

249 HYMNS.—Psalms, Hymns & Anthems, Used in the Chapel of the Hospital for the Maintenance & Education of Exposed & Deserted Young Children. [n.d. about 1774.] 8vo, engraved title and 125 pages of engraved music, sewed, 15s.

This volume contains the well-known hymn, "Spirit of Mercy, Truth and Love," here published anonymously for the first time.

The Tunes are by Smith, Green, Worgan, Cook, Byrd, Stanley, Heron, and others. On pages 50-54 is "A Hymn for the Children of the Foundling Hospital hy Dr. Hawkesworth, set by Mr. Stanley." At the end, on pages 126-150, are the words of Additional Anthems.

Additional Anthems.

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1285 Foundling Hospital: Psalms, Hymns, and Anthems, with "Additional Anthems" pp. 127-141, etched title, roy. 8vo, sheep, 5s.





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Caulfield Sculpt

And fill their Wants fupply.

Compassion on us took.

3





Soon as the evening shades prevail, The Moon takes up ywondrous tale, And nightly to the listing earth, Repeats the story of her birth; While all y Stars that roundherburn, In reasons Earthey all rejoice, And all the Planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll,

What tho'in folemn filence all, Move round v dark terrestrial ball, What tho no real voice or found, Amid their radiant Orbs be found; And utter forth a glorious voice; For ever finging as they shine, And spready truth from poletopole The Hand that made us is divine.



He shall convert and glad my Soul,
And bring my mind in frame,
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy Name.

Yea, tho' I walk in vale of death,
Yet will I fear no Ill;
The Rod and Staff do comfort me

Thy Rod and Staff do comfort me, And thou art with me still. And in the prefence of my foes,
My table thou shalt spread;
Thou wilt fill full my Cup, and thou
Anointed hast my head.

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



Whateer their various Wants require, With open hand he gives; And so sulfils the just Defire, Of every thing that lives.

He grants the full Defires of those Who him with fear Adore;
And will their Troubles soon compose, When they his Aid implore.

The Lord preferves all those with Care, Whom grateful Love employs;
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare, With dreadful Wrath destroys.

My Time to come, in Praifes spent, Shall still advance his Fame, a And all Mankind with one Consent, For ever bless his Name.





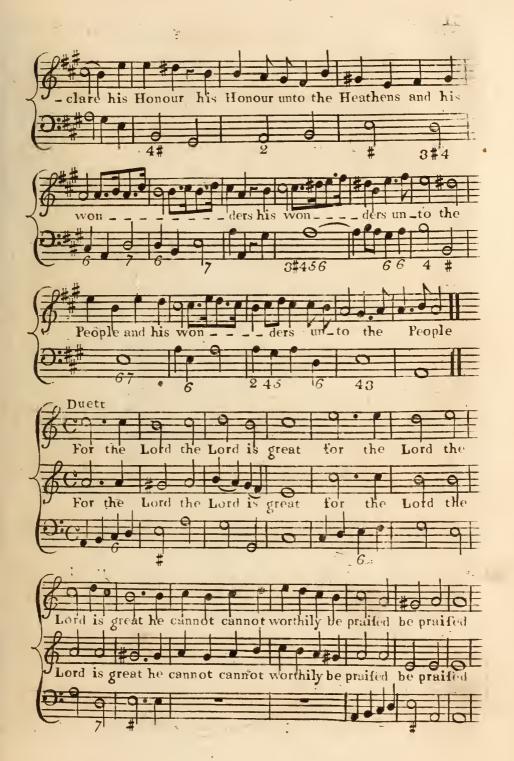
For Those whose Goodness founded this
A better House prepare:
Recieve them to thy heavnly Bliss.
And may we meet them there.

turn over















The Lord their Lives, with Bleffings crown'd, .

In fafety shall prolong,

And diffuppoint the will of those,

Who seek to do them wrong.

If they in languishing estate,
Oppress with sickness lie,
The Lord will easy make their Bed,
And inward Strength supply.

Let therefore God our gracious Lord,
From Age to Age be bleft,
And all the Peoples glad applause,
With loud Amens exprest.



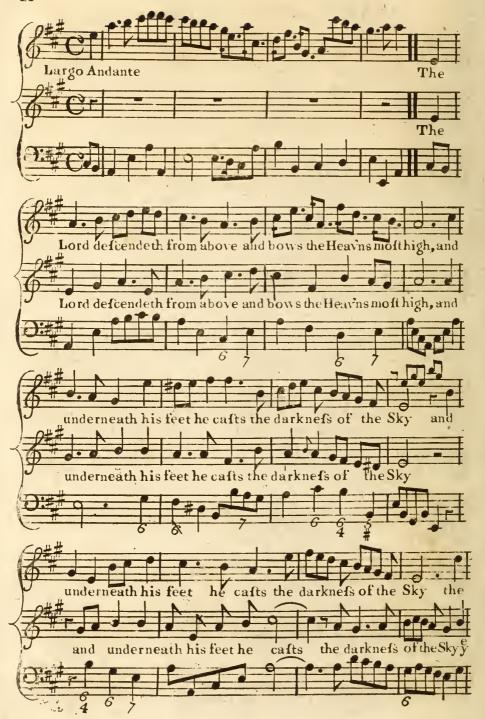


When thou, O Lord, ihalt stand disclosed,
In Majesty severe,
And sit in Judgement on my Soul,
Oh! how shall I appear.
But thou hast told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears
Shall endless Woe prevent.

Then fee the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give those Sorrows Weight:
For never shall my Soul depair
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make her Pardon sure.





