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The enlargement of the Psalmody came before the Assembly again early in the XIXth century, and specimens of "Additional Psalmody" were submitted in 1811, 1814 and 1820. The latter were printed as *Additional Psalmody*; submitted to the *General Assembly, 1820*; and printed by their order, for the inspection of *Presbyteries* (Edinburgh; Peter Hill & Company, 1821). Its thirty-two Psalm versions aim at introducing metrical variety: its seventeen phrases of other Scriptures include "Father, whate'er of worldly bliss" (I Tim. vi, 6-8), and "Lo! he comes with clouds descending" (Rev. i, 7). These efforts were quite futile and deservedly so. And nothing was accomplished until after the middle of the XIXth century, when the Church came under the general influences that play upon and mould modern Church Song in all denominations, notably the powerful influences emanating from Oxford.



ADDITIONAL

PSALMODY;

SUBMITTED TO THE

GENERAL ASSEMBLY,

1820;

And Printed by their Order,

FOR THE

INSPECTION OF PRESBYTERIES.

Church of Scotland

EDINBURGH:

PETER HILL & COMPANY.

1821.

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THE Pieces to which an asterisk is prefixed have never been printed before, except in the Specimens submitted to Presbyteries in 1811 and 1814.

Some of the others are materially altered from the form in which they may be found elsewhere.

ADDITIONAL PSALMODY.

I.

PSALM III.*

- 1 O LORD, how do my griefs abound!
How many foes my path surround!
 “ While of my soul they say,
 “ No help for him in God remains,
 “ Behold ! his God his prayer disdains,
 “ And leaves him for our prey.”
- 2 But Thou my shield and glory art ;
Thou hast sustained my fainting heart,
 And heard my earnest pray’r.
Thou to my prayer dost answer make ;
In peace I sleep, in peace I wake,
 Protected by Thy care.
- 3 Though thousands may against me rise,
Fearless on Thee my soul relies,
 Who savest the opprest.
Thou, Lord, hast overthrown my foes :
O Thou, from whom salvation flows,
 Thy saints are ever blest !

PSALM viii.*

- 1 THROUGH all the boundless realms of space,
 In earth below, and heaven above,

- Thy glory, O my God, I trace,
 And read the wonders of thy love.
 To Thee be endless praise addressed,
 O Thou, the Mightiest, First and Best.
- 2 On Nature's book, 'Thine awful name
 Thou hast inscribed so simply clear,
 That infant lips thy praise proclaim,
 And trembling infidels revere.
 'Thy foes—their impious rage repress'd—
 Confess Thee Mightiest, First and Best.
- 3 When round the glorious orb of night
 Unnumber'd stars in silence shine,
 With awe I view the heavenly light,
 And own the Maker's hand divine.
 Thousands of worlds by Thee are blest,
 O Thou the Mightiest, First and Best.
- 4 And what, O Lord, is man, I cry,
 That he thy tender love should share ;
 That thou shouldst, from thy throne on high,
 Protect him with a father's care.
 By Thee the son of man is blest,
 O Thou the Mightiest, First and Best.
- 5 Him next thine angels thou hast made,
 Thy works hast given to his control ;
 With glory Thou hast crown'd his head,
 And stamp't thine image on his soul.
 By Thee the son of man is blest,
 O thou, the Mightiest, First and Best.
- 6 All living creatures own his sway,
 That browse the mountain or the field ;
 The lowing herds his voice obey ;
 To him the flocks submission yield.
 By Thee the son of man is blest,
 O Thou the Mightiest, First and Best.

- 7 Whatever skims the vaulted sky,
 Or glides beneath the swelling wave,
 His wants or pleasures to supply,
 Thy bounteous hand indulgent gave.
 By Thee the son of man is blest,
 O Thou the Mightiest, First and Best,
- 8 Through all the boundless realms of space,
 In earth below, and heaven above,
 Thy glory, O my God, I trace,
 And read the wonders of thy love.
 To Thee be endless praise addressed,
 O 'Thou the Mightiest, First and Best.

PSALM XIII.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, how long
 Wilt thou conceal thy face?
 How long wilt thou refuse to me
 The succours of thy grace?
- 2 While sorrow wrings my heart,
 And black despondence reigns,
 Satan exults at my complaints,
 And triumphs in my pains.
- 4 O let thy Spirit, Lord,
 Dispel the shades of night;
 To my deserted mourning soul
 Restore Thou peace and light.
- 4 While scoffers at thy word
 Deride the pangs I feel,
 Deem my religion insincere,
 Or call it useless zeal,
- 5 Yet will I never change,
 Nor falter in my trust;
 I know thee, Lord, a powerful friend,
 And kind, and wise, and just.

- 6 How shall I doubt thy love,
 So largely shewn to me!
 Past favour shall renew my hope,
 And fix my faith in thee.
- 7 Almighty God! my tongue
 Thy praises shall prolong;
 For all thy bounty warms my breast,
 And rapture swells my song.

