

# HY. MNS, ANTHEMSSIUNES,

with the We used at the

# MAGDALENCHAPEL



## HARPSICHORD, VOICE,

(German Flute, ) (Griffin ) (Dr. 26

13.in this Edition the Chards are placed for the Convenience of those who do not Study ThoroBafs.

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Redeem thy mispent Moments past, And live this Day, as if twere last: Thy Talents to improve take care; For the great Day thy self prepare.

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

Wake, and lift up thyfelf, my Heart, And with the Angels bear a Part; Who all night long unwearied fing, High Glory to theternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavinly Choir,
May your Devotion me inspire:
That I, like you, my Age may spend;
Like you, may on my God attend.

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

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

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

Direct, controul, fuggeft this Day,
All I defign, or do, or fay,
That all my Powrs, with all their might,
In thy fole Glory may unite.

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



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

3

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

4

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

5

When restless in the Night I lie, My Soul with heavnly thoughts supply: Let no ill Dreams disturb my rest, No powrs of Darkness me molest.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep, His watchful Station, near me keep; My Heart with love Celestial fill,

And guard from the approach of ill.

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

Should Death itself my Sleep invade, Why should I be of Death asraid. 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.

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



Thou, Thou alone, redeemed hast Our Souls from Deadly Thrall;

With no less price than thine own Blood
The purchase of us all.

Hadit thou not dy'd, we had not liv'd,

But dy'd eternally:

We'll live to him that dy'd for us, And praise his Name on high.

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, gavit us thyself,

Thy Love's beyond compare.

Welcome and Dear unto my Soul Is thy most Holy Day:

May I th'eternal Sabbath keep With God my Strength and ft

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 fee my Saviour's Face.

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 everinore.



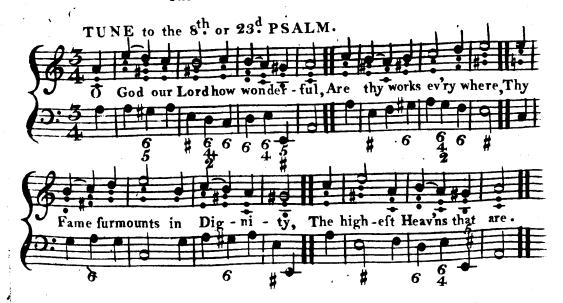
Th'unwearied Sun from Day to Day, Does his Creator's Pow'r difplay, And publishes to evry Land The Work of an Almighty Hand.

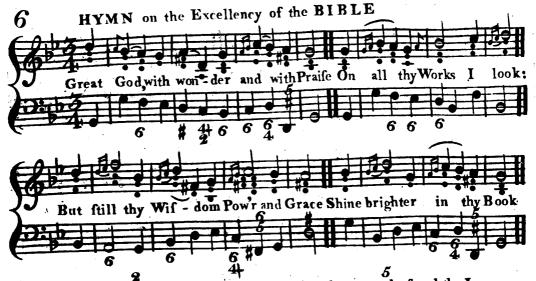
Soon as the Evning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the lifting Earth,
Repeats the ftory of her Birth:

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

What though in folemn filence all Move round this dark Terreitial Ball, What though nor real Voice nor Sound Amid their radiant Orbs be found.

In reason's Ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever singing as they shine, "The Hand that made us is Divine".





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

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

Here are my choicest Treasures hid, Here my best Comfort lies; Here my desires are satisfy'd, And hence my hopes arise. Lord, make me understand thy Law;
Shew what my Faults have been;
And from the Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my Sin.

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

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







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

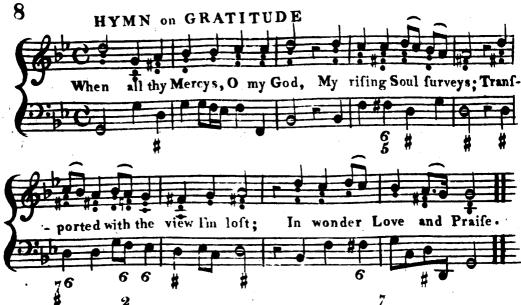
Thou Earth, thy lowest Centre shake; With JESU sympathize. Thou Sun, as Hells deep gloom be black, My Sin gave sharpness to the Nail, Tis thy Creator dies.

What Tongue the Tortures can declare Let Sin no more my Soul enflave, Of this Vindictive Hour. Wrath he alone had Will to share, As he alone had Power .

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

For me these pangs his Soul assail, For me the Death is borne. And pointed evry Thorn .

