

A
C O L L E C T I O N
OF
H Y M N S
FOR
S O C I A L W O R S H I P ,
More particularly designed for the Use of the
TABERNACLE a n d C H A P E L
CONGREGATIONS in LONDON.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late of Pembroke College, Oxford.

AND

Chaplain to the Rt Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

Sing ye Praises with Understanding. Psalm 47:7.

THE TWENTY-THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by HENRY COCK,

And to be sold at the Chapel, Tottenham-Court
Road; and at the Tabernacle, near Moor-fields.

MDCCLXXVII.

Quinta Press

Meadow View, Quinta Crescent, Weston Rhyn, Oswestry,
Shropshire, England, SY10 7RN

Visit our web-site: <http://www.quintapress.com>

Part of the CD-ROM Collection of the Works of George
Whitefield

The layout of this document is © 2000 Quinta Press

*All rights reserved. No part of this publication, in this layout form,
may be reproduced by any means, electronic, mechanical, including
photocopying or printing, or any information storage and retrieval
system, without permission from the publisher.*

Taken from a copy in the Evangelical Library, 78a Chiltern
Street, London, W1M 2HB, telephone (44)(0)20 7935 6997.
A printed copy of this volume is available for loan from the
Library.

P R E F A C E .

COURTEOUS READER.

IF thou art acquainted with the *Divine Life*, I need not inform thee that altho' all the Acts and Exercises of Devotion are sweet and delightful, yet we never resemble the Blessed Worshippers above more than when we are joining together in public Devotions, and with Hearts and Lips unfeigned, singing Praises to him who sitteth upon the Throne for ever. Consequently, Hymns composed for such a Purpose ought to abound much in Thanksgiving, and to be of such a Nature, that all who attend may join in them without being obliged to sing Lies, or not sing at all.—Upon this Plan the following Collection of Hymns is founded:—They are intended purely for social Worship, and so altered in some Particulars, that I think all may safely concur in using them—They are short, because I think three or four Stanzas, with a Doxology, are sufficient to be sung at one Time. I am no great Friend to long Sermons, long Prayers, or long Hymns. They generally weary instead of edifying, and therefore I think should be avoided by those who preside in any public Worshipping Assembly. Besides, as the Generality of those who receive the Gospel are commonly the Poor of the Flock, I have studied Cheapness, as well as Conciseness. Much in a little is what God gives us in his Word—And the more we imitate such a Method in our public Performances and Devotions, the nearer we come up to the Pattern given us in the Mount.—I think myself justifiable in publishing some Hymns by way of Dialogue for the Use of the Society, because something like it is practised in our Cathedral Churches; but much more so because the Celestial Choir is represented in the Book of the Revelations, answering one another in their heavenly Anthems. That we all may be inspired and warmed with a like divine Fire whilst singing below, and be translated after Death to join with them in singing the Song of Moses and the Lamb above, is the earnest Prayer of, Courteous Reader,

Thy ready Servant, for Christ's Sake,

G. W.

GENERAL INDEX.

A

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
A Good High Priest is come,	159	41
Ah! lovely Appearance of Death,	165	48
Alas! and did our Saviour bleed	96	108
All Glory to God, and Peace upon Earth,	167	50
All-wise, all-good, Almighty Lord,	170	54
And are we Wretches yet alive?	101	114
Array'd in mortal Flesh,	33	24
Attend while God's eternal Son,	78	84
Awake our Souls, away our Fears;	81	88
Awake, and sing the Song	52	46
Away from ev'ry mortal Care,	104	118
Away with our Fears!	168	51

