

A
New Edition,
of the

HYMNS, ANTHEMS & TUNES,

with the *W* used at the
MAGDALEN CHAPEL

Set for the
Organ,

HARPSICHORD, VOICE,

German Flute,
OR
Guitar.

Pr. 2/6^{s d}

*In this Edition the Chords are placed for the Convenience
of those who do not study Thoro Bass.*

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TUNE to the 1st PSALM.

1

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 23^d PSALM.

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's care His

Preference shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful Eye:

My Noon Day walks he shall attend, And all my Midnight Hours defend.

When in the Sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant Landkip flow.

Though in the Paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread;
 My stedfast 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

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.

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 th'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 fight;
 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 Pow'rs, 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

The musical score is written for a piano and voice. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The second system is similar. The lyrics are written below the notes. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5 below the notes. Dynamics like 'hr' (hairpins) are used. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

Glo - ry 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.

4
 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 Darknefs me molest.

6
 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.

7
 Lord, let my Soul for ever share
 The blifs of thy Paternal care;
 'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above
 To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

8
 Should Death itself my Sleep invade,
 Why shoud' I be of Death afraid.
 Protected by thy saving Arm
 Tho he may strike, he cannot harm.

9
 For Death is Life, and Labour rest,
 If with thy gracious Prefence 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 Host:
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4 TUNE to the LORD'S DAY HYMN.

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

6 6 6 5

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

6 6 4

This is the Day, the Day O Lord, On which thou didst a-ri-se,

6 6 6 2 # 6 #

For Sinners ha-ving made thy self, A Sin-les Sa-cri-fice.

6 6 4

2
 Thou, Thou alone, redeemed hast
 Our Souls from Deadly Thrall;
 With no less price than thine own Blood
 The purchase 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.

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.

4
 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.

5
 These are my preparation days,
 And when my Soul is drest,
 These Sabbaths shall deliver me
 To mine eternal Rest.
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 All Glory be therefore;
 As in Beginning was is now,
 And shall be evermore.

TUNE to the 19th PSALM

5

The spacious Firma-ment on high, With all the blue e-therial Sky,

And spangled Heavns, a shining train Their great O - ri - gi - nal proclaim.

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.

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Plannets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from Pole to Pole.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning 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 23^d PSALM.

O God our Lord how wonder-ful, Are thy works ev'ry where, Thy

Fame surmounts in Dig - ni - ty, The high-est Heavns that are.

6

HYMN on the Excellency of the BIBLE

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

But still thy Wis - dom Pow'r and Grace Shine brighter in thy Book

²
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 .

³
The Fields provide me Food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of Life and Glory grow
In thy most Holy Word.

⁴
Here are my choicest Treasures hid,
Here my best Comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise .

⁵
Lord, make me understand thy Law;
Shew what my Faults have been;
And from the Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin .

⁶
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 .

⁷
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 ap - pear, So passing in Glory, that great is thy

Fame Ho-nour and Ma - jefty in thee shine most clear.

HYMN on the PASSION

From whence these dire por - tends a - round, That Earth and Heavn a -

-mize, Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground Why hides the Sun his rays.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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 canst read it there.

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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, O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and

Fear; I see my Maker Face to Face, O how shall I appear.

2
If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought.

4
But thou hast told the troubled mind.
Who does her Sins lament;
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woe prevent.

3
When thou O Lord shalt stand disclos'd
In Majesty severe
And sit in Judgment on my Soul
O how shall I appear?

5
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.

6
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 Forti--tude, Of force I must love thee;

Thou art my Castle and defence In my Ne-ces-si-ty.

10 HYMN on the LAST JUDGMENT.

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

Alhes lay, As David and the Svbils fay.

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 Pow'rs 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 univerfal dread, Surrounded with amazing Fears,
 The sacred Mystic Book be read, Whose 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 Int'rest shall I make, Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
 To save my last important Stake, Preserve me from that dang'rous 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.

From that insatiable abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

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

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 27.th

Our Light our Saviour is the Lord, for no-thing need we
care, The migh-ty Lord is our sup-
-port What have we then to fear.

Figured bass notation: 6 6 6 6 5 5 4 #, 6 6 5 47 6 47 6, 6 5 4 2 6 6 6 6 4

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

Continue still to hear our voice
When unto thee we cry
And still the Infants Praise receive
And still their wants supply.