Break Lord, the Tyrants chain; Oh! fave me, whom thou camft to fave, Nor Bleed nor Die in vain



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

Thy Providence my Life fuftain'd,
And all my wants redrefs,
When in the filent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaft.

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

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

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils & Death,

It gently clear'd my way,

And thro the pleafing fnares of Vice,

More to be fear'd than they.

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

Ten thousand thousand precious Gists

My daily thanks employ;

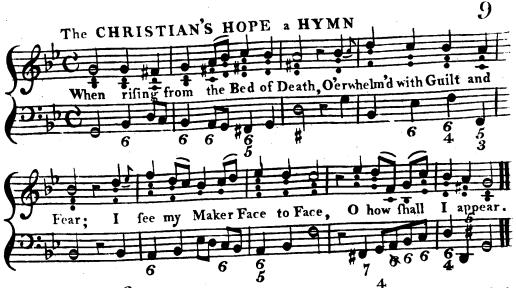
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,

That tastes those gists with joy.

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

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

Through all eternity to thee A joyful Song l'll raife; For Oh! Eternity's too fhort To utter all thy Praife.



If yet, while Pardon may be found, And mercy may be fought, My heart with inward horror shrinks,

And trembles at the thought.

When thou O Lord shalt stand disclosed
In Majesty severe

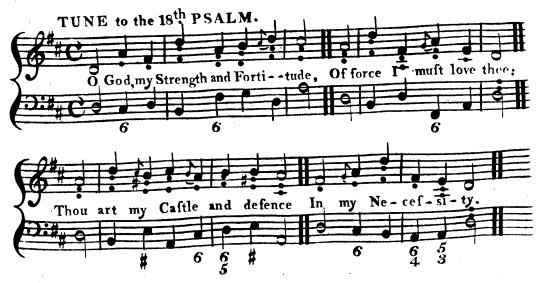
And fit in Judgment on my Soul
O how shall I appear?

But thou haft told the troubled mind. Who does her Sins lament;

The timely tribute of her tears Shall endless wee prevent.

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

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





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

And wake the Nations under Ground.

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

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

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

Oh. then, what Intrest shall I make, To fave my last important Stake,

Thou mighty, formidable King, Thou mercy's unexhaufted Spring, Some comfortable Pity bring.

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

> Thou, whom avenging Powrs obey, Cancel my Debt, too great to pay, Before the fad accounting Day.

Surrounded with amazing Fears, Whose Load my Soul with anguish bears, I figh, I weep, accept my Tears.

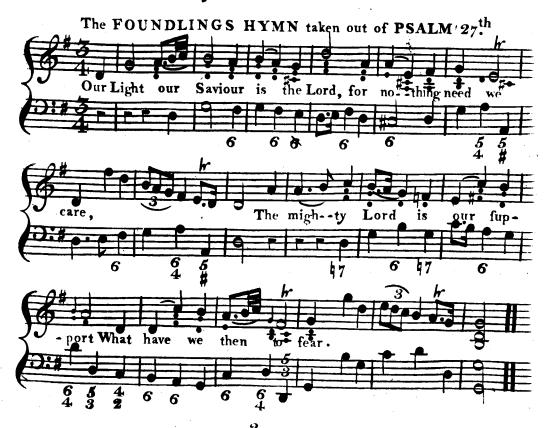
Thou, who wert mov'd with Mary's grief, And by absolving of the Thief, Hast given me Hope, now give relief.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r, Preserve me from that dangrous Snare, When the most Just have cause to quake. Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

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

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

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



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

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



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

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But the Pains which he endurd, Hallelujah Our Salvation has procurd, Hallelujah Now he reigns above the Sky, Hallelujah Where the Angels ever cry, Hallelujah





In that mifterious world none knows, But God alone to whom it goes; To whom departed fouls return, To take their doom, to fmile or mourn.

Oh by what glimin' ring light we view, That unknown world we're hast'ning to. God has lock'd up the mistic page, And curtain'd darkness round the stage.

Wife heav'n, to render fearch perplext, Has drawn't wixt this world and the next A dark impenetrable screen, All behind which is yet unseen.

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.

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.

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.

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

Swift flies the foul; perhaps tis gone
A thousand leagues beyond the sun;
Ortwice ten thousand more thrice tolds
Ere the forsaken clay is cold.

And yet who knows, if friends we love Though dead may be so far removed. Only this vail of flesh between, Perhaps they watch us, though unsee

Whilit we, their lofs lamenting, fays
"They're out of bearing, far away;"
Guardians to us, perhaps they're not
Conceald in vehicles of air.

