

*Psalmodia Germanica:*

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*The German*

# PSALMODY.

Translated from the

*HIGH DUTCH.*

Together with

Their proper Tunes and  
Thorough Bass.

*John Christian Jacobi*

---

THE SECOND EDITION,  
*Corrected and Enlarged.*

---

*Non Vox, sed Votum, non Musica chordula, sed Cor,  
Non clamans, sed amans cantat in Aure Dei.*

---

L O N D O N :

Printed by G. SMITH, in Princess-Street,  
Spittle Fields. 1732.

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Printed and Sold by J. B. ...  
at the ...

LONDON

Printed and Sold by J. B. ...



TO THEIR  
ROYAL HIGHNESSES  
THE  
PRINCE OF WALES,  
AND THE  
PRINCESS ROYAL.

S I R,



World the  
this Work,

HE Honour I  
gave my self, a  
few Years ago,  
to send into the  
First Edition of  
under the Auspi-  
ces

ces of YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS's Name, being attended with your gracious Approbation, and a kind Reception of the Work in the World, I trust, on the still-rising Lustre of your Fame for all Princely Goodness and Virtue, that your ROYAL HIGHNESS will be graciously pleas'd, on Occasion of this Second Edition, to indulge me in the same Honour a Second Time.

But your ROYAL HIGHNESS sees, that I have ventur'd, on this Occasion, to divide the Patronage of my Labour. To Your Name, SIR, I have ventur'd

# DEDICATION. V

tur'd to join that of the PRINCESS ROYAL; humbly beseeching HER ROYAL HIGHNESS, that She likewise will be graciously pleas'd to indulge me in this Honour; while the principal Point I have in View, is, to exhibit, for the Ingenious of both Sexes of my Readers, the noblest Patterns of Virtue; and to derive upon a Work, which is destin'd to the Advancement of Piety and Harmony, the Influences of Two ROYAL NAMES, which are distinguish'd by those Graces in all their Lustre.

Accept, SIR and MADAM,  
of

of my humble Professions of  
 Duty to YOUR ROYAL HIGH-  
 NESSES; and be graciously  
 pleas'd to believe, that None  
 of THEIR MAJESTIES happy  
 Subjects more fervently pray  
 for all earthly and heavenly  
 Happiness to THEIR MA-  
 JESTIES, YOUR SELVES and  
 the whole ROYAL FAMILY,  
 than,

May it please Your Royal Highnesses,

Your Royal Highnesses

*Most dutiful*

*most obliged and*

*most obedient*

*Servant,*

John Christian Jacobi.



# The P R E F A C E.



AS it is but a few Years ago since the First Edition of this *German* Psalmody in English was publish'd here, the Appearance of this Second Edition must, methinks, be allow'd to be no inconsiderable Testimony to the Piety and Benevolence of the *English* Nation, nor to the Edifying Spirit, at least, with which this well intended little Work is written. The Merit of the Original is celebrated among Numbers of Men of Learning, Taste and Piety, besides Those who are Natives of *Germany*; but 'tis a very difficult Matter, I conceive, to shew it in all its Lustre in a Translation: At least, I have found it so; and have been frequently oblig'd, in the Course of this Labour, to sit down contented with the Loss of Beauties which I could not reach. But to the reigning Sense, or principal Meaning, I have, I trust, been every where strictly faithful.

But I must acquaint the Reader, that on Occasion of this Second Edition, I have retouch'd several Matters, and alter'd the whole

whole Frame of several Compositions which appear'd in the First Edition. And these Things, I flatter my self, I have done abundantly for the better. I have likewise added to this Edition several Copies from the *German*, which were not inserted in the First; and by which, I trust, the pious Reader will not be unprofitably entertain'd. In a Word, I have made this Edition as perfect and valuable as I could; and assure my self, the good Reader will be satisfied, that Things are plain and useful where I have fail'd in Point of Beauty or Embellishment.

I must not omit, on this Occasion, to acquaint the Reader, that the First Edition of this Work hath not only been kindly receiv'd by Numbers in this Kingdom, but likewise by great Numbers in both the *Indies*, and hath, in those last Places, as I have the Happiness to be well inform'd, not a little contributed to the Advancement of Christian Piety and Learning.

I commend my self, good Reader, to all thy Favour and Indulgence, with Respect to this Edition, and am, in CHRIST,

thy hearty Well-Wisher,



Advent II. m.

The image shows a page of handwritten musical notation on aged, stained paper. At the top, the text "Advent II. m." is written in a dark ink. Below this, there are six musical staves. The first two staves contain a melodic line with various note values and rests. The third staff contains a line of text, which appears to be a Latin phrase, possibly "Miserere", though it is difficult to read due to the ink bleed-through and fading. The fourth and fifth staves continue the musical notation. The sixth staff is partially visible at the bottom. The paper is heavily stained and discolored, particularly with a large brownish stain in the center.

# Advent Hymn

Now the Saviour comes in deed of the virgin Mo-

5 5# 5

thers seed To the wonder of Mankind By the Lord

87 6 5 4# 5

himself de-sign'd

5# 4#2# 5 5



U P O N T H E  
 I N C A R N A T I O N *of* C H R I S T.

*Nun komm der Heyden Heyland.*

I.



O W the Saviour comes indeed,  
 Of the Virgin-Mother's Seed,  
 To the Wonder of Mankind,  
 By the Lord himself design'd.

II.

Not begot like Men unclean,  
 But without the Stain of Sin ;  
 In our Nature God was born,  
 Us to save, who were forlorn.

III.

Though the Virgin was with Child,  
 Chastity prov'd undefil'd ;  
 All the Female Virtues were  
 Thron'd in her, for God was there.

B

From

## IV.

From his Chambers forth he went;  
 Left the Glorious Element;  
 And, at once both God and Man,  
 He his blessed Course began.

## V.

From his Father's Breast he came;  
 And return'd to him again.  
 Having first, our Foes to quell,  
 Triumph'd over Death and Hell.

## VI.

O Thou God-like every Way,  
 Carry thy victorious Sway  
 In the Flesh to such a Length,  
 That we gain thy Godly Strength.

## VII.

Lord, thy Crib shines bright and clear,  
 Chacing Darknes ev'ry where.  
 Let no Sin o'ercloud this Light,  
 That our Faith be always bright.

## VIII.

Glory to the God of Love!  
 Glory to his Son above!  
 Glory to the Spirit be!  
 Glory to the Blessed Three.



*Wie soll ich dich empfangen.*

To the Tune : *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

I.

**H**OW shall I meet my Saviour ?  
How shall I welcome Thee ?

What Manner of Behaviour

Is now requir'd of me ?

Let thine Illumination

Set Heart and Hands aright,

That this my Preparation

Be pleasing in thy Sight.

II.

Whilst with the gayest Flowers

Thy Sion strews the Way,

I'll raise with all my Powers

To Thee, a grateful Lay :

To Thee the King of Glory

I'll tune a Song Divine ;

And make thy Love's bright Story

In graceful Numbers shine.

III.

What hast thou not performed,

Lord, to retrieve my Loss,

While I was so deformed

By Sin and Hellish Dross ?

The Sense of lost Salvation

Quite drove me to Despair,

But thy own Incarnation

Brought my Redemption near.

## IV.

I lay in Fetters groaning,  
 Thou cam'st to set me free.  
 My Shame I was bemoaning ;  
 With Grace thou cloathedst me.  
 Thou raifest me to Glory ;  
 Endow'st me with thy Blifs,  
 Which is not transitory,  
 As worldly Treasure is.

## V.

What caus'd thy Incarnation?  
 What brought Thee down to me?  
 Thy Love to my Salvation  
 Contriv'd my Liberty.  
 O Love, beyond Expresssion !  
 Wherewith thou dost embrace  
 Mankind in its Digresssion  
 From Thee, the Source of Grace.

## VI.

Let this Consideration  
 Heal up your Wounds within,  
 Ye Sons of Desolation,  
 That feel the Smart of Sin.  
 Take Courage, your Salvation  
 Stands waiting at the Door ;  
 The Gospel Consolation  
 Is nearer than before.

## VII.

'Tis none of your Endeavour,  
 Nor any Mortal Care  
 Cou'd draw his Sov'reign Favour  
 To Sinners in Despair ;

Uncall'd he comes with Gladness  
To save you from the Fall,  
And cure all Grief and Sadness  
You're still oppress'd withal.

VIII.

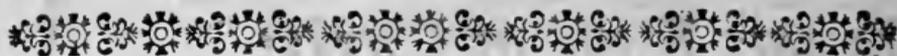
Be not cast down nor frighted  
At Sin, tho' ne'er so great;  
No! *Jesus* is delighted  
The Greatest to remit.  
He comes repenting Sinners  
With Life and Love to crown;  
And make them happy Winners  
Of Glory like his own.

IX.

Then fear not ye the Clamour  
Of Satan and his Clan;  
The Word, his pow'rful Hammer,  
Destroys their wicked Plan.  
He comes as King of Glory,  
Whose Nod confounds their Host;  
He carries all before ye,  
And baffles all their Boast.

X.

He comes to pass his Sentence  
On all his Enemies.  
But Children of Repentance  
Shall meet with Love and Peace.  
Come, Prince of Grace and Wonder!  
Fetch thy Beloved Home;  
Reveal thy Glories yonder;  
Thy longing Spouse says, Come!



# The Nativity of CHRIST.

*Gelobet seystu Jesu Christ.*

## I.

**D**UE Praises to th' incarnate Love,  
 Manifested from above !  
 All Men and Angels now adore  
 What we, nor they have seen before. *Hallel.*

## II.

The blessed Father's only Son  
 Chose a Manger for his Throne :  
 In the mean Vest of Flesh and Blood,  
 Was cloathed God, th' eternal Good. *Hal.*

## III.

Who had the World at his Command,  
 Wants his Mothers swadling Band.  
 Th' Almighty Word was pleas'd to come  
 A helpless Infant from the Womb. *Hallel.*

## IV.

Th' eternal Splendor is in Sight ;  
 Gives the World its saving Light ;  
 And drives the Clouds of Sin away,  
 To make us Children of the Day. *Hal.*

V. God's

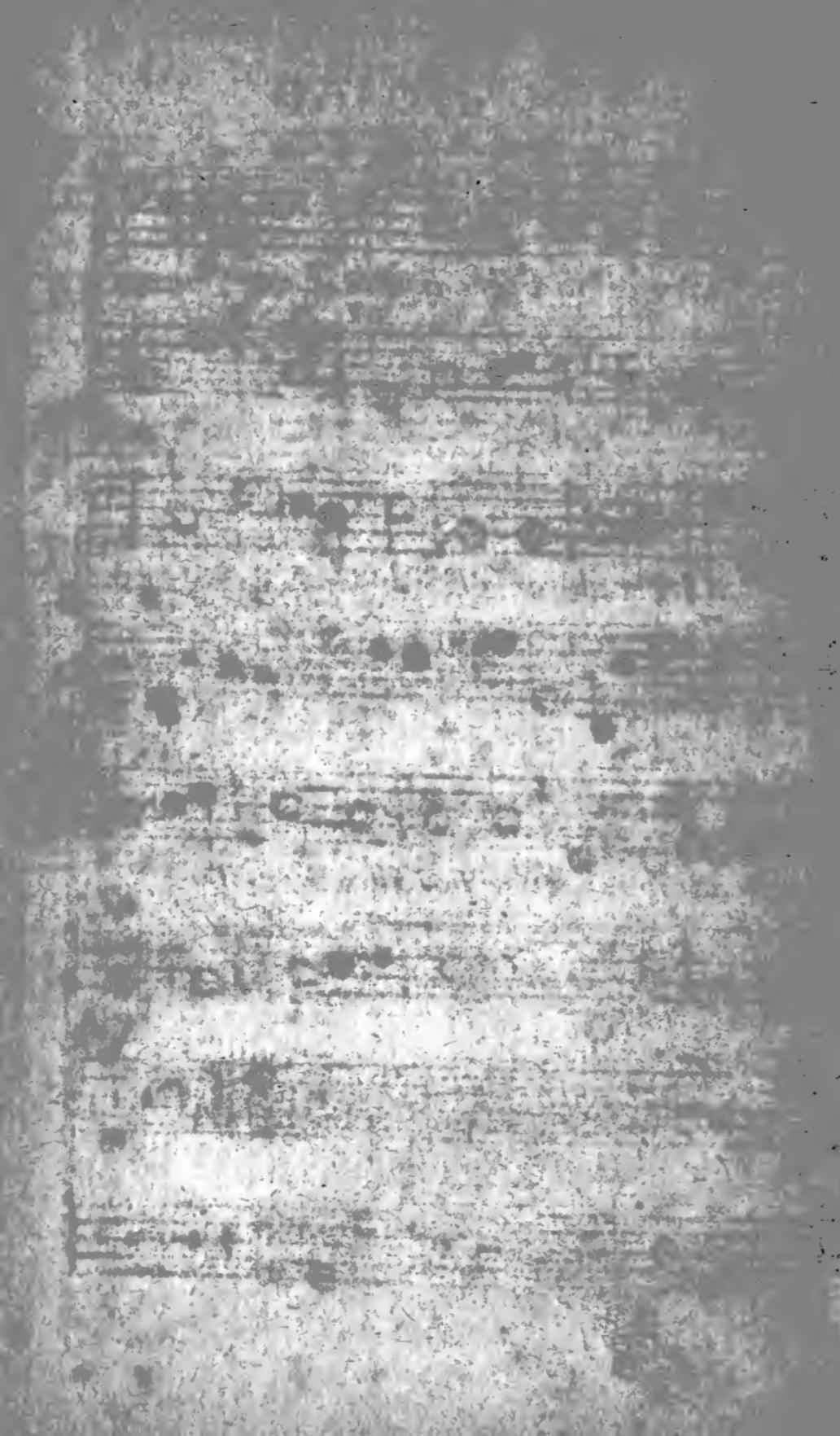
# On the Birth of Christ

*Due Praises to th'incarnate Love ma ni*  
5 4 4 3

*festa from above all men and Angels*  
5 4 7

*now adore what we nor they have seen be-*  
5 4 8 7 4 3

*fore Halle-lu-jah*  
5 4 3 4 3 2

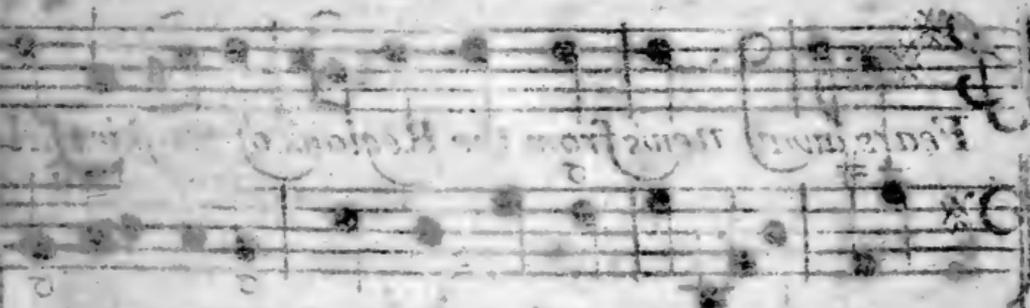


On the Birth of Christ

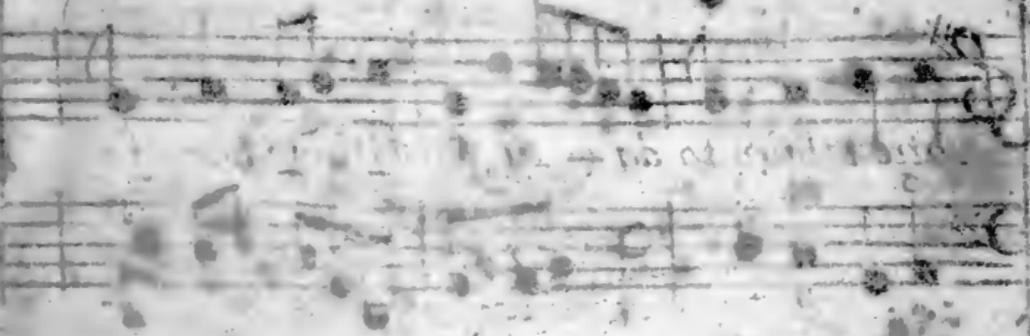
Shepherd



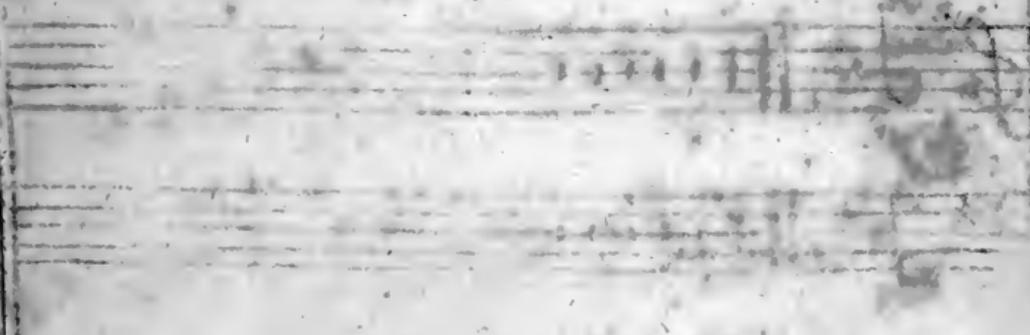
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# On the Birth of Christ

Shepherds rejoyce lift up your Eyes and send your

Fears away news from the Regions of the skies sal

vations born to da + y salvations born to

5 5 4 3

day

V.

God's only Son, and equal God,  
Took amongst us his Abode ;  
And open'd, through this World of Strife,  
A Way to everlasting Life. *Hallelujah.*

VI.

In Poverty he came on Earth,  
To enrich us by his Birth,  
And make us Heirs of endless Bliss,  
With all the darling Saints of his. *Hal.*

VII.

This all he did that he might prove  
Unknown Wonders of his Love ;  
Then let us All unite to sing  
Praise to our New-born God and King. *Hal.*

---

*Mel : Lobt Gott ihr Christen all zugleich*

I.

**S**hepherds, rejoyce, lift up your Eyes,  
And send your Fears away !  
News from the Region of the Skies :  
*Salvation's born to Day. Salvation's born to Day*

II.

*Jesus*, the God, whom Angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you ;  
To Day he makes his Entrance here,  
But not as Monarchs do.

III. No

## III.

No Gold nor Purple swadling Bands;  
 Nor Royal shining Things;  
 A Manger for his Cradle stands;  
 And holds the King of Kings.

## IV.

Go Shepherds! where this Infant lies;  
 And see his humble Throne,  
 With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,  
 Go Shepherds! kiss the Son.

## V.

Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around  
 The heav'nly Armies throng;  
 They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,  
 And thus conclude the Song:

## VI.

Glory to God, that reigns above!  
 Let Peace surround the Earth:  
 Mortals shall know their Maker's Love,  
 At their Redeemer's Birth.

## VII.

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,  
 And Men no Tunes to raise?  
 O! may we loose our useles Tongues,  
 When they forget to praise.

## VIII.

Glory to God that reigns above!  
 That pity'd us forlorn:  
 We join to sing our Maker's Love,  
 For there's a Saviour born.



# On New Years Day

With this new Year we raise new Songs

To Praise the Lord with Hearts and Tongues

for his support in Troubles past where with

our life was o-ver cast

# On New-Year's Day.

*Das alte Jahr vergangen ist.*

I.

**W**ITH this New Year we raise New Songs,  
To praise the Lord with Hearts and  
For his Support in Troubles past, (Tongues,  
Wherewith our Life was overcast

II.

O! grant us, *Jesu*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy constant Aid, thy constant Grace,  
That we may, thro' the rolling Year,  
Serve Thee with filial Love and Fear.

III.

O! may we never lose thy Truth  
(The Prop of Age, the Guard of Youth)  
Keep from us superstitious Fears.  
Banish false Doctrine from our Ears.

IV.

Guard us, oh! guard us from all Sin:  
And let us be renew'd within:  
Of Errors past the Records rend,  
O! Thou, whose Mercy knows no End.

V.

Grant us to lead a holy Life.  
And when we leave this World of Strife,  
O! bring us to that joyful Day,  
When thou wilt wipe all Tears away.

VI.

Then shall thy Praise a-new begin,  
Without th' Allay of Self and Sin.  
Maintain, O Lord, our Faith and Love,  
Till we behold thy Face above.

C

*Helff,*

*Helfft mir Gottes Güte preisen.*

## I.

COME, let us All, with Fervour,  
 On whom Heav'n's Mercies shine,  
 To our Supreme Preserver  
 In tuneful Praises join  
 Another Year is gone;  
 Of which the tender Mercies  
 (Each pious Heart rehearſes)  
 Demand a grateful Song.

## II.

Tell o'er, with true Devotion,  
 The Wonders of his Grace:  
 Let no polluting Notion  
 Our Gratitude deface.  
 But ſtill remember well,  
 That this Year's Renovation  
 Renews our Obligation  
 To fight 'gainſt Sin and Hell.

## III.

His Grace is ſtill preſerving  
 Our Peace in Church and State;  
 His Love is never ſwerving,  
 In Spite of Satan's Hate.  
 Diſpens'd with open Hand,  
 His Beſſings on this Nation  
 Still ward off Deſolation,  
 And ſave a ſinful Land.

IV. 'Tis

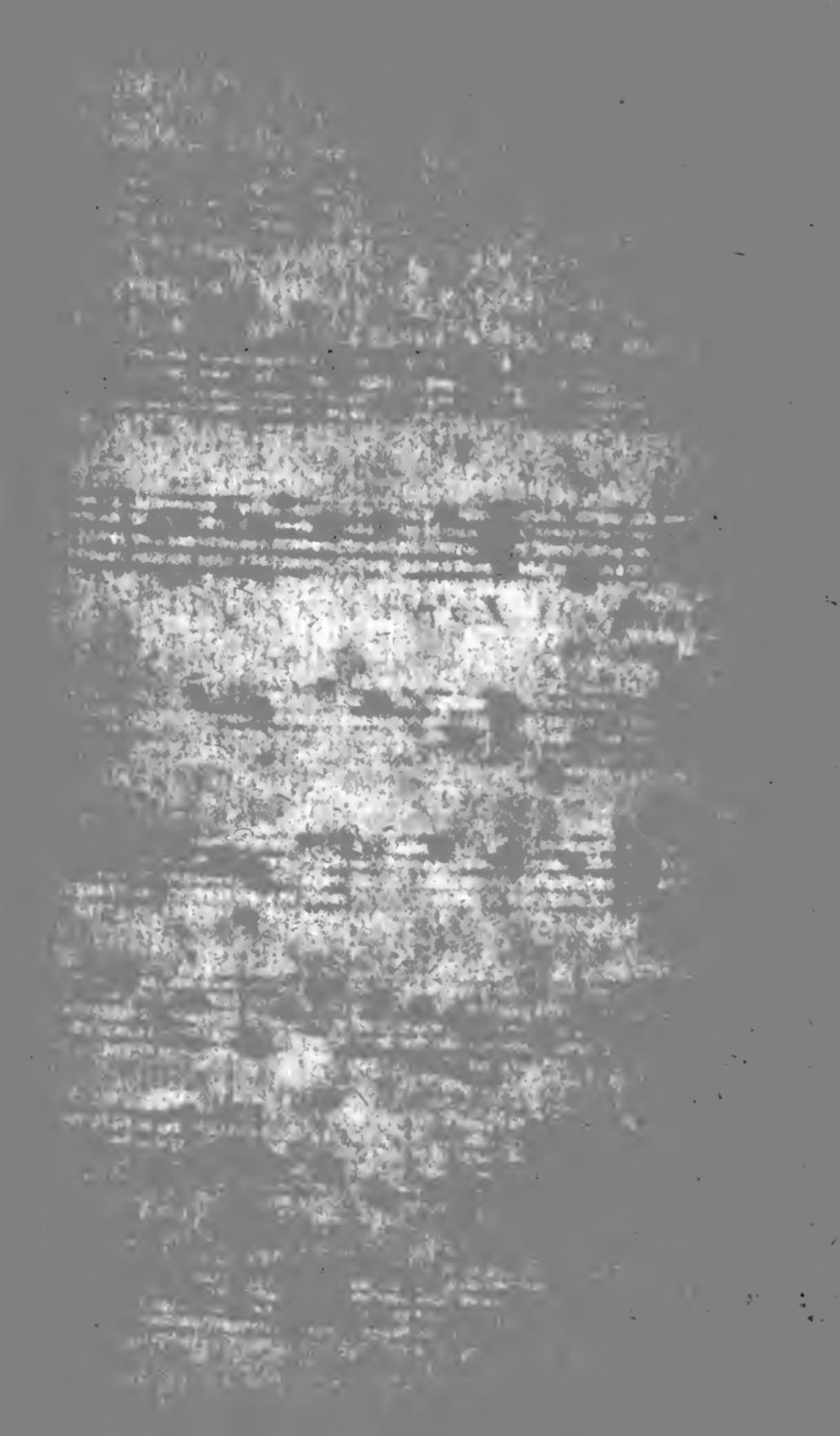
# On New Years Day

Ye Christians in this Nation come all and  
Our Ma-<sub>5</sub>kers preser-<sub>5</sub>vation in Joyfull

praise with me } Ev'n at this present  
Har-<sub>5</sub>mo-<sub>5</sub>ny } <sub>5</sub> <sub>7</sub>

time when we new date our season and have y<sup>e</sup>

greatest Rea-<sub>4</sub>son to love our Lord sublime



## IV.

'Tis his eternal Kindness  
 That spares us from the Rod.  
 Tho' long our wilful Blindness  
 Has fore' provok'd our God  
 To pour his Vengeance down ;  
 Yet still he Grace provides us ;  
 And still his Mercy hides us  
 From his own dreadful Frown.

## V.

The Source of all Compassion  
 Pities our feeble Frame,  
 When turning from Transgression  
 We come in 'Jesus' Name,  
 Before his holy Face ;  
 Then ev'ry sinful Motion  
 Is cast into the Ocean  
 Of never-failing Grace.

## VI.

To *Christ* our Peace is owing :  
 Through him thou art appeas'd.  
 Through him thy Love's still flowing :  
 O ! wilt Thou then be pleas'd,  
 Through *Christ*, thy Grace to send,  
 In all its Strength and Beauty,  
 To keep us in our Duty,  
 'Till these frail Days shall end.



*Mein Vater zeuge mich dein Kind.*

## I.

**M**Y Father ! form thy Child according  
to thine Image :

Create, O God, in me a new and contrite  
Heart :

Vouchsafe to number me in thine unspotted  
Lineage ;

And make me so by Grace, as thou by Na-  
ture art.

## II.

My Light ! enlighten me with thy transcen-  
dent Favour ;

Clear up my dismal Heart ; dispel the Clouds  
of Sin ;

By Nature Nothing else but sinful Things I  
favour ;

If Thou withdraw'st thy Light, I am all  
blind within.

## III.

My everlasting Way ! unbar the Gates of  
*Salem,*

That I may enter in, and tread the Paths  
of Peace ;

I've sojourn'd long enough amongst the Sons  
of *Balaam,*

And now I long for Home, where Sighs  
and Sin shall cease.

## IV. O

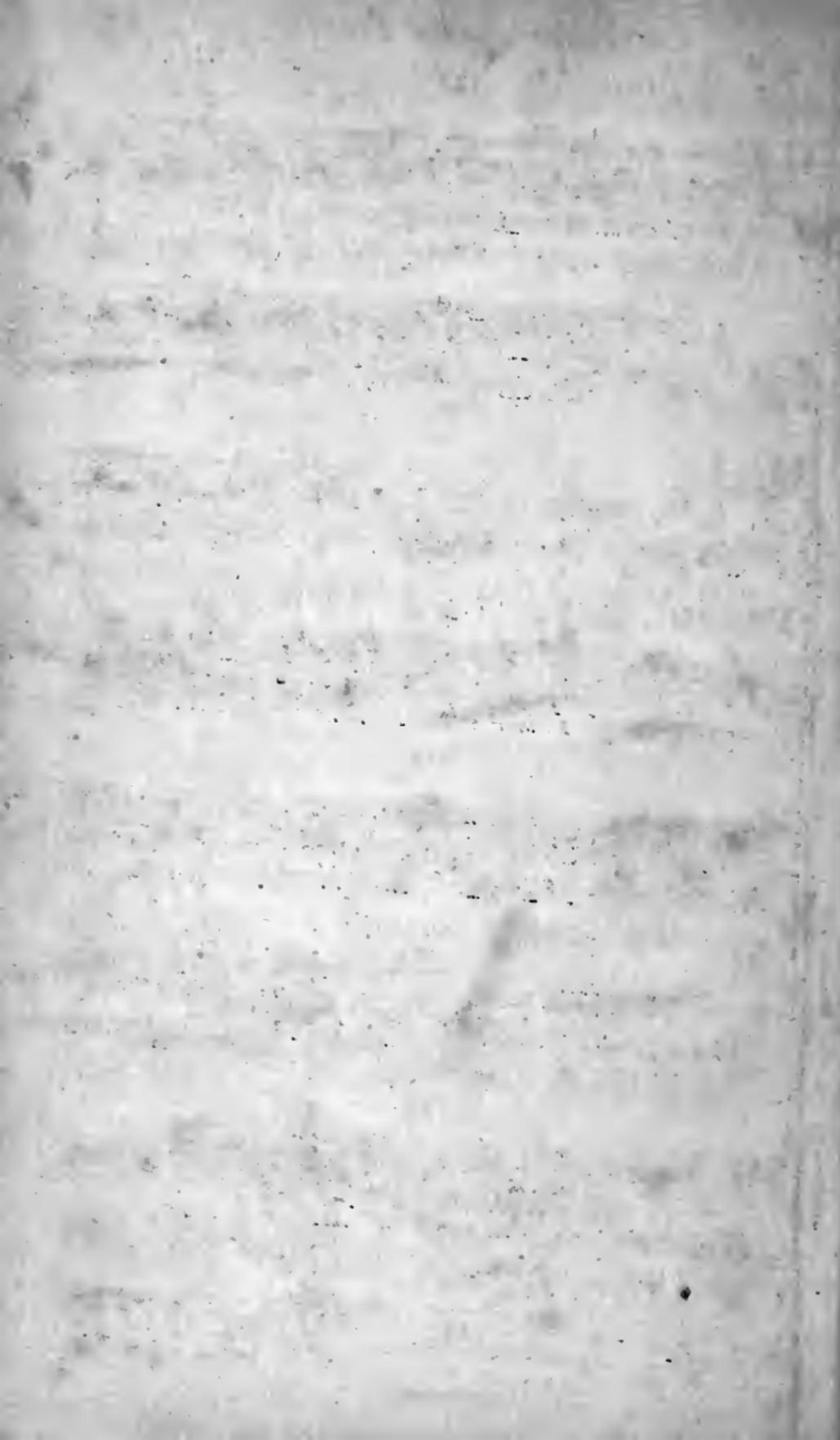
# Upon the Names of Christ

My Father form thy Child according to thine

Image Create O God in me a new & contrite heart vouch

- safe to number me in thine unspotted Linage and

make me so by grace as thou by Nature art & art



## IV.

O Thou eternal Truth ! Let me thy Grace  
 inherit ;  
 And brighten up my Mind with thy Serenity ;  
 And may thy glorious Word cast out the  
 lying Spirit,  
 And strengthen me to stand against that  
 Enemy.

## V.

My Life ! live Thou in me, that I in Thee  
 be living,  
 For without Thee I'm dead to all that's  
 truly Good ;  
 Thou art the Bread of Life ; this *Manna* is  
 thy giving ;  
 Feed my distressed Soul with that Celestial  
 Food.

## VI.

My Lamb ! most innocent, meek, patient, full  
 of Sweetness,  
 Create thy lamb-like Mind in me thy stray-  
 ing Sheep :  
 Enable me to bear, with Patience and with  
 Meekness,  
 The Cross made light to me by wounding  
 Thee so deep.

## VII.

My Master ! Teach thou me to know my  
 great Creator ;  
 Without thy Light I can't behold God  
 who is Light ;

Instruct my Heart and Lips to call him *Abba*  
 Father,  
 That mine Addresses may be pleasing in his  
 Sight.

## VIII.

My High-Priest! do not cease to pray for  
 thy lost Creature;  
 Upon the Father call with me incessantly;  
 Thy Holy Spirit's Groans support me, when  
 frail Nature  
 In th' inward Combat shrinks, and has no  
 Strength to cry.

## IX.

My King! defend thou me, when Flesh,  
 World, Sin and Devil  
 Assault the Spark of Grace, thou hast vouch-  
 saf'd to me;  
 The Shadow of thy Wings protect my Soul  
 from Evil,  
 For he's alone secure, who trusts alone in  
 Thee.

## X.

My Shepherd! feed my Soul with Food of  
 thy Salvation;  
 And lead me, when I thirst, unto the Wa-  
 ter-Springs;  
 Restrain me when my Soul gives Way to  
 strong Temptation;  
 My wandering Mind bring back, when  
 pleas'd with empty Things.

## XI.

My great Physician! heal my Soul, whose  
 Sores are many,

Caus'd

Caus'd by my num'rous Sins, so heinous  
and so foul.

That Sov'reign Remedy, thy Blood that's shed  
for Any,

Whose Refuge are thy Wounds, apply un-  
to my Soul.

XII.

My Friend! bestow on me thine All-sufficient  
Graces;

Confirm me more and more in holy Faith-  
fulness:

Grant me full Confidence to fly to thine  
Embraces,

When Satan, Sin and Hell my trembling  
Soul oppress.

XIII.

My Bridegroom! love me still, endow me  
with thy Spirit;

Enrich me with thy Grace; print on my  
Heart thy Seal;

Thy sweet embracing Love, O Lord, let me  
inherit;

And to my longing Soul thy wond'rous Self  
reveal.

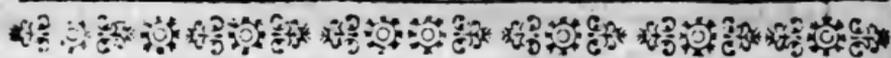
XIV.

My one and all! let me with thee be so united,  
That I may love but Thee, and scorn all  
Earthly Toys;

And when I am by Death t'appear before  
Thee cited,

O, may I be prepar'd for all thy glorious  
Joys.

Upon



## *Upon the Epiphany of* CHRIST.

*Mel: Vom Himmel hoch da komm ich her.*

To the Tune: *With this New Year, &c.*

I.

**H**E reigns, the Lord our Saviour reigns ;  
 Praise him in Evangelick Strains ;  
 Let all the Earth in Songs rejoyce,  
 And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

The Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim  
 His Birth, the Nations learn his Name ;  
 An unknown Star directs the Road  
 Of Eastern Sages to their God.

III.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,  
 Go worship where the Saviour lies.  
 Angels and Kings before him bow,  
 The Great on high, and Great below.

IV.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,  
 And their own Worshipers confound ;  
 But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,  
 And Earth confess her Sov'reign King.

V.

Rejoice, ye Christians, and record  
 The Sacred Honours of the Lord :  
 None but the Souls that feel his Grace,  
 Can triumph in his Holiness.

## Of the Love of CHRIST.

O *Jesu süß!* wer dein gedenckt.

To the *Tune*: O Lord, how many Miseries.

### I.

**S**WEET *Jesu!* when I think on Thee,  
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me.  
Thy blest'd Remembrance yields Delight;  
But far more sweet will be thy Sight.

### II.

When I th'incarnate *Jesus* spy,  
I'm lost in Joy, in Transport die;  
When with his Name I'm charm'd in Song,  
I wish myself all Ear and Tongue.

### III.

Of him, who did Salvation bring,  
I could for ever think and sing.  
Arise, ye Guilty: he'll forgive;  
Arise, ye Poor: for he'll relieve.

### IV.

His Grace but ask, and 'twill be giv'n:  
He'll raise, and turn your Hell to Heav'n.  
When Sin and Sorrow wounds the Soul,  
The Balm of *Christ* will make it whole.

### V.

If dismal Clouds the Mind affright,  
His Beams clear up the mournful Night.  
These Pleasures are beyond Compare:  
His Love exceeds our Wish and Pray'r.

D

VI. His

## VI.

His Praise whene'er we strive to tell,  
 Our Pens must flag, our Tongues must fail;  
 The Joy's too great, we must confess;  
 We feel a Bliss we can't express.

## VII.

O wondrous *Jesu*! Greatest King!  
 The World doth with thy Triumphs ring;  
 Thou conquer'st all, below, above,  
 Dire Fiends with Force, and Men with Love.

## VIII.

Thus diff'rent Ways thou giv'st thy Laws:  
 Some Terror frights; Some Softness draws.  
 O, dart upon us thy bright Ray,  
 Expelling Darknes, bringing Day.

## IX.

For thy Seraphick Sweets, we find,  
 Can cure the Conscience, and the Mind;  
 Chace Errors, which our Souls benight:  
 No Fiend nor Falshood bears thy Sight.

## X.

This shews the World Things hid before:  
 Its Glory's Shame, its Riches poor,  
 Its Pride Disgrace, its Pleasure Pain,  
 Its Wisdom Nonsense, Bus'ness vain.

## XI.

Thy Sunlike Light drives far the Cold;  
 Enlight'ning Love, obscuring Gold;  
 For they whose Sight its Beams restore,  
 Despise the Purse, to prize the Poor.

XII. With

XII.

With Love of thee I'm overcome,  
Entranc'd with Joy, with Pleasure dumb ;  
When on the Cross I thee behold,  
I lose all Strength, grow dead with Cold.

XIII.

The wounding Spear doth pierce my Heart:  
When thou art nail'd, I feel the Smart :  
Thy dying Groans my Sighs display ;  
Thou bow'ft thy Head, I faint away.

XIV.

Ye Hearts of Stone, come melt to see,  
That this was done for you and me.  
His Griefs procur'd, that we're forgiv'n ;  
And on his Blood we swim to Heav'n.

XV

To shame our Sins, he blush'd in Blood ;  
He clos'd his Eyes to shew us God :  
Let all the World fall down, and know,  
That none but God such Love could show.

XVI.

His Love with equal Warmth pursue;  
Burn for him, as he flam'd for you ;  
Love shou'd Returns of Love inspire,  
And his bright Flames set us on Fire.

XVII.

View well his Face, and winning Charms,  
And fly with Speed into his Arms ;  
Thy Love, my Saviour ! ne'er can cloy,  
Fountain of Blifs, and Source of Joy.

## XVIII.

Oh ! Let me ever share thy Grace,  
 Still taste thy Love and see thy Face ;  
 Still let my Tongue resound thy Name,  
 And *Jesus* be my constant Theme.

## XIX.

For tho' I can't Words worthy speak,  
 Yet stop my Tongue, my Heart will break ;  
 Big with thy Love, I must to Joy  
 Give Vent, lest I in Pieces fly.

## XX.

For when thy Charms croud in my Mind,  
 I split, unless a Vent I find :  
 Thy Merits in my Mem'ry roll ;  
 They sooth my Thoughts, and raise my Soul.

## XXI.

The Love of *Christ's* stupendous Meat ;  
 It fills me, yet I still could eat ;  
 With this his Food I'm never cloy'd ;  
 Still hungry, tho' I'm ever fed.

## XXII.

Infatiate to thy Spring I fly ;  
 I drink, and yet am ever dry :  
 As Dropfy loves the liquid Store,  
 I swell, and yet I thirst for more.

## XXIII.

Against its Charms I can't be Proof.  
 Ah ! who that loves can have enough ?  
 No Heathen in this Feast delights ;  
 It is not for such Appetites.

XXIV.

No Beauty to the Blind appears :  
Sweet Sounds are lost on deafen'd Ears ;  
*Christ* is to me a pleasing Feast ;  
They *Jesus* love, who *Jesus* taste.

XXV.

Of this his Love who's once a Taste,  
Will thirst for more ; his Thirst will last ;  
But they thrice happy Lovers prove,  
Whose Hearts are fill'd with *Jesus*' Love.

XXVI.

Thy Name adorns the Angels Sphere,  
Pleases the Taste, and charms the Ear :  
Ten thousand Times I thee desire ;  
If thou withdraw'st, I must expire.

XXVII.

When shall thy highest Love be try'd ?  
When shall my Soul be satisfy'd ?  
Remembering thee, I panting lye ;  
Thy Love both makes me live and die.

XXVIII.

I rise and sink in Ecstasy,  
Reviv'd with Love, and kill'd with Joy.  
Sweet Love ! in Publick still I sigh,  
And still for Thee in Secret cry.

XXIX.

'Tis thee I love: For Thee alone  
I shed my Tears and make my Moan.  
Where'er I am, where'er I move,  
I meet the Object of my Love.

XXX. In

## XXX.

In finding him, my Hours are blest;  
 And when he's found, I'll hold him fast.  
 O Blifs! the Lord I fought, appears;  
 My Sighs are lost with all my Fears.

## XXXI.

Let Love for Joy *Hofanna* sing;  
 Heav'n, Earth with *Hallelujahs* ring;  
 To celebrate this welcome Day,  
 I dance, and die for Love away.

## XXXII.

The Love of *Jefus* now shall last,  
 And keep its most transporting Taste:  
 No more I lose it; no more mourn;  
 Its Flame continual shall burn.

## XXXIII.

Sent from above this Fire shall glow,  
 Nor die as temp'ral Fire below;  
 It melts my Marrow, warms my Blood;  
 Lights up, but not consumes its Food.

## XXXIV.

Ev'n as the Damn'd I Heat sustain;  
 But mine's of Pleasure, their's of Pain.  
 What wond'rous Love is this I share!  
 It burns; yet doth refresh like Air.

## XXXV.

Come, Sinners! learn of me to love;  
 All wanton Charms from you remove;  
 My Passion's chaste, divinely good;  
 You love Men's Daughters, I my God.

XXXVI. He's

XXXVI.

He's sweeter than the Sweets of *May* ;  
Far clearer than the brightest Day ;  
More pleasing to my Taste and Eye,  
Than Eastern Spice, or Eastern Sky.

XXXVII.

Oh ! let my Mouth thy Sweetness taste ;  
My Nostrils with thy Odours feast :  
Still let my Lips thy Glories kiss,  
Tho' I still faint beneath the Bliss.

XXXVIII.

To thee I'll be for e'er confin'd,  
Bliss of my Heart, Joy of my Mind !  
Of Thee I think, of Thee I boast :  
Who sav'd the World, won't see me lost.

XXXIX.

But *Christ* resumes his Father's Throne.  
While Angels sing, Man's left to moan.  
But, Lord ! I'll never part with Thee ;  
I'll mount up in thy Company.

XL.

Come all, and fast to *Jesus* cleave :  
Let's follow close ; ne'er *Jesus* leave ;  
Both Hearts and Tongues to *Jesus* raise,  
With Vows, and loud harmonious Lays.

XLI.

That when we shall have learn'd this Art,  
And from this earthly Choir depart,  
He may requite our Songs of Love,  
And join us to the Choir above.



ON THE  
**PASSION** *of* **CHRIST.**

*Christus, der uns selig macht.*

I.

**C**H R I S T, by whose all-saying Light  
 Mankind benefitted,  
 Was for Sinners in the Night  
 As a Thief committed.  
 Dragg'd before a wicked Court  
 Of the *Jewish* Clergy ;  
 Where they try'd their worst Effort  
 'Gainst the Lord of Mercy.

II.

Sentenc'd early by this Crew,  
 As the worst of Sinners,  
 Came to *Pilate*, who foreknew  
 This Tumult's Beginners :  
 Though he judg'd him innocent  
 Of their Accusation,  
 Yet to *Herod* he was sent  
 For his Arbitration.

III. Then

# On the Passion of Christ

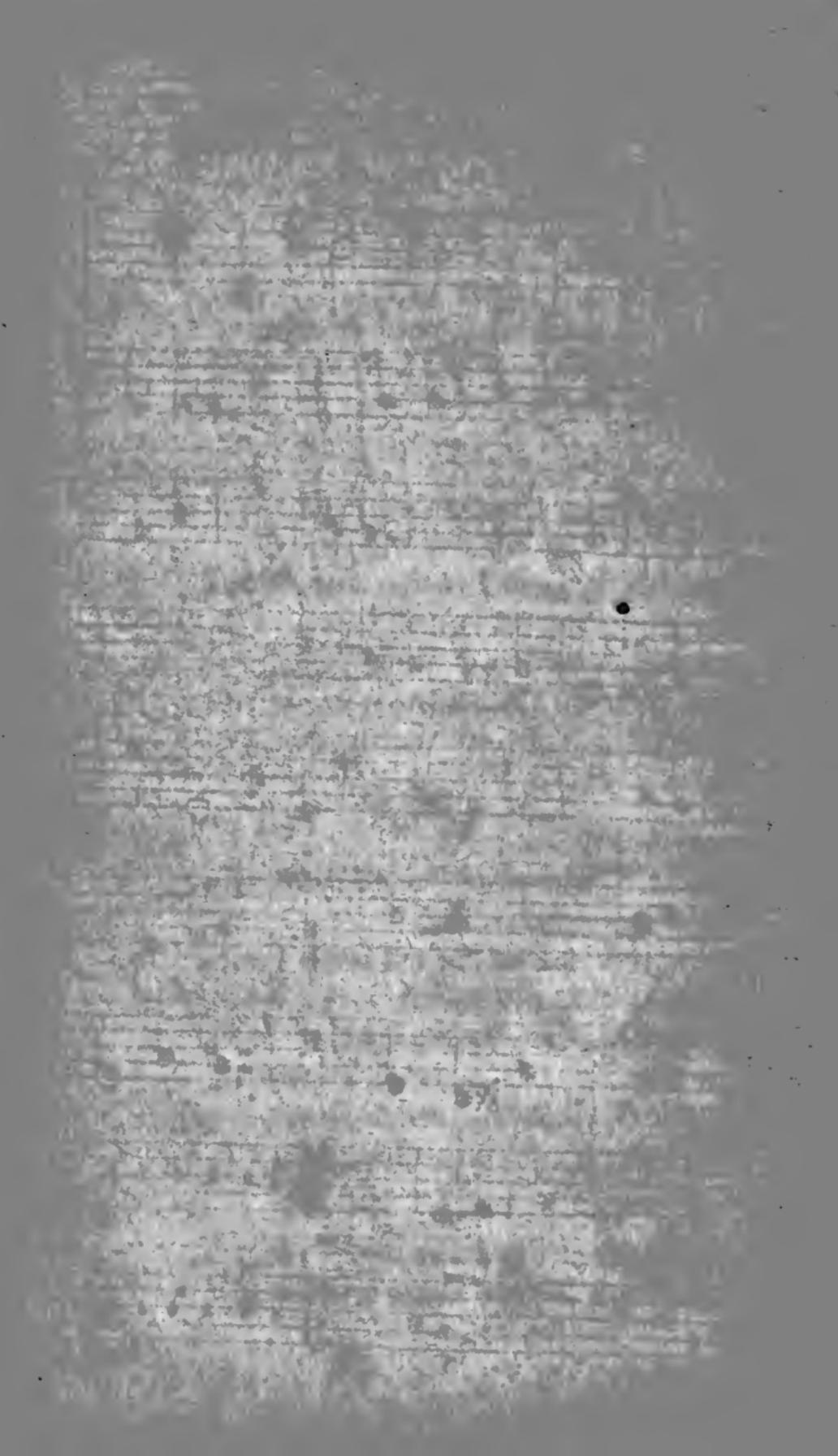
Christ by whose all saveing light Mankind

benefitted was for sinners in the night as a

Thief committed drag'd before a wicked court of y'

Jewish Clergy where they tried their worst effort

gainst the Lord of mercy



III.

Then his holy Flesh was torn  
with inhuman Lashes,  
And his blessed Head in Scorn  
Crown'd of sinful Ashes :  
Cloathed in a Purple Dress,  
Mock'd, and beat, and bruised ;  
Thus the Source of Holiness  
Was by Sin misused.

IV.

Then at Noon the Son of God  
To the Cross was nailed,  
Where his fervent Prayer and Blood  
For our Sins prevailed :  
The Spectators shook their Head  
Had him in Derision,  
Till the Sun-light mourning fled  
From so sad a Vision.

V.

When at Three they heard him call :  
Why am I forsaken ;  
Strait was Vinegar mix'd with Gall  
Offer'd, but not taken :  
Then to God his Spirit sent,  
Shaking th' Earth with Wonder,  
Gave the Vail a thorough Rent,  
Cleft the Rocks asunder.