PSALM XIX. 1—7.*

- 1 THE heavens, sublime in beauty, tell
 Their Maker's ever glorious name,
 And all the orbs that roll on high,
 Their great Creator's power proclaim.
- 2 Where'er the peopled earth extends,
 In solemn strains they teach mankind,
 How wise is the Almighty Lord,
 How watchful, provident, and kind!
- 3 Night following day in grateful change,
 And cheerful day succeeding night,
 Proclaim the Sovereign Lord of all,
 Supreme in goodness as in might.
- 4 Like bridegroom, issues forth the sun,
 To run in strength his destin'd way;
 And o'er th' expanse of earth and sea
 Pours wide the living stream of day.
- 5 Unwearied in his radiant course
 His path around the sky he takes;
 Conveys to all his genial warmth,
 And life, and health, and vigour wakes.
- 6 The heavens, sublime in beauty, tell
 Their Maker's ever glorious name,
 And all the orbs that roll on high,
 Their great Creator's power proclaim.

PSALM XXX.

- 1 O LORD, thee will I magnify,
 For thou hast lifted me on high ;
 And mad'st me not a scorn to those,
 Who were my life's professed foes.
- 2 O Lord my God, I cried to thee,
 Who hast in mercy healed me ;
 My soul thou broughtest from the grave,
 And from the pit of hell didst save.
- 3 All ye His saints, your voices raise,
 'To sing your Maker's endless praise ;
 In grateful songs for ever bless,
 And magnify his holiness :
- 4 For one short moment lasts his wrath ;
 His favour life restored hath.
 Our weeping may endure a night,
 But joy returns with morning light.
- 5 In my prosperity I said,
 " My firm foundation now is laid,
 " My mountain standeth firm and strong,
 " I shall on earth continue long."
- 6 While thus exalted in my thought,
 I was to sudden trouble brought ;
 And, soon as thou didst hide thy face,
 My comforts vanish'd all apace.
- 7 Then unto thee, O Lord, did I
 With humble supplication cry ;
 To thee did my complaint address,
 Thus pouring forth my heaviness :
- 8 " O thou most glorious, most good,
 " What profit is there in my blood ?
 " How can I publish thy renown
 " If to the pit my soul go down ?

- 9 “ Shall silent dust, or darkness have
 “ A tongue to praise thee in the grave?
 “ Or those in earth who closed are,
 “ From their low cell thy truth declare?
 10 Thou didst an ear of mercy lend,
 And, from thy dwelling, succour send:
 Yea, thou the grief for which I mourn’d
 Hast into song and gladness turn’d;
 11 My sackcloth thou didst take away,
 And me in cheerful robes array,
 That I thy praises might renew,
 To whom unceasing thanks are due.

PSALM xli. 1—4.*

- 1 BLEST is he, whose labours holy,
 Comforting the poor and lowly,
 Sooth them with a brother’s care!
 Blest is he! Divine protection
 Shall relieve him in affliction;
 Peace unending he shall share.
 2 Thou wilt bless the willing giver,
 And his days prolong for ever;
 Thou wilt all his foes restrain:
 Thou wilt comfort him in anguish.
 If in sickness sore he languish,
 Thou wilt smooth the bed of pain.

PSALM xlii.

- 1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 With thirst and toil exhausted in the chase;
 So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings!
 So doth it thirst to reach thy resting-place.
 2 Tears were the food on which my soul was fed,
 While taunting foes derided my despair:

“ Say, where is now thy great deliverer fled ?

“ Thy mighty God, deserted wanderer, where ?”

3 Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice-happy days,

When to thy house I led the holy throng ;

Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,

And all our joys were closed with sacred song.

Why throb, my heart ? why sink my mourning soul ?

Why droop to earth with many wões oppress'd ?

My days shall yet in happy current roll,

And joy be yet an inmate of my breast.

By Jordan's banks with devious steps I stray,

O'er Hermon's rugged rocks and deserts drear ;

But there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,

There thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer

6 In rapid floods the swelling torrents roll,

Harsh-sounding cataracts around me roar ;

Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,

And toss my straining bark from shore to shore ;

But yet thy mercies, ever in my sight,

My heart shall gladden through the tedious day ;

And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,

To thee my soul shall pour the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope ! great solace of my heart !

Ah ! why desert the offspring of thy care,

While taunting foes thus point their keenest dart,

“ Where's now thy God ! forsaken wanderer,

“ where ?”

Faint not, my soul ! doubt not JEHOVAH's aid !

Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove !

Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid,

And thou shalt praise Him for His watchful love

PSALM LI.*

1 O LET Thy loving kindness, Lord,

Extend in mercy unto me :

- And let Thy boundless love afford
 Pardon to mine iniquity.
- 2 O wash me thoroughly within :
 O cleanse me, and my soul renew :
 For I acknowledge all my sin,
 It is for ever in my view.
- 3 Lord against Thee did I transgress ;
 Thine eye my foul offences saw :
 Thy righteous judgment I confess,
 And bow before Thy holy law.
- 4 Corrupted is my inmost frame,
 Impure my very birth hath been :
 How shall I wash away my shame,
 Or bid my guilty soul be clean !
- 5 O Thou, who in the inward part
 Desirest truth and faith sincere :
 Incline Thou my corrupted heart,
 Thy wisdom's heavenly voice to hear.
- 6 With hyssop wash Thou me within ;
 On me thy healing grace bestow ;
 And, purified from all my sin,
 I shall be whiter than the snow.
- 7 Around me let the welcome voice
 Of love and mercy be diffused ;
 Then shall the very bones rejoice,
 Which in thine anger Thou hast bruised.
- 8 From all my sin hide Thou thy face ;
 Blot out all mine iniquity :
 Renew my spirit by Thy grace :
 And a clean heart create in me.
- 9 Cast me not from Thy presence, Lord ;
 Nor let Thy heavenly grace depart,
 Till Thy salvation be restored,
 And joy revive my fainting heart.

