

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
TUNES,

Set to MUSIC,

As they are commonly SUNG at the  
FOUNDRY

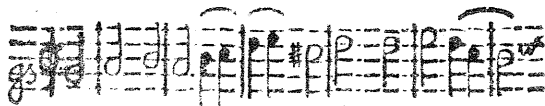
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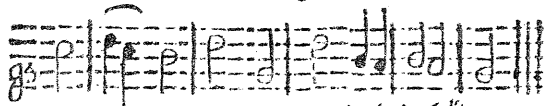
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LONDON:

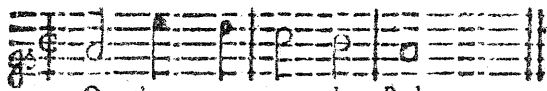
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Moorfields*. MDCCLXII.

*Hemdyke Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 101.

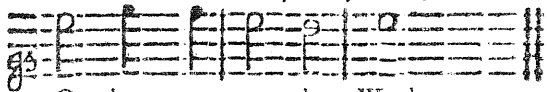
Praise be to the Fa-ther given, Christ he gave



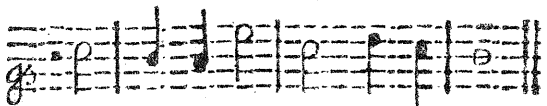
Us to save now the Heirs of Hea-ven.

*Fetter Lane Tune.* Vol. 1. P. 77.

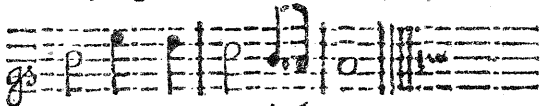
O throw a-way thy Rod,



O throw a-way thy Wrath,



My grac'ous Sa-v'our, and my God,



O take the gen-tle Path.

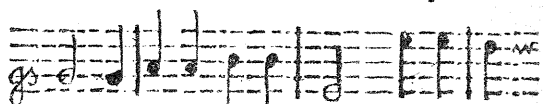
## The Resignation Tune. Vol. 2. Page 16.



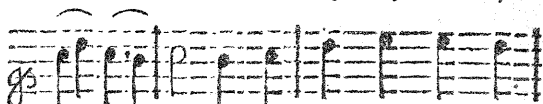
And wilt thou yet be found? And may I



still draw near? Then list--en to the plaintive



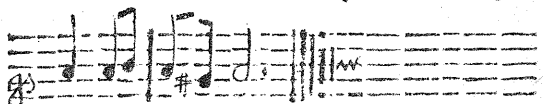
Sound of a poor Sinner's Pray'r. Je--su thy



Aid af--ford, If still the same thou art;



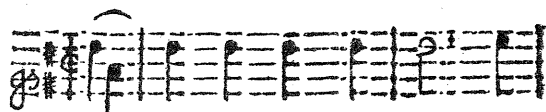
To thee, I look, to thee, my Lord, lift up



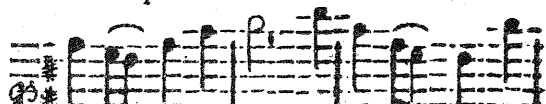
an help--less Heart.

*Jericho.*

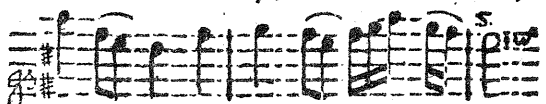
## Jericho Tune. Vol. 1. Page 141.



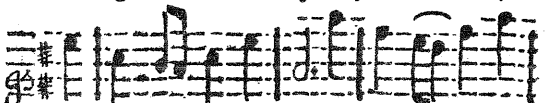
Com--mit thou all thy Grievs and  
Who points the Clouds their Course, whom



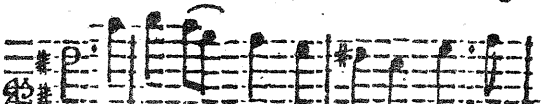
Ways in--to his Hands; to his sure Truth and  
Winds and Seas o--bey; he shall di--rect thy



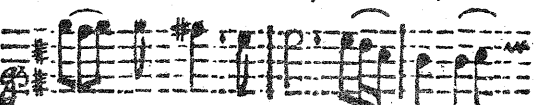
ten--der Care, who Earth and Heav'n commands.  
wand'ring Feet, he shall pre--pare the Way.



Thou on the Lord re--ly, so safe shalt thou go



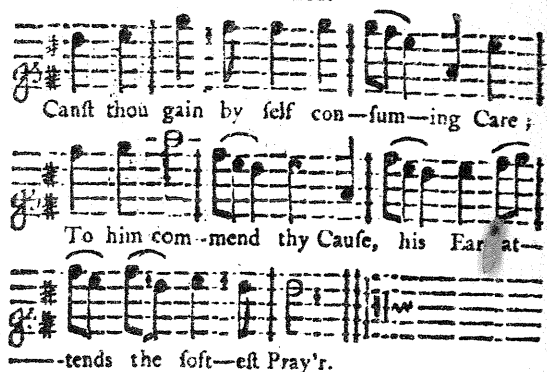
on; fix on his Work thy sted-fast Eye, so



shall thy Work be done. No Pro--fit

## A Collection of Tunes.

Continued.



Canst thou gain by self con-sum-ing Care ;  
To him com-mend thy Cause, his Ear at-  
tends the soft-est Pray'r.

*Bromswick Tune*, to the 104th Psalm.  
Vol. 2. Page 103.