VI.

At th' approaching Evening Tide,  
Criminals Bones were broken ;

But the Spear pierc'd *Jefus* Side,  
 For a lasting Token :  
 Which pour'd forth a double Flood  
 Of a cleansing Nature,  
 Both the Water and the Blood  
 Wash the guilty Creature.

## VII.

*Joseph*, when the Eve was come,  
 Took his dearest Master,  
 Laid him in his Stately Tomb,  
 Hewn in Alabaster :  
*Nicodem*, now void of Fear,  
 Brought the richest Spices :  
 Thus these holy Men paid here  
 Their last Sacrifices.

## VIII.

Grant. O *Jefu*, bleffod Lord,  
 By thy Cross and Passion,  
 Thy blest Love may be ador'd  
 By the whole Creation :  
 Hating Sin, the woful Cause  
 Of thy Death and Suff'ring,  
 Give our Heart t'obey thy Laws,  
 As the best Thanks-offering.



*Jesu deine heilige Wunden.*

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay, &c.*

I.

**C**Hrist, thy sacred Wounds and Passion,  
Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,  
Be my daily Meditation,  
Till I to thy Presence come.  
When a sinful Thought shall start,  
Ready to seduce my Heart ;  
Shew me, that my own Pollution  
Caus'd thy bloody Execution.

II.

Should my Bosom with lewd Passion  
Be inflam'd, and burn to Sin,  
Let the Thoughts of thine Oblation  
Quench that spreading Hell within.  
When the Serpent makes his Way  
To my Heart, Lord! grant I may  
With thy Cross, and Crown of Briar,  
Chace from thence that grand Destroyer.

III.

Would the World, with gay Temptation  
Draw me in its own broad Way ;  
Let me then think on thy Passion,  
And the Load which on Thee lay.

Sure the Sweat, and precious Blood  
 Of my dear expiring God  
 Will create in me a Passion  
 To oppose and shun Temptation.

## IV.

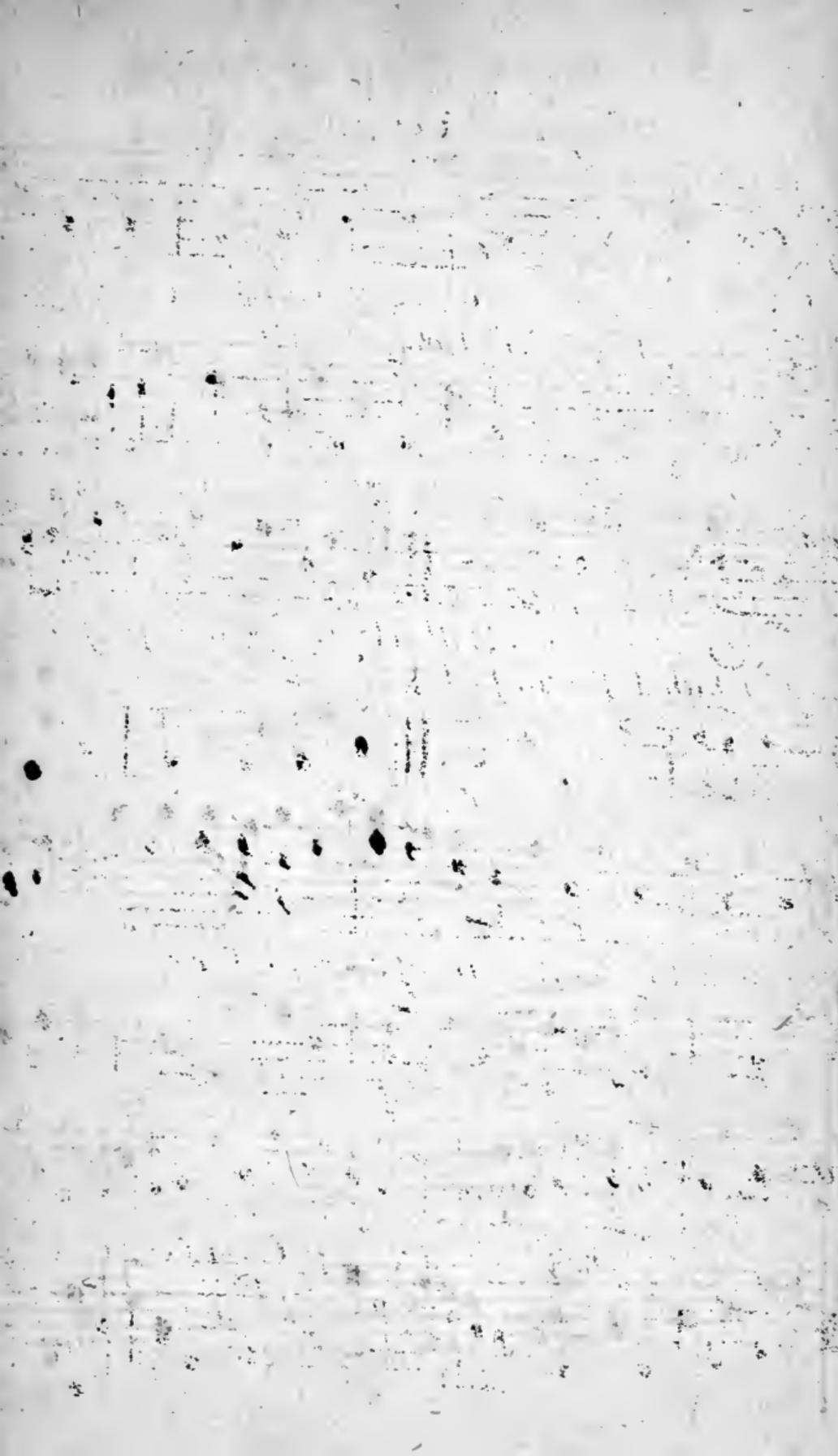
Lord, in ev'ry fore Oppression,  
 Let thy Wounds be my Relief.  
 When I seek thine Intercession,  
 Add new Strength to my Belief.  
 In thy bloody Hands and Feet  
 All my greatest Comforts meet.  
 This imprinted Demonstration  
 Of thy Love, be my Salvation.

## V.

All my Hope and Consolation,  
*Christ*, is in thy bitter Death.  
 In the Hour of Expiration,  
 Lord, receive my dying Breath.  
 By thine Agony and Sweat,  
 Grant me, Lord, a safe Retreat.  
 By thy glorious Resurrection,  
 Raise thy Servant to Perfection.

## VI.

*Christ*, thy sacred Wounds and Passion,  
 Bloody Sweat, Cross, Death, and Tomb,  
 Be my daily Meditation,  
 Till I to thy Presence come ;  
 Most of all, when I go hence,  
 Let this be my Confidence,  
 That thy deep Humiliation  
 Was to purchase my Salvation.



# Passion Hymn

{ Jesu source of my Salvation Conque-  
Thou my High Priest and oblation feltst the

- rour of Death and Hell } By the greatness of thy  
pain which I shou'd feel }

torment thou hast purchas'd my preferment thou art

thousand thanks to thee Dearest Lord for ever be

---

*Jesu meines Lebens Leben!*

I.

**J**ESU, Source of my Salvation,  
Conquerour of Death and Hell!  
Thou, my High Priest and Oblation,  
Felt' the Pain which I shou'd feel:  
By the Greatness of thy Torment  
Thou hast purchas'd my Preferment:  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to thee,  
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

II.

O how basely wast Thou used,  
Buffeted, and Spit upon?  
Lash'd and torn, and sorely bruised,  
Thou the glorious Father's Son?  
But to set the worst of Wretches  
Free from Hell and Satan's Clutches?  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Dearest Lord, for ever be.

III.

Thou, with more than Lamb-like Meekness,  
Sufferd'st Death upon the Cross:  
O, That my Rebellious Sicknes  
Had not been the fatal Cause.

Thou wert curs'd for my Transgressing,  
To restore me to thy Blessing.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Dearest Lord, for ever be.      IV. Lord

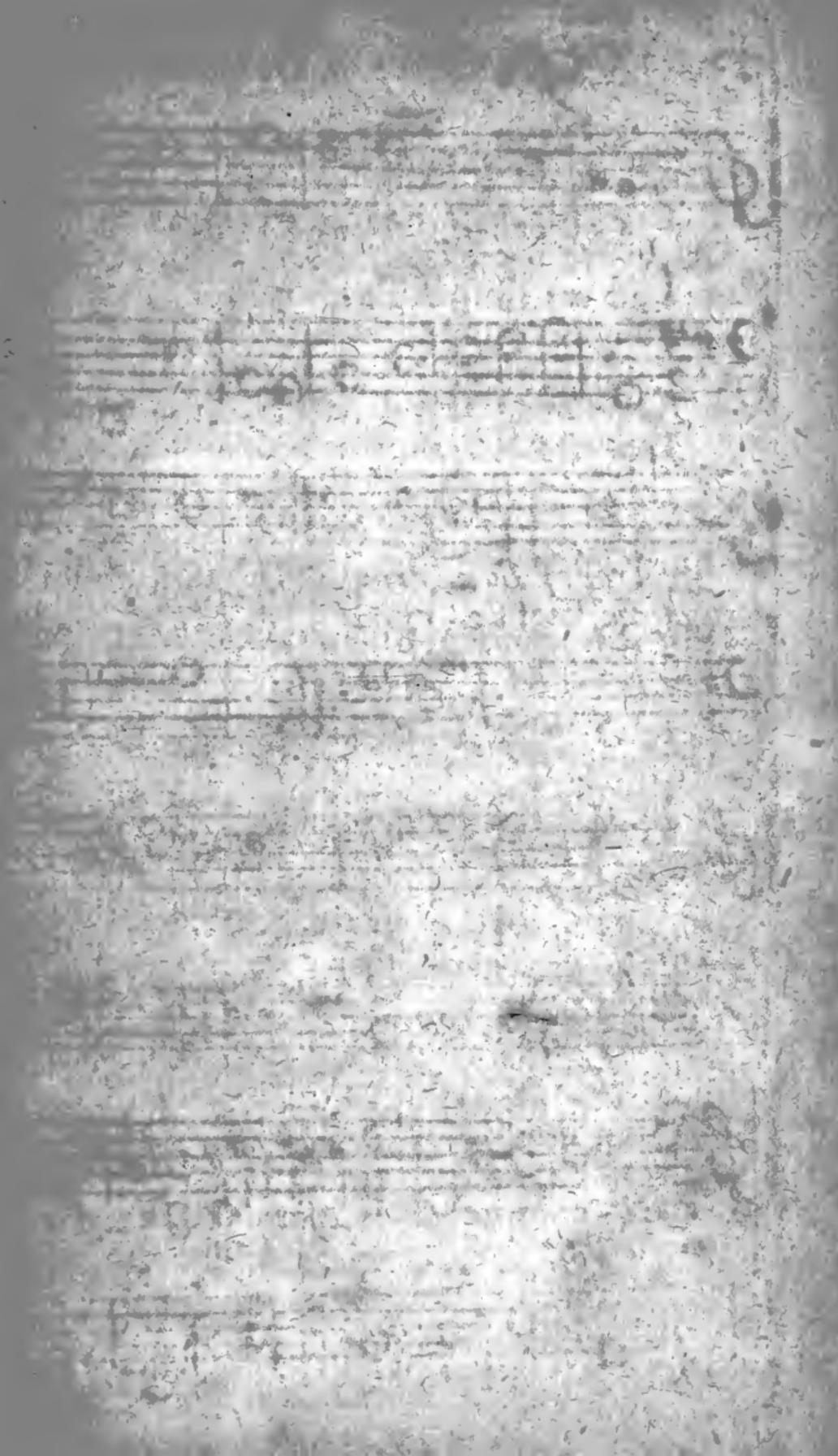
## IV.

Lord, thy deep Humiliation  
 Pay'd for my Rebellious Pride;  
 And thy sacred Expiration  
 Puts my Fear of Death aside:  
 All thy Grief and shameful Bondage  
 Thou hast turn'd to my Advantage.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Dearest Lord, for ever be.

## V.

Lord I'll praise Thee now and ever  
 For thy more than Human Pain,  
 For thy agonizing Shiver,  
 For thy Wounds and bloody Stain,  
 For thy stooping to the Sentence  
 Of eternal Wrath and Vengeance:  
 For thy Love, my God and King,  
 Praises shall for ever ring.





# Passion Hymn

O Lamb of God our Sa - viour kill'd on  
 Thy meek & low be - ha - viour Pay'd w<sup>t</sup>

Figured bass: 4 ♯ 5 # 7 5

the Tree of So - rrow Thy bearing our tran  
 thou did'st not be - rrow

Figured bass: 5 5

-gression Secur'd us from Damna - tion (har  
 87 # 6 5 5 # 0

Figured bass: 87 # 6 5 5 # 0

mer - cy upon us) O Je - su O Je - su  
 grant us thy peace)

Figured bass: 5 5 5 4 3



*O Lamb Gottes unschuldig.*

I.

**O** Lamb of God, our Saviour!  
Kill'd on the Tree of Sorrow!  
Thy suff'ring meek Behaviour  
Paid what thou didst not borrow.  
Thy bearing our Transgression  
Secur'd us from Damnation.  
Have Mercy upon us, O *Jesu!* O *Jesu!*

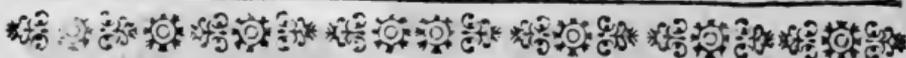
II.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
Have Mercy upon us, O *Jesu!* O *Jesu!*

III.

O Lamb of God, our Saviour, &c.  
O grant us thy Peace, O *Jesu!* O *Jesu!*





*Da Jesus an dem Creutze Stund.*

## I.

**W**HEN *Christ* hung on the cursed  
 A bloody Sacrifice for Thee, (Tree,  
 Bereft of Consolation,  
 His Seven last Words, of all, deserve  
 Thy deepest Meditation.

## II.

The First bespeaks the Depth of Love ;  
 In which he pray'd to God above  
 For his imbitter'd Nation.  
 Father, forgive our Ignorance  
 At thy Son's Intercession.

## III.

The Second was the great Relief  
 He promis'd the repenting Thief,  
 Firmly asseverated.  
 Lord bring us to thy Paradise,  
 When we are hence translated.

## IV.

The Third, the Care he well apply'd,  
 For his blest Mother to provide  
 By him whom he best loved.  
 Provide, O God, for Those we leave,  
 When we are hence removed.

V. The

# Passion Hymn

When Christ hung on the Cursed Tree a

bloody Sacrifice for thee Bereft of con-

-so-la-tion his ev'n last words of all deserve thy

deepest medi-ta-tion

deepest medi-ta-tion

deepest medi-ta-tion

deepest medi-ta-tion

deepest medi-ta-tion



V.

The Fourth was, when he cried : I thirst !  
Alas ! for whom, but for the Curst,  
And all Mankind's Redemption ?  
Lord, true Repentance grant, that we  
May answer thy Intention.

VI.

The Fifth the Lord in Anguish spoke :  
Why hast thou, God, my Soul forsook,  
While ev'ry Terror presses ?  
Lord, grant our Souls from thy Distress  
May fetch all-healing Graces.

VII.

'Tis finish'd : was the following Word,  
By which our great and dying Lord  
Retriev'd our lost Salvation.  
Ye mourning Sinners, all rejoice  
To hear this Declaration.

VIII.

The Sev'nth was : Father to thy Hand  
My Soul and Spirit I commend :  
This be my last Expression.  
Lord *Jesu* ! when thou call'st me hence,  
Take me to thy Possession.

IX.

Whoever pays a deep Regard  
To these Expressions of our Lord,  
And mourns their sad Occasion,  
Will lay, for everlasting Life,  
A strong and sure Foundation.

*Wenn meine Sünd' mick Kræncken.*

I.

WHEN Guilt and Shame are raising  
A Storm within my Soul,  
Thy Death, Lord! so amazing,  
Sin's damning Pow'r controul.  
Remind me, that thy Sacred Blood  
Has cancell'd my Transgressions;  
By paying what I ow'd.

II.

O Wonder, far exceeding  
All human Pow'r and Sense!  
Heav'n's Sov'reign was seen bleeding,  
To wipe off our Offence.  
The Source of Life gave up his Breath  
For me, whose vile Rebellion  
Deserv'd an endless Death.

III.

Tho' Sin exceeds a Mountain  
Of all the Sandy Shore;  
Yet th'everlasting Fountain  
Of *Christ's* own purple Gore  
Quite drowns and washes them away  
And saves me from the Terror  
That held me in Dismay.

IV.

My Heart, while here 'tis moving,  
Shall beat with fervent Praise  
To Thee, who wert so loving  
Towards our ruin'd Race:  
Thy Dying Words and ev'ry Groan  
Shall be my Meditation,  
'Till I am all thy own.

V. Lord

# On the Passion of Christ

The image shows a page of a musical score with two systems of staves. Each system consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in common time (C). The music is written in a style typical of 18th-century hymnals, with lyrics written below the staves. The lyrics are: "When Guilt and shame is raising a storm within my Soul } Remind me that thy damning Pow'r controul) Sacred Blood has cancel'd my Transgres- sion By paying what I shou'd". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, accidentals (sharps and naturals), and dynamic markings. There are also some decorative symbols like asterisks and a cross. The page is framed by a simple border.

*When Guilt and shame is raising a storm within my Soul } Remind me that thy damning Pow'r controul)*

*Sacred Blood has cancel'd my Transgres- sion By paying what I shou'd*



V.

Lord ! let thy bitter Passion  
Dwell always in my Mind,  
To raise an Indignation  
'Gainst Sin of ev'ry Kind,  
That henceforth I may ne'er forget  
The Greatness of my Ransom,  
Which paid an endless Debt.

VI.

All Pains and Tribulations,  
Contempt and Worldly Spite,  
Help me to bear with Patience,  
And always fix my Sight  
On that unerring Rule of Faith,  
Thy blessed Imitation,  
And self-denying Path.

VII.

Oh ! may my Life and Labour  
Express what thou hast done ;  
By Loving well my Neighbour  
And serv'ng Ev'ry one  
Without Self-Int'rest or Disguise,  
And may thy pure Example  
Be my best Exercise.

VIII.

And oh ! apply the Merit  
And Comfort of thy Blood,  
When I give up my Spirit  
To Thee my Judge and God.  
Then let my Hope its Pow'r display,  
And rest upon thy Promise,  
To save me in that Day.

---

ON THE  
**BURIAL of CHRIST.**

*O Traurigkeit !*

I.

**O** Boundless Grief,  
 Beyond Relief!  
 Where are my Passions hurried ?  
 God the Father's darling Son  
 For my Sins is buried.

II.

**O** Greatest Dread !  
 God-Man is dead.  
 See where he is expired,  
 And, for Sinners doom'd to Death,  
 Endless Life acquired.

III.

**O** make a Pause,  
 And search the Cause  
 Of this unheard-of Murther !  
 Sinner ! thine Apostacy  
 Cou'd advance no further.

IV.

**The Lamb of God**  
**Has shed his Blood**  
 For my and thy Salvation,  
 Thus to rescue sinful Men  
 From deserv'd Damnation.

# On our Saviours Burial

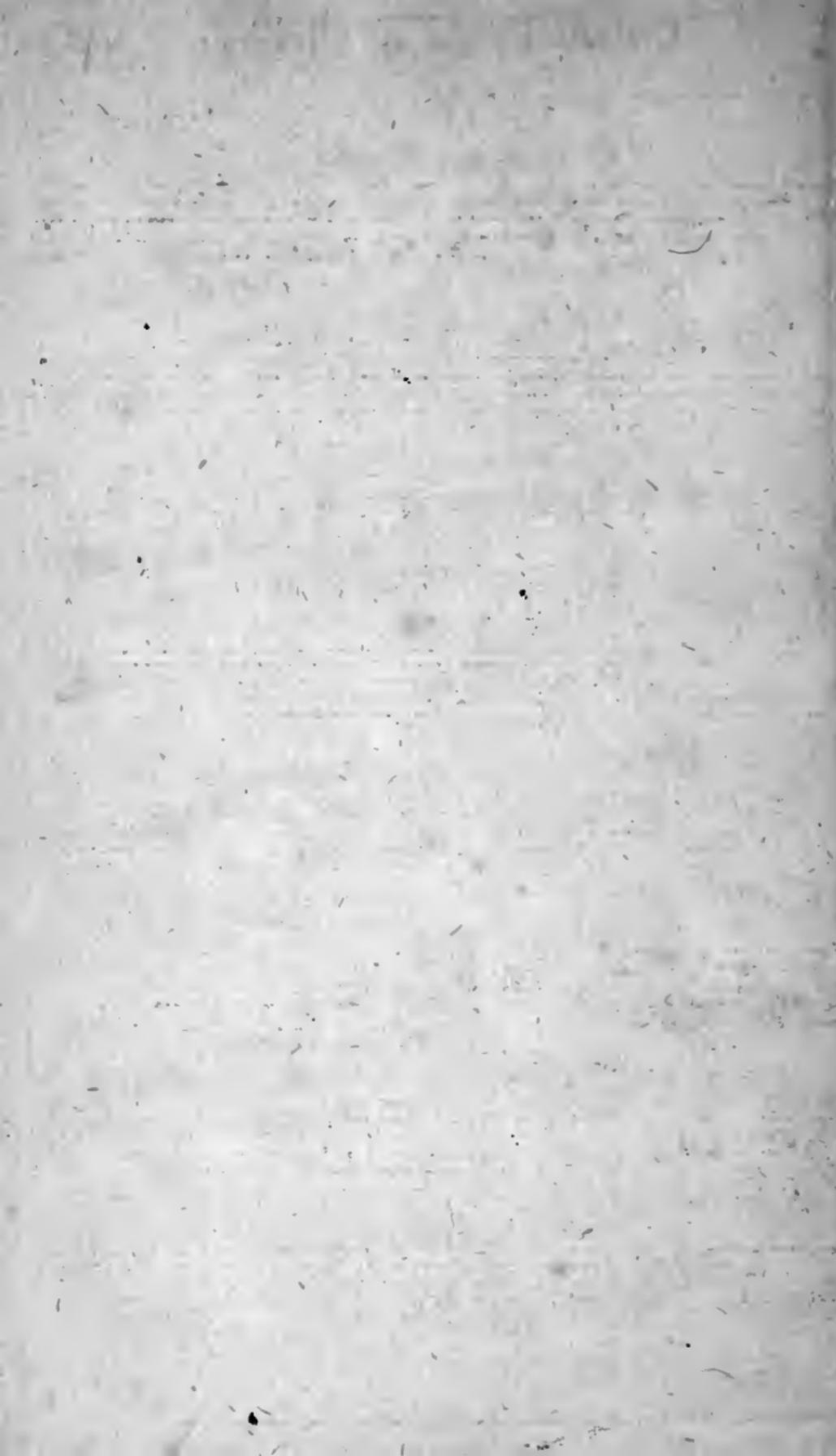
O boundless grief beyond Relief

where are my Passions hurried

God the Father's darling Son for my

Sins is buried

The musical score is written on four systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line. The fourth system ends with a double bar line. There are some numerical markings (7, 6, 4, 3, 4, 7, 4, 3, 4, 5, 8, 4, 4) below the notes, possibly indicating fingerings or other performance instructions.



V.

O glorious Head !  
Wast thou then made  
Thus to be torn and wounded ?  
At this Sight, the guilty World  
Ought to be confounded.

VI.

O lovely Face !  
Thou Source of Grace,  
And Author of all Beauty !  
Who can see Thee, and not melt  
Into Tears of Duty ?

VII.

How blest he is,  
Who weigheth this  
With Christian Application,  
That the Lord of Life and Light,  
Dy'd for our Salvation.

VIII.

O *Jesu* ! blest  
My Hope and Rest,  
Grant me this heav'nly Favour,  
That thy Blood, Cross, Death and  
Prove my dying Saviour. (Tomb



OF THE  
 RESSURRECTION of CHRIST.

*Christ lag in Todes Banden.*

## I.

**C**H R I S T was to Death abased,  
 And giv'n for our Transgression,  
 But by his being raised  
 Regain'd our Life's Possession.  
 This should make our Souls rejoice  
 To praise the Lord with Heart and Voice,  
 In singing *Hallelujah, Hallelujah!*

## II.

None could be found of *Adam's Race*  
 Who *Death* and *Hell* could slaughter.  
 Sin had defac'd the Worth and Grace  
 Of ev'ry Son and Daughter.  
 Death then, caused by the Fall,  
 Was, from thence, entail'd on All ;  
 And kept the World in Bondage,

## III.

But **JESUS**, whom God ever lov'd,  
 Came down for our Salvation :  
 Death from her Empire he remov'd ;  
 And by his blessed Passion,  
 Ruin'd all her Pow'r and Claim ;  
 And left *Death* Nothing but the Name :  
 The Sting is lost for ever.

*Halleluja*

IV. Ho

# Easter Hymn

{ Christ was to death a ba-sed and giv'n  
 But by his being raised regain'd

for our Transgression) this shoud make our  
 us Life's Posses-sion)

Souls rejoyce to praise the Lord with heart and

voice in singing Hallelu-jah Halle lu-jah



IV.

How hot and wond'rous was the Fray !  
Life was with Death furrounded,  
The Lord of Life here gain'd the Day,  
Death's Kingdom was confounded.  
This the Scripture doth record,  
That Death was conquer'd with his Sword,  
And led at last in Triumph. *Hallelujah.*

V.

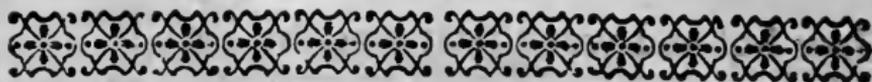
This is the Blessed Paschal Lamb,  
By God himself appointed.  
The Prophets do aloud proclaim,  
That this is THE ANOINTED,  
On our Hearts his Blood we shew ;  
No Fears of Death disturbs us now :  
Subdu'd is that Destroyer. *Hallelujah.*

VI.

This is the Day the Lord has made  
To all our Hopes to raise us :  
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,  
And join to sing his Praises.  
He dispels the Clouds of Sin,  
His Merit cleanses all within,  
We are remov'd from Darkness. *Hallelujah.*

VII.

The Bread of Life, by which we're held  
Is CHRIST for ever living :  
The Leav'n of Sin is still expell'd  
By Grace, which he is giving.  
Faith desires no other Food,  
But our Redeemer's Flesh and Blood.  
Blest be his Name for ever. *Hallelujah.*  
*Heut*



*Heut triumphiret Gottes Sohn.*

I.

**T**O Day, the Lord in Triumph reigns,  
Breaks Death and Hell's infernal  
Retakes his Life, and Majesty ; (Chains ;  
Praise him to all Eternity. *Hallelujab.*

II.

When he descended into Hell,  
Satan and all his Legions fell :  
Behold the great Accuser cast :  
The Hour of Darknes now is past. *Hal.*

III.

Now let the infernal Lions roar,  
They cannot hurt us as before ;  
Lost is the Pow'r of all those Fiends:  
We are God's Children, Heirs, and Friends.

IV.

*(Hall.*

O sweet Redeemer, *Jesus Christ !*  
Our Sacrifice, and great High-Priest,  
Lead us by thine Almighty Grace,  
To end with Joy our Christian Race. *Hall.*

V.

Infinite Lover, gracious Lord !  
Thy wond'rous Name shall be ador'd ;  
To Thee be endless Honours giv'n  
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n. *Hall.*

*. Auf*

# On the Resurrection of Christ

3  
b2

To day the Lord in triumph reigns

3  
b2

b

breaks death & Hell's Eternal chains retakes his

b

b

life and Majesty Praise him to all E-

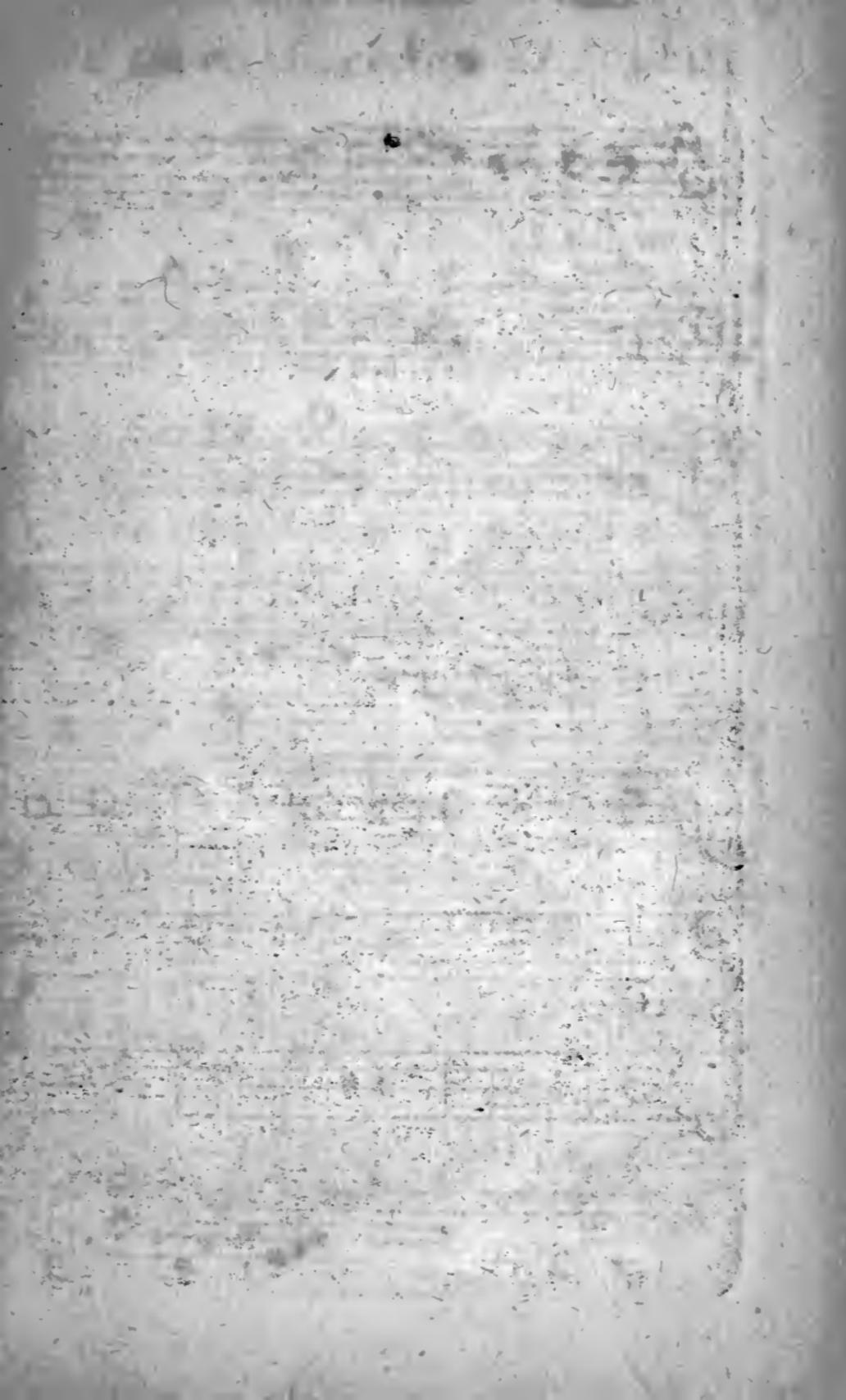
b

b

-ternity Hallelujah

b

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]



# Ascension Hymn

*Raise your Devotion mortal Tongues  
Sweet be the accents of your Songs*

*to reach the King of glo ry) bright  
(of him who went before ye)*

*Angels strike your loudest strings let Heav'n &*

*all created things sound our Emanuels praises*

*Auf diesen Tag, bedencken wir.*

## I.

**R**aise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,  
To praise the King of Glory,  
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs  
Of him who went before ye ;  
Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings:  
Let Heav'n and all created Things  
Sound our *Emanuel's* Praises.

## II.

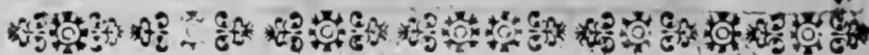
Ye mourning Souls, look upward too,  
For *Christ* is now preparing  
At God's right Hand a Place for you :  
Shake off what seems despairing.  
Thence our great Lord and King shall come  
To fetch our longing Spirits Home,  
And crown your Love and Labour.

## III.

Since He o'er Heav'n bears sov'raign Sway,  
By all its Pow'rs attended ;  
And has more Graces to display  
Than can be comprehended ;  
Fear not but He his Graces pours  
On such meek trembling Hearts as yours,  
The Objects of his Favour.

## IV.

Extend, O Lord, thy sov'raign Grace,  
Thy Light to ev'ry Nation :  
Let Earth and Seas avow and praise  
Thy Love, thy Pow'r, thy Passion ;  
'Till we join with thy Saints above  
In Hymns to celebrate thy Love,  
And dwell with Thee for ever.



# Of the HOLY GHOST.

*Komm Heiliger Geist.*

## I.

**C**ome, Holy Ghost! Come, Lord our God!  
 Spread Faith and Love divine abroad;  
 And fill thy longing Peoples Minds  
 With precious Gifts of sundry Kinds.  
 O Lord, who, by thy heav'nly Light,  
 Hast call'd thy Church from sinful Night,  
 Out of all Nations, Tribes and Tongues,  
 Thy Praise shall make our choicest Songs:

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*

## II.

Thou Light of Glory, gracious Lord!  
 Revive us by thy holy Word,  
 And teach thy Flock in Truth to call  
 On Thee, the Father of us all.  
 Delusive Errors far remove,  
 And guide us always by that Love,  
 Which, keeping close to *JESUS* Path,  
 Rejects all other Guides of Faith. *Hallel.*

## III.

Thou great Dispenser of that Love,  
 Which sent Redemption from above,  
 O! Grant us Faith and Constancy,  
 To conquer Sin, and yield to Thee.  
 O Lord! by thine Almighty Grace,  
 Prepare us so to run our Race,  
 That we, from Bonds of Sin kept free,  
 May gain a blest Eternity. *Hallelujah.*

Handwritten text at the top of the page, possibly a title or header, which is mostly illegible due to fading and bleed-through.

First system of musical notation, consisting of a five-line staff with notes and rests.

Second system of handwritten text, likely a line of lyrics or a section header, positioned between two musical staves.

Second system of musical notation, consisting of a five-line staff with notes and rests.

Third system of handwritten text, positioned between two musical staves.

Third system of musical notation, consisting of a five-line staff with notes and rests.

Fourth system of handwritten text, positioned between two musical staves.

Fourth system of musical notation, consisting of a five-line staff with notes and rests.

Final system of handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or a concluding line.

# On Pentecost

*Come Holy Ghost Come Lord our God*

43 34 43

6 6

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. There are numerical figures (43, 34, 43) placed above the notes in the bass staff, and other figures (6, 6) below the notes. The music consists of quarter and half notes with various ornaments and slurs.

*Pour out the Fathers love abroad & fill th*

56 6 43 56

6 6

Detailed description: This system contains the second two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. There are numerical figures (56, 6, 43, 56) placed above the notes in the bass staff, and other figures (6, 6) below the notes. The music consists of quarter and half notes with various ornaments and slurs.

*faith-full Peoples minds with fruitful*

65 4

6 4# 6

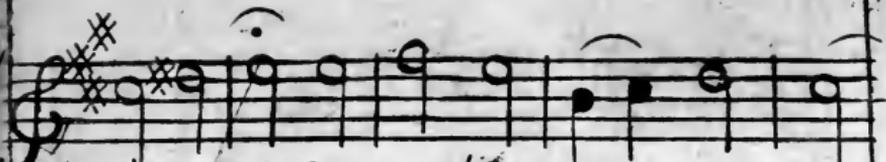
Detailed description: This system contains the third two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. There are numerical figures (65, 4) placed above the notes in the bass staff, and other figures (6, 4#, 6) below the notes. The music consists of quarter and half notes with various ornaments and slurs.

*gifts of sundry kinds O Lord who by thy*

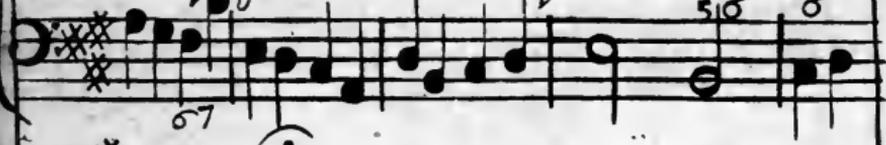
76

66 +# 6

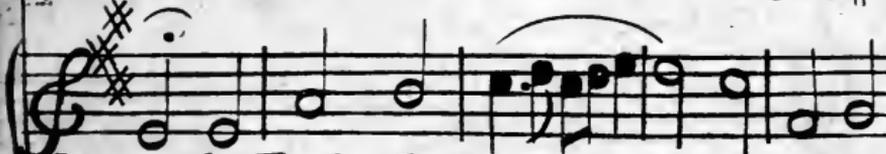
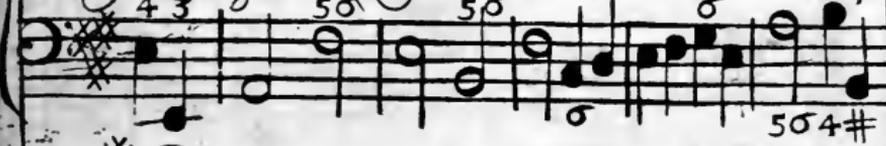
Detailed description: This system contains the fourth two staves of music. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lyrics are written below the staves. There are numerical figures (76) placed above the notes in the bass staff, and other figures (66, +#, 6) below the notes. The music consists of quarter and half notes with various ornaments and slurs.



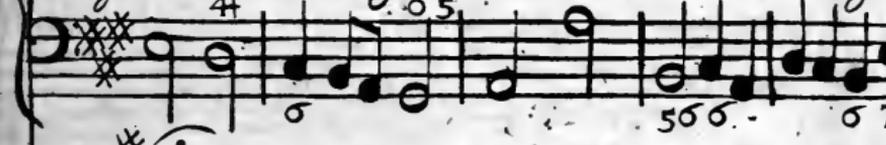
Heav'nly light hast call'd thy Church from sin



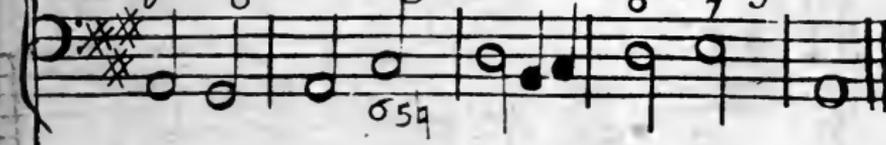
full night out of all Nations Tribes &

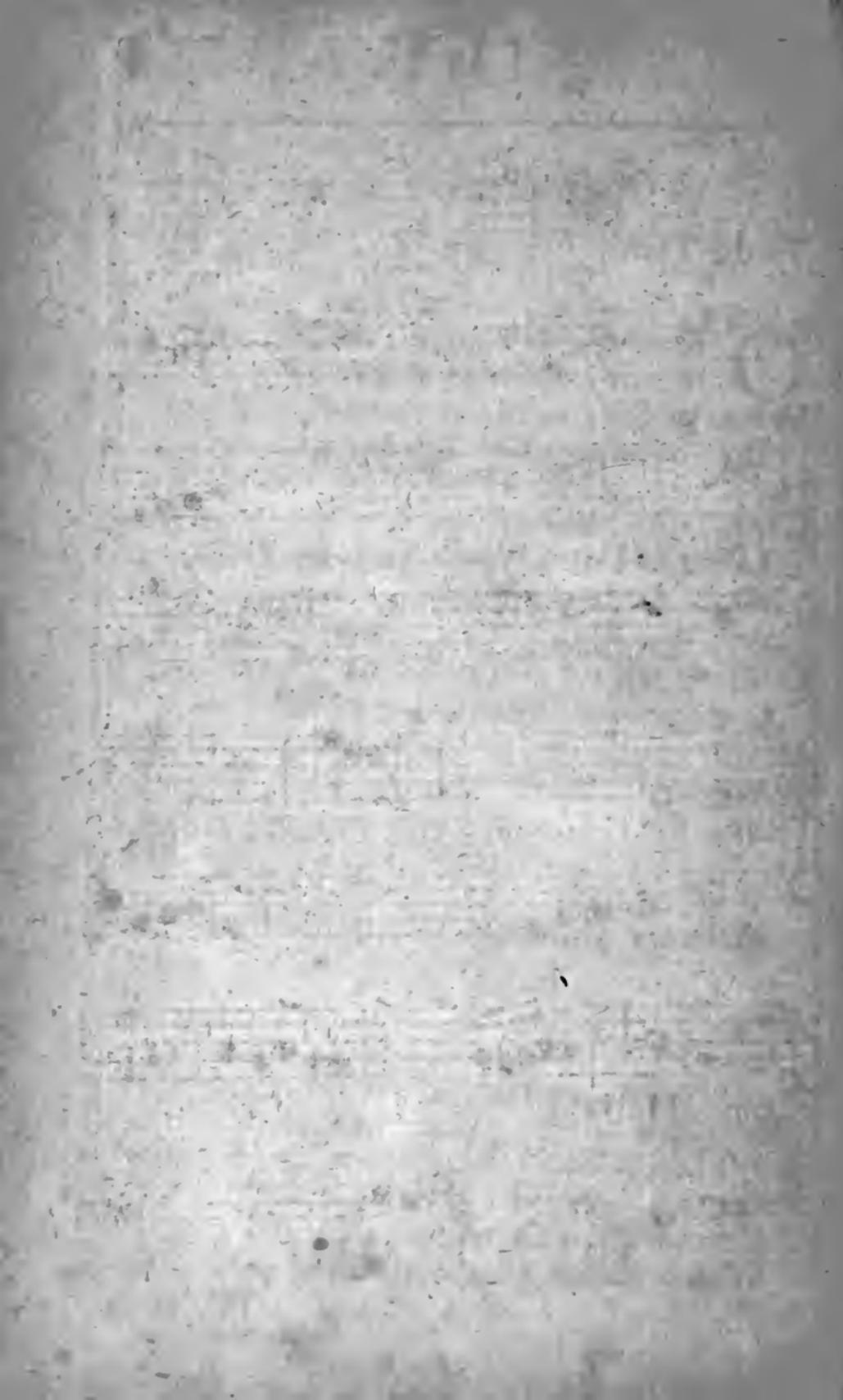


Tongues thy Praise shall tu - ne our choicest



songs Hallelu - jah Halle - lu - jah





*O du allerfüße Freude.*

To the Tune: *Faithful God, I lay before Thee*

## I.

**O** Thou sweetest Source of Gladness!  
 Faith and Hope and Heav'nly Light,  
 Who, in Joy, as in our Sadness,  
 Dost convince us of thy Might!  
 Holy Spirit, God of Peace,  
 Great Distributer of Grace,  
 Life and Joy of the Creation,  
 Hear, oh hear my Supplication

## II.

**O** Thou best of all Donations  
 God can give, or we implore,  
 Having thy sweet Consolations,  
 We need wish for Nothing more.  
 Come, Thou Lord of Love and Pow'r,  
 On my Heart thy Graces show'r:  
 Work in me a new Creation.  
 Make my Heart thy Habitation.

## III.

From that Height that knows no Measure,  
 As a Show'r thou dost descend;  
 And bring'st down the richest Treasure  
 Man can wish, or God can send.  
**O!** Thou Glory shining down  
 From the Father and the Son,  
 Grant me thy Communication,  
 Which makes All a new Creation.

## IV.

Wise Thou art, know'st all Reccesses  
 Of the Earth and spreading Skies :  
 Ev'ry Sand the Shore possesse,  
 Thy omniscient Mind descries.  
 Lord, thou knowest, that I am  
 Quite corrupted, blind and lame.  
 Give me such a wise Behaviour  
 As may please my God and Saviour.

## V.

Holy Lord ! who lov'st to visit  
 Souls, of pure and chaste Desire,  
 But abhor'st an Heart that's busied  
 With what Flesh and Blood admire :  
 Wash my Soul, O Spring of Grace,  
 Clean from all Unrighteousness ;  
 Make me fly what thou refuseth,  
 And delight in what thou chusest.

## VI.

Like a Lamb thou art in Nature,  
 Of a meek and tender Mind,  
 Doing Good to ev'ry Creature,  
 Tho' they're still to Sin inclin'd ;  
 O forgive, and grant I may  
 Follow thy forgiving Way,  
 Love my Foes as my own Lineage,  
 And hate None that bear thy Image.

## VII.

Dearest Lord, I live contented  
 In th' Assurance of thy Love,  
 Which, if not by Sin prevented,  
 Does my highest Comfort prove.

*Of the* HOLY GHOST.

Make my Soul thy Property ;  
All I have shall be to Thee  
And thy Glory dedicated  
Here, and when I am translated.

VIII.

I renounce what's prejudicial  
To the Glory of thy Name ;  
Counting only beneficial  
What's from Thee, and from the Lamb :  
At what Satan can contrive,  
I will never once connive ;  
But with earnest Opposition,  
Cross that Author of Perdition.

IX.

Oh ! support my weak Endeavour ;  
Second me on ev'ry Side,  
Thine Assistance, great Reliever !  
Grant me still ; and be my Guide.  
Mortifie my Selfishness,  
Turn th' old Will from sinful Ways,  
And conform it to thy Nature,  
That my God may love his Creature.

X.

Be my Guard on each Occasion ;  
When I'm sinking be my Staff ;  
When I die be my Salvation ;  
When I'm buried, be my Grave.  
And when from the Grave I rise,  
Take me up above the Skies.  
Seat me with thy Saints in Glory ;  
There for ever to adore Thee.

*Zeuch ein zu deinen Thoren.*

I.

**I**N me resume thy Dwelling,  
 Thou glorious Guest of Hearts ;  
 And, from me Sin repelling,  
 Renew my inward Parts,  
 O Spirit all Divine ;  
 Whose Goodness never varies ;  
 In whom the Grace and Glories  
 Of all the Godhead shine.

II.

Come, Flow'r of all that's holy,  
 And fill my inward Part  
 With Grace, which drives all Folly  
 And Error from the Heart :  
 Thy Mind restore in me ;  
 While I the wond'rous Story  
 Rehearse, without Vain-Glory,  
 Of all my Debt to Thee.

III.

I was a with'ring Scyon ;  
 Thou saw'st ; and, griev'd to see,  
 From Death, that grimmeſt Lion,  
 In Pity ſet me free,  
 By grafting me in *Chriſt*,  
 While into his Oblation,  
 Which purchas'd my Salvation,  
 By Thee I was baptiz'd.

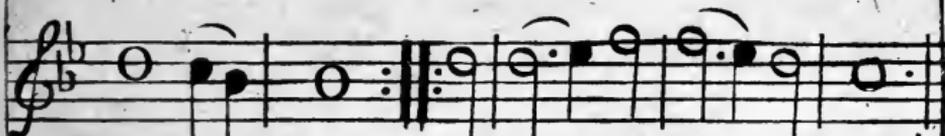
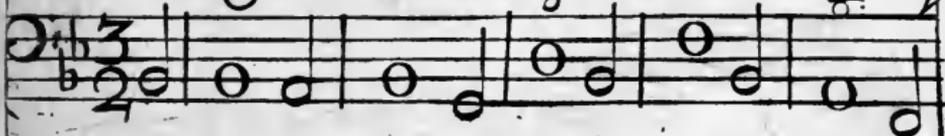
IV.

By Thee, whose blessed Function  
 Can ne'er enough be priz'd :

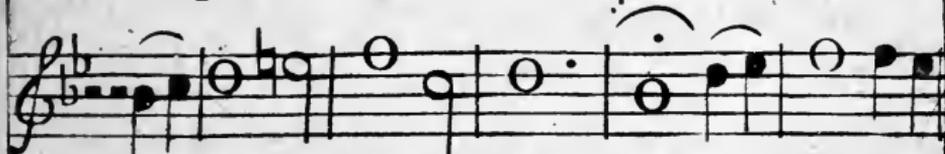
# Whitfunday (Hymn.)



