adagio.*

None are happy, none are great In this changeful state below, In this changeful state below.

6 4# 6 # 6 6 6 4 5# 6 # 2# 6 6 5#

Sym.

For. *Pia.* *For.*

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 -6- 6 6 5 3

Affington. L. M.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a 3/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with a 2/2 time signature. The music is written in a key with one sharp (F#). The lyrics are placed between the staves. Below the bass staff, there are numerical figures: 6, 6, 6 6 #, 6 5, 6 6 5, 7, 6 5, #, #, 6 6 #, 6 5 #.

Happy the man, who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chosen race; The wisdom, coming from above, The faith, that sweetly works by love.

2

Happy beyond description he,
Who knows the Savior died for me;
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heav'nly understanding gains

3

Wisdom divine, who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandize;
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross, compar'd to her.

4

Whate'r thy heart can wish, is poor
To wisdom's all sufficient store,
Pleasure, and fame, and health, and friends,
She all created good transcends.

5

Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestow'd,
And honor, that descends from God:

6

To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flow'ry paths are peace.

Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll O'er the sharp sorrows of my soul, And read my Maker's broken laws, Repair'd and honor'd by thy cross ;

* * 6 6 5 * * 6 -6- * * 6 6 5 7 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 4 3

When I behold death, hell, and sin, Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine, And see the Man, who groan'd and died, Sit glorious by his Father's side ;

-6- 6 5 * * 6 4 * 4# 4# 6 -6- 6 6 5 7 7 7 7 5 6 7 6 5 6 * 6 6 5 4 *

2

My passions rise, and soar above,
 I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love ;
 Fain would I reach eternal things,
 And learn the notes, that GABRIEL sings.
 But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
 For want of their immortal strains ;
 And in such humble notes, as these,
 Must fall below thy victories.

What e - qual honors shall we bring To Thee, O Lord, our God, the Lamb? Since all the notes, that angels sing, Are far in - ferior to thy name.

6 # 6 87 # # 6 -6- 65 6 5 4 3 7 # # 65 6 65

2

Worthy is he, who once was slain,
The Prince of peace, who groan'd and died;
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.

3

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to JESUS too,
Though He was charg'd with madness here.

4

Honor immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.

5

Blessings forever on the Lamb,
Who bore our sin, and curse, and pain!
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, AMEN.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord, Be endless praise to Thee, Supreme, essential One, ador'd In co - e - ter-nal Three. Enthron'd in ever-

6 6 7 65 6 7 7 6 65 7 65 6-6- 6 5 6 6
5 43 ♯ 43 4 ♯ 5

lasting státe, Ere time its round began, Who join'd in council, to create Thee dig-ni - ty of man, the dig - ni - ty of man.

6 6 ♯ 4† 6 6 5 4 6 6 6 56 6 6 5
5 2 4 ♯ 4 2 34 4 3

2
To whom Isaiah's vision show'd
The seraphs veil their wings;
While Thee, Jehovah, Lord, and God,
Th' angelic army sings.
To Thee by mystic powers high
Were humble praises giv'n;
When John beheld with favor'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heav'n.

3
All, that the name of creature owns,
To Thee in hymns aspire;
May we, as angels, on our thrones
Forever join the choir!
Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be endless praise to Thee,
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In coeternal Three.

Begin the high ce - les-tial strain, My ravish'd soul, and sing A solemn hymn of grateful praise, To heav'n's Al - migh - ty King.

Ye circling fountains, as you roll Your silver waves. along, Whisper to all your verdant shores The subject of my song.

2
Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain;
And from your hollow winding caves
Return it oft again.
Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings
To distant climes away;
And round the wide extended world
My lofty theme convey.

15

3
Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the ev'ning skies.
Let harmless thunders roll along
The smooth ethereal plain;
And answer from the crystal vault
To ev'ry flying strain.

4
Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky,
Till angels with immortal skill
Improve the harmony.
While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The blest Creator sing;
And warble consecrated lays
To heav'n's Almighty King.

Jesu, thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue declare; O, knit my thankful heart to Thee,

6 5 4 2 6 6 5 6 6 4 6 4 6 8 7 2 #

And reign without a rival there. Thine, wholly Thine alone I am; Be Thou alone my constant flame.

6 5 # 6 # 6 6 4 6 6

2
My Savior, thou thy love to me
In want, in pain, in shame hast show'd;
For me on the accursed tree
Thou pourest forth thy guiltless blood;
Thy wounds upon my heart impress,
Nor ought shall the lov'd stamp efface,

3
From all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou hast me view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on ev'ry side.

4
Still let thy love point out my way,
What wondrous things thy love hath wrought;
Still lead me, lest I go astray;
Direct my work, inspire my thought;
And, when I fall, soon may I hear
Thy voice, and know that love is near.

5
In suff'ring be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my pow'r;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Jesus, thou ev - er - last - ing King, Accept the tribute, which we bring ; Accept thy well deserv'd renown, And wear our praises, as thy crown.

6♯ 6 6 65 65 6♯ 7 7 6 7 6 6 7 6 6

2
Let ev'ry act of worship be,
Like our espousals, Lord, to Thee :
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.

3
The gladness of that happy day,
O, may it ever, ever stay !
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, nor love grow cold.

4
Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our Joys ;
Till we are rais'd, to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb !

Sheerness. L. M.

O, King of glory, thy rich grace Our short desires surpasses far ; Yea, ev'n our crimes, tho' numberless, Less num'rous, than thy mercies, are.

♯ 6 ♯ 65 6 6 6 43 ♯ ♯ 6 6 5 ♯

2
Still on Thee, Father, may we rest !
Still may we pant, thy Son to know !
Thy Spirit still breathe in our breast,
Fountain of peace and joy below !

3
Oft have we seen thy mighty pow'r
Since from the world Thou mad'st us free ;
Still may we praise Thee more and more,
Our hearts more firmly knit to Thee !

4
Still, Lord, thy saving health display,
And arm our souls with heav'nly zeal ;
So fearless shall we urge our way
Through all the pow'rs of earth and hell.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the middle staff. The bottom staff includes figured bass notation: 6, #, -6- 6, 6 5 4 #, 6, 6 6 -6-, 6, 6, 6 5 4 #.

O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our e - ter - nal home ;

2
Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure !
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4
A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone ;
Short, as the watch, that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5
The busy tribes of flesh and blood
With all their cares and fears
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6
Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7
O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard, while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

Come, and let us sweetly join, Christ to praise in, Christ to praise in hymns divine; Give we all with one accord Glory to our, Glory to our common Lord.

6 6 6 6 76 5 56 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5

5 4 3 34 4 3 5 4 3 4 3 34 4 3 4 3

Strive we in af - fec - tion, strive, Let the purer flame revive; Such, as in the martyrs glow'd, Dying champions for their God.

6 56 67b 5 56 6 7 5 6 6 56 76 56 765 56 6 6 6 5

34 4 3 31 34 4 34 43 34 6 6 4 3

2

Sing we then in Jesu's name,
 Now, as yesterday, the same;
 One in ev'ry age and place,
 Full for all of truth and grace.
 Christ is now gone up on high:
 Thither may our wishes fly!
 Sits at God's right hand above,
 'There with Him we reign in love.

Musical score for the first system, featuring three staves (treble, vocal, and bass) in G major and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise Our hearts and voices in His praise; His nature and His

Musical score for the second system, continuing the three-staff format. The lyrics are: "works in - vite, To make this du - ty our de - light, To make this du - ty our de - light."

2
 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their number, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3
 Sing to the Lord, exalt Him high,
 Who spreads His clouds around the sky;
 There He prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4
 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.

5
 What is the creature's skill or force,
 The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
 The piercing wit, the active limb?
 All are too mean delights for Him.

6
 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.

7
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
 Praise Him, all creatures, here below;
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Come, Lord, and help me to rejoice In hope, that I shall hear Thy voice, Shall one day see my God; Shall

6 6 6 6 6 4 3 6 6 6 5# #

cease from all my sin and strife, Handle and taste the word of life, And feel the sprinkled blood.

6 5 4# 7 6 6 6 5 6 4 7 5

2

I shall not always make my moan,
Nor worship Thee, a God unknown;
But I shall live, to prove
Thy people's rest, Thy saint's delight,
The length, and breadth, and depth, and height
Of all redeeming love.

3

I cannot love Thee little, Lord,
Whenever, by thy grace restor'd,
I taste, how good Thou art;
Much I shall love, or not at all,
Forgiven much, I surely shall
Love Thee with all my heart.

4

O, glorious hope of perfect love!
It lifts me up to things above,
It bears on eagles' wings;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesu's priests and kings.

Pia.

How sad our state by nature is! Our sin, how deep it stains! And satan binds our captive souls

6 -6- 6 4 # 6 4 6 6 -6- 6 4 #

*For.**Pia.*

Fast in his slavish chains. But there's a voice of sov'reign grace, Sounds from thy sacred word; Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,

6 6 4 # 6 6 # 56 # 6 6 -6- # # -6- 6 # 56 #

For.

And trust upon the Lord; Ho, ye des - pair - ing sinners, come, And trust upon the Lord.

6 -6- # # -6- 6 # 56 # 6 -6- 5 #

2
 My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, LORD,
 O, help my unbelief.
 To the blest fountain of Thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

3
 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.

Je - su, at - - tend, Thy - self re - veal; Are we not met in thy great Name?

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 54 6 65
2 4*

Thee in the midst we wait, to feel, We wait, to catch, We wait, to catch the spreading flame.

6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 65
5 43

2

Thou, God, who answerest by fire,
The spir't of burning now impart;
And let the flames of pure desire
Rise from the altar of our heart.

3

Truly our fellowship below
With Thee, and with thy Father is;
In Thee eternal life we know,
And heav'n's unutterable bliss.

4

In part we only know Thee here,
But wait thy coming from above;
And I shall then behold Thee near,
And I shall all be lost in love.

Wear-y of wand'ring from my God, And now made willing to return, I hear, and bow me to the rod;

For him, not without hope, I mourn, I have an Ad - vo - cate above, A Friend before the throne of love.

2

○ JESU, full of pard'ning grace,
More full of grace, than I of sin;
Yet once again I seek Thy face,
Open Thine arms, and take me in;
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3

Thou know'st the way, to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O, for thy truth and mercy sake
Forgive, and bid me sin no more;
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of pray'r.

4

Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To Thy sweet yoke my spirit bow;
Bend by Thy grace, O bend or break
The iron sinew in my neck.

5

Ah, give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at th' approach of sin,
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant, and root it deep within;
That I may dread Thy gracious pow'r,
And never dare offend Thee more.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,

7 6 5 4 3 6 -6- 6 5 4 3

But all their joys are one; Ten thousand thousand are their tongues, But all, but all their joys are one.

6 6 7 7 6 5 4 3 7 6 5 4 3 7 6 6 6 5 4 3

2

Worthy the Lamb, who died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For He was slain for us.

3

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and pow'r divine;
And blessings more, than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever Thine.

4

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him, who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb,

Evesham. L. M.

I thirst, thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleans-ing blood, To dwell with-

in Thy wounds; then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain, Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2

Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever clos'd to all, but Thee;
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.

3

How blest are they, who still abide,
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who life and strength from thence derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

4

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders, Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stamm'ring tongue, to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

5

First born of many brethren Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

From whence these dire por - tends a - round, That earth and heav'n a - - - maze? Where - fore do earthquakes

6 6 5 6 # 6 65 6 # -6- 43 5 #

5 4 #

cleave the ground, Why hides the sun its rays? Why hides the sun, Why hides the sun its rays?

6 6 5 # # 6 -6- 6 -6- 6 5

5 4 #

2
Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.

5
For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

3
Thou, earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesus sympathize;
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 Savior and my God.

6
Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, the tyrants chain;
O, save me, whom Thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply, And

guard me with a watchful eye; My noonday walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

2

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overspread;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around,

Almighty God of truth and love, In me Thy pow'r exert, The mountain from my soul remove, The hardness from my heart.

6 * 56 6 6 * 6 -6-5 * 6 -6- * *

My most ob - du - rate heart subdue, In honor of thy Son, And now the gracious wonder show, And take away the stone.

* * 6 5-6- 6 * 4i 6 * * 6 5 *

2
 I want a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear,
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;
 To catch the wand'rings of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

3
 From Thee that I no more may part,
 No more Thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshy heart,
 The tender conscience give ;
 Quick, as the apple of my eye,
 O God, my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake.

Hail, Father, whose cre - at - ing call Unnumber'd worlds attend, Je - ho - vah, com - pre - hending all, Whom none can comprehend.

6 6 6 7 6 6 * 6 76 7 8 7

In light unsearch - a - ble entron'd, Which angels dimly see; The fountain of the Godhead own'd, And foremost of the Three.

6 7 4 3 6 6 6 6 5

2

From Thee through an eternal Now,
 The Son, Thine offspring flow'd;
 An everlasting Father Thou,
 As everlasting God.
 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
 Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
 By wond'rous, unexhausted love,
 To mortal man reveal'd.

3

Supreme and All-sufficient God,
 When nature shall expire,
 And worlds, created by Thy nod,
 Shall perish by Thy fire.
 Thy Name, Jehovah, be ador'd
 By creatures without end,
 Whom none, but Thy Essential Word
 And Spirit comprehend.

God of all grace, and ma - jes - ty, Su - preme - ly great, and good, The guard of all Thy mercies
 If I have fa - vor found with Thee, Thro' the a - ton - ing blood;

7 65 43 6 -6- 6 # 6 87 65

give, And to my par - don join A fear, lest I should ev - er grieve The gracious Spirit di - vine.

65 4# 4# 2 6 6 # 6 7 7 6 6 4 5 3

2
 If Mercy is indeed with Thee,
 May I obedient prove!
 Nor e'er abuse my liberty,
 Nor sin against Thy love!
 This choicest fruit of faith bestow
 On a poor sojourner,
 And let me pass my days below
 In humbleness and fear.

3
 Still may I walk, as in Thy sight,
 My strict Observer see,
 And Thou by reverent love unite
 My childlike heart to Thee!
 Still let me, till my days are past,
 At Jesu's feet abide;
 So shall He lift me up at last,
 And seat me by His side,

Let ev - ry tongue thy good - ness speak, Thou sove - reign Lord of all; Thy strength - ning hands,

6 6 6 5 3 6 -6- 6 6 5

Thy strength - 'ning hands up - hold the weak, up - hold the weak, And raise the poor, who fall.

6 5 6 6 5

2

The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all Thy ways,
And all Thy words are truth.

3

Thou know'st the pains, thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
Thy grace is ever nigh.

4

Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere;
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

5

My lips shall dwell upon Thy praise,
And spread Thy fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.

Fetter Lane. C. M.

How 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 sov'reign grace,
 Sounds from Thy sacred word;
 Ho, ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord.

3

My soul obeys th' Almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe Thy promise, Lord,
 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 dye.

5

Stretch out Thy arm, victorious King,
 My reigning sins subdue;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat
 With his infernal crew.

6

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 Into Thy arms I fall;
 Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus and my All.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord, The triumphs of His name re - cord; His sacred name for - ev - er bless;

6 6 7 6 # 6 7

Where e'er the circling sun dis - plays His rising beams or sitting rays, Due praise to His great Name ad - - - dress.

