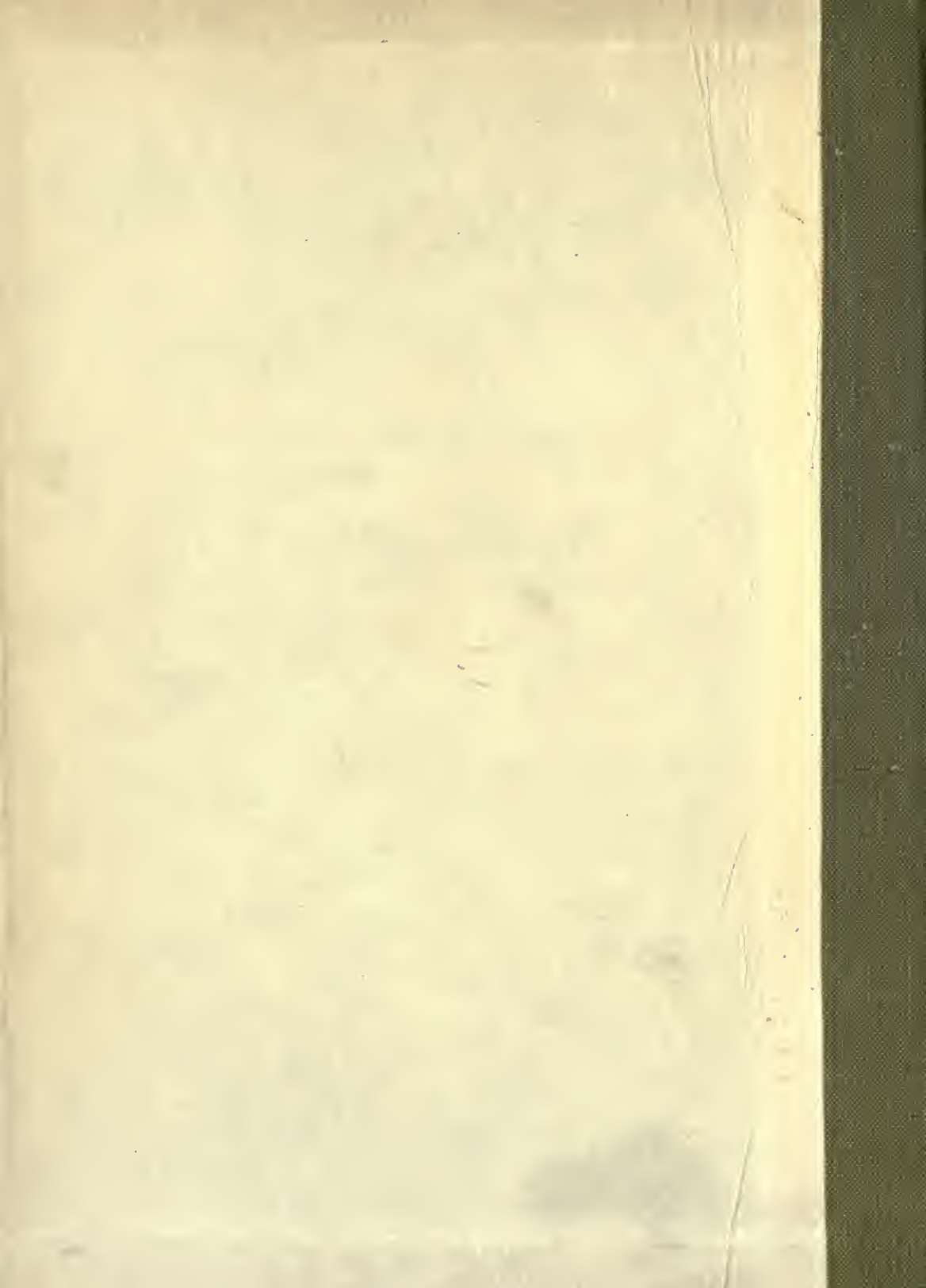


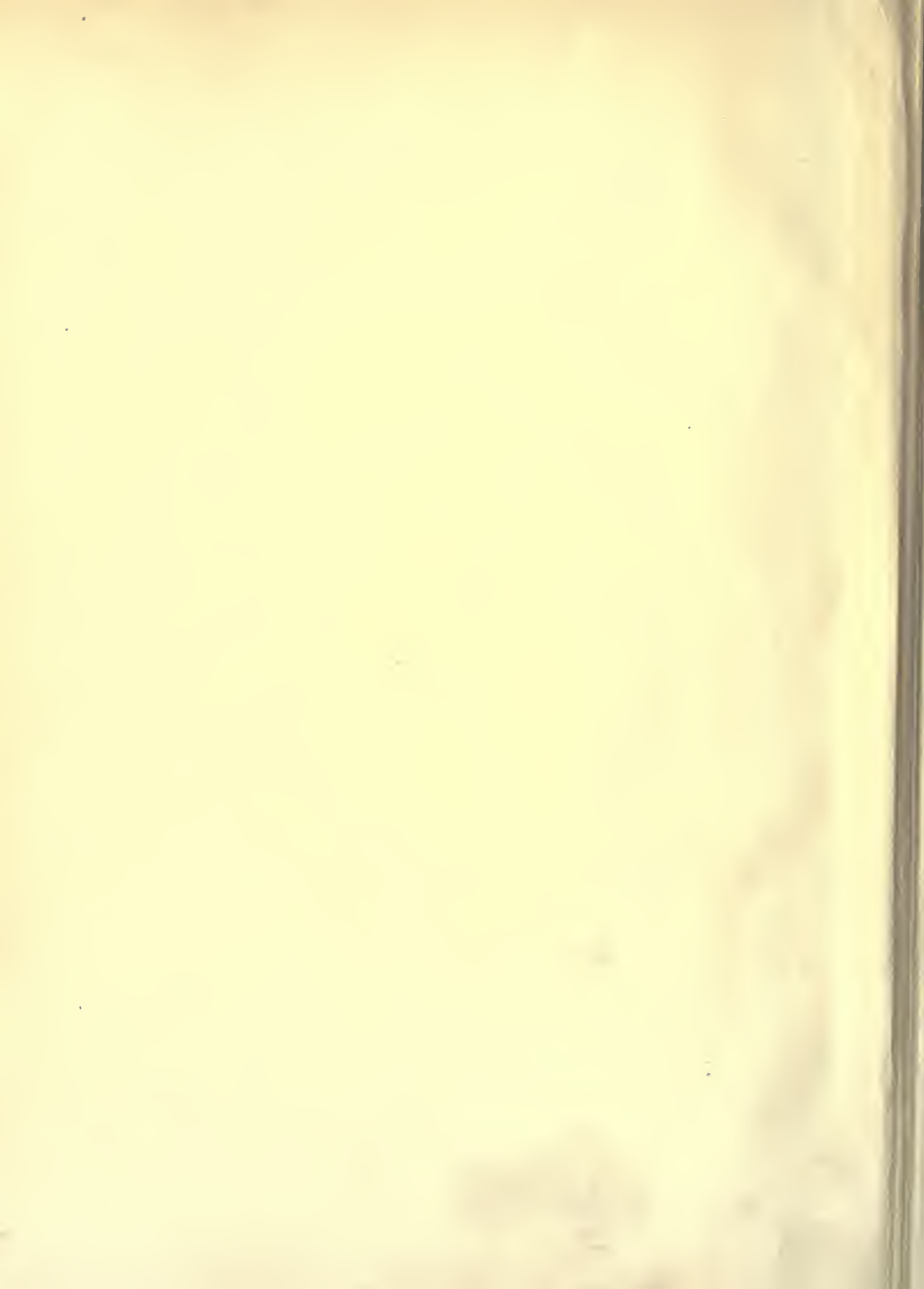


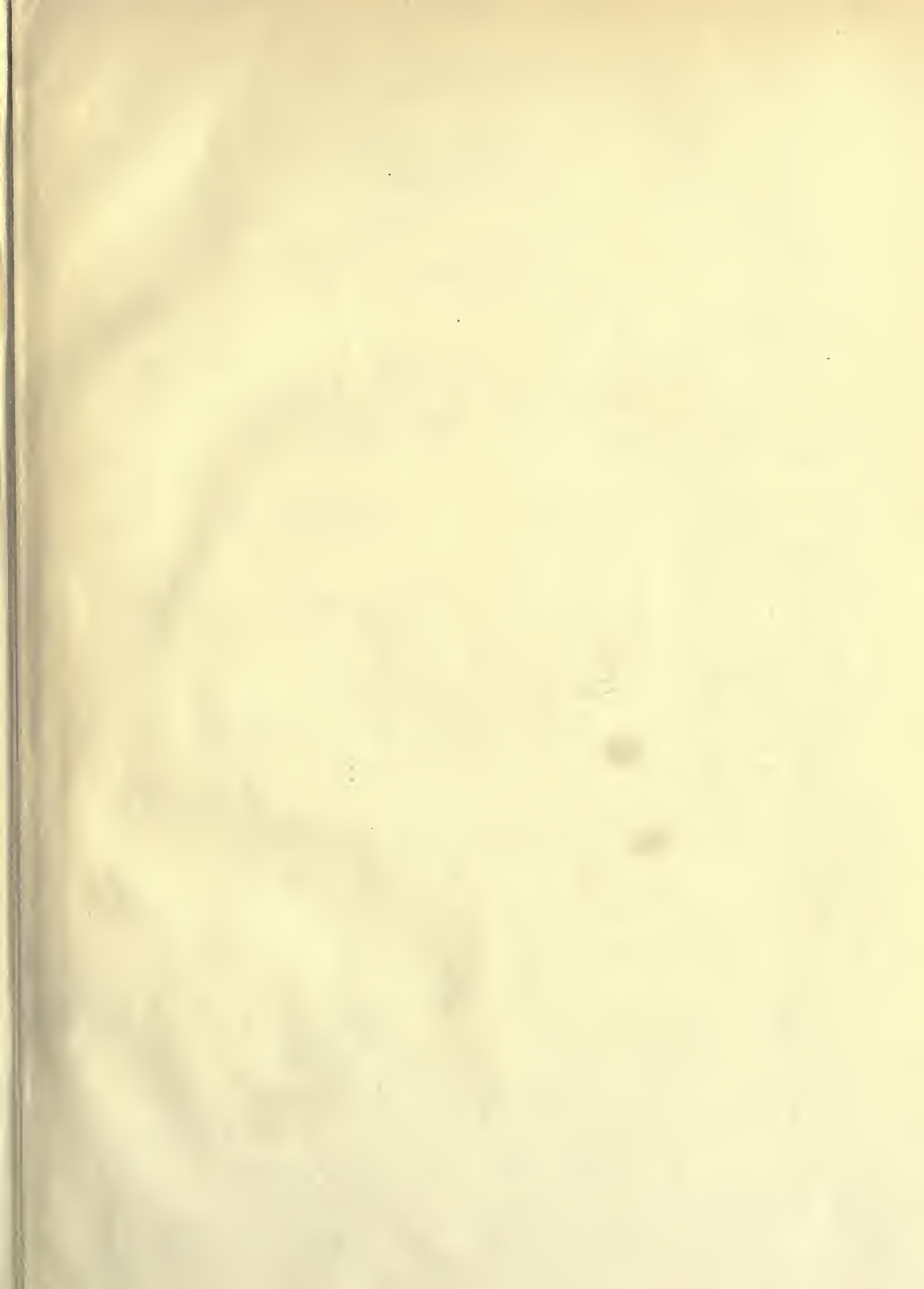
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Publications of the Spenser Society

*Issue No. 26*

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# HALELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer.

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

*PART I.*

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1879.

