

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.

P. 6^v stitched

7.6 Bound.

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

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Rather
Slow

Sinners will ye scorn the message, sent in mercy from above,

Ev'ry sentence O how tender, Ev'ry line is full of love,

Listen to it, listen to it, Ev'ry line is full of love.

Hear the Heralds of the Gospel,
 News from Zion's King proclaim,
 To each rebel sinner "Pardon,"
 Free forgiveness in his name:
 How important!
 Free forgiveness in his name.

Who hath our report believed?
 Who receiv'd the joyful word?
 Who embrac'd the news of pardon,
 Offer'd to you by the Lord?
 Can you slight it!
 Offer'd to you by the Lord.

HYMN 2.

3

Slow

O for a heart to praise my God, A

heart from guilt set free; A heart that's sprinkled

with the blood, So free-ly shed for me.

A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My dear Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.

HYMN 3.

Bold

E - - ter - - nal source of life and light! Su -

- preme - ly good and wise, To Thee we bring our

grate - ful vows To Thee lift up our eyes.

Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truths' celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

Safely conduct us by thy grace
Thro' life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!

HYMN 4.

Words by Mrs Barbauld.

5

Lively

Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the

love that crowns our days, Bounteous source of ev - - ry

joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the Garden yield;
 For the sweets that breath around,
 For the flow'rs that paint the ground.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of waving grain;
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews:
 Suns that ripening warmth diffuse.

All that spring with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land;
 All that lib'ral Autumn pours,
 From its rich o'erflowing stores.

These to Thee, O God, we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow,
 And, for these, to Thee we raise,
 Faithful vows, and grateful praise.

HYMN 5.

Battishill

In vain the wealthy mortals toil, And heap their

shining dust in vain, Look down and scorn the

humble poor, And boast their lofty hills of gain.

Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained heart and aching heads,
 Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,
 From glittering roofs and downy beds.

The ling'ring, the unwilling soul
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell,
 To the pale lumps of lifeless clay.

HYMN 6.

J. Tucker.

7

Rather
Slow

Hear what the voice from heav'n pro-claims For

all the pi-ous dead, Sweet is the sa-vor

of their names, And soft their sleep-ing bed.

They die in Jesus and are blest'd;
 How kind their slumbers are .
 From suff'rings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from ev'ry snare .

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labours of their mortal life,
 End in a large reward.

HYMN 7.

M. Cooke.

Slow

Thus we commemo - rate the day On which our dearest

Lord was slain, Thus we our pious homage pay, Till He appears on

earth again, Till he appears on earth a - gain.

Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train,
 Cherubs, and Seraphs, heav'nly hosts;
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
 As far as earth extends her coasts.

Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood,
 There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
 Subdue the rebels by thy word,
 And claim the nation, for thy own.

HYMN 8.

9
J. N. Rogers.

Now let the Lord my Saviour smile, And shew my

name up - - on his heart; I would for - get my pains a -

while, And in the plea - sure lose the smart.

But, oh! it swells my sorrows high,
To see my blessed Jesus frown;
My spirits sink, my comforts die,
And all the springs of life are down.

Yet, why my soul, why these complaints?
Still while he frowns, his bowels move;
Still on his heart he bears his Saints,
And feels his sorrows, and his love.

Majestic

To our Redeemer's glorious name, A - wake the sacred Song,

O may his love (im - mortal flame,) Tune ev'ry heart and tongue, His

love what mortal thoughts can reach, What mortal tongue dis -

- play, I - magi - nations utmost stretch, In wonder dies a - way, In

won - der dies a - way.

Let wonder still with love unite,
 And gratitude to joy;
 Jesus be our supreme delight,
 His praise our best employ.
 Jesus, who left his throne on high,
 Left the bright realms of bliss;
 And came to earth to bleed and die,
 Was ever love like this?

HYMN 10.

Slow

Thou Shepherd of Is-rael di-vine, The joy of the

upright in heart, For closer communion they pine, Still still to re-

side where thou art, Thy pasture. O when shall we find Where

all who their Shepherd o-bey, Are fed on thy bosom reclind, And

screen'd from the heat of the day.

