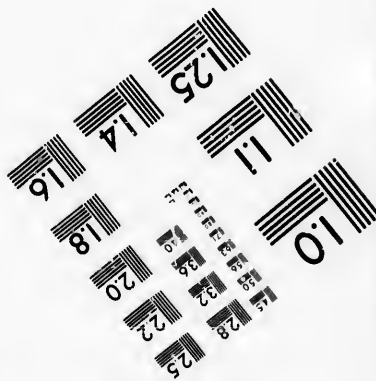
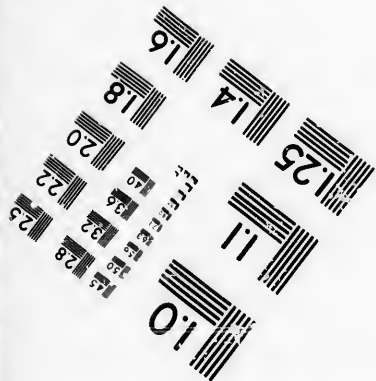
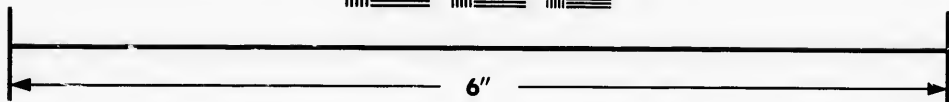
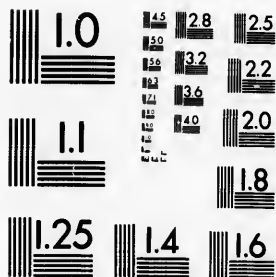


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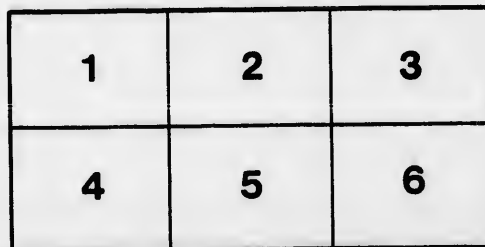
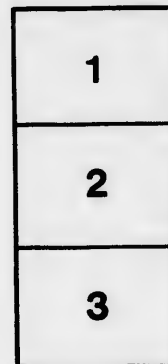
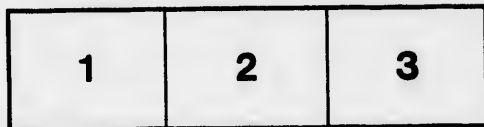
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WITH
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1818.

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P R E F A C E.

THE necessity of a reformation in the performance of Congregational Psalmody, and the means proposed to effect it, have been strongly enforced in the Preface to the Music of this selection, by quotations from the writings of Dr. *Watts*, Dr. *Browne*, Dr. *Vincent*, and Dr. *Burney*. Another extract on the subject of psalmody, from the late Bishop *Porteus's* Charge to the Clergy of the diocese of London, at his primary visitation, may be deemed sufficient.

After his Lordship has pointed out the necessity of a reformation in the performance of Parochial Psalmody, and recommended many excellent expedients for that purpose; and also "That a selection should be made of proper portions of the Psalms from the New Version;" he concludes with observing, that, "At a time when every other species of music is cultivated with uncommon ardour, and is become the prevailing taste and passion of the age, let some share of our attention be bestowed on our Parochial Psalmody; which, though of a humbler and more sober cast than the generality of our musical performances, yet from its connection with religion, from its forming an ancient and essential part of our public service, from its known and powerful influ-

PREFACE.

ence on the minds and morals of the great mass of the people, is of more *real*, and *national*, and *practical* importance, than even those sublime and elaborate compositions of our great masters, which are so generally and so justly admired.

“ And there is one circumstance which ought for ever to recommend and endear it to this Protestant country, which is, that it was in the highest estimation with those most illustrious of men, the first *reformers*, both at home and abroad; that it was more particularly one of the principal instruments of the rapid progress of the reformation in this kingdom; and that it gave consolation and support to confessors and martyrs in that glorious cause, under the severest persecutions, and even in the midst of flames and tortures.”

Of such importance is the cultivation of psalmody, not only in the opinion of that eminent prelate, but of the clergy and public in general; which, indeed, is fully shown by the different editions of this work that have been sold in the short time it has been published. By the use of this book, congregations will know the Psalms and Tunes that are to be sung for every Sunday throughout the year: and as only those words are here printed which are to be sung, they will have no need to seek in their Prayer-books the different, and often the distant, stanzas of a psalm.

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TO THE

TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

T*HE Proprietors of this highly-approved Work, being desirous of rendering it as useful as possible, have conceived that the addition of a few HYMNS would be considered as an improvement. They have, therefore, accepted the services of a Clergyman of the Church of England, who has made a Selection from the best writers, suitable for various occasions. In thus furthering their views, they at the same time comply with the wishes of a number of devout Christians, who are anxious to restore the performance of this delightful part of public worship, to the state that may inspire real devotion; and that the congregation may thereby be able to "Sing with the Spirit, and with the understanding also."*

October, 1817.

Sunday after Christmas Day.

MORNING--FIRST.

Psalm 84. Verses 1, 2, 4.

TUNE ST. ANN'S.

C. M.

DR. CROFT.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King, and God!
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

MORNING--SECOND.

*Psalm 9. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at
Verse 1.*

WAKEFIELD,
[Or Doncaster.]

C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wondrous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !
Triumphant praise I sing.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 71. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

LEEDS,
[Or Bangor.]

C. M.

DENBY.

In thee I put my stedfast trust ;
Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free,
For from my earliest youth till now
My hope has been in thee.

When there are two Sundays betwixt Christmas and the
Epiphany, the Psalms for the Sixth Sunday after Epiphany
are to be used.

*First Sunday after Epiphany.***MORNING—FIRST.***Psalm 5. Verses 1, 3, 7.*

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

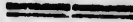
HANDEL.

[Or Wallingford.]

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

**MORNING.—SECOND.***Psalm 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

HANOVER.

L. M.

Said to be HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp, and lute ;
 No longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 148. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came !
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 1. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES'S.

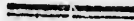
C. M.

COURTVILLE.

How blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk;
 Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk;

But makes the perfect law of God
 His business and delight;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
 With timely fruit does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 97. Verses 1, 2, 12.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

JEHOVAH reigns; let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice;
 Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and Truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your faithful tongues confess.

EVENING.

Psalm 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURGH. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
[Or Surrey.]

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercies shall for ever last. Thy mercies, &c.
Thy truth, that does the heav'n sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe; Both, &c.
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

That congregations may seldom meet with any difficulties in
singing, this is the only Psalm in the book where the second
line of a stanza is repeated.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 18. Verses 1, 2, 8, 18.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe;) P
[
 So shall I by thy watchful care
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD.

C. M.

WHITTON.

[Or St. James.]

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise;
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

9

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made songs of loud applause,
The harmony complete.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.



EVENING.

Psalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

BURFORD.
[Or London.]

C. M.

Said to be PURCELL'S.

THROUGH all the changings scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succour came.

LUTHER.

1.

HITTON.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN.

L. M.

Dr. BURNEY.

[Or St. Alban's.]

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 92. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 3.

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

[Or London]

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

=====

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

[Or St. Alban's.]

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows ;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done ;
With which our hearts expect,
With which our praise returns.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various string,
With organ's joined, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise :
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down :
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways :
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 O skill for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright

O could I so perfidious be
 To think of once deserting thee !
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run ?

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 105. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

[Or St. James.]

O RENDER thanks and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name ;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 15. Verses 1, 2, 3, 7.

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

[Or Semplice.]

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves :

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

The man who, by this steady course,
Has happiness ensur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 125. Verses 1, 2, 4.

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

[Or *Semplice.*]

Who place in Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand;
 Like her immovable be fix'd,
 By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side,
 Jerusalem enclose;
 So stands the Lord around his saints,
 To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect;
 The heart that innocence retains,
 Let innocence protect.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

With one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple-gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless;

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

*Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning
at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE. P. M. Said to be HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing ;
In our great Creator
Let Ier'el rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King :

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in Heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 103. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 19.

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

[Or Rockingham.]

