

H Y M N S

T. 5. 6.

ON THE
GREAT FESTIVALS,
AND
Other OCCASIONS.



L O N D O N :

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A Single Afterisk (*) shews that one Line is
to be repeated ; a Double Afterisk (**) that
Two.



HYMN. I.

On the Nativity

Fa - ther! our Hearts we lift up to thy Gracious

Throne, and blest Thee for the Precious Gift of thine Incar - nate

Song; The Gift un - speak - a - ble we thankful - ly re -

- ceive, and to the world thy Goodness tell, and to thy Glory.

Live, and to thy Glory Live.



H Y M N S
ON THE
Great Festivals, &c.

H Y M N I.

On the NATIVITY.

I.

FATHER, our Hearts we lift
Up to thy gracious Throne,
And blefs Thee for the precious Gift
Of thine incarnate Son :
The Gift unspeakable
We thankfully receive,
And to the World thy Goodness tell,
And to thy Glory live. (*)

B

II. JESUS,

II.

JESUS, the holy Child,
Doth by his Birth declare
That GOD and Man are reconcil'd,
And One in Him we are.
Salvation thro' his Name
To all Mankind is given,
And loud his Infant-Cries proclaim
A Peace 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

III.

A Peace on Earth He brings
Which never more shall end :
'The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings
Declares Himself our Friend ;
Assumes our Flesh and Blood,
That we His Spir't may gain,
'The Everlasting Son of GOD,
The Mortal Son of Man.

IV. His

IV.

His Kingdom from above
He doth to us impart,
And pure Benevolence and Love
O'erflow the faithful Heart :
Chang'd in a Moment we
The sweet Attraction find,
With open Arms of Charity
Embracing all Mankind.

V.

O might they all receive
The new-born Prince of Peace,
And meekly in his Spirit live,
And in His Love increase !
Till He convey us home,
Cry every Soul aloud,
Come, Thou Desire of Nations come,
And take us all to God.

H Y M N II.

On the NATIVITY : *Or, The* SHEPHERDS SONG.

I.

ANGELS speak, let Men give Ear!
Sent from high
They are nigh,
And forbid our Fear. (*)
News they bring us of Salvation,
Sounds of Joy
To employ
Every Tongue and Nation. (*)

II.

Welcome Tidings! To retrieve us
From our Fall,
Born for All,
CHRIST is born to save us :
Born, his Creatures to restore :
Abject Earth
Sees his Birth,
Whom the Heavens adore.

III. Wrapt

HYMN. II.

(On the Shepherd's Song) on the Nativity.

An-gels Speak let Man give Ear, sent from.

6 6 6 5 * 4

high, they are nigh, and for - - bid our Fear

6 6 6 6 7 6 *

and forbid our Fear. News they bring us of Sal-

6 6 5 * 6 6 * 6 6 6 6

- - vation Sounds of Joy to em - - ploy Ev'ry

6 * 6 6 * 6

Tongue and Nation ev' - ry Tongue and Na - - - tion.

4 2 6 6 6 6 6 5 *

III.

Wrapt in Swathes th' Immortal Stranger

Man with Men

We have seen

Lying in a Manger.

All to God's Free Grace is owing:

We are his

Witneffes

Poor, and nothing knowing.

IV.

Simple Shepherds, Us he raifes,

Bids us fing

CHRIST the King,

And shew forth His Praifes.

We have seen the King of Glory,

We proclaim

Christ his Name,

And record his Story:

V. Sing

V.

Sing we with the Host of Heaven,
Reconcil'd
By a Child
Who to Us is given.
Glory be to God the Giver!
Peace and Love
From above
Reign on Earth for ever!

H Y M N III.

On the N A T I V I T Y.

I.

A WAY with our Fears!
The Godhead appears,
In CHRIST reconcil'd,
The Father of Mercies in JESUS the Child.
He comes from above
In manifest Love,
The Desire of our Eyes,
The meek Son of Man in a Manger he lies. (*)

HYMN. III.
On the Nativity.

A - - way with our Fears! the Godhead appears in

Christ re - con - - cil'd the Father of Mercies in Je - sus the

Child. he comes from a - - bove, in Mani - fest Love, the De -

fire of our Eyes. the meek Son of Man in a Manger He

lies, the meek Son of Man in a Manger He lies.

II.

At *Immanuel's* Birth
What a Triumph on Earth!
Yet could it afford
No better a Place for it's Heavenly Lord?
The Antient of Days,
To redeem a Loft Race,
From his Glory comes down,
Self-humbled, to carry us up to a Crown.

III.

Made Flesh for our Sake,
That we might partake
The Nature Divine,
And again in his Image, his Holiness, shine,
An Heavenly Birth
Experience on Earth,
And rise to his Throne,
And live with our JESUS eternally One.

IV. Then

IV.

Then let us believe,
And gladly receive
The Tidings they bring,
Who publish to Sinners their Saviour and King.
And while we are here,
Our King shall appear,
His Spirit impart,
And form his whole Image of Love in our Heart.

H Y M N IV.

On the CRUCIFIXION.

I.

ALL ye that pass by,
To JESUS draw nigh ;
To you is it Nothing that JESUS should die ?
Your Ransom and Peace,
Your Surety He is :
Come, see if there ever was Sorrow like His ! (*)

II. For

HYMN. IV.

On the Crucifixion.