Ah! shew us the happiest place,
 That place of thy people's abode;
 Where Saints in an extacy gaze,
 And rest in their Saviour, their God.
 Thy love for lost Sinners declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 Our spirits to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with thee.

HYMN 11.

J. N. Rogers.

Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise, Con-

-verse a - - while with death: Think how a gasp - ing

mor - tal lies, And pants a - - way his breath.

His quiv'ring lips hang feeble down,
 His pulses faint and few,
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.

But, oh, the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay!
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.

HYMN 12.

Slow

Faith 'tis a pre - ci - ous grace Where - eer it

is be - stow'd, It boasts of a ce - les - tial

birth, And is the gift of God.

Jesus it owns a King,
 An all-atoning Priest;
 It claims no merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

To Him it leads the Soul,
 When fill'd with deep distress;
 Flees to the fountain of his blood,
 And trusts his righteousness.

Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous
 worms we mor-tals are, Death is the gate of
 end-less joy, And yet we dread and yet we
 dread And yet we dread to en-ter there.

The pain, the groans, of dying strife
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

Oh! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste
 Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,
 And breath my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 14.

15

W. Jackson.

Slow

When with a mind de - voutly prest, Dear Sa - viour

my re - - volving breast would past of - - fences trace,

Trembling I make the black re - view, Yet pleas'd behold ad -

- mi - ring too The pow'r of changing grace.

These eyes, that once abus'd their sight
 Now lift to thee their watery flight,
 And weep a silent flood.
 These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r
 O wash away the stains they wear,
 In pure redeeming blood.

HYMN 15.

M. Cooke.

Slow

'Tis Re - ligion that can give Sweetest pleasures

while we live, 'Tis Re - ligion must sup - ply So - lid

comfort when we die, Af - ter death its joys will be

Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty, If the Sa - viour is my

friend, Then my bliss shall ne - ver end.

HYMN 16.

Slow

Hark! my Soul, 'tis Je - su speaking, He whom

thou hast long been seek - ing, He whom thou hast

long been seeking, What a promise does he make thee, Ill neer leave thee

nor for - sake thee, What a promise does He make thee, Ill neer

leave thee nor for - sake thee, Ill neer leave thee nor for - sake thee.

Grave

Come ye sinners poor and wretched, Weak and wounded,
 sick and sore, Je-sus rea-dy stands to save you,
 Full of pi-ty joind with pow'r, He is a-ble,
 He is a-ble, He is wil-ling, doubt no more.

Come ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Majestic

Religion is the chief concern Of mortals here below, May-

I its great importance learn, Its sov'reign vir-tue know, More

needful this than glittering wealth, Or aught the world bestows, Nor

re-puta-tion food or health Can give us such re-pose.

Religion should our thoughts engage,
 Amidst our youthful bloom;
 'Twill fit us for declining age,
 And for the awful tomb.
 O may my heart, by grace renew'd,
 Be my Redeemer's throne;
 And be my stubborn will subdu'd,
 His government to own.

HYMN 19.

M. Cooke.

Majestic

May the Pow'r that brings sal - va - tion, Now ex -

- ert - ed in the word, By its quickning o - pe - - ra - - tion,

Life im - part and joy af - ford, Life to sinners, Life to

sinners, Joy to those who know the Lord.

Hark! the voice of love proclaiming,
 Mercy thro' a Saviours blood,
 Vain the schemes of human framing,
 This alone is own'd of God:
 'Tis the Gospel
 Points to Heav'n, and shews the road.

HYMN 20.

21

Slow

There is a God, all nature speaks, Thro' earth, and air, and
 seas, and skies: See, from the clouds his glo-ry breaks, When
 the first beams of morn-ing rise!

The rising Sun, serenely bright,
 O'er the wide world's extended frame
 Inscribes, in characters of light,
 His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
 And health and plenty smile around;
 And fruitful fields, and verdant meads
 Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.

HYMN 21.

Rather
cheerful

How firm a foun-dation, ye Saints of the Lord,

Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word,

What more can he say, than to you he hath said,

You, who un-to Je-sus, for re-fuge have fled.

In ev'ry condition, in sickness, in health,
 In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
 At home, and abroad, on the land, on the sea,
 As thy day may demand, shall thy strength ever be.

Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismay'd,
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my righteous, Omnipotent hand.

O what a - mazing words of grace, Are in the Gospel found,

Suited to ev' ry sin - ner's case, Who knows the joy - - ful sound,

Pia Dolce

Poor sinful thirsty, fainting souls, Are freely welcome here, Sal -

Mez For

- va - tion like a ri - ver rolls A - bundant free and clear.

Come then, with all your wants and wounds
 Your ev'ry burden bring;
 Here love, unchanging love abounds,
 A deep celestial spring.
 Whoever will (O gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesus' sake.

HYMN 23.

Our souls shall magni- fy the Lord, In God the

Sa- viour we re- joice: While we re- peat the Virgins

Song, May the same spi- rit tune our voice.

The Highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done;
 His over- shadowing power and grace,
 Makes her the Mother of his Son.

Let ev'ry nation call her bless'd,
 And endless years prolong her fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd,
 Holy and rev'rend is his name.

HYMN 24.

With Spirit

All na - - ture dies and lives a - - gain: The

flow'r that paints the field, The Trees that crown the

mountain's brow And boughs and blossoms yield.

Resign the honors of their form,
 At winter's stormy blast;
 And leave the naked, leafless plain,
 A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs,
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.

HYMN 25.

Slow &
Solemn

With tears of anguish I la-ment, Here at thy feet my

God, My passion, pride, and discontent, And vile in - gra - titude, Sure

there was ne'er a heart so base, So false as mine has been, So

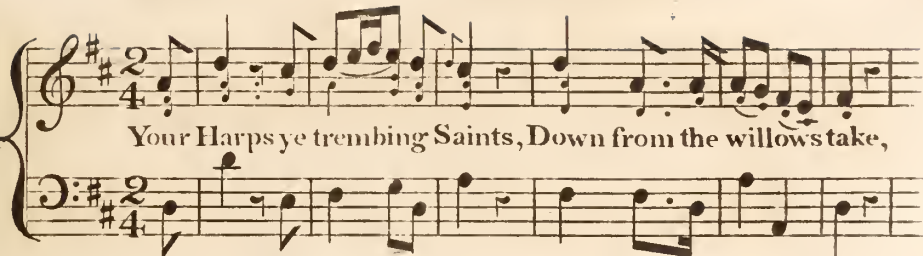
faith - less in its pro - mi - ses So prone to ev' - ry sin.

My reason tells me thy commands,
 Are' holy, just, and true;
 Tells me what e'er my God demands,
 Is his most righteous due.
 Reason I hear, her counsels weigh,
 And all her words approve;
 But still I find it hard t'obey,
 And harder still to love.

HYMN 26.

27

Andante



Your Harps ye trembling Saints, Down from the willows take,



Loud to the praise of love divine, Bid ev'ry string a-wake,



Tho' in a foreign land, We are not far from home, And hearer



to our house a-bove We ev'-ry moment come.

His grace will, to the end,
 Stronger and brighter shine;
 Nor present things, nor things to come,
 Shall quench the love divine.
 When we in darkness walk,
 Nor feel the heav'nly flame;
 Then is the time to trust our God,
 And rest upon his name.

HYMN 27.

Great Ruler of all nature's frame! We own thy

pow'r di-vine: We hear thy breath in ev'-ry storm, For

all the winds are thine, For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sov'reign will;
 And, aw'd by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

Thy mercy tempers ev'ry blast
 To them that seek thy face;
 And mingles with the tempests' roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

HYMN 28.

Grave

God of my life to Thee I call, Afflicted at thy feet I fall,

When the great-water floods prevail, Leave not my trembling

heart to fail, Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
 Where but with thee, whose open door,
 Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain.

HYMN 29.

Affet^o

Jesus is all I wish or want, For him I

pray, I thirst, I pant, Let o - thers af - - ter earth as -

- pire, Christ is the trea - sure I de - - sire.

Possess'd of him I wish no more;
 He is an all-sufficient store:
 To praise him all my pow'rs conspire,
 Christ is the treasure I desire.

Come, humble Souls, and view his charms,
 Take refuge in his saving arms;
 And sing, while you his worth admire,
 Christ is the treasure I desire.

HYMN 30.

