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A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F
P S A L M S
PROPER FOR
CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

IN THREE PARTS.

- I. PSALMS OF *DAVID*, &c.
II. PSALMS OF PRAISE TO GOD.
III. PSALMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

John Breckell and William Enfield

— *Speaking unto yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs ; singing and making Melody in your Heart, unto the Lord.*

St. PAUL.

L I V E R P O O L :

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P A R T I.

P S A L M S

O F

D A V I D, &c.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

1. **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk:
2. But makes the perfect law of God
His study and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night!
3. He'll flourish still, like some fair tree
With waters near its root;
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.
4. Not so the impious and unjust;
They no such blessings find;

Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

5. No hypocrite shall dare to stand
Before GOD's judgment-seat,

When all the saints, at his right-hand,
In full assembly meet.

6. For GOD approves the good man's ways ;
To happiness they tend ;

But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

A prophecy of the MESSIAH's kingdom.

1. **A**TTEND, O earth, the fix'd decree,
And learn JEHOVAH's will :

“ Thou art my son, fit thou supreme
“ On Zion's sacred hill.

2. “ My hand shall give to thee alone
“ The heathens wide domain ;

“ And earth's remotest ends shall own
“ Thy universal reign.

3. “ Who will not to thy scepter bow
“ Shall feel thine iron rod,

“ And, crush'd in helpless ruin, show
“ The justice of a GOD.”

4. Be wise, ye princes, learn to fear
The pow'r of pow'rs supreme ;

With awful trembling joy revere
The LORD's exalted name.

5. Receive the Son with due respect ;
Your timely homage pay ;

Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incens'd by your delay.

6. If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?

Then blest are they whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

Integrity and piety the support of good men.

1. **T**HE righteous LORD loves upright souls;
He marks them for his own;
And, when he hears their humble pray'r,
Bends from his gracious throne.

2. Then will I fear his sacred name,
Nor dare oppose his will;
Commune in secret with my heart,
And bid each thought be still.

3. And while my willing hands present
This off'ring to the LORD,
My soul defies each threat'ning ill,
And trusts his faithful word.

4. While thousands search for bliss on earth
And search, alas! in vain;
Be mine the joys his favour gives;
Let me his smiles obtain.

5. One smile from thee, my gracious God,
Bids all my pow'rs rejoice;
Not all the pleasures earth can yield
Should change my happy choice.

6. Secure beneath thy guardian hand,
I give mine eyes to sleep;

That

That hand protects my wakeful hours,
And will my slumbers keep.

P S A L M V. Common Metre.

For the LORD's Day Morning.

1. **L** ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r ;
To thee lift up mine eye.
2. Thou art a GOD before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
3. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercy there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.
4. O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness ;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.
5. The men who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;
The mighty GOD will compass them
With favour as a shield.

P S A L M VIII. Long Metre.

The condescending Goodness of GOD to Men.

1. **O** LORD, how glorious is thy name,
Thro' all the earth's extended frame !
Majestic splendors form thy seat
And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

2. When

5. Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood ;
And tho' he promise to his loss,
Still makes his promise good.
6. Who seeks not by oppressive ways
His wealth to multiply ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,
The guiltless to destroy.
7. The man who, by this steady course,
Has happiness insur'd,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

Rejoicing in God.

1. **H**EATHENS to senseless idols haste ;
They worship wood and stone ;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.
2. His hand provides my constant food,
He fills my daily cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.
3. GOD is my portion and my joy ;
His counsels are my light ;
He gives me kind advice by day,
And guards my head by night.
4. My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
Nor death nor hell my hope shall move,
While such a friend is nigh.

5. Therefore, my heart all grief defies;
In death I will rejoice;

My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rtful voice.

6. God will the paths of life display,
Which to his presence lead,

Where pleasure flows without allay,
And joy shall never fade.

PSALM XVIII. Common Metre.

A public thanksgiving for victory.

1. **W**HEN God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The light'ning of his spear?

2. He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

3. He forms our gen'als for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Instructs their hands the sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

4. 'Tis by his aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.

5. The LORD our Saviour ever lives;
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives our country rest.

6. On kings who reign as *David* did
He pours his blessings down ;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

P S A L M XIX. Short Metre.

The instructions of nature and revelation.

1. **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its Maker GOD ;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
2. The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same ;
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
3. In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known ;
They speak the wonders of his hand,
The orders of his throne.
4. He bids the morning sun
Begin his glorious way ;
His beams thro' all the nations run
And light and life convey.
5. But where he sends his word
He spreads diviner light ;
There sinners learn to know the LORD,
And guide their steps aright.
6. His laws are just and pure ;
His truth without deceit ;
His promise stands for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

7. While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad ;
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Saviour and my God.

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.

The sufferings of MESSIAH.

1. **N**OW let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears and blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.
2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shak'd their heads, and laugh'd in scorn:
 " He rescu'd others from the grave ;
 " Now let him try himself to save.
3. " This is the man did once pretend
 " God was his Father and his friend ;
 " If God the blessed lov'd him so,
 " Why doth he fail to help him now ?"
4. Barbarous people ! Cruel priests ?
 How they stood round like savage beasts,
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had left him in their pow'r !
5. They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
 Till streams of blood each other meet :
 By lot his garments they divide,
 And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
6. But God his Father heard his cry ;
 Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

G O D our shepherd.

1. **M**Y shepherd is the living LORD;
My wants shall all be well supply'd:
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.
2. In pastures where salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.
3. My wand'ring feet his ways mistake;
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.
4. Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are;
My heart and hope shall never fail:
For GOD my shepherd's with me there.
5. Amidst the darkness and the deeps,
He is my comfort, he my stay;
His staff supports my feeble steps;
His rod directs my doubtful way.
6. Surely the mercies of the LORD
Attend his children all their days;
Then shall his house be mine abode,
And all my work be pray'r and praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Access to GOD in worship.

1. **T**HE earth for ever is the LORD's,
With *Adam's* num'rous race;
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.

2. But

2. But who among the sons of men
May visit his abode? ———
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.
3. This is the man may rise and take
The blessing of his grace;
This is the lot of those who seek
Their heav'nly Father's face.
4. Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs,
To meet the LORD prepare;
Lift up their everlasting doors;
The King of Glory's near.
5. The King of Glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations; but to dwell
With saints is his delight.

PSALM XXV. Short Metre.

G O D the guide of his servants.

1. **W**HOE'ER, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the LORD a faithful guide
In all his righteous ways.
2. For God to all his saints
His holy will imparts;
And will his gracious cov'nant write
In their obedient hearts.
3. He those in virtue guides
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.
4. Thro'

4. Thro' all the ways of GOD
Both truth and mercy shine,
To those who, with religious hearts,
To his blest will incline.

5. Let all my righteous deeds
To full perfection rise ;
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee, O GOD, relies.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

Trust in GOD a support under troubles.

1. **S**OON as I heard my father say,
“ Ye children seek my grace ;”
My heart reply'd, without delay,
“ I'll seek my father's face.

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
GOD of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die ;
My GOD would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4. My fainting heart had dy'd for grief,
Had not my soul believ'd
To see thy grace provide relief ;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5. Wait on the LORD, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up ;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

G O D the thunderer.

1. **G**IVE to the LORD, ye sons of fame,
Give to the LORD, renown and pow'r:
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
2. JEHOVAH, with an awful noise,
The watry clouds afunder breaks:
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When GOD from heav'n in thunder speaks.
3. How full of pow'r that voice appears,
With what majestic terror crown'd,
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scatter'd branches round!
4. That voice the solid oaks can shake,
And strip the spreading forests bare:
His glory hear it loudly speak,
And thro' the heav'ns his pow'r declare.
5. The LORD sits sov'reign on the flood;
The thund'rer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

P S A L M XXXII. Long Metre.

The happiness of the penitent.

1. **B**EYOND expression blest is he
Whose num'rous sins are cover'd o'er;
The humble soul to whom the LORD
Imputes his guilty deeds no more.
2. He mourns his sinful follies past,
And keeps his heart with constant care;
His

His lips and life without deceit
Shall prove his penitence sincere.

3. The man who hides his conscious guilt,
Shall pine beneath a secret wound ;
But he that owns and leaves his faults,
With peace and pardon shall be crown'd.
4. The LORD hath built a throne of grace,
Free to dispense his mercies there ;
That sinners may approach his face,
And hope and love, as well as fear.

PSALM XXXIII. *Section 1st.* Common Metre.

The works of creation and providence.

1. **R**EJOICE, ye righteous in the LORD ;
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his works, his word,
How holy, just, and true.
2. Let all your sacred passions, mov'd,
In joyful concert meet ;
And chearful songs of loud applause
The harmony complet.
3. For faithful is the word of GOD,
His works with truth abound ;
Justice he loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
4. His wisdom and almighty word
The heav'nly arches rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
5. He bid the swelling waters flow
To their appointed deep ;

The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

6. Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With awe before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

7. Whate'er the mighty LORD decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
For ever shall endure.

PSALM XXXIII. *Sect. 2d.* As 113th Psalm.
Creatures vain, and GOD all-sufficient.

1. **O** Happy nation, where the LORD
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church his earthly throne!
His eye the heathen world surveys;
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God their Maker is unknown.

2. Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast;
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force,
Or speed or courage of an horse,
To guard his rider or to fly.

3. The eye of thy compassion, LORD,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand;
Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
Who make thy name their fear and trust,
When wars or famine waste the land.

4. In sickness or the bloody field,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,
 Send us salvation from thy throne;
 We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is GOD alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. Common Metre.

Remarkable deliverances celebrated.

1. **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my GOD shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all who are distress'd
 From my example comfort take,
 And sooth their griefs to rest.
3. O magnify the LORD with me,
 With me exalt his name:
 To him in my distress I call'd;
 He to my rescue came.
4. The hosts of GOD encamp around
 The dwellings of the just;
 His pow'rful arm protects the men
 Who make his name their trust.
5. With grateful hearts observe his ways,
 And on his goodness rest;
 So will your own experience prove
 That pious souls are blest.
6. For while his fear inspires your breasts,
 His mercy will be nigh,

To guard your lives from threat'ning ills,
And all your wants supply.

PSALM XXXVI. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of G O D.

1. **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
Which veils and darkens thy designs.
2. For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Great are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
3. Thy mercy makes the earth its care;
Thy providence is kind and large;
Angels and men thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge.
4. Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance may the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust?
5. Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
And there enjoy a rich repast;
There drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys which shall for ever last.
6. With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
O let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

P S A L M XXXVII. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked compared.

1. **M**Y GOD, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
2. The LORD delights to see their ways ;
Their virtue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
3. The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
4. The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man or GOD,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad :
5. And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all the pride had been.
6. But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend ;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXIX. Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

1. **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame ;

- I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.
3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
4. Some walk in honour's gaudy show;
Some dig for shining ore;
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
5. What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

P S A L M XL. Common Metre.

The obedience of the MESSIAH.

1. **T**HUS saith the LORD, "Your work is vain;
" Give your burnt off'rings o'er;
" In dying goats and bullocks slain
" My soul delights no more."
2. Then spake the SAVIOUR, "Lo, I'm here,
" My God, to do thy will;
" What

- “ Whate’er thy sacred books declare,
 “ Thy servant shall fulfil.
3. “ Thy law is ever in my sight,
 “ I keep it near my heart ;
- “ Mine ears are open with delight
 “ To what thy lips impart.”
4. And see, the blest redeemer comes ;
 The son of God appears ;
 And at th’ appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.
5. Much he reveal’d his father’s grace,
 And much his truth he shew’d ;
 And preach’d the way of righteousness,
 Where great assemblies stood.
6. His father’s honour touch’d his heart ;
 He pity’d sinners cries :
 And, to compleat the Saviour’s part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

MESSIAH the king of the church.

1. **W**E’LL speak the honours of our king ;
 How bright his glories are !
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with our Lord compare.
2. Kind is his speech and heav’nly grace
 Upon his lips is shed ;
 His God with blessings numberless
 Hath crown’d his sacred head.
3. Gird on thy sword, victorious prince ;
 Ride with majestic sway ;

Thy

- Thy terror shall strike thro' thy foes,
And make the world obey.
4. Thy throne, O GOD, for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thine hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
5. Justice and truth attend thee still;
But mercy is thy choice;
And GOD, thy GOD, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

The safety of good men amidst general calamities.

1. **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
E'er we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
4. There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our GOD;
Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.
5. That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our hope, our fear controuls;
Sweet

Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

PSALM L. Section 1st. Proper Tune.

The last judgment.

1. **T**HE GOD of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the
north :

From east to west the sov'reign order's spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
*The trumpet sounds : hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.*

2. No more shall atheists mock his long delay ;
His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day ;
Behold the judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;
Tempests and fire attend him round the sky.
*When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him ;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3. " Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near ; let all
things come,

" To hear my justice and the sinner's doom ;
" But gather first my saints (the judge commands)
" Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands."
*Our GOD is come : wake every chearful passion,
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

4. " Here (saith the LORD) ye angels, spread
their thrones,

" And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons :--
" Come my belov'd, possess the joys prepar'd
" E'er time began ; 'tis your divine reward."
*Judgment proceeds : ye saints, join all your voices ;
Raise your triumphant songs, for heav'n rejoices.--*

5. " Approach my throne, ye wicked and profane,
 " Receive your doom, nor call my threatnings
 vain :

" No longer lodge the impious thought within,

" That the All-holy will indulge your sin :"

*GOD is the judge of hearts : no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty, when his vengeance rises.*

6. Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love ;

" You vainly hop'd that I should ne'er reprove;

" But see, my vengeance wakes ; my thunder
 rolls ; [souls."

" And conscious guilt condemns your wretched
*Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with chearful voices.*

P S A L M L. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.

Obedience better than sacrifice.

1. **T**HUS saith the LORD, " The spacious fields,
 " And flocks and herds are mine ;

" O'er all the cattle of the hills

" I claim a right divine.

2. " I ask no sheep for sacrifice,

" Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;

" To hope and love, to pray and praise,

" Is all that I require.

3. Call upon me when trouble's near,

" My hand shall set thee free ;

" Then shall thy thankful lips declare

" The honour due to me.

4. The man who offers humble praise,

" He glorifies me best :

" And

“ And those who tread my holy ways
 “ Shall my salvation taste.”

P S A L M LI. Long Metre.

A penitential psalm.

1. **O** GOD of grace, my crimes forgive ;
 Let a repenting sinner live ;
 Behold me not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
2. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
3. Before thee, O my GOD, alone
 The heinous deeds of guilt were done ;
 Before thee, prostrate in the dust,
 I own thine awful sentence just.
4. I might be banish'd from thy face,
 Like the vile offspring of disgrace ;
 And, like a base and spurious birth,
 Be made the shame and scorn of earth.
5. That inward truth thy laws require
 Thy righteous judgments, LORD, inspire ;
 Oppress'd with deep remorse I lie,
 Beneath thine heart-discerning eye.
6. No rites can ease my secret pain,
 Or wash away the guilty stain ;
 Only thy mercy can impart
 Pardon and comfort to my heart.
7. LORD, cast me not in wrath away,
 Nor hide thy spirit's chearing ray ;

The joys thy favour gives restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

8. A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the off'ring I can bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

PSALM LV. Common Metre.

