LYRA DAVIDICA:

From Mr William & Dr Calcott July 9. 1800.

OR,

A Collection of Divine SONGS and HYMNS,

Purchased at the sale of Dr. C's Library:

PARTLY W. Clayton.

New Composed, partly Translated from the *High-German*, and *Latin* HYMNS: And set to easy and pleasant Tunes, for more General Use.

The Musick Engrav'd on Copper Plates.

Isa. XXIV. XVI, XIV, XV.

From the [Wing] of the Earth we have heard Songs: Even Glory to the Righteous.—— They shall Sing for the Majesty of the Lord; they shall Cry aloud from the Sea.—— Wherefore Glorify ye the Lord in the Isles of the Sea.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Walsh*, Servant to Her Majesty, at the *Harp and Hoboy* in *Katherine-Street*, near *Somerset-House* in the *Strand*: And *J. Hare*, Instrument-maker, at the *Golden Viol and Flute* in *Cornhill* near the *Royal-Exchange*: And *P. Randal*, at the *Violin and Lute* by *Pauls-grave Court*, without *Temple-Bar*. 1708.

To the Worthy and Esteem'd

Mr. *WILLIAM PATERSEN*:

As *Approv'd* of Skill

In the Great or *Political* Harmony;
Like the *Theban* Artist,
Who Received his Lute from *Mercury*,
By the Musick of *Eloquence*, and Powerful
Perswasive, Charming the *Insensible*,
As Stones, into Regularity and *UNITY*;
This Concert of *Divine* Harmony,
As a Birth of *Kin*,
And under the same Constellation
With that more General Concent,
In which He has Perform'd so Exquisite a *Part*:
And as Acknowledgment of Favour
From *HIM*, and *HIS*;
With their Benign Influences on
Its Formation and Product;
Is Humbly
INSCRIB'D.

The PREFACE.

As there has been of late Years a great Revival of the Genius *of Musick in General, and great Improvements of it in Divine Use; such Numbers taught to Sing in the Country; and in the Education of Children, both a Care in their Governors, and a Propensity in themselves for the Exercise of Singing to the Praise of God: It has been thought somewhat New in this kind, that might be suited to all Capacities; and of a little freer Air than the grave Movement of the Psalm Tunes, might be both seasonable and acceptable; there being little or nothing advanc'd of this Nature among us, but what is quite thro set to Musick, and so of less General Use.*

It is Observable, that in Germany, *where they have such abundance of Divine Songs and Hymns, set to short and pleasant Tunes, and of more Airy Movement; the Peasant at his Plow, the Servants at their Labour, the Children in the Street; and generally Persons both at their Imploy, and in their Diversions, make use of these for the Expression of their Mirth; and have no such Custome as we unhappily labour under, of Ballads and Profane Songs; which tend so much to Vitiate the Minds of the Younger sort, and Entertain the wicked Inclinations of others. And as it is found they generally have the Start of us both in Religion and Reformation, so if in this Point also we could follow them, it might be the Transplanting a* Flower *into our Soil, that would yield a grateful Savour both to God and Man.*

The Ground of this Work, was a Collection and Composition for Private Use; in which were two or three of the German *Hymns; to which others were recommended to be Added by some of that* Nation, *and Encouragement given of good Acceptance, if they were made Publick. The*

Editor has more of this kind by him, which if Providence so appoint may follow; and the Design be carried on to something Higher, for the Use of the greater Proficients both in Musick, and Religion.

That something more particular in point of Gratitude is yet needful to be Advanc'd, in a Nation that above all other has had the Experience of such surprising Favours and peculiar Blessings, I believe none will deny: And 'tis for the Exeitement of this Spirit, and as a Mite of Thankful Oblation *to the Fountain of Mercies and Blessings, towards the appeasing his Indignation, and averting his Judgments, and for the Continuation of his Goodness to us, that this Design is Ultimately Intended. Let us above all others, Sing for the* Majesty *of the Lord, and let his Name be Glorified in This our* Isle. *And we shall find the Ascending Echo of Praise for* Mercies *Receiv'd, Return'd and Re-Echo'd from the Heavens, in Mercies* Multiply'd. *Yea, it will reflect Glory also upon* Us, *upon our QUEEN, and upon our Kingdom; from the Glory of* His *Presence, and the Smile of his Countenance,* Ev'n Glory to the Righteous. *So may the Glory of our Isle, and of our Kingdom Increase, in and from the Glory of* His *breaking forth among us, and* Shining *upon us.*

The

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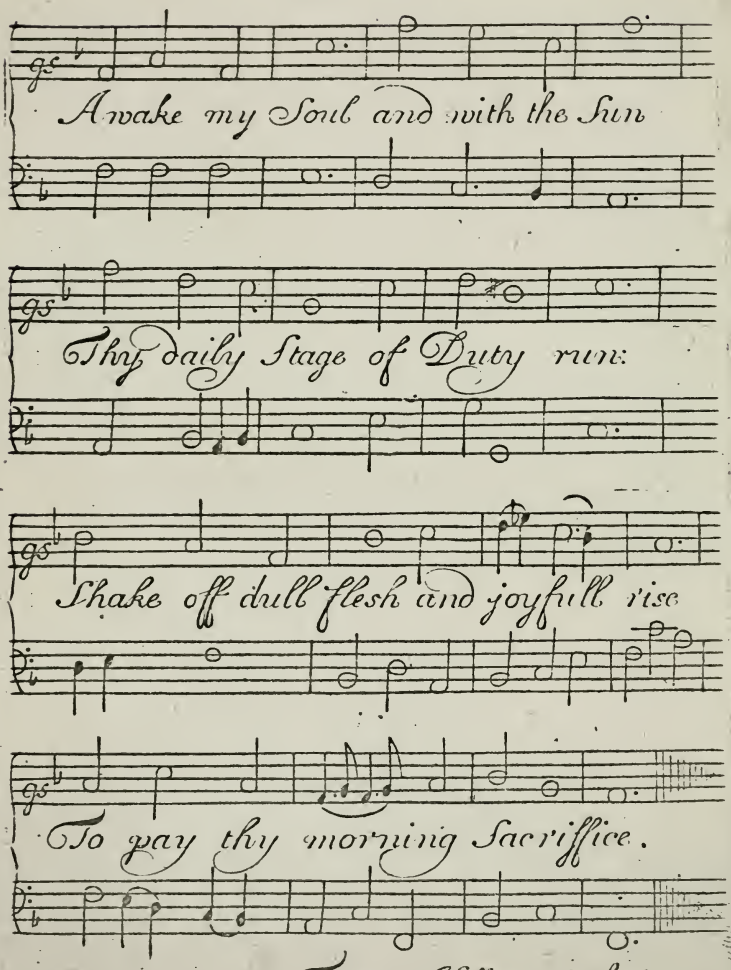
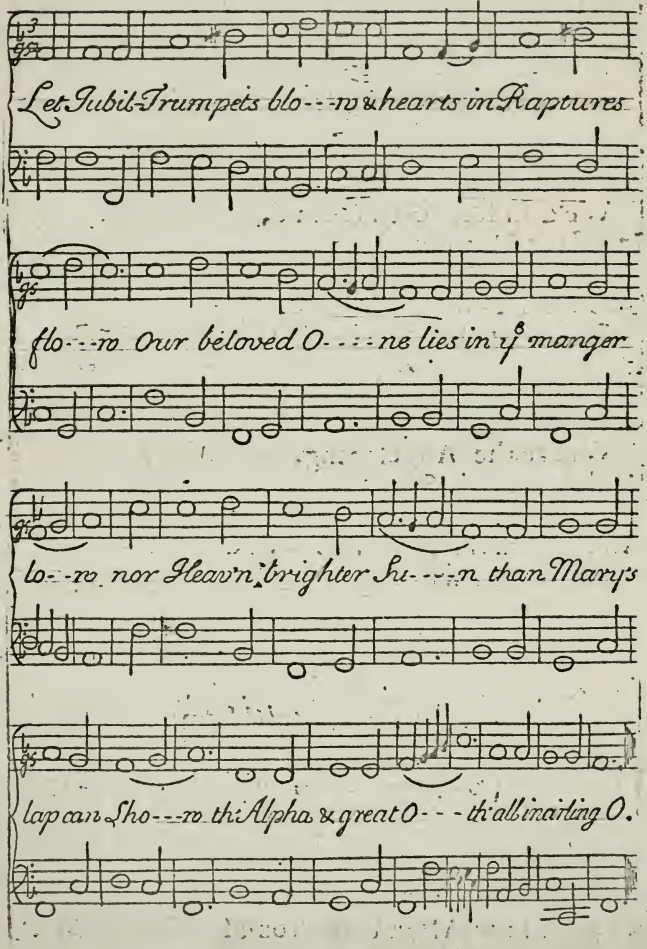
A Mor-

A morning Hymn.



Francis: Hoffman Sculpsit.

On the birth of Christ.
In dulci Jubilo.



1.

O Charming Infancy,
My Heart it pants for thee:
Chear my anxious Mind,
Look, look sweet Babe on me,
With all thy Graces kind;
O Princely Majesty,
Draw me after thee, [draw me, *&c.*]

3.

O Love oth' Father dear,
More meekly Shining here:
We'd in Hell been chain'd,
Incessant Flames to bear:
But he for us Regain'd
The Glories of the Sphere.
O were we but there. [O were we, *&c.*]

4.

O Joy where art thou found?
On *Paradisical* Ground;
Where the Angels Sing,
And *Hallalujahs* Sound.
Where the Cymbals ring;
And where the King is Crown'd.
There may we be found. [There may, *&c.*]

Commemoration of Christ's Death.

A *Sacramental* Hymn.

To the Tune of, Sweet Jesu, who my Wish Fulfils.

1.

HOW sweet the Angel-Trumpets sound,
With Heaven's kind Invitation,
That call the Altar to surround
In *Paschal* Celebration:

Our Father has us Wellcome bid,
Upon the *Holy Lamb* to feed,
With bleſt Solemnization.

3.

O Sacred Viands here prepar'd
For our Divine repaſting!
O Sacred Gate, for us unbarr'd
To Pleaſures Everlaſting!
Jeſus is *Manna*, Bread Divine.
Jeſus is Oyl, is Milk and Wine,
And Honey to our Taſting.

3.

Who would not, Lord, Remember Thee,
On all ſuch Bleſt Occaſions?
O can thy Croſs e'er buried be
In Worldly Occupations?
O Tree ſo dry, ſuch Fruit to bring
As ne'er in Paradiſe did ſpring,
For Healing of the Nations.

4.

O Love, that makes ſuch Joys to ſpring
In ſuch deep Scenes of Mourning!
The Croſs, the Spear, the Deadly Sting
To Healthful Uſes turning.
Death's Servant made, to break the Bread;
And Pierce the Font of Wine ſo Red,
With Flames Celeſtial burning.

5.

Into what Myſteries muſt we dive,
In this Divine Refection?
We Live to Die, we Die to Live,
In Bliſsful Reſurrection.
Dear Lord, who would not Die with thee,
In Death the New-Births *Gate* to ſee;
And Inlet to Perfection.

6.

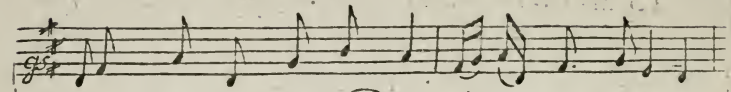
O Lord extend thy Charity
  To thy poor Flock disjoynted;
Restore thy Churches Unity,
  As when 'twas first Appointed.
O let us Live in Love with Thee,
And in Fraternal Amity,
  With Oyl of Grace Anointed.

7.

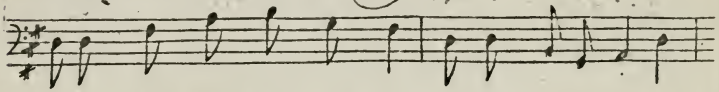
To God the *Father*, Fund of Grace,
  His Express Image sending;
The *Son*, the Brightness of his Face,
  The Veil of Darkness rending;
And to the *Spirit* be Glory, Pow'r,
And Kingdom; now, as was before,
  And shall be never Ending.

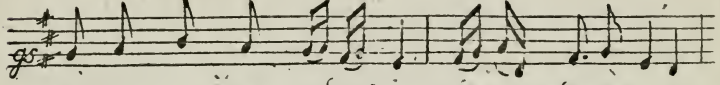
The

The Resurrection.

