

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

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HYMN 1.

C. M.

M. Cooke.

How should the Sons of A-dam's race Be
 pure be-fore their God? If he con-tend in
 righ-teous-ness, We fall be-neath his rod.

2

To vindicate my words and thoughts
 I'll make no more pretence;
 Not one of all my thousand faults
 Can bear a just defence.

3

Strong is his Arm, his Heart is wise
 What vain presumers dare
 Against their Maker's hand to rise
 Or tempt th' unequal war.

What e - qual honors shall we bring To thee O

Lord, our God the Lamb, When all the Notes that An - gels

sing Are far in - fe - rior to thy uan

2

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his Almighty Father's side.

3

Pow'r and dominion are his due,
 Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.

HYMN 3.

C. M.

M. Cooke.

Like sheep we went as... tray, And broke the
fold of God; All lost and wand'ring from the
way, The path of sin we trod.

2

But God, at death's dread hour,
On Christ our trespass laid;
The vengeance he was pleas'd to pour,
Has bruis'd the serpent's head.

3

How glorious was the grace,
When Christ sustain'd the shock!
His life and blood the shepherd pays
A ransom for his flock.

4

But he, as God decreed,
From death arose again;
He shall behold a num'rous seed,
To recompence his pain.

Our Souls shall mag-ni-fy the Lord, In God the

Saviour we rejoice, While we re-peat the Vir-gin's

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

2

The highest saw her low estate,
 And mighty things his hand hath done:
 His overshadowing pow'r and grace
 Makes her the Mother of his Son.

3

Let ev'ry Nation call her bless'd,
 And endless years prolong her fame;
 But God alone must be ador'd,
 Holy and reverend is his Name.

HYMN 5.

L.M.

R. Spofforth.

Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll O'er the sharp
sorrows of my soul, And read my Maker's bro - ken
laws, Re - pair'd and ho - nor'd by thy cross.

2

When I behold Death, Hell, and Sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine;
And see the Man that groan'd and dy'd,
Sit glorious by his Father's side.

3

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the Notes that Gabriel sings.

H Y M N 6.

C.M.

Dr Dupuis. 7

How large the pro-mise how di-vine, To

A-bram and his seed! I'll be a God to

thee and thine, Sup-ply-ing all their need.

2

The words of his extensive love
 From Age to Age endure;
 The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.

3

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great Father's giv'n;
 He takes young Children to his Arms,
 And calls them Heirs of Heav'n.

HYMN 7. L.M.

No more, my God, I boast no more Of all the

du-ties I have done; I quit the hopes I held be-

-fore, To trust the merits of thy Son.

2

Now for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his Cross.

3

Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
 O may my soul be found in him
 And of his righteousness partake.

HYMN 8.

C.M.

Great God, I own the sen - tence just, And

na - ture must de - cay; I yield my bo - - dy

to the dust, To dwell with fel - - low clay.

2

Yet faith may triumph o'er the Grave,
 And trample on the Tombs:
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour, comes.

3

The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And Death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.

HYMN 9.

L.M.

Who shall the Lord's e - lect condemn? 'Tis God that

jus - ti - fies their souls; And mer - cy, like a migh - ty

stream, O'er all their sins di - vine - ly rolls.

2

Who shall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
 'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead?
 And their salvation to fulfil,
 Behold him rising from the dead!

3

He lives! he lives! and sits above,
 For ever interceding there:
 Who shall divide us from his love,
 Or what shall tempt us to despair?

Firm as the Earth thy gos - pel stands, O

Lord, my hope, my trust; If I am found in

Je - su's hands, My Soul can ne'er be lost.

2

His honor is engag'd to save
 The meanest of his Sheep;
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,
 His hands securely keep.

3

Nor Death, nor Hell, shall e'er remove
 His favorites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

HYMN 11.

C. M.

Dr. Callcott.

Come let us join our cheer - ful Songs, With
 An - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousands
 are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

2

“Worship the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,

“To be exalted thus?”

“Worthy the Lamb,” our Lips reply,

“For he was slain for us?”

