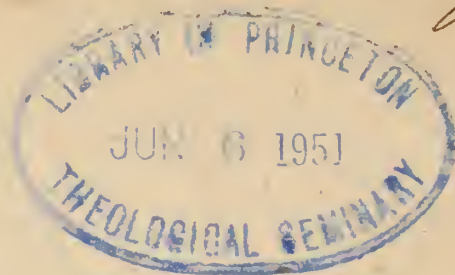




A MAGDALEN in HER UNIFORM.

(1765)



THE

✓
HYMNS ANTHEMS and TUNES

with the ODE used at the

MAGDALEN CHAPEL

Set for the

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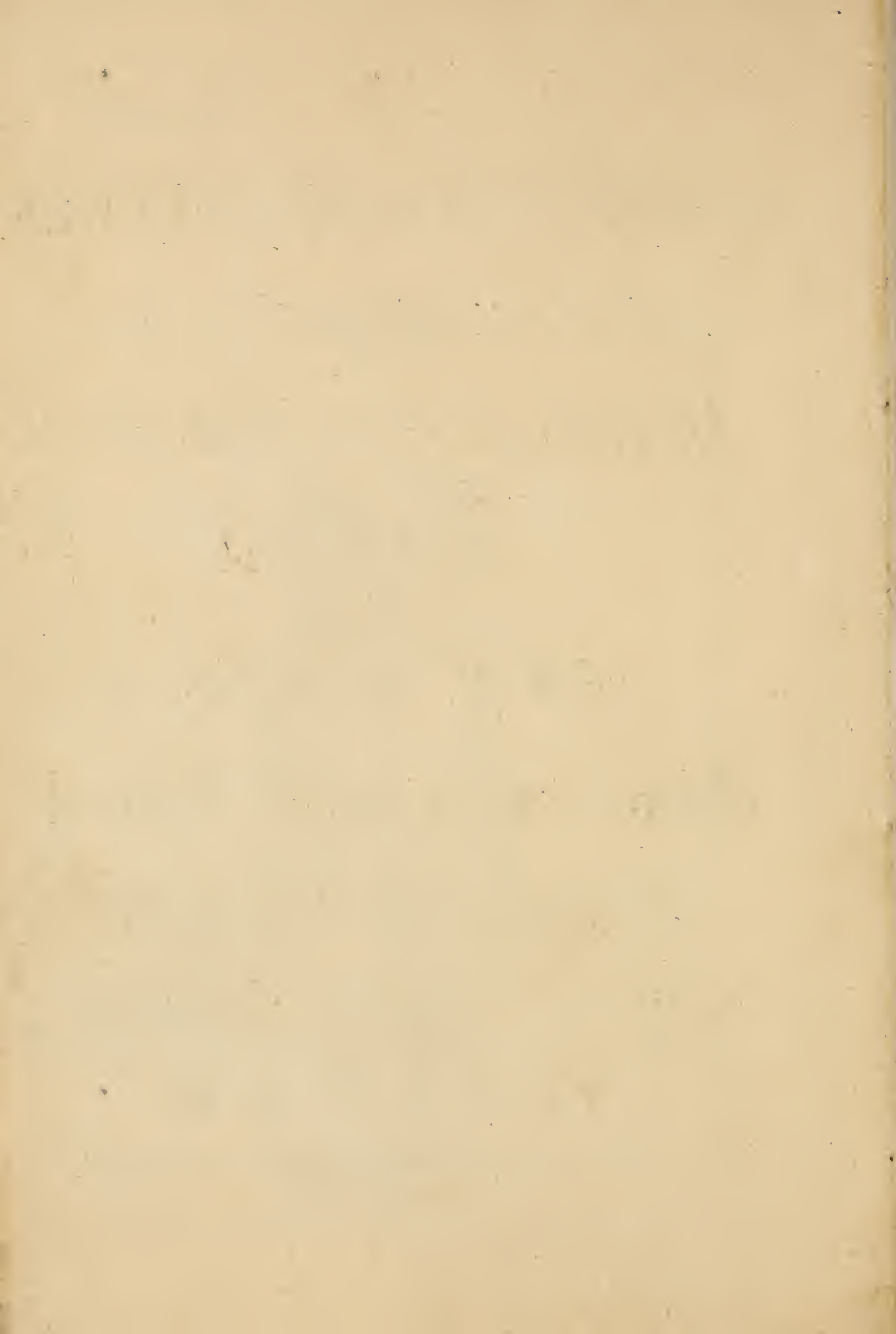
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L O N D O N

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HYMN I

For the Morning

Awake my Soul, and with the Sun, Thy daily Stage of

Duty run: Shake off dull Sloth, and early rise, To

pay thy Morning Sa-cri-fice.

2

Redeem thy mis-spent Moments past
 And live this Day, as if 'twere 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, and Ways.

4

Wake, and lift up thy self my Heart,
 And with the Angels bear thy part;
 Who, all Night long, unwearied sing
 High Glory to th' eternal King.

5

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly 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;
Oh! 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 and Will,
And with thy self my Spirit fill.

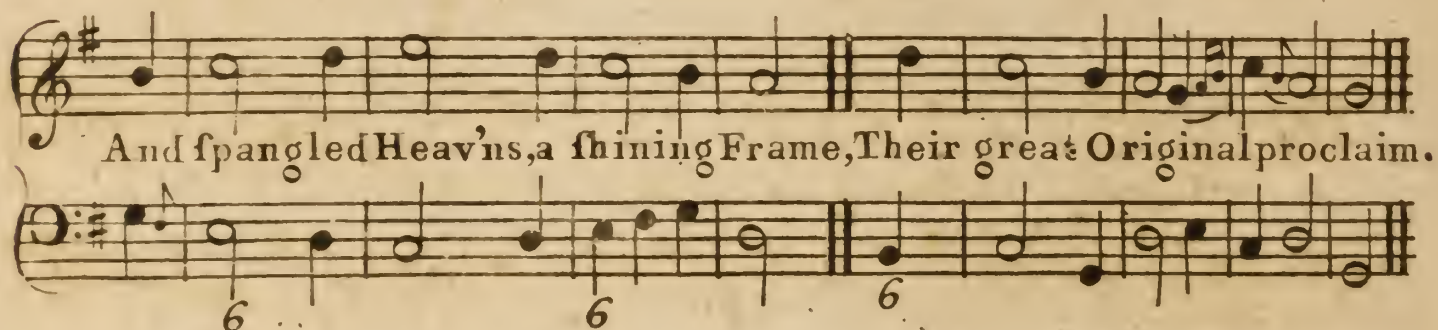
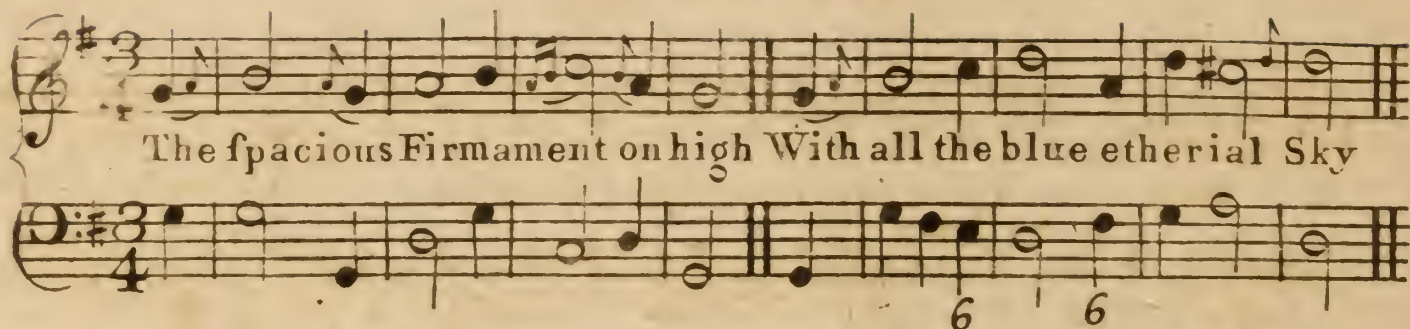
9

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.