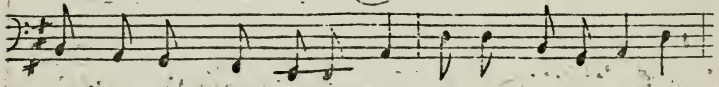


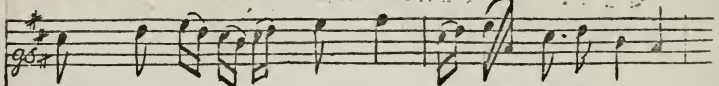
Jesus Christ is Risen to day Halle-Hallelujah



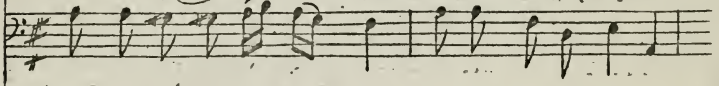


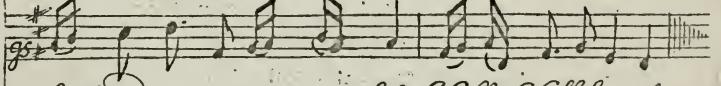
Our triumphant Holyday Halle-Hallelujah.



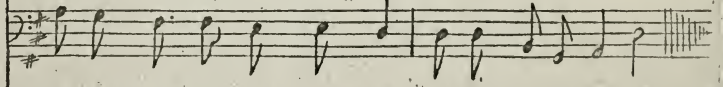


Who so lately on the Cross Halle-Hallelujah.





Suffer'd to redeem our loss Halle Hallelujah.



FH Sculpsit

2.

HAst ye Females from your Fright, *Hall.* &c.
Take to *Galile* your Flight: *Hall.*
To his sad Disciples say, *Hall.*
Jesus Christ is Risen to Day. *Hall.*

3.

In our *Paschal* Joy and Feast. *Hall.*
Let the Lord of Life be blest, *Hall.*
Let the Holy Trine be prais'd, *Hall.*
And thankful Hearts to Heaven be rais'd. *Hall.*

A *Resurrection* Dialogue.

Erstanden ist der Heilige Christ.

To the same Tune.

1.

Christ our Lord is Risen to Day; *Hall.* &c.
Christ our Life, our Light, our Way, *Hall.*
Th' Object of our Love and Faith; *Hall.*
Who but dy'd to Conquer Death. *Hall.*

2.

Th' Holy Matrons early come, *Hall.*
To Bedew their Savior's Tomb; *Hall.*
Jesus seek among the Dead, *Hall.*
Far from those Dark Regions fled. *Hall.*

3.

Two bright Angels, that appear, *Hall.*
Thus Salute 'em; He's not here. *Hall.*
Banish Sorrow, Shout and Sing, *Hall.*
Welcome to your Risen King. *Hall.*

4.

Mary. Beauteous Angels, say what place, *Hall.*
Does his charming Presence Grace? *Hall.*
Dim my Eyes; then bid Rejoyce: *Hall.*
Then to Praise I'll tune my Voice. *Hall.*

5. An-

5.

Angel. First the Sacred Place behold, *Hall.*
Did your Breathless Lord infold. *Hall.*
See the Cloath which bound his Head, *Hall.*
Proves he's Risen from the Dead. *Hall.*

6.

Mary. True 'tis so: The empty Urn, *Hall.*
Shall my Grief to Transports turn. *Hall.*
He's not here: O tell me where; *Hall.*
His blest Residence declare. *Hall.*

7.

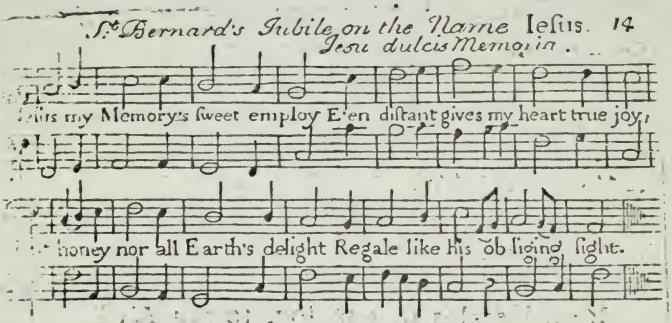
Angel. Hast in Faith prepare to see, *Hall.*
Your lov'd Lord in *Galile*, *Hall.*
Blest let his Disciples be, *Hall.*
With your Sacred Embassy. *Hall.*

9.

Mary. Heralds of our Joy, to you *Hall.*
Grateful Thanks and Love is due. *Hall.*
While our God in Praises high, *Hall.*
We together Magnify. *Hall.*

10.

Chorus. The Cross is past, the Crown is won, *Hall.*
Th' Ransom paid, and Death's Sting gone. *Hall.*
Let us Feast, and Sing, and Say, *Hall.*
Christ and *We* have *Life* to Day. *Hall.*



2.

THere's Nothing can be sung, more sweet;
Nothing the Ears more pleasant greet;
Nothing be sweeter thought upon,
Than *Jesus*, God's beloved Son.

3.

Jesus, the Penitents Good Hope;
Jesus, the Suppliant's Aim and Scope;
To those that do but seek, how kind?
But what, O what to those that find!

4.

Jesus, of Hearts the sweet Delight;
The Fountain of their Life and Light.

Joy,

Joy, that all other Joy transcends,
And ev'n beyond Desire extends.

5.

Our stammering Tongues can never tell;
Letters and Words but vainly swell;
Th' Experienc'd can believe alone
What 'tis to Love God's only *Son*.

6.

Jesus I seek when on my Bed;
The World shut out of Heart and Head,
Private or Publick, when I move,
Jesus I'll seek with eager Love.

7.

I'll run with *Mary* by Day-break,
My *Jesus* in the Tomb Ill seek,
With my Heart's Love-complaint and cry;
With Heart I'll seek and not with Eye.

8.

My Tears shall on his Tomb distill,
My Sighs and Groans the Concave fill.
I'll throw me at his Foot of Grace,
And there hold fast with strict Embrace.

9.

Jesu! Of Kings the wondrous King,
Ore Death and Hell thy Triumphs ring:
Sweetness of Grace Inaffable;
All Love, all o'er Desirable.

10.

Abide with us, and ever Lord,
Illumination true afford:
Then shall we this vain World despise;
And Heavenly Love Victorious rise.

11.

Thy Grace Exuberant's understood,
By Characters of thy own Blood:
Where dying Love, and clouded Light,
Restore us Life, and God's dear Sight.

12. Then

12.

Then let all *Jesus* seek, and burn
With Heavenly Love, in Loves return:
The Savour of his Ointments drawing,
And his All-Clement Sceptre Awing.

13.

Ah! me, sweet *Jesu*, let me prove
The force of thy Exstatick Love.
Whose longing Eyes are waiting Thee
Inthron'd in Glory high to see.

14.

Tho Worthily I cannot Name Thee,
I cannot chuse yet but proclaim Thee.
For boyling Love oft makes us bold,
Breaks way and runs like Molten Gold.

15.

Thy Love, thy Self, O *Jesu* blest,
Is our true Food, and Heavenly Feast.
Where Appetites nor cloy nor tire;
But fill'd of Thee have fresh Desire.

16.

Thou art when sounding in our Ears
The Musick of the Heavenly Spheres:
Th' Mouth Heaven's Virgin Honey art,
And Heavenly *Nectar* in the Heart.

17.

Ah! bless'd expert of Joys Divine,
Inebriate with the Kingdoms Wine.
So Rapt their *Jesus* to admire,
That of all else they've lost Desire.

18.

My Soul each Moment thee requires,
To ease my Languors, quench my Fires:
And still what Transport when I find,
And Thee in warm Embraces bind!

19.

Now now I see what I Admire,
My Arms Inlock my Lifes Desire.

I'm held i'th † *Galleries* of Love, † *Cant.* 7. 5.
Intranc'd in Flames like Theirs above.

20.

'Tis *Paradisial* Love Descends
Heavens Flame through all my Vitals sends;
Pierces the Centre of my Soul,
And Reigns in Joy without Controul.

21.

O blessed Conflagration dear,
Of Hearts Conjunction in Love's Sphear!
O cool Refreshment sweet, in one,
To Love, and Love God's only Son!

22.

Fair Virgin Flower, of Virgin Bed,
With Lilly White, and Rosie Red,
Grow in my Heart; then Praise shall rise
Heav'ns best Perfume and Sacrifice.

23.

Jesu, than Sun more charming calm;
More Odorous than *Gileads Balm*;
Sweet to my Tast all Sweets above;
To my Eye loveliest of all Love.

24.

Thou art my Souls Supreme Delight;
Consummate Loves Meridian Height:
My Conquest, Glory, Jubile;
Salvation Universally.

25.

O come enlarge thy Triumphs here,
JEHOVAH's Right-hand, Consort dear,
And all thy Enemies trod down,
Come sway thy Sceptre, wear thy Crown.

26.

All Powerful King, All Glorious;
Ore Death and Hell Victorious;
The Fountain whence all Graces rise,
And the Sun-Flower of Paradise.

27.

Ye Orders bright of Heavenly Powers,
Lift up the Everlasting Doors:
To the Triumphant Conqueror Sing,
Hail, *Jesu*, of all Kings the *King*.

28.

Thee all th' Angelick Quires Proclaim;
And Shout in thy Imperial Name:
Who Reigns in Peace surpassing Sense;
And bids Loves *Sabbath* now Commence.

29.

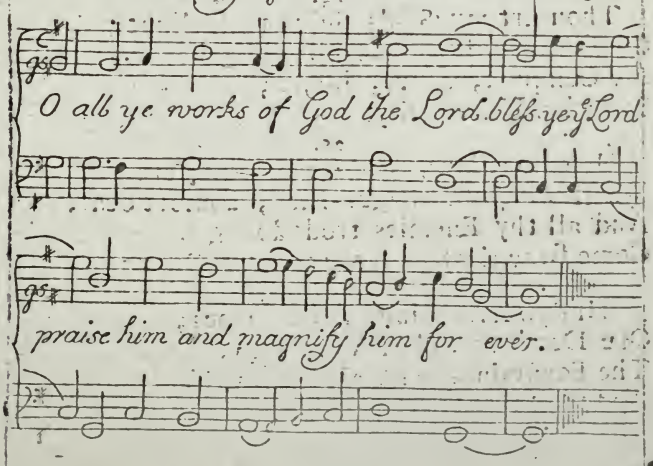
Jesus Ascends his Father's Throne,
The Godhead Love-Pavilion.
And after him my Heart shall fly;
Christ live in Me and no more I.

30.

O let us all Resound his Praise;
Our Cries and Vows incessant raise,
That he may us the Favour design
In this blest Throne with him to *Reign*.

18

The Song of the 3 Children corrected.

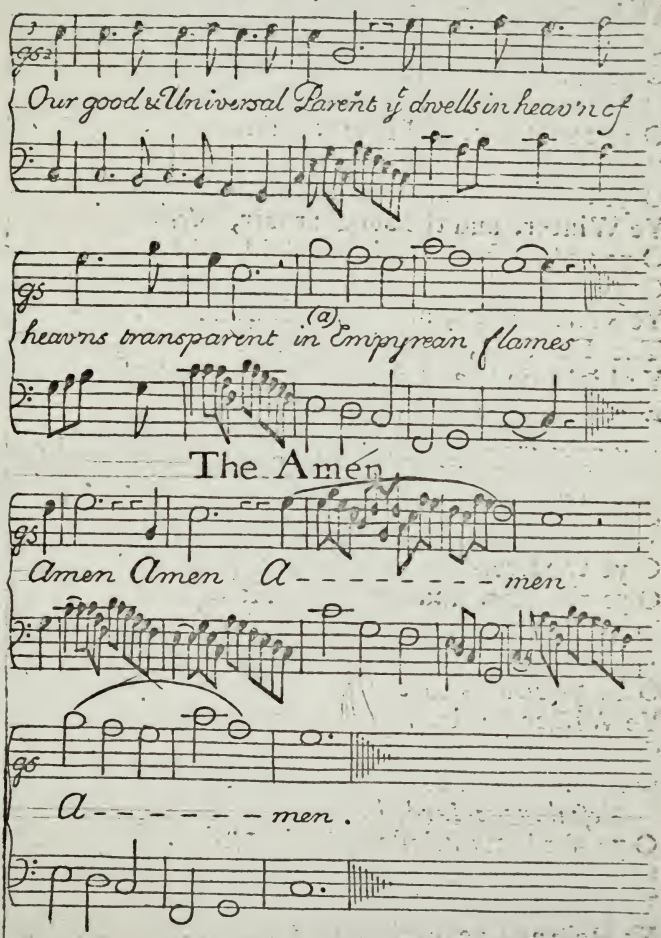


O All ye Angels of the Lord,
Bless ye the Lord, Praise, &c.
O ye the Starry Heavens so high, *Bless.*
Ye Waters clear above the Sky, *Bless.*
O all ye Powers of God the Lord, *Bless.*
O ye the radiant Sun, and Moon, *Bless.*
O ye the glistering Stars of Heaven, *Bless.*
O ye the Rains, and Pearly Dews, *Bless.*
Ye stormy Winds, and whispering Gales, *Bless.*
O ye the Fire, and fervent Heat, *Bless.*
Ye Winter, and the Summer fair, *Bless.*
O ye the Frost, and chilling Cold, *Bless.*
O ye congealed Ice and Snow, *Bless.*
Ye Sable Nights, and Sun-bright Days, *Bless.*
The Darkness, and Light cheering Rays, *Bless.*
Ye Lightning, and destilling Clouds, *Bless.*
Earths spacious Globe, Bless thou the Lord,
O Bless the Lord, &c.

