



A MAGDALEN in HER UNIFORM.

*(THE)*  
*Hymns, Anthems & Tunes,*  
*with the ODE used at the*  
**MAGDALEN CHAPEL;**

*Set for the*  
**ORGAN;**  
*Harpsichord, Voice,*  
*German Flute,*  
**OR**  
**GUITTAR.**

**Book 1.**

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## HYMN I.

For the Morning.

A -- wake my Soul, and with the Sun, Thy daily Stage of

Du - ty run; Shake of 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 Gods all-seeing Eye surveys,  
 Thy secret Thoughts thy Works and Ways.

4  
 Wake, and lift up thyself, 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.

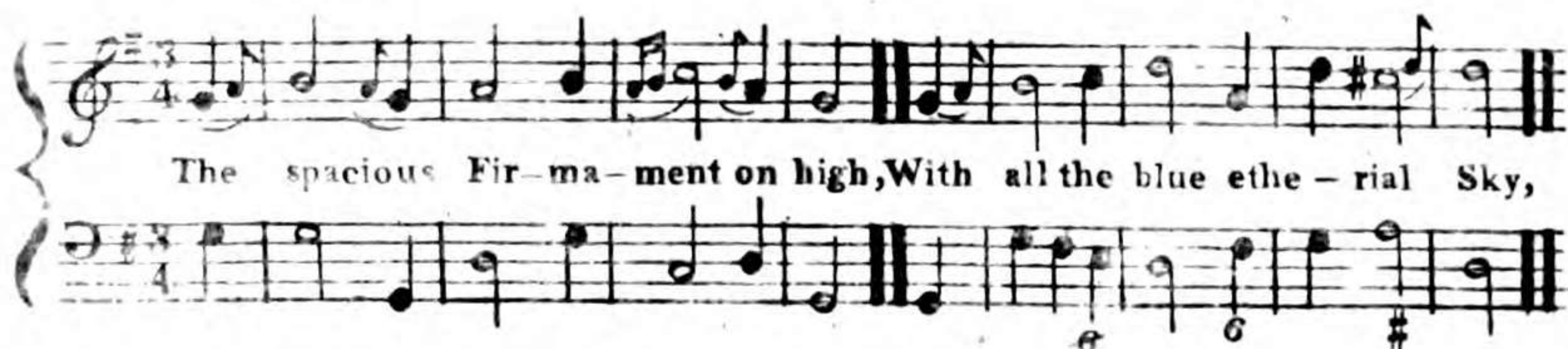
7  
 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,  
 And hast refresh'd me whilst I slept;  
 Grant, Lord, when I from Death shall wake,  
 I may of endless Life partake.

8  
 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;  
 Scatter my Sins as morning Dew;  
 Guard my first spring of Thought and Will,  
 And with thyself my Spirit fill.

9  
 Direct, controul, suggest this Day,  
 All I design, or do, or say;  
 That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,  
 In thy sole Glory may unite.

10  
 Praise God from whom all Blessings flow;  
 Praise him, all Creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, angelic Host:  
 Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

## HYMN II.



2

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

3

Soon as the Evening 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 Tidings as they roll,  
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

