Sacred Melody

BEING FIFTY

PSALM & HYMN TUNES,

in Four Parts, with

Entire New Music

Set to the Works of

Dr. WATTS & OTHERS,

and suited to the

New Version Psalms,

for the use of

The Church of England

BY

John Moreton,

OF BIRMINGHAM.

"Behold the glories of the Lamb,
"Amidst His Father's Throne;
"Prepare new honours for his name,
"And songs before Unknown.

Dr. WATTS.

Entd. at Sta. Hall.

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R. Williamson, Sculp.

INDEX.

TENOR
Raise your &c.

ALTO
Raise your &c.

AIR
Raise your tri - - um - phant songs to an im - mor - tal tune

BASS
Raise your &c.

p
Let the wide earth re - - sound the deeds Ce - les - - tial grace has done.

f
Let &c.

f
Let &c.

f
Let the wide earth re - - sound the deeds Ce - les - tial grace has done.

f
Let &c.

Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose
And bid him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes

His hand no thunder bears
Nor terror clothes his brow
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

Now sinners dry your tears
Let hopeless sorrows cease
Bow to the scepter of his love
And take the offer'd peace

Lord we obey thy call
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought
And love and praise thy name.

EDEN S.M. H.84. 2 B. Dr. W.

Come all

Come all

Come all har_monious tongues your noblest music bring 'Tis Christ the e_ver last ing God and

Come all &c

f

and &c

f

and &c

p *f*

Christ the man we sing 'Tis Christ the e_ver lasting God and Christ the man we sing.

f

and &c.

Down to the shades of death
He bow'd his awful head
Yet he arose to live and reign
When death itself is dead

No more the bloody spear
The cross and nails no more
For Hell itself shakes at his name
And all the heav'ns adore

HAGLEY. S.M. H.127. Lady H. Col.

Dear Lord

Dear Lord

Dear Lord at_tend our pray'r and all our wants re lieve Come to our

SUPPLICATO Dear Lord

f

That

f

That

p *f*

hearts and dwell thou there That thou in us may'st live That thou in us may'st live.

f

That

PSALM 148th. S.M.

Let ev'- - - ry crea - ture join to praise &c.

Let ev'- ry crea - ture join to praise &c.

Let ev'- - - ry crea - ture join to praise th'e-ter-nal God to praise th'e-ter-nal

LARGO Let ev'- ry crea - ture join to praise &c.

Ye heav'n-ly hosts the song be-

God Ye heav'n - ly hosts the song be - gin

- gin and sound &c.

and sound &c.

Ye heav'nly hosts the song be - gin and sound his name a - - broad

and sound &c.

Thou sun with golden beams
And moon with paler rays
Ye starry lights ye twinkling flames
Shine to your makers praise

He built those worlds above
And fix'd their wond'rous frame
By his command they stand or move
And ever speak his name.

United zeal be shown
His wond'rous fame to raise
God is the Lord his name alone
Deserves our endless praise

Let nature join with art
And all pronounce him blest
But saints that dwell so near his heart
Should sing his praises best.

KEDAR. S.M. H.10. 1st B. Dr. W.

How beau - teous are their feet Who stands on Zi - - on's hill Who

How beau - teous are their feet Who

How beau - teous are their feet Who

How beau - teous are their feet Who stands on Zi - - - on's hill Who

stands on Zi - - on's hill Who bring sal - vation on their tongues And

stands on Zi - - on's hill Who bring sal - va - tion on - - - - -

stands on Zi - - on's hill Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues And

stands on Zi - - on hill Who bring sal - va - tion

words of peace re - veal And words of peace re - - veal

- - - - - - - - - their tongues And words of peace re - veal

words of peace re - veal And words of peace re - - veal

on - - - - - - - - - their tongues And words of peace re - veal

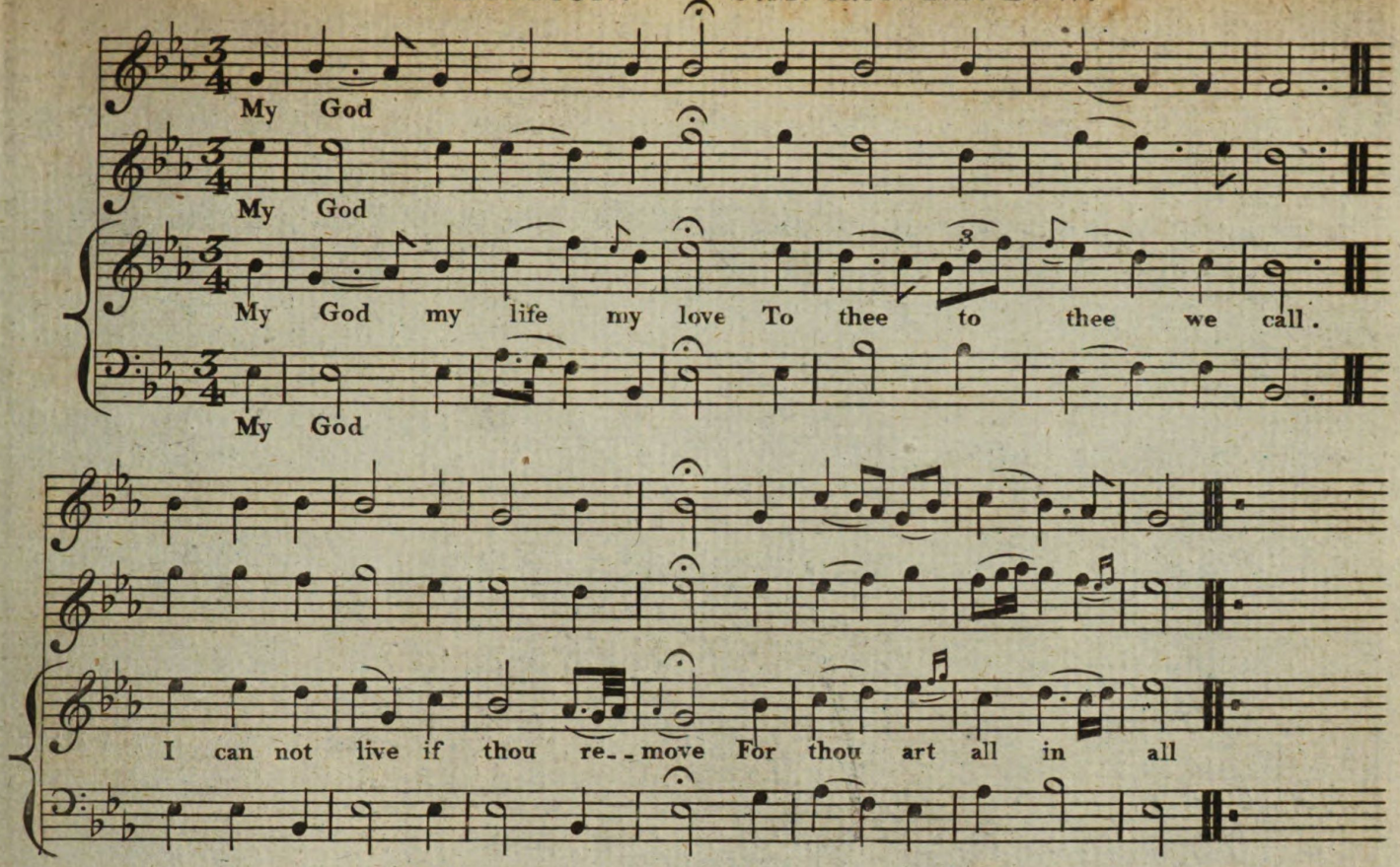
How charming is their voice
How sweet the tidings are
Zion behold thy Saviour King
He reigns and triumphs there