- 10 My mind let Thy free Spirit fill,
That I may teach Thy precepts all,
Declare the message of Thy will,
And sinners to their God recall.
- 11 My grievous sin do Thou forgive,
O Lord, of my salvation God ;
That all Thy mercy, while I live,
My thankful voice may tell abroad.
- 12 To Thee my homage let me yield,
To Thee my humble tribute raise.
Open the lips which guilt has sealed,
That I may utter all Thy praise.
- 13 If costly gifts were Thy desire,
Then should they on Thine altar burn;
Rich offerings should load the fire,
And incense fill the hallowed urn.
- 14 To Thee the broken spirit's sigh
Above all sacrifice is dear.
The contrite heart's afflicted cry,
Our God will not refuse to hear.
- 15 Do good, O Lord, to Thine own hill ;
The ruined walls of Zion raise :
Then shall free gifts Thy temple fill,
And victims on Thine altar blaze.

PSALM LXV. 9—*ult.**

- 1 O LORD, Thy gracious hand
Diffuseth good to all ;
When light of early morning shines,
Or shades of evening fall.
- 2 Abundant harvests, Lord,
Thy constant goodness yields ;
Thy moistening dews, and kindly warmth,
Enrich and deck the fields.

- 3 Thou sendest on the earth
 Thy fertilizing rain ;
 Thy showers prepare the furrowed land,
 And swell the springing grain.
- 4 The circling year is crowned
 By Thee, the Lord of all ;
 And from Thy footsteps everywhere
 Doth rich abundance fall.
- 5 Ev'n on the waste it falls,
 And there makes verdure spring.
 The little hills, with joyfulness,
 Aloud Thy praises sing.
- 6 The pastures, clothed with flocks,
 Send forth a grateful voice ;
 By Thee the vales are stored with corn,
 And in Thy gift rejoice.

PSALM LXXXIV.*

- 1 How lovely is Thy dwelling place,
 O Lord of hosts, my God and King !
 How pleasant there Thy law to hear !
 How pleasant there Thy praise to sing !
- 2 How longs, how pants my thirsty soul,
 Those hallowed courts again to see !
 My very heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, O living God, for Thee.
- 3 The sparrow, by Thy wisdom taught,
 Seeks for herself a place of rest ;
 The swallow, for her tender young,
 With care secures a sheltered nest ;
- 4 With equal ardour seeks my soul,
 To reach Thy holy altars, Lord ;
 Such cherish'd rest, such safe repose,
 Thy sacred courts to me afford.

- 5 O blest are they ! supremely blest !
 Who ever in Thy temple dwell :
 Who there Thy glorious deeds rehearse ;
 And there Thy praise delight to tell.
- 6 O blest are they, who, led by Thee,
 With zeal their pilgrimage pursue ;
 Who, still unwearied, onward press ;
 Their heavenly mansion bright in view.
- 7 Who, passing through life's weary vale,
 Comfort and aid from Thee derive ;
 Advancing on from strength to strength,
 Until in Zion they arrive.
- 8 Lord God of hosts, my prayer hear ;
 Hear, God of Jacob, from Thy throne.
 Regard, O God, our shield ; behold
 The face of Thine anointed One.
- 9 Better one day within Thy house,
 Than are a thousand far from Thee ;
 Better the humblest office there,
 Than splendour with iniquity.
- 10 The Lord our God's a sun and shield ;
 The Lord will grace and glory give ;
 Nor any good will He withhold
 From those who in His service live.
- 11 Thrice happy they who place in Thee,
 O Lord of Hosts, their sure defence !
 Thrice happy who on Thee rely,
 With steadfast hope and confidence !

PSALM lxxxviii. 1—4, 9—15.

- 1 HEAVY, O Lord, on me thy judgments lie,
 Sore griev'd I am, for God neglects my cry
 O Lord, in darkness and despair I groan ;
 And ev'ry place is hell, for God is gone.

O Lord, arise in brightness, and control
 This cloud, that presses on my very soul :
 Arise, and save me from eternal night,

Thou that art the God of light !

2 Downward I hasten to my destined place,
 Where none obtain thine aid, none feel thy grace.
 Soon I shall lie entombed beneath the ground :
 Is mercy there? is sweet forgiveness found ?
 O save me, yet while on the brink I stand ;
 Rebuke the storm, and bring me safe to land.
 O bid thy mercy save in this dread hour,

Thou that art the God of power !

3 Behold the weary prodigal is come
 To thee, his hope, his harbour, and his home :
 No father he could find, no friend abroad ;
 Depriv'd of joy, while destitute of God.
 O let thy terrors, and his anguish end !
 Be thou his father, and be thou his friend.
 Revive his soul with mercy from above,
 Thou that art the God of love !

