

Sixth Edition

with Improvements.

DIVINE AMUSEMENT

A Select



Collection of

Psalms and Hymns

as sung at all the principal

Churches, Chapels

(and)
Dissenting Congregations;
to which is added

Kent's favorite Jubilate

The whole properly adapted for the

VOICE, PIANO FORTE OR ORGAN.

by
J. Curtis.

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7^s 6 Bound

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Where may be had the Sacred Companion for the Flute . . . 2 6.

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Thro' end - less years thou art the same, O

thou e - - ter - nal God! A - - ges to come shall

know thy name, And tell thy works a - broad.

2

The strong foundations of the earth
 Of old by thee were laid:
 By thee, the beauteous arch of heav'n
 With matchless skill was made.

3

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
 Formed by thy powerful hand,
 Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
 And changed at thy command.

And will the judge de - scend? And must the

dead a - rise? And not a sin - gle soul es -

- cape His all dis - cern - ing eyes.

2

And from his righteous lips
 Shall such a sentence sound?
 And thro' the millions of the damnd
 Spread black despair around?

3

Ye sinners seek his grace,
 Whose wrath ye cannot bear,
 Fly to the shelter of his cross,
 And find salvation there.

4

So shall that curse remove,
 By which the Saviour bled,
 And the last awful day shall pour
 His blessings on your head.

Blest is the man, whose soft'ning heart feels
all a - - no - ther's pain; To whom the sup - pli -
ca - ting eye, Was ne - ver rais'd in - vain.

2

Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A Stranger's woes to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,
He wants the power to heal.

3

He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief:
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

Praise the Lord, ye heav'ns adore him, Praise him an-gels

in the height; Sun and Moon rejoice before him, Praise him

all ye Stars of light Halle-lu-jah Halle-lujah Hal-le-

-lu-jah Hal-le-lu-jah Praise him all ye Stars of light.

2

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

3

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

Hark! the he - rald Angels sing, Glo - ry to the
 new born King, Peace on earth and mer - cy mild,
 God and sin - ners re - con - cild.

2

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies,
 With th'angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem!"

3

Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ the everlasting Lord;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

For Easter Day

An-gel roll the rock a-way, Death, yield up thy

migh-ty prey; See he ri-ses from the tomb,

Glow-ing in glow-ing in im-mor-tal bloom.

2

'Tis the Saviour Angels raise,
 Fame's eternal trump of praise,
 Let the world's remotest bound,
 Hear the joy inspiring sound.

3

Heaven displays her portals wide,
 Glorious hero thro' them ride;
 King of glory mount the throne,
 Angels shall thine empire own.

4

Every note with wonder swell,
 Sin o'erthrown and captived hell,
 Where is hell's once dreaded king?
 Where O death, thy mortal sting?

Come thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace,

Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loud est praise

Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above,

Praise the mount praise the mount praise the mount O fix me on it,

2

Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thine help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure
Safely to arrive at home:
Mount of God's unchanging love. Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

Ye na-tions praise the Lord, Each with a
different tongue; In ev'-ry lan-guage learn his
word, And let his name be sung.

2

Praise him with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

3

Far be his honor spread,
And let his praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

4

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Ye saints and ser - vants of the

Lord, The tri - umph of his name re -

cord, His sa - cred name for e - ver bless, Where -

- eer the cir - cling sun dis - plays, His

ris - ing beams or sit - ting rays, Due

praise to his great name ad - - dress, Due

praise to his great name ad - - dress.

2

God thro' the world extends his sway,
 The regions of eternal day,
 But shadows of his glory are:
 To him whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

3

Tho'tis beneath his state to view
 In highest heaven, what Angels do,
 Yet he to earth extends his care:
 And upright men of low estate,
 In common with the rich and great,
 His favor and protection share.

O God, on thee we all depend, On thy pa -
 ter - nal care, Thou wilt the fa - ther and the
 friend In ev' - ry act ap - pear.

2

With open hand, and liberal heart,
 Thou wilt our wants supply;
 Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
 And no good thing deny.

3

In thy paternal love and care
 With chearful hearts we trust;
 Thy tender mercies boundless are,
 And all thy thoughts are just.

4

Our Father knows what's good and fit,
 And wisdom guides his love;
 To thine appointments we submit,
 And every choice approve.