10

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

HYMN II



2

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.

3

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:

4

Whilst all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their turn,
Confirm the Tycings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

5

What though in solemn Silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball?
What though not real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?

6

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."

HYMN III

5

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's Care; His
 Prefence shall my Wants supply, And guard me with a watchfull Eye: My
 Noon-Day 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 wandering Steps he leads,
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,
 Amid the verdant Landkip flow.

3

Though in the paths of Death I tread;
 With gloomy Horrors over-spread,
 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 thro' 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.

HYMN IV

The Christian's Hope

When rising from the Bed of Death, O'er-whelm'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 fought,
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,
And trembles at the Thought.

3

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

4

But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament;
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.

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.

HYMN V

On Gratitude



2

O how shall Words with equal warmth,
The Gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd Heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3

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

4

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thought had learnt,
To form themselves in Pray'r.

5

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul,
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd,
From whence those Comforts flow'd.

6

Thro' hiddendangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7

When worn by sickness, oft hast thou
With Health renew'd my Face:
And when in Sin and Sorrow shrunk.
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.

HYMN VI

On the Excellency of the BIBLE

Great God, with Wonder and with Praise, On all thy Works I look.

But still thy Wisdom, Pow'r, and Grace, Shine brighter in thy Book.

2

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

3

The Fields provide me Food, & 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 thy 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 heavenly 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.

HYMN VII

9

On the Sabbath

Lord of the Sabbath, hear our Vows On this thy day, in this thy house; Ac-

-cept, as grateful Sacrifice, The Songs which from thy Servants rise.

2

Thine early Sabbaths Lord we love
But there's a nobler Rest above:
To that our lab'ring Souls aspire
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.

3

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.

4

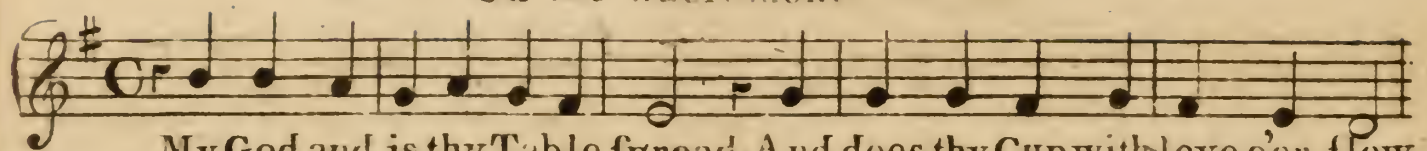
No rude alarms of raging Foes;
No cares to break the long Repose;
No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But Sacred, High, Eternal Noon.

5

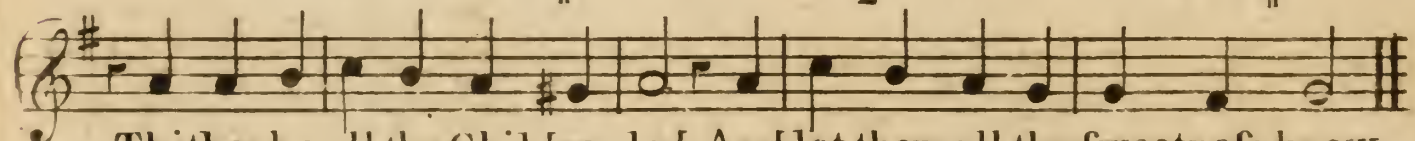
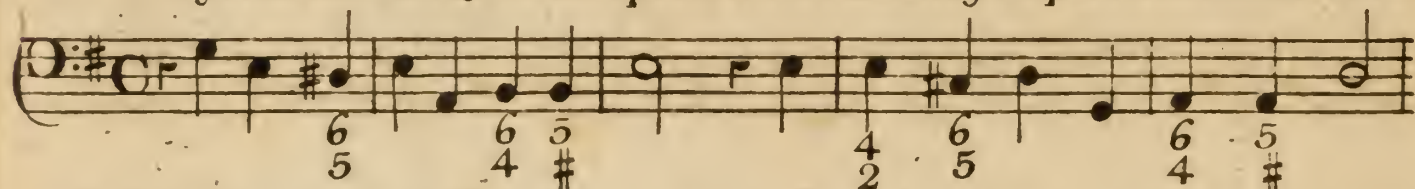
O long expected Day! begin:
Dawn on these realms of Woe and Sin:
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And sleep in Death, to rest with God.

HYMN VIII

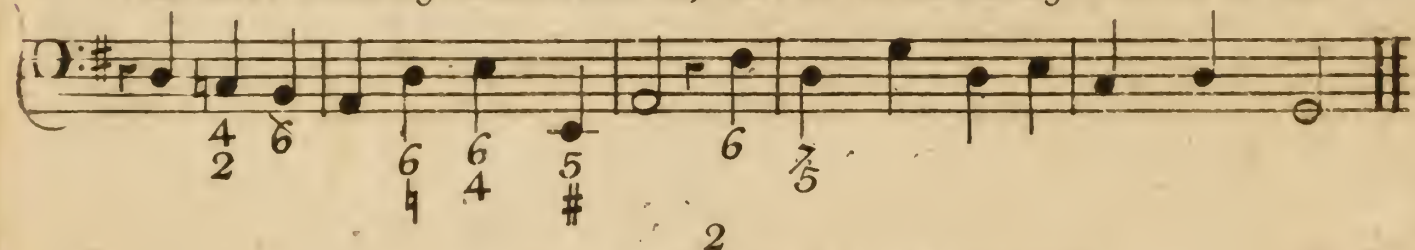
On the Sacrament



My God and is thy Table spread. And does thy Cup with love o'er-flow.



Thither be all thy Children led, And let them all thy sweetness know.



Hail sacred Feast, which Jesus makes!
 Rich banquet of his Flesh and Blood!
 Thrice happy He, who here partakes
 That sacred Stream, that heav'nly Food.

3

Why are its dainties all in vain
 Before unwilling Hearts display'd.
 Was not for You the Victim slain.
 Are You forbid the Children's bread.

4

O let thy Table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful Guests;
 And may each Soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred Pledges tastes.

5

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd;
 With Hearts inflam'd let all attend:
 Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
 The Pleasure or the Profit end.

6

Receive thy dying Churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping Graces live,
 And more than energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN IX

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!