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Father of our race,
 Thou wert thy people's dwelling place,
 Thou wert our God,—before
 The airy mountains had their birth,
 Or fabric of the peopled earth ;
 And art for evermore.

2 But frail man, daily dying, must
 At thy command return to dust ;
 Or, should he ages last,
 A thousand years are in thy sight,
 No more than as a watch by night,
 Or yesterday when past.

- 3 Thy torrent sweeps him far from hence.
 A dream he is, which mocks the sense,
 And from the fancy flies!
 Such as the beauty of the rose,
 Which in the dewy morning blows,
 Then hangs the head and dies.
- 4 Through daily anguish we expire;
 Thine anger, a consuming fire,
 To our offence is due;
 Our sins, (although by night conceal'd
 By shame and fear,) are all reveal'd,
 And naked to Thy view.
- 5 Thus in Thy wrath our years we spend,
 And like a sad discourse they end;
 Nor seventy years exceed;
 Or if to eighty they arrive,
 In vain with age and grief we strive,
 Cut off with winged speed.
- 6 Who knows the terror of Thy wrath,
 Or to Thy dreadful anger hath
 Proportioned his due fear?
 Teach us to number our frail days,
 That we our hearts to Thee may raise,
 And wisely sin forbear.
- 7 O Lord, how long! Return! Relent!
 In our sore misery repent,
 And early mercy show!
 That we again may comfort taste.
 For every day in sorrow past,
 A day of joy bestow.
- 8 The works of Thine accustomed grace,
 Shew to Thy servants! On their race
 Thy cheerful beams reflect!

On us, O let Thy beauty shine !
 Bless Thou our work with aid divine,
 And by Thy hand direct !

PSALM xcii. 1—10.

- 1 THOU who art enthron'd above,
 Thou by whom we live and move ;
 O how sweet, how excellent,
 With our tongue, and heart's consent,
 Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,
 To exalt thy name in songs !
- 2 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the sparkling stars arise,
 Take the lute, with all it's strings,
 While the harp in concert rings,
 His high favours to rehearse,
 His firm truth in grateful verse.
- 3 From thy works my joy proceeds ;
 How I triumph in thy deeds !
 Who thy wonders can express ?
 All thy thoughts are fathomless ;
 Hid from men in knowledge blind,
 Hid from fools to vice inclin'd.
- 4 They that tyrant sin obey,
 Though they spring like flow'rs in May,
 Parch'd with heat, and nipt with frost,
 Soon shall fade, for ever lost.
 Lord, thou art most great, most high,
 God from all eternity !

PSALM xciii.*

- 1 CLOTHED with majesty sublime,
 And girt with strength, th' Almighty reigns ;
 Throughout the changeful course of time
 Thy hand the steadfast earth sustains.

- 2 Wide doth the mighty thunder fill
 The darkened earth with dread dismay ;
 But mightier far art Thou, whose will
 The lightning and the storms obey.
- 3 The mighty billows to the land
 Roll loudly threat'ning from the main ;
 But mightier is Thy mighty hand
 That doth their restless power restrain.
- 4 O Lord, adored from race to race,
 Men shall Thy righteous laws proclaim ;
 And holiness becomes the place
 Call'd by Thy great and glorious name.

PSALM xcvi. 1—9.

- 1 YE sons of men, your voices raise,
 To sing aloud Jehovah's praise,
 To magnify his holy name ;
 His glory make the heathen know,
 His wonders to the nations shew,
 And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The heathen know thy glory, Lord ;
 For, in thy works and in thy word,
 Thou hast Thy glory fully shewn.
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He made the earth and formed the sky,
 He made the shining heaven on high,
 And reigns in all his glory there ;
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His glory how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !
- 4 Hasten the glad the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel thy saving pow'r,

And barbarous nations fear thy name :
 Then shall the sons of men confess
 The beauty of thy holiness,
 And in thy courts thy grace proclaim.

PSALM civ. 1—4 ; 31.*

- 1 PRAISE God, O my soul ; rejoice in His name ;
 All honour is Thine and majesty bright ;
 Thy glory transcendent all creatures proclaim,
 Thy robe is the splendour of infinite light.
- 2 The heavens as a veil were stretch'd by Thy hand,
 The beams of Thy chamber the waters confin'd.
 The clouds, as a chariot, beneath Thee expand ;
 Thou walkest sublime on the wings of the wind.
- 3 All nature is thine ; Thy law to perform
 The hosts of bright angels attend on Thee still ;
 The flame all devouring, the wide-wasting storm,
 Go forth Thine Omnipotent word to fulfil.
- 4 For ever abides Thy glorious name :
 And Thou in Thy works shalt ever rejoice.
 Thou touchest the mountains, they burst into flame.
 The earth Thou rebukest, it shrinks at Thy voice.
- 5 To God, while I live, my song I will raise,
 His praise, while I breathe, my tongue shall employ.
- In sweet meditation I'll muse on his ways :
 And I in his goodness for ever will joy.

PSALM cvii. 23—30.

- 1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence ;
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,
 Their help Omnipotence !
- 2 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,

Through burning climes they pass ; and breathe,
Unhurt, the tainted air.

- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor without power to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly pray for more.
- 6 Our life, prolonged by thee alone,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death itself more closely, Lord,
Shall join our souls to thee.

PSALM cviii. 1—6.*

- 1 MY heart is fix'd, Thee, O my God, to praise :
My heart is fix'd my early song to raise :
Wake psalt'ry, harp ; my soul glad homage pays :
Midst nations, Lord, Thy glory I will sing :
And people all to Thee shall praises bring.
- 2 Thy mercy, Lord, above the heavens ascends ;
Thy faithfulness even to the clouds extends :
Thine ear me hears, Thine arm deliverance sends.
Above the heavens be Thou exalted, Lord :
Throughout the earth be Thy great name ador'd.

PSALM cx. 1—4.

- 1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
“ Till I thy foes thy footstool make,

- " Sit thou in state at My right hand ;
 " Supreme in Zion, thou shalt be,
 " And all thine enemies shalt see,
 " Subjected to thy just command.
 2 " Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
 " The willing nations shall obey ;
 " And when thy rising beam they view,
 " Shall all, (redeemed from error's night,)
 " Appear as numberless and bright,
 " As chrystal drops of morning dew."

PSALM CXIII.*

- 1 Ye saints of God, His praise proclaim ;
 O ye His servants, praise His name.
 That glorious name let all adore,
 From age to age, for evermore.
 2 In every land, from east to west,
 Be the Creator praised and blest !
 His sway o'er all the earth extends,
 His power above the heaven ascends.
 3 Who is like God, that from on high
 Bending to look upon the sky,
 Doth yet with matchless love and grace
 Deign to behold the human race ?
 4 He lifts the mourner from the dust,
 Cheers them who have no other trust,
 And makes the poor on high to stand
 Among the noblest of the land.
 5 He hears the unrepining moan
 Of her who sits and sighs alone ;
 Changes to praise her weeping voice,
 And crowns her with a mother's joys.
 6 Ye saints of God, His praise proclaim ;
 O ye His servants bless His name.

That glorious name let all adore
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI. 7*—.

- 1 O THOU, my soul, dismiss thy fears,
Return unto thy quiet rest;
For bounteously the Lord to thee
His loving kindness hath exprest.
- 2 My soul from death, mine eyes from tears,
My feet from falling Thou didst free;
And in the land of those that live
I now will walk, O Lord, with Thee.
- 3 With steadfast faith my prayer to Thee
I offered in my bitter pain;
Of men my troubled soul had said,
“How false they are! their help how vain!”
- 4 What can I render to the Lord,
From whom these mercies all have flow'd;
What can I render for the gifts
Which he so largely hath bestowed?
- 5 I of salvation take the cup,
On God's most holy name I call;
And now devote myself to God,
In presence of His people all.
- 6 His dying saints to God are dear;
Thy servant truly, Lord, am I;
Born for Thy service, I am Thine;
My bonds Thou didst Thyself untie.
- 7 All thanks and praise to Thee belong,
On Thy most blessed name I call.
And now devote myself to God,
In presence of His people all.
- 8 Within the courts of God's own house,
And where His saints assembled be;

I render thanks and praise to God.
All thanks and praise to God give ye.

PSALM CXVII.*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord. With voice of gladness,
All ye nations to Him sing :
Join your voices, ye His people,
To extol your God and King.
- 2 For His truth, that never faileth,
Reverently your God adore ;
For His love to us unbounded,
Thank and praise Him evermore.

[PSALM CXXX.*

- 1 IN depths of sorrow sunk,
To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
Hear, Lord, my mourning voice,
And listen to my sigh.
- 2 Shouldst Thou, in anger, Lord,
Mark sin with eye severe,
Who could abide Thy wrath ?
Who in Thy sight appear ?
- 3 But Thou to contrite hearts
Thy mercy dost proclaim ;
Forgiveness, Lord, is Thine,
That men may fear Thy name.
- 4 I wait for Thee, O God ;
My hope is in Thy word.
I for Thy mercy long ;
My soul waits for the Lord.
- 5 More do I wait for God,
Than those who watch for day ;
More eagerly than those
Who watch the morning ray.

- 6 Let Israel hope in God ;
 From Him our mercies spring,
 He to His people will
 Complete redemption bring.

PSALM CXXXIII.

- 1 O HAPPY state ! blest from above !
 When brethren join in mutual love,
 'Tis like the precious odours shed
 On consecrated Aaron's head ;
 2 'Tis like the pearls of dew that drop
 On Hermon's ever-fragrant top ;
 Or which the smiling heavens distil
 On happy Zion's sacred hill ;
 3 There dwells the blessing from on high,
 And life divine which cannot die ;
 For God there giveth favour sure,
 And joy, which ever shall endure.

PSALM CXXXIV.*

- 1 BLESS the Lord all ye His servants ;
 Thanks and praises to Him sing
 Ye who nightly in His temple
 Wait with free-will offering.
 2 Lift your hands, and lift your voices ;
 In His courts extol His name.
 Out of Zion send Thy blessing,
 Thou who heaven and earth didst frame.