Lord, in the morning, thou shalt hear My voice as -

- cend - ing high, To thee will I di - rect my prayr, To

thee will I di - rect my prayr, To thee lift up my eye.

2

Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand:
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3

But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy courts,
 And worship in thy fear.

When all thy mer_cies O my God, My

ris - ing soul surveys, Trans - port - ed with the

view I'm lost, In won - der love and praise, Trans -

- port - ed with the view I'm lost, In won - der

love and praise.

2

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.

3

When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

4

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently clear'd the way,
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

Be-stow, dear Lord, up - on our youth, The gift of
sav-ing grace, And let the seed of sa - cred truth,
Fall in a fruitful place, fall in a fruitful place.

2

Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heav'nly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3

Ye careless ones, O hear betimes
The voice of sov'reign love!
Your youth is stain'd with many crimes,
But mercy reigns above.

My Soul shall praise thee, O my God, Through

all my mor-tal days; And to e-ter-ni-

- ty pro-long Thy vast, thy bound-less praise.

2

In every smiling happy hour
 Be this my sweet employ;
 Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
 And heightens all my joy.

3

Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
 The honours of my God;
 My life with all its active powers
 Shall spread thy praise abroad.

Who hath our re-port be-lieved, Shiloh come is

not re-ceived, Not re-ceived by his own,

Promis'd branch from root of Jes-se, David's offspring

sent to bless ye, Comes too meek-ly to be known,

Comes too meek-ly to be known.

2

Tell me, O thou favor'd nation,
 What was thy fond expectation,
 Some fair spreading lofty tree?
 Let not worldly pride confound thee,
 'Mong the lowly plants around thee,
 Mark the lowest, that is he.

3

Lo! Messiah, unrespected,
 Man of griefs, despis'd, rejected,
 Stricken, smitten, for our guilt
 With his stripes our wounds are cured,
 By his pains our peace assured,
 Purchas'd with the blood he spilt.

4

Blessed be the power who gave us,
 Freely gave the Son to save us,
 Bless'd the Son who freely came;
 Honor, blessing, adoration,
 Ever from the whole creation
 Be to God and to the Lamb.

God of the Morning, at whose voice The chearful
Sun makes haste to rise, And like a gi- ant
doth re-joice To run his jour-ney thro' the skies.

2

From the fair chambers of the east,
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

3

O like the Sun, may I fulfil
Th'appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on, and keep my heav'nly way.

O Lord of hosts my King and God, How highly

blest are they, Who in thy Temple al-ways dwell, And

there thy praise dis - play And there thy praise dis - play.

2

Among the Gods there's none like thee,
 O Lord, alone divine.
 To thee as much inferior they,
 As are their works to thine!

3

Therefore their great Creator thee,
 The nations shall adore:
 Their long misguided prayers and praise,
 To thy blest name restore.

Lord, thou art good, all na - ture shows, Its

migh - - ty ma - - ker kind; Thy boun - - ty

through cre - - a - - tion flows, Full, free, and

un - - con - find What - e'er our eyes be -

- hold pro - claims Thine in - - fi - - nite good

will, It shines in stars, it flows in

streams, And bursts from ev'- - ry hill.

2

Long has it been diffused abroad,
 Thro' years and ages past,
 And it's rich stores, all bounteous God,
 For ever still shall last:
 It spreads thro' all the spacious main,
 And thro' the heav'ns more wide,
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And flows in every tide.

3

Through the vast whole it pours supplies,
 Spreads joy thro' every part;
 Lord, let such love attract mine eyes,
 And captivate mine heart.
 High admiration let it raise,
 And kind affections move,
 Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
 And fill my soul with love.

To my re - peat - ed hum - ble pray'r, O Lord at -
 - ten - tive be; When trou - bled I, or thee will
 call, For thou wilt an - swer me.

2

Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee,
 The sure protection made;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling led.

3

Who pass'd thro' parch'd and thirsty vales,
 Yet no refreshment want:
 Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou
 At their request dost grant.

With i - dle tri - fling thoughts a - way, Let

gid - dy mirth sub - side, More so - lemn themes en -

- gage our lay, We sing Christ cru - ci - - fy'd.

2

Did Christ this day the cross endure,
Himself a victim give,
For us salvation to procure,
And die that we may live.

3

O how can Man such love repay,
Lord we thy cross will take,
Thy sacred word and will obey,
And all our sins forsake.