All ye that pass by to Jesus draw
nigh. to you is it nothing that Jesus should Die? your
Ranfom and Peace, your Surety He is come see if there
ever was Sorrow like His, come see if there ever was
Sorrow like His.

II.

For what you have done
His Blood must atone;
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son.
The Lord, in the Day
Of his Anger, did lay
Our Sins on the Lamb; and He bore them away.

III.

He answer'd for All:
O come at his Call,
And low at his Cross with Astonishment fall.
But lift up your eyes
At JESUS'S Cries;
Impassive, He suffers; Immortal, He dies.

IV.

He dies to atone
For Sins not his own:
Your Debt He hath paid, and your Work He hath done.
Ye all may receive
The Peace He did leave,
Who made Intercession, *My Father, forgive!*

V.

For you and for me
He pray'd on the Tree :
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free.
The Sinner am I,
Who on JESUS rely,
And come for the Pardon GOD cannot deny.

VI.

My Pardon I claim,
For a Sinner I am,
A Sinner believing on JESUS's Name.
He purchas'd the Grace
Which now I embrace :
O Father, Thou know'st He hath dy'd in my Place.

VII.

His Death is my Plea ;
My Advocate see,
And hear the Blood speak, that hath answer'd for me.
Acquitted I was,
When he bled on the Cross ;
And by losing His Life, He hath carry'd my Cause.

H Y M N

HYMN. V.

On the Crucifixion

Lamb of God whose bleed-ing Love, we now re-call to .

6 65 6 5 6 6

Mind, send the Answer from a -- bove, and let us Mercy

6 6 6 * - 6 5 6 4 #

find, think on us, who think on Thee, and ev'ry Strugling

4 2 6 65 6 5 6 5 4 5 4

Soul re-lease, O re-mem-ber Calva -- ry and bid us

6 4 # 5 6 8 6 5

go in Peace, and bid us go in Peace.

5 6 6 6 5

H Y M N V.

On the C R U C I F I X I O N.

I.

L A M B of God, whose bleeding Love
We now recall to Mind,
Send the Answer from above,
And let us Mercy find;
Think on Us who think on Thee,
And every struggling Soul release:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace. (*)

II.

By thine Agonizing Pain
And Bloody Sweat, we pray;
By thy Dying Love to Man,
Take all our Sins away:
Burst our Bonds and set us free,
From all Iniquity release:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

III.

Let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon seal;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our Sicknefs heal.
By thy Passion on the Tree
Let all our Griefs and Troubles cease:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

IV.

Never will we hence depart,
Till Thou our Wants relieve;
Write Forgiveness on our Heart,
And all thine Image give:
Still our Souls shall cry to Thee,
'Till all renew'd in Holiness:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

HYMN. VI.

On the Crucifixion.

Hearts of Stone! re-lent re-lent break by Je - sus.

Cross subdued, See his Bo-dy mangled rent covered with a

gore of Blood; Sinfull Soul what hast thou done? Murder'd Gods e-

- ternal Son, *Soft* Sinfull Soul what hast thou done, *Loud* Murder'd Gods e-

- ternal Son.

H Y M N VI.

On the CRUCIFIXION.

I.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent,
Break, by JESUS' Cross subdu'd :

See his Body mangled, rent,

Cover'd with a Gore of Blood !

Sinful Soul, what hast thou done ?

Murther'd GOD's Eternal Son! (**)

II.

Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,

Drove the Nails that fix Him here,

Crown'd with Thorns His sacred Head,

Pierc'd Him with the Soldier's Spear,

Made his Soul a Sacrifice :

For a sinful World He dies.

III.

Shall we let Him die in vain?

Still to Death pursue our GOD?

Open tear his Wounds again,

Trample on his precious Blood ?

No; with all our Sins we part—

Saviour, take my Broken Heart!

H Y M N VII.

On the CRUCIFIXION.

I.

WITH Pity, Lord, a Sinner see,
Weary of thy Ways and Thee ;
Forgive my rash Despair,
A Blessing in the Means to find,
My Strugglings to throw off the Care,
And cast them all behind. (*)

II.

Long have I groan'd thy Grace to gain,
Suffer'd on, but all in vain :
An Age of mournful Years
I waited for thy Passing by,
And lost my Pray'rs, and Sighs, and Tears,
And never found Thee nigh.

III. Thou

HYMN. VII.
On the Crucifixion.

With pi-ty Lord a Sinner See, weary of thy
ways and thee, forgive my rash Despair; a Blessing in the
means to find my Strugling to throw off the Care and
cast them all be - - hind and cast them all be -
- hind.

III.

Thou wou'dst not let me go away;

Still thou forcest me to stay.

O might the secret Pow'r,

Which will not with its Captive part,

Nail to the Posts of Mercy's Door

My poor unstable Heart!

IV.

The Nails that fixt Thee to the Tree,

Only they can fasten me:

The Death thou didst endure

For Me, let it effectual prove:

Thy only Love my Soul can cure,

Thy balmy bleeding Love.

V.

Now in the Means the Grace impart,

Whisper Peace into my Heart:

Appear the Justifier

Of all that to thy Wounds would fly;

And let me have my one Desire,

To taste thy Love, and die.

H Y M N VIII.

On the RESURRECTION.

I.

REJOICE, the LORD is King!
Your Lord and King adore :

Mortals, give thanks, and sing,

And triumph evermore ;

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. (*)

II.