5

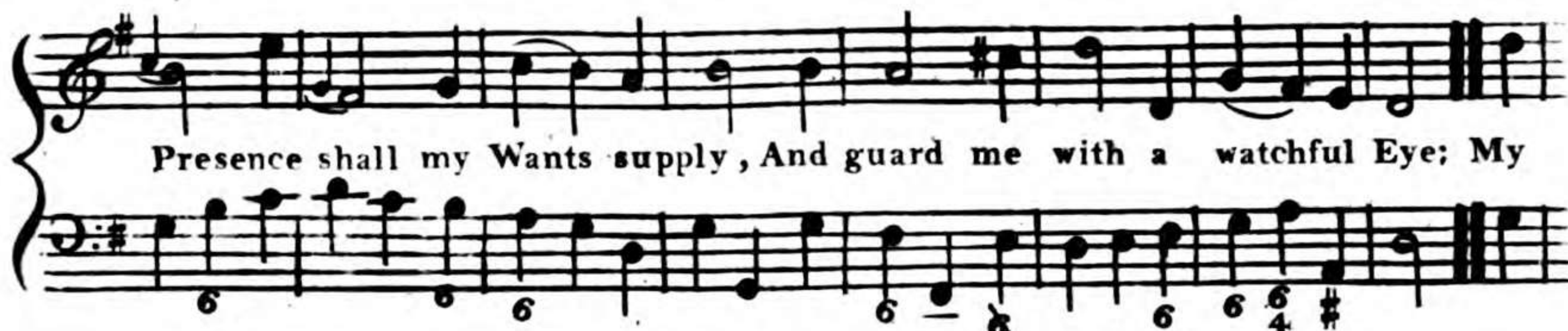
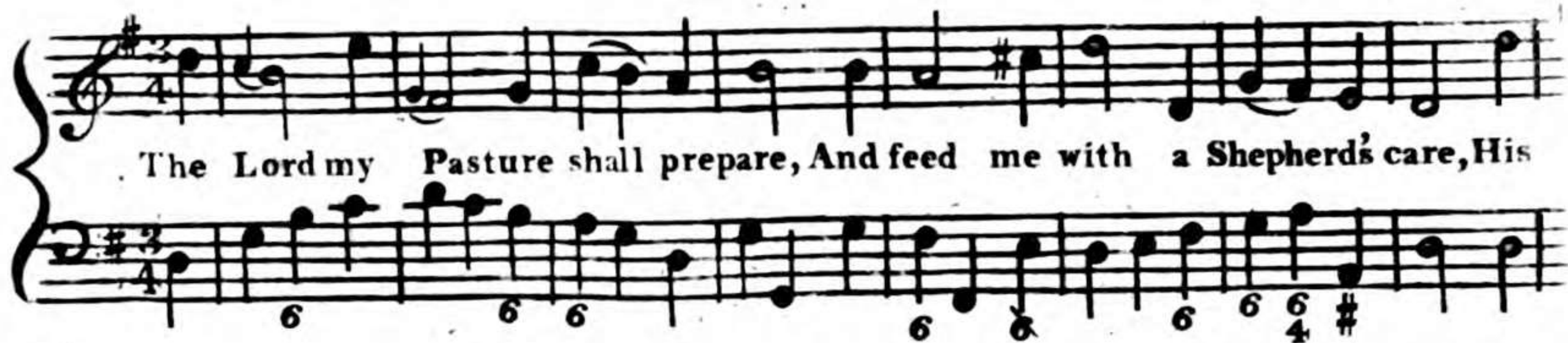
What though in solemn Silence all,  
Move round this dark terrestrial Ball?  
What though not real Voice nor Sound,  
Amid their radiant Orbs be found.

6

In Reason's Ear they all rejoyce,  
And utter forth a glorious Voice;  
For ever singing as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

# HYMN III.

5



2

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,  
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads,  
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,  
Where peaceful Rivers soft and slow,  
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 Christians Hope.

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

Fear; I see my Ma-ker, Face to Face; O how shall I appear!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major (one sharp) and common time. The melody is simple and hymn-like. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first line of music corresponds to the first line of lyrics, and the second line of music corresponds to the second line of lyrics. The score ends with a double bar line.

2

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

3

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

4

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

5

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

6

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

# HYMN V. On Gratitude .

7

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

<sup>2</sup>  
O how shall words with equal warmth,  
The Gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd Heart.  
But thou canst read it there .

<sup>3</sup>  
Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,  
And all my Wants redrest,  
When in the silent Womb I lay,  
And hung upon the Breast .

<sup>4</sup>  
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 .

<sup>5</sup>  
Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul,  
Thy tender Care bestow'd,  
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd,  
From whence those Comforts flow'd .