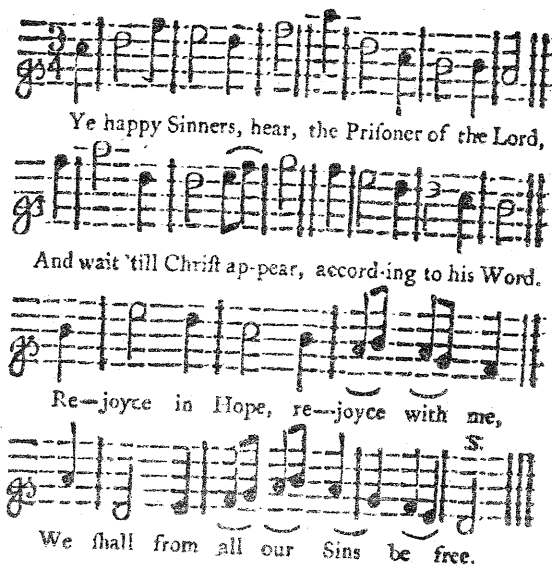


Fa-ther of Mankind, be e-ver a-dor'd,  
Thy Mercy we find in send-ing our Lord :  
To ransom and bless us, thy Goodness we praise,  
For sending in Je-fus Sal-va-tion by Grace.

St. Athol's

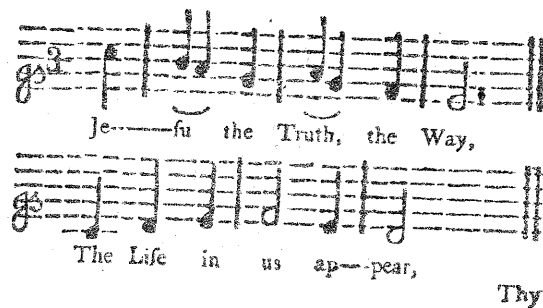
## A Collection of Tunes.

*St. Athol's Tune*. Vol. 3. Page 183.



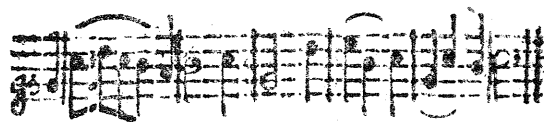
Ye happy Sinners, hear, the Prisoner of the Lord,  
And wait 'till Christ ap-pear, accord-ing to his Word.  
Re-joyce in Hope, re-joyce with me,  
We shall from all our Sins be free.

*Fonnon Tune*. Vol. 3. Page 268.



Je-su the Truth, the Way,  
The Life in us ap-pear,  
Thy

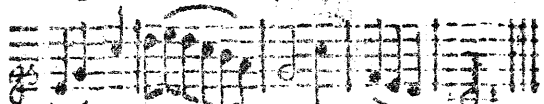
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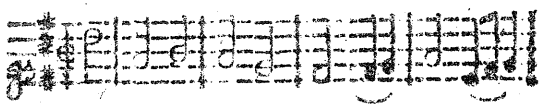
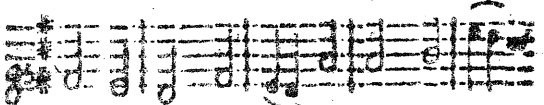
Thy Glorious Arm display, and bring Salvation near,



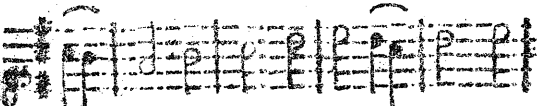
The great Sal-va-tion thou hast wrought, a



bove the Reach of hu-man Thought.

*Savannab Tune. Vol. 1. Page 175.*Then Je-sus art our King, thy cease-  
less

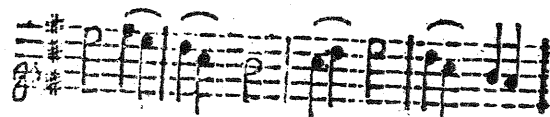
Praise we sing; Praise shall our glad Tongue em-



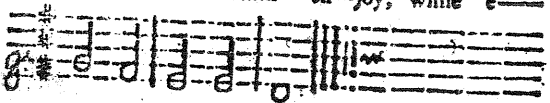
ploy, Praise o'er-flow our grate-ful Soul, while

—tal

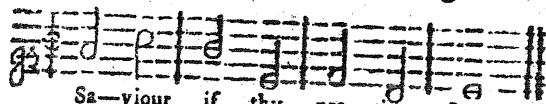
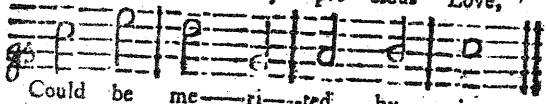
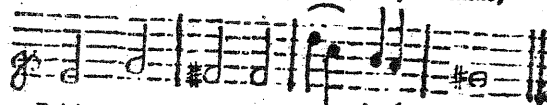
Continued.



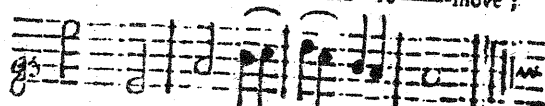
we vi-tal Breath en-joy, while e-



ter-nal A-ges roll.

*London New Tune. Vol. 1. Page 120.*Sa-  
viour if thy pre-cious Love,Could be me-ri-  
ted by mine,

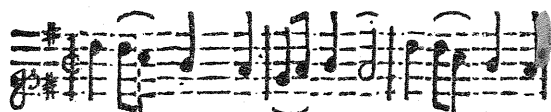
Faith these Mountains would re-move;



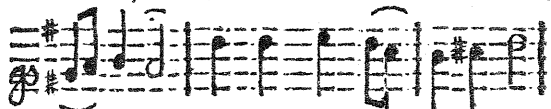
Faith would make me e-ver thine.

*Hernbuth*

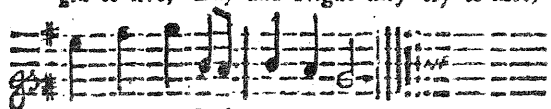
## Hernbath Tune. Vol. 2. Page 93.



Ho-ly Lamb, who thee receive, who in thee be-

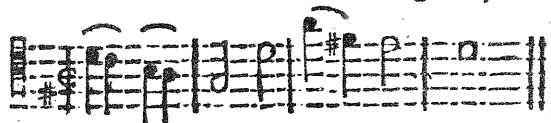


—gin to live, Day and Night they cry to thee,

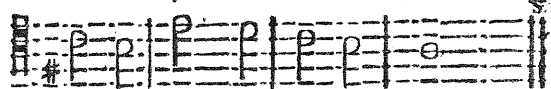


As thou art, fo let us be.