JESUS, the Saviour reigns,

The GOD of Truth and Love,

When He had purg'd our Stains,

He took his Seat above :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

III. His

HYMN. VIII.

On the Resurrection.

Re-joyce, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a -

-dore, Mortals give thanks and sing, and tri-umph.

e-ver. more. Lift up your Heart. Lift up your Voice re-

-joyce a-gain I Say re-joyce re-joyce, re-joyce; re-

joyce a-gain, I Say, re-joyce.

III.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heaven ;
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our JESUS given :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

IV.

He sits at GOD's Right-hand
Till all his Foes submit,
And bow to His Command
And fall beneath his Feet :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

V.

He all his Foes shall kill,
Shall all our Sins destroy,
And every Bosom fill
With pure Seraphic Joy :

Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

VI.

Rejoice in glorious Hope,
JESUS the Judge shall come,
And take his Servants up
To their Eternal Home ;
We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God shall sound Rejoice!

H Y M N IX.

On the RESURRECTION.

I.

JESU, shew us thy Salvation,
(In thy Strength we strive with Thee)
By thy mystic Incarnation,
By thy pure Nativity:
Save us Thou, our New-Creator,
Into all our Souls impart
Thy Divine unfinning Nature,
Form thyself within our Heart. (*)

II. By

HYMN. IX.

On the Resurrection.

Je sus ihew us thy Sal--vation (In thy Strength we
 strive with Thee.) By thy Mystic Incar=nation, By thy pure Na-
 -ti-vi-ty, Save us Thou, our new-Cre-ator, Into all our
 Souls im-part, Thy divine un--sinning Nature, form thy self with-
 in our Heart, form thy self with-in our Heart

II.

By thy first Bloodshedding heal us ;
Cut us off from every Sin :
By thy Circumcision seal us,
Write thy Law of Love within.
By thy Spirit circumcise us,
Kindle in our Hearts a Flame :
By thy Baptism baptize us
Into all thy glorious Name.

III.

By thy Fasting and Temptation
Mortify our vain Desires,
Take away what Sense or Passion,
Appetite or Flesh requires :
Arm us with thy Self-denial,
Every Tempted Soul defend ;
Save us in the Fiery Trial,
Make us faithful to the End.

IV.

By thy forer Sufferings save us,
Save us while conform'd to Thee ;
By thy Miseries relieve us,
By thy painful Agony.
When beneath thy Frown we languish,
When we feel thine Anger's Weight,
Save us by thine unknown Anguish,
Save us by thy Bloody Sweat.

V.

By that Acme of thy Passion,
By thy Suffering on the Tree,
Save us from the Indignation
Due to all Mankind, and me :
Hanging, bleeding, panting, dying,
Gasping out thy latest Breath,
By thy precious Death's applying,
Save us from Eternal Death!

VI. From

VI.

From the World of Care release us,
By thy decent Burial save ;
Crucify'd with Thee, O JESUS,
Hide us in thy quiet Grave.
By thy Pow'r Divinely glorious,
By thy Resurrection's Pow'r
Raife us up, o'er Sin victorious,
Raife us up to fall no more.

VII.

By the Pomp of thine Ascending
Live we here to Heaven restor'd,
Live in Pleasures never ending,
Share the Portion of our Lord.
Let us have our Conversation
With the blessed Spir'ts above,
Sav'd with all thy great Salvation,
Perfectly renew'd in Love.

VIII. Glorious

VIII.

Glorious Head, triumphant Saviour,
High enthron'd above all Height,
We have now thro' Thee found Favour,
Righteous in thy Father's Sight :
Hears He not thy Pray'r unceasing ?
Can He turn away thy Face ?
Send us down the Purchas'd Blessing,
Fulness of the Gospel-Grace.

IX.

By the Coming of thy Spirit
As a mighty rushing Wind,
Save us into all thy Merit,
Into all thy sinless Mind.
Let the perfect Gift be giv'n,
Let thy Will in us be seen,
Done on Earth as 'tis in Heav'n :
Lord, thy Spirit cries Amen!

HYMN. X.

On the Resurrection.

Happy Magda--lene to Whom Christ the Lord vouchsaf'd ap-

-pear newly risen from the Tomb woud he first be seen by

Her! Her, by seven Devils Possesst. till his word the fiends ex--

pell'd. quench'd the Hell with in her Breast, all her Sins and

Sicknefs heal'd all her Sins and Sicknefs heal'd.

H Y M N X.

On the RESURRECTION.

I.

HAPPY *Magdalene*, to whom
CHRIST the LORD vouchsaf'd t'appear!

Newly risen from the Tomb

Would He first be seen by Her?

Her, by seven Devils possess'd,

Till his Word the Fiends expell'd,

Quench'd the Hell within her Breast,

All her Sins and Sickness heal'd. (*)

II.

Yes, to Her the Master came,

First his welcome Voice she hears:

JESUS calls her by her Name,

He the weeping Sinner cheers;

Lets her the dear Task repeat,

While her Eyes again run o'er;

Lets her hold his bleeding Feet,

Kiss them, and with Joy adore.

III. Highly-

III.

Highly-favour'd Soul! to Her
Farther still his Grace extends,
Raifes the glad Messenger,
Sends her to his drooping Friends:
Tidings of their Living LORD
First in her Report they find;
She must spread the Gospel-Word,
Teach the Teachers of Mankind.

IV.