PART Second.

O All ye Mountains, and ye Hills, *Bless, &c.*
O all ye flowring Greens on Earth, *Bless.*
O ye the Ever-springing Wells, *Bless.*
O ye the Seas, and streaming Floods, *Bless.*
Ye Whales that on the Surges ride, *Bless.*
And all that in the Waters glide, *Bless.*
O all ye Fowles that Wing the Air, *Bless.*
Ye Wilder Beasts, and Gentler Folds, *Bless.*
O ye the Children of Mankind, *Bless.*
O *Israel* loudest Bless the Lord,
Bless thou the Lord, &c.
O ye the Holy Priests of God, *Bless.*
O ye the Servants of the Lord, *Bless.*
Ye Spirits and Souls of Righteous Men, *Bless.*
Ye Holy and ye meek of Heart, *Bless.*
O *Ananias* Bless the Lord, *Bless thou the Lord, &c.*
O *Azarias* Bless the Lord, *Bless.*
And *Misael* Bless thou the Lord, *O Bless the, &c.*

The Lord's Prayer paraphras'd.



2.

BE Glorified in thy Creation ;
In ev'ry Tongue, in ev'ry Nation,
Resounding thy blest Name.

3.

Send us the (*b*) Day Star of the Morning ;
And thy Triumphant Spouse Adorning,
Thy Glorious Kingdom come.

4.

No more our Wills, no more our Passions ;
No more our Lusts, nor our fond Fashions.
Thy only Will be done.

5.

As Heavenly Powers to us conveying,
So all the Powers on Earth obeying
Thy Sovereign Word alone.

6.

With daily Food in Strength Renew us ;
And with thy Heavenly Grace bedew us,
The Bread by which we Live.

7.

And of thy own Free Grace Relieve us ;
Our Trespasses and Sins forgive us ;
As others we Forgive.

8.

And lead us not into Temptation :
But be from Evil our Salvation,
And from its Author.

9.

Thine is the Kingdom, thine the Glory,
The Pow'r as found in Ancient Story,
And shall be Evermore.

(a) *Belonging to the Highest Heaven.*
(b) *The Spirit for Preparation of the Kingdom.*

A Commemoration of Gods Mercies.
Solt ich meinen Gott nicht Singen.

Can I cease my God from singing daily grateful praise to thee
Whose daily all things bringing tokens of thy grace to me

Nought but Love so pure so tender.

Mov'd that heart that comprehends

moves & actuates its friends all that true Loves

homage render All things to their period hast

Gods rich Mercies ever last.

2.

As the Eagles Wings expanding
Foster and Protect her Young;
So thy Arm all Power commanding,
Keeps me safe in Dangers Throng.
Ev'n at first when Life thou gave me;
Mercy reach'd me in the Womb;
And till drop'd into my Tomb,
Kindly will Conduct and Save me:
All things to their Period hast;
God's Rich Mercies ever last.

3.

His Dear Son's not so Beloved
But he gave him up for me,
That from Paths of Death removed
I to Life Restored might be.
O in depth Abyssal Fountain!
How shall my weak Spirit stretch,
Thy unmeasur'd Bounds to reach?
O for Height Eternal Mountain!
All things to.

4.

His Good Spirit, Guide supernal,
Through his Word to me is given,
Me to lead from Things External
To the Pearly Gates of Heav'n.
This sweet Dove with Splendor glorious
Fills my Heart, the Light of Faith,
Captivating Powers of Death.
Over World and Hell Victorious.
All things to.

5.

Intellectual Health abounding,
Health and Wealth provided are;
Or *Corporeal* Ills surrounding,
Still appears his Pious Care.

When my Strength and Pow'r decreases,
Or is quite to Nothing come.
Then my Father calls me home,
And himself to Aid me pleases.
All things to.

6.

Th' Heav'n and Earth and all their Treasure,
Made he for my Benefit:
Ev'ry Space my Eye can measure
Yields me Profit or Delight.
Beasts, and Herbs, and Fruitful Earing,
In the Bottoms, on the Hills,
What the Air, or Ocean fills;
Ev'ry where my Food appearing.
All things to.

7.

In Sleep, Death's Preludious warning,
He my Fainting Life supplys.
Grace and Mercy ev'ry Morning
Constant as the Sun arise.
I in this Worlds Errant-Mazes,
Dangerous Gulfs, and Rocks unseen,
Lost and overwhelm'd had been,
But for thy Indulgent Graces.
All things to.

8.

O how many sad Afflictions,
Rais'd up by the Enemy,
Providential Restrictions
Have with-held from hurting me?
The Mid-night and Noon-day Evil
Fly before th' Angelick Band,
That around me Guardians stand:
Michael still Controuls the Devil.
All things to.

9. Ev'n

9.

Ev'n his Tryals and his Crosses,
Tho' at first they bitter be,
Are instead of Hurt or Losses
Signs of *Birth-Legitimacy.*
Evidencing God my Father
Who me Loves now thinks on me;
From the Worlds Captivity
By the Cross t'himself to gather.
All things to.

10.

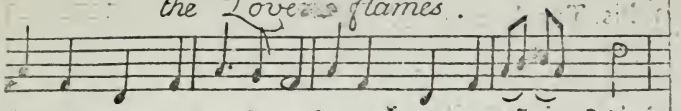
This I know my Father's Pleasure;
And its blest Event attend:
Christian Crosses have their Measure,
Crown'd with Glory in the End.
When the Winter has done Snowing,
Comes the Summer smiling on,
So when the Cross-Work is done,
Joys instead of Tears come flowing.
All things to.

11.

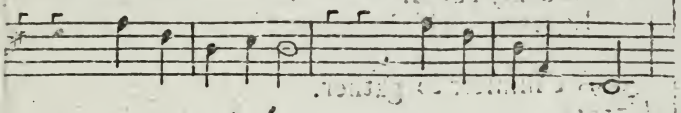
Now because no End or Measure
Can in God's great Love be found;
Grant, O Lord, of thy good Pleasure,
To it I may set no Bound.
But with Strength of Love supply me,
That I may with Heart and Might
Thee Embrace both Day and Night;
Till this Life shall Breath deny me;
And my Love when Time is ceast,
Like thy Mercies ever last.

Mar-

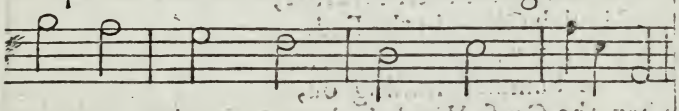
Martyrdom Revers'd or the Loves flames.



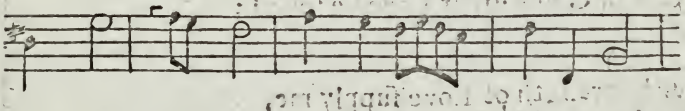
Sacred flames of love divine In our hearts untainted ſhine



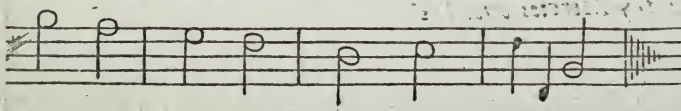
Feed upon our ſouls and let them to Love s burning ſtake be ſet



O bleſt fires quickly come We're prepar'd for Martyrdom



Bleſsed is the ſoul that dies thus to Love a Sacrifice.



2.

BLessed *Jesus* from thine Eye,
Those thrice Sacred Flames did fly,
Which now burn without controul
As on the Tinder of our Soul.
Blessed Fires, O consume
What's prepar'd for Martyrdom.
Blessed as the Soul that dies,
Thus to Love a Sacrifice.

3.

The Etherial Flames that are
Couched in the Welkin Fair;
Those that crown the radiant Sun;
And those that beautify the Moon,
Are less fair than those that come
Thus to Crown our Martyrdom.
Blessed is the Soul that dies
Loves unspotted Sacrifice.

4.

O how raging, yet how sweet
Are those Sacred Fires, which greet
Our dry Souls with flaming Kisses,
Pains dispensing with our Blisses.
But such Pains we wish to come,
That bring us Crowns of Martyrdom.
Blessed is the Soul that dies
Thus to Love a Sacrifice.

5.

O our Souls are all on Fire,
We consume in our Desire.
We Desire what we Possess:
Water's but our Fires Increase:
Those bright Fires which are come
To crown our Souls with Martyrdom.
Happy is the Soul that dies
Loves All-willing-Sacrifice.

6.

O what lingring Death is this,
Bliſs inviting unto bliſs.
By thoſe Taſts of Love are we
But more Enamour'd of the Sea
Of Abyſſal Love, whence come
The Flames that crown our Martyrdom.
Happy is the Soul that dies
Thus Loves daily Sacrifice.

7.

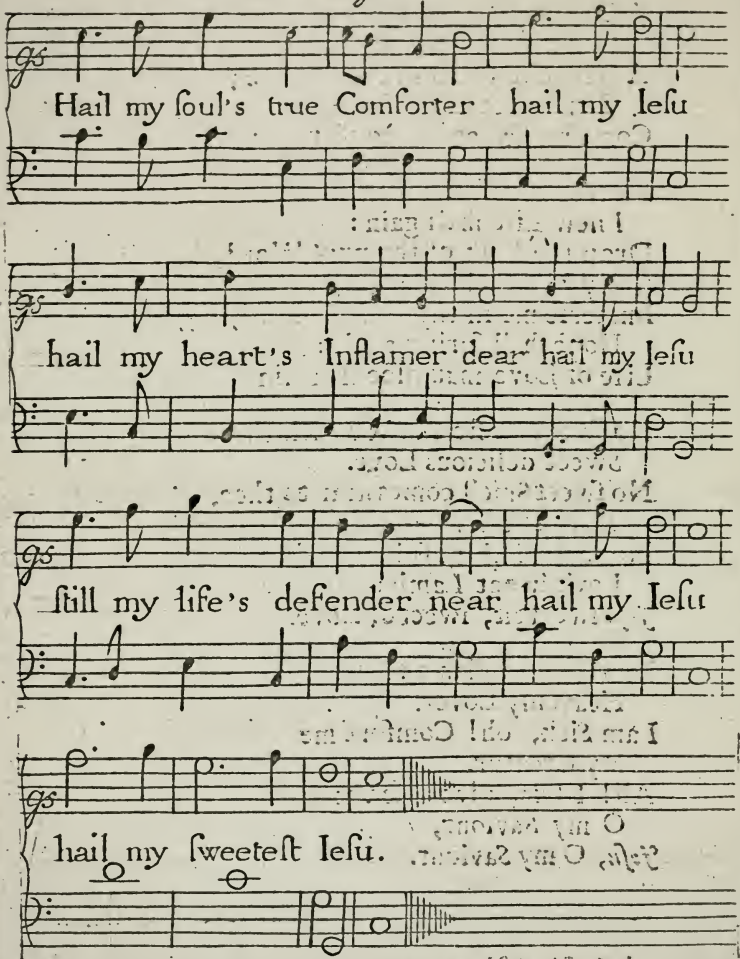
O what kind of Pain is this,
Which is ſweeteſt of all bliſs.
Oh! tis Pain intolerable!
Pleaſure yet Unutterable
Such are theſe bleſt Flames which come
To crown us with Loves-Martyrdom.
Happy, happy Soul that dies.
Thus Love's Living Sacrifice.

8.

O we cry we cannot bear
Love's hot Flames, which domineer
In our Souls, aud yet had we
Doom'd to Death far rather be,
Than to loſe thoſe Flames that come
To crown us with Loves Martyrdom.
O thrice happy Soul that dies
Love's Eternal Sacrifice.

A

A hymn to Jesus.
Salve Cordis gaudium



2.

A Thouſand times I think on thee.
Come ſweet *Spouſe* to me.
A Thouſand times I wiſh for thee:
Come ſweet Spouſe to me.
A Thouſand times I cry to thee;
Come ſweet *Spouſe* to me.
Come my ſweeteſt *Spouſe* to me.

3.

Heavenly Paſtures me afford;
I new Life ſhall gain:
Drop the Milk of thy puré Word,
My Lips ſhall then be † fain.
Immerſe me in thy Bowels Lord,
Hope ſhall ſpring again:
Life of Love ſhall bloom amain.