6 6 4 5 6 6

2

God through the world extends His sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are.
With Him, whose Majesty excels,
Who made the heaven, in which He dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3

Though 'tis beneath His state, to view
In highest heaven, what angels do;
Yet he to earth vouchsafes His care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.

4

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.

Kind is the speech of Christ, our Lord, Af - fec - tion sounds in ev - ry word;

"Thou art my chos - en one," He cries, "Bound to my heart by va - rious ties."

2
 "Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me;
 I will behold no spot in thee."
 What mighty wonders love performs,
 That puts a comeliness on worms!

3
 Defil'd and loathsome, as we are,
 Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair;
 Adorn'st us with thy heavenly dress,
 Thy graces and Thy righteousness.

4
 Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
 Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
 From Thee; come, Savior, come away.

5
 O, may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies,
 Till death shall make my last remove,
 To dwell forever with my Love!

Dedication. 6—7s.

Musical score for the first system, featuring three staves (treble, vocal, and bass) in G major and common time. The lyrics are: "Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, One in Three, and Three in One, As by the ce - les - tial host,"

87 6 56 34 7 4 4 6 5 4 65 4

Musical score for the second system, featuring three staves (treble, vocal, and bass) in G major and common time. The lyrics are: "Let Thy will on earth be done; Praise by all to Thee be giv'n, Glo - rious Lord of earth and heav'n."

6 76 5 67 6 76 65 6 5 4 54 3 45 4 54 4 3

2
 If so poor a worm, as I,
 May to Thy great glory live;
 All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive;
 Claim me for Thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

3
 Take my soul and body's powers,
 Take my mem'ry, mind, and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,
 All I think, and speak, and do;
 Take my heart; but make it new.

Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and pow'r, That ev - er mortals knew,

That angels ev - er bore. All are too mean to speak His worth, Too mean to set the Sa - - - - - vior, forth.

2
 But O, what gentle terms,
 What condescending ways,
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach His heav'nly grace !
 Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love, He bears for me.

3
 Great Prophet of my God,
 My tongue shall bless Thy name,
 By Thee the joyful news
 Of our salvation came ;
 The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with Heaven.

4
 Be Thou my counsellor,
 My pattern and my guide ;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near Thy side.
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.

5
 Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down,
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown ;
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Though death and hell obstruct the way.

Thou hidden Love of God, whose height, Whose depth un - fathom'd no man knows, I see from far thy beauteous light,

In - - ly I sigh for thy re - - pose; My heart is pain'd, nor can it be At rest, till it find rest in Thee.

2

Thy secret voice invites me still,
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but, though my will
Seem fixt, yet wide my passions rove;
Yet hindrances strow all the way;
I aim at Thee, yet from Thee stray.

3

'Tis mercy all, that Thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in Thee;
Yet, while I seek, but find Thee not,
No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
O, when shall all my wand'ring end,
And all my steps toward Thee tend?

4

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits Thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy love, thy God, thy All."
To feel Thy pow'r; to hear Thy voice,
To taste Thy love is all my choice.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The music is a hymn tune with lyrics underneath. The lyrics are: "Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know; If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?"

Below the bass staff, there are several groups of numbers: 6, 6, 76, -6-, 6 6 5, 4 #, 6 76, 6, 6 5, 4 3. These likely represent fingerings or other performance instructions.

Father, I stretch my hands to Thee, No other help I know; If Thou withdraw Thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go?

2

What did Thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death?

3

O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel Thy pow'r
Now my poor soul Thou wou'dst retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

4

Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5

Surely Thou canst not let me die;
O, speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6

The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see Thy face;
O, let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

Triumph.

Sym.

Allegro.

Now I have found the ground, wherein Sure my soul's

6 6 # 6 6 5 6 5 # 6 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 # 6 6 #

Sym.

anchor may remain ; The wounds of Je - sus for my sin, Before the world's foun - da tion slain ;

6 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 5 # 6

Whose mercy shall - - - - - unshaken stay - - - - - , When heav'n and earth are fled away, When heav'n and earth

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

are fled away, When heav'n and earth are fled a - way. *Sym.*

6 6 6 6 4 6 7 5 6 7 5 6 4 6

Sym.

That mer - cy they may taste, and live.

To cel - e - brate Thy praise, O Lord, I will my heart prepare, To all the list'ning world Thy

wond'rous works de - clare. The thought of them shall to my soul Ex - alt - ed pleas - ure bring, While to Thy

name, O Thou Most High, Tri - umph - ant praise, Tri - umph - ant praise I sing.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes. The bottom staff includes figured bass notation: 6, 6/5, #, #, 6, #, 5 6, #, -6- 6, 5 6.

Almighty Maker, God, How glorious is thy Name! Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad Throughout creation's frame!

2

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And free from pride their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful 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 would I rise, and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King
And give Him praises due.

5

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Wrap me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love,

6

Let Joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days;
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

The Sun of righteousness appears, To sit in blood no more; Adore the Scatt'rer of your fears, Your rising Sun adore.

6 6 6 6 , 43 6 56 6 65 6 6 6 6 65 43 44 34 5 43

2
The saints, when He resign'd His breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bands of death,
Again the dead arise.

3
Alone the dreadful race He ran,
Alone the winepress trod;
He died, and suffer'd, as a man,
He rises, as a God.

4
In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise;
To Him, who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

Trinity Hymn. 1—8 & 2—6s.

Praise be to the Father given; Christ he gave, Us to save, Now the heirs of heav - en.

7 6 -6- 6 3 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

2
Pay we equal adoration
To the Son; He alone
Wrought out our salvation.

3
Glory to th' Eternal Spirit;
Us He seals, Christ reveals,
And applies His merit.

4
Worship, honor, thanks, and blessing,
One and Three, give me Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

Penitent. 4—7s. 3—6s. & 1—8.

Jesu, let Thy pity - ing eye Call back a wand'ring sheep; False to Thee, like Pe - ter, I would fain, like Peter, weep. Let me be by grace restor'd, On

me be all long suff'ring shown; Turn, and look upon me, Lord; Turn and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone, And break my heart of stone.

2
Savior, Prince, enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through Thy dying love
The humble, contrite heart;
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A portion of Thy grief unknown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3
See me, Savior, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop from Thy gracious eye;
Speak the reconciling word,
And let Thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

4
Look, as when Thy grace beheld
The harlot in distress;
Dry'd her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her, go in peace;
Foul, like her, and self abhor'd,
I at Thy feet for mercy groan;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

5
Look, as when Thy languid eye
Was clos'd, that we might live,
Father, at the point to die,
My Savior gasp'd, forgive.
Surely with that dying word
He turns, and looks, and cries 'tis done;
O, my bleeding, loving Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone.

He is a God of sov'reign love, That promis'd heav'n to me, And taught my thoughts to

6 # -6- 6 6 6 5 # 6 6

soar a - - - bove, Where happy spirits be, Where happy spirits be, Where hap - py spir - - its be.

6 6 8 5 6 7 5

2

Prepare me, Lord, for Thy right hand;
Then come the joyful day;
Come death, and some celestial band,
To bear my soul away.

3

Haste, my Beloved, waft my soul
Up to Thy bless'd abode;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Savior and my God.

Akeroyd's. C. M. [D.]

Jesu, Thou art my righteousness, For all my sins were Thine; Thy death hath bought of God my peace, Thy life hath made Him mine.

56 6 56 6 # 4/3 # # 7 6 5 #

My dying Savior, and my God, Fountain for guilt, and sin, Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, And cleanse, and keep me clean.

7 6 6 6 6 6 6 # 4/3 6 -6- 6 6 5 #

2

Wash me, and make me thus Thy own;
 Wash me, and mine Thou art;
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.

3

Th' atonement of Thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope shall in fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

'Tis done, th'a - ton - ing work is done, JESUS, the world's Redeemer, dies; All nature feels th'im - portant groan, Loud

6 5 6 65
4 3 4#

echoing through the earth and skies; The earth doth to her cen - tre quake, And Heav'n, as hell's deep gloom, is black.

6 6 5 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5
4 3 4 # 5 4 4 4 #

2
The temple's vail is rent in twain,
While Jesus meckly bows His head;
The rocks resent His mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead;
The bodies of the saints arise,
Reviving, as their Savior dies.

3
And shall not we His death partake,
In sympathetic anguish groan?
O Savior, let Thy passion shake
Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone;
To second life our souls restore,
And wake us, that we sleep no more.

Sinners, rejoice; your peace is made, Your Savior on the cross hath bled, Your God in Jesus, re-concil'd, On all His works a-

gain hath smil'd; Hath grace thro' Christ and blessing giv'n To all on earth and all in heav'n, Hath grace thro' Christ and blessing giv'n To all on earth and all in heav'n.

2

Angels, rejoice in Jesu's grace,
And vie with man's more favor'd race,
The blood, that did for us atone,
Confer'd on you some gift unknown;
Your joys thro' Jesu's pains abound,
Ye triumph by His glorious wound.

3

Him ye beheld, our conqu'ring God,
Return with garments roll'd in blood;
Ye saw, and kindled at the sight,
And fill'd with shouts the realms of light,
With loudest hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd His bleeding feet.

4

Nor angels' tongues can e'er express
Th' unutterable happiness;
Nor human hearts can e'er conceive
The bliss, wherein thro' Christ ye live;
But all your heav'n, ye glorious powers,
And all your God, is doubly ours.

Lamb of God, whose bleed - ing love We now recal to mind, Send the answer from a - bove, And let us mercy find; Think on

us, who think on Thee, And ev-'ry struggling soul release; O, re - member Calva - ry, And bid us go in peace, And bid us go in peace.

2

By Thy agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat we pray;
By Thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away;
Burst our bonds, and set us free.
From all iniquity release:
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

3

Let Thy blood, by faith apply'd
The sinner's pardon seal;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our sickness heal;
By Thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

23*

4

Never will we hence depart,
Till Thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all Thine image give;
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till all renew'd in holiness;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

Ye, that seek the Lord, who died, Ye, that seek, Ye, that seek your God, for sinners cru - ci - fied; Prevent the earliest dawn, and

come, To worship at His sa - cred tomb. Bring the sweet spices of your sighs, Your con - trite hearts and stream - ing

eyes, Your sad complaints and humble fears, And embalm Him with your tears, with your tears, with your tears, with your tears, with your

tears, Your sad complaints and hum - ble fears, And embalm Him with your tears, And embalm Him with your tears.

2
 While ye thus your souls employ,
 Your sorrow shall be turn'd to joy ;
 Now, now let all your grief be o'er !
 Believe ; and ye shall weep no more.
 An earthquake hath the cavern shook,
 And burst the door, and rent the rock ;
 The Lord hath sent His angel down,
 Who hath roll'd away the stone.

3
 See, as snow, his garment white,
 His countenance, as lightning, bright ;
 He sits, and waves a flaming sword,
 And waits upon his rising Lord.
 The third auspicious morn is come,
 And calls your Savior from the tomb ;
 The bands of death are torn away,
 And the tomb gives back its prey.

4
 See, the Lord is ris'n indeed,
 To death deliver'd in your stead ;
 His rise proclaims your sins forgiv'n,
 And shows the living way to heaven.
 Go, tell the follow'rs of your Lord,
 Their Jesus is to life restor'd ;
 He lives, that they his life may find ;
 Lives, to quicken all mankind.

Doxology. 4—7s.

Sing we to our God above, Praise eter - nal, as His love ; Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

What mercy hath the Savior show'd, In that He, who was very God, Th' eternal Father's Brightness, Came down from heav'n, and was a man,

Fingerings: 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 5 7 6 6 6

Afflicted with my grief & pain, And in a servant's likeness, For me did He toil & travail, All my evil, ev'ry burden, Bore my Savior in the garden.

Fingerings: 6 6 5 6 5 7 6 5 8 7 6 7 5 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 5 4 3

2
 To Calv'ry hill He bore my load,
 And there the Lamb, my Lord and God,
 When He came thither nailed
 My sin and my iniquity
 With His own body on the tree,
 And there my pardon seal'd.
 My Lord, ador'd be Thou ever,
 Only Savior, God Almighty,
 Full of mercy, love, and pity.

Dying Friend of sinners, hear us, Humbly at Thy cross who lie; In Thine or - dinance be near us, Now th' ungodly justify;

6 65 6 7-6. 5* 7 7 6 6 6 6 4 4

Let Thy bowels of com - passion To Thy ransom'd creatures move, Show us all Thy great sal - vation, God of truth, and God of love.

4 3 4 3 65 5* 6 4 5* * -6- 6 7-6- 6 * 65 6 5 4 *

2

By Thy meritorious dying
 Save us from this death of sin;
 By Thy precious blood applying
 Make our inmost nature clean.
 Give us worthily t' adore Thee,
 Thou our full Redeemer be;
 Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
 Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

All thanks to the Lamb, who gives us to meet; His love we pro - claim, His prais - es re - peat; We own him our

Fingerings: 6 5 6 4 7 3 6 6 6 5 4 3

Jesus, contin - ual - ly near, To pardon and bless us, And perfect us here. To par - don and bless us, And perfect us here.

Fingerings: 6 6 6 5 4 4 4 3 6 6 5 5 6 76 6 6 6 5 5 4 3

2
 In Him we have peace,
 In Him we have power,
 Preserv'd by His grace
 Throughout the dark hour;
 In all our temptations
 He keeps us, to prove
 His utmost salvation,
 His fulness of love.

3
 O, what shall we do,
 Our Savior to love?
 To make us a new,
 Come, Lord, from above;
 The fruit of Thy passion,
 Thy holiness give,
 Give us the salvation
 Of all, that believe.

4
 Come Jesus, and loose
 The stammerer's tongue,
 And teach even us
 The spiritual song;
 Let us without ceasing
 Give thanks for Thy grace.
 And glory, and blessing,
 And honor, and praise.

5
 Pronounce the glad word,
 And bid us be free;
 Ah, hast Thou not, Lord,
 A blessing for me?
 The peace, Thou hast given,
 This moment impart,
 And open thy heaven,
 O Love, in my heart.

With pity, Lord, a sin - ner see, Weary of Thy ways and Thee; Forgive my rash despair, A bless - ing in the

means to find, My strugglings to throw off the care, And cast them all be - hind, And cast them all be - hind.

2

3

4

5

Long have I groan'd, thy grace to gain,
Suffer'd on, but all in vain;
An age of mournful years.
I waited for thy passing by,
And lost my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
And never found Thee nigh.

Thou wouldst not let me go away;
Still Thou forcedst me to stay.
O, might the secret pow'r,
Which will not with its captive part,
Nail to the post of mercy's door
My poor, unstable heart.

The nails, that fixt Thee to the tree,
Only they can fasten me;
The death, Thou didst endure
For me, let it effectual prove;
Thy only love my soul can cure,
Thy balmy, bleeding love.

Now in the means of grace impart;
Whisper peace into my heart;
Appear the Justifier
Of all, that to Thy wounds would fly;
And let me have my one desire,
To taste Thy love, and die.

I'll praise my Maker, while I've breath; And, when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs;

7 5 6[♯] 6 6 5 6[♯] 7 6 6

My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or immor - tal - i - - ty endures.

