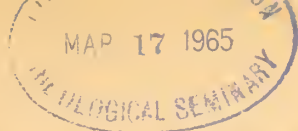


6th edition



With Improvements.

DIVINE AMUSEMENT

A Select

Collection of

Psalms & Hymns

as sung at all the principal

Churches Chapels
and

Dissenting Congregations,
to which is added

Kent's favourite Jubilate

The whole properly adapted for the

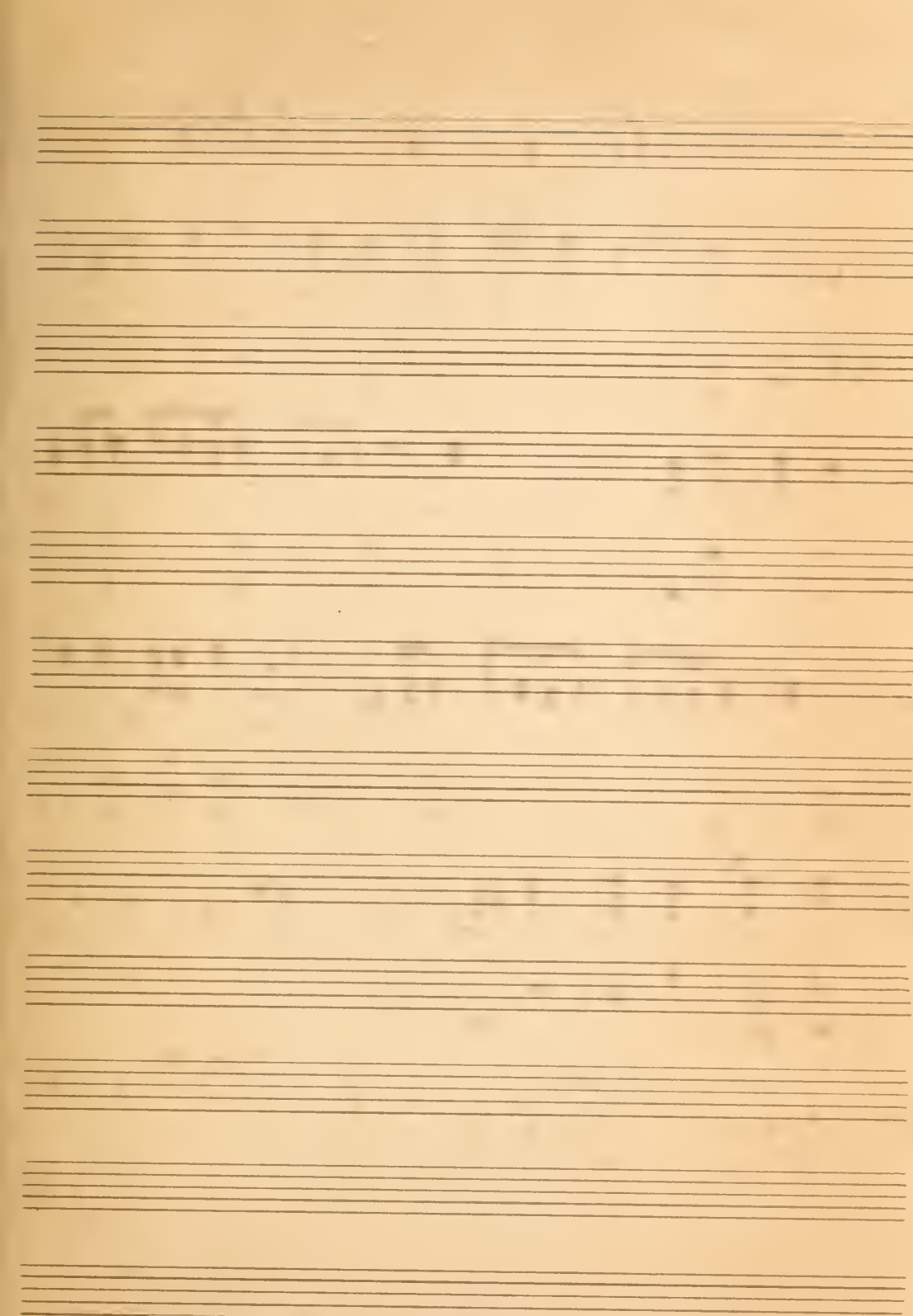
voice Piano forte or Organ,

by

J. Curtis.

price 6/ stitched
7.6 Bound

London Printed and Sold by J. Bells 408 Oxford St.