3

Jesus is worthy to receive

Honor and pow’r divine:

And blessings more than we can give,

Be, Lord, for ever thine.

We sing the glories of thy love, We sound thy
 dread-ful name: The Chris-tian Church u-nites the
 Song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb.

2

Great God! how wondrous are thy works
 Of vengeance and of grace;
 Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
 How just and true thy ways.

3

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
 Or worship at thy Throne!
 Thy judgments speak thy holiness,
 Thro' all the Nations known.

HYMN 13.

Mason.

f

Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all

mf *p*

pow'r and might thou that art the Author thou that art the

mf

Author thou that art the Author of all good things

f *p*

graft in our hearts the love of thy name the love of thy

f

name in-crease in us true re-li-gion Lord of all

pow'r and might, nou-rish us in all good-ness

Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great goodness and

of thy great mercy keep us keep us keep us in the

same thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord thro' Je-sus

Christ our Lord A-men A-men.

HYMN 14.

S. M.

To God the on - ly wise, Our Sa - viour
 and our King, Let all the Saints be - low the
 Skies, Their hum - ble prai - ses bring.

2

'Tis his Almighty love,
 His counsels and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3

He will present our Souls
 Unblemish'd and complete
 Before the glory of his Face,
 With joys divinely great.

Great God! to what a glorious height Hast thou ad -

- vanced the Lord thy Son! An - gels in all their robes of

light, Are made the ser - vants of his throne.

2

Before his feet thine Armies wait,
 And swift as flames of Fire they move,
 To manage his affairs of state,
 In works of vengeance and of love.

3

His orders run thro' all the hosts
 Legions descend at his command
 To guard and shield the British Coasts
 When foreign rage invades your Land.

HYMN 16.

Dr Arnold.

8.

When wandring comfort-less and low, In pover-ty's dark

vale of woe, Ex - pos'd to er - ror, want, disease, And

8.

vice more fa - tal still than ease, Your fost'ring care our

bosoms cheer'd, Our in - fant minds with learning rear'd, Your

fost'ring care our bosoms cheer'd, Our infant minds with

learning reard, For you our hands to Heav'n we raise, With

grateful hearts in pray'r and praise, For you our hands to.

Heav'n we raise, With grateful hearts in pray'r and praise.

2

O may our bosoms doubly know,
 The joys your liberal acts bestow;
 And long thro' years revolving praise,
 The blessings of fraternal love.
 That to the heart humane is giv'n
 A foretaste of the bliss of Heav'n,
 For you our hands to Heav'n we raise,
 With grateful hearts in pray'r and praise.

HYMN 17.

S. M.

Let all our Tongues be one To praise our
 God on high, Who from his bo - som sent his
 Son To fetch us strangers nigh.

2

Nor let our voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's name;
 Jesus, the Ambassador of peace,
 How cheerfully he came.

3

It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God;
 Great was our debt, and he appears
 To make the payment good.

HYMN 18.

S. M.

J. Smith.

21

Bold

Come sound his praise a-broad, And Hymns of

glo-ry sing; Je-ho-vah is the sov'-reign

God, The u-ni-ver-sal King

2

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.

3

To day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

HYMN 19.

For Christmas Day.

Andante

Hark! Hark! the herald Angels sing, Glo-ry
 to the new-born King, Peace on earth and mercy mild,
 God and sinners re-concil'd! Joyful all ye nations rise,
 Join the tri-umphs of the skies, With th'an-ge-lic
 hosts pro-claim Christ is born in Beth-le-hem.

The original, you know, was written in G major and 2/4 time.

Christ, by highest heav'n adord,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord,
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb!
 Veild in flesh the Godhead see,
 Hail th'incarnate Deity!
 Pleas'd as man, with men t'appear
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

3

Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace!
 Hail the Son of righteousness!
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings!
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the Sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

CHO.^s

Hark! Hark! the herald Angels sing, the

herald Angels sing, Glory, Glory to the new-born

King, Glo-ry to the new-born King.

Slow

O hap - - py Man, whose soul is fill'd With

zeal and rev'-rend awe! His lips to God their

ho - - nors yield, His life a - - dorns his law.