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought but never found

The watch men join their voice
And tuneful notes employ
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs
And desarts learn the joy

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

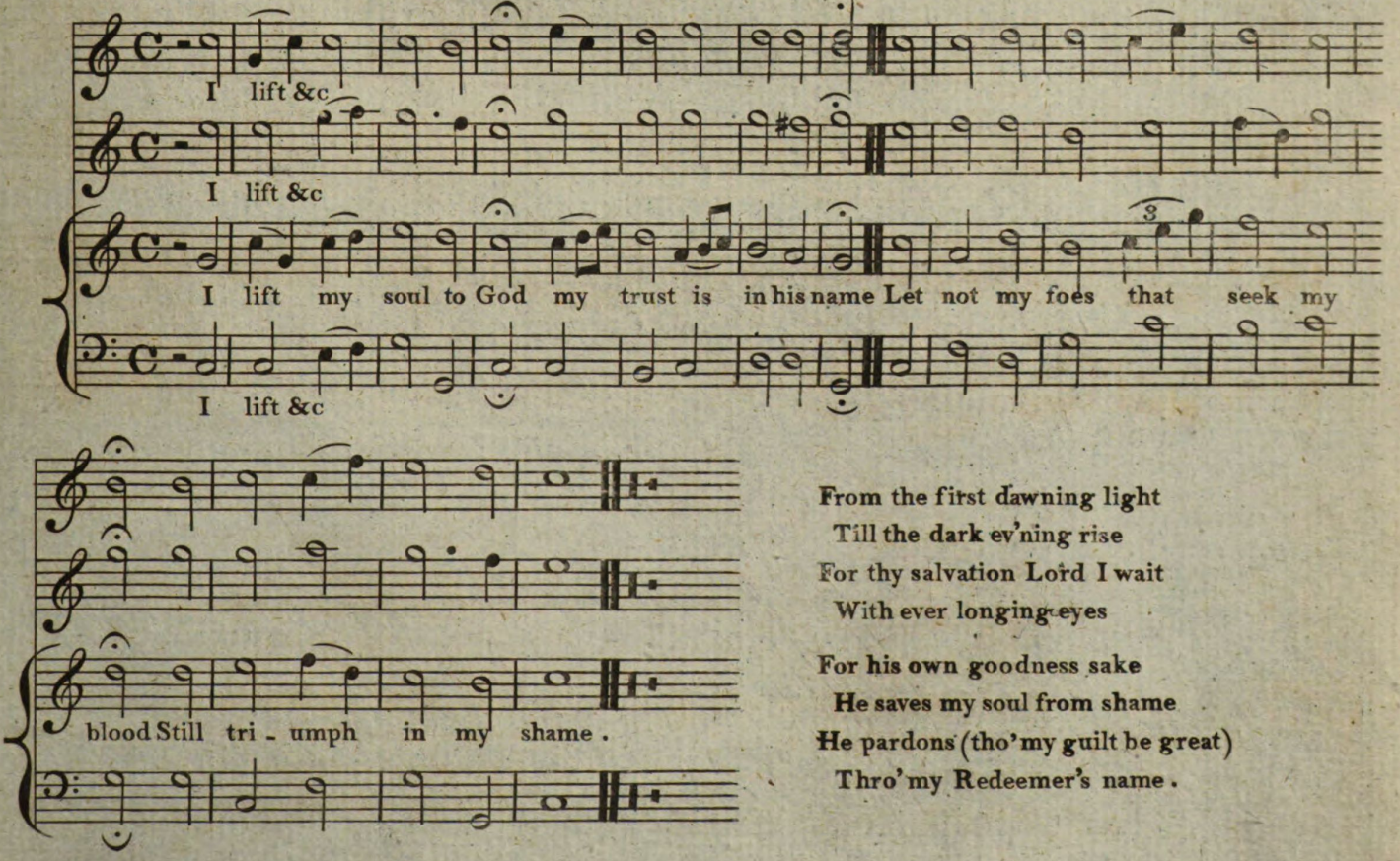
PETITION. S.M. H.93d 2dB. Dr W.



Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell
'Tis paradice when thou art here
If thou depart 'tis hell.

Not all the harps above
Can make a heav'nly place
If God his residence remove
Or but conceal his face.

PSALM 25th S.M. Dr W.



From the first dawning light
Till the dark ev'ning rise
For thy salvation Lord I wait
With ever longing eyes

For his own goodness sake
He saves my soul from shame
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

CLENT. S.M. H. 36.2B. Dr. W.

Well

Well

Well the Re - deemer's gone T'appear be fore our God To sprinkle o'er the flaming

Well

throneWith his a - - to - ning blood To sprinkle o'er the flaming throneWith his a - - toningblood.

To sprinkle

No fiery vengeance now
No burning wrath comes down
If justice calls for sinners blood
The Saviour shews his own

Before his Father's eye,
Our humble suit he moves;
The Father lays his thunder by,
And looks and smiles and loves.

PSALM 1st S.M. Dr. W.

The

The

The man is e - ver blest Who shuns the sinner's ways A - mong their counsels ne - ver

The

stands Nor takes the scorn - - - ers place.

He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.

He knows and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet,
A dreadful overthrow.

HAMBURGH. S.M. H. 80th 2d B. Dr W.

LARGO

Oh the

Oh the

LARGO

Oh the Al - migh - ty Lord How match less is his pow'r

Oh the

Trem - ble O Earth be - - neath his word

Trem - - ble Earth be - neath his word

Trem - ble O Earth be - - neath his word While all the heavn's a - - -

Trem - ble O Earth be - - neath his word

While all

While all

- dore While all the heav'ns a - - dore.

While all

Above the skies he reigns,
And with amazing blows;
He deals unsufferable pains,
On his rebellious foes.

Yet everlasting God,
We love to speak thy praise;
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
The sceptre of thy grace.

The arms of mighty love,
Defend our Sion well;
And heav'nly mercy walls us round,
From Babylon and Hell.

Salvation to the King,
That sits enthron'd above;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HAMPSHIRE. C.M. H.1. 1st B. Dr. W.