4.

No ſweet Taſte can Vie with thee,
Sweet delicious Love.
No ſweet Smell comes near to thee,
Sweet Perfume of Love.
None for Mildneſs like to thee
Lov's ſweet Lamb and Dové.
Jeſu ſweeteſt, ſweet of Love.

5.

I am Cold, Inflame thou me
Heavenly Lover.
I am *Sick*, oh! Comfort me
My Creator.
Ah! I Die, give Life to me,
O my *Saviour*,
Jeſu, O my *Saviour*.

---

† *Joyful.* Pſal. 71. 21.

Hu

Hue and Cry after Peace.

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

O Sacred Peace where art thou fled?
What Region hides thy drooping Head?
Fled from the Church, fled from the State,
Fled from the Poor, and from the Great.

2.

An Exile now from every Land,
Ev'n where thy Sovereign's Altars ſtand.
Fled from our Paſtimes and Delights:
Ev'n theſe but *Pall* our Appetites.

3.

Peace for the Wicked nere was known:
But ah! She's now from *Sion* flown.
Into the Deſerts driv'n, and Woods;
And there purſu'd by Dragon-Floods.

4.

O Prince of Peace, how canſt thou ſee
Thy Subjects Wreck and Miſery!
Ah! they're Rebellious grown, thou ſaiſt;
Have Open-War with Me Profeſt.

5.

By joint Conſent rejecting Peace,
They've ſent home my Ambaſſadreſs.
Love cannot dwell with Wrath, or Spite:
No Peace with God where Brethren Fight.

6. Yet

6.

Yet Courage, thou, my *Sion* dear;
And bear of Present *Ills* thy Share.
Ev'n at the Worst dismiss thy Fears,
For at the Worst thy God appears.

7.

Thy suffering Lord obtain'd his *Birth*,
In Peace Proclaim'd throughout the Earth.
But th' *Manchild* of Triumphant Power
Shoots forth ev'n in the Darkness Hour:

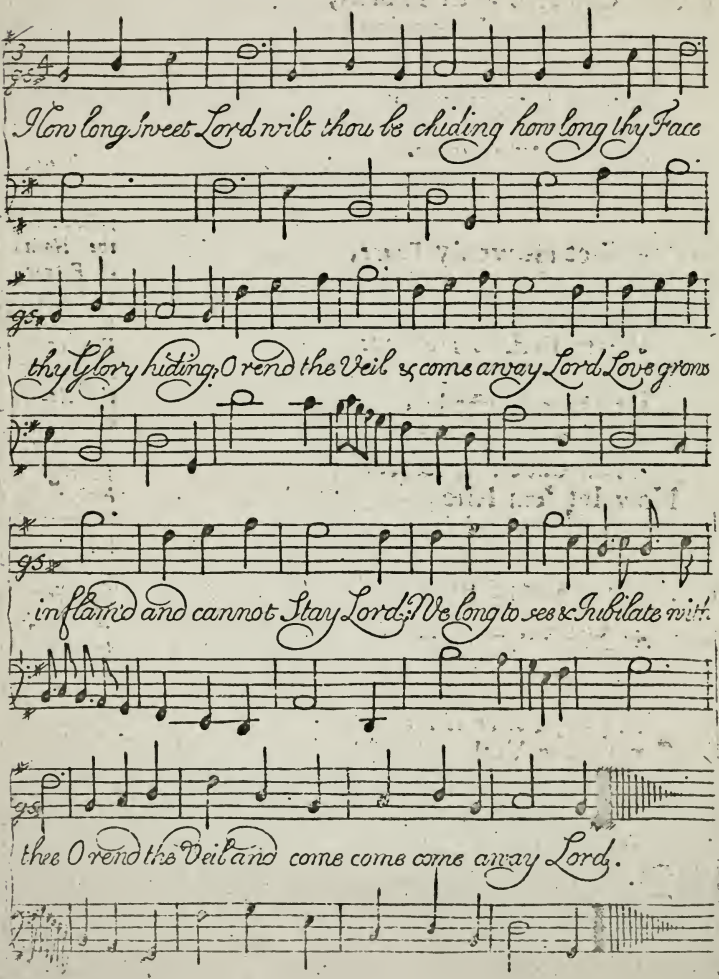
8.

He breaks the Clouds, and thunders thro'
The Storm, with Gales that stronger blow.
Soon *Awes the* Tempests with his Nod:
And quells his Foes with *Iron-Rod*.

9.

Then shall the Virgin Peace Return;
And Love in Flames *Seraphick* burn.
And jointly in All Hearts shall Reign;
As ev'ry where they now are Slain.

A breathing into the hiding-place of God's power.



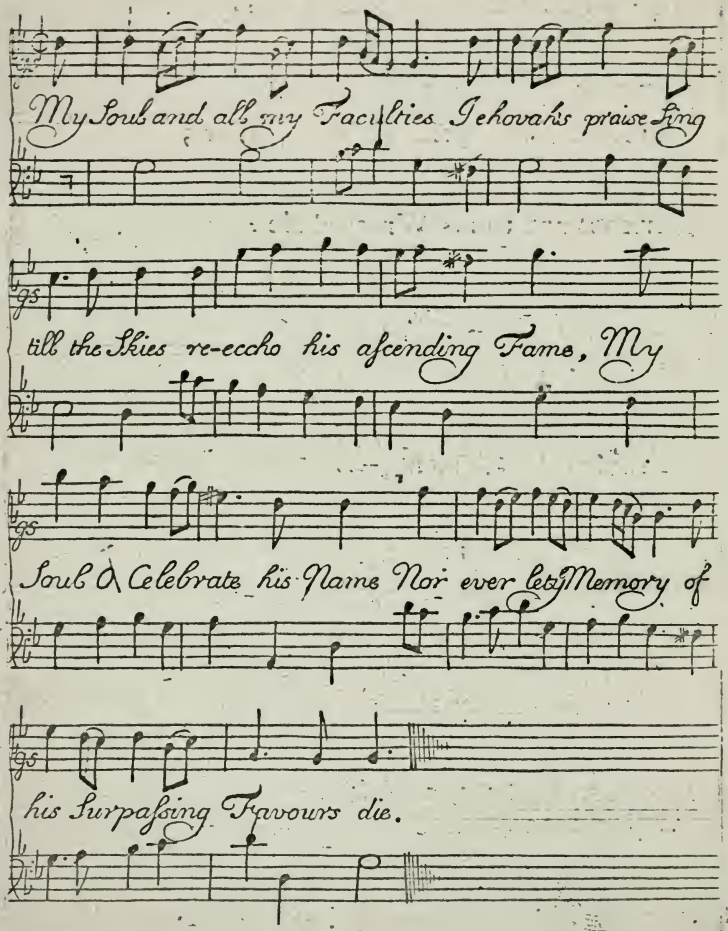
2. THy *Spouse* Wounds
Bleed without Curing:
Her Patient Soul
Long, long enduring:
Still Crown'd with Thorns,
In Shame and Scorning;
Still Sla'n with thee
Till thy Returning.
Lift up thy *Horn*,
Thou mighty *Unicorn*.
(a) Push down thy Foes and *Spring*
The Glorious *Morning*.

3. Let Heavenly *Peace*,
Long Life and Pleasures;
Let *Crowns* adorn'd
With *Wisdoms Treasures*,
The Portion be
Of thine Elected;
Now Honour'd more
Than once Neglected.
Now let 'em Rise
And enter *Paradise*,
By thy Great *Michael's*
Flaming Sword Protected.

4. O show the Place
Of thy Abiding;
And where thy
Mighty *Power* is *Hiding*.
O rend the Veil
And come away Lord;
Love grows Inflam'd
And cannot stay Lord.
Come set us free
To *Jubilate* with thee.
O rend the Veil, and come,
Come, come away Lord.

(a) The two Effects as of the Horn of Power and the Horn or Ray of Light; the Hebrew Word importing both. Whence the Glory of Moses Face is Represented as with Horns.

A Song of praise for divine Goodness.



2.

HE gently Pardons our Mis-deeds,
And Cures the Wound which inward bleeds.
Has from the Chains of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he ſubdues,
And Eagle-like our Youth renews.

3.

From him the Springs of Mercy flow;
Swift to Forgive, to Anger ſlow.
For he will not for ever chide,
Nor conſtant to his Wrath abide:
But mildly from it will relent,
And ſhorten our due Prniſhment.

4.

His Juſtice he Extends to all:
Oppreſſors by his Vengeance fall.
But as the Heav'ns in amplitude
Exceed the Centre they include:
So ample is his Clemency
To all who on his Grace rely.

5.

As far as the bright Orient
Is diſtant from the Sun's Deſcent;
So far he ſets from his Aſpect
Their Guilt, who His juſt Laws affect.
Ev'n as a Father to his Child,
So ſoft, ſo quickly reconcil'd.

6.

For his ſure Mercy ſhall Embrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race;
His Righteouſneſs their Souls Up-rear,
Who Faithful in his Covenant are:
Who fear his Threats, who wait his Will,
And his Commands with Joy fulfill.

7.

In Heaven the Great *JEHOVAH* Reigns,
And Governs all that Earth contains.
You Angels who in Strength exceed,
Who him obey with winged ſpeed;
You Order'd Hoſts of Radiant Stars;
And you his flaming Miniſters;

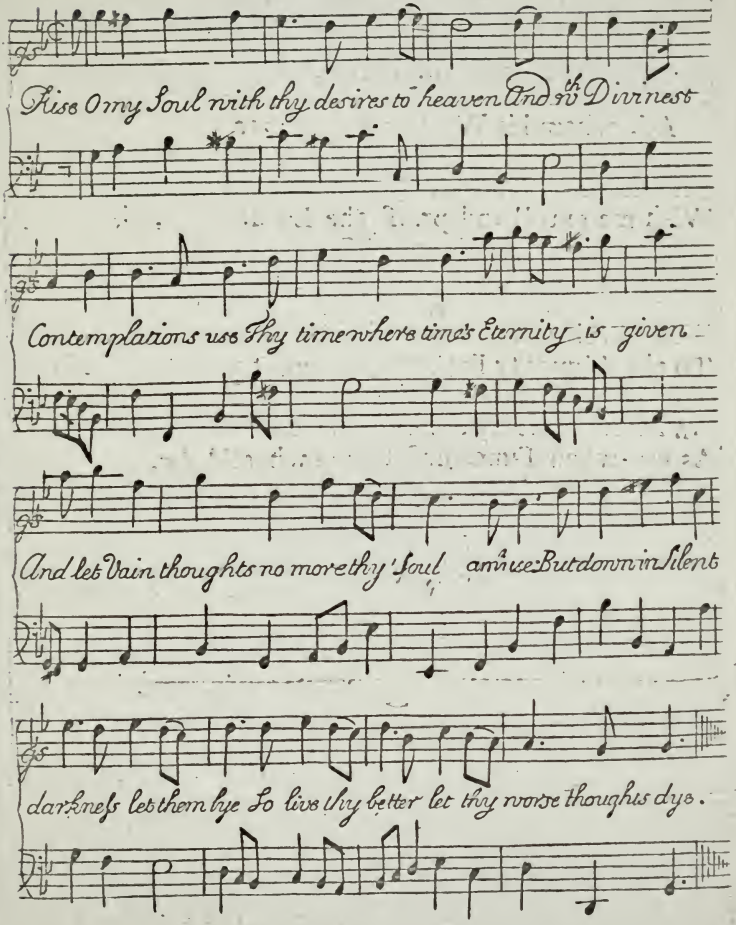
8.

All, whom his Wiſdom did Create,
Thro' his large Empire, Celebrate
His Glorious Name with ſweet accord:
With me extoll and praiſe the Lord.
Daily recount his Deeds of Fame;
And O my Soul do thou the ſame.

9.

Let Praiſe aſcend to God above;
To the Almighty Father's Throne;
To our Redeemer God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit of Love.
As was when Times firſt Hours wheel'd on,
And ſhall be when their Circle's done.

Surſum Corda.
An Aſpiration.



1.

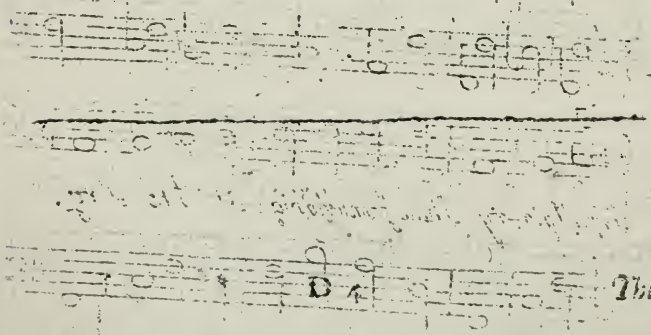
AND thou, my Soul, inſpir'd with Holy Flame,
View and Review with moſt regardful Eye
That Holy Croſs, whence thy Salvation came;
On which thy Saviour and thy Sin did Die:
For in that Sacred Object is much Pleaſure;
And in that Saviour is my Joy, my Treaſure.