Who can now *presume* to fear?
Who despair *his* LORD to see?
JESUS, wilt Thou not appear,
Shew thyself alive to me?
Yes, my GOD, I dare not doubt,
Thou shalt all my Sins remove,
Thou hast cast a Legion out,
Thou wilt perfect me in Love.

V. Surely

V.

Surely Thou hast call'd me Now !
Now I hear the Voice Divine,
At thy Wounded Feet I bow,
Wounded for whose Sins but mine!
I have nail'd Him to the Tree,
I have sent Him to the Grave :
But the Lord is ris'n for me,
Hold of Him by Faith I have.

VI.

Here for ever would I lie,
Didst Thou not thy Servant raise:
Send me forth to testify
All the Wonders of thy Grace:
Lo! I at thy Bidding go,
Gladly to thy Followers tell
They their rising God may know,
They the Life of CHRIST may feel.

VII.

Hear, ye Brethren of the Lord,
(Such He you vouchsafes to call)
O believe the Gospel-Word,
CHRIST hath dy'd, and rose for All.
Turn ye from your Sins to GOD:
Haste to *Galilee*, and see
Him, who bought *Thee* with his Blood,
Him, who rose to live in *Thee*.

H Y M N XI.

On the A S C E N S I O N.

I.

HA I L the Day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful Eyes!
CHRIST, a while to Mortals giv'n,
Reascends his native Heaven.

There the pompous Triumph waits:
“Lift your Heads, Eternal Gates!
“Wide unfold the radiant Scene,
“Take the King of Glory in.” (*)

II. Circled

HYMN. XI.

On the Ascension.

Hail the Day that sees Him rise, Ravish'd from our
wishful Eyes, Christ awhile to Mortals giv'n, Reascends his
na-tive Heav'n, There the pompous tri-umph waits, lift your Heads e-
-ternal Gates, wide unfold the radiant Scene, take the King of
Glory in take the King of Glory in.

II.

Circled round with Angel-Pow'rs,
Their triumphant LORD and ours,
Conqu'ror o'er Death, Hell, and Sin,
Take the King of Glory in.

Him though highest Heaven receives,
Still He loves the Earth he leaves;
Though returning to his Throne,
Still He calls Mankind his own.

III.

See, He lifts his Hands above!
See, He shews the Prints of Love!
Hark, his gracious Lips bestow,
Blessings on his Church below!

Still for Us He intercedes,
Prevalent his Death He pleads;
Next Himself prepares our Place,
Harbinger of Human Race.

IV.

Master (will we ever say)
Taken from our Head to-day,
See, thy faithful Servants see,
Ever gazing up to Thee!

Grant, though parted from our Sight,
High above yon azure Height,
Grant our Hearts may thither rise,
Following Thee beyond the Skies.

V.

Ever upward let us move,
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after Home.

There we shall with Thee remain
Partners of thine endless Reign;
There thy Face unclouded see,
Find our Heaven of Heavens in Thee.

Hymn. XII.

On the Ascension.

Hail, Je - sus, hail, our great High-Priest, enterd into thy
glorious Rest, that holy blisfull place a - - bove, the
Conquest thou hast more than gain'd, the heav'nly Happi - - -
ness obtain'd, for all that trust thy dy - - - ing Love, for
all that trust thy dy - ing Love.

H Y M N XII.

On the ASCENSION.

I.

HA I L, J E S U S, hail, our great High-Priest,
Entred into thy Glorious Rest,
That Holy Blifsful Place above;
The Conquest Thou hast more than gain'd,
The Heavenly Happiness obtain'd
For all that trust thy Dying Love. (*)

II.

The Blood of Goats and Bullocks slain
Could never purge our Guilty Stain,
Could never for our Sins atone :
But Thou thine own most precious Blood
Hast spilt, to quench the Wrath of God,
Hast fav'd us by thy Blood alone.

III. Shed

III.

Shed on the Altar of thy Cross,
Thy Blood to God presented was

Thro' the Eternal Spirit's Pow'r:
Thou didst, a spotless Victim, bleed,
That we from Sin and Suffering freed,
Might live to God, and sin no more.

IV.

That we the Promise might receive,
Might soon with Thee in Glory live,
Thou stand'st before thy Father now!
For Us Thou dost in Heaven appear,
Our Surety, Head, and Harbinger,
Our Saviour to the utmost Thou.

V.

Not without Blood—Thou pray'st above:
The Marks of thy expiring Love
God on thy Hands engraven sees!
He hears thy Blood for Mercy cry,
And sends his Spirit from the Sky,
And seals our Everlasting Peace.

VI. Thank-

HYMN. XIII.

On the Ascension.

Sinners, rejoice your Peace is made, your Saviour on the

Cross hath bled, your God in Je=us re-con-cild, on all his

works a--gain has Smild, has Grace thro' Christ and blessing givn, To

all on Earth and all in Heav'n, hath Grace thro' Christ and blessing

giv'n, To all on Earth and all in Heav'n.

VI.

Thankful we now the Earnest take,
The Pledge Thou wilt at last come back
And openly thy Servants own:
To Us, who long to see Thee here,
Thou shalt a second Time appear,
And bear us to thy Glorious Throne.

H Y M N XIII.

On the A S C E N S I O N .

I.

SINNERS, rejoice; your Peace is made
Your Saviour on the Cross hath bled:
Your GOD, in JESUS reconcil'd,
On all his Works again hath smil'd,
Hath Grace thro' CHRIST and Blessing giv'n
To All in Earth, and All in Heaven. (**)

II. Angels

II.