7 5 6[♯] 6 6 5 6[♯] 7 6 6

Happy the man, whose hopes re - ly On Israel's God; He made the sky, And earth, and seas with all their train;

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 7

His truth for - ev - er - stands secure ; He saves th' opprest, He feeds the poor, And none shall find His promise vain.

7 7 56 6 6 6 5 6 4 8

2
 The Lord pours eyesight on the blind,
 The Lord supports the fainting mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise Him, while He lends me breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Plymouth. 4—7s.

Lord and God of heav'nly pow'rs, Theirs, yet, oh, benignly ours ; Glorious King, let earth proclaim, Worms attempt to chant Thy name.

6 7 * * 6 6 7 6 6 4 3

2
 Thee to laud in songs divine,
 Angels and arch angels join ;
 We with them our voices raise,
 Echoing Thy eternal praise.

3
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Live by heav'n and earth ador'd ;
 Full of Thee, they ever cry,
 Glory be to God most high.

March. S. M. [D. D.]

Soldiers of Christ, a - rise, And put your armour on, Strong in the strength, which God supplies Thro' His eter - nal' Son; Strong

6 -6- 8 6 6 87 65

in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, Is more, than conqueror. Stand then in His great

6 -6- 6 6 6 87 65 4 2

might, With all His strength endu'd, And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God; That, having all things done, And

6 4 2 6 # 4# 6 -6- 6 6 5 2 5 4 #

all your conflicts past, Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ, Ye may o'ercome thro' Christ a - lone, And stand en - tire at last.

Bray's. 4—7s.

Son of God, Thy blessing grant, Still supply my ev'ry want; Tree of life, thy in - fluence shed, With thy sap my spir - it feed.

2

Ten'drest branch, alas, am I,
Wither without Thee, and die;
Weak, as helpless infancy,
O, confirm my soul in Thee.

3

Unsustain'd by Thee, I fall;
Send the strength, for which I call;
Weaker, than a bruised reed,
Help I ev'ry moment need.

4

All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end,
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim, And publish a - broad His won - - derful name, The name all vic-

6 6 6 6 6 -6- 5 5 6 6 *

4 4 4 4 4 4

torious Of Jesus ex - tol, His kingdom is glorious, And rules over all, His kingdom is glorio^{us}, And rules over all.

6 5 6 7 6 5 6 6 * 4 5 6 * * 6 7 6 * 6 6 5 *

4 3 4 2 4 4 4 *

2
The waves of the sea
Have lift up their voice,
Sore troubled, that we
In Jesus rejoice ;
The floods, they are roaring,
But Jesus is here ;
While we are adoring,
He always is near.

3
Men, devils engage ;
The billows arise,
And horribly rage,
And threaten the skies ;
Their fury shall never
Our steadfastness shock ;
The weakest believer
Is built on a rock.

4
Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son.
Our Jesus's praises
The angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces,
And worship the Lamb.

5
Then let us adore,
And give Him His right,
All glory, and pow'r,
And wisdom, and might ;
All honor and blessing
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

Light of those, whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death; Come, and by Thy love re - vealing Dis - sipate the clouds beneath.

The new heav'n and earth's Crea - tor, In our deepest darkness rise; Scatt'ring all the night of nature, Pouring eye - sight on our eyes.

2

Still we wait for Thy appearing,
 Life and joy Thy beams impart;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Ev'ry poor, benighted heart.
 Come, and manifest the favor,
 God hath for our ransom'd race;
 Come, Thou universal Savior,
 Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3

Save us in Thy great compassion,
 O Thou mild, pacific Prince;
 Give the knowledge of salvation,
 Give the pardon of our sins.
 By Thy all restoring merit
 Ev'ry burthen'd soul release;
 Ev'ry weary, wand'ring spirit
 Guide into Thy perfect peace.

Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to Thy bosom fly; While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high; Hide me, O my Savior,

hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe in - to the haven guide. O re - ceive, O receive, O receive my soul at last.

2

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3

Thou, O Christ, art all, I want,
More, than all, in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all our sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make, and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Lord, how se - cure and blest are they, Who feel the joys of - par - don'd sin? Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,

6 5 4# 6 6 6# 6 6 5 5 7' 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 5 7 6 5 4 3

Their minds have heav'n and peace within; Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace with - in.

6 6 5 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 5 3 6 8 7 6 5 5 7 6 5 8 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

2
The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent, as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3
How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow,
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.

4
While wretched we, like worms and moles,
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;
Almighty Grace, renew our souls,
And we'll aspire to glory too.

Psalm CL. L. M.

Praise ye the Lord, our God, with - in His sanc - - tu - a - ry praise ;

With - in his fir - - - ma - - ment of pow'r His glo - - - ry du - ly raise.

2
Praise Him for all the mighty acts,
That have by Him been wrought ;
Praise Him, as doth His greatness fit,
Above, what can be thought.

3
Praise Him aloud with cheerful sounds,
That stately trumpets give ;
Praise Him on psaltery and harp
Forever, while ye live.

4
Praise Him with timbrels ; and, for joy
To dance, rejoicing meet ;
Praise Him with instruments, well string'd,
And organs, sounding sweet.

5
Praise Him with cymbals, praise to Him
With cymbals loud afford ;
Let all things breathing give Him praise,
Forever praise the LORD.

God of my life, whose gra - cious pow'r Through various deaths my soul hath led, Or turn'd a - side the fa - tal hour,

6 6 5 # 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 6 5

Or lift - ed up my sinking head, Or turn'd a - side the fa - tal hour, Or lift - ed up my sink - ing head ;

6 6 6 5 6 5 # 6 5 # 6 6 6 5 #

2
 In all my ways Thy hand I own,
 Thy ruling providence I see ;
 O, help me still my course to run,
 And still direct my path to Thee.

3
 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
 Lead me a way, I have not known ;
 Bring me, where I my heav'n may find,
 The heav'n of loving Thee alone.

25*

4
 Enlarge my heart, to make Thee room,
 Enter, and in me ever stay ;
 The crooked then shall straight become,
 The darkness shall be lost in day.

byss of dazzling light. Thou, sacred One, Almighty Three, Great, Ever - - lasting Myste - ry, What lofty numbers shall we frame,

Equal to Thy tremendous name. Halle - lujah, Hal - lelujah, Hal - lelujah, Halle - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - - jah.

2

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
 Begin, and speak the GREAT UNKNOWN,
 Attempt the song, wind up your strings
 To notes untry'd, and boundless things;
 Ye, whose capacious pow'rs survey
 Largely beyond our eyes of clay;
 Yet, what a narrow portion too
 Is seen, or known, or thought by you!

3

How flat your highest praises fall
 Below th' immense ORIGINAL!
 Weak creatures we, that strive in vain,
 To reach an uncreated strain.
 Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
 Sound forth thy own eternal praise;
 A song so vast, a theme so high,
 Calls for the voice, that tun'd the sky.

Soldier of Christ, a - - dieu; Thy conflicts here are past; Thy Lord hath brought thee through, Thy Lord hath brought thee

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

through, And giv'n the crown at last, And giv'n the crown at last. Rejoice, to wear the glorious prize, Re-

5 7 6 6 6 6 4 tr 6

Pia. *Cho.*

joice with God in par - a - dise; Re - joice, to wear the glo - - rious prize, Rejoice with God in par - a - dise.

6 6 6 6 6 6 4 5

2
 There all thy suff'rings cease,
 There all thy griefs are o'er;
 The pris'ner is at peace,
 The mourner weeps no more;
 From man's oppressive tyranny
 Thou liv'st, thou liv'st for ever free.

3
 Thou out of great distress
 To thy reward art past,
 Triumphant happiness,
 And joys, that always last;
 Thanks be to God, who set thee free,
 And gave the final victory.

He dies, the heav'nly Lover dies; The tidings strike a doleful sound On my poor heart strings; deep He lies In the cold caverns of the ground.

6 6 75 6 6 75
4 4 3 4 3

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two On the dear bosom of your God; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of richer blood.

b7 6 7 5 6 6 75
4 4 3 4 3

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to His Father's court He flies;
Cherubic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him, welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell,
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
Sing, how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.
Say, Live forever, wond'rous King,
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting;
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?

Castor. L. P. M. [D.]

O God, of good th' unfathom'd Sea, Who would not give his heart to Thee? Who would not love Thee with his might?

Fingerings: 7, 5 6, 7, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3

O Je - su, lov - er of man - kind, Who would not his whole soul and mind With all his strength to Thee u - - nite.

Fingerings: 7, 6 5, 4 3, 6, 6 5, 4 3, 6, 8 7, 6 5, #, 8 7, 6 5, #

Thou shin'st with ev - - er - last - ing rays; Before th' un - suffer - a - ble blaze Angels with both wings veil their eyes;

Fingerings: #5, 7, 5 6, 7, 6, 5, 4, #

Yet free, as air, Thy bounty streams On all Thy works; Thy mercy beams Dif - fu - sive, as Thy sun's arise.

2

Astonish'd at Thy frowning brow,
 Earth, hell, and heav'n's strong pillars bow;
 Terrible majesty is Thine;
 Who then can that vast love express,
 Which bows Thee down to me, who less,
 Than nothing, am, till Thou art mine?
 High thron'd on heav'n's eternal hill,
 In numbers, weight, and measure still
 Thou sweetly ord'rest all, that is;
 And yet Thou deign'st to come to me,
 And guide my steps, that I with Thee
 Enthron'd may reign in endless bliss.

3

Fountain of good, all blessing flows
 From Thee, no want Thy fulness knows;
 What, but Thyself, canst Thou desire?
 Yes, self sufficient, as Thou art,
 Thou dost desire my worthless heart;
 This, only this Thou dost require.
 Primeval beauty, in Thy sight
 The firstborn, fairest sons of light,
 See all their brightest glories fade.
 What then to me Thy eyes could turn,
 In sin conceiv'd, of woman born,
 A worm, a leaf, a blast, a shade?

4

Hell's armies tremble at Thy nod,
 And trembling own th' Almighty God,
 Sov'reign of earth, air, hell, and sky;
 But who is This, that comes from far,
 Whose garments, roll'd in blood, appear?
 'Tis God, made man, for man to die.
 O God, of good th' unfathom'd sea,
 Who would not give his heart to Thee?
 Who would not love Thee with his might?
 O JESU, lover of mankind,
 Who would not his whole soul and mind
 With all his strength to Thee unite?

End with the first part.

CHRIST, the Lord, is ris'n to day, Sons of men and an - gels, say; Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'ns, & earth, re - ply.

2
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo, He sits in blood no more.

3
Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
CHRIST hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids His rise,
CHRIST hath open'd paradise.

4
Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once He died, our souls to save,
Where thy victory, O grave?

5.
Soar we now, where CHRIST has led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head;
Made like Him, like Him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Funeral Hymn. L. M. [D.]

Ah, lovely ap - pear - ance of death, No sight up - on earth is so fair; Not all the gay pa - geants, that breathe, Can

with a dead bo - dy com - pare. With solemn delight I sur - vey The corpse, when the spir - it is - fled, In

6 -6- 6 6 6 97 8 7 6 5 -6- -6- 6 97 8 7 5 #

love with the beau - ti - ful clay, And longing to lie in its stead, And longing to lie in its stead.

-6- 6 6 # 5 -6- 6 -6- # 6 5 6 5 6 5 #

2

How blest is our brother, bereft
Of all, that could burthen his mind!
How easy the soul, that hath left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see;
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner, like me.

3

This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain;
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again.
No anger hence forward, nor shame,
Shall redden this innocent clay;
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

4

This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more;
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

5

The lids, he so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep.
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free,
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

6

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While, bound in a prison, I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O, might I this moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

Lying Down. L. M. [D.]

Sym.

6 # # 6 6 -6- 6 # 6 2 6 6 5 4 3 6 4 3 6 9 8 6 4-3- 5 5

6 6 6 -6- 6 4 6 4† 6 -6- -6- 6 6 3 4 -5- 6 6 -6- 6 #

And can I in sorrow lay down My

6 2 6 6 6 -6- 6 # 6 -6- -6- 6 6 5 4 #

wear y and lan - guish ing head, Nor think on the souls, that are gone, Nor en - vy the peace - a - ble dead?

6 6 6 6 4 5 3 # 6 6 6 6 6 4 4†

The peace - a - ble dead are set free, The good, which I cov - et, they have; An end of, an end of their

sorrows they see, And bu - ry their cares in the grave.

2
 Their souls are impassive above,
 And nothing of mortals they know ;
 Unless on an errand of love
 They visit a mourner below ;
 With pity angelical view
 A spirit, imprison'd in pain,
 And long for his happiness too,
 And wait for his bursting the chain.

3
 Ye souls of the righteous, appear,
 If any are waiting around,
 To look on a spectacle here,
 In iron and misery bound ;
 Survey the sad children of men,
 The purchase of mercy divine,
 And say, if ye ever have seen
 A soul, so afflicted, as mine.

4
 When will the affliction be o'er ;
 When will the fierce agony cease ?
 With those, that are gather'd before,
 I press to the haven of peace.
 I would, as a shadow, remove,
 And suddenly vanish away ;
 Escape to the spirits above,
 Ascend to the regions of day.

Cannon. L. M.

Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness My beauty are, my glorious dress ; 'Mid flaming worlds in these array'd With joy shall I lift up my head.

2
 Jesu, be endless praise to Thee,
 Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
 For me, and all, thine hands have made,
 An everlasting ransom paid.

3
 Thou God of power, Thou God of love,
 Let the whole world Thy mercy prove ;
 Now let Thy word o'er all prevail ;
 Now take the spoils of death and hell.

4
 O, let the dead now hear Thy voice,
 Now bid Thy banish'd ones rejoice ;
 Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
 Jesu, Thy blood and righteousness.

Hail, JESUS, hail, our great High Priest, Enter'd in - to Thy glorious rest, That holy blissful place above; The conquest Thou hast

more than gain'd, The heav'nly hap - - pi - ness obtain'd For all, that trust Thy dy - ing love, For all, that trust Thy dy - ing love.

2

3

4

The blood of goats and bullocks slain
 Could never purge our guilty stain,
 Could never for our sins atone;
 But Thou Thine own most precious blood
 Hast spilt, to quench the wrath of God.
 Hast sav'd us by Thy blood alone.

Shed on the altar of Thy cross,
 Thy blood to God presented was,
 Thro' the Eternal Spirit's pow'r;
 Thou didst a spotless victim bleed,
 That we, from sin and suff'ring freed,
 Might live to God, and sin no more.

Thankful we now the earnest take,
 The pledge, Thou wilt at last come back,
 And openly Thy servants own;
 To us, who long to see Thee here,
 Thou shalt a second time appear,
 And bear us to Thy glorious throne.

Spirit of truth, descend, And with Thy church abide, Our Guardian to the end, Our sure, un - er - ring Guide, Us into the whole

counsel lead of God, reveal'd below ; And teach us all the truth, we need, To life e - ter - nal know, To life e - ternal know.

2

Whate'er Thou hear'st above,
To us with pow'r impart,
And shed abroad the love
Of Jesus in our heart.
One with the Father and the Son,
Thy record is the same ;
O, make to us the Godhead known,
Thro' faith in Jesu's name.