<sup>6</sup>  
Thro' hidden dangers toils and deaths,  
It gently clear'd my way;  
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
More to be fear'd than they .

<sup>7</sup>  
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 .

<sup>8</sup>  
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,  
My daily Thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a chearful Heart,  
That tastes those Gifts with Joy .

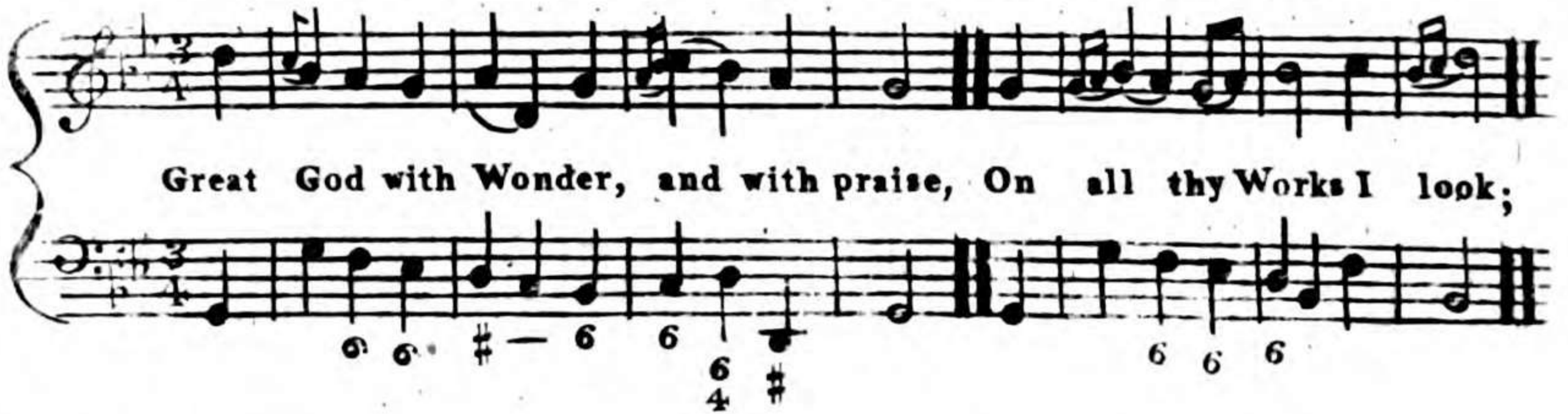
<sup>9</sup>  
Through ev'ry Period of my Life,  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after Death in distant Worlds,  
The glorious Theme renew .

<sup>10</sup>  
When Nature fails and Day and Night,  
Divide thy Works no more,  
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,  
Thy Mercy shall adore .

<sup>11</sup>  
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 Excellence 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, and shew,  
The goodness of the Lord;  
But Fruits of Life and Glory Grow,  
In thy most holy Word.

4

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

5

Lord, make me understand thy Law,  
Shew what my Faults have been;  
And from 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.

9

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 earthly 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 Sins nor Hell shall reach the Place:  
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,  
Resounding from immortal Tongues.

4

No rude alarms of raging Foes;  
No cares to break the long Repose;  
No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal Noon.

5

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

# HYMN VIII.

## On the Sacrament.

My God, and is thy Table spread, And does thy Cup with Love o'er flow?

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

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 it's 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

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

# HYMNIX.

## On the Sacrament.

11

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

to effect this glorious Change, Did Je - sus shed his Blood.

Oh! for a Song <sup>2</sup> of ardent Praise,  
To bear our Souls above.  
What should allay our lively hope,  
Or damp our flaming Love.

<sup>3</sup>  
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.

<sup>4</sup>  
Oh! may that love which spread thy Board,  
Dispose us for the Feast;  
May Faith behold a smiling God,  
Thro' Jesu's bleeding Breast.