THE Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne :
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his power is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will ;
 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 145. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

LINCOLN.

G. M.

[Or St. Ann's.]

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim :
 This tribute daily will I bring,
 And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
 And highly to be prais'd ;
 Thy majesty with boundless height
 Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame
To future times extends ;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wond'rous works express ;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

EVENING.

Psalm 119. Verses 1, beginning at Verse 17.

St. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

[Or Semplice.]

BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 90. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, Return—
'Tis instantly obey'd.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song ;
Let earth in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe,

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore :
Let therefore heav'n new joy's confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
Its loud applause the ocean roar :

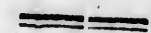
CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.



EVENING.

Psalm 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

REDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 146. Verses 6, 7, 8, 10.

MESSIAH.

G. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Bedford.]

THE Lord who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his steadfast truth,
 Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrong
 Are eas'd by his decree ;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears ;
 With kind regard and tender love
 He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
 Is our eternal King ;
 From age to age his reign endures,
 Let all his praises sing.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 95. Verses 1, 2, 3, 6.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory, great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

EVENING.

Psalm 117. And Gloria Patri.

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

[Or Doncaster.]

With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

HANDEL.

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CAREY.

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MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

Dr. MILLER.

[Or Westminster.]

NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wanted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

Against the Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd; and, though condemned,
 Must own thy judgments right.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.

BURFORD.

C. M.

Said to be PURCELL'S.

[Or London.]

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

First Sunday in Lent.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succour came.

EVENING.

Psalm 97. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 10.

KENT.

L. M.

GEORGE GREEN.

[Or Rockingham.]

You who to serve the Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem:
He'll keep his servants' soul entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just;
And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense his pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your faithful tongues confess.

MORNING.—FIRST.*Psalm 90. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 13.*

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENSCHROFF.

O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent!
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

To satisfy and cheer our soule,
Thy early mercy send;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

MORNING.—SECOND.*Psalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 15.*

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

DR. HOWARD.

[Or Newton.]

Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.

Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

A broken spirit is
By God most highly priz'd ;
By him a broken contrite heart
Shall never be despis'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 27. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHIEL.

CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy all my pray'rs receive,
Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise ;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor men in wrath reject ;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

MORNING.—FIRST.

*Psalm 77. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7.*BISHOP THORPE.
[Or Bangor.]

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favour quite?
Are both his mercy and his truth
Retir'd to endless night?

Can his long-practis'd love forget
Its wonted aid to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?

I said, my weakness hints these fears,
But I'll my fears disband,
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

I'll call to mind his words of old,
The wonders of his might;
On them my heart shall meditate;
My tongue shall them recite.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 111. Verses 4, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

[Or St. Alban's.]

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
With private friends and in the throng
Of eaints his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord,

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 92. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD.

C. M.

WHITTON.

[Or St. James.]

How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high,
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify!

With every morning's early dawn,
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat!

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.

For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 25. Verses 1, 11, 14.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

Dr. MILLER.

[Or Newton.]

NEW MELODY.

To God in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Since mercy is the grace
 That most exalts thy fame,
 Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
 And so advance thy name.

For God to all his saints
 His sacred will imparts,
 And does his gracious cov'nant write
 In their obedient hearts.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 65. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

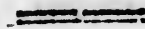
L. M.

For thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to our humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear;
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Dr. MILLER.

Our sins (though numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.



EVENING.

Psalm 130. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

DR. HOWARD.

[Or Westminster.]

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord:
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

1.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 79. Verses 8, 9, 13.

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Bedford.]

O THINK not on our former sins,
 But speedily prevent
 The utter ruin of thy saints,
 Who now, with grief repent.

Thou God of our salvation, help,
 And free our souls from blame:
 So shall our pardon and defence
 Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,
 Shall ever praise thy name;
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
 From age to age proclaim.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 103. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

THE Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace;
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.

God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part ;
And loves his punishments to guide,
More by his love than our desert.

As high as heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay ;
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

EVENING.

Psalm 94. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 12.

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Wallingford.]

BLEST is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise ;
And by thy sacred rules to walk,
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find,
In seasons of distress ;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take ;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done ;
And those that choose thy upright ways,
Shall in those paths go on.

HANDEL.

anks

se 8.

CAREY.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 40. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 5.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought ?
The treasures of thy love surmount.
The power of number, speech and thought.

I've learnt that thou hast not desir'd
Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
For man's transgressions to atone.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart ;
'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
Thy law is written in my heart.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of Glory ; see ; he comes,
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see! he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lords of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 81. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

WAKEFIELD. C. H. Dr. HEIGHINGTON.
[Or St. James.]

To God, our never-failing strength,
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raise;
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 98. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES.

C. M.

COURTVILLE

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
 Who wondrous things has done;
 With his right hand and holy arm
 The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the Heathens' sight.

Of Isr'el's house, his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been;
 Wide earth's remotest parts the power
 Of Isr'el's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Said to be HANDELS.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing;
 In our great Creator
 Let Isr'el rejoice;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
 Extol in the dance;
 With timbrel and harp
 His praises express;
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in heaven
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd
 To God in three Persons,
 One God ever blest;
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

 EVENING.

Psalm 93.

ST. MARGARET'S L. M. [Or *Rockingham*.]

With glory clad, with strength array'd
 The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne!
 Which shall no change or period see;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD.

C. M.

Dr. MILLER

[Or London.]

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &

When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight:
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light: With stars, &c.

What's man (say I), that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind? To them, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train;
 Ordain'd with dignity and state
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 4. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

BISHOP THORPE.

C. M.

JER. CLARK.

[Or Bangor.]

O LORD, thou art the righteous Judge,
 To my complaint give ear;
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

Consider, that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice :
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

While worldly minds impatient grow,
More prosp'rous time to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

EVENING.

Psalm 9. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.

LINCOLN.

C. M.

[Or Semplice.]

God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage ;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds till all the world
Confess no other God.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 5. Verses 1, 3, 7.

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Wallingford.]

LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 111. Verses 4, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

[Or St. Alban's.]

PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost power shall raise ;
 With private friends and in the throng
 Of saints his praise shall be my song.

His works for greatness though renown'd,
 His wondrous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim ;
 His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

HANDEL.

By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
To keep his wondrous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 12.

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

[Or Semplice.]

LET him who length of life desires,
And prosp'rous days would see,
From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free ;

The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue ;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And, where 'tis lost, renew..

The Lord from heav'n beholds the just
With favorable eyes ;
And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries.

MORNING.—FIRST.*Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.***EMANUEL.****L. M.****EMANUEL BACH.**

[Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

O RENDERS thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love !
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray,
 Who know what's right ; not only so,
 But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

MORNING.—SECOND.*Psalm 102. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 25.***LEEDS.****C. M.****DENBY.**

[Or Doncaster.]

THE strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid ;
 Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With wondrous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away;
And like a garment, often wore,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st the change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of the saints
Shall lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

EVENING.

Psalm 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN.

L. M.

Dr. BURNEY.

[Or Surry.]

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house the seat of wealth shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURGH. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
 [Or Surry.]

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell. My song, &c.
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain, [&c.
 Thy mercies shall for ever last. Thy mercies
 Thy truth, that does the heav'n's sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love [&c.
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe: Both
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 23. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

BRODSWORTH. C. M. Dr. ARNE.
 [Or Semplice.]

THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The shepherd by whose constant care
 My wants are all supplied.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

=====

EVENING.

Psalm 136. Verses 1, 2, 25.

3th PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To Him whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 116. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 5.

BISHOP THORPE.
[Or Bangor.]

C. M.

JEM. CLARK.

How just and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord,
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely aid afford!

Then free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love express.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secur'd,
And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service spend.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 66. Verses 1, 3, 5, and Gloria Patri.

ST. MAGNUS.
[Or St. Ans's.]

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

LET all the land with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honor of his name,
And spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou!
 To thy great power thy stubborn foes
 Shall all be forced to bow.

O come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wondrous judgment shown.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.



EVENING.

Psalm 113. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless;
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway;
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are;
 To Him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
 Let no created power compare.

MORNING.—FIRST.