## Penmark Tune. Vol. 2. Page 107.



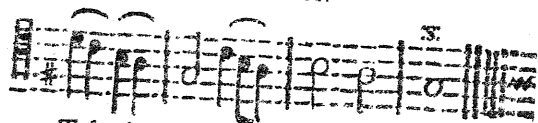
Hea-v'nly Fa-ther, So-v'reign Lord,



E-ver faith-ful to thy Word,

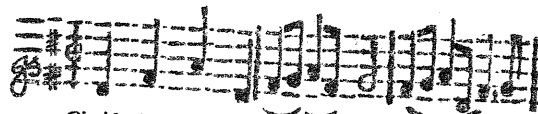
Hum-bly we our Seal fet to,  
Tef-

Continued.

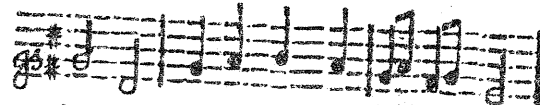


Tef-ti-fy that thou art true.

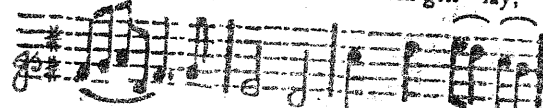
## Salisbury Tune. Vol. 1. Page 209.



Christ the Lord, is ris'n to Day, Hal-le-



—lu-jah, Sons of Men and An-gels say,



Hal-le-lu-jah. Raise your Joys and

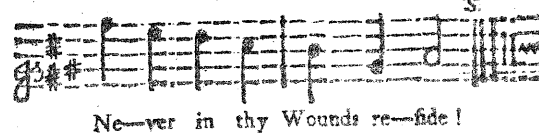
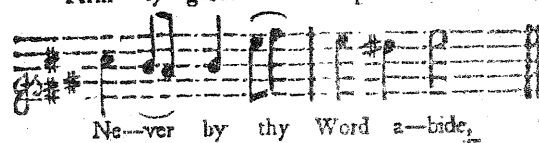
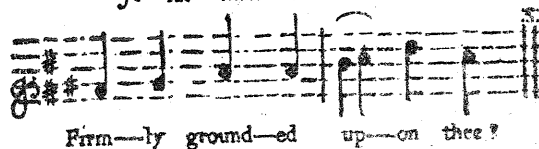


Triumphs high, Hal-le-lu-jah. Sing ye

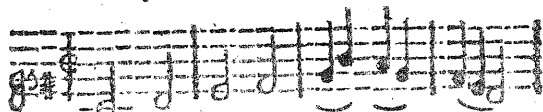


Heav'ns, and Earth re-ply. Hal-le-lu-jah.

## Frankfort Tune. Vol. 3. Page 221.



## Love Feast Tune. Vol. 2. Page 181.

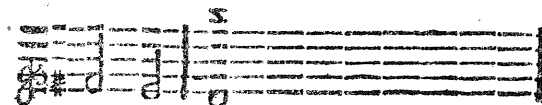


Come and let us sweet—ly joyn,  
Give me all with one Ac—cord,

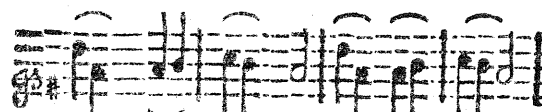


Christ to praise in, Christ to praise in  
Glo—ry to our, Glo—ry to our  
Hymn

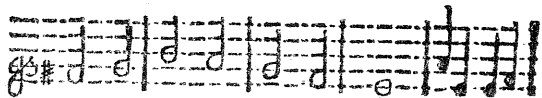
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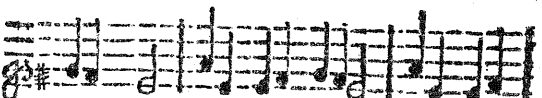
Hymns Di—vine.  
com—mon Lord.



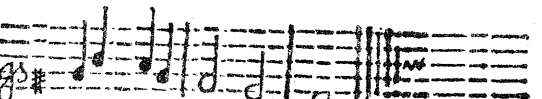
Hands and Hearts and Voi—ces raise,



Sing as in the an—tient Days, an—te—

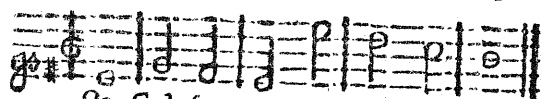


—date the Joys a—bove, ce—le—



—brate the Feast of Love.

## St. Mary's Tune. Vol. 1. Page 135.



On God fu—preme our Hono—re—pend,

B

Whole

Continued.

Whole om-ni-pre-sent Sight,  
 Ev'n to the Path-less Realms ex-tends  
 Of un-cre-a-ted Night.

St. John's Tune. Vol. 1. Page 43.

My Stock lies dead, and no In crease  
 Does thy past Gifts im-prove:  
 O let thy Gra-ces with-out cease  
 Drop gent-ly from a-bove.

Bedford

Bedford Tune. Vol. 3. P. 89.

The Lord un-to my lord hath said,  
 Sit thou in Glo-ry, sit,  
 Till I thine E-ne-mies have made  
 To bow be-neath thy Feet.

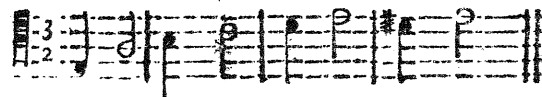
Bexley Tune. Vol. 2. Page 127.

Sa-vicour, who rea-dy art to hear (rea-  
 dier than I to pray) An-swer my scarce-ly  
 ut-ter'd Pray'r, and meet me on the Way.

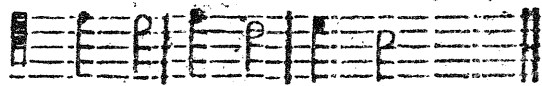
B 2

Marienborn



*Marienborn Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 35.