Hent's favorite Jubilate.

Handwritten musical notation for the first system. It features a treble and bass clef with a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "O - - - be joy-ful O be joy-ful in the".

Handwritten musical notation for the second system. It continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "Lord all ye Lands be joy - - - ful".

Handwritten musical notation for the third system. The melody includes a trill. The lyrics are: "be joy - - - ful O be joyful be joyful".

Handwritten musical notation for the fourth system. The melody includes a sharp sign. The lyrics are: "in the Lord all ye Lands Serve the Lord with".

Handwritten musical notation for the fifth system. The melody includes a trill and a sharp sign. The lyrics are: "glad - - - ness Serve the Lord with gladness and".

come be-fore his pre-sence come before his presence

Duetto.

with a song. Be ye sure that the Lord he is

Andante

god it is he, it is he that hath made us and

not we ourselves, we are his people we are his

people and the sheep of his pasture.

Chor. Allegro

O go your way O go your way O go your way so you

T.S.

way into his gates with thanks giving and into his Courts his

Courts with praise be thankful in to him and speak for

of his name be thankful be thankful unto him and

speak for of his name speak for speak for of his name

Andante

For the Lord is gracious, for the Lord is gracious,

for the Lord is gracious, the Lord is gracious, his mercy, his

mercy his mercy his mercy is e-ver-last-ing is

e-verlasting and his truth en-dureth his

truth en-dureth his truth en-dureth from gene-

-ration to gene - - ration, from gene - ration to gene - ration,

from gene - ration to gene - ra - - - - - tion, from gene -

-ration to ge - ne - - ration, **Cho.^s Moderato** Glory be to the Father, and

to the Son, and to the Holy Ghöst, as it was in the be -

-ginning, as it was in the be - ginning, is now, is now, and

ever shall be, world without end, A... men, without end, A...

men A... men, world without end, A... men,

world without end, A... men, world without end, world without

end A - men A... men, world without end, world without

end without end, A... men, A... men, A... men.

HYMN 1.

P. M.

Haydn.

Grateful notes and numbers bring, While Je-hovah's

praise we sing, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, Be thy name by all ador'd,

Halle-lujah, Halle-lujah, Halle-lu-jah, A-men.

2

All on Earth and all above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love,
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail,
Hallelujah.

3

Tho' unworthy, Lord, thine ear
These our Hallelujahs hear,
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with Saints we stand and sing
Hallelujah.

4

Lead us to that blissful seat,
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.
Hallelujah.

HYMN 2.

P. M.

M. Luther. 9

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of

things cre---a---ted; The judge of mankind does ap-

-pear, On clouds of glo-ry seat---ed. The Trumpet

sounds, the graves re--store, The dead which they con-

-tain'd be---fore, Pre-prepare my soul to meet him.

HYMN 3.

L. M.

M. Madan.

Andante

Be-fore Je-ho-vah's awful throne, Ye nations
 bow with sacred joy, Know that the Lord is God a-
 lone, He can cre-ate and he de-stroy, He can cre-
 ate and he de-stroy, His so-vereign pow'r with-out our
 aid, Made us of clay and for-mid us men, And when like
 wandring Sheep we stray'd, He brought us to his

fold a - gain, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

Lively and bold

Will crown thy gates with thank - ful Songs, High as the

Heav'n's our voi - ces raise, And earth and earth with

her ten thousand thousand tongues, Shall fill thy courts with

sounding praise, shall fill thy courts with sounding praise, shall

fill shall fill thy courts with sound - ing praise.