2

Oh! for a Song of ardent Praise
To bear our Souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming 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

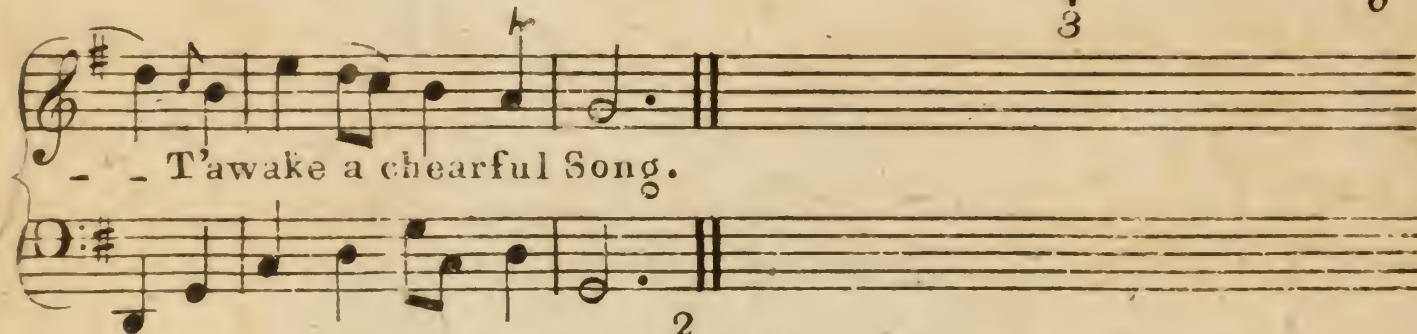
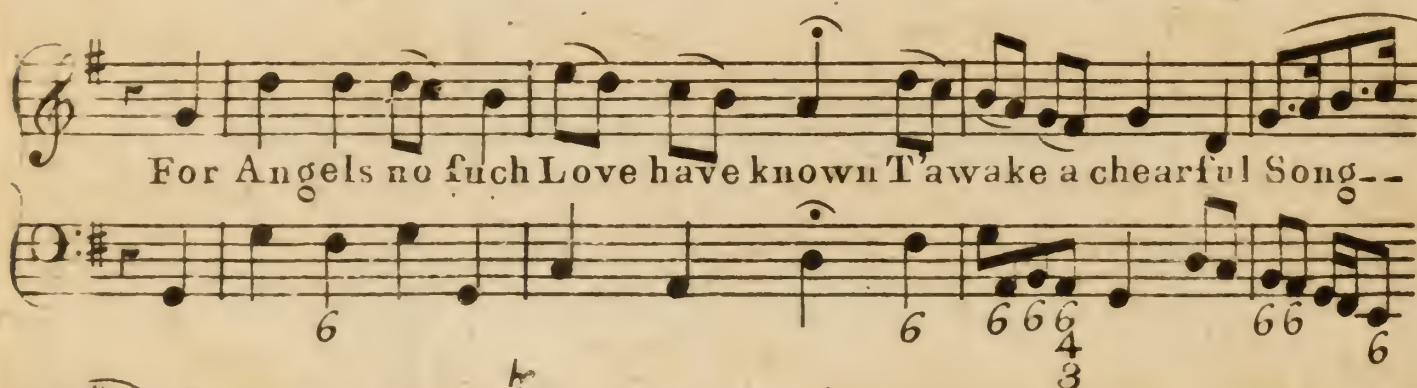
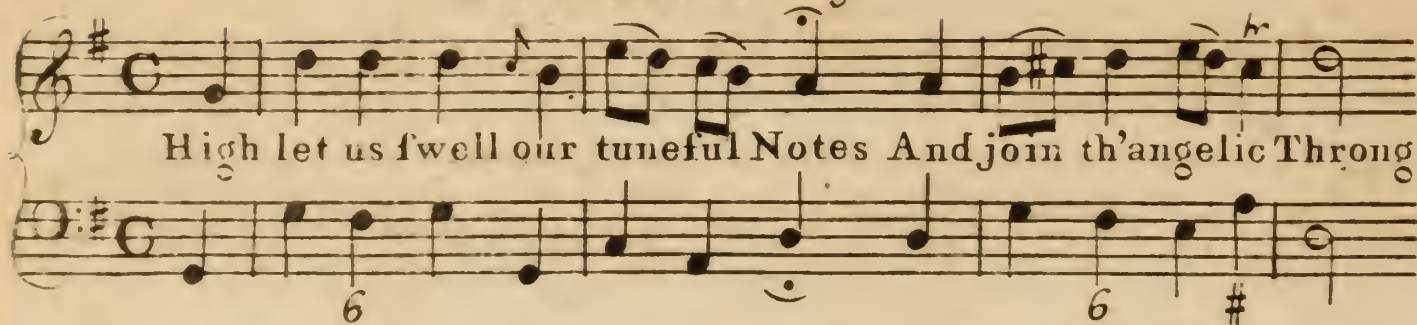
Oh! may that love, which spread thy board,
Dispose us for the Feast;
May Faith behold a smiling God
Thro' Jesu's bleeding Breast.

5

Fir'd with the View, our Souls shall rise
In such a Scene as this,
And view the happy Moment near,
That shall compleat our Bliss.

HYMN X

On Christmas Day



2
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.

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.

4
Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest Worlds be paid;
His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,
And by our Lives display'd.

5
When shall we reach those blissful Realms
Where Christ exalted Reigns;
And learn of the celestial Choir,
Their own immortal Strains!

13

by M^r Worgan

2

3

But the Pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah
Our Salvation hath procur'd; Hallelujah
Now above the Sky he's King, Hallelujah
Where the Angels ever Sing. Hallelujah

HYMN XII

On the last Judgment

The Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day Shall the whole

World in Ashes lay, As DAVID and the SYBILS say.

2

What Horror will invade the Mind,
 When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
 Shall have few venial Faults to find?

3

The last loud Trumpets wondrous sound,
 Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound,
 And wake the Nations under Ground.

4

Nature and Death shall, with surprize,
 Behold the pale Offender rise,
 And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

5

Then shall with universal dread,
 The sacred, mystic Book be read,
 To try the Living and the Dead.

6

The Judge ascends his awful Throne,
 He makes each secret Sin be known,
 And all with Shame, confess their own.

7

Oh! then what int'rest shall I make,
 To save my last important Stake,
 When the most Just have cause to quake!

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring.

9

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

10

Thou, who for me did'st feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

11

Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt, too great to pay,
Before the sad accounting Day.

12

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep, accept my Tears.

13

Thou, who were mov'd with MARY'S grief,
And by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

14

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r:
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

15

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Among thy chosen right-hand Race,
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

16

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

17

Prostrate my contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake 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!

HYMN XIII

For Whitsunday

Creator Spirit by whose Aid, The Worlds foundations first were laid;

Come visit ev'ry pious Mind Come pour thy Joys on Human kind!

2
From Sin and Sorrow fet us free,
And make thy Temples worthy thee:
Illumine our dull darken'd fight,
Thou Source of uncreated Light.

3
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly 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 Pow'r, does heav'n & 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 thy self, 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 ev'ry pious Mind; -
"Come, pour thy Joys on Human kind!

HYMN XIV

17

For a Fast Day

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

Ifles thy Care; To thee we raife our fuppliant Cries, When angry

Nations round us rife.

Fain would they tread our Glory down,
And in the Duft defile our Crown,
Deluge our Houfes, with our Blood,
And burn the Temples of our God.

3

But 'midft the Thunder of their Rage,
We thy Protection would engage;
O raife thy faving Arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

4

May Britain as one Man be led,
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our Souls no other Fears fhall know,
Tho' Earth were leagu'd with Hell below.