PSALM CXXXVI.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praise to heaven's eternal King ;
 For his bounties wide extend,
 And his mercy knows no end.
 2 Be the Lord your only theme,
 Who of gods is God supreme ;

- He, to whom all lords beside
 Lowly bowing vail their pride ;
- 3 He who proves His just command
 By the wonders of his hand ;
 He, whose wisdom framed on high
 The bright mansions of the sky ; -
- 4 He, who bade the watery deep
 Under earth's foundation sleep ;
 Bade the stars around the pole
 In their destined courses roll ;
- 5 Bade the Sun, with powerful ray,
 Rule the empire of the day ;
 And the Moon, with cheerful light
 Gild the darkness of the night.
- 6 He with food sustains on earth,
 All to whom his word gave birth ;
 For his bounties wide extend,
 And his mercy knows no end.
- 7 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
 Praise to heaven's eternal King ;
 For his bounties wide extend,
 And his mercy knows no end.

PSALM CXXXVI. 1—9, and 23—*ult.**

- 1 BLESS God, for He is good.
 The God of Gods, O praise ;
 Bless ye the Lord of Lords ;
 Extol his wondrous ways.
 Haleluiah,
 His mercy sure
 Shall still endure.
 Haleluiah.
- 2 He formed the spacious heaven,
 By wisdom all divine :

He spread the earth abroad,
And made great lights to shine.

Halleluiah, &c.

- 3 He formed the glorious sun,
By day to shed its light ;
The moon and starry train,
To cheer the lonely night.

Halleluiah, &c.

- 4 He in our low estate,
With pity on us thought ;
And from our deadly foes
For us salvation wrought.

Halleluiah, &c.

- 5 He to all flesh gives food,
To Him ascribe the praise
Praise God, for he is good,
And merciful always.

Halleluiah,

His mercy sure

Shall still endure,

Halleluiah.

PSALM cxlvii. 1—10.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord : with cheerful voice,
In swelling strains His praises sing ;
Praise makes the grateful heart rejoice ;
It is a good and comely thing.
- 2 He who the broken heart doth cheer,
And bindeth up the wounded frame,
Assigns to every orb its sphere,
And gives to every star its name.
- 3 With clouds he covers all the sky :
The moisten'd earth He stores with good :

From Him the ravens, when they cry,
 From him the beasts receive their food.

4 He sendeth forth His high commands,
 Which sea and land with blessings fill ;
 Swift flies His word ; no power withstands,
 The course of his Almighty will.

5 Who can resist his awful power !
 Who comprehend His wondrous ways !
 In wrath, the proud He casteth down,
 But will in love the humble raise.

PSALM cxlvii. 12, 13, 14, 19, 20.*

1 O PRAISE thy God, thou favour'd land,
 Thy powerful guardian ever bless :
 To Him who proves thy sure defence,
 In songs of joy thy thanks express.

2 His blessing rests upon thy sons,
 He gives in all thy borders peace :
 Thy fields He clothes with finest wheat ;
 Thy labour crowns with rich increase.

3 Blessings more precious far than these
 The God of Love on thee bestows :
 To thee His heavenly truth He sends,
 And all His grace and goodness shews.

PSALM cxlviii.

1 YE who dwell above the skies,
 Free from human miseries ;
 'Mid the joy of highest heaven
 Let your praise to God be given.

2 Angels all, your voices raise,
 Him, ye heavenly armies, praise !
 Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
 All ye sparkling stars of night,

- 3 Waters hanging in the air :
 Heaven of heavens, his praise declare !
 His deserved praise record,
 His, who made you by his word.
- 4 Let the earth his praise resound,
 Monstrous whales, and seas profound,
 Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow :
 Storms which, when he bids them, blow ;
- 5 Flowery hills, and mountains high ;
 Cedars, towering to the sky ;
 Trees, that fruit in season yield ;
 All the cattle of the field ;
- 6 Savage beasts ; and creeping things ;
 All that cut the air with wings ;
 Ye, who awful sceptres sway ;
 Ye whose lot is to obey ;
- 7 Princes, judges of the earth ;
 All, of high or humble birth ;
 Youths, and virgins, flourishing
 In the beauty of your spring ;
- 8 Ye, who bow with age's weight ;
 Ye, who were but born of late ;
 Praise his name with one consent ;
 O how great ! how excellent !
- 9 Than the earth profounder far,
 Higher than the highest star.
 He will his to honour raise ;
 Ye, his saints, exalt his praise.

PSALM cxlviii. 1—7, 11, 12.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! Ye heavens adore him !
 Praise him, angels in the height !
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him !
 Praise him, all ye stars of light !

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken,
 Worlds His awful voice obeyed ;
 Laws which never can be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for He is glorious,
 Never doth His promise fail ;
 All His saints, thro' him, victorious,
 Over sin and death prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation,
 Hosts on high His power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Praise and magnify His name.

PSALM cl. 1, 2, 6.*

- 1 PRAISE Jehovah in His dwelling ;
 Through the earth resound His praise.
 Join, ye heavens, His praise forth telling,
 Where His glory He displays.
 For His grace and for His goodness,
 Songs of triumph to him raise.
- 2 Praise him, O thou vast creation,
 Offspring of His sovereign will :
 Ye who share His great salvation,
 Ye who His commands fulfil,
 Praise Jehovah, Lord of Glory.
 All that live—adore Him still !