3

Descending from above,
Into our souls convey
His comfort, joy, and love,
Which none can take away ;
His merit and His righteousness,
Which make an end of sin,
Apply to every heart His peace,
And bring His kingdom in.

4

The plenitude of God,
That doth in Jesus dwell,
On us thro' Him bestow'd,
To us secure and seal.
Now let us taste our Master's bliss
The glorious heavenly powers ;
For all, the Father hath, is His,
And all, He hath, is ours.

Song in Theodosius.

Andante.

6 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 7 5b # # 6 # 2 4†

In hum - ble weeds, but clean ar - ray, Your hours shall sweet - ly pass a - way; In hum - ble weeds, but

6 5 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 7 # 4 #

Adagio. tr

clean ar - ray, Your hours shall sweet - ly pass a - way; And, when the rites di - vine are past, To pleasant gardens

6 # # 2† 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5

Adagio. tr *Sym.*

you shall haste; And, when the rites di - vine are past, To pleas - ant gar - dens you shall haste.

6 # # 7 6 # 6 6 6 6 # 6 5 #

2
Where many flow'ry beds we have,
That emblem still to each a grave;
And, when within the stream we look,
With tears we use to swell the brook.

3
But, oh, when in the liquid glass,
Our heav'n appears, we sigh, to pass;
For heav'n alone we are design'd,
And all things bring our heav'n to mind.

Sym.

To van - i - ty and earthly pride How short a date is giv'n! How short a date is giv'n!

6 6 6 -6- 6 6 * * 6 *

4

Sym.

How short a date is giv'n! To van - i - ty and earthly pride How short a date is giv'n! The

6 6 6 6 6 7 5 * 6 5 *

firm - - est rock, The firm - est rock, that shall a - bide, Is confidence in Heav'n, Is confidence in Heav'n; The

2 6 -6- 6 -6- 6 6 6 -6- 2 6 * 6 5 *

4t

firmest rock is con - fidence in Heav'n, The firm - est rock is confidence in Heav'n, The firm - est

2b 6 2 6 -6- 6 6 * 6

4 4t 4 5 *

rock, that shall a - bide, is confidence in Heav'n, is confidence in Heav'n, is confidence in Heav'n.

Sym.

113 Psalm.

Praise, praise the Lord, ye servants, Praise the Lord, ye servants, O praise! O, O praise the name of the Lord. Blessed,

blessed, blessed be the name, the name of the Lord, from this time forth for - ev - er - more, from this time forth forev - - er - more.

6 6 7 6 4 # 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 5 7

5 4

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of hosts, All things declare thy Majes - ty; Angels and men still cry aloud, Glory to Thee, O Lord, most high.

6 43 6 -6 -6 6 4 # 6 6 5 43

Canon.

O, Ab - sa - lom, my son, my son! O, Ab - - sa - lom, my son, my son!

Would to God I had died for thee, my son! Would to God I had died for thee, my son!

O, Ab - - sa - lom, my son, my son! O, Ab - - sa - lom, my son, my son!

Faint is my head, and sick my heart, While Thou dost ey - er, ev - - er stay, Fixt in my soul I feel Thy dart;

6 6 6 87 6 6 4 6 6 4 6 6 5 6 6 5 3

Groan, groan, groaning I feel it night and day; Come, Lord, & show Thyself to me, Or take, or take, or take me up to Thee.

6 5 8 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 3 4 3 6 5 4 3

2

Canst Thou withhold Thy healing grace,
So kindly lavish of Thy blood;
When, swiftly trickling down Thy face,
For me the purple current flow'd.
Come, Lord, and show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee.

3

O loose this frame, life's knot untie;
That my free soul may use her wings,
Now pinion'd with mortality,
A weak, entangled, wretched thing.
Come, Lord, and show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee.

4

Why should I longer stay and groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled;
My thoughts and joys are thither gone;
To all below I now am dead.
Come, Lord, and show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee.

The glorious armies of the sky To Thee, O might - - ty King, Tri - - umphant an - - - - - them

6 6 7 7# # # #

con - - - - - se - - crate, And Hal - le - - lu - - jahs sing. But still their most ex - - - alt - ed flights

4 6 6 6 6 6 # # 7 7

Fall vast - ly short of Thee; How dis - tant then must hu - - man praise From Thy per - - - fec - tions be!

6 6 6 6 6 6

2

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature in its various way
Displays thy excellence?
The active lights, that shine above,
In their eternal dance
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent eloquence.

3

The blushes of the morn confess
That Thou art much more fair,
When in the east its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.
The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from Thee
Their pleasing odors come.

4

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And water's murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause,
With diff'rent voices call.
Thy num'rous works exalt Thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising Thee.

E - ter - nal Pow'r, whose high a - bode Be - comes the gran - deur of a God, In - fin - ite

lengths be - yond the bounds, Where stars - - - - - re - volve their lit - tle rounds.

2
Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3
Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH.

4
Earth from afar has heard Thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp Thy name;
But, O, the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5
God is in heav'n, and men below,
Be short our tunes, our words be few;
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

He comes, He comes, The Judge severe, The seventh trumpet speaks Him near, His lightnings flash, His

thunders roll, How welcome to the faith - ful soul! Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome to the faithful soul.

2
From heav'n angelic voices sound,
See the almighty Jesus crown'd,
Girt with Omnipotence and grace,
And glory decks the Savior's face.

3
Descending on His azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for His own;
The kingdoms all obey His word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

4
Shout all the people of the sky,
And all the saints of the Most High;
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns.

Spittlefield. C. M. [D.]

Thou great and sacred LORD of all, Of life the on - ly Spring, Cre - a - tor of un - number'd worlds, Immense - ly glo - rious King ;

4 6 5 4 3

Whose image shakes the stagg'ring mind, Be - yond conception high, Crown'd with omnip - otence, and veil'd With dark e - ter - ni - ty.

6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 - 7 -6- 6 6 7

2
 Drive from the confines of my heart
 Impenitence and pride ;
 Nor let me in erroneous paths
 With thoughtless idiots glide.
 Whate'er Thine all discerning eye
 Sees for Thy creature fit,
 I'll bless the good, and to the ill
 Contentedly submit.

3
 With humane pleasure let me view
 The prosp'rous and the great ;
 Malignant envy let me fly,
 With odious self conceit.
 Let not despair, nor curs'd revenge
 Be to my bosom known ;
 O, give me tears for others' wo,
 And patience for my own.

4
 Feed me with necessary food,
 I ask not wealth, nor fame ;
 But give me eyes, to view Thy works,
 And sense, to praise Thy name.
 May still my days obscurely pass
 Without remorse or care !
 And let me for the parting hour
 My trembling soul prepare,

JESU, my God and King, Thy regal state I sing; Thou, and on - - ly Thou, art great, High Thine

ev - - er - last - ing throne; Thou, Thou the sov - 'reign Po - - ten - tate, Blest Im - mor - tal Thou alone.

2
 Essay your choicest strains,
 The King Messiah reigns;
 Tune your harps, celestial choir,
 Joyful all, your voices raise,
 Christ, than earthborn monarchs higher,
 Sons of men and angels, praise.

3
 Hail your dread Lord and ours,
 Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs;
 Source of pow'r, He rules alone;
 Veil your eyes, and prostrate fall,
 Cast your crowns before His throne,
 Hail the Cause, the Lord of all.

4
 Justice and truth maintain
 Thine everlasting reign;
 One with Thine, Almighty Sire,
 Partner of an equal throne,
 King of hearts, let all conspire,
 Gratefully Thy sway to own.

5
 Let earth's remotest bound
 With echoing joys resound;
 Christ to praise, let all conspire;
 Praise to Christ doth all belong;
 Shout, ye firstborn sons of fire,
 Earth, repeat the glorious song.

Thee will I love, my Strength, my Tow'r, Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown; Thee will I love with all my pow'r,

6 6 6 6 65 6 -6- 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 65
4 4 4 5 43 4 4 4 4 4 4 5 43

In all my works, and Thee a lone; Thee will I love, till the pure fire Fill my whole soul with chaste de - sire.

6 -6- 6 6 6 5 6 5 6 65 7 6 6 65
4 4 4 4 4 3 5 43 5 6 5 43

2

I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shin'd;
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind;
I thank Thee, whose enliv'ning voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice,

3

Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown!
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God!
Thee will I love beneath Thy frown
Or smile, Thy sceptre or Thy rod;
What, though my flesh and heart decay?
Thee shall I love in endless day.

Thou, JE - SU, art our King, Thy ceaseless praise we sing; Praise shall our glad tongue em - ploy;

Praise o'erflow our grate - ful soul, While we vi - tal breath enjoy, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

2
 Thou art th' eternal light,
 That shin'st in deepest night.
 Wond'ring gaz'd th' angelic train,
 While Thou bow'dst the heav'ns beneath,
 God with God wert man with man,
 Man to save from endless death.

3
 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe;
 God's kingdom fix'd below.
 Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r
 Thou heav'ns gates hast open'd wide;
 Thou Thine own dost lead, secure
 In Thy cross, and by Thy side.

4
 Enthron'd above yon sky,
 Thou reign'st with God most high;
 Prostrate at Thy feet we fall;
 Pow'r supreme to Thee is giv'n;
 Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
 Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n.

Departure. 8s & 7s. Alternate.

Son of God, for Thee we languish, Still thy absence we bemoan, Over - whelm'd with grief & anguish, Poor, forsak - - en, and alone.

Thou art to Thy heav'n departed; See us thence, with pi - ty see, Comfortless and broken hearted, Drooping, dead for want of Thee.

2
 Once Thy blissful love we tasted,
 Cheer'd by Thee with living bread;
 O, how short a time it lasted,
 O, how soon the joy is fled!
 Where is now our boasted Savior,
 Where our rapture of delight?
 Thou hast, Lord, withdrawn Thy favor,
 Thou art vanish'd from our sight.

3
 Yet Thou hast the cause unfolded,
 Could we but the truth receive;
 Thou in humbling love hast told it,
 Needful 'tis for us to grieve.
 Stript of that excessive pleasure,
 Fondly we the loss deplore,
 'Till we find again our treasure,
 Find, and never lose Thee more.

4
 That we may Thyself inherit,
 Us Thou dost awhile forsake;
 That we may receive thy spirit,
 Thou hast tak'n his comforts back.
 After a short night of mourning
 We again shall see Thy face;
 Triumph in Thy full returning,
 Glory in Thy perfect grace.

O God, my God, my all Thou art; Ere shines the dawn of ris - - - ing day,

7 5 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 4 3

Thy sov'reign light with - - in my heart, Thine all en - liv - - - - - , Thine all en - liv'ning pow'r display.

6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

²
 In a dry land, behold, I place
 My whole desire on Thee, O Lord;
 And more I joy, to gain Thy grace,
 Than all, earth's treasures can afford.

³
 In blessing Thee with grateful songs
 My happy life shall glide away;
 The praise, that to Thy name belongs,
 Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.

⁴
 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
 Thy love, my ravish'd soul o'erflows;
 Secure in Thee, my God and King,
 Of glory, that no period knows.

⁵
 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
 Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought;
 With trembling awe in midnight shade
 I muse on all, Thy hands have wrought.

⁶
 In all, I do, I feel Thy aid;
 Therefore Thy greatness will I sing;
 O God, who bid'st my heart be glad
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing.

⁷
 More dear, than life itself, Thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ;
 And to declare thy praise will prove
 My peace, my glory, and my joy.

God is the refuge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress invade ; Ere we can of - fer

6 6 -6- 6 5 5 6 5 6 6 7 6 6 7 #

4 # 4 3 4 7 4 #

our complaints, Be - hold Him pres - - ent with His aid, Be - hold Him pres - - ent with His aid.

6 5 # 6 6 # 6 6 5 6 6 # 6 6 # 6 6 5 #

#

2
 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3
 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide ;
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4
 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God ;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.

5
 That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls ;
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

Arise, my soul, a - rise, Thy Sa - vior's sacri - fice; All the names, that love could find; All the forms, that love could take,

6 5 5 6 7 6 5 6 6 6 5 3
4 3 #4 #4 # 4 #

Jesus in himself has join'd, Thee, my soul, His own to make; Thee, my soul, His own to make.

6 6 6 6 # 6 7 7 # 7 7 7 6 6 6 6 5
4 # # # # # 5 6 5 4 #

2
 Equal with God most high,
 He laid his glory by;
 He, th' eternal God, was born,
 Man with men He deign'd t'appear,
 Object of His creature's scorn,
 Pleas'd, a servant's form to wear.

3
 Hail, everlasting Lord,
 Divine, incarnate word.
 Thee let all my pow'rs confess,
 Thee my latest breath proclaim;
 Help, ye angel choirs, to bless,
 Shout the lov'd Immanuel's name.

Some seraph, lend your heav'nly tongue, Or harp of golden string, That I may raise a lof - ty song To our E - ternal King. Thy

names, how in - fin - ite they be, Great, Ev - er - last - ing ONE! Boundless Thy Might and Maj - es - ty, And un - con - fin'd Thy Thronc.

2

Thy glories shine of wond'rous size,
 And wond'rous large Thy grace ;
 Immortal day breaks from Thine eyes,
 And Gabriel veils his face.
 Thine essence is a vast abyss,
 Which angels cannot sound ;
 An ocean of infinities,
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

3

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
 And stretch from pole to pole ;
 But half Thy name our spirit fills,
 And overloads our soul.
 In vain our haughty reason swells,
 For nothing's found in Thee,
 But boundless Inconceivables,
 And vast Eternity,

O, how I love Thy ho - ly law! 'Tis daily my delight; And thence my med - i - tations draw Divine advice by night.

Fingerings: 6, 5, 6, 6, 6 5, 4, 6 6, 4, 6 6, 6, 6 5, 4 3

My waking eyes prevent the day, To med - itate Thy word; My soul with longing melts away, To hear Thy gospel, Lord.

Fingerings: 6, 6 5, 6 6, 6 5, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 2, 6, 6, 6 5, 5, 4 3

2
 How doth Thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heav'nly song.
 Am I a stranger, or at home;
 'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey, dropping from the comb,
 So much allures the taste.

3
 No treasures so enrich the mind;
 Nor shall Thy word be sold
 For loads of silver, well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.
 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars, to support my hope,
 And there I write Thy praise.

Shine to His praise, ye crystal skies, The floor of His abode; Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,

Before your brighter God. Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

2

Thou, restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.
Winds, ye shall bear His name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For, when His chariot is a cloud,
He makes His wheels of you.

3

Thunder, and hail, and fire, and storms,
The troop of His command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak His awful hand.
Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To Him, who bids you grow;
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough.

4

Let the shrill birds His honor raise,
And mount the morning sky;
While growling beasts attempt His praise
In hoarser harmony.
Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, catch the sound;
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

Why do the proud in - sult the poor, And boast the large e - - - states, they have ?

How vain are rich - - es, to se - cure Their haughty own - - - - - ers from the grave !

2
They can't redeem one hour from death
With all the wealth, in which they trust;
Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

3
There the dark earth and dismal shade
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
That flesh, so delicately fed,
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4
Like thoughtless sheep, the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave, for worms to eat;
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th'oppressor at their feet.