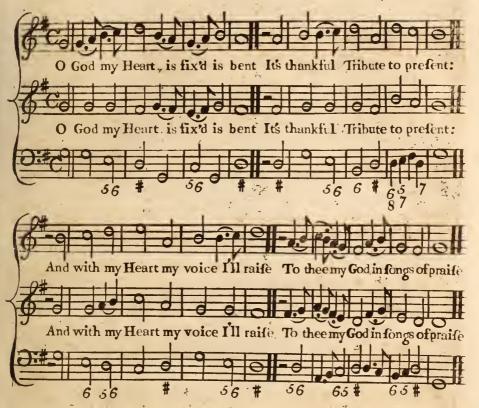




On Cherubs wings Jehovah comes,
The helpless to redress;
The finking Hills and trembling Earth,
The righteous Judge confess.







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 Praifes, Lord, I will refound
To all the lift ning Nations round;
Thy Mercy highest Heavn 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.





To Him whose Pow'r hath made
The Heavins with mighty Hand,
And Ocean wide hath spread,
Around the spacious Land; For his Mercy &c.

Thro Heav'n he did display
The num rous Hosts of Light,
The Sun to rule the Day,
The Moon and Stars the Night; For his Mercy &c.

He doth the Food supply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal Praises give; For his Mercy &c.

AHYMN





When in the fultry Glebe I faint, Or on the thirsty Mountain pant, To fertile Vales and dewy Meads, My weary wandring steps he leads, Where peaceful Rivers fost and flow, Amid the verdant Landscape slow.

Tho in the paths of Death I tread, With gloomy Horrors overfpread, 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 thro the dreudful Shade.

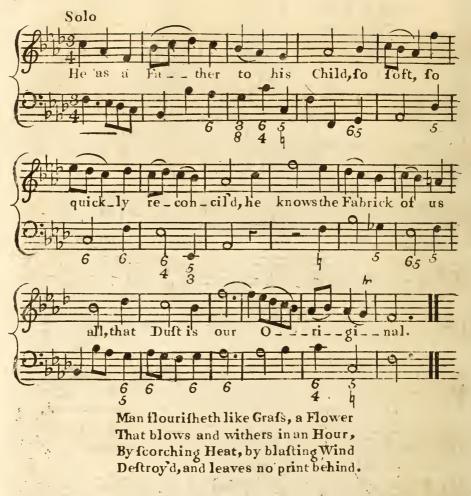
The in a bare and rugged way,
Thro devious lonely wilds I ftray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren Wilderness shall smile,
With sudden Greens and Herbage crowned,
And Streams shall murmur all around.



















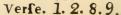


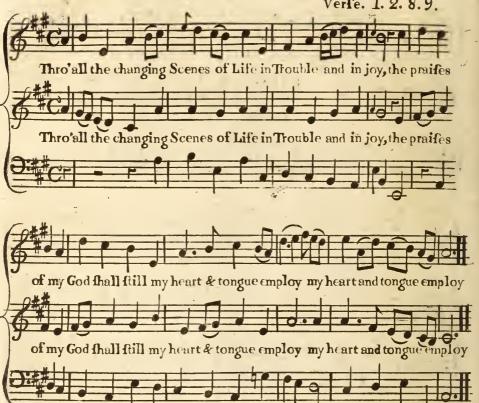




Great is the God of our Defence,
Transcending all in Eminence;
His Hand the Earth sustains;
The Depths, the losty Mountains made
The Land and liquid Plains display'd,
And curbs them with his Reins

O come before his footstool fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Thro' Storms and Dangers leads,
He is our Shepherd, we his Sheep;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keep,
In pleasant Pastures feeds.





Of his deliverance I will boaft. Till all who are diffrest: From my example comfort take, And charm their Griefs to rest.

Oh! make but trial of his Love, Experience will decide, How bleft they are, and only they, Who in his Truth confide.

Fear him ye Saints, and ye will then, Have nothing else to fear; Make ye his fervice your delight, Your wants will be his care.















Most faithful is the Word of God,
His Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves, and all the Earth
Is with his Goodness crown'd.

By his Almighty Word at first
The Heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Host of Light,
At his Command appear'd.

What e'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled Purpose of his Heart
To Ages shall endure.





2

When we the glorious Fabrick fee, Sun, Moon, and Stars disposed by Thee; Oh! what is Man, or his frail Race, That Thou should'st such a Shadow grace. The Heavens th' angelick Hosts contain; But Man thou form'st on Earth to reign; What e'er on Earth thy Hand has made, Was under his Dominion laid.

The Herds that plow the fertile Field;
The Flocks that fleecy Tribute yeild;
All that on Dales or Mountains feed,
That flady Woods or Defarts breed.
All that thro Æther wing their way,
Or in the rolling Ocean play;
Lord how glorious is thy Name.
Whose Power the Heav'ns and Earth proclaim.





Let the Lute and Harp combine,
Organs in the Chorus join,
Solemn Notes of fweetest found,
Great JEHOVAH'S Praise resound,
Fromthy Works our Joys arise;
Oh! Thou only Good and Wise;
Who thy Wonders can declare?
How prosound thy Councils are?

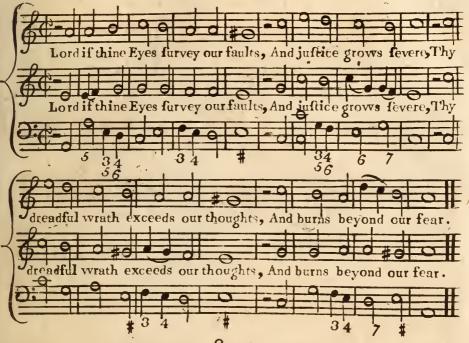


Thine Eye my Bed, and Path furveys;
My publick Haunts, and private Ways;
Thou knowst what e'er my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

Surrounded by thy Power I stand, On every side I find thy Hand, Wisdom for human search too high, Too dazling bright for mortal Eye.