31

Lively

Re - joice be - - lie - - ver in the Lord, Who

makes your cause his own, The hope that's built up -

on his word, Can ne'er be o - - - verthrown.

Tho' many foes beset your road,
 And feeble is your arm,
 Your life is hid with Christ in God,
 Beyond the reach of harm.

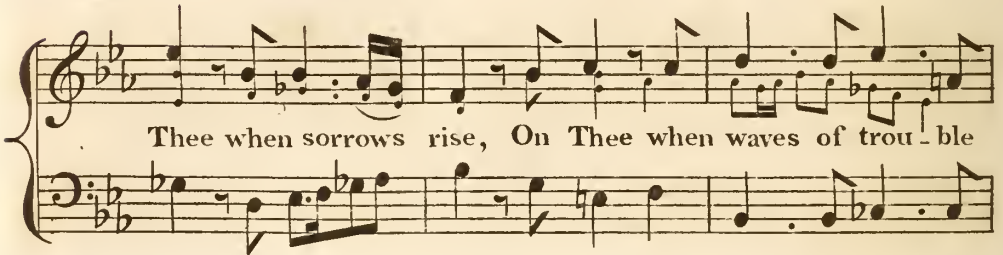
As surely as he overcame,
 And triumph'd once for you;
 So surely you that love his name,
 Shall triumph in him too.

HYMN 31.

Pathetic



Dear re - fuge of my wea - ry Soul, On



Thee when sorrows rise, On Thee when waves of trou - ble



roll, My fainting hope relies, My fainting hope re - lies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy word can bring a sweet relief,
 For every pain I feel.

Thy Mercy-seat is open still,
 Here let my Soul retreat;
 With humble hope attend thy will,
 And wait beneath thy feet.

Slow
&
Pathetic

O for a thousand tongues to sing My

dear Re-deem-ers praise, The glo-ries of my

God and King The tri-umphs of his grace.

My gracious Saviour, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim;
 To spread, through all the Earth abroad,
 The honours of thy name.

Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrow cease;
 'Tis Music in the sinners ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.

HYMN 33.

For the Sabbath Day Morning.

Affettuoso

A - wake my heart, my Soul a - rise, This is the

day be - lie - vers prize; Im - prove this Sab - bath then, with

care, A - - no - ther may not be thy share.

O solemn thought! Lord, give me pow'r
 Wisely to fill up ev'ry hour:
 O for the wings of faith and love,
 To bear my heart and Soul above.

Jesus assist; nor let me fail
 To worship Thee within the veil;
 To glorify thy matchless grace,
 To see the beauties of thy face.

HYMN 34.

35
M. Cooke.

For the Sabbath Day Evening.

Moderato

Lord how de - light - ful 'tis to see A whole as -

- sem - bly wor - ship thee, At once they sing, at once they

pray, They hear of Heav'n and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little Heav'n below;
Not all that hell or sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

HYMN 35.

Grave

The Souls that would to Je - sus press, Must

fix this firm and sure, That tri - bu - la - tion

more or less, They must and shall en - dure.

From this there can be none exempt,
 'Tis God's own wise decree;
 Satan, the weakest Saint will tempt,
 Nor is the strongest free.

The world opposes from without,
 And unbelief within;
 We fear, we faint, we grieve, we doubt,
 And feel the load of sin.

Andante

Jesus at thy command, I launch in - - to the deep, And

leave my na - tive land, where sin lulls all asleep, For Thee I

fain would all re - sign, And sail to Heav'n with thee and thine.

Christ is my Pilot wise;
 My compass is his word;
 My Soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord;
 I trust his faithfulness and pow'r,
 To save me in the trying hour.

By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest:
 My Soul thy sails expand,
 And fly to Jesus' breast!
 O may I reach the heav'nly shore,
 Where winds and waves distress no more.

HYMN 37.

(Hymn of Eve)

Dr Arne

Siciliana

How cheerful along the gay Mead, The daisy and cowslip ap -

- pear; The Flocks as they careless-ly feed, Re-

- joice in the spring of the year; The myrtles that shade the gay

Bowrs, The herbage that springs from the Sod, Trees,

Plants, cooling Fruits, and sweet Flow'rs, All rise to the praise of my

God.

