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Glory and Honour be to thee





Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call,
Return, ye weary Wand'rers home
And find my Grace reachd out to all.

See, from the Rock a Fountan rise.

For you in healing Streams it rolls;

Money 've need not bring, nor Price,

Ye lab'ring burthen'd, Sin-sick Souls.

4

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;

Leave all you have, and are, behind;

Frankly the Gift of God receive,

Pardon, and Peace, in Jesus find.





Thus, Lord, while we remember Thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By Hymns of Praise we learn to be,
Triumphant here below.

3

On this glad Day a brighter Scene,
Of Glory was display'd,
By God, th'eternal Word, than when
This Universe was made.

4

He rises, who Mankind hath bought
With Grief and Pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the World from Nought'Twas greater to redeem!





Eternal Lord, Almighty King

All Heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring!

Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,

Devils with force, and Men with Love!

3

To purge our Sins, Christ shed his Blood,
He dy'd to bring us near to God:
Let all the World fall down and know,
That none but God such Love could show.





A thousand Ages in thy Sight
Are as an Evining gone
Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the rising Sun.

3

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood, With all their Cares and Fears, Are carry'd downward by the Flood, And lost in foll'wing Years.





(2)

Go to the Ants for one poor Grain, See how they toil and strive; Yet we who have Heav'n t' obtain, How negligent we live.

(3)

We for whom God the Son came down, And labour'd for our Good; How careless to secure that Crown, He purchas'd with his Blood.

(4)

Lord shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts;
Come Lord thy gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts.

(5)

Give us with active Warmth to move, With vig'rous Souls to rise; With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love, To fly and take the Prize.





Tend'rest Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee, and die:
Weak as helpless Infancy
O confirm my Soul in Thee.

.3

Unsustain'd by Thee I fall, Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruised Reed,
Help I every Moment need.

4

All my Hopes on thee depend, Love me! save me to the End! Give me the continuing Grace Take the everlasting Praise.





A Country I've found,
Where true joys abound:
To dwell I'm determin'd
On that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe,
In Paradise live
And me in that Number
Will Jesus receive.

1.

My Soul don't delay,

He calls thee away;

Rise, follow thy Saviour,

And bless the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know

What He can bestow,

What Light, Strength, & Comfort;

Go after Him, go.

And when I'm to die,

Receive me, I'll cry,

For Jesus hath lov'd me,

I cannot say why.

And now I'm in Care

My Neighbours may share

These Blessings: To seek them

Will none of you dare.

In Bondage O why!

And Death will you lie,
When One here assures you
Free Grace is so nigh









(2)

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God; But Children of the heav'nly King Will speak their joys abroad.

(3)

The Men of Grace have found Glory begun below;
Celestial Fruits, on earthly Ground.
From Faith and Hope may grow.

(4)1

The Hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,

Before we reach the heavinly Fields
Or walk the gelden Streets.

(5)

Then let our Songs abound.

And every Tear be dry

We're marching thro Immanuel's Ground

To fairer Worlds on high.





Who in Jesus confide, They are bold to outride The Storms of Affliction beneath: With the Prophet they soar To that heavinly Shore,

By Faith we are come To our permanent Home, By Hope we the Rapture improve: By Love we still rise, And look down on the Skies For the Heav'n of Heavens is Love!

Who on Earth can conceive How happy we live In the City of God the great King! What a Concert of Praise, When our Jesus's Grace, And outfly all the Arrows of Death. The whole heavenly Company sing.