8

Emanuel's land fhall fafe remain,
Bleft with its Saviour's gentle reign;
Till ev'ry hostile rumour ceafe,
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

Give ear, ye Countries from afar,
Ye proud affociate Nations, hear,
While fix'd on him who rules the Sky,
Our Hearts your threat'ned War defy.

5

Ye People gird yourselves in vain,
Your fcatter'd Force unite again;
Again fhall all that Force be broke,
When God, with us, fhall deal a Stroke.

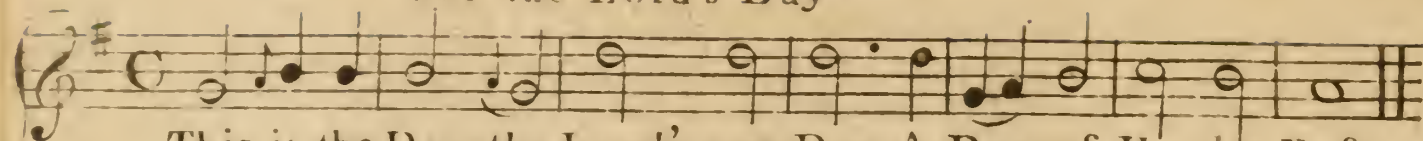
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Now he records our humble Tears,
With ardent Vows for future Years,
And deftines for approaching Days,
Victorious fhouts & fongs of Praise.

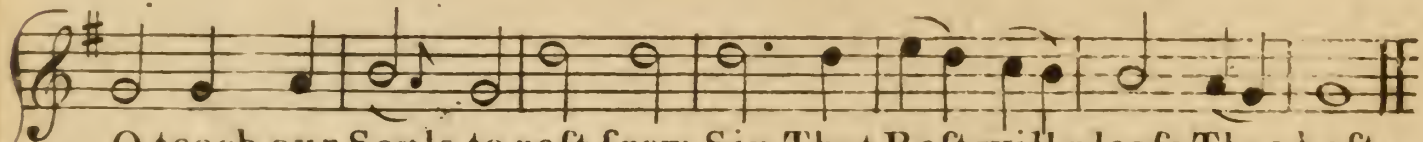
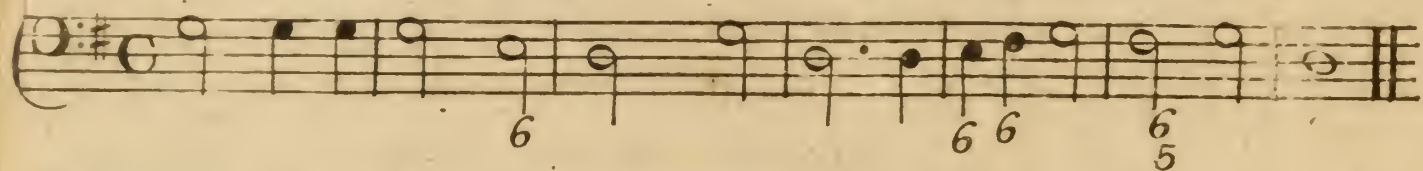
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HYMN XV

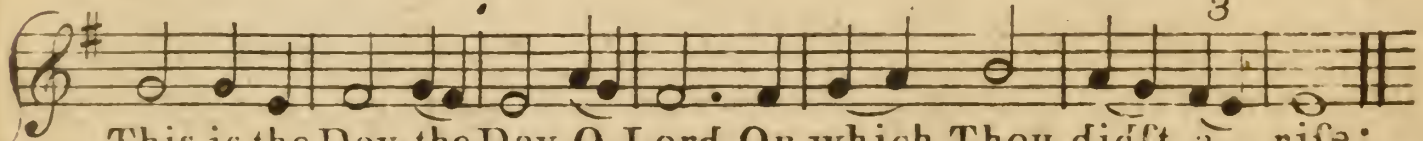
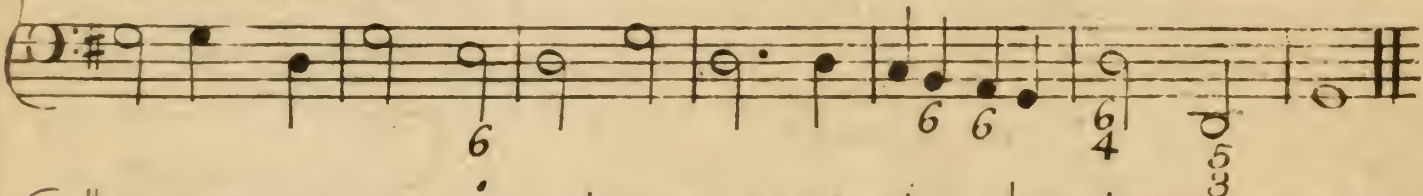
For the Lord's Day



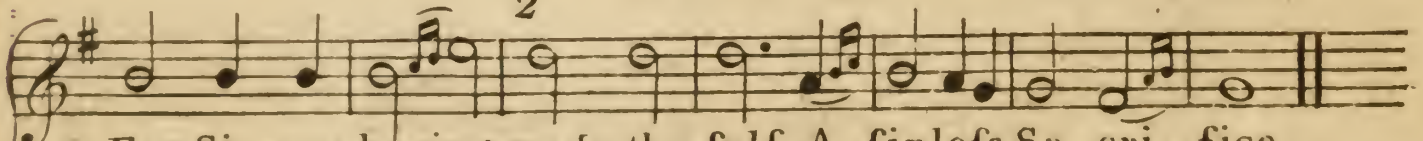
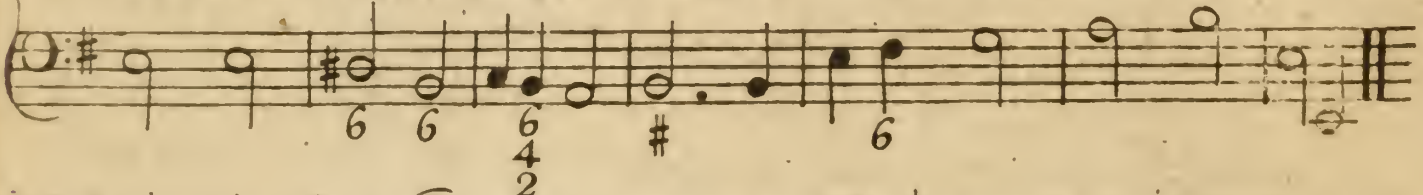
This is the Day, the Lord's own Day, A Day of Ho-ly Rest:



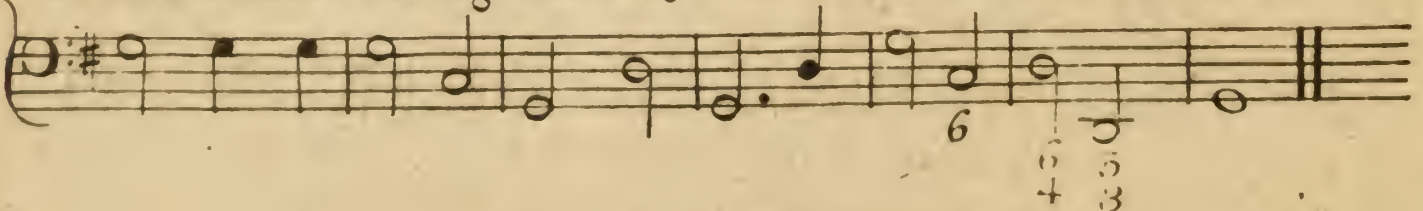
O teach our Souls to rest from Sin, That Rest will please Thee best.



