A New Edition of the
HYMNS, ANTHEMS & TUNES,
with the Odes used at the
MAGDALEN CHAPEL
Set for the
Organ,
Harpsichord, Voice,
German Flute,
or
Guitar.  Pr. 2/6

In this Edition the Chords are placed for the Convenience of those who do not Study Theorbo Bass.

LONDON
Printed for Dale, Esq., No. 19 Cornhill, & No. 132 Oxford Street.
TUNE to the 1st PSALM.

The Man is blest that hath not lent, To wicked Men his Ear,
Nor led his Life as Sinners do, Nor sat in Scorners Chair.

TUNE to the 23d PSALM.

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care,
Presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful Eye:
My Noon Day walks he shall attend, And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the Sultry Glege I faint, Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant, With gloomy horrors overspread;
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads My stedfast Heart shall fear no ill,
My weary wandring steps he leads, For thou, O Lord art with me still,
Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow, Thy friendly Crook shall give me aid,
Amid the verdant Landscape flow. And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren Wildernes shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams shall murmur all around.
2 MORNING HYMN

A - wake my Soul, and with the Sun, Thy Daily Stage of Du - ty run:

Shake off dull Sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy Morning Sacri - fice.

2 Redeem thy mispent Moments past,
And live this Day, as if 't were last;
Thy Talents to improve take care;
For the great Day thy self prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience, as the Noon Day clear;
For God's all seeing Eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works & ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my Heart,
And with the Angels bear a Part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High Glory to the eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly Choir,
May your Devotion me inspire;
That I, like you, my Age may spend;
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,
I may of endless Life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my Sins as morning Dew;
Guard my first spring of thought & will,
And with thyself my Spirit fill.

9 Direct, controul, suggest this Day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my Powers, with all their might,
In thy sole Glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him, all Creatures here below;
Praise him above, Angelic Host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
EVENING HYMN

Glory to thee, my God, this Night, For all the Blessings of the Light,

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, under thy own Almighty Wings.

2
Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the World, my self, and thee,
I, e'er I sleep, at Peace may be.

3
Teach me to live that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment Day.

O may my Soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine Eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

5
When restless in the Night I lie,
My Soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill Dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of Darkness me molest.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful Station, near me keep;
My Heart with love Celestial fill,
And guard from the approach of ill.

Lord, let my Soul for ever share
The bliss of thy Paternal care;
'Tis Heaven on Earth, 'tis Heaven above
To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

Should Death itself my Sleep invade,
Why should I be of Death afraid;
Protected by thy saving Arm
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

For Death is Life, and Labour rest,
If with thy gracious Presence blest:
Then welcome sleep, or Death to me,
I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him, all Creatures here below;
Praise him above, Angelic Hosts;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
TUNE to the LORD's DAY HYMN.

This is the Day, the Lords own Day, A Day of Ho-ly Rest,

O teach our Souls to rest from Sin, That Rest will please Thee best.

This is the Day, the Day O Lord, On which thou didst nat,

For Sinners hav-ing made thy self, A Sin-less Sa-cri-fice.

2
Thou, Thou alone, redeemed haft
Our Souls from Deadly Thrall;
With no less price than thine own Blood
The purchafe of us all.
Hadst thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd,
But dy'd eternally:
We'll live to him that dy'd for us,
And praise his Name on high.

Welcome and Dear unto my Soul
Is thy most Holy Day:
May I th'eternal Sabbath keep
With God my Strength and stay.
I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy Footsteps, Lord I trace:
I joy to think this is the way
To see my Saviour's Face.

3
Thou Lord, didst die, and rise again,
And didst ascend on high,
That we poor Sinners, loft and dead,
Might live eternally.
Thy Blood was shed instead of ours,
Thy Soul our Guilt did bear;
Thou tookst our Sins, gavst us thyself,
Thy Love's beyond compare.