3.

To thee, O *Jeſu*, I direct mine Eyes,
To thee my Hands, to thee my humble Knees;
To thee my Heart ſhall offer Sacrifice;
To thee my Thoughts, who all their Motions ſees.
To thee my Life, my Self and all I give;
To Sin I Die, to Thee alone I Live.

4.

O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord moſt High,
Coequal, Coeternal Deity,
Who Mad'ſt us, did'ſt Redeem, and doſt Inſpire
Our tepid Souls with new Celeſtial Fire;
We Bleſs, thee now, and ſhall Eternally,
O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord moſt High.



The Song of the Bride.

Wie Schon leuchtet der Morgenstern.

How fairly Shines ye morning Star to grace & truth beyond
Hail David's Son of Jacob's line thou art my King & Spouse

compare Great Jesse's Off Spring Roy - al
divine - thou hast my heart true Loy - al

lovely kind free in whose Sweet face Celestial grace

in full glo - ry Shines from heaven high - est Sto - ry.

2.

AH! my ſweet Pearl, my precious Crown,
God and the humble *Marys* Son,
Heaven's King, and Earths Low-bowing.
My Heart calls thee its Lily true:
But thou art Roſe and Lily too;
With Milk and Honey flowing.
Sweet Flood!
Rich Food!
Hoſanna, this [Sing *Hoſanna*]
True *Manna* is; [Heav'nly Manna]
Angels Feaſting
Its Savour with us Reſting.

3.

Thou *Ruby* fair, Bright *Jaſper Stone*,
Deeply into my Heart pour down,
Thy burning Streams Anointed.
Thy Golden Sea, in Love's full Tide;
While I in full ſwoln Joys abide
Thy Spouſal Rib faſt joynted.
Heav'ns Roſe,
Gracious,
I'm Sick and cry, [I am crying]
Heart wounded lie. [wounded lying]
Poor and lonely,
I can be help'd by Thee only.

---

† Or [Whoſe out-ſtreaming Beauty beaming.]

What is here, and afterward (in this Song) included in Brackets, is accommodated to another way of Singing this Paſſage us'd among the Germans,

4. From

4.

From God comes on me a Glance of Joy,
While thou with thine All-charming Eye,
Most kindly me beholdest.
Lord *Jesu* dear, my precious Good,
Thy Word, thy Spirit, thy Body and Blood,
My Food thou nere with-holdest.
Take me
To thee,
Into thy Arms, [Beauty charms me]
Whose Love so warms, [Love alarms me]
And me Blesses.
I come to thy Caresses.

5.

My Father, Hero of Might Divine,
Before all Worlds, in Grace Inclin'd,
Thou purpos'd to Refine me.
Thy Son to me Betroth'd has been;
My Royal Spouse, and I his Queen;
My Life of Heav'n within me.
Eja!
Eja!
'Tis Life of Heav'n, [All I wanted]
So freely giv'n, [Freely granted,]
And constantly.
My Soul Praise him incessantly.

6.

Force, force the Strings upon the Lyre,
And sound our Joys in full tun'd Quire;
With *Heav'ns* sweet Notes Inspiring.
While I with *Jesus*, wondrous fair,
My Sacred Bridegroom, Sweetest Dear,
Lye in Love Flames Expiring.

Joy

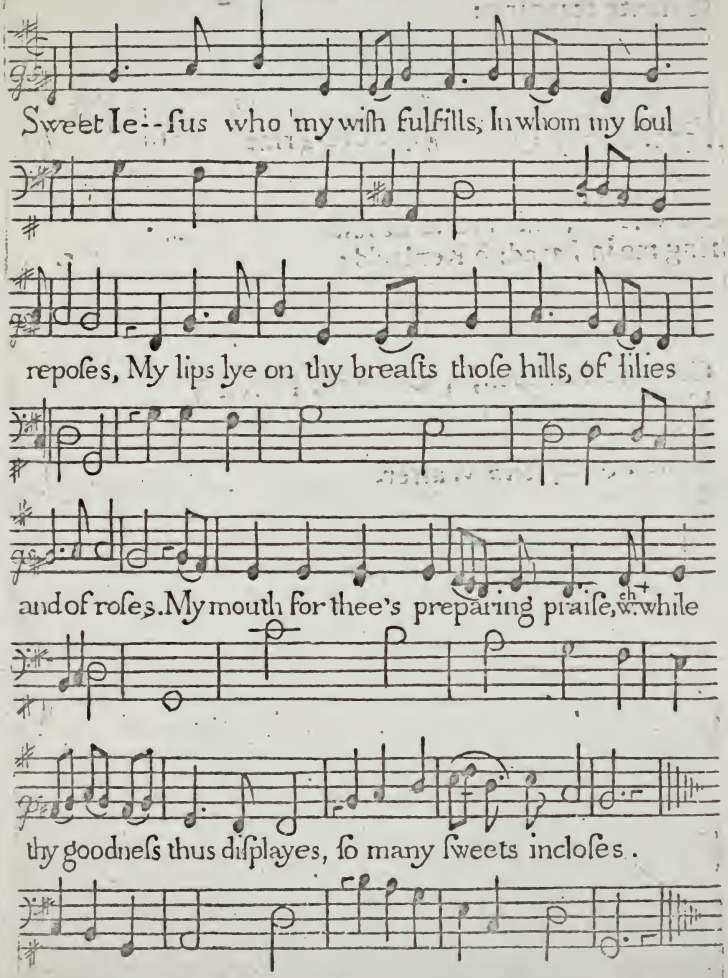
Joy, Spring,
Shout, Sing,
Triumphant Praiſe [In the Praiſes]
In Tuneful Layes, [Each one raiſes]
Tribute bringing:
The King of Glory Singing.

7.

How glad am I that my Love-Prize
The *Alpha* and *Omega* is,
Firſt, Laſt, All comphehending.
I know *He*'ll to his Praiſe at laſt
Bring me in Paradiſe Replac'd;
And clap my *H*ands attending.
Amen!
Amen!
Come Faireſt ſoon, [Come my Faireſt]
My Joy, my Crown, [Come my Deareſt]
Vindicate her
Who ſits thy *Sion* Waiter.

Jesus All in All.

Mein hertzens Jesu meine Lust.



2.

MY *Heart* is ravish'd and for thee
In Flames of Love is burning.
It springs, it sings in *Jubile*
When ever thou'rt Returning.
As oft in Love it Kisses Darts.
To thee the *All* of Pious *Hearts*
By Faith with thee Sojourning.

3.

Light of my Soul, in thy bright Rays
Alone I stand beholding,
Those Beauties, with uncover'd Face
Which quicken me Unfolding.
O take my *Heart*, and fill it quite,
My Glory, with thy Glory Bright;
Fast-lock'd for ever holding.

4.

Thy Self Lord art my *Way* to *Heav'n*,
The Key of the Creation
Who finds thee has his Pasport given
To Lifes Eternal Station.
Ah dearest *Saviour*, ne'er let me
Expect a *Heav'n* divest of thee,
Of Man's Imagination.

5.

Thou art the *Truth*, and that alone
My Intellectual Prize is.
Without thee Words and *Husks* are shown,
* Thou all Things *Realizes*.
O make my *Heart* entirely free
To be Devout alone to thee,
Where its true *Paradise* is.

---

† Or thus, *While thy Grace it self displays.*

* *Thou art the Substance of all the Shadows, here in Inferiour Nature: The Ground and Support of all Things.*

6. Thou

6.

Thou art my *Life*, its flowing Powers,
Thro' every Part dispersing;
Thy Spirit with its Vital Showers
Both Soul and Body pierciug.
So let me be all Life and Spirit,
My *Jesu*, allways thee Inherit;
No Power the Grant Reversing.

7.

Thou art my *Food*, and Heavenly Feast,
The Father's best Donation.
Which gives, when Hungry and Distrest,
Full Strength and Consolation,
Blest *Manna!* fraught with Life and Pow'r,
Let Husks which this Worlds Swine devour
Be ne'er my Delectation.

8.

Thou art my *Drink*, and Sacred Wine
Most pleasant to my Tasting.
Who Tasts must wish the Draught Divine
Of sweetness Everlasting.
Thou Well-spring of my panting Heart,
Thy Milk and Honied Streams impart,
Richly for my Repasting.

9.

Thou art the *Mode* wherein I Dress;
My Gem, and costly Tiring.
Who cloaths me with thy Righteousness,
The Silk to my Admiring.
Let me be from the Vanity
Of this Worlds pompous Gaudery,
As Rags of Shame, Retiring.

10.

Thou art my *Castle*, and my Fence;
Where safely I repose me.
No Enemy can drive me thence;
No Heat can discompose me.

Ah! *Sweetest Jesu*, here let me
Be still securely kept in thee;
And thy strong Arm inclose me.

11.

Thou art my *Shepherd* faithful, true,
To fruitful Pastures leading.
Thy Call of Grace my way did shew,
When far from thee receding.
Ah! now take Care of me thy Sheep,
That Satan's Power, nor cunning Deep
May Bias my sure treading.

12.

Thou art my *Bridegroom* whose Love chain
Shall ever fast inclose me.
My true *High-priest*, and my *Lamb* slain;
The way to Life that shows me.
Thou art my *King*, that dost Reign o'er,
And save me by Almighty Power,
When Enemies oppose me.

13.

Thou art my true and dearest *Friend*,
Within my Heart abiding.
My *Brother* sweet, my *Mother* kind,
In Care for me providing.
Physician, and *Medecin*,
And watchful *Nurse*, that keeps me in,
And holds me up when sliding.

14.

Thou art my Valiant *Hero*,
In time of War's assailing.
In Fight my *Armour*, *Shield*, and *Bow*.
In Sorrow, *Joy* prevailing.
In Storms my *Ship*, and *Anchor* sure,
Compass, and Heavenly *Load-stone* pure,
In Conduct never failing.

15. Thou

15.

Thou art my Light and Guiding *Star*
When Night and Shades surround me:
My *Wealth* in time of Pinching Care.
My *Hight*, when Deeps confound me.
In Bitterness my Honey sweet,
My *Roof*, and Shelter where I sit,
When Tempests fall around me.

16.

Thou art my lovely *Garden* where
I find sweet Calm and Pleasure.
Thou art my *Flower* most charming Fair;
My *Ornament* and *Treasure*.
My *Rose* i'th' Valley of the Cross,
Refreshing me when oft with Loss
Thorns interrupt my Leisure.

17.

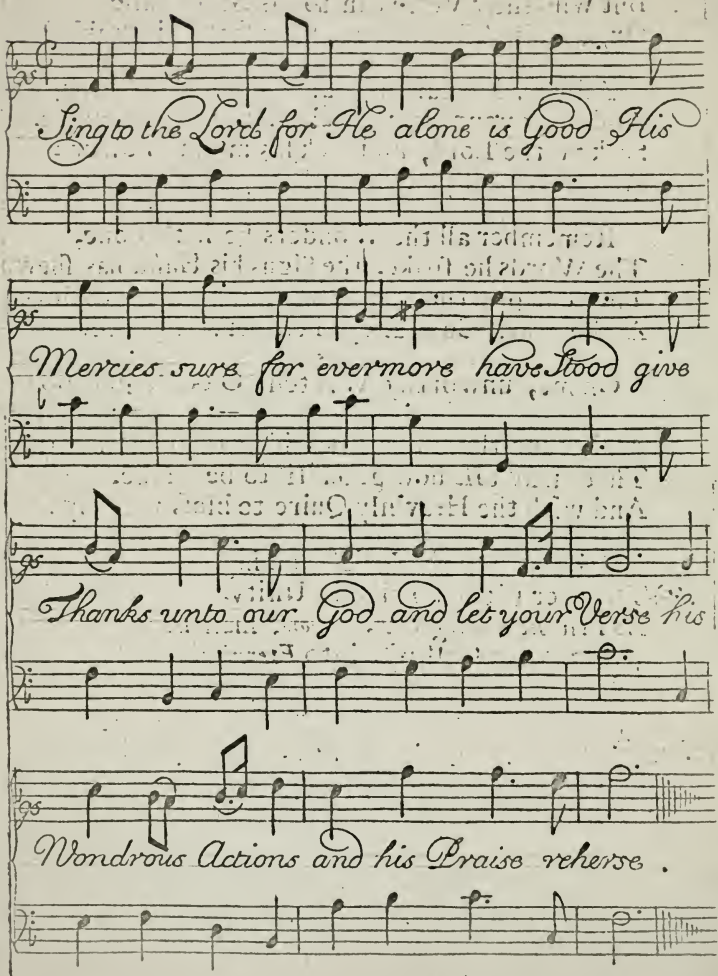
Thou art my Comfort when distrest;
When freed me joyful making,
My daily Care in which I'm blest.
My *Thought* when I'm Awaking.
In Sleep my *Dream*, and sweet *Repose*;
The *Curtain* which I interpose
In Bed, the World forsaking.