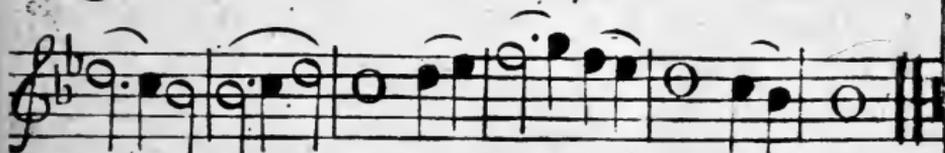
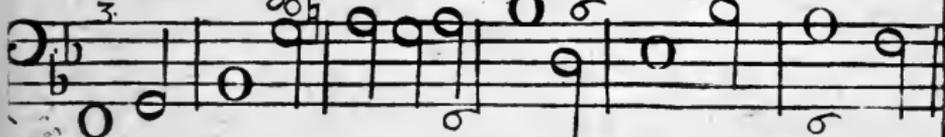
Retake thy own Posses - sion O glorious  
Who after my Crea - tion renew'st my



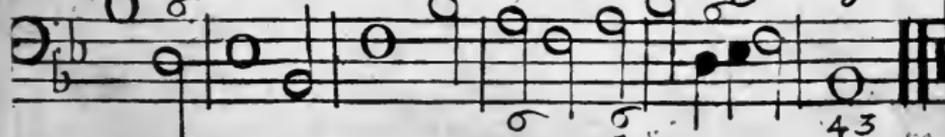
Guest of Hearts } O blessed Ho - ly Ghost  
inward Parts }



Proceeding from the Fa - ther who with his



Son toge - ther art God the Lord of Host





By Thee, whose holy Unction  
 Anoints me into *Christ*,  
 And makes me all his own ;  
 All his, on whom, together  
 With all his Pow'r, the Father  
 Has all his Glory thrown.

## V.

Thou guid'st the guilty Creature  
 To the blest Mercy-Chair ;  
 And giv'st his Lips to utter  
 A Mercy-winning Pray'r,  
 Thy Eloquence prevails  
 To save from Satan's Fingers  
 The most abandon'd Sinners ;  
 And never, never fails.

## VI.

Thou art the Source of Pleasure,  
 Which never fades nor cloy :  
 Of dark'ning Grief no Measure  
 Withstands thy bright'ning Joys.  
 How often hast thou giv'n,  
 Thou 'Lightner of all Nations,  
 In thy sweet Visitations,  
 Extatic Tastes of Heav'n !

## VII.

Thou art th' eternal Center  
 Of Love and Unity.  
 Where foul Contentions enter  
 In vain we look for Thee,  
 Thou God of Truth and Peace.  
 O ! may thy Truth delight us ;  
 And thy sweet Peace unite us ;  
 And all our Discords cease.

## VIII.

The Earth, the whole Creation  
Is pendent on thy Hand.

What Thing, what Heart, what Passion  
Obeys not thy Command !

Thou Pow'r above all Powers !

O, may thy Truth and Graces,  
Thy Peace upon all Places  
Descend in plenteous Show'rs.

## IX.

O ! heal our sore Distractions :

Our growing Rage remove:  
And drown our restless Factions  
In Gospel-Truth and Love.

Thy mighty Arm make bare  
For injur'd sinking Nations ;  
And stop the Devastations  
And Bloody Hands of War.

## X.

Be Angels ever busie

To guard the King and Queen.  
Make their bright Crowns sit easie,  
And, thro' a lasting Reign,  
With rising Glories shine.

Pour forth thy Grace upon 'em  
And let thy Blessings on 'em  
No Bounds on Earth confine.

## XI.

The Minds of all the Nation  
Endue with Faith and Love ;  
And pour on ev'ry Station  
Thy Blessings from above.

All Ranks with Wisdom bless  
To shun all Wrath and Riot,  
And seek the common Quiet,  
And common Happiness.

XII.

Give Strength and Resolution,  
To fight like Christian Men,  
'Gainst Satan's fierce Intrusion,  
And all his hellish Clan ;  
That gaining always Ground,  
We rout all Opposition,  
And in no Sin's Commission  
One Christian may be found.

XIII.

Direct our Conversation  
According to thy Mind ;  
And when this mortal Station  
At last shall be resign'd :  
Then grant, thou God of Love !  
That our whole Life's Profession  
May end in the Possession  
Of lasting Bliss above.



*Allein Gott in der Höh sey Ebr.*

## I.

**T**O our Almighty gracious God,  
 New Honours be address'd,  
 Whose great Salvation shines abroad,  
 To make all Nations blessed ;  
 He looks upon us in his Son,  
 Who brought from Heav'n Salvation down,  
 And Peace to Men proclaimed :

## II.

To Thee we come and humbly bow,  
 Great Lord of the Creation !  
 Whose boundless Empire ne'er will know  
 Or End or Variation.  
 Thy Pow'r is endless as thy Praise :  
 Thou speak'st ; the Universe obeys.  
 On Thee depend all Creatures.

## III.

Blest *Jesus*, only Son of God  
 On Earth of Tragic Story ;  
 Our Ransom is thy precious Blood ;  
 Thy shameful Cross our Glory.  
 Sweet suff'ring Lamb, now King of Kings,  
 And Lord of all created Things,  
 Extend to us thy Mercy.

## IV.

O Holy Ghost ! our Sov'reign Good,  
 And highest Consolation !  
 What *Jesus* ransom'd with his Blood,  
 Preserve Thou to Salvation  
 'Tis Thou who bringst' us unto *Christ* ;  
 'Tis Thou his precious Blood appliest.  
 In Thee we have Affiance.

*Gott*

# Trinity (Hymn).

To our Almighty maker God new Honours  
His great salvation shines abroad w<sup>ch</sup> makes all

be adre-ssed } he looks upon us in his  
nations Ble-ssed }

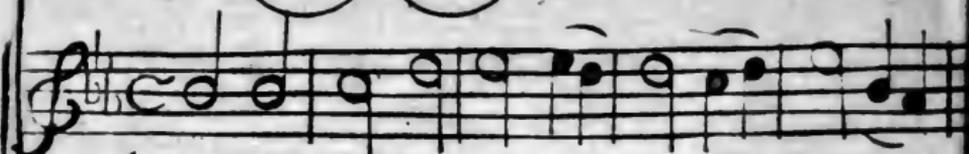
Son by whom we can approach his throne since

Peace is now proclai- med





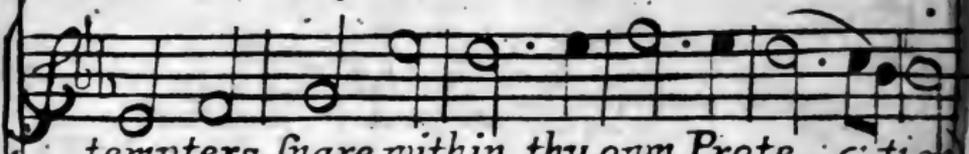
# Trinity Hymn



{ God the Father our defence O save us  
All transgression take from hence, & grant us



from Damna — tion } { Gaurd us from the  
thy sal — va 43 tion } { we re — ly up —



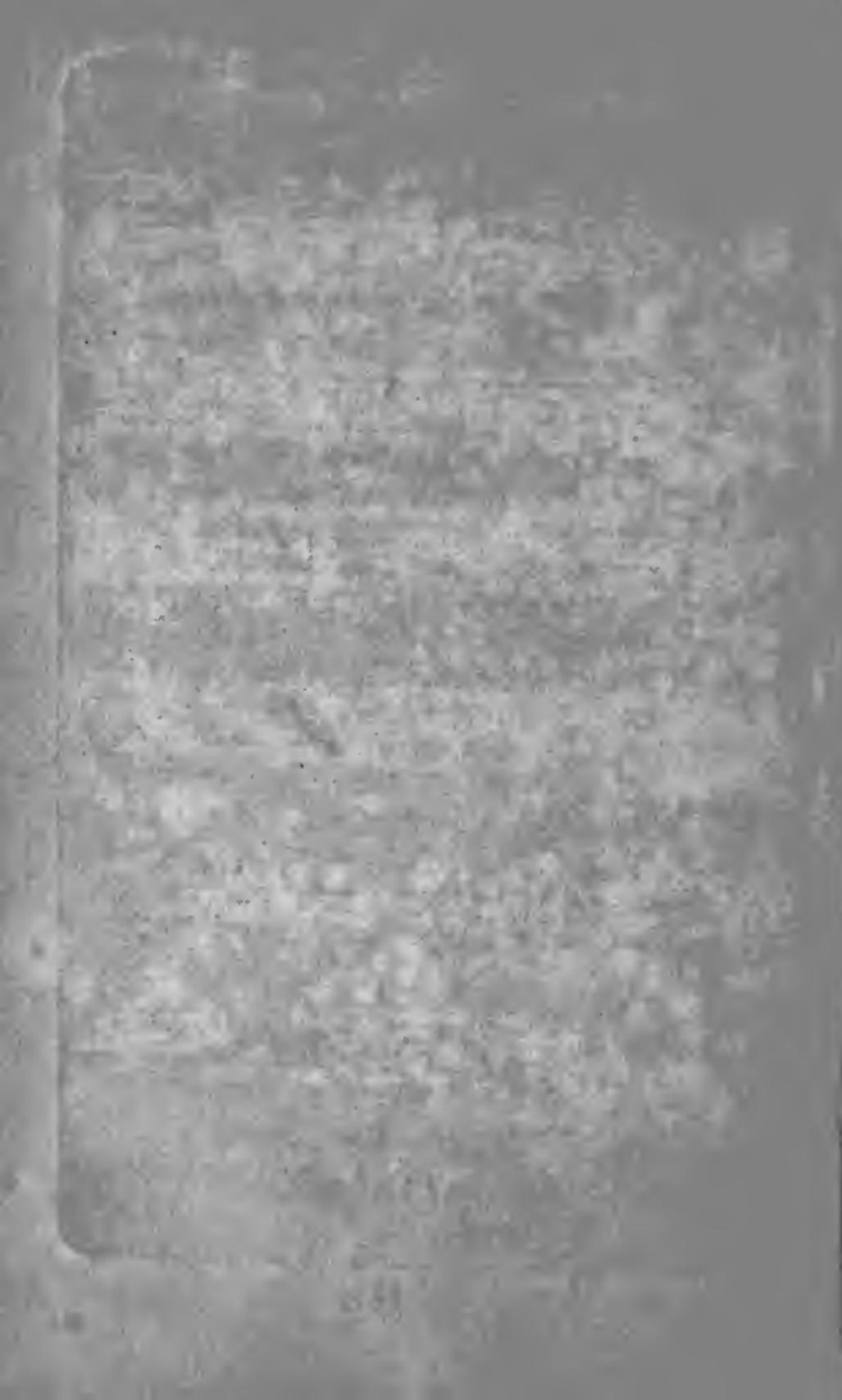
tempters snare within thy own Prote — c — tion  
— on thy care with all thy well be lo — ved



(that un-der thy dire-ction our Faith may  
thy grace be thus impro-ved that we may

scape in fe-ction) Amen Amen. be the-  
ner be mo-ved

word so shall we truely praise the Lord





*Gott der Vater wohn uns bey.*

I.

**G**OD the Father, our Defence!  
O save us from Damnation;  
All Transgressions take from hence,  
And grant us thy Salvation;  
Guard us from the Tempter's Snare,  
Within thy own Protection,  
That under thy Direction  
Our Faith may 'scape Infection.  
We rely upon thy Care.  
With all thy Well-beloved,  
Thy Grace be thus improved,  
That we may ne'er be moved.  
*Amen, Amen,* be the Word!  
So shall we truly praise the Lord.

II.

Lord *Christ Jesus!* our Defence!  
O save us, &c.

III.

Blessed Spirit, our Defence,  
O save us, &c.



# *Of the* HOLY ANGELS.

*Herr Gott dich loben alle wir,!*

## I.

**T**O God let all the Human Race  
Bring humble Worship mixt with Grace ;  
Who makes his Love and Wisdom known,  
By Angels, that surround his Throne.

## II.

These Angels, whom thy Breath inspires,  
Thy Ministers are flaming Fires !  
And swift as Thought their Armies move,  
To bear thy Vengeance, or thy Love.

## III.

They joy t'obey thy blessed Will ;  
They love t'increase their Knowledge still ;  
They always serve the Lord their Rock,  
In keeping Guard around thy Flock.

## IV.

The Good, where'er thy Children dwell,  
They do, no mortal Tongue can tell ;  
Nor what their Heav'nly Care prevents,  
Where they are bid to pitch their Tents.

-V. Good

# Michaelmas Hymn

To God let all the Human Race bring

humble worship mixt with grace who

makes his Love and wisdom known by

Angels that surround his throne



V.

Good *Daniel* found their Benefit,  
When mid'st the Lions forc'd to sit.  
The same enjoy'd the pious Lot;  
What great Deliv'rance had he not ?

VI.

What did the three Men in the Flame,  
As soon their Guardian-Angel came ?  
Did not the Oven's devouring Fire,  
Resound the Notes of Heav'nly Quire ?

VII.

Thus God defends us Day by Day,  
From many Mischiefs in our Way,  
By Angels, which do always keep  
A watchful Eye when we're asleep.

VIII.

O Lord ! we'll bless Thee all our Days ;  
Our Soul shall glory in thy Grace ;  
Thy Praise shall dwell upon our Tongues ;  
All Saints and Angels join our Songs.

IX.

We pray to let their Heav'nly Host  
Be Guardians of our Land and Coast,  
To keep thy little Flock in Peace,  
That we may lead a Life of Grace.





*On the Philanthropy of*  
**GOD and CHRIST.**

*Nun freut euch lieben Christen-Gemein.*

To the Tune : *Raise your Devotion.*

I.

**N**OW come, ye Christians all, and bring,  
 With chearful Hearts and Voices,  
 Due Praises to our God and King,  
 Whose Holy Court rejoices  
 To see the Wonders of his Love,  
 Which brought Redemption from above,  
 Beyond our Expectation.

II.

As Satan's Slave in Sin I lay,  
 Despairing of Salvation,  
 Satan had got a mighty Sway  
 God was my Detestation ;  
 And sinking deeper by Degrees  
 Into this desperate Disease,  
 Was nearly lost for ever.

III. Good

## III.

Good Works wou'd here not serve my Turn  
 They cou'd produce no Merit ;  
 Rebellion made my Free-Will burn  
 Against the Holy Spirit.  
 My Anguish drove me to Despair ;  
 Death was my Mirrour ev'ry where,  
 The Prefage of Hell-Torment.

## IV.

But, O unutterable Grace !  
 That pity'd my Condition !  
 Th' eternal *Jesus* took my Place  
 To save me from Perdition ;  
 Down to this World the Saviour flies,  
 Stretches his sacred Arms and dies,  
 For me a wretched Sinner.

## V.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God  
 And Author of Salvation,  
 To pay its Wrongs with Heavenly Blood,  
 And quench Hell and Damnation ,  
 Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore,  
 And 'rose ; the Law could ask no more  
 Of this my Mediator.

## VI.

Thus the Redeemer spake to me  
 In smiling Condescension :  
 I wholly give myself for Thee  
 T' unvail this my Intention,  
 That I am thine with all I have,  
 And purchas'd by the Cross and Grave:  
 No Foe shall disunite us.

## VII. III

## VII.

I'll rise again, retake the Crown  
 - And Glory of my Father,  
 From thence I'll send my Spirit down  
 To bring my Saints together ;  
 His Comforts shall abide with Thee,  
 To strengthen thy Belief in me,  
 And seal thy sure Salvation.

## VIII.

What I have suffer'd, done and taught,  
 Shall be thy Rule of Action,  
 That all thy Neighbours may be brought  
 To follow my Direction.  
 Beware of other Guides of Faith ;  
 Stick to my Self-denying Path,  
 The safest Way to Glory.



## *Of the Love of God in Christ.*

*Liebe die du mich zum Bilde.*

## I.

**L**ORD, thine Image thou hast lent me,  
 In thy never-fading Love ;  
 I was fall'n ; but thou hast sent me  
 Full Redemption from above.  
 Sacred Love I long to be  
 Thine to all Eternity.

II. Love

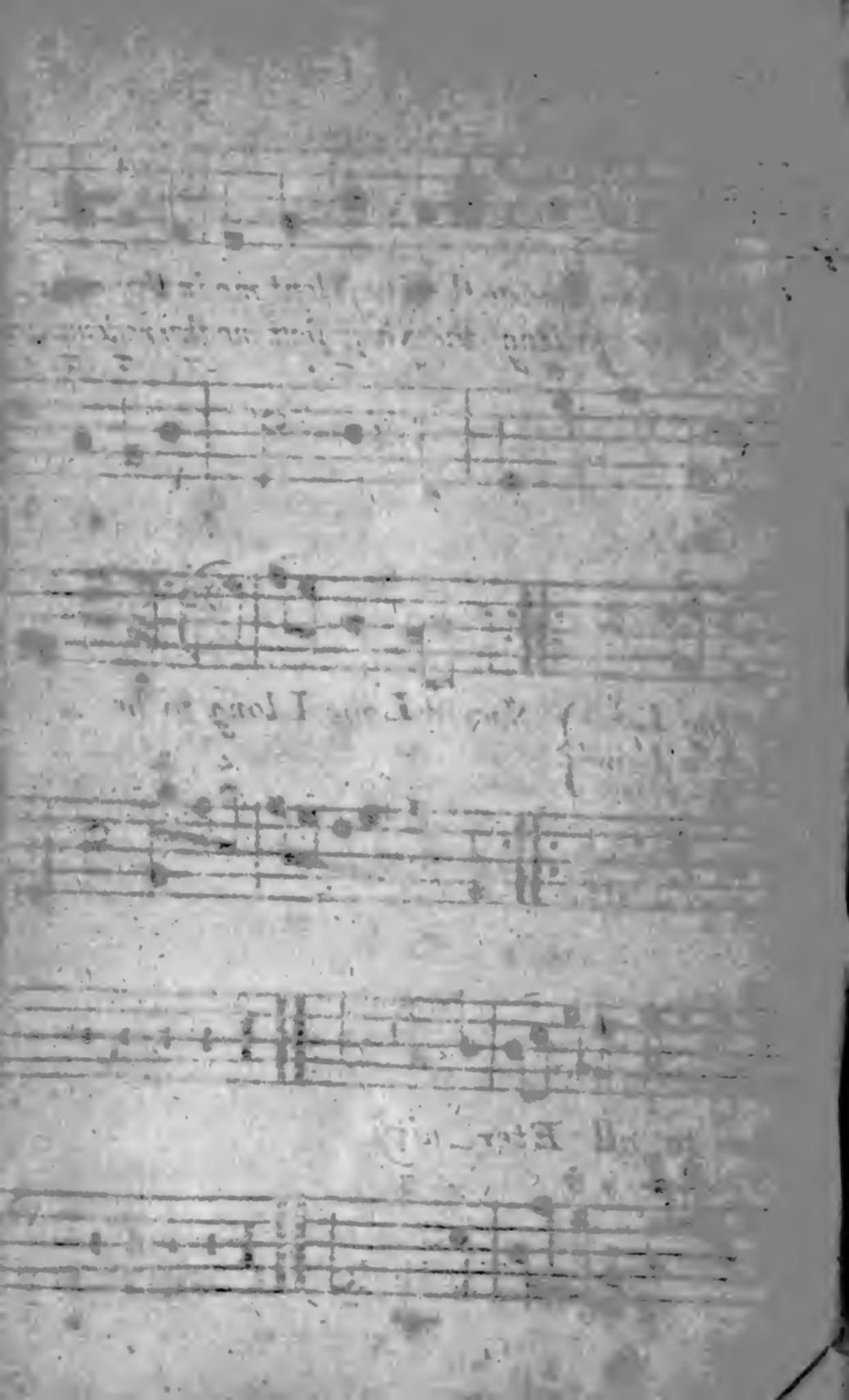
Upon the Love of God

Handwritten musical score for the hymn "Upon the Love of God". The score is written on four systems of two staves each (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written between the staves, with some words enclosed in large curly braces. Fingerings are indicated by numbers 5, 7, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5, 4, and 3. There are several double bar lines throughout the piece, indicating the end of phrases or sections. The handwriting is in an old style, and the paper shows signs of age and wear.

{ Lord thine Image thou hast lent me in thy ever-  
After falling thou hast sent me thy redemption

-lasting Love) Sacred Love I long to be  
from a\_bove }

thine to all Eter\_nity



II.

Love, to Blifs thou hast ordained  
Me, e'er I began to be ;  
God of Love ! thou'ft not difdained  
To become a Man like me :  
Love Almighty and Divine !  
I would be for ever thine.

III.

Love ! thou haft for me endured  
All the Pains of Death and Hell ;  
Nay, thy Suff'rings have procured  
Grace, above what Man can tell.  
Sacred Love ! I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

IV.

Love ! my Life, and my Salvation,  
Light, and Truth, eternal Word !  
Thou alone doft Consolation  
To my finking Soul afford :  
Love Almighty and Divine !  
I wou'd be for ever thine.

V.

To thy blessed Yoke thou'rt tying  
Me with Cords of Grace and Love ;  
While my Heart is ever crying  
(Looking to the Realms above)  
Sacred Love ! I long to be  
Thine to all Eternity.

VI.

Love ! Thou wilt for ever love me ;  
 And thy Truth to me reveal.  
 Love ! Thou wilt at Length remove me  
 From the Reach of Death and Hell.  
 Love Almighty and Divine !  
 I would be for ever thine.

VII.

Love ! in Mercy thou wilt raise me  
 From the Grave of Sin and Dust ;  
 Love ! I shall for ever praise thee,  
 When in Heav'n among the Just :  
 Sacred Love I long to be  
 Thine to all Eternity.

*Repeat :*

Love Almighty and Divine !  
 I would be for ever thine.

---

*Jesus Christus Gottes Lamm.*

To the Tune of : *Dearest Jesu, we are here.*

I.

**C**H R I S T, th' eternal Lamb of God,  
 Died for Man, his Rebel-Creature,  
 Paid the Ransom with his Blood,  
 To restore fall'n human Nature :  
 Those that mourn their deep Corruption  
 Share their Saviour's blest Adoption.

II. This

II.

This was loving like a God,  
Who in wondrous Condescension  
Sent his only Son abroad,  
To reveal his blest Intention :  
That the Children of Perdition  
Should be Heirs of God's Fruition.

III.

Now that we are reconcil'd  
By the Son's Humiliation ;  
Will not that Triumphant Child  
Save us by his Exaltation ?  
We, for whom he bore such Labour,  
Are the Darlings of his Favour.

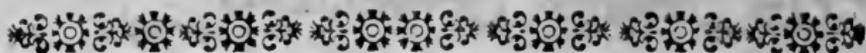
IV.

Now we live by Faith in *Christ*,  
Eying still his bright Example,  
Who for us was sacrific'd,  
And declares our Hearts his Temple.  
Thus we Sinners boast with Pleasure  
The Possession of this Treasure.

V.

Father, to thy Mercy-Seat  
Be our best of Thanks directed ;  
Lord, the Rage of Sin defeat,  
Still assaulting thine Elected :  
And for ever, by thy Spirit,  
Fit us to proclaim *Christ's* Merit.





## Upon DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

*Wo Gott zum Hauß nicht gibt sein Gunst.*

### I.

**I**S God withdrawing ? all the Cost  
 And Pains that built the House are lost.  
 If God the City doth not keep,  
 The watchful Guards as well may sleep.

### II.

What if you rise before the Sun,  
 And work and toil, when Day is done,  
 Careful and sparing eat your Bread,  
 To shun that Poverty you dread.

### III.

'Tis all in vain, till God has blest :  
 He can make Rich, yet give us Rest ;  
 Children and Friends are Blessings too,  
 If God our Sov'reign makes them so.

### IV.

Happy the Man to whom he sends  
 Obedient Children, faithful Friends.  
 How sweet our daily Comforts prove  
 When they are season'd with his Love !

### V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God, whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,  
 And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,  
 Be Glory now and evermore.

# On Divine Providence

If God succeed not all the cost and

Pains to build the House are lost if God

the Ci-ty doth not keep the watchful

guards as well may sleep

Handwritten musical score on ten staves. The notation is dense and appears to be a complex piece, possibly a fugue or a multi-measure rest exercise. The ink is dark and the paper shows signs of age and wear. The handwriting is cursive and somewhat slanted. The score is organized into measures by vertical bar lines. There are some markings that look like 'C' or 'F' at the beginning of some staves, possibly indicating the key signature. The overall appearance is that of a historical manuscript or a composer's sketch.



# Upon Providence



{ He that confides in his Creator depending  
Shall be preserv'd in Fire & water from all af-



on him all his days } He that makes God his  
-flictions many ways }



stand & stay builds not on sand that glides away



*Wer nur den lieben Gott läßt walten.*

I.

**H**E that confides in his Creator,  
Depending on him all his Days,  
shall be preserv'd in Fire and Water,  
And sav'd in Grief a Thousand Ways.  
He that makes God his Stand and Stay,  
Builds not on Sand that glides away.

II.

What gain'st thou by thy Cark and Caring?  
What is it for thou pin'st away?  
Thy Rest and Health thou art impairing,  
By Sighs and Groans from Day to Day.  
Thou art but adding Grief to Grief,  
Instead of getting sure Relief.

III.

Wou'd we but be a little quiet,  
And rest in God's good Providence,  
Who thus prescribes us wholesome Diet  
By Methods cross to Flesh and Sense;  
We might obtain. For surely he  
Knows best what's good for thee and me.

IV.

He knows the Hours of Joy and Gladness,  
As well as proper Time and Place;  
Are we but faithful in our Sadness,  
Seek not our selves, but seek his Praise:  
He'll come before we are aware,  
And dissipate our greatest Care.

V. Don't

## V.

Don't hearken to thy giddy Reason,  
 As if God had forsaken thee,  
 And think him happy who, this Season,  
 Is glitt'ring in Prosperity.  
 To Morrow, Spite of all his Brags,  
 May see Theerich, and Him in Rags.

## VI.

God can, this Hour, with ev'ry Dainty  
 The poor Man's Table nobly spread ;  
 And strip the Rich of all his Plenty,  
 And send him out to beg his Bread.  
 He, when he pleases, turns the Scale.  
 By Him alone, we rise or fall.

## VII.

Do Thou, with Faith, observe thy Station ;  
 Keep God's Commands, and sing his Praise,  
 Rely on him for Preservation,  
 On whom the whole Creation stays.  
 The Man that's truly wise and just  
 Makes God and God alone his Trust.

*Repeat :*

The Man that's &c.





Upon Providence:



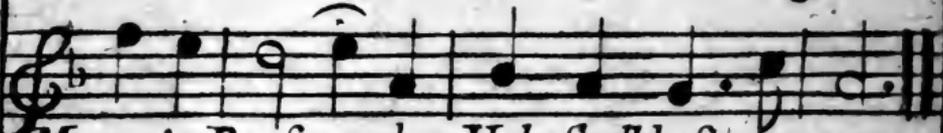
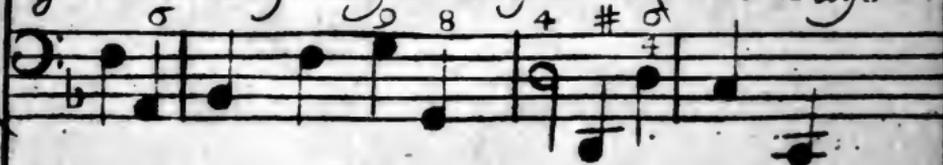
Commit thy ways and goings and all what  
To him whose wisest doings rule all with-



grieves thy Soul } who makes the Times and Sea-  
- out controul) 4 5 7



-sons revolve from year to year he knows ways



Means & Reasons when Help shall best appear



*Befiehl du deine Wege.*

*Commit thy Ways unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.*

## I.

**C**ommit thy Ways and Goings,  
 And All that grieves thy Soul,  
 To him, whose wisest Doings  
 Rule all without Controul :  
 He makes the Times and Seasons  
 Revolve from Year to Year,  
 And knows Ways, Means, and Reasons,  
 When Help shall best appear.

## II.

*Unto the Lord* turn wholly,  
 For he will never fail  
 To rescue thee from Folly,  
 If thou dost but bewail  
 Thy stiff-neck'd Self-Reliance ;  
 Shake off that Yoke of Hell,  
 Which ever bids Defiance  
 To him that governs well.

## III.

*Trust also in him* ever,  
 Without reluctant Will :  
 His Promises will never  
 Once come behind thy Zeal.  
 His Goodness knows no Measure,  
 His Love and Care no End,  
 For such as wait with Pleasure  
 Till he Salvation send.

IV. And

## IV.

And he shall surely lighten  
 The Sorrows on thy Heart,  
 And with his Glory brighten  
 Thy darken'd inward Part.  
 When Thou his great Salvation  
 With wond'ring Eyes shalt see,  
 Thou'lt say, without Cessation,  
 He loves and cares for Thee.

## V.

*Bring it to pass,* O Blessed  
 Above what Words can tell :  
 And see us all released  
 From Sin and Death and Hell.  
 Direct us, O most Holy,  
 In the blest heav'nly Way,  
 That leads through this dark Valley  
 To everlasting Day.

*Meine Hoffnung stehet feste.*

## I.

**A**LL my Hope is firmly grounded  
 In the Lord of Earth and Seas:  
 He's my Help when I'm surrounded  
 With all Sorts of Enemies. &c.  
 Him alone,  
 God or none,  
 I acknowledge for my own.

II. Vain's

Upon Providence



{ All my Hope is fix'd and ground'd in the  
He's my Help when I'm sur-roun'd with the



great and living Lord } Him alone God or  
Pest with Fire or Sword)



none I acknowledge for my own





II.

Vain's the Boast of Humane Wonders :  
Vain's the Trust in Man's Device :  
Castles, Armies, Martial Thunders  
Fail, and vanish in a Trice.  
Built on Sands  
Nothing stands.

Vain's the Work of Humane Hands.

III.

But the Love of our Great Maker  
Never, never will impair.  
Ev'ry Creature is Partaker  
Of his Blessings and his Care.  
Stores of Grace,  
All he has  
Waits for Those that seek his Face.

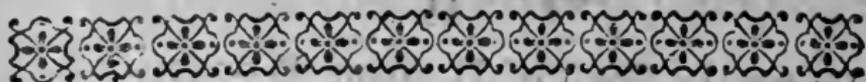
IV.

Does he not supply with Plenty  
Ev'ry Thing we truly want ?  
Were his Blessings ever scanty ?  
Did his Children ever want ?  
Oh ! his Love  
Is above

All that Human Wit can prove.

V.

Let us, then, for his Salvation,  
Come before him all our Days,  
With the humblest Adoration,  
And the sweetest Songs of Praise,  
Through his Son,  
Who alone  
Brought this great Salvation down.



*Warum betrübſtu dich mein Hertz.*

I.

**W**HY thus with Grief oppreſt, my Heart,  
Doſt thou, with Infidels, the Smart  
Indulge of worldly Care ?  
Truſt thou in God, who cares for Thee.  
And ſhortens thy Neceſſity.

II.

He will not leave thee comfortleſs :  
He knows the Depth of thy Diſtreſs :  
The Heav'ns and Earth are his :  
'Tis the Creator of us all,  
Supplies thy Wants, and hears thee call.

III.

My God, the Dealer of my Lot,  
I truſt in thee, forſake me not,  
Thy Creature, and thy Child :  
To me, a Heap of filthy Duſt,  
Without thy Smiles, all Comfort's loſt.

IV.

The Miſer's Boaſt is in his Hoard,  
But mine is in the living Lord,  
Tho' here I bear Contempt :  
This Truth I never will recant ;  
Who truſts in God ſhall never want.

V.

*Elijah* ſpeak ! who gave thee Bread,  
When Dearth and Drought had overſpread  
Thy Land for ſev'ral Years ? Did

# On Divine Providence

Why thus with grief opprest my Heart Dost

This system contains the first two staves of music. The treble staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature (C). The melody consists of quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef, the same key signature, and common time. The bass line features a mix of quarter and eighth notes, with fingerings 6 and 7 indicated below the notes.

Heathen like indulge the Smart of anxious.

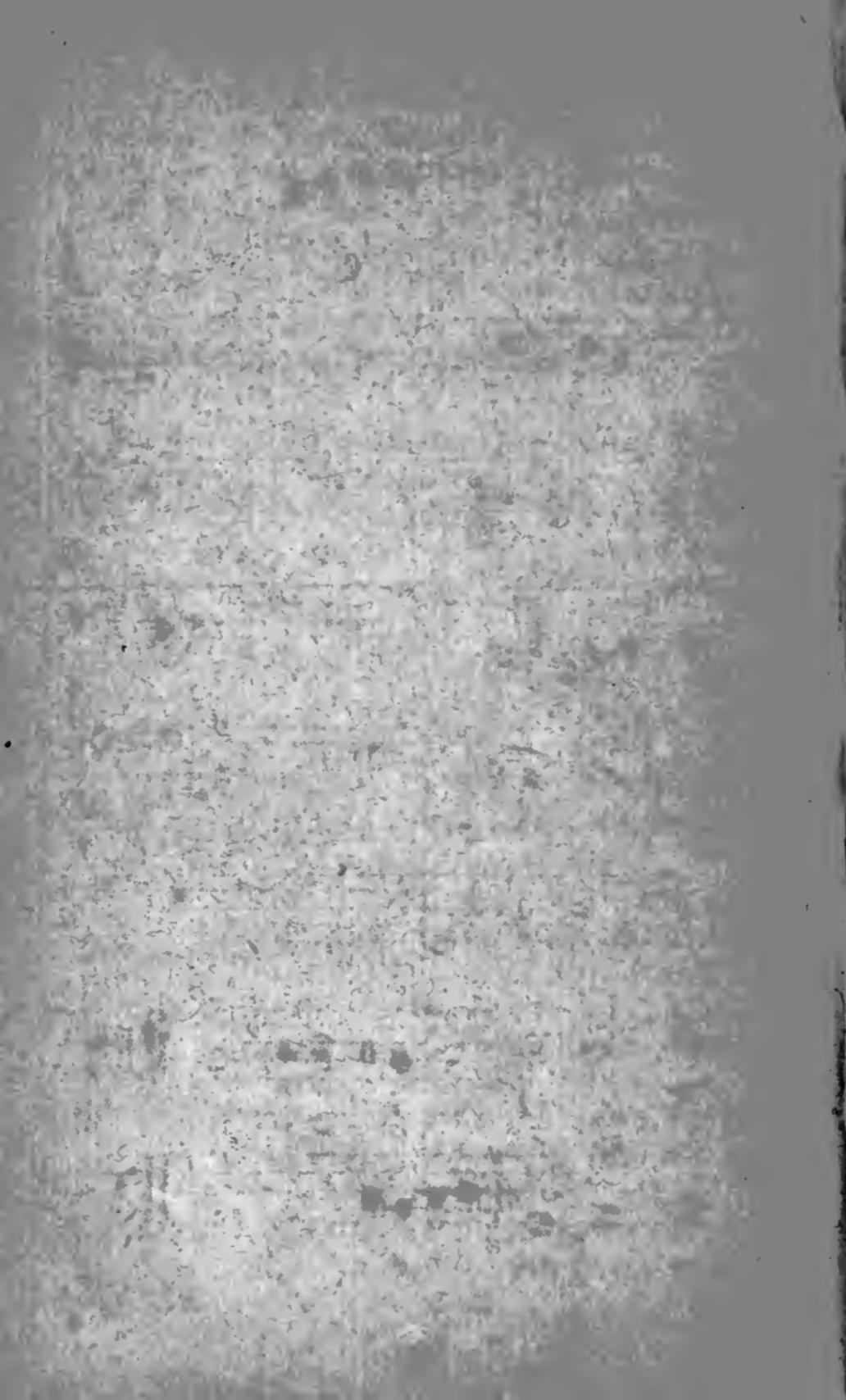
This system contains the second two staves of music. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the bass line with quarter and eighth notes, including fingerings 6 and 7.

worldly Care Trust thou in God who cares for

This system contains the third two staves of music. The treble staff continues the melody with quarter and eighth notes. The bass staff continues the bass line with quarter and eighth notes, including fingerings 6, 7, and 6.

thee And shortens thy Necessity

This system contains the final two staves of music. The treble staff concludes the melody with quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. The bass staff concludes the bass line with quarter and eighth notes, ending with a double bar line. Fingerings 5, 4, 6, 5, and 5 are indicated below the notes.



Did not the Widow's Cruife supply  
Her own and thy Necessity?

## VI.

When near the Juniper thou lay,  
God sent his Messenger away  
To furnish thee with Food,  
Which that uncommon Vigour gave,  
That thou couldst reach Mount *Horeb's* Cave.

## VII.

Good *Daniel*, in the Lions Den,  
God ne'er forgot, tho' left by Men,  
But sent his Angel down  
To seize the Prophet's Harvest-Mess,  
For his beloved in Distress.

## VIII.

Tho' *Josepb*, into *Egypt* sold,  
By *Potiphar* was laid in Hold,  
For keeping God's Command:  
God rais'd him up to great Renown,  
To save that Nation and his own.

## IX.

Did not the Furnace lose its Pow'r,  
When sev'n Times heated to devour  
The Three Men in the Flame?  
God sent his Angel to their Aid,  
And made the Tyrant sore afraid.

## X.

Thy Plenty, Lord! is still as great,  
As t'was in Time of ancient Date:  
In Thee is all my Trust:  
Enrich my Soul with Faith and Love;  
Then have I ev'ry where enough.

## XI.

Vain worldly Pomp I glad forbear :  
 Lord ! grant me but the meanest Share  
 Of Blifs thou hast procur'd,  
 By thy most bitter Death and Tomb ;  
 This antedates the Joys to come.

## XII.

Whate'er this present World adores ;  
 Its Silver and its golden Stores,  
 With all its glitt'ring Shew :  
 These all to Worldlings I resign,  
 And live content, if God be mine.

## XIII.

I'll magnify thee, Christ, my Lord,  
 Who hast convinc'd me by thy Word  
 Of thine eternal Truth :  
 Lord, make me constant in my Race  
 To everlasting Blessedness.

## XIV.

All Honour, Praise and Glory be  
 To Thee, most awful Trinity !  
 For this thy Grace bestow'd :  
 Increase in us thy blessed Love,  
 'Till Faith gives Way to Sight above.



Handwritten musical score on aged paper, featuring multiple staves with notes and lyrics. The text is significantly faded and difficult to read, but appears to be a religious or liturgical text. The notation includes various note values and rests, typical of early printed music.

Before Hearing or Reading the  
Word of God

Lord Christ reveal thy ho-ly ways and

send the Spirit of thy grace to fill our

Hearts with such a zeal to learn thy

truth and do thy will



## *Of the Word of GOD.*

*Herr Jesu Christ dich zu uns wend.*

### I.

**L**ORD Christ, reveal thy holy Face,  
 And send the Spirit of thy Grace,  
 To fill our Hearts with fervent Zeal  
 To learn thy Truth, and do thy Will.

### II.

Lord, lead us in thy holy Ways,  
 And teach our Lips to tell thy Praise.  
 Increase our Faith, and raise the same  
 To taste the Sweetness of thy Name.

### III.

Till we with Angels join to sing  
 Th'eternal Praise of Thee, our King;  
 Till we shall see Thee Face to Face,  
 And all the Glories of thy Grace.

### IV.

To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,  
 By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

PSALM



## PSALM I.

*Wohl dem Menschen der nicht wandelt.*

To the **Tune**: *Rouse thy Self, my Soul, and gather.*

### I.

**B**lest's the Man, whose upright Walking  
 Contradicts ill Counsellors ;  
 Nor gives Ear to Sinners Talking,  
 But their wicked Ways abhors ;  
 Who removes with Care his Feet  
 From the Place where Scoffers meet ;  
 And whose Heart is wholly given  
 To obey the **Laws** of Heaven.

### II.

Blessed, who with constant Pleasure  
 Studies God's revealed Will ;  
 Seeking there for Heav'nly Treasure,  
 Day and Night, his Soul to fill.  
 He is like a living Tree,  
 Which by gentle Streams we see,  
 Stretching forth its fruitful Branches  
 Till the gath'ring Time advances.

III.

Thus shall he put forth and flourish,  
Who reveres the sacred Word ;  
All the Seasons him shall nourish  
With sweet Blessings from the Lord :  
Tho' through Age he may be grey,  
Yet his Leaf shall ne'er decay :  
All his Actions God so blesses,  
That they're crowned with Successes.

IV.

Not so fares th' ungodly Faction,  
Who the Law of Life disown :  
They, like Chaff, in Wild Distraction,  
Shall be driven up and down.  
Where God tries his pious Race,  
Sinners can't abide the Place.  
All the Righteous, God doth cherish ;  
But the Wicked all shall perish.





*Liebster Jesu wir sind hier.*

I.

**D**EAREST *Jesu*, we are here,  
 To be in thy Word instructed ;  
 Guide our Hearts, O Thou, who'rt near ;  
 Let our Minds hence be conducted  
 And from Earth be elevated ;  
 Where we wish to be translated.

II.

All our Knowledge, brings no Light  
 But is vain and dark by Nature,  
 Till thy holy Spirit bright  
 Forms within us the New Creature.  
 Pious Thoughts and true Devotion  
 Have their Source from thy blest Motion.

III.

O Thou Glory all Divine,  
 Light of Light, from God proceeding,  
 All our Hearts and Minds refine,  
 When thy Word our Souls is feeding.  
 Let our Pray'r, and Meditation,  
 Be a sweet and blest Oblation.

Before hearing the Word of God



{ Dearest Iesu we are here thee to hear &  
Do thou fit our Heart & Ear to obey thy

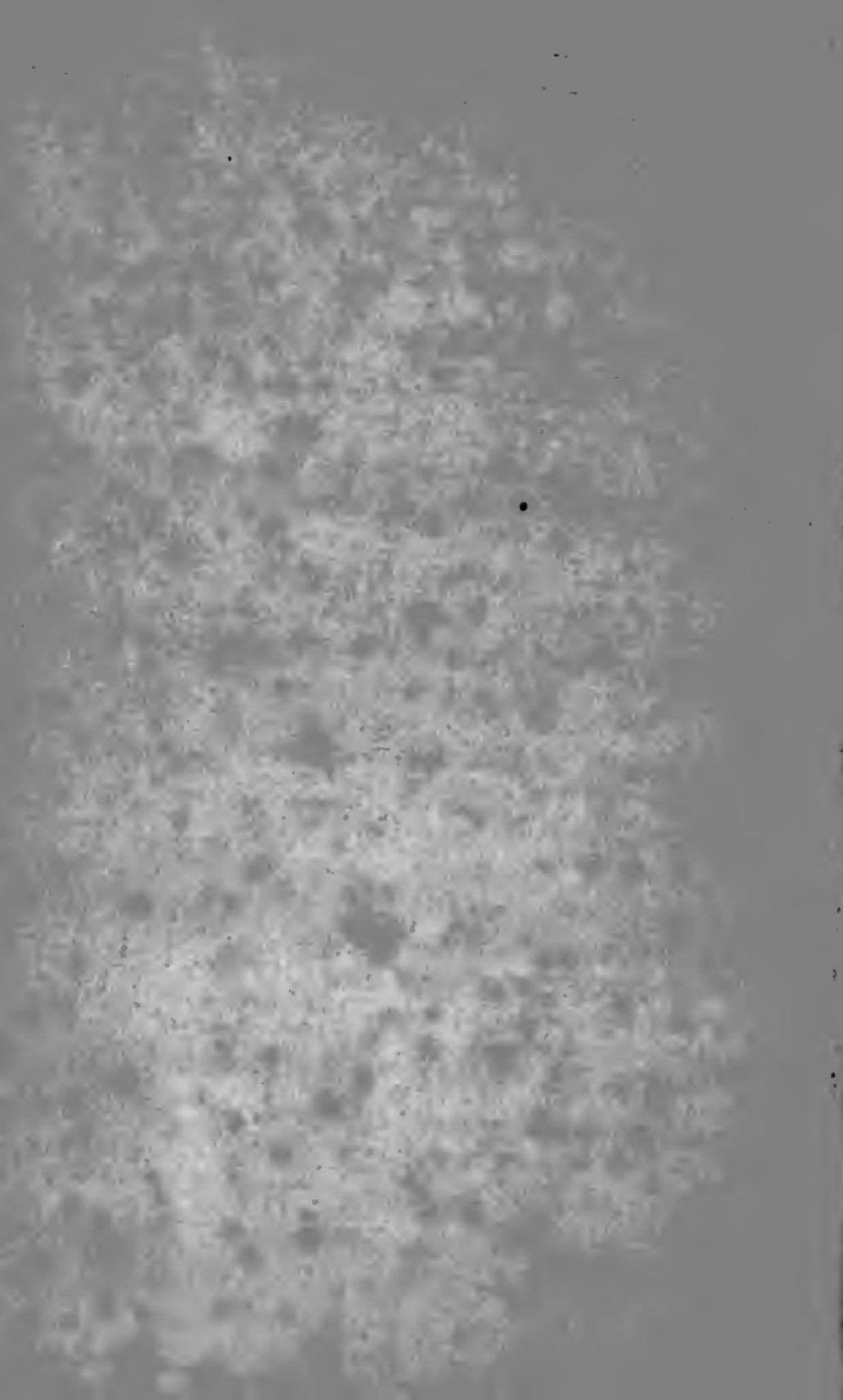


thy Instructions } Let our Minds be Ele  
bles'd convictions }  $\sigma$   $\sigma$   $\sigma$   $\sigma$   
 $\sigma$  4 3  $\sigma$  4  $\sigma$  5



-vated where we hope to be translated  
 $\sigma$   $\sigma$   $\sigma$   $\sigma$   $\sigma$  4 3





# Of the LORD'S SUPPER.

*O Jesu du mein Bräutigam.*

To the Tune: *O Lord, how many Miseries.*

## I.

**O** *Jesu!* Bridegroom of my Soul,  
 Make me, a broken Vessel, whole,  
 By that sweet Blood which on the Tree  
 Thou pourest out for Sin and me.

## II.

Full of Reproach, and full of Fear,  
 To thy blest Table I draw near.  
 Oh, tho' I'm naked, sick and blind,  
 In Mercy, cast me not behind.

## III.

O Thou great Master of the Feast,  
 My King and Spouse, my Rock and Rest,  
 Who hast o'er Sin the Vict'ry won,  
 Put me the Wedding Garment on.

## IV.

O Great Phyfician, ope my Eyes;  
 And heal my great Infirmities.  
 Wash ev'ry sinful Stain away;  
 And let me taste thy Grace To-day.

## V.

Drive from me Darkness, Sin and Wrath  
 Endow me with a Living Faith;  
 And mortifie my proud Self-Love:  
 And let thy Grace my Glory prove.

L

Thy

## VI.

Thy Body is of Life the Bread  
To Man in Sin and Sorrows dead.

Thy Blood's the sparkling Wine of Love ;  
The richest in the Stores above.

## VII.

Hung'ring and thirsting, lo ! I come.  
Oh, find me at thy Table, Room.

To me of this blest Banquet give :  
And let me eat and drink, and live.

## VIII.

Tear from my Heart the Root of Sin :  
And there let Grace and Goodness shine ;

Grace to fear God, and Sin eschew ;  
And Goodness to give all their Due.

## IX.

What Soul or Body want, supply ;  
Remove what's irksome to thine Eye ;  
Dwell in my Heart ; and let me be  
In strictest Union with Thee.

## X.

Against my Soul when Earth and Hell  
Shall band ; or my own Heart rebel :  
Subdue the Foes : My Heart subdue ;  
And keep me to thy Service true.

## XI.

Adorn my Conversation, Lord,  
With all the Graces of thy Word ;  
And, oh, prepare me all my Days,  
To keep thy Law, and sing thy Praise.

## XII.

That when, O Gracious Prince of Life,  
Thou call'st me from this World of Strife,  
I may to thy blest Presence rise  
And sup with Thee above the Skies.



*Of True and False Christianity.*

*Kommt laßt euch den Herren lehren.*

To the Tune : *Faithful God, I lay, &c.*

I.

**C**OME and hear the sacred Story,  
 All who have a Mind to learn,  
 What's their Life, Reward and Glory,  
 Who the Christian Title earn;  
 Who, in ev'ry Word and Deed,  
 Shew forth *Christ*, who for 'em bled ;  
 Honour God, and freely labour  
 For the Service of their Neighbour.

