## AN ADDITION TO THE SUPPLEMENT OF KIPPIS'S COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND PSALMS, FOR PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP, PP. 69-159

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### **EDMUND KELL**

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#### ADDITION TO THE SUPPLEMENT

OF

#### KIPPIS'S COLLECTION

OF.

## HYMNS AND PSALMS,

POS.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

BY THE

REV. EDMUND KELL, M.A., F.S.A.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON; LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS. 1852

147. a. 115.

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#### ADDITIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

### 95. L.M. PIERPONT.

Universal worship.

- 1 O THOU, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung, Whom kings adored in song sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue!
- 2 Not now on Zion's height alone Thy favoured worshiper may dwell, Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son Sat weary by the patriarch's well.
- 3 From every place below the skies, The grateful song, the fervent prayer, The incense of the heart, may rise To heaven, and find acceptance there.
- 4 To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength and beauty, bend the knee, And childhood lisp, with reverent air, Its praises and its prayers to thee.
- 5 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time, The lyre of prophet bards was strung! To thee, at last, in every clime Shall temples rise, and praise be sung.

#### 96. L.M. H.H.M.

Continual praise to Gon.

1 WE bless thee, LORD!—the matin skies Shall see our altar's incense rise,

- The fragrance of the morning air Shall mingle with the breath of prayer,—
- 2 And the first sound o'er earth and sea Shall be the hymn of praise to thee! We bless thee, LORD! the mid-day sun Our orisons shall look upon.
- 3 Amid the world's contending tide, Our willing hearts shall turn aside To worship thee — as He hath taught, Who often such communion sought.
- 4 We bless thee, LORD! the sunset dyes Shall gild our evening sacrifice, And night shall only close us o'er, That we may bless thy goodness more.
- 5 So shall each day successive be One long continued thought of thee; The light of peace around us shed, And heaven begun ere life is fled.

### 97. P.M. BOWRING.

Spiritual worship.

1 WHEN before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near:
Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought — is less than nought;
Thou our God, art all in all.