4

On thee alone our thoughts are bent,
On thee our hope relies,
Our souls and bodies we present
To thee a sacrifice.

1st Choir

The heav'ns declare thy glory Lord which that alone can fill, The

2^d Choir

heav'ns declare thy glo - ry Lord, Which that a - lone can fill, The

1st Choir

firmament and stars express, Their great Creator's skill, The

2^d Choir

firmament and stars express Their great Creator's skill, The

firmament and stars express Their great Creator's skill.

2

The dawn of each returning day,
Fresh beams of knowledge brings,
And from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

3

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

4

Their doctrine doth its sacred sense,
Thro' earth's extent display,
Its bright contents the circling sun,
Doth round the world convey.

The man in life where e - ver plac'd, Hath hap pi -

- ness in store, Who walks not in their wick - ed way, Nor

learns their guil - ty lore, Who walks not in their wicked

way, Nor learns their guil - ty lore.

2

Nor from the seat of scornful pride,
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe,
 Still walks before his God.

What shall the dy - ing sin - ner do, That seeks re -

- lief for all his woe, Where shall the guil - ty conscience

find Ease for the tor - ment of the mind.

2

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n?
 Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
 In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh.

3

This is the pillar of our hope,
 That bears our fainting spirits up:
 We read the grace, we trust the word,
 And find salvation in the Lord.

Win - ter has a joy for me, While the

Saviour's charms I read, Love - ly, meek, from blem - ish

free, In the snow-drops' pen - sive head, In the

snow - drops pen - sive head, Spring re -

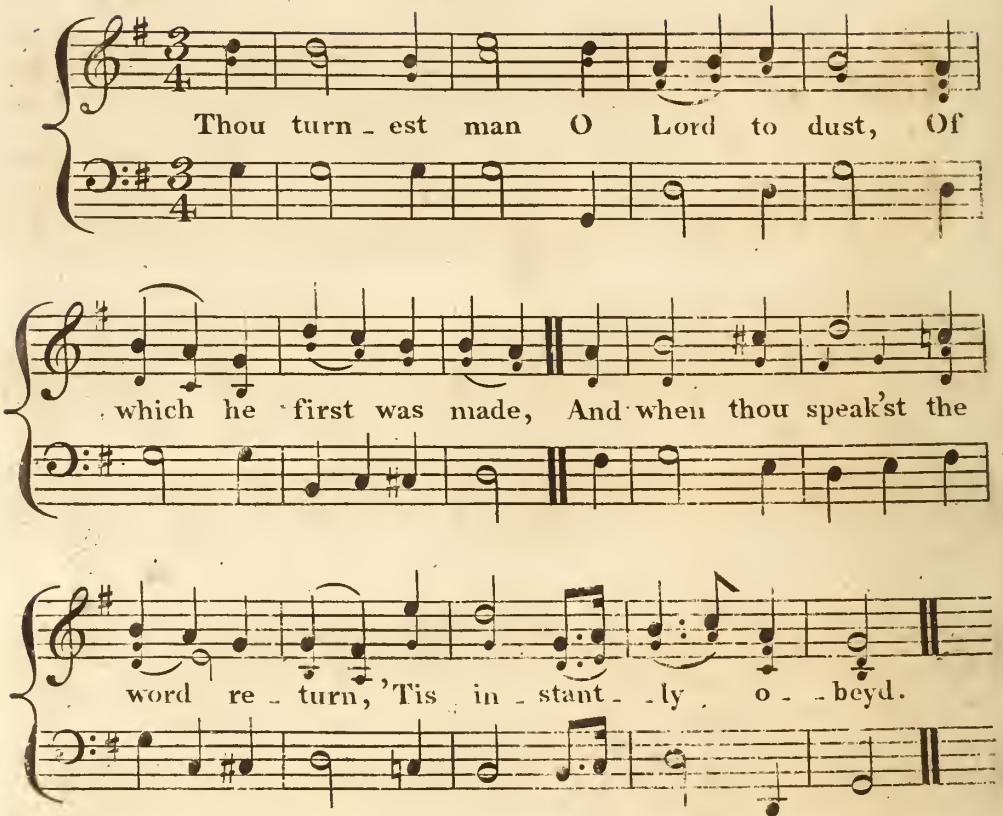
Minore

- turns and brings a - - long Life's in - vi - go - ra - ting

Sun, Hark the tur-tle's plain-tive song Seems to
speak his dy-ing groans. D. C.