<sup>5</sup>  
Fir'd with the View, our Souls shall rise,  
In such a Scene as this,  
And view the happy Moments near,  
That shall compleat our Bliss.

# HYMN X. On Christmas Day.

High let us swell our tuneful Notes, And join th'ange - lic.

Throng; For Angels no such Love have known, T'a - wake a chearful

Song. . . T'a - wake 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 XI. For Easter.

13

Je - sus Christ is ris'n to Day, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Our triumphant ho - ly Day; Hal - le - lu - jah.

Who did once up - on the Cross, Hal - le - lu - jah.

Suffer to re - deem our loss, Hal - le - lu - jah.

2  
Hymns of Praise then let us sing, Hallelujah.  
Unto Christ our heav'nly King; Hallelujah.  
Who endur'd the Cross and Grave, Hallelujah.  
Sinners to redeem and save. Hallelujah.

3  
But the Pains which he endur'd, Hallelujah.  
Our salvation hath procur'd; Hallelujah.  
Now above the Sky he's King, Hallelujah.  
Where the Angels ever sing, Hallelujah.

# HYMN XII.

## On the last Judgement.

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 wond'rous sound,  
Shall thro' the rending Tombs rebound,  
And wake the Nations under Ground.

4  
Nature and Death shall, with surprise,  
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!

8  
 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 wast 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 Abyss,  
 Where Flames devour and Serpents hiss,  
 Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

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 vi-sit ev'ry pious Mind, Come pour thy Joys on human Kind.

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

3  
Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,  
Our Hearts with heav'nly love inspire:  
Come and thy sacred Uction 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 and earth  
command,

5  
Proceeding Spirit, our defence,  
Who dost the gift of tongues dispence;  
Refine and purge our earthly parts;  
But oh! inflame and fire our Hearts.

6  
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul;  
Submit the Senses to the Soul;  
Feeble alas. we are, and frail,  
Let not the World or Flesh prevail.

7  
Chace from our Minds th'infernal Foe,  
And peace, the Fruit of Love bestow:  
And lest our Feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the Way.

8  
Make us eternal Truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe:  
Give us thyself, that we may see,  
The Father and the Son by thee.

9  
Immortal Honours, endless Fame,  
Attend th' Almighty Father's name;  
The Saviour-Son be glorified,  
Who for lost Man's Redemption died.

10  
And equal Adoration be,  
Creator Spirit, paid to thee:  
"Come visit ev'ry pious Mind;  
"Come pour thy Joys on human Kind.

# HYMN XIV. For a Fast Day.

17

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

<sup>2</sup>  
Fain wou'd 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.

<sup>3</sup>  
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.

<sup>4</sup>  
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

<sup>5</sup>  
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.

<sup>6</sup>  
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

<sup>7</sup>  
Now he records our humble Tears,  
With ardents Vows for future Years,  
And destines for approaching Days,  
Victorious Shouts and Songs of Praise.

<sup>8</sup>  
Emanuel's Land shall safe remain,  
Blest with its Saviours gentle reign,  
Till ev'ry hostile rumour cease,  
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

# HYMN XV.

## For the Lord's Day.

This is the Day, the Lords' own Day, A Day of holy 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 hav - - ing made thyself A sin - less Sacri - - - 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 took'st our Sins, gav'st us thyself;  
 Thy Love's beyond compare.

## 4

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

## 5

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

# HYMN XVI. On the Passion.

From whence these dire por - tends a - round, . 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  
'Tis thy Creator dies. black

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 cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed nor die in vain.

# HYMN XVII. On the New Year.

21

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

op'ning Year; This guilty Life dost thou pro- - long, And

wake a - - new mine annual Song.

2

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

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

Thy 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

# H Y M N XVIII.

## For Midnight.

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

- , ses - - sion of me take; From midnight Ter - rors me se -

- - cure, And guard my Heart from Thoughts im - - pure .

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

3  
I with your Choir celestial join,  
In off'ring 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 so - - Angels vacant Seat:  
I'll sing as loud as they,  
And shine 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 Bridegroom's Voice.