Daily devotion.

1. **L**ET sinners take their foolish course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
2. By morning-light I'll seek his face;
At noon repeat my cry;
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
3. God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
And guardian angels shall be near,
If he command their aid.
4. With all my troubles and my cares
I'll lean upon the LORD;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
5. His pow'rful arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety rests
No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.

A general act of praise.

1. **B**E thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
2. My heart is fix'd; my tongue shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
3. In thee, my God, are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown;
All the rich blessings nature brings
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
4. High o'er the earth thy goodness reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
'Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
5. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

For a fast day in time of war.

1. **L**ORD, hast thou cast the nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
Shall mercy ne'er return?
2. The terror of one frown of thine
Melts all our strength away;

Like

Like men that totter drunk with wine,
We tremble in dismay.

3. The kingdom shakes beneath thy stroke,
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;

O heal the nation thou hast broke;
Confirm the wav'ring land.

4. Lift up a banner in the field
For those who fear thy name;
Protect thy servants with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5. Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confed'rate God;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod,

6. Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;

'Tis God who treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

P S A L M LXI. Short Metre.

Safety in G O D.

1. **W**HEN, overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3. Within thy presence, LORD,
I ever would abide;

Thou

Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those who fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. Long Metre.

Confidence in G O D, not in creatures.

1. **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge is his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.
2. Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways ;
Pour out your hearts before his face ;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
3. False are the men of high degree ;
The meaner sort are vanity ;
Both, in the scale of truth, appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
4. Make not encreasing gold your trust ;
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust :
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God hath spoke ?
5. Once hath his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again mine ears have heard,
" All pow'r is his eternal due ;
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."
6. For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone ;
Grace is a partner of the throne :

Thy

Thy grace and justice, mighty LORD,
Shall well appoint our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

For the Lord's day morning.

1. **T**O thee, my God, without delay,
My morning homage I will pay;
For thee I long, to thee I look:
So travellers in desert lands,
'Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.
2. Within thy courts I've seen thy pow'r,
And learn'd to prize the favour more
Than life itself with all its joys:
There let thy smiles again appear,
Again my drooping spirit cheer,
And to thy praise attune my voice:
3. Not all the dainties of a feast,
Can give such pleasures to my taste,
As from thy sacred presence spring;
Then till my last expiring day,
I'll lift my hands to praise and pray,
And tune my joyful lips to sing.
4. When darkness calls my pow'rs to rest,
Faith in thy goodness makes me blest;
And, 'midst the wakeful hours of night,
With joy I see thy mercy spread
Its guardian wings around my head,
And fearless wait the morning light.

PSALM

P S A L M LXV. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.*The goodness of GOD in the seasons of the year.*

1. **T**H' Almighty bids the morning ray,
Smile in the east and bring the day;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
2. Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and drest in flow'rs.
3. 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty ground supply;
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
4. The desert grows a fruitful field;
Abundant fruit the vallies yield;
The vallies shout with chearful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat the joys.
5. The pastures smile in green array;
There lambs and larger cattle play;
The larger cattle and the lamb
Each in its language speaks his name.
6. His works pronounce his pow'r divine;
O'er ev'ry field his glories shine;
Thro' ev'ry month his gifts appear:—
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. *Section 2d.* Common Metre.*The blessings of spring.*

1. **G**OOD is the LORD, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
E Visits

Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2. The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at his command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3. The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.

4. The little hills, on ev'ry side,
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

5. The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

6. The various months GOD's goodness crown;
How bounteous are his ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout his praise.

P S A L M LXVI. Common Metre.

The sovereign dominion of GOD.

1. **S**ING, all ye nations, to the LORD,
Sing with a joyful voice;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.

2. Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!

"Before

“ Before thy face thy foes must fly,
 “ Or at thy feet must bow.”

3. Come see the wonders of our God ;
 His sov'reign pow'r confess ;
 In solemn hymns your inward dread
 Of his great name express.
4. He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While *Israel* pass'd the flood ;
 Th' astonish'd tribes pursu'd their way,
 And triumph'd in their God.
5. God by his pow'r for ever rules ;
 His eyes the world survey ;
 Let no presumptuous mortal dare
 Oppose his sov'reign sway.
6. O bless our God, and never cease ;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise ;
 He keeps our lives, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

P S A L M LXVIII. Long Metre.

G O D the guardian of the righteous.

1. **T**O God your voice in anthems raise ;
 JEHOVAH is the name he bears ;
 In him rejoice, proclaim his praise,
 Who rides upon the rolling spheres.
2. Those who obey his sov'reign will
 His favour's chearing beams enjoy ;
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
 And grateful songs their tongues employ.
3. Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high ;
 Of humble souls his hand takes care,

Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors thro' the air.

4. Tho' glory fills his heav'nly courts,
There hath he fix'd his gracious throne;
His arm the feeblest saint supports;
To God give praise, to him alone.

PSALM LXX. Common Metre.

Dependence on GOD thro' every stage of life.

1. **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
2. My flesh was fashion'd by thy pow'r,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
3. Still has my life new wonder seen
With each returning year:
Behold the days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
4. Cast me not off when strength declines
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy goodness shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
5. Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

P S A L M LXXII. Long Metre.

The MESSIAH's kingdom.

1. **G**REAT GOD, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
The kingdom give to *David's* son,
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
2. Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heav'n submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
3. With pow'r he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours and years and time be past.
4. As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down:
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.
5. The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of over-spreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
6. The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXIII. Common Metre.

G O D our present support and future portion.

1. **G**OD my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near,

Thy

Thy prefence cheers my drooping foul,
And banifhes my fear.

2. Thy counfels fhall conduct my feet
Thro' this dark wildernefs ;

Thy hand fhall place me near thy feat,
To dwell before thy face.

3. Were I in heav'n without my God,
'Twould be no joy to me ;

And, while this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

4. What if the fprings of life were broke,
And flefh and heart fhould faint ;

GOD is my foul's eternal rock,
The ftrength of ev'ry faint.

5. To raife my thoughts to thee, my God,
Shall be my fweet employ ;

My tongue fhall found thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXVIII. Common Metre.

The providence of GOD recorded to pofterity,

1. **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which GOD perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we faw,
And which our fathers told.

2. He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' ev'ry rifing race.

3. Our lips fhall tell them to our fons,
And they again to theirs ;

That

That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.
 4. Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their hope securely stands ;
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.
The pleasures of public worship.

1. **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.
2. To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside ;
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.
3. For God his people loves,
 His hand no good with-holds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls ;
 Thrice blest is he,
 O LORD of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

4. O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men who pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still:
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.
5. They go from strength to strength
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears;
 O glorious feat,
 When God our king
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing Feet!

PSALM LXXXV. Common Metre.

Prayer for public deliverance.

1. **T**HY favour, gracious LORD, display,
 Which we have long implor'd;
 And, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,
 Thy wonted aid afford.
2. Thine answer patiently we'll wait,
 For thou with glad success,
 If they no more to folly turn,
 Thy mourning saints wilt bless.
3. To those who fear thy holy name
 Is thy salvation near;
 And in its former happy state
 Our nation shall appear.

For

4. For mercy now with truth is join'd ;
And righteousness with peace.
Like kind companions absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.
5. Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heav'n
Shall streams of justice pour ;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty show'r.
6. Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare ;
While we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

PSALM LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Praise to the one true G O D.

1. **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath pow'r divine ;
Nor is their nature, mighty LORD,
Nor are their works like thine.
2. Thy matchless pow'r, thy sov'reign sway,
The Nations shall adore ;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
To thee, O GOD, restore.
3. All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done ;
Shall own that thou art GOD supreme,
That thou art God alone.
4. While heav'n, and all who dwell on high,
To thee their voices raise,
Let the whole earth assist the sky,
And join t' advance thy praise.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.
The truth of GOD in the promise of the MESSIAH.

1. **F**OR ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the LORD;
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heav'n supported by his hand,
2. JEHOVAH speaks, with gracious voice:
 "David, the servant of my choice,
 "Receive the cov'nant of my love,
 "Nor doubt the pow'r which reigns above.
3. "While earth and seas and skies remain,
 "Thy seed thro' endless years shall reign;
 "He is my chosen king; his throne
 "Shall stand unshaken as mine own."
4. The words eternal love hath spoke,
 Eternal truth will ne'er revoke;
 The cov'nant stands for ever sure;
 The throne for ever shall endure.
5. Then let the God of truth and grace
 Be prais'd by all the heav'n-born race;
 And let assembled faints below
 Present the songs of praise they owe.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Seet. 2d.* Common Metre.
The power and majesty of GOD.

1. **W**ITH rev'rence let the faints appear
 And bow before the LORD,
 His high commands with rev'rence hear,
 And tremble at his word.
2. How wonderful thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!

Where

- Where is the pow'r that vies with thee,
Or truth compar'd with thine ?
3. The northern pole and southern reit
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
4. Thy words the raging winds controul,
And rule the boist'rous deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
5. Heav'n, earth, and air and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell :
How can thine arm in vengeance shine,
When mortals dare rebel !
6. Justice and judgment are thy throne ;
Yet wond'rous is thy grace ;
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face :
7. Thrice happy are the souls who know
Their kind inviting voice ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
Who in thy name rejoice.

P S A L M XC. Common Metre.

G O D eternal, and man mortal.

1. **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !
2. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,

From everlasting thou art God ;
To endless years the same.

3. A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an ev'ning gone ;

Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

4. The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

5. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6. Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning-light ;
The flow'rs, beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.

7. So teach us, LORD, the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XCI. Common Metre.

Good men the care of providence.

1. **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come make the LORD your dwelling-place,
And try and trust his care.

2. No ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the plague come nigh,

And

And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.

3. He'll give his angels charge to keep
Your feet in all your ways;
To watch your pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy days.

4. " Because on me they set their love,
" I'll save them (faith the LORD)
" I'll bear their joyful souls above
" Destruction and the sword.

5. " My grace shall answer when they call;
" In trouble I'll be nigh:
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.

6. " Those who on earth my name have known,
" I'll honour them in heav'n;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM XCII. Common Metre.

A psalm for the sabbath-day.

1. **H**OW good and pleasant is the work
To bless the LORD most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His name to magnify!

2. With ev'ry morning's early dawn,
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat.

3. How wond'rous are thy works, O LORD,
How deep are thy decrees!

Whose

Whose winding track, in secret laid,
No thoughtless sinner sees.

4. Tho' wicked men, like blooming flow'rs,
A while look fresh and gay ;

Soon must the short-liv'd beauty fade,
Their glory pass away.

5. But those who keep the laws of God,
Within his courts shall thrive ;
Their vigour and their fruitfulness
Shall in old-age revive.

6. Thus will the LORD his justice shew ;
And God, our strong defence,
Will due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

P S A L M XCIII. Long Metre.

The eternal dominion of G O D.

1. **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
The LORD, who o'er all nations reigns,
The earth's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

2. Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thine awful throne was fix'd above ;
From everlasting thou art God.

3. The floods, O LORD, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high ;
But God above can still the noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

4. Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure ;
And those who in thy presence dwell,

That

That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

Praise to the Almighty Sovereign.

1. **S**ING to the LORD JEHOVAH's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme
Exalted be our voice.
2. With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;
The LORD'S a GOD of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
3. Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.
4. Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd what bounds the seas should keep,
And where the hills must stand.
5. Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
Then shall the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace.

PSALM XCVI. Proper Metre.

GOD the sovereign ruler and judge.

1. **S**ING to the LORD a joyful song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common patron's praise resound:

Sing

Sing to the LORD, and bleſs his name,
From day to day his praife proclaim,
Who hath the world with bleſſings crown'd ;
To heathen lands his fame rehearſe,
His wonders to the univerſe.

2. Great is the LORD : his praife be great
Who ſits on high enthron'd in ſtate ;
To him alone let anthems riſe :
The gods the heathen world adore,
In vain pretend to ſov'reign pow'r ;
He only rules who made the ſkies ;
With majeſty and honour crown'd,
Beauty and ſtrength his throne ſurround.

3. Proclaim aloud, " JEHOVAH reigns,
" Whoſe pow'r the univerſe ſuſtains,
" And baniſh'd juſtice will reſtore ;"
Let therefore heav'n new joys confeſs,
And heav'nly mirth let earth expreſs ;
Its loud applauſe the ocean roar ;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.

4. For joy let fertile vallies ſing,
And chearful groves their tribute bring :
Let ev'ry human voice awake,
The LORD's approach to celebrate,
Who will appear in awful ſtate,
And thro' the earth his circuit take ;
From heav'n to judge the world will come,
With juſtice to reward or doom.

P S A L M XCVII. Long Metre.

Joy in the righteous government of G O D.

1. **J**EHOVAH reigns ; let all the earth
In his just government rejoice ;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.
2. Darknefs and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state :
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.
3. Above earth's potentates enthron'd,
JEHOVAH dwells exalted high ;
Supreme by other gods is own'd,
And reigns unrivall'd in the sky.
4. The sov'reign king loves upright souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere ;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.
5. The seeds of endless light are sown,
A glorious harvest for the just ;
To them his favour shall be shewn ;
He'll recompense their pious trust.
6. Rejoice, ye righteous, in the LORD ;
In songs of praise your joy express ;
Deep in your thankful hearts record
Memorials of his holiness.

P S A L M XCIX. Short Metre.

A holy G O D worshipped with reverence.

1. **E**XALT the LORD our GOD,
And worship at his feet ;

G

His

His nature is all holiness,
While mercy is his feat.

2. How glorious is his name!
How awful is his praise!

Justice and truth and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

3. The LORD JEHOVAH reigns;
Let all the nations fear;

Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

4. When *Israel* was his church,
When *Aaron* was his priest,

When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his people rest.

5. Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;

But oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abus'd his grace.

6. Exalt the LORD our GOD,
Whose grace is still the same;

Still he's a GOD of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

PSALM C. Long Metre.

GOD the object of universal worship.

1. **W**ITH one consent let all the earth
To GOD their chearful voices raise;
Glad homage pay with sacred mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2. Convinc'd that he is GOD alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;

We

We whom he choofes for his own,
The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.

3. Enter his gates with fongs of joy ;
With praifes to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
4. For he's the LORD supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever fure ;
His truth, which always firmly flood,
To endless ages fhall endure.

PSALM CII. Common Metre.

The immutability of G O D.