II.

Blessed are the poor in Spirit,  
 Who Humility possess ;  
 And disclaim their own Self-Merit,  
 Conscious of their Nothingness ;  
 Who to God ascribe all Praise,  
 Resting on him all their Days.  
 To such humble Souls, in Heaven  
 Crowns eternal shall be given.

## III.

Blessed are the secret Mourners  
 For Corruption yet within,  
 And for all the Mocks that Scorners  
 Make at the Deserts of Sin.  
 God who numbers all their Tears,  
 All their Sighs, and all their Pray'rs,  
 Will remove those sweet Lamenters,  
 Where no Sin nor Sorrow enters.

## IV.

Blest, who in a scorn'd Condition,  
 Bowing to the sacred Rod,  
 Meekly bears the Fool's Derision,  
 And the Insults of the Proud ;  
 Leaving Vengeance to the Lord ;  
 And obeying still his Word.  
 To the Meek the Earth is given,  
 And the brightest Crowns in Heaven.

## V.

Blest are those who thirst and hunger  
 For the Sweets of Righteousness ;  
 And in Grace grow daily stronger ;  
 And in all their Ways confess  
 Truth and Love that well agree  
 With the Dove's Simplicity ;  
 Hating Fraud and all Extortion,  
 Sweetest Plenty is their Portion.

## VI.

Blest are Those, who with Compassion,  
 See their Fellow-Creatures Grief;  
 And with Joy embrace th' Occasion  
 To administer Relief.

For God's saving Love and Care  
Putting up a fervent Pray'r.  
Such in Heav'n firm Root have taken,  
And shall never be forsaken.

VII.

Blest are Those, who from Subjection  
To the Tyrant Lust are free ;  
And with chaste and pure Affection  
Follow Truth and Purity :  
Who renounce the Sway of Sense  
For the Bands of Continnence.  
Such shall have an endless Treasure  
Of the purest Love and Pleasure.

VIII.

Blest are Those, whose pious Labours  
Truth and Unity and Peace  
To establish with their Neighbours  
Never vary, never cease.  
Whose Behaviour still is seen  
Calm and steady and serene.  
These blest Mortals shall inherit  
Richest Unctions of the Spirit.

IX.

Blest are Those who in Affliction  
Yield to Heav'n and kiss the Rod,  
Without Pride or Contradiction ;  
Fearing still and praising God.  
Such shall in the sharpest Wrath  
Taste God's Goodness ; and when Death  
Has from ev'ry Grief unbound 'em,  
Joys eternal shall surround 'em.

X. Lord,

## X.

Lord, with all those splendid Graces  
 O, this Day, my Wishes crown.  
 Cover me with thy Embraces ;  
 And O! make me all thy own.  
 Grant me true Humility,  
 And an ardent Love for Thee:  
 Bring my Foes to equal Measures ;  
 And bless them too with these Treasures.

## XI.

Give me Grace, in all Conditions  
 Firmly to adhere to Thee ;  
 And in all the Exhibitions  
 Of thy bounteous Hand to me,  
 To let my poor Neighbour share  
 In my Plenty and my Pray'r.  
 O my God, let me inherit  
 All the Graces of thy Spirit.



*Treuer Vater deine Liebe.*

## PART the First.

## I.

**F**Ather, thine eternal Kindness  
 Shelters me from final Blindness.  
 I in *Christ* behold thy Face.  
 And before the World's Foundation,  
 Thou didst chuse me to Salvation ;  
 Blest for ever be thy Grace.

II. Whist

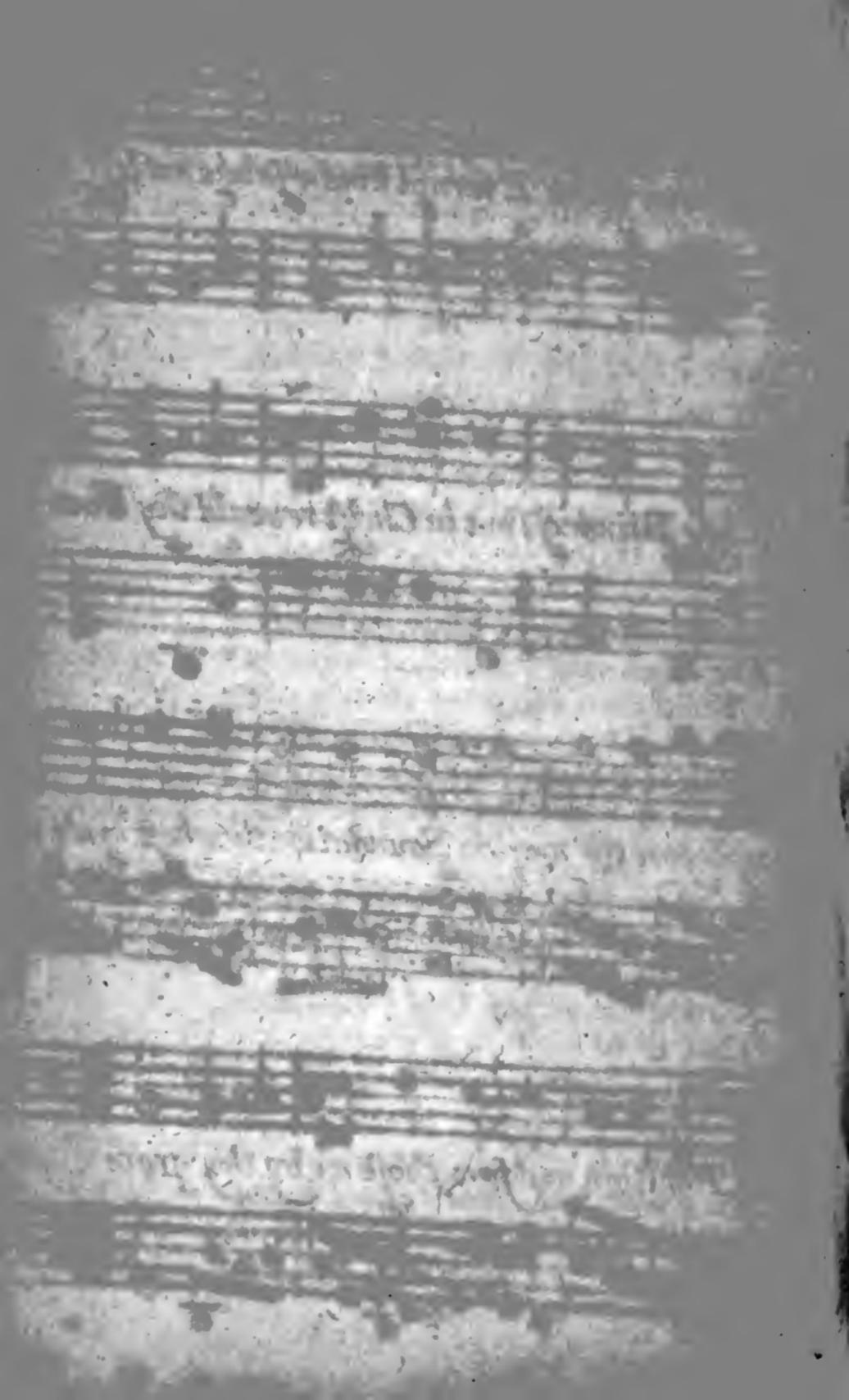
Upon true and false Christianity

Father thine Eternal kindness has not left me

in my Blindness but in Christ reveal'd thy Face

Nay before the world's Foundation thou hast made me

thy Relation and fore chose me by thy grace



II.

Whilst I did, with wildest Fury,  
Wound thy Truth, and mock thy Glory  
Oh ! who can thy Patience tell ?  
Who describe that vast Compassion,  
Which weigh'd down thy Indignation,  
And deliver'd me from Hell ?

III.

Once I thought, Outside Profession  
Put me firmly in Possession  
Of Religion pure and true ;  
While, alas ! all my Devotion  
Was but empty airy Notion,  
Mere Hypocrisie and Shew.

IV.

Moral Duties and Dead Letters  
Are what vain sufficient Creatures  
Build their Hopes of Heav'n upon,  
Works, Outside and Ceremony  
Make the Merit of a Many ;  
Losing these, their Hope is gone.

V.

This was long my own lov'd Merit  
Till, O Lord, thy Holy Spirit  
All its Falsehood let me see :  
Shew'd me all my Soul's Diseases :  
That all Merit is in *Jesus* ;  
Not a single Grain in me.

VI.

Oh, may I be daily dying  
To a wretched World, and flying  
All that's sinful, false and vain :

Making *Christ* my highest Treasure,  
 Firmest Trust and sweetest Pleasure,  
 All my Glory, all my Gain.

VII.

Mortifie the *Old Man* in me.  
 To my Saviour's Likeness bring me.  
 Let me like a *Phoenix* rise  
 From its Predecessor's Ashes ;  
 And with Beauty that surpasses  
 Mount at Length above the Skies.

PART the Second.

VIII.

Some make Shadows all their Treasure,  
 Halt between base Fear and Pleasure,  
 Or run headlong down to Hell ;  
 Let my Faith take Wings and hasten  
 To that Cross, where *Christ* did fasten  
 All my Sins, for there I'll dwell.

IX.

While on Works (true Faith declining)  
 Or on Talents gayly shining,  
 Some their own proud Trophies raise ;  
 Be that glorious Gift of Heaven,  
 Faith that's to Salvation given,  
 All my Hope, and all my Praise.

X.

If for *Egypt's* wretched Diet,  
 Or for *Sodom's* hellish Riot,  
*Satan* shall enflame my Heart ;

O ! My God, do Thou restrain me:  
O ! bestow in Plenty on me  
Grace to quench his fiery Dart.

XI.

When Temptation near' has won me,  
Pressing hard, and turning on me  
All her Pow'rs and Arts and Charms ;  
In that Hour, My God, support me:  
In that Hour, let Nothing hurt me:  
Save, oh, save me in thy Arms.

XII.

When in Seas of Trouble tossing,  
Friends deserting, Terrors crossing,  
All my Strength and Skill are vain ;  
From the threat'ning Dangers hide me:  
Be my Pilot too, and guide me  
Safe to Shore and Peace again.

PART the Third.

XIII.

He that will not be deserted  
Must in *Jesus* be inserted,  
And become a fruitful Tree,  
Hatę all worldly Care and Pleasure,  
Strive for Christ's most holy Treasure,  
And avoid Hypocrisy.

XIV.

Who in Christ seeks his Salvation,  
Builds upon the best Foundation,  
And of gaining Heav'n is sure

And this **Trust** in his Salvation  
 Ev'ry Evil and Temptation  
 Makes him firmly to endure.

XV:

God of Mercy, bless thy Creature.  
 Form me to thy Holy Nature.

Child-like Innocence be mine.  
 Grant me Joy in thy Salvation :  
 Grant me this sweet Confirmation,  
 That I'm destin'd to be thine.

XVI.

Resignation to all Trial,  
 Faith and Hope and Self-denial,  
 Be the Rulers of my Days.  
 Take me out of mere Profession  
 To a full and firm Possession  
 Of the Truth which *Christ* displays.

XVII.

Mocks and Scorns at my Condition,  
*Babel's* Cursing and Derision,  
 Will be Nothing in my Ear,  
 If my Saviour does not fly me.  
 If my Saviour stands but by me,  
 Where's the Rage I cannot bear ?

XVIII.

O Lord, heal my corrupt Nature.  
 Make, O make me a new Creature.

And confirm me with the Seal  
 Of thy Holy Gracious Spirit.  
 And abolish my Self-Merit,  
 And whate'er withstands thy Will.

XIX. Make

XIX.

Make me fond of still Recesses ;  
Where thy Love and thy Caresses  
May enflame and fix my Heart,  
To love, pleasure and adore Thee,  
To walk faithfully before Thee,  
And no more from Thee depart.

XX.

Add my Friends and my Relations,  
To thy Holy Happy Nations,  
To the Empire of thy Grace.  
Guide 'em by thy blessed Spirit :  
Let 'em all at Length inherit  
Everlasting Joy and Peace.

XXI.

Bring both Jews and Gentiles to Thee :  
Bring thy straying Sheep to know Thee :  
From their Blindness set them free.  
Call, Thou loving faithful Shepherd,  
Call 'em from the barren Desert,  
To confess and follow Thee.

XXII.

Then shall all thy Flock, united,  
With their Lamps full trimm'd and lighted,  
Keep the Marriage of the Lamb ;  
Their Redeemer ever praising,  
Endless *Hallelujabs* raising  
And *Hosannas* to his Name.





Pfalm XIV.

*Es spricht der Unweisen Mund wol.*

I.

**V**AIN foolish Men profanely boast  
 Of God and true Religion :  
 Their faithless Hearts are full of Lust,  
 Their Life's a Contradiction :  
 Corrupted is their very Frame ;  
 God's Holiness abhors the same ;  
 There's None doth Good, but Evil.

II.

The Lord, from his cœlestial Throne,  
 Look'd down on evr'y Creature,  
 To find one Man who had begun  
 To love God's holy Nature ;  
 But all the Race was gone astray,  
 All had forfok the saving Way  
 Of CHRIST's bright Revelation.

III.

How long will they be ignorant  
 Of their Abomination,  
 Who thus despise my Covenant,  
 Nor spare my Holy Nation ?

They

They never call upon the Lord,  
But trust unto their golden Hoard,  
And turn their own Defenders.

IV.

Yet are their Hearts in constant Pain,  
And secret Fear and Trembling.  
God with his SION will remain,  
Where Saints are still assembling :  
But you deride the Poors' Advice,  
Their greatest Comfort you despise,  
That God's their only Refuge.

V.

O, that the joyful Day wou'd come,  
To change our mournful Station,  
When God will bring his Children home,  
And finish our Salvation !  
Then shall the Tribes of JACOB sing,  
And JUDAH praise their Lord and King,  
With lasting HALLELUJAHs.





## Of the Fall of Man.

*Durch Adams Fall ist gantz verderbt.*

### I.

**W**HEN *Adam* fell, the Frame entire  
 Of Nature was infected,  
 The Source, whence came the Poison dire,  
 Was not to be corrected,  
 But by God's Grace, which saves our Race  
 From its entire Destruction.  
 The fatal Lust, indulg'd at first,  
 Of Death was the Production.

### II.

Since *EVE* by Satan was intic'd  
 T'indulge her Deviation  
 From *GOD*'s Command (which she despis'd,)  
 And ruin the Creation ;  
 What shou'd be done? but *GOD* the *SON*  
 Must in our very Nature  
 Retrieve our Loss by's Blood and Cross,  
 And save the Rebel-Creature.

### III.

By one Man's Guilt we are enslav'd  
 To Sin, Death, Hell and Devil ;  
 But by another's Grace was sav'd  
 Mankind from all this Evil :  
 And as we all, by *ADAM*'s Fall  
 Were sentenc'd to Damnation ;

# Of the fall of Man



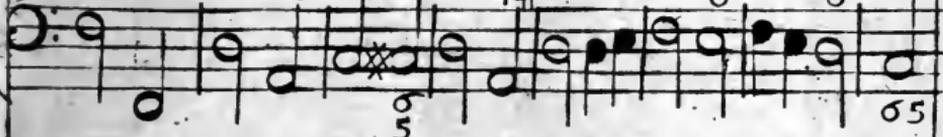
*(When Adam fell our totall frame of nature  
The source from whence y<sup>e</sup> Poyson came could never*



*was infect.ed) Except Gods grace would save the  
be corrected)*



*Race from its intire destru-ction y<sup>e</sup> fatal lyst indulgd*



*at first provid unknown Deaths produ-ction*





So the Man-God has by his Blood  
Regain'd our lost Salvation.

IV.

Has God bestow'd his only Son  
On us rebellious Creatures,  
To save our Souls, which were undone,  
And wash our sinful Natures  
From all their Guilt by th' Blood he spilt ;  
By's Death and Resurrection ?  
Then no Delay ; this is the Day  
T'insure thy own Election.

V.

CHRIST is the Way, the Light, the Door,  
The Hope and Life eternal,  
The Father's Word and Counsellor  
To conquer Pow'rs infernal ;  
Our strongest Shield, t'obtain the Field ;  
The Helmet of Salvation.  
Have we a Share in him, who dare  
Assign us to Damnation ?

VI.

That Man is impious and unjust,  
His Hope's Abomination,  
Who does in God not put his Trust,  
For Help and for Salvation :  
He that will frame another Name  
Than CHRIST's, to justify him,  
Will soon renounce his Confidence,  
When SATAN comes to try him.

VII. But

## VII.

But who makes God his Hope and Trust,  
 Shall never be confounded.  
 No Cleaver to this Rock is lost,  
 Tho' ev'ry where surrounded  
 With daring Foes and trying Woes ;  
 His Faith yet stands unshaken,  
 Who loves the Lord, shall by no Sword  
 Nor Woe be overtaken.

## VIII.

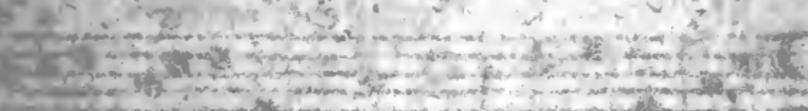
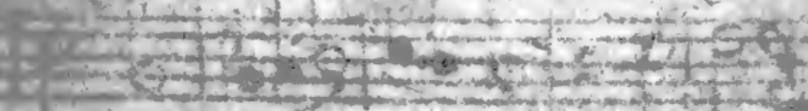
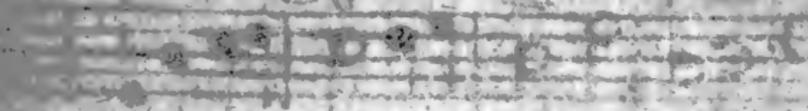
I send my Cries unto the Lord,  
 My Heart implores his Favour,  
 To grant me of his living Word  
 A never failing Saviour ;  
 That Sin and Shame may lose the Claim  
 To hinder my Salvation ;  
 In CHRIST, the Scope of all my Hope,  
 I'scape Death and Damnation.

## IX.

Thy Word's a Lanthorn to my Feet ;  
 My Soul's best Information ;  
 My surest Guide and Path to meet  
 The Morning of Salvation :  
 This leading Star, where't doth appear,  
 Reveals those heav'nly Graces,  
 Which are laid up for all that hope  
 To taste the Lord's Embraces.



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# Penitential Hymn

O God my Lord how great's the Hoard

of all my past Transgressions and here

is none that could atone in this wide

worlds Possession.



# Of REPENTANCE.

*Ach Gott und Herr !*

## I.

**O** God, my Lord !  
 How great's my Hoard  
 Of Sin to Condemnation !  
 And where's the Means  
 In these sad Scenes  
 To make Propitiation ?

## II.

Shall I, to cleanse  
 Me from my Sins,  
 Traverse all Lands and Oceans ?  
 Run to and fro  
 To lose my Woe ?  
 Oh ! fruitless empty Notions !

## III.

No, I will fly  
 To God, and cry,  
 O, save me from Damnation ;  
 For what thy Son  
 Has freely done  
 Is full Propitiation.

N

IV. But

## IV.

But if thou wilt  
 Chastise my Guilt,  
 And make me feel thine Arrows ;  
 Chastise me here ;  
 But keep me clear  
 Of everlasting Sorrows.

## V.

And while, Most High,  
 Thy Arrows flie,  
 O, grant me Resignation  
 To thy blest Will,  
 That ne'er did ill,  
 And bring me to Salvation.

## VI.

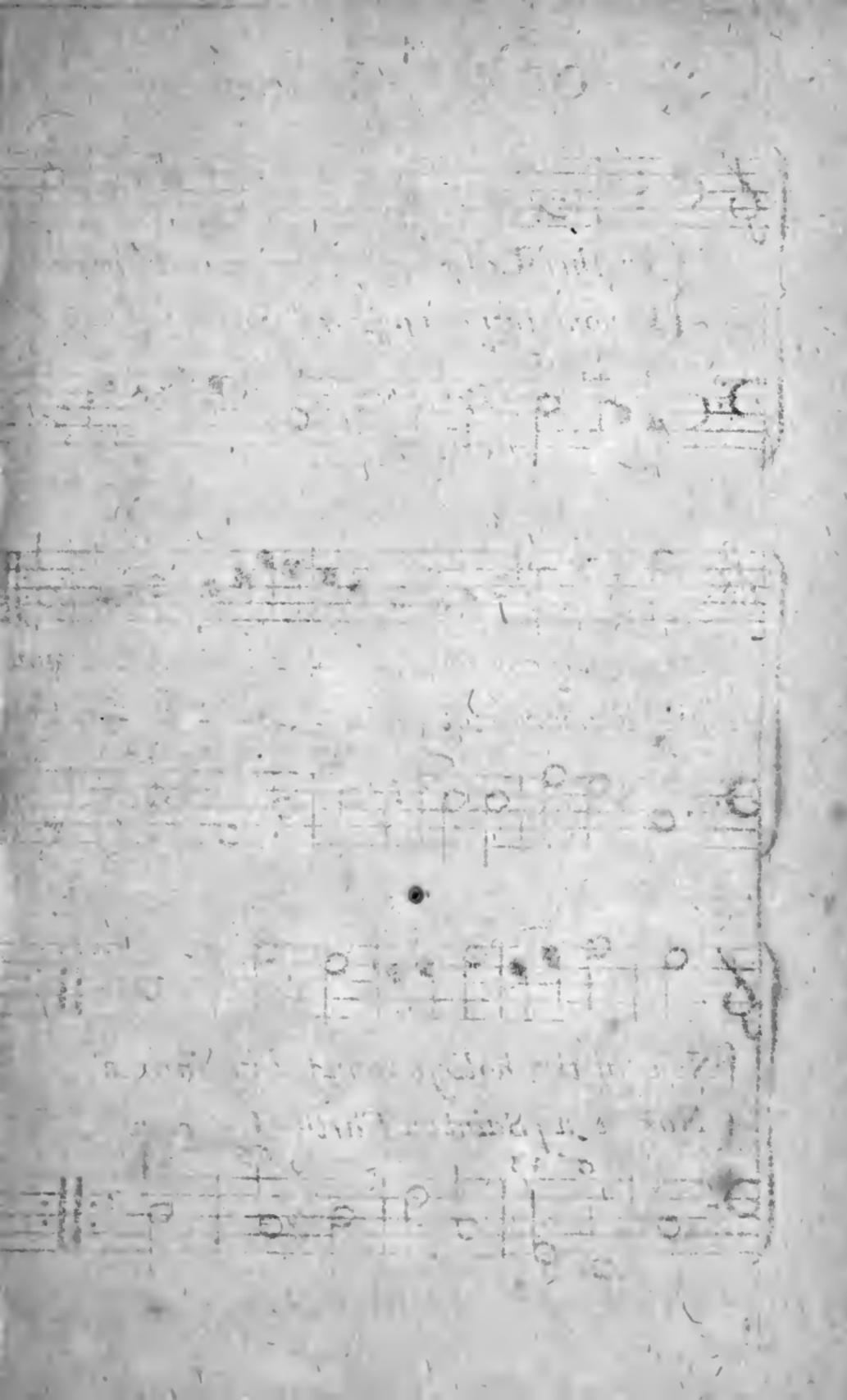
And deal with me  
 As seems to Thee  
 Most good, O, Thou Most Holy !  
 Do but avert  
 Th'eternal Smart  
 That's due unto my Folly.

## VII.

As a poor Worm  
 Before a Storm  
 (Clouds gath'ring, Thunder growling)  
 In the Earth hides ;  
 And there abides,  
 While 'smoaking Show'rs are falling ;

## VIII.

So I, when Sin  
 And Hell begin  
 To threaten my Undoing,



# Of Repentance

( In thee Lord Christ is fix'd my hope  
 { I know thy comfort bears me up

and only conso-la - - - - - tion  
 whilst in this mortal sta - - - - - tion

{ None of the holiest round thy throne  
 { Nor a - ny Saint on Earth

who can relieve me in Distress to

5<sup>6</sup> 5 9 8 4#

thee I press the center of my

Hap - pi - ne - ss

5<sup>b</sup>



Run to the Side  
Of CHRIST, and hide  
Me from the threaten'd Ruin.

## IX.

His wounded Side  
My Soul shall hide,  
When Death shall draw his Arrow.  
In CHRIST true Faith  
Redeems from Death  
And Hell and Sin and Sorrow.

## X.

O! Blessed be  
Th' Eternal Three,  
The Father, Son and Spirit;  
Blest Three in One,  
To whom the Son  
Restores us by his Merit.

*Allein zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.*

## I.

**I**N Thee, Lord CHRIST, is fix'd my Hope  
And only Consolation;  
I know, thy Mercy bears me up,  
Whilst in this mortal Station:  
None of the Holiest round thy Throne,  
Nor any Saint on Earth, I own,  
Can here relieve me in Distress.  
To Thee I press,  
The Center of my Happiness.

## II.

I feel the Load of Sin, and grieve  
 My Guilt beyond Expression ;  
 But for thy Blood's sake, Lord, forgive  
 My numberless Transgression ;  
 And, cloathed with thy Righteousness,  
 Restore me to thy Father's Grace,  
 To taste his condescending Love :  
 Lord, still improve  
 Thy Promise made me from above.

## III.

A living Faith, O Lord, bestow  
 On me thy feeble Creature,  
 That I may taste and see and know  
 The Sweetness of thy Nature,  
 And love my God in Word and Thought,  
 And all my Neighbours as I ought ;  
 And when I leave this mortal Clay,  
 Oh, chace away  
 The Pow'rs of SATAN in that Day.

## IV.

To our Almighty God above,  
 The Father everlasting,  
 To God made Man, his Son and Love,  
 Whose Merit's never wasting,  
 And to the HOLY GHOST be giv'n  
 Immortal Praise in Earth and Heav'n :  
 To Thee, the Holy God alone,  
 Great Three in One,  
 All Honour be for ever done.



*So wahr ich lebe, spricht dein Gott.*

To the Tune of: *Our Father, who from  
Heav'n above.*

I.

**S**URE as I live, thy Maker saith,  
I ne'er desire the Sinner's Death,  
But rather that he turn betimes  
From all his former Ways and Crimes,  
With true Repentance come to me,  
And live to all Eternity.

II.

O Man! let this Word comfort thee:  
Sink not, great as thy Sins may be:  
Lay hold on this free-offer'd Grace,  
That's here confirm'd by Promises,  
Nay, seal'd with God's most solemn Oath,  
They're blest who their Transgressions loath.

III.

But hate presuming Carelessness ;  
Think not, there's Time enough for Grace ;  
I'll first partake of youthful Mirth,  
Till I'm convinc'd, how vain's the Earth ;  
Then shall my serious Thoughts begin  
To seek Forgiveness for my Sin.

IV. True

## IV.

True, God is ready with his Grace  
 Repenting Sinners to embrace ;  
 Yet, who runs up his Sinful Score  
 On Grace, till he can sin no more,  
 May find, to his amazing Cost,  
 Long suff'ring Mercy wholly lost.

## V.

Mercy thy God has promis'd thee,  
 For CHRIST his Blood and Agony ;  
 Yet in his Word did never say,  
 That thou shou'dst live another Day :  
 That thou must die, he has reveal'd ;  
 But th' Hour of Death lies still conceal'd.

## VI.

To Day thou liv'st ; To Day repent,  
 Lest all thy Life thou'd be mispent :  
 Who's brisk to Day ; looks fair and red ;  
 May lie to morrow sick and dead :  
 Who dies in his Impenitence,  
 Will ever curse his Negligence.

## VII.

O blessed JESU ! grant I may  
 Return to Thee this very Day,  
 And live in constant Penitence,  
 Tilt Death repairs to call me hence,  
 That I, in ev'ry Time and Place,  
 Be well prepar'd to end my Race.



# Penitential Hymn

Shew pity Lord O Lord forgive are not thy mercies  
 Let a repenting Rebel live whose guilt is great yet

large & free) my lips w<sup>th</sup> shame my sins confess Lord  
 trust's in thee

sho'd thy Judgment grow severe & mark'd done a -

gainst thy grace I am condemn'd but thou art clea - r

*Erbarm dich mein O Herre Gott.*

*On the Fifty First Psalm.*

I.

**S**HEW Pity, LORD! O LORD, forgive!  
Is not thy Mercy still the same?  
Let a repenting Sinner live:

Pardon his Guilt who owns his Shame.  
If Thou thy Judgments should'st display;  
I die; and Righteous is thy Name.  
But, O my God, thy Judgments stay;  
For I confess my Sin and Shame.

II.

I from the Stock of ADAM came;  
And my Conception was unclean;  
My whole Original is Shame;  
My Nature Nothing else but Sin.  
No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,  
Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,  
Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,  
Can wash my native Stain away.

III.

O, cleanse my Heart, and chear my Soul;  
O, chear me with Forgiving Love;  
And make my broken Spirit whole;  
And all my Sin and Shame remove.

Let

Let not thy Spirit quite depart ;  
 Hide not thy Love ; hide not thy Face.  
 O, cleanse again my vicious Heart,  
 And fill it with thy saving Grace.

## IV.

The Wicked will I teach thy Ways ;  
 And to confess their Saviour bring ;  
 And shew the Wonders of thy Grace ;  
 And teach 'em all thy Praise to sing.  
 O, Gracious God ! my Heart inspire  
 With ev'ry Movement of thy Grace ;  
 And touch my Tongue with hallow'd Fire,  
 To praise the Lord my Righteousness.

## V.

No Sacrifice dost Thou require,  
 Besides a Heart that's broke for Sin ;  
 I bring it then, at thy Desire ;  
 And it is All that I can bring.  
 Thy own JERUSALEM rebuild ;  
 And raise her broken Walls again ;  
 And be she with thy Glory fill'd,  
 To joy all Those that love thy Name-





# Penitential Hymn

Out of the Deeps of long distress the Bor-  
I send my Cries to seek thy grace my groans

-ders of despairing) Great God should thy  
to move thy hearing)

seve-rer Eye mark and revenge I ni-qui-ty

who could abi-de thy Judgment



*Aus tieffer Noth schrey ich zu dir.*

*On the CXXXth Psalm.*

I.

**O**ut of the Deeps of dark Difires,  
 The Deeps of Desperation,  
 I cry to Thee, my God, for Grace,  
 For Love and for Salvation.  
 Father Almighty, should thine Eye  
 Be strict to mark Iniquity,  
 Oh ! who could stand before Thee.

II.

But (Praise eternal to thy Name)  
 Thou hast a Throne erected,  
 A Glorious Throne of Grace, where Man  
 Was never yet rejected.  
 For Mercy is with Thee, our God ;  
 Thy Son has sealed with his Blood  
 Our Pardon and Salvation.

III.

In Thee alone I put my Trust,  
 Disclaiming all Self-Merit.  
 O, Mighty, Merciful and Just,  
 Thee I adore in Spirit.  
 To thy blest Word full Trust I give :  
 'Tis my Support while yet I live ;  
 And will support me dying.

O

IV. With

## IV.

With more Impatience far than Those  
 That languish for the Morning,  
 I languish till Thou shalt disclose  
 Thy Love to me returning.  
 Ye Sons of ISRAEL, wait the Day ;  
 Wait till th' Almighty shall display  
 His Mercy and his Blessing.

## V.

On's Mercy-Seat he issues out,  
 For Sins, on Sins, Remission :  
 There All's forgiven and forgot ;  
 For CHRIST makes Intercession.  
 He turns our Feet from sinful Ways.  
 Oh, endless is his Love and Praise.  
 By Him is ISRAEL saved.



*Straff mich nicht in deinem Zorn.*

## I.

**O** My God, avert the Storm  
 Of thine Indignation :  
 Spare a sinful feeble Worm,  
 Tho' Abomination.  
 O my God,  
 Turn the Rod  
 From thy wretched Creature.  
 Heal his sinful Nature.

II. Un-

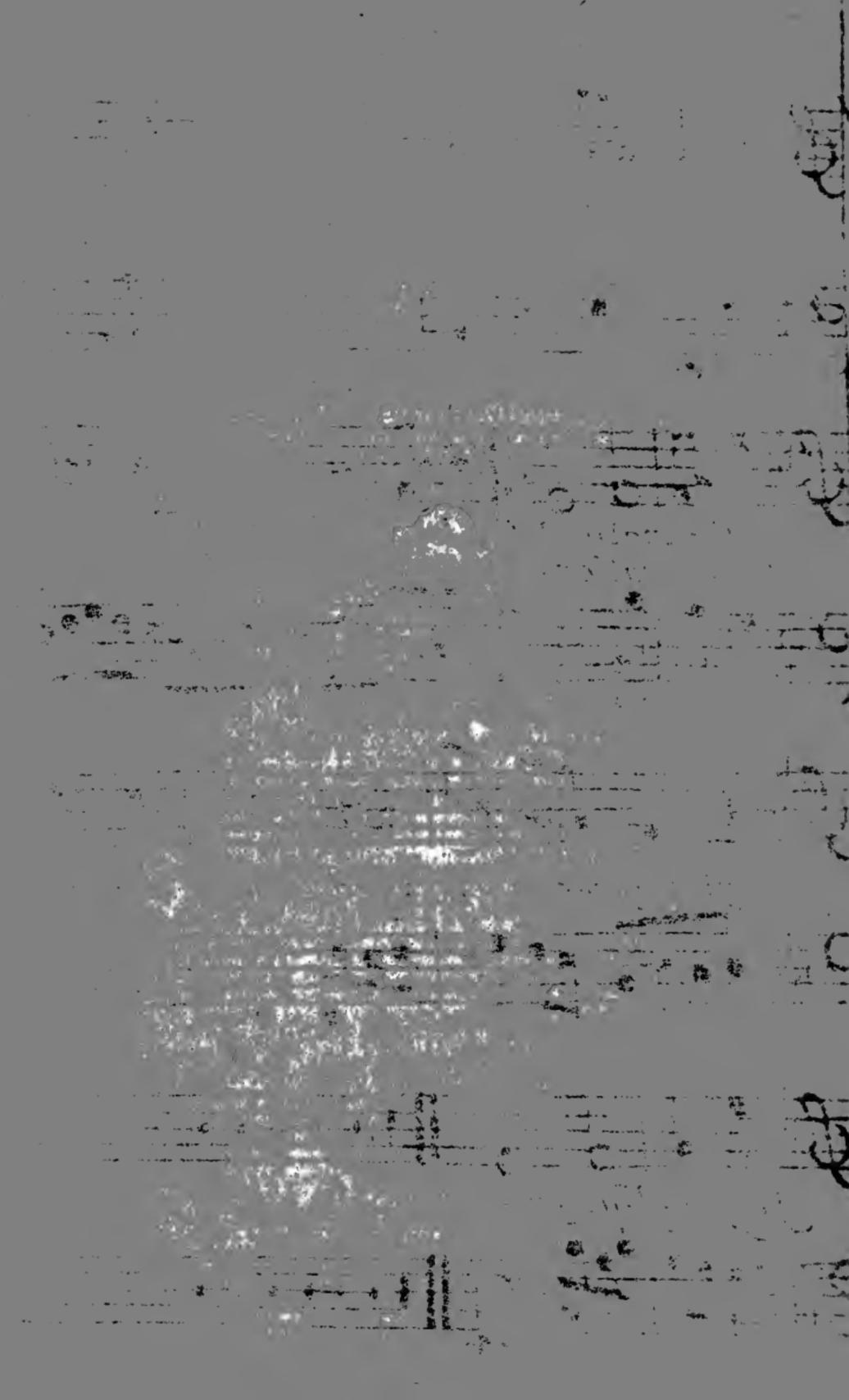
A Penitential Hymn upon the  
VI Psalm

{ Lord with draw the dreadful Storm of thine  
Wilt thou crush a fee-ble worm in's a-

indig-nation) Oh let not wrath grow hot  
-bomi-nation)

'gainst thy wretched Crea-ture and his

sinful Na-ture



## II.

Under thine afflicting Touch  
 Day and Night I languish ;  
 Streaming Sorrows wash my Couch ;  
 I'm pierc'd through with Anguish ;  
 And am hoarse  
 Thro' the Course  
 Of a long Complaining,  
 All my Powers straining.

## III.

Sorrow darkens all my Days.  
 Night still hears me wailing,  
 And the Minutes, as they pass,  
 Mournful o'er me telling.

Oh, my Blame !

Oh, my Shame !

That I've been audacious  
 'Gainst a God so gracious.

## IV.

Lord, mine Eye's consum'd with Grief,  
 And my Heart with sighing :  
 Yet that thou wouldst grant Relief,  
 I cannot cease crying.

Lord ! how long

Shall my Song

Dwell on Lamentation,  
 Void of Consolation.

## V.

Hear poor Dust and Ashes speak :  
 Favour my Petition :  
 Save me for thy Mercy's Sake ;  
 Save me from Perdition

Hear my Groans ;  
 Heal my Bones,  
 Which (Oh ! angry Token)  
 Thou, My God, hast broken.

## VI.

Lord, my fainting Spirit save  
 From the wrathful Sentence.  
 Save from Death ; for in the Grave  
 There is no Repentance.

Hear my Moan  
 Thou alone  
 From my Sins canst free me,  
 And from Death redeem me.

## VII.

Fly, ye Tempters ; Heav'n is mov'd.  
 Mercy is descending.  
 God has all my Pray'r approv'd ;  
 All my Griefs are ending.  
 Satan fly :  
 Mercy's nigh.  
 Him Thou'st long tormented  
 Now shall live contented.



Of Faith and Hope

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Two lines of handwritten text, appearing as a mirror image of the text below.

First line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

Second line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

Third line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

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Fifth line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

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Eighth line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

Ninth line of musical notation on a five-line staff, appearing as a mirror image of the line below.

# Of Faith and Justification

{ Our whole salva-tion doth depend on God  
{ All our good works can neer pretend to boast

Figured bass: 43 5 5

free grace and spi-rit } 'Tis Faith receives  
of a - ny me-rit }

Figured bass: 5 4 5 5

its Righteousness From Christ and his atto-

Figured bass: 5 8 7 4 5 5

- ning grace He is our medi-a - tor

Figured bass: 9 8 4# 5 5 5 6 4 3 7



## Of Faith and Justification.

*Es ist das Heyl uns kommen ber.*

### I.

**O**UR whole Salvation doth depend  
 On God's free Grace and Spirit ;  
 All our good Works can ne'er defend  
 A Boast upon our Merit  
 Derived is our Righteousness  
 From *Christ* and his attoning Grace ;  
 He is our Mediator.

### II.

What God commanded in the *Law*  
 Was far beyond our Doing :  
 There sinful Nature Nothing saw  
 But hopeless Death and Ruin.  
 The fiery Mount spreads black Despair :  
 There's no Reprieve nor Pardon there  
 For us Apostate-Wretches.

### III.

Who can maintain the bold Conceit,  
 That poor Mankind was able  
 T'observe by Means of nat'ral Light,  
 The first and second Table ?  
 The **LAW** reveals the Root of Sin,  
 Which lay before conceal'd within,  
 With all its hellish Branches.

**IV.** No !

## IV. ]

No ! t'was beyond all human Art  
 To purge that deep Pollution ;  
 All Means to move the poison'd Dart  
 Confirm'd the foul Difusion.  
 The Lord a feigned Work abhors ;  
 Mere Flesh increases but the Curse  
 Of our intail'd Corruption.

## V.

The LAW cried, Justice must be done,  
 Or Men doom'd to Damnation :  
 But Mercy sent th'eternal Son,  
 Who purchas'd our Salvation,  
 Fulfill'd the LAW in its Extent,  
 And gave its Wrath a thorough Vent,  
 To pass the Sons of ADAM.

## VI.

Thus having all the LAW fulfill'd  
 Through CHRIST's blest Cross and Passion,  
 He's now the Rock, whereon we build  
 Our Faith and whole Salvation.  
 We call him Lord, our Righteousness,  
 Whose Death has purchas'd Life and Grace,  
 And ransom'd us for ever.

## VII.

My Faith avoids all Doubt and Fear ;  
 Thy Word can ne'er deceive me ;  
 Thou say'st no Sinner shall despair,  
 None perish who believes Thee.  
 Who rests on God, and is baptiz'd,  
 Is surely the Redeem'd by CHRIST,  
 And 'scapes eternal Torment.

VIII. The

## VIII.

The Man that bears the Faith that shines  
In Works of christian Merit,  
Is justified, and bears the Signs  
Of a confessing Spirit.

A living Faith's what God regards,  
His Love doth Good without Rewards.  
Art thou new born in Spirit ?

## IX.

The LAW reveals sins Sinfulness,  
Inhancing th' Accusation,  
The Gospel tenders saving Grace  
For Sinners Consolation ;  
Bids all lay hold on JESU'S Cross ;  
The LAW could ne'er retrieve our Loss,  
With all its best Performance.

## X.

True genuine Gospel-Works denote  
A Faith of God's inspiring.  
That Faith is vain, which is remote  
And from Good Works retiring.  
Yet Faith alone's what justifies,  
The Love t'our Neighbour well implies,  
We are sincere Believers.

## XI.

The living Hope with Patience waits  
God's promis'd Consolation,  
Takes all the Turns of Ease and Streights  
With Christian Resignation.  
God knows the Time for our Relief,  
T'assuage our greatest Pain and Grief,  
In him we have Affiance.

XII. Be

## XII.

Be not cast down, when he delays  
 To crown thine Expectation ;  
 He then is nearest, when thy Ways  
 Seem full of Desolation ;  
 On his eternal Word rely,  
 E'en tho' thy wav'ring Heart deny,  
 And trust in thy Redeemer.

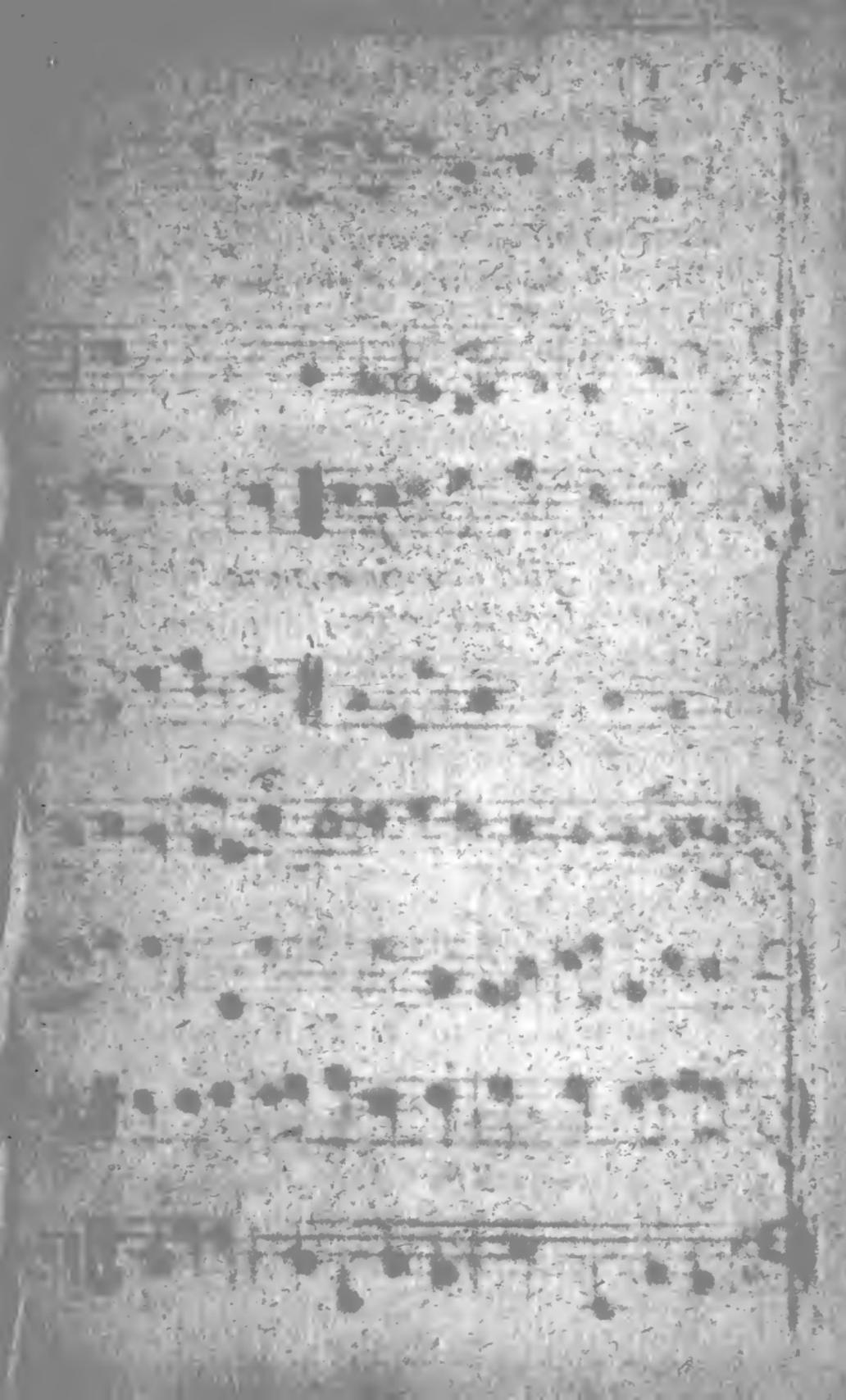
## XIII.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost  
 Immortal Praise be given ;  
 Whose Passion to restore Men lost  
 Is all the Song of Heaven.  
 May JEWS and all the Gentile-Race  
 Soon call Thee Lord their Righteousness :  
 Thy Name be ever hallow'd.

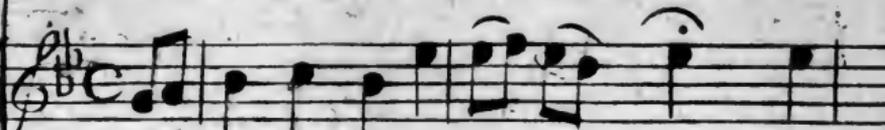
## XIV.

Thy Kingdom come, thy Will be done  
 As 'tis by Saints in Glory ;  
 With daily Bread our Tables crown ;  
 Forgive our Sins before Thee,  
 As we forgive our Debtors here :  
 Let no Temptation breed Despair :  
 From Ill redeem us, *Amen.*





# Of Christian Conversation



Lord raise in me a constant Flame, of  
 To seek the merits of thy Name, when



un-de-fild devotion } vouchsafe <sup>t</sup>I with  
 th'Hearts in frightful motion }



Joy espie thy Presence in affliction give me sense to



void from hence, all sinful contradi-tion.





## *Of a Christian Life and Conversation.*

*Hilff mir mein Gott! hilff, dass nach dir.*

### I.

**L**ORD, raise in me a constant Flame  
Of undefil'd Devotion,  
To seek to thy Almighty Name  
When Sin in me's in Motion.  
Vouchsafe, that I with Joy espy  
Thy Presence in Affliction;  
And grant me Care to shun the Snare  
Of sinful Contradiction.

### II.

Draw me by penitential Smart  
To holy Resignation;  
Create anew my vicious Heart,  
And make it thine Oblation.  
Let me shed Tears for all the Years  
Mispent in sinful Pleasure.  
Give gen'rous Hands to make Amends  
For wasted Time and Treasure.

### III.

Quench all my Lust and carnal Fire;  
The Fuel of Damnation;

And turn the Stream of my Desire  
 To strive for my Salvation ;  
 Lord, grant, that I may ne'er deny  
 Thy Truth in Persecution,  
 Thy Grace suppress all Selfishness,  
 To keep me from Pollution.

## IV.

All angry Motions turn in me  
 Into a meek Behaviour ;  
 Endow me with Humility,  
 The Garment of my Saviour :  
 Whate'er of Sin remains within,  
 Destroy in its first Movement :  
 Let Love and Peace, the Fruits of Grace,  
 Make daily new Improvement.

