



A MAGDALEN in HER UNIFORM.

(1765)



THE

✓  
HYMNS ANTHEMS and TUNES

*with the ODE used at the*

*MAGDALEN CHAPEL*

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HARPSICHORD, VOICE.

GERMAN-FLUTE

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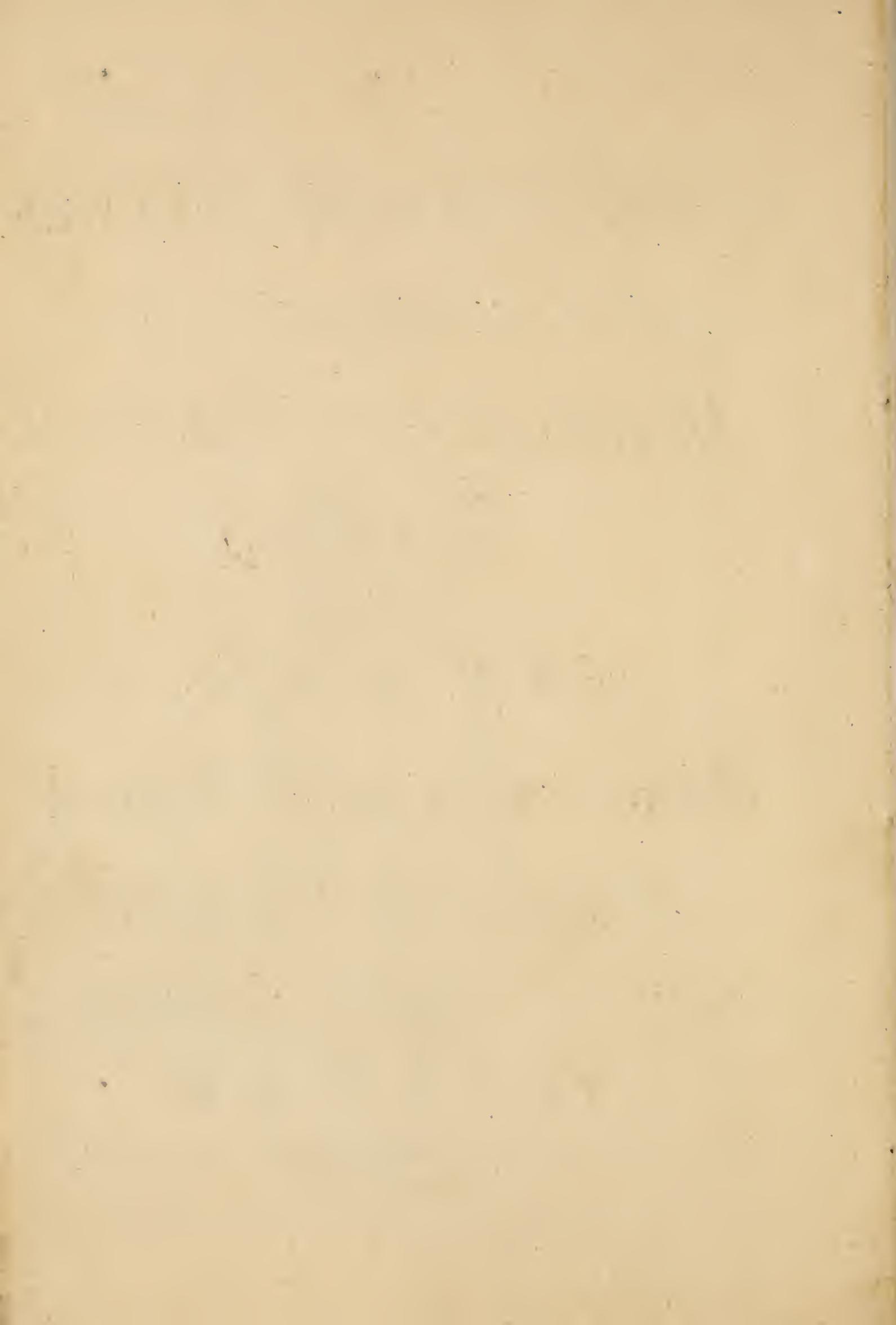
G U I T A R

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LONDON

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## HYMN I

For the Morning

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

Du-ty run: Shake off dull Sloth, and ear-ly rise, To

pay thy Morning Sa-cri-fice.

2

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

3

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
 Thy conscience, as the Noon-Day clear;  
 For God's all-seeing Eye surveys  
 Thy secret Thoughts, thy Works, and Ways.