Angels rejoice in JESUS' Grace,
And vie with Man's more favour'd Race :
The Blood that did for us atone,
Confer'd on you some Gift unknown ;
Your Joys thro' JESU's Pains abound,
Ye triumph by his glorious Wound.

III.

Or stablish'd and confirm'd by Him
Who did our lower World redeem,
Secure ye keep your Bleft Estate,
Firm on an Everlasting Seat ;
Or rais'd above yourselves, aspire
In Bliss improv'd, in Glory higher.

IV.

Him ye beheld, our Conqu'ring God,
Return with Garments roll'd in Blood !
Ye saw, and kindled at the Sight,
And fill'd with Shouts the Realms of Light,
With loudest Hallelujahs met,
And fell, and kiss'd his bleeding Feet.

V. Ye

V.

Ye saw Him in your Courts above,
With all his recent Prints of Love:
The Wounds ! the Blood ! Ye heard its Voice,
That heightned all your highest Joys ;
Ye felt it sprinkled thro' the Skies,
And shar'd the better Sacrifice.

VI.

But who of all your Hosts can tell
The mystic Bliss unspeakable,
The Joy that issued from his Side,
And how the Pure it purify'd,
The Grace supreme by JESUS giv'n,
When Heav'n itself was double Heav'n !

VII.

Nor Angel-Tongues can e'er express
Th' unutterable Happiness,
Nor Human Hearts can e'er conceive
The Bliss wherein thro' CHRIST ye live:
But all your Heav'n, ye Blessed Pow'rs,
And all your God, is doubly Ours !

H Y M N XIV.

On WHIT-SUNDAY.

I.

JESUS, we hang upon the Word
Our faithful Souls have heard of Thee,
Be mindful of thy Promise, LORD,
Thy Promise made to All and Me,
Thy Followers, who thy Steps pursue,
And dare believe that GOD is true. (**)

II.

Thou said'st, I will the Father pray,
And He the Paraclete shall give,
Shall give him in you Hearts to *stay*,
And never more his Temple leave ;
Myself will to my Orphans come,
And make you mine Eternal Home.

III. Come

HYMN. XIV. On Whitsunday.

Je-sus we hang upon the word, our faithful Souls have

heard of Thee, be mindful of thy Pro-mise Lord, thy promise

made to all - and me, Thy follow'rs who thy Steps pur-sue

and dare be-lieve that God is true, Thy follow'rs who thy Steps pur-

-sue, and dare be-lieve that God is true.

III.

Come then, dear Lord, Thyself reveal,
And let the Promise now take Place,
Be it according to thy Will,
According to thy Word of Grace :
Thy sorrowful Disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

IV.

He visits now the Troubled Breast,
And oft relieves our sad Complaint,
But soon we lose the transient Guest,
But soon we droop again and faint.
Repeat the Melancholy Moan,
Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone !

V.

Hasten Him, Lord, into our Heart,
Our sure inseparable Guide :
O might we meet and never part !
O might He in our Hearts *abide* !
And keep his House of Praise and Pray'r,
And rest, and reign for ever there !

H Y M N XV.

On WHIT-SUNDAY.

I.

J E S U S, dear departed Lord,
True and gracious is thy Word ;
We in Part have found it true :
All thy faithful Mercies shew.

Thou art to thy Father gone,
Thou hast left us here alone ;
Left us a long Fast to keep,
Left us for thy Loss to weep.

II.

Laugh the World, secure and glad,
They rejoice, but we are sad ;
We, alas ! lament and grieve,
Comfortless, till Thou relieve.

As a Woman in her Throes
Sinks o'erwhelm'd with Fears and Woes,
Sinks our Soul thro' Grief and Pain,
Struggling to be born again.

III. As

HYMN. XV.

On Whitsunday.

Jesus dear de--parted Lord, true, and Gracious.

is thy word, we in part have found it true, all thy

faithfull Mercies Shew, thou art to thy Father gone,

thou hast left us here a--lone, left us a-long Fast to

keep, left us for thy Lofs to weep.

III.

As She soon forgets to mourn,
Joyful that a Child is born;
Let us, lighten'd of our Load,
Find Relief in Thee our GOD.

JESU, visit us again,
Look us out of Sin and Pain,
Kindly comfort us that mourn,
Into Joy our Sorrow turn.

IV.

Thy own Joy to us impart,
Root it deeply in our Heart ;
Joy, which none can take away,
Joy, which shall for ever stay :

All the Kingdom from above,
All the Happiness of Love,
Be it to thy Servants giv'n,
Pardon, Holiness, and Heav'n.

H Y M N XVI.

On WHIT-SUNDAY.

I.

SPIRIT of Truth, descend,
And with thy Church abide,
Our Guardian to the End,
Our sure unerring Guide ;
Us into the whole Counfel lead
Of God reveal'd below,
And teach us all the Truth we need,
To Life Eternal know. (*)

II.

Whate'er Thou hear'st above,
To us with Pow'r impart,
And shed abroad the Love
Of JESUS in our Heart.
One with the Father and the Son,
Thy Record is the same ;
O make to us the Godhead known,
Thro' Faith in JESUS' Name.

III. To

HYMN. XVI. On Whitfunday.