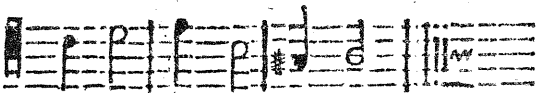
Enslav'd to Sense, to Plea—sure prone,



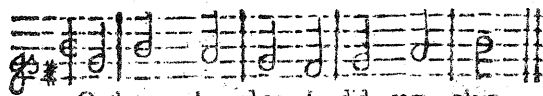
Fond of cre—ated Good;



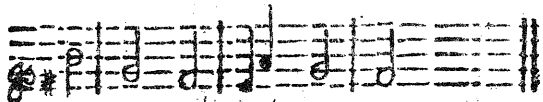
Fa—ther, our Help—less—ness we own,



And trem—bling taste our Food.

*Bristol Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 138.

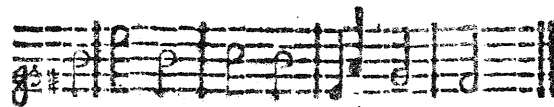
O thou, who when I did com—plain,



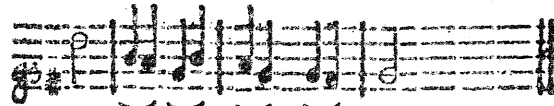
Didst all my Grievs re—move,

© Sa—

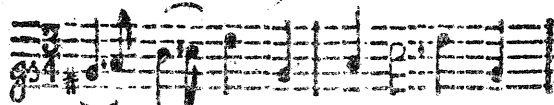
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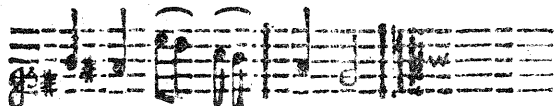
O Sa—vour do not now dis—dain,



My hum—ble Praife and Love.



Hal—le—lu—jah, Hal—le—lu—jah,



Hal—le—lu—jah. A—men.

*Wenwo Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 79.

O that thou wouldst the Hea—vens rent,

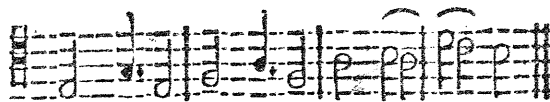


In Ma—je—sty come down!

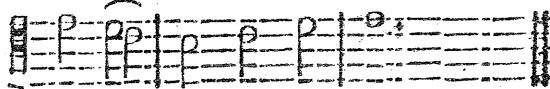
B 3

Stretch

Continued.



Stretch out thine Arm Om-ni-po-tent,

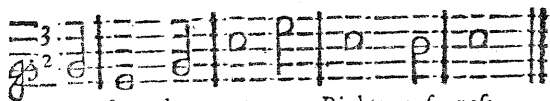


And feize me for thine own.

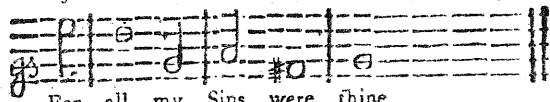


And feize me for, and feize me for thine own.

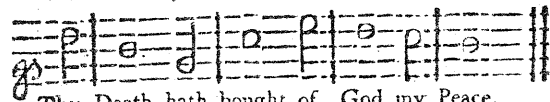
St. Matthew's Tune. Vol. 2. Page 95.



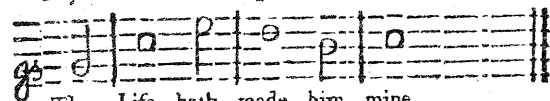
Je-su, thou art my Righte-ous-ness,



For all my Sins were thine,



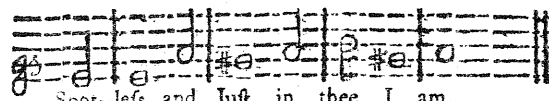
Thy Death hath bought of God my Peace,



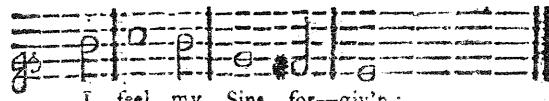
Thy Life hath made him mine.

Spot—

Continued.



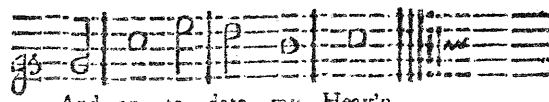
Spot-les and Just in thee I am,



I feel my Sins for-giv'n;

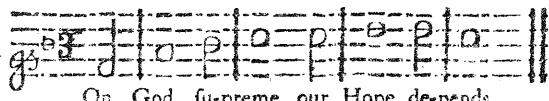


I taste Sal-va-tion in thy Name,

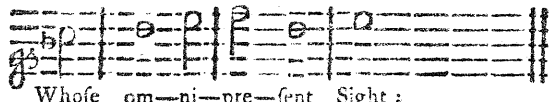


And an-te-date my Heav'n.

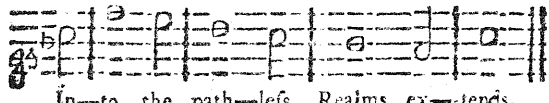
Cripplegate Tune. Vol. 3. Page 301.



On God su-preme our Hope de-pends,



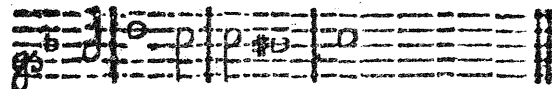
Whose om-ni-pre-sent Sight;



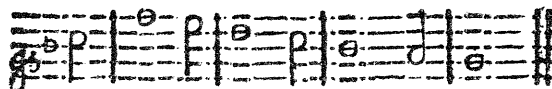
In-to the path-les Realms ex-tends,

Of

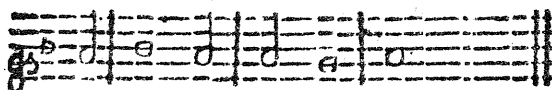
Continued.