7  
 All praise to thee, in Light array'd,  
 Who Light thy dwelling place hast made:  
 A boundless Ocean of bright Beams,  
 From thy all glorious Godhead streams.

8  
 The Sun in its Meridian Height,  
 Is very 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 Night hast in devotion spent;  
 But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,  
 And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

10  
 My Soul, how canst thou weary grow,  
 Of antedating Bliss below:  
 In sacred Hymns and heav'nly Love,  
 Which will eternal be above.

11  
 Shine on me, Lord, new Life impart.  
 Fresh Ardours kindle in my Heart:  
 One Ray of thy all quick'ning Light,  
 Dispels the Sloth and Clouds of Night.

12  
 Lord lest the Tempter me surprize,  
 Watch over thine own Sacrifice:  
 All loose all idle Thoughts cast out,  
 And make my very Dreams devout.

13  
 Praise God from whom all Blessings flow:  
 Praise him all Creatures here below  
 Praise him above, angelic Host,  
 Praise Father, Son and holy Ghost.

# HYMN XIX.

## Thanks to God.

All glorious God, what Hymns of Praise, Shall  
our transported 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 Shade 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 blissful State.

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

# HYMN XX.

25

## Public Thanksgiving.

Salvation doth to God be-long, His powr and Grace shall be our Song;

His Hand hath dealt a deadly Blow, And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2  
Praise 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 peacefull 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.

## On the unknown World.

Hark! my gay Friend, that so - - lemn Toll, Speaks

the de - par - ture of a Soul: 'Tis gone; that's all we know, not

where, Or how th'un - bo - - dy'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 hastning too,  
God has lock'd up the mystic Page,  
And curtain'd darkness round the Stage.

4  
Wise Heav'n, to render search perplex,  
Has drawn 'twixt this World and y<sup>e</sup> next  
A dark impenetrable Screen,  
All behind which is yet unseen!

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

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

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

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

## 9

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

## 10

And yet who knows, if Friends we lov'd,  
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,  
Conceald in Vehicles of Air.

## 12

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

## 13

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

## 14

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

## 15

It is enough that I believe,  
Heav'ns 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 Wifh.

In vain the dusky Night re--tires, And sullen 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 chearful Songs,  
Salute the new born Day.

4  
In vain, unless my Saviour's Face,  
These gloomy Clouds controul,  
And dissipate the sullen Shades,  
That press my drooping Soul.

5  
Oh! visit thou 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

29



<p>2 Had I all knowledge human and divine, That thought can reach or science can define</p> <p>3 And had I power to give that knowledge birth In all the speeches of the babbling earth :</p> <p>4 Did Shadrach's zeal my glowing breast inspire To weary tortures and rejoice in fire :</p> <p>5 Or had I faith like that which Israel saw, When Moses gave them miracles and law :</p> <p>6 Yet gracious Charity, indulgent guest, Were not thy power exerted in my breast.</p> <p>7 Those speeches would send up unheeded pray'r; That scorn of life would be but wild despair.</p> <p>8 A Cymbal's sound were better than my voice, My faith were form, my eloquence were noise</p> <p>9 Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind, Softens the high, and rears the abject mind.</p> <p>18 In happy triumph shall forever live, And endless good diffuse, and endless praise receive.</p>	<p>10 guide, Knows with just reins, and gentle hand to Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.</p> <p>11 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives, And much she suffers, as she much believ<sup>s</sup></p> <p>12 Soft peace she brings wherever she arrives; She builds our quiet as she forms our lives:</p> <p>13 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature ev'n And opens in each heart a little heav'n.</p> <p>14 Each other gift which God on man bestow, Its proper bound and due reflection know.</p> <p>15 To one fix'd purpose dedicate it's pow'r, And finishing its act; exist no more..</p> <p>16 Thus in obedience to what heav'n decrees, Knowledge shall fail and prophecy shall cease</p> <p>17 But lasting Charity's more ample sway, Not bound by time nor subject to decay</p>
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# 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 eye my bed protects,

2  
When dangers, woes, or death are nigh,  
Past Mercies teach me where to fly;  
The same almighty Arm can aid,  
Now sickness grieves and pains invade.