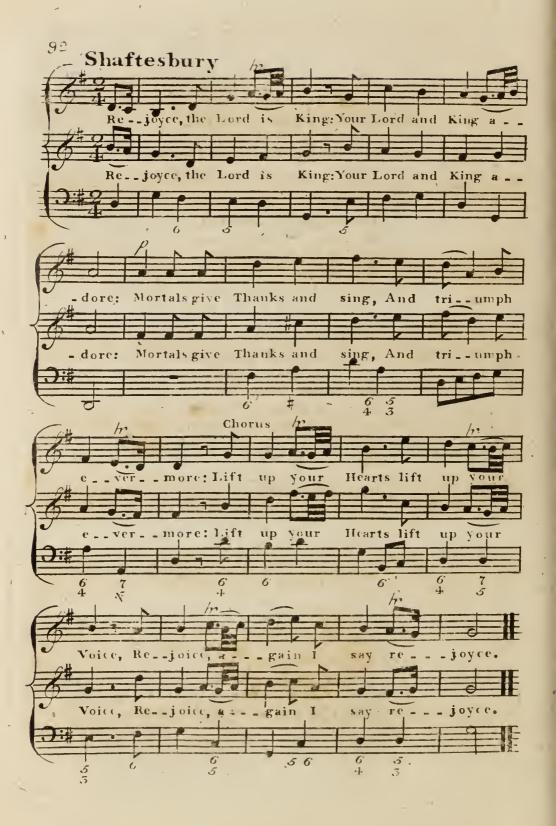
> What a rapturous Song When the glorify'd Throng. In the Spirit of Harmony join! Join all the glad Choirs, Hearts, Voices and Lyres, And the Burthen is Mercy divine.

Hallelujah they cry To the King of the Sky, To the great everlasting I am, To the Lamb that was slain, And liveth again, Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.





But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure;
And Children's Children ever find
Thy Word of Promise sure,
My Soul, repeat his Praise,
Whose Mercies are so great &c.



Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of Truth and Love;
When he had purg'd our Stains,
He took his Seat above:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

3

His Kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n:
The Keys of Death and Hell
Are to our Jesus giv'n:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

4

He sits at God's Right Hand,
Till all his Foes submit,
And bow to his Command,
And fall beneath his Feet:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

5

He all his Foes shall quell,
Shall all our Sins destroy,
And every Bosom swell,
With pure feraphic. Joy:
Lift up your Hearts, lift up your Voice,
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

6

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





Dust and Ashes the we be Full of Guilt and Misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God!
Take the Purchase of thy Blood.

Boundless Wisdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unspeakable are Thine;
Praise by all to Thee be giv'n
Sons of Earth and Hosts of Heav'n.





To God the Son belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood,
From everlasting Woe:

And now he lives
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worship give;
Whose new creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live;
His Work completes
The great Design,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three
And the mysterious One.
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs
There faith prevails
And love adores.

(4)







Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners flain
Saviour of offending Man. Chorus
Glory be to God on high. &c.





(2)

All Glory be to God on high,

To Him all Praise is due;

The Promise is feal'd,

The Saviour's reveal'd,

And proves that the Record is true,

(3)

Let Joy around like Rivers flow,

Flow on, and still increase;

Spread o'er the glad Earth,

At Jesus his Birth,

For Heaven and Earth are at Peace.

Now the Good-will of Heaven is fhown,

Tow'rd's Adams helpless Bace,

Meffiah is come

To ransom his Own,

To save them by infinite Grace.

Then let us join the Heavens above,

Where hymning Seraphs sing,

Join all the glad Pow'rs,

For their Lord is Ours,

Our Prophet, our Priest, and our King.







O may we ever hear thy Voice, . In Mercy to us speak, And in our Prieft will we rejoice, Thou great Melchifedec.

Our Jesus shall be still our Theme, While in this World we stay, We'll fing our Jefu's lovely Name, When all Thing else decay.

When we appear in yonder Cloud, With all his favour'd Throng, Then will we fing more sweet moreloud, And Chrift fhall be our Song .





When like lost Sheep, we wander'd wide,
And left the watchful Shepherd's Eye;
When borne along th'impetuous Tide,
Of this World's Sin and Vanity;
Our Jesus from the Heav'ns came down,
To fave us by his Grace alone.

He bore our Sins upon the Tree
(To seek and save the lost He came)
There was He bound to set us free
From Death and everlasting Shame:

The captive Flocks from Hell was freed, And ransom'd when their Shepherd bled.

Before the Father's aweful Throne;
Our merciful High-Priest, he stands,
And interceding for his own,
The purchas'd Remnant now demands,
His People's everlasting Friend,
Who, loving-loves them to the End.

May we, his banish'd ones rejoice,
Him for our Lord and God to own,
To take Him as our only Choice,
And cleave to Him, in Love, alone;
Be growing up in Holiness,
Then meet Him in the Realms of Peace.