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

Lord, I my Vows to thee renew;  
Scatter my Sins as morning Dew;  
Guard my first spring of Thought and Will,  
And with thy self my Spirit fill.

9

Direct, Controul, Suggest this Day,  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,  
In thy sole Glory may unite.

10

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

## HYMN II

The spacious Firmament on high With all the blue etherial Sky

And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame, Their great Original proclaim.

2

Th' unwearied Sun from Day to Day,  
Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
And publishes to ev'ry Land,  
The Work of an Almighty hand.

3

Soon as the ev'ning Shades prevail,  
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,  
And Nightly to the list'ning Earth  
Repeats the Story of her birth:

4

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

5

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

6

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

# HYMN III

The Lord my Pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a Shepherd's Care; His  
 Prefence shall my Wants supply, And guard me with a watchfull Eye: My  
 Noon-Day Walks he shall attend, And all my Midnight Hours defend.

2

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,  
 To fertile Vales and dewy Meads  
 My weary wandering Steps he leads,  
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and flow,  
 Amid the verdant Landskip flow.

3

Though in the paths of Death I tread;  
 With gloomy Horrors over-spread,  
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still:  
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,  
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

4

Though in a bare and rugged Way,  
 Through devious lonely Wilds I stray,  
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,  
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,  
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

## HYMN IV

## The Christian's Hope

When rising from the Bed of Death, O'er-whelm'd with Guilt and Fear;

I see my Maker, face to face; O how shall I appear!

2

If yet, while Pardon may be found,  
And Mercy may be fought,  
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the Thought.

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

2

If yet, while Pardon may be found,  
And Mercy may be fought,  
My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,  
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To make her Pardon sure.

# HYMN V

## On Gratitude

When all thy Mercies, O my God, My rising Soul surveys; Tran  
 spported with the View, I'm lost In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

10

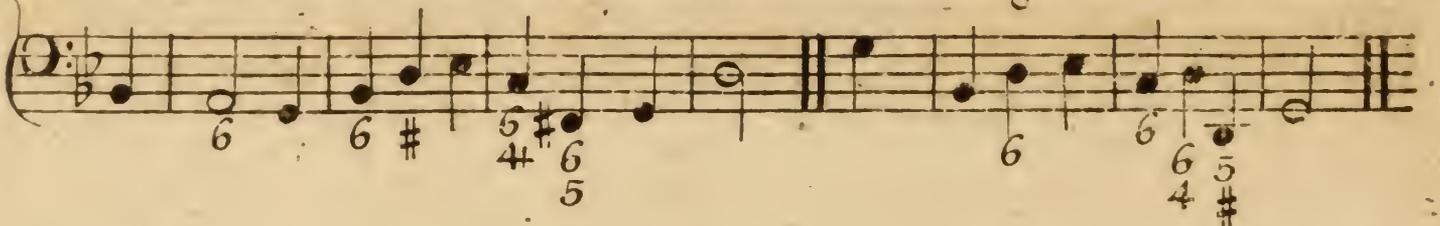
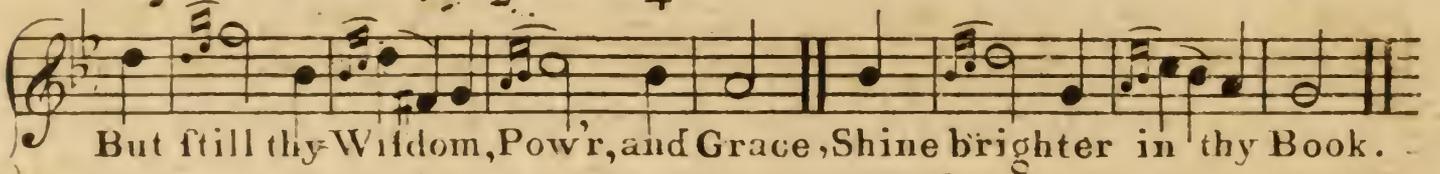
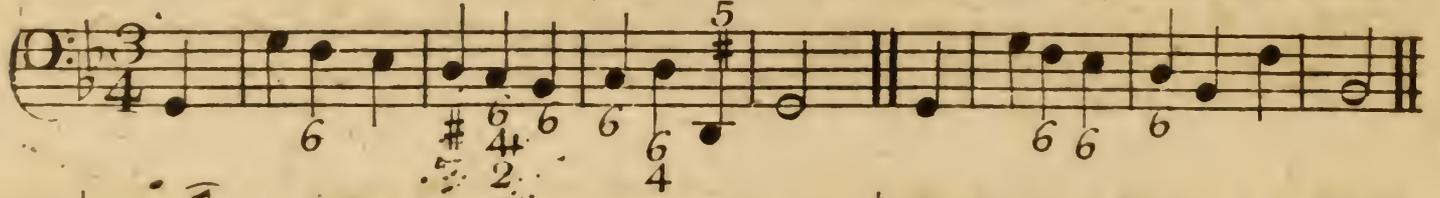
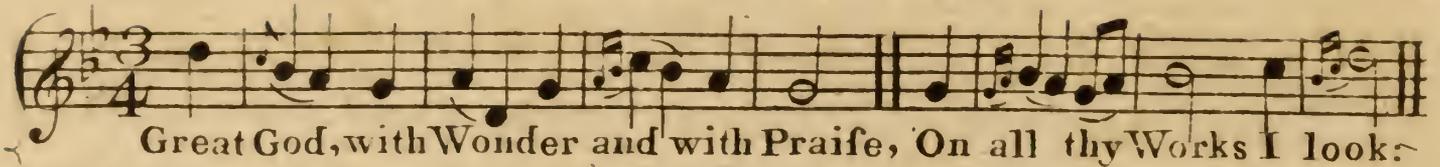
When Nature fails, and Day and Night  
 Divide thy Works no more;  
 My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,  
 Thy Mercy shall adore:

11

Through all Eternity to Thee  
 A joyful Song I'll raise;  
 For oh! Eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy Praise.

## HYMN VI

On the Excellency of the BIBLE



2

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

3

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

4

Here are my choicest Treasures hid,  
Here my best Comfort lies;  
Here my Desires are satisfy'd,  
And hence my Hopes arise.

5

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

6

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

7

Then let me love my Bible more,  
And take a fresh Delight,  
By Day to read these Wonders o'er,  
And meditate by Night.

# HYMN VII

## On the Sabbath

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

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

2

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

3

No more Fatigue, no more Distress,  
 Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place:  
 No Groans to mingle with the Songs,  
 Resounding from immortal Tongues.

4

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

5

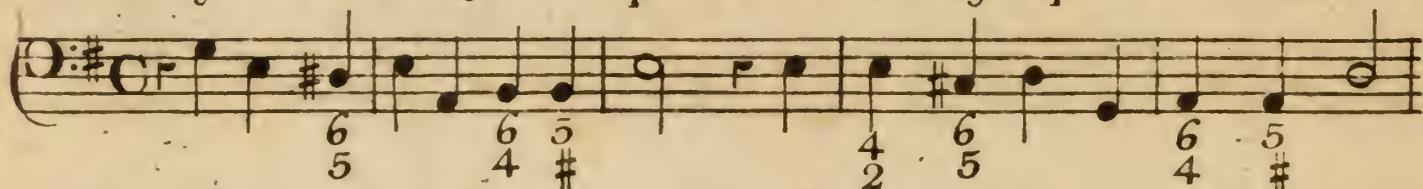
O long expected Day! begin:  
 Dawn on these realms of Woe and Sin:  
 Fain would we leave this weary Road,  
 And sleep in Death, to rest with God.