These are my preparation days,
And when my Soul is dreft,
These Sabbaths shall deliver me
To mine eternal Rest.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
All Glory be therefor;
As in Beginning was is now,
And shall be evermore.
TUNE to the 19th PSALM

The Spacious Firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal Sky,

And spangled Heavens, a shining train Their great Original proclaim.

Th’unwearied Sun from Day to Day, Does his Creator’s Pow’r display,
Does and publishes to every Land, The Work of an Almighty Hand.

Whilst 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.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail, The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth, Repeats the story of her Birth:

What though in solemn silence all Move round this 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;
For ever singing as they shine, “The Hand that made us is Divine”.

TUNE to the 8th or 23d PSALM.

God our Lord how wonderful, Are thy works everywhere, Thy

Fame surmounts in Dignity, The highest Heavens that are.
HYMN on the Excellency of the BIBLE

Great God, with wonder and with Praise On all thy Works I look:

But still thy Wisdom, Power and Grace Shine brighter in thy Book.

The Stars that in their Courses roll,
Have much Instruction giv'n;
But thy good Word informs my Soul
How I may soar to Heav'n.

The Fields provide me Food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of Life and Glory grow
In thy most Holy Word.

Here are my choicest Treasures hid,
Here my best Comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arife.

Lord, make me understand thy Law;
Shew what my Faults have been;
And from the Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my Soul from Hell;
Not all the Books on Earth beside
Such Heav'nly Wonders tell.

Then let me love my BIBLE more,
And take a fresh delight,
By Day to read these wonders o'er
And meditate by Night.

TUNE to the 104th PSALM.

My Soul praise the Lord, speak good of his Name, O Lord our great

God how dost thou appear, So passing in Glory, that great is thy
Fame and Honour in thee shine most clear.

HYMN on the PASSION

From whence these dire portends a-round, That Earth and Heav'n a-
maze; Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground, Why hides the Sun his rays.

Not thus did SINAI'S trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion spread
Of the descending God.

Thou Earth, thy lowest Centre shake;
With JESU sympathize.
Thou Sun, as Hells deep gloom be black, 'Tis thy Creator dies.

What Tongue the Tortures can declare
Of this Vindictive Hour.
Wrath he alone had Will to share,
As he alone had Power.

See streaming from the fatal Tree,
His all atoning Blood.
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis He!
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!

For me these pangs his Soul affil,
For me the Death is borne.
My Sin gave sharpness to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

Let Sin no more my Soul enslave,
Break Lord, the Tyrants chain.
Oh! save me, whom thou canst to save,
Nor Bleed nor Die in vain!
HYMN on GRATITUDE

When all thy Mercys, O my God, My rising Soul surveys; Trans-
ported with the view I'm lost; In wonder Love and Praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth The Gratitude declare,
That glow'd within my ravish'd Heart.
But thou can't read it there.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress,
When in the silent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breast.

To all my weak complaints & cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in Prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my Soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils & Death,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn by Sicknes, oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face;
And when in Sin and Sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through ev'ry period of my Life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more;
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore;

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful Song I'll raise;
For Oh! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.
The Christian's Hope a Hymn

When rising from the Bed of Death, Overwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear; I see my Maker Face to Face, O how shall I appear.

If yet, while Pardon may be found, And mercy may be sought, My heart with inward horror shrinks, And trembles at the thought.

When thou, O Lord shalt stand disclosed In Majesty severe And sit in Judgment on my Soul O how shall I appear?

But thou hast told the troubled mind, Who does her Sins lament; The timely tribute of her tears Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrow of my Heart E'er yet it be too late And hear my Saviour's dying Groans To give these sorrows weight.

For never shall my Soul despair Her Pardon to procure, Who knows thy only Son has dy'd To make her Pardon sure.

Tune to the 18th Psalm.

O God, my Strength and Fortitude, Of force I must love thee.

Thou art my Castle and defence In my Necessity.
HYMN on the LAST JUDGMENT.

The Day of wrath, that dreadful Day, Shall the whole World in

Ashes lay, As David and the Sibyls say.