And yet no notices they give, Nor tell us where or how they live; Though confcious whilft withus below, Why fhould I wish him to reveal; How much themselves desir'd to know. What he thinks proper to conceal;

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

Well, let my fov'reign if he pleafe, Lock up his marvellous decrees;

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

But, Oh. what worlds fhall I furvey, The moment that I leave this clay. How fudden the furprise, how new. Let it, my God, be happy too.



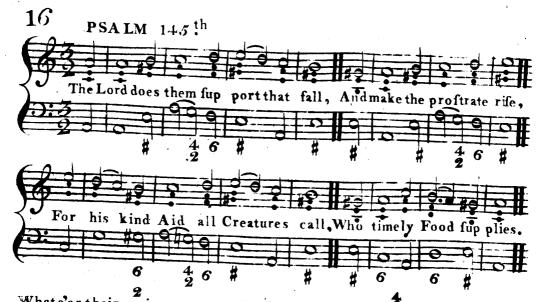
Oh for a fong of ardent Praise To bear our Souls above.

What should allay our lively hope, Or damp our burning Love.

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

Draw us, O Lord, with quick ning Grace Fird with the view, our Souls shall rife And bring us yet more near; Here we may fee thy Glories fhine, And tafte thy Mercies here.

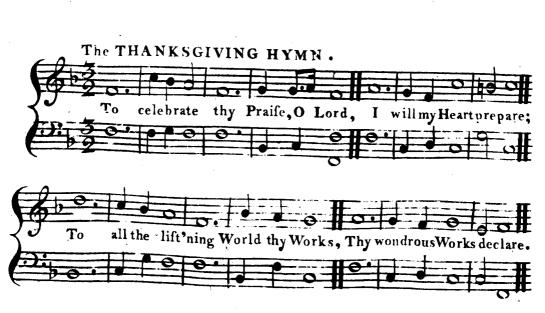
In fuch a scene as this, And view the happy moment near, That fhall compleat our Blifs.



Whate'er their various wants require
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfills the just Desire,
Of ev'ry thing that lives.

The Lord preserves all those with Care,
Whom gratefull Love employs;
But Sinners, who his Veangeance dare,
With furious Rage destroys.

He grants the full Defires of those My Time to come in Praises spent
Who him with Fear Adore; Shall still advance his Fame,
And will their Troubles soon Compose And all Mankind with one Consent,
When they his Aid implore. For ever bless his Name.



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The thought of them shall to my Soul Our Hopes are it'd, that now the Lord,

Exalted Pleasure bring; Our Sovreign will defend;

Whilst to the Name O thou most high From Heaven resisting.

Whilst to thy Name, O thou most high From Heav'n resistles Aid afford,
Triumphant Praise I sing.

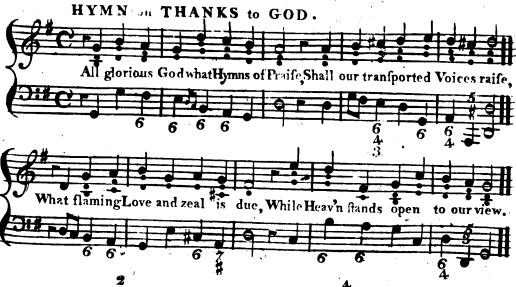
And to his Pray'r attend.

Thou mad'st my haughty Foes to turn Thy sure Desence thro' Nations round,

Their Backs in shaneful Flight; Has spread his Glorious Name;

Struck with thy Presence down they fell And his successful Actions Crown'd They Perish'd at thy Sight. With Majesty and Fame.

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



Once we were fall'n, and Oh how low. Far, far beyond these mortal Shores

Just on the brink of endless woc: A bright Inheritance is ours:

Doom'd to the heritage in Hell; Where Saints in Light our coming wait,

Where Sinners in deep Darknessdwell. To share their Holy blissful state.

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



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

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

Fir'd with gratitude, we raife All our Souls to found thy Praife; Touch each Heart, each Tongue infpire, Sing we higher, ftill and higher.

Down to deepest Hell deprest Jesu rescu'd, rais'd, and Blest; Opend Mercy's golden Gate Mercy, here who holds her Seat. Happy Mansion — every Voice,
In the blest retreat rejoice;
Let each Voice united sound,
"Be the wallswith gladness Crown'd."