1. **T**HRO' endless years thou art the fame,
O thou eternal GOD !
Ages to come fhall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.
2. The ftrong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchlefs fkill was made.
3. Soon fhall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid afide,
And chang'd at thy command.
4. But thy perfections, all-divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages fhine,
With undiminifh'd rays.
5. Thy fervants children, ftill thy care,
Shall own their Father's GOD ;

To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM CIII. Long Metre.

The mercies of GOD gratefully acknowledged.

1. **A** WAKE, my soul, awake my tongue;
My GOD demands the grateful song:
Let all my inmost pow'rs record
The wond'rous mercy of the LORD.
2. Bless, O my soul, the GOD of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise:
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
3. Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with a Father's love.
4. My youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;
His hand sustains my growing years;
He satisfies my mouth with food,
And feeds my hopes with heav'nly good.
5. His mercy, 'with unchanging rays,
For ever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the LORD,
6. To those who, with religious awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with pure devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful homage shew.
7. While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,

O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the sacred song.

PSALM CIV. *Section 1st.* Long Metre.

The greatness of GOD.

1. **M**Y soul, adore the sov'reign LORD,
Whose glorious empire knows no
bounds;
Whose throne, establish'd by his word,
Eternal majesty furrounds.
2. He makes the light his royal robe,
And dazzling glories veil his seat;
He spreads heav'ns curtains round the globe,
To form his canopy of state.
3. The beams of his imperial throne
Are laid on high in liquid air;
And, when he makes his glory known,
Clouds form his bright triumphal car.
4. He bids the storms obey his word,
And wait to form his awful train;
And, while the winds confess their LORD,
Walks on their rapid wings serene.
5. Angelic hosts, like living flame,
Around his throne with rev'rence stand;
Or, swift as thought, his will proclaim,
And execute his high command.
6. While angels spread his praise abroad,
Let ev'ry distant region hear;
Let earth adore her mighty God,
And humble mortals bow and fear.

PSALM CIV. *Section 2d.* Long Metre.*All creatures dependent on G O D.*

1. **V**AST are thy works, Almighty LORD ;
All nature rests upon thy word :
Thy wisdom round the world we see ;
This spacious earth is full of thee.
2. The num'rous race of creatures stands,
Waiting their portion from thy hands ;
And while each takes his diff'rent food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good.
3. But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return ;
Both man and beast their souls resign ;
Life, breath and spirit, all is thine.
4. Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
5. Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honour'd with thine own delight ;
How awful are thy glorious ways !
Thou, LORD, art dreadful in thy praise.
6. The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;
Yet humble souls may see thy face,
And tell their wants to sov'reign grace.
7. In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet ;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

P S A L M CV. Common Metre.

GOD the proper object of praise and prayer.

1. **O** Render thanks, and bless the LORD,
Invoke his sacred name,
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.
2. Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
The subject of your verse.
3. Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let your hearts o'erflow with joy,
Who humbly seek the LORD.
4. Seek ye the LORD, his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, since he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

P S A L M CVI. Long Metre.

The goodness of GOD to the righteous.

1. **O** Render praise to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
2. Who can recount his wond'rous deeds?
His greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?
3. Blest are the men who fear him still,
And pay their duty to his will;

Who

Who know the path their feet should go ;
 Whose cautious steps that path pursue.

4. Be this my happiness, to see
 The saints in full prosperity,
 And, while their num'rous tribes rejoice,
 To aid the triumph with my voice.
5. To God the great, the ever-blest,
 Let songs of honour be address'd ;
 Let all the saints, with full accord,
 Exalt their voice to praise the LORD.

P S A L M CVII. Common Metre.

Dangers and deliverances by sea.

1. **T**HY works of glory, mighty LORD,
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating ships.
2. At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring waves ;
 The men astonish'd mount the skies,
 And sink in gaping graves.
3. Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
 And plunge in deeps again ;
 Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,
 And finds his courage vain.
4. Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
 They pant with flutt'ring breath,
 And, hopeless of the distant shore,
 Expect immediate death.
5. Then to the LORD they raise their cries ;
 He hears the loud request ;

He

He orders silence thro' the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

6. Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allay'd :

Now to their eyes the port appears ; —
There let their vows be paid.

7. 'Tis GOD who brings them safe to land,
Let thoughtless mortals know ;
The waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

8. O that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the LORD ;
And those who see his wond'rous ways,
His wond'rous love record.

P S A L M CVIII. Common Metre.

An act of praise.

1. **O** GOD, my grateful soul aspires
To magnify thy name ;
My tongue with chearful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2. Awake, my heart ; and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay ;
And let an hymn of sacred joy
Salute the op'ning day.

3. To all the list'ning world, O GOD,
Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
While ev'ry joyful tongue shall join
To spread the glorious theme :

4. Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends ;

H

And

And far beyond the flying clouds
Thy faithfulness extends.

5. Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame ;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

PSALM CX. As the 113th psalm.

The MESSIAH king for ever.

1. **T**HUS spake JEHOVAH to our LORD :
(Let heav'n and earth attend his word)
" At my right-hand assume thy seat ;
" Rule thou supreme amidst thy foes ;
" The pow'rs who dare thy reign oppose
" Shall fall confounded at thy feet."
2. We hail his great triumphant day ;
The willing nations own his sway,
And joy his rising beams to view ;
Rescu'd by him from error's night,
They shine as numberless and bright
As chrystal drops of morning dew.
3. The LORD hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like *Melchizedech's*, his reign
And priesthood should no period know ;
God will exalt his glorious head,
Thro' the whole earth his kingdom spread,
And lay each haughty rebel low.

PSALM CXI. Common Metre.

The perfections of GOD display'd in his works.

1. **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God ;

He

- He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
2. How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our fight!
And men in ev'ry age have fought
His wonders with delight.
3. How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts design'd.
4. When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
The orders that his lips pronounce,
To endless years endure.
5. Nature and time, and earth and skies,
His heav'nly skill proclaim;
What shall we do to make us wise
But learn to read his name?
6. To fear his pow'r, to trust his grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys his will.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1. **H**APPY is he who fears the LORD,
And follows his commands;
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with lib'ral hands.
2. As pity dwells within his breast
To all the sons of need;

So GOD shall answer his request,
With blessings on his seed.

3. No evil tidings shall surprize
His well establish'd mind ;
His soul to GOD his refuge flies,
And leaves its fears behind.

4. In times of general distress,
Some beams of light shall shine,
To shew the world his righteousness,
And give him peace divine.

5. His works of piety and love
Remain before the LORD ;
Honour on earth, and joys above,
Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The majesty and condescension of GOD.

1. **Y**E that delight to serve the LORD,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless ;
Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

2. GOD thro' the world extends his sway :
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are :
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

3. He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do ;
And bends his care to mortal things ;

His

His sov'reign hand exalts the poor ;
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

PSALM CXIV. Long Metre.

The greatness of the G O D of Israel.

1. **W**HEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with chearful homage own
 Their king, and *Judah* was his throne.
2. Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way :
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
3. The mountains shook like frightened sheep ;
 Like lambs the little hills did leap ;
 Not *Sinai* on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
4. What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
 Make *Jordan* backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that *Sinai* feels ?
5. Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
 Retire and know th' approaching God,
 The king of *Israel* : see him here ;
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
6. He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
 The rocks to standing pools he turns ;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the LORD.

P S A L M CXVI. Common Metre.

Public thanks for private deliverance.

1. **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
2. Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed GOD!
How dear thy servants in thy fight!
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
LORD, I devote to thee.
5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand has loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record:
Witness, ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the LORD.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from all nations.

1. **W**ITH chearful notes let all the earth
To heav'n their voices raise;

Let

Let all, inspir'd with sacred mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2. GOD's tender mercy knows no bound ;
His truth shall ne'er decay :
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII. Common Metre.

Hosannah to our risen SAVIOUR.

1. **T**HIS is the day the LORD hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
2. To day he rose and left the dead,
And *satan's* empire fell ;
To day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
3. *Hosannah* to th' anointed king,
To *David's* holy son !
Help us, O LORD, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
4. Blest be the LORD, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in GOD his father's name,
To save our sinful race.
5. *Hosannah*, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The church above in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Section 1st.* Common Metre.*Holiness the foundation of happiness.*

1. **H**OW blest are they who strictly keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who dare not from the sacred paths
Of GOD's commandments stray!
2. How blest the men who fear his name,
And fly from ev'ry sin;
Whose souls, with fervent humble zeal,
His favour seek to win!
3. Great is their peace who love his law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.
4. To meditate thy precepts, LORD,
Shall be my pleasure still;
My active pow'rs shall all unite
To do thine holy will.
5. With my whole heart I seek thy face;
O let me never stray
From the fair paths of righteousness,
Nor tread the sinner's way.
6. Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seet. 2d.* Common Metre.*The word of GOD the best guide of youth.*

1. **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?

GOD'S

GOD's word the choicest rules imparts
To keep their conscience clean.

2. When once it penetrates the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to GOD.

3. 'Tis like the sun, an heav'nly light
That guides us all the day;
And, thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4. The men who keep his law with care,
And meditate his word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the LORD.

5. His precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my GOD.

6. Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
And well support my age.

P S A L M CXIX. *Section 3d.* Common Metre.

Desire of knowledge.

1. **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O LORD;
How good thy works appear!
Open mine eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2. My heart was fashion'd by thy hand;
My service is thy due;

O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

3. Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not my path be hid ;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

4. If GOD to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

5. When I have learn'd my father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways ;
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CXIX. *Section 4th.* Common Metre.
Desire of holiness.

1. **O** That the LORD would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my GOD would grant me grace
To know and do his will !

2. O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3. From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;

Let

Let sin have no dominion, LORD,
But keep my conscience clear.

5. My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;

Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

6. Teach me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;

Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my GOD.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seet. 5th.* Common Metre.

Sincerity and perseverance in religion.

1. **T**HOU art my portion, O my GOD;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2. I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4. If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, LORD;

Thou art my shield my hiding-place ;
My hope is in thy word.

6. Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil :
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM CXIX. *Seet. 6th.* Common Metre.

The excellence of the word of G O D.

1. **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice.
My lasting heritage ;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
2. My soul esteems thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.
3. Thy precepts often I survey :
I keep thy laws in sight,
Thro' all the business of the day,
To guide my actions right.
4. No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold,
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Or heaps of choicest gold.
5. 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And endless glory lies :
6. The best relief that mourners have ;
It makes our sorrows blest ;

Points

Points out an home beyond the skies,
And an eternal rest.

PSALM CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by day and night.

1. **T**O GOD, we lift our waiting eyes;
On him our hopes depend;
The LORD, who built the earth and skies,
Is our Almighty friend.
2. Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he vouchsafes to keep;
His ear attends our humble call;
His eye can never sleep.
3. He will sustain our weakest pow'rs,
By his Almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprizing harm.
4. Our souls rejoice and rest secure,
Our keeper is the LORD;
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
For our eternal guard.
5. Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Without his leave can smite;
He shields our head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.
6. He guards our lives, he keeps our breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
We stand secure from threat'ning death,
Till God commands us home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

Delight in public worship.

1. **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“ In *Zion* let us all appear,
“ And keep the solemn day.”
2. I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To shew his milder face.
3. Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest !
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest !
4. My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

P S A L M CXXIV. Long Metre.

Seasonable deliverance.

1. **H**AD not the LORD (may *Israel* say)
Had not the LORD maintain'd our side,
When men, to make our lives a prey,
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
2. The swelling tide had stop'd our breath,
So fiercely did the water roll ;
We had been swallow'd deep in death ;
Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
3. We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;

So

- So flies the bird with chearful wing,
When once the fowler's snare is broke.
4. For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who broke the fowler's dreadful snare,
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives and souls his care.
5. Our help is in JEHOVAH's name,
Who form'd the earth, and built the skies;
He who upholds that wond'rous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes,

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

Good men secure under afflictions.

1. **F**IRM and unmov'd are they
Who rest their souls on God,
Firm as the mount where *Moses* stood,
Or where the ark abode.
2. As mountains stood to guard
The city's sacred ground;
So God and his almighty love
Embrace his saints around.
3. What tho' the father's rod
Drop a chastizing stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
It's fury shall be broke.
4. His kindness shall be shewn
To those whose pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

Dependence on GOD for success and happiness.

1. **I**F GOD succeed not all the cost
And pains to build the house are lost ;
If GOD the city will not keep,
The watchful guards as well may sleep.
2. What if you rise before the sun,
And work and toil till day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your bread,
To shun that poverty you dread ;
3. 'Tis all in vain, till GOD hath blest ;
He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
Children and friends are blessings too,
If GOD our sov'reign makes them so.
4. Happy the man to whom he sends
Obedient children, faithful friends !
How sweet our daily comforts prove,
When they are season'd with his love !

P S A L M CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Domestic happiness.

1. **O**HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and sacred awe ;
Whose lips to GOD their honours yield,
Whose life adorns his law !
2. A careful providence shall stand,
And ever guard his head,
Shall on the labours of his hand
It's kindly blessings shed.
3. His wife shall be a fruitful vine ;
His children round his board,

Each

Each like a plant of honour shine,
And learn to fear the LORD.

4. The LORD shall his best hopes fulfil,
For months and years to come ;
The LORD, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send him blessings home.

PSALM CXXX. Short Metre.

Pardoning mercy.

1. **W**ITH penitential grief
To thee, my GOD, I cry ;
In mercy hear my humble prayer,
Attend my plaintive sigh.
2. Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who could the trial bear ?
Beneath thy frown my heart would faint,
And tremble in despair.
3. But mercy dwells with thee ;
Hope dawns amidst my fears ;
Divine forgiveness large and free,
Shall stop my flowing tears.
4. On thee my soul shall wait ;
My trust is in thy word ;
Thy word of grace can light create,
And sacred peace afford.
5. My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray,
More eager than the morning watch
To meet the op'ning day.
6. Let mourning souls on God,
With chearful hope rely

For penitence can ne'er be vain,
Nor hated sin destroy.

7. Tho' great our crimes appear,
And fill our hearts with pain ;
His pard'ning love dispels our fear,
And cleanses ev'ry stain.

PSALM CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

1. **I**S there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious GOD, and see ;
Or do I act an haughty part ?
LORD, I appeal to thee.
2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild,
Content, my father, with thy will,
And patient as a child.
3. The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward :
Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful LORD.

PSALM CXXXII. Common Metre.

The presence of GOD in his church desired.

1. **A**RISE, O king of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest :
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.
2. Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word ;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

Here,

3. Here, mighty GOD, accept our vows ;
Here let thy praise be spread ;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
4. Here let the son of *David* reign,
Let GOD's anointed shine ;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.
5. Here let him hold a lasting throne ;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

1. **B**EHOLD with joy the happy scene ;
How pleasing is the sight,
Where brethren live in love and peace,
And all their hearts unite !
2. Refreshing, as the precious oil
Which, pour'd on *Aaron's* head,
Ran down his venerable face,
And round a frag'rance spread.
3. Delightful as the shining snow
On lofty *Hermon's* top ;
Or pearly dew on *Zion's* hills,
Where they with fatness drop.
4. For there the blessing of the LORD
Rich plenty doth bestow ;
And springs of living water rise,
Which shall for ever flow.