Spi-rit of Truth de-scend, and with thy Church a-

bide, our Guardian to the End, our Sure un-erring

Guide, Us in-to thy whole Council lead, of God reveal'd be-

-low, and teach us all the Truth we need, to Life eter-nal

Know, to Life e-ter-nal Know.

III.

To all our Souls apply
The Doctrine of our Lord,
Our Conscience certify,
And witness with the Word :
Thy realizing Light display,
And shew us Things to come,
The After-State, the Final Day,
And Men's Eternal Doom.

IV.

The Judge of Quick and Dead,
The God of Truth and Love,
Who doth for Sinners plead,
Our Advocate above ;
Exalted by his Father there,
Thou dost exalt below,
And all his Grace on Earth declare,
And all his Glory shew.

V. Sent

V.

Sent in His Name Thou art
His Work to carry on,
His Godhead to assert,
And make his Mercy known :
Thou searchest the Deep 'Things of God,
Thou know'st the Saviour's Mind,
And tak'st of his atoning Blood
To sprinkle all Mankind.

VI.

Now then of His receive,
And shew to Us the Grace,
And all His Fulness give
To all the ransom'd Race.
Whate'er he did for Sinners buy
With his expiring Groan,
By Faith in Us reveal, apply,
And make it all our own.

VII. Descend

VII.

Descending from above,
Into our Souls convey
His Comfort, Joy, and Love,
Which none can take away :
His Merit and his Righteousness,
Which makes an end of Sin,
Apply to every Heart his Peace,
And bring his Kingdom in.

VIII.

The Plenitude of God,
That doth in JESUS dwell,
On us thro' Him bestow'd,
'To us secure and seal.
Now let us taste our Master's Bliss,
The glorious Heav'nly Pow'rs :
For all the Father hath is His,
And all He hath is ours.

H Y M N XVII.

To the TRINITY.

I.

HA I L holy, holy, holy LORD!
Be endless Praise to Thee!

Supreme, Essential One, ador'd

In co-eternal Three.

Inthron'd in everlasting State

E'er Time its Round began,

Who join'd in Council to create

The Dignity of Man. (*)

II.

To whom, *Isaiab's* Vision shew'd,

The Seraphs veil their Wings,

While Thee *Jehovah*, LORD and GOD,

Th' Angelic Army sings.

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on high

Were humble Praises giv'n,

When *John* beheld with favour'd Eye

Th' Inhabitants of Heav'n.

III. All

HYMN. XVII.

On the Trinity.

Hail holy, holy, ho-ly Lord, be endless Praise to

Thee, Supreme essential one a-dord, In Co--e--ternal

Three, Inthron'd in ever-lasting State, e're Time its Round be-

-gan, who join'd in Council to-cre-ate, the Digni-ty of

man, the Di-gni-ty of man.

III.

All that the Name of Creature owns,

To Thee in Hymns aspire ;

May we, as Angels, on our Thrones

For ever join the Choir.

Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!

Be endless Praise to Thee ;

Supreme, Essential One, ador'd

In co-eternal Three!

H Y M N XVIII.

The I N V I T A T I O N.

I.

SINNERS, obey the Gospel-Word;
Haste to the Supper of my LORD;
Be wise to know your gracious Day;
All Things are ready; come away!

II.

Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late-returning Son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.

III.

Ready the Spirit of his Love
Just now the Stony to remove;
T' apply and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal the Sons of God.

IV. Ready

HYMN. XVIII.

The Invitation.

Sin - ners o - - bey the Gos - - pel

Word, haste to the Sup - - per of my

Lord, be wise to Know your Gracious

Day, all things are rea - - dy Come a - -

- way.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part includes figured bass notation (6, 6, 6, 4, 5, 7) and dynamic markings (f, hr). The lyrics are: "Sin - ners o - - bey the Gos - - pel Word, haste to the Sup - - per of my Lord, be wise to Know your Gracious Day, all things are rea - - dy Come a - - way." The piece concludes with a double bar line.

IV.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate ;
Turning their Harps, they long to praise
The Wonder of redeeming Grace.

V.

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is ready with Their shining Host ;
All Heaven is ready, to resound
The Dead's alive, the Lost is found !

VI.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your LORD,
To Happiness in CHRIST restor'd,
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel-Grace.

VII.

A Pardon written with His Blood,
The Favour and the Peace of GOD,
The seeing Eye, the feeling Sense,
The mystic Joy of Penitence ;

VIII. The

VIII.

The Godly Grief, the pleasing Smart,
The Meltings of a broken Heart,
The Tears that speak your Sins forgiv'n,
The Sighs that waft your Soul to Heav'n.

IX.

The guiltless Shame, the sweet Distress,
Th' unutterable Tenderness,
The genuine meek Humility,
The Wonder, why such Love to me!

X.

Th' o'erwhelming Pow'r of saving Grace,
The Sight that veils the Seraph's Face,
The speechless Awe that dares not move,
And all the silent Heaven of Love!

HYMN. XIX.

Desiring to love.

O love di-vine! how Sweet thou art, when
shall I find my longing Heart, all taken up with
Thee, I thirst and faint, and die to prove, the
Greatness of re - - deeming Love, the Love of Christ to
me, the love of Christ to me.

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The piano part includes figured bass notation (numbers 1-7) and asterisks indicating accidentals. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

H Y M N XIX.

Desiring to LOVE.

I.