## HYMN VIII

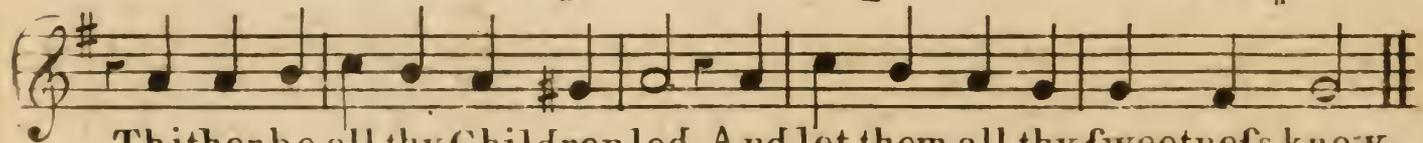
On the Sacrament



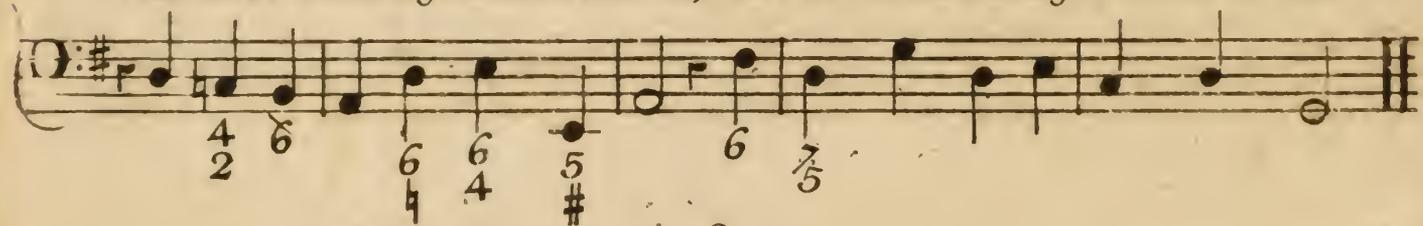
My God and is thy Table spread, And does thy Cup with love o'er-flow.



6 5 6 4 5 # 4 2 6 5 6 4 5 #



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



4 2 6 6 4 5 # 6 7 5 2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

# HYMN IX

## On the Sacrament

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

And to effect this glorious Change, Did Jesus shed his Blood!

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

# HYMN X

On Christmas Day

High let us swell our tuneful Notes And join th'angelic Throng

For Angels no such Love have known T'awake a chearful Song--

T'awake a chearful Song.

2

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

3

Justice and Grace, with sweet Accord,  
His rising Beams adorn;  
Let Heav'n and Earth in Concert join,  
Now such a Child is born.

4

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

5

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



## HYMN XII

On the last Judgment

The Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day Shall the whole

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

14

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

15

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

16

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

17

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

18

Well may they curse their second Breath,  
Who rise to a reviving Death:  
Thou great Creator of mankind,  
Let guilty Man compassion find!

## HYMN XIII

For Whitsunday

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

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

2

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

3

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:  
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,  
To Sanctify us while we sing.

4

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,  
Rich in thy seven-fold Energy!  
Thou strength of his Almighty hand,  
Whose Pow'r, does heav'n & earth combina<sup>nd</sup>.

5

Proceeding Spirit, our defence.  
Who dost the gift of Tongues dispence:  
Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But oh! inflame and fire our hearts!

6

Our frailties help; our Vice controul;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul;  
Feeble, alas! we are, and frail;  
Let not the World or Flesh prevail!

7

Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,  
And Peace, the Fruit of love bestow:  
And lest our Feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the Way!

8

Make us eternal Truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe:  
Give us thy self, that we may see  
The Father and the Son by Thee!

9

Immortal Honours, endless Fame  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour Son be glorified  
Who for lost Man's redemption died:

10

And equal Adoration be,  
Creator Spirit, paid to Thee:  
"Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind; -  
"Come, pour thy Joys on Human kind!

# HYMN XIV

For a Fast Day

Great God of Hosts attend our Pray'r, And make the british  
Isles thy Care; To thee we raise our suppliant Cries, When angry  
Nations round us rise.

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 'midst the Thunder of their Rage,  
We thy Protection would engage;  
O raise thy saving Arm on high,  
And bring renew'd deliv'rance nigh.

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

8

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

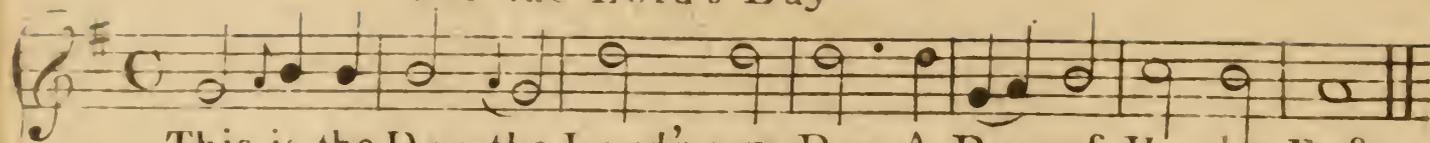
Give ear, ye Countries from afar,  
Ye proud associate Nations, hear,  
While fix'd on him who rules the Sky,  
Our Hearts your threat'ned War defy.

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 y<sup>e</sup> Stroke.