Let me acknowledge O my God, That fince this Maze of Life I've trod; The Bounties of thy Love furmount The Power of Numbers to recount.

Search, try O God my Thoughts and Heart, If Evil-lurk in any Part; Correct me where I go aftray. And guide me in thy perfect Way.



Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a Song;
By fwift degrees our nature dies
Nor can our Joys be long.

'Tis but a few whose Days amount
To Threescore Years and Ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

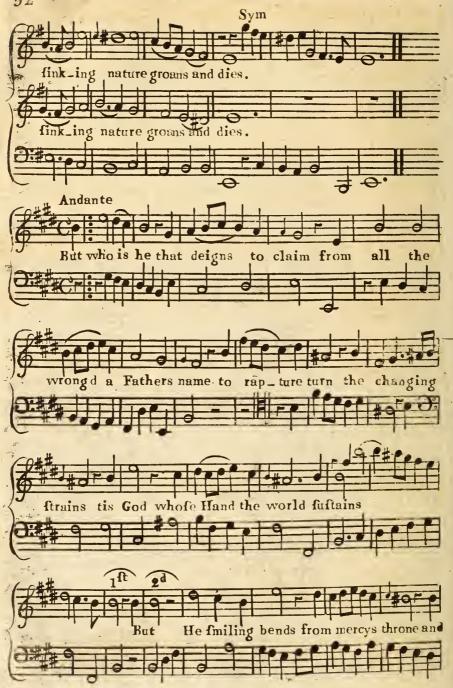
Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy wrath alone;
O let our fweet experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

Our Souls would learn the Heavenly art
T'improve the Hours we have;
That we may act the wifer part,
And live beyond the Grave.

A HYMN for the Children of the Foundling Hospital

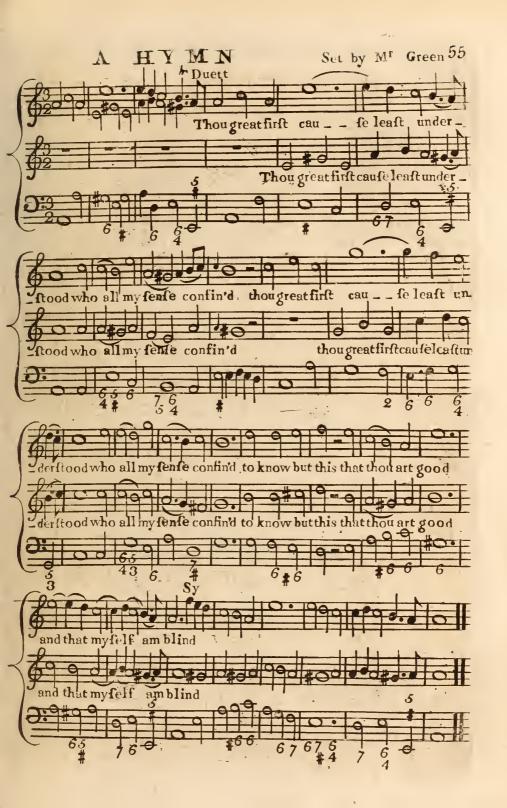










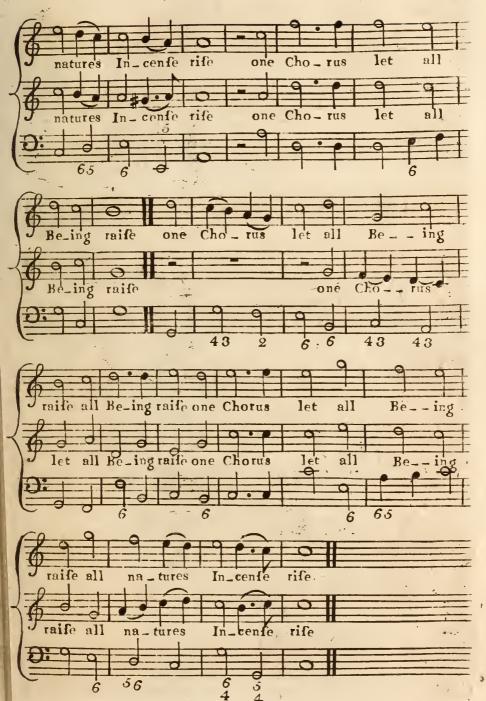


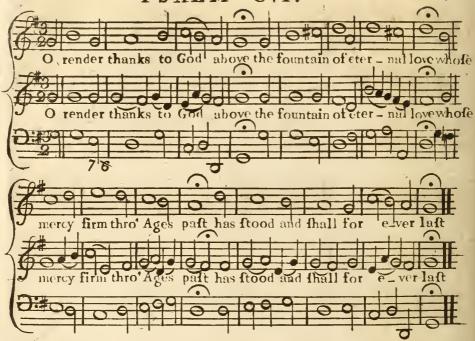












Who can his mighty Deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless
What mortal Eloquence can raise
His Tribute of immortal Praise:

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ftray;
Who know what's right; nor only fo,
But always practife what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Chofen dost afford:
When thou return'st to fet them free,
Let thy Salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove to fee
Thy Saints in full Prosperiy;
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy Peoples Triumph mine.













Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my Sin;
For I consess my crime, and see
How great my Guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy fight,
Have I transgress'd; and tho condemn'd,
Must own thy Judgment's right.

In Guilt each part was form'd
Of all this finful frame;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
The Heir of Sin and Shame.