5
His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp, and beauty, birth, and blood;
That glorious day exalts the just
To fall dominion o'er the proud.

6
My Savior will my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell forever near my God.

Let earth and heav'n a - gree, Angels and men be join'd, To cel - ebrate with me The Sa - vior of mankind;

T' a - dore the all a - toning Lamb, And bless the sound of Jesu's name, And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2
 Jesus, transporting sound!
 The joy of earth and heav'n!
 No other help is found,
 No other name is giv'n,
 By which we can salvation have;
 But Jesus came, the world to save.

3
 Jesus, harmonious name!
 It charms the hosts above;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love.
 'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
 'Tis heav'n to see our Jesu's face.

4
 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory.
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

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

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

2
 See, the vain race of mortals move,
 Like shadows o'er the plain;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all their noise is vain.
 Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore;
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

3
 What should I wish or wait for then
 From creatures, earth, and dust?
 They make our expectation vain,
 And disappoint our trust.
 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal in'trest up,
 And make my God my all.

Blest Prince of righteous - - ness and peace, The hope of all mankind; The poor in Thy unblem - - ish'd reign

6 6 6 6 7 4 3 6 6 6 6 6

Shall free pro - - tee - - tion find. Se - - cure of just re - - dress, To Thee th'oppress'd his cause shall

6 6 5 3 6 6 6 3 3 2 6 6

bring; While with the fruits of sa - - cred peace The joy - - ful fields shall spring.

6 5 3 4 6 3 2 6 7 6 6 6 5

2
 Through endless years Thy glorious Name
 The righteous shall adore;
 When sun and moon have run their course,
 And measure time no more.
 Thou shalt descend, like the soft drops
 Of kind celestial dews;
 Or, as a show'r, whose gentle fall
 The joyful spring renews.

3
 Thy glory no eclipse shall see,
 But shine divinely bright;
 While from his orb the radiant sun
 Darts undiminish'd light.
 Converted nations, blest in Thee,
 Shall magnify Thy grace;
 Call Thee their glorious Ransomer,
 And hope of all their race.

4
 With love and sacred rapture fir'd,
 Thy lofty Name we'll sing;
 Thou only wond'rous things hast done.
 The Everlasting King.
 From all the corners of the earth
 Let grateful praise ascend;
 Let loud amens, and joyful shouts
 The starry concave rend.

What joy, when brethren dwell combin'd In pious u - ni - ty of mind ! 'Tis like the sacred unction, shed on Aaron's vene - ra - ble

head ; When, bath'd in fragran - cy, respire His rev'rend beard and rich attire, His rev'rend beard and rich attire.

Sym.

2

Like dews, which, trickling from the sky,
 In pearly drops on Hermon lie ;
 Or balmy vapors, which distil
 On Zion's consecrated hill.
 For there the Lord His blessing plac'd,
 And these with life eternal grac'd.

The LORD, Je - ho - vah reigns, His throne is built on high; The gar - - ments, He assumes,

6 6 6 5 6 6 5 6 7

4 3 4 *

Are light and ma - - jes - ty. His glories shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

6 6 5 6 6 6 7 4 6 6 5

5 4 * 2 4 4 3

2
The thunders of His hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand,
To guard His holy law;
And, where His love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3
Through all His mighty works
Amazing wisdom shines;
Confounds the pow'rs of hell,
And breaks their dark designs.
Strong is His arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees, and sov'reign will.

4
And can this sov'reign King
Of glory condescend;
And will He write His name,
My Father, and my Friend?
I love His name, I love His word;
Join all my pow'rs, to praise the Lord.

Needham. L. M.

Sym.

Andante Larghetto.

He reigns, the Lord, the Sav - ior reigns; Praise Him in

7 6 # 6 # 6 # 6 7 6 #6 6 4

Sym.

evan - gel - ic strains; Praise Him in e - van - - gel - ic strains; Let the whole earth in songs re -

6 6 6 6 6 7 4 3 6 6 4 3 6 7 6 # 2 4†

joice, And distant islands join their voice; Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And distant islands join their voice;

6 6 # 5 # 6 2 6 6 6 7 6 5 #

Sym.

Let the whole earth in songs re - joice, And distant islands join their voice.

6 5 # 7 # 6 5 2 6 6 2 6 6 2 6 -6 # 6 6 2 6 -6 # 6

He reigns, the Lord, the Sav - ior reigns; Praise Him in e - van - gel - ic strains; Let the whole earth, Let the whole earth

in songs re - joice, And distant islands join their voice.

2
 Deep are His counsels and unknown;
 But grace and truth support His throne;
 Though gloomy clouds His way surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

3
 In robes of judgment, lo, He comes,
 Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
 Before Him burns devouring fire,
 'The mountains melt, the seas retire.

4
 His enemies with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
 Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Lord, in the sol - emn shades of night, When I behold the skies, In contem - pla - tion of thy works My tho'ts to heaven rise.

6 6 6♯ 6 6 5 4♯ 6 7 6 5 6♯ 6 5

If I survey the silver moon, Array'd in robes of light; Who form'd her lucent orb, I cry, Must be supremely bright.

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 7 6 6 6♯ 6 5

2
 But, when I view ten thousand stars,
 Shining with rival rays;
 My soaring soul the sky transcends.
 And thinks she sees Thy blaze.
 Transported with extatic love,
 Ingulph'd in bliss I stand;
 Gaze on Thy dazzling beams, and taste
 The joys at Thy right hand.

3
 Celestial pleasures through my veins
 In floods of transport roll;
 And Thy amazing goodness, Lord,
 With rapture melts my soul.
 O Lord, our God, how wond'rous great
 Is Thine exalted name!
 The glories of Thy heav'nly state
 Let all the earth proclaim.

Come, let us anew Our journey pursue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still, Till the Mas - ter appear; His adorable will Let us

8 6 6 87 6 6 7-6 4 6 8
65 #

gladly ful - fil, And our talents improve By the patience of hope, and the labor of love, By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

87 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3
65 # # 7

2
Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3
O, that each in the day
Of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through,
"I have finish'd the work, Thou didst give me to do!"
O, that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done,
"Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

St. Paul's. C. M. [D.]

And let this feeble body fail, And let it faint or die; My soul shall quit the mournful vale, And soar to worlds on high;

Shall join the disembodied saints, And find its long sought rest (That on - ly bliss, for which it pants) In the Redeemer's breast.

2
 In hope of that immortal crown
 I now the cross sustain;
 And gladly wander up and down,
 And smile at toil and pain.
 I suffer on my threescore years,
 Till my Deliv'rer come,
 And wipe away His servants tears,
 And take His exile home.

3
 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
 Before my ravish'd eyes
 Rivers of life divine I see,
 And trees of paradise.
 I see a world of spirits bright,
 Who taste the pleasures there;
 They all are rob'd in spotless white,
 And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4
 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, Thou count me meet,
 With that enraptur'd host t'appear,
 And worship at Thy feet?
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life and friends away;
 But let me find them all again
 In that eternal day.

Father of light, from whom proceeds, What e'er Thy ev'ry creature needs; Whose goodness, provi - - dent - - ly nigh,

6 6 7 5 4 3 6 6 # 6 6 6 4 7 5 3

Feeds the young ravens, when they cry; To Thee I look; my heart prepare, Suggest and hearken to my pray'r.

6 6 6 # 6 5 6 6 6 4 5 3

2

Since by Thy light myself I see
Naked, and poor, and void of Thee;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Preventing, what my lips would say.
Thou seest my wants; for help they call,
And, ere I speak, Thou know'st them all.

3

Father, I want a thankful heart;
I want to taste, how good Thou art;
To plunge me in Thy mercy's sea,
And comprehend Thy love to me;
The breadth, and length, and depth, and height,
Of love, divinely infinite.

4

Father, I long my soul to raise,
And dwell for ever on Thy praise;
Thy praise with glorious joy to tell
In ecstasy, unspeakable;
While the full pow'r of faith I know,
And reign triumphant here below.

Nativity. 8s & 7s Alternate.

Come, Thou long expect - - ed Jesus, Born, to set Thy people free, From our fears and sins relieve us, Let us

-6- 6 # -6- 6 6 6# 4 6 6 6 6

find our rest in Thee, Israel's strength and conso - la - tion, Hope of all the earth Thou art, Dear desire of ev - 'ry

7 # 6 6 4 5 -6- 6

Nation, Joy of ev - 'ry, Joy of ev - 'ry, Joy of ev - 'ry longing heart.

2 6 6 6 6 2 6 5

4† 5 4 # 4 4 4 5 #

Sym.

2

Born, Thy people to deliver,
 Born a child, and yet a King;
 Born, to reign in us for ever,
 Now Thy gracious kingdom bring,
 By Thy own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone;
 By Thy all sufficient merit
 Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

Thou God of glorious majesty, To Thee against myself, to Thee, A worm of earth, I cry; A worm of earth I cry; A

6 7 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

half a - waken'd child of man, An heir of endless bliss or pain, A sinner, born to die, A sinner, born to die.

6 6 6 4 5 7 6 4 6 5 8 7 6 6

2
 Lo, on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twi'x two unbounded seas, I stand
 Secure, insensible;
 A point of life, a moment's space,
 Removes me to that heav'nly place,
 Or shuts me up in hell.

3
 O God, my inmost soul convert,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress;
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.

4
 Be this my one great business here,
 With serious industry and fear
 My future bliss t'insure;
 Thy utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all Thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.

The Lord of Sab - bath let us praise In concert with the blest, Who, joy - ful in harmonious lays, Employ an' endless rest.

6 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 7 6 6 5 6 5 6 -6- 6 6 6 5 3

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

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

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

Habakkuk. L. M. [D. D.]

A - way my un - be - lieving fear; Fear shall in me no more take place; My Savior doth not yet appear He hides the brightness

6 6 6 6 -6- 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 -6-

of His face. But shall I therefore let Him go, And basely to the tempter yield? No, in the strength of Jesus, no; I never will give up my

6 7 7 87 65 65 43 # b7 6 87 6 5 6 5 6 5 6 6 5 6 6 5 4 3

Shield. Altho' the vine its fruit de - ny, Altho' the ol - ive yield no oil, The with'ring fig-tree droop and die, The field il - lude the tiller's

b7 8b7 65 7 87 65 7 87 65 b7 b43 6 87
6 5 43 # # 65 4# 65 43 65 43

toil, The empty stall no herd afford, And perish all the bleating race; Yet will I triumph in the Lord, The God of my salvation praise.

4/2 6 6 7 65 b7 65b b43 6 -6- 7 6

2
 Barren altho' my soul remain,
 And no one bud of grace appear,
 No fruit of all my toil and pain,
 But sin, and only sin be here;
 Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
 My blooming hopes cut off I see;
 Yet will I in my Savior trust,
 And glory, that He dy'd for me.

3
 In hope believing against hope,
 Jesus, my Lord and God, I claim,
 Jesus, my strength, shall lift me up;
 Salvation is in Jesu's name.
 To me he soon will bring it nigh;
 My soul shall then outstrip the wind,
 On wings of love mount up on high,
 And leave the world and sin behind.

Musician's Hymn. 2—8s & 1—6. [D.]

Thou God of har - mo - - ny and love, Whose name transports the saints above, And lulls the ravish'd spheres; On

Thee in feeble strains I call, And mix my humble voice with all Thy heav'nly chor - is - ters, Thy heav'nly choristers.

2
 If well I know the tuneful art,
 To captivate a human heart,
 The glory, Lord, be thine;
 A servant of Thy blessed will,
 I here devote my utmost skill,
 To sound Thy praise divine.

3
 O, might I with the saints aspire,
 The meanest of that dazzling choir,
 Who chant Thy praise above;
 Mixt with the bright celestial band,
 May I a heav'nly harper stand,
 And sing the song of love!

4
 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
 While all th' angelic concert share,
 And drink the floating joys!
 What more, than ecstasy, when all,
 Struck to the golden pavement, fall
 At Jesu's glorious voice!

Who in the Lord confide, And feel his sprinkled blood, In storms and hurri - canes abide Firm, as the mount of God.

Figured bass: * # 6 #5 6 # 6 # 6 6 # 6 #5 6

Steadfast, and fixt, and sure, His Zion cannot move; His faithful people stand secure In Jesu's guardian love.

Figured bass: 6 6 5 # # 6 76 # # 6 #

2
As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise;
So God protects and covers them,
From all their enemies.
On ev'ry side He stands,
And for His Israel cares;
And safe in His Almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.

3
Who to their sins draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And through the spacious way,
Back to their vomit turn,
And fall from pard'ning grace;
The Lord, to punish them, hath sworn,
And drive them from His face.

4
But peace, and pow'r, and love
Shall Israel's portion be;
They all His promises shall prove,
And all His goodness sec,
Holy and pure in heart
Obtain the perfect pow'r;
They can no more from God depart,
When they can sin no more.

Tamworth.

O, come, let us join, In music divine The Savior to laud; 'Tis meet and fit, It is charming and perfect - ly sweet, The

6 * 4+ 6 7 6 6 6

2

Savior to praise, Our LORD, and our God; 'Tis a pleasure, to sing of a crucify'd King; With courage and flame The angels, who

6 7-6- # 6 # 6 6 7-6- 6 7 6 6 6 6 6

4

love us, and seraphs a - bove us, do always the same; Hark, hark, how they shout, all heav'n throughout, In sounding His name!

4 6 6 6 5 6 7 6 6 6

2 # 4 # 5

Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light, Ye highborn sons of fire; Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright, All joy, yet all desire. Hail,

ho - ly saints, who long in hope And expec - ta - tion sat, Till for its King heav'n did set ope Its ev - er - last - ing gate.

2
 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
 Who brought that early ray,
 Which, from our sun reflected, came,
 And made that glorious day.
 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
 Bravely rejoic'd, to prove,
 How weak, pale death, are all thy darts,
 Compar'd to those of love.

32*

3
 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
 Who make that glorious ring
 About the sparkling throne of love,
 And there forever sing.
 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise
 Accept this little wreath,
 Which, while their lofty notes they raise,
 We humbly sing beneath.

Canon.

Non no - bis, dom - i - ne, Non no - bis; sed no - mi - ni Tu - - o da
 Non no - bis, dom - i - ne, Non no - bis; sed no - mi - ni Tu -
 Non nobis, dom - i - ne, Non no - - - bis; sed
 glo - ri - am, sed no - mi - ni Tu - - o da glo - ri - am. Non no - bis dom - i -
 o da glo - ri - am, sed no - mi - ni Tu - - o da glo - ri - am, Non no - bis
 no - mi - ni Tu - o da glo - - ri - am, sed no - mi - ni Tu - o da glo - ri - - am.

Sky Lark. C. M. [D.]

When all Thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys; Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost In wonder, love, and praise?

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

6 6 5 7 6 7 6 -6- 4# 6 6 6 5 4# 6 5 4# 6 5 4#

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

4 6 7 7 7 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 5 4# 6 6 6 5 4# 6 5 6 5

2
Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without control,
"And where's your God at last?"
'Tis with a mournful pleasure now,
I think on antient days;
Then to Thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

3
But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
And sin against my God?
Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove;
For I shall yet before Him stand,
And sing restoring love.