Be-hold

Be-hold Pre-pare new

Be-hold the glo-ries of the Lamb A-midst his fa-ther's throne Pre-pare new

Be-hold

Pre pare new honours for his name and songs before un-

ho-nours for his name Pre-pare new honours for his

ho-nours for his name Pre-pare new honours for his name

Pre pare new honours for his name and songs before un-

known Prepare

name Prepare

and songs before un-known Prepare new honours for his name and songs be-fore un-known.

known Prepare

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odours sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid,
Salvation glory joy remain,
For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,
Hast set us pris'ners free,
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

My soul

My soul

My soul how love - ly is the place To which thy God re - sorts 'Tis

My soul

heav'n to see his smil - ing face, Tho' in his earth - ly courts There the great

mo - narch of the skies His sav - - ing pow'r dis - plays and light breaks in up -

p

and light breaks in

f

And light breaks in up - on our eyes

f

And light breaks in upon our eyes

f

on our eyes And light breaks in up - on our eyes With kind and quick'ning rays.

f

upon our eyes And light breaks in upon our eyes

With his rich gifts the heav'nly dove
Descends and fills the place
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love
And sheds abroad his grace.

There mighty God thy woks declare
The secrets of thy will
And still we seek thy mercy there
And sing thy praises still.

ISRAEL C.M. H 73 2d B Dr W.

Hence

Hence

Hence from my soul sad thoughts be- - gone and leave me to my joys My tongue shall

Hence

tri - umph in my God, and make a joy ful noise, and make a joy ful noise.

O what immortal joys I felt,
And raptures all divine,
When Jesus told me I was his,
And my beloved mine.

In vain the tempter frights my soul,
And breaks my peace in vain,
One glimpse dear Saviour of thy face,
Revives my joys again.

HARMONY C.M. H.66. 2d B. Dr W.

My drowsy pow'rs

My drowsy pow'rs

My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so A-wake my sluggish soul Nothing has half thy work to

My drowsy pow'rs

do yet no-thing half so dull.

The little ants for one poor grain
Labour and tug and strive
Yet we who have a heav'n t'obtain
How negligent we live

Lord shall we lie so sluggish still
And never act our part
Come holy dove from th'heav'nly hill
And sit and warm our hearts.

GIBEAH. C. M. H 66 2d B. Dr W.

There is Where

There is Where

There is a land of pure delight Where saints immortal reign Where saints im-mor-tal

There is Where

In-fi-nite day ex cludes the night In-fi-nite

In-fi-nite day excludes the night and pleasures ba-nish pain

reign In-fi-nite day ex cludes the night In-fi-nite

In-fi-nite day excludes the night and pleasures ba-nish pain

day ex cludes the night and plea-sures ba-nish pain.

and pleasures ba-nish pain and plea-sures ba-nish pain.

day ex cludes the night and plea-sures ba-nish pain.

and pleasures ba-nish pain and plea-sures ba-nish pain.

2

There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides,
This heav'nly land from ours.

3

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5

O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love;
With unbeclouded eyes

6

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

PSALM 49th. C.M. D.W.

Why doth the

Why doth the man of

Why doth the man of rich- es grow Why doth the man of

Why doth the man of rich- es grow Why doth the

man of rich- es grow To in so lence and pride To see his

rich- - es grow- - - - To in so lence and pride To

rich- es grow- - - - To in so lence and pride To see his wealth and

man of rich- es grow To in- - - so lence and pride

wealth and honours flow With ev'ry ris-ing tide With ev- ry ris- ing

see his wealth and honours flow With ev'ry ris-ing tide With ev'ry ris-ing tide

honours flow With ev'ry ris-ing tide

To see his wealth and honours flow With ev'ry ris-ing tide With ev- ry ris- ing

tide To seek his wealth and honours- - - - - - - - - - - - flow With ev'- ry ris-ing tide

To see his wealth & honours- - - - - - - - flow With ev'- ry ris-ing tide

To seek his wealth and honours- - - - - - - - - - - - - - flow With ev'- ry ris-ing tide

tide To see his wealth & honor flow With ev'- ry ris-ing tide

Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self same clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born,
Of better dust than they.

Not all his treasures can procure,
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

WILTS. C. M. H 28. B1. Dr. W.

What mighty man

What mighty man

What mighty man or mighty God comes tra- - vel-ling in state, A - long the I - du-

What mighty man

A - long

A - long

me - an road A - long the I - du- me - an road a - way from Boz - rah's gate

A - long

The glory of his robes proclaim,
Tis some victorious king;
Tis I the just th'almighty one,
That your salvation bring.

I by my self have trod the press,
And crush'd my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamp'd them down.

St JEROMES C. M. H 20. B1. Dr. W

A wake

A wake

A wake my heart a rise my tongue Pre - pare a tune - - ful voice

A wake

In God the life of all my joys A - loud will I re - joyce.

PSALM 66. C. M. Dr. W.

Sing all ye na-tions to the

Sing all ye na-tions to the Lord Sing

Sing all ye na-tions to the Lord Sing all ye na-tions to the

Sing all ye na-tions to the Lord Sing

Lord Sing with a joy-ful noise Sing with a joy-ful noise With me lo dy with

with a joy - - - ful noise Sing with a joy-ful noise with

Lord Sing with a joy-ful noise With me-lo-dy with

a joy - - - ful noise Sing with a joy-ful noise With me-lo

me-lo-dy of sound re - - cord his ho - - nours and your joys

me-lo-dy of sound re - - cord his ho - - nours and your joys

me-lo-dy of sound re - - cord his ho - - - nours and your

dy of sound re - - cord his ho - - - nours and your

his ho-nours and your joys

his ho-nours and your joys

joys his ho - - - - nours and your joys

joys his ho - - - - - nours and your joys

O bless our God and never cease,
Ye saints fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

Thro' wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,
We march at thy command;
Led to possess the promis'd place,
By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 23d. C.M. Dr W.

My shepherd will Je - ho-vah Je - ho - vah

My shepherd will Je ho - vah

My shepherd will sup ply my need Je - ho-vah is his name Je - ho - vah is his

My shepherd will

name In pas tures fresh he makes me feed Be - side the liv - - - ing stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back,
When I forsake his ways,
Ands leads me for his mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk thro' the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay,
A word of thy supporting breath,
Drives all my fears away.

TEMPLE STREET. C.M. H. 316. Rippon's Collection.

Dear

Dear

Dear re - fuge of my wea - - ry soul on thee when sor - - rows rise On thee when

Dear

my faint - ing

my faint - ing

waves of trou - ble roll my faint - ing hope re - - lies my faint - ing hope re - lies.

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
For every pain I feel.

Thy mercy seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will;
And wait beneath thy feet.

CHRIST CHURCH. C.M. H 63. 2d B. D.W.

Hark from the tombs a dole - - ful sound My

Hark from the tombs a doleful sound My ears at tend the cry My

Hark from the tombs a dole - - ful sound My ears at tend the cry My

Slow and Solemn. Hark from the tombs a doleful sound My ears at tend the

ears at tend the cry Ye living men come view the ground

ears at tend the cry

ears at tend the cry Ye living men come

cry Ye living men come view the ground

Ye living men come view the ground

Ye living men come view the ground

view the ground Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

Ye living men come view the ground

Princes this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your pow'rs;
The tall the wise the rev'rend head,
Must lie as low as ours.

Great God is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure;
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more.

Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

MORNINIG SONG C M H 6th 2nd B. Dr W.