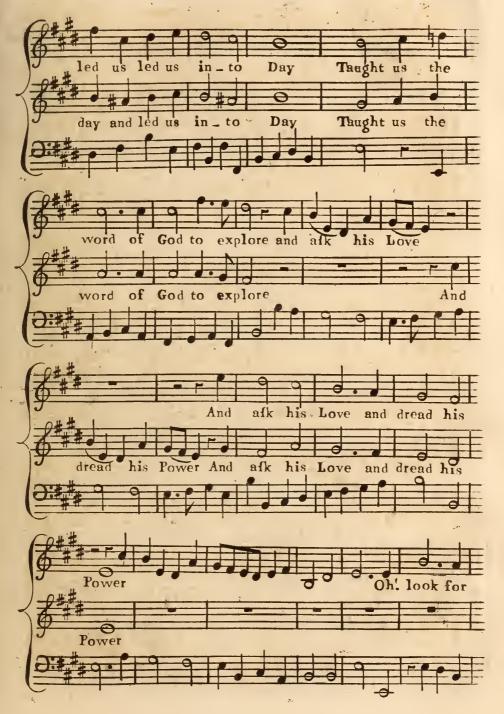
Nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.



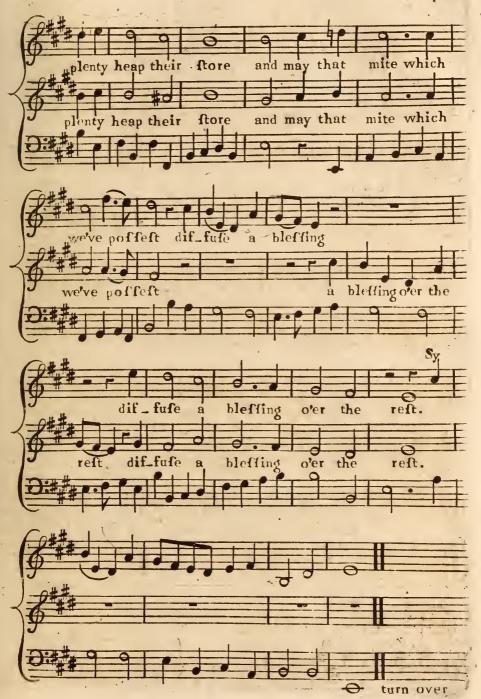
HYMN An





















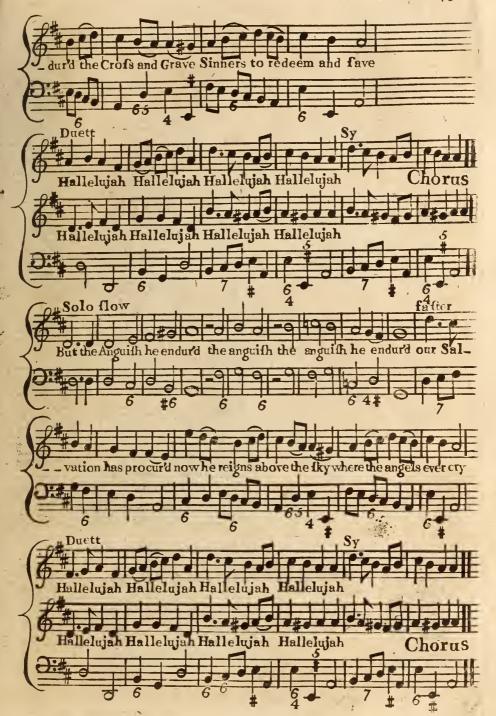






















How furely 'stablished is thy Throne!
Which shall no change or Period see;
For Thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And tofs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ftill their noise
And make the angry Sea comply.

Thy promife, Lord, is ever fure;
And they that in thy House would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excels.

-11

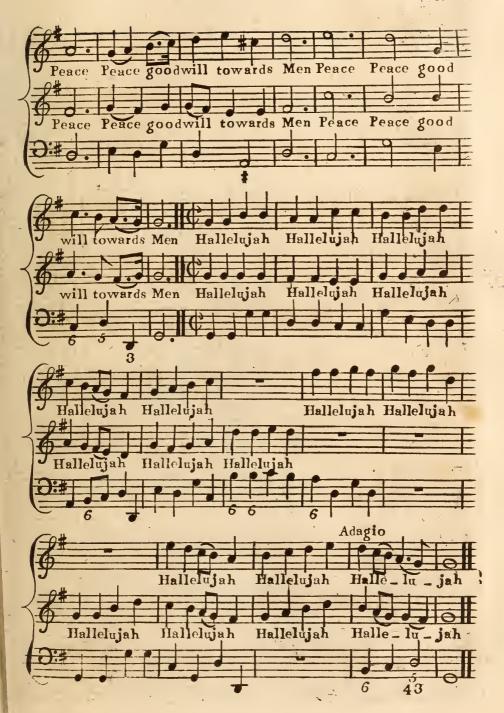


turn

over













How most exact is Nature's frame!

How wise th'eternal mind!

His counsels never change the Scheme

That his first thoughts design'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant fure:
The orders that his lips pronounce
To endless Years endure.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
Thy heavenly fkill proclaim:
What fhall we do to make us wife,
But learn to read thy Name?

To fear thy Power, to trust thy grace Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.





Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank him for his Favours past,
To him address, in joyfull Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hand, Her fecret Wealth at his Command; The strength of Hills that reach the Skies Subjected to his Empire lies.

The rolling Ocean's vaft Abyfs
By the fame fov'reign Right is his:
'Tis mov'd by his Almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the folid Land.

O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there:
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.