12 The EASTER HYMN for 3 Voices

Jefus Christ is rifen to Day Hal - - le - - lu - jah Our triumphant
 Jefus Christ is rif'n to Day Hal - le - lu - jah Our triumphant
 Jefus Christ is rif'n to Day Hal - le - lu - jah Hallelujah Our triumphant

Ho - ly Day, Hal - - - le - - lu - jah, Who fo lately on the Crofs, Hal - - le -
 Ho - ly Day, Hal - le - - lu - jah, Who fo lately on the Crofs, Hal - - le -
 Ho - ly Day, Halle Hal - le - - lu - jah, Who fo lately on the Crofs, Hal - - le -

- lu - jah, Suffer'd to re - deem our lofs, Halle - - lu - jah Hallelujah.
 - lu - jah, Suffer'd to re - deem our lofs, Halle - lu - jah Hallelujah.
 - lu - jah, Suffer'd to re - deem our lofs, Halle - lu - jah Hallelujah.

Hymns of Praifes let us fing, Hallelujah
 Unto Chrifft our Heav'nly King, Hallelujah
 Who endur'd both Crofs and Grave, Hallelujah
 Sinners to redeem and fave. Hallelujah

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

PSALM 23^d

My Shepherd is the Li---ving Lord No thing there-

-fore I need In Paf---tures fair near plea--fant

Streams He fet--teth me to feed.

HYMN on the SABBATH.

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our Vows, On this thy Day, in this thy House, Ac

cept, as grateful Sac-ri--fice, 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 rude alarms of raging Foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded Sun,
 But Sacred, high, eternal Noon.

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

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 gay Friend that Solemn toll, Speaks the depar-ture 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 glimm'ring light we view,
 That unknown world we're haff'ning to.
 God has lock'd up the mystic page,
 And curtain'd darkness round the stage.

4
 Wife heav'n, to render search perplex't,
 Has drawn'twixt 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 thrice told
 Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

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

11
 Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say
 "They're out of hearing, far away;"
 Guardians to us, perhaps they're neer
 Conceald in vehicles of air.

12

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.

13

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.

14

Well, let my sov'reign if he please,
Lock up his marvellous decrees;
Why should I with him to reveal;
What he thinks proper to conceal;

15

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

16

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 glo-ri-ous change Did Je-su shed his Blood.

6 6 6 6 6 4 5 3

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

Fir'd with the view, our Souls shall rise
In such a scene as this,
And view the happy moment near,
That shall complet our Bliss.

PSALM 145th

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

4 6 # # # # 4 6

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

6 4 6 # # # 6 6 #

<p>Whate'er their various wants require With open hand he gives; And so fulfills the just Desire, Of ev'ry thing that lives.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p>	<p>The Lord preserves all those with Care, Whom gratefull Love employs; But Sinners, who his Veengeance dare, With furious Rage destroys.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p>
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<p>He grants the full Desires of those Who him with Fear Adore; And will their Troubles soon Compose, When they his Aid implore.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p>	<p>My Time to come in Praises spent Shall still advance his Fame, And all Mankind with one Consent, For ever blest his Name.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p>
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The THANKSGIVING HYMN.

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

To all the lift'ning World thy Works, Thy wondrous Works declare.

HYMN on THANKSGIVING.

Glo-ry be to God our King, Hal- - - le- - lu- jah, Thine eter- nal

Love we sing, Hal- - - le- - lu- jah, Thou hast Barr'd thine Arm Di- vine,

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

Wand'ring Sheep, how far from home,
Sore bewilderd, did we roam
Till the gracious Shepherd came:
Sought and fav'd: O praise his Name.

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.

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

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

Happy Mansion — every Voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each Voice united sound,
"Be the walls with gladness Crown'd."

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

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

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 ev'ry pious Mind, Come, pour thy joys on Human Kind.

- 2
From Sin and Sorrow set us 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 Sacred unction 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 command.
- 5
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
Who dost the gift of Tongues dispence,
Refine and purge our earthly Parts;
But Oh inflame and fire our Hearts.
- 6
Our frailties help; our Vice controul;
Submit the senses to the Soul;
Feeble alas we are, and frail;
Let not the World or Flesh prevail.
- 7
Chace from our minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow:
And lest 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
Immortal Honours, endless Fame
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name,
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost Man's redemption Died.
- 10
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
 ever Man pronounced, or Angel Sung.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system also ends with a double bar line. There are some numbers (6, 5, 6, 87) written below the bass staff in the second system, possibly indicating fingerings or measure numbers.

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 babling 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,
 Those speeches would send up unheeded Prayer,
 That scorn of Life would be but wild despair:
 A Cymbal's sound 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:

Fai
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 O r
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HYMN for a FAST DAY.

Great God of Hosts attend our Pray'r, And make the bristlsh

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

angry Nations round us rise.

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.

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 deliv'rance nigh. When God, with us, shall deal the Stroke.