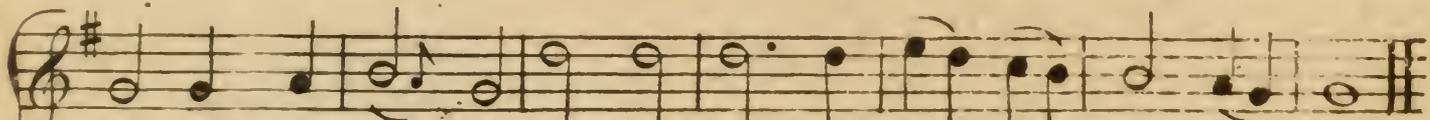
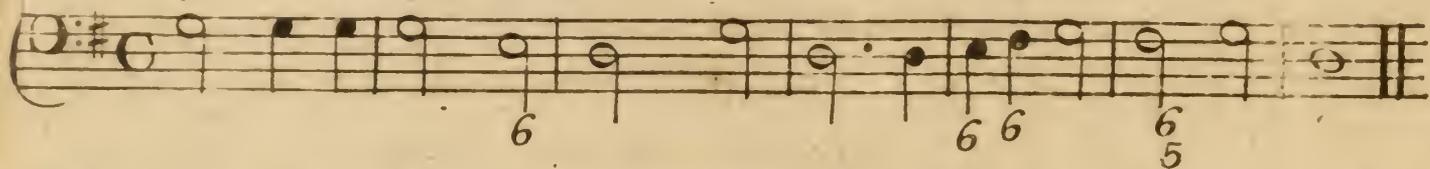
Now he records our humble Tears,  
With ardent Vows for future Years,  
And destines for approaching Days,  
Victorious shouts & songs of Praise.

# HYMN XV

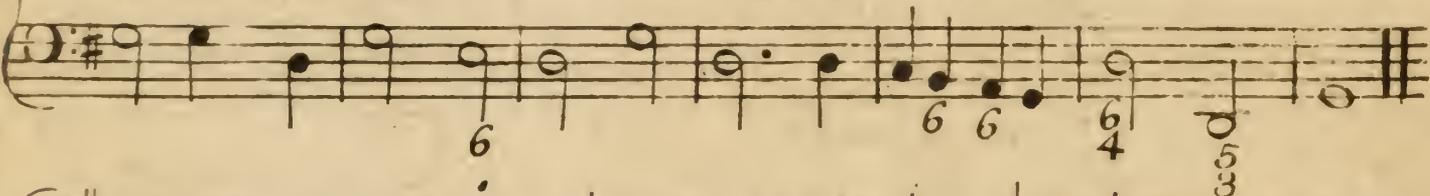
For the Lord's Day



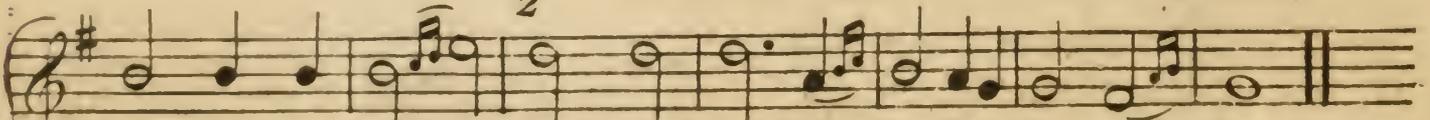
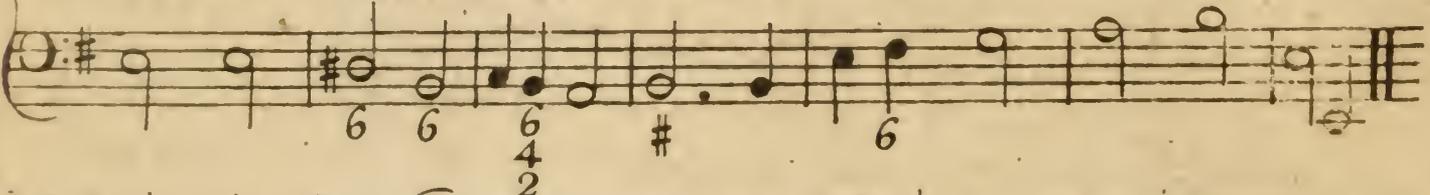
This is the Day, the Lord's own Day, A Day of Ho-ly Rest:



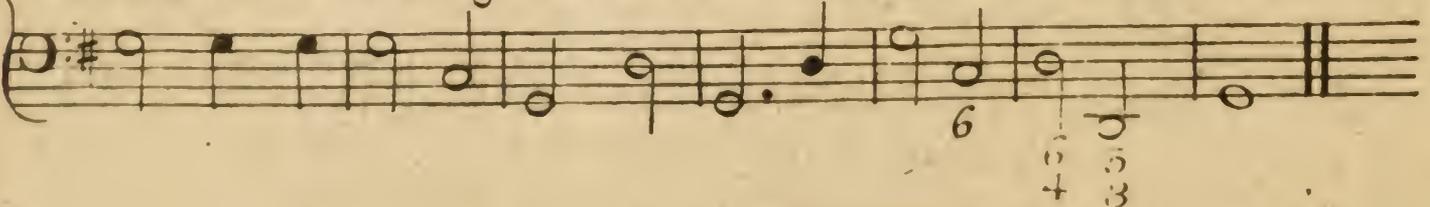
O teach our Souls to rest from Sin, That Rest will please Thee best.