God of un - ex - ampled grace, Redeem - er of man - kind, Matter of e - ternal praise We in Thy passion find;

Still our choicest strains we bring, Still the joyful theme pursue; Thee, the Friend of sinners, sing, Whose love is ev - er new.

2

Lord, we bless Thee for Thy grace
 And truth, which never fail;
 Hast'ning to behold Thy face
 Without a dimming veil;
 We shall see our heav'nly King,
 All Thy glorious love proclaim,
 Help the angel choir, to sing
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

Come, let us attend, My companion and friend, To a taste of the banquet above If thy heart be as mine; If for Jesus it pine; Come up

in - to the Chariot of love; If thy heart be, as mine; If for Jesus it pine; Come up into the Chariot of love; Come up in - to the Chariot of love.

2
 Who in Jesus confide,
 We are bold to outride
 The storms of affliction beneath;
 With the prophet we soar
 To that heavenly shore,
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

3
 By faith we are come
 To our permanent home,
 By hope we the rapture improve;
 By love we still rise,
 And look down on the skies;
 For the heaven of heavens is love.

Come, Holy Ghost, Thy in - fluence shed, Come, Holy Ghost, Thy in - fluence shed, And re - al - ize the sign, And re - al - ize the sign; Thy

6 # 4# 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 4 3 # 6 7 6 #

2 5 4 4 5 4 3 4 # 4

life in - fuse in - to the bread, Thy pow'r in - to, Thy pow'r in - to the wine, Effectual let the tokens prove,

6 5 4# 5# 4# 6 6 5 #

4 3 4 5 4 # 5 4 #

And made by Heav'nly art Fit channels, to convey thy love To ev'ry faithful heart, To ev'ry faith - ful heart.

6 # 6 6 # 6 -6- 4 #

4 #

The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue e - therial sky, And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame, Their great Orig - in - al proclaim.

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4# 6 7 # 6 -6 6 6 5 4#

Th' unwearied sun from day to day Does his Creator's pow'r display, And publishes to ev'ry land The work of an Almighty hand, The work of an Almighty hand.

6 # 4 2 6 6 4 2 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

2
 Soon, as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning 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.

3
 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
 What, though nor real voice, nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand, that made us, is Divine."

Father, our hearts we lift Up to Thy gracious throne, And bless Thee for the precious gift Of Thine incar - nate Son. The

gift unspeak - ble We thankfully receive; And to the world Thy goodness tell, And to Thy glory live, And to Thy glory live.

2
 Jesus, the holy child,
 Doth by His birth declare
 That God and man are reconcil'd,
 And one in Him we are.
 Salvation thro' His name
 To all mankind is giv'n;
 And loud His infant cries proclaim
 A peace 'twixt earth and heav'n.

3
 A peace on earth He brings,
 Which never more shall end;
 The Lord of hosts, the King of kings,
 Declares Himself our Friend;
 Assumes our flesh and blood,
 That we His Spirit may gain,
 The everlasting Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man.

4
 O, might we all receive
 The newborn Prince of peace;
 And meekly in His Spirit live,
 And in His love increase!
 Till He convey us home,
 Cry ev'ry soul aloud,
 Come, Thou Desire of nations, come,
 And take us all to God.

Ah, tell us no more The Spirit and pow'r Of Jesus, our God, Is not to be found in this life giving food.

2
Did Jcsus ordain
His supper in vain,
And furnish a feast
For none, but His earliest servants, to taste?

3
Nay, but this is His will,
(We know it and feel)
That we should partake
The banquet, for all He so freely did make.

4
In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this;
The joy, it imparts,
Hath witness'd His gracious design in our hearts.

5
'Tis God, we believe,
Who cannot deceive;
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6
Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed;
It doth not appear,
His manner of working; but Jesus is here.

Music. 8s & 7s. Alternate.

Listed in - to the cause of sin, Why should a good be e - - vil? Music, alas, too long has been

Prest to obey the dev - il. Drunken, or lewd, or light, the lay Flow'd to the soul's un - - do - - ing ;

6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 b7 6b7 6 5 4 3 8 7 6 5 4 #

Widen'd and strow'd with flow'rs the way, Down to e - ter - - nal ru - - in. Down to e - - ter - - nal ru - - in.

6 7 6 5 5 6 # 7 6 5 6 7 7 8 7 # 6 6 5

2
 Who on the part of God will rise,
 Innocent sound recover,
 Fly on the prey, and take the prize,
 Plunder the carnal lover,
 Strip him of ev'ry moving strain,
 Every melting measure,
 Music in virtue's cause retain,
 Rescue the holy pleasure ?

3
 Come, let us try, if Jesu's love
 Will not as well inspire us ;
 This is the theme of those above,
 This upon earth shall fire us.
 Say, if your hearts are turn'd to sing,
 Is there a subject greater ?
 Harmony all its strains may bring,
 Jesus's name is sweeter.

4
 Jesus the soul of music is ;
 His is the noblest passion ;
 Jesus's name is joy and peace,
 Happiness and salvation.
 Jesus's name the dead can raise,
 Show us our sins forgiven ;
 Fill us with all the life of grace,
 Carry us up to heaven.

5
 Then let us in His praises join,
 Triumph in His salvation ;
 Glory ascribe to love divine,
 Worship and adoration.
 Heaven already is begun,
 Open'd in each believer,
 Only believe, and still sing on,
 Heaven is ours forever.

St. Luke's. L. M. [D.]

When I survey the wond'rous cross, On which the Prince of glory dy'd; My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things, that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.

2

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Were the whole realm of nature mine;
 That were a present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Shepherd's Song.

Angels speak, let man give ear; Sent from high, They are nigh, And forbid our fear, And forbid our fear. News they

* * 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 # 6 6 # 6

bring us of sal - va - tion, Sounds of joy, to employ Ev'ry tongue and nation, Ev'ry tongue and nation.

7 -6- 6 6 * 6 6 * 6 -6- 6 -6- 6 -6- 6 #

2

Welcome tidings, to retrieve us
 From our fall;
 Born for all,
 Christ is born, to save us;
 Born, His creatures to restore.
 Abject earth
 Sees His birth,
 Whom the heav'ns adore,

3

Simple shepherds, us he raises,
 Bids us sing
 Christ, the King,
 And show forth His praises.
 We have seen the King of glory;
 We proclaim
 Christ His name,
 And record His story.

4

Sing we with the host of heav'n,
 Reconcil'd
 By a child,
 Who to us is given.
 Glory be to God, the Giver;
 Peace and love
 From above
 Reign on earth forever !

Hark, how all the welkin rings, Hal - - - le - - lu - jah; Glory to the King of kings, Hal - - le - lu - jah;

Peace on earth, and mercy mild, Hal - - le - lu - jah; God and sinners reconcil'd, Hal - - - le - lu - jah.

2
 Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies;
 Universal nature say,
 Christ the Lord is born to day.

3
 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd;
 Christ, the Everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold Him come,
 Offspring of a virgin's womb.

4
 Veil'd in flesh, the Godhead see,
 Hail th' Incarnate Deity;
 Pleas'd, as man, with men t' appear,
 Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

5
 Hail the heav'nly Prince of peace;
 Hail the Sun of righteousness;
 Light and life to all He brings,
 Ris'n with healing in His wings.

6
 Mild He lays His glory by;
 Born, that man no more may die;
 Born, to raise the sons of earth;
 Born, to give them second birth.

Sun's rising. C. M. [D.]

Hail to thy brightness, glorious sun, That gilds the op - - 'ning day, How far beyond the cold, pale moon, Thy warm su-

6 6 6 6 * 6 6 6

perior ray, Thy warm su - pe - rior ray! At thy approach all nature smiles, Its orient tears dry up; The

7 * -6- 6 -6- 6 6 * 7 6 6 6

bird's with songs the time beguiles, With glad'ning joy they hop, With glad - - 'ning joy they hop.

6 6 6 7 6 6 6 4 5

2
 But, ah, how short the transient gleam!
 Thy hast'ning steps forebode
 That the refulgence of thy beam
 Is but a fading good.
 Yet still a Sun prepares to rise,
 That brings eternal day;
 And shows us an immortal prize,
 That never will decay.

Sym.

Thrice hap - py he, Who does re - fuse With impious sinners to com - - - bine,

Fingerings: 6 6 4 3, 6 5, 6 4 2, 6 6, 6 5 4, 6 5 3, 6 4, 6 5

Sym.

Who ne'er their wick - - ed way pursues, And does the scorner's seat decline ; Who ne'er their

Fingerings: 6 4, 6 5, 7 6, 6 *, 6 6, 6 6, 6 6, 6 6, 6 #, 6 6 #, 6 5, 4-3-

Sym.

wicked way pursues, And does the scorner's seat decline.

Fingerings: 6 6 6 4 3 2 6, 6 5, 6 4 5, 6 6 6 4 3 2 6, 6 5, 6 4 5

Sym.

For, as a tree, whose spread - ing root By some pro - lif - ic stream is fed, Produc - es

Fingerings: 6 7 # 6, 6 6 5 4, 6 5 #, 6 6 6 5 4 3, 6 6 6 5 4 3, 6 6 6 5 4 3, 6 7, 6 4 3, 6 7, 6 4 3, 6

Sym.

fair and timely fruit, And num'rous boughs a - dorn its head. Produces fair and timely

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 4 6 6 7 6 6 6 -6-

4 3 6 6 4 # 6 # 6 4 # 6 6 6 4 #

Sym.

fruit, And num - - - - - 'rous boughs, And num'rous boughs a - dorn its head.

6 7 7 7 7 7 7 4 6 # 6 # 6 6 5 4 5 # -6- 6 6 -6- # 6 6 4 5 #

-6- # 6 # 6 6 5 4 5

But ne'er shall peace her cheer - ing ray, But ne'er shall peace her cheering ray, Beam on the wicked's, the

6 6 6 5 4 # 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

4 #

wicked's guilty head; entangled more, en - tang - - - - - led more, the more he strays; By folly

6 6 5 4 3 6 6 7 7 7 6 4 # #

5 6 7 7 7 5 4 # #

and by vice misled, By fol - ly and by vice misled. And how, a - las, shall they appear, And

6 # 6 6 6 -6- 7 # 6 6- 4 # 6 -6- 6 6 # 6

how, a - las, shall they ap - pear Before the Judge, enthron'd on high, Oppress'd with horror,

6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6

Oppress'd with horror and des - pair; While good men en - ter in - to joy! While good men en - ter in - to in - to joy!

6 -6- 6 6 5 4 # 6 6 6 6 6 -6- -6- 6 6 5 -6-

Backslider.

Ah, where am I now? When was it, or how, That I fell from my heaven of grace? I am brought into thrall, I am stript of my all, I am

* 6 7 6 5 * 6 7 6 5 6 6 6 5 8 7 8 7
4 * 4 * 4 * 4 3 6 5 6 5

banish'd from Jesus's face; I am bro't into thrall, I am stript of my all, I am banish'd from Jesus's face, I am banish'd from Jesus's face.

6 6 5 6 5 * 7 8 7 * * 6 6 6 5
4 * * * 6 5 6 5 4 5 4 *

2
Hardly yet do I know,
How I let my Lord go,
So insensibly starting aside;
When the tempter came in
With his own subtle sin,
And infected my spirit with pride.

3
But I felt it too soon,
That my Savior was gone,
Swiftly vanishing out of my sight;
My triumph and boast
On a sudden were lost,
And my day, it was turn'd into night.

4
I never shall rise
To my first paradise,
Or come my Redeemer to see;
But I feel a faint hope,
That at last He will stoop,
And His pity will bring Him to me.

Weary world of sin and anguish, How I long from thee to fly! Fainting for relief, I languish, Dying thro' de - sire to die. O my life, my

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 6

on - ly treasure, Let me cast it all behind; Now fill up my mournful measure, Now my heav'nly Canaan find, Now my heav'nly Canaan find.

b7 b4 3 6 7 7 # # 6 7 6 # 6 7-6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

2
 Never shipwreck'd mar'ner wanted
 More to reach the distant shore;
 Never wand'ring exile panted
 For his native country more.
 Hear my earnest supplication,
 Thou, who only canst release;
 Show me now Thy full salvation,
 Let me now depart in peace.

3
 Present with me in temptation,
 Thou my troubled soul hast known;
 All my sorrow, and vexation,
 All my fear to Thee I own.
 Lord, I would not live, to grieve Thee,
 Would not from Thy bosom stray;
 Place me, where I cannot leave Thee,
 Now transport my soul away.

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades through the wil - der - ness, Who still your bod - ies feel ;

Awhile forget your griefs and fears, And look be - yond this vale of tears To that ce - les - - tial hill.

2
Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look forward to that happy place,
The saints' secure abode.
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3
See, where the Lamb in glory stands,
Encircled with His radiant bands,
And join th' angelic pow'rs ;
For all that height of glorious bliss
Our everlasting portion is,
And all that heav'n is ours.

4
Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before His face appear,
And by His side sit down.
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all, that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

When shall I lay down my head On my softest, earthen bed, Have the rest, I fain would have, Sink in - to the quiet grave?

Figured bass: # -6- 6 6 6 6 6 # # -6- 6 6 7 6 6 4

When shall I my haven find, Leave my cares and griefs behind? Gain the good, for which I weep; Close my eyes in lasting sleep?

Figured bass: 6 6 6 6 # 6 # # 6 6 5 #

2
Might I now escape away,
Quit this tenement of clay,
Take my unsuspected flight,
Steal into the world of light;
Only this do I desire,
Change, and, O, my soul require;
Come, my Lord and Savior, come,
Now prepare, and take me home.

3
Now pronounce the welcome word,
Pardon, and receive me, Lord;
Now the hallowing blood apply,
Bid me, lay me down, and die.
Work a sudden work of grace,
Cut it short in righteousness;
Likened to the saints in light,
Call me hence this happy night.

4
Save me now from all my fears,
Let me pour my latest tears;
Ere I see th' approaching morn,
Bid my spirit to God return;
Breathless leave this heavy clod,
Faint into the arms of God,
Glide in blissful dreams away,
Wake in everlasting day.

Or what his offspring, Or what his offspring, his offspring, that Thou prov'st To him so wond'rous kind? To him so

won - - - - - d'rous, To him so wond'rous, so wond'rous kind? To him so wond'rous, so

wond'rous kind. To that great un - di - - vi - - ded Three, One God, whom heav'n and earth adore; As

↑ CHORUS. *Slow*

'twas, and is, all glory be, Till time it - - self shall be no more, Till time it - - self shall be no more.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

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

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

CHORUS. Slow

Hal - le - lu - jah. Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah.

O God of all grace, Thy goodness we praise; Thy Son Thou hast given, to die in our place. With joy we approve The de-

sign of Thy love; 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above. 'Tis a wonder on earth, and a wonder above.

2
 He hath ransom'd our race;
 O, how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing Thy unspeakable grace?
 Nothing else will we know
 In our journey below;
 But, singing Thy grace, to Thy paradise go.

3
 Nay, and when we remove
 To the mansions above,
 Our heav'n shall still be, to sing of Thy love.
 Thrice happy employ!
 We there shall enjoy
 A fulness of pleasure, that never can cloy.