This is the Day, the Day, O Lord, On which Thou didst a- rise;



For Sinners having made thy self A finless Sa-cri-fice.



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 who 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, lost and dead,
 Might live eternally.
 Thy Blood was shed instead of ours
 Thy Soul our Guilt did bear;
 Thou tookst our Sins gavst us thy self;
 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.

HYMN XVI

On the Passion

From whence these dire portends around, That Earth and Heav'n a-

... maze. Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground? Why hides the

Sun his Rays?

2

Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion spread
Of the descending God!

3

Thou Earth thy lowest centre shake;
With Jesu sympathize!
Thou Sun, as Hell's 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 Pow'r!

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 assail,
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;
O save me, whom thou can't to save,
Nor Bleed nor Die in vain!

HYMN XVII

21

On the New Year

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

op'ning 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 Year, or Month, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath;
"Thus far at least in league with Death."

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.

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.

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 XVIII

For Midnight

My God now I from Sleep a-wake, The sole Possession

of me take; From midnight Terrors me secure, And guard my

Heart from Thoughts impure.

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

I with your Choir Celestial join,
In off'ring up a Hymn divine:
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell;
And bid the Night and World farewell.

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.

Give me a Place at thy Saints feet,
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant feat:
I'll strive to Sing as loud as they,
Who sit above in brighter Day.

6

O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand:
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bride-groom'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 God-head streams.

8

The Sun in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in thy sight:
My Soul O lighten and enflame,
With thought and love of thy great Name.

9

Bless'd Jesus, thou, on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail Creature soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

10

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow
Of antedating Bliss below:
In sacred Hymns and Heav'nly Love,
Which will eternal be above.

11

Shine on me, Lord new life impart
Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart:
One ray of thy all quick'ning light,
Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

12

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

13

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

HYMN XIX

Thanks to God

All glorious God what Hymns of Praise, Shall our tran-

-ported Voices raise: What flaming Love and Zeal is due, While

Heav'n stands o-pen to our View.

2
Once we were fall'n, and oh how low!
Just on the brink of endless Woe
Doom'd to the Heritage in Hell;
Where Sinners in deep darkness dwell.

3
But lo, a Ray of chearful light,
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night:
Lo, what triumphant Grace is shewn,
To Souls improv'rish'd and undone!

4
Far, far beyond these mortal Shores
A bright Inheritance is ours:
Where Saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy blifs-ful State.

5
If ready drest for Heav'n we shine,
Thine are the Robes, the Crown is thine:
May endless Years their course prolong,
While, "Thine the Praise," is all our Song.

HYMN XX

25

Public Thanksgiving

Salvation doth to God belong; 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 Sight:
Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear
To life's last Hour to persevere.

HYMN XXI

On The unknown World

Hark, my gay Friend, that solemn toll, Speaks the departure
of a Soul: 'Tis gone, that's all, we know not where, Or how th'un-
body'd Soul does fare.

2
In that mysterious 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 hasting to!
God has lock'd up the mystic Page,
And curtain'd darkne's round y^e Stage!

4
Wise Heav'n, to render search perplex,
Has drawn'twixt this World & 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.

2
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,
Tho' dead may be so far remov'd?
Only this veil of Flesh between,
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

11

Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say,
"They're out of hearing far away;"
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,
Conceal'd 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 wish 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 Surprise, how new!
Let it, my God, be happy too!

HYMN XXII

The With

In vain the dusky Night retires, And fallen 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 glitt'ring 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 cheerful songs,
Salute the new-born Day.

4

In vain, unless my Saviour's Face
These gloomy Clouds controul,
And dissipate the fallen Shades
That press 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 serene,
Without those envious dusky Clouds
That make a Veil between.

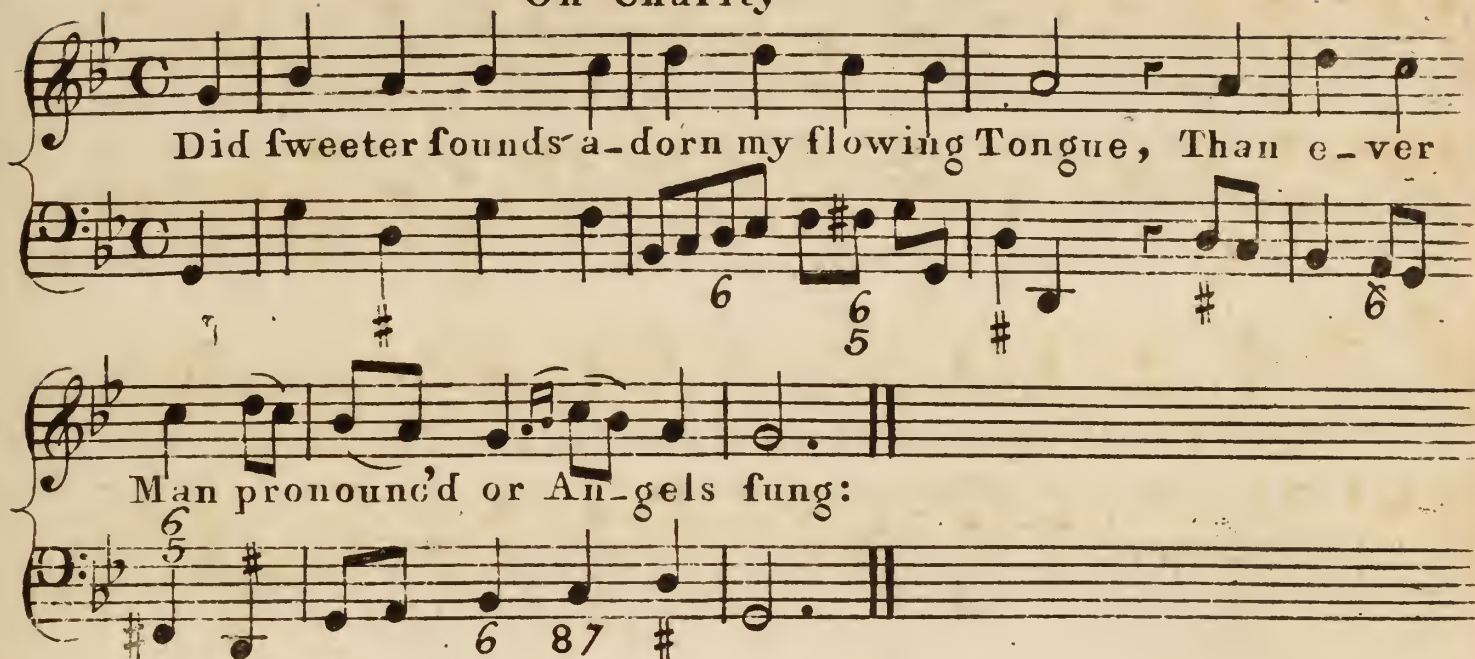
7

When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred Vision be,
When my impatient Soul shall make
A near approach to Thee.