*Psalm 47. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 5.*ST. MARGARET'S
[Or Rockingham.]

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

NEW MELODY.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy, and trumpet's sound :
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For Him who all the world commands ;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er Heathen lands.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

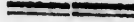
NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory ; see ! he comes,
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 The Lord for strength renown'd ;
 In battle mighty o'er his foes
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see! he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.



EVENING.

Psalm 117. And Gloria Patri.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M.B.

With cheerful notes let all the earth,
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 104. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

HANOVER.

L. H.

Said to be HANDEL'S.

BLESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord alone
 Possessest empire without bounds ;
 With honour thou art crown'd ; thy throne
 Eternal Majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
 And glory for a garment take ;
 Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
 Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
 His palace-chambers in the skies ;
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms
 The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
 His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd ;
 All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.

MORNING.—SECOND.

*Psalm 122. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*MANCHESTER.
[Or London.]

C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear
 Our tribes devoutly say,
 Up, Isr'el, to the temple haste,
 And keep your festal day !

At Salem's court we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs :
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r.

EVENING.

Psalm 133.

LINCOLN.

C. M.

[Or Semplice.]

How vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

True love is like that precious oil
Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew that does
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sibn's fruitful hill.

For God to all, whose friendly hearts
With mutual love abound,
Has firmly promis'd length of days,
With constant blessings crown'd.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 89.

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Bedford.]

FOR ever and for ever, Lord,
 Unchang'd thou dost remain;
 Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns
 Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
 Immoveable shall stand,
 As doth the earth which thou uphold'st
 By thy Almighty hand.

All things the course by thee ordain'd,
 E'en to this day fulfil;
 They are thy faithful subjects all,
 And servants of thy will.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 95. Verses 1, 2, 4, 6.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
 To thank him for his favors past;
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is, with unrivall'd glory, great;
 A King superior far to all,
 Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

[Or St. Alban's.]

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows :
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.

Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.

Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance ;
Let instruments of various string,
With organ's join'd, his praise advance.

Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise :
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 84. Verses 1, 2, 4.

ST. ANN'S.

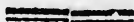
C. M.

DR. CROFT.

O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
 The brightness of thy face!

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King, and God!
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display!



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 9. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

WAKEFIELD.

C. M.

DR. HEIGHINGTON.

[Or Doncaster.]

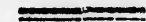
To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wondrous works declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasure bring ;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High !
Triumphant praise I sing.

CROFT.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.



EVENING.

Psalm 71. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 12.

LEEDS.

C. M.

DENBY.

[Or Bangor.]

IN thee I put my steadfast trust ;
Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
For righteous is thy name.

Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort ;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe :
Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free,
For from my earliest youth till now
My hope has been in thee.

Verse 1.

INGTON.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalms 5. Verses 1, 2, 7.

BRUNSWICK.

C. M.

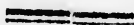
HANDEL.

[Or Wallingford.]

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalms 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.

HANOVER.

L. M.

HANDEL.

AWAKE my glory, harp, and lute ;
 No longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 148. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame ;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame :
Your voices raise,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came !
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

HANDEL.

e 8.

HANDEL.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 1. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES.

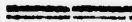
G. M.

COURTVILLE.

How blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk ;
 Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk ;

But makes the perfect law of God
 His business and delight ;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
 With timely fruit does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 97. Verses 1, 2, 12.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

Jehovah reigns ; let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record.
And with your faithful tongues confess.

EVENING.

*Psalm 86. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning
at Verse 11.*

ALVERSTOKE.

C. M.

DIBDIN.

[Or Doncaster.]

NEW MELODY.

TEACH me thy way, O Lord, and I
From truth shall ne'er depart :
In rev'ence to thy sacred name
Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord, my God ;
Praise thee with heart sincere ;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 18. Verses 1, 2, 3, 18.

OLD HUNDREDTH TUNE. L. M. MARTIN LUTHER.

No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe ;)
 So shall I by thy watchful care
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay ;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

MORNING.—SECOND.

*Psalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*SHEFFIELD. C. M. WHITTON.
[Or St. James.]

LET all the just to God with joy
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 For well the righteous it becomes
 To sing glad songs of praise.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet,
And new-made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

LUTHER.

For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

BURFORD. C. M. Said to be PURCELL'S.
[Or London.]

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

1.

HITTON.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my succour came.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNET.

[Or St. Alban's.]

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 92. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 3.

ST. MAGNUS.

C. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

[Or St. Ann's.]

To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd :

For through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

[Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love !
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last,

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray,
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me, that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways:
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand:
 O skill for human reach too high!
 'Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

O could I so perfidious be
 To think of once deserting thee!
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run?

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 105. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

Dr. WAINWRIGHT.

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name;
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His match deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wondrous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore ;
And where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 15. Verses 1, 2, 3, 7.

BRODSWORTH.

G. M.

Dr. ARNE.

[Or Semplice.]

LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair ;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
But to inhabit there ?

'Tis he whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves :

Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

The man who by this steady course
Has happiness ensur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 125. Verses 1, 2, 4.

YORK.

C. M.

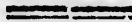
JOHN MILTON.

[Or Semplice.]

Who place in Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand;
 Like her immovable be fix'd,
 By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
 Jerusalem enclose;
 So stands the Lord around his saints,
 To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect;
 The heart that innocence retains,
 Let innocence protect.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

With one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed;
 We whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple-gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his name with praises bless:

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE. P. M. Said to be HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing ;
In our great Creator
Let Jer'el rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

MILTON.

LUTHER.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty with boundless height
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

EVENING.

Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 17.

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

[Or Semplice.]

Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I according to thy word
My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous things which they behold,
Who thy just precepts learn.

Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 90. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. MARY'S.

G. M.

RATHIEL.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
 Of us thy chosen race,
 From age to age thou still hast been
 Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
 Or th' earth and world didst frame.
 Thou always wert the mighty God,
 And ever art the same.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made;
 And when thou speak'st the word, Return—
 'Tis instantly obey'd.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
 Let earth, in one assembled throng,
 Her common Patron's praise resound.
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar:

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

BEDFORD.

G. M.

W. WHEALL, M.B.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs..

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 146. Verses 6, 7, 8, 10.

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDEL.

[Or Bedford.]

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,
 And all that they contain,
 Will never quit his steadfast truth.
 Nor make his promise vain.

The poor oppress'd, from all their wrong
 Are eas'd by his decree ;
 He gives the hungry needful food,
 And sets the pris'ners free.

By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears ;
 With kind regard and tender love
 He for the righteous cares.

The God that does in Sion dwell,
 Is our eternal King ;
 From age to age his reign endures,
 Let all his praises sing.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 95. Verses 1, 2, 3, 6.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

O come, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King ;
 For we our voices high should raise,
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past ;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,
Is, with unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all,
Whom, by his title, God we call.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees, devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

EVENING.

Psalm 117. And Gloria Patri.

ST. MAGNUS.

G. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

[Cr. London.]

With cheerful notes let all the earth,
To heaven their voices raise ;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay !
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 18. Verses 1, 2, 3, 18.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

[Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;
 For thou hast always been a rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God ;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r ;
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To thee I'll still address my pray'r,
 (To whom all praise we justly owe ;)
 So shall I by thy watchful care
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

His subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay ;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD.

C. M.

Dr. MILLER.

[Or London.]

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy name ! How glorious, &c.

When Heav'n thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light: With stars, &c.
 What's man (say I), that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind? To them, &c.
 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train;
 Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.
 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

=====

EVENING.

Psalm 111. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

[Or *St. Alban's*.]

PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost pow'r shall raise;
 With private friends and in the throng
 Of saints his praise shall be my song.
 His works for greatness though renown'd,
 His wondrous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.
 His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim:
 His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.
 By precepts he hath us enjoin'd
 To keep his wondrous works in mind,
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 169.

Sr. MARY'S.

O. M.

RATHIEL.

To my request and earnest cry,
 Attend, O gracious Lord;
 Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,
 According to thy word.

Let my repeated pray'r at last
 Before thy throne appear;
 According to thy plighted word,
 For my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return
 The tribute of their praise,
 When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
 And taught me thy just ways.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Said to be HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing;
 In our great Creator
 Let Is'el rejoice;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three Persons,
One God ever blest;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

=====

EVENING.