Wide, wide as the world is thy command, Vast as e-

-ter-nity, e-terni-ty thy love, Firm as a rock thy

truth shall stand, When roll-ing years shall cease to

move, shall cease to move, When rolling years shall cease to

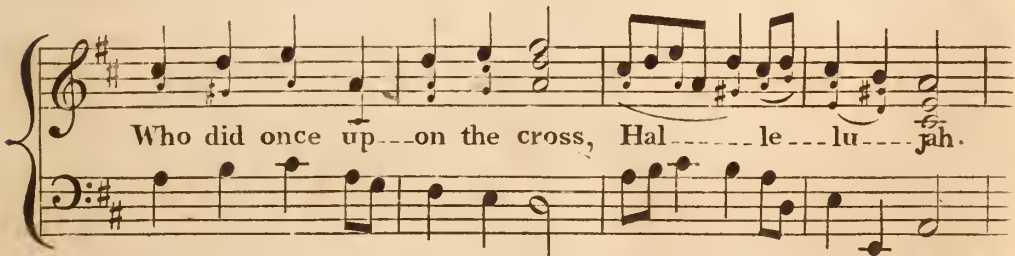
move, When roll-...-ing years shall cease to move.



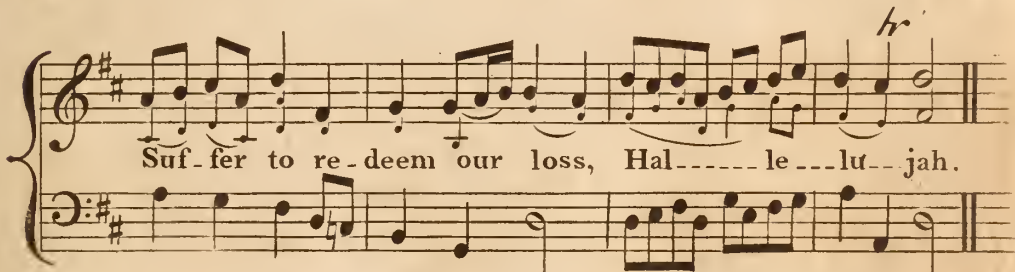
Jesus Christ is ris'n to day, Hal- le- lujah.



Our tri-umphant festal day, Hal- le- lu- jah.



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



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

2

Hymns of praise then let us sing,
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King,
 Who endur'd the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save,
 Hallelujah.

3

For the pains which he endur'd,
 Our salvation have procur'd,
 Now above the skies, our King,
 Where the Angels ever sing,
 Hallelujah.

Be-- hold the glo-- ries of the Lamb, A -

- midst his fa-- ther's throne; Pre- pare new ho-- nors

for his name, And Songs be-- fore un-- known.

2

Let Elders worship at his feet,
 The Church adore around;
 With viands full of odours sweet,
 And Harps of sweeter sound.

3

These are the prayers of the Saints,
 And these the Hymns they raise;
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

Let ev'ry mor-tal eye at-tend, And
 ev'ry heart re-joice; The Trum-pet of the
 gos-pel sounds With an in-vi-ting voice.

2

Ho! all ye hungry starving souls
 That feed upon the wind;
 And vainly strive with earthly toys,
 To fill an empty mind.

3

Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul reviving feast;
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

HYMN 7.

L. M.

H. Carey.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a
 Shepherds care, His presence shall my wants supply, And
 guard me with a watchful eye, My Noon-day walks he
 shall at-tend, And all my midnight hours de-fend.

2

3

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 landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still,
 Thy friendly hand shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

The Lord him - self, the migh---ty Lord, Vouch -

- safes to be . my guide; The Shep---herd by whose

con---stant care My wants are all supply'd.

2

In Pastures fair he makes me feed,
 And gently to repose;
 Then leads me to the shades, and where
 Refreshing waters flows.

3

Since God does thus his wond'rous love,
 Thro' all my life extend;
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple bend.

HYMN 9.

L. M.

Arne.