Once

Once

Once more my soul the ris - - ing day Sa - lutes thy wak - - ing eyes

Once

Once more my voice thy tri - - bute pay To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound;
Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

Dear God let all my hours be thine,
Whilst I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

EVENING HYMN. C. M. H 351. Rippons

When O dear

When O dear

When O dear Je - sus when shall I Be - hold thee all se - - rene Blest

When O dear

p

With - out

With - out

in per - pe - tual sab - bath day With - out a veil be - tween Without a veil be - tween

Assist me while I wander here,
Amidst a world of cares;
Incline my heart to pray with love,
And then accept my prayers.

Thy spirit O my Father give,
To be my guide and friend;
To light my path to ceaseless joys,
To sabbaths without end.

Thou

Thou

Thou dear Re- deem - 'er dy - - ing Lamb We love to hear of thee

Thou

No mu sic like thy charm-ing name Ne'er half so sweet can be.

O may we e - - ver hear thy voice in mer - - cy to us speak

And in our Priest will we re - - joice Thou

And in our Priest will we rejoice Thou

And in And in our Priest will we rejoice Thou great Melchi- ze - - dec.

And in our Priest will we re - - joice Thou

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay;
We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
When all things else decay.

When we appear in yonder cloud,
With all his favour'd throng;
Then will we sing more sweet more loud
And Christ shall be our song.

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah

f

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - le - lu - jah

Hal - - le - - - lu - - jah Hal - - le - - - lu - - - jah.

All

All

All hail All hail All hail the pow'r of Je - - sus name let

All

and

An - - gels prostrate fall Bring forth the roy - - - al di - - - a - - dem

crown him Lord of all crown him Lord of all

and crown him Lord of all Lord of all

and crown him Lord of all crown him Lord of all Bring forth the

and crown him Lord of all

and

and

roy - - - al di - - - a - dem and crown him Lord of all

and

Sinners whose love can ne'er forget,
The wormwood and the gall;
Go spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every tribe and every tongue,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Unite in one harmonious song;
And crown him Lord of all.

MONMOUTH L. M. H25. 1st. B. Dr. W.

All

All

All mortal va-nities be gone Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears nor tempt my eyes nor

All

tire my ears Be-hold a-midst th'e-ter - - - nal throne A vi-sion of the Lamb ap-

-pears Behold a-midst th'e ter-nal throne A vi-sion of the Lamb ap-pears.

Glory his fleecy robes adorn,
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore;
Sev'n are his eyes and sev'n his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing;
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
"To be our teacher and our king.

All the assembling saints around,
Fall worshiping before the Lamb;
And in new songs of Gospel sound,
Address their honours to his name.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own;
By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his father's throne.

ATONEMENT L. M. H 164th. Suppliment.

O come

O come

O come thou wounded Lamb of God Come wash us in thy cleans - ing blood Give us to

O come

Is

Is

know thy love then pain Is sweet and life or death is gain Is sweet and life or death is gain.

Take our poor hearts and let them be,
For ever clos'd to all but thee,
Seal thou our breast and let us wear,
The pledge of love for ever there.

First born of many brethren thou,
To thee both earth and heav'n must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give,
Thine may we die thine may we live.

PSALM 84th. 1st. part. L. M.

How

How

How pleasant how di- - vine-ly fair O Lord of hosts thy dwel-lings are

How

With long de- sire my spi - rit faints To meet th'assemblies of thy saints

My flesh would rest in thine abode,
My panting heart cries out for God,
My God my King why should I be,
So far from all my joys and thee.

The sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her young provides her nest,
But will my God to sparrows grant,
The blessings which his Children want.

The King of glo--ry sends his son To make his en-trance on this To

The King of glo--ry sends his son To

The King of glo--ry sends his son To make his en-trance on this earth To

The King of glo--ry sends his son To

Be hold the

Be-hold the

make his en-trance on this earth. Be-hold the mid--night bright as noon

Be-hold the mid--night bright as noon

mid-night bright as noon and heav'nly

mid-night bright as noon Be-hold the mid--night

Be-hold the mid-night bright as noon and heav'nly

Be-hold the mid--night

hosts declare his birth and heav'n-ly hosts de-clare his birth.

bright as noon andheav'nly hosts de-clare his birth.

hosts declare his birth and heav'n-ly hosts de-clare his birth.

bright as noon andheav'nly hosts de-clare his birth.

About the young Redeemer's head,
What wonders and what glories meet;
An unknown star arose and led,
The Eastern sages to his feet.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy Child with scorn,
Our souls adore th'eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

SHARON NEW L. M. H. 68. 1st. B. Dr. W.

Be hold

Be hold

Be hold the rose of Sha - ron here The lil - - ly which the val - - lies bear

Be hold

Be-hold the tree of life that gives Re - fresh - ing fruit and heal - - ing leaves

Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat,
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

O never let my Lord depart,
Lie down and rest upon my heart,
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir nor wake nor grieve my love.

BABYLON L. M. H. 97. 1st. B. Dr. W.

Bu-ry'd in

Bu-ry'd in

Bu-ry'd in sha-dows of the night We lie till Christ re - stores the light

Bu-ry'd in

Wisdom de-scends to heal the blind And chase the dark - - ness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
"Till his atoning blood appears,
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His spirit makes our natures clean,
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

PSALM 91. L.M. 1st. B Dr. W.

He that hath made his re - - - fuge God Shall find a

He that hath made his re - - - fue God Shall find a

He that hath made his re - - - fuge God - - - - - - Shall find a

He that hath made his re - - - - fuge God Shall find aod

most se - - - cure a bode Shall find a most se - cure a bode.

most se - - cure a bode Shall find a most se - - cure a bode.

most se - - - cure a bode Shall find a most se - - cure a bode.

most se - - cure a bode Shall find a most se - - cure a bode.

Shall wal all day be neath his shade Shall walk all day be neath his shade and

Shall walk all day be neath his shade

Shall walk all day be neath his shade Shall walk all day be neath his shade and

Shall walk all day be neath his shade

there at night shall rest his head and there at night shall rest his head.

and there at night shall rest his head and there at night shall rest his head.

there at night shall rest his head and there at night shall rest his head.

and there at night shall rest his head and there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say my God thy pow'r,
Shall be my fortress and my tow'r;
I that am form'd of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust.

Thrice happy man thy maker's care,
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan the fowler who betrays,
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

If burning beams of noon conspire,
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life his wings are spread,
To shield them with an healthful shade.

If vapours with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe the poison'd air,
Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

GLOUCESTER ABBEY. L. M. Dr. W. Lyric

Dead

Dead

Dead be my heart to all be_ _low To mor_tal joys and mor tal cares

Dead

To sen_sual bliss that charms us so Be dark mine eyes be deaf my ears.

Begone for ever mortal things,
Thou mighty molehill earth farewel,
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come heav'n and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good,
She was all made of heav'nly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

PSALM 143 L. M. Dr. W.