18.

And to what else most Beautiful,
My Love, shall I compare thee.
I'll call thee my Desire in full;
And my *One-All* declare Thee.
For what I want thou art to me,
Oh! let my Heart then constantly
In Heavenly Flames Insphear Thee.

Jubilate

Jubilate.


Sing to the Lord for He alone is Good His
Mercies sure for evermore have stood give
Thanks unto our God and let your Verse his
Wondrous Actions and his Praise reherse.

2.

LET them give Life and Numbers to your Song,
And count the Glories, which to him belong.
But who their Verſe can to his Glory raiſe,
Or, as his Acts deſerve, ſhew forth his Praiſe ?

3.

All ye who fear his Name, in That rejoyce,
And ſhew your Heart is cheerful by your Voice.
Seek ye the Lord, and ſeek his mighty Power ;
And never till you ſee his Face give o'er.

4

Remember all the Wonders he hath done,
The Words he ſpake, the Signs his Hand has ſhewn.
Thrice happy they, who his Commandments love,
And by their Conſtancy their Service prove.

5.

On me, unworthy Wretch, O God, look down,
And grant thoſe Favours which thou ſhew'ſt thine Own ;
That I may taſt how good 'tis to be Thine,
And with the Heav'nly Quire to bleſs thee joyn.

6.

All Glory to the Majeſty on high,
The ever Bleſſed Trine in Unity.
As i'th' *Beginning* was, is *now*, ſhall be
When Time ſhall paſs into *Eternity*.

A Pentecostal Hymn.

Kom Heiliger Geist Herre Gott.

Come holy holy Ghost Lord our God & with thy gifts of

Pentecost the faithfull hearts of Sion's Waiters fill

thy burning love in them instill thou hast by thy love

lightning glance the Nations calld in Faiths Accord

all Tribes to thine Inheritance for this praise We Sing

to our great King halle-lu-iah-hall-lu-iah.

2.

HAil Holy, Holy Light! Diamond Rock,
Of sparkling Truths, shine on thy Flock.
Thou, God *in* * *Love* to know the Grace imparts:
To call Him *Abba* in our Hearts.
From Doctrines Strange, O keep us clear;
Let us our own true *Master* hear:
Ev'n *Jesus Christ* with Faith sincere.
Ever Confiding, in Him our King
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

3.

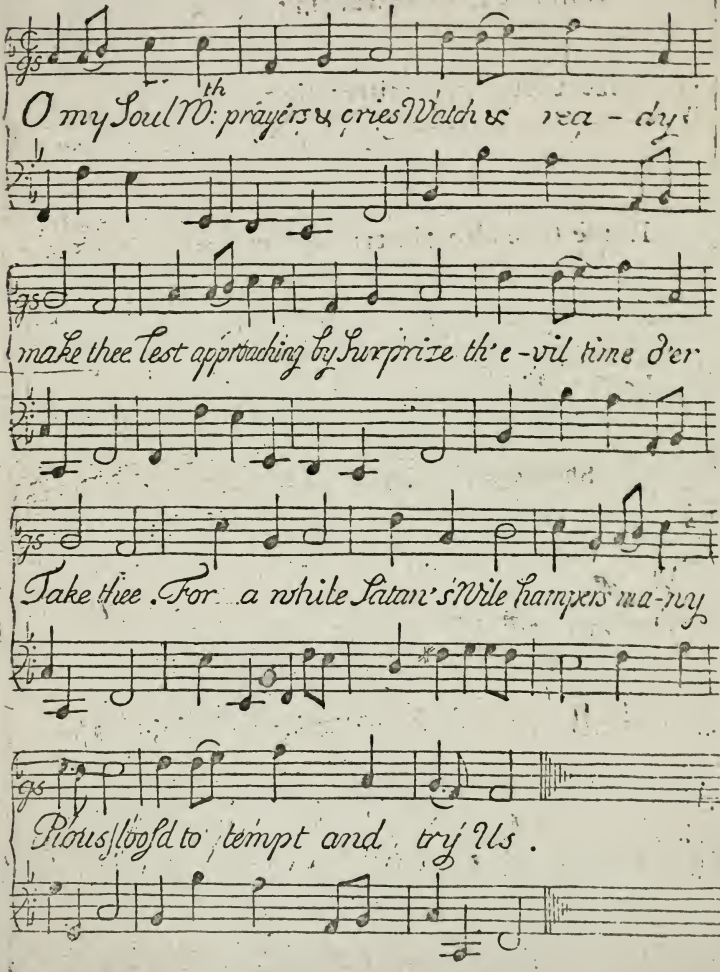
Come Holy Flame of Love, our Dove-*Mate*,
Let us, with Joy and Courage great,
Constant for thee in Holy Warfare stand;
Let no Temptation Countermand;
And still with Power inspir'd from Thee,
Like Champions Fight for Liberty,
Till Sabbatizing with Christ our King,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

---

* *In the Adopted State of Sons, and not of Servants* Rom. 8 14, &c.

Spi

Mache dich mine Geist bereit.



2.

FIrſt take care thy ſelf to rouſe
From Sin's Sleep enchanting;
Torments great ſuch heavy Brows
Will not long be wanting.
Leaſt miſhaps
And Death traps
Seize thee time miſpending,
Unawàres Offending.

3.

Wake for *Jeſus* otherwiſe
Cannot thee Enlighten.
Rouſe thee e're the true Light flies
Which thy Lamp ſhould brighten.
Grant he will
Graces ſtill;
But bids us that have them
Look to him that gave them.

4.

Watchful be leſt Satan's Craft
Should ſurpriſe thee ſleeping.
Since his Darts more ſwift than ſhaft
Fly the Winds out ſtripping.
God let's all
Such Saints fall,
Into woes and weeping,
Who are guardleſs ſleeping.

5.

Leſt the World ſhould thee conſtrain,
Watch with fear and trembling;
Leſt ſhe to herſelf regain
Thee by her diſſembling.
Strict Watch ſet;
And ne'er let
Treach'rous Converſation
Int' Aſſociation.

6.

Alſo watch thy ſelf within,
Fleſh and Spirit ever;
Leſt thro' Careleſneſs and Sin
God withdraw his Favour.
Mortal Duſt's
Full of Luſts,
Of it ſelf ſhort ſighted,
In its Pride delighted.

7.

But upon thy Watch Tow'r pray
Taking no denyals,
That the Lord would take away
Sins which cauſe thy Tryals.
Which depreſs
And diſtreſs,
And ſo ſleepy make thee,
That Death may o'er take thee.

8.

God will humbly be ador'd
E'er he does Relieve us.
With our Cries he'll be implor'd,
That he may retreive us.
Evermore
By his Pow'r
Conquer Sin and Evil,
World, and Fleſh, and Devil.

9.

All things muſt however turn
To the beſt and eaſe us;
If to him we pray and mourn
Thro' his dear *Son Jeſus*;
For ye know
He'll beſtow
On us Grace exceeding,
Thro' Chriſt's Interceding.

10.

Still let's watch, and cry, and pray,
And with haſt prepare us;
Elſe the Evil Time and Day
Quickly will enſnare us.
God's Juſt Doom
Is e'en come
To try ev'ry Creature;
And Diſſolve all Nature

The Complaint: Or, *A Meditation for Noon.*

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

TEmptations Lord beſet me round;
No Place of *Safety* can be found:
I ſhall a wretched Prey be made
To ev'ry Luſt without thy Aid.

2.

Tempted to Vanity by Dreſs;
By Meat and Drink unto Exceſs.
Want *Anxious* makes; *Highminded* Wealth;
Diſeaſe *Impatient*, *Wanton* Health.

3.

My faithful Friends, whom moſt I Love,
The worſt of Thieves too often prove;
Whilſt I'm by them of *Time* depriv'd;
Of *Time*, which ne'er can be retriev'd.

4.

And O yet worſe, I'm rare at Reſt
From Wars and Conflicts in my Breaſt.
Paſſion my Reaſon doth Invade;
Reaſon my Faith doth Captive lead.

5.

The Good I would I oft omit;
The Ill I would not I commit.
What in the Spirit I begin
The Flesh constrains to end in Sin.

6.

After my Washing I am Stain'd;
After my Conquests I am Maim'd;
After Repentance Fall again;
When Life's renew'd by Sin I'm slain.

7.

Soon my Devotion flags and tires,
But rarely sensual Joy expires.
My Vows I break; to Sin I'm bent,
Tho' checkt with fear of Punishment.

8.

Ill Thoughts within my Bosom dwell;
The Tongue's oft set on Fire of Hell:
Seated between my Brain and Heart
Both unto it ill Words impart.

9.

In this sad plight where shall I go?
There's none but God can ease my Woe.
His Spirit alone can guide my way;
Without Him I shall ever stray.

10.

Lord, Pardon will do little good;
Or ev'n thy Son's Balsamick Blood;
Unless thy Spirit set me free
From Sins dark Power and Slavery.

11.

Therefore make good thy Promise Lord;
Thy Powerful Aid to me afford:
That no Presumptuous Sin may Reign,
Or ought my Innocency stain.

12.

My Appetites my Eye and Ear,
My Passions anger, Hope and Fear,

O let me watch continually,
And check ev'n Lawful Liberty.

13.

Our Love, our Hope, our Faith, our Fear,
The most degenerate Vices are,
On Creatures plac'd, but on God set
His Image in us they beget.

14.

O let my Tongue be always barr'd
By Teeth and Lips that double Guard:
My Words with *Edge* and *Softness* move;
With pointed Truth, Foreclos'd by Love.

15.

May my chief study and delight
Be in God's Word both Day and Night.
Then from my God I nere shall swerve;
Him ever Love, Him ever Serve.

16.

When his Blest Will's my daily Food,
My daily Business doing Good,
Blest shall I be whilst I have Breath,
And Endless Happy after Death.

A Midnight Hymn.

To the Tune of, *Awake my Soul.*

1.

THY Servants Lord did not of Old
Their Hands within their Bosom fold.
One did all Night with thee Contend;
Nor would his happy Wrestling end;

2.

Till he Omnipotence had Orecome,
And brought from Heav'n a Blessing down:
Th' Heroic Strength his God did raise;
Yet for the Vict'ry gave him praise.

3. And

3.

And tho' oppreſt with Cares of State,
Cares which on Courts and Camps do wait,
King *David* would at Midnight riſe
To pay his grateful Sacrifice.

4.

When e'er he wak'd in dead of Night
His thoughts of God made Noon-Day-Light.
I'th' Night he made his Turtle-moans;
I'th' Night he ſent his Cries and Groans.

5.

A ſtrict Account with God he kept,
And for his Sins at Midnight wept.
Reflecting on his Youthful ways,
Whole Nights he wept and weary Days.

6.

Whole Nights his Bed did ſwim in Tears,
His Soul perplext with reſtleſs Fears;
Till Pard'ning Grace thoſe Fears adjourn'd;
Thoſe Tears to ſprightly Glances turn'd.

7.

Till God his Heart from *Sions* Hill
With Joy, his Mouth with Praiſe did fill.
His Pains and Grief now *dormant* found;
His Reſt with ſweet Enjoyment crown'd.

8.

Silas and *Paul* Impriſon'd were,
Condemn'd a triple Bond to wear.
In the Jayls Dungeon they were laid;
Faſt in the Stocks their Feet were made.

9.

With ſtripes their Limbs ran down in Gore:
With matchleſs Patience all they bore.
Such Holy Inmates making there
A Den of Thieves a *Houſe of Pray'r.*

10.

Their Souls could not be Priſoners made;
The Iron there no entrance had.

In that Confinement they did Sing
Praiſes to the Immortal King.

11.

Then did the Pris'n's Foundation ſhake;
The Jaylor too with fear did quake.
The Chains were broke, the Doors unbarr'd,
When God's true *Iſrael's* Voice was heard.

12.

The Chriſtian's Zeal here did not end,
To After-Times it did deſcend.
At Midnight they would wake from ſleep;
Chriſt's Spirit with them the Watch did keep.

13.

The Throne of Grace they did Beſiege,
By th' Euchariſt themſelves oblige
Their Word to keep, the Truth to ſpeak,
And ne'er their Maſters Laws to break.

14.