2 What horror shall invade the mind, Forget not what my ransom cost,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind Nor let my dear bought Soul be lost,
Shall have few Venial faults to find. In Storms of Guilty Terror lost.

3 The last loud Trumpets wondrous sound, Thou, who for me didst feel such Pain,
Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound, Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
And wake the Nations under Ground. Let not those agonies be vain.

4 Nature and Death shall, with surprize, Thou, whom avenging Powers obey,
Behold the pale Offender rise, Cancel my Debt, too great to pay,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes. Before the sad accounting Day.

5 Then shall with universal dread, Surrounded with amazing Fears,
The sacred Mystic Book be read, Whole Load my Soul with anguish bears,
To try the Living and the Dead. I sigh, I weep, accept my Tears.

6 The Judge ascends his awful Throne, Thou, who wert mov'd with Mary's grief,
He makes each secret Sin be known, And by absolving of the Thief,
And all with shame confess their own. Hast given me Hope, now give relief.

7 Oh, then, what Interest shall I make, Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
To save my last important Stake, Preserve me from that dangerous Snare,
When the most Just have cause to quake, Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

8 Thou mighty, formidable King, Give my exalted Soul a place,
Thou mercy's unexhausted Spring, Among thy chosen right hand Race,
Some comfortable Pity bring, The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.
16
From that infatiable abyss, 
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss, 
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

17
Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend, 
My God, my Father, and my Friend, 
Do not forswear me in my end.

18
Well may they curse their second Breath, 
Who rise to a reviving Death; 
Thou great Creator of Mankind, 
Let guilty Man compassion find.

The FOUNDLINGS HYMN taken out of PSALM 27th

Our Light our Saviour is the Lord, for no thing need we care, The mighty Lord is our support. What have we then to fear.

2
When Parents deaf to Nature's voice, Their helpless Charge forsook, Then Nature's God who heard our cries, Compassion on us took.

3
Continue still to hear our voice When unto thee we cry And still the Infants Praise receive And still their wants supply.
The Eastern Hymn for 3 Voices

Jesu Christ is risen to Day, Hallelujah, Our triumphant.

Holy Day, Hallelujah, Who so lately on the Cross, Hallelujah,
Suffer'd to redeem our los' Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

Hymns of Praise let us sing, Hallelujah
Unto Christ our Heav'nly King, Hallelujah
Who endure both Cross and Grave, Hallelujah
Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah

But the Pains which he endure, Hallelujah
Our Salvation has procur'd, Hallelujah
Now he reigns above the Sky, Hallelujah
Where the Angels ever cry, Hallelujah
**PSALM 23**

My Shepherd is the Living Lord
No thing therefore I need
In Pastures fair near pleasant streams
He setteth me to feed.

**HYMN on the SABBATH.**

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy Day, in this thy House,
Accept as grateful Sacrifice
The Songs which from thy Servants rise.

Thine early Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our labouring Souls aspire
With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more Distress,
Nor Sin, nor Hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the Songs,
Isounding from Immortal Tongues.

4
No rude alarms of rage.
Foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded Sun,
But Sacred, high, eternal Noon.

5
O long expected Day, begin:
Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin.
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And sleep in Death, to rest with God.
HYMN on the UNKNOWN WORLD.

Hark my Friend that Solemn tolls, Speaks the departure of a Soul.

'Tis gone, that's all, we know not where; or how th'un Body'd Soul does.

2
In that misterious world none knows,
But God alone to whom it goes;
To whom departed souls return,
To take their doom, to smile or mourn.

3
Oh by what glimmering light we view,
That unknown world we're hastning to;
God has lock'd up the mystic page,
And curtain'd darkness round the stage.

4
Wife heav'n, to render search perplexs,
Has drawn twist this world and the next
A dark impenetrable screen,
All behind which is yet unseen.

5
We talk of heav'n we talk of hell;
But what they mean, no tongue can tell.
Heav'n is the realm where angels are,
And hell the Chaos of despair.