O Love Divine, how sweet Thou art!
When shall I find my longing Heart
All taken up by Thee?

I thirst, I faint, and die, to prove
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of CHRIST to me. (*)

II.

Stronger his Love, than Death or Hell;
Its Riches are unsearchable:

The first-born Sons of Light
Desire in vain its Depth to see;
They cannot reach the Mystery,
The Length, and Breadth, and Height.

III. GOD

III.

God only knows the Love of God.

O that it now were shed abroad

In this poor stony Heart !

For Love I sigh, for Love I pine :

This only Portion, LORD, be mine,

Be mine this Better Part !

IV.

O that I could for ever sit,

With *Mary*, at the Master's Feet !

Be this my Happy Choice !

My only Care, Delight, and Bliss,

My Joy, my Heav'n on Earth be this,

To hear the Bridegroom's Voice.

V.

O that with humbled *Peter* I

Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,

My Faithfulness to prove !

Thou know'st, for all to Thee is known,

Thou know'st, O LORD, and Thou alone,

Thou know'st, that Thee I love.

VI.

O that I could, with favour'd *John*,
Recline my weary Head upon
 The dear Redeemer's Breast!
From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free,
Give me, O LORD, to find in Thee
 My everlasting Rest.

VII.

Thy only Love do I require,
Nothing on Earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in Heaven above:
Let Earth and Heaven, and all Things go,
Give me thine only Love to know,
 Give me thine only Love.

H Y M N XX.

The Triumph of FAITH.

I.

HEAD of thy Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee:

 Till Thou appear,
 Thy members here
Shall sing like those in Glory.
We lift our Hearts and Voices
With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
The Praise of our Salvation.

II. While

II.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And passing thro' the Fire,
Thy Love we praise,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher :

We clap our Hands, exulting
In thine Almighty Favour ;
The Love Divine
Which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

III.

Thou dost conduct thy People
Thro' Torrents of Temptation :
Nor will we fear,
While Thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March opposes ;
By Thee we shall
Break thro' them all,
And sing the Song of *Moses*.

IV.

By Faith we see the Glory,
To which Thou shalt restore us,
The Cross despise
For that high Prize,
Which Thou hast set before us.
And if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying *Stephen*,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's Right-hand,
To take us up to Heaven.

HYMN.XXI.

The Triumph of Faith.

Ye Servants of God, Your Master proclaim, and

Publish a -- broad, his won -- derfull Name, the Name all Vic-

-torious of Je-sus ex - toll, his Kingdom is Glorious, and

rules over all, his Kingdom is Glorious, and

rules over all.

Figured bass notation: 6 * 6 6 6 6 5, 6 6 56 7 6 *, 6 56 6 6 43 6 6 4 *, 4/2 56 * 6 6 * 6, 7 * 7

H Y M N XXI.

The Triumph of FAITH.

I.

YE Servants of GOD,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful Name :
The Name all-victorious
Of JESUS extol;
His Kingdom is Glorious,
And rules over All. (**)

II.

The Waves of the Sea
Have lift up their Voice,
Sore troubled that We
In JESUS rejoice :
The Floods they are roaring;
But JESUS is here :
While we are adoring
He always is near.

III. Men,

III.

Men, Devils engage ;
The Billows arise,
And horribly rage,
And threaten the Skies:
Their Fury shall never
Our Stedfastness shock.
The weakest Believer
Is built on a Rock,

IV.

God ruleth on high,
Almighty to save,
And still He is nigh ;
His Presence we have.
The great Congregation
His Triumph shall sing,
Ascribing Salvation
To JESUS our King.

V.

Salvation to GOD,
 Who fits on the Throne,
Let all cry aloud,
 And honour the Son !
Our JESUS's Praifes
 The Angels proclaim,
Fall down on their Faces,
 And worship the Lamb.

VI.

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 infinite Love.

H Y M N XXII.

On the Corpse of a BELIEVER.

I.

AH! lovely Appearance of Death!
No Sight upon Earth is so fair:
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe
Can with a dead Body compare.
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corpse, when the Spirit is fled,
In love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in its stead. (*)

II.

How blest is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burthen his Mind!
How easy the Soul, that hath left
This wearisom Body behind!
Of Evil incapable thou,
Whose Relicks with Envy I see;
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.

III. This

HYMN. XXII.

Over the Corpse of a Believer.

Ah! lovely appearance of Death, no fight upon Earth is so

fair, not all the gay Pageants that breathe, can with a dead

Bo-dy compare, with Solemn Delight I survey, the Corps when the

Spirit is fled, in love with the beautifull Clay, and longing to

lie in his Stead, and longing to lie in his Stead.

III.

This Earth is affected no more
With Sicknefs, or shaken with Pain :
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again :
No Anger hence forward, or Shame,
Shall redden this Innocent Clay ;
Extinct is the Animal Flame,
And Passion is vanish'd away.

IV.

This languishing Head is at rest,
Its Thinking and Aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable Breast
Is heav'd by Affliction no more :
This Heart is no longer the Seat
Of Trouble and torturing Pain,
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

V.

The Lids he so feldom could close,
By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The Fountains can yield no Supplies,
These Hollows from Water are free,
The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
And Evil they never shall see.

VI.

To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a Prison I breathe,
And still for Deliverance pine,
And press to the Issues of Death:
What now with my Tears I bedew,
O might I this Moment become,
My Spirit created anew,
My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb!

H Y M N

HYM N. XXIII.