Psalm 115. Verses 1, 11, 14.

BRODSWORTH.
[Or Semplice.]

C. M.

DR. ARNE.

LORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred name,
Give glory for thy mercies sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear, rely;
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
Thrice happy you who favourites are
Of this Almighty King.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 130. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ALL SAINTS.

S. M.

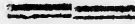
Dr. HOWARD.

[Or Westminster.]

FROM lowest depths of woe,
 To God I send my cry ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

Shouldst thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord :
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise :

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless :

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psalm 34. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. D.

THE hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 65. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 11.

KENT.

L. M.

George Green.

[Or Rockingham.]

Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown;
 And where thy glorious paths appear,
 The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green;
 The hills about in order rang'd
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful downs; the vallies bring
 A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song;
 Let earth, in one assembled throng,
 Her common Patron's praise resound.
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
And banish'd justice will restore ;
Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
Its loud applause the ocean roar :

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 11.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

Dr. MILLER.

[Or Newton.]

NEW MELODY.

WITHDRAW not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain ;
And let thy Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

MORNING—FIRST.

*Psalm 145. Verses 8, 9, 11.*BISHOP THORPE.
[Or Windsor.]

G. M.

JEREM. CLARK.

THE Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies ;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

Thy love through earth extends its flame,
To all thy works exprest ;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.

They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,
Their lofty subject make.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 98. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

SHEFFIELD.

G. M.

WHITTON.

[Or St. James.]

SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
Display'd his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the Heathens' sight.

Of Isr'el's house, his love and truth
Have ever mindful been ;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Isr'el's God have seen.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

EVENING.

Psaln 42. Verses 1, 2, 5.

BURFORD. c. M. Said to be PURCELL'S.
[Or Semplice.]

As pants the heart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul does pine :
O ! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 19. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
From darkest night's successive rounds
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'ful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH.

[Or Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray,
Who know what's right; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

EVENING.

Psalm 72. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 18.

ALVERSTOKE.

C. M.

DIBDIN.

[Or Doncaster.]

NEW MELODY.

O BLESS'D be God, the mighty Lord;
The God whom Is'el fears;
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.

Let earth be with his glory fill'd,
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 22. Verses 23, 24, 25, 27.

YORK.

C. M.

JOHN MILTON.

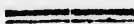
[Or Semplice.]

YE worshippers of Jacob's God,
 All you of Isr'el's line,
 O praise the Lord, and to your praise
 Sincere obedience join.

He ne'er disdain'd on low distress
 To cast a gracious eye,
 Nor turned from poverty his face,
 But hears its humble cry.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
 My cheerful thanks express,
 In presence of thy saints perform
 The vows of my distress.

Then shall the glad converted world
 To God their homage pay ;
 And scatter'd nations of the earth
 One sov'reign Lord obey.



MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 18.

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

[Or Bedford.]

'TIS God, who those that trust in him,
 Beholds with gracious eyes ;
 He frees their soul from death ; their want,
 In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits ;
Our help and shield is he ;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice
Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend ;
Since we for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

EVENING.

Psalm 9. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.

LINCOLN.

C. M.

[Or St. Ann's.]

God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage ;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

Sing praises therefore to the Lord,
From Sion his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds till all the world
Confess no other God.

MORNING.—FIRST.*Psalm 118. Verses 1, 3, 8.***ST. ANN'S.****C. M.****DR. CROFT.**

O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
 His mercies ne'er decay ;
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Isr'el say.

Their sense of his eternal love,
 Let Aaron's house express ;
 And that it never fails, let all
 That fear the Lord, confess.

For better 'tis to trust in God,
 And have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human power
 For safety to depend.

MORNING.—SECOND.

*Psalm 113. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning
 at Verse 1.*

PROPER TUNE.**P. M.****DR. MILLER.****NEW M'LODY.**

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless ;
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Due praise to his great name address.

God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are ;
To Him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself shall be no more.

EVENING.

Psalm 62. Verses 6, 7, 8, 11.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

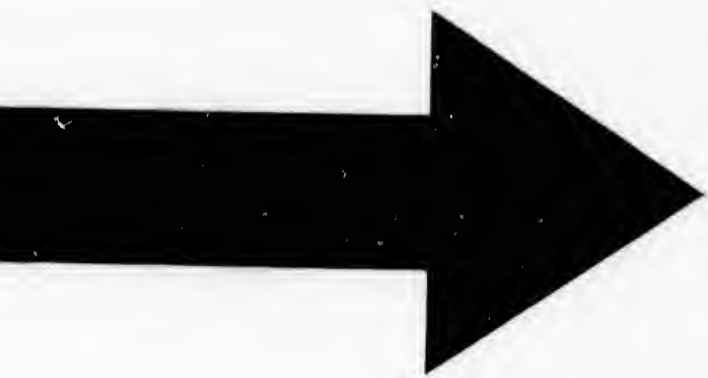
O THOU, my soul, on God rely,
On him alone thy trust repose ;
My rock and help will still supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

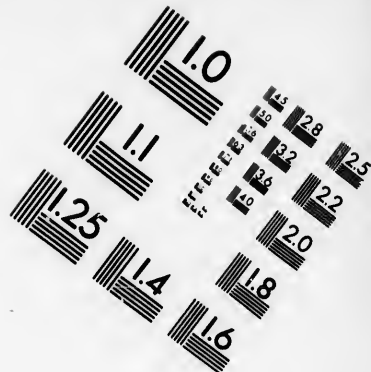
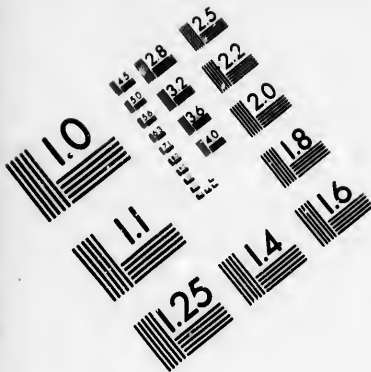
God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send ;
He is my fortress and defence,
On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,
Before his throne pour out your hearts
For God the merciful and just
His timely aid to us imparts.

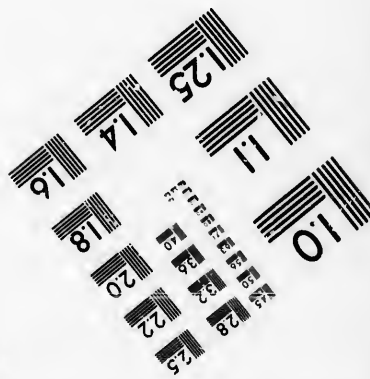
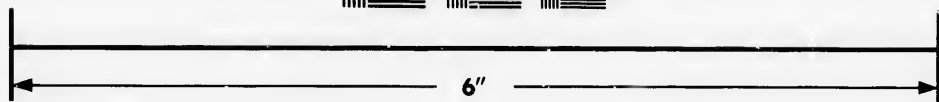
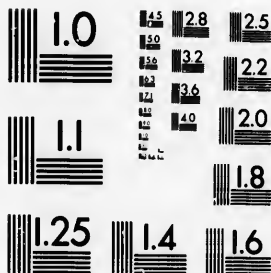
The Lord has oft his will express'd,
And I this truth have fully known,
To be of boundless power possess'd
Belongs of right to God alone.





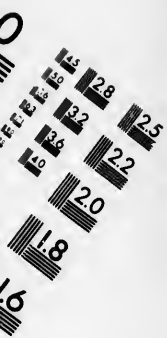


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MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

HATFIELD.

C. M.

DR. MILLER.

[Or London.]

NEW MELODY.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When Heav'n thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feeble light: With stars, &c.

What's man (say I), that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wondrous kind? To them, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train;
 Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
 O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 102. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 25.

LEEDS.

C. M.

DENBY.

[Or Bedford.]

THE strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid;
 Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With wondrous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And like a garment, often wore,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'st the change,
To thy command they bend ;
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

Thou to the children of the saints
Shalt lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

EVENING.

Psalm 16. Verses 8, 9, 10, 11.

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'ful voice.

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy holy one in death
The least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 112. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

LYNN.