6
But what these awful words imply,
None of us know, before we die;
Whether we will or no, we must
Take the succeeding world on trust.

7
This hour perhaps our friend is well.
The next we hear his passing bell.
He dies, and then for aught we see
Ceases at once to breathe and be.

8
Thus launch'd from life's ambiguous shore
Ingulph'd in death, appears no more,
Then undirected, to repair
To distant worlds we know not where.

9
Swift flies the soul, perhaps tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Or twice ten thousand more threc told
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

10
And yet who knows, if friends we love
Though dead may be so far remov'd.
Only this vail of flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, though unseen.

11
Whilst we, their joys lamenting say,
"They're out of hearing, far away;"
Guardians to us, perhaps they're not
Conceal'd in vehicles of air.
And yet no notices they give,
Nor tell us where or how they live;
Though conscious whilst with us below,
How much themselves desir'd to know.

As if bound up by solemn fate,
To keep this secret of their state,
To tell their Joys or Pains to none,
That Man may live by Faith alone.

It is enough that I believe.
Heavn's brighter far than we conceive.
And they who make it all their care
To serve God here, shall see him there.

But Oh, what worlds shall I survey,
The moment that I leave this clay.
How sudden the surprize, how new.
Let it, my God, be happy too.

HYMN on the SACRAMENT.

And are we now brought near to God
Who once at distance stood.

And to effect this glorious change
Did Jesus shed his Blood.

Oh for a song of ardent Praise
To bear our Souls above.
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our burning Love.

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning Grace.
And bring us ye're more near;
Here we may see thy Glories shine,
And taste thy Mercies here.

Oh! may that Love, which spreadeth board,
Dispose us for the Feast;
May faith behold a smiling God
Thro' Jesus' bleeding breast.

In such a scene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That shall compleat our Bliss.
PSALM 145th

The Lord does them support that fall, And make the prostrate rise,

For his kind Aid all Creatures call, Who timely Food supplies.

Whate'er their various wants require The Lord preserves all those with Care,

With open hand he gives; Whom grateful Love employs;

And so fulfills the just Desire, But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,

Of every thing that lives. With furious Rage destroys.

He grants the full Desires of those My Time to come in Praises spent

Who him with Fear Adore; Shall still advance his Fame,

And will their Troubles soon Compose, And all Mankind with one Consent,

When they his Aid implore. For ever bless his Name.

The THANKSGIVING HYMN.

To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord, I will my Heart prepare;

To all the lifting World thy Works, Thy wondrous Works declare.
2 The thought of them shall to my Soul Our Hopes are fixed, that now the Lord,  
Exalted Pleasure bring; Our Soveraign will defend;  
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most high From Heav'n resistaless Aid afford,  
Triumphant Praise I sing. And to his Pray'r attend.

3 Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round,  
Their Backs in Shameful Flight; Has spread his Glorious Name;  
Struck with thy Presence, down they fell And his successful Actions Crown'd;  
They Perish'd at thy Sight. With Majesty and Fame.

4 Against insulting Foes advanced' To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Thou didst my Cause maintain; One Co-eternal Three;  
My Right asserting from thy Throne, The highest Praise and humblest thanks,  
Where Truth and Justice reign. Now and for ever be.

Hymn on Thanks to God.

All glorious God what Hymns of Praise Shall our transported Voices raise,

What flaming Love and zeal is due, While Heav'n stands open to our view.

Once we were fall'n, and Oh how low. Far, far beyond these mortal Shores  
Just on the brink of endless woe. A bright Inheritance is ours;  
Doom'd to the heritage in Hell. Where Saints in Light our coming wait,  
Where Sinners in deep Darkness dwell. To share their Holy blissful state.

3 But lo, a ray of cheerful Light. If ready drest for Heaven we shine;  
Scatters the horrid shades of Night, Thine are the Robes the Crown is thine;  
Lo what triumphant Grace is shewn, May endless Years their course prolong,  
To Souls impoverished'd and undone. While, thine the Praise, be all our Song.
HYMN on THANKSGIVING.