B

Be present at our Table Lord,	177	
Before Jehovah's awful Throne,	202	86
Before the great Three-One	239	
Begin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,	91	102
Behold what wond'rous Grace,	68	65
Bless, O my Soul, the living God,	22	8
Blessed are the Sons of God,	134	14
Bless'd Morning, whose young dawning Rays,	92	103
Blest are the Souls that hear and know	72	72
Blest be the Father, and his Love,	58	52
Blest be the dear uniting Love,	149	31
Blest by Jesu's Providence,	148	30
Blood has a Voice to pierce the Skies,	103	117
Blood of Jesu's Wounds, how good,	128	7
Blow ye the Trumpet, blow	201	84
Brethren sing—'tis right you should,	136	16
Brethren, let us join to Bless	150	33
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night,	35	25

A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship

C

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Children of Isr'el, see what Shade	132	12
Children of the heav'nly King,	152	35
Christ, from whom all Blessings flow,	145	26
Christ, whose Glory fills the Skies	26	14
Clap your Hands, ye People all,	48	41
Come Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire,	15	
Come divine Immanuel, come,	151	34
Come let us lift our joyful Eyes	102	115
Come thou Fount of ev'ry Blessing!	186	67
Come we that love the Lord,	136	17
Come worship at Immanuel's Feet,	19	4
Come, Holy Ghost, our Hearts inspire,	37	28
Come, all harmonious Tongues,	94	105
Come, and let us sweetly join,	141	22
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,	74	77
Come, descend, O heav'nly Spirit,	214	98
Come, guilty Souls, and flee away,	76	80
Come, happy Souls, approach your God,	98	111
Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,	89	99
Come, let us adore	25	13
Come, let us ascend,	194	78
Come, let us join our cheerful Songs	53	48
Come, my Brethren, Isr'el's Race,	53	47
Come, my Father's Family,	124	3
Come, my Soul, before the Lamb,	81	87
Come, thou Almighty King,	184	65
Come, thou long expected Jesus,	169	52
Come, ye Lovers of the Lamb,	124	4
Come, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,	218	103
Creator Spirit by whose Aid	36	27

D

Dearest Saviour help thy Servant,	242	125
Dearest of all the Names above,	106	122
Deep in the Dust, before thy Throne,	70	69
Descend from Heav'n immortal Dove,	76	79

THE WORKS OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Descend, celestial Dove!	108	124
Disciples of Christ,	107	123
Dismiss us with thy Blessing Lord,	232	
Down headlong from the native Skies,	98	110

E

Ere I sleep, for ev'ry Favour,	177	59
--------------------------------	-----	----

F

Faithful Bridegroom, holy Lamb!	196	79
Far from our Thoughts, vain World be gone,	18	2
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	230	
Father, Son, and Spirit, hear	143	24
Father, our Hearts we lift	41	33
Firm as the Earth thy Gospel stands,	243	126
From all that dwell below the Skies,	74	76
From thee, my God, my Joys shall rise,	209	94

G

Give thanks to God most high,	73	75
Give to the Father Praise,	231	
Giver of Concord, Prince of Peace,	140	21
Glory be to God on high,	66	63
Glory to our gracious Donor,	198	81
Glory, Honour, Praise and Power,	233	
God of my Salvation, hear,	212	96
Grace, how exceeding sweet to those	192	74
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,	234	117

H

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord	58	53
Hail the Day that sees him rise,	50	43
Happy he who e'er believes,	87	96
Happy the Heart where Graces reign,	216	101
Hark the Herald Angels sing	39	31
Hark! dull Soul, how ev'ry Thing	78	83
He comes! he comes! the Judge severe:	181	63
He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!	199	82

A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Head of the Church triumphant	138	19
Hence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone	220	105
Hither ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,	20	5
Ho! Pilgrims (if ye Pilgrims be)	135	15
Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,	203	87
Holy Lamb who thee receive,	85	94
Hosanna to Jesus on high!	163	46
Hosanna to our conqu'ring King!	71	71
Hosanna to the Prince of Light,	49	42
How Pleasant, how divinely fair,	31	22
How can we adore,	56	51
How condescending, and how kind,	226	113
How empty was our former Boast,	229	116
How glorious the Lamb	69	68
How heavy is the Night,	35	26
How many Years have we been driv'n,	113	129
How sad our State by Nature is,	64	60
Husband of thy Church below,	144	25