Shall Man the great master of all,
 The only insensible prove;
 Forbid it fair gratures call,
 Forbid it devotion and love.

The Lord, who such wonders can raise
 And still can destroy with a nod;
 My lips shall incessantly praise,
 My Soul shall be wrapt in my God.

HYMN 38.

Slow and
Majestic

One there is above all others, Well deserves^e name of friend,

He is love be-yond a Brothers, Costly, free, and knows no end,

They who once his kindness prove, Find it e - - ver - lasting love.

When he liv'd on Earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

O for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above;
But when home our Souls are brought
We shall love Thee as we ought.

HYMN 39.

41
Paxton.

Be - hold the pot - ter and his clay, He forms his

ves - sel as he please: Such is our God, and

such are we, The sub - jects of his high de -

- cree, The sub - jects of his high de - cree.

May not the sov'reign Lord on high
 Dispense his favors as he will,
 Chuse some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?

HYMN 40.

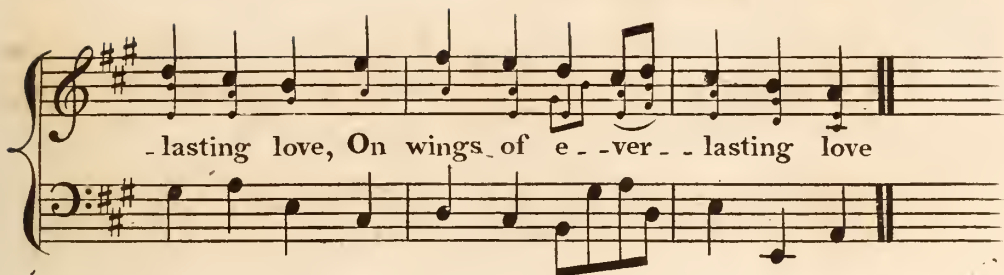
Now for a tune of lofty praise To great Jehovah's

e--qual Son! A--wake, my voice, in heav'n - ly lays, Tell

loud the wonders he has done. Sing, how he left the

worlds of light; And the bright robes he wore a - bove; How

swift and joy-ful was his flight On wing of e--ver-



Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our nature high;
 He came t'atone Almighty wrath,
 Jesus the God was born to die.
 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th'almighty Captive pris'ner lay;
 Th'almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face.
 Among a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus the God exalted reigns,
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

Grave

Great God, this sacred day of thine Demands the

souls col - lect - ed powrs, Glad - ly to thee we now re -

- sign These solemn con - se - crated hours! O may our Souls a -

- dor - ing own The grace that calls us to thy throne!

Hence ye vain cares and trifles fly!

Where God resides, appear no more,

All-seeing God! thy piercing eye

Can ev'ry secret thought explore

O may thy grace our bosoms move,

And fix our thoughts on things above.

HYMN 42.

45
Dr Miller

Maestoso

Ye bound-less realms of joy, Ex-alt your Maker's

fame; His praise your song em-ploy, A-bove the

star-ry frame, Your voi-ces raise ye che-ru-

- bim, and se-ra-phim, to sing his praise.

Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day;
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay;
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above
And clouds that move
In liquid air

Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came:
And all shall last,
From changes free:
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

HYMN 43. (For the Communion.)

Byrd.

Maestoso

Glo - ry be to God on high, and in earth,

and in earth, peace, good will towards Men. We

Lento

Org:

praise thee, we bless thee, we wor.....

..... ship thee, we glori - fy thee, we give thanks to

Org:

thee for thy great glo - ry O

Lord God! O Lord God! Heav'n - ly King! God the

Fa - ther Al - migh - ty. *f* Halle - lujah Halle - lu - jah

With Spirit

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

Halle - lujah Hallelujah Halle - lujah Halle - lujah

Org:

Hallelujah Hallelujah Hallelujah Amen Amen Amen.

Slow

HYMN 44. (For the KING.)

Tempo Ordinario

God save great George our King, Long live our

no - ble King, God save the King! Send him vic -

- to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - - ous, Long to reign

o - ver us, God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics;
 Frustrate their knavish tricks;
 On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
 On George be pleas'd to pour;
 Long may he reign!
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice
 God save the King!