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotion.

1. **Y**E that obey th' immortal king,
Attend his holy place ;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And blefs his wond'rous grace.
2. Lift up your hands by morning light,
And fend your souls on high ;
Raife your admiring thoughts by night
Above the ftarry fky.
3. The GOD of mercy cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace ;
The GOD who fspread the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the fwelling feas.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to GOD, not to idols.

1. **A**WAKE, ye faints, to praise your king ;
Your nobleft paffions raife ;
Your pious pleasure, while you fing,
Encreafing with the praife.
2. Great is the LORD, and works unknown
Are his divine employ ;
But ftill his faints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
3. Heav'n, earth, and fea confefs his hand ;
He bids the vapours rife ;
Light'ning and ftorm, at his command,
Sweep through the founding fkies.
4. All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
Is found with him alone ;

Let

Let idol-gods no more be nam'd,
Where our JEHOVAH's known.

5. Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals who wait for their relief,
Are blind and and deaf as they.

6. Ye righteous, praise the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes his churches his abode,
And claims your homage there.

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

The works of creation and providence.

1. **T**O GOD the mighty LORD,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For GOD will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2. To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For GOD will prove
Our constant friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

3. By his Almighty hand,
Amazing works are wrought;

The

The heav'ns by his command
Were to perfection brought
And God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

4. He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land ;
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand ;
And God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

5. Thro' heav'n he doth display
His num'rous hosts of light ;
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night :
And God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

6. He doth the food supply
On which all creatures live :
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give :
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Sect. 1st. Long Metre.**The all-seeing G O D.*

1. **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye surveys with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
2. My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
3. Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand;
On ev'ry side I find thine hand:
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
4. Could I so false so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love;
Where, LORD, could I thine influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run.
5. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there thy dreadful vengeance reigns.
6. If, mounted on a morning-ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
7. Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

8. O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest;
 Nor let my weaker passions dare
 Consent to sin; for God is there.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Secl. 2d.* Common Metre.

The wisdom of GOD in the formation of man.

1. **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,
 And all my frame survey;
 LORD, 'tis thy work; I own the hand
 That form'd my humble clay.
2. Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
 Where unborn nature grew;
 Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
 And all my members drew;
3. Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
 The growth of ev'ry part;
 Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
 Was copy'd by thy art.
4. Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.
5. Thy pow'r and goodness round me shine;
 My form thy wisdom shews;
 My soul adores the hand divine,
 Whence ev'ry blessing flows.
6. LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprize;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

7. These

7. These on my heart by night I keep ;
 How kind, how dear to me !
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLV. *Señt. 1st.* Common Metre.

The greatness of G O D.

1. **L**ONG as I live, I'll bleſs thy name,
 My King, my God of love ;
 My work and joy ſhall be the ſame
 In the bright world above.
2. Great is the LORD, his pow'r unknown,
 And let his praiſe be great ;
 I'll ſing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
3. Thy grace ſhall dwell upon my tongue ;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men who hear my ſacred ſong,
 Shall join their chearful voice.
4. Fathers to ſons ſhall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways ;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations ſound thy praiſe.
5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall thro' the world be known ;
 Thine arm of pow'r, thine heav'nly ſtate,
 With public ſplendor ſhown.
6. The world is manag'd by thy hands ;
 Thy ſaints are rul'd by love ;
 And thine eternal kingdom ſtands,
 Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. *Secl. 2d.* Common Metre.

The goodness of G O D.

1. **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My GOD, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
2. GOD reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
4. Thou, LORD, art kind; fresh acts of grace
Thy pity still supplies;
Thine anger moves with slowest pace,
Thy willing mercy flies.
5. Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But saints, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. *Secl. 3d.* Common Metre.

The compassion of G O D.

1. **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign LORD of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
2. When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd,

Beneath

Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3. The LORD supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4. He knows the pains his servants feel ;
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.

5. His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

6. Our lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of *Adam* raise
The honours of their God.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.
Praise to GOD for his goodness and truth.

1. **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

2. Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;

Their breath departs ; their pomp and pow'r,
And schemes all vanish in an hour,

Nor can they make their promise good.

3. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On nature's GOD ; he made the sky,

And earth and seas with all their train ;
His truth for ever stands secure,

He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4. The LORD hath eyes to give the blind ;
The LORD supports the sinking mind ;

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,

The widow and the fatherless,

And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

5. He loves his saints, he knows them well ;
His love their joyful lips shall tell ;

The living God for ever reigns ;

Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,

In this exalted work engage ;

Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM CXLVII. Common Metre.

The seasons of the year.

1. **W**ITH songs and honours sounding
loud,

Address the LORD on high ;

Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,

And waters veil the sky.

2. He sends his show'rs of blessings down,

To cheer the plains below ;

He makes the grafs the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.

3. He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the raven's cry ;

But man who tastes his fineſt wheat,
Should raiſe his honours high.

4. His ſteady counſels change the face
Of the declining year ;

He bids the ſun cut ſhort his race,
And wint'ry days appear.

5. His hoary froſt, his fleecy ſnow,
Deſcend and cloath the ground ;

The liquid ſtreams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

6. He ſends his word and melts the ſnow,
The fields no longer mourn ;

He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the ſpring return.

7. The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word :

With ſongs and honours founding loud,
Praiſe ye the ſov'reign LORD.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Tune.

Praiſe to G O D from all creatures.

1. **Y**E boundleſs realms of joy,
Exalt your maker's fame,
His praiſe your ſongs employ
Above the ſtarry frame ;

Your voices raiſe,

Ye cherubim

And ſeraphim,

To ſing his praiſe.

2. Thou

2. Thou moon that rul'st the night.
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
3. The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command :
He spake the word,
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.
4. Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep;
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep ;
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their maker's pow'r.
5. Ye kings and judges, fear
The LORD the sov'reign king ;
And, while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing ;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state,
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

6. Virgins

6. Virgins and youths engage
 To sound his praise divine ;
 While infancy and age
 Their feeblér voices join :
 Wide as he reigns,
 His name be sung,
 By ev'ry tongue,
 In endless strains.

P S A L M CXLIX. Proper Tune.

Saints called upon to praise G O D.

1. **O** Praise ye the Lord ; prepare a new song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.
2. Let praise to the God who made us ascend ;
 Let each grateful heart exult in its king ;
 For God whom we worship our songs will
 attend, [bring.
 And view with complacence the off'ring we
3. Be joyful, ye saints sustain'd by his might,
 And let your glad songs awake with each
 morn ;
 For those who obey him are still his delight ;
 His hand with salvation the meek will adorn.
4. Then praise ye the Lord ; prepare a new
 song ;
 And let all his saints in full concert join ;
 With voices united the anthem prolong ;
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

PSALM CL. Long Metre.

An exhortation to praise G O D.

1. **P**RAISE ye the LORD ; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
2. Recount his works in strains divine ;
His wond'rous works how bright they shine !
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your thoughts exceeds.
3. Let all, whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the LORD.

The END of the FIRST PART.

P A R T II.

P S A L M S

O F

P R A I S E to G O D.

O R,

H Y M N S.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

G O D the proper object of praise.

1. **Y**E fons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great creator's praise:
But O what tongue can speak his fame!
What mortal verse can reach the theme!
2. Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears:
His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
Command our awe, invite our praise.

M

To

3. To GOD all nature owes its birth ;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth ;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.
4. In all our maker's vast designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines ;
His works, thro' all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.
5. Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfections sing ;
O let his praise employ our tongues,
And list'ning worlds approve the songs.

PSALM II. Common Metre.

GOD eternal.

1. **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And call forth ev'ry tuneful sound,
To praise th' eternal GOD.
2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
JEHOVAH fill'd his throne ;
Ere men were form'd or angels made,
The maker liv'd alone.
3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime :
Eternity's his dwelling-place,
And *Ever* is his time.
4. The seas and skies must perish too,
And vast destruction come ;
The creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their final doom !

5. Well,

5. Well, let the sea shrink all away,
 And flame melt down the skies;
 My God shall live an endless day,
 When this creation dies.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

G O D infinite, omnipotent and omniscient.

1. **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, LORD, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
2. Thine all surrounding sight surveys,
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
3. My thoughts lie open to the LORD,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
4. O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on ev'ry side.
5. If, wing'd with beams of morning-light,
 I fly beyond the west;
 Thy hand which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.
6. If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law,
 Would turn the shades to light.

7. The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee ;
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r,
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM IV. Common Metre.

G O D unchangeable.

1. **T**HOU did'st, O mighty God, exist,
Ere time begun its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the voids of space .
2. Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd :
3. Ere thro' the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch,
Or starry poles, were rear'd :
4. Ere thro' the bright celestial courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or ere the joyful sons of light
Harmonious anthems sung :
5. Ere men ador'd or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name,
Thy bliss (O sacred spring of life !)
And glory were the same.
6. And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When

7. When from her orb the moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back ;
 While all the trembling starry lamps,
 Their ancient course forsake ;
8. Amidst the universal shock,
 Thy throne shall stand secure :
 The glories which compose thy name
 Thro' endless years endure.

P S A L M V. Long Metre.

The one living and true G O D.

1. **E**TERNAL God, almighty cause
 Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;
 All things are subject to thy laws ;
 All things depend on thee alone.
2. Thy glorious being singly stands,
 Of all within itself posselt :
 Controul'd by none are thy commands ;
 Thou from thyself alone art blest.
3. To thee alone ourselves we owe ;
 Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;
 All other gods we disavow,
 Deny their claims, renounce their sway.
4. Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;
 Their idol-deities dethrone ;
 Reduce the world to thy commands,
 And reign, as thou art, God alone.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

The greatness of G O D.

1. **K**EEP silence all created things,
 And wait your Maker's word.

My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her LORD.

2. Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree :

He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

3. Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought ;
All future years, and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.

4. His mighty voice bid ancient night
Her endless realms resign ;
And lo, ten thousand worlds of light
In fields of azure shine.

5. His wisdom with superior sway,
Guides the vast moving frame ;
Whilst all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

The power of G O D.

1. 'T WAS GOD who fix'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies ;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2. From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd ;
He pierces thro' the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3. He darts along the burning skies ;
Loud thunders round him roar :

All

- All heaven attends him as he flies,
 All hell proclaims his pow'r.
4. He speaks, great nature's wheels stand still,
 And leave their wonted round;
 The mountains melt, each trembling hill
 Forsakes its ancient bound.
5. He scatters nations with his breath;
 The scatter'd nations fly:
 Blue pestilence and spreading death
 Confess the Godhead nigh.
6. Ye worlds, and ev'ry living thing,
 Fulfil his high command;
 Pay duteous homage to your king,
 And own his ruling hand.

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

The faithfulness of G O D.

1. **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal king.
2. Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,
 And sound his pow'r abroad;
 Sing the kind promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
3. Proclaim, "Salvation from the LORD,
 For sinful dying men;"
 His hand hath writ the sacred word,
 With an immortal pen.
4. Engrav'd as in eternal brass
 The gracious promise shines;

Nor

Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
The everlasting lines.

5. He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfil his great decrees.

6. His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies ;
The voice which rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

P S A L M IX. Common Metre.

The goodness of G O D.

1. **L**ORD, thou art good ; all nature shows
Thee full, and free, and kind ;
Thy bounty thro' creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

2. The whole and ev'ry part proclaims
Thine infinite good-will ;
It shines in stars, and flows in streams,
And bursts from ev'ry hill.

3. It spreads thro' all the spreading main,
And thro' the heav'ns more wide ;
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

4. Long has it been diffus'd abroad,
Thro' years and ages past ;
And its rich stores, all-bounteous God,
For ever still shall last.

5. Thro' the vast whole it pours supplies,
Spreads Joy thro' ev'ry part :

LORD,

LORD, let such love attract mine eyes,
And captivate my heart.

6. High admiration let it raise,
And kind affections move;
Employ my tongue in songs of praise,
And fill my heart with love.

P S A L M X. As the 50th Psalm.

The never-ceasing goodness of G O D.

1. **H**ouse of our GOD, with chearful anthems
ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim;
Let ev'ry tongue be vocal with his name.
The LORD is good, his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual shew'rs descending.
2. The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills;
Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known;
Thro' your immortal life with love encreasing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceasing.
3. Thou earth, enlightned by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grass, and corn, and oil, and
wine, [meet,
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.
4. His goodness never ends; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties thro' new scenes display'd;

Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's GOD.
 The deathless soul, thro' its immense duration,
 Drinks from this source immortal consolation.

5. Burst into praise, my soul; all nature join;
 Angels and men in harmony combine;
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 And while eternity its course shall run,
 His goodness, in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs, and raptures never ending.

P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

The mercy of GOD.

1. **T**HE LORD, how wond'rous are his ways!
 How firm his truth! how large his grace!
 He takes his mercy from his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.
2. Not half so high his pow'r hath spread
 The starry heav'ns above our head,
 As his rich love exceeds our praise,
 Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
3. Not half so far hath nature plac'd
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The guilt of those his heart approves.
4. The mighty GOD, the wise and just,
 Knows that our frame is feeble dust,
 And will no heavy loads impose,
 Beyond the strength which he bestows.
5. He knows how soon our nature dies,
 Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies;

Like

Like grafs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or morning flow'rs that fade at noon.

6. But his eternal love is ſure
To all the faints, and ſhall endure ;
From age to age his truth ſhall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

The compaſſion of G O D.

1. **O** Thou, the wretched's ſure retreat,
Who doſt our cares controul,
And with the chearful ſmile of peace
Revive the fainting ſoul !
2. Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea diſdain ;
Or when did plaintive miſ'ry ſigh,
Or ſupplicate, in vain ?
3. Oppreſs'd with grief and ſhame, diſſolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodneſs calms our reſtleſs doubts,
And diſſipates our fears.
4. New life from thy refreshing grace
Our ſinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentleſt beſt lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.
5. From that bleſt ſource propitious hope
Appears ſerenely bright,
And ſheds her ſoft diffuſive beam
O'er ſorrow's diſmal night.
6. Our griefs confeſs her vital pow'r,
And bleſs the friendly ray,

Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

G O D incomprehensible.

1. **L**ORD, we are blind, we mortals blind ;
We can't behold thy bright abode :
O, 'tis beyond a creature-mind,
To glance a thought half-way to God.
2. Infinite leagues beyond the sky,
The great eternal reigns alone :
Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
Nor angels climb the toplest throne.
3. The Lord of glory builds his seat
Of gems insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred feet,
Substantial beams of gloomy night.
4. Yet, glorious LORD, thy gracious eyes
Look through, and cheer us from above ;
Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

PSALM XIV. Long Metre.

G O D exalted above men.

1. **S**HALL the low race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator God ?—
Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne :
2. But how much meaner things are they,
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay !
Touch'd by the finger of his wrath,
We faint and vanish like the moth.