# The Spenser Society.

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1. The Proverbs and Epigrams of John Heywood. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1562.
2. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio Edition of 1630. *Part I.*

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3. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part II.*
4. The Works of John Taylor the Water Poet. Reprinted from the Folio of 1630. *Part III. (Completing the volume.)*
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### *For the Third Year 1869-70.*

6. The ἑκατομπαθία or Passionate Centurie of Love, by Thomas Watson. Reprinted from the Original Edition of (*circa*) 1581.
7. Works of John Taylor the Water Poet, not included in the Folio Volume of 1630. Reprinted from the Original Editions. *First Collection.*



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PRINTED BY CHARLES E. SIMMS,  
MANCHESTER.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

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THE Council of the SPENSER SOCIETY regret that, owing to unavoidable hindrances, the issues for the year 1878-9 have been delayed beyond the usual period, a disappointment which they trust will not again occur. Wither's *Hallelujah*, now issued, was the work of that author which their late colleague the Rev. Thomas Corser, thoroughly versed in all his writings, was most anxious to see reproduced in the Spenser series, both on account of the poetical merits of its Hymns and Songs, which is universally allowed to be very considerable, and the excessive rarity of the diminutive original edition, which Wither's best biographer, the Rev. Aris Wilmott, was never able to obtain a sight of. Four copies only are known to exist of it, namely, that in the British Museum, which was Herbert and Dalrymple's; the one possessed by Mr. Gaisford, which previously belonged to Mr. Heber and Mr. Wrightson; Mr. Huth's, the Bridgewater copy, which had been Mr. Pulham's, and was purchased for 35*l.* 10*s.*; and Mr. Corser's, which sold at his

sale for 18*l.* 5*s.*, and was afterwards obtained for the purpose of this reprint for 21*l.*

The only remaining poetical works of Wither which are yet wanting to complete this series are *Hymns and Songs of the Church* (1623), *The Psalms of David* (1632), *Britain's Remembrancer* (1628), and his *Emblems* (1635). It is proposed that the third, *Britain's Remembrancer*, a poem of great interest, and affording a most graphic picture of London and the country at the period of the great plague of 1625, shall be selected as the Spenser Society's issue for 1879-80.

JAS. CROSSLEY,  
PRESIDENT.

## CONTENTS.

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HALELVIAH or, BRITANS Second REMEMBRANCE, bringing to REMEMBRANCE (in praisefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymns, Spirituall Songs, and Morall Odes*) Meditations, advancing the glory of GOD, in the praëctise of Pietie and Vertue; and applied to easie Tunes, to be Sung in Families, &c. Composed in a three-fold Volume, by GEORGE WITHER.

The first, contains *Hymns-Occasional*. The second, *Hymns-Temporary*. The third, *Hymns-Perfonall*.

That all *Persons*, according to their Degrees, and Qualities, may at all Times, and upon all eminent *Occasions*, be remembered to praise GOD; and to be mindfull of their Duties.

*One* woe is past, the *second*, passing on;  
Beware the *third*, if this, in vain be gone.

LONDON, Printed by *I. L.* for *Andrew Hebb*, at the Bell in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1641.

(*Lowndes*, p. 2966; *Hazlitt*, *Wither*, No. 21.)



vii  
1641.

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Halelviah or Britans second  
Remembrancer.





TO  
The thrice Honorable,  
the high Courts of Parlia-  
ment, now assembled, in  
the Triple-Empire of  
the BRITISH-ILES :

GEO. WITHER, humbly ten-  
ders, this his HALELVIAH  
OR  
Second REMEMBRANCER.