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 leagu'd with Hell below. Victorious shouts and songs of Praise.

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

HYMN for MIDNIGHT.

My God now I from Sleep a - - wake, The sole Pos - - ses - - sion

of me take, From midnight Terrors me se - - cure,

And guard my Heart from Thoughts im - pure.

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 Heav'n 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 sit above in brighter Day.

6
O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamps burning in my hand:
May I in sight of Heav'n 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

8	The Sun in its meridian height, Is very darknes in thy fight My Soul O lighten and enflame With thought and love of thy great Name,	11	Shine on me Lord new Life impart Fresh hardours kindle in my Heart One ray of thy all quick'ning light Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.	23
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9	Blest Jesus thou on Heavn intent, Whole Nights have in Devotion spent, But I frail Creature soon am tir'd, And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.	12	Lord lest the Tempter me surprife, Watch over thine own sacrifice; All loose, all idle Thoughts, cast out, And make my very Dreams devout.
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10	My Soul how canst thou weary grow, Of antedating Blifs below; In sacred Hymns, and heav'nly Love, Which will eternal be above.	13	Praise God from whom all blefsings flow, Praise him all Creatures here below, Praise him above Angelic Host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghofit.
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TUNE to the 51st PSALM.

O Lord con - fi - der my diftrefs, And now with speed fome

Pi - ty take; My Sins forgive, my Faults re - - drefs, Good

Lord for thy great Mer - cies fake .

HYMN on the NEW YEAR .

God of my Life, thy constant Care, With Blessings crown the

opening Year This guilty Life dost thou pro-long And

wake a - new mine annual Song.

²
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.

⁴
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.

³
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?"

⁵
To thee our Spirits we resign;
Make them, and own them still as thine
So shall they smile secure from fear
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

⁶
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.

HYMN for PUBLIC THANKSGIVING.

Salvation doth to God be-long; His Pow'r and Grace shall

be our Song; His hand hath dealt a deadly blow, And

Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2

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

3

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.

4

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

5

Still be it our supreme Delight
 To walk as in thy honour'd fight:
 Still in thy precepts and thy fear
 To Life's last Hour to Persevere.

The WISH

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.

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

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.

My God with grateful Heart I'll raise, A daily Altar to thy Praise.

Thy friendly Hand my Course directs, Thy watchful Eye my Bed protects.

2
When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh, Can such a Wretch for Pardon sue!
Past Mercies teach me where to fly; My Crimes, my Crimes arise in view,
The same Almighty Arm can aid, Arrest my trembling Tongue in Pray'r,
Now Sickness grieves, and Pains invade. And pour the Horrors of despair.

3
To all the various help of Art, But Oh! regard my contrite Sighs,
Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart; My tortur'd Breast, my streaming Eyes,
BETHESDA'S Bath refus'd to save, To me thy boundless Love extend,
Unless an Angel bless'd the Wave. My God, my Father, and my Friend.

4
All med'cines act by thy decree, These lovely Names I ne'er could plead,
Receive Commission all from Thee: Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
And not a Plant which spreads the Plains, His Blood procures for Adam's Race
But teems with health, when Heav'n ordains. Admittance to the Throne of Grace.

5
Clay, and Siloam's Pool we find, When Vice hath shot its poison'd Dart,
At Heav'n's command restor'd the Blind; And conscious Guilt corrodes the Heart;
Hence Jordan's Waters once were seen His Blood is all sufficient found,
To wash a Syrian Leper clean. To draw the Shaft, and heal the Wound.

6
But grant me nobler Favours still, What Arrows pierce so deep as Sin,
Grant me to know and do thy Will; What Venom gives such Pain within.
Purge my foul Soul from ev'ry Stain, Thou great Physician of the Soul,
And save me from eternal Pain. Rebuke my Pangs and make me whole

7
7

8
8

9
9

10
10

11
11

12
Oh! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
With deep submission to thy Will;
Sickness and Death shall both agree,
To bring me Lord, at last to thee.

Anthem I

Solo Chorus

Praise ye the Lord, for he is good, For his Mercy endureth for

6 # 6 6 6

Solo Chorus

e - - ver. Give praise un - to the God of Gods, For his Mercy en - du.

5 # 6 6 6 6

Solo

- reth for e - - ver. Give praise un - to the Lord of Lords,

5 # 6 5

Chorus Solo

For his Mer - cy endureth for e - - ver. Who only doth great

6 7 # 6 6 6 5 #

Chorus

wondrous Works, For his Mer - cy en - du - reth for e - - ver.

5 7 5 6 5 # 3 4 4

Chorus Anthem II.