3. From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in his fight;
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,
Like a forgotten vanity.
4. Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow:
How frail are we! how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

P S A L M XV. Long Metre.

The divine perfections celebrated.

1. **M**Y God, my king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
2. The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
3. Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift; thine anger flow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
4. Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her shores proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name.
5. Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

6. But

6. But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

G O D the Creator.

1. **O** LORD, how excellent thy name!
 How glorious to behold,
 Engraven fair on all thy works,
 In characters of gold!
2. On heav'ns unmeasurable face,
 In lines immensely great;
 In small, on ev'ry leaf and flow'r,
Creator G O D is writ.
3. Tho' reason be not giv'n to all
 Nor voice to thee, O sun!
 Their Maker all proclaim, and here
 Their language is but one.
4. From land to land, from world to world,
 Thy fame is echo'd round;
 And ages, as they pass, transmit
 The never-dying sound.
5. Angels, the eldest sons of light,
 Began the lofty song:
 They saw the heav'ns expand abroad,
 And earth on nothing hung.
6. Then man, the last and noblest work
 Of all this nether frame,
 With the first vital breath he drew,
 Confess'd from whence he came.

7. Let

7. Let men unite to praise their God,
 Let them adore his name ;
 The wonders of his pow'r and love
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

G O D known by his works.

1. **G**REAT is our God ; his works of might
 To praise his glorious name unite ;
 Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand,
 And wait obedient his command.
2. His hand unseen sustains the poles
 On which the vast creation rolls ;
 The starry skies proclaim his pow'r,
 His pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r.
3. In various shapes and colours, rise
 Ten thousand wonders to our eyes ;
 And beasts and birds, with lab'ring throat,
 Teach us a God in ev'ry note.
4. Across the waves, around the sky,
 There's not a place, or deep or high,
 Where the creator has not trod,
 And left the footsteps of a God.

P S A L M XVIII. Proper Tune.

All creatures called upon to praise G O D.

1. **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name ;
 Lo ! heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

2. Ye angels, catch the joyful sound,
While all th' adoring throngs around
His wond'rous mercy sing;
Let ev'ry list'ning faint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.
3. Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r:
Lo! on the lightning's gleamy wing,
In triumph walks th' eternal King;
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
4. Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise,
To join the thunders of the skies;
Praise him who bid you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
5. Wake, all ye soaring throngs, and sing;
Ye chearful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise,
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tip'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
6. Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread the creator's name around,
Till heav'ns broad arch ring back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

PSALM XIX. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from all creatures.

1. **T**HE glories of our maker GOD
Our joyful tongues shall sing;
And call the nations to adore
Their former and their king.
2. 'Twas his right-hand that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this wond'rous frame;
But from his own celestial breath,
Our nobler spirits came.
3. We bring our mortal pow'rs to GOD,
And worship with our tongues:
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the heav'nly songs.
4. Let beasts, which in the pastures feed,
Or in the desarts lie,
Fishes that move within the seas,
And fowls beneath the sky;
5. Let rocks, and woods, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring;
And one united anthem raise
To GOD, all nature's king.
6. Ye planets, to his honour shine,
As thro' your orbs you run;
Praise him in your eternal course
Around the steady sun.
7. The glory of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

P S A L M XX. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to G O D from the material creation.

1. **G**REAT GOD, the heav'ns well order'd
frame

Declares the glories of thy name ;

There thy rich works of wonder shine ;

A thousand starry beauties there,

A thousand radiant marks appear

Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2. From night to day, from day to night,

The dawning and the dying light

Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;

With silent eloquence they raise

Our thoughts to our creator's praise,

And neither sound nor language need.

3. Yet their divine instructions run

Far as the journey of the sun,

And ev'ry nation knows their voice :

The sun, like a young bridegroom drest,

Breaks from the chambers of the east,

Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4. Where-e'er he spreads his beams abroad,

He smiles and speaks his maker God :

All nature joins to shew thy praise ;

Thy glories thro' creation shine,

Our souls confess the pow'r divine,

And songs of chearful homage raise.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

The G O D of nature worshipped.

1. **H**AIL, king supreme! all wise and good !

To thee our thoughts we raise,

While

- While nature's beauties, wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.
2. At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view ;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
3. Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of chearing light.
4. The sunny hill, the dewy lawn,
With thousand beauties shine ;
The silent grove, and awful shade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
5. From tree to tree a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng ;
To thee their chearful notes they swell,
And chaunt their grateful song.
6. Great nature's GOD, still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works instructive page.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Praise to GOD from the heavenly bodies.

1. **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
2. Th' unweary sun, from day to day,
Doth his creator's pow'r display ;

And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of one almighty hand.

3. Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth.

4. Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5. What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM XXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

GOD the creator and governor of the world.

1. **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice;
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
Great is your theme, your songs be new:
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true!

2. Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves;
His word the heav'nly arches spread:

How

How wide they shine from north to south !
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

3. He gathers the wide flowing seas ;
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place
 In the vast store-house of the deep :
 He spake and gave all nature birth ;
 And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

4. Let mortals tremble, and adore
 A God of such resistless pow'r ;
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage :
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands ;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXIV. As the 50th Psalm.

The eternal and sovereign G O D.

1. **T**HE LORD of glory reigns, he reigns on
 high ;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty :
 This wide creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand :
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own godhead is the firm foundation.
2. GOD is th' eternal King : his foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound his reign ;
 In vain the storms ; in vain the floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their waves against the skies ;
 Foaming at heav'n they rage with wild com-
 motion, [ocean.
 But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling
3. Ye

Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

P S A L M XXVI. As the 50th Psalm.

G O D the sovereign King.

1. **T** H E LORD of glory reigns supremely
great,
And o'er heav'ns arches builds his royal seat;
Thro' worlds unknown his sov'reign sway
extends,
Nor space, nor time his boundless empire ends;
His eye beholds th' affairs of ev'ry nation,
And reads each thought through his im-
mense creation.
2. Light'nings and storms his mighty word obey,
And planets roll, where he has mark'd their
way :
Unnumber'd angels veil'd before him stand,
And at his signal all their wings expand :
His praise gives harmony to all their voices,
And ev'ry heart thro' the full choir rejoices.
3. Rebellious mortals, cease your tumults vain,
Nor longer such unequal war maintain :
Let clay with fellow clay in combat strive,
But dread to brave the pow'r by which you live:
With contrite hearts fall prostrate and adore
him,
For, if he frown, ye perish all before him.

PSALM

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

Praise for creation and providence.

1. **I** SING th' almighty pow'r of GOD;
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
2. I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.
3. I sing the goodness of the LORD,
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
4. LORD, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye;
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!
5. There's not a plant or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.
6. Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are subject to thy care:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But GOD is present there.
7. His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the LORD,
Who is for ever nigh?

P S A L M XXVIII. Long Metre.

The universal providence of G O D.

1. **T**HE earth, and all the heav'nly frame,
 Their great creator's love proclaim :
 He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
 And sends the soft refreshing show'r.
2. The ground with plenty blooms again,
 And yields her various fruits to men ;
 To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
 Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
3. Nor to the human race alone,
 Is his paternal goodness shown ;
 The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
 Enjoy his universal care.
4. Not ev'n a sparrow yields his breath,
 Till God permit the stroke of death :
 He hears the ravens when they call,
 The father and the friend of all.

P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

The constant providence of G O D.

1. **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear ;
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.
2. Wide as the earth and planets roll,
 Thy hand supports and cheers the whole :
 By thee the sun is taught to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
3. The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
 Embalms the air and paints the land ;

The summer-rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and chear the vine.

4. Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive hymns of praise :
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
5. O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs ;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

P S A L M XXX. Common Metre.

The providence of GOD in the seasons of the year.

1. **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r ;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
3. Seasons, and times, and months, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air are thine :
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs,
The author is divine.
4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear ;

Thy

Thy ways abound with blessings still ;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M XXXI. Long Metre.

The providential goodness of G O D.

1. **P**raise ye the LORD ; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.
2. Sing to the LORD, the just, the good ;
He fills our hearts with joy and food ;
He pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
3. He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
4. He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn ;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
5. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong ;
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
6. The wonders which his love hath wrought,
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought ;
Should we attempt the long detail,
Our speech would faint, our numbers fail.
7. Praise ye the LORD : my heart shall join,
In work so pleasant, so divine,

Now while this earth is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

Divine condescension to human affairs.

1. **U**P to the LORD, who reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.
2. He who can shake the worlds he made,
Or by his word, or by his rod,
His goodness how amazing great!
And what a condescending God!
3. GOD, who must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth directs his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downward too.
4. He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls the king of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
5. O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to his grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach angelic minds his praise.

PSALM XXXIII. Common Metre.

GOD the preserver of our frail bodies.

1. **L**ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear,
But we'll confess, O LORD, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

2. Fresh

2. Fresh as the grafs our bodies ftand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blafting wind fweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grafs away.
3. Our life contains a thoufand fprings,
And dies if one be gone ;
Strange ! that a harp of thoufand ftrings,
Should keep in tune fo long.
4. But 'tis our GOD fupports our frame,
The GOD who form'd us firft ;
Salvation to th' Almighty name
That rear'd us from the duft.
5. While we have breath, or ufe our tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore ;
His fpirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would heave no more.

PSALM XXXIV. Common Metre.

GOD our constant preferver.

1. **H**IOSANNAH, with a chearful found,
To GOD's upholding hand ;
Ten thoufand fnares attend us round,
And yet fecure we ftand.
2. That was a moft amazing pow'r,
Which rais'd us with a word ;
And ev'ry day and ev'ry hour
We lean upon the LORD.
3. The ev'ning refts our weary head,
And angels guard the room ;
We wake, and we admire the bed
Which was not made our tomb.

4. The

4. The rising morning can't assure
That we shall end the day ;
For death stands ready at the door
To make our lives his prey.
5. GOD is our sun, whose daily light
Our joy and safety brings ;
Our feeble frames lie safe at night,
Beneath his guardian wings.

PSALM XXXV. Long Metre.

GOD our protector.

1. **H**E that hath made his refuge GOD,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And safe at night shall rest his head.
2. He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the ev'ning vail, and keeps
The silent hours while nature sleeps.
3. Then will I say, " My GOD, thy pow'r
" Shall be my fortress and my tow'r ;
" I, who am form'd of feeble dust,
" Make thine almighty arm my trust."
4. Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There my almighty refuge lives.
5. He lives, the everlasting GOD,
Who built the world and spread the flood ;
He lives, and by his heav'nly care,
Preserves my life from ev'ry snare.

PSALM

P S A L M XXXVI. Long Metre.

The daily goodness of G O D.

1. **G**REAT GOD, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
2. Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of our sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.
3. We yield our pow'rs to thy command;
To thee we consecrate our days:
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

P S A L M XXXVII. Common Metre.

Our short lives crowned with the divine goodness.

1. **O**UR time is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
2. Yet, mighty GOD, our fleeting days
Thy constant favours share;
Yet with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.
3. The hand of mercy finds us food,
And we are cloath'd with love,
While grace stands pointing out the road,
Which leads our souls above.
4. Thy goodness runs an endless round;
All glory to the LORD!

Thy

Thy mercy never knows a bound ;
 Be thy great name ador'd !

5. Thus we begin the lasting song ;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,
 'Till time and nature dies.

PSALM XXXVIII. Common Metre.

G O D our constant benefactor.

1. **G**reat God! to thee our grateful tongues
 United thanks shall raise ;
 Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,
 Which celebrate thy praise.
2. From thine almighty forming hand
 We drew our vital pow'rs ;
 Our time revolves at thy command,
 In all its circling hours.
3. Thy pow'r, our ever present guard,
 From ev'ry ill defends ;
 While num'rous dangers hover round,
 Our help from thee descends.
4. Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
 How sweet is our repose !
 The morning-light renews the springs
 From whence our comfort flows.
5. In celebration of thy praise
 We will employ our breath ;
 And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
 Will triumph over death.

P S A L M XXXIX. Long Metre.

G O D acknowledged in our enjoyments.

1. **F**ATHER of light, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his chearing flame
His beams thy pow'r and love display.
2. Fountain of good, from thee proceeds,
In plenteous drops the genial rain,
Which thro' the hills, and thro' the meads,
Revives the grafs, and swells the grain.
3. Thro' the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet numbers of our guilty race,
Tho' by thy daily bounty fed,
Affront thy law, and slight thy grace.
4. Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.
5. So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou our God ador'd in all.

P S A L M XL. Common Metre.

The peculiar goodness of G O D to the righteous.

1. **W**ITH pleasing wonder, LORD, we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For those who seek thy face.
2. Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;

Q

And

And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.

3. Thy mercy hides their num'rous sins,
And forms them for the sky;

It crowns their lives with present joys,
And lifts their hopes on high.

4. For them rich treasures, yet unknown,
Are stor'd in worlds to come;

Peaceful and pleasant is their way,
And happy is their home.

5. What equal tribute can we pay?
Or how such goodness own?

But 'tis our joy, that, LORD, to thee
Thy servants hearts are known.

6. Since time's too short, O gracious God,
To utter all thy praise,

Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

PSALM XLI. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of GOD.

1. **W**ITH all our pow'rs of heart and
tongue,

We'll praise our Maker in our song;
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

2. Angels, who make his church their care,
Shall witness our devotion there;
While holy zeal directs our eyes,
To his fair temple in the skies.

3. We

3. We bless our GOD, who reigns above,
Whose thoughts are kind, whose name is love;
Whose bounty thro' creation flows,
And life and bliss on all bestows.
4. He built the earth, he spread the sky;
He fix'd the starry lights on high;
He fills the sun with morning light,
And bids the moon direct the night.
5. His goodness crowns each op'ning day;
His wisdom guides our doubtful way;
He guards us by his pow'rful hand,
And brings us to his heav'nly land.
6. O let our souls with joy record
The truth and goodness of the LORD:
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M XLII. Short Metre.

Spiritual and temporal mercies,

1. **O** Bless the LORD, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
2. O bless the LORD, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
3. 'Tis he forgives my sins;
'Tis he relieves my pain;
'Tis he who heals my sicknesses,
And makes me young again.

4. He crowns my life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He, that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.
5. He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'ers rest;
The LORD hath judgments for the proud
And justice for th' oppress'd.
6. His wond'rous works and ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

P S A L M LXXIII. Long Metre.

The holy scriptures.

1. **G**OD, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent his own son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
2. Our nation reads his written word,
The book of life, the true record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.
3. God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and blest'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.
4. O render thanks to GOD above,
For his rich grace and boundless love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praise the LORD.

P S A L M XLIV, As the 113th Psalm.

The knowledge of G O D.

1. **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless J E H O V A H's name :
His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations shew,
And all his saving works proclaim.
2. The heathens know thy glory, LORD ;
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;
In *Britain* is J E H O V A H know :
Our worship shall no more be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.
3. He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there :
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !
4. Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall know his saving pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The mission of C H R I S T.