2

A careful providence shall stand,
 And ever guard my head;
 Shall on the labors of thy hand,
 Its kindly blessings shed.

3

Thy Wife shall be a fruitful vine,
 The Children round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honor shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.

Praise to God, immortal praise, For the love that crowns our

Andante

days; Bounteous source of ev' - ry joy, Let thy praise our

tongues em - ploy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

2

Flocks that whiten all the Plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
 Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse.

3

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear,
 From its stem the rip'ning ear;
 Tho' the sick'ning flocks should fail,
 And the herds desert the stall.

4

Still to thee our souls should raise,
 Grateful vows and solemn praise;
 And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone.

HYMN 22. L.M.

Moderato

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,

Teach me what thou wouldst have me do;

Sug-gest what -'er I think or say, Di-

-rect me in the nar--row way, Di-rect me

in the nar--row way.

2

Prevent me lest I harbor pride
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my pow'r, my all from thee.

3

Enrich me always with thy love,
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy spirit on me rest.

4

Assist, and teach me how to pray,
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

5

O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfill;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended in thy praise.

HYMN 23.

L.M.

Ye nations round the earth rejoice, Before the Lord your
 Andante
 sov'reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your
 unis
 tongues his glo-ry sing. With all your tongues his glory sing.
 hr

2

The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
 Doth life and breath and being give;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

3

Enter his gates with Songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honois there.

4

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of Man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

HYMN 24.

C. M.

29
Wainwright.

O Lord, our God, how wondrous great, Is
 thine exalted name; The glories of thy
 heav'nly state, Let men and babes proclaim.

2

When I behold thy works on high,
 The Moon that rules the night;
 And Stars that well adorns the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light.

3

Lord, what is Man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so.

HYMN 25.

8.8.6.

Mod^o.

Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - al - - - - - ted lay! Let

each en - raptur'd thought obey, And praise th'almighty's

p
name: Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies, In

one me - lo - - - - - dious concert rise, To swell th'in - spi - ring

f
theme, To swell th'in - spi - ring theme.

2

Ye Angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around,
 His boundless mercy sing:
 Let ev'ry list'ning Saint above,
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

3

Let ev'ry element rejoice,
 Ye thunders burst with awful voice,
 To him who bids you roll:
 His praise in softer notes declare.
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

4

Wake, all ye mounting tribes, and sing,
 Ye plummy warblers of the spring
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To him, who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

5

Let Man, by nobler passions sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ:
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till Heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

HYMN 26.

C. M.

Ye that obey th'im-mortal King, Attend his holy
 place; Bow to the glories of his pow'r, And bless his
 wondrous grace, And bless his wondrous grace.

2

Lift up your hands by morning light,
 And send your souls on high;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night,
 Above the starry sky.

3

The God of Zion cheers our hearts,
 With rays of quick'ning grace;
 The God that spreads the Heav'ns above,
 And rules the swelling seas.

HYMN 27.

L. M.

Dr Arnold

Our Lord is ri - sen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone

up on high, The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the

portals of the Sky, The pow'rs of hell are captive led, Dragg'd to the

portals of the Sky, Dragg'd to the portals of the Sky.

There his triumphal Chariot waits, And Angels chant the solemn lay,

Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye e-ver-lasting

doors give way, Lift up your heads ye heav'nly gates, Ye

SOLO
e-ver-lasting doors give way. Loose all your bars of

mas-sy light, And wide un-fold the ra-diant scene, He

claims those mansions as his right, Re-ceive the King of

Glo - ry in, He claims those man - sions as his right, Re -

- ceive the King of Glo - ry in, Re - ceive the King of Glo - ry in.