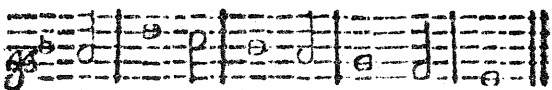
Of un-cro-s-sed Night:



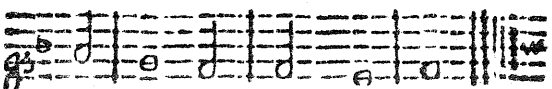
Plung'd in A-b-yss of deep Dif-tress,



To him we rais'd our Cry,



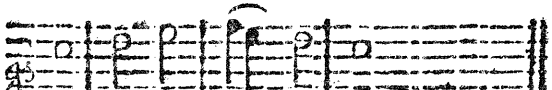
His Mer-cy bid our Sor-rows cease,



And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.

*Bramble-croft Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 102.

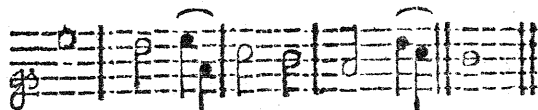
Let Heav'n and Earth a-gree,



The Pa-ther's Praise to sing,

Who

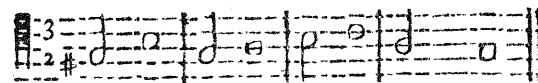
Continued.



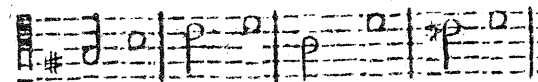
Who draws us to the Son, that he



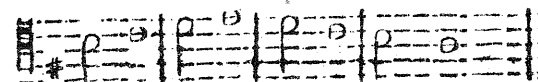
May us to Glo-ry bring.

*Angel's Hymn Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 87.

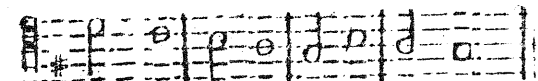
Who hath be-liev'd the Ti-dings? who?



Or felt the Joys our Words im-part?

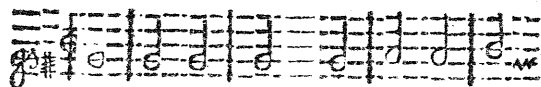


Gladly confess'd our Re-cord true,

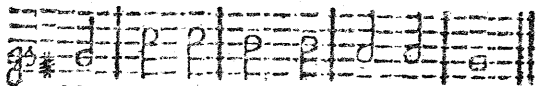


And found the Saviour in his Heart.

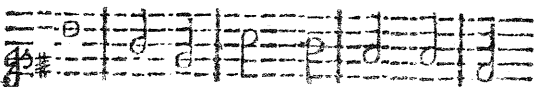
*Cannon*

*Cannon Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 177.

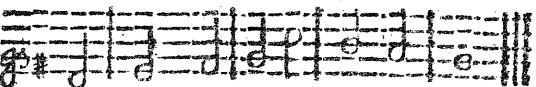
Je--su, thy Blood, and Righteous-ness,



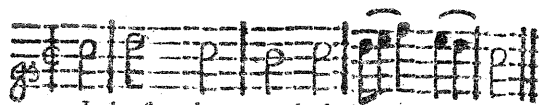
My Beau--ty are, my glorious Dres.



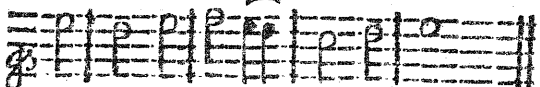
'Midst flaming Worlds in these ar-ray'd



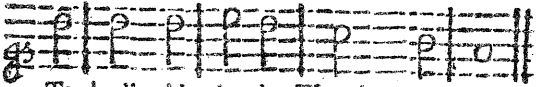
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

*First German Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 74.

I thurst, thou wound ed Lamb of God,

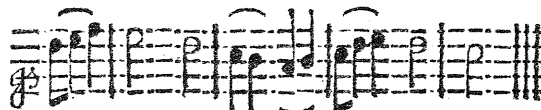


To wash me in thy cleansing Blood,

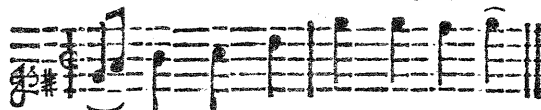


To dwell with--in thy Wounds; then Pain

Continued.



Is sweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

*Leipsick Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 97.

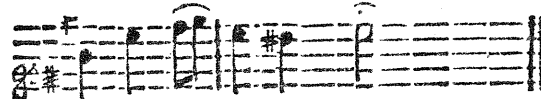
Je--su! my Life, thy--self ap-ply,



Thy ho--ly Spi--rit breathe,



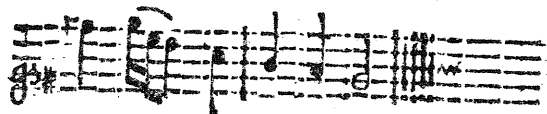
My vile Af--fecti--ons cru--ci--fy,



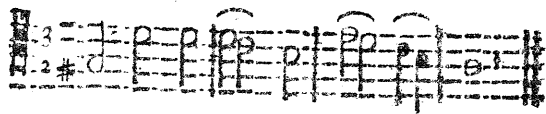
Conform me to thy Death.



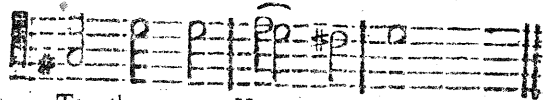
Continued.



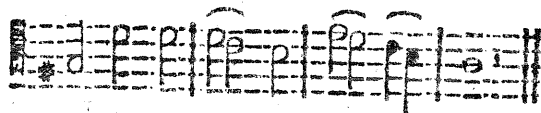
## Jera Tune. Vol. 1. Page 36.