1. **S**ING to the LORD, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;

His

His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

2. Say to the nations, JESUS reigns,
GOD's own Almighty Son ;

His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

3. Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day ;
Joy thro' the earth be seen ;

Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in chearful green.

4. Let an unusual joy surprise
The islands of the sea ;

Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,
Prepare the LORD his way.

5. Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their GOD ;

To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

PSALM XLVI. Long Metre.

The love of GOD displayed by CHRIST.

1. **N**OW to the LORD a joyful song !
Awake my soul, awake my tongue ;
Hosannah to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2. See where it shines in JESUS' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
GOD in the person of his Son
Has all his noblest works out-done.

3. The spacious earth, the spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful GOD :

And

And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star :

4. But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands ;
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
5. Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;
My thoughts rejoice at JESUS' name :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.

PSALM XLVII. Short Metre.

The hope of pardon by CHRIST.

1. **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
2. Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bid him raise our sinful race
From their abyfs of woes.
3. 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by ;
When CHRIST was sent with pardons down
To rebels doom'd to die.
4. Now sinners dry your tears ;
Let hopeless sorrow cease,
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.
5. Lord, we obey the call ;
We lay an humble claim

To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

P S A L M XLVIII. Short Metre.

Divine assistance.

1. **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'Tis his Almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
3. He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the pious race
Shall meet around his throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
5. For to our Saviour God
Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

P S A L M XLIX. As the 113th Psalm.

The hope of a resurrection.

1. **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours! how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave:

Who

Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2. LORD, shall it be for ever said,
“ The race of man was only made
“ For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?
“ Are not thy servants, day by day,
“ Sent to their graves and turn'd to clay?
“ LORD, where's thy kindness to the just?”

3. But thou has promis'd to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heav'nly crown:
Why do we then indulge despair?
For ever blessed be the LORD,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

4. For ever blessed be the LORD,
Who gives his saints a long reward,
For all their toil, reproach and pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat the loud *Amen*.

P S A L M L. Common Metre.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of CHRIST.

1. **B**less'd be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2. When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,

R

He

He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

3. What tho' his uncontroll'd decree
Command us back to dust ;

Yet, as the Lord our SAVIOUR rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4. There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;

'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

5. Saints by the pow'r of GOD are kept
'Till the salvation come ;

We walk by faith as strangers here,
'Till CHRIST shall call us home.

P S A L M LI. Common Metre.

Hope of future happiness.

1. **A** WAKE, ye faints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high ;
Awake, and praise that wond'rous love,
Which shews salvation nigh.

2. Swift on the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near ;
Then welcome each declining day ;
Welcome each closing year.

3. Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise ;
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4. Ye wheels of nature, spread your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay ;

Fast

Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

PSALM LII. Common Metre.

Personal mercies thankfully acknowledged.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravish'd heart?—
But thou canst read it there.
3. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
4. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Before my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.
5. Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.
6. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
7. Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;

And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8. When worn with sickness, oft has thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9. Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

10. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11. Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O LORD,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13. Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

PSALM LIII. Common Metre.

Preservation by sea.

1. **H**OW are thy servants blest, O LORD!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal

- Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
2. In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.
3. Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
Made ev'ry region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the boisterous seas.
4. Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.
5. Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.
6. Yet then, from all my griefs, O LORD,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.
7. For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave;
I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
8. The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

9. In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore ;
 I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

10. My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be ;
 And death, when death shall be my doom,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

PSALM LIV. Long Metre.

New Year's-day.

1. **G**reat God, we sing that mighty hand,
 By which supported still we stand ;
 The op'ning year thy mercy shows ;
 Thy mercy crowns it till it close.
2. By day, by night, at home, abroad,
 Still are we guarded by our God ;
 By his incessant bounty fed,
 By his unerring counsel led.
3. With grateful hearts the past we own ;
 The future all to us unknown,
 We to thy guardian care commit,
 And peaceful leave before thy feet.
4. In scenes exalted or depress'd,
 Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
 Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
 Ador'd thro' all our changing days.
5. When death shall interrupt these songs,
 And seal in silence mortal tongues,
 Our helper, God, in whom we trust,
 In better worlds our souls shall boast.

PSALM

PSALM LV. Common Metre.

For the morning.

1. **S**TILL do the wheels of time revolve,
And bear this life along!
With thanks I end the fleeting days,
And hail them with a song.
2. LORD, what is man when lost in sleep?
Sense and reflection dies :
And yet from this defenceless state
With new delight I rise.
3. —But not defenceless, O my soul!
Observe that guardian hand,
Which plac'd those watchful angels there,
There set the heav'nly band.
4. And does the king of glory wake
To guard my sleeping head?
And shining *Seraphs* pitch their tent
So near a mortal's bed?
5. Great God of hosts, accept the song;
I own the wond'rous grace :
O may the guardian of my nights
Delight to bless my days.
6. 'Tis theirs alone such bliss to know,
Who do their father's will ;
Resolve, my soul, and sin subdu'd,
Defy each mortal ill.
7. This day shall ev'ry hour correct
The follies of the past ;
And such shall all its actions be,
As would adorn the last.

PSALM LVI. Common Metre.

For the evening.

1. **S**TAY, stay, my lab'ring pow'rs, awake,
 To praise a while your God ;
 The God who rules the lightsome day,
 And spreads these shades abroad.
2. The hand which fills my daily cup,
 And gives me daily bread,
 Preserves my ev'ning comforts too,
 And makes my nightly bed.
3. Past, O my soul, for ever past
 Is an important day ;
 Its sorrows and its joys are gone,
 The serious and the gay.
4. And life itself, that chequer'd scene,
 Dies with the morning flow'r ;
 Each scheme dissolv'd, and ev'ry thought
 Shall perish in an hour.
5. This night perhaps the hand of death
 May snatch my soul away ;
 And send it to the shades of woe,
 Or to eternal day.
6. My soul, or meditate the dread,
 Or oh ! indulge the joy ;
 And let the praise of love divine
 The sweetest thoughts employ.
7. 'Tis this which cheers my midnight hours,
 And dissipates the gloom ;
 Adds a fresh lustre to the light,
 And glory to the tomb.

8. Thus,

8. Thus, while I feel my heav'n-born soul
 To its own mansions soar,
 Fearless, I give mine eyes to sleep,
 Tho' I should wake no more.

PSALM LVII. Long Metre.

National deliverance.

1. **S**ALVATION doth to God belong;
 His pow'r and grace shall be our song;
 His hand hath dealt a dreadful blow,
 And terror strikes the haughty foe.
2. Praise to the LORD who bows his ear
 Propitious to our humble pray'r;
 And, tho' deliv'rance long delay,
 Answers in his well-chosen day.
3. O may thy grace our land engage,
 Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic rage,
 The tribute of its praise to bring
 To thee our saviour and our king.
4. Our temples, guarded from the flame,
 Shall echo thy triumphant name;
 And ev'ry peaceful private home
 To thee a temple shall become.

PSALM LVIII. Common Metre.

Victory over public enemies.

1. **E**ACH *British* tongue shall join to sing,
 "The LORD maintains his throne;"
 Each *British* heart shall own its king,
 And make his glories known.
2. At his command tyrannic pride
 From its high seat is hurl'd;

On awful clouds, behold him ride,
And thunder thro' the world.

3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;
Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.

4. Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath ;
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
T' inflave our happy land ;
JEHOVAH's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

6. Long may the king, our sov'reign, live
To rule us by his word ;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the LORD.

P S A L M LIX. Common Metre.

Fifth of November.

1. **S**HOUT to the LORD, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run ;
Ye *British* skies resound the noise
Beyond the rising sun.

2. Thee, mighty GOD, our souls admire,
Thee our glad voices sing ;
And join with the celestial choir
To praise th' eternal king.

3. Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,
And, from the starry skies,

Looks down and scorns the weak designs,
Thine envious foes devise.

4. Thy hand defies their feeble rage,
And, at thine awful frown,
Their deep-laid plots are render'd vain
Their *Babel* is o'erthrown.

5. Their secret fires in caverns lay;
Our land the sacrifice;
But gloomy caverns strove in vain
To 'scape all-searching eyes.

6. Their dark designs were all reveal'd;
Their treasons all betray'd;
Praise to the LORD, who broke the snare
Their cruel hands had laid.

PSALM LX. Common Metre.

The blessings of civil government.

1. **E**TERNAL sov'reign of the sky,
And LORD of all below,
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

2. Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence,
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

3. Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

4. Where laws and liberties combine,
To make a people blest,

There crowns with brightest lustre shine,
And kings are honour'd best.

5. Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid
To *Cæsar* and his throne ;
But Consciences and souls were made
To be the LORD's alone.

PSALM LXI. As the 113th Psalm.

A general national thanksgiving.

1. SAY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in *Britain's* favour'd isle?

Here plenty reigns ; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

2. Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore ;
Science and art their charms display ;
Religion teaches us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3. These are thy gifts, almighty king !
From thee our matchless blessings spring ;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows.
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4. With grateful hearts, with chearful tongues.
To GOD we raise united songs ;
His pow'r and mercy we proclaim ;

Britons, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
 JEHOVAH here hath fix'd his throne,
 And triumph in his mighty name.

5. Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or man behold the circling sun,
 O still may God in *Britain* reign;
 Still crown her counsels with success,
 With peace and joy her borders bless,
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

PSALM LXII. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD from men.

1. GREAT is the LORD; his works of might
 Demand our noblest songs;
 Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.
2. Great is the mercy of the LORD;
 He gives his children food;
 And, ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.
3. His Son the great Redeemer, came
 To seal his cov'nant sure;
 Holy and rev'rend is his name,
 His ways are just and pure.
4. Then let our inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Let the blest theme, which fills the skies,
 Employ each human tongue.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Praise to GOD from angels.

1. **T**HE LORD, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high ;
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.
2. Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will ;
Bless ye the LORD, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil,
3. Let the bright hosts who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his servants when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.
4. While all his wond'rous works,
Thro' his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory ; thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his praises too.

P S A L M LXIV. Long Metre.

Praise to GOD on the LORD's day.

1. **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
My noblest pow'rs shall join to raise
A tribute of exalted praise.
3. My heart shall triumph in the LORD,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;

His

His works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep his counfels ! how divine !

PSALM LXV. Common Metre.

Praise to GOD in his house.

1. **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals ;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
2. Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds ;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
3. All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest ;
Yet, when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.

PSALM LXVI. Common Metre.

Universal and sincere praise to GOD.

1. **O** For a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King ;
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
2. While angels join to sound his praise,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours raise ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
3. Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

P S A L M LXVII. Long Metre.

Praise to GOD thro' the whole of our existence.

1. **G**OD of my life, thro' all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
2. When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
3. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'rs of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
4. But oh! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!
5. Soon shall I learn the exalted strains,
Which echo thro' the heav'nly plains;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The nobler spirits round thy throne.
6. The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

P S A L M LXVIII. Long Metre.

A general act of praise.

1. **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King;
Serve

- Serve him with chearful heart and voice ;
 With all your tongues his glory sing.
2. Attend before his lofty throne,
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
 Know that the LORD is GOD alone,
 He can create and he destroy.
 3. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
 And, when like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
 4. We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
 5. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
 6. Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth will stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM LXIX. Long Metre.

Our praises not profitable to GOD.

1. **Y**E weak inhabitants of clay,
 Ye short liv'd creatures of a day,
 Low in your native dust bow down,
 Before th' Eternal's awful throne.
2. With heart devout, with solemn eye,
 Behold JEHOVAH seated high ;

T

And

And search, what worthy sacrifice
Your hands can give, your thoughts devise.

3. Loud let ten thousand voices sound,
And call remotest nations round;
Asssemble, on the crowded plains,
Princes and people, kings and swains:
4. Join'd with the living, let the dead
Rising the face of earth o'erspread;
And, while his praise unites their tongues,
Let angels echo back the songs:——
5. The drop, which from the bucket falls,
The dust, which hangs upon the scales,
Is more to sky, and earth, and sea,
Than all this pomp, O GOD, to thee.

PSALM LXX. Long Metre.

GOD exalted above all praise.

1. **E**Ternal pow'r! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a GOD;
Infinite length beyond the bounds,
Where stars revolve their little rounds:
2. Earth from afar has heard thy fame;
Our tongues have learn'd to lisp thy name:
But oh! the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
3. GOD is in heav'n, and men below:
Short be our tunes, our words be few:
A sacred Rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

The END of the SECOND PART.

2. Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such def'rence to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.
4. Be thou my pattern; let me bear
More of thy lovely image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Among the foll'wers of the lamb.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

CHRIST's death, victory, and dominion.

1. **I** Sing my SAVIOUR's wond'rous death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
" 'Tis finish'd," said his dying breath,
And shook the gates of hell.
2. " 'Tis finish'd," our EMMANUEL cries,
" Th' important work is done:"
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,
His kingdom is begun.
3. His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown;
When thro' the regions of the dead,
He pass'd to reach the crown.
4. Exalted at his Father's side
Sits our victorious Lord;
To heav'n and hell his hands divide
The vengeance or reward.

5. The saints, from his propitious eye,
 Await their sev'ral crowns ;
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

Praise to CHRIST the Lamb of GOD.

1. **C**OME, let us join our chearful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
2. “ Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,” they cry,
 “ To be exalted thus :” ———
 “ Worthy the Lamb,” our lips reply,
 For he was slain for us.
3. JESUS is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, LORD, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to raise thy glories high,
 And speak thy endless praise :
5. The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

The resurrection of CHRIST.

1. “ **I** SET the LORD before my face,
 “ He bears my courage up ;

“ My

- “ My heart and tongue their joys exprefs ;”
 My flesh fhall reft in hope.
2. “ My fpirit, LORD, thou wilt not leave
 “ Where fouls departed are ;
 “ Nor give my body to the grave
 “ To fee corruption there.”
3. “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 “ And raife me to thy throne ;
 “ Thy courts immortal pleasures give,
 “ Thy prefence joys unknown.”——
4. Thus, in the name of CHRIST the Lord,
 The holy *David* fung ;
 And providence fulfill’d the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
5. In the cold prifon of the grave,
 Our great Redeemer lay,
 ’Till the revolving fkies had brought
 The third, th’ appointed day.
6. Then he deftroy’d the pow’rs of death,
 And vanquifh’d all his foes ;
 Ye faints, remember and rejoice,
 For then the SAVIOUR rofe.

P S A L M IX. As the 148th Pfalm.

CHRIST *feen of angels.*

1. **O** Ye immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble fong
 To make the SAVIOUR known :
 On earth ye knew
 His wond’rous grace :
 His glorious face
 In heav’n ye view.