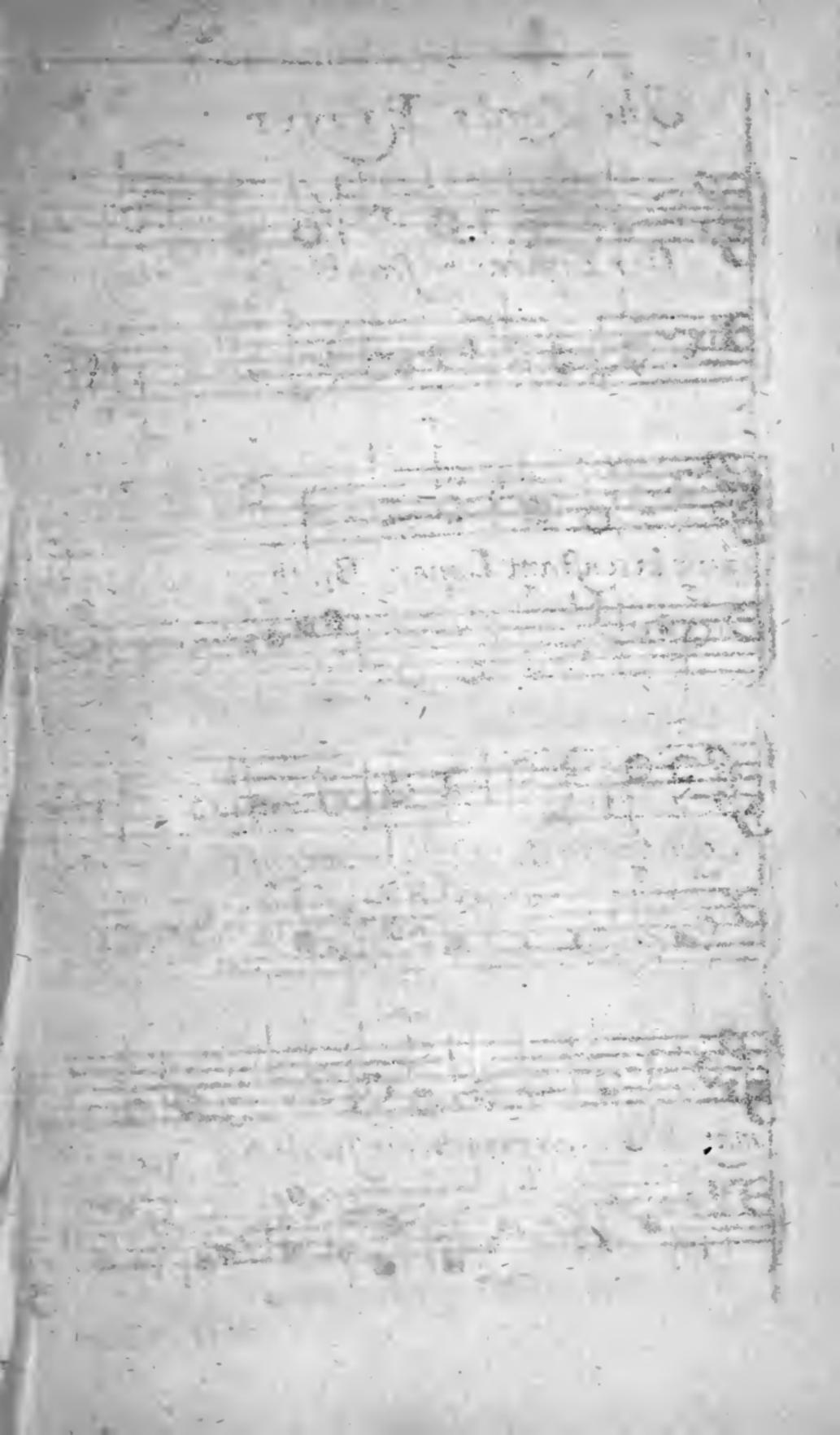
## V.

Increase Faith, Hope, and Charity,  
 By holy Meditation,  
 And make me tread with Constancy  
 The Paths of thy Salvation.  
 To guard my Tongue from speaking wrong,  
 Or giving bad Example,  
 The Body feed, yet take great Heed,  
 Not to defile thy Temple.

## VI.

Grant, that by faithful Diligence  
 I may adorn my Station,  
 Nor by proud impious Pretence  
 Lose thy Communication.  
 Indecency and Cruelty  
 Remove from Thought and Action ;  
 Hard-heartedness and ev'ry Vice  
 Root out, with their Infection.

VII. Make



# The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father who from Heav'n above bidst us to

live in constant Love as Brethren and in truth to

Joyn to adore this Fathers name of thine grant we

may always pray to thee in spirit and sincerity

Handwritten musical notation with two staves per line. The top staff is a treble clef and the bottom staff is an alto clef. The music consists of quarter and eighth notes. There are various musical markings such as slurs, accidentals (sharps and naturals), and fingerings (numbers 1-5) written below the notes. The lyrics are written in a cursive hand between the staves.

## VII.

Make me, by foll'wing good Advice,  
 Forfake discover'd Error,  
 The Needy help without Disguise;  
 And Friends and Foes to pray for;  
 Serve ev'ry Mortal as I can;  
 Hate Sin, and shun its Pleasure.  
 Thy saving Word conduct me, Lord,  
 Till I obtain thy Treasure.



*Upon the* LORD'S PRAYER.

*Vater unser im Himmelreich.*

## I.

**O**UR Father! who from Heav'n above  
 Bidst us to live in constant Love,  
 As Brethren, and in Truth to join,  
 T'adore this Father-Name of thine,  
 Grant we may always pray to Thee  
 In Spirit and Sincerity.

## II.

Thy Name be hallow'd ev'ry where;  
 Make us to read thy Word with Care,  
 That we may live accordingly,  
 And praise thy sacred Name on high;  
 From All that's false, and All that's vain  
 Thy poor, thy wand'ring Flock restrain.

## III.

Thy Kingdom come ; thy Grace be nigh,  
 O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky ;  
 The Holy Spirit of thy Grace,  
 Bestow his Gifts on Human Race.  
 From Satan's woful Tyranny,  
 Keep all thy Churches safe and free.

## IV.

Thy Will be done on Earth, as well  
 As 'tis in Heav'n, where Angels dwell ;  
 In Joy and Sorrow make our Mind  
 Be chearfully to Thee resign'd ;  
 And all our carnal Motions still,  
 That do withstand thy holy Will.

## V.

Give us this Day, our daily Bread,  
 And what we want for present Need :  
 From foul Contention, Strife, and War,  
 From Dearth and Pest, remove us far.  
 Preserve our Peace and Liberty ;  
 From filthy Lucre set us free.

## VI.

Forgive us all our Trespaffes,  
 That are so great and numberless ;  
 And make us willing to forgive  
 Our Foes, and with them kindly live.  
 Let mutual Love and Charity  
 Unite thy Christian Family.

## VII.

Into Temptation lead us not.  
 When Satan lays his secret Plot,  
 O, lend us thine Almighty Hand  
 To fight with Courage, and withstand :  
 That, arm'd with Faith, as with a Shield,  
 We may at last obtain the Field.

## VIII.

At length enlarge and set us free  
 From Sin, and all its Misery :  
 Redeem us from eternal Death ;  
 Thy Grace support our dying Breath ;  
 And be our Death an Entrance blest  
 Into a sweet eternal Rest.

## IX.

For thine's the Pow'r, the Glory thine,  
 And thine for ever will remain.  
 Increase our Faith : and guide our Ways ;  
 And give us Grace thy Name to praise.  
 According to thy sacred Word,  
 A blessed *Amen* us afford.



# The Golden Alphabet.

*Allein auf Gott setz dein Vertraun.*

To the Tune : *O Lord, how many Miseries.*

I.

**A** Lone in God put thou thy Trust :  
Who trusts in Man, depends on Dust.  
There's None but God to's Promise just.  
The Old Simplicity is lost.

II.

**B**eware of Losing thy good Name,  
For Credit's of a tender Frame :  
By Pain and Labour 'tis atchiev'd ;  
Once lost, can seldom be retriev'd.

III.

**C**hatting avoid, but rather hear,  
Wilt thou with any Grace appear.  
Grave Silence meets with sure Respect ;  
But Prating always with Neglect.

IV.

**D**espise thy self ; respect the Great,  
T'avoid their Wrath and thy Defeat ;  
Wilt thou find Comfort in Distress ?  
The Meanest treat with Gentleness.

V.

**E**xpel all haughty Thoughts, and flee  
Those Scandals of Prosperity.

The Lord thy Plenty doth bestow  
To make thee great and humble too.

VI. Fear

## VI.

**F**ear thou the Lord, and prize him more  
 Than radiant Gold and richest Oar:  
 Gold may be spent, but Godly Fear  
 Is a rich Store will ne'er impair.

## VII.

**G**ive to the Lord with chearful Heart,  
 When God his Blessings doth impart;  
 Lest thou shou'dst meet the woful Fate,  
 Which CHRIST of DIVES did relate.

## VIII.

**H**ast thou receiv'd a Benefit?  
 With Gratefulness thy self acquit.  
 Pity sincere do thou express  
 When thou se'est others in Distress.

## IX.

**I**n Labour spend thy youthful Age;  
 That brings a goodly Heritage:  
 Hard Work's unfit for Silver-Hair,  
 When Weakness multiplies thy Care.

## X.

**K**ind be to All, yet trust but Few;  
 Pretended Friendship bid Adieu;  
 Think on the Word, found true of Old,  
 What glisters is not always Gold.

## XI.

**L**et no Disturbance seize thy Heart,  
 When frowning Fortune seems to thwart:  
 A hard Beginning, when it ends,  
 Will make thee more than full Amends.

## XII.

**M**aster thy chol'ric Thoughts within;  
 Be angry, but commit no Sin;

For Wrath bespeaks thee Satan's Slave,  
Who can't discern what's true or safe.

XIII.  
N e'er be asham'd to live and learn,  
If thou wilt mind thy main Concern:  
Wise Men make ev'ry Place their Home;  
But Sluggards starve, where'er they come.

XIV.  
O ne Party hear, but thine Applause  
Defer, till thou know'st th'other's Cause:  
Be just, for Prejudice misguides;  
There's often Faults on both the Sides.

XV.  
P ride dates its first Original  
From *Lucifer's* and *Adam's* Fall:  
Are Many lost by Wind and Tide?  
More suffer Shipwreck by their Pride.

XVI.  
Q uote Nothing, but what edifies;  
A false Report soon grows and dies.  
A Gentleman well bred and born,  
Gives all he hears a loving Turn.

XVII.  
R ely in all thine Exigence  
On thy Creator's Providence:  
None is forsaken by the Lord,  
Whose Life is guided by his Word.

XVIII.  
S hort is thy Time; Tide stays for None;  
The World's a Flash, that soon is gone.  
Be not beguil'd with sensual Charms;  
Thy Life's at Stake in *Dinab's* Arms.

XIX. Thou

**T** XIX.  
 Thou must continue doing Good ;  
 But still expect to be withstood :

What Action know'st thou ever done,  
 Which was approv'd by Ev'ry one.

**U** XX.  
 Upon no Riches set thy Heart,  
 Lest it shou'd break, if they depart :  
 That Man is wise, whose Heart is there,  
 Where never fading Treasures are.

**W** XXI.  
 Will Any one contend with thee ?  
 Be rather mute than disagree.  
 One Contradiction raises Ten,  
 And they will end, you know not when.

**X** XXII.  
*erxes*, relying on his Host,  
 Was baffled in his haughty Boast.  
 Art thou at War ? rely on God,  
 Who bringeth Peace, and brings the Rod.

**Y** XXIII.  
 Young thy Creator learn to fear,  
 Wilt thou thy Course most wisely steer.  
 Thy future Harvest will be seen,  
 Such as thy Life and Seed have been.

**Z** XXIV.  
 Zeal for thy God prolongs thy Days.  
 Be circumspect in all thy Ways.  
 Things done without a wise Forecast  
 Have ruin'd Multitudes at last.



# Of *Spiritual Combat.*

*Ich ruff zu dir Herr Jesu Christ.*

## I.

**T**O Thee, O Lord, I send my Cries:  
 O! let them rise to Heaven.  
 And let to all my Pray'rs and Sighs  
 A gracious Ear be given.  
 O! make thy Word my firm Support:  
 And grant me Faith so saving,  
 That I, having  
 A cleans'd and humble Heart,  
 May all thy Statutes live in.

## II.

And Oh, I pray Thee, O my God,  
 Oh! give me no Denial,  
 Destroy not with thy wrathful Rod  
 Me in the fiery Tryal.  
 Give living Hope when I go hence,  
 And, with all Resignation,  
 Detestation  
 Of all Self-Confidence  
 Concerning my Salvation.

III. Grant

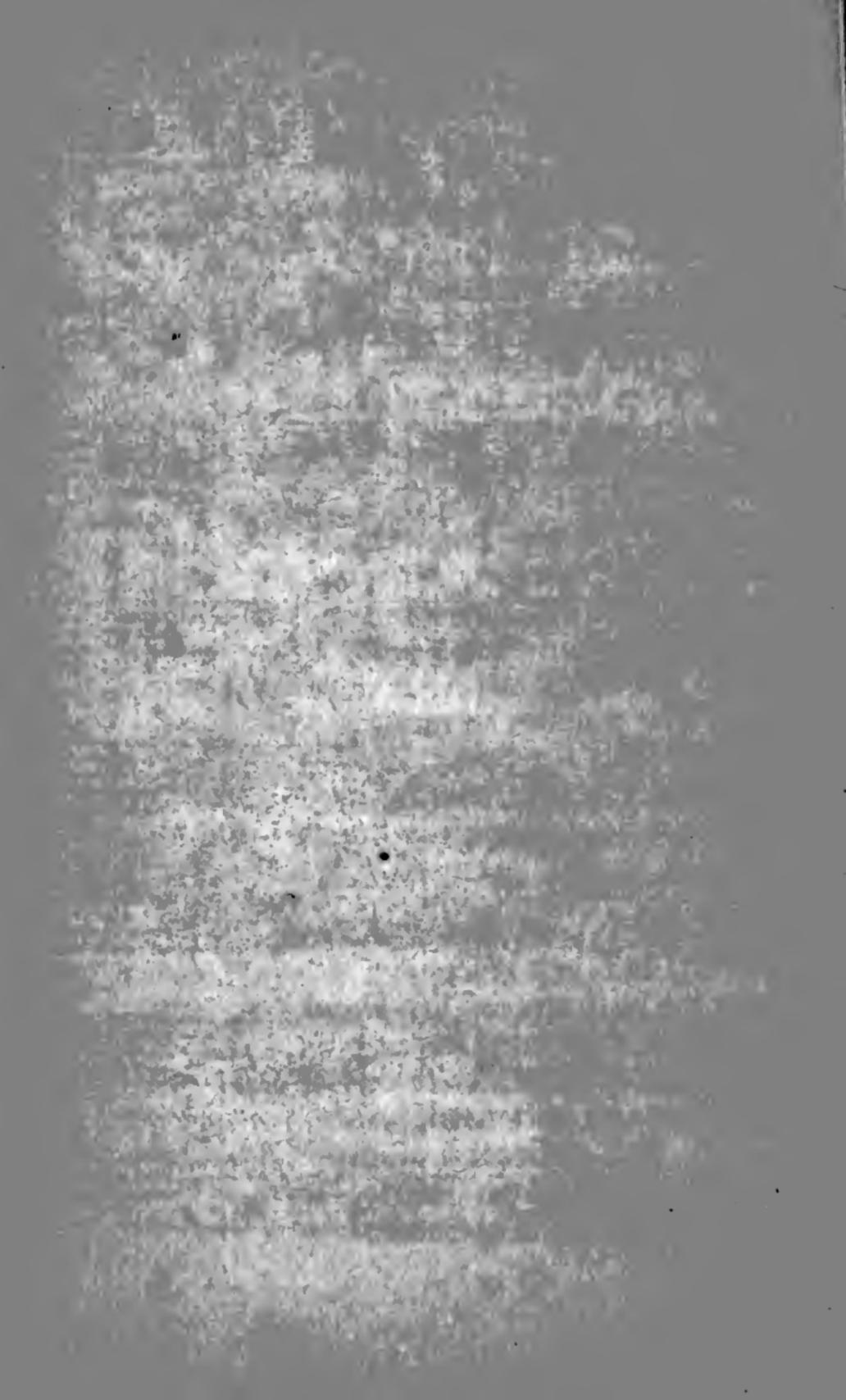
# Spiritual Combat

To thee Lord Christ I humbly press vouchsafe  
 Forsake me not in my distress preserve

my sighs a hea-ring } A living Faith I crave  
 me from despai-ring }

O Lord of thee my Ge l my Saviour that my neigh

bour To love thy holy word begain'd by my behaviour



## III.

Grant me a good forgiving Mind  
 To All that Evil bring me :  
 Cast all my num'rous Sins behind ;  
 Renew thy Life within me.  
 Thy Word be my continual Food  
 To keep my Soul from starving,  
 And from starting  
 From Thee when SATAN's Brood  
 My Ruin is concerting.

## IV.

Let neither Lust nor Fear prevail  
 To draw me from my Duty:  
 By aiding Grace I shall not fail  
 To walk in Faith and Beauty.  
 For who has ought but what thou giv'st?  
 Thy Favour none can merit ;  
 But thy Spirit,  
 By whom thou all reliev'st,  
 Can graciously confer it.

## V.

I fight, Lord JESUS ! and withstand,  
 But, oh, in slipry Places ;  
 Support me with thy mighty Hand,  
 And thine abundant Graces.  
 When Sin and SATAN raise their Force,  
 Let me not be affrighted,  
 But delighted  
 To run my Christian Course,  
 'Till I'm with Thee united.

*In dich hab ich gehoffet Herr.*

## I.

**G**reat God! in Thee I put my Trust,  
 Preserve my Soul from being lost  
 In Shame and Desolation;  
 Thy Grace, O Lord I, will record  
 To ev'ry Generation.

## II.

Vouchsafe to lend a gracious Ear,  
 When I to Thee direct my Pray'r;  
 Relieve thy helpless Creature;  
 From outward Woes and secret Foes  
 Redeem my fallen Nature.

## III.

Thy saving Name is my Defence;  
 I seek and draw Salvation thence;  
 Thy Grace is my Pavillion;  
 Thou art the God, whose very Nod  
 Can crush an hostile Million.

## IV.

My Rock, my Refuge, and my Tow'r!  
 I rest upon thy mighty Pow'r,  
 And trust thy Revelation:  
 In thy Relief I drown my Grief  
 'Gainst Satan's Machination.

## V.

Whate'er my Fears and Foes suggest,  
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest,  
 My Boast and sure Protection.  
 Within thy Care I boldly dare  
 Th' whole World and Hell's Infection.

VI. My

# Of Spiritual Combat

Great God in thee I put my trust Preserve

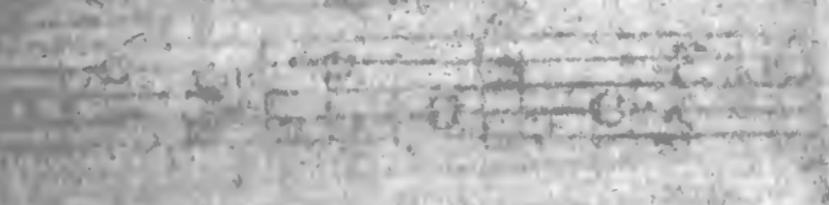
my soul from being lost In shame and deso

-la-tion Thy grace O Lord I will record

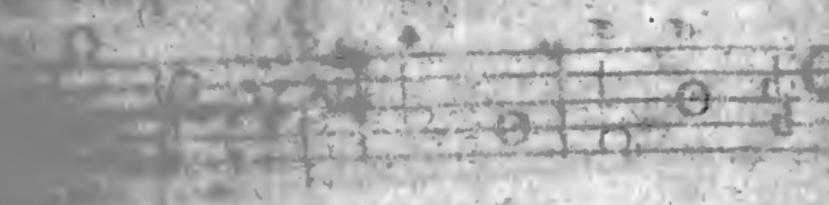
T'an after genera-tion



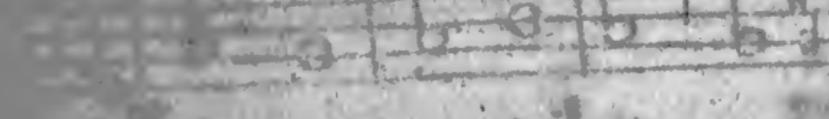
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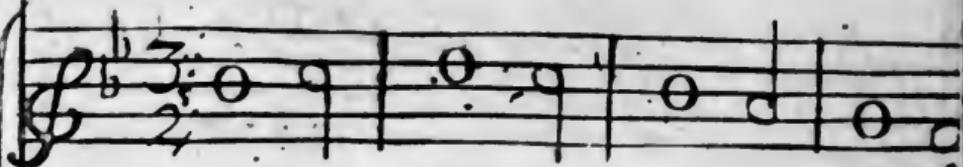
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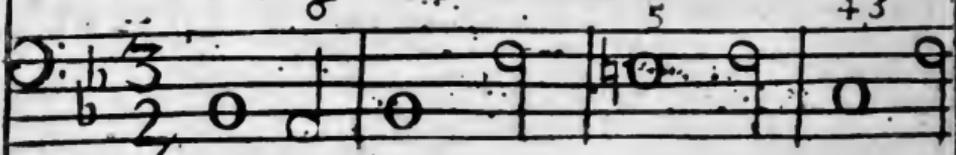
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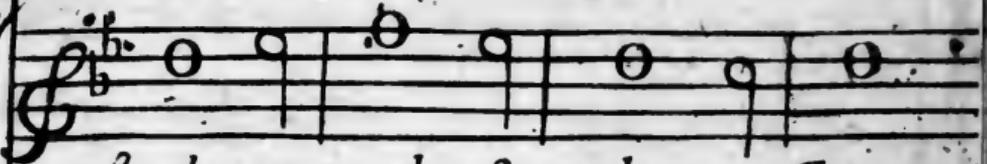
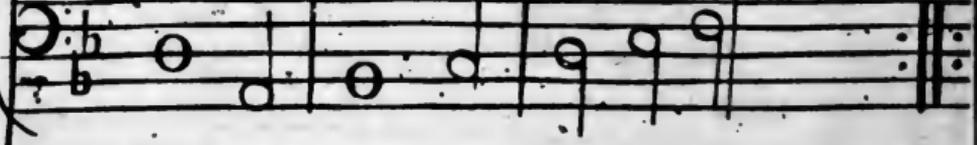
# Spiritual Combat



Faithfull God: I lay before the  
Though thou know'st how grief has tore me

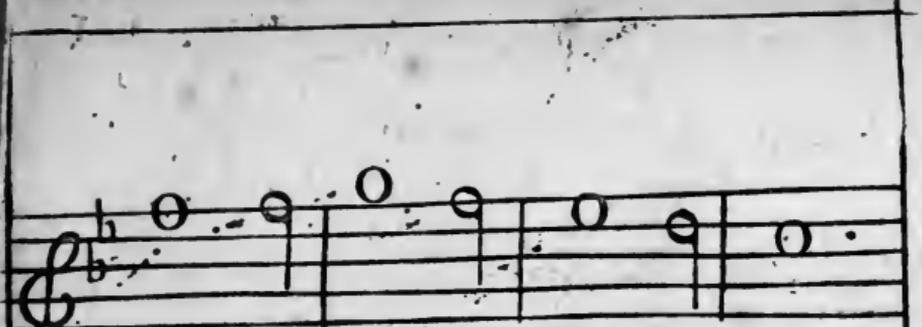


all the Anguish of my Heart)  
better then I can im-part

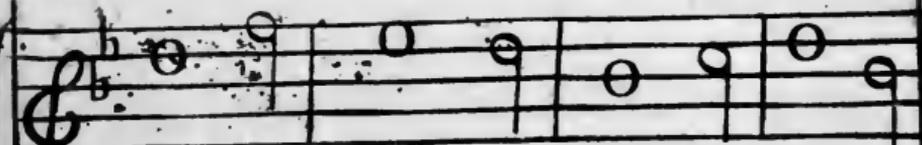


Lord my weakness makes me Cry

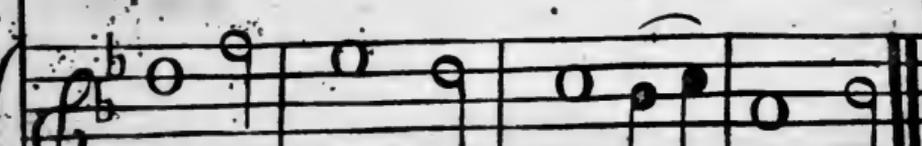




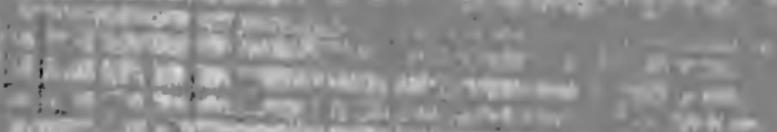
*in Temptation when I vye*



*with the Fiend that would bereave me*



*of that Faith thou giv'st to save me*



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## VI.

My Spirit I commit to Thee.  
 My Saviour, ne'er depart from me,  
 But grant me thy Salvation.  
 In th' Hour of Death retake my Breath  
 Into thy Habitation.

## VII.

All Honour Might and Majesty  
 To Father, Son and Spirit be,  
 The Three for ever glorious ;  
 In whose rich Grace we'll run our Race,  
 Till we come off victorious.



## Upon *Spiritual Distress.*

*Treuer Gott ich muss dir Klagen.*

### PART the First.

## I.

**F**Aithful God ! I lay before Thee  
 All the Anguish of my Heart :  
 Tho' thou know'st how Grief has tore me,  
 Better than I can impart :  
 Lord ! my Weakness makes me cry,  
 In Temptation when I vye  
 With the Fiend, that would bereave me  
 Of the Faith design'd to save me.

## II.

Thou ! from whom Nought is conceald,  
 Know'st how vain's my Care and Strife ;

In

In thy Word thou hast revealed,  
 That free Grace restores my Life:  
 All the Good I find in me,  
 Doth proceed alone from Thee;  
 Thou thy saving Health bestowest  
 On those thou in Mercy knowest.

## III.

Unto thee, my God ! I'm crying,  
 In this great Necessity ;  
 Hear my deep and frequent Sighing,  
 Cast me not away from thee ;  
 Satan's Malice overthrow,  
 Strengthen me against the Foe ;  
 Ever keep my Faith from failing,  
 JESUS ! make thy Grace prevailing.

## IV.

JESU ! Source of our Adoption,  
 Thou, who never didst reject  
 Those that mourn their sad Corruption,  
 But dost all thy Sons direct :  
 Tho' our Faith as small, through Fear,  
 As a Mustard Seed appear,  
 Thou canst make it, O Faith's Fountain,  
 Mighty to remove a Mountain.

## V.

Let me find, O my Redeemer !  
 Mercy in mine Agony ;  
 Make me conquer the Blasphemer,  
 And break from his Slavery :  
 Strength of Faith add by thy Word ;  
 Grant to me thy Spirit's Sword ;  
 Thus shall Satan be deceived,  
 And his Darts of Points bereaved.      Ho-

## VI.

Holy Ghost, of equal Honour,  
 With the Father and the Son,  
 Of all Gifts the only Donor,  
 Hear me from thy Holy Throne ;  
 Through thy Mercy I believe ;  
 Let me not my self deceive,  
 But depend in my Unfitness  
 On thy all-sufficient Greatness.

## VII.

Rouze me up from present Dullness ;  
 Thy good Work in me advance ;  
 And relieve me, from the Fullness  
 Of thy gracious Countenance :  
 In me keep the Spark of Grace,  
 That with Joy I run the Race,  
 And obtain the Prize of SION,  
 Which I ever keep my Eye on.

## PART the Second.

## VIII.

Greatest GOD ! beyond Relation,  
 Ever blessed ONE in THREE !  
 Thou alone art my Salvation,  
 Strengthen mine Infirmary :  
 Quench thou Satan's fiery Dart,  
 E'er it reach my trembling Heart,  
 Lest the Want of Consolation  
 Drive me into Desperation.

## IX.

Guard me from his vile Devices,  
 Which thou know'st are numberless ;

Keep

Keep me free, when he intices,  
 From a fatal Carelesness :  
 Grant me such a Strength that I  
 May withstand him valiantly,  
 And avoid his secret Paces,  
 Thro' thine all-sufficient Graces.

## X.

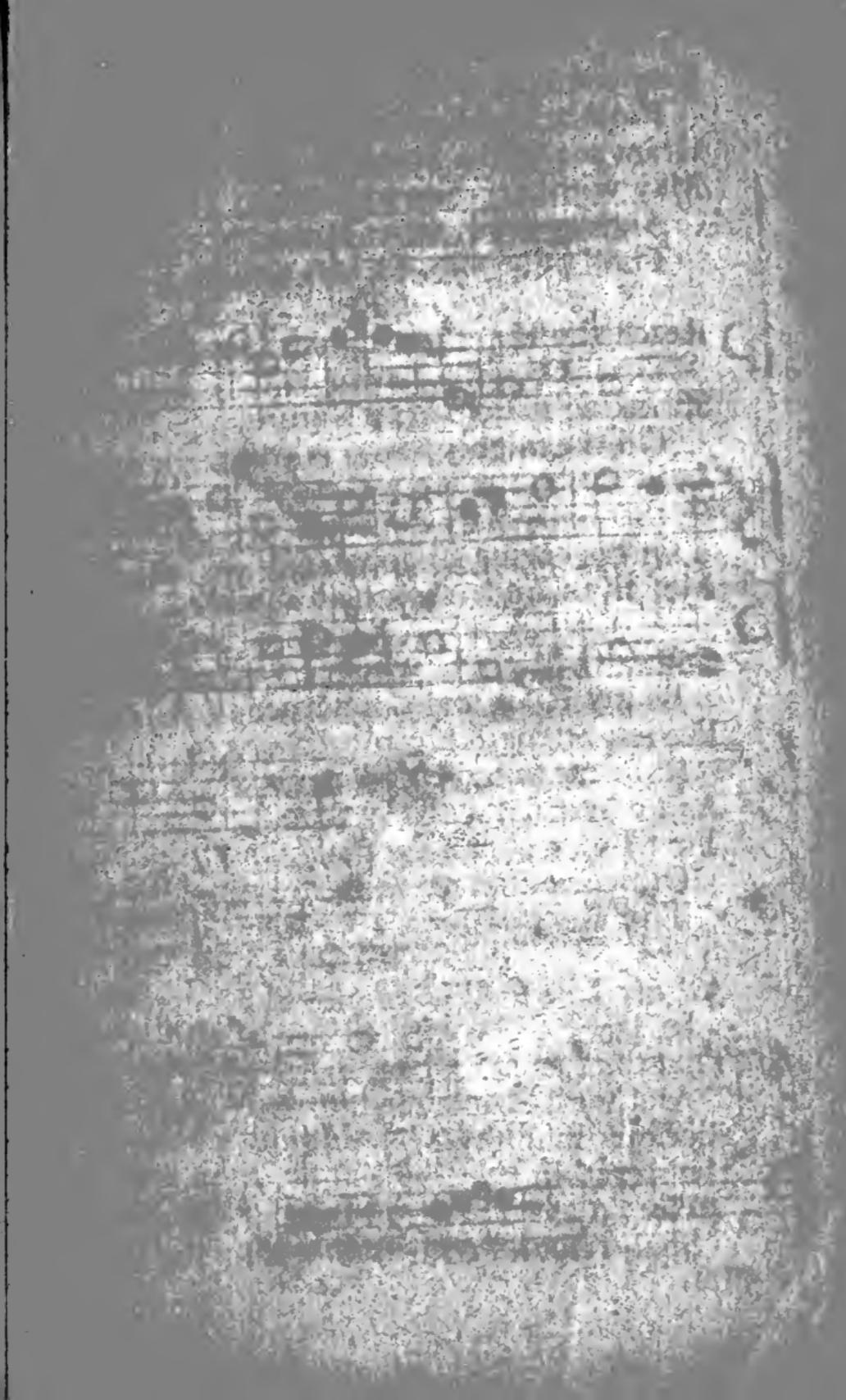
Reach thy Hand to thy frail Creature,  
 That is now in Terror fast,  
 Shrinking under feeble Nature,  
 Till the mighty Storm is past.  
 Lead me by the Holy Ghost,  
 So that Satan may not boast  
 Of his having disappointed  
 Me, thy Child, thou hast anointed.

## XI.

Come, O Mighty, whom I wait on ;  
 Be my Rock and Confidence ;  
 I've not Strength to combat SATAN.  
 Raise me to some Eminence ;  
 And relieve me with thy Shield,  
 That I may obtain the Field,  
 Overcome that grand Destroyer,  
 That has ever been a Lyar.

## XII.

All my Life shall be employed  
 In thy Praise, with all my Might,  
 That the Fiend has been destroyed,  
 And with Shame has lost the Fight :  
 Glorious shall thy Mercy be,  
 Here, and in Eternity ;  
 Heav'n and Earth, O great *Jehovah* !  
 Shall resound with *Hallelujah*.



# The Myſtery of the Croſs

3  
2  
Come hither ſays our bleſſed Lord Come all t

5 # + #

me with one accord Ye heavyladen Crea

4 # 4 # 4 #

-tures Come hither all ye weary ſouls I'll give you

4 6 6 6 4 3 4 #

Rest from all y<sup>11</sup> toils and mouldane v<sup>r</sup> ſynatures

4 # 5 4 #



## *Of the Mystery of the Cross.*

*Kommt her zu mir; spricht Gottes Sohn.*

### I.

**C**OME hither! saith our blessed Lord:  
Come all to me with one Accord,  
Ye heavy laden Creatures!  
Come hither, all ye weary Souls;  
I'll give you Rest from all your Toils;  
And mould anew your Natures.

### II.

My Yoke is sweet, my Burthen light;  
Who'll take it up shall 'scape the Weight  
Of lasting Condemnation;  
I will assist him with my Strength,  
To conquer Sin, and gain at Length  
The Prize of his Salvation.

### III.

My active and my passive Zeal  
Was to perform my Father's Will,  
And set a bright Example,  
To guide your Thoughts and Actions by;  
If this is fix'd before your Eye,  
Your Heart shall be my Temple.

R.

IV. The

## IV.

The World would chuse the Blifs I shew,  
 Was it not charg'd to bid Adieu  
 To its own Will and Pleasure :  
 Alas ! there is no other Path  
 But a true meek and humble Faith  
 That leads to endless Treasure :

## V.

What Creature on this Earthly Ball  
 Was ever found, since ADAM'S Fall,  
 Without its rueful Story.  
 Who'll here not bear for JESUS' Sake,  
 Hereafter endless Shame shall take,  
 And strip of all his Glory.

## VI.

To Day the Man looks bright and gay ;  
 Anon falls sick and faints away ;  
 Or Death cuts short his Flower.  
 Just as a Lilly blooms and dies,  
 So quick away the World still flies  
 With all its Fame and Power.

## VII.

The Worldling dreads the Name of Death ;  
 And startled by a dying Breath  
 He makes a quick Submission.  
 He tires himself with Trifles here,  
 Th'immortal Soul's his meanest Care,  
 Whilst in a hail Condition.

## VIII.

But when he feels, he cannot live,  
 He fancies, that a *Lord forgive*  
 Will purchase his Salvation :

But,

But, ah! the long rejected Grace  
May no more shine upon his Face,  
May no more have Compassion.

IX.

What doth the Miser's Store avail?  
Or what the Young Man's Strength? Both fail,  
When Death's to give the Trial:  
Hast thou at Hand the richest Store,  
All Earthly Wit, all earthly Pow'r,  
Death would take no Denial.

X.

No Respite Learning can obtain;  
All worldly Grandeur is in vain,  
To thwart the fatal Sentence:  
Who will not seek his Saviour's Face  
In the bright Days of offer'd Grace,  
Must die without Repentance.

XI.

But ye, dear Foll'wers of the Lamb,  
That suffer here in JESUS Name,  
Your Cross shall end in Glory:  
Keep close to God's revealed Will,  
And still keep up a Christian Zeal,  
To slight what's transitory.

XII.

Return ye Good for evil Deeds;  
Your Innocence at last succeeds,  
In Spite of Worldly Crosses:  
Give God the Vengeance of your Cause;  
Observe your Saviour's Gospel-Laws,  
He will retrieve your Losses.

## XIII.

Were you to live in constant Ease,  
 And live as long as you should please,  
 Your Faith wou'd soon be wasting ;  
 But Crosses keep, like wholesome Salt,  
 The Flesh from Falling and Revolt,  
 And Kuin everlasting.

## XIV.

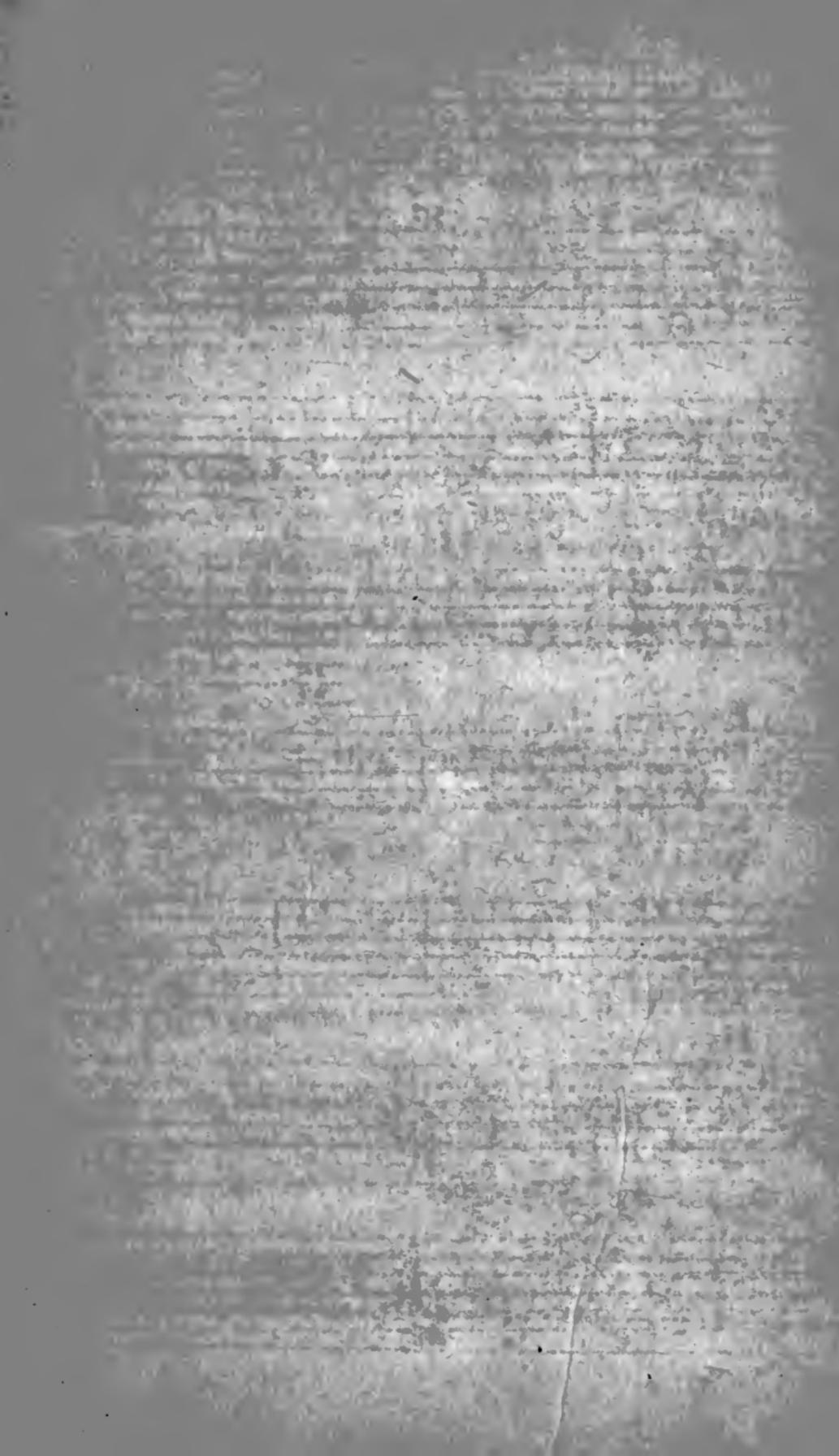
Think not, the Cross a bitter Pill ;  
 Reflect what Reprobates must feel  
 In their despairing Station,  
 Where Soul and Body must endure  
 Pains past Expression and past Cure,  
 Without the least Cessation.

## XV.

But you, that make a better Choice,  
 Shall share your great Redeemer's Joys  
 When this your Warfare's over ;  
 No Mortal Tongue can e'er express,  
 With what Rewards the God of Grace  
 Will crown his faithful Lover.

## XVI.

And what our great and gracious Lord  
 Has promis'd in his holy Word,  
 And seal'd with his own Spirit,  
 He will perform and safely bring  
 Our Souls where Saints and Angels sing  
 Of his eternal Merit.



# Spiritual Warfare

*O Lord how ma-ny Mi-se-ries as-*  
*-sault and discom-<sub>5</sub>pose' my Peace the Path*  
*leads to Si-<sub>7</sub>ons gate is full of Thorns &*  
*ve-<sub>5</sub>ry Streight*

The musical score is written in a system of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal line, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

*Ach Gott wie manches Hertzeleyd.*

I.

O Lord, how many Miseries  
Affault and discompose my Peace ;  
The Path that leads to SION'S Gate  
Is full of Thorns, and very streight.

II.

How hard it is for Flesh and Blood  
To seek the everlasting Good ;  
I know not where to turn my Face,  
But, Christ ! to thy redeeming Grace.

III.

My Heart has never been dismay'd,  
Whene'er to thee it look'd for Aid ;  
No Mortal yet was ever lost,  
Who put in CHRIST alone his Trust.

IV.

That thou art God, as well as Man,  
Lord, thy redeeming Pow'r makes plain ;  
No greater Wonder has been heard,  
Than this, that God in Flesh appear'd.

V.

He sav'd us by his Death and Tomb,  
From Sin, and from the Wrath to come :  
My JESU, Lord and God alone !  
What Name is sweeter than thy own ?

VI.

No Grief can ever be so sore,  
But thy Salvation cheers us more ;  
No Pain so raging but thy Name  
Can still assuage and heal the same.

VII. Nay,

## VII.

Nay, though my Flesh and Heart shou'd fail,  
 Thy Presence, Lord ! will yet prevail ;  
 Enjoying thee, and thy free Love,  
 I share the Blifs of Saints Above.

## VIII.

Thine would I be in Soul and Mind,  
 And leave Sin, Death, and Hell behind ;  
 Nor can I better fix my Trust,  
 Than in the God of whom I boast.

## IX.

Thou never canst forsake thy Child,  
 That by thy Grace is reconcil'd ;  
 Thou art the Shepherd of my Soul,  
 That ever keeps me sound and whole.

## PART the Second.

## X.

Thou art my Comfort and Renown,  
 My Treasure and eternal Crown ;  
 No Tongue can tell, no Voice can sing  
 What Joy the Name of *Christ* doth bring;

## XI.

He that has Faith and Charity,  
 Can by Experience join with me ;  
 I'd make this bold Assertion good,  
 And dare to seal it with my Blood :

## XII.

Were there no Joy in God for me,  
 'Twere better I should never be ;  
 For he that has not CHRIST within,  
 Is dead in Trespases and Sin.

XIII. My

XIII.

My Soul's fond Bridegroom and Delight ;  
Thou Pearl, above all others bright,  
In thee I justly more rejoice,  
Than in the World's most glitt'ring Toys.

XIV.

As often as I think on thee,  
My Heart for Joy doth leap in me ;  
When e'er I fix in thee my Hope,  
I find a Comfort bears me up.

XV.

When in my Pain I pray and sing,  
My Heart is quite another Thing ;  
Thy Spirit witnesses, that this  
Is but the Fore-taste of thy Bliss.

XVI.

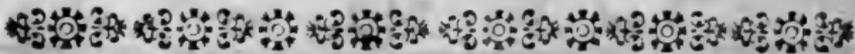
Therefore while Life remains with me,  
I'll bear the Cross, and follow thee :  
To Thee direct this Heart of mine ;  
Let it to Nothing else incline,

XVII.

And aid me by thy mighty Grace,  
With Joy to run my Christian Race ;  
Help me to conquer Flesh and Blood,  
And make my Christian Warfare good.

XVIII.

Preserve my Faith from Error free,  
That I may live and die in Thee ;  
My Saviour, grant me my Desire,  
Let me be Thine when I expire.



# Of *Self-Denial*.

*Jesu meine Freude.*

## I.

**J**ESU! Source of Gladness,  
 Comfort in my Sadness,  
 Thou canst end my Grief;  
 Lord, thy Sight I'm wanting,  
 While my Heart is panting,  
 After thy Relief.  
 Saviour Christ! my Lamb and Priest!  
 Heav'n and Earth, without thy Treasure,  
 Can afford no Pleasure.

## II.

Under thy Protection,  
 Hell and Sin's Infection  
 Cannot hurt my Heart.  
 Winds may roar and thunder  
 Satan seek to plunder;  
 Vain is all his Art.  
 Lightnings Glare may sadly scare,  
 And disturb the whole Creation,  
 CHRIST is my Salvation.

## III.

I defy all Evil,  
 Sword, Death, Hell, and Devil,  
 With their Slavish Fear.  
 Tho' the World's me stinging,  
 Yet I will be singing,  
 For my God is near.

Satan's

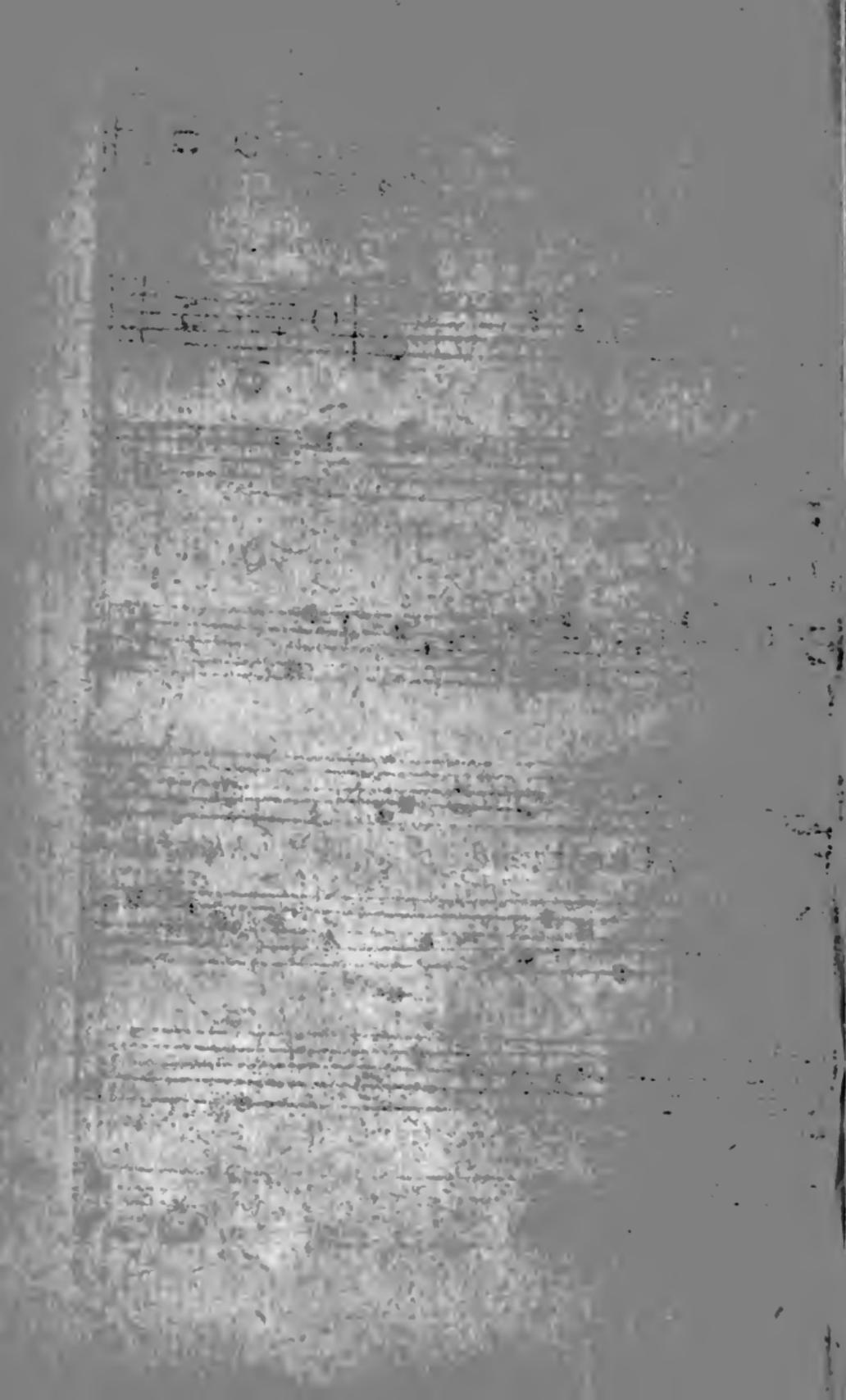
# Self Denial.