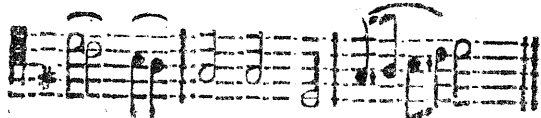
Be—ing of Be—ings, God of Love,



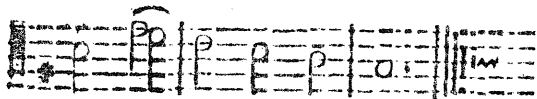
To thee, our Hearts we raise;



Thy all-fuf-tain—ing Pow'r we prove,



And glad—ly fing thy Praise.



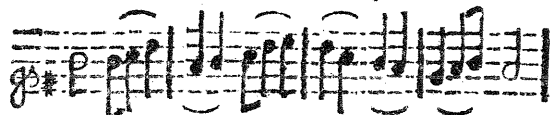
And glad—ly fing thy Praise.

Second

Second German Tune. Vol. 1. Page 94.



My Soul be—fore thee prostrate lies,



To thee her Source my Spi—rit flies,



My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see:

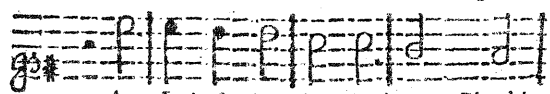


O let thy Pre—sence set me free!

## Crucifixion Tune. Vol. 1. Page 117.



And can it be that I should gain

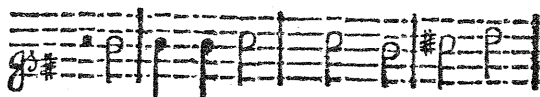


An Int'rest in the Saviour's Blood!

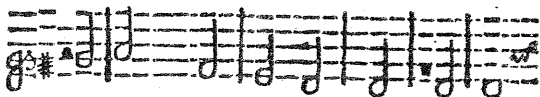
C

Dy'd

Continued.



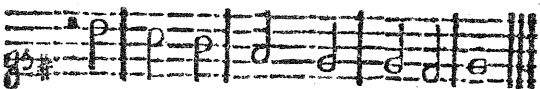
Dy'd he for me?— who caus'd his Pain!



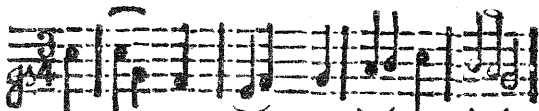
For me?— who him to Death pur--fu'd.



A--ma--zing Love! how can it be,



That thou, my God, shouldst die for me.

*Islington Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 169.

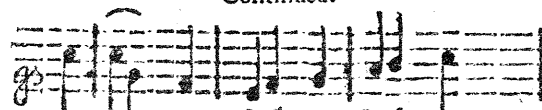
Bro--ther in Christ, and well--be--lov'd,



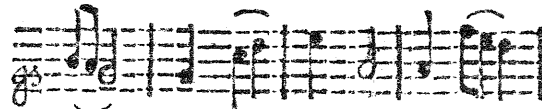
to Je--sus, and his Ser--vants dear,

Enter,

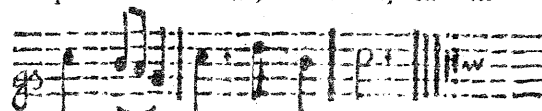
Continued.



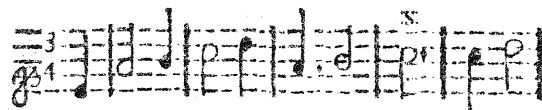
En--ter, and shew thy--self ap--



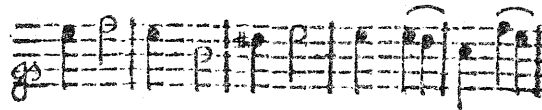
prov'd, en--ter, and find, en--ter



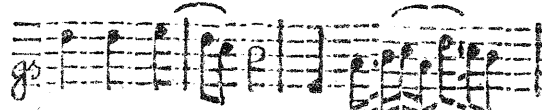
and find that God is here!

*Tans'ur's Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 278.

O that the Life--in--fu--sing Grace, the pure



and per--fect Peace of God, might now descend



on Is--rael's Race, the Church,

C 2

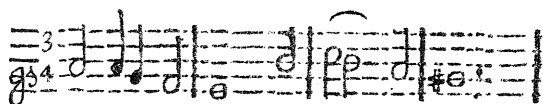
the

Continued.

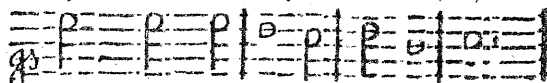


the Church, he purchas'd with his Blood :

Clark's Tune. Vol. 1. Page 122.



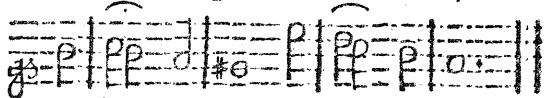
Je—su to thee, my Heart I bow,



Strange Flames far from my Soul re—move ;

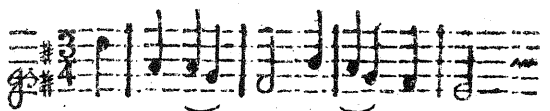


Fair—est a—mong ten thou—sand thou,



Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

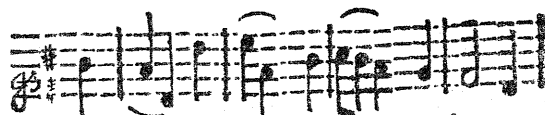
Cardiff Tune. Vol. 3. Page 115.



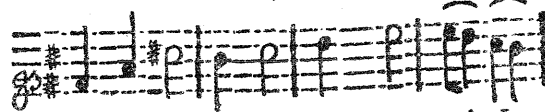
Come. O thou Tra—vel—ler un—known,

Whom

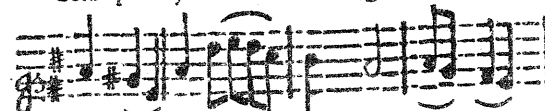
Continued.



Whom still I hold, but can—not see, my



Com—pa—ny be—fore is gone, and I



am left a—lone with thee, with thee

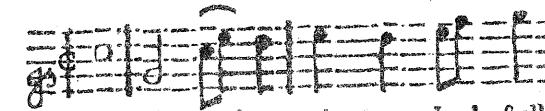


all Night I mean to stay, and wrestle 'till



the Break of Day.

