

H Y M N.

Slow & Solemn.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood,

6 4 — 5 3

Drawn from Im-manuel's veins; And

5 6 4 5 3

Sinners plung'd, and Sinners plung'd, and Sinners.

Pia.

4

6 6

plung'd be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilty

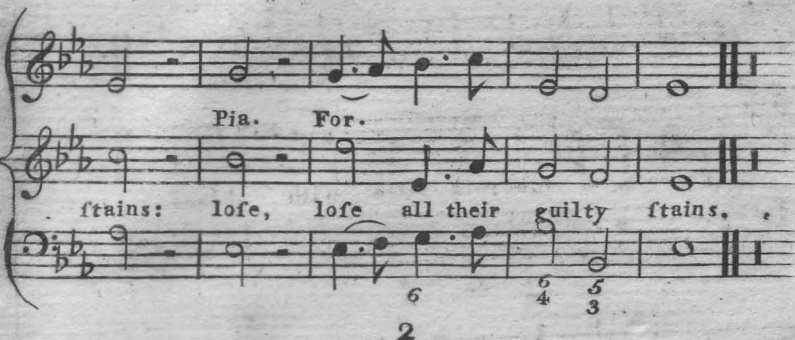
For.

6

6 4 5 3

8 ves

6 4 5 3



2
The dying Thief rejoic'd to see,
That Fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my Sins away.

3
Dear dying LAMB, thy precious Blood,
Shall never lose its pow'r;
'Till all the ransom'd Church of God,
Be sav'd to sin no more.

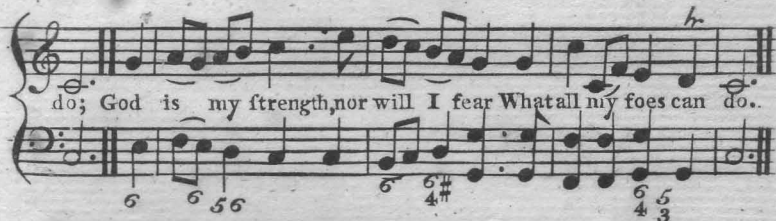
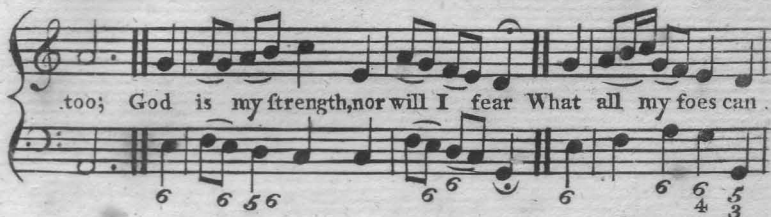
4
E'er since by Faith I saw the stream,
Thy flowing wounds supply;
Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5
Then in a nobler sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save;
When this poor lisping stammering Tongue
Lies silent in the Grave.

6
Lord I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy tho' I be,
For me a Blood-bought free reward,
A Golden Harp for me.

7
'Tis strung and tun'd for endless years,
And form'd by pow'r divine;
To sound in GOD the FATHER'S ears,
No other Name but thine.

H Y M N.



2

One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

3

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.

4

When troubles rise and storms appear
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide.

5

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple found.

H Y M N.

A - wake our souls a-way our fears, Let ev' - ry

6 5 6 # 6 5

Repeat Pia.

trembling thought be gone: A - wake and run the heav'nly

6 6 6 5 3 6 5

For.

race, And put a cheer-ful courage on.

6 6

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.

3

The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

5

Swift as an Eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN.

Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove My faith, my

patience, and my love: When men of spite a-gainst me

join, They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2

What sinners value I resign;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand compleat in righteousness.

3

This life's a dream, an empty show;
 But the bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere;
 When shall I wake, and find me there?

4

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
 I shall be near and like my God!
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.

5

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

H Y M N.

A Debtor to Mercy a-lone, Of co-venant Mercy I

sing; Nor fear, with thy righteousness on, My person & offerings to

bring: The terrors of law, and of God, With me can have nothing to

do; My Savior's obedience & blood Hide all my transgressions from view.

2

My name from the Palms of his hands
 Eternity will not erase;
 Imprest on his heart it remains,
 In marks of indelible grace:
 Yes, I to the end shall endure,
 As sure as the earnest is giv'n;
 More happy, but not more secure,
 The glorify'd spirits in Heav'n.

H Y M N.

For. Pia.

Come sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo-ry sing:

6 6 #

For.

Je-hovah is the sov'reign God, The u - - ni - versal

6 6 6 6

Pia. For. Pia. For.

King. Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah,

8 ves 8 ves

Slow.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Praise ye the Lord.

5 7 6 6

2

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their bound;
The watry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Praise ye the Lord, &c.

3

Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

Praise ye the Lord, &c.

H Y M N.

Welcome sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-
come to this re - vi - ving Breaſt, And theſe rejoy - cing eyes..

2

The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his ſaints to-day;
Here we may fit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

3

One day amidſt the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable fin.

4

My willing ſoul would ſtay
In ſuch a frame as this,
And fit and ſing herſelf away
To everlaſting bliſs.

H Y M N.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give

6

thanks and sing; To shew thy love by morning light,

6 6

And talk of

And talk of all thy truth by night And talk of all thy truth by night.

6 5 6 5 6 6 5 6 5

all thy truth by night.

2

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And blefs his works, and blefs his word;
Thy works of grace how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

H Y M N.

I. Deacon.

Behold the great e - - ter - nal God, Spreads

6 6 6 5 6

e - ver - last - ing arms abroad, And calls our Souls to

6 6 6 6 6 6

Pia.

shelter there; Wonders of mingled pow'r and grace, To

6 6 5 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3 6

For.

all his Is'ra'el he displays Guarded from dan - ger

6 6 6 6 6 6 5 4 3

and from fear Guarded from dan - ger and from fear.

6 6 6 6 6 6 7

H Y M N.

Head of the Church triumphant, We joyful-ly a-dore thee,

7 6 6 7 6 6 5
4 3

Till thou appear, thy members here shall sing like those in glory,

7 6 7 6 5 6 6 4
4 3

We lift our hearts & voices, With blest an-ti-ci-pation, And

6 6 6 6 5 6 6 6
4 3 4 #

cry aloud and give to God The praise the praise of our sal-vation.

8 7 7 4 3 8 ves 6 6 7
4

Music by Shrubsole.
H Y M N.

All hail the Pow'r of Je - su's Name, Let

Angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the Royal

crown him,

Di - a - dem, crown him;

To crown him,

Chorus

crown him Lord of all.

crown him Lord of all.

Hymn by Perronet.

See 1780.

Rev. 107.