Glor-y be to God our King, Ha-le-lu-jah, Thine eternal

Love we sing, Ha-le-lu-jah, Thou hast Bar'd thine Arm Divine,

Hal-le-lu-jah, Wrought Salvation made us thine, Ha-le-lu-jah.

Wandering Sheep, how far from home,
Sore bewilder'd, did we roam
Till the gracious Shepherd came;
Sought and sav'd: O praise his Name.

2

Happy Mansion — every Voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each Voice united sound,
“Be the walls with gladness crown’d.”

Death, no more we dread thy Sting;
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing;
Grave, thy Terrors we Defy;
We shall Live; for Christ did Die.

3

Blessings, Lord profusely shed
On each Hand, each Heart, each Head;
Who with generous pity join
In the great, the good design.

Fir'd with gratitude, we raise
All our Souls to found thy Praise;
Touch each Heart, each Tongue inspire,
Sing we higher, still and higher.

4

Elevate our Souls to thee;
Thou, our guide and Guardian be;
Worthy, worthy may we prove,
Lord, of such distinguisht'd Love.

Down to deepest Hell deprest
Jesu rescu'd, rais'd, and Blest;
Opend Mercy's golden Gate
Mercy, here who holds her Seat.

5

Blessing, thankful all our Days,
May we Pray, Rejoice and Praise;
Till the glorious Trump shall Sound
And our raptur'd Hearts Rebound.
HYMN for WHIT SUNDAY.

Creator Spirit, by whose Aid The World's foundations first were laid;

Come, visit every pious Mind, Come, pour thy joys on Human Kind.

2 From Sin and Sorrow fetus free,
And make thy Temples worthy thee;
Illumine our dull darken'd Sight,
Thou source of uncreated Light.

3 Thrice Holy fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our Hearts with heavenly Love inspire;
Come and thy Sacrament bring,
To Sanctify us while we sing.

4 Plenteous of Grace descend from High,
Rich in thy seven fold energy.
Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose power does Heaven & Earth ion.

5 Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Immortal Honours, endless Fame
Who dost the gift of Tongues des pense, Attend the Almighty Father's Name,
Refine and purge our earthly Parts; The Saviour Son be glorified,
But Oh inflame and fire our Hearts. Who for lost Man's redemption Died.

6 Our frailties help thy Vice controul;
Submit the feel to the Soul;
Feeble alas we are, and frail;
Let not the World or Flesh prevail.

7 Chace from our minds the infernal Foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow;
And left our feet should step astray,
Protect and Guide us in the way.

8 Make us eternal Truths receive,
And practice all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

9 And equal adoration be,
Creator Spirit, paid to thee;
"Come, visit every pious Mind;
"Come, pour thy joys on Human Kind."
HYMN to CHARITY.

Did sweeter Sounds adorn my flowing Tongue, Than e-ter Man pronounced, or An-gel Sung.

Had I all knowledge Human and Divine. That thought can reach, or Science can define:
And had I power to give that knowledge Birth In all the speeches of the babbling Earth; Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire, To weary tortures, and rejoice in Fire; Or had I Faith like that which Israel saw,
When Moses gave them Miracles and Law:
Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest,
Where not thy power exerted in my breast, Tho'!e speeches would send up unheeded Prayer, That scorn of Life would be but wild despair:
A Cymbal's found were better than my Voice:
My Faith were Form: my Eloquence were noise.
Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with just Reins, and gentle Hand to Guide Betwixt vile Shame, and arbitrary Pride:
Not soon provok'd she easily forgives, And much she suffers, as she much believes:
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives, She builds our quiet, as she forms our Lives:
Lays the rough Paths of peevish Nature even, And opens in each Heart a little Heav'n.
Each other Gift which God on Man bestows, Its proper Bound, and due Reflection knows:
HYMN for a FAST DAY.