O God, my gra-cious God, to Thee My

Morn-ing Pray'r shall of-fer'd be, For thee my

thir-sy Soul doth pant, My faint-ing flesh im-

-plores thy grace, With-in this dry and bar-ren

place Where I re-fresh-ing Wa-ters want.

2

My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
 With lifted hands adore his name,
And still to me his wonderous love,
Than life itself shall dearer prove,
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.

3

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind
 And when I wake in dead of Night,
Because thou still doth succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
 I rest with safety and delight.

f

Let Songs of joy to God as - cend, Whose love nor

p

li - mit knows no end; But O what tongue in

Repeat *f*

e - qual lay, His acts can speak, his praise dis - play.

2

Thrice happy, who, with stedfast will,
 The dictates of his law fulfil:
 With these thy chosen flock assign'd,
 May I my lot for ever find.

3

O grant me, Lord, with these to prove,
 The pow'r of my redeeming love;
 The grace thy Saints are blest to know,
 That grace to me benignant shew.

f
Mer-cy, judgment, now my tongue Makes the

sub-ject of its Song: Lord, to whom, then shall I

sing, But to Thee, th' e-ter-nal King. Repeat *f*

2

Wisdom shall my footsteps guide,
Nor permit my feet to slide:
Or from thy all perfect way,
Lost in paths of sin of stray.

3

Come, O come, celestial Guest,
Let my roof with thee be blest;
Let thy beams effulgent play,
And within my mansion stray.

4

Lo, my heart, with studious care,
For thy presence I prepare;
And my dwellings full extent,
Spotless to thy view present.

5

Ne'er shall my presumptuous hand,
Dare to break thy just command:
Ne'er within me shalt thou find,
Aught that speaks a faithless mind.

HYMN 12. For the Morning. L. M. Clerk.

A - - wake, my soul, and with the Sun Thy dai - ly

course of du - - ty run; Re - stor'd to life, and

light, a - - rise, And pay thy morn - ing sa - cri - fice.

2

Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
 Disperse my sins like morning dew;
 Guard my first springs of thought and will,
 And with thyself my spirit fill.

3

Direct, controul, suggest this day,
 All I design, or do, or say,
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

4

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow
 Praise him, all creatures here below;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 13. For the Evening. L.M. *Tallis.*

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For

all the blessings of the light; Keep me, O keep me,

King of Kings, Beneath thy own Al - mighty wings.

2

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which 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
Rise glorious at the last great day.

4

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

O come, loud Anthems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al-

- mighty King, For we our voices high should raise, When our sal-

- vation's when our salvation's, when our sal - vation's rock we praise..

2

3

Into his presence let us haste, For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 To thank him for his favors past: Is with unrival'd glory great;
 To him address in joyful Songs, A King superior far to all,
 The praise that to his name belongs. Whom Gods the heathen falsely call.

4

O let us to his Courts repair
 And bow with adoration there;
 Down on our knees devoutly fall,
 Before our Lord and Maker call.

f

While Thee I seek protecting pow'r, Be my vain wishes

f *h*

still'd, And may this consecrated hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd:

p

Thy love the pow'r of thoughts bestow'd, To thee my thoughts would

h *f*

soar, Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer-cy I adore.

2 Repeat *f*

In each event of life how clear,
 Thy ruling hand I see;
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because confer'd by Thee:
 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
 In ev'ry pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in pray'r.

The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high, The

garments he as - sumes, The garments he as - sumes, Are light and

majes - ty Are light and majesty. His glories shine with

beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight, His glories

shine with beams so bright, No mortal eye can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand

Keep the wide world in awe;

His wrath and justice stand

To guard his holy law.

And where his love resolves to bless,

His truth confirms and seals the grace.

HYMN 17.

S.M.

J. Smith.

27

Raise our triumphant Songs, To an im - mor - tal tune,

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

p Praise ye the Lord, *f* Hallelujah, *p* Praise ye the Lord, *f* Hallelujah,

ff Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah, Halle - lujah praise ye the Lord.

2

3

Sing how eternal love

Its chief beloved chose,

And bid him raise your 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.

HYMN 18.