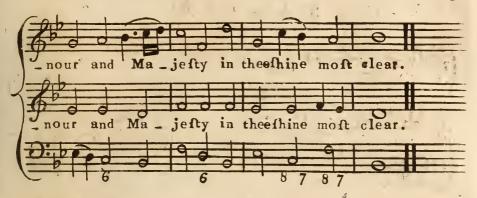
Thou Moon that rul'st the Night,
And Sun that guid'st the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay,
His Praise declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praife 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.

United Zeal be shown His wond'rous Fame to raises Whose glorious Name alone Deserves our endless Praise:

Earth's utmost ends. His Pow'r obey, His glorious sway The Sky transcends.





With light as a robe
Thou hast thy felf clad,
Whereby all the Earth
Thy greatness may see:
The heav'ns in such fort
Thou also hast spread,
That they to a curtain
Compared may be.

His chamber beams lie

In the Clouds full fure,
Which as his chariots

Are made him to bear:
And there with much fwiftnefs

His courfe doth endure,
Upon the wings riding

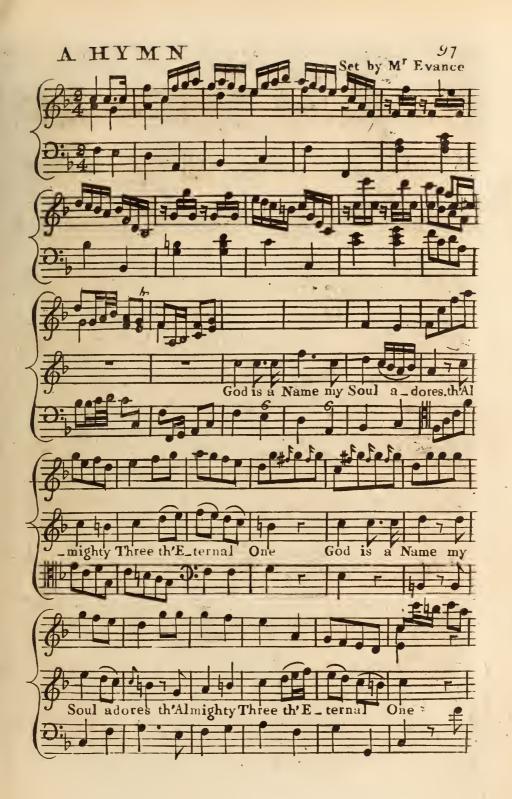
Of winds in the air.

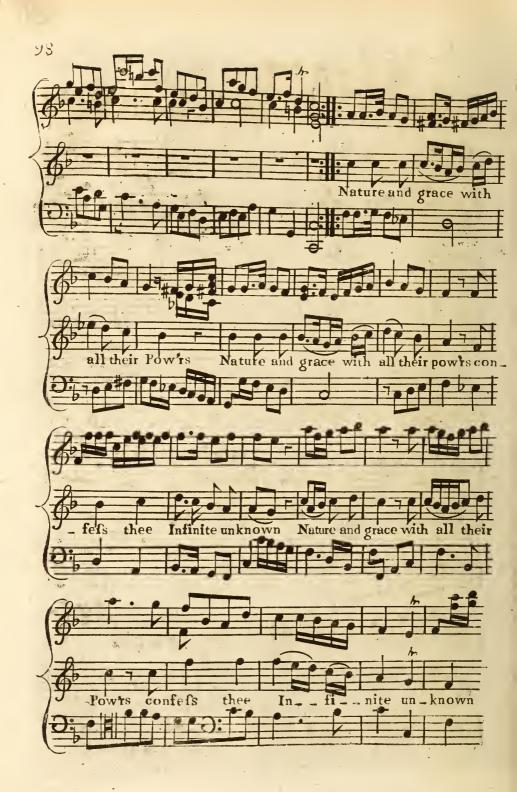
He makes his Spirits
As heralds to go,
And lightnings to ferve
We fee alfo preft:
His will to accomplifh
They run to and fro
To fave and confume things,
'As feemeth him beft.



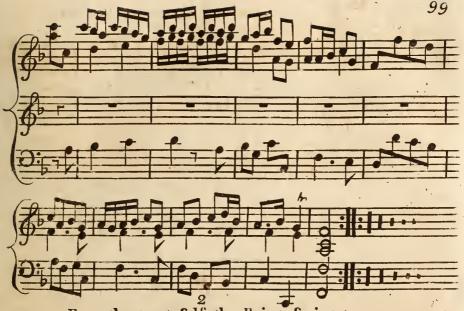
Convinc'd that he is God alone From whom both we & all proceed Thence to his courts devoutly press We whom he chuses for his own TheFlocky he vouch safes to feed And still his name with praises bless

For he's the Lord supremely good
His Mercy is for ever sure
His Truth which always firmly stood
To endless Ages shall endure









From thy great felf thy Being springs; Thou art thine own Original Made up of uncreated Things, And felf fufficience bears them all.

Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres Bid the Waves roar, and Planets shine; But nothing like thy felf appears, Thro' all these spacious Works of thine.

Tho' restless Nature 'dies and grows: From change to change the Creatures run: Thy Being no fuccession knows, And all thy vast Designs are one.

How shall affrighted Mortals dare To fing thy Glory or thy Grace, Beneath thy Feet we lye fo far, And fee but shadows of thy Face.

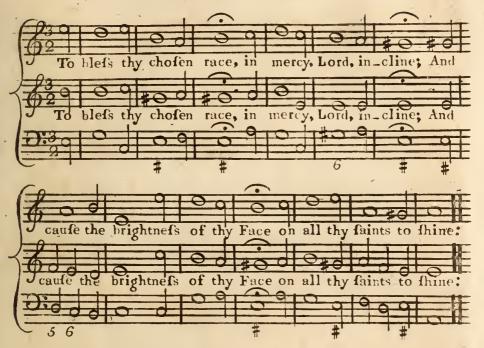
Who can behold the blazing Light? Who can approach confuming Flame? None but thy Wifdom knows thy Might, None but thy Word can speak thy Name.