VERSE *p*

Loose all your bars of mas - sy light, And wide un - fold the

ra - diant scene, He claims those man - sions as his right, Re -

- ceive the King of Glo - ry in, He claims those - man - sions

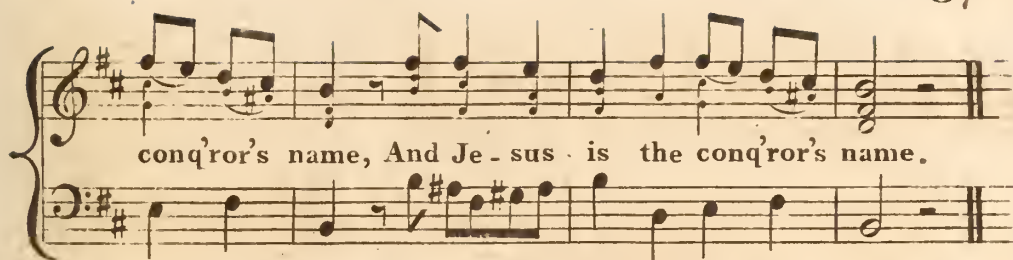
as his right, Receive the King of Glo - ry in, Re - ceive the

King of Glo - ry in. Who is the King of Glory? who,

who, who is the King of Glo - ry? who, The Lord that

all his foes o'er - came, The World, Sin, Death, and Hell o'er -

threw, And Je - sus is the Conqueror's name, And Jesus is the



conq'ror's name, And Je - sus is the conq'ror's name.

Lo'his triumphal chariot waits, And Angels chant the solemn

lay, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye everlasting

doors give way, Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates, Ye e--ver-

-lasting doors give way, Who is the king of glory, who, who,

who, who is the king of glo--ry, who, The Lord of

boundless pow'r pos - sest, The king of Saints and An - gels

f too, God over all for e - ver blest, God over all for

e -- ver blest, God over all for e - ver blest, God over

all for e -- ver blest, for e -- ver blest.

Slow

HYMN 28.

L.M.

Latrobe. 39

Affettuoso

Come, gracious spi-rit, heav'nly dove, With light and

comfort from a-bove: Be Thou our guardian, Thou our

guide; O'er ev'-ry thought and step pre-side.

2

The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and chuse the way;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may not depart.

3

Lead us to holiness,—the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his precepts stray.

O praise the Lord in that blest place, From whence his
 good - ness large - ly flows; Praise him in heav'n where
 he, his face Un - veild in per - - fect glo - ry shows.

2

Praise him for all the mighty acts
 Which he on our behalf has done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

3

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he does to them afford;
 In just returns of praise afford,
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

HYMN 30.

L. M.

Haydn.

41

O Zi... on! when we think on thee, We
 long for pinions like the dove, And mourn to think that
 we should be So dis - tant from the land we love.

2

While here, we walk on hostile ground:
 The few that we can call our friends
 Are, like ourselves with fetters bound,
 And weariness our steps attends.

3

But yet we hope to see the day,
 When Zion's children shall return,
 When all our griefs shall pass away,
 And we no more again shall mourn.

4

The thought that such a day will come,
 Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet;
 Tho' now we wander far from home,
 In Zion soon we all shall meet.

O bless the Lord my soul! His grace to thee proclaim: And

all that is with-in me join To bless his ho-ly name. O

bless the Lord, my soul! His mercies bear in mind; For-

get not all his be-nefits, The Lord to thee is kind.

2

He will not always chide;
 He will with patience wait:
 His wrath is ever slow to rise,
 And ready to abate:
 He pardons all thy sins,
 Prolongs thy feeble breath;
 He healeth thine infirmities,
 And ransoms thee from death.

HYMN 32.

P. M.

43

Rock of ages! cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee:

Let the water, and the blood, From thy side, a healing flood,

p Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

f Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2

Should my tears for ever flow,
 Should my zeal no languor know,
 This for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save and thou alone;
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

HYMN 33.

Beethoven.

Saviour, source of ev'ry bless - ing! Tune my

Maestoso

heart to grate - ful lays; Streams of mer - cy

ne - ver ceasing, Call for ceas - less songs of praise.

2

Teach me some melodious measure,
 Sung by raptur'd Saints above;
 Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
 While I sing redeeming love.

3

Thou didst seek me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 Thou, to rescue me from danger,
 Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4

By thy hand restor'd, defended,
 Safe thro' life thus far I'm come;
 Safe, O Lord! when life is ended,
 Bring me to my heav'nly home.

HYMN 34.

L.M.

45

Harwood.