P. M.

Gluck.

Praise, O praise the name di - vine, Praise it at the hallow'd shrine,

Largo

Let the firma - ment on high, To its Maker's name re - ply:

Let each tongue, and let each chord, Praise the name of Jacob's Lord,

Let his acts and pow'r supreme, To your Songs suggest a theme.

2

Let the Organ in his praise,
 Learn the loudest Note to raise,
 And the Cymbal's varying sound,
 From the vaulted roof rebound:
 All, who vital breath enjoy,
 In his praise that breath employ,
 And in one great chorus join,
 Praise, O praise the name divine.

HYMN 19.

L.M.

Pleyel. 29

Largo

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye, Tho' loud our

Sotto voce

crimes for vengeance cry; Let mercys loud - er voice pre -

-vail, Nor thy long suff'ring patience fail. Repeat *f*

2

Encourag'd by thy sacred word,
 May we not plead the blest record;
 That when a humbled Nation mourns,
 Thy rising wrath to pity turns.

3

O let thy sov'reign grace impart,
 Contrition to each rocky heart,
 And bid sincere repentance flow,
 A general undissembled woe.

4

Fair smiling peace again restore,
 With plenty bless the industrious poor,
 And may a happy, thankful Land,
 Obedient own thy guardian hand.

Majestic

Sons of God by blest adoption, View y^e dead with steady eyes,

What is sown thus in corruption, Shall in incorruption rise,

What is sown in death's dishonor, Shall revive to glory's light,

What is sown in this weak manner, Shall be rais'd in matchless might.

2

Jesus, thy rich consolations
 To thy mourning people send;
 May we all, with faith and patience,
 Wait for our approaching end.
 Keep from courage, vain or vaunted,
 For the change our hearts prepare;
 Give us confidence undaunted,
 Cheerful hope, and godly fear.

HYMN 21.

C. M.

M. Haydn.

31

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice;

In God the life of all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice. 'Tis

he adorn'd my naked soul, And made sal-vation mine; Up-

-on a poor pol-lu-ted worm, He makes his graces shine.

2

And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found;
 He took the robe the Saviour wrought,
 And cast it all around:
 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
 What earthly Princes wear;
 These ornaments how bright they shine,
 How bright the garments are!

Lord, whos the happy Man that may To thy blest

Courts re--pair: Not stran--ger like to vi---sit

them But to in---ha---bit there. Repeat *f*

2

'Tis he, whos ev'ry thought and deed,
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

3

This Man, who, by his steady course,
 Hath happiness ensur'd;
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By providence secur'd.

HYMN 23.

C. M.

33
Milton.

Largo

How per - fect is the law of God, Cor -

- rect - ing false de - sires, With wis - - dom his en -

- light - ning word, The ig - no - rant in - - - spires.

2

The statutes of the Lord are just,
And yield sincere delight:
His precepts pure, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

3

Of greater price are they by far,
Than Gold without alloy,
The Honey and the Honey-comb,
Are not so sweet as they.

HYMN 24

L.M.

f Behold the Rose of Sha-ron here, *p* The Lil-ly
 which the Val-lies bear, The Lil-ly which the Vallies bear;
f Be-hold the tree of life, that gives *p* Re-freshing fruit and
 heal-ing leaves, *f* Re-freshing fruit and *tr* healing leaves.

2

Amongst the Thorns, so Lilies shine,
 Amongst wild gourds the noble Vine,
 So in my eyes my Savior proves,
 Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

3

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.

HYMN 25.

L. M.

35

O all ye works of God, the Lord, Mag -

- ni---fy him with one ac--cord, Ye Sun, and

Moon, and Stars so bright, Which fill the Heavns with

cheer---ful light, with cheer--ful light.

2

Ye Sons of Men with favor grac'd,
 And o'er all earthly creatures plac'd,
 Ye Church of God, to whom his will
 And sacred laws he does reveal.

3

In one great Choir your voices raise,
 To sing our high Creator's praise,
 O all ye works of God, the Lord,
 Magnify him with one accord.