L. M.

DR. BURNBY.

[Or St. Alban's.]

NEW MELODY.

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

148TH

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 145. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

LINCOLN.

C. M.

[Or St. Ann's.]

THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim:
This tribute daily will I bring,
And ever bless thy name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy majesty with boundless height
Above our knowledge rais'd.

BURNEY.

Renown'd for mighty acts thy fame
To future times extends;
From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express;
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

=====

EVENING.

Psalm 136. Verses 1, 2, 25.

148TH PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

To Him whose wondrous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay;
For God does prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

He does the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end. Shall, &c.

MORNING.—FIRST.

*Psalm 116. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 5.*BISHOP THORPE.
[Or Windfor.]

G. M.

JEREM. CLARK.

How just and merciful is God,
 How gracious is the Lord,
 Who saves the harmless, and to me
 Does timely aid afford!

Then free from pensive cares, my soul,
 Resume thy wonted rest;
 For God has wondrously to thee
 His bounteous love exprest.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
 My dangers and my fears;
 My feet from falling he secur'd,
 And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,
 Will I in praises to his name,
 And in his service spend.

MORNING.—SECOND.

*Psalm 66. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*ST. MAGNUS.
[Or St. James.]

G. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

LET all the land with shouts of joy
 To God their voices raise;
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou !
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess,
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

EVENING.

Psalm 57. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 3.

HANOVER.

L. M.

Said to be HANDEL'S.

AWAKE my glory, harp, and lute ;
No longer let your strings be mute ;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning nations round :
Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 5.

MESSIAH.

C. M.

HANDLL.

[Or Bedford.]

O THEN that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinc'd with joy that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill,
When, by thy righteous judgment taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 135. Verses 3, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. D.

[Or St. James.]

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 67. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

GALLWAY.

S. M.

DR. MILLER.

[Or Newton.]

To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine :

That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing,
Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

36 MORNING—FIRST.

Psalm 36. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENSCLIFF.

To my complaint, O Lord, my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distrest, and destitute
Of all relief but thine!

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

To me who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 139. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
O skill for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

O could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting thee !
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run ?

EVENING.

Psalm 119. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 132.

ST. MARY'S.

C. M.

RATHER.

With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest name adore.

Directed by thy heav'nly word,
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free,
From persecuting hands,
That unmolested I may learn,
And practise thy commands.

On me devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine ;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 89. Verses 1, 2, 5.

MECKLENBURGH. E. H. EMANUEL BACH.
[Or Surry.]

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell: My song, &c.
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
Thy mercies shall for ever last: Thy mercies, &c.
Thy truth, that does the heav'n's sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love
Both heav'n and earth just praises owe: Both, &c.
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE. F. H. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wenders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore;
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar:

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 With justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 125. Verses 1, 11, 14.

YORK.

[Or Semplice.]

125 e. m.

JOHN MILTON.

FATHER TO THE GREAT POET.

Who place in Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's rock shall stand;
 Like her immovable be fix'd,
 By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
 Jerusalem enclose;
 So stands the Lord around his saints,
 To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
 Who righteous deeds affect;
 The heart that innocence retains,
 Let innocence protect.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 119. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 17.

ST. DAVID'S.

C. M.

RAVENS-CROFT.

[Or Bangor.]

Trench of St. Paul's.
 BE gracious to thy servant, Lord,
 Do thou my life defend,
 That I according to thy word
 My time to come may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
 That so I may discern
 The wondrous things which they behold,
 Who thy just precepts learn.

Though, like a stranger in the land,
 From place to place I stray,
 Thy righteous judgments from my sight
 Remove not thou away.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 100.

PROPER TUNE.

L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed
 We whom he chooses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple-gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless :

For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever true ;
His truth which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

EVENING.

Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verses 1.

EMANUEL. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
[Or Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

A. Hanson or Job.
O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love !
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray,
Who know what's right ; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 23. Verses 1, 3, 4, 6.

BRODSWORTH.

C. M.

Dr. ARNE.

[Or *Semplice.*]

M. Stephens
 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my guide;
 The shepherd by whose constant care
 My wants are all supplied.

He does my wandering soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk
 In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
 From fear and danger free;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.

Since God does thus his wondrous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 108. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

WAKEFIELD.

C. M.

Dr. HEIGHINGTON.

[Or *St. Ann's.*]

Dr. Ford
 O God my heart is fully bent
 To magnify thy name;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 Shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
 Thy warbling notes delay,
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy
 Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell:

Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

EVENING.

Psalm 8. Verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 9.

SURREY.

L. M.

CAREY.

NEW MELODY.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

When Heav'n thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light: With stars, &c.

What's man (say I), that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his off-spring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind? To them, &c.

Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign. O'er all, &c.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name! How glorious, &c.

MORNING.—FIRST.*Psalm 33. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 8.*

ST. JAMES'S.

C. M.

COURTVILLE.

LET earth, and all that dwell therein,
 Before him trembling stand;
 For when he spake the word 'twas made,
 'Twas fixt at his command.

He, when the heathens closely plot,
 Their counsels undermines;
 His wisdom ineffectual makes
 The people's rash designs.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
 Shall stand for ever sure;
 The settled purpose of his heart,
 To ages shall endure.

Psalm
PROPE**MORNING.—SECOND.***Psalm 148. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.*

PROPER RUNE.

P. M.

DR. MILLER.

YE boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame:
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim
 And Seraphim,
 To sing his praise. To sing, &c.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay:
 His praise declare,
 Ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air. In liquid, &c.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came !
And all shall last
From changes free ;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast. Stands ever, &c.

EVENING.

Psalm 149. Verses 2, and Gloria Patri, beginning at Verse 1.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Said to be HANDEL'S.

O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing ;
In our great Creator
Let Isr'el rejoice ;
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name
Extol in the dance ;
With timbrel and harp
His praises express ;
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance ;
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

GLORIA PATRI.

By angels in heaven
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd
To God in three Persons
One God ever blest ;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 36. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 7.

MECKLENBURGH. L. M. EMANUEL BACH.
 [Or Rockingham.]

SINCE of thy goodeess all partake,
 With what assurance should the just; With, &c.
 Thy shelt'ring wing their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust !

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

With thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal day; Thy presence, &c.
 O let thy saints thy favour gain,
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

 MORNING.—SECOND.
Psalm 24. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 7, and repeated.

DONCASTER. C. M. DR. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

ERECT your heads eternal gates,
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of Glory; see ! he comes,
 With his celestial train.

Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 The Lord for strength renown'd ;
 In battle mighty o'er his foes,
 Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of Glory; see! he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of Glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renown'd:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

EVENING.

Psalm 80. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ALVERSTOKE.
[Or Bangor.]

C. H.

D. BDIN.

NEW MELODY.

I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy pow'r employ,
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

In my distress I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve;
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 106. Verses 4, beginning at Verses 1.

EMANUEL.

L. M.

EMANUEL BACH:

[Or Angels Hymn.]

NEW MELODY.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love!
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray,
Who know what's right; not only so,
But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 117. And Gloria Patri.

ST. MAGNUS.

G. M.

JEREMIAH CLARK.

[Or London.]

With cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

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God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

GLORIA PATRI.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

EVENING.

Psalm 150.

SUFFOLK.

L. M.

BRENTBANK.

[Or St. Alban's.]

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.
Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance;
Let instruments of various string,
With organs join'd, his praise advance.
Let them who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise:
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

FESTIVALS and FASTS.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 2. Verses 7, 8, 10.

BEDFORD.

C. M.

W. WHEALL, M. D.

ATTEND, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree;
Thou art my Son, this day, my heir,
Have I begotten thee.

Ask and receive thy full demands:
Thine shall the heathen be;
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.

Learn then, ye princes, and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth:
Worship the Lord with holy fear.
Rejoice with awful mirth.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 96. Verses 1, 10, 12.

PROPER TUNE.

P. M.

Dr. MILLER.

NEW MELODY.

SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound.
Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore;
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar:

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for their triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring;
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
 Who now sets out with awful state,
 His circuit through the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
 th justice to reward and doom.

EVENING.