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



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



2

Thou, thou alone, redeemed hast  
Our Souls from deadly thrall;  
With no less price than thine own Blood,  
The Purchase of us all.  
Hadst Thou not dy'd We had not liv'd,  
But dy'd eternally;  
We'll live to him who dy'd for us,  
And praise his Name on high.

## 3

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

## 4

Welcome and dear unto my Soul  
 Is thy most Holy day:  
 May I th'eternal Sabbath keep  
 With God my Strength and Stay!  
 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;  
 Thy Footsteps, Lord, I trace:  
 I joy to think this is the Way  
 To see my Saviour's Face:

## 5

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

## HYMN XVI

On the Paffion

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

2

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

3

Thou Earth thy lowest centre shake;  
 With Jesu sympathize!  
 Thou Sun, as Hell's deep gloom be black,  
 'Tis thy Creator dies!

4

What tongue the Tortures can declare  
 Of this vindictive Hour?  
 Wrath he alone had will to share,  
 As he alone had Pow'r!

5

See, streaming from the fatal Tree,  
 His all-atoning Blood!  
 Is this the infinite? 'Tis he!  
 My Saviour and my God!

6

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

7

Let Sin no more my Soul enslave;  
 Break, Lord, the Tyrant's chain;  
 O save me, whom thou can't to save,  
 Nor Bleed nor Die in vain!

# H Y M N X V I I

On the New Year

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

2

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

3

We yet survive; but who can say,  
 Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,  
 "I will retain this vital Breath;  
 "Thus far at least in league with Death".

4

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

5

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

6

Thy Children, eager to be gone,  
 Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on,  
 And land them on that blooming Shore,  
 Where Years and Death are known no more.

## HYMN XVIII

For Midnight

My God now I from Sleep a-wake, The sole Possession  
of me take; From midnight Terrors me secure, And guard my  
Heart from Thoughts impure.

2  
Blest Angels, while we silent lie,  
You Hallelujah's sing on high:  
You joyful Hymn the ever blest;  
Before the Throne, and never rest.

3  
I with your Choir Celestial join,  
In offering up a Hymn divine:  
With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell;  
And bid the Night and World farewell.

4  
My Soul, when I shake off this dust,  
Lord, in thy Arms I will entrust:  
O make me thy peculiar Care,  
Some mansion for my Soul prepare.

5  
Give me a Place at thy Saints feet,  
Or some fall'n Angel's vacant seat:  
I'll strive to Sing as loud as they,  
Who sit above in brighter Day.

6

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

7

All praise to Thee, in light array'd,  
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:  
A boundless Ocean of bright beams,  
From thy all glorious God-head streams.

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

12

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

13

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

## HYMN XIX

Thanks to God

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

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

Heav'n stands o-pen to our View.

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

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

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

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

# H Y M N X X

## Public Thanksgiving

Salvation doth to God belong; His Pow'r and Grace shall be our Song;

His hand hath dealt a deadly blow, And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

Still be it our supreme Delight  
 To walk as in thy honour'd Sight:  
 Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear  
 To life's last Hour to persevere.

# HYMN XXI

On The unknown World

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

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

3  
 Oh! by what glimm'ring light we view,  
 That unknown World we're hasting to!  
 God has lock'd up the mystic Page,  
 And curtain'd darkneſs round y<sup>e</sup> Stage!

4  
 Wiſe Heav'n, to render ſearch perplex,  
 Has drawn'twixt this World & the next  
 A dark impenetrable Screen,  
 All behind which is yet unſeen!

5  
 We talk of Heav'n we talk of Hell;  
 But what they mean, no Tongue can tell!  
 Heav'n is the Realm where Angels are,  
 And Hell the Chaos of deſpair.

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

7  
 This Hour perhaps our Friend is well  
 The next, we hear his paſſing bell!  
 He dies! and then, for aught we ſee,  
 Ceſes at once to breathe and be.

8  
 Thus launch'd from Life's ambiguous Shore  
 In gulph'd in Death, appears no more;  
 Then, undirected to repair  
 To diſtant Worlds, we know not where.