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

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

For his Mercies still endure, E-ver faithful E-ver sure.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5
4 3

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5
4 3

Chorus
For his Mercies still en-dure, E-ver faithful, ever sure.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5
4 3

Solo Who didst the fixt Earth ordain,
To rise from the watry Plain.

Chorus For his Mercies, &c.

Solo Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,
All the Day his Course to run.

Chorus For his Mercies, &c.

Solo And the Moon to shine by Night,
Mid her spangled Sisters bright.

Chorus For his Mercy &c.

Solo He hath with a piteous Eye,
Seen us in our Mifery.

Da Capo

Anthem III.

Let the solemn Or-gan blow; Loud the grate-ful

6

tribute pays; BRITAIN'S QUEEN demands the Song;

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

Royal Char-lotte claims the Lay: BRITAIN'S QUEEN as

6 6 5 6 5

good as great, Who de-lights to save and blefs; Hail the

6 5 # 5 6 6 4 6

sacred honour'd Name, Hail our Roy-al Patron-efs.

5 6 6

2

Though exalted on a Throne,
 Her superior merits due
 Those beneath, with Pity's Eye
 Scorns she not benign to view:
 Reaches out her Scepter'd hand,
 Aid and mercy to bestow;
 Wipes the Tear from Sorrows face;
 Soothes the wretchedness of Woe.

3

Sound we then our Praises Loud,
 Wand'ring 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.

4

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 bless,
 Pointing to our raptur'd view,
 Parents, Heav'n, and Happiness.

8

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 bless;
 Hail the sacred honour'd Name,
 Hail our Royal Patroness.

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.

6

Hear and bless her comfort Lord,
 GEORGE, the well belov'd & good.
 Bless him with his hearts desire,
 All his wishes 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.

7

Full of Honours, full of Days,
 Happy in their Peoples love,
 Late, from giving joys below,
 Bear them both to joys above:
 Then upon Britannia's Throne,
 Till the Sun shall cease to shine,
 Patterns of their Virtues place,
 Kings of their illustrious Line.

The ODE

Chorus

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

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

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, be thy glorious Name a-dor'd.

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

Semi Cho^s 1st Gallery 2^d Gallery

Men on Earth and Saints a-bove, Men on Earth and Saints a-bove,

6 6 # 6 6 # 6 6 6

1st Gall: 2^d Gall: Full Cho^s

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

7 7 # 6 6 4

1st Gall: 2^d Gall:

-deemer's love, Lord thy Mercies never fail, Lord thy Mercies never fail,

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

Hail, Hail, Celestial Goodness Hail, Hail, Hail, Ce - les-tial Goodness Hail.

6 5 6 5 6 6

Minuetto

Tho' un - wor - - thy, Lord thine Ear, our hum - - ble

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

Hal - le - - lu - jahs hear, Pu - rer Praife we hope to

6 # 6 # 4 6 6
2

bring, when with Saints we stand and sing.

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

Siciliana

Lead us to that blifsful state, where thou reignst supremely great,

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

Look with Pity from thy Throne, and fend thy Ho - ly Spirit down.

6 6 6 6 # 6 6 6 6 6 #
4

While on Earth or - dain'd to stray, Guide our Footsteps in thy

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

Way, 'till we come to reign with Thee, and all thy glo - rious

7 6 6 6 6 6

Cho. Vivace

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

6 7 5 6 6 6 7 6

2d Gall.

Cho.

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

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

1st Gall.

There in Joyful Songs of Praise, we'll our grateful Voi - ces raise,

6 6 6 6 7 # # 6 7 4 5

2^d Gall.

there in Joyfull Songs of Praise, we'll our grate-ful Voi - ces raise,

4 # # 6 5 6 6 6 6 #

Semi Cho. 1st Gall.

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

4 5 7 6 6 6 #

that thro' Heav'ns all spacious round, thy Praise O God may e - - ver sound.

6 7 6 5 6 6 6 6 5 3

Full Chorus

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

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

Hail Ce - les - tial Goodness Hail, Hail, Hail Ce - les - tial Goodness Hail.

6 6 6 5 6 6 5 5 4 3

HYMN for CHRISTMAS

High let us swell our tuneful Notes, and join th'Ange-lic
 High let us swell our tuneful Notes, and join th'Ange-lic

6
5

throng, for An-gels no such Love have known t'a--wake a
 throng, for An-gels no such Love have known t'a--wake a

6

chearful Song - - - t'a--wake a chear-ful Song.
 chearful Song - - - t'a--wake a chear-ful Song.

6
4

2

4

Good will to sinful men is shewn,
 And peace on Earth is giv'n;
 For lo! th'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.

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 so 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.