Great God of Hosts attend our Pray'rs, And make the British

Isles thy Care; To thee we raise our suppliant Cries, When

angry Nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our Glory down, Give ear, ye Countries from afar,
And in the Dust defile our Crown, Ye proud associate Nations, hear,
Deluge our Houses, with our Blood, While fix'd on him who rules the Sky,
And burn the Temples of our God. Our Hearts your threatned War defy.

3 But 'midst the Thunder of their Rage, Ye People gird yourselves in vain,
We thy Protection would engage; Your scatter'd Force unite again;
O raise thy saving Arm on high, Again shall all that Force be broke,
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh. When God, with us, shall deal the Stroke.

4 May Britain as one Man be led, Now he records our humble Tears,
To make the Lord her fear and dread; With ardent Vows for future Years,
Our Souls no other Fears shall know, And destines for approaching Days,
Tho' Earth were leagued with Hell below: Victorious Shouts and songs of Praise.

5 Emanuel's land shall safe remain, Emanual's land shall safe remain,
Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign, Blest with its Saviour's gentle reign,
Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease, Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease,
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.
2

Blest Angels, while we silent lie,
You Hallelujah's sing on high;
You joyful Hymn the ever blest,
Before the Throne, and never rest.

3

I with your Choir Celestial join,
In offering up a Hymn divine;
With you in Heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the Night and World farewell.

4

My Soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will entrust:
O make me thy peculiar Care,
Some Mansion for my Soul prepare.

5

Give me a place at thy Saints feet,
Or some fall'n Angels vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
Who fit above in brighter Day.

6

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamps burning in my hand:
May I in sight of Heaven rejoice,
When'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

7

All Praise to thee, in light array'd,
Who light thy Dwelling place hast made
A boundless Ocean of bright beams,
From thy all glorious Godhead streams.
The Sun in its meridian height,  
Is very darkness in thy fight  
My Soul O light en and enflame  
With thought and love of thy great Name,  
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

Shine on me Lord new Life impart  
Fresh andours kindle in my Heart  
One ray of thy all quick'ning light  
Dies not the Tempter me surprise,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice;

Blest Jesus thou on Heaven intent,  
Whole Nights have in Devotion spent,  
But I frail Creature soon am tire'd,  
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.

Lord left the Tempter me surprise,  
Watch over thine own sacrifice;  
All loose, all idle Thoughts, cast out,  
And make my very Dreams devout.

My Soul how canst thou weary grow,  
Of antedating Blifs below;  
In sacred Hymns, and heavenly Love,  
Which will eternal be above.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.  
Praise him all Creatures here below,  
Praise him above Angelic Host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

TUNE to the 51st PSALM.

O Lord con- fi- der: my distress, And now with speed some

Pi- ty take: My Sins forgive, my Faults re- dress, Good

Lord for thy great Mer- cies sake.
24. HYMN on the NEW YEAR.

God of my Life, thy constant Care, With Blessings crown the opening Year
This guilty Life dost thou prolong And wake a new mine annual Song.

How many precious Souls are fled To the vast Regions of the Dead,
Since from this Day the changing Sun Thro' his last yearly Period run.

We yet survive, but who can say, Or thro' the Month, or Year, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath Thus far at least in league with Death" To thee our Spirits we resign;
"So shall they smile secure from fear Thy Children, eager to be gone,
Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on, And land them on that blooming Shore,
Where Years and Death are known no more.

That breath is thine, eternal God; 'Tis thine to fix my Soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone, On Earth, or in the World unknown.

HYMN for PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

Salvation doth to God belong; His Power and Grace shall be our Song; His hand hath dealt a deadly blow, And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

Praise to the Lord, who bo's his Ear, Propitious to his People's Pray'r; And, tho' deliv'rance long delay, Answers in his well choos'n Day.

O may thy Grace our Land engage, Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage The Tribute of its Love to bring To Thee, our Saviour and our King.

Our Temples guarded from the Flame, Shall echo thy triumphant Name; And ev'ry peaceful private Home, To Thee a Temple shall become.