4
 O, hasten the day,
 Thou wilt not delay;
 But quickly return, and conduct us away.
 Ere long we shall fly
 To the regions on high,
 For Israel's strength cannot vary, nor lie.

Hail, ho - ly faith; Hail ho - ly faith, whose hand benign Points out the blest a - - bode;

6 6 -6- * 6 5# 6

And rais - - ing human to divine, Leads nature, nature to her God. Hail, ho - ly faith, whose hand be -

6 4# 4# 6 -6- 6 -6- 6 5# -6- 6 -6- * -6- 6

nign Points out the blest abode; And, raising human to divine, Leads na - - ture to her God.

* 6 7 6 7 6 6 6 6 3

2
Thee glowing hope, celestial maid,
In union sweet attends;
Improves the scene, thy care display'd,
And added beauty blends.

3
Nor e'er, fair partners, do ye stray
From her, your sister grace,
Blest charity; whose kindly ray
Exalts all human race.

4
To Him be sacred all our lays,
Whose pity to distress
Gave hope, to cheer; gave faith, to raise;
And charity, to bless.

Crucifixion. 6—7s.

Hearts of stone, relent, relent, Break, by Je - sus' cross subdu'd; See His body mangled, rent, Cover'd with a gore of blood.

6 6 7 -6- 76 6 # 7 # 6 4 6 # 6 6 6 5 #

Pia. *For.*

Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Murder'd God's e - ter - nal Son. Sinful soul, what hast thou done? Murder'd God's e - ternal Son.

6 6 # 6 4 # # 6 6 # 6 # 3 1 6 6 5 #

2
 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails, that fix Him here;
 Crown'd with thorns His sacred head,
 Pierc'd Him with the soldier's spear,
 Made His soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world He dies.

3
 Shall we let Him die in vain?
 Still to death pursue our God?
 Open tear His wounds again,
 Trample on His precious blood?
 No; with all our sins we part;
 Saviour, take my broken heart.

Song in Theodosius.

Larghetto

Canst thou, Ma - ri - na, leave the world, The world, that

7 6 6 # 7 -6- 6 6 6 6 4 4† 6 4-3- # 6 7 6 6 7 -6- 6 6 6 4

is devotion's bane; Where crowns are toss'd, and sceptres hurl'd; Where lust and proud ambi - tion reign? Can you your costly

6 6 4-3- 6 6 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 # 6 7 6

4† 4-3- 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 # 6 7 6

robes for - bear, To live with us in poor attire? Can you from court to cell repair, To sing at midnight in our choir.

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 7 5 -6- 7b 6 6 6 -6- 7 5b -6- # # 6 -6-

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 6 7 5 -6- 7b 6 6 6 -6- 7 5b -6- # # 6 -6-

Sym.

To sing at midnight in our choir? Can you for - get your golden beds,

2 6 6 7 6 6 # 2 6 6 #6 4 # 6 # 7 6 6 7 6

4† 6 6 # 4† 6 6 #6 4 # 6 # 7 6 6 7 6

Sym.

And sin shall ne - ver charm you more, And sin shall ne - ver charm you more.

6 6 7 5b -6- # # 6 -8- # 2 6 6 6 7 6 6 # 6 7 # 6 5 6

MARINA

The gate of bliss does o - pen stand, And all my penance is in view;

6 6 # 6 6 6 7 # 6 6 6 # 6 7 # 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 7 # 2 4† 4†

Sym.

The world up - on the oth - er hand cries out, Oh, do not bid adieu. What, what can pomp or

6 6 6† 6 7 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

glo - ry do? Or what can human charms persuade? That mind, that has a heav'n in view, How can it be by earth betray'd?

b3 6 7b 6 6- 6 7 6 # 6 6 7 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 7 5 4 #

How can it be by earth betray'd? No monarch, full of youth and fame, The joy of

Sym. *FLAVILLA.*

-6- 6 7b # 6 # 6 6 # 7 6 5 6 # 6 6 # 6 7 # 6 6 6

eyes and nature's pride, Should once my thoughts from heav'n reclaim, Tho' now he woo'd me for his bride.

Sym.

6 6 6 7 # 2 6 6 6 7 6 6 7 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

4₁ 4₁ 5

Haste then, O haste, and take us in, Forev - er lock re - li - gion's door; Secure us from the charms of sin, And

6 6 b 6 7b 6 6 6 7 6 # 6 # 6 7 6

let us see the world no more; And let us see the world no more, And let us see the world no more.

BOTH. *Adagio*

6 6 # 6 6 6 7 # # 6 -6- 6 #

5 4 #

How vain is man, who boasts in fight, who boasts in fight, who boasts in fight The

val - or of gi - gan - - - - tic might, The valour of gi - gan - - - - -

Sym.
tic might! How

vain, how vain, How vain is man, who boasts in fight, who boasts in fight The valor of gi - gan - - - - tic might, The

Organ Solo. And the Gentiles shall come, shall come to thy Light, And

Figured bass notation: # 6 # 6 6 # 7 8 6 5 6 4 # 6 6 7 6

kings to the brightness of thy rising: And the Gentiles shall come, shall come to thy light, And kings to the

Figured bass notation: 6 6 6 6 4 6 # 6 6 4 6 6 6 6 4

brightness of thy rising, And kings to the brightness of thy rising, The Gentiles shall come, shall come to thy light,

Figured bass notation: 6 6 -6- 6 # 6 6 6 -6- 6 6 # 6 # 6 6 7

And kings to the brightness of thy rising, Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

Figured bass notation: 6 6 # # 6 # 6 7 8 6 6 5 4 # 7 8 6 5 6 4 #

Weary world, when will it end, Destin'd to the purging fire? Fain I would to heav'n ascend; Thither -

ward I still aspire. Savior, this is not my place, Let me die, to see Thy face, Let me die, to see Thy face.

2
 O, cut short Thy work in me,
 Make a speedy end of sin,
 Set my heart at liberty,
 Bring the heav'nly nature in;
 Seal me to redemption's day,
 Bear my new born soul away.

3
 For this only thing I wait,
 This, for which I here was born;
 Raise me to my first estate,
 Bid me to Thy arms return;
 Let me to Thine image rise,
 Give me back my paradise.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Ex - alt your Ma - ker's fame; His praise your songs employ, A - bove the

6 5 4 3 7 6 5 4 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 4 3

Star - - - - - ry frame. Your voices raise, Ye cheru - bim and ser - aphim, To sing His praise.

6 # 6 -6- # # # # 6 6 6 6 8 7 6 5 6 5 4 3

2
 'Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 And sun, that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To Him your homage pay.
 His praise declare, ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds, that move in liquid air.

3
 Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humbler frame,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim.
 In this design, let youths with maids,
 And hoary heads with children join.

4
 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favors all their race,
 Whose hearts to Him are nigh.
 O, therefore raise your grateful voice,
 And still rejoice, your Lord to praise.

Head of Thy church triumphant, We joyful - ly a - dore Thee; Till Thou ap - pear, Thy members here Shall sing, like those in glo - ry. We

lift our hearts and voices With blest anti - ci - pa - tion; And cry a - loud, And give to God The praise of our sal - vation.

2
 While in affliction's furnace,
 And passing through the fire,
 Thy love we praise, which knows our days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our hands, exulting
 In Thy almighty favor;
 The love divine, which made us Thine,
 Will keep us Thine forever.

3
 Thou dost conduct Thy people
 Through torrents of temptation;
 Nor will we fear, while Thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation.
 The world with sin and satan
 In vain our march opposes;
 By Thee we shall break through them all,
 And sing the song of Moses.

4
 By faith we see the glory,
 To which Thou shalt restore us;
 The cross despise for that high prize,
 Which Thou hast set before us.
 And, if Thou count us worthy;
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see Thee standing at God's right hand,
 To take us up to heaven.

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my longing heart All taken up with Thee? I

6 # 6 6 5 4 # 7 # 6 7 6 # 6 7 #

thirst, and faint, and die, to prove The greatness of re - - deem - ing love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me.

6 6 6 # # 6 # 6 -6- 6 87 # 6 6 -6- 6 6 87 # 6 5

Midnight Meditation. C. M.

Sym.

Andante Grazioso.

Thy

7 6 6 6 6 5 4 #

dai - - ly mercies, O my God, my waking thoughts employ, My wak - - - ing thoughts employ ;

tr *tr* *Sym.*

6 4 5 6 # 6 4 5 # 6 #

And, while I med - - i - - - - - tate on Thee, My heart is fill'd with joy, My heart is fill'd with

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 #

joy.

Sym. *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

6 6 7 6 6 6 5 6 4 5 #

2

Thou giv'st me rest upon my bed,
Soft slumbers to my eyes ;
Thy goodness is again renew'd,
When in the morn I rise.

3

Throughout the bus'ness of the day
Thine arms do me uphold,
Amid the terrors of the night
Thy presence makes me bold.

4

Whether in sickness, or in health,
Thy grace does me sustain ;
Let me, O Lord, Thy favor have,
And I shall ne'er complain.

5

Aided by Thee, I need not fear
The frowns of rich or great ;
Their pomp and wealth I covet not,
Nor envy all their state.

6

Although the figtree blossom not,
Nor vineyard yield increase ;
In Thee, my Savior and my God,
To joy I will not cease.

7

Yea, though the world by storms be tost,
And crumbled into dust ;
Yet still in Thee, my only hope,
I will securely trust.

With songs and honors, sound - ing loud, Ad - dress the Lord on high ;

6 6 -6- 6 6 4 * 6 6 6 5 4 3

O - ver the heav'ns He spreads His cloud, And wa - ters veil the sky.

7 6 7 6 4 2 6 6 5 6 6 4 5 3

2

He sends His show'rs of blessing down,
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

4

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

6

He sends His word, and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

3

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry ;
But man, who tastes His finest wheat,
Should raise his honors high.

5

His hoary frost, His fleecy snow,
Descend, and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

7

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey His mighty word ;
With songs and honors, sounding loud,
Praise ye the Sov'reign Lord.

Hap - py soul, thy days are ended, All thy mourning days below ; Go, by angel guards attend - - ed,

To the sight of Je - - sus go. Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Amen.

2
 Waiting to receive thy Spirit,
 Lo, the Savior stands above ;
 Shows the purchase of His merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.

3
 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast.
 To His uttermost salvation,
 To His everlasting rest.

4
 For the joy, He sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain ;
 Die, to live the life of glory,
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

Plaintive Hark, hark, 'tis a

Pia. voice from the tomb; Come, Lu - cy, it cries, come away; The grave of thy Co - lin has room, To rest thee beside his cold

Pia.

Sym. Pia. clay. I come, my dear shepherd, I come, Ye friends and companions, a - dieu. I haste to my Co - lin's dark

For. Sym. home, To die on his bosom so true, To die on his bos - om so true.

Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down; Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faith - ful mercies crown.

6 6 6 4 7 * 6 6 6 4 7 *

Je - su, Thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev' - ry trembling heart.

7 7 6 * 6 6 7 * 6 5 4 3 6 5 6 5 6 6 7 6 6 6 5 3

2
 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee, as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

39

3
 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be;
 Let us see Thy great salvation
 Perfectly restor'd in Thee;
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place;
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and Praise.

Endham. C. M.

To Thee, my God, I hourly sigh, But not for golden stores; Nor covet I the

6 # 6 # # -6- 6 -6- # 6

brightest gems On the rich east - - ern shores, On the rich east - ern shores.

6 # 6 # 6 # # 6 -6- 6 6 5 # 4 #

2
Nor that deluding empty joy,
Men call a mighty name;
Nor greatness in its gayest pride
My restless thoughts inflame.

3
Nor pleasure's soft, enticing charms
My fond desires allure;
Far greater things, than these, from Thee
My wishes would secure.

4
Those blissful, those transporting smiles,
That brighten heav'n above;
The boundless riches of Thy grace,
And treasures of Thy love,

5
These are the mighty things, I crave;
O, make these blessings mine,
And I the glories of the world
Contentedly resign.

Cowley. L. P. M.

And is the lovely shadow fled? The blooming wonder of her years So soon enshrin'd among the dead? She

6 6 4 # # 6 6 7 # 6 5 4 #

just - ly claims our pi - - - ous tears; Who, now to heav'nly spirits join'd, Hath left our wretched

world behind; Who, now to heav'nly spirits join'd, Hath left our wretched world behind.

2
Her early, short-liv'd excellence
With meek submission we bemoan,
Snatch'd in a fatal moment hence,
Gone from our arms, to Jesus gone,
To heighten by her swift remove
The grief below, and joy above.

5
"Meet am I for the great reward,
The great reward I know is mine;
Come, O my sweet, redeeming Lord,
Open those loving arms of Thine;
And take me up, Thy face to see,
And let me die, to live with Thee."

3
In vain the dear, departing saint
Forbids our gushing tears to flow,
"Forbear, my friends, your fond complaint,
From earth to heaven I gladly go,
To glorious company above,
Bright angels, and the God of love."

6
The pray'r is seal'd, the soul is fled,
And sees her Savior face to face;
But still she speaks to us, though dead;
She calls us to that heav'nly place,
Where all the storms of life are o'er,
And pain and parting are no more.

4
"O, praise Him, and rejoice for me,
So happy, happy in my God;
So soon from all my pain set free;
And hasten to that blest abode;
With swift desire my steps pursue,
And take the prize, prepar'd for you."

Charity.

Hail, hail, fairest daughter of the sky, fairest daughter of the sky; Hail, gentle, lovely Charity, Hail, gentle, lovely Charity. What

name so fit, to grace our song; To dwell the length'ning notes among? What name so fit, to grace our song; To dwell the length'ning

6 7 6 6 7 6 6 # 6 # 6 6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6

notes among? To wa - ken mu - sic's no - blest part, To glad the sympathizing heart, as thine, sweet counterpart of bliss a -

6 6 6 # 6 6 # -6- # 6 # 6 -6- 6 5 6 6 4 #

bove, Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and reward of love; Thyself source, guardian, guardian, and reward of love; Thyself source, guardian,

2 6 6 -6- 6 6 6 5 2 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 -6- 4#

guardian, and reward of love? D.C. Thee the great Father of mankind His delegate on earth, on earth as - sign'd;

Fingering: 6, 4, #, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 6, 6, 5, -6-, 6, #

Taught thee to bless, ex - - alt, and charm; Bade thee as - - pir - ing na - - - ture warm; Bade thee as - - pir - ing

Fingering: 6, 2, 6, -6-, 6, 6, 6, -6-, 6, -7-, -6-, 6, #, 6, -6-

1

na - - - ture warm; Assist each bursting virtue's birth, And ripen tender sense, And ripen tender sense, ripen

Fingering: 6, 4, #, 2, 6, #, 7b, #, 4, #, #

tender sense to worth; Gave thee to banish pain, despair, and fear, To check th'encroaching wo and start - ing tear.

Fingering: 6, 4, #, 6, 2, 6, 6, 6, 5, 4, 3, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 5, 5, 3

Pilgrim. 2—8s & 1—6. [D.]

Tender.

How happy is the pilgrim's lot, How free from ev'ry anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! From worldly hope and fear.

Confin'd to neither court, nor cell, His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He only sojourns here, He only sojourns here.