6

Then shall our grateful Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be wip'd away;
No Sin no Sorrow shall be found,
No Night o'er-cloud the endless Day.
Oh praise Him! all beneath above,
Oh praise Him! Praise the God of Love!









Knowledge, alas! tis all in vain,

And all in vain our Fear;
Our flubborn Sins will fight and reign.

If Love be absent there.

3

'Tis Love that makes our chearful loct
In fwift Obedience move:
The Devils know and tremble too...
But Satan cannot love.

4

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease;
'Tis this fall strike our joyful Strings.
In the sweet Realms of Blifs.

5

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above,
Then shall we tune our golden Harps.
And every Note be Love.







Publish, spread to All around,
The great Immanuel's Name,
Let the Trumpet's martial Sound,
Him Lord of Host proclaim:
Praise Him ev'ry tuneful String,
All the Reach of heav'nly Art,
All the Powers of Music bring,
The Music of the Heart.

Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every Creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And Homage to their King:
Hallowd be his Name beneath,
As in Heaven on Earth adord,
Praise the Lord in every Breath;
Let all Things praise the Lord.







Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
Whose Beams create our Day,
Join with the Silver Queen of Night.
To own your borrow'd Rays:
Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud,
Thro' the etherial Blue;
For when his Chariot is a Cloud,
He makes his Wheels of you.

3

Thunder and Hail and Fire and Storms,

The Troops of his Command,

Appear in all your dreadful Forms,

And speak his aweful Hand:

Shout to the Lord, ye furging Seas

In your eternal Roar;

Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise,

And Shore reply to Shore.

4

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,

To him that bids you grow;

Sweet Clusters bend the fruitful Vines,
On ev'ry thankful Bough:

Thus while the meaner Creatures fing,
Ye Mortals, take the Sound:

Echo the Glories of your King,
Thro all the Nation round;





Join, ye Saints, the Song around, Angels help the chearful Sound; Publish thro'the World abroad Glory to theternal God.

3

Praises here to Thee we give, Gracious Thou our Thanks receive, Holy Father, Soy'reign Lord, Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd!

4

The th injurious World exclaim, Sing we ftill in Jefu's Name; Saviour, Thee we ever blefs, Thee our Lord and God confefs.





Our Hearts fhould triumph in Thee, Lord, And blefs thy Works, and blefs thy Word; Thy Works of Grace, how bright they fhine. How deep thy Counfels! how divine!

O may we fee, and hear, and know, What Mortals cannot reach below:

May all our Pow'rs find fweet Employ In Christ's eternal World of Joy!





(2)

Rivers to the Ocean run,

Nor ftay in all their Course:
Fire ascending seeks the Sun.

Both speed them to their Source:

(3)

Pants to view his glorious Face.

Upwards tends to his Abode.

To rest in his Embrace.

(4)

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Pressonward to the Prize:
Soon our Saviour will return.
Triumphant in the Skies:

(5)

Yet a Season and you know
Happy Entrance will be given,
All our Sorrows left below,
And Earth exchanged for Heaven.





True 'tis a strait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint,

O mighty God, thy matchles Pow'r Is ever new and ever young: And firm endures, while endles Years This everlasting Circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing Spring, Believers drink a fresh Supply, While such as trust their native Strength, Shall fade away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air, and Oh may we mount to thine Abode, On Wings of Love, to Jesus fly, Nor tire amidst the heavinly Road.







He brings their wand'ring Spirits back, When they forsake his Ways, And leads them, for his Mercy's Sake, In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When they walk thro' the Shades of Death, His Presence is their Stay: A Word of his supporting Breath Drives all their Fears away.

His Hand in Sight of all their Foes Doth still their Table fpread, Their Cup with Blessings overflows, His Oil anoints their Head.

The sure Provisions of our God, Attend us all our Days O may his House be our Abode, And all our Work his Praise.







Thou art theternal Light,
That fhin'st in deepest Night,
Wond' ring gaz'd th' angelic Train
While Thou bow'dst the Heav'ns beneath;
God with God wert Man with Man,
Man to save from endless Death.