HYMN XXIII

29

On Charity



2	Had I all knowledge human & divine,	10	Knows with just reins, & gentle hand to guide
	That Thought can reach, or Science can ^{fine} guide		Betwixt vile Shame, & arbitrary Pride.
8	And had I power to give that knowledge ^{birth}	11	Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
	In all the Speeches of the babling Earth.		And much she suffers, as she much believ ^{es}
4	Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast in- ^{spire}	12	Soft Peace she brings, wherever she ar- ^{rives}
	To weary Tortures & rejoice in Fire.		She builds our quiet, as she forms our ^{lives}
5	Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,	13	Lays the rough Paths of peevish nature ^{ev'n}
	When Moses gave them miracles & law.		And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.
6	Yet gracious Charity indulgent Guest,	14	Each other Gift which God on Man be- ^{stows}
	Were not thy Pow'r exerted in thy Breast.		Its proper bound, & due reflection knows
7	Those speeches would send up unheeded ^{Pray'r}	15	To one fix'd purpose dedicate its Pow'r,
	That scorn of life would be but wild despa ^{ir}		And finishing its act; exists no more.
8	A Cymbal's sound were better than my ^{Voice}	16	Thus in obedience to what Heav'n de- ^{crees}
	My Faith were form my Eloquence were ^{noise}		Knowledge shall fail, & Prophecy shall ^{cease}
9	Charity, Decent, Modest, Easy, Kind,	17	But lasting Charity's more ample sway,
	Softens the high, & rears ^e abject Mind.		Not bound by Time, nor subject to decay.

18

In happy Triumph shall for ever live,
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

HYMN XXIV

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 Every Bed protects.

When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh,
Past Mercies teach me where to fly;
The same almighty Arm can aid,
Now Sickness grieves, and Pains invade.

3

To all the various help of Art,
Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart:
Bethesda's bath refus'd to save
Unless an Angel blest'd the Wave.

4

All medicines act by thy decree,
Recieve commission all from Thee:
And not a Plant which spreads Plains,
But teems with health, when Heav'n ordains.

5

Clay and Siloam's Pool we find,
At Heav'n's command restor'd y Blind.
Hence Jordan's Waters once were seen
To wash a Syrian Leper clean.

6

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

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.

Can such a Wretch for Pardon sue!
My Crimes, my Crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling Tongue in Pray'r,
And pour the Horrors of despair.

8

But oh! regard my contrite Sighs,
My tortur'd Breast, my streaming Eyes;
To me thy boundless Love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

9

These lovely Names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed;
His blood procures for Adam's race
Admittance to the Throne of Grace.

10

When Vice hath shot its poison'd Dart,
And conscious Guilt corrodes y Heart;
His Blood is all-sufficient found,
To draw the Shaft, & heal the Wound.

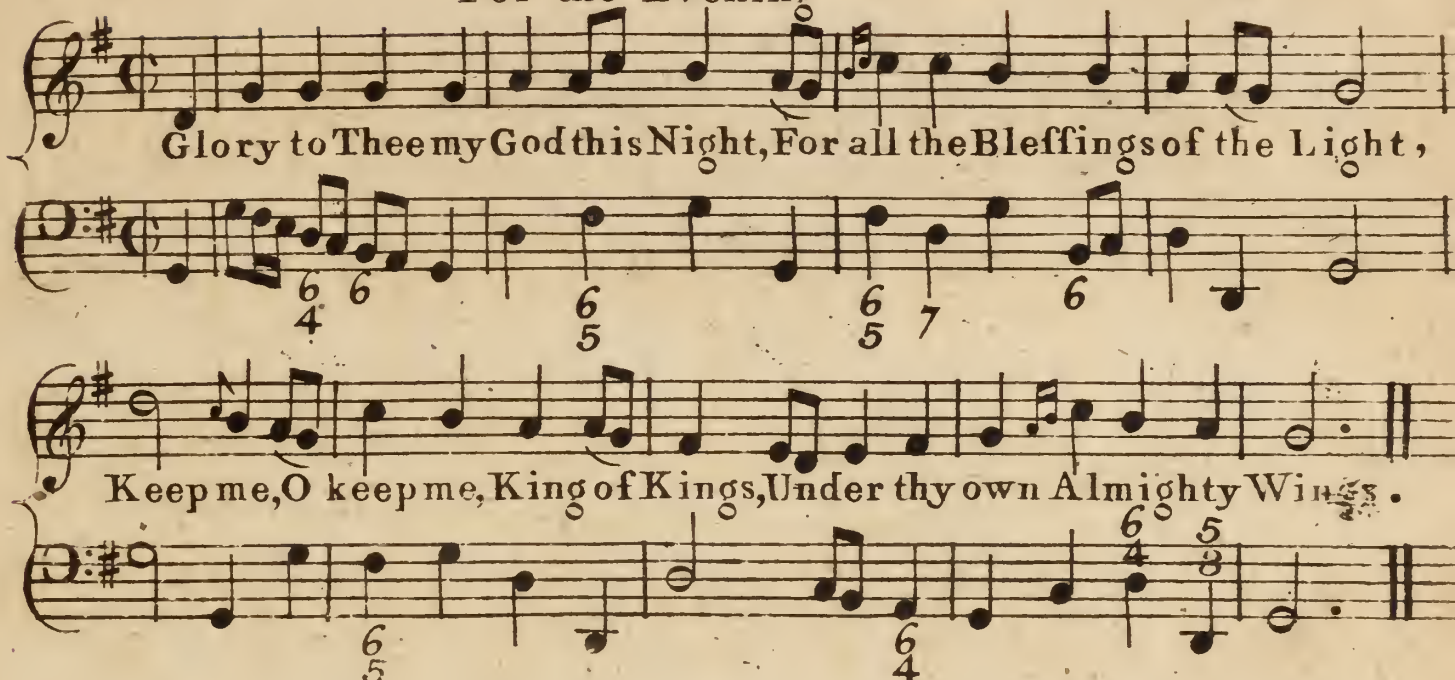
11

What Arrows pierce so deep as Sin?
What Venom gives such Pain within?
Thou great Physician of the Soul,
Rebuke my Pangs, and make me whole.

HYMN XXV

31

For the Evening



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, ere 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 eye-lids 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 heav'nly 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 Bliss of thy Paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

8
Shou'd Death itself my sleep invade,
Why shou'd 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 Presence blest
Then welcome Sleep, or Death to me
I'm still secure, for still with Thee!

10

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

ANTHEM I

Solo Chorus

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

Solo Cho:

e - - ver. Give praise un-to the God of Gods, For his Mer-

Solo

- cy en-du-reth for e - - ver. Give praise unto the Lord of Lords.

Cho: Solo

For his Mer-cy en-du-reth for e - - ver. Who only doth great

Cho:

wond'rous Works, For his Mer-cy en-du-reth for e-ver.

ANTHEM II

33

Chorus

Let us with a gladfome Mind, Praife the Lord for he is kind,
For his Mercies ftill en-dure, E-ver faithful e-ver fure.:S:

Solo

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

Slow

Chorus

For his Mercies ftill endure, E-ver faithful e-ver fure.:S:

Solo

Who did the fixt Earth ordain,
To rife from the watry Plain.

Cho:

For his Mercies &c

Solo

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

Cho:

For his Mercies &c

Solo

And the Moon to fhine by Night,
Mid her fpangled Sifters bright.