2
His happiness in part is mine,
Already sav'd from self design,
From ev'ry creature love;
Blest with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

3
Nothing on earth I call my own,
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

4
There is my house, and portion fair,
My treasure, and my heart is there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me, come.

Come, ye wea - ry sin - ners, come, All, who groan, to bear your load; Jesus calls his wand'rers home;

6 5 -6- 6 -6- 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 #

Hasten to your pard - 'ning God. Come, ye guilty spirits oppress'd, Answer to the Sa - vior's call;

6 -6- # 5 # 6 6 6 5 4 3 -6- 6 5 6 5 # b

"Come, and I will give you rest;" "Come, and I will save you all," "Come, and I will save you all."

6 6 -6- # 6 6 5 6 4+ 2 6 -6- 6 6 5 4+ 6 6 5 4 #

2
 Jesus, full of truth and love,
 We Thy kindest word obey,
 Faithful let Thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away.
 Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life.

3
 Burthen'd with a world of grief,
 Burthen'd with our sinful load,
 Burthen'd with this unbelief,
 Burthen'd with the wrath of God,
 Lo, we come to Thee for ease,
 True and gracious, as Thou art;
 Now our groaning soul release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

Hail the day, that sees Him rise, Rav - ish'd from our wish - ful eyes; Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,

Reas - cends His na - tive heav'n. There the pompous tri - umph waits; Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates;

Wide unfold the radiant scene, Take the King of glo - ry in, Take the King of glo - ry in.

2
 See, He lifts His hands above;
 See, He shows the prints of love;
 Hark, His gracious lips bestow,
 Blessings on His church below.
 Still for us He intercedes,
 Prevalent His death He pleads;
 Next Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.

3
 Ever upward let us move,
 Wafted on the wings of love;
 Looking, when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, gasping after home.
 There we shall with Thee remain,
 Partners of Thine endless reign;
 There Thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in Thee.

Sons of men, be - hold from far, Hail the long expected Star; Ja - cob's Star, that gilds the night, Guides bewild'rd

* 6 -6- 6 6 *

nature right. Fear not hence that ill should flow, Wars or pes - tilence below; Wars it bids and tumults cease, Ush'ring in the Prince of peace.

6 * 6 6 6 * 6 * 6-6- 6 6 5 6 6 6 * 6 * 6-6- 6 6 5

2
 Mild he shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death,
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.
 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste, to see your God appear;
 Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
 Meet Him, manifested there.

3
 There behold the Day-spring rise,
 Pouring eye sight on your eyes;
 God in His own light survey,
 Shining to the perfect day.
 Sing, ye morning stars, again,
 God descends, on earth to reign;
 Deigns for man His life t' employ;
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

O God of good, in whom combine The heights and depths of love di-vine,

With thankful hearts to Thee we sing; To Thee our long-ing souls as-pire

In fer-vent flames of strong de-sire; Come, and Thy sa--cred unc-tion bring.

2
 All things in earth, and air, and sea,
 Exist, and live, and move in Thee;
 All nature trembles at Thy voice;
 With awe ev'n we, Thy children, prove
 Thy pow'r; O, let us taste Thy love;
 So evermore shall we rejoice.

3
 O Love, our stubborn wills subdue,
 Create our ruin'd frame anew;
 Dispel our darkness by Thy light;
 Into all truth our spirit guide,
 But from our eyes forever hide
 All things, displeasing in Thy sight.

Fulham. L. M. [D.]

Praise to the God, who arch'd the sky, Is the high note, that wakes my tongue; Praise to the God, who reigns on high,

6 6 6 5 4 3 6 5 7 9 8 7 6 5 7 6 5 6 6 5 4#

Shall be the ca - dence of the song. Celestial words, your Maker's name Resound through ev - 'ry shin - ing coast; Our

6 -6- 6 5 7 6 5 7 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 4# 4#

God a greater praise will claim, Where He unfolds His glo - - ries most, Where He un - - folds His glories most.

7 6 7 9 8 7 6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

2

Angels, who His commission bear,
 And ye, who wait around the throne,
 Next in the tuneful work appear,
 And send your lofty honors down.
 Stupendous globe of flaming day,
 Praise him in your sublime career ;
 He struck from night thy peerless ray,
 Weigh'd thee thy path, and guides thee there.

3

Moon, milder regent of the night,
 Our God expects His praise from you ;
 If faint your beams, yet they can write
 In fainter strokes His praises too.
 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n,
 Night's sabler horrors to illumine ;
 Praise Him, who hung you in the heav'n,
 With vivid fires, to gild the gloom.

4

Ocean, with all th' enormous race,
 Peopling your womb, His name adore ;
 Soft be the note, if smooth your face,
 But sounding, if your billows roar.
 Dragons, of huge terrific size,
 Can you your Maker's praise forbear ?
 His vengeance flashes in your eyes,
 Your backs his scaly liv'ry wears.

5

Lightnings, that round th' eternal play,
 Thunders, that from His arm are hurl'd,
 The grandeur of your God convey,
 Blazing or bursting on the world.
 Let rounded hail, let fleecy snow,
 Publish their Maker's wide renown ;
 Snows, you must waft it soft and slow,
 While hail in tempest bears it down.

6

Whirlwinds, that with impetuous force
 Fulfil Jehovah's dire commands,
 Praise Him in your unfetter'd course,
 And sound His terrors through the land.
 Vapors, when you ascend the skies,
 Array'd in beauties, not your own,
 On your gay plumes let praises rise,
 And aid the concert to the throne.

7

Mountains, with everlasting zeal
 Proclaim your Maker's name abroad ;
 While grove to grove, and hill to hill,
 In humble echoes praise their God.
 Praise Him, ye trees, with verdure crown'd,
 Or hung with fruits of golden dye,
 From the low shrub, that creeps the ground,
 To cedars, waving in the sky.

8

Resound His name, ye beasts of prey,
 Through all your dens in awful strains ;
 And let the lowing herds essay
 His honors, as they graze the plains.
 Ye birds, in painted plumage drest,
 Tune to your God your lab'ring throats ;
 By reptiles be His praise exprest,
 Though rude and artless be their notes.

9

Monarchs, who hold imperial sway
 By leave from Heaven's eternal King,
 Come with the millions, that obey
 Your nod, and your Creator sing.
 Judges, enthron'd in Salem's gate,
 Th' impartial Judge of all revere ;
 And, while you seal our mortal fate,
 Think of your sentence at His bar.

10

Let youth of ev'ry sex and rank,
 Exulting in the bloom of life,
 Their God for all His blessings thank,
 And join the loud, harmonious strife.
 Hoary in holiness, the sage
 With grateful songs should meet his death ;
 And infants, in their tender age,
 Should lisp their God with joyful breath.

11

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
 Be the almighty God ador'd ;
 He made the nations by His pow'r,
 And sways them with His sov'reign word.
 At once let nature's ample round
 To God the vast thanksgiving raise ;
 His high perfection knows no bound,
 But fills th' immensity of space.

Turn, gracious Savior, turn Thy eyes; Turn, gracious Savior, turn Thy eyes; And see a wretch be - moan.

and see a wretch bemoan, be - mo - - - - an, and see a wretch be - moan;

turn Thy eyes, turn Thy eyes Turn, gracious Savior, turn, turn Thy eyes,

and see a wretch bemo - - - - an and see a wretch bemoan; turn, turn,

gracious Savior, turn Thy eyes, and see a wretch bemoan.

Shropshire.

O, render thanks to God above, The Fountain of eternal love; O render thanks,

O render tha - - - nks to God a - - bove, The Fountain of eternal

love; Whose mercy firm through ages past Has stood, and will forever last.

Largo Andante

Who can His mighty deeds express, Not only vast, but numberless?

Who can His mighty deeds express, Not on - ly vast, but num - - - ber - less? What mortal el - o -

2 6 -6- 6 6 6 6 6 4 5 *

quence can raise His tri - - - bute of im - mor - tal praise, His tri - bute of im -

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

mortal prai - - - se, His tri - bute of im - mortal praise?

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 5 3

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heav'nly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

6 4 7 6 5 6 6 4 5 6 7 6

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

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

CHORUS. *Slow.*

Hal - - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

Hal - le - - lu - - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Hal - - le - lu - jah.

Sym.

Thou, who art enthron'd above, Thou, by whom we live and move; O, how sweet with joyful tongue,

6 6 6^{tr} 6 6 7 7 6 6 7 7 6 6^{tr} 6 4 3^{tr}

Sym.

To resound Thy praise in song, To resound Thy praise in song! When the morning paints the skies,

3^{tr} 5b 6 3^{tr} 6^{tr} 3^{tr} 3^{tr} 7 6 7 6 6 2 6 6 4 4^{tr}

Sym.

When the sparkling stars arise; All thy favors to rehearse, And give thanks in grateful verse, *Sym.*

6 6^{tr} 6 6 6 6^{tr} 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Sym.

And give thanks in grateful verse!

6 4 3 2 4 6 6 6 4 2 4 6 7 6 7 6 7 6 2 4 6 6 6 4

2

Let the lute and harp combine,
Organs in the chorus join,
Solemn notes of sweetest sound,
Great Jehovah's praise resound.

From Thy works our joys arise,
O, Thou only good and wise;
Who Thy wonders can declare?
How profound Thy counsels are!

Thanksgiving.

Solo. *Largo Andante*

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it, and blessest it, and crownest the

year, the year with Thy goodness, and crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness; Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it, and blessest it, & crown-

est the year, the year with Thy goodness, and crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness; Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness. Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness.

Chorus. *Andante*

Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it and blessest it, and crown - - est the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy

Thou visit - est the earth, and blessest it, and crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness, Thou crown - est the year with Thy

Thou vis - it - est the earth, and blessest it, and crownest the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year with Thy

Thou visit - est the earth, and blessest it, and crownest the year with Thy goodness, Thy goodness, Thou crown - - - - est the year with Thy

goodness. Thou vis - it - est the earth, and blesset it, and blesset it; Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness, crown - - - - est

goodness. Thou visit - est the earth, and blesset it; Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year,

goodness. Thou visit - est the earth, Thou vis - it - est the earth, and blesset it; Thou crownest the year, Thou crownest

goodness. Thou visitest the earth, and blesset it; Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness, Thou crown - - - - est

6 6 6 56 76 6 7 6 6 5 6 98 6 7 5

the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness, Thou crown - - est the year with Thy goodness.

the year with thy goodness, Thou crown - est the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness.

the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year, Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.

the year with Thy goodness, Thou crownest the year, the year with Thy goodness, Thou crown - - - - est the year with Thy goodness.

7 6 5 6 56 7 6 7 6 6 6 98 6 7 6 5 4 3 5 4 3

Song in Sampson.

Sym. *tr*

Larghetto. Total eclipse! No sun, no moon, all dark, all

6 # 6 # # 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 4 3

Sym. *Pia.*

dark amid the blaze of noon! O glorious light! No cheering ray, to

6 6 4 3 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 4 3 # 7 6

Sym. For.

glad my eyes with welcome day. Total eclipse! No sun, no moon, all dark amid the blaze of noon!

6 -6- # 6 6 4 # 6 # 6 # 4† 2 4† 2 6 6 6 7 6 7 6 #

Why thus depriv'd Thy prime decree? Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me; Sun, moon, and stars, Sun, moon, and stars are

6 6 5 # 6 # 6 4† 2 6 # 4† 2 6

Sym. For. *Pia.*

dark to me, Sun, moon, and stars, Sun, moon, and stars are dark to me.

3 # 5 6 6 5 # # # # 6 # 6 6 6 5

Slow.

JESUS I love, come, dearest Name; Come, & possess this heart of mine; I love, tho' 'tis a fainter flame, And infi - nite - ly less, than Thine.

Fingerings: 5 6 5 3 4 3, 6 5, 6 6 5 4 3, 6 5 6 7-6, 6, 4 3, 6 7, 4 3, 6 5, 4-3, 6 5, -6, 6, 6 5 4*

O, if my Lord would leave the skies, Drest in the rays of mildest grace; My soul would hasten to my eyes, To meet the pleasures of His face.

Fingerings: 5 3, 6 4, 5 6 3 4, 7, 6 7 6 4 4, 6 5 4 3, 6 4, 5 6 3 4, 7, 6 7 6 4 4, 6 5 4 3, 6 7, 4 3 6, 6 4 5 4 3, 6 6 5, 6 6 5 4 3-

2

How would I feast on all His charms!
 Then round his lovely feet entwine!
 Worship and love in all their forms
 Should honor beauty, so divine.
 In vain the tempter's flatt'ring tongue,
 The world in vain should bid me move,
 In vain, for I should gaze so long,
 Till I were all transform'd to love.

3

Then, mighty God, I'd sing and say,
 What empty names are crowns and kings!
 Among them give these worlds away,
 These little despicable things.
 I would not ask to climb the sky,
 Nor envy angels their abode;
 I have a heav'n, as bright and high,
 In the blest vision of my God.

Wantage. L. M.

My God, in whom are all the springs Of bound - - less love, and grace un - - known,

6 6 6 6 6 6 6-3- 6 #

4 4

Hide me be - neath Thy spreading wings, Till the dark cloud, Till the dark cloud is o - - - ver - blown.

6 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 #

4 4

2

Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends His angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3

Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

4

My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise
Immortal honors to Thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5

High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Glory and worship are before Him; Glory and worship are before Him; power and honor, power and honor are

Glory and worship are before Him; Glory and worship are before Him; power and honor power and honor are in His

Glory and worship are before Him; Glory and worship are before Him; power and honor and power, power and honor are in His

Glory and worship are before Him; Glory and worship are before Him; power and honor and power are in His

5 2 6 5 # 5 2 6 5 # 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 7-6-
4 43 # 4 4 3 #

in His sanctu - a - ry Glory and worship are before Him, power and honor are in His sanctua - ry. A - men.

sanc - tu - a - ry; Glory and worship are before Him, power and honor and power are in His sanc - tu - a - ry. A - men.

sanctua - ry; Glory and worship are before Him, power and honor are in His sanc - tu - a - ry. A - men.

sanc - tu - a - ry; Glory and worship power and honor and power are in His sanc - tu - a - ry. A - men.

7 6# # 6# 65 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 4 3
4 43 4 43 5

Adagio

Larghetto e piano.

He shall feed His flock like a

Shep - herd, and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, with His arm. He

shall feed His flock, like a shep - - - herd, and He shall gather the lambs with His arm, with His

6 6 6 7 6 4

arm, and car - - - ry them in His bosom, and gently lead those, that

42*

are with young, and gent - - ly lead, and gent - - ly lead those, that are with young.

5 6 7 6 2 6 6 4 5 6 6

Come un - - - to Him, all ye, that la - - bor, Come un - - to Him, ye, that

6 6 6 6 6 6 6

are heavy laden, and He will give you rest. Come un - - to Him, all ye, that labor, come

un - to Him, ye, that are heavy la - den, and He will give you rest. Take His yoke up-

on you, and learn of Him, for He is meek and low - - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and

ye shall find rest un - - to your souls. Take His yoke upon you, and learn of Him, for

He is meek and low - ly of heart, and ye shall find rest, and ye shall find rest un - to your souls,

6 6 6 7 6 4 9 6 5 3

6 6 6 6 6 4 6 6 5 3



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