My

My

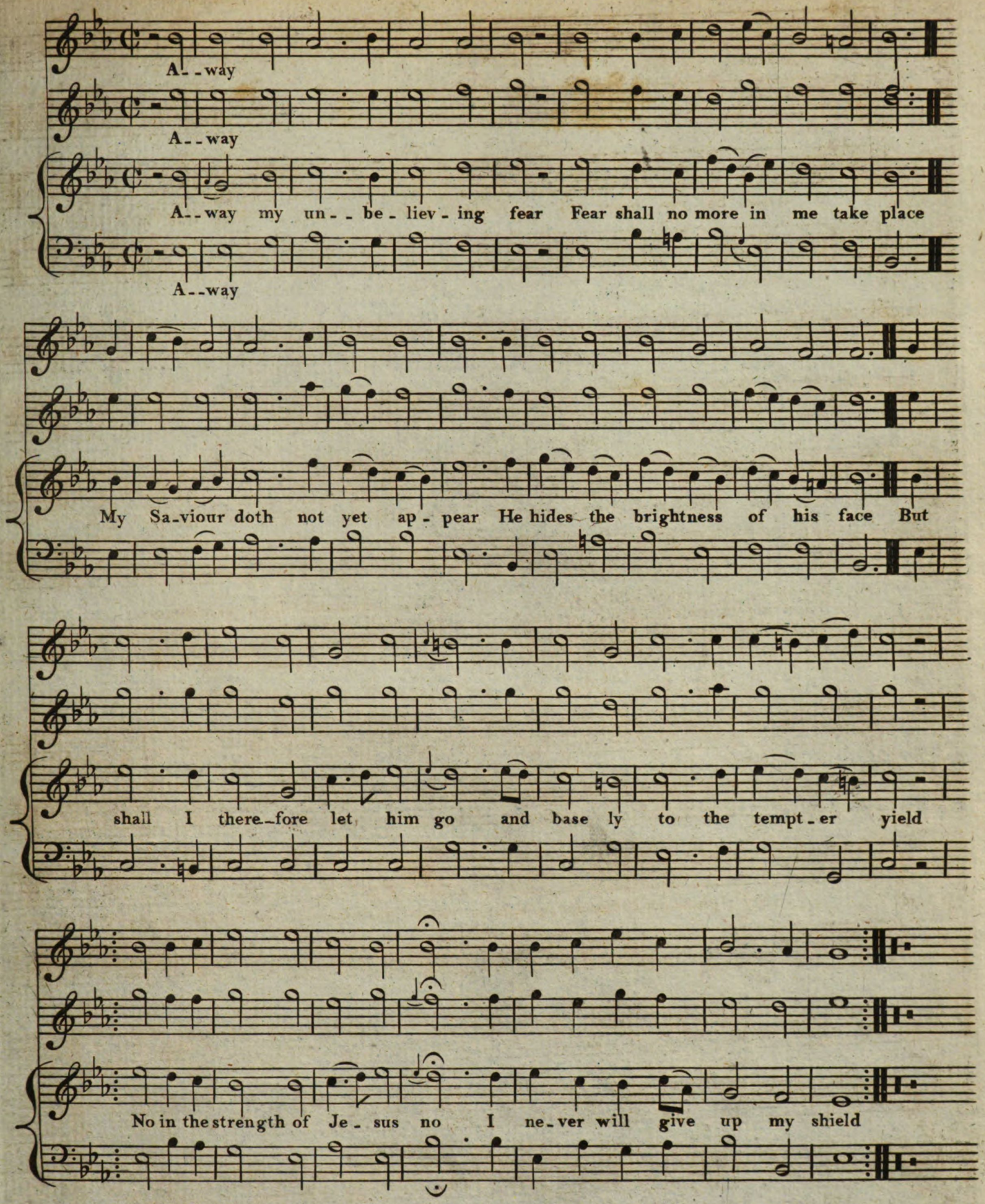
My righ_teous Judge my gracious God Hear when I spread my hands a_broad.

My

And cry for suc_cour from thy throne O make thy truth and mer_cy known.

Look down in pity Lord and see,
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

For thee I thirst I pray I mourn,
When will thy smiling face return,
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love.



Altho'the vine its fruit deny,
Altho' the olive yield no oil;
The with'ring figtree droop and die,
The field illude the tiller's toil,
The empty stall no herd afford,
And perish all the bleating race;
Yet will I triumph in the Lord,
The God of salvation praise.

Barren altho my soul remain,
And no one bud of grace appear;
No fruit of all my toil and pain,
But sin and only sin is there:
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,
My blooming hopes cut off I see;
Yet will I in my Saviour trust,
And glory that he dy'd for me.

St. MATHEW'S NEW. L. M. H.102. 1st B. Dr. W.

Blest

Blest

Blest are the hum-ble souls that see Their emp-ti--ness and po-ver-ty Trea-

Blest

p

and crowns of joy laid up in heav'n

p

sures of grace to them are giv'n and crowns of joy laid up in heav'n & crowns of joy laid up in heav'n

Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart,
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

Blest are the meek who stand afar,
From rage and passion noise and war,
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

KEMSEY L. M. H.67. 1st. B. Dr. W.

Thou

Thou

Thou whom my soul ad-mires a-bove All earthly joys and earthly love Tell me dear shepherd

Thou

f

Where

f

Where

p

let me know where doth the sweetest pas-ture grow Where doth thy sweet--est pas-ture grow

p

f

Where

Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock,
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest among them sleep.

Why should the bride appear like one,
That turns aside to paths unknown,
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

ASURE VAULTS L. M. H. 2d. 1st B. D. W.