Nay ſome ſo Bold and Fervent were,
They with Solemnity did Swear,
They would not from their Knees ariſe,
Till God had heard their Pray'rs and Cries.

15.

Their Zeal ſo glowing and devout
Like th' *Altar Fire* it ne'er went out.
But O my Coldneſs and my Sloth
To God's pure Worſhip and his Truth!

16.

I might with *Canaans* Grapes be fed,
With Heav'nly *Manna* for my Bread:
Yet Husks I feed on Day by Day;
And ſeldom is God's Word my Stay.

17.

How ſhall I Lord, thy Pardon crave,
Who on my Self no Mercy have?
How ſhall I taſte of Heav'ns Delight
Who with the Swine have Appetite?

18.

O may I know and ne'er forget,
While here I'm by the World beſet,
Earths Comforts will, like *Haman*'s Feaſt,
Attended be by Death at laſt.

19.

Unleſs God's Laws a Reliſh give,
While I in Peace and Plenty Live,
More true and laſting to my Mind,
Than Worldlings in their *Mammon* find.

20.

Since then ſo much is paſt oth' Night,
And Day approaches with its Light;
May I the Deeds of Darkneſs ſhun;
The Armature of Light put on.

21.

The Breaſt-plate firm of Faith and Love;
And Hope, the Helmet from above.
Teach me thy Spirits Sword to wield;
And Shod with Peace to keep the Field.

22.

Lord ſtrengthen me, that ſo I may
Walk honeſtly as in the Day:
Not in Strife, Envy, or Exceſs,
In Chambering or Wantonneſs.

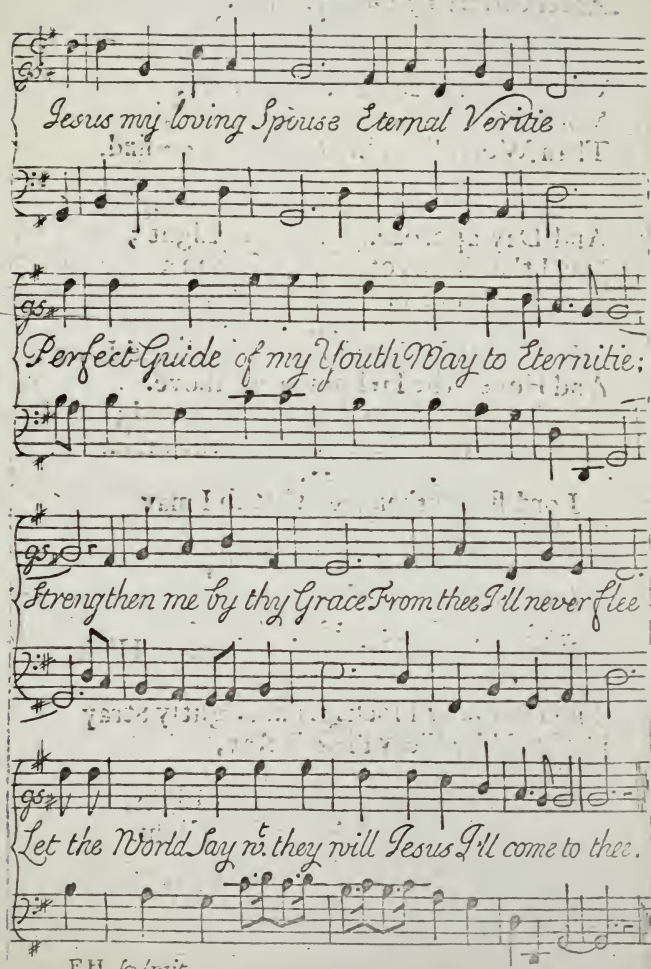
23.

But with the Day-ſpring from on High,
In Gracious Viſits Lord, draw nigh.
Thou who thy Flocks from Nightly Stray
Preſerv'd by Fiery Pillar's Ray,

24.

Repleniſh me with Wiſdoms Light,
Clear ſhining thro' Afflictions Night.
Thy Preſence is Eternal Day:
To th' Heav'nly *Canaan* guide my Way.

The


Jesus my loving Spouse Eternal Veritie
Perfect Guide of my Youth Way to Eternitie;
Strengthen me by thy Grace From thee I'll never flee
Let the World Say no. they will Jesus I'll come to thee.
F H Sculpsit

2.

POor Men seek after Wealth,
Bondmen seek Liberty.
The Sick cry out for Health,
All seek Prosperity.
Nothing seek I but Christ;
He alone pleaseth me.
Let the World say what they will
Jesus my Choice shall be.

3.

Fond Lovers long full sore
Their Mistress Eyes to see.
Discarded Courtiers crave
In Princes Grace to be.
No want, no woe feel I
If I Enjoy but thee.
Thou only art, and shalt
My only Comfort be.

4.

Some weary out themselves
In ways of Vanity.
Some follow painted Flies
Thro' Fields of Misery.
Some in the Mouths of Men
Place their Felicity.
Such trifles I contemn
Jesus for Love of thee.

5.

Some sail thro' surging Seas
In daily Jeopardy;
Hazarding Life and Limbs
To be Enrich'd thereby.
Some toil at home therefore.
I by possessing thee
Have all they have and more,
Come *Jesus* then to me.

6.

All that Heart can conceive,
Ear can hear, Eye can see,
All and more I possess,
Sweet *Jesus* Christ, by thee.
Heav'n Earth, and all therein,
Life, Limbs thou gavest me.
Have I not cause to sing
Jesus I thine will be?

7.

Tho' the World tempt me sore,
And the Flesh trouble me;
The Devil would me devour,
My Refuge is to thee.
Tho' Heav'n and Earth should fail,
And all perplexed be;
Thou art, and ever shalt
My Joy and Comfort be.

8.

What can this wretched World
Replete with misery,
Yield to delight my Soul,
Made for Eternity.
All is vain, all is frail,
Compared unto thee.
All Earthly Pleasures fail:
Thou liv'st Eternally.

9.

Thou art, my Saviour sweet,
Life and Food unto me.
A Medecin most meet,
For each Infirmity.
To my taste Honey sweet;
To my Ear melody;
Perfect Guide to my Feet;
To my Heart Jubile.

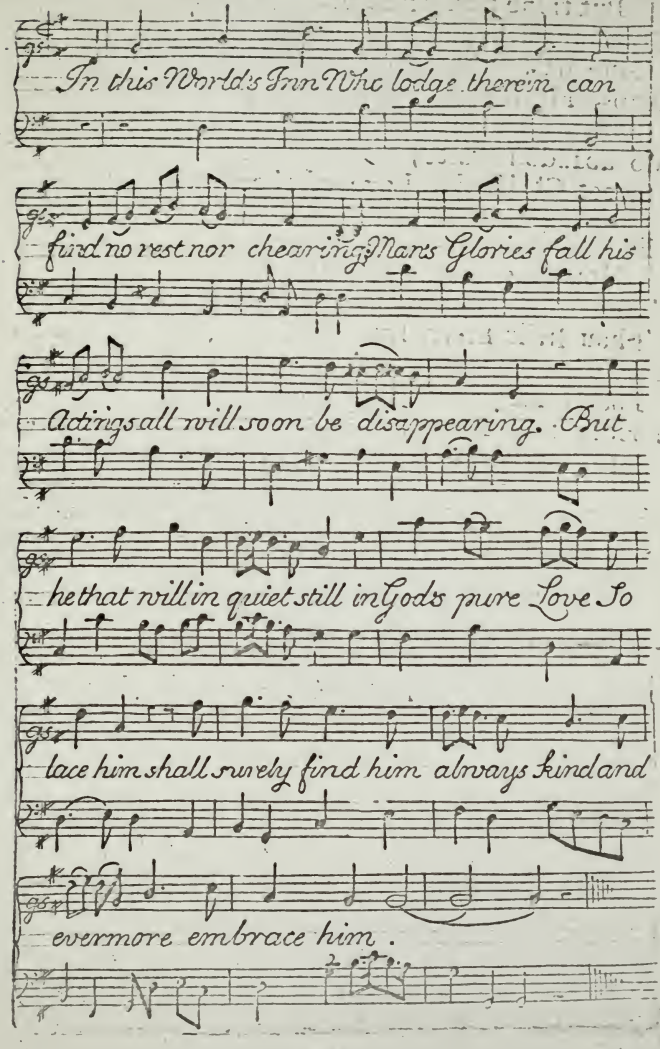
10.

Not my Will, Saviour sweet,
But thine performed be.
All things I count as Dung
Compared unto thee.
Pomps, Pleasures, and Delights,
(That I may worthy be,)
I do abandon quite,
Sweet Christ for Love of thee.

11.

For thee my Soul was made,
Nought else contenteth me.
All Earthly Pleasures fade;
Thou liv'st Eternally.
Strengthen me by thy Grace
That I may worthy be
In Heav'n to see thy Face,
And burn in Love with thee.

A breathing after the Sabbath of Rest.



1.

EAch Day on Wings Vexation brings,
And certain Cares abounding;
Yet ſhall not this diſturb our Bliſs,
With reſtleſs Thoughts confounding.
God's Promiſe true is ever new
To Hearts in him Confiding;
His Heav'nly Grace, in ev'ry Caſe,
Advice and Aid providing.

3.

Contentedneſs with Godlineſs
Is Gain that beſt may pleaſe us,
The reſt ſhall be all added free,
If we Poſſeſs but *Jeſus*.
Then rich we are; like Angels fair;
And tho' we here are Dying,
Yet God in all, and after ſhall
With Comforts be ſupplying.

4.

Ah! God let me burn ardently
In thy ſweet Love for ever.
And Succour ſend when th' Evil Fiend
Me from my Reſt would ſever.
I'd own thy Truth with Heart and Mouth,
Before thy Scepter falling:
Thy Spirit in me, of Liberty,
Thee *Abba* Father calling.

5.

O fix thou me from ſelf ſet free,
In thee my Habitation.
With Chriſt thy Son my Head made one,
In bleſt Incorporation.
VVhen ſhall I *Reſt* from Acts unbleſt,
And only work thy Pleaſure;
VVhere all is done by thee alone
In Number, VVeight and Meaſure?

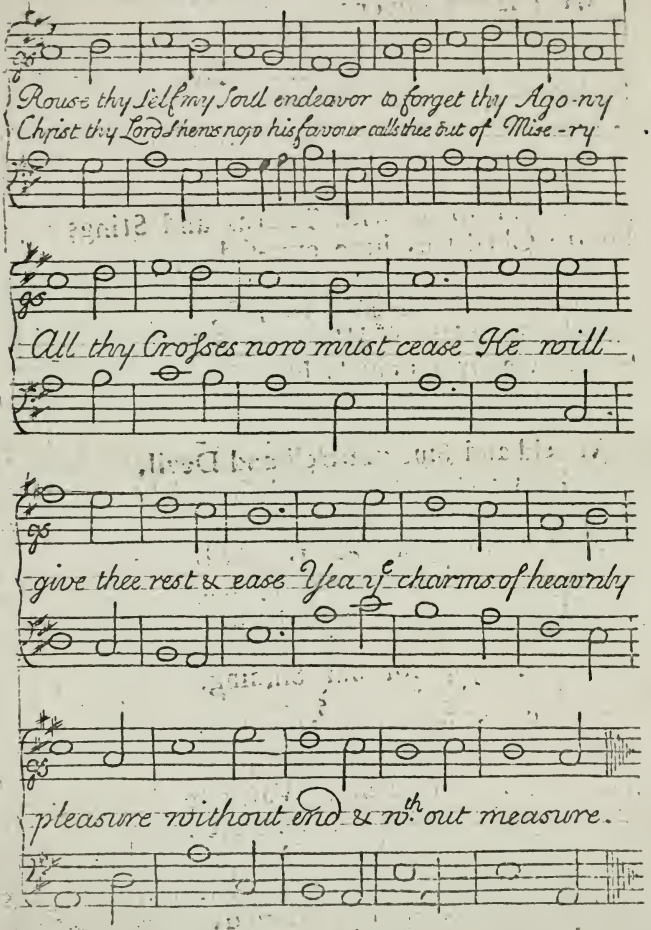
6.

VVe wait the dear *Sabbatick* Year
Of Grace and Judgment Greeting:
All Enemies made now thy Prize,
And at thy Feet ſubmitting.
VVhen ev'ry *King* ſhall Tribute bring,
Their Rights to *Thee* Revolving;
And ev'ry Crown be Molten down,
In thy pure Love diſſolving.

7.

O *Sions* Rock, ſave thy poor Flock;
Thy faithful Word remember,
Confirm the Hands, and break the Bands
Of each diſtreſſed Member.
Thy Will be known, thy *Horn* be blown
For Joy and *Jubilating*:
All Nations round in Peace be found,
Thy *Sabbath* Celebrating.