Swift flies the Soul; perhaps 'tis gone  
A thousand Leagues beyond the Sun;  
Or twice ten Thousand more thrice told,  
Ere the forsaken Clay is cold.

10

And yet who knows, if Friends we lov'd,  
Tho' dead may be so far remov'd?  
Only this veil of Flesh between,  
Perhaps they watch us, tho' unseen.

11

Whilst we, their loss lamenting, say,  
"They're out of hearing far away;"  
Guardians to us, perhaps they're near,  
Conceal'd in vehicles of Air.

12

And yet no notices they give,  
Nor tell us where or how they live;  
Though conscious whilst with us below,  
How much themselves desir'd to know.

13

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

14

Well, let my Sov'reign, if he please,  
Lock up his marvellous Decrees;  
Why should I wish him to reveal  
What he thinks proper to conceal.

15

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

16

But, oh! what Worlds shall I survey  
The moment that I leave this clay.  
How sudden the Surprise, how new!  
Let it, my God, be happy too!

# HYMN XXII

The With

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

2

In vain the gaudy rising Sun,  
 The wide Horizon gilds;  
 Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,  
 And cheers the dewy Fields.

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

# HYMN XXIII

## On Charity

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of two systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The lyrics are placed between the staves. The first system contains the lyrics: "Did sweeter sounds adorn my flowing Tongue, Than ever". The second system contains the lyrics: "Man pronounc'd or Angels sung:". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and fingerings (e.g., 6, 5, #, 6).

<p style="text-align: center;">2</p> <p>Had I all knowledge human &amp; divine, That Thought can reach, or Science caude</p> <p style="text-align: center;">3</p> <p>And had I power to give that knowledge In all the Speeches of the babling Earth.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">4</p> <p>Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast in: To weary Tortures &amp; rejoice in Fire.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">5</p> <p>Or had I faith like that which Israel saw, When Moses gave them miracles &amp; law.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">6</p> <p>Yet gracious Charity indulgent Guest, Were not thy Pow'r exerted in thy Breast.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">7</p> <p>Those speeches would send up unheeded That scorn of life would be but wild despa</p> <p style="text-align: center;">8</p> <p>A Cymbal's sound were better than my My Faith were form my Eloquence were</p> <p style="text-align: center;">9</p> <p>Charity, Decent, Modest, Easy, Kind, Softens the high, &amp; rears y<sup>e</sup> abject Mind.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;">10</p> <p>Knows with just reins, &amp; gentle hand to Betwixt vile Shame, &amp; arbitrary Pride.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">11</p> <p>Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives, And much she suffers, as she much believ</p> <p style="text-align: center;">12</p> <p>Soft Peace she brings, wherever she ar- She builds our quiet, as she forms our</p> <p style="text-align: center;">13</p> <p>Lays the rough Paths of peevish nature And opens in each heart a little Heav'n.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">14</p> <p>Each other Gift which God on Man best Its proper bound, &amp; due reflection knows</p> <p style="text-align: center;">15</p> <p>To one fix'd purpose dedicate its Pow'r, And finishing its act; exists no more.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">16</p> <p>Thus in obedience to what Heav'n de- Knowledge shall fail, &amp; Prophecy shall</p> <p style="text-align: center;">17</p> <p>But lasting Charity's more ample sway, Not bound by Time, nor subject to decay.</p>
---	---

18  
In happy Triumph shall for ever live,  
And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.

## HYMN XXIV

For the use of the Sick

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

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

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

12

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

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

8

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

9

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

10

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

11

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

# HYMN XXV

For the Evening

Glory to Thee my God this Night, For all the Blessings of the Light,  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Under thy own Almighty Wings.

2

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The Ills that I this Day have done;  
That with the World, my-self, and Thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at Peace may be.

3

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

4

O may my Soul on Thee repose,  
And with sweet Sleep mine eye-lids close;  
Sleep, that may me more active make  
To serve my God when I awake.

5

When restless in the Night I lie,  
My Soul with heav'nly Thoughts supply:  
Let no ill Dreams disturb my Rest,  
No pow'rs of Darkness me molest!

6

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

7

Lord, let my Soul for ever share,  
The Bliss of thy Paternal care;  
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
To see thy Face, and sing thy Love.

8

Shou'd Death itself my sleep invade,  
Why shou'd I be of Death afraid?  
Protected by thy saving Arm,  
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

9

For Death is Life, and labour rest  
If with thy gracious Presence blest  
Then welcome Sleep, or Death to me  
I'm still secure, for still with Thee!