Ere the blue heav'ns where stretch'd a-broad from e ver- last

Ere the blue heav'ns where stretch'd a - broad from ever-

Ere the blue heav'ns where stretch'd a - broad from ever-

Ere the blue heav'ns where stretch'd a-broad from e ver- last

- - - ing was the word

last - ing was the word With God he was the word was God

last - ing was the word And

- - - ing was the word With God he was the word was God And

With God

With God

must di - vine - - ly be a - - dor'd With God he was the word was

With God

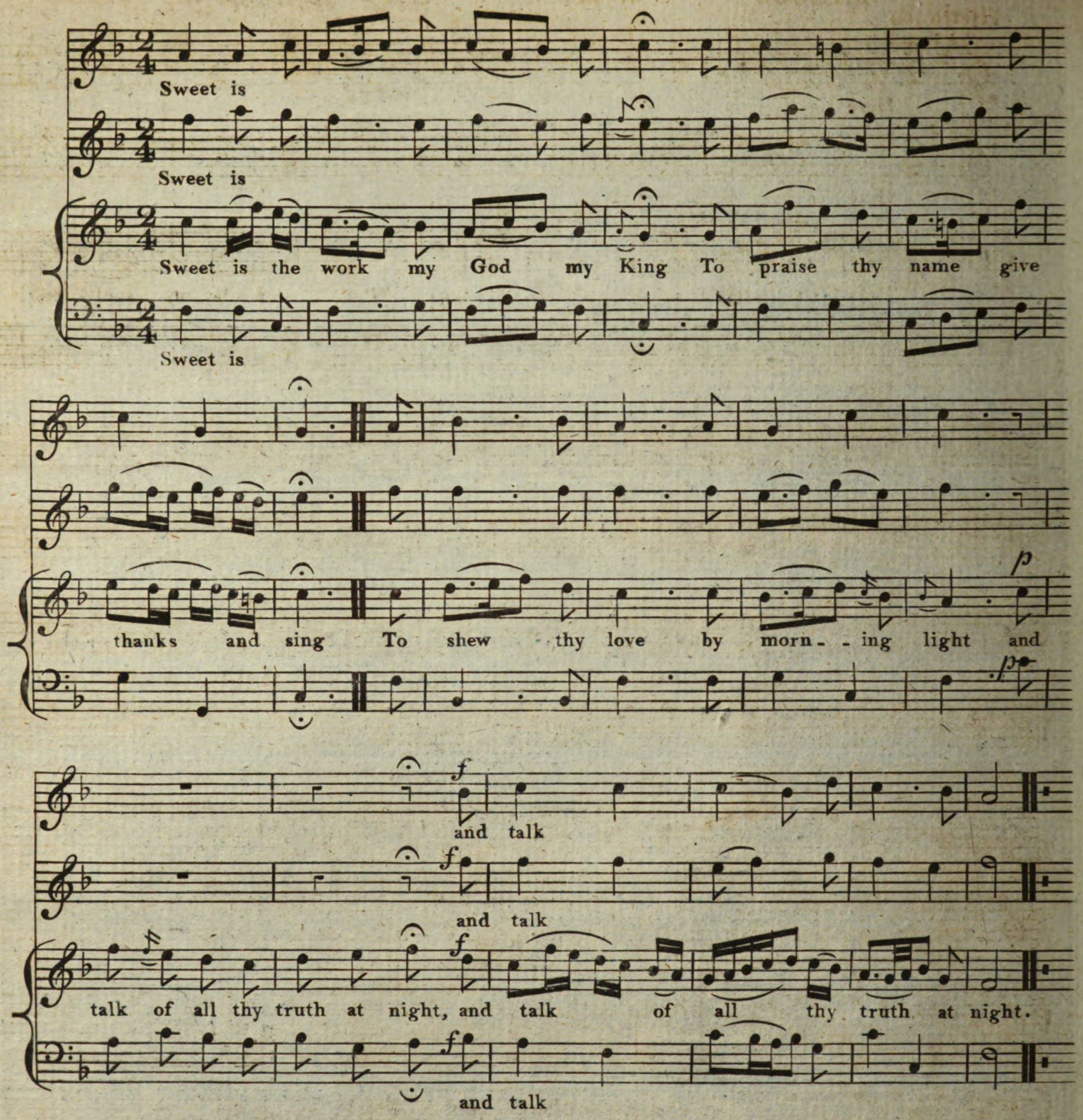
God And must di - - vine - - ly be a - - - dor'd

Ere sin was born or satan fell
He led the host of morning stars
Thy generation who can tell
Or count the number of thy years

But lo he leaves those heav'nly forms
The word descends and dwells in clay
That he might converse hold with worms
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

Archangels leave their blest abode
To learn new mysteries here and tell
The loves of our descending God
The glories of Immanuel.

PSALM 92nd L.M. Dr W.



Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine,
How deep thy counsels how divine.

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,
Like brutes they live like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish till thy breath,
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

TARSUS L. M. H. 4. 2d. B. Dr W.

Affettuoso

Here

Here

Here at thy cross my dy - - - ing God I lay my soul be-

Here

Je - sus nor

neath thy love Be neath the drop - pings of thy blood Je sus nor

shall it Je - sus nor

Je - sus nor

shall it e'er re - - move Je - sus nor shall it e'er re - move

Je - sus nor

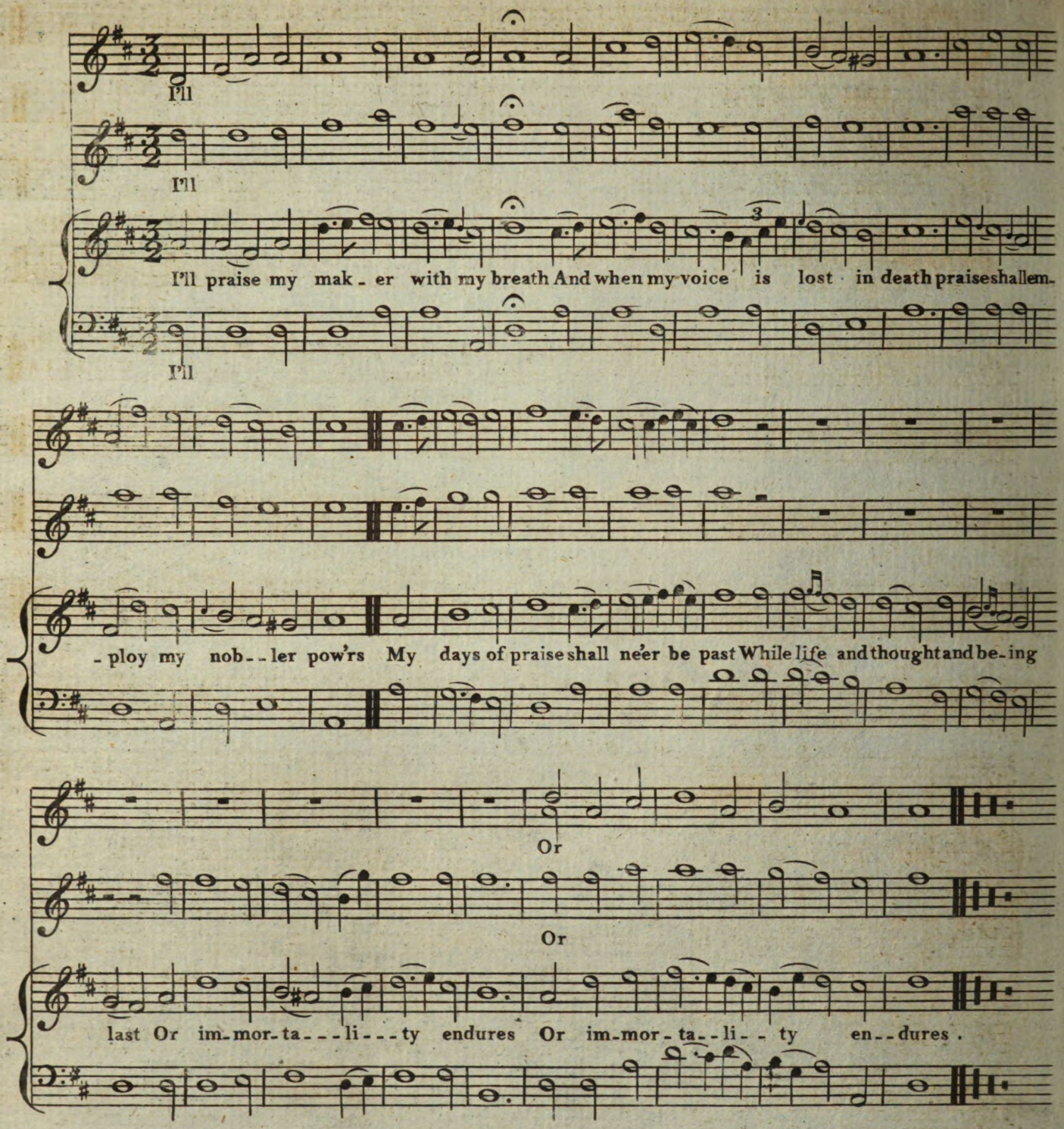
Not all that tyrants think or say
With rage and light'ning in their eyes
Nor hell shall fright my heart away
Should hell with all its legeions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence
Moveless and firm this heart should lie
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)
If I must perish there to die.