That so thy wondrous way

May thro the World be known;

Whilst distant Lands their Tribute pay,

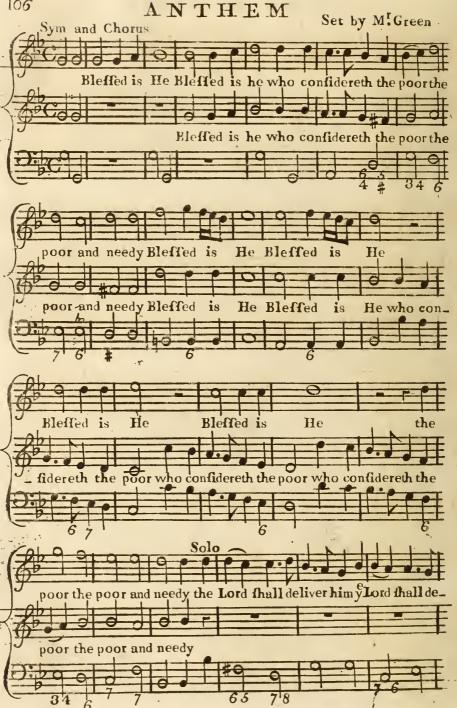
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.

Then shall the teeming Ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God, bestows...

Then God upon our Land
Shall conftant Bleflings flow'r;
And all the World in awe fhall-fland
Of his refiftlefs Pow'r.







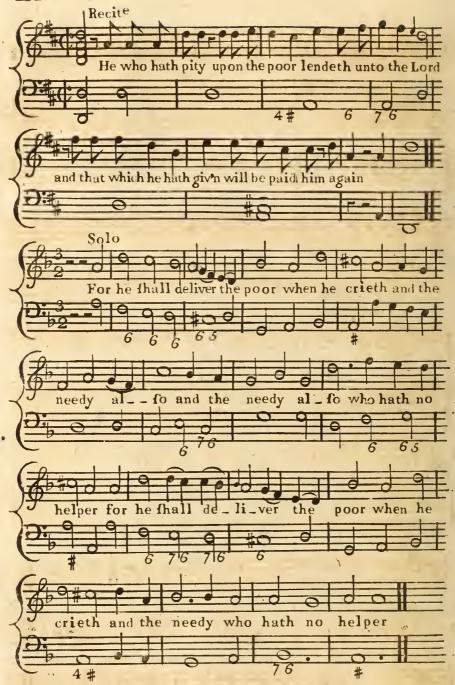








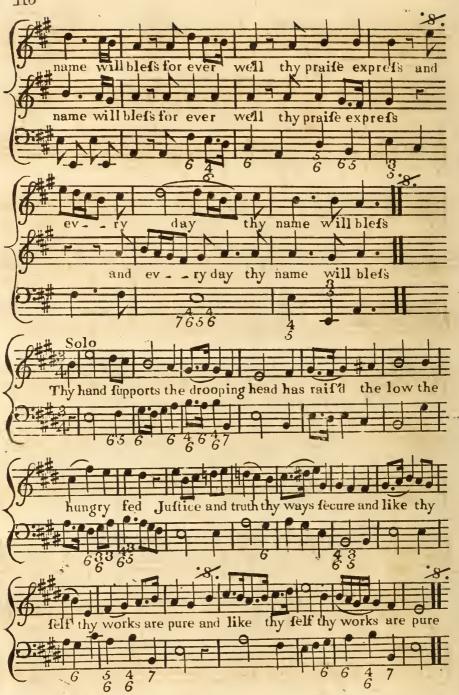




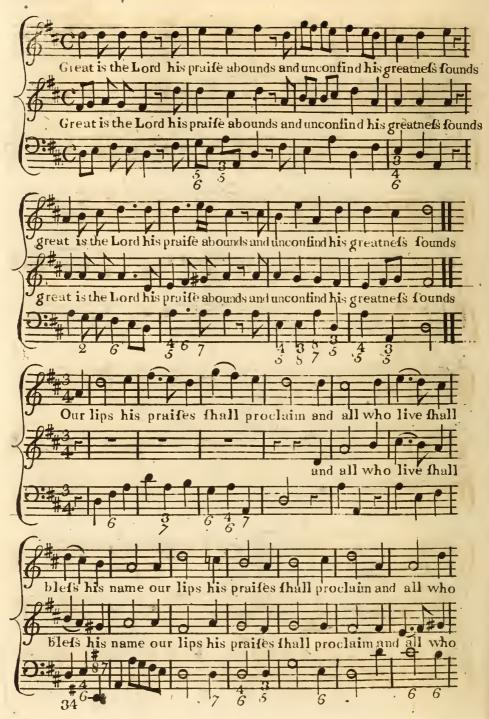




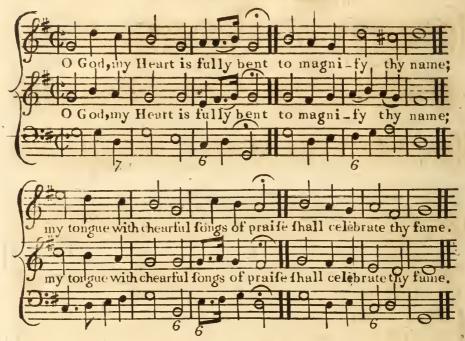










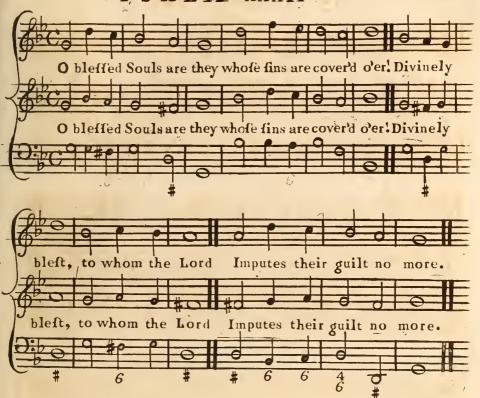


Awake, my Lute, or thou, my Harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I with early Hymns of Joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the lift ning World, 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.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the Starry Frame;
And let the World, with one confent,
Confess thy glorious Name.