Je - su source of gla - dness comfort  
 Lord thy sight is wan - ting while my

in my sad - ness thou canst end my grief  
 Heart is pan - ting af - ter thy relief.

Saviour Christ my Lamb & Priest without thee

all worldly Treasure can afford no Plea - sure



Satan's Clan may curse and ban ;  
 Earth and Hell must soon be quiet,  
 Tho' they storm and riot.

## IV.

All ye worldly Treasures !  
 With your Sinful Pleasures,  
 To your Slaves remove !  
 Honour and Ambition,  
 Cease your Opposition.  
 To my sacred Love ;  
 Death and Pain, with all their Train,  
 Shall do Nothing but discover  
 How I love my Lover.;

## V.

I would leave for JESUS  
 All the Gold of CRÆSUS,  
 And its dazzling Show.  
 Sisters of Ambition !  
 Your admir'd Condition  
 Must expire in Woe.  
 Get ye, hence, ye Joys of Sense,  
 To the Men of Wit and Pleasure ;  
 JESUS is my Treasure.

## VI.

Fly, ye gloomy Spirits ;  
 JESUS with his Merits  
 Is my Guard and Prop.  
 Those that love TH' ANOINTED,  
 Shan't be disappointed  
 Of their living Hope.  
 While I here with Patience bear,  
 CHRIST is turning all my Sadness  
 Into Joy and Gladness.



# Of giving up the *Heart* to G O D.

*Hochster Priester, der du dich.*

## I.

**G**REATEST High-Priest, Saviour CHRIST,  
Who for me wast sacrific'd,  
Make my Heart, thro' thy blest Passion,  
To thy self a pure Oblation.

## II.

Thy pure Love accepts of nought  
But what by thy Love is wrought.  
What's not of thy own Formation  
Ne'er attaineth to Salvation.

## III.

Kill in me what is unclean ;  
Kill in me the Root of Sin ;  
Snatch my Heart from its Pollution,  
To th' old Man's entire Confusion.

## IV.

To the Altar lay the Wood,  
And consume old ADAM'S Brood.  
Source of all celestial Graces,  
Let me die in thine Embraces.

## V.

Lo, at Length it shall appear,  
That the Lord has heard my Pray'r,  
Lo, e'en in my present Station  
He'll be pleas'd with my Oblation.

# Given the Heart to God

Greatest High Priest Sa-viour Christ

♯ 5 5 4# 43

who for me was sa-crifed Let the

5 87 5 4 5 5 5

Merits of thy Passion Make my Heart thy

5 4# 5 5 87

5 #

so-le oblation

5 5  
4 #



*Was gibst du denn, O meine Seele.*

To the Tune : *He that confides in his Creator.*

I.

**S** O U L, what Return has thy Creator  
For all he gives, and all thou hast ?  
What is in all thy needy Nature,  
That can delight his holy Breast ?  
The best of Off'rings he requires,  
Is thy whole Heart with its Desires.

II.

Give God his own, if thou'lt be giving :  
Say, Lord, who best deserves my Heart ?  
Can Belsebub, who hates the living,  
Or any Creature claim a Part ?  
No, God, to Thee I all assign,  
My Body, Soul, and all that's mine.

III.

Accept, O Lord, what thou requirest,  
The first Fruits of my Heart ; that Store  
That Off'ring thou so much admirest,  
And paidst, oh ! paidst so dearly for.  
To Thee, my God, I now resign  
My Heart, to be for ever thine.

IV.

Where can my Heart be best improved,  
But with Thee, Lord, who gav'st me Breath ?  
Thee can I call my best Beloved,  
For Thou hast lov'd me unto Death ;  
My Heart with Thine from hence shall be  
One Heart to all Eternity.

Of



## Of *Patience* and *Constancy*.

*Meineu Jesum las ich nicht.*

### I.

**N**Ever will I part with **CHRIST**,  
 Since he dy'd for my Salvation ;  
 Nav, I would be sacrific'd  
 To obtain this Consolation,  
 That I might enjoy the Sight  
 Of his good and gracious **Light**.

### II.

**JESUS** will I never leave,  
 Whilst I breath and have my Senses ;  
 From his Merits I receive  
 Pardon for my past Offences ;  
 All the Powers of my Mind  
 To my Saviour are resign'd.

### III.

Shou'd I lose my very Sight  
 Touch and Hearing, Smell and Tasting,  
 Lord, thy Love shall give me **Light**  
 When my nat'ral Oil is wasting ;  
 When from Earth my Life is rent,  
**CHRIST** shall be my Element.

### IV. Less

# Love to Jesus

Never will I part with Christ since he dy'd

for my salva - tion nay I would be Sacri -

fic'd to obtain this consola - tion that I might

enjoy - the sight of his good & gra - cious light



IV.

Less, far less, I then shall part  
With my Lord, when in his Glory  
I shall see my loving Heart  
Rais'd above what's transitory ;  
Then with all his faithful Race  
I'll rejoice before his Face.

V.

Earth nor Heav'n can satisfy  
One Desire of God's inspiring ;  
Only JESUS can supply  
All I'm piously desiring.  
He's the Object of my Love  
Here, and when from hence I move.

VI.

With my JESUS I will stay,  
For he is my new Creator,  
And my Life, my Truth, my Way,  
Leading me to living Water.  
Blessed, who can say with me,  
CHRIST! I'll never part with Thee.





## Of Chearfulness of Faith.

*Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.*

To the Tune: *Ye Christians in this Nation.*

### I.

**F**rom God, the Lord my Saviour,  
 I'll never swerve nor stray;  
 Whose Love, and kind Behaviour,  
 Doth never die away.  
 He always is the same:  
 He shortens all my Sorrow,  
 And will relieve to Morrow,  
 Blest be his holy Name.

### II.

When I am disappointed  
 Of all Mankind's Relief,  
 I fly to the Anointed  
 Who softens all my Grief;  
 He ne'er denies his Love  
 To his distressed Creature,  
 Tho' my depraved Nature  
 He sharply doth reprove.

## III.

On him I am relying  
 E'en in the greatest Strefs ;  
 He's daily verifying  
 The many Promises  
 He in his Word has made:  
 My Life, my Breath and Motion  
 Shall be at his Devotion,  
 Whose Love can never fade.

## IV.

His gracious Inclination  
 Tends to my greatest Good,  
 Seeks all Mankind's Salvation  
 By his own precious Blood,  
 In whom we are restor'd,  
 To his Paternal Kindness,  
 And sav'd from sinful Blindness.  
 His Name be e'er ador'd.

## V.

Praise him with Hearts and Voices ;  
 Which to that End were giv'n ;  
 For CHRIST himself rejoices  
 To find our Thoughts in Heav'n:  
 All other Time is lost,  
 We spend in trifling Pleasures  
 Regardless of those Treasures,  
 Bought at our SAVIOUR'S Cost.

## VI.

And when the present Fashion  
 Of this deceitful World,  
 With all its Ostentation,  
 Down to its Doom is hurl'd ;

Then

Then those redeem'd by CHRIST  
 Shall from the Grave's Corruption  
 Be rais'd to sing th' Adoption:  
*Hosanna* in the High'st!

## VII.

Thus, whilst I bear with Patience  
 The present Misery,  
 Due to my Disobedience;  
 Yet blest Eternity  
 I have within my View;  
 Where my Redeemer's Glory  
 Will change my mournful Story,  
 And form me quite anew.

## VIII.

This is the Father's Pleasure,  
 Who rais'd us from the Dust;  
 His Son has endless Treasure  
 Laid up for all the Just;  
 And God the Holy Ghost  
 Will shew the new Creation,  
 And bring us to that Station,  
 Where we shall love him most.

*Auf meinen lieben Gott.*

## I.

**I**N God, the Lord most just,  
 I place my only Trust,  
 For he is my Redeemer  
 From Sin and the Blasphemer,  
 He can and will relieve me  
 From what may hurt and grieve me.

II. Tho'

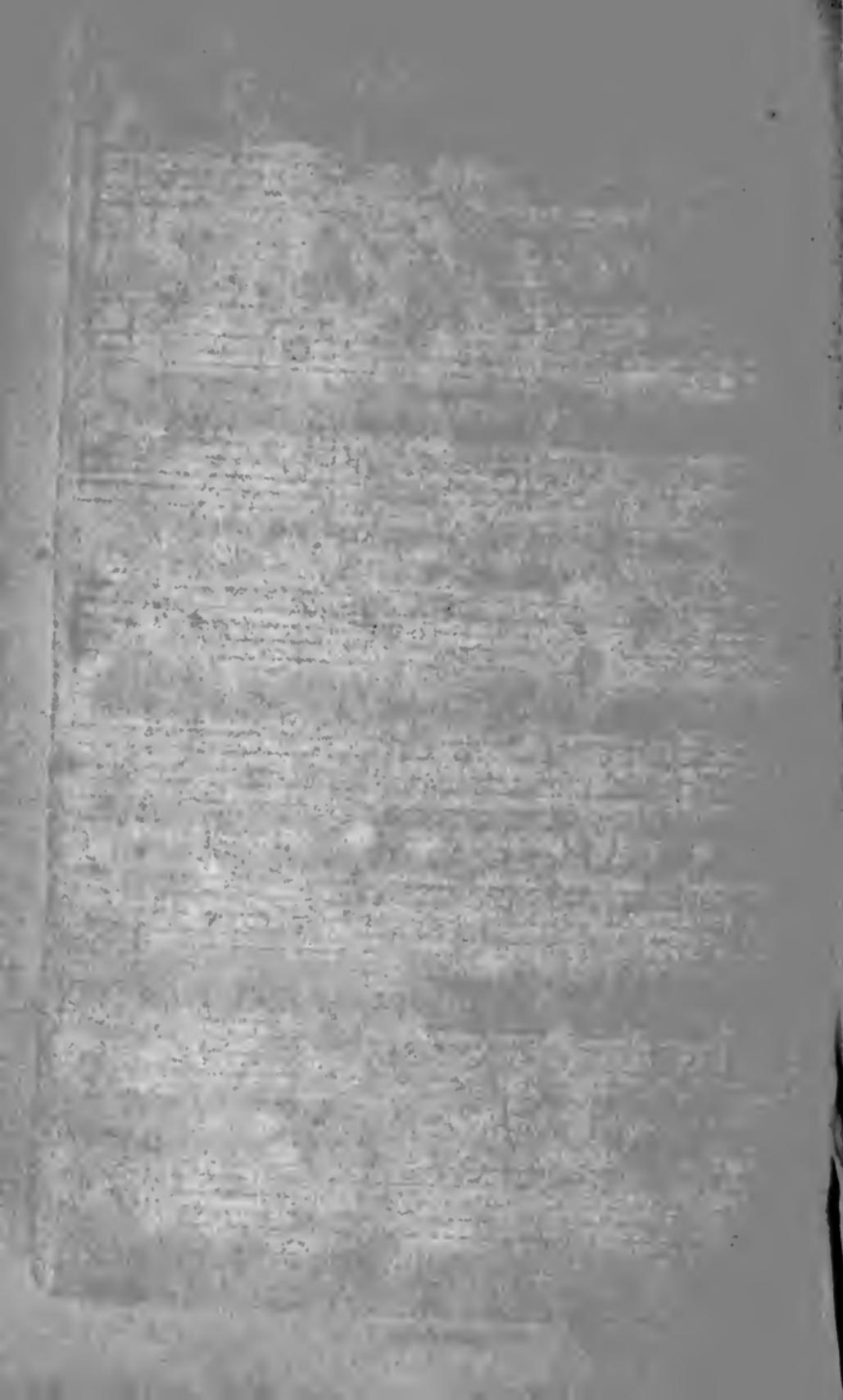
# Trust in God

In God the Lord most Just I place my

only trust for he is my Redeemer 'gainst

Sin and the Blasphemer he can & will relieve

me from what may hurt and grieve me



## II.

Tho' Sin doth rage and tear;  
 Yet I will not despair,  
 For CHRIST is my Salvation,  
 In Spite of all Damnation :  
 On him I am relying  
 While living or when dying.

## III.

Shou'd my last Minute come ;  
 That will convey me home,  
 Where I shall see th' Intention  
 Of CHRIST and his Redemption.  
 I die now or to Morrow  
 Then cease all Sin and Sorrow.

## IV.

O Lord God, JESUS CHRIST,  
 Our Saviour and High Priest,  
 Thy bloody Wounds and Passion  
 Surpass our Declaration.  
 No Praise of Men or Spirits  
 Can rise up to thy Merits.

## V.

*Amen*, with one Accord  
 Let us intreat the Lord  
 To guide us with his Spirit  
 Till we at last inherit  
 Our great Redeemer's Glory.  
 Farewell what's Transitory.



*Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott.*

I.

**G**OD is our Refuge in Distress,  
 Our strong Defence and Armour,  
 He's present, when we're comfortless,  
 In Storms he is our Harbour ;  
 Th' infernal Enemy  
 Look ! how enrag'd is he !  
 He now exerts his Force  
 To stop the Gospel-Course ;  
 Who can withstand this Tyrant ?

II.

All human Power is but Dust ;  
 Our Strength an idle Story :  
 The *Valiant Man*, in whom we trust,  
 Is CHRIST, the Son of Glory.  
 He is the Conquerour,  
 Vested with sov'reign Pow'r.  
 The Lord both Great and Good,  
 The only living God,  
 Gains us the Field of Battle.

III.

If all the Devl's shou'd wage the War,  
 In Order to destroy us,  
 They should not once put us in Fear ;  
 The Vict'ry wou'd be joyous.  
 We dare the Prince of Hell ;  
 With Fury let him swell ;  
 He cannot hurt one Hair ;  
 We shall escape his Snare ;  
 CHRIST's single Word can rout him.      His

# Faith our Victory

God is our Re-fuge in distress our strong  
He's present when left comfortless in rag-

defence and a - rmour } Th' infernal Enemy  
ing storms our Har - bour

look how in rag'd is he he now exerts his force.

to stop y<sup>e</sup> Gospel course who can withstand this tyrant



## IV.

His Word puts all our Foes to Flight ;  
 With Shame they are confounded ;  
 For CHRIST instructs our Hands to fight ;  
 His Spirit is unbounded :  
 Tho' we shou'd lose our Lives,  
 Fame, Children, Goods and Wives,  
 Destroy Hell what it can,  
 'Twill find but little Gain,  
 God's Kingdom is our Portion.



*Ist Gott für mich, so trete.*

To the Tune : *Commit thy Ways and Goings.*

## I.

**I**S God for me? what is it  
 That Men can do to me?  
 As oft my God I visit,  
 All Woes give Way and flee:  
 If God, my Head and Master,  
 Defend me from above,  
 What Pain or what Disaster  
 Can drive me from his Love.

## II.

Of this I am persuaded,  
 And boast now openly,  
 That he, whose Love ne'er faded,  
 Is wholly turn'd to me ;

And that in Change and Chances  
 He stands at my right Hand,  
 And, when the Storm advances,  
 'Tis calm at his Command.

## III.

The Ground of my Profession  
 Is JESUS and his Blood,  
 Which gives me the Possession  
 Of th' everlasting Good:  
 What is my Breath, while living,  
 But Smoak and Vanity?  
 Does not then what CHRIST's giving,  
 Deserve all Love from me?

## IV.

My JESUS and his Merit  
 Is all I seek and care;  
 Were he not with my Spirit,  
 Ah! I shou'd soon despair.  
 God's just and holy Nature  
 Cou'd never bear in Sight;  
 So foul and vile a Creature  
 As I am in his Light.

## V.

'Tis CHRIST, who has abolish'd  
 The Claim of Hell and Sin;  
 His Grace has cleans'd and polish'd  
 My humbled Soul within:  
 In him I raise with Gladness  
 My Voice and Courage up,  
 And dare indulge no Sadness,  
 As one that has no Hope.

## VI.

I know no Condemnation,  
 No Law, that speaks Despair ;  
 And Satan's Imprecation,  
 I treat with scornful Air :  
 No Judgment nor sad Tiding  
 Creates Uneasiness ;  
 'Tis JESUS I confide in,  
 Who skreens me with his Grace.

## VII.

His Spirit is the Sov'reign  
 Possessor of my Heart,  
 No Grief there dares to govern ;  
 He checks the deepest Smart.  
 He gives his Benediction ;  
 And, as he dwells in me,  
 CRIES ABBA in Affliction  
 With holy Fervency.

## VIII.

When seiz'd with Fear and Anguish  
 I feel my Wretchedness,  
 He sighs and speaks a Language,  
 My Tongue ne'er can express ;  
 But God, who knows the Motion,  
 His Spirit works in me,  
 Is pleas'd with the Devotion  
 Rais'd from Humility.

## IX.

His Spirit chears my Spirit  
 With many a sav'ry Word,  
 That those may Grace inherit,  
 Whose Rest is in the Lord ;

Who

Who know he doth a Building  
 In Heav'n anew contrive ;  
 Both Heart and Senses yielding  
 To All that they believe.

## X.

There is my fure Adoption  
 Secur'd and seal'd withal :  
 My Flesh may see Corruption,  
 But Heav'n can never fall.  
 And though with Tears I'm sowing  
 This Vale of Misery,  
 The Light of CHRIST's bestowing  
 Cheers all Adversity.

## XI.

Who enters his Alliance,  
 'Gainst Satan, World and Sin,  
 Will find their fierce Annoyance  
 Without, and from within ;  
 Reproach, Shame, Contradiction,  
 Will fall upon his Head ;  
 All Manner of Affliction  
 Will be his daily Bread.

## XII.

This all I have digested,  
 Yet keep my *Chearfulness*.  
 On God my Care is rested ;  
 In him I acquiesce :  
 To him I give my Treasure,  
 And all I am and have ;  
 His Love transcends all Pleasure  
 Here and beyond the Grave.

XIII. Shou'd

## XIII.

Shou'd Earth lose its Foundation,  
 Thou stand'st my lasting Rock ;  
 No temp'ral Desolation  
 Shall give my Love a Shock :  
 No Sword nor Persecution,  
 No Want nor Nakedness,  
 Shall cause a Diminution  
 Of Love I now profess.

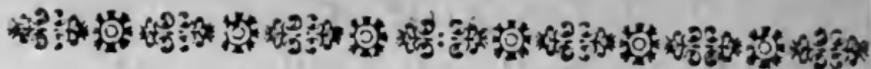
## XIV.

No Angel, Pow'r, nor Gladness,  
 No shining Diadem,  
 No Passion, Love, nor Sadness,  
 No Cruelty, nor Flame,  
 Of what Denomination,  
 Be't strong, weak, great or small,  
 Can breed a Separation  
 'Twixt me and God my All.

## XV.

My Heart o'erflows with Pleasure,  
 And knows not how to grieve ;  
 My Song bespeaks the Treasure  
 Of Joy, I now conceive :  
 The Sun, whose bright Enjoyment  
 I feel, is CHRIST, my Love,  
 Who gives me sweet Employment,  
 And lives and reigns above.





## *Praise of GOD.*

*Nun dancket alle Gott.*

### I.

**N**OW let us praise the Lord with Body,  
Soul and Spirit;  
Who doth such wondrous Things beyond  
our Sense and Merit,  
Who from our Mother's Womb and  
tender Infancy  
Preserves our tender Lives in Health  
and Liberty.

### II.

O gracious God, bestow on us, whilst Life's  
remaining,  
An ever chearful Mind, and Peace that's ever  
reigning.  
Keep us in Innocence and Christian  
Constancy:  
Thy Grace convey us Home to blest  
Eternity.

### III.

All Praise and Glory be to God our Heav'nly  
Father,  
And to his only Son, who all his Saints does  
gather,  
And to the Holy Ghost, O blessed  
Three in one!  
Thy Might and Majesty to all the  
World be known.

*Nun*

# Praise of God

Now let us praise the Lord with Body, Soul  
Who doth such wondrous things beyond our Sense

and Spi — rit } who from our Mothers womb  
and Me — rit }

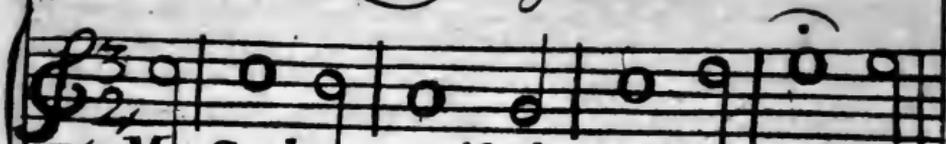
and tender Infancy preserves our life &

Limbs in Health and Liberty





# Praise of Gods



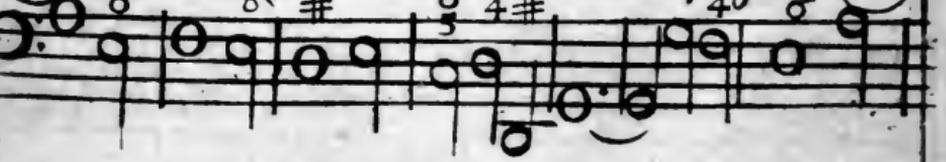
My Soul now praise the Lord thy God and  
Make known his wond'rous works abroad my

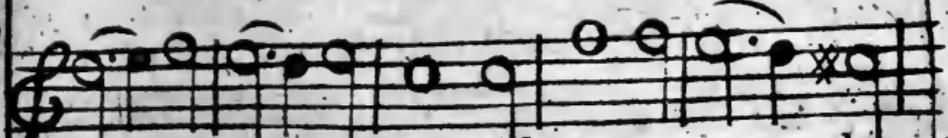


what's within me bless his name) who pardons all thy  
Heart do not forget the same )

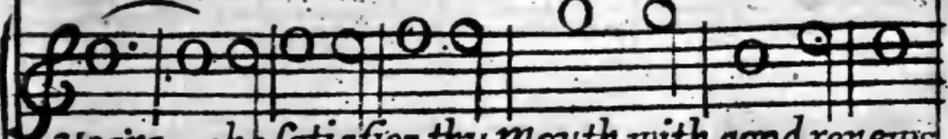


Trespases thy frailties he repairs preserves thy

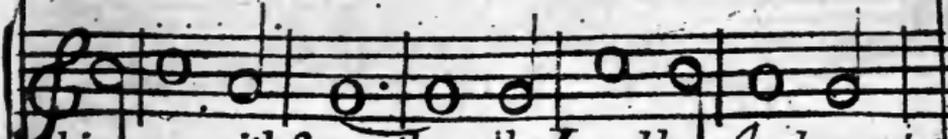
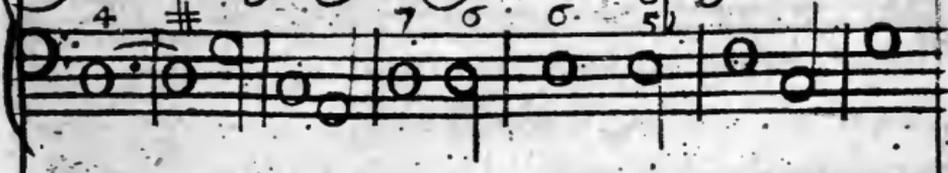




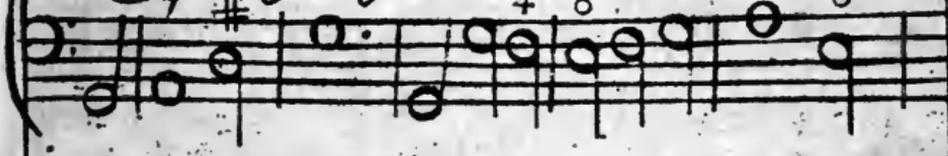
Life from great distress with mercy crowns thy



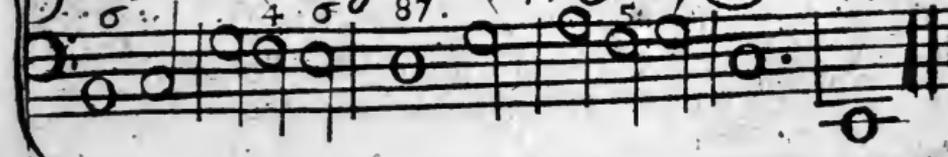
years he satisfies thy mouth with good renews

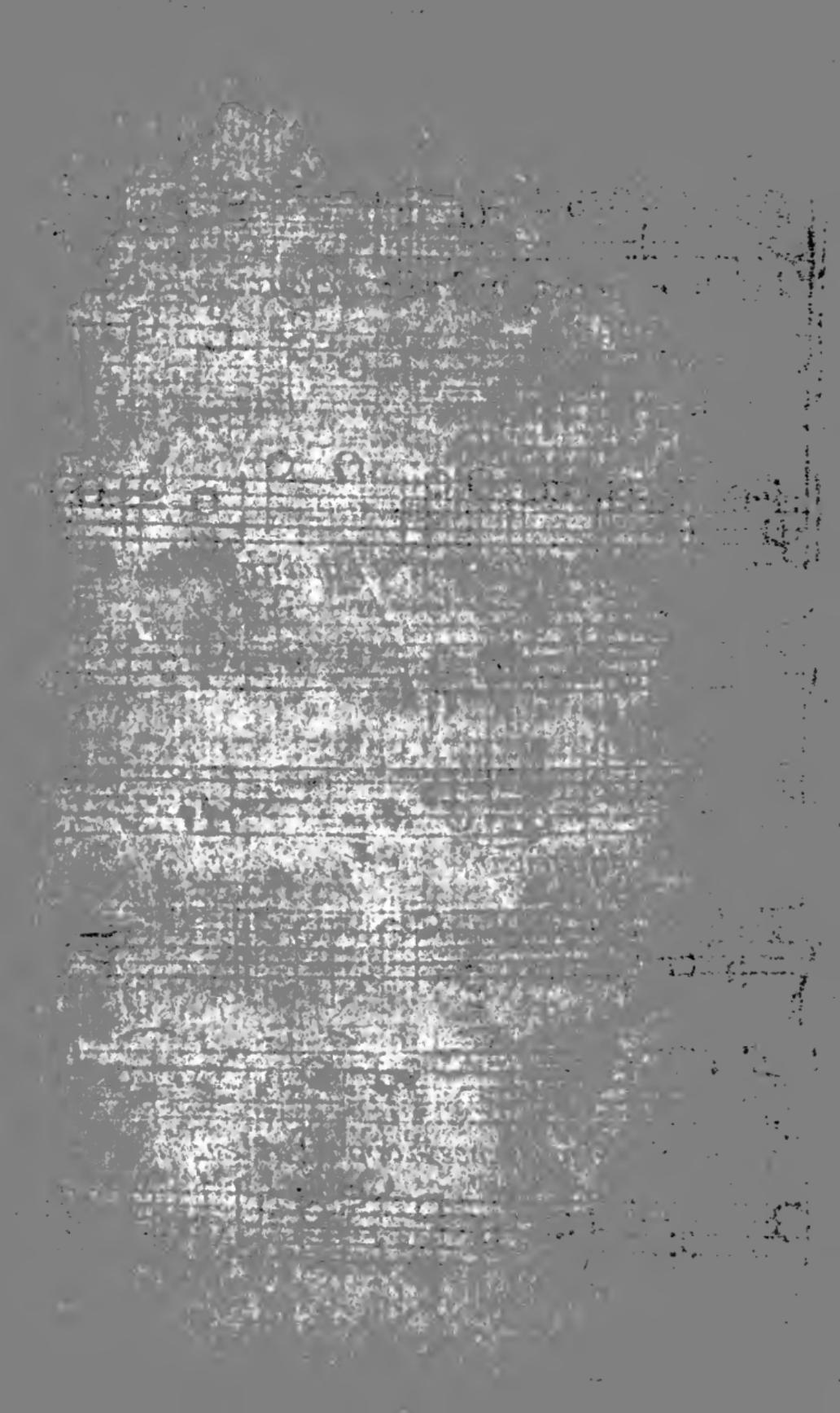


thine age with strength the Lord has Judgment



for the Proud and saves th'oppress'd at length





*Nun lob mein' Seel den Herren.*

## I.

**M**Y Soul! exalt the Lord thy God,  
 And all that's in me bless his Name,  
 Make known his wondrous Works abroad,  
 And oh, my Heart, retain the same;  
 He pardons all thy Trespasies;  
 Thy Frailties he repairs;  
 Preserves thy Life from great Distress,  
 With Mercy crowns thy Years;  
 He satisfies thy Mouth with Good;  
 Renews thine Age with Strength;  
 The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,  
 And saves th' Oppress'd at Length.

## II.

He has reveal'd his wondrous Ways;  
 By MOSES was his Justice known;  
 He sent the World his Truth and Grace,  
 By th' Incarnation of his Son.  
 His Anger doth abate betimes;  
 And when his Rod is felt,  
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,  
 And lighter than our Guilt;  
 His Grace shall be for ever blest  
 With those that love his Name;  
 Far as the East is from the West,  
 He casts our Sin and Shame.

## III.

As Fathers, mov'd with Tenderness,  
 Correct their growing Children's Faults;  
 So chastens God, yet loves no less  
 Those who revere him in their Thoughts;

U

He

He knows our short and feeble Breath ;  
 He knows we are but Dust ;  
 His rising Wrath is big with Death ;  
 He summons, die we must :  
 Our transient Days pass quick away ;  
 They're like the tender Flower,  
 One blasting Gale, one scorching Ray  
 Destroys it in an Hour.

## IV.

But thy Compassions, Lord, endure,  
 Now and to all Eternity ;  
 And All shall find thy Promise sure,  
 That keep thy Statutes faithfully.  
 The Lord, our great and glorious King,  
 Has fix'd his Throne on high ;  
 Ye Angels, to his Glory sing,  
 And Men beneath the Sky.  
 Join Hearts, and Lips with one Accord,  
 And praise his holy Name,  
 My Soul, according to his Word,  
 Do thou repeat the same.

## V.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost  
 Be Glory, Might and Majesty ;  
 He is the God, of whom we boast ;  
 On whose kind Promise we rely ;  
 Let our united Zeal be shewn  
 His glorious Fame to raise ;  
 For he's the God, whose Name alone  
 Deserves our endless Praise.  
 Thus we with humble Confidence  
 Sum up our best Desire,  
 And saying AMEN, in this Sense,  
 Our Faith shall ne'er expire.



*Was kan ich doch für Danck.*

To the Tune : *Now let us praise the Lord.*

I.

**W**HAT Thanks can I repay to Thee,  
 my God, my Saviour,  
 For thy long-suff'ring Grace, and Father-like  
 Behaviour :

When I was but a Lump of Sin and  
 Trespases,  
 Did Nothing but provoke thy Wrath,  
 O God of Grace.

II.

Great Love hast thou bestow'd on me, thy  
 wretched Creature ;  
 Malice I multiplied, but thou thy loving  
 Nature ;  
 I contradicted Thee ; Repentance I deferr'd :  
 But Thou delay'dst the Pain I had so  
 long deserv'd.

III.

That now I'm turn'd to Thee, is wholly thy  
 Production ;  
 Thou hast subdu'd in me the Tyrant of  
 Corruption.  
 Lord, 'tis thy sov'reign Love, that's ev'ry  
 Morn renew'd,  
 Has broke my flinty Heart, and with thy  
 Grace endu'd.

## IV.

What cou'd I of my self but grieve thy holy  
Spirit,

Finding thy Grace was past my own Desire  
and Merit.

I'd Pow'r enough to fall from Thee, the  
God of Grace,

But cou'd not raise my self, to seek thy  
Righteousness.

## V.

'Tis Thou hast lift me up, and set my Feet  
a running

The Ways of thy Commands, which I before  
was shunning.

Amazing Work of Grace, to change a Re-  
bel so,

That now I love the Truth, and shun of  
Sin the Woe.

## VI.

That I may not relapse into my old Condition,  
Grant me thy constant Aid, and grant me still  
Contrition ;

Exert thy, mighty Strength in mine Infir-  
mity ;

Renew my Mind to love and serve Thee  
constantly.

## VII.

Lord, guide me by thy Hand while my frail  
Life is moving ;

Leave me not to my self, nor to my Nature's  
Roving ;

Ex-



# Praise of God

Wonderfull Crea — tor Sov'reign arbi —  
Christ our Blessed Saviour slight not our be —

— tra — tor look upon us in thy mer — cy  
— ha viour tho we have rebelld against thee

Lord our King make us sing with a true Con —

— tri — tion and profound Submi — sion

Except I'm led by Thee, my Feet mistake  
thy Ways ;  
Supported by thy Hand, I run the Paths  
of Grace.

VIII.

O Father, glorious God, hear this my Sup-  
plication ;  
Lord JESU, Source of Grace, reveal thy great  
Salvation ;  
God, Holy Ghost, be Thou my Guide and  
Governour,  
Then shall I praise Thee right both now  
and evermore.

---

*Wunderbarer König.*

I.

**W**onderful Creator,  
Sov'rein Arbitrator !

Look upon us in thy Mercy.  
Christ, our blessed Saviour,  
Slight not our Behaviour,  
Though we have rebell'd against Thee.  
Lord, our King !  
Make us sing,  
With a due Contrition,  
And profound Submission.

II.

Heav'n ! proclaim the Honour  
Of thy mighty Donor,  
Far beyond the whole Creation.  
Sun ! let this Day's Duty  
Shew thy Author's Beauty,

In thy Course without Cessation.

Ev'ry Star

In the Air

Pay him due Allegiance

In your fix'd Obedience.

III.

O my Soul and Spirit !

Praise the glorious Merit

Of the Lord, without dissembling ;

All, who've Breath and Motion,

Pay him your Devotion,

And rejoice with Fear and Trembling.

Great and Good

Is our God,

Of eternal Story,

And the King of Glory.

IV.

Raise your Hymns of Praises

To the Name of JESUS,

All that taste the Heav'nly MANNA !

He, that thus rejoices,

Join with all our Voices,

And repeat devout HOSANNA.

Blest are all,

That can call

CHRIST their Joy and Treasure ;

They'll be fill'd with Pleasure.





## The *Malabarian* Hymn.

*Sey Lob und Ehr dem höchsten Gut.*

To the Tune: *Raise your Devotion.*

### I.

**A**LL Glory to the Sov'rein Good  
 And Father of Compassion,  
 The God our Help and sure Abode,  
 Whose gracious Visitation  
 Renews his Blessings ev'ry Day,  
 And takes our greatest Grief away :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

### II.

The Heav'nly Hosts with Awe proclaim  
 The Praise of their Creator ;  
 All living on this earthly Frame,  
 All that's produc'd in Nature,  
 Speak their Divine Original,  
 Imprest most wisely on them all :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

### III.

What is created by our God,  
 Enjoys his Preservation ;  
 'Tis he extends o'er all abroad  
 His Father-like Compassion.  
 Throughout the Kingdom of his Grace  
 Prevail his Truth and Righteousness :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

IV. In

## IV.

In my Distress I rais'd with Faith  
 To God my Supplication ;  
 My Saviour rescu'd me from Death,  
 And gave me Consolation  
 This makēs my Heart with Thankfulness  
 Rejoice before the Lord of Grace :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

## V.

The Lord in Truth has ne'er forfook  
 His faithful Generation ;  
 He's still their Refuge, Strength and Rock,  
 Their Buckler of Salvation ;  
 He leads them with a Mother's Care :  
 Through Dismal Dangers, guards from Fear :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

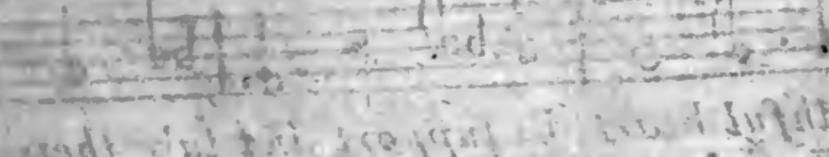
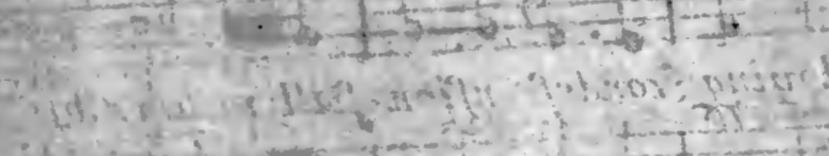
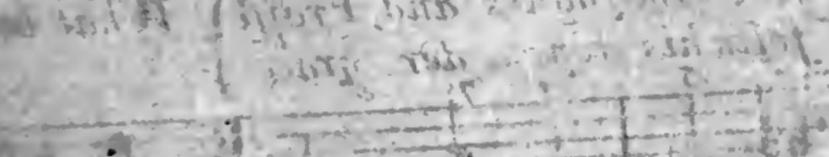
## VI.

When all the Creatures here deny  
 Their Help and Consolation,  
 Our great Creator then is nigh,  
 With Succour and Compassion,  
 And sees the humble Souls at Rest  
 That live abandon'd and oppress'd :  
 Give to our God the Glory.

## VII.

Thy Praise. O Lord ! shall be my Song  
 As long as Breath I'm drawing ;  
 Thy Name shall dwell on every Tongue  
 Where'er thy Love is growing.  
 My Heart ! with all thy Strength adore  
 This God of Grace this God of Pow'r ;  
 And give him all the Glory.

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# A Hymn of Praise

*Shant I sing to my Creator Shant I  
Who by every thing in nature Mani-*

4 \* 5

*give him thanks and Praise } What but  
-fests his ten - der grace }*

5 7 7

*loving condescension still inclines his*

5 7 5 4 3 4 7 \* 7 5

7 5

*faithful heart To support and take their*

4 \*

part who pursue his blest intention

4 3 5 6 #

all things to their Period tend

6 6 6 7

but his mercy knows no end

b 6 6 4 #



VIII.

All ye that name the Name of CHRIST,  
Give to our God the Glory ;  
All who confess his Pow'r the high'st  
Despise what's transitory ;  
Renounce the Idols of your own.  
The Lord is God, whose Name alone  
Deserves all Praise and Glory.

IX.

Then come before his holy Face  
With joyful Acclamation ;  
Extol the Wonders of his Grace,  
In your submissive Station ;  
The Lord has order'd all Things best,  
Ye convert Souls in East and West.  
Give to our God the Glory.

---

*Solt ich meinen Gott nicht singen?*

I.

**S** Ha'nt I sing to my Creator ?  
Sha'nt I give him Thanks and Praise ?  
Who by ev'ry Thing in Nature  
Magnifies his tender Grace :  
What but loving Condescension  
Still enclines his faithful Heart,  
To support and take their Part,  
Who pursue his blest Intention :  
All Things to their Period tend,  
But his Mercy knows no End.

X

II. As

## II.

As a **Hen** is us'd to gather  
 Her young **Brood** beneath her **Wings**,  
 So has **God** my **Heav'nly Father**,  
 Kept me safe from dismal **Things**,  
 From the **Hour** of my **Formation**,  
 When he breathed **Life** in me,  
 Rearing it by each **Degree**,  
 Till he brought me to this **Station**.  
 All **Things** &c.

## III.

Nay, his darling **Son** eternal  
 He delivers up for me,  
 To redeem me from infernal  
**Death** and endless **Misery**.  
 Depth of **Love** beyond **Dimension**!  
 Whence can my weak **Spirit** fetch  
 Thoughts profound enough to reach  
 This unfathom'd **Condescension**?  
 All **Things** &c.

## IV.

His good **Spirit's** best **Direction**  
 He vouchsafes me in his **Word**;  
 And his **Wings** their kind **Protection**  
 In my **Pilgrimage** afford;  
 He endows my **Soul** and **Spirit**  
 With the **Light** of living **Faith**  
 To overcome the **Pow'r** of **Death**  
 And escape the **Hell** I merit.  
 All **Things** &c.

## V.

My Soul's Welfare and Advances  
Are the Object of his Care,  
Nay, the Body's Change and Chances  
In his Goodness have a Share.  
When my nat'ral Strength is shrinking,  
In the Time of utmost Need,  
He my God steps in with Speed,  
And recovers me from sinking.  
All Things &c.

## VI.

Heav'n and Earth, with ev'ry Creature,  
For my Service are design'd;  
Where I make my Search in Nature,  
Food and Raiment there I find.  
Cattle, Corn, Fruit, Fowl and Fishes,  
Vales below, and Hills on high,  
Woods and Waters, Earth and Sky  
Furnish me with various Dishes.  
All Things &c.

## VII.

When I sleep, his Love is taking  
Care to rouse my drowsy Soul,  
That I find each Morn at waking  
Light renew'd from Pole to Pole.  
Had my God withdrawn the Numbers  
Of his Angels from my Head,  
And forsook me in my Bed,  
I had perish'd in my Slumbers.  
All Things &c.

## VIII.

Oh! how many fore Afflictions  
Have been rais'd by Satan's Crew?

Which, by God's Divine Restrictions,  
 Never came within my View.  
 Guardian Angels of his sending  
 Stopt the Malice which the Fiend  
 To my Ruin did intend,  
 Far beyond my comprehending.  
 All Things &c.

## IX.

As a Father's kind Affection  
 Still endures towards his Child,  
 Tho' he merit fore Correction,  
 When by World and Sin beguil'd ;  
 Thus, upon my true Repentance,  
 Sins are by my pard'ning God  
 Punish'd with a Father's Rod,  
 Not a Judge's damning Sentence.  
 All Things &c.

## X.

His Chastisements and Corrections,  
 Tho' they bitter seem to be,  
 Yet, upon mature Reflections,  
 Are but Monitors to me :  
 His blest Purpose they discover,  
 To reduce my captive Sense  
 From the World's Impertinence  
 To my God, my heav'nly Lover.  
 All Things &c.

## XI.

This I know with full Conviction,  
 As a Maxim ever sure :  
 Christian Crosses and Affliction  
 Do but for a Time endure :  
 After Winter's Frost and Snowing,

Smiling Summer then appears ;  
 After Sadness, Pains, and Tears,  
 Joyful Comforts will be flowing.  
 All Things &c.

## XII.

Since nor End, nor Bound, nor Measure  
 Can in God's great Love be found,  
 Heart and Hands I lift with Pleasure,  
 As a Child in Duty bound ;  
 Lord, I humbly ask this Favour  
 To embrace with all my Might  
 Thee, my Father, Day and Night,  
 Till I change this Infant Saviour  
 For the Taste of Bliss above,  
 Manly Praise and endless Love.



*Womit soll ich dich wohl loben.*

## I.

**W**ITH what Fervour of Devotion  
 Shall I praise the Lord of Hosts ?  
 Put my Heart and Tongue in Motion,  
 Acted by the Holy Ghost :  
 For my Thoughts in full Extension  
 Cannot reach thy Love's Dimension.  
 Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be.

II. Lord

## II.

Lord, inflame my Soul and Spirit

To revere thy wond'rous Might :

JESUS, let thy boundle's Merit

Be exalted Day and Night.

Blessings now in my Possession

Prove thy Grace beyond Expression.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,

Greatest King, for ever be.

## III.

When I make a deep Reflection

On my former Course of Sin,

Shame might run me to Distraction,

So ungrateful I have been !

Great thy Patience, my Redeemer,

To so wretched a Blasphemer.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,

Greatest King, for ever be.

## IV.

When my serious Thoughts consider

With what Love and Tenderness,

Thou hast still pursu'd me hither

All this precious Time of Grace,

I proclaim with full Confession

Thy Long-suff'ring and Compassion.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,

Greatest King, for ever be.

## V.

All my Steps thou hast been watching,

Still to save me from the Fire ;

When, at worldly Lucre catching,

I was sinking in the Mire,

Thou

Thou didst bid me seek the **Treasure**,  
Which affords eternal **Pleasure**.

Thousand, Thousand **Thanks to Thee**,  
Greatest **King**, for ever **be**.

**VI.**

O, with what unwearied **Patience**  
Hast thou drawn my **Soul to thee**,  
That I from the sinful **Legions**  
To those healing **Wounds** might flee,  
Which recover'd me thy **Creature**  
From the **Curse** of fallen **Nature**.

Thousand, Thousand **Thanks to Thee**,  
Greatest **King**, for ever **be**.

**VII.**

Yea, my **God**, but **Truth** and **Kindness**  
Ever dwell before thy **Face** ;  
Thou revealest to our **Blindness**  
Both thy **Judgments** and thy **Grace**,  
That we by thine **Operations**  
May discern thy **Pow'r** and **Patience**.

Thousand, Thousand **Thanks to Thee**,  
Greatest **King**, for ever **be**.

**VIII.**

As in **Number**, **Weight** and **Measure**  
All **Things** in the **Universe**  
Are dispos'd at thy good **Pleasure**,  
None but must thy **Pow'r** rehearse :  
So have I the greatest **Reason**  
To admire **Thee** ev'ry **Season**.

Thousand, Thousand **Thanks to Thee**,  
Greatest **King**, for ever **be**.

## IX:

Now with Comfort, then with Suff'ring  
 Didst thou, Father, come to me,  
 To prepare a Free-will Off'ring  
 Of what's wholly due to Thee,  
 That my Heart's Desire and Treasure  
 Might depend upon thy Pleasure.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be:

## X.

Parents grant, or give Denial,  
 As their Children's Good requires:  
 So my heav'nly Father's Tryal  
 Has prov'd best to my Desires;  
 For thy Goodness has reliev'd me  
 When the fiercest Pains have griev'd me.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be.

## XI.

Thou on Eagle's Wings hast carried  
 Me through many dismal Ways,  
 When on Shore, or when I ferried  
 Over Rivers, or the Seas:  
 When Distress and Fear ran highest,  
 Thy supporting Hand was nighest.

Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
 Greatest King, for ever be.

## XII.

Thousands on my Left were falling;  
 On my Right Hand Ten Times more;  
 Guardian-Angels of thy Calling  
 Stood behind me and before,

To defend me from the Danger  
Of the Plague and th' hellish Ranger.  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

XIII.

Lord, thy Father-like Behaviour  
Is beyond my deepest Thought :  
With what Price, oh glorious Saviour !  
My Salvation hast thou bought ?  
And thy Grace, O sacred Spirit,  
Is above my Thanks and Merit  
Thousand, Thousand Thanks to Thee,  
Greatest King, for ever be.

XIV.

Thousand Hymns of Adoration  
Be return'd to Thee, good Lord,  
For thy gracious Preservation  
And thy saving Love restor'd :  
Grant me Grace, whilst Time is wasting,  
To secure Life everlasting,  
Where thy holy Praise shall sound  
In a never-ceasing Round.