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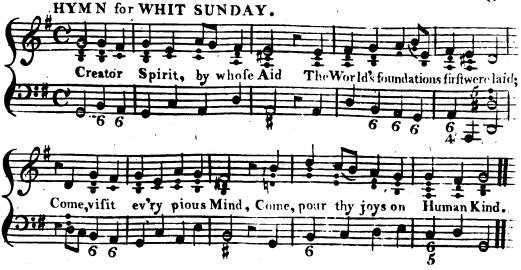
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Blessings, Lord profusely shed On each Hand, each Heart, each Head; Who with genorous pity join In the great, the good design.

Elevate our Souls to thee; Thou, our guide and Guardian be; Worthy, worthy may we prove, Lord, of fuch diftinguished Love.

Blefsing, thankful all our Days, May we Pray, Rejoice and Praife; Till the glorious Trump shall Sound And our rapturd Hearts Rebound.



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

.Thrice Holy fount, thrice holy Fire, Come and thy Sacredunction bring, To Sanctify us while we fing.

Plenteous of Grace descend, from High, Make us eternal Truths receive, Rich in thy feven fold energy. Thou strength of his Almighty Hand, Give us thy self, that we may see

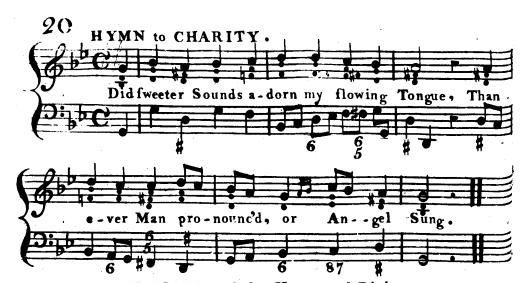
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence, Immortal Honours, endless Fame Who dost the gift of Tongues despence, Attend the Almighty Father's Name, Refine and purge our earthly Parts; The Saviour Son be glorified, But Oh in flame and fire our Hearts. Who for lost Man's redemption Died.

> And equal adoration be, Creator Spirit, paid to thee: "Come, vifit every pious Mind; "Come, pour thy joys on Human Kind.

· Our frailties help;our Vice controul; Submit the fenfes to the Soul; Feeble alass we are, and frail: Let not the World or Flesh prevail.

Chace from our minds th'infernal Foe, Our Hearts with heavenly Love inspire; And Peace, the fruit of Love, bestow: And left our feet should step astray, Protect and Guide us in the way.

And practice all that we believe: Whose power does Heaven & Earth com. The Father and the Son by thee.



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

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

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 .

May Britain as one Man be led,

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

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

Now he records our humble Tears, To make the Lord her fear and dread; With ardent Vows for future Years, Our Souls no other Fears shall know, And destines for approaching Days, Tho? Earthwere leagu'd with Hell below Victorious shouts and songs of Praise.

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



Blest Angels, while we filent lie, You Hallelujah's fing on high; You joyful Hymn the ever bleft, Before the Throne, and never rest.

I with your Choir Celestial join, In offring up a Hymn divine: With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,

My Soul, when I shake off this dust, Lord, in thy arms I will entruft: O make me thy peculiar Care, Some Manfion for my Soul prepare. Give me a place at thy Saints feet, Or some fall'n Angels vacant seat: I'll strive to sing as loud as they, Who fit above in brighter Day.

O may I always ready ftand, With my Lamps burning in my hand: May I in fight of Heav'n rejoice, And bid the Night and World farewell. Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice

> All Praise to thee, in light array'd, Who light thy Dwelling place hast made A boundlefs Ocean of bright beams, From thy all glorious Godhead streams

The Sun in its meridian height, Is very darkness in thy fight My Soul O lighten and enflame

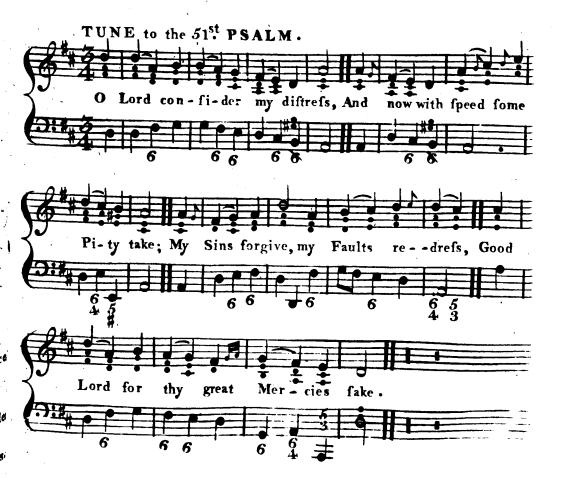
Bleft Jesus thou on Heavn intent, Whole Nights have in Devotion spent, But I frail Creature foon am tird, And all my Zeal is foon expir'd.