They mourn their Follies past,
And keep their Hearts with care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit
Shall prove their Faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the fest'ring wound,
Till I confess'd my fins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.

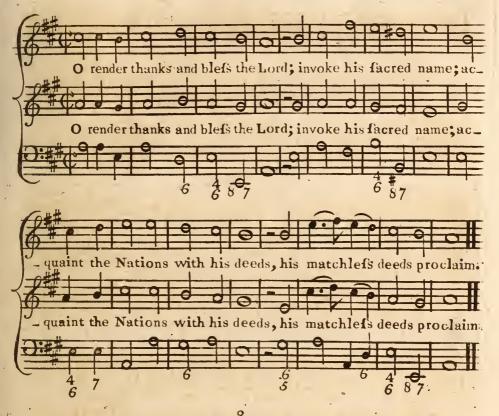
Let finners learn to pray
Let faints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep diftrefs
Is found in God alone.



For ever firm thy Justice stands, Thy Judgments are a mighty deep. But faints are thy peculiar care.

Thy providence is kind and large, As mountains their Foundations keep; Both man and beast thy bounty share; Wife are the wonders of thy hands: The whole creation is thy charge,

> My God!how excellent thy Grace; Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs! The fons of Adam in diftrefs Fly to the shadow of thy wings.



Sing to his praife, in lofty hymns
His wond'rous Works rehearfe;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty name, Alone to be ador'd;

And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy, That humbly feek the Lord.

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



The Man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trufts his Maker's promifes,
And follows his commands.

He speaks the meaning of his Heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his Neighbour wrong.

His Hands difdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor:
This Man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his Heav'n secure.



The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous Throne prepard,
Impartial Justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

God is a conftant fure Defence
Against oppressing Rage:
As troubles rise, his needful Aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness proved Will in his Truth confide, Whose Mercy neer for fook the Man That on his help relied.

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

ANTHEM

Taken from the late M. Handel's Works.

Solo.

Comfort ye, Comfort ye my People, faith your God; Speak ye comfortably to JERUSALEM, and cry unto her, that her Warfare is accomplished, that her Iniquity is pardoned.

Recitative.

The Voice of him that crieth in the Wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make staight in the Desert a Highway for our God.

Solo.

Every Valley shall be exalted, and every Mountain and Hill made low, the Crooked straight, and the Rough places plain.

Chorus.

And the Glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all Flesh shall see it together, for the Mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Recitative.

Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and shall call his name Immanuel, God with us.

Solo.

O thou that tellest good Tidings to ZION, get thee up into the high Mountain; O thou that tellest good Tidings to JERUSALEM, lift up thy Voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the Cities of JUDAH, Behold your God. Arise shine, for thy Light is come, and the Glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

Chorus.

Vernment shall be upon his Shoulder, and his Name shall be called,
Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father,
the Prince of Peace.

Hallelujah.



ADDITIONAL

ANTHEMS.

ANTHEM:

EARKEN unto me, my people! Give ear unto me, O my nation! My righteousness is near, my salvation is gone forth. All thy children shall be taught of God, and great shall be the peace of thy children.

Can a woman forget her child, that she should have no compassion on her son?

Yea, she may forget; yet will not I forget thee.

Leave thy fatherless children, and I will preserve them alive.

When my father and mother forfake me, the Lord taketh me up.

We are orphans and fatherless; but in thee, O Lord, the fatherless findeth mercy.

The lot is fallen unto us in a fair ground: yea, we have a goodly heritage.

The stranger and the fatherless shall come and eat, and be fatisfied; and the Lord thy God shall bless thee, in all the work of thine hand which thou doest.

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the LORD; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.

Bleffed be the man that provideth for the poor and needy!
The Lord will deliver him in the time of trouble.

CHORUS.

Bleffed shall he be in the city,
Bleffed shall he be in the field,
Bleffed shall he be when he cometh in,
Bleffed shall he be when he goeth out,
Bleffed shall he be for ever and ever,
Because he deliver'd the poor when he cried,
The needy, and him that had no helper.
Bleffed shall he be, &c.

AMEN.

ANTHEM.

JEHOVAH! LORD, how great, how wond'rous great, how glorious is thy name through all the world. When I behold the heavens, thy fingers art, the moon and ftars which thou fo bright haft fet in the pure firmament, then faith my heart, Oh! what is man, that thou remembereft him.

LORD GOD of Hosts, to whom the prayer
Of contrite souls is dear,
Thou God, our shield propitious prove,
And thy anointed hear!
For in thy courts one day to be
Is better, and more blest,
Than in the joys of vanity
A thousand years at best.

With chearful notes let all the earth To heaven their voices raife;
Let all, infpir'd with godly mirth,
Sing folemn hymns of praife.

God's tender mercy knows no bounds,

His truth shall ne'er decay;

Then let the willing nations round

Their grateful tribute pay.

Hallelujah! Amen.

ANTHEM.