Thou with our Pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our Sickness born:
All our Sins on Thee were laid.
Thou with unexampled Grace
All the mighty Debt hast paid,
Due from Adam's helpless Race.

Enthron'd above yon Sky,
Thou reign'st with God most high:
Prostrate at thy Feet we fall!
Pow'r fuprème to Thee is givn,
Thee, the righteous Judge of all,
Thee, the Lord of Earth and Heav'n!

Arise! ftir up thy Pow'r,
Thou deathlefs Conqueror!
King of all, with pitying Eye
Mark the Toil, the Pains we feel!
Midst the Snares of Death we lie,
Midst the banded Pow'rs of Hell.

O Lord! O God of Love! Let us thy Mercy prove! Help us to obtain the Prize, Help us well to close our Race; That with Thee, above the Skies, Endlefs Joy we may possess.







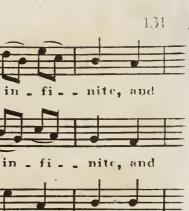


Our gracious Saviour and our God How little art Thou known, By all the Judgments of thy Rod, And Bleffings of Thy Throne.

How cold and feeble is our Love, How negligent our Fears! How low our Hope of Joys above. How few Affections there! Great God, thy sov'reign Aid impart,
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation on our Heart,
And makes us learn thy Grace.

Shew our forgetful Feet the Way,
That leads to Joys on high;
Where Knowledge grows without Decay.
And Love shall never die.







Mer _ cy

Mer - cy

a . . dore, In

Thee a _ dore, In

2

To Thee, our joyful Hearts we raise, To Thee; we bring our Songs of Praise. Whose bounteous Care and Love imparts Celestial Blefsings to our Hearts.

.3

Unto the holy Tribune God, Who hast on us, poor Worms, bestow'd Such Favours, such amazing Grace, We pay our Homage, Thanks and Praise.







To whom Ifaiah's Vifion fhew'd,

The Scraphs veil their Wing's,

While Thee Jehovah, Lord, and God,

Th'angelic Army sing.

4

To Thee by mystic Pow'rs on high Were humble Praises given, When John beheld with favour'd Eye The Inhabitants of Heaven.

5

All that the Name of Creature owns.

To Thee in Hymns aspire;

May we as Angels on our Thrones

For ever join the Choir!

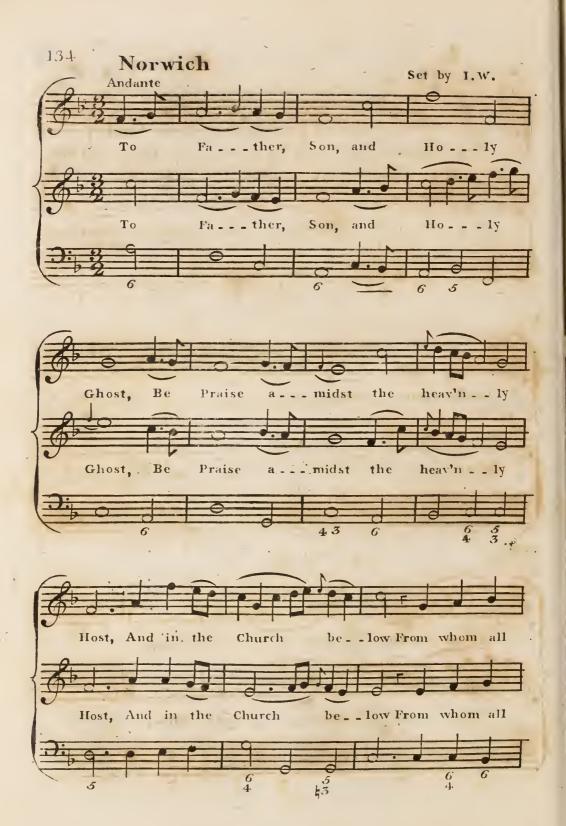
6

Hail holy, holy holy Lord!

Be endlefs Praise to Thee;

Supreme, efsential One, adord

In co-eternal Three.











Their Joy (hall bear their Spirits up,
Thro their Redeemer's Name:
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns.
Thy God for ever lives.