2

Summer has a thousand charms,
 All expressive of his worth,
 'Tis his Sun that lights and warms,
 His the air that cools the earth:
 Ev'ning with a silent pace,
 Slowly moving in the west,
 Shews an emblem of his grace,
 Points to an eternal rest.



Thou turn - est man O Lord to dust, Of
 which he first was made, And when thou speak'st the
 word re - turn, 'Tis in - stant - ly o - beyd.

2

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,
 We vanish hence like dreams,
 At first we grow like grass that feels
 The Sun's reviving beams.

3

But howsoever fresh and fair,
 It's morning beauty shows,
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
 Before the ev'ning close.

O Lord how ex-cel-lent thy name! How

glo-rious to be-hold; En-gra-ven fair on

all thy works, In cha-rac-ters of gold.

2

On heav'n's immeasurable face,
 In lines immensely great;
 In small, on every leaf and flower,
 Creator God is writ.

3

Though reason be not giv'n to all,
 Nor voice to thee, O Sun!
 Their maker all proclaim, and here
 Their language is but one.

Ye blest In-ha-bitants of Heav'n, To God be

all your praises giv'n, O praise him from the realms that

lie Above the reach of mortal eye, Him praise ye Angels

of his train, Him all whom heav'n's vast hosts contain.

2

Praise him thou glorious orb of light,
 And thou pale ruler of the Night;
 Praise him ye Stars his praise repeat,
 Thou heav'n of heav'n's his awful seat,
 And you, ye floods that heap'd on high,
 Press with your weight th' extended sky.

3

Ye youthful bands and virgin choir,
 Each lisping babe and hoary sire;
 Wake to his name your grateful Song,
 To him alone all praise belongs,
 His glory earth's wide bounds o'erflow
 Nor highest Heav'n its limit knows.

Holy nature, heav'nly fair, Lead me with thy
 pa - rent care, In thy foot - steps let me tread,
 As a wil - ling Child is led.

2

When with care and grief opprest,
 Soft I sink me on thy breast;
 On thy peaceful bosom laid,
 Grief shall cease, nor care invade.

3

O congenial pow'r divine,
 All my votive soul is thine;
 Lead me with thy parent care,
 Holy nature, heav'nly fair.

Now let a true am - bi - tion rise, And
 ar - dor fire tly breast, To reign in worlds a -
 - bove the Skies, In heav'nly glo - ries drest.

2

Behold Jehovah's royal hand,
 A splendid crown display,
 Whose glory will for ever shine,
 When stars and suns decay.

3

Away each grov'ling anxious care,
 Beneath a Christian's thought
 I spring to seize immortal joys,
 Which my Redeemer bought.

How blest are they, who al - ways keep The
 pure and per - fect way, Who ne - ver from the
 sa - cred paths Of Gods com - mandment stray.

2

Thrice blest, who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been!
 And have with fervent humble zeal,
 His favor sought to win.

3

Such Men their utmost caution use
 To shun each wicked deed;
 But in the page which he directs,
 With constant care proceed.