Amsterdam Tune. Vol. 3. Page 210.

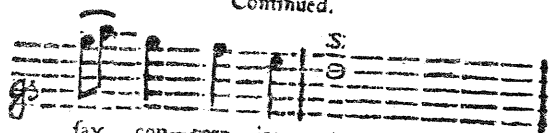


I will heark-en what my Lord shall  
Hast thou not a gra—cious Word for

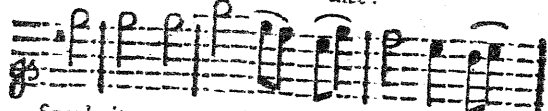
C 3

lay

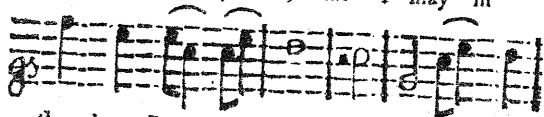
Continued.



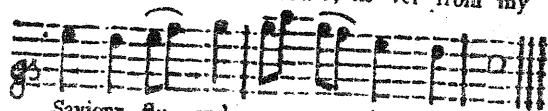
say con-cern-ing me.  
one that waits on thee?



Speak it to my Soul, that I may in

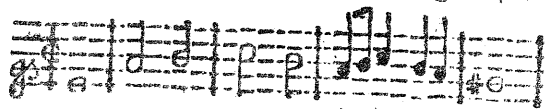


thee have Peace and Pow'r, ne-ver from my



Saviour fly, and ne-ver grieve thee more.

*Slow German Tune.* Vol. 3. Page 142.

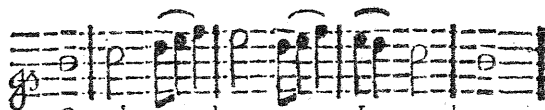


My Father, O my Fa-ther, hear  
Now as a Servant I ap-pear,



thy weak-est Child's im-per-fect Call!  
and yet thou know'st me Heir of all.

Continued.



O make me know as I am known;



Speak, Fa-ther, am I not thy Son?

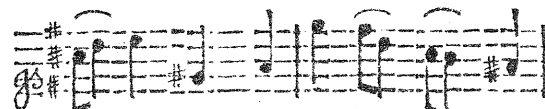
Vol. 2. Page 26.



Je-sus, the all-a-ton-ing Lamb,  
Sal-va-tion in whole on-ly Name



Lo-ver of lost Man-kind,  
A fin-ful World can find:



I ask thy Grace to make me clean,

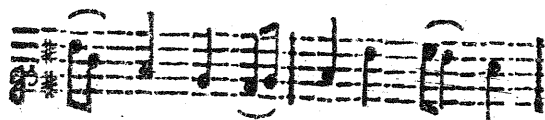


I come to thee, my God:

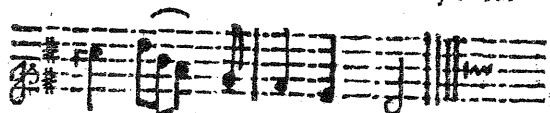
Open.



Continued.

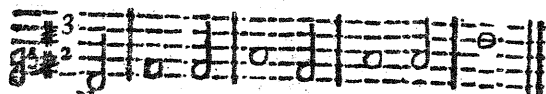


O—pen, O Lord, for this Day's Sin

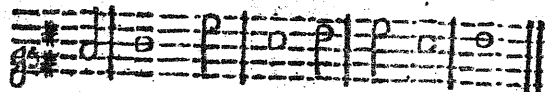


The Foun—tain of thy Blood.

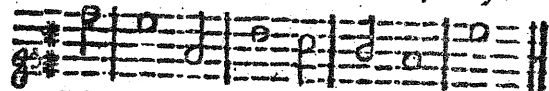
St. Luke's Tune.. Vol. 1. Page 132.



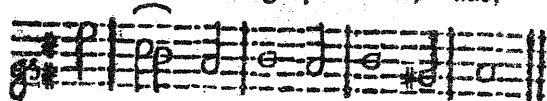
No common Vi—sion this I see



In more than hu—man Ma—je—sty!



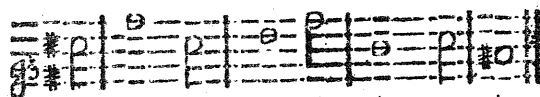
Who is this might-y He—ro, who,



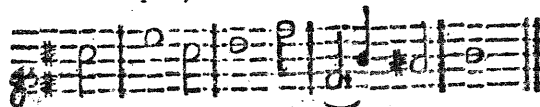
With glo—rious Ter—ror on his Brow?

His

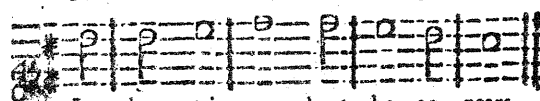
Continued.



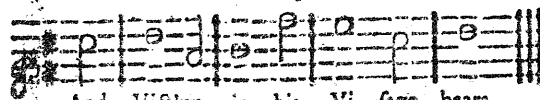
His deep dy'd Crim—son Robes out—vie



The Blushes of the Morn—ing Sky:

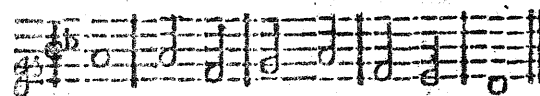


Lo, how tri—um—phant he ap—pears

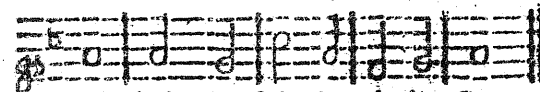


And Vi&amp;ry in his Vi—sage bears.

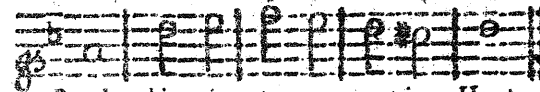
Playford's Tune. Vol. 2. Page 131.