But speak my Lord and calm my fear
Am I not safe beneath thy shade
Thy vengeance will not strike me here
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

Yes I'm secure beneath thy blood
And all my foes shall lose their aim
Hosanna to my dying God
And my best honours to his name.

PSALM 146th. P.M. Dr W.



Why should I make a man my trust,
Princes must die and turn to dust,
Vain is the help of flesh and blood,
Their breath departs their pomp and pow'r,
And thoghts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise vain.

Happy the man whose hopes rely,
On Israel's God he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train,
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves th'opprest he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

PSALM 104. P. M. DR. W.

My

My

My soul thy great Cre-a-tor praise When cloth'd in his ce--les-tial rays

My

and like a

and like a

He in full ma---jes-ty ap-pears and like a robe his glory wears

and like a

what tongue can frame Great is the

Great is the Lord

Great is the Lord Great is the Lord Great is the Lord Great is the

what tongue can frame Great is the

Lord what tongue can frame an e-qual hon-------our to his name

what tongue can frame an e-qual honour to his name

Lord what tongue can frame an e-qual hon-------our to his name

Lord what tongue can frame an e-qual honour to his name

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread
Th'unfathom'd deep he makes his bed
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies
CHO. Great is the Lord &c.

Angels whom his own breath inspires
His ministers are flaming fires
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love
CHO. Great is the Lord &c.

EGLON 6 line 7ns H. 9. Suppliment.

Ye

Ye

Ye that in his courts are found Lst'- ning to the joy - ful sound

Ye

List'- ning

List'- ning

List'- ning to the ioy - ful sound Lost and help less as ye are

Sons of sor - row sin and care Glo - ri - - fy the king of kings

Take

Take

Take the peace the gos - - pel brings Take the peace the gos-pel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes
View his bloody sacrifice
See in him your sins forgiv'n
Pardon, holiness and heav'n
Glory the king of kings
Take the peace the gospel brings.

EMMAUS

6 line 7ns H. 154. Lady H. Coll.

Surely Christ

Surely Christ

Surely Christ thy griefs hath borne Weeping soul no longer mourn Weepingsoul no

Surely Christ

longer mourn View him bleeding on the tree Pouring out his life for thee there they

Weeping

Weeping

ev'ry sin he bore Weeping souls la-ment no more, Weeping souls la-ment no more.

Weeping

Weary sinners keep thine eyes,
On th'atoning sacrifice,
Thereth'incarnate Deity,
Numberd with transgressors see,
There his father's absence mourns,
Nail'd and bruisd and crownd with thorns.

See thy God his head hang down,
Hear the man of sorrows groan,
For thy ransom there condem'd,
Stript derided and blasphem'd,
Bleeds the guiltless for th'unclean,
Made an off'ring for thy sin.

Cast thy guilty soul on him,
Find him mighty to redeem,
At his feet thy burden lay,
Look thy doubts and care away,
Now by thy faith the Son embrace,
Plead his promise trust his grace.

Lord thy arm must be reveal'd,
E'er I can by faith be heal'd,
Since I scarce can look on thee,
Cast a gracious eye on me,
At thy feet myself I lay,
Shine Oh! shine my fears away.

DARTMOUTH 8ts H 141 Suppliment

not too fast

A-way

A-way

A-way with our sor-row and fear, Be-liev-ers will soon be at home The

A-way

ci-ty of saints shall ap-pear the day of e-ter-ni-ty come From

earth we shall quick-ly re-move Fly up to our na-tive a bode The

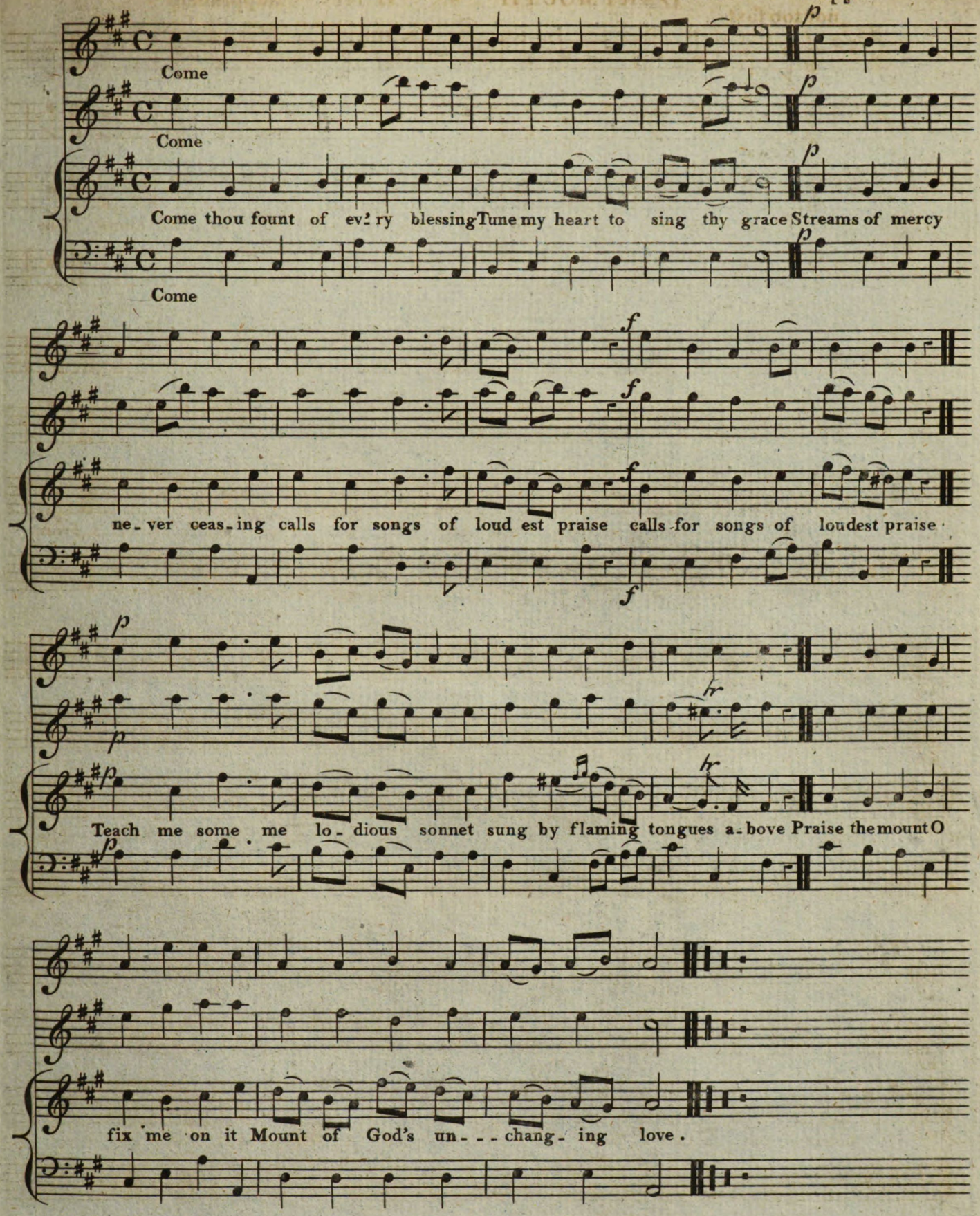
The

The

house of our fa-ther a-bove The pa-lace of An-gels and God.