3  
To all the various help of Art,  
Kindly thy healing Pow'r impart;  
Bethesda's Bath refus'd to save,  
Unless an Angel bless'd the Wave.

4  
All med'cines act by thy Decree,  
Receive commission all from thee:  
And not a plant which spreads y<sup>e</sup> plains,  
But teems with health when heav'n or-  
dains

5  
Clay and Siloam's Pool we find,  
At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;  
Hence Jordans 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.

7  
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 cou'd 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 the heart;  
His Blood is all sufficient found,  
To draw the Shaft and heal the wound.

11  
What Arrow 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

31

Glo-ry to thee my God this Night, For all the Blessings of the Light,

Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, under thy own Almighty Wings.

2

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The Ills that I this Day have done;  
That with the world, myself 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 Judgement 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 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 endu - -

Solo.

Cho.

- - reth for e - - ver, Give praise unto the God of Gods, For his Mer-

Solo.

- - - cy en - dureth for e - - ver Give praise un - to the Lord of Lords,

Cho.

Solo.

For his Mercy endureth for e - - - ver Who only doth great wondrous

Cho.

Works, For his Mercy en - - du - - reth for e - - - ver

# Chorus. ANTHEM II.

33

Let us with a gladsome Mind, Praise the Lord for he is kind;

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

## Solo Slow.

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

## Cho.

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

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.

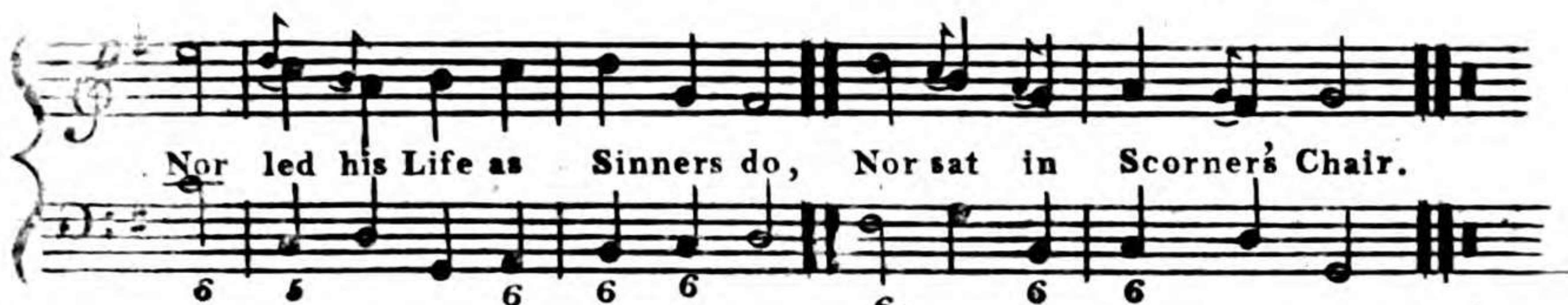
Solo He hath with a piteous Eye,  
Seen us in our Misery:

Cho: For his Mercies, &c.

Tune to the 1<sup>st</sup> PSALM.