Fa—ther, if thou my Fa—ther art,



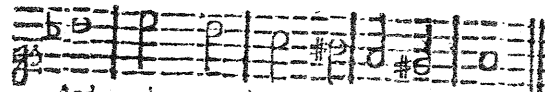
Send forth the Spi—rit of thy Son,



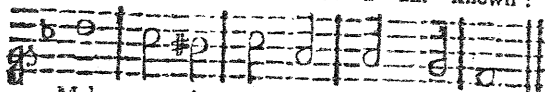
Breathe him in—to my pant—ing Heart,

And

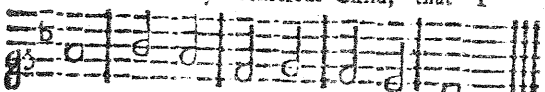
Continued.



And make me know as I am known:

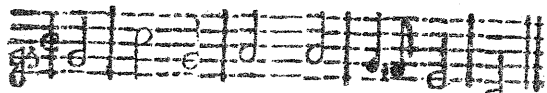


Make me thy conscious Child, that I

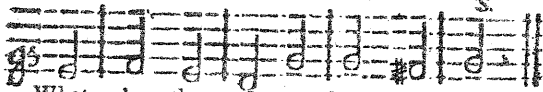


May Fa-ther, Ab-ba, Fa-ther cry.

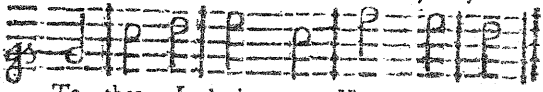
*Swift German Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 85.



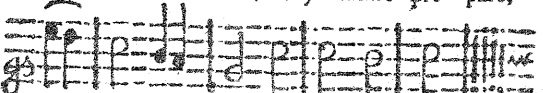
Fa-ther of Light, from whom pro-ceeds:  
Whose Goodness pro-vi-dent-ly nigh



What-e'er thy ev-ry Crea-ture needs,  
Feeds the young Ra-vens when they cry.



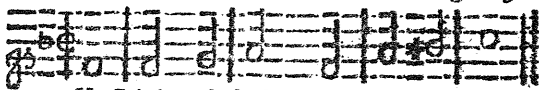
To thee, I look; my Heart pre-pare,



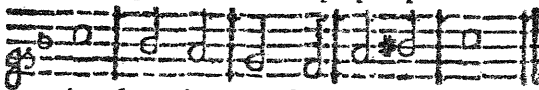
Sug-gest and heark-en to my Pray'r.

The

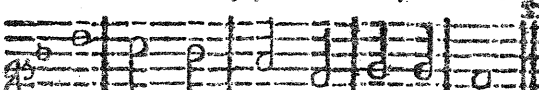
*The 113th Psalm Tune.* Vol. 1. Page 136.



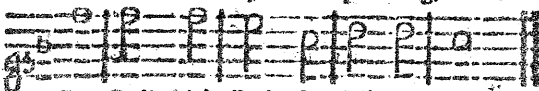
Ye Priests of God, whose hap-py Days  
Ye pi-ous Wor-ship-pers pro-claim



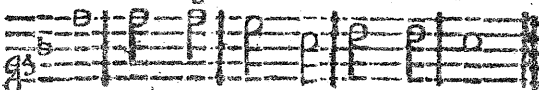
Are spent in your Cre-a-tor's Praise,  
With Shouts of Joy his ho-ly Name;



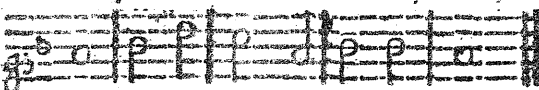
Still more and more his Fame ex-prefs!  
Nor fa-tis-fy'd with prai-sing, blefs.



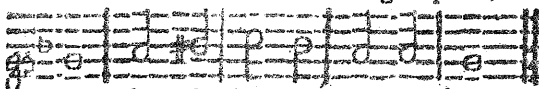
Let God's high Prai-ses still re-sound



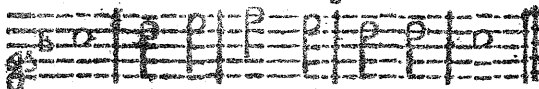
Be-yond- old Time's too scan-ty Bound,



And thro' e-ter-nal A-ges pierce,

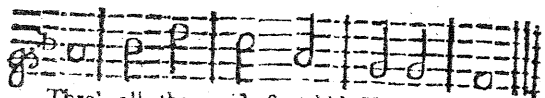


From where the Sun first gilds the Streams

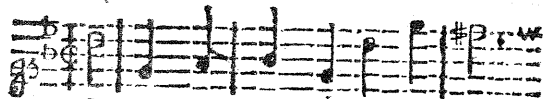


To where he sets with purpled Beams.

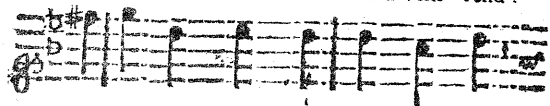
Continued.



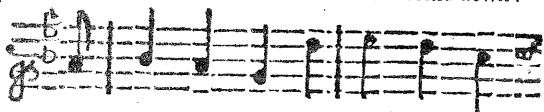
Thro' all the wide-stretch'd U—ni—verse.

*Evesham Tune.* Vol. 2. Page 200.

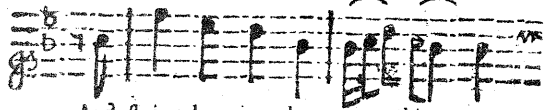
O that thou would'st the Hea-vens rend!



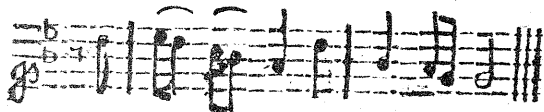
O that thou would'st this Hour come down!



De—scend Al—migh—ty God, de—scend,



And strong—ly vi—di—cate thine own,



And strong—ly vi—di—cate thine own.

F I N I S.