On the Death of a Believer.

'Tis finish'd, 'tis done, the Spirit is
fled, the Prisoner is gone, the Christian is
Dead, the Christian is living thro' Je--sus's
Love, and gladly re--cei--ving a Kingdom a bove, and
gladly re--ceiving a Kingdom a--bove.

H Y M N XXIII.

On the Death of a BELIEVER.

I.

TIS finish'd, 'tis done!
The Spirit is fled,
The Pris'ner is gone,
The Christian is dead!
The Christian is living
Thro' JESUS's Love,
And gladly receiving
A Kingdom above. (**)

II.

All Honour and Praise
Are JESUS's due ;
Supported by Grace,
He fought his Way thro' ;
Triumphantly glorious
Thro' JESUS's Zeal,
And more than victorious
O'er Sin, Death, and Hell.

III.

Then let us record
The Conquering Name,
Our Captain and LORD
With Shoutings proclaim :
Who trust in His Passion,
And follow our Head,
To certain Salvation
We all shall be led.

IV.

O JESUS, lead on
Thy Militant Care,
And give us the Crown
Of Righteousness there,
Where dazled with Glory
The Seraphim gaze,
Or prostrate adore Thee
In Silence of Praise.

V. Come,

V.

Come, LORD, and display
Thy Sign in the Sky,
And bear us away
To Mansions on high ;
The Kingdom be giv'n,
The Purchase Divine,
And Crown us in Heav'n
Eternally Thine.

H Y M N XXIV.

On the Death of Mrs. F--- C-----.

I.

THANKS be to GOD alone
Thro' JESUS CHRIST his Son !
He who hath for us obtain'd,
Gives our Friend the Victory :
Sister, thou the Prize hast gain'd,
Died for Him, who died for Thee. (*)

II. The

II.

The mortal Hour is past,
Thou hast o'ercome at last,
Freed from Pain, for ever freed:
Ended is the Glorious Strife,
Death, the latest Foe, is dead,
Death is swallow'd up of Life.

III.

Thy Lamb-like Innocence
Is soon departed hence;
From a World of Sin and Pain
Thou art clean escap'd away,
Sav'd from Sin's infectious Stain,
Taken from the evil Day.

IV.

Stranger to guilty Fears
Thou liv'dst thy Twenty Years,
From the great Transgression free ;
Never did the Poison spread;
JESUS, e'er it rose in Thee,
JESUS crush'd the Serpent's Head.

V. His

HYMN. XXIV.

On the Death of Mrs F. C.

Thanks be to God a--lone, thro' Je--sus

Christ his Son, He who has for us obtain'd,

gives our Friend the Vic--to--ry. Sis-ter, thou the

Prize has gain'd, died for him who died for thee;

died for Him who died for thee.

XI.

Among the Morning Stars
A brighter Crown she wears,
With peculiar Glories grac'd,
Seated on a loftier Throne,
To superior Raptures rais'd,
Nearest GOD's Eternal Son.

XII.

Mixt with the Virgin-Train,
She charms th' Etherial Plain ;
With the Lamb for ever found :
Angels listen while she sings,
Catch th' inimitable Sound,
Musick for the King of Kings.

XIII.

O happy, happy Soul !
Thy Heavenly Joy is full :
Thee the Lamb hath made his Bride,
Call'd thee to his Feast above,
Thee He now hath Glorify'd,
Taught thee the new Song of Love.

XIV.

O that at last ev'n I
Like Thee might sweetly die !
Die, and leave a World of Woe ;
Die out of the Reach of Sin ;
Die, the Joys of Heaven to know ;
Open, LORD, and take me in.

XV.

Give me thy Blifs to share
The meanest Spirit there :
Only let me see thy Face,
See with Thee my happier Friend,
At an awful Distance gaze,
Taste the Joys that never end.

XVI.

Thou wilt cut short my Years,
And wipe away my Tears :
Lo ! I wait thy Leisure still,
Humbly at thy Footstool lie,
Calm to suffer all thy Will,
Glad in Thee to live and die.

F I N I S.

V.

His Spirit's gentlest Art
Open'd thy simple Heart :
The Eternal Gospel-Word
Lydia like thou didst receive,
Fall before thy bleeding LORD,
Own Him, and with ease Believe.

VI.

Soon as thy Heart did feel
The Pardon-stamping Seal,
Heard thy Soul the Warning-Cry,
“ Here Thou hast not long to stay ;
“ Rise, my Love, make haste to die !
“ Rise, my Love, and come away !

VII.

Thy chearful Soul obey'd,
Thro' Sufferings perfect made,
Perfect made in a short Space :
Thy resign'd and Christ-like Soul
Started forth, and won the Race,
Reach'd at once the glorious Goal.

VIII. Aloft

VIII.

Aloft the Spirit flies,
And gains her native Skies !
Kindred Souls falute her there,
Springing from their azure Throne,
All in Shouts their Joy declare,
All their new-born Sister own.

IX.

Th' Angelic Army fings,
And clap their Golden Wings !
Harping with their Harps, they praise
Him, thro' whom she all o'ercame,
Sharer of his richest Grace,
Closest Follower of the Lamb.

X.

From Love's soft Witchcraft free,
Her Spotless Purity
Liv'd to only CHRIST below ;
Higher now she reigns above,
Mightier Joys advanc'd to know,
Honour'd with His choicest Love.

XI. Among