I

I will lay me down to sleep,	232	
If Jesus is yours, You have a true Friend,	233	
In ev'ry Trouble sharp and strong,	194	77
In silent Sadness I'm condemn'd	226	114
Infinite Grief! amazing Woe!	95	107
Is there a Thing beneath the Sky,	97	109
Is there a Thing that moves and breaks,	200	83
I'm not asham'd to own my Lord,	225	112
I've found the Pearl of greatest Price,	206	90

J

Jesu, let thy pitying Eye	182	64
Jesu, show us thy Salvation,	179	62
Jesu, thou dost cry aloud,	219	104
Jesu, thy Blood and Righteousness,	209	93
Jesus, I love thy charming Name,	208	92
Jesus, Lord we look to thee,	147	29

THE WORKS OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Jesus, Lover of my Soul,	185	66
Jesus, come! our dearest Jesus,	166	49
Jesus, my All to Heaven is gone,	217	102
Jesus, who dy'd a World to save,	46	39
Join all the glorious Names	32	23

K

King of Saints to whom are giv'n	146	27
----------------------------------	-----	----

L

Laden with Guilt, Sinners arise,	202	85
Lamb of God, whose bleeding Love	222	107
Let Angels and Archangels sing	169	53
Let God the Father live	59	54
Let ev'ry mortal Ear attend,	21	7
Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord,	91	101
Let us, the Sheep by Jesus nam'd,	131	10
Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats,	51	45
Lo he cometh! countless Trumpets;	157	40
Long have we sat beneath the sound	84	92
Lord and God of heav'nly Pow'rs,	65	62
Lord make me faithful to my Call,	235	119
Lord of the Worlds above,	30	21
Lord what a Heav'n of saving Grace	68	66
Lord, accept our feeble Praise	197	80
Lord, how many are our Foes	24	11
Lord, look on all assembled here;	228	115
Lord, thou hast bid thy People pray,	119	136
Lord, we adore thy vast Designs,	102	116
Lord, we are vile, conceiv'd in Sin,	104	119
Lord, we come before thee now,	18	3
Lord, we would spread our sore Distress	109	126
Love brought down God's dear only Son,	193	75
Love divine, all Love excelling,	153	36
Loving Saviour, Prince of Peace,	126	6

A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship

M

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Meet and right it is to sing	65	61
Musing on my Habitation,	235	118
My God, my Life, my Love,	207	91
My God, my Portion, and my Love,	210	95
My Soul repeat his Praise,	23	9
My Soul, come meditate the Day,	161	44
My Time, oh ye Daughters of Sion, did run	241	123
My most indulgent Saviour,	188	69

N

Nature with all her Pow'r shall sing	118	135
No farther go to Night, but stay,	231	
None but Jesus will we sing,	232	
Not all the Blood of Beasts	105	121
Nothing but thy Blood, O Jesus,	243	127
Now begin the Heav'nly Theme,	190	71
Now for a Tune of lofty Praise	45	37
Now may the Spirit's Holy Fire,	17	1
Now to the Lord, a noble Song;	69	67
Now to the Pow'r of God supreme,	75	78
Now, from the Altar of our Hearts.	27	16

O

O God, how endless is thy Love,	28	17
O Jesu, our Lord,	178	61
O Lord our God, how wond'rous great	63	59
O Lord, how great's the Favour!	187	68
O Love divine, how sweet thou art,	80	86
O Saviour, thou thy Mysteries	137	18
O come let us join,	156	39
O come let us join,	172	56
O come, thou wounded Lamb of God,	79	85
O love divine, what hast thou done!	221	106
O tell me no more	215	100
Of him who did Salvation bring,	82	89
Offspring of David, David's Root;	175	57