HYMN 26.

L.M.

Barthelemon.

Let me but hear my Sa...vior say, Strength
shall be e...qual to thy day; Then I rejoice in
deep dis - tress, Lean - ing on all suf...fi...cient grace.

2

I glory in infirmity
That Christ's own pow'r may rest on me,
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my Song.

3

I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there,
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

HYMN 27.

Harwood 37

Slow

Vi-tal spark of heav'nly flame, Quit, oh quit this

mortal frame, Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh the pain, the

bliss of dying, Cease fond na-ture, cease thy strife, And

f *h* *f* *p* *Tenderly*

let me languish into life. Hark! they whisper, Angels

say, they whisper, Angels say, they whisper, Angels say,

f *p* *f* *p*
Hark! they whisper, Angels say, Sister spirit come a-

-way, Sister spirit come a--way. What is this ab-

-sorbs me quite Steals my sen-ses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spi-rit, draws my breath, Tell me my soul can

this be death, Tell me my soul can this be death.

The world re--cedes, it dis--appears, Heav'n o--pens

on my eyes, my ears, With sounds se - ra - - - phic ring:

With spirit

Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly, O grave where is thy victory, O

grave where is thy vic-to-ry, O death where is thy sting, O

grave where is thy vic-to-ry, O death where is thy sting,

Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly, O grave where is thy

victory, thy victory, O grave where is thy victory, thy victory, O

death where is thy sting, O death where is thy sting,

Lend, lend your wings, I mount I fly, O grave where is thy

victory, thy victory, O death, O death where is thy sting.

HYMN 28.

L. M.

41

Since of thy good-ness all partake, With what as-

-su - rance shou'd the just Thy fost'ring wing their re--fuge -

make, And Saints in thy pro--tec--tion trust.

2

Such guests will to thy courts be led,
 To banquet in thy love's repast;
 And drink, as from a fountain's head,
 Of joys, that shall for ever last.

Salvation, O, the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears,

A sov'reign balm for ev'-ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

Chorus, Vivace.

Glory, honor, praise & power, Be unto the Lamb for ever, Jesus Christ is

our redeemer, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, praise the Lord.

2

Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,
 At Hell's dark door we lay;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly day.

3

Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around;
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 30.

P. M.

Milgrove. 43

Now begin the heav'nly theme, Sing aloud in Jesu's name,

Now begin the heav'nly theme, Sing a-loud in Jesu's name,

Ye who his sal - - vation prove, Triumph in re - - deeming love.

Ye who his sal - - vation prove, Triumph in re - deeming love.

Repeat *f*

2

He subdued th' infernal pow'rs,
Those tremendous foes of ours,
From their cursed empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

3

Hither, then, your Music bring,
Strike aloud the cheering string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

HYMN 31.

C. M.

Mather.

Look round, O Man, sur-vey this globe, Speak

of cre-a-ting pow'r; See, na-ture gives a

diff'-rent robe, To ev'-ry Herb and Flow'r.

2

See numerous beings fill the air,
 And people, earth, and sea;
 What grateful changes form the year,
 How constant night and day!

3

Next raise thine eye, th' expanse above
 A pow'r unbounded shows;
 See round the Sun the Planets move,
 And various worlds' compose.

HYMN 32.

C.M.

M. Cooke.

45

With dignity

Jesus I love thy ho-ly name, 'Tis Mu-sic to my ear;

p Fain wou'd I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n might hear, That *f*

ff earth and heav'n might hear, That earth and heav'n might hear.

2

Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport, and my trust;
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
 And gold is sordid dust.

3

O may thy grace still cheer my heart,
 And shed its fragrance there;
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordial of its care.

HYMN 33.

C. M.

W. Knapp.

My Shep--herd is the liv---ing Lord,

I there---fore no---thing need, In pas--tures

fair near wa---ters calm, He pla--ceth me to

feed, In pas---tures fair near wa---ters calm

He placeth he pla---ceth me to feed.