Psalm 85. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

MANCHESTER.

C. M.

DR. WAINWRIGHT.

[Or Semplice.]

NEW MELODY.

Lord, thou hast granted to thy land
 The favours we implor'd,
 And faithful Jacob's captive race
 Has graciously restor'd.

Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
 And all their guilt defac'd;
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
 Nor thy fierce anger last.

O God our Saviour, all our hearts
 To thy obedience turn;
 That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
 Thy wrath no more may burn.

Psalm 51. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 1.

GALLWAY.

B. M.

DR. MILLER.

[Or Westminster.]

NEW MELODY.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime and see
How great my guilt has been.
Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd; and, though condemn'd,
Must own thy judgments right.

GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.—FIRST.

Psalm 35. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 11.

WINDSOR.

C. M.

RAVENSCROFT.

FALSE witnesses with forg'd complaints
Against my truth combin'd,
And to my charge such things they laid,
As I had ne'er design'd.
The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserv'd,
My harmless life invade.

MORNING.—SECOND.

Psalm 18. Verses 4, 6, 7, 15.

KENT.

L. M.

George Green.

[Angel's Hymn.]

By floods of wicked men distress'd,
With deadly sorrow compass'd round,
With dire infernal pains oppress'd,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

To Heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan:
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

When God arose to take my part,
 The conscious earth did quake for fear;
 From their firm posts the hills did start,
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

The deep its secret stores disclos'd,
 The world's foundation naked lay,
 By his avenging wrath expos'd,
 Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.



EVENING.

Psalm 42. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 9.

BRUNSWICK.

C. H.

HANDEL.

[Or Wallingford.]

God of my strength, how long shall I
 Like one forgotten mourn,
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressor's scorn?

My heart is pierc'd as with a sword,
 Whilst thus my foes upbraid,
 Vain boaster, where is now thy God,
 And where his promis'd aid?

Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Psalm 47. Verses 2, beginning at Verse 5.

ST. MARGARET'S.

L. M.

DR. BURNEY.

[Or St. Alban's.]

NEW MELODY.

God is gone up, our Lord and King,
 With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound :
 To him repeated praises sing,
 And let the cheerful song go round.
 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
 For Him who all the world commands ;
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,
 And spreads his sway o'er Heathen lands.

THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

Psalm 94. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 20.

BURFORD.

C. M.

Said to be PURCELL'S.

[Or Wallingford.]

WILT thou, who art a God most just,
 Their sinful ways sustain,
 Who make thy law a fair pretence
 Their wicked ends to gain ?

Against the lives of righteous men
 They form their close design ;
 And blood of innocence to spill,
 In soleinn league combine.

But my defence is firmly plac'd
 In God the Lord most high ;
 He is my rock, to which I may
 For refuge always fly.

The Lord shall cause their ill designs
 On their own heads to fall ;
 He in their sins shall cut them off,
 Our God shall slay them all.

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Psalm 107. Verses 4, beginning at Verse 1.

ROCKINGHAM.

L. M.

To God your grateful voices raise,
 Who does your daily patron prove;
 And let your never-ceasing praise
 Attend on his eternal love.

Let those give thanks whom he from bands
 Of proud oppressing foes releas'd;
 And brought them back from distant lands,
 From north and south, and west and east.

Through lonely desert ways they went,
 Nor could a peopled city find;
 Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,
 Their fainting souls within them pin'd.

Then soon to God's indulgent ear
 Did they their mournful cry address;
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,
 And freed them from their deep distress.

FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

Psalm 66. Verses 3, beginning at Verse 3

LIN. LN.

G. M.

[Or Semplice.]

O ALL ye nations! bless our God,
 And loudly speak his praise;
 Who keeps our souls alive, and still
 Confirms our stedfast ways.

For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire
 Does try the precious ore;
 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
 Oppressing burdens bore.

Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
 Through fire and water chase;
 But yet at last thou brought'st us forth
 Into a wealthy place.

APPENDIX.

As the words of the Hundreth Psalm, and the Ninth and Tenth Verses of the Eighteenth Psalm, Old Version, have many Admirers, they are here inserted, and may be sung at pleasure.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell ;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make ;
We are his flock he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why ? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Part of the Eighteenth Psalm, Old Version.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high ;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty wind
Came flying all abroad.

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The following Versification of the Hundred-and-fourth Psalm, by the Rev. Dr. Vincent, may be sung to the proper Tune of the Hundred-and-Forty-ninth of Brady and Tate's Version.

I.

BLESS God, O my soul,
Rejoice in his name ;
O Lord, let my voice
Thy greatness proclaim ;
Surpassing in honour,
Dominion, and might,
Thy throne is the heav'n,
Thy robe is the light.

II.

The sky we behold,
A curtain display'd ;
The chambers of heav'n
On waters are laid.
The clouds are a chariot
Thy glory to bear,
On wings thou art waded,
Thou ridest on air.

III.

As rapid as fire,
The angels on high
Convey thy commands ;
Thy ministers fly.
The earth on its basis
Eternal sustain'd,
Is fix'd in the station
Thy wisdom ordain'd.

IV.

The world when at first
From chaos compos'd,
Was void, without form,
In waters enclos'd ;

The voice of thy chiding,
Thy thunder, was heard,
The waters subsided,
The mountains appear'd.

V.

Thy Providence fix'd
The stream and its source ;
The sea knows its bounds,
The rivers their course ;
Convey'd through dark con-
duits,
Springs rise on the hills,
They burst on the fountains,
They fall on the rills.

VI.

The beasts of the world
Their forests forsake,
The herds quit the field,
To drink of the lake ;
Ontrees crown'd with verdure
Its margin along,
Birds, warbling sweet music,
Praise God in their song.

VII.

Descending on hills,
Clouds plenteousness pour,
All nature revives,
Earth smiles in the show'r ;
A garment of verdure
Apparels the plain,
Fruits swell in the garden,
Fields wave with their grain.

VIII.

With moisture refresh'd,
 The vine yields iis fruit;
 'Tis balm to our hearts,
 To health a recruit;
 With transport we gather
 The richness of oil:
 'Tis strength to our body,
 Support to our toil.

IX.

The trees full of sap
 With joy rear their head;
 The cedars their boughs
 O'er Libanus spread:
 Secure in their covert
 The bird flies for rest;
 She sings on the branches,
 She broods on her nest.

X.

The pine yields a home,
 The stork to secure;
 The goat on his crag
 Defies his pursuer.
 E'en creatures, too feeble
 Themselves to defend,
 On caves and concealment
 For safety depend.

XI.

The moon by thy law
 Increases and wanes;
 The Sun keeps the course
 Thy wisdom ordains;
 He fers, and the lion
 Roams wide for his prey,
 But flies to his cavern
 When morn brings the day.

XII.

The man with the sun
 His labour renews;
 Till evening arrives,
 That labour pursues.
 Such, Lord, is the wisdom
 Thy works all proclaim;
 Let earth, crown'd with
 riches,
 Rejoice in thy name.

XIII.

Not here only, Lord,
 Thy might we adore,
 The sea feels thy hand,
 Th' abyfs owns thy pow'r;
 There tribes without number,
 Thy creatures, resort;
 Leviathan gambols,
 And whales take their sport.

XIV.

There ships spread their sails
 The surface to sweep;
 The fish nimbly glide,
 Conceal'd in the deep;
 They all know their season
 As seasons arise,
 And tribes which thy bounty
 Has made it supplies,

XV.

Thy will and thy word
 Endues them with breath;
 Consum'd by thy blast,
 They shrink into death;
 Restor'd at thy pleasure,
 New beings repair
 To people the waters,
 The earth, and the air.

XVI.

Rejoice then, O Lord,
 In glory secure ;
 The works thou hast made
 Through ages endure ;
 Yet aw'd by thy presence,
 When thou drawest near,
 Smoke bursts from the moun-
 tains.
 Earth trembles with fear.

XVII.

Thus, Lord, let me sing,
 Thy glory to raise,
 Delightful the strain
 When tun'd to thy praise.
 The vile have their sufferings.
 The just their reward ;
 Bless God, O my spirit,
 O praise ye the Lord !