Cho:

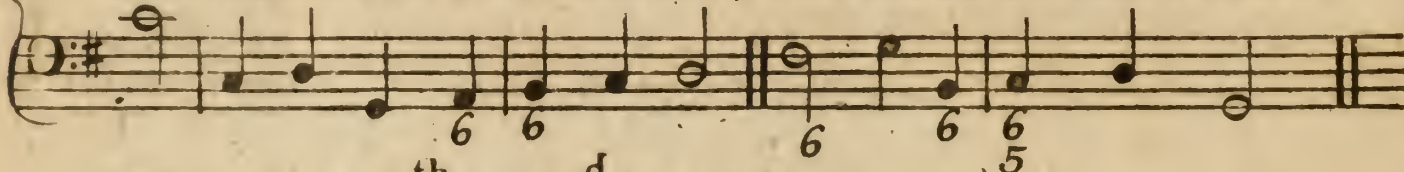
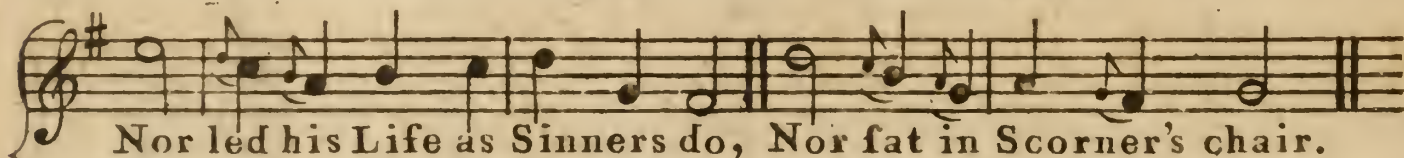
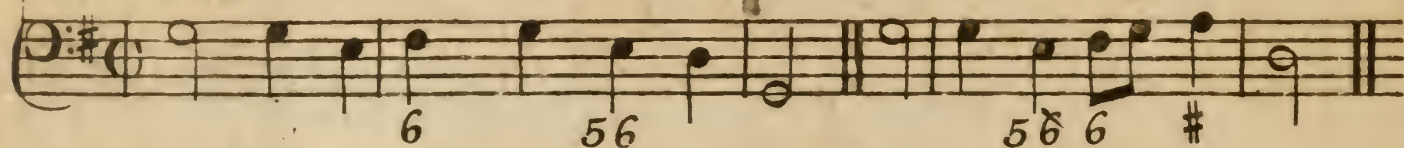
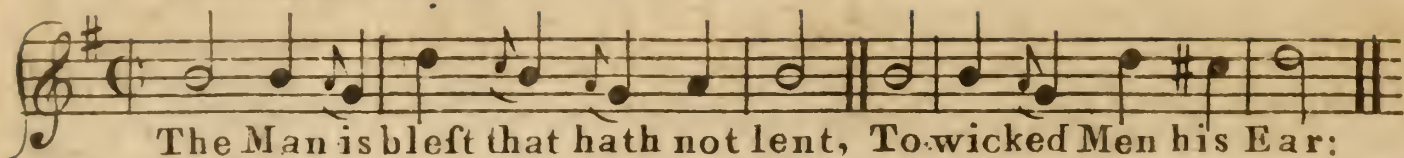
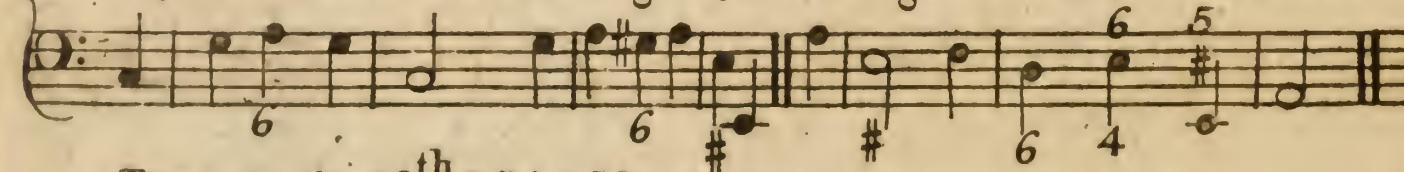
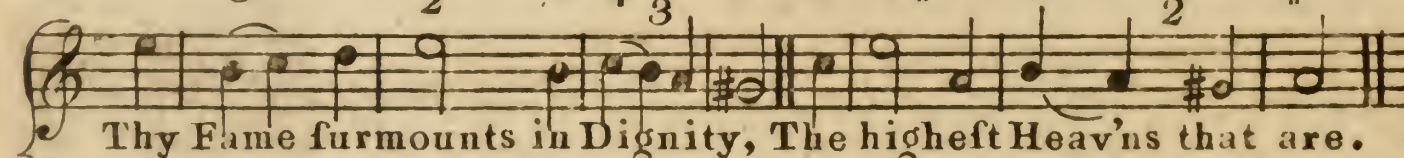
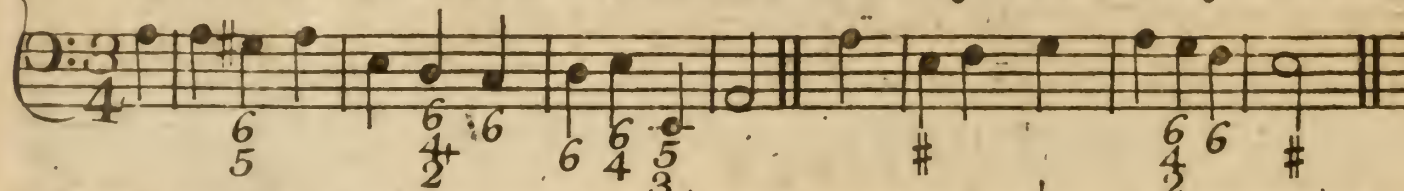
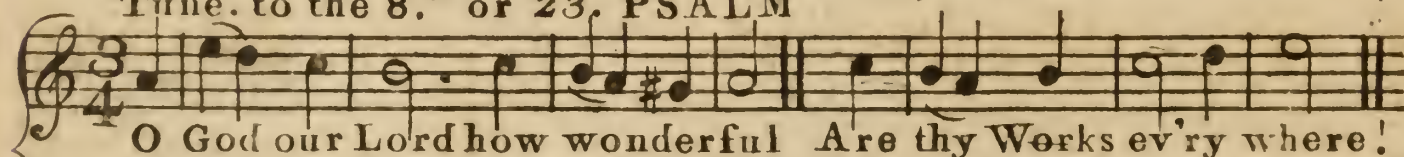
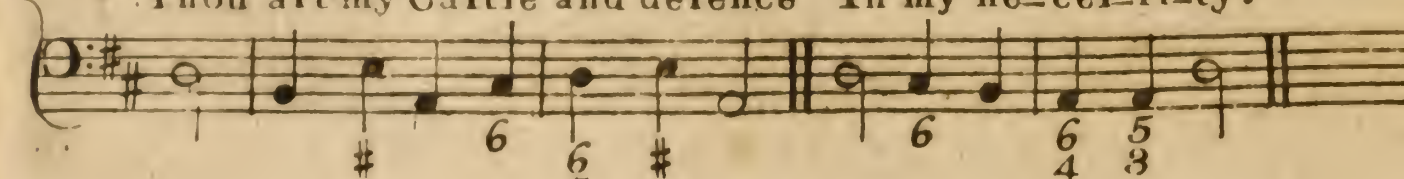
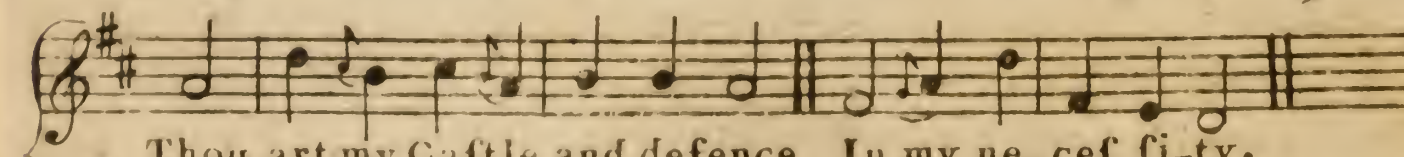
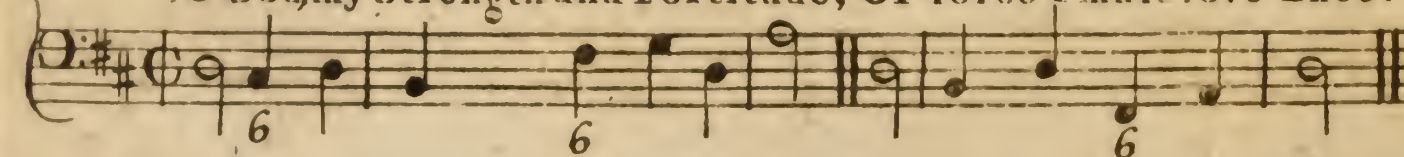
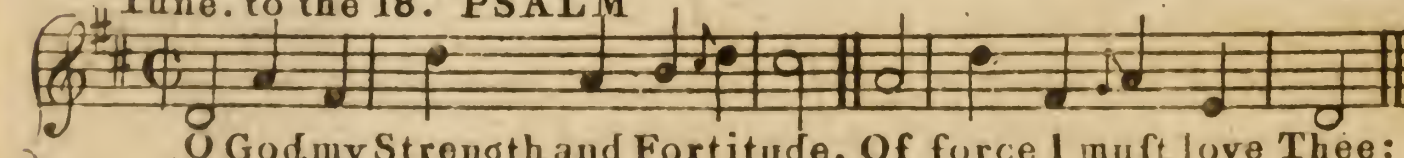
For his Mercies &c