Still be it our supreme Delight To walk as in thy honour'd sight: Still in thy precepts and thy fear To Life's last Hour to Persevere.
The W I S H

In vain the dusky Night retires, And fullen Shadows fly: In
vain the Morn with purple light, Adorns the eastern Sky.

2
In vain the gaudy rising Sun,
The wide Horizon gilds;
Comes glittering o'er the Silver Streams,
And cheers the dewy Fields.

5
Oh! visit then thy Servant, Lord,
With Favour from on high,
Aris, my bright immortal Sun,
And all these Shades will die.

3
In vain dispensing vernal sweets,
The morning Breezes play;
In vain the Birds with cheerful songs,
Salute the new born Day.

6
Lord, when shall I behold thy Face,
All radiant and serene,
Without those envious dusky Clouds
That make a Veil between.

4
In vain, unless my Saviour's Face
These gloomy Clouds controul,
And dissipate the fullen Shades
That pres, my drooping Soul.

7
When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred Vision be,
When my impatient Soul shall make
A near approach to Thee.
HYMN for the use of the SICK.

When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh,
Past Mercies teach me where to fly;
The fame Almighty Arm can aid,
Now Sicknesses grievances, and Pains invade.

To all the various help of Art,
Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart;
BETHESDA'S Bath refused to save
Unless an Angel bless'd the Wave.

All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive Commission all from Thee;
And not a Plant which spreads the Plains,
But teems with health, when HEAV'n ordains.

Clay, and Siloam's Pool we find,
At HEAV'n's command restored the Blind;
Hence Jordan's Waters once were seen
To wash a Syrian Leper clean.

But grant me nobler Favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy Will;
Purge my foul Soul from ev'ry Stain,
And save me from eternal Pain.

Oh! if I trust thy soveign skill,
With deep submission to thy Will;
Sickness and Death shall both agree,
To bring me Lord, at last to thee.
Anthem I

Solo

Praise ye the Lord, for he is good, For his Mercy endureth for ever. Give praise unto the God of Gods, For his Mercy endureth for ever.

Chorus

For his Mercy endureth for ever. Who only doth great wondrous Works, For his Mercy endureth for ever.
Chorus

Anthem II.

Let us with a glad some mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind,

For his Mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo

Let us blaze his Name abroad, For of Gods he is the God.

Chorus

For his Mercies still endure, Ever faithful, ever sure.

Solo

Who didst the fixt Earth ordain,

To rise from the watry Plain.

Solo

Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,

All the Day his Course to run.

Solo

And the Moon to shine by Night,

Mid her spangled Sisters bright.

Solo

He hath with a piteous Eye,

Seen us in our Misery.

Da Capo
Anthem III.

Let the solemn Organ blow; Loud the grateful tribute pay; BRITAIN'S QUEEN demands the Song;

Royal Charlotte claims the Lay: BRITAIN'S QUEEN as good as great, Who delights to save and bless; Hail the sacred honoured Name, Hail our Royal Patron-ess.
Though exalted on a Throne,
Her superior merits due
Those beneath, with Pity's Eye
Scorns she not benigne to view:
Reaches out her Scepter'd hand,
Aid and mercy to bestow;
Wipes the Tear from Sorrow's face;
Sooths the wretchedness of Woe.

O. thou everlasting God.
Hear the truly grateful strain;
Penitent and contrite Souls,
Ne'er with thee can sue in vain.
Hear, and ev'ry Gift impart,
Mortals most supremely prize,
To the Royal Queen, whose mind
Speaks her kindred to the skies.

Sound we then our Praises Lord,
Wandering Sinners now no more;
Happily from Shipwreck sav'd,
On this hospitable shore;
Parents, lov'd, and reconcil'd,
With your Daughters, found & blest,
Join the strain mix the tear
Language of the feeling Breast.

Hear and blest her comfort Lord,
GEORGE, the well belov'd & good.
Blesed him with his hearts desire,
All his wives be bestow'd;
Then his People will be blest;
All, with us, shall join the strain:
This, and works of equal Praise,
Shall immortalize his reign.