2. Ye saw the heav'n-born child,
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild,
While in the manger laid ;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.
3. His agonizing pains,
And bloody sweat, ye knew,
And, from your blissful plans,
With eager haste ye flew :
Ye saw his grief ;
And from above,
On wings of love,
Brought him relief.
4. Around his sacred tomb,
A willing watch ye keep ;
'Till the blest moment come,
To rouse him from his sleep :
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.
5. When all array'd in light
The shining conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous flight
Up to the throne of God ;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings ;
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

6. The joyful notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;
While mortals sing with you
Their own Redeemer's praise:
And thou, my heart,
With equal flame,
And joy the same,
Perform thy part.

PSALM X. Long Metre.

The mission of the HOLY SPIRIT.

1. **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
When CHRIST's belov'd disciples met;
Whilst on their heads the SPIRIT came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
2. What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
3. Thus arm'd he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north:
"Go and assert your SAVIOUR's cause;
"Go spread the mystery of the cross."
4. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While *Satan* rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
5. Great King of grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

P S A L M XI. Common Metre.

The intercession and compassion of CHRIST.

1. **W**ITH Joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His breast o'erflows with love.
2. Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what strong temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
3. But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
4. He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What ev'ry member bears.
5. Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,
In the distressful hour.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

The offices of CHRIST.

1. **W**E bless the prophet of the LORD,
Who comes with truth and grace;
JESUS, thy spirit and thy word
Shall guide us in thy ways.
2. We rev'rence our high priest above,
Who offer'd up his blood;

Who

Who lives to carry on his love,
And intercedes with God.

3. We honour our exalted King ;
How wise are his commands !

He guards our souls from hell and sin,
By his almighty hands.

4. *Hosannah* to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways ;
His mercies lay a sov'reign claim
To our immortal praise.

PSALM XIII. Long Metre.

The excellence of the christian religion.

1. **L**ET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord !
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.
2. How well thy blessed truths agree !
How wise and holy thy commands !
Thy promises, how firm they be !
How firm our hope and comfort stands !
3. What if we trace the globe around,
And search from *Britain* to *Japan* ;
There shall be no religion found,
So just to God, so safe for man.
4. Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
Nor does the *Turkish* paradise
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.
5. Should all the forms, which men devise,
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,

I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

P S A L M XIV. Long Metre.

The excellence and success of the gospel.

1. **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, LORD;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
And night and day, thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
3. Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise,
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth begun its race,
It darted light on ev'ry land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy truth has run;
'Till Christ hath all the nations blest'd,
Which see the light or feel the sun.
5. Great sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

P S A L M XV. Short Metre.

The happiness of christians.

1. **H**OW welcome is their voice,
Who speak the Saviour's name,
Who bring salvation on their tongues;
And terms of peace proclaim!

2. How grateful is the sound!
How good the tidings are!
The church beholds her Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here.
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And fought, but never found!
4. How blessed are our eyes,
Which see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the sight.
5. Christians unite their voice,
And chearful notes employ;
Their Saviour's praise inspires their songs,
And heathens learn the joy.
6. The LORD displays his grace,
Thro' all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

P S A L M XVI. Common Metre.

Children devoted to GOD in baptism.

1. **T**HUS faith the mercy of the LORD,
"I'll be a GOD to thee;
"I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
"Shall be a feed for me."
2. *Abra'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to GOD;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.

3. Thus

3. Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,
 When she receiv'd the word ;
 Thus the believing jailor gave
 His household to the Lord.
4. Thus later faints, 'Eternal King,
 Thine ancient truth embrace ;
 To thee their infant off-spring bring,
 And humbly claim the grace.

P S A L M XVII. Short Metre.

The communion.

1. **J**ESUS invites his faints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardon'd sinners sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.
2. Here we survey that love,
 Which spoke in ev'ry breath,
 Which crown'd each action of his life,
 And triumph'd in his death.
3. Here let our pow'rs unite,
 His glorious name to raise,
 Pleasure and joy fill ev'ry mind,
 And ev'ry tongue be praise.
4. And while he shares the gifts,
 His gracious hands bestow,
 Let ev'ry heart, in friendship join'd,
 With kind affections glow.
5. Let love inspire each breast,
 And dictate ev'ry thought ;
 Be angry passions far remov'd,
 And selfish views forgot.
6. Our souls, dilated wide
 By our Redeemer's grace,

Shall

Shall in the arms of fervent love,
All heav'n and earth embrace.

P S A L M XVIII. Long Metre.

Remembrance of CHRIST.

1. " **E**AT, drink, in mem'ry of your friend;"
Such was our SAVIOUR'S last request,
Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
That we might live for ever blest.
2. Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends;
Thy dying love the noblest praise
Of long eternity transcends.
3. 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
Thy goodness thro' these veils to see;
Thy table food celestial yields,
And happy they who sit with thee.
4. But O what vast transporting joys,
Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
When, join'd with the celestial train,
Our grateful souls thy love admire!
5. When these vile bodies, all-refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as thine own,
Unwearied shall our minds obey,
And join to make thy favours known!

P S A L M XIX. Common Metre.

The new covenant sealed.

1. " **T**HE promise of my father's love
" Shall stand for ever good;"
Christ said, and gave his soul to death,
And seal'd the grace with blood.

2. Then, to the cov'nant of thy word,
I'll fet my worthlefs name ;
I feel th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
3. Thy light, and ftrength, and pard'ning grace,
And glory, fhall be mine ;
My life, and foul, and all my pow'rs,
Shall be for ever thine.

P S A L M XX. Long Metre.

The memorial of our abfent Lord.

1. **J**ESUS is gone above the fkies,
Where our weak fenfes reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
And thruft our Saviour from our thought.
2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his wond'rous grace ;
And therefore thefe memorials gave,
'Till we afcend to fee his face.
3. The Lord of life this table fpread,
In mem'ry of his death and love ;
We on the rich provifion feed,
And gain a tafte of joys above.
4. While he is abfent from our fight,
'Tis to prepare our fouls a place ;
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

P S A L M XXI. Long Metre.

Glorying in the crofs of CHRIST.

1. **A**T thy command, O gracious Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feaft ;

The

The bread thy broken body shows,
The wine thy blood shed for each guest.

2. Our souls adore thy matchless love,
And trust for life in one who dy'd ;
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd,
3. Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And cast their scandals on his cause ;
We meet to bless our Saviour's name,
And spread the triumphs of his cross.
4. With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead hath left his tomb ;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

The christian's character and prospects.

1. **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine ;
To prove the doctrine all-divine.
2. Then shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
3. Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
4. Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of our Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

Virtue the source of peace.

1. **F**orsake, my soul, the tents of sin;
How false her joys appear!
Noise and confusion dwell within;
Peace is a stranger there.
2. Peace never fix'd her sacred throne,
So near the gates of hell;
She reigns in pious breasts alone,
Where heav'nly virtues dwell.
3. The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share;
Or, if he lift his chast'ning rod,
'Tis with a Father's care.
4. His mighty pow'r shall guard the just;
His wisdom point their way;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust;
His hand revive their clay.
5. Begin, ye saints, the joyful task;
His praise employ your tongue;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

1. **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they,
Whose hands and hearts are pure from
sin!
Should tempests shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

2. The

2. The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
3. Quick, as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so fast away ;
Their souls are ever bright, as noon,
And calm, as summer ev'nings be.
4. How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow !
And pleasing hopes, and chearful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.
5. They scorn to pine for golden toys ;
But spend the day, and share the night,
In numb'ring o'er diviner joys,
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.

PSALM XXV. Long Metre.

A good conscience the best support under afflictions.

1. **W**HILE some in folly's pleasure roll,
And seek the joys which hurt the soul ;
Be mine, that silent calm repast,
A peaceful conscience to the last :
2. That tree, which bears immortal fruit,
Without a canker at the root ;
That friend, who never fails the just,
When other friends desert their trust.
3. With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismay'd ;
I will defy the midnight gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.

4. Tho'

4. 'Tho' heav'n afflict I'll not repine ;
The noblest comforts still are mine ;
Comforts which shall o'er death prevail,
And journey with me thro' the vale.
5. Amidst the various scene of ills,
Each stroke some kind design fulfils ; —
And shall I murmur at my God,
When sov'reign love directs the rod ?
6. His hand will smoothe my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies, and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

P S A L M XXVI. Common Metre.

The duties of piety.

1. **M**Y soul, before thy Maker bow ;
His wond'rous works admire,
Till rev'rence and religious awe,
Thine inmost thoughts inspire.
2. With humble trust dismiss thy cares,
And on his love depend ;
Leave him to manage thine affairs,
To him thyself commend.
3. Let high esteem affection raise ;
Devotion warm thy breast ;
Let thankful love excite thy praise ;
In him alone be blest.
4. To him thy solemn homage pay ;
His constant aid implore ;
Give thanks for mercies ev'ry day,
And thus prepare for more.
5. Without

5. Without reserve to him submit ;
 All his commands fulfil ;
 Acknowledge all his actions fit ;
 Nor ere oppose his will.

PSALM XXVII. Common Metre.

Contemplation of the divine works.

1. **L**OOK round, O man! survey this globe ;
 Speak of creating pow'r ;
 See, nature gives a diff'rent robe
 To ev'ry herb and flow'r.
2. See various beings fill the air,
 And people earth and sea ;
 What grateful changes form the year !
 How constant night and day !
3. Next raise thine eye ;——the vast expanse
 A pow'r unbounded shews ;
 See round the sun the planets dance,
 And various worlds compose.
4. Then turn into thyself, O man ;
 With wonder view thy soul ;
 Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,
 And still directs the whole.
5. And let obedience to his laws
 Thy gratitude proclaim,
 To him the first almighty cause ; ——
 JEHOVAH is his name.

PSALM XXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Confidence in divine protection.

1. **T**HE LORD my pasture will prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence will my wants supply,

And

And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he will attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landskip flow.
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still;
Thy friendly hand will give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
4. Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all-around.

PSALM XXIX. Common Metre.

Confidence in G O D our Father.

1. **O** GOD, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In ev'ry act appear.
2. With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

3. Our

3. Our Father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love ;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.
4. In thy paternal love and care,
With chearful hearts we trust ;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.
5. We cannot want, while God provides ;
What he ordains is best ;
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

P S A L M XXX. Long Metre.

Chearful reliance on providence.

1. **G**REAT LORD of earth, and seas, and skies,
Thy wealth the needy world supplies :
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.
2. The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs ;
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares ;
And, safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secur'd from ev'ry harm.
3. To thee we chearful homage bring ;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing ;
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.
4. We still are indigent and poor,
Indebted much, and wanting more ;
Yet still on thee our souls depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

5. And should thy measures seem severe,
 With patience we'll correction bear;
 Without complaint to thee submit,
 Unerring judge of what is fit.

P S A L M XXXI. Short Metre.

Seeking the favour of G O D.

1. **M**Y GOD, permit my tongue,
 This joy, to call thee mine;
 And let my earnest cries prevail,
 To taste thy love divine.
2. For life, without thy love,
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compar'd with this,
 To serve and please the LORD.
3. To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live;
 Not all the dainties of a feast;
 Such food or pleasure give.
4. In wakeful hours of night,
 I call my GOD to mind;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.
5. Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies;
 And, on thy watchful providence,
 My chearful hope relies.
6. The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

PSALM XXXII. Long Metre.

Love to G O D.

1. **M**Y God, whose all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heav'n above,
Witness, if here or there, thou seest
An object of my equal love.
2. Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their blifs, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heav'n to know.
3. Not all the fairest sons of light,
Who lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight ; it presseth on,
And seeks its rest in God alone.
4. Fix'd near th' immortal source of blifs,
Dauntless and joyous, it surveys
Each form of horror and distress,
Which earth, combin'd with hell, can raise,
5. This feeble flesh shall faint and die ;
This heart renew its pulse no more ;
E'en now I see the moment nigh,
When life's last movements shall be o'er.
6. But come, thou vanquish'd King of dread,
With thine own hand thy pow'r destroy ;
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
My portion and eternal joy.

P S A L M XXXIII. Common Metre.

Submission under afflictions.

1. **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first ;
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
2. The dear delights we here enjoy,
And call our own in vain ;
Are but short pleasures borrow'd now,
To be repaid again.
3. 'Tis GOD, who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them to the grave ;
He gives, and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.
4. Peace, all our restless passions, then ;
Let each impatient sigh
Be silent, at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
5. If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread ;
And we'll adore the justice too,
Which strikes our comforts dead.

P S A L M XXXIV. Long Metre.

Confidence in the promises of GOD.

1. **W**E sing the goodness of the LORD,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there as firm as his decrees,
Hath set his kindest promises.

2. Each

2. Each of them is the voice of GOD,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad;
Each of them pow'rful, as that found,
Which bid the new-made world go round.
3. Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows cloud our eyes?
Slowly, alas! our hope receives
The comforts, which our Maker gives.
4. O for a strong, a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty faith;
T' embrace the message of his son,
And call the joys of heav'n our own!
5. Then, should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear, no more
Than solid rocks, when billows roar.
6. Our everlasting hopes should rise,
Above the ruinable skies,
Where the eternal builder reigns,
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

P S A L M XXXV. Short Metre.

Joy in GOD.

1. **C**OME, we who love the LORD,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.
2. The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3. The

3. The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas :
4. This awful God is ours,
Our father and our love ;
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.
5. Then shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
Then, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
6. Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joy create.
7. The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
8. Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;
We're marching, thro' EMMANUEL's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

P S A L M XXXVI. Common Metre.

Acceptable Worship.

1. **G**OD is a spirit just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.

Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4. O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name ;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove,
To join the family above.

PSALM XL. Common Metre.

Secret Devotion.

1. **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
2. There shall thy piercing eye survey
My humble worship paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.
3. I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
To thee my soul shall soar ;
While grateful praise, and fervent pray'r,
Employ the silent hour.
4. So shall the sun in smiles arise ;
The day shall close in peace ;
So wilt thou train me for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

PSALM XLI. Long Metre.

Religion vain without love.

1. **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler speech than angels use :
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
3. Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name :
4. If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The place of love can ever fill.

P S A L M XLII. Common Metre.

The excellence of love.

1. **H**APPY the heart where virtues reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
2. 'Tis love which makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move ;
'The devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.
3. Love suffers long, with patient eye,
Nor is provok'd in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And soon forgets the past.
4. She nor desires, nor seeks, to know
The scandals of the times ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those who climb.
5. She

5. She lays her own advantage by,
To seek her neighbour's good :
So GOD's own son came down to die,
And sav'd us by his blood.
6. Love is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease ;
'Tis love shall strike our joyful strings,
In the bright realms of bliss.

P S A L M XLIII. Long Metre.

Love to all mankind.

1. **O** GOD, my saviour, and my king,
Of all I have or hope the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.
2. May I from ev'ry act abstain,
Which hurts, or gives my neighbour pain ;
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.
3. Still may I feel my heart inclin'd,
To act the friend to all my kind ;
Still with them safety, health and ease,
Wealth, fame, eternal life and peace.
4. With pity let my breast o'erflow,
When I behold a wretch in woe ;
And bear a sympathizing part,
With all who are of heavy heart.
5. And, when another's prosp'rous state
Shall joy within himself create,
Let me too in his triumph join,
And count his peace and pleasure mine.