Ah! who upon earth can conceive,
The bliss that in heav'n they share;
And who this dark world wold not leave,
And chearfully die to be there.
Where Christ is our light and our sun,
And we by reflection shall shine;
With him everlastingly one,
And bright in effulgence divine.

'Tis good at thy word to be here,
'Tis better in thee to be gone;
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share of thy throne.
The tears shall be wip'd from our eyes,
When thee we behold in the cloud;
And echo the joys of the skies,
And shout to trumpet of God.



Here I raise my Ebenezer
Hither by thy help I'm come
And I trust thro' thy good pleasure
Safety to arrive at home
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God
He to rescue me from danger
Interpos'd his precious blood

O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be
Let that grace now like a fetter
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee
Prone to wander Lord I feel it
Prone to leave the God I love
Here's my heart O take and seal it
Seal it from thy courts above.

HAVANNAH

H. 146th.

Rippon's Coll^n.

O ye

O ye

O ye im - mor - tal throng Of an - gels round the throne Join with our

O ye

fee - ble song to make the Sa - viour known On earth ye knew his

wond^r rous grace his beauteous face In heavn ye view On earth ye

knew his wond'rous grace his beauteous face In heavn - - ye view.

Ye saw the heav'n born child
In human flesh array'd
Benevolent and mild
While in the manger laid
And praise to God
And peace on earth
For such a birth
Proclaim'd aloud.

When all array'd in light
The shining Conqueror rode
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God
And wav'd around
Your golden wings
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

KING STREET. H. 162nd. Suppliment.

Ye

Ye

Ye ser-vants of God Your mas - ter proclaim And publish a - broad his

Ye

won - der - ful name The name all vic - - torious of Je - sus ex - tol His kingdom is

His

His

glorious and rules o - ver all His kingdom is glorious and rules o - ver all.

His

Salvation to God who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud and honour the Son;
Our Jesus's praises the Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb

Then let us adore and give him his right,
All glory and pow'r and wisdom and might;
All honour and blessing with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing and infinte love.

PILGRIMS SONG H. 29th. Suppliment.

Rise

Rise

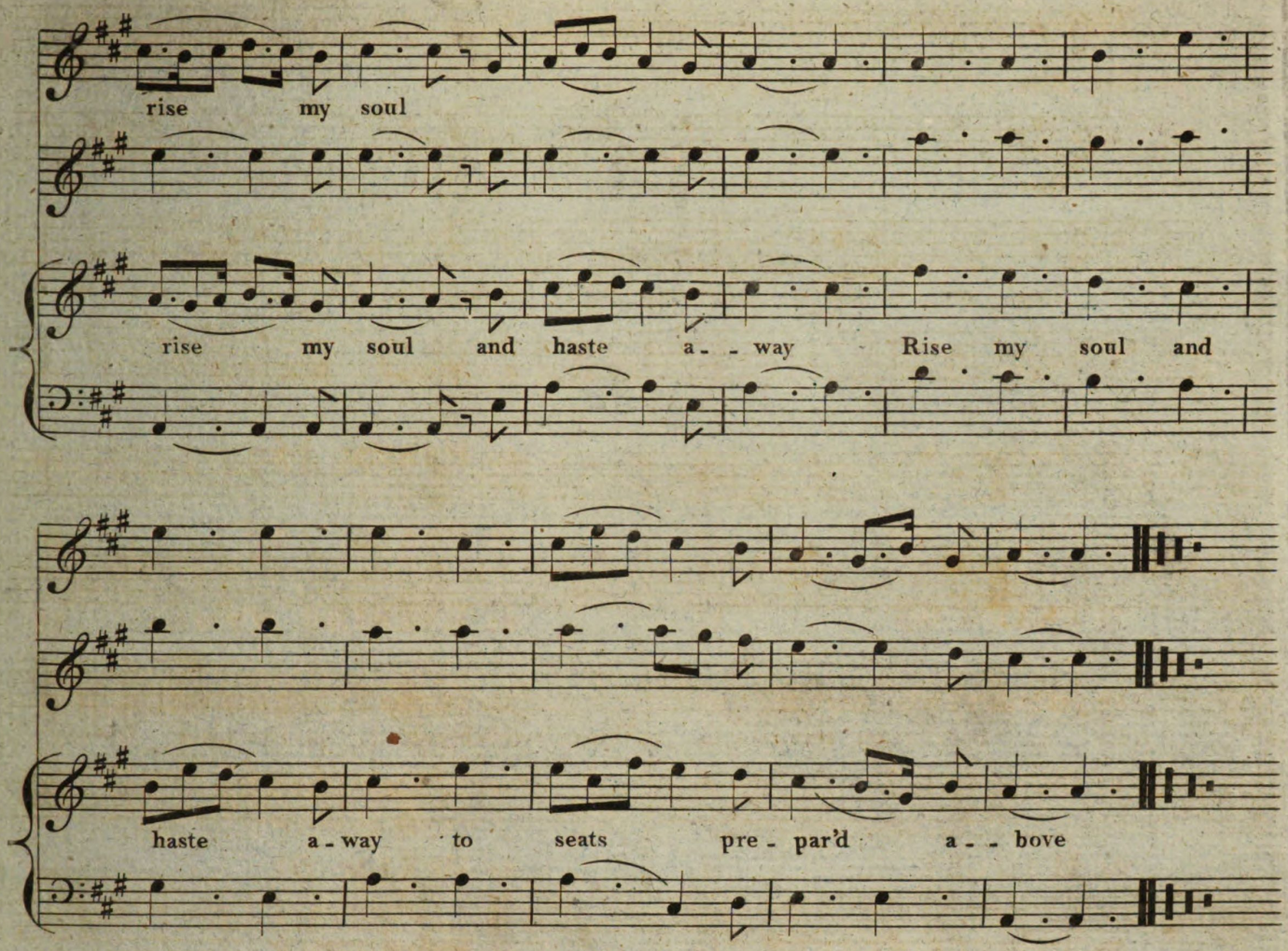
Rise my soul and stretch thy wings Thy bet - - - ter por_tion

Rise

trace Rise from tran- si - to - ry things Tow'rds heav'n thy na_tive place Tow'rds

heav'n thy na - - tive place Sun and moon and

stars de - - cay Time shall soon this earth re - - move



Rivers to the Ocean run
  Nor stay in all their course
Fire ascending seeks the sun
  Both speed them to their source
So a soul that's born of God
  Pants to view his glorious face
Upwards tends to his abode
  To rest in his embrace .

Cease ye pilgrims cease to mourn
  Press onward to the prize
Soon your Saviour will return
  Triumphant in the skies
Yet a season and you know
  Happy entrance will be giv'n
All your sorrows left below
  And earth exchang'd for Heav'n .

Tunes in this Book suited to the New Version Psalms for the use of the Church of England.