II.

LEVIT. XXVI 3.—7.*

- 1 THUS doth the Lord to Israel's race,
His chosen people, say ;
“ If my command with upright heart
“ Ye stedfastly obey,
- 2 “ Refreshing showers shall bid your fields
“ With glad increase abound ;
“ The blossom's promis'd fruit shall swell,
“ And verdure clothe the ground.
- 3 “ Revolving seasons still shall find
“ Your barns with plenty stored ;
“ And health with rich abundance still
“ Surround your joyful board.
- 4 “ Protected by Almighty God,
“ Your dwelling shall be sure ;
“ At morn His hand shall guide your steps,
“ At night your bed secure.
- 5 “ When nations, kindling into rage,
“ Awake the din of war,
“ Ye shall not fear the battle's shout
“ That thunders from afar.
- 6 “ Them who invade your happy vales,
“ Your conquering sword shall chase :
“ Jehovah's arm is full of might
“ To save his chosen race.”

ISAIAH lv. 10—13.

- 1 MARK the soft falling snow,
 Or gentle summer rain ;
 To heaven, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again :
 But waters earth
 Through ev'ry pore,
 And calls forth all
 Its secret store.
- 2 Array'd in brightest green,
 The hills and vallies shine ;
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine :
 The harvest bows
 Its golden ears,
 The copious seed
 Of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
 Descends my word divine,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I design ;
 Millions of souls
 It's power adore,
 And bear it down
 To millions more.
- 4 They shall go out with joy,
 And peace shall bless their ways ;
 The hills and groves around,
 Shall echo notes of praise !
 While fragrant flowers,
 For briars and thorn,
 The desert place
 Clothe and adorn.

ISAIAH. lx. 15.—20.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken !
 Oh, my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,—
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Fear and heartfelt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls Salvation,
 And your gates shall all be praise.
- 2 There of joy the peaceful river,
 From the throne on high shall flow ;
 For the Lord, the bounteous giver,
 All his fulness shall bestow.
 There in undisturb'd possession,
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Or hear voice of war again.
- 3 There no more a sun descending,
 Waning moon no more shall be ;
 But a brightness never ending,
 Gives eternal noon in me.
 God's own glories shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 God's own love, unveil'd before you,
 Is your everlasting light.

LAMENT iii. 23.

- 1 MY God ! unceasing is thy love,
 Each night thy gifts to me are new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours ;

- At thy command returns the light,
 To rouse and quicken all my powers.
 3 I yield these powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days ;
 Thy mercies, ever new, demand
 Unceasing hymns of joy and praise.

MATT. vi. 25—34.*

- 1 WHEREFORE despond in life's dark vale?
 Why sink to anxious fears a prey?
 As if Almighty power could fail,
 Or everlasting love decay!
- 2 Behold the birds that wing the air,
 They neither sow nor reap the grain ;
 Yet God, with all a Father's care,
 Hears, and relieves when they complain.
- 3 Behold the lilies of the field,
 Which neither toil nor labour know ;
 Yet royal robes to their's must yield,
 In beauty's fairest richest glow.
- 4 That God, who hears the raven's cry,
 Who decks the lily's fading form,
 Will He not all your wants supply?
 Will He not shield you in the storm?
- 5 Seek first His kingdom's grace to share,
 Its perfect righteousness pursue ;
 And all that needs your earthly care
 Will freely be bestowed on you.
- 6 Why then despond in life's dark vale?
 Why sink to anxious fears a prey?
 Almighty power can never fail,
 Nor everlasting love decay.

MARK XII. 29—32.*

- 1 THUS did of old the man of God
 Instruct Judea's favoured race :
 And thus the Saviour of mankind
 Our highest duty deigns to trace.
- 2 The mighty God, the Lord of all,
 Is only one ; one only Lord :
 In goodness, wisdom, power, supreme ;
 Through heaven and earth to be adored.
- 3 Him shalt thou love with all thy soul,
 With all thy strength, with all thy mind
 To Him let all thy heart be given,
 And all thy will to Him resign'd.
- 4 Like to this first and great command,
 Is that which asks thy second care ;
 Love thou thy neighbour as thyself :
 And all mankind thy neighbours are.

JOHN XIII. 34—35.

- 1 WITH love the Saviour's heart o'erflow'd,
 Love spoke in every breath ;
 Supreme it reigned throughout His life,
 And triumphed in His death.
- 2 Behold ! This new command He gives
 To those who bear His name ;
 That they shall one another love,
 As he hath loved them.
- 3 In every action, every thought,
 Be this great law fulfilled ;
 Forgotten be each selfish aim ;
 Each angry passion stilled.
- 4 Let all who bear the name of Christ,
 While they His sufferings view,

Think of His words, " Each other love,
 " As I have loved you."

ACTS iv. 12.