THE WORKS OF GEORGE WHITEFIELD

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Oh the Delights, the heav'nly Joys,	94	106
Oh! for a Glance of heav'nly Day,	223	108
Once slaughter'd, now exalted Lamb,	133	13
Our God reigns, ye Lands, rejoice,	114	131
Our drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so:	86	95

P

Partners of a glorious Hope,	142	23
Plung'd in a Gulf of dark Despair,	93	104
Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow	230	
Praise ye the Lord, exalt his Name,	73	74
Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise	77	81

R

Raise your triumphant Songs,	99	112
Rejoice, the Lord is King!	139	20
Rise our Souls to Praise the Care	25	12
Rise, O ye Seed of David, rise.	130	9
Rise, my Soul! adore thy Maker;	176	58
Rise, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,	123	2

S

Salvation! O the joyful Sound!	70	70
Salvation! O the joyful Sound!	232	
Saviour of the World, attend,	111	128
Saviour, King, assume thy Pow'r,	114	130
Saviour, canst thou love a Traitor?	236	120
See, my Soul, with Wonder see	42	34
Shout to the Lord, and let our Joys	116	133
Sing to the Lord, Jehovah's Name,	72	73
Sing we to our God above,	230	
Sinners, obey the Gospel-Word,	20	6
Soldiers of Christ, arise,	154	37
Son of God! thy Blessing grant,	193	76
Source of Light and Pow'r divine,	242	124
Sure thy Name is Wonderful	54	49
Sweet is the Work, O God, our King,	30	20
Sweet the Moments, rich in Blessing,	213	97

A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship

T

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Take my poor Heart, just as it is,	192	73
Teach me the Measure of my Days,	160	43
Tell us, O Women, we wou'd know	131	11
Thanks be to God, whose faithful Love	164	47
The God of Abrah'm Praise,	237	121
The King of Glory sends his son,	38	30
The Lord of Earth and Sky,	117	134
The Lord supplies his People's Need,	23	10
The Lord, the sovereign King,	61	57
The Saviour who kept us To-day,	27	15
The Sun of Righteousness appears,	47	40
There is Land of pure Delight,	204	88
This God is the God we adore,	230	
This is the Day the Lord hath made,	29	18
Tho' Nature's Strength decay,	238	
Thou Shepherd of Isr'el divine,	191	72
Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,	126	5
Thou hidden Love of God whose Height,	155	38
Thou in whom the Gentiles trust,	83	91
Thus did the Sons of Abr'ham pass	109	125
Thy Favours, Lord, surprise our Souls;	88	97
Thy Mercy, my God, is the Theme of my Song,	240	122
'Tis finish'd! 'tis done!	162	45
'Tis finish'd, the Redeemer said,	67	64
To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,	231	
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,	230	
To God the Father's Throne,	231	
To God the only Wise,	83	90
To God who reigns enthron'd on high,	231	
To all my Vileness, Christ is Glory bright,	224	110
To him that chose us first,	61	56
To praise redeeming Love,	90	100
Try us, O God, and search the Ground	147	28

U

	<i>Page</i>	<i>Hymn</i>
Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,	89	98

V

Vain are the hopes the Sons of Men,	214	99
-------------------------------------	-----	----

W

We Bless the Prophet of the Lord,	105	120
We give immortal Praise	60	55
We magnify thy Grace, O Lord;	100	113
We sing to thee, thou Son of God,	129	8
We thank thee Lord for this our Food,	177	
Welcome sweet Day of Rest,	29	19
Welcome, welcome, blessed Servant,	224	111
Well! the Redeemer's gone	51	44
What equal Honour shall we bring,	46	38
What good News the Angels bring!	40	32
What shall we render unto thee,	189	70
When I survey the wond'rous Cross,	178	60
When shall my frozen Heart revive,	223	109
Who can have greater Cause to sing	121	1
Who hath our Report believed?	115	132
Why do we mourn departing Friends,	160	42
Why should the Children of a King,	37	29
Why was unbelieving I,	205	89
With Joy we meditate the Grace	43	35
With fiery Serpents greatly pain'd,	62	58
Worthy is Christ, our Paschal Lamb,	150	32

Y

Ye Children of my God,	171	55
Ye Seekers of God, whose diligent Care,	77	82
Ye Servants of God,	55	50
Ye serious Souls, draw near,	110	127
Ye that pass by, behold the Man,	44	36

Z

Zion's a Garden wall'd around,	85	93
--------------------------------	----	----

A HYMN

To the HOLY GHOST.