6. Yea, should my neighbour spiteful prove,
 Still let me vanquish spite with love;
 Slow to resent, tho' he should grieve,
 But always ready to forgive.
7. Let love in all my conduct shine,
 An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:
 Let me thine humble follow'r prove,
 Father of men, great GOD of love.

P S A L M XLIV. Common Metre.

Domestic love and happiness.

1. **L**O, what an entertaining sight
 Are kindred that agree!
 How blest the house, where hearts unite,
 In bands of piety!
2. Where streams of love, from heav'nly springs,
 Descend to ev'ry soul;
 And sacred peace, with balmy wings,
 Shades and bedews the whole.
3. All in their proper stations move;
 And each fulfils his part,
 In all the cares of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.
4. Their souls are form'd for joy and peace;
 Their hearts and hopes are one;
 And kind designs to serve and please,
 Thro' all their actions run.
5. How happy is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Where songs of praise, and mingled vows,
 Make the communion sweet!

6. Such

6. Such pleasure crowns the heav'nly hills ;
 Thus faints are blest above ;
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

Love to enemies.

1. **W**HEN, in the form of mortal man,
 The son of God was found,
 With cruel slanders false and vain
 He was encompass'd round.
2. The woes of men his pity mov'd ;
 Their peace he still pursu'd ;
 They render'd hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
3. Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And blest'd his foes in death,
4. Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before mine eyes ?
 Give me a soul akin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.

P S A L M XLVI. Long Metre.

Personal virtues.

1. **A**WAKE my soul, rouse ev'ry pow'r,
 Thy native dignity display ;
 Let lust and passion reign no more ;
 No longer own their lawless sway.
2. Thy temper meek and humble be,
 Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state,

From

From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.

3. Confine thy roving appetites ;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes ;
Fix them on those divine delights,
Which angels taste above the skies.
4. On wings of faith to heav'n ascend ;
By hope anticipate the feast ;
With all thy pow'rs still upwards tend,
And leave to sensual minds the rest.
5. With eager zeal pursue the prize ;
Each fleeting hour of life improve :
This course will speak thee truly wise,
And raise thee to the world above.

PSALM XLVII. Proper Tune.

Contentment.

1. **I**F solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world has nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.
2. We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r ;
And, if our store be very small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.
3. We'll be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,

And

And pleas'd with favours giv'n ;
 This is the wise the virtuous part ;
 This is the incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

4. Thus, crown'd with peace, thro' life we'll go ;
 Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe,
 With cautious steps, we'll tread ;
 Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
 Without a trouble or a fear,
 And mingle with the dead :

5. While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath ;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smoothe the bed of death.

P S A L M XLVIII. Common Metre.

The temptations of human life.

1. **W**HEN, in the light of faith divine,
 We look on things below,
 Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
 How vain and dang'rous too !

2. Honour's a puff of noisy breath ;
 Yet men expose their blood,
 And venture everlasting death,
 To gain that airy food.

3. Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
 And feed on shining dust :
 Celestial treasures they resign,
 T' indulge a sordid lust.

4. The

4. The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dang'rous snares to souls ;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
5. God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my pow'rs rejoice.
6. In vain the world accosts my ear,
And tempts my heart anew ;
I cannot buy your blifs so dear,
Nor part with heav'n for you.

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

Life the only season of preparation for eternity.

1. **L**IFE is the time to serve the LORD,
The time t' ensure the great reward ;
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour, which God hath giv'n,
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
3. The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
They have no share in all that's done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun.
4. There are no acts of pardon pass'd,
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

5. Then

5. Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

PSALM L. Common Metre.

The frailty and importance of human life.

1. **T**HEE we adore, eternal God!
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying creatures we.
2. Our wasting life grows shorter still,
 As months and days encrease;
 And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
 Still leaves the number less.
3. The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath, which first it gave;
 Where-e'er we are, whate'er we do,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.
4. Dangers stand thick thro' all the road,
 To push us to the tomb;
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.
5. Good God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal state of all mankind
 Upon life's feeble strings.
6. Waken, O Lord, our active pow'rs,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And, if our souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

P S A L M LI. Common Metre.

Comfort in sickness and death.

1. **W**HEN sickness shakes the languid
frame,
Each dazz'ling pleasure flies ;
Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
Our long deluded eyes.
2. Then the tremendous arm of death
Its fatal sceptre shews ;
And nature faints, beneath the weight
Of complicated woes.
3. The tott'ring frame of mortal life
Shall crumble into dust ;
Nature shall faint ; but learn my soul,
On nature's GOD to trust.
4. The man, whose pious heart is fix'd
On his all-gracious God,
From ev'ry frown may draw a joy,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.
5. Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heav'n his soul relies ;
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

P S A L M LII. Common Metre.

A funeral thought.

1. **H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound!
My ears, attend the cry :
“ Ye living men, come view the ground,
“ Where you must shortly lie.
2. “ Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“ In

“ In spite of all your tow’rs ;
 “ The tall, the wise, the rev’rend head,
 “ Must lie as low as ours.”

3. Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
 And are we yet secure ?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more ?

4. Grant us the pow’rs of quick’ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We’ll rise above the sky.

PSALM LIII. Long Metre.

Death the way whence we shall not return.

1. **B**EHOLD the path, which mortals tread,
 Down to the regions of the dead !
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
 Nor can we measure back our way.
2. Our kindred and our friends are gone ;
 Know, O my soul, this doom thine own ;
 Feeble as theirs my mortal frame ;
 The same my way, my home the same.
3. From vital air, from chearful light,
 To the cold grave’s perpetual night ;
 From scenes of duty, means of grace,
 I must to God’s tribunal pass.
4. Awake, my soul, the way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care ;
 With steady feet that path be trod,
 Which, thro’ the grave, conducts to God.

5. Then shall I smile, secure from fear,
 Tho' death should blast the rising year;
 And joy to reach the blissful shore,
 From whence I shall return no more.

PSALM LIV. Common Metre.

Death and eternity.

1. **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, which use
 to rise,
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.
2. His quiv'ring lip hangs feeble down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,
 He bids the world adieu.
3. But oh, the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay:
 My thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wond'rous way.
4. Up to the courts, where angels dwell,
 It mounts, to triumph there!
 Or sinks, reluctant, down to hell,
 In horror and despair.
5. And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O for some guardian-angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above!
6. My GOD, to thine all-gracious hand
 My deathless soul I trust;
 Nor fear to meet the high command,
 Which calls me back to dust.

P S A L M LV. Common Metre.

The happiness of the dying christian.

1. **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n pro-
For all the pious dead ; [claims,
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed. /
2. They die in JESUS, and are bless'd ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From suff'rings, and from sins, releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.
3. Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord ;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

A prospect of the resurrection.

1. **H**OW long shall death the tyrant reign,
And triumph o'er the just ?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust ?
2. Lo ! I behold the scatt'ring shades ;
The dawn of heav'n appears ;
The bright immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
3. I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room ;
The trumpet shakes the ground.
4. I hear the voice, " Ye dead, arise ;"
And lo ! the dead obey ;

And

And waking faints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.

5. They leave the dust, and, on the wing,
Mount swiftly thro' the air:

In robes of light they meet their King,
And low adore him there.

6. Break, glorious morning, thro' the skies,
These joyful scenes display;

And call our willing souls to rise
To everlasting day.

PSALM LVII. Common Metre.

CHRIST coming to judgment.

1. **J**ESUS, adorn'd with grace divine,
Ascends the judgment-throne;
Thro' heav'n's extended realms above,
He makes his glories known.

2. By his command the trumpet sounds,
And summons to his bar,
The piercing blast shakes heav'n around,
And thunders thro' the air.

3. The earth and seas his orders hear;
Unclos'd is ev'ry tomb;
Th' awaken'd world attend, and fear,
His sentence, and their doom.

4. Before him see the world on fire!
The burning earth and seas,
With mingled ruin, soon expire,
And sink before his face.

5. The saints obedient to his call,
With joy receive their crowns;

The

The wicked into ruin fall,
Beneath his wrathful frowns.

6. How shall I bear that awful day,
And stand the solemn test?

I give all sinful joys away,
To be for ever blest.

PSALM LVIII. Long Metre.

Joy in the prospect of future happiness.

1. **T**HE hope of sinners lies below ;
'Tis all the happiness they know ;
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

2. What sinners value I resign ;
LORD, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand compleat in righteousness.

3. This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there?

4. Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.

5. O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
I shall be near and like my God ;
And flesh and sense no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;

Then

Then burst the chains, with glad surprize,
And in my SAVIOUR'S image rise.

PSALM LIX. Common Metre.

Heaven invisible and holy.

1. **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepar'd,
For those who love the Son.
2. But the good spirit of the LORD
Reveals a heav'n to come ;
The beams of glory, in the word,
Allure and guide us home.
3. Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No wanton tongue, nor envious eye,
Can see, or taste, the bliss.
4. Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame ;
None shall obtain admittance there,
But foll'wers of the Lamb.

PSALM LX. Common Metre.

The humble worship of heaven.

1. **F**ATHER of all, we long to see
The place of thine abode ;
We'll leave thine earthly courts, and flee
Up to thy seat, O God.
2. We'll part with all the joys of sense,
To view thine heav'nly throne ;
Pleasures spring fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, unknown.
3. There

3. There at thy feet, with humble fear,
Th' adoring armies fall;
With joy they shrink to nothing there,
Before th' eternal all.
4. The more thy glories strike our eyes,
The humbler we shall lie;
Thus while we sink, our joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

P S A L M LXI. Common Metre.

Support under trouble from the hope of heaven.

1. **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should foes against my peace engage,
And cruel darts be hurl'd;
Then I could smile at all their rage,
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heav'nly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

P S A L M LXII. Long Metre.

Desire of heaven.

1. **U**P to the heav'nly paradise,
Where purest streams of pleasure roll,
B b Fain

- Fain would my nobler passions rise,
But earth and sense oppresses my soul.
2. O might I once mount up, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable to mine eyes !
 3. Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish, as tho' I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
 4. Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I should perceive the noise no more,
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rolling thunders round us roar.
 5. Great all in all, eternal King,
My soul aspires to see thy face ;
And all my pow'rs admire, and sing,
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

PSALM LXIII. Common Metre.

The christian race.

1. **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
3. 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;

'Tis

'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :

4. That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors wreaths, and monarchs gems,
Shall blend in common dust.
5. My soul, with sacred ardour fir'd,
The glorious prize pursue ;
And meet with joy the high command,
To bid this earth adieu.

P S A L M LXIV. Common Metre.

The hope of heaven a support in death,

1. **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Perpetual day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flow'rs :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
3. Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the *Jews* old *Canaan* stood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.
4. But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shiv'ring, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise ;

And view the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeccloudéd eyes ;

6. Could we but stand, 'as *Moses* stood,
And view the landskip o'er ;
Not *Jordan's* streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

PSALM LXV. Long Metre.



The eternal sabbath.

1. **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.
2. Thine earthly sabbaths, LORD, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With chearful hope, and strong desire.
3. No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
4. No rude alarms of angry foes ;
No cares to break the long repose ;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
5. O long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin ;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

P S A L M LXVI. Common Metre.

New Year's-day.

1. **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year ;
How swift the weeks compleat their rounds !
How short the months appear !
2. Much of my dubious life is done,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my passing moments run,
The few which yet remain.
3. So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.
4. Awake, my soul ; with utmost care,
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy chief concern.
5. Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his care depend ;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt an happy end.

P S A L M LXVII. Common Metre.

For a fast day in public calamity.

1. **W**HEN *Abra'm*, full of sacred awe,
Before *JEHOVAH* stood,
And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty *Sodom* su'd ;
2. With what success, what wond'rous grace,
Was his petition crown'd !

The

The LORD would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

3. And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?

Good GOD! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4. *Britain*, all-guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast;
See their united pray'rs ascend;—
And shall these pray'rs be lost?

5. Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrab in her crimes?

6. Still we are thine, we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest our land:
For sake us not, O GOD!

7. O may our people, priests, and king,
Thy choicest blessings share;
And know thee by that glorious name,
“The GOD who heareth pray'r.”

PSALM LXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

For a fast day in war foreign and domestic.

1. **O** LORD of hosts, almighty king!
May we thy sacred glories sing,
And speak the wonders of thy name?
Earth is thy footstool, heav'n thy throne,
Thine empire spreads thro' worlds unknown,
And all thy works thyself proclaim.

2. Scepters, and shields, and tott'ring crowns,
And kingdoms trembling at thy frowns,
Suspenceful wait their destiny ;
The nations feel thine angry rod,
Guilty, confess the righteous God,
And own the hand that rules on high.
3. From heav'n look down with pitying eyes ;
The tyrants of the earth chastise ;
And quell their furious lawless rage ;
Cause the alarm of war to cease ;
O bless the jarring world with peace,
And angry tumults soon assuage.
4. Crush the oppressors, right maintain,
All oppositions render vain ;
Our armies, fleets and allies bless :
Our counsels guide, our sov'reign guard,
Crown virtue with its due reward,
And give the righteous cause success.

PSALM LXIX. Common Metre.

For a fast day in time of war.

1. **H**ARK ! the loud trumpet of our God
Sounds an alarm of war ;
Attend, O earth ! ye nations, hear,
And tremble from afar.
2. With humble rev'rence, and with awe,
We hear the sacred word ;
And, trembling, own the sentence just,
Which dooms us to the sword.
3. Nor ev'n in war would we repine,
The murd'ring sword to view,

Might

Might the same stroke that wastes the land,
 Destroy its vices too.

4. But we shall hail the happy day,
 Which ends the painful doom;
 When earth shall, like the world above,
 In peace and virtue bloom.

5. Still let our songs declare his name,
 Who guards the *British* race:
 The God of vengeance we adore,
 And bless the God of grace.

P S A L M LXX. Common Metre.

The Universal Prayer.

1. **F**ATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,
 JEHOVAH, JOVE, or LORD!

2. What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than hell to shun,
 That, more than heav'n pursue.

3. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid, when man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

4. Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy goodness let me bound;
 Or think thee LORD alone of man,
 When thousand worlds are round.

5. Let not this weak unknowing hand
 Presume thy bolts to throw,

And

And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.

6. If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;

If I am wrong, O teach my heart,
To find that better way.

7. Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,

At aught thy wisdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

8. Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see ;

That mercy I to others shew,
That mercy shew to me.

9. This day be bread and peace my lot ;——
All else beneath the sun,

Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not ;
And let thy will be done.

10. To thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,

One chorus let all beings raise !
All nature's incense rise !

T H E E N D.



T H E
S U B J E C T S

O F T H E

PSALMS contained in the preceding
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N. B. *The first Number refers to the Part, the second to the Psalm.*

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