Royal CHARLOTTE, Virtue's pride;
Deigns our Sorrows to relieve,
Sorrows, Lord, too well deserv'd;
But how godlike to forgive.
Royal CHARLOTTE, Mercy's boast,
Deigns to Pardon, deigns to blest,
Pointing to our raptur'd view,
Parents, Heav'n, and Happiness.

Now the solemn Organ blow;
Loud the grateful tribute pay;
BRITAIN'S QUEEN demands the song;
Royal CHARLOTTE claims the lay:
BRITAIN'S QUEEN as good as great,
Who delights to save and blest;
Hail the sacred honour'd Name,
Hail our Royal Patroness.
The ODE

Grateful Notes and numbers bring, while Jehovah's Praise we sing,

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, be thy glorious Name adored.

Men on Earth and Saints above, Men on Earth and Saints above,

Sing the great Redeemer's love, Sing the great Redeemer's love, Sing the great Redeemer's love,

Hail, Hail, Celestial Goodness Hail, Hail, Hail, Celestial Goodness Hail.
Minuetto

Thou unworthy, Lord thine Ear, our humble

Hallelujahs hear, Purer Praise we hope to bring, when with Saints we stand and sing.

Siciliana

Lead us to that blissful state, where thou reign'st supremely great,

Look with Pity from thy Throne, and send thy Holy Spirit down.
While on Earth or-dain'd to stray, Guide our Footsteps in thy Way, 'till we come to reign with Thee, and all thy glo-rious

Cho. Vivace

Great-ness see. Then with An-gels we'll a-gain


2d Gall.  

wake a louder, lou-der Strain, wake a louder, louder Strain,


1st Gall. 

There in Joyful Son's of Praise, we'll our grateful Vo-ices raise,
2d Gall.

there in Joyfull Songs of Praise, we'll our grate-ful Vo-ices raise,

Semi Cho.1st Gall.

there no Tongue shall silent be there all shall join sweet Har-mo-ny

that thro' Heav'n's all spacious round, thy Praise O God may e-ver found.

Full Chorus

Lord thy Mercies never fail, Lord thy Mercies never fail, Hail,

Hail Ce-les-tial Goodness Hail, Hail Hail Hail Ce-les-tial Goodness Hail.
H Y  M N  f o r  C H R I S T M A S

Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on Earth is giv'n;
For lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from Heav'n.

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

3
Justice and Grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let Heav'n and Earth in concert join,
Now such a Child is born.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the Celestial Choir,
Their own immortal strains.
A PRAYER

for the use of the

MAGDALEN CHAPEL.

Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort, who hast sent thy Son JESUS CHRIST into the World, to seek and to save that which was lost; we praise thy Holy Name for the bountiful Provision made in this Place, for the Spiritual and Temporal Wants of miserable Offenders; beseeching thee to dispose our Hearts by the powerful working of thy blessed Spirit, that thro' sincere Repentance and a lively Faith, we may obtain Remission of our Sins, and all the Precious Promises of thy Gospel. Awaken those who have not yet a due sense of their Guilt: and perfect a Godly Sorrow, where it is begun. Renew in us what ever hath been decayed by the fraud and malice of the Devil, or by our carnal Will and Frailness. Preserve us, after escaping the Pollutions of the World, from being again entangled therein; and keep us in a state of constant Watchfulness and Humility. Forgive, as we do from our Hearts those who have injured us: and grant to all who have seduced others, or have been seduced themselves into wickedness, that they may forsake the evil of their doings, and live. Make this House a Blessing we pray thee, to the Souls and Bodies of all its inhabitants: and a glorious Monument of thy Grace, abounding to the chief of Sinners. Strengthen the Hands, direct the Counsels, reward the Labours, and Liberality, of all who are engaged in the Government or Support of it: and increase the number of those who have a zeal for thy Glory, and compassion on the Ignorant, and on them that are out of the way; that many may be turned from Darkness to Light, and from the power of Satan unto Thee, their God, through the Merits and Mediation of JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.