Now let us join with hearts and tongues, And
Lively
e-mu-late the an-gels' songs; Yea, sin-ners may ad-
dress their King In songs that an-gels can-not sing.

2

They praise the Lamb that once was slain;
Yet we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,"
But "that He suffer'd all for us?"

3

But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure, 'tis the wonder of the skies,
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcer'd should prove.

4

O glorious hour! it comes with speed;
We shall behold, from darkness freed,
Th' incarnate God, who died for man,
And praise Him more than Angels can.

The spacious fir--ma-ment on high, With all the

blue e--the--real sky, And span-gled heav'ns a

shi-ning frame, Their great o---ri--gi--nal proclaim.

Two Sopranos.

Th'unwea-ry'd sun, from day to day, Doth his Cre-

-a-----tor's pow'r dis--play; And pub--lish-es to

17
8.

ev'ry land, The works of an Al-mighty hand.

2

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And, nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth:
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3

What tho', in solemn silence, all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
 What tho' nor real voice nor sound,
 Amid their radiant orbs be found
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine?"

To thee, O Lord, we lift our souls, To

Affettuoso

Soft

thee for safe-ty flee; Let not our foes con-

- found our hopes, Which all are placed on thee.

2

When on the guilt of former years,
 Our thoughts revolving turn,
 The sorrows of our hearts enlarge,
 Our troubled spirits mourn.

3

But grace and mercy reign with thee,
 Surpassing every sin,
 Mercy to pardon all without,
 And grace to cleanse within.

4

Cover our multitude of sins,
 The sins of age, and youth;
 Reveal thy ways, and teach thy paths,
 And guide us in thy truth.

HYMN 37.

C. M.

Handel. 49

Largo

Let us a--dore the grace that seeks

To draw our hearts a--bove; For, lo! the great Je-

-hol- vah speaks; And ev'-ry word is love.

2

Tho' fill'd with awe before his throne,
 Each Angel veils his face,
 He claims a people for his own
 Among our sinful race.

3

"Repent and live: - no more pursue
 "The paths that lead to death:
 "Look unto Him, who died for you,
 "Look, and be saved thro' faith!"

4

Lord, speak these words to every heart,
 With thine all-powerful voice;
 That we may now from sin depart,
 And make thy love our choice.

HYMN 38.

P. M.

Milgrove.

Glory to God on high, Let earth and skies reply,

Praise ye his name. His love and grace adore, Who all our sorrow bore,

Sing aloud evermore, worthy the Lamb, worthy the Lamb,

worthy the Lamb, Sing aloud evermore, worthy the Lamb.

2

Jesus, our Lord and God,
 Bore sin's tremendous load,
 Praise ye his name:
 Tell what his arm hath done,
 What spoils from death he won,
 Sing his great name alone,
 Worthy the Lamb.

3

While they around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one,
 Praising his name:
 Those who have felt his blood,
 Sealing their peace with God,
 Sound his dear fame abroad,
 Worthy the Lamb.

HYMN 39.

P. M.

Haydn.

51

I love my shepherd's voice, His watchful eye shall keep My

wand'ring soul a - - mong The thousands of his sheep: He

feeds he feeds his flock, He calls, he calls their names, His

bosom his bosom bears, The tender, the tender Lambs.

2

Jesus my great high Priest,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside:

3

My advocate appears,
For my defence on high,
The father bows his ear,
And lays his thunder by:

His pow'ful blood did once atone, Not all that Hell, or sin can say,
And now it pleads before the throne. Shall turn his heart, his love away.

This is the day the Lord hath bless'd; The

Affettuoso

day to us in mer-cy giv'n; The ho-ly sab-bath

of his rest, The pledge and type of rest in heav'n.

2

This day within thy courts, O Lord!
 Thy saints delight to seek thy face,
 To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
 Unfold their wants, implore thy grace.

3

May we the blest assembly join;
 To God devote the sacred day;
 Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
 Look up to heaven, and learn the way.

4

May we by ev'ry sabbath grow
 In grace, humility, and love;
 Thus, by thy holy rest below,
 Made fitter for thy rest above.