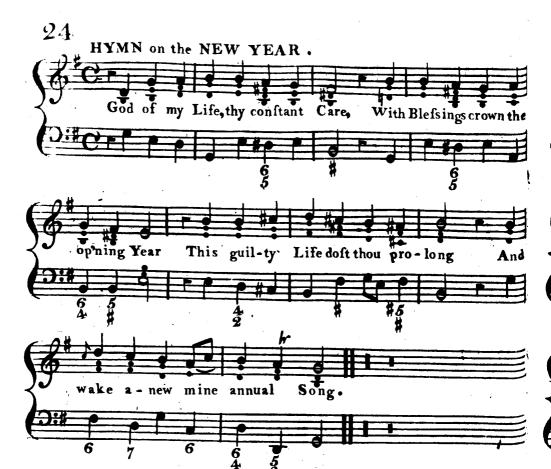
Of antedating Blifs below; In facred Hynns, and heavnly Love, Which will eternal be above.

, Shine on me Lord new Life impart Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart One ray of thy all quick'ning light With thought and love of thy great Name Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

> Lord lest the Tempter me surprise, Watch over thine own facrifice; All loose, all idle Thoughts, cast out, And make my very Dreams devout • 1

My Soul how canst thou weary grow, Praise God from whom all blessings flow Praise him all Creatures here below, Praise him above Angelic Host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.





How many precios Souls are fled To the vaft R egions of the Dead, Since from this Day the changing Sun Thro, his last yearly Period run.

We yet furvive; but who can fay, Or thro the Month, or Year, or Day, "I will retain this vital Breath

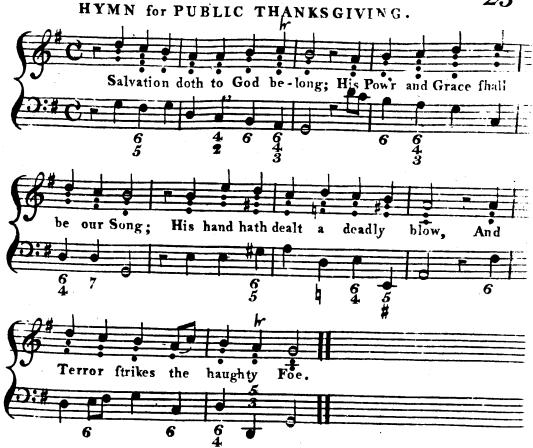
"Thus far at least in league with Death?" Tho Death should blast the rising Yes.

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 unk nown.

To thee our Spirits we resign; Make them, and own them still as thing So shall they smile secure from feel Tho? Death should blast the rising Veel

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.





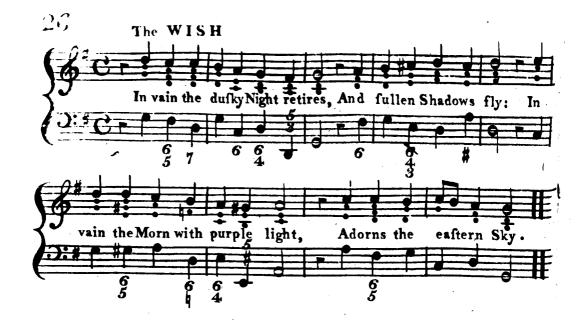
Praise to the Lord, who bons his Ear, Propitious to his People's Pray'r; And, tho' deliv'rance long delay, Answers in his well chosen Day.

O may thy Grace our Land engage, Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage

The Tribute of its Love to bring
To Thee, our Saviour and our King.

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

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



In vain the gaudy rifing Sun,

The wide Horizon gilds;

Comes glittring oer the Silver Streams,

And chears the dewy Fields.

In vain difpenfing vernal fweets,

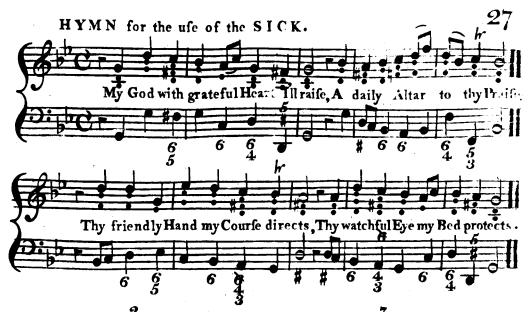
The morning Breezes play;
In vain the Birds with chearful fongs,
Salute the new born Day.