Or old 104th

My Soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name, O

Lord our great God, how dost thou appear, So passing in glory that

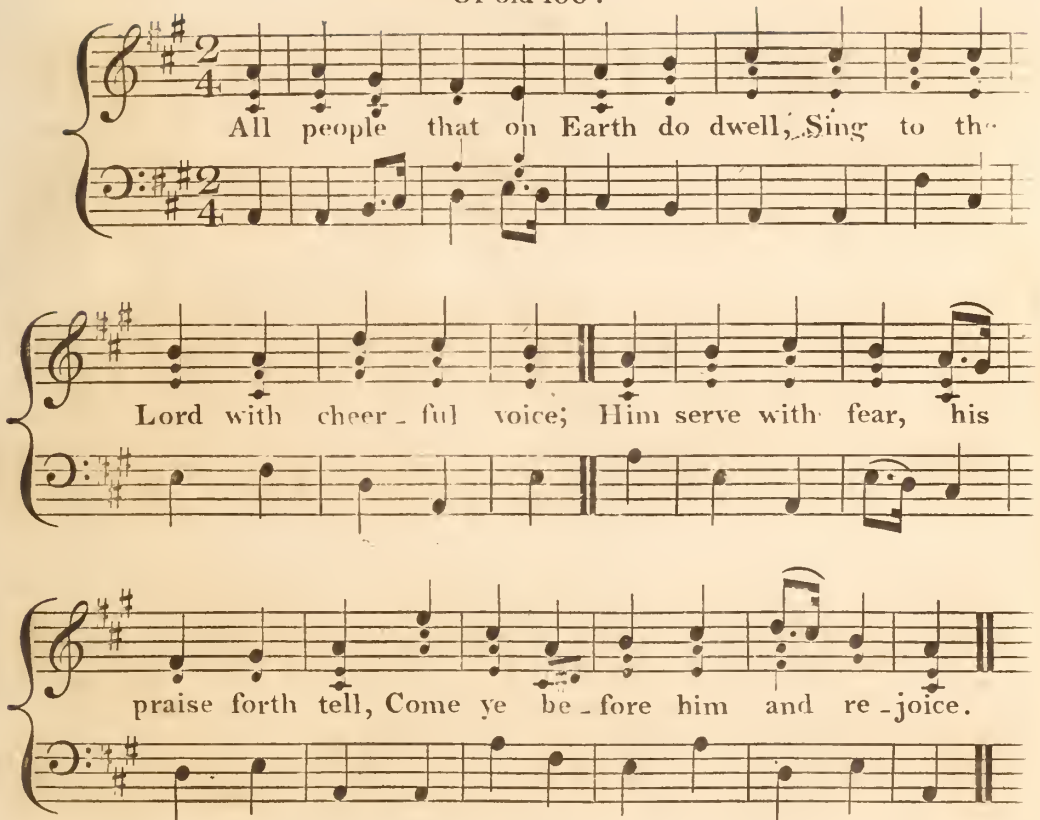
great is thy fame, Honour and majesty, In thee shine most clear.

2

With light as a robe thou hast thyself clad,
 Whereby all the Earth thy greatness may see,
 The heav'ns in such sort thou also hast spread,
 That they to a Curtain compared may be.

3

His chamber beams lie in the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots are made him to bear,
 And their with much swiftness his course doth endure,
 Upon the wings riding of winds in the air.

Or old 100th


All people that on Earth do dwell, Sing to the
 Lord with cheer - ful voice; Him serve with fear, his
 praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - jice.