Freu dich sehr O meine Seele.



2.

DAY and Night was I complaining
Of my trouble, Lord, to thee;
I long'd allways for th' obtaining
Of a safe Delivery.
Travellers would have their way
To their End without delay.
So have I been oft desiring
That my Lifetime were Expiring.

3.

For as Roses are inclosed
Round about with Thorns and Stings;
So are Christians here exposed
To a World of Sufferings.
As the Sea is us'd to rise,
In tumultuous Waves and Noise;
So are we by mischiefs hurry'd,
Up and down, till we are bury'd.

4.

World and Sin, yea Hell and Devil,
Joyn with our own Flesh and Blood,
To afflict the Soul with Evil,
And destroy all that is good.
Cares and Crosses every Day
Take our Pleasure here away.
Doleful is our Lif's Beginning;
Woful always, for our Sinning.

5.

The Sun rising every Morning,
Every Evening the Sun set,
Seems to give us a new Warning
Of mischievous Snares and Net.
Thus we spend our Days and Nights,
Throng'd with sighs, and har'd with frights;
Work and Slave to be maintain'd,
Eat with Tears, what we have gain'd.

There-

6.

Therefore come, O Lord, and hasten,
Christ, Eternal Morning-star,
Shew me, whereupon to fasten;
My Redemer be not far.
O assist me, that I may
Die with Peace and Joy this Day.
Thou art able to Enlighten
Darkness, wherewith Death would frighten.

The Gate of Paradise.

Dic quibus in Terris, & eris mihi Magnus Apollo,
Tres pateat Cœli Spatium non amplius Ulnas?

Virgil. In *English* thus.

Say, and thou'rt my *Apollo*, in what Land
Is Heav'ns wide Space in *Cubits Three* contain'd?

The Solution. To the Tune of, *Sing to the Lord.*

1.

HOW long, vain Main, dost thou so eagre fly,
To meet thy God *Without*, beyond the Sky?
Outward is still but *Matters* Region Dark.
He's ev'ry-where; but still *Within* the Bark.

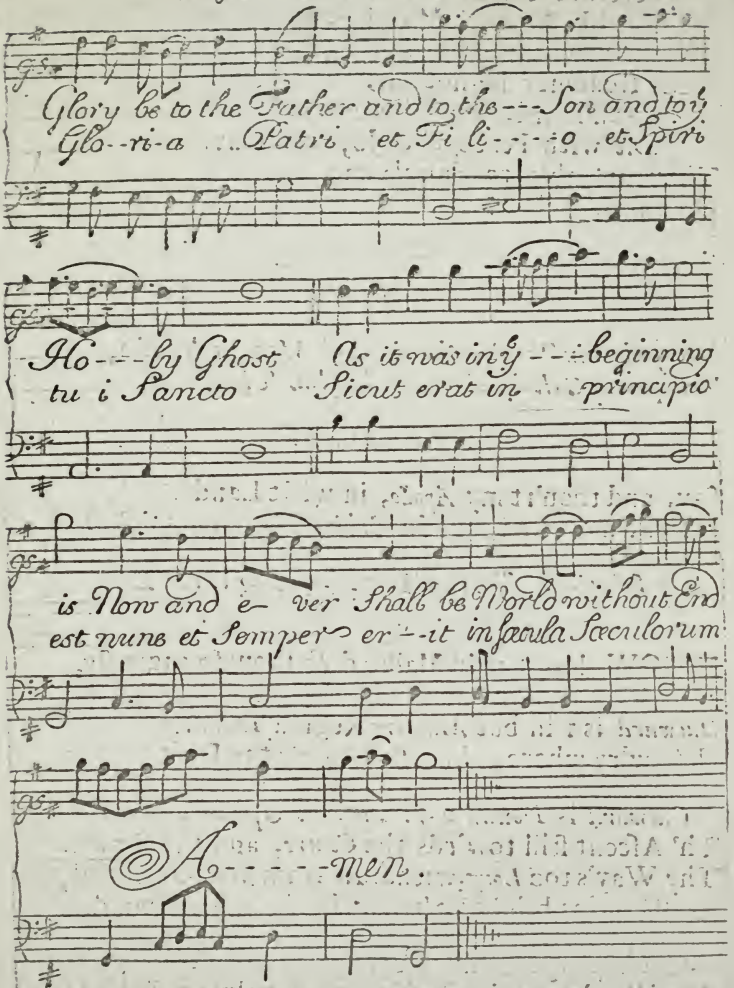
2.

Outward is *Downward*: *Inward Is Upwards* known:
Th' Ascent still tow'rds the *Centre*, and the Crown.
Thy Way's too *Long*, withdraw from Matters Bound,
And Heav'ns bright Orbs may in thy *Self* be found.

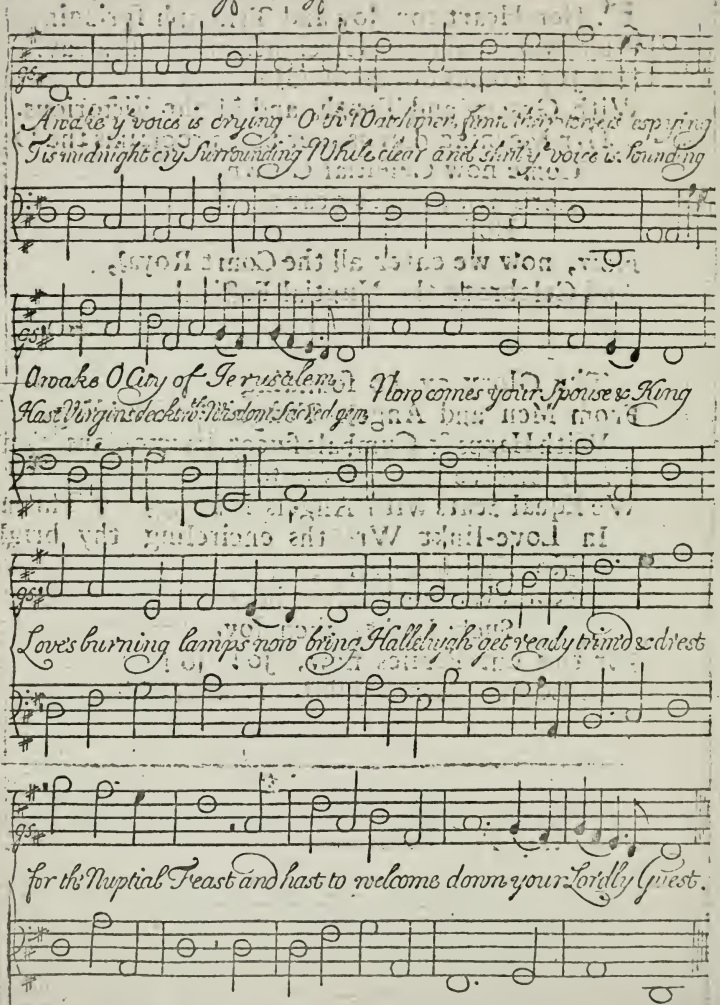
3.

God's proper *Place* Region of *Spirit* is.
Mind Borders on it. Seek'st thou Realms of Bliss?
Retire then, Recollect, Break thro', Arise.
In thy own Soul's the *Gate of PARADISE.*

Gloria Patri.



Watht aufft! nifftrunc die Stimme &c.



2.

FAir *Sions Watch* are Singing,
Her Heart for Joy and Triumph ſpringing.
She wakes, ſhe riſes ſtreight, and haſts away.
Her Joy comes down all Glorious;
With Grace, and Truth, and Might Victorious.
Her Morning dawns, her Star proclaims the Day.
Come now Celeſtial Crown,
Lord *Jeſu*, God's dear Son.
Hoſanna!
Now, now we enter all the Court Royal,
And Celebrate the Nuptial Feſtival.

3.

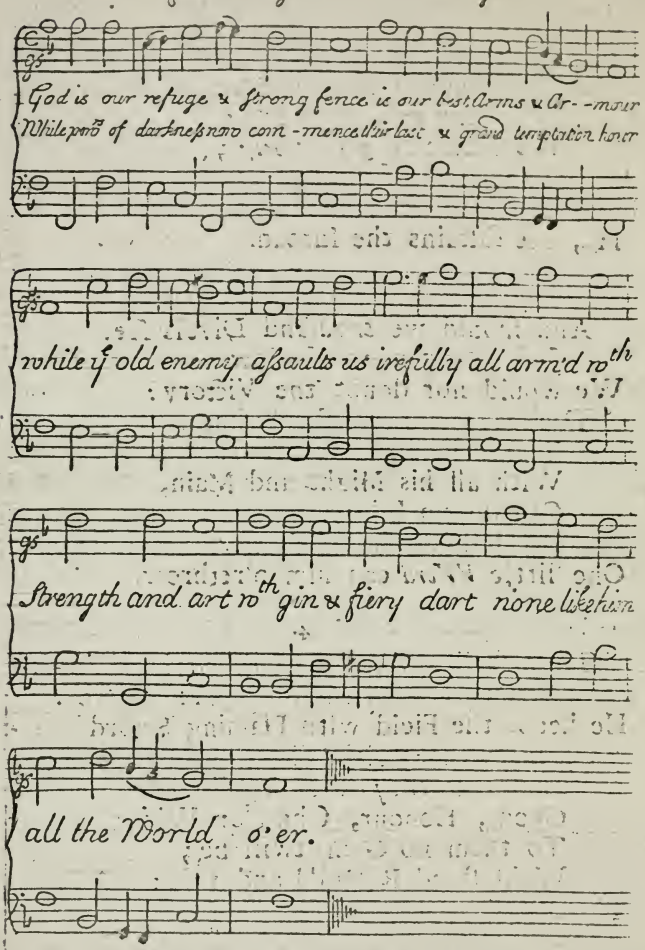
Thy Glory ay be ſounding
From Men and Angels Tongues reſounding,
With Harps & Cymbals ſweet harmonious Tone,
Salems twelve † Pearls unfolding;
We Equal Seats with Angels holding,
In Love-linkt Wreaths encircling thy bright Throne.
No Eye has ever ſeen,
Nor ever heard has been,
Such Light, ſuch Joy.
For this our Praiſes flow, Jo! Jo!
And Loves Eternal Jubil-Trumpets blow.

---

† *Gates of Pearl.* Rev. 21. 21.

Luther Hymn on his way to Worms.

Eine feste burg ist unser Gott.



2.

NOught here avails our Strength or Deed;
We presently must be destroy'd.
But for us fights a Man indeed;
A Champion bold, th' *Elect* of God.
Does any ask, who is't?
His Name is *Jesus Christ*;
The Lord of Hosts Divine:
We'll to none else incline.
He, He sustains the Inroad.

7.

And should we thousand Divels see,
Just ready us to Swallow,
We would not doubt the Victory:
The Day is ours we surely know
The Prince of this World vain,
With all his Might and Main,
Can do no Injury.
For Judg'd himself is he.
One little *VVord* can him o'rethrow.

4.

They shall not shake God's Stable Word.
And this we shall not thank 'em for.
He keeps the Field with Flaming Sword
Of his own Spirit's Victorious Power:
And tho' they Rob of Life,
Goods, Honour, Child or Wife;
To them no Gain 'twill be;
We'll stand Resign'd and free:
The *Kingdom's* left still *at the Door.*

Triumphant Harmony. by F. H.

That Glory may dwell in our Land Let Concord have Sovraign command

And discord all the World around W^th Harmony Divine be Crown'd.

That Liberty and Mercy may For ever reign O God We pray

Strike up strike up harmonious Lovers The day's Triumph now is yours.

2.

OUR Senſes all enjoy your ſounds,
Thro' Chriſt the Lord's moſt glorious Wounds.
Their Number's Five, and Muſick's Five
Love's moſt harmonious Concord give.
No Notes ſo clear, nor Voice ſo ſweet
As grateful Praiſe at *Jeſus* Feet.
Strike up again, charm Ears and Hearts;
The Spheres and Heav'ns will bear their Parts.

3.

Ye Heav'nly Hoſts, that Sung on High
When *Jeſus* did in th' Manger lie,
Deſcend and with us joyn, let's all
Together down before him fall.
Then Riſ- and Sing, to God on high,
Be Glory Peace on Earth; and cry,
Good W l to th' Male and Female Train.
Then Sing united, *Chriſt* does *Reign*.

CHORUS.

All Glory be to God on high,
On Earth, Peace and Proſperity.
Be thoſe that bear his Image Bleſt.
To all Inferior Creatures Reſt.
Hallelujah! The Lord does Reign;
All things are now Reſtor'd again.
The Son Reſign the Kingdom ſhall:
And God be Father All in All.

FINIS.

The Union Hymn.

A Canon of Seven parts in one.