Solo

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

Da Capo

Tune. to the first PSALM

Tune. to the 8th or 23^d PSALMTune. to the 18th PSALM

Tune. to the 104th PSALM

35

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: Honour and Majesty in Thee shine most clear.

Tune. to the 51st PSALM

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

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

Lord, for thy great Mercies sake.

Tune. to the 121.st PSALM

I lift my Eyes to Sion hill, From whence I do attend, Till succour

God me send, The mighty God me succour will, Which Heav'n and

Earth and Earth did frame, And all Things all Things therein name.

Tune. to the 112.th & 127.th PSALM

The Man is blest that God doth fear, And that his law doth love indeed,

His feed on Earth God will up rear, And blest such as from him proceed,

His House with riches he will fill, His Righteousness endure shall fill.

THE ODE

37

Andante

Chorus

Grateful Notes, & numbers bring while Jehovah's praise we sing,

Holy Holy Holy Lord be thy glorious Name ador'd.

Semi Chorus

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

Sing the great Redeemer's love sing y great Redeemer's love sing y great Re

deemer's love Lord thy mercies never fail Lord thy mercies never fail Hail.

Hail. Celestial Goodness Hail. Hail. Hail. Celestial Goodness Hail.

Minuetto

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

Hal - le - - lu - - jahs hear, Purer Praife we hope to

Cho. bring when with Saints we stand and sing.

Siciliana

Lead us to that blifs-full State where thou reign'ft fu -

- - premely great look with Pity from thy Throne & fend thy

Ho - - ly Spirit down while on Earth ordain'd to stay

6 6 6 4 # 6 6 6 7 4 5

guide our Footsteps in thy Way 'till we come to reign with

6 6 # 6 6 # 7 6 # 5

1st Cho: Vivace

Thee and all thy glorious Greatness see Then with Angels

6 6 6 7 5 3 6 6

2^d Gall. Cho.

we'll a - - gain wake a louder louder Strain wake a louder

6 7 6 6 # 6 7 6 5

1st Gall. 3

louder Strain There in joyfull Songs of Praise we'll our gratefull

7 8 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4 3

2^d Gall.

Voices raise there in joyfull Songs of Praise we'll our gratefull Voices

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

Semi Cho: 1st Gall.

raise there no Tongue shall filent be there all shall join sweet har-mo-

5 7 6 6 #

- ny that thro' Heav'ns all spacious round thy Praise O God may ever found.

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

Full Chorus

Lord thy mercies never fail Lord thy mercies never fail Hail. hail. Ce-

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

- lestial Goodness Hail. Hail. Hail. Ce- lestial Goodness Hail.

6 6 4 5 6 6 6 5 4 3

These Words go to the
Eleventh Hymn Tune

HYMN XXVI

On Thanksgiving

1

Glory be to God our King, Hal:&c
Thine eternal love we sing:
Thou hast barr'd thine Arm divine,
Wrought Salvation made us thine. Hal:

2

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

3

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.

4

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.

5

Down to deepest Hell deprest,
Jesu rescu'd, rais'd, and blest;
Open'd Mercy's golden Gate,
Mercy, here who holds her seat.

6

Happy Mansion—ev'ry Voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each Voice united sound,
“Be the Walls with gladness crown'd.”

7

Blessings, Lord, profusely shed,
On each Hand, each Heart, each Head;
Who, with gen'rous Pity join,
In the great, the good Design.

8

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

9

Blessing, thankful all our Days
May we Pray, Rejoice, and Praise;
Till the glorious Trump shall sound,
And our raptur'd Hearts rebound. Hal:

These Words go to the
Second Hymn Tune

41

HYMN XXVII

Against Lewdness

1

Why should you let your wand'ring eyes
Entice your Souls to shameful Sin!
Scandal and Ruin are the Prize
You take such fatal Pains to win.

2

This brutal Vice makes reason blind,
And blots the Name with hateful stains;
It wastes the Flesh, pollutes the Mind,
And tears the Heart with racking Pains.

3

Let DAVID speak with heavy Groans,
How it estrang'd his Soul from God;
Made him complain of ceaseless moans,
And fill'd his house with Wars & Blood.

4

Let Solomon and Samson tell,
Their melancholly Stories here;
How bright they shone, how low they fell,
When Sin's vile Pleasures cost them dear.

5

In Vain you chuse the darkest Time,
Nor let the Sun behold the Sight;
In Vain you hope to hide your crime,
Behind the Curtains of the Night.

6

The wakeful Stars & midnight Moon
Watch your foul deeds & know your shame,
And God's own Eye, like beams of Noon
Strikes thro' y^e shade, & marks your name.

7

What will ye do when Heaven enquires
Into those Scenes of secret Sin?
And lust with all its guilty Fires,
Shall make your Conscience rage within.

8

How will you curse your wanton eyes,
Curse the lewd partners of your shame,
When Death, with horrible surprize,
Shews you the Pit of quenchless Flame.

9

Flee, Sinners, flee this unlawful Bed,
Lest Vengeance send you down to dwell
In the dark Regions of the Dead,
To feed the fiercest Fire in Hell.

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 Blest 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 whatsoever 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 the 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 Darkeness to Light, and from the power of Satan unto Thee their God, through the Merits and Mediation of JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