2

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

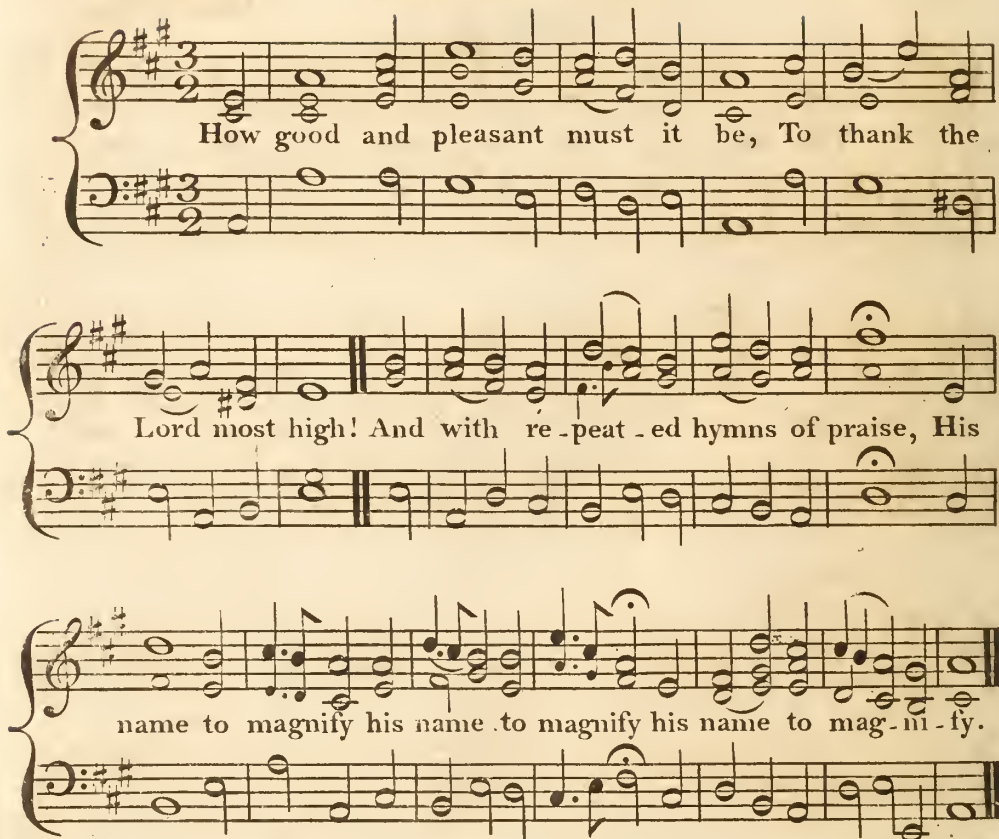
3

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

C.M.

HYMN 33.

Dr Haweis.



How good and pleasant must it be, To thank the

Lord most high! And with re-peat-ed hymns of praise, His

name to magnify his name to magnify his name to mag-ni-ty.

2

With ev'ry Morning's early dawn
 Hiss goodness to relate;
 And of his constant truth each Night
 The glad effects repeat.

3

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

C. M.

H Y M N 35.

Handel. 41
Funeral Hymn

How hap - py are the souls a - -bove, From

sin and sor - row free! With Je - sus, they are

now at rest, And all his glo - ry see.

2

O worthy Lamb, aloud they cry,
That brought us here to God:
In ceaseless hymns of praise they sing
The merit of his blood.

3

With wond'ring joy, they recollect
Their fears and dangers past;
And bless the wisdom, pow'r, and love,
Which brought them safe at last.

The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth, And

all that they con - tain, Will ne - - ver quit his

sted - fast truth, Nor make his pro - mise vain. The

poor, op - press'd, from all their wrongs, Are eas'd - -

by his de - cree; He gives the hun - gry

need - ful food, And sets the pris' - ners free.

Chorus to be sung after the last Verse.

Hal - le - lujah Hal - le - lujah Halle - lujah Halle - lujah

Hal - le - lujah Hal - le - lu - jah Halle - lujah Hallelu - jah.

By him the blind receive their sight,
 The weak and fall'n he rears;
 With kind regard and tender love
 He for the righteous cares.
 The Strangers he preserves from harm,
 The Orphan kindly treats,
 Defends the Widow, and the wiles
 Of wicked Men defeats.

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that
 crowns our days; Boun - teous source of ev' - ry joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the garden yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use.

3

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripe'd grain;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse.

Slow

M. Cooke.

Blest he, whose heart, with pi - ty glows, Who learns to
 feel a - nother's woes, Bows to the poor Man's wants his ear, And
 wipes the help - less Orphan's tear, Bows to the poor Man's
 wants his ear, And wipes the help - less Orphan's tear.

2

Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand.
 Give to his lot the chosen land,
 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
 Himself, thy pity, Lord, shall know.

3

When languid with disease and pain,
 Thou; Lord, his spirit will sustain,
 Nor leave him in the dreadful day,
 To unrelenting foes a prey.

Affettuoso

M. Cooke.

With joy we me - di - tate the grace Of our high
 Priest a - bove; His heart is form'd of ten - der - ness, His
 bow - els melt with love His heart is form'd of ten - der -
 - ness, His bow - els melt with love.

2

3

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame:
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood;
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.

Majestic

God is a Spirit, just and wise, He sees our
inmost mind; In vain to heav'n we raise our cries, And
leave our souls behind, In vain to heav'n we raise our
cries, And leave our souls be - hind.

2

Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear,
The painted hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

3

Their lifted eyes salute the Skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

Pathetic

M. Cooke.

Almighty Lord dispose each mind, To seek the good of

hu - man kind, Teach us with o - thers joy to glow,

Teach us to feel for o - thers woe, Teach us with o - thers

joy to glow, Teach us to feel for o - thers woe.

2

3

To thee the poor lift up their eyes,
 On them thou dost in goodness shine
 Thy beams of mercy from the skies,
 Give life, and light, and joy divine.

Thy providence is kind, and large,
 Both Man and Beast thy bounty share
 The whole creation is thy charge,
 But we are thy peculiar care.

4

Thanks be to God who heard our cry,
 And kindly does our wants supply,
 To him our voices let us raise,
 In Songs of gratitude and praise.