

Hark from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of the cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

For the Queen.

8's 7's.

LORD of heav'n and earth and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God;
Now with joy we come before thee,
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing;
Lord of life and light and glory,
Guard thy church, and guide our Queen.

2 Health and every needful blessing
Are thy bounteous gifts alone:
Comfort undeserv'd possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne;
Young and old do now before thee
Their united tribute bring;
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Shield our land, and save our Queen.

For the Fifth of November.

P. M.

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah hath triumph'd, his people are free;
Sing for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariot and horsemen all splendid and brave,
How vain was their boasting; the Lord had but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound, &c.

2 Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord;
His word was our arrow—his breath was our sword;