*Version of Part of the Third Chapter of the Wisdom
 of Solomon, proper to be sung at Funerals.*

The Words by the Rev. Geo. Hay Drummond.

NEW MELODY, BY DR. MILLER.

THE righteous souls that take their flight
 Far from this world of pain,
 In God's paternal bosom blest,
 For ever shall remain.

To minds unwise they seem to die,
 All joyful hope to cease ;
 Whilst they, secur'd by faith, repose
 In everlasting peace.

For at the great, the awful day,
 When Christ descends from high,
 With myriads of angelic saints
 They'll meet him in the sky.

Their God, their Judge, their mighty Lord,
 Shall pour redeeming grace,
 And call them ever to behold
 The brightness of his face.

PSALM XXIII.

By MR. ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant.
To fertile vales and dewy meade,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread
With gloomy horrors overspread :
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord ! art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

H Y M N S.

*And when they had sung an Hymn, they went out into
the mount of Olives.* **MATT. xxvi. 80.**

MORNING.

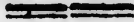
AWARE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

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

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

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole Glory may unite.

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.



EVENING.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light ;
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Under thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills which I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and thee
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Should death itself my sleep invade,
 Why should I be of death afraid ?
 Protected by thy saving arm,
 Though he may strike, he cannot harm.

For death is life, and labour rest,
 If with thy gracious presence blest ;
 Then welcome sleep or death to me,
 I'm still secure, for still with thee.

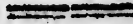
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

FOR ADVENT.

He comes, he comes, the Judge severe,
'The seventh trumpet speaks him near ;
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own ;
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

The Father praise, the Son adore,
The Spirit bless, for evermore ;
Salvation's glorious work is done,
We welcome Thee, great Three in One.

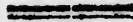
**FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.**

REJOICE, the promis'd Saviour's come !
Him shall the blind behold !
The deaf shall hear ! and by the dumb
His wondrous works be told !

The weary nations shall have rest,
The rage of war shall cease,
The earth with innocence be blest,
And plenty dwell with peace.

Light from its sacred source shall spread
 O'er all tis saving beams ;
 In pastures fair shall all be fed,
 All drink of comfort's streams.

Sweet as the breeze on Carmel's brow,
 The waste shall shed perfume :
 There lilies spring, and violets grow,
 And Sharon's rose shall bloom.
 Rejoice, &c.



ANOTHER FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus's name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
 Who feel your sin and thrall,
 Now joy, with all the host above,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all Majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

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FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

BY BISHOP LOWTH.

Lo ! the black deed, the glorious sun hath driv'n
 To blot the day, and shroud the light of heav'n :
 Earth trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
 And rending rocks upbraid man's stubborn heart.

Fix'd to the cross, behold the Saviour bound,
 While copious mercy streams from ev'ry wound ;
 Mark the big drops that, life exhausting, roll,
 And the strong pang that rends his suff'ring soul.

Yet he who dies, in judgment man shall see,
 Rob'd in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
 Ride on the clouds ; and as his chariot flies,
 Behold his radiance streaming through the skies.

Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
 And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow ;
 The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
 And man's whole labours now shall be no more.

 AN EASTER HYMN.

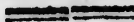
Now is Christ risen from the dead !
 Captivity is captive led !
 For us the victory is gain'd,
 For us eternal life obtain'd. Hallelujah !

Triumphant o'er the powers below,
 O'er sin, the source of all our woe,
 Through death's dark vale, He smooth'd our way
 To realms of everlasting day. Hallelujah !

Who shall presume to charge with guilt,
 The man, for whom Christ's blood was spilt?
 For man, He came from heaven to die,
 And him He rose to justify. Hallelujah!

Vain were our faith, our hopes were vain,
 If Jesus were not ris'n again.
 We have God's promise, and we trust
 He will to glory raise the just. Hallelujah!

When the last trump is heard on high,
 And shouts of angels rend the sky,
 The dead in Christ shall rise and sing
 Loud praises to our God and King. Hallelujah!



FOR EASTER SUNDAY.

Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day, Hallelujah!
 Our triumphant holy-day; Hallelujah!
 Who so lately on the cross, Hallelujah!
 Suffered to redeem our loss, Hallelujah!

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

But the anguish he endur'd, Hallelujah!
 Our salvation hath procur'd, Hallelujah!
 Now he reigns above the sky, Hallelujah!
 Where the angels ever cry, Hallelujah!

FOR ASCENSION DAY.

Far above yon glorious ceiling
Of the azure vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
To the splendid troops on high.

Most seraphic humbly bowing,
At his footstool prostrate fall ;
Saints and angels all avowing
God in Christ their all in all.

Could we leave our foolish dreaming,
Of a fancied heav'n below ;
And behold Christ's glory beaming,
How our souls would long to go !

Earth by us would then be spurned,
All its vanities subside ;
Fuel fitting to be burned,
Are its honours, pleasure, pride.

We should from this day be waiting,
When the full reward is giv'n ;
When his glorious work completing,
Jesus takes his church to heav'n,

Pure from every stain of nature
Here in holiness to shine ;
Modell'd like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

FOR WHIT SUNDAY.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
Shed thy blest influence from above,
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In ev'ry clime, in ev'ry tongue,
 Be God's eternal praises sung ;
 Through all the list'ning earth be taught
 The acts our great redeemer wrought.

Unfailing comfort, heav'nly guide,
 Over thy favour'd church preside ;
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

Bless'd be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joy above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
 From whose dear wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood,
 Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
 Makes springs of heav'nly graces rise,
 And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore ;
 That sea of life and love unknown,
 Without a bottom, or a shore.

FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports the steady pole :
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

Seasons renew'd, and years and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise :
 Still be the grateful homage paid
 With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

And may we, with harmonious tongue,
 In realms unknown pursue the song :
 There, in those brighter courts adore,
 Where days and years revolve no more.
 Hallelujah, Amen.

Luther's Hymns.

FOR THE SACRAMENT.

My God ! and is thy table spread,
 And doth thy cup with love o'erflow ?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy sweetness know.

Hail ! sacred feast which Jesus makes ;
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food !

Why are its dainties all in vain—
 Before unwilling hearts display'd !
 Was not for you the victim slain ?
 Are you forbid the childrens' bread ?

O ! let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
 And may each soul salvation see
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
 With hearts inflam'd let all attend :
 Nor when we leave our Father's board,
 The pleasure or the profit end.

ANOTHER FOR THE SACRAMENT.

THOU Lamb of God ! whose bleeding love
 We thus recal to mind,
 Answer thy servants from above,
 And let us mercy find.

By all thine agonizing pain
 And bloody sweat we pray,
 And by thy dying love to man—
 O, take our sins away !

O, let thy blood, by faith apply'd,
 The sinner's pardon seal !
 Pronounce us freely justify'd,
 And all our sickness heal.

Think upon us, who think on thee ;
 Our wearied souls release :
 Burst ev'ry bond, and set us free :
 And bid us go in peace !

HYMN FOR SUNDAY MORNING.

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest ;
 The day which God hath sanctified and bless'd,
 Commanding us to cease from toil and care,
 And give one weekly day to praise and prayer.

While foolish Men, presuming to be wise,
 This high and holy Ordinance despise ;
 Let us, with thankful heart and voice sublime,
 Devote to piety the hallow'd time.

So shall the God of Mercy pleas'd receive
 This only tribute man has power to give ;
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Glory to God on High, to Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost, eternal Three in One.
 Be here address'd by hearts prepar'd to join
 The Host of Seraphim in Songs divine.

BEFORE SERVICE.

WHILE health, and strength, and youth remain,
 And pleasure flows uncheck'd by pain ;
 May I, O Lord ! my soul prepare
 By faith, by penitence, and prayer.

So, when the snares of sin are spread
 Around my unsuspecting head,
 Thy grace shall Satan's power control,
 And from temptation guard my soul.

So, when the cares of life molest,
 And rob my doubting mind of rest ;
 Thy word shall bid the tempest cease,
 And calm my anxious breast to peace.

So, when my youth and strength decay,
 And life's gay vision fleets away ;
 Eternal bliss my soul shall prove
 In realms of everlasting love.

HYMN FOR SUNDAY EVENING.