- 1 JESUS, Thou spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow ;
 Jesus, no other name but thine
 Can save from everlasting woe.
- 2 In vain would boasting reason find
 Of real happiness the way ;
 It's erring guidance leads the mind,
 Which trusted in its light, astray.
- 3 No name can save except thine own,
 O thou, Redeemer, Lord, and King ;
 Thy truth, thy grace, thy power alone,
 To safety and to heaven can bring.
- 4 Still let our faith on thee abide,
 Nor let us from thy path depart ;
 And may thy Spirit, heavenly Guide,
 Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 5 O lead us through this world of night ;
 Till, fear and woe for ever past,
 To regions of unclouded light,
 Thy mercy welcome us at last !

ROMANS xii. 1.*

- 1 FROM Thee, Almighty source of good,
 Unnumbered mercies daily flow :
 To Thee our life, our breath, our food,
 Our joys, our hopes, our all, we owe.
- 2 Salvation, peace, and glory, Lord,
 Are by Thy boundless mercy given ;
 Through Christ thy favour is restor'd,
 And sinners are brought back to heaven.

- 3 Whilst all Thy precious gifts we sing,
 From sin redeem'd, from death set free,
 Our souls, our bodies, Lord, we bring
 A living sacrifice to Thee.
- 4 Well may we offer at Thy throne
 This tribute to Thy sovereign grace ;
 And dedicate what is thine own
 To Thee, the Father of our race.

2 COR. iv. 17, 18.*

- 1 THO' many troubles press,
 The conflict soon is o'er ;
 These light afflictions pass away,
 Nor are remember'd more.
- 2 Through them prepared for bliss,
 We reach the happy land,
 Where faith receiveth its reward
 From the Redeemer's hand.
- 3 Unmindful of the world,
 To Heaven we lift our eye :
 Faith guides our hope to things unseen,
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 What sense beholds is frail,
 It sinks before our view ;
 Its fading joys elude our grasp,
 And vainly we pursue ;
- 5 But those which faith reveals,
 Unchangeable remain ;
 And, like the source from which they flow,
 Are free from every stain.

2 COR. xiii 14.*

- 1 MAY Jesus Christ our Lord,
 Who died to save our race,

- And now a Prince and Saviour reigns,
 Impart His heavenly grace !
- 2 May God the Father's love
 For ever on us rest ;
 And light, and peace, and joy diffuse,
 Thro' each renewed breast !
- 3 And may the Holy Ghost,
 Our comforter and guide,
 In blest communion with our souls,
 For evermore abide !

EPH. v. 15, 16.

- 1 SILENT and slow time glides away ;
 Steady and strong the current flows,
 On to eternity again,
 The boundless gulf from whence it rose.
- 2 By it the thoughtless sons of men,
 On ever-flowing stream are borne ;
 Till from the land to which they cling,
 This land of shadows, they are torn.
- 3 Yet, while the shore on either side
 Presents its gaudy flattering shew,
 In vain amusement we forget
 The awful scene to which we go.
- 4 O God of Wisdom ! teach my heart
 To number every passing hour ;
 That time may bear me on to joys
 Beyond the world's deceitful power.

PHIL. III. 12—14.

- 1 AWAKE, my fainting soul, awake,
 With ardour all thy powers employ.
 Press onward in thy heavenly race !
 The prize is everlasting joy !

- 2 Forward direct thine ardent eye,
 And still the glorious mark survey ;
 Forget the things already past,
 And onward, onward urge thy way.
- 3 It is the voice of God the Lord,
 Which now invites thee from on high ;
 Thy Saviour's hand presents the prize
 Of glory to thine eager eye.
- 4 The brightest honours of the world,
 Before that splendour fade away.
 My soul the grace of God adore,
 And onward, onward urge thy way.

2 THESS. I. 7—10.*

- 1 HE comes, the Judge of all to reign,
 He comes from heaven descending !
 Behold the splendour of His train,
 Angels in might attending !
 His saints lift up their heads on high,
 Their Saviour comes in majesty,
 And glory never-ending.
- 2 Behold the burst of vengeful fire,
 His awful throne surrounding !
 Behold the terrors of His ire,
 His enemies confounding !
 Before Him heaven and earth are fled,
 The grave hath rendered up its dead !
 The trump of God is sounding.

1 TIM. i. 17.*

- 1 Now with voice of adoration,
 Praises to Jehovah sing :
 High the song of exultation
 Raise to heaven's immortal King.

- 2 Him, in light and glory dwelling,
 Unapproach'd by mortal eye ;
 Him, in wisdom all excelling,
 Him extol and magnify.
- 3 Glory, honour, without ending,
 To the God whom we adore ;
 Praise, from creatures all ascending,
 Wait on Him for evermore !

1 TIM. vi. 6—8

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of worldly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at the throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise !
- 2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Content, with godliness comb'n'd,
 O Lord, may I possess ;
 The riches of a christian mind,
 Which every state can bless.

REV. i. 7.

- 1 Lo ! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand, thousand saints, attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train !
 Hallelujah !
 Jesus comes to earth again !
- 2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty !

They who set at nought and sold him,
 Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the true Messiah see.

3 But his saints, by man rejected,
 Joyful, meet him in the air !
 Now the joys so long expected
 They with Christ are call'd to share :
 Hallelujah !
 For the day of God prepare.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God, whom heavens triumphant host
 And suffering saints on earth adore,
 Be glory as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 Be glory, as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

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