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

6 56 56 6 #



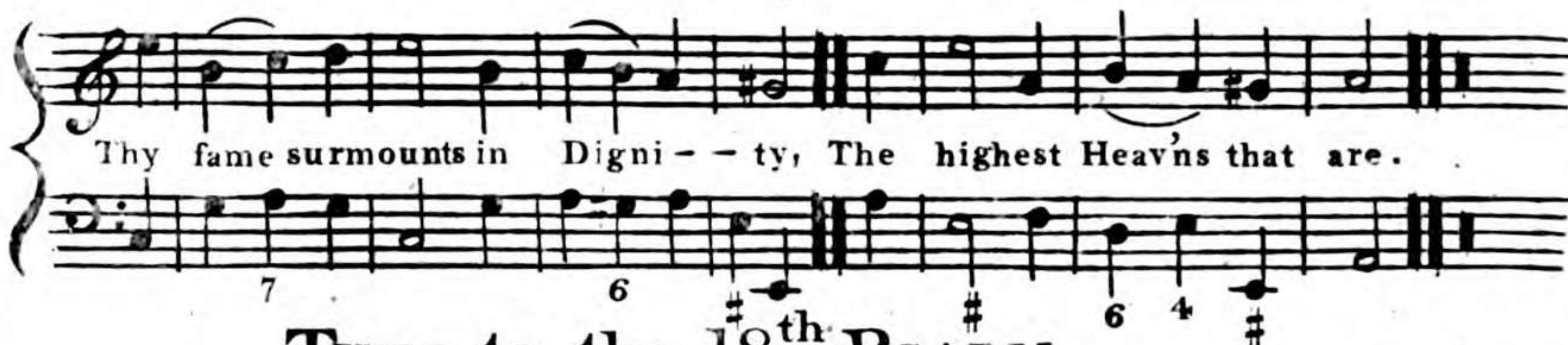
Nor led his Life as Sinners do, Nor sat in Scorners' Chair.

6 5 6 6 6 6 6 6

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


O God our Lord how wonder-ful Are thy Works ev'-ry where.

6 # 6 6 6 # # 6 6 2 6 #



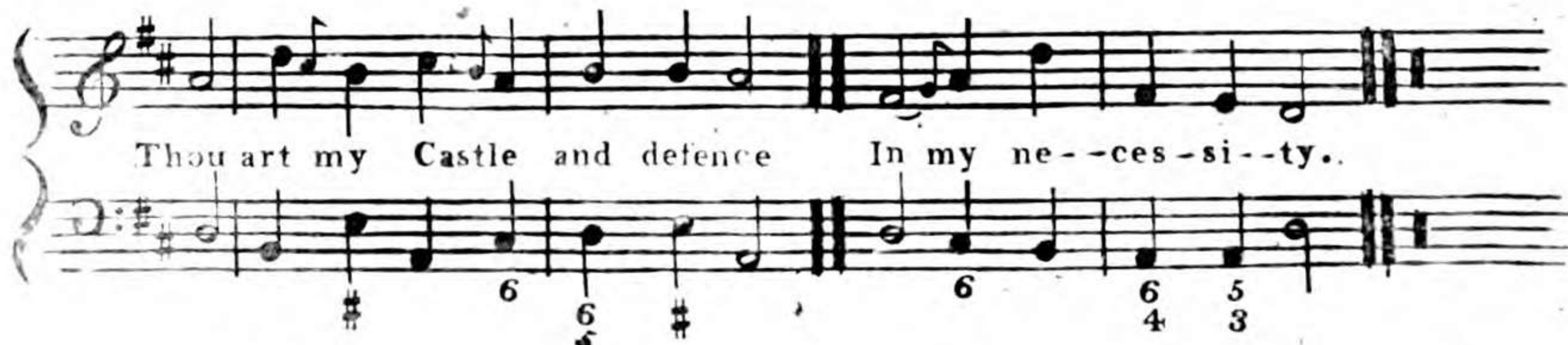
Thy fame surmounts in Digni-ty, The highest Heav'ns that are.

7 6 # 6 4 #

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


O God my strength and for-ti-tude, 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 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 Ma-jes-ty in thee shine most clear.

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

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

speed some Pi---ty take: My Sins forgive, my Faults re---

---dress Good Lord, for thy great Mercies sake.

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

## Semi.Chol<sup>ft</sup> Gall

## Minuetto

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

- - - lu - jahs hear; Pu - rer Praise we hope to bring,

Cho. Siciliana.