Taken out of the 22d Chapter of JoB.

Set to Music by the late Dr. Green, Organist and Composer to his late Majesty.

SOLO.

A CQUAINT thyself with God, and be at peace with him, and lay up his words in thine heart.

S O L O.

If thou return to the Almighty, put away iniquity from thee; then shall he be thy defence and thy delight. Thou shalt make thy prayer unto him, and he will hear thee.

CHORUS.

The Lord will deliver the righteous, he will fave the humble man.

ANTHEM.

Set to Music by Dr. GREEN.

DUET.

Goo! thou art my Goo; early will I feek thee. My foul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee, in a barren and dry land, where no water is.

TRIO.

Thus have I looked for thee in holiness, that I might behold thy power and glory.

SOLO.

For thy loving kindness is better than life itself. My lips shall praise thee; as long as I live will I magnify thee on this manner, and lift up my hands in thy name.

SOLO.

Because thou hast been my helper, therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah!

ANTHEM.

ANTHEM.

Y strength will I ascribe unto thee, for thou art the God of my refuge.

As for me, I will fing of thy power, and will praise thy mercy, betimes in the morning; for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the time of my trouble.

Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing; for thou, O Goo! art my refuge, and my merciful Goo.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and everon them that fear him, and his righteousness upon childrens children.

ANTHEM.

RISE, pour out thine heart like water before the face of the LORD: lift up thine hands towards him, for the life of the young children that faint for hunger in the top of every street.

The tongue of the fucking child cleaveth to the roof of his mouth for thirst; the young children ask for bread, and no man breaketh it unto them.

I fought the LORD, and he heard me; yea, he delivered me out of all my fears. Lo! the poor crieth, and the LORD heareth him; yea, and faveth him out of all his troubles.

Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; I have heard their cry, I know their forrow.

A father of the fatherless, is God in his holy habitation. Say no more! The fathers have eaten four grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.

The fon shall not bear the iniquity of the father, but shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord. Break forth into singing, and cry aloud, O thou afflicted! tossed with tempest, and not comforted. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations; for thy Redeemer is the Holy One of Israel.

For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee: in righteousness shalt thou be established; Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and Queens thy nursing mothers.

O LORD, our governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! out of the mouths of babes and fucklings hast thou ordained strength. O Lord, our governor, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

CHORUS.

For this cause will we give thanks and sing praises unto thy name. The Lord liveth; and blessed be our strong helper, and praised be the God of our salvation.

ANTHEM.

By the late Dr. GREEN.

DUET.

God of my righteousness, hear me when I call! Thou hast fet me at liberty when I was in trouble; have mercy upon me, and hearken unto my prayer.

RECITATIVE.

O! ye fons of men, how long will ye blaspheme mine honour, and have pleasure in vanity? Know this, the Lord hath chosen to himself the man that is godly.

SOLO.

I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, O Lord! that mak'st me to dwell in safety.

C.HORUS.

The LORD will deliver the righteous, he will fave the humble man.

ANTHEM.

By Dr. GREEN.

DUET.

HE LORD is my shepherd, therefore can I want nothing. He shall feed me in green pastures, and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort. He shall convert my soul, and bring me in the paths of righteousness.

S O L O.

Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

RECITATIVE.

The eyes of all wait upon thee, O LORD! and thou givest them their meat in due season.

S O L O.

Thou openest thine hand, and fillest all things living with plenteousness.

CHORUS.

The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever on them that fear him, and his righteousness on children's children.

ANTHEM.

For GOOD - FRIDAY.

By Dr. GREEN.

SOLO.

Y God, my God, look upon me! Why hast thou forsaken me, and art so far from my health and the words of my complaint?

S-O L O.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart also, in the midst of my body, is even like melting wax. They pierced my hands and my feet; I may tell all my bones. They stand staring and looking upon me; they part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture.

But be not thou far iron: me, O Lord! Make hafte to help me, O Lord God of my falvation!

CHORUS.

Be not thou far from me; haite thee to help me, O Lord God of my falvation.

ANTHEM.

ANTHEM:

For CHRISTMAS-DAY.

By Dr. GREEN.

S O L O.

BEHOLD, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the LORD.

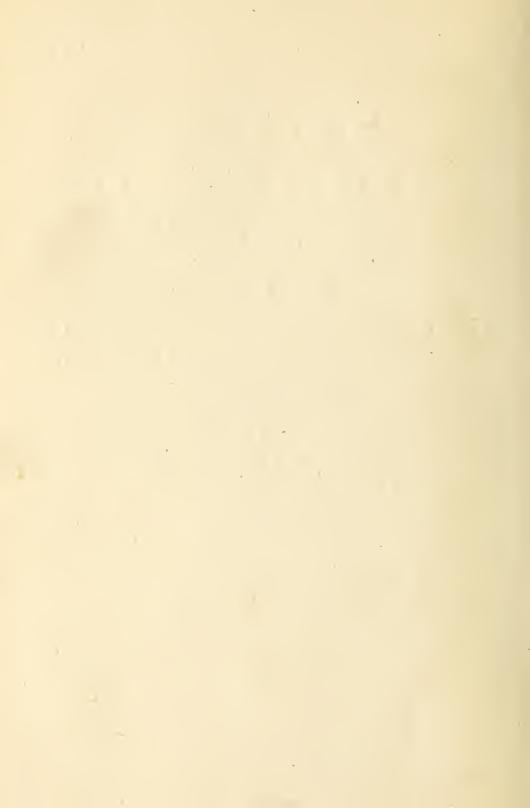
VERSE and CHORUS.

Glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

Glory to God on high, and on earth peace, good-will towards men.

Hallelujah! Amen.





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