2

He will convert, and glad my soul,
And put my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

3

Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill,
Thy rod and staff do comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

4

And in the presence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou shalt, O Lord, fill up my cup,
Thou shalt anoint my head.

5

Thro' all my life thy favor is
So freely shewn to me,
That, in thy house, for evermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

HYMN 34.

L. M.

M. Cooke.

Slow

Poor, weak, and helpless, tho' I am, I have a

rich Al-migh - ty friend, Jesus, the Saviour, is His

name, He free - - ly loves and with - out end.

2

He ransom'd me from hell with blood,
 And by his pow'r my foes controul'd;
 He found me wand'ring far from God,
 And brought me to his chosen fold.

3

He cheers my heart, my wants supplies,
 And tells me I shall shortly be
 Enthron'd with him above the skies,
 O! what a friend is Christ to me.

HYMN 35.

G.M.

49

J. Ravenscroft.

O thou, to whom, all crea - tures bow, With -

in this earth - ly frame; Thro' all the world how

great art thou, How glo - rious is thy name.

2

In Heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
 Not fully number'd there;
 Here makest thou the infant tongue,
 Thy boundless praise declare.

3

Ev'n by the mouth of sucking Babes,
 Thou wilt confound thy foes,
 For, in those Babes thy might is seen,
 Thy glories they disclose.

HYMN

C. M.

Husband.

There is a land of pure delight, Where Saints and

Angels dwell In-fi-nite day ex-cludes the night, In-fi-nite

day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain, and

pleasures banish pain, and pleasures pleasures banish pain.

Repeat *f*

2

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

HYMN 37.

L. M.

Bowman. 51

Thou, whom my Soul admires above, All earthly joy and
 earth--ly love, All earth--ly joy and earthly love;
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know, Where doth thy sweetest
 pas-ture grow? Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

2

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.

HYMN 38.

C.M.

Dr Heighington.

My ne... ver ceas... ing Songs shall show The
 mer... cies of the Lord, And make suc... ceed... ing
 a... ges know, How faith... ful is his word.

2

The sacred truths his lips pronounce,
 Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
 And, if he speaks a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

3

How long the race of David held
 The promised Jewish throne,
 But there's a nobler cov'nent seal'd,
 To David's greater Son.

HYMN 39.

P. M.

Pleyel.

Glory be to God on high, God, whose glo - ry

fills the sky, Peace on earth and man for - giv'n, Man the

well be lov'd of Heav'n, Man the well belov'd of Heav'n.

2

Sov'reign Father! heav'nly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing;
 Glad, thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all, and numberless.

3

Christ, our Lord and God, we own,
 Christ, the Father's only Son;
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Savior of offending Man.

4

Powerful advocates with God,
 Justify us by thy blood;
 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear our Souls' atonement, thou!

5

Thou, his co - eternal Son,
 Art with thy great Father, one;
 One, the Holy Ghost with thee,
 One supreme, eternal three.

3/4 Time

HYMN 40. For Advent Day. P. M. M. Madan.

f

Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favor'd

Sotto voce

sia - ners slain, Thousand, thousand Saints attending,

h

Swell the triumph of his train, Hal - le - lujah, Halle - lujah,

Sotto voce

f

h

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - - - men.

2

Every eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty,
 They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierc'd and nail'd him to a Tree.

3

Now redemption long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear,
 All his Saints by Man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air.

HYMN 41.

P. M.

M. Madan.

55

f Jesu, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nether

waters roll, While the tempest still is nigh, Hide me, O my Savior hide,

Till the storms of life is past, Safe in_ to the ha_ venguide,

p O re_ ceive, O receive, O re_ ceive my soul at last.

2

Other refuge have I none,
 Hungs my helpless Soul on thee;
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stay'd, all my help on thee I bring,
 Cover my defenceless head, with the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 42.

C. M.

Coombs.

Sing to the Lord Je-ho-vah's name, And in his
 strength re-joice: When his sal-va-tion is our
 theme, Ex-al-ted be our voice be our voice.

2

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And Psalms of honor sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

3

Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
 How mean their natures are;
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.