Now, ere the fleeting hour is past away,
 And Night succeeds this consecrated day,
 Let us resume our holy rites, and raise
 An Evening Sacrifice of prayer and praise.

And from this holy place when we retire,
 Let pious meditation fan the fire
 Of thanks to Him, who gave the Word of Truth
 Our age to animate and guide our youth.

So may we hope our gracious God will bless
 Our needful labours here with meet success,
 And, when our days of weekly rest are past,
 Give us eternally to rest at last.

Glory to God on High, to Father, Son,
 And Holy Ghost, eternal Three in One,
 Be here address'd by hearts prepared to join
 The Host of Seraphim in Songs divine.

 HYMN FROM PSALM XIX.

By MR. ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their Great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What! though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What! though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

In reason's ear, they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN FROM PSALM CXLVIII.

BY DR. HAYDYN.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him;
Praise him angels in the height;
Sun and moon rejoice before him,
Praise him all ye stars and light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obey'd:
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance hath he made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fall;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power proclaim:
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name.

HYMN.

BY MR. GREEN.

THOU Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this, that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
 To hide the fault I see,
 That mercy I to others show,
 That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by thy breath;
 O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

To thee, whose temple is all space,
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

HYMN.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys!
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd;
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide their works no more;
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
But O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Hallelujah, Amen.

The Italics shew the old system of chanting, i. e. putting words to music instead of music to words. Music should be put to words and not words to music. J. S. Lee.

INSTRUCTIONS
FOR
CHAUNTING THE HYMNS,

As appointed to be sung or said in the celebration of
Divine Service, at MORNING and EVENING
PRAYER.

The words in Roman characters, are to be sung to the first note of each part of the Chant.—The syllables in Italics, are to be sung to the cadence notes, which are invariably THREE, at the end of the first part—and FIVE at the close.]

VENITE EXULTEMUS DOMING.

O COME, let us sing un-to - the - Lord : let us heartily rejoice in the strength - of - our - sal - vation.

Let us come before his presence with - thanks - giving ; and shew ourselves - glad - in - Him - with - Psalms.

For the Lord is - a - Great - God ; and a great King - a - bove - all - Gods.

In His hands are all the corners - of - the - earth : and the strength of the - hills - is - His - al - so.

The Sea is His, and - He - made - it : and His hand pre - pa - red - the - dry - land.

O come, let us Worship - and - fall - down : and kneel be - fore - the - Lord - our - Maker.

For he is the - Lord - our - God : and we are the People of His pasture and - the - sheep - of - his - hand.

To - day if ye will hear His - voice, harden - not - your - hearts : as in the provocation, and as in the day of temptation, - in - the - wil - der - ness.

When your fathers - temp - ted - me ; proved - me - and - saw - my - works.

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Forty years long was I grieved with this generation - and - said ; it is a People that do err in their hearts, for they - have - not - known - My - ways.

Unto whom I swear - in - my - wrath : that they should not enter - in-to - my - rest.

Glory be to the Father, and - to - the - Son, and - to - the - Ho-ly - Ghost.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever - shall - be ; world - without - end - A-men.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

We praise-thee, - O - God : we acknowledge-thee - to - be - the - Lord.

All the earth doth-wor-ship - thee : the-Fa-ther - e-ver-lasting.

To thee all Angels-cry - a-loud : the Heavens and - all - the - powers - there-in

To thee Cherubin and-Se-ra-phin : con-tin-u-ally - do - cry,

Holy, Ho-ly - Ho-ly : Lord-God - of - Sa-ba-oth ; Heaven and Earth are full of the-Majesty : of thy Glo-ry.

The Glorious company of the-A-postles - pra-ise - thee.

The goodly fellowship of-the - Pro-phets : pra-ise - thee.

The noble Army-of - Mar-tyrs : pra-ise - thee.

The Holy Church throughout all - the - World ; doth ac-know-ledge - thee.

The Father : of an infi-nite - Ma-jes-ty ;

Thine hono-ra-ble, - true : and on-ly - Son ;

Also the-Ho-ly - Ghost ; The - com-fort-er.

Thou art the King-of - glo-ry : O - Christ.

Thou art the ever-lasting - Son ; of - the - Fa-ther.

When thou tookest upon thee to de-li-ver - Man : thou didst not ab-hor - the - Vir-gin's - womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharp-ness - of - death : thou didst open the Kingdom of Hea-ven-ta - all - be-lie-vers.

Thou sittest at the right-hand - of - God : in the
Glo-ry - of - the - Father.

We beleeve that-thou - shalt - come : to-be - to - be -
our - judge.

We therefore pray thee, help-thy - ser-vants: whom
thou hast redeemed-with - thy - pre-cious - blood.

Make them to be numbered-with - thy - Saints :
in-glo-ry - e-ver-lasting.

O Lord, save - thy - people : and-bless - thine - he-
ri-tage

Go-v-ern - them : and-lift - them - up - for - ever.

Day - by - day : we - mag-ni-fy - thee :

And we wor-ship - thy - name : e-ver - world - with-
out - end.

Vouch-safe - O - Lord : to keep us-this - day - with-
out - sin.

O Lord have mercy-up-on - us : have mer-cy - up-
on - us.

O Lord let thy mercy lighten-up-on - us : as-our -
trust - is - in - thee.

O Lord in thee have-I - trust-ed : let me ne-ver -
be - con-found-ed.

JUBILATE DEO.

O be joyful in the Lord-all - ye - londs : serve the
Lord with gladness and come before his-pre-sence -
with - a - song :

Be ye sure that the Lord he is God, it is he that
hath made us and not we - our-selves : we are his
people and the-sheep - of - his - pas-ture.

O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving,
and into his-courts - with - praise : be thankful unto
him and-speak - good - of - his - name.

For the Lord is gracious, his mercy is - e-ver-last-
ing : and his truth endureth from genera-tion-to-ge-
ne-ration.

Glory be to the Father and - to - the - Son, and-to -
the - Holy - Ghost ;

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As it was in the beginning, is now, and e-ver -
skull-be ; world-with-out - end . • A-men.

Reponses to the Commandments.

Lord have mercy-up-on - us, and incline our-hearts -
to - keep - this - Law.

Lord have mercy up-on - us, and write all these
thy Laws in our-hearts - we - be-seech - thee.



SANCTUS—For Sacrament Days.

Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God Almighty ; who
was, and is, and is-to come.—Who shall not glorify
thy name ? For thou only art holy : Thou only art
the Lord.—Amen.



EVENING SERVICE.

MAGNIFICAT.

My soul doth magni-fy - the - Lord : and my spirit
hath rejoiced in-God - my - Sa-vi-our.

For he hath-re-gar-ded : the lowliness-of - his -
hand-mai-d-en.

For behold - fram - hence-forth : all generations-
shall - call - me - bles-sed.

For he that is mighty hath mag-ni-fied - me : and-
ho-ly - is - his - name.

And his mercy is on them-that - fear - him : through-
out-all-ge-ne-ra-tions.

He hath shewed strength - with - his - arm : he
hath scattered the proud in the imagi-na-tion - of -
their - hearts.

He hath put down the mighty - *from - their - seat :*
and hath exalted - *the - hum-ble - and - meek .*

He hath filled the hungry - *with - good - things :*
and the rich he hath - *sent - empty - a way .*

He remembering his mercy hath holpen his - *ser-*
vant - Israel : as he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and - *his - seed - for - e-ver .*

Glory be to the Father and - *to - the - Son :* and -
to - the - Ho-ly - Ghost .

As it was in the beginning, is now, and e-ver -
shall - be : world - with-out - end - A-men .

NUNC DIMITTIS.

Lord now lettest thou thy Servant de-part - *in -*
peace : ac-cord-ing - to - thy - word .

For mine eyes have - *seen : thy - Sa-l-va-ti-on ,*

Which thou hast - *pre-pa-red : before the face - of -*
all - Peo-ple .

To be a light to lighten - *the - Gen-tiles :* and to be
the glory - *of - thy - Peo-ple - Israel .*

Glory be to the Father and - *to - the - Son :* and -
to - the - Ho-ly - Ghost .

As it was in the beginning, is now, and e-ver -
shall - be : world - with-out - end - A-men .

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