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

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

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

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



When Dangers, Woes, or Death are nigh, Can fuch a Wretch for Pardon sue! Past Mercies teach me where to fly; The fame Almighty Arm can aid, Now Sickness grieves, and Pains invade. And pour the Horrors of despair.

To all the various help of Art, Kindly thy healing Powr impart; BETHESDA'S Bath reful'd to fave Unless an Angel bless'd the Wave.

All med'cines act by thy decree, Receive Commission all from Thee: And not a Plant which spreads the Plains, His Blood procures for Adam's Race But teems with health, when Heavn ordains Admittance to the Throne of Grace.

Clay, and Siloam's Pool we find, At Heav'ns command restor'd the Blind; And conscious Guilt corrodes the Heart; Hence Jordan's Waters once were feen To wash a Syrian Leper clean.

But grant me nobler Favours ftill, Grant me to know and do thy Will; Purge my foul Soul from evry Stain, And fave me from eternal Pain.

My Crimes, my Crimes arise in view, Arrest my trembling Tongue in Pray'r,

But Oh! regard my contrite Sighs, My torturd Breast, my streaming Eyes, To me thy boundless Love extend, My God, my Father, and my Friend.

These lovely Names I neer could plead, Had not thy Son vouchsaf'd to bleed:

When Vice hath shot its poison'd Dart. His Blood is all fufficient found, To draw the Shaft, and heal the Wound.

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

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





Solo
Who didft the fixt Earth ordain,
To rife from the watry Plain.
Chorus
For his Mercies, &c.
Solo
Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,
All the Day his Courfe to run.

Chorus For his Mercies, &c.

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

Chorus For his Mercy &c.

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

Da Capo



Though exalted on a Throne,

Her fuperior merits due

Those beneath, with Pity's Eye

Scorns she not benign to view:

Reaches out her Scepter'd hand,

Aid and mercy to bestow;

Wipes the Tear from Sorrow's face;

Sooths the wretchedness of Woe.

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

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

O. thou everlating God.

Hear the truly grateful strain;

Penitent and contrite Souls,

Neer with thee can sue in vain.

Hear, and evry Gift impart,

Mortals most supremely prize,

To the Royal Queen, whose mind

Speaks her kindred to the Skies.

Hear and blefs her confort Lord,
GEORGE, the well belovd & good
Blefs him with his hearts defire,
All his wifnes be beftow'd:
Then his People will be bleft;
All, with us, fhall join the ftrain:
This, and works of equal Praife,
Shall immortalize his reign.

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

Now the folemn Organ blow;
Loud the grateful tribute pay;
BRITAIN'S QUEEN demands the fong;
Royal CHARLOTTE claims the lay:
BRITAIN'S QUEEN as good as great,
Who delights to fave and blefs;
Hail the facred honour'd Name,
Hail our Royal Patronefs.











Good will to finful men is shewn, And peace on Earth is giv'n; For lo! thincarnate Saviour comes With messages from Heavn.

Justice and Grace, with sweet accord, His rifing beams adorn: Let Heav'n and Earth in concert join, And learn of the Celestial Choir, Now fuch a Child is born.

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

When shall we reach those blissful realms Where Christ exalted reigns: Their own immortal strains.

#### A PRAYER

### for the use of the

### MAGDALEN CHAPEL.

Father of Mercies, and God of all Comfort, who haft fent thy Son JESUS CHRIST into the World, to feek and to fave that which was loft; we praise thy Holy Name for the bountiful Provifion made in this Place, for the Spiritual and Temporal Wants of miscrable Offenders: befeeching thee fo to dispose our Hearts by the powerful working of thy blefsed Spirit, that thro' fincere Repentance and a lively Faith, we may obtain Remiffion of our Sins, and all the Precious Promifes of thy Gofpel. Awaken those who have not yet a due sense of their Guilt: and perfect a Godly Sorrow, where it is begun. Renew in us what ever hath been decayed by the froud 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 Watchfulnefs and Humility. Forgive, as we do from our Hearts those. who have injured us: and grant to all who have feduced others, or have been feduced themselves into wickedness, that they may forfake the evil of their doings, and live. 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 Counfels, reward the Labours, and Liberality, of all who are engaged in the Government or Support of it: and increase the number of those who have a zeal for thy Glory, and compassion on the Ignorant, and on them. that are out of the way; that many may be turned from Darkness to Light, and from the power of Satan unto Thee their God, through the Merits and Mediation of JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen.