Extracted from the Ordination-Office.

COME HOLY GHOST, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost the sev'nfold Gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love,

Enable with perpetual Light
The Dullness of our blinded Sight.

Anoint and cheer our soiled Face,
With the Abundance of thy Grace.

Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!
Where thou art Guide no Ill can come.

Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And thee, of both to be, but One;

That through the Ages all along
This, this may be our endless Song;

Praise GOD, from whom all Blessings flow,

Praise Him all Creatures here below;

Praise Him above ye heavenly host,

Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

H Y M N S
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

HYMN 1.

At the Opening of Worship.

Now may the Spirit's Holy Fire,
Descending from above,
His waiting family inspire
With joy, and peace, and Love

Thee we the Comforter confess:
Unless thou'rt present here,
Our Songs of Praise are vain Address,
We utter heartless Pray'r.

Wake Heav'nly Wind, arise and come,
Blow on the drooping Field;
Our Spices then shall breathe Perfume,
And fragrant Incense yield.

Touch, with a living Coal, the Lip
That shall proclaim thy Word,
And bid each awful Hearer keep
Attention to the Lord.

Hasten the Restitution-Day,
Which now Corruption shrouds,
New Heav'ns and new Earth display,
With Jesus in the Clouds.

HYMN 2.

The Same.

FAR from our Thoughts, vain World be gone,
Let our religious Hours alone;
O may our Eyes our Saviour see;
We wait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

O warm our Hearts with Holy Fire,
And kindle there a pure Desire,
Come, our dear Jesus, from above,
And feed our Souls with heav'nly Love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare!
How sweet thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taste above,
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all Divine!
In thee thy Father's Glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angel's known

HYMN 3.

PUBLIC WORSHIP

LORD, we come before thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
Lord, on thee our Souls depend;
In Compassion now descend;
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to sing thy Praise.

In thine own appointed Way,
Now we seek thee—here we stay;
Lord we know not how to go,
'Till a Blessing thou bestow;
Send some Message from the Word,
That may joy and Peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return:
Those that are cast down, lift up;
Make them strong in Faith and Hope;
Grant that those who seek may find
Thee a God supremely kind:
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

HYMN 4.

The Same.

COME worship at Immanuel's Feet,
See in his Face what Wonders meet;
Words are too feeble to express
His Worth, his Glory, or his Grace.

When shall we climb those higher Skies;
Where Storms and Tempests never rise;
Where he unveils his lovely Face,
And shines and reigns the God of Grace.

Nor Earth, nor Air, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heaven, his full Resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace
'Till we behold him Face to Face.

HYMN 5.

Invitation.

HITHER ye Poor, ye Sick, ye Blind,
A sin disorder'd trembling Throng;
To you the Gospel calls, to you
Messiah's Blessings all belong.

Reason's and Virtue's boasting Sons
Derive no Blessings from this Tree:
For Sinners only Jesus dy'd,
Then sure I hear he dy'd for me.

'Twas with our Griefs Messiah groan'd,
'Twas with our Guilt his Soul was try'd;
Our Punishment he took, he bore,
And Sinners liv'd when Jesus dy'd.

Awake each Heart, arise each Soul,
And join the blissful Choirs above:
May nothing tune our future Song,
But heav'nly Wisdom, heav'nly Love.

HYMN 6.

The Same.

Sinners, obey the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of our Lord;
Be wise to know your glorious Day,
All Things are ready: come away.

Ready the Father is to own,
And kiss his late Returning son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.