When with Saints we stand and sing. Lead us to that

blissful State; Where thou reign'st su - premely great; Look with Pi - ty

from thy Throne, And send thy Ho - - ly Spi - rit down. While on

Earth or-dain'd to stay, Guide our Footsteps In thy Way;

Till we come to reign with thee, And all thy glorious Greatness see

## Cho. Vivace

2<sup>d</sup> Gall.

Then with An-gels we'll a-gain, Wake a-lou-der, lou-der

## Cho.

1<sup>st</sup> Gall.

Strain; Wake a-lou-der, lou-der, Strain; There in joy-ful Songs of

2<sup>d</sup> Gall.

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

Semi Cho 1<sup>st</sup> Gall

well our grate-ful Voi-ces raise, There no Tongue shall silent

be, There all shall join sweet Har-mo-ny, That thro' Heav'ns all

spacious round, Thy praise, O God, may e-ver sound

## Full Chorus

Lord thy mercies never fail, Lord thy mercies never fail, Hail, Hail, ce-

-lestial Goodness, Hail, Hail, Hail ce -lestial Goodness, Hail

**A P R A Y E R**  
**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 through 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 & 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 Darkness to Light, & from the power of Satan unto thee their **GOD**. through the Merits and Mediation of **JESUS CHRIST** our **LORD**. Amen.

These Words go  
to the eleventh Hymn Tune.

## HYMN XXVI.

On Thanksgiving.

<sup>1</sup>  
Glory be to God our King, Hal: &c.  
Thine eternal Love we sing: Hal:  
Thou hast bar'd thine Arm divine, Hal:  
Wrought Salvation; made us thine. Hal:

<sup>2</sup>  
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.

<sup>3</sup>  
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.

<sup>4</sup>  
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.

<sup>5</sup>  
Down to deepest Hell deprest,  
Jesu rescu'd, rais'd, and blest,  
Open'd Mercy's golden Gate,  
Mercy here who holds her Seat.

<sup>6</sup>  
Happy Mansion. ev'ry Voice,  
In the blest retreat rejoice;  
Let each Voice united sound,  
Be the Walls with gladness crown'd.

<sup>7</sup>  
Blessings, Lord, profusely shed,  
On each Hand, each Heart, each Head;  
Who, with gen'rous Pity join,  
In the great, the good Design.

<sup>8</sup>  
Elevate our Souls to thee;  
Thou our Guide and Guardian be;  
Worthy, worthy may we prove,  
Lord of such distinguish'd Love.

<sup>9</sup>  
Blessing, thankful all our Days,  
May we pray, rejoice and praise;  
In the glorious Trump shall sound,  
And our raptur'd Hearts rebound. Hal:

These Words go  
to the second Hymn Tune.

## HYMN XXVII.

Against Lewdness.

<sup>1</sup>  
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.

<sup>2</sup>  
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.

<sup>3</sup>  
Let David speak with heavy Groans,  
How it estrang'd his Soul from God;  
Made him complain in ceaseless Moans,  
And fill'd his House with Wars and Blood.

<sup>4</sup>  
Let Solomon and Sampson tell,  
Their melancholly Stories here;  
How bright they shone, how low they fell,  
When Sins vile Pleasures cost them dear.

<sup>5</sup>  
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.

<sup>6</sup>  
The wakeful Stars and midnight Moon,  
Watch your foul Deeds & know your shame  
And God's own Eye like Beams of Noon,  
Strikes thro' the shade & marks your name.

<sup>7</sup>  
What will ye do when Heav'n enquires,  
Into those Scenes of secret Sin?  
And Lust with all its guilty Fires,  
Shall make your Conscience rage within.

<sup>8</sup>  
How will you curse your wanton Eyes,  
Curse the lewd Partners of our shame;  
When Death with horrible surprize,  
Shews you the Pit of quenchless Flame.

<sup>9</sup>  
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.