## Of SPIRITUAL MARRIAGE.

*Wie schön leucht uns der Morgen Stern.*

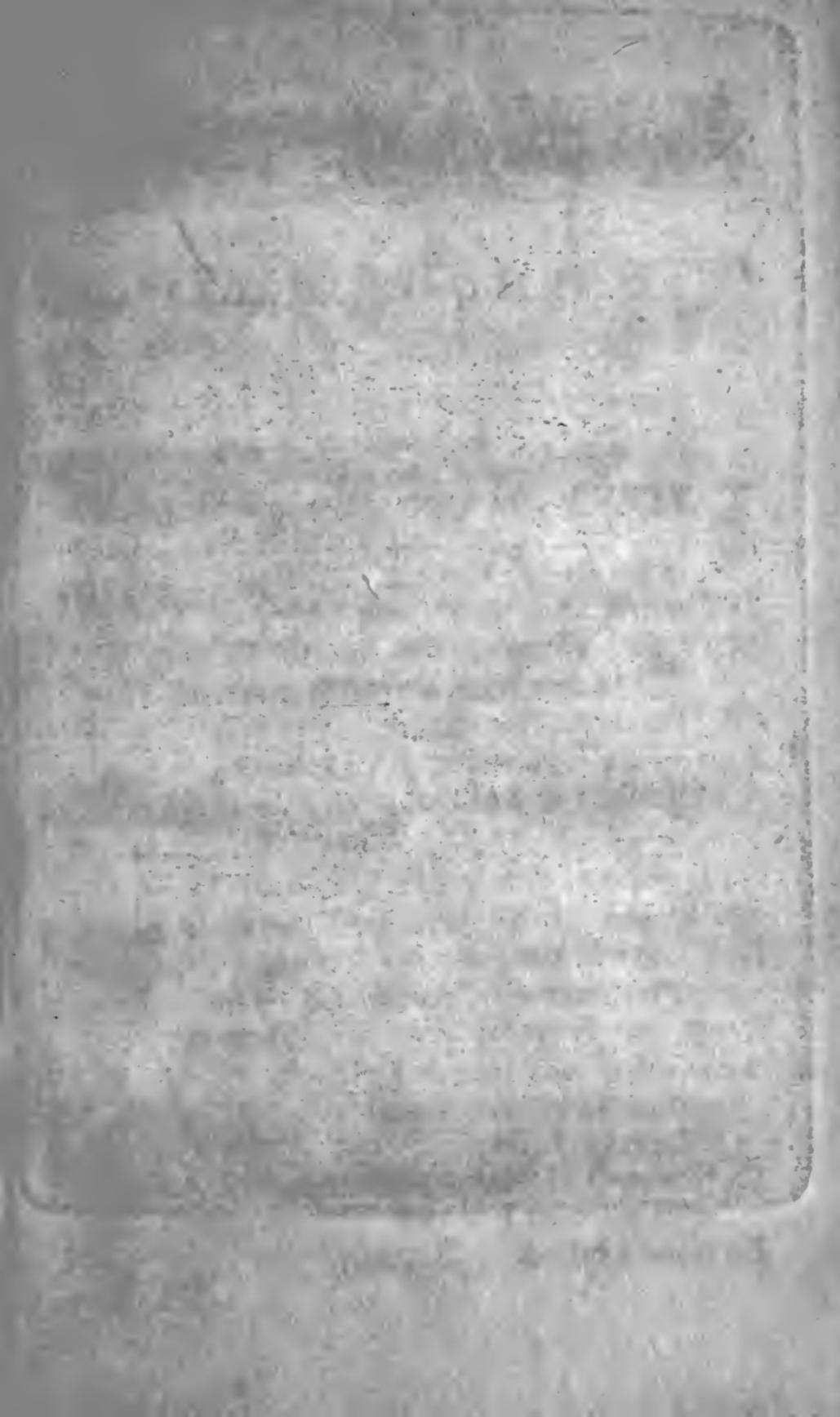
### I.

**H**OW bright appears the Morning-Star,  
 With Grace and Truth beyond Com-  
 The Royal Root of Jesse ; (pare,  
 O David's Son, of Jacob's Line !  
 My Soul's Delight, and Spouse Divine,  
 Thy Love can only bless me.  
 Precious, Gracious,  
 Fair and Glorious, e'er Victorious,  
 Thōu my Treasure,  
 Far beyond all earthly Pleasure.

### II.

My choicest Pearl, and precious Crown,  
 God and the Virgin Mary's Son,  
 Thou King of endless Glory !  
 Thou art compar'd to Sharon's Flow'r;  
 Thy Gospel and its saving Pow'r  
 Excels what's Transitory.  
 Lovely Lilly,  
 O Hosanna, Heav'nly Manna,  
 Thy sweet Flavour  
 Be mine everlasting Saviour.

III. Thy



# Spiritual Marriage

*How bright appears the Morning star  
O Da-vids Son of Ja-cobs Line*

6 5 4 #

*with grace and truth beyond Compare. the  
thou art my King and Spouse divine thy*

6 5 6 7 4 #

*Roy-al Root of Jef-se  
Love can on-ly bless me*

6 4 + 3

Pre-cious gra-cious fair and glorious

σ 87

e'er vic-torious Heavenly trea-sure far be

σ 5 σ 5 σ 4 3

yond all Joy and plea-sure

σ 5 σ 7 σ 5 4 3



## III.

Thy Love, so pow'ful and divine,  
 Dart deep into this Heart of mine,  
 Thou brilliant Stone and Jewel!  
 Confirm me more and more to be  
 A Branch of Thee, the living Tree,  
 That Self may lose its Fewel.  
 Sighing, Dying  
 Is thy Creature; for in Nature  
 Is no Pleasure  
 Without Thee, my King and Treasure.

## IV.

From God descends a Glance of Joy.  
 When thou, with thy most gracious Eye,  
 Beholdst thy loving Creature :  
*Immanuel!* my sov'reign Good,  
 Thy Word, thy Spirit, Flesh and Blood  
 Renew my very Nature :  
 Grant me sweetly  
 Thine Embraces, that the Graces  
 Of Salvation  
 May root out all Depravation.

## V.

Thou Father, from Eternity,  
 In Mercy wast inclin'd to me,  
 Through CHRIST, thy well-beloved ;  
 Thy Son has chose me for his Bride ;  
 In this my Spouse I can confide ;  
 My Love shall ne'er be moved.

O ! this Blifs is  
 Of his giving, who's the Living  
 Bread and Manna ;  
 Ever will I sing HOSANNA.

## VI.

Tune all your Strings of Lute and Harp,  
 Resolve the Notes of Flat and Sharp  
 Into Celestial Concords,  
 That Nothing may disturb my Frame,  
 Which is wrapt up in JESUS' Name,  
 The sweetest of all Comforts.  
 Ringing, Singing,  
 In your Praises, let the Phrases  
 Of your Duty  
 Please the Lord of Blifs and Beauty.

## VII.

My Joy to all the World be known,  
 That my Beloved keeps his Throne,  
 On Hills of Light and Glory.  
 He'll kindly bring me to that Place,  
 Where all the Wonders of his Grace  
 Shall lie disclos'd before me.

*Amen ! Amen !*

Lord my Sov'reign ! come and govern  
 All the Nations ;  
 Come ! I wait with great Impatience.

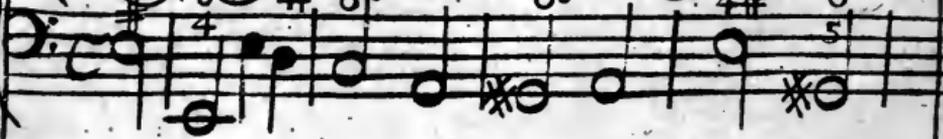




# Sions Complaint



O Lord in mer\_cy cast an Eye on  
How few of Christians canst thou spy that



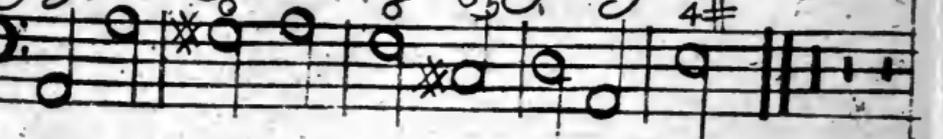
thy distressed Si - on } thy truth was  
scape the wicked Ly - on }



never more dispis'd Faith Charity is but dis



quis'd amongst its mere Profe - sors





# Sion's Complaints.

*Ach Gott vom Himmel sieh darein.*

## I.

**O** Lord, in Mercy cast an Eye  
 On thy distressed SION ;  
 How few of Christians canst thou spy  
 That 'scape th' infernal Lion ?  
 Thy Truth was never more despis'd ;  
 Faith, Charity is but disguis'd  
 Amongst its mere Professors.

## II.

They teach but Lies and Flattery,  
 What is their own Invention ;  
 Their Doctrine is but Mockery  
 Of God and his Intention :  
 One chuses this, another that,  
 Pretending to they know not what,  
 Though Saint-like in Appearance.

## III.

Root out all mere Formality,  
 O Lord! and its Infection,  
 Confound refin'd Hypocrisy,  
 Which is beyond Correction.  
 Yet shall our Words be free, they cry :  
 Where is the Lord will ask us why?  
 Who dares controul our Sayings ?

IV. The

## IV.

The Lord, who sees the Poor oppress,  
 And hears the proud Professors,  
 Will rise to give his Children Rest,  
 And curb their fore Oppressors ;  
 Nor will he send his Word in vain,  
 But wilful Mockers shall be slain,  
 To save his poor Beloved.

## V.

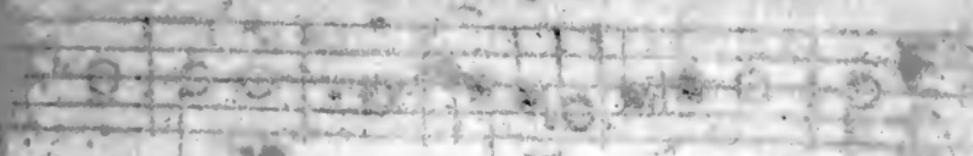
As Silver sev'n Times purify'd  
 Shines in its greatest Beauty ;  
 So, Lord, thy Word, the oftner try'd,  
 Exerts the greater Duty ;  
 Affliction shall refine it more,  
 And shew its Energy and Pow'r  
 According to thy Promise.

## VI.

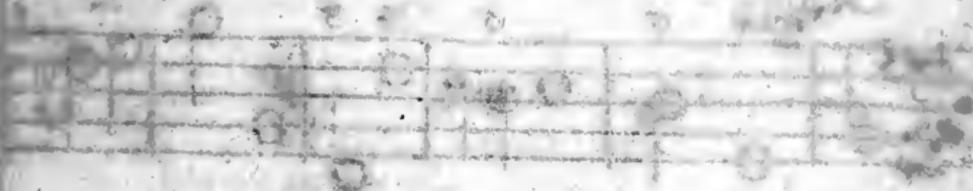
O Lord, we pray, preserve it pure  
 In this our Generation,  
 And let us dwell in Thee secure  
 From all Abomination.  
 For Sin increases ev'ry Day,  
 In ev'ry Place where bear the Sway  
 The Church of CHRIST's Blasphemers.



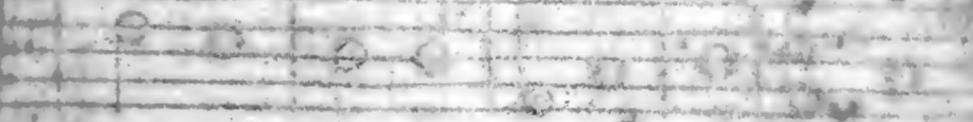
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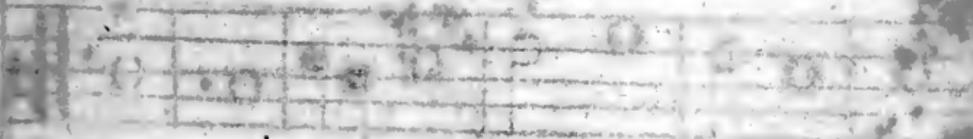
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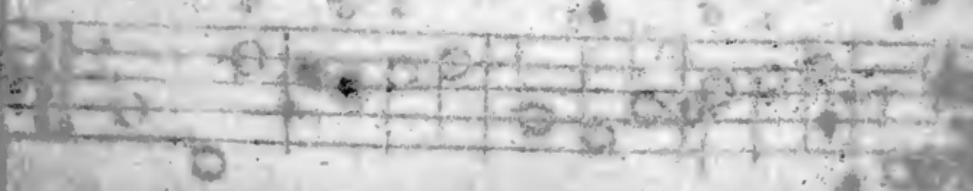
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Handwritten lyrics or text corresponding to the fourth musical staff.



Handwritten lyrics or text corresponding to the fifth musical staff.



# Morning Hymn

♩  
♭  
3  
2

*My Soul awake and ten - der to God thy*

σ σ 4 3 5

♩  
♭  
3  
2

♩  
♭

*great Defender thy Prayers and Thanks -*

σ 7 7 σ 5

♩  
♭

♩  
♭

*- gi - ving because thou still art li - ving*

4 σ 5 4 σ 4 3

♩  
♭



## Morning Hymn.

*Wach auf mein Hertz und singe.*

### I.

**M**Y Soul, awake, and tender  
To God, thy great Defender,  
Thy Prayer and Thanksgiving,  
Because thou art still living.

### II.

Last Night, when lying senseless,  
And utterly defenceless,  
I was in greatest Danger,  
From Darkness and its Ranger.

### III.

Nay, when that Lion's Fury  
Was ready to devour me ;  
Thy gracious Condescension  
Has cross'd his foul Intention.

### IV.

Thou said'st: My Child, be easy ;  
My Presence shall release Thee  
From frightful Pain and Evil,  
In Spite of Hell and Devil.

### V.

Thou, Lord, hast kept thy Promise ;  
In vain was Satan's Malice ;  
With Joy I now discover  
Thy Light, O Lord, my Lover.

VI. My

## VI.

My Thanks shall be the Spices  
Of Morning Sacrifices ;  
My deep Humiliation  
Sues for thine Acceptation.

## VII.

In gracious Condescension  
Despise not my Intention ;  
Nor Body, Soul, nor Spirit  
Can boast of any Merit.

## VIII.

Fulfil in me thy Pleasure ;  
Thy Mercy be my Treasure ;  
Thy Angel guard my Goings  
From Satan's guileful Doings.

## IX.

Bless ev'ry Thought and Action ;  
Thy Will be my Direction :  
Beginning, Middle, Ending  
To Thee alone be tending.

## X.

Thy Blifs be my Salvation ;  
My Heart thy Habitation :  
Thy Word my Food and Relish,  
Till thou destroy'st what's Hellish.





# Morning Hymn



God the Lord of what's Created Father Son &  
Night & Light hast se- parated Sun & Moon th



Holy Ghost) All that's in the U- niverse  
glory boast)



thy preserving grace rehearse





*Gott der Himmels und der Erden*

## I.

**G**OD, the Lord of the Creation,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
 Night and Day, in Separation,  
 Sun and Moon thy Glory boast.  
 All Things in the Universe  
 Thy preserving Grace rehearse.

## II.

Lord! to thee my Praise and Prayer  
 Are directed from my Heart;  
 'Tis thou foil'st my Soul's Betrayer,  
 And preserv'st me from his Art;  
 So that his ensnaring Train,  
 By thy Grace, is laid in vain.

## III.

Let the Night of my Transgression  
 With the Darkness pass away.

**J**ESU! into thy Possession  
 I resign my self to Day.

In thy Wounds I find Relief  
 For my greatest Sin and Grief.

## IV.

Grant, that free I rise this Morning  
 From the Lethargy of Sin;  
 That my Soul, through thy adorning,  
 Be all glorious within;  
 And that at the Judgment-Day  
 I be not a Cast-away.

Z

V. Let

## V.

Let my Life and Conversation  
 Be directed by thy Word ;  
 Lord ! thy constant Preservation  
 To thy erring Child afford.  
 No where but alone in thee  
 From all Harm I can be free.

## VI.

Lord ! my Body, Soul and Spirit,  
 Keep in thine Almighty Hand :  
 By thy All sufficient Merit,  
 Make me follow thy Command.  
 Oh ! my Glory and Renown,  
 Fit me for th' eternal Crown.

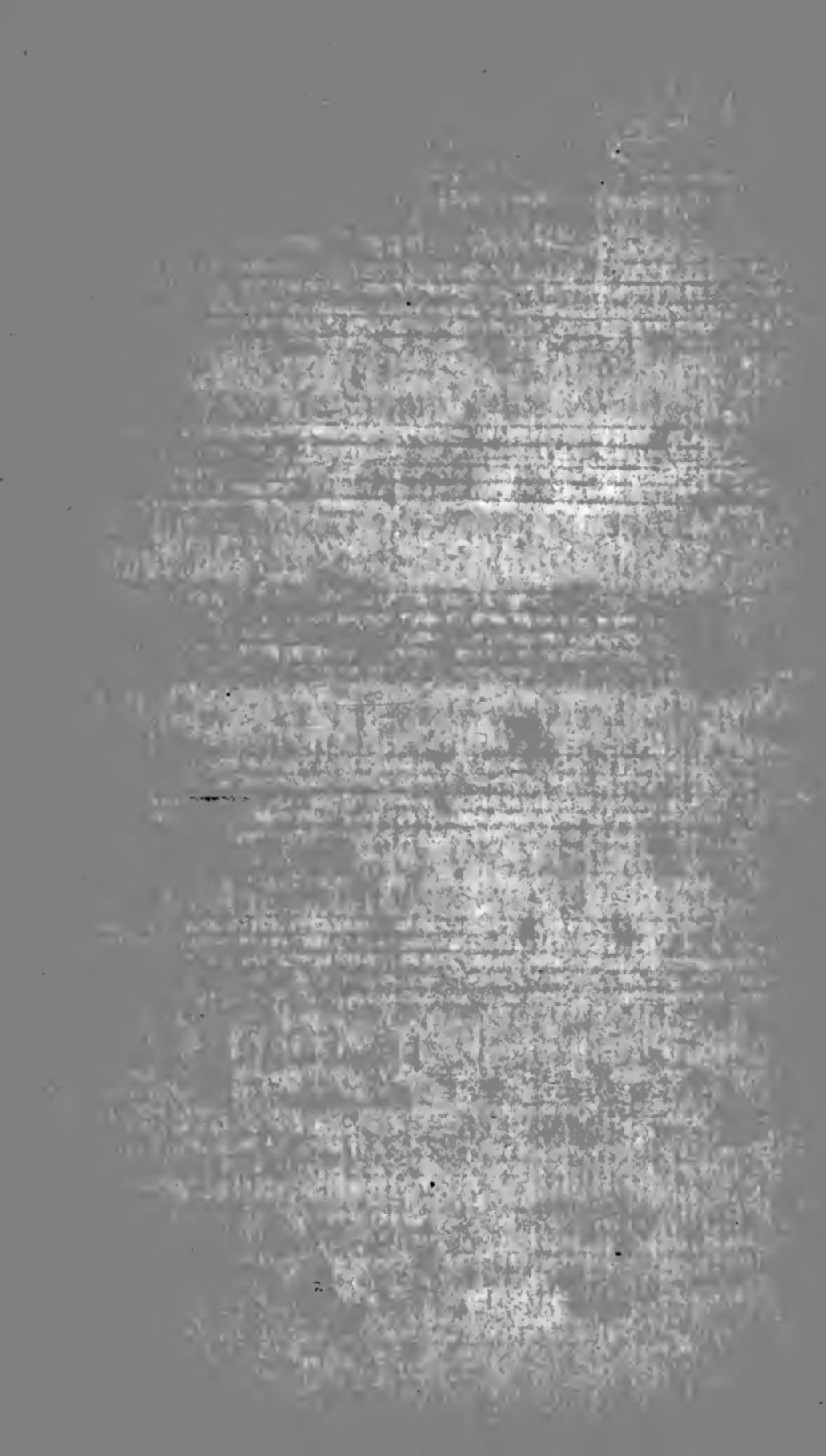
## VII.

To thy Angels' keeping give me,  
 To direct my erring Feet ;  
 And, when Satan would deceive me,  
 Disappoint the hellish Cheat.  
 Bring at last my Soul to Rest,  
 Where thou reign'st among the Blest.

## VIII.

Hear my humble Supplication,  
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !  
 With sincerest Adoration  
 Thee I love, of Thee I boast.  
 O, I'll praise thy Grace to me  
 Here, and in Eternity.





# Evening Hymn

♯ 3  
2

Before thy Throne I now ap-pear

♯ 3  
2

♯ 3  
2

O Lord bow down thy gracious Ear

♯ 3  
2

♯ 3  
2

reject not from thy lov- ing Face

♯ 3  
2

♯ 3  
2

A sinful wretch who seeks for grace

♯ 3  
2



## Evening Hymn.

*Für deinen Thron tret ich hiemit.*

### I.

**B**Efore thy Throne I now appear,  
**O** Lord, bow down thy gracious Ear  
 To me; and cast not from thy Face  
 A sinful Wretch who sues for Grace.

### II.

Thou Father of Eternity,  
 Thine Image hast impress'd on me :  
 In thee I am, and live, and move ;  
 Nor can I breath without thy Love.

### III.

Oft hast thou snatch'd me from Distress,  
 And rais'd me oft when comfortless ;  
 When but a Step, nay, one Hair's Breadth  
 Was 'twixt my tott'ring Life and Death.

### IV.

My Sense and Reason come from thee ;  
 And Sustenance thou giv'st to me ;  
 A Christian Friend bestow'st withal,  
 To aid me when I'm like to fall.

## V.

Thou, SON ! by thy most precious Blood  
Hast purchas'd everlasting Good :

The cursing LAW thou dost repeal,  
And sav'st me from the Rage of Hell.

## VI.

When Sin and Satan me impeach,  
And Conscience is within their Reach,  
As Mediator thou step'st in,  
And sav'st me from the Curse of Sin.

## VII.

My Intercessor and High Priest,  
My Joy, Truth, Comfort, and my Rest !  
Thy All-sufficient Merit is  
The Source of my eternal Bliss.

## VIII.

Thou, HOLY GHOST ! Supreme Good,  
Disposer of the Heav'nly Food,  
What can be counted good in me,  
But what proceeds alone from Thee ?

## IX.

Through thee, I now my God adore,  
And call him Father evermore ;  
Through thee, thy Word and Sacrament  
I see and hold with great Content.

## X.

Through thee, I'm in Temptation free  
From Fear and sad Despondency ;  
Through thee, I'm quicken'd oft to taste  
The Sweets of thine eternal Rest.

XI. This

## XI.

This makes my Heart and Tongue rehearse  
 Thy glorious Praise in faithful Verse,  
 For all the Grace and Mercy free  
 Thou, to this Hour, hast shed on me.

## XII.

Beseeching thine Almighty Grace  
 To aid me till I've run my Race:  
 Whilst All thou hast conferr'd on me,  
 Intirely is ascrib'd to Thee.

## XIII.

Give me a Heart that is sincere,  
 To love thy Truth, and persevere  
 In real Christianity,  
 And shun all foul Hypocrisy.

## XIV.

Forgive the Sins of early Days;  
 Forgive the Sins of Carelessness:  
 Give me true Faith and Charity,  
 That all my Hope may rest in Thee.

## XV.

A blessed EXIT grant I make;  
 And when, at last, I shall awake,  
 O, let me see thy glorious Face,  
 And reap the endless Joys of Grace.





*Nun sich der Tag geendet hat.*

I.

**A**ND now another Day is gone ;  
 The Sun has left the Shore ;  
 All seek for Rest, whose Work is done,  
 And leave the lab'ring Oar.

II.

But thou, my God, want'st no such Rest ;  
 Thy Glory knows no Night ;  
 With Thee the Darknes can't contest,  
 For Thou thy self art Light.

III.

In Mercy, Lord, remember me,  
 This instant passing Night ;  
 And grant to me most graciously  
 The Safeguard of thy Might.

IV.

Destroy old Satan's Tyranny,  
 By th' Holy Angels' Host ;  
 So shall I be from Danger free ;  
 And Sorrow will be lost.

V.

And though I feel the Load of Sin,  
 Which still oppresses me,  
 Yet th' Anguish thy dear Son was in,  
 Has greater Weight with Thee.

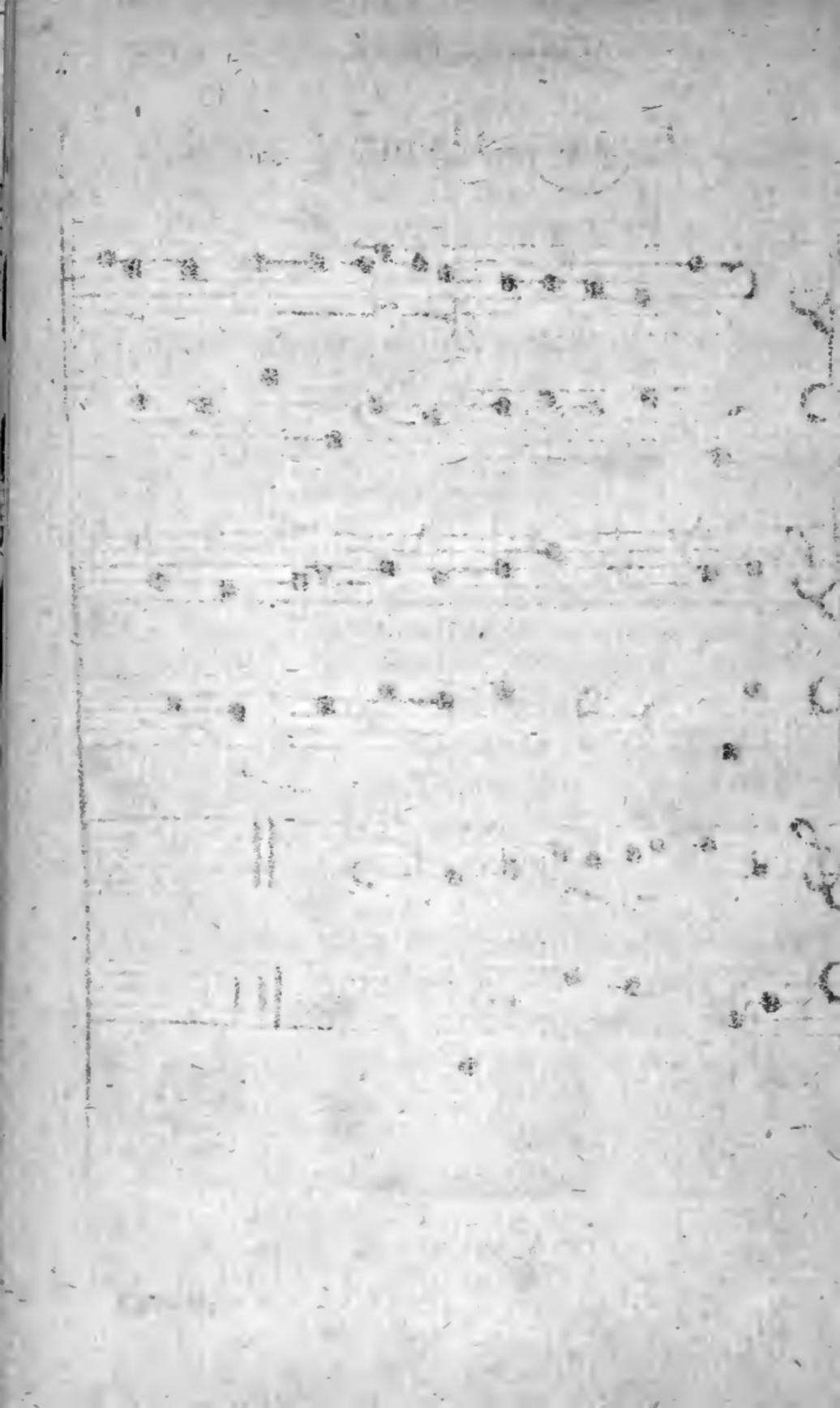
VI. 'Tis

# Evening Hymn

And now another Day is gone the Sun has

left the Shore all seek for rest whose work is

done and who were tir'd before



## VI.

'Tis he alone that pleads for me ;  
 His Merits hide my Crime :  
 A Reprobate I ne'er can be  
 While I've a Share in him.

## VII.

With chearful Heart I close my Eyes,  
 Since thou'lt not from me move.  
 O, in the Morning let me rise  
 Rejoicing in thy Love.

## VIII.

Away from me, ye vain Desires :  
 A new Design I start ;  
 A Temple in me God requires ;  
 And it shall be my Heart.

## IX.

O, if this Night shall prove my last,  
 And end my transient Days,  
 Convey me to thy promis'd Rest,  
 Where I may sing thy Praise.

## X.

Thus I desire to live and dye  
 To Thee the God of Love ;  
 In Life and Death I do rely  
 On Thee who reign'st above.





*Werde munter mein Gemütbe.*

I.

**R**ouse thy self, my Soul, and gather  
 All thy Senses from abroad,  
 To adore thy Heav'nly Father,  
 And the Goodness of thy God,  
 For preserving Thee this Day,  
 Chasing Satan's Host away,  
 That their Malice and Delusion  
 Cou'd not put Thee to Confusion.

II.

Blessed be thy gracious Favour,  
 Father of Eternity !  
 That thou'ft helpt me in my Labour,  
 And my great Necessity ;  
 That in all my Care and Grief  
 Thou hast sent me sure Relief,  
 And remov'd, on all Occasion,  
 What might frustrate my Salvation.

III.

None of all the skill'd in Numbers,  
 Nor the Sons of Eloquence  
 Can express or count the Wonders  
 Of thy gracious Providence.  
 O, thy Mercies are too great  
 For us Mortals to repeat.  
 Let us then adore in Spirit  
 What's above our Sense and Merit.

IV. Now

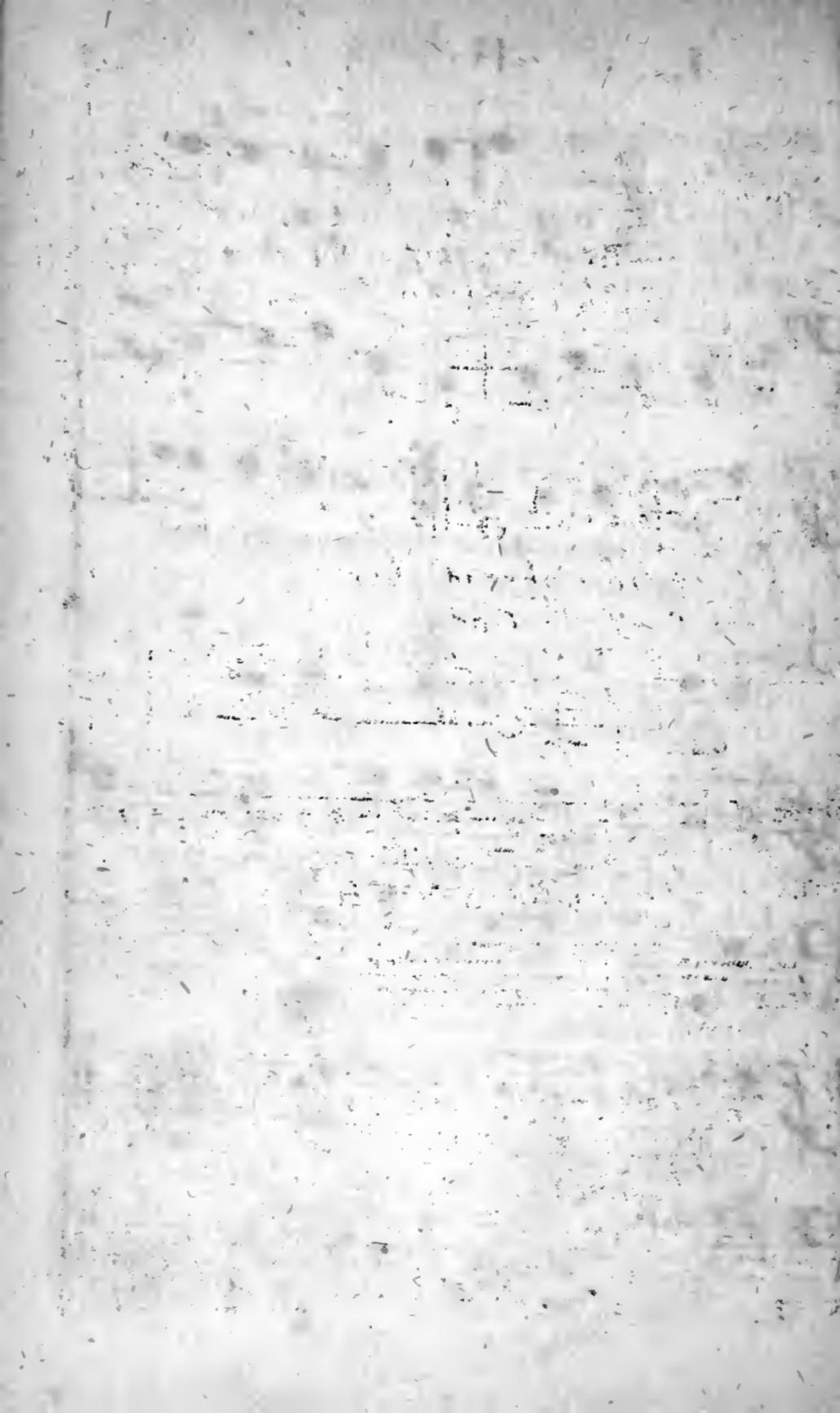
# Evening Hymn

Rouse thy Self my Soul and gather all thy  
To admire thy Heavenly Father and the

Senses from abroad } For preserving  
goodness of thy God }

thee this day chasing Satans Host away y<sup>t</sup> their

malice & delusion could not put thee to confusion



## IV.

Now this tiresome Day is finish'd,  
 Gloomy Night draws on apace ;  
 Cheerful Day Light is diminish'd,  
 And the Sun has hid his Face.  
 Lord, endow me with thy Love,  
 That the Instances I prove  
 Of thy Care and thy Protection  
 Work in me a pure Subjection.

## V.

Pardon, Lord, each sad Transgression,  
 Whether open or unknown,  
 With the Weight of whose Oppression  
 I all Night in secret moan ;  
 So that Satan's fiery Dart  
 Often pierces through my Heart,  
 And disturbs the blest Intention  
 Of thy Grace and thy Redemption.

## VI.

Tho' I've stray'd and thee denied ;  
 As I willingly return,  
 For his Sake who for me died,  
 Let thy Wrath no longer burn ;  
 I confess the Guilt of Sin ;  
 But thy Grace can make me clean,  
 Which exceeds, beyond Expression,  
 All the Poison of Transgression.

## VII.

Author of Illumination,  
 Light of Light, eternal Word,  
 Soul and Body's Preservation  
 I commit to thee, O Lord :

My Redeemer, dwell in me,  
That I sleep and wake with Thee,  
And enjoy thy Consolation  
In the Night of Perturbation.

## VIII.

Guard me from the Snares of Satan,  
And the Pow'r of Sin and Hell;  
Which raise Dreams I never thought on,  
And abominate to tell.  
Let me never lose the Sight  
Of thy good and gracious Light.  
Having thee, I can be quiet  
'Midst the Furies-Storm and Riot.

## IX.

When I close mine Eyes to slumber,  
And my Senses fall asleep,  
Let my Heart, awake, the Number  
Of thy Mercies tell and keep.  
Fill me with thy sacred Love,  
That I dream of what's above,  
And keep close to Thee my Saviour  
Even in my Nights Behaviour.

## X.

Grant, that under thy Protection,  
I enjoy a quiet Rest ;  
Guard me from Night-Sin's Infection ;  
Number me among the Blest ;  
Soul and Body, Heart and Mind  
Keep from Harm of ev'ry Kind ;  
Friends and Foes and each Relation  
Visit with thy new Creation.

XI. Let



# Evening Hymn

Christ everlasting source of light

All things lie naked in thy sight

Thou splendour of thy Fathers face Teach

us to tread the Path of peace

XI.

Let no frightful Rumour wake me  
 From within or from abroad ;  
 Let no Sickness overtake me :  
 Lord, be thou my sure Abode.  
 Fire and Water, Pestilence,  
 Death that's sudden off me fence,  
 Lest I dye in my Transgression,  
 And fall short of thy Possession.

XII.

Father, hear the Supplication  
 Of thy poor unworthy Child.  
 JESU ! through thy Mediation,  
 Make me truly reconcil'd.  
 Holy Ghost, of equal Praise,  
 I depend upon thy Grace.  
 Sacred Three ! be pleas'd to say then :  
 Even so it shall be, AMEN !

*Christe der du bist Tag und Licht.*

I.

CHRIST, everlasting Source of Light,  
 All Things lie naked in thy Sight ;  
 Thou Splendor of thy Father's Face,  
 Teach us to tread the Paths of Grace.

II.

We come t'implore thy sov'rein Might,  
 To keep thy Flock this instant Night  
 From all the Wiles of th' Enemy,  
 O Father of Eternity.

## III.

Remove our sinful Drowfiness ;  
 Shield us, when Satan would opprefs ;  
 The feeble Flesh keep chafte and pure,  
 And let us reft in Thee feecure.

## IV.

And when our Eyes are bound in Sleep,  
 The Lamp of Faith ftill burning keep ;  
 And, oh, fufftain us while we reft ;  
 And Sin remove, and we are bleft.

## V.

Great Guardian of thy Chriftian Flock,  
 Thy Prefence be our faving Rock ;  
 Thy Agony and bloody Sweat  
 Be our Support in ev'ry Strait.

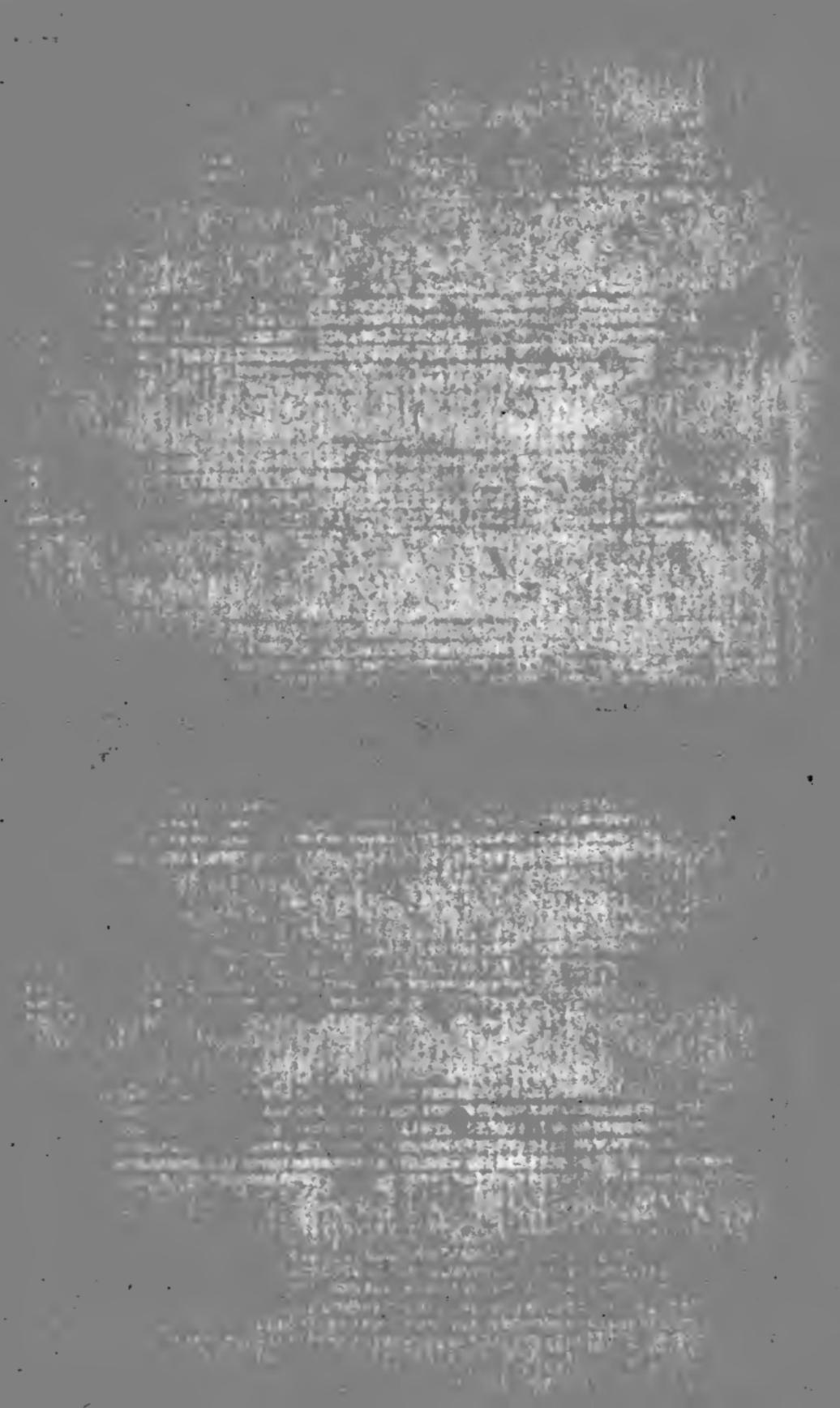
## VI.

Forget not, Lord, the Pain and Woe  
 That haft purfue us here below :  
 The Soul, thou'ft ransom'd by thy Blood,  
 Unite with Thee th' eternal Good.

## VII.

To God the Father and the Son,  
 Who wears his Father's brighteft Crown,  
 And to the Spirit of his Grace,  
 Be higheft Majefty and Praise.





# After Meat

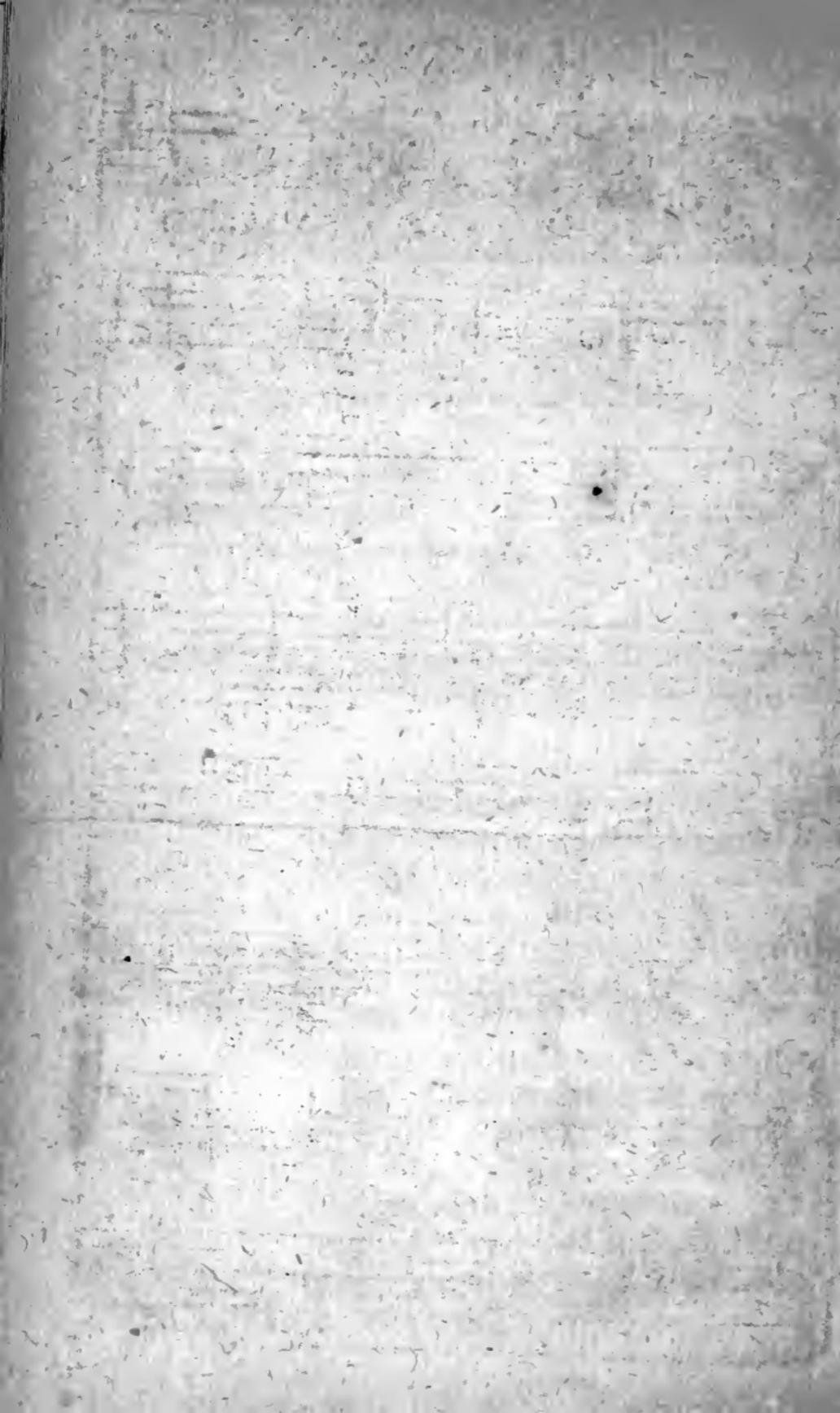
O give thanks ye Old and young

Praise the Lord with Heart and

Tongue For his mercy still sup-

- plies All Mankinds Ne-ces-si-







## Praise after Meat.

*Singen wir aus Hertz'n Grund.*

### I.

**N**OW give Thanks, ye Old and Young ;  
Praise the Lord with Heart and Tongue:  
For his Mercy still supplies  
All Mankinds Necessities.

As he feeds the Birds and Beasts,  
So he makes us all his Guests ;  
Giving daily joyous Feasts.

### II.

Praise him, for it is but just ;  
He has rais'd us from the Dust ;  
Gives us Being ; gives us Breath,  
Saves us from eternal Death :  
From the Time that we remove  
From the Womb, we taste his Love,  
And it daily doth improve.

### III.

Soon as we from Dust are rear'd,  
Our Provisions are prepar'd.  
Mercy feeds us in the Womb,  
Till we break the living Tomb :  
Ev'ry Feature of our Frame  
Speaks the Wisdom of his Name  
From whose Love our Being came.

IV. God

## IV.

God adorns this Earth below ;  
 Ev'ry where Provisions grow ;  
 Hills and Dales, the Wood and Field  
 Our Creator's Blessings yield.  
 Wine and Bread, the Best of Food,  
 He bestows on Bad and Good ;  
 Were his Love but understood !

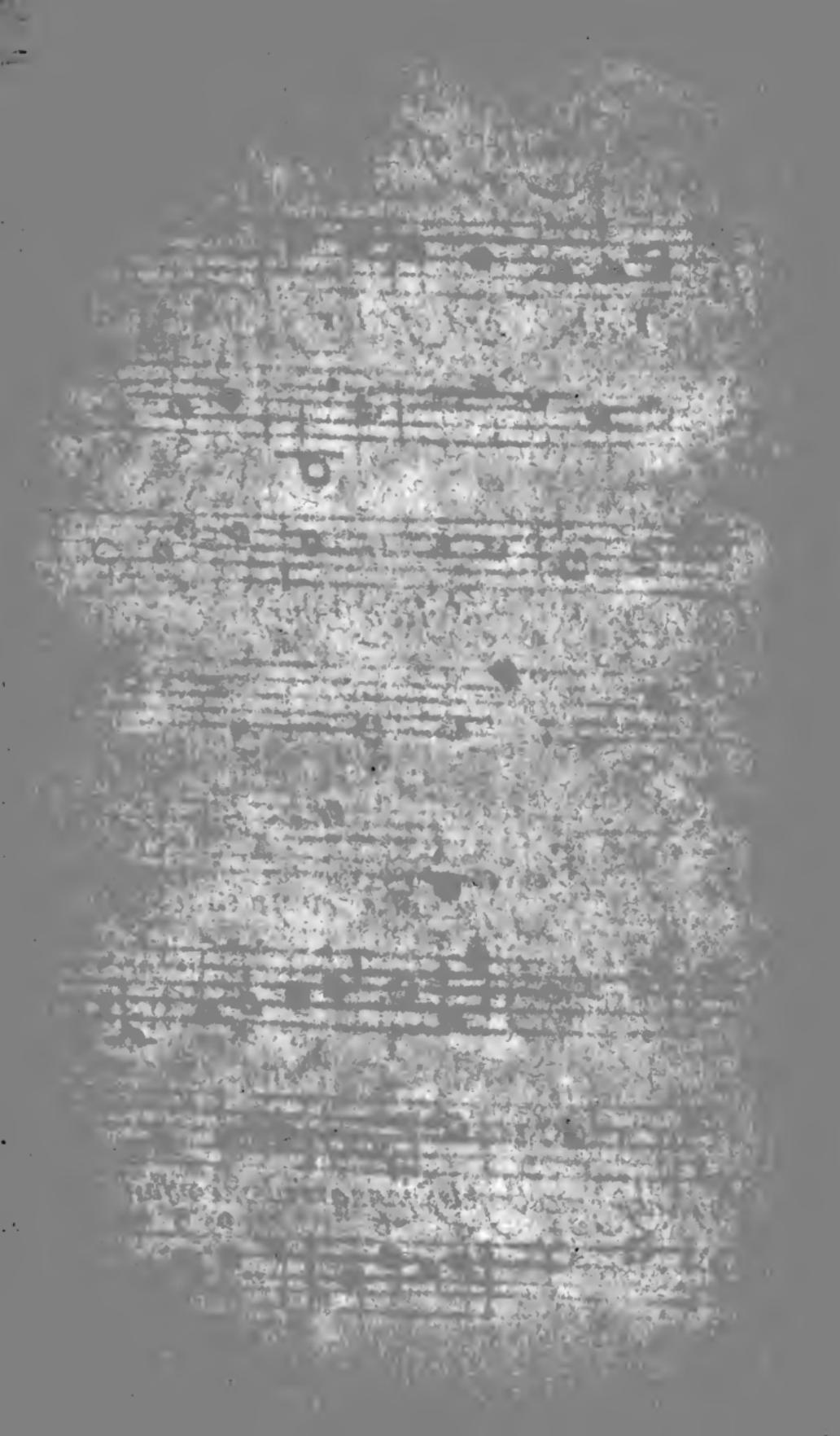
## V.