10

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

# ANTHEM I

Solo Chorus

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

6 # r q. 6 6 6

Solo Cho:

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

5 4 # r q. 6 r q.

Solo

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

6 r q. 5 4 # r q. 6 5 4 # r q.

Cho: Solo

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

6 7 6 6 6 r q. 5 # r q. 3

Cho:

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

5 4 4 r q. 7 5 6 5 3 4 4 #

# ANTHEM II

Chorus

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

Solo

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

Slow

Chorus

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

Solo      Who did the fixt Earth ordain,  
             To rise from the watry Plain.  
 Cho:      For his Mercies &c  
 Solo      Who ordain'd the glorious Sun,  
             All the Day his Course to run.  
 Cho:      For his Mercies &c  
 Solo      And the Moon to shine by Night,  
             Mid her spangled Sisters bright.  
 Cho:      For his Mercies &c  
 Solo      He hath with a piteous Eye,  
             Seen us in our Mifery,      Da Capo

## Tune. to the first PSALM

The Man is blest that hath not lent, To wicked Men his Ear:

6 5 6 5 6 6 #

Nor led his Life as Sinners do, Nor sat in Scorners's chair.

6 6 6 6 6 5

Tune. to the 8<sup>th</sup> or 23<sup>d</sup> PSALM

O God our Lord how wonderful Are thy Works ev'ry where!

6 5 6 6 6 5 # 6 6 #

Thy Fame surmounts in Dignity, The highest Heav'ns that are.

6 # # 6 4 6 5 #

Tune. to the 18<sup>th</sup> PSALM

O God, my Strength and Fortitude, Of force I must love Thee:

6 6 6

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

# 6 6 # 6 6 5 4 3

Tune. to the 104<sup>th</sup> PSALM

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

God, how dost thou appear! So passing in Glory that great is thy

Fame: Honour and Majesty in Thee shine most clear.

Tune. to the 51<sup>st</sup> PSALM

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

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

Lord, for thy great Mercies sake.

Tune. to the 121.<sup>st</sup> PSALM

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

6 5 6 4 3 6 6

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

6 5 4 b 6 6 5 b #

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

# 6 4 3 3

Tune. to the 112.<sup>th</sup> & 127.<sup>th</sup> PSALM

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

6 # # 6 6 #

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

# 6 6 6 4 # # # 5 6 #

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

# 6 5 3 # 4 #

# THE ODE

Andante

Chorus

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

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 5  
4 3

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

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

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

6 6 # 6 6 # 6 6 6

Sing the great Redeemer's love sing y<sup>e</sup> great Redeemer's love sing y<sup>e</sup> great Re

1<sup>st</sup> Gall. 2<sup>d</sup> Gall. full Cho.

6 4

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

1<sup>st</sup> Gall. 2<sup>d</sup> Gall. full

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

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

5 6 5  
3 4 3 6

Minuetto

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

Fingerings: 6 6 # 4 6 5 # 6 5

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

Fingerings: 6 # 6 # 4 2 6 6

Cho.

bring when with Saints we stand and sing.

Fingerings: 6 5 4 3 6 6 5 6 6 6 5 4 3

Siciliana

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

Fingerings: 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 6 5 3

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

Fingerings: 6 7 5 3 6 6 # 6

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

6 6 6 4 # 6 6 6 7 4 5

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

6 6 # 6 6 # 7 6 # 5

Thee and all thy glorious Greatness see Then with Angels

Cho: Vivace

6 6 6 7 5 3 6 6

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

2<sup>d</sup> Gall. Cho.

6 7 6 6 # 6 7 6 5 4

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

1<sup>st</sup> Gall. 3

7 8 6 6 5 6 6 6 6 4 3

2d Gall.

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

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

Semi Cho: 1st Gall.

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

5 7 6 6 #

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

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

Full Chorus

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

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

- - lestial Goodness Hail. Hail. Hail. Ce-les-tial Goodness Hail.

6 6 4 5 3 6 6 6 5 4 3

These Words go to the  
Eleventh Hymn Tune

## HYMN XXVI

On Thanksgiving

1

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

2

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

3

Death, no more we dread thy Sting;  
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing:  
Grave, thy Terrors we defy;  
We shall live; for Christ did die.

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

These Words go to the  
Second Hymn Tune

41

## HYMN XXVII

Against Lewdness

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

7

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

8

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

9

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

A PRAYER for the Use of the  
MAGDALEN CHAPEL

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