Seas and Rivers Fish afford  
 For us Boarders on the Lord :  
 Birds and Cattle multiply  
 In a vast Variety ;  
 Nay, where'er we turn our Sight,  
 God displays for our Delight  
 Endless Wonders of his Might.

## VI.

Lord, enlarge our narrow Sense,  
 So t'adore thy Providence,  
 That our Body, Soul and Mind,  
 May to thee be all resign'd,  
 Keeping up a thankful Frame,  
 Till we praise thy glorious Name  
 At the Supper of the Lamb.





# Praise after Meat

Father Lord of mercy we be leave to

Praise thee who reliev'st our present wants

with a pleasing sustenance & thy well beloved

by whose grace thy blessings are plenteously improved



*Den Vater dort eben.*

I.

**F**Ather, Lord of Mercy !  
We beg Leave to praise Thee,  
Who reliev'ft our present Wants,  
And giv'ft us sweet Sufenance ;  
And thy Well-Beloved,  
By whose Grace thy Blessings are  
Plenteoufly improved.

II.

Thus in Truth and Spirit  
We return all Merit  
To the glorious One and Three,  
Now and in Eternity ;  
Since thy gracious Providence  
Has fustain'd our Life with Food,  
And fupply'd our Indigence.

III.

Slight not this Oblation,  
Lord of our Creation !  
Which we bring in JESUS' Name  
And the Merits of the Lamb,  
Through whose Interceffion  
Thou art pleas'd to overlook  
All our past Transgression.

IV. What

## IV.

What have feeble Creatures  
 In their sinful Natures,  
 To repay one single Grace,  
 But Distress and Shame of Face?  
 Oh! who can repay Thee?  
 For 'tis thine whate'er we have  
 And enjoy yet daily.

## V.

Lord, accept our Graces,  
 With this Song of Praises,  
 And forgive what is amiss,  
 For his Sake who gain'd us Bliss.  
 CHRIST, thy blest Example  
 Print upon us, that we may  
 Be thy living Temple.



## *In Common Calamity.*

*Wenn wir in höchsten Nöthen seyn.*

## I.

**W**HEN we are under great Distress,  
 And ev'ry Thing seems comfortless;  
 No Creature gives the least Relief,  
 But all encrease our Weight of Grief.

II. The

In Common Calamity

When we are under great distress and ev'ry

5 4# 5

thing seems Comfortless no Creature gives

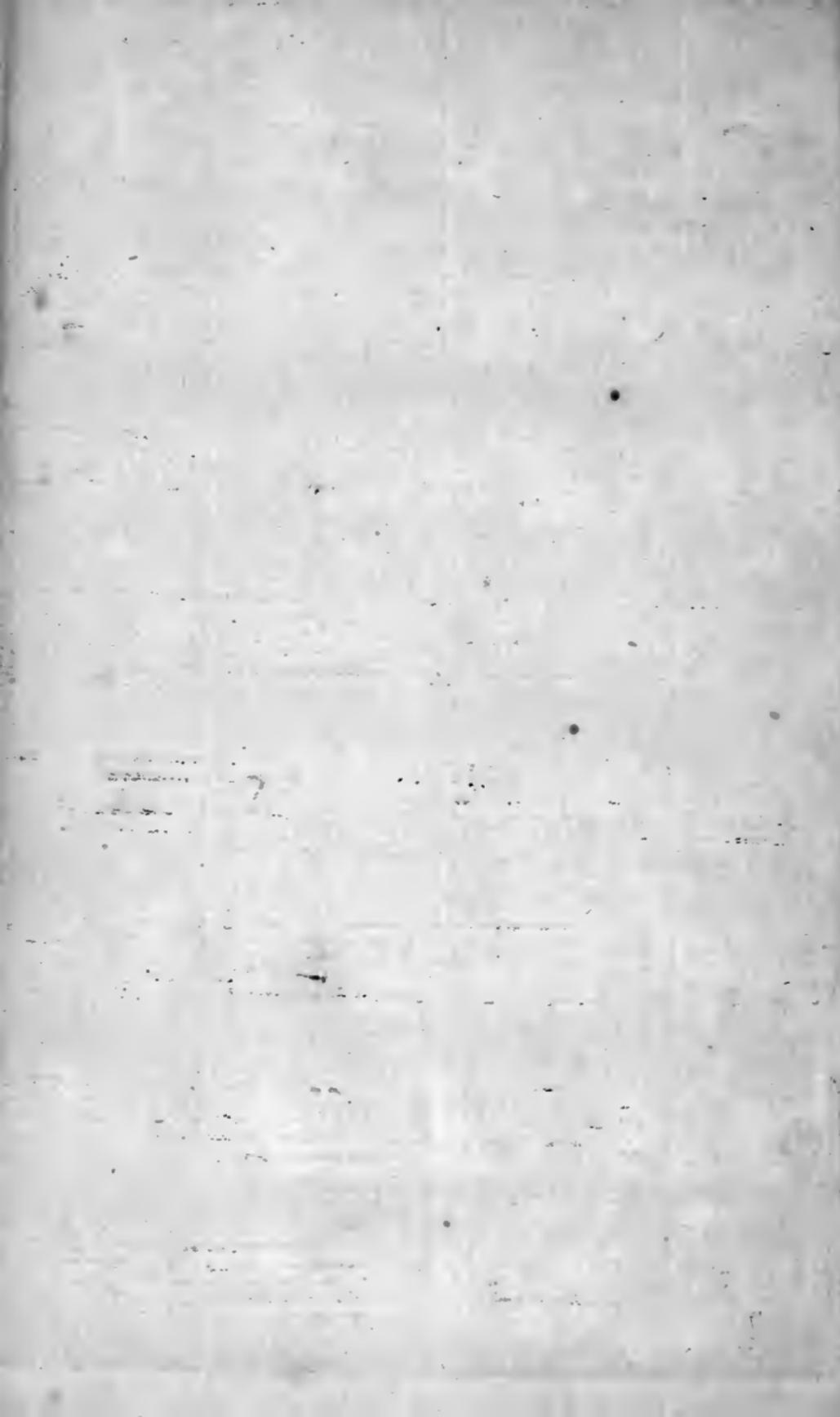
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the least Relief but doth increase our

6 5 + # 9 7 5 + 6 5

Common grief

+ #



II.

The only Refuge then we have  
Is, that we meet, and humbly crave  
Thy Helping Hand, O faithful God,  
To save us from the wrathful Rod.

III.

And lifting up our Eyes and Heart  
To thee, with true repenting Smart,  
We seek from Sin a full Release,  
And seek to make thy Judgments cease.

IV.

As thou hast promis'd in thy Word,  
To All that turn to Thee, O Lord!  
And love the Name of JESUS CHRIST,  
Our Mediator and High-Priest.

V.

We then address our selves to Thee,  
In this our great Calamity,  
Beseeching thine Almighty Hand  
To take this Evil from our Land.

VI.

Remember not our num'rous Crimes,  
But cleanse us from all Guilt betimes ;  
Assist us with thy mighty Grace,  
And turn on us thy shining Face.

VII.

That, for our great Deliv'rance, we  
May render Praise and Love to Thee ;  
Pay true Obedience to thy Word,  
And ever live in Thee, O Lord !



*Du Friede Fürst Herr Jesu Christ.*

I.

**L**ORD JESU, blessed Prince of Peace,  
 True God, and very Man,  
 By thee our Troubles rise and cease,  
 Whose Life is but a Span.  
 Thy Saving Name is what we claim  
 Before thy heav'nly Father.

II.

We are beset with great Distress  
 Of War and Pestilence,  
 What can restore our Happiness  
 But, Lord, thy Providence?  
 Be pleas'd to plead for us in Need;  
 Avert th' impending Judgment.

III.

Thy Name declares thy great Design,  
 Restorer of our Peace!  
 Thy Love, so pow'rful and divine,  
 Gives all the Wretched Ease.  
 Withdraw not, Lord, thy holy Word  
 From this our Generation.

IV.

The Danger's great, and Safety rare,  
 Where Pestilence doth run;  
 But who is able to declare  
 The Mischiefs War brings on?  
 When we're debarr'd the due Regard  
 Of Laws Divine and Moral.

V. War

In. Common Calamity

Lord Je - su. blessed Prince of Peace  
Thou mak'st our Troubles rise and cease

true God and very man } thy saving  
whose life is but a span }

name is what we claim before thy

Hea - v'nly Fa - ther



V.

War tears the Root of Honesty,  
And Mercy leaves behind,  
And gives new Life to Blasphemy,  
And Vice of ev'ry Kind.

O Lord our God, remove this Rod  
From thy distressed People.

VI.

We own, our Guilt deserves yet more  
From thy most righteous Hands ;  
But thy blest Grace exceeds in Pow'r  
The Sins of ev'ry Land.

O Lord, forgive ; let Sinners live,  
That we may praise thy Goodness.

VII.

Enlighten with forgiving Grace  
The Darkness of our Heart,  
That we may hate the Scoffer's Ways,  
Nor take the Atheist's Part.

CHRIST, Thee we own ; Thou art alone  
Our Strength and our Redeemer.





*Nimm von uns Herr du treuer Gott,*

To the Tune: *Our Father, who from Heav'n &c.*

I.

**R**Emove from us, O faithful God,  
 Thy dreadful and avenging Rod,  
 Which by our num'rous crying Crimes  
 We have deserv'd a Thousand Times,  
 Sad Famine, War and Pestilence  
 Prevent by thy good Providence.

II.

In Pity, Lord, look on our Race ;  
 And grant us thy all-saving Grace ;  
 Shou'd thy just Anger go so far  
 To call us to thy Judgment-Bar,  
 What Man could stand before thine Eye,  
 Or plead his Truth, and Guilt deny ?

III.

In Thee we trust ; to Thee on high,  
 In Heaviness of Soul we cry.  
 Give us a Token of thy Grace,  
 By shewing thy relieving Face.  
 By true Repentance bring us Home,  
 And save us from the Wrath to come.

IV. Oh,

## IV.

Oh, raise no more such dreadful Storms  
Against so vile and feeble Worms.

O, great Creator, thou well know'st,  
That this our Frame's but transient Dust;  
Our best Endeavours Little gain ;  
And, search'd by thee, we're all but vain.

## V.

Sin still besets us ev'ry where ;  
Nor Satan fails to lay his Snare :  
The wicked World, with Flesh and Blood,  
Conspires to rob us of all Good.  
O Lord, this is not hid from Thee ;  
Have Mercy on our Misery,

## VI.

Regard' thy Son's most bitter Moans,  
Wounds, Agonies, and dying Groans ;  
The Pains he felt, the Blood he spilt  
T'atone for all our Sin and Guilt.  
O, for his Sake our Guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning Sinners live.

## VII.

O Lord, conduct us by thy Hand ;  
And bless these Realms by Sea and Land ;  
Preserve thy Word amongst us pure ;  
Keep us from Satan's Wiles secure ;  
Grant us to dye in Peace and Love,  
And see thy glorious Face above.





## *Cradle Hymn.*

*Schlaff sanfft und wohl, schlaff liebes Kind*

To the Tune : *With this new Year, &c.*

### I.

**S**leep well, my Dear ; sleep safe and free  
 The holy Angels are with Thee,  
 Who always see thy Father's Face,  
 And never slumber, Nights nor Days.

### II.

Thou ly'st in Down, soft ev'ry Way ;  
 Thy Saviour lay in Straw and Hay ;  
 Thy Cradle is far better drest,  
 Than the hard Crib where he did rest.

### III.

None dare disturb thy present Ease ;  
 He had a Thousand Enemies :  
 Thou liv'st in great Security ;  
 But he was punish'd, and for Thee.

### IV.

God make thy Mother's Health increase,  
 To see thee grow in Strength and Grace,  
 In Wisdom and Humility,  
 As Infant-JESUS did for Thee.

V. Go

V.

God fill thee with his heav'nly Light,  
To steer thy Christian Course aright ;  
Make thee a Tree, of blessed Root,  
That ever bends with godly Fruit.

PART the Second.

VI.

Those Children are to God most dear,  
That learn the Lesson of his Fear.

Thus Infants are by JESUS CHRIST  
Most kindly blest, embrac'd and kifs'd.

VII.

Are not the Joys of God above,  
Giv'n to the Children of his Love ?  
Who'd see above his holy Face,  
Must here become a Child of Grace.

VIII.

Be thou like CHRIST, that blessed Child,  
Most pious, innocent and mild ;  
Who soon did ev'ry Grace display ;  
And, tho' a God, he learnt t'obey.

IX.

God glorify his Child in thee ;  
His Spirit guide thy Infancy.  
To follow and to learn of CHRIST,  
Of all Attainments is the high'st.

## X.

From what he suffer'd, did, and said,  
 Thou hast more Profit than he had ;  
 'Twas thine entailed Misery  
 Made him become a Child like thee.

## XI.

If thou conform'st thy Mind to His,  
 Thou art entitled to that Bliss,  
 Which this incarnate God regain'd  
 For All whom ADAM's Sin had stain'd.

## XII.

Sleep now, my Dear, and take thy Rest ;  
 And if with riper Years thou'rt blest,  
 Encrease in Wisdom Day and Night,  
 Till thou attain'st th'eternal Light.



## *Of Death and Resurrection.*

*Ach lieben Christen seydt getroßt*

## I.

**Y**E Christians, pluck your Courage up ;  
 Shake off your Souls' Oppression !  
 If you'd avoid the gen'ral Cup  
 Of God's own Visitation.  
 Let us confess his Judgments just,  
 And ADAM's Sons but transient Dust ;  
 From Death none is exempted.

II. Lord,

# Of Death and Resurrection

Ye Christians take your Courage up shake  
Will you re-ject the general Cup, of

off your souls oppres-sion } Let us confess,  
Gods own vi - si - ta - tion }

his Judgment Just, and Adams sons but mortal

dust, From Death none is exem<sup>s</sup>pted.

## VI.

'Wake or asleep, in *Life* or *Death*,  
 We are in *God's* Possession :  
 Baptiz'd in *CHRIST*, we're brought by *Faith*,  
 T'approach *God's* Habitation :  
 What we have lost in *ADAM's* Fall,  
*CHRIST* has recover'd for us all ;  
 Prais'd be the *Lord* of *Mercy*.

---

*Hertzlich lieb hab' ich dich, O Herr!*

## I.

**T**HEE, *Lord*, I love with sacred *Awe* :  
 Thy gracious *Presence* ne'er withdraw  
 From me thy feeble *Creature* ;  
 Th'whole *World* is tasteless to my *Soul* ;  
 I find no *Rest* within the *Pole*,  
 But in thy loving *Nature* ;  
 Nay, if the *Strings* of *Life* were broke,  
 Thou art my never-failing *Rock*,  
 My *Joy*, my *Comfort*, and my *All*,  
 Whose *Blood* redeem'd me from the *Fall*.  
*Lord* *JESUS* *CHRIST*, Thy saving *Name*  
 Preserve me from eternal *Shame*.

## II.

'Tis thy free *Gift*, what's counted *mine*.  
 My *Body*, *Soul* and *Mind* is *thine*,  
 With all this *Life's* *Enjoyment*.  
*Lord*, grant me such a grateful *Sense*,  
 To make the *Praise* of *Providence*  
 My chief and best *Employment*.

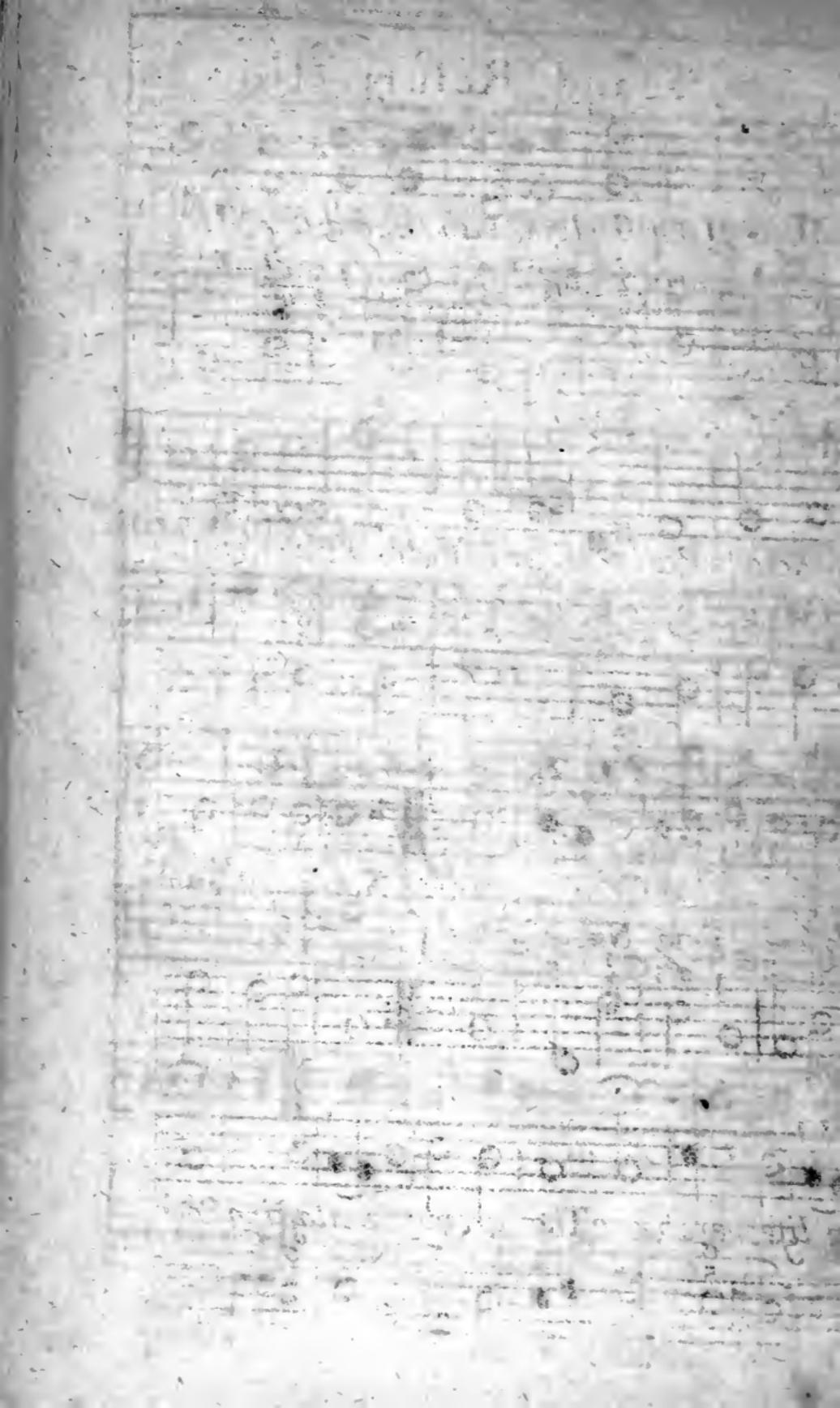
# Of Death and Resurrection

Thee Lord I love with sacred awe, Thy  
Th'whole world is tasteless to my soul, I

gracious Presence ne'er withdraw, From me thy  
find no rest beyond the Pole, But in thy

fee - - - ble Crea - - - ture. } Nay if <sup>e</sup>y strings  
lo - - - ving Na - - - ture. }

of life were broke, Thou art my everlasting Rock

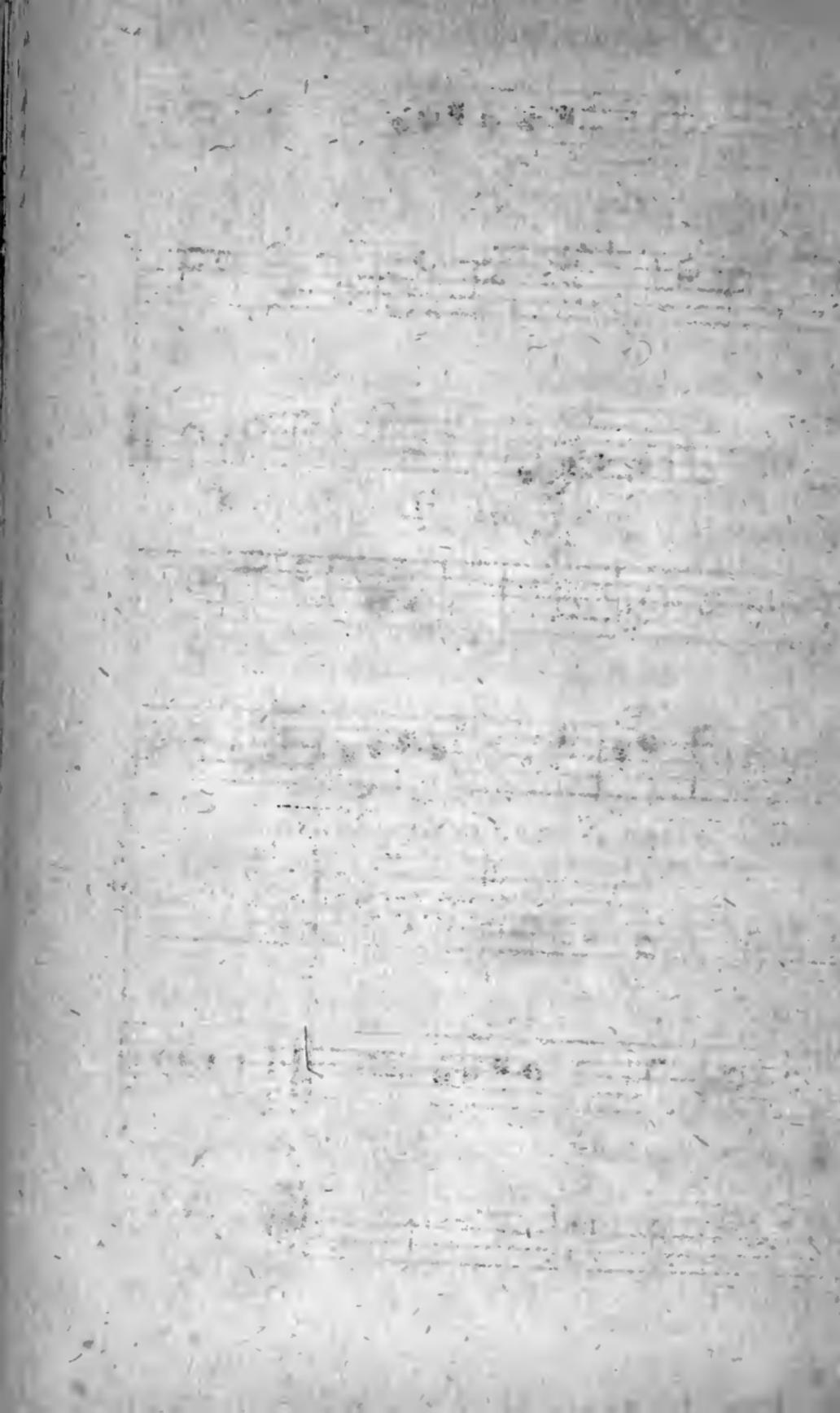


My Joy, my Comfort, and my all, whose Blood

redeem'd me from the fall. Lord Jesus Christ

Thy saving Name, thy saving Name, Pre

-serve me from Eternal shame.



Preserve me from Delusion free :  
 Destroy old Satan's Tyranny ;  
 In all Afflictions bear me up  
 With Christian Courage, Faith and Hope :  
 Great Saviour CHRIST, my Sov'reign Lord,  
 In th' Hour of Death thy Help afford.

## III.

Lord, let thy blest Angelick Bands  
 Convey my Soul into thy Hands,  
 When now my Heart is breaking.  
 The Body in its Tomb refine  
 From all th' inherent Dross of Sin,  
 Till Thou command'st its waking ;  
 Then raise me to that glorious Place,  
 Where I may see Thee Face to Face,  
 To sing with all thy Saints above  
 The Wonders of Redeeming Love.  
 O CHRIST, my LORD, I'll here adore,  
 And praise Thee there for evermore.

*Herr Jesu Christ, meins Lebens Licht.*

To the Tune: *O Lord, how many Miseries.*

## I.

**L**ORD JESU, Fountain of my Life,  
 Sole Comfort in this Stage of Strife,  
 I'm trav'ling by this worldly Inn,  
 Tir'd with the Load of Self and Sin.

## II.

The Journey's hard ; the Path is streight,  
Which leads to blessed SION's Gate ;

The Land I come from, and had lost,  
But am regaining at thy Cost.

## III.

My Heart oft trembles by the Way.

The Flesh is frail, and runs astray :

The longing Spirit cries in me,  
Lord, haste and bring me home to Thee.

## IV.

Support me by thy bitter Death,

When I'm to yield my dying Breath ;

Thy Blood refresh my Soul within ;  
Thy Bonds break all the Chains of Sin.

## V.

The Blows and Stripes that fell on thee  
Heal up the Wounds of Sin in me.

Thy great Reproach, thy shameful Crown  
Rejoice my Heart before thy Throne.

## VI.

Thy Thirst and nauseous Draught of Gall  
Refresh my Soul in ev'ry Thrall ;

Thine Agony, thy dying Breath,  
Redeem me from eternal Death.

## VII.

Thy Wounds be to my Soul, while here,  
A Refuge sure, in ev'ry Fear ;

In them I'll seek a sheltring Place,  
When Satan hath my Soul in Chace.

## VIII. Un-

VIII.

Unto my Heart, when Speech I want,  
The Ut'rance of thy Spirit grant :  
And grant, my Soul to Heav'n may rise,  
When Death in Darkness seals my Eyes.

IX.

Thy dying Breathings be my Light,  
When Death brings on its sable Night :  
Grant me a calm and decent End ;  
And save me when my Head I bend.

X.

Thy Cross shall be my Staff in Life ;  
Thy Grave, my Place of Rest from Strife :  
Thy Napkin and thy winding Sheet  
Shall bind my Head, Breast, Hands and Feet.

XI.

The Prints thy sacred Limbs receiv'd  
Assure my Heart, that I am sav'd.  
Through th' Op'ning of thy Side convey  
My Soul to thine eternal Day.

XII.

Thy Farewell-Words I'll make my own :  
Thy Death did for my Sins atone.  
Ope' wide the Gates of Heav'nly Grace,  
When I conclude my Christian-Race.

XIII.

When I revive, at thy Command,  
O place me, Lord, at thy right Hand,  
Beyond the Fate which dooms thy Foes  
To languish in eternal Woes.

IV. Then

## XIV.

Then, Lord, thine Image quite renew  
 Within my Soul and Body too ;  
 And make it radiant as thy own,  
 More radiant than the brightest Sun.

## X!

O, what amazing Love and Joy  
 Shall mine and Angels' Tongues employ !  
 How shall we sing, with all thy Race,  
 The blest Enjoyment of thy Face.



*Christus der ist mein Leben.*

## I.

**C**HRI**S**T is my Light and Treasure ;  
 In Death he is my Life ;  
 Through him I leave with Pleasure  
 This World of Sin and Strife.

## II.

With Joy my Soul is ready  
 To meet my Brother **C**HRI**S**T :  
 Our Union shall be steady,  
 Our Love rais'd to the high'st.

## III.

World, Sin and their Temptation  
 Are conquer'd by his Blood ;  
 His Death seal'd my Salvation  
 With my forgiving God.

IV. When

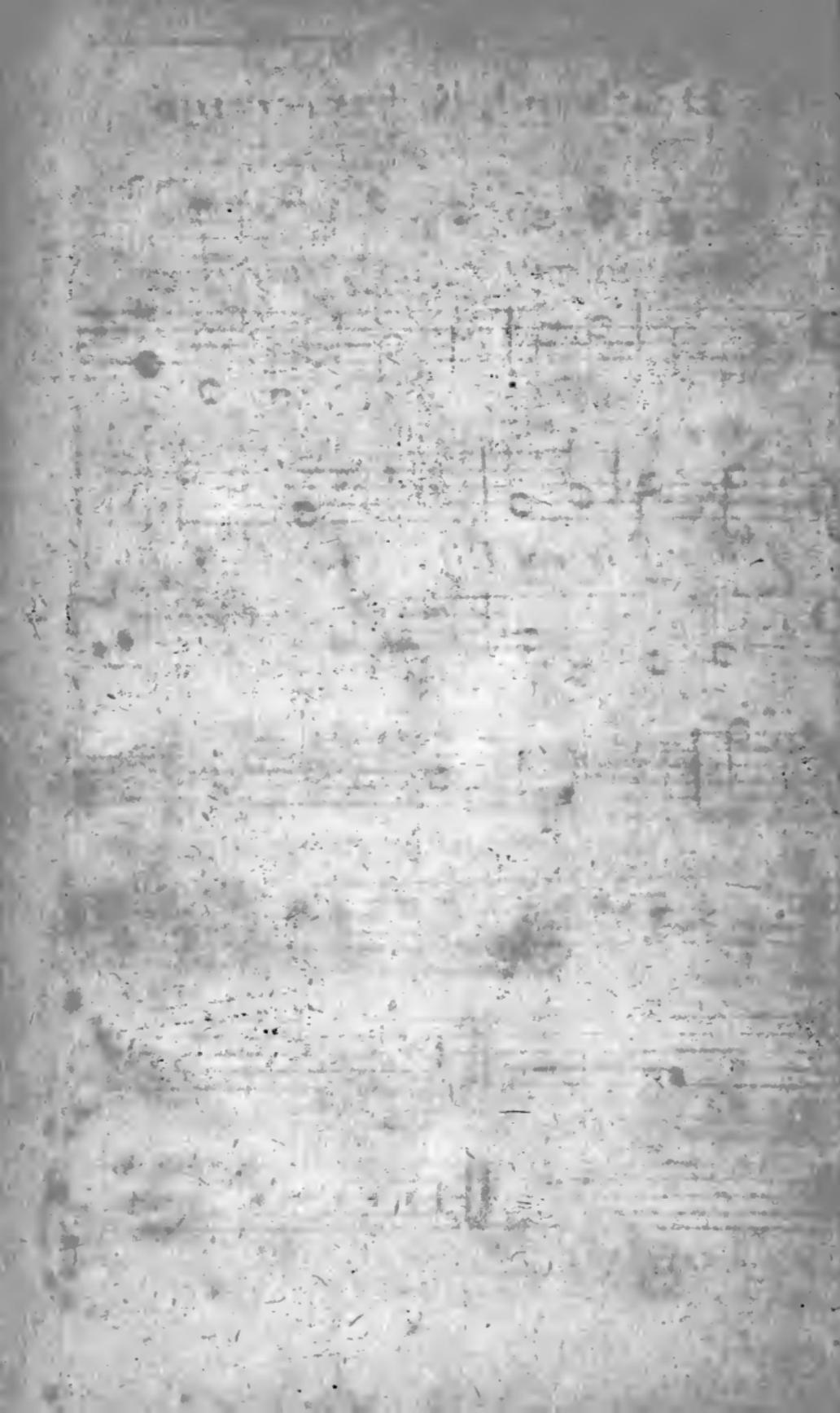
# Of Death and Resurrection

Christ is my light and treasure in

Death he is my Life In him I live

with Plea - sure this world of sin

and strife





# Dying Thoughts

My Life I now to God resign At his

decree I'll not repine Will he prolong

my mournful Days His promis'd grace suf-

-fi-ces me to run my race

## IV.

When all my Pow'rs are fainting,  
 And Speech is from me fled.  
 Accept, O Lord, my Panting,  
 Accept my Sighs in Stead.

## V.

With humble Resignation  
 On CHRIST I lean my Head :  
 At th' Hour of Expiration  
 His Cross shall be my Bed.

## VI.

Then, Lord, with Thee united,  
 Display to me thy Blifs ;  
 And let my Soul be plighted  
 To endless Love and Peace.

*Ich hab mein Sach Gott heim gestellt.*

## I.

**M**Y Life I now to God resign :  
 At his Decree I'll not repine.  
 Will he prolong my mournful Days,  
 His promis'd Grace  
 Suffices me to run my Race.

## II.

I die at his appointed Hour.  
 Who dares resist his sov'reign Pow'r ?  
 My very Hairs he knows 'em all,  
 Both great and small,  
 Without his Will not one can fall.

III. What

## III.

What is our Life ? A constant Scene  
 Of Sighs and Tears, of Care and Pain :  
 Moments of Sin, and Months of *Woe*  
 Here ebb and flow,  
 Till we are summon'd hence to go.

## IV.

What is a *Man* ? a Clod of Earth,  
 A needy Mortal from his Birth ;  
 Brought Nothing with him, when he came,  
 But Sin and Shame ;  
 And naked leaves this worldly Frame.

## V.

No Greatness, Wit, nor golden Store  
 Can here obtain a better Score :  
 'Gainst *Death* no *Phyick* can prevail :  
 No Fee nor Bail  
 Can cancel *ADAM*'s sad Entail.

## VI.

To Day we live, look fair and red ;  
 To *Morrow* faint, are sick or dead :  
 To Day we blossom like a *Rose* ;  
 Anon who knows  
 But *Death* presents the Farewell-Dose.

## VII.

Lord, make us number thus our Days,  
 T'apply our Hearts to *Wisdom*'s Ways,  
 And learn, how swift our Moments fly,  
 That all must die,  
 Poor, Rich, Young, Old, the Low and High.

VIII. This

VIII.

This is the Fruit of ADAM'S Fall;  
Death like a Conqu'ror seizeth all ;  
Sin gives him Pow'r o'er human Race ;  
There is no Place  
Exempt from his continual Chace.

IX.

Evil and few, as JACOB says,  
Alas, I count my Pilgrim-Days.  
When God shall call his Servant home,  
I'll meet my Tomb,  
In Hopes of lasting Joys to come.

X.

And tho' I feel the Guilt of Sin  
Assaulting me without, within,  
I know, God gave his only Son,  
Who can atone  
For what I all my Life have done.

XI.

'Tis he my Lord and Saviour CHRIST,  
Who for my Sins was sacrific'd,  
And rose triumphant from the Grave,  
That he might save  
My Soul from being Satan's Slave.

XII.

To him I give my Life and Breath :  
His Love shall guide my Soul through Death,  
And bring me to that blessed Place,  
Where Face to Face  
I shall behold the God of Grace.

## XIII.

This gives me Comfort and Relief  
 In all my greatest Pain and Grief,  
 That I shall rise, when CHRIST appears,  
 Without the Tears  
 I shed in my distressed Years.

## XIV.

To Thee, Lord CHRIST, I humble press,  
 To cloath me with thy Righteousness:  
 Within thy Wounds I crave a Place,  
 O Source of Grace !  
 For there's my only Happiness.

## XV.

Amen ! Thou Sov'reign God of Love,  
 Grant us thy Bliss when we remove,  
 That All redeemed by thy Blood  
 May find in God  
 Their everlasting sure Abode.

## *Of the last Judgment.*

*Es ist gewislich an der Zeit.*

To the Tune : *Raise your Devotion.*

## I.

**T**IS sure, that awful Time will come,  
 When CHRIST, the Lord of Glory,  
 Shall from his Throne give Men their Doom,  
 And change what's Transitory.

Who

Who then will venture to retire,  
When all's to be consum'd by Fire,  
As PETER has declared ?

II.

The waking Trumpets All shall hear  
Throughout the whole Creation ;  
And all the Dead shall then appear,  
Plac'd in their proper Station ;  
But all the Living at that Time  
Shall, in a Manner more sublime,  
Endure a Transmutation.

III.

The great Account shall then be read  
Of all Mens' Lives and Actions ;  
And Young and Old the Sentence dread  
Of their Misdeeds and Factions ;  
Here is no Shelter for Escape,  
But All shall see the very Shape  
Thy Soul has here contracted.

IV.

Woe then to him, that has despis'd  
God's Word and Revelation,  
And here done Nothing but devis'd  
His Lusts' Gratification :  
Then how confounded will he stand,  
When he must go at CHRIST's Command  
With Satan to Hell-Torment.

## V.

Grant, JESU, then my Name be found  
 Within thy Book unblotted,  
 When All with Awe shall stand around  
 To hear their Doom allotted ;  
 Of which I doubt not in the least,  
 For thou, as Saviour and High-Priest,  
 Hast purchas'd my Salvation.

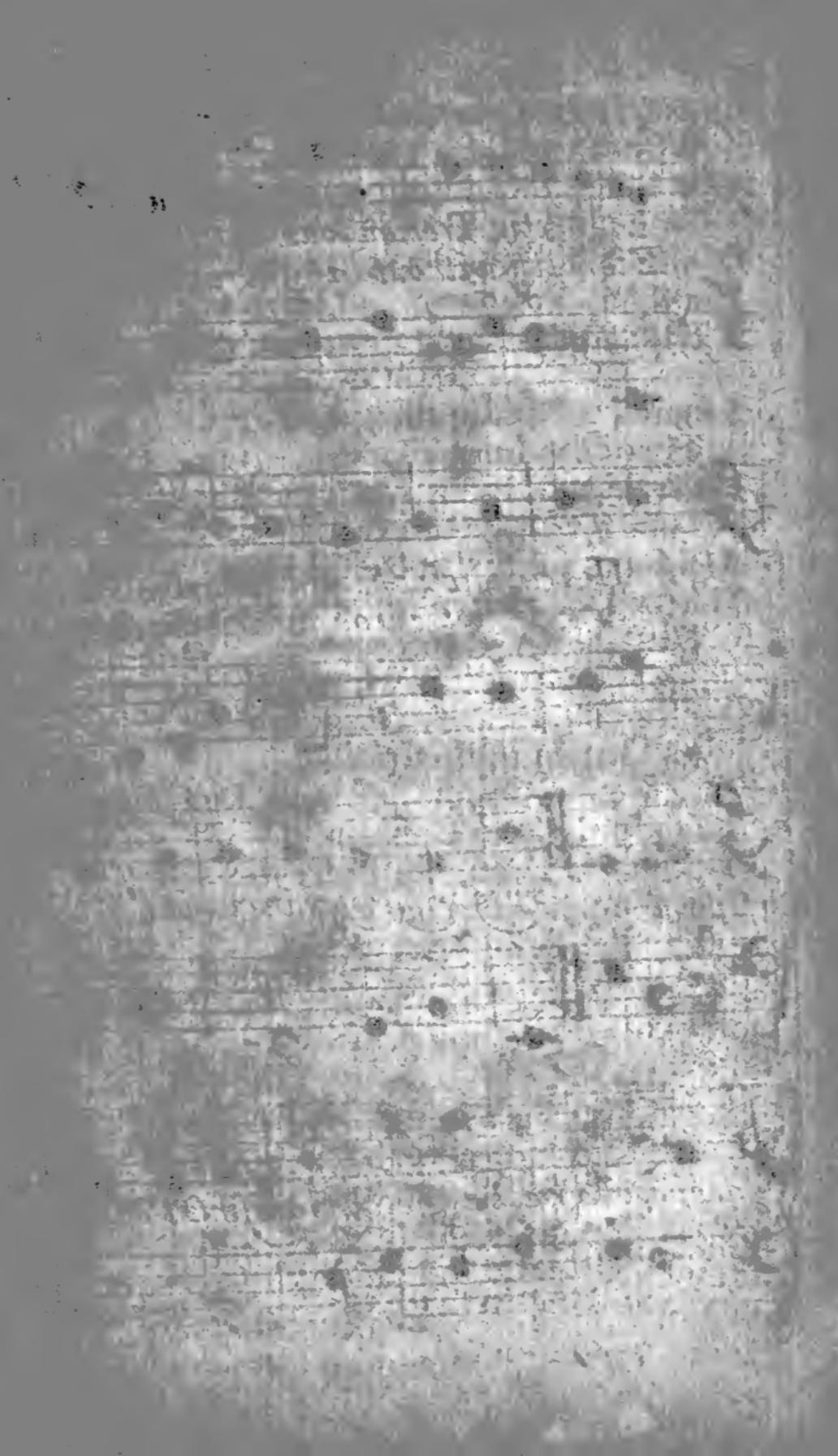
## VI.

I know, as Judge thou shalt appear,  
 As well as Intercessor ;  
 Yet hope, in humble Faith and Fear,  
 Thou'lt call me thy Confessor,  
 And bring me to that blessed Place,  
 Where I shall see, with open Face,  
 The Glory of thy Kingdom.

## VII.

O JESU ! shorten thy Delay,  
 And hasten thy Salvation,  
 That we may see that glorious Day  
 Produce a new Creation.  
 O come, O Lord, our Judge and King !  
 Come, change our mournful Notes, to sing  
 Thy Praise for ever, AMEN.





# Of woful Eternity

*Eternity Tremendous word home striking*  
*Eternity without a Shore where ever*

*Point Heart piercing Sword beginning without*  
*fiery Billows roar what is thy sight por-*

*end-ing*  
*-tend ing* } *one glimpse of thine unfathom'd*

43

*deep wold rouse a wretch from sinful Sleep.*

4#



Of *Hell* and *Eternal Torment*.

*O Ewigkeit ! du Donner Wort.*

I.

**E**Ternity ! tremendous Word,  
 Home - striking Point, Heart - piercing  
 Beginning without Ending ! (Sword,  
 Eternity ! without a Shore,  
 Where ever-fiery Billows roar,  
 What is thy Sight portending ?  
 One Glimpse of thine unfathom'd Deep  
 Wou'd rouse a Wretch from sinful Sleep.

II.

What Pain was ever thought so great,  
 That must not with the Time abate,  
 And lose its utmost Rigour ?  
 Eternity does never cease,  
 Admits no Manner of Release,  
 But keeps its constant Vigour :  
 Or, as our SAVIOUR'S Words express,  
 Eternity has no Redress.

III.

Eternity ! how long, how long,  
 Thou seizest Senses, Heart and Tongue  
 With pannick Fear and Terroure !

When

When I revolve thy dreadful Chains  
 In that Abyfs of endless Pains,  
 I'm overwhelm'd with Horrour.  
 What's in this Life of Misery  
 So frightful as Eternity ?

## IV.

Shou'd Hell endure as many Years,  
 As many Men this World of Tears  
 Has seen from the Creation ;  
 As many Stars adorn the Sky,  
 As many Leaves the Woods supply,  
 You'd hope for its Cessation.  
 This Sum of Ages wou'd but be  
 One Moment to Eternity.

## V.

But having spent in endless Fears  
 So many Thousand Thousand Years,  
 Thy Scene is still beginning ;  
 When thou hast suffer'd all these Times  
 The just Reward of wilful Crimes,  
 Thy Thread ne'er ceases spinning.  
 Th'eternal Now, who can unfold ?  
 'Tis ever new, but never old.

## VI.

O Lord, how is thy Sentence just  
 In leaving Man, that Rebel-Dust,  
 To his deserv'd Damnation !  
 Short wilful Sins committed here  
 With long Remorse are punish'd there.

O Woe beyond Relation !

Weigh this, thou harden'd Heart and Face  
 Thy Time is short, Death comes apace.

VII Haft

VII.

Hast thou yet Sense ? avoid the Snare ;  
Thy Pleasures fleeting Moments are,  
That dye as fast as tasted ;  
These, at the Hazard of thy Soul,  
Dost thou pursue without Controul,  
And see'st thy Minutes wasted ?  
Thou senseless Wretch, thou matchless Fool,  
Thou laugh'st and art the Devil's Tool.

VIII.

As long as God eternal reigns,  
And his Almighty Sway retains,  
Hell-Torment will be lasting ;  
They shall be plagu'd with Cold and Heat,  
Thirst, Hunger ; Fire shall be their Meat,  
Their Worm is never wasting ;  
And this unequall'd Misery  
Won't end till God shall cease to be.

IX.

Awake and rise from sinful Sleep :  
Bethink thy self, thou straying Sheep :  
Return by true Repentance :  
Arise, thy wicked Ways amend ;  
The Glass of Life runs to its End ;  
Then shiver at thy Sentence ;  
Perhaps within few Minutes Breath  
Thou'rt snatch'd away by sudden Death.

X.

Let neither worldly Gain nor Lust,  
Ambition, Pride, nor golden Dust  
Longer enslave thy Passions ;

Look how the carnal Lethargy  
 O'er-spreads the great Majority,  
 Who sport with all Temptations ;  
 Above all Things keep in thy Sight  
 The 'forenam'd long eternal Night.

## XI.

Most Reprobate of all Mankind,  
 Bereft of Sense, hard-hearted, blind,  
 Why dost thou love the Creature?  
 Shall that eternal Gulph of Hell,  
 Where Millions of Tormentors dwell,  
 Ne'er shock thy sinful Nature?  
 Can then no Tongue, no Eloquence  
 Persuade thee to a better Sense?

## XII.

Eternity ! tremendous Word,  
 Home-striking Point, Heart-piercing Sword,  
 Beginning without Ending !  
 Eternity without a Shore !  
 Where ever fiery Billows roar,  
 What is thy Sight portending ?  
 Lord Jesu, when it pleases Thee,  
 Bring me to blest Eternity.





*Of* HEAVEN, *and the* Hea-  
venly JERUSALEM.

*O Ewigkeit ! du Freuden Wort.*

To the foregoing Tune.

I.

**E**Ternity, delightful Sound !  
Where real Joys are to be found,  
And Scenes of endless Glory !  
O Life ! where Pleasures ever roll,  
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul  
With Bliss not transitory.  
Come All, who long for Heav'n on Earth,  
You'll find it in the Second Birth.

II.

The Glories of this present World  
By Time and Tide are toss'd and hurl'd  
Down to their full Destructions.  
Look up, my Soul, th'eternal Hills,  
Where Pleasures glide on Chrystal Rills  
With ever new Productions ;  
For, as the blest Apostles say,  
That Bliss admits of no Decay.

E e

III. Eter-

## III.

Eternity! thy endless Length  
 Inspires my Soul with Christian Strength  
 To bear these short Afflictions,  
 Consid'ring thine eternal Bliss,  
 I slight this World's Calamities  
 And constant Contradictions ;  
 Whilst there I fix my longing Soul,  
 Where blissful Years for ever roll.

## IV.

If you wou'd ballance all the Pain  
 And Torments of the Martyrs slain,  
 E'en from the Fall of ADAM,  
 With that surpassing glorious Prize  
 Reserv'd for Saints in Paradise,  
 Past mortal Sense to fathom,  
 They wou'd be found too light and frail  
 To move, much less to turn the Scale.

## V.

Reflect upon the dreadful Coasts  
 Of Hell, and all the frightful Ghosts  
 Tormenting one another !  
 Where num'rous Crouds of Sinners lye :  
 Tortur'd with keen Despair they try  
 Their Consciences to smother.  
 O ! what surprizing Grace is this,  
 Which frees us from that dark Abyss !

## VI.

In Heav'n our happy Eyes and Ears  
 Shall still enjoy, for endless Years,  
 Transcending Scenes of Pleasure ;  
 There all the Saints in God rejoice ;  
 They love and sing with Heart and Voice  
 The Praise of God, their Treasure :  
 There CHRIST reveals a greater Store-  
 Of Bliss, than they conceiv'd before.

## VII.

How do I long and faint to see  
 The Courts of blest Eternity  
 In all their glorious Beauty !  
 I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,  
 Take Wings of Faith and fly from hence  
 To the Reward of Duty.  
 If Thought alone gives such Delight,  
 What must th' Enjoyment of thy Sight !

## VIII.

Away with all the Dreams of Time :  
 Away what Worldlings call sublime :  
 Away with sinful Pleasure :  
 Away with all the golden Dust :  
 What Thieves may steal, or Time can rust ;  
 I long for greater Treasure :  
 Nothing created can suffice  
 A Soul, made for eternal Joys.

## IX.

Eternity ! delightful Sound !  
Where real Joys are to be found  
And Scenes of endless Glory !  
O Life, where Pleasures ever roll !  
Thy Foretaste entertains my Soul  
With Blifs not transitory.  
O JESU, fix this Sense in me,  
Till thou reveal'st Eternity.

*F I N I S.*





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