 *F* *Iveteen yeers*, now  
past, I was in some  
things of moment,  
*a Remembrancer* to  
these *Ilands*; which have in  
many Particulars, so punctu-  
ally, and so evidently suc-  
ceeded,

ceeded, according to my *Predictions*; that, not a few, have acknowledged, they were not published so long before they came to passe, without the speciall *Providence*, and *Mercie* of GOD, to these *Kingdomes*: And, some, who scornfully jeared, and maliciously persecuted me for that *Book* (almost to my utter undoing) have lived, to see much of that fulfilled which they derided; and to *feel*, that, which they would not *beleeve*; to the verifying of a conditionall

*Impre-*

*Imprecation*, expreffed at the  
later end of my eighth *Can-*  
*to*, in thefe words :

And, if by *thee*, I was appointed, LORD!  
Thy *Judgements*, and thy *Mercies*, to record  
( As here I do ) fet thou thy mark, on thofe  
Who fhall, defpightfully, the fame oppofe.  
And, let it, publikey, be feen, of all,  
Till, of their malice, they repent them fhall.

Of which, I do not here  
make mention, that notice  
may be taken of it for mine  
own repute (becaufe I know  
the vanitie of fuch Aymes,  
and how eafily, they may be  
turned to my difgrace) nei-  
ther is it mentioned to add

A 3 to

to their dishonour or affliction, who are now found guiltie, aswell of publike as of private *Oppressions*: For, GOD so comfort me, as I have compafioned them, as they are men: But, I do, rather, thus offer those E-vents to confideration; that my *Former*, and these *Remembrances*, may be the more effectually observed, to stir up thankfulneffe, and heedfulneffe of GODS dealing, both with my self, and others.

For, though it were but a  
*Bush,*

*Bush*, which burned ; GOD, was the inflamer of that *Shrub* : and (as it now seemeth) it was a *Beacon* warrantably fired, to give true Alarms to prevent those *Dangers*, and *Innovations*, which, then, to me, appeared neere at hand. Yea, though my *First*, and these my *Second Remembrances*, may have some passages, and expressions in them, favouring so much of my naturall Infirmities, as may make them distastfull to a *proud-knowledge* ; and perhaps exercise

A 4 the

the humilitie of a *Sanctified*  
*Wisdome*: yet, I am confident, that, GOD hath been pleased to accompany my *Imperfect-Musings*, with some *Notions* pertinent to these *Times*; and proceeding from *himself*: which I desire may be considered of, as they shall deserve, and no otherwise.

I Arrogate no more, then *Balaams-Affe* might have done. GOD, opened mine eyes to see Dangers, which neither my most Prudent *Masters* (nor men as Cunning

ning as *Balaam*) seemed to behold. G O D, opened my mouth, also; and compelled me (beyond my naturall Abilities) to speak of that which I foresaw would come to passe: And, mens eyes are now so cleared (excepting theirs who are wilfully blind) that most of us behold the *Angel* of the LORD which stood in our way, with a drawn *Sword*. And we have lately obtained also, (partly, in hope; and partly, in possession) such publike, and private Deliverances;

A 5 that

that both private *Oblations* of *Thanksgiving*; and generall *Sacrifices of Praise*, are, now, and everlastingly, due from these *Ilands*.

For the better performance, of which dutie, I do now execute the Office of a *Remembrancer* in another manner, then heretofore: and, have directed unto *You*, *themoſt honourable Repreſentative Bodies of theſe Kingdomes*, the ſweet *Perfume* of *Pious-praiſes*, compounded according to the Art of the *Spirituell-Apothecarie*, to further



ther the performance of thankful *Devotions*: hoping, that, by your Authorities they shall (if they so merit) be recommended unto them, for whose use they are prepared. And, there will be need both of GODS extraordinary blessing, and of your grave assistance herein.

For, so innumerable are the foolish and prophane *Songs* now delighted in (to the dishonour of our Language, and Religion) that HALELVIAHS, and pious Meditations are almost out  
of

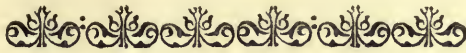
of use and fashion: yea, not in private only; but, at our *publike Feasts*, and *civil meetings* also, Scurrilous and obscene *Songs* are impudently sung, without respecting the reverend Presence of *Matrons, Virgins, Magistrates* or *Divines*. Nay, sometime, in their despight, they are *called for, Sung, and Acted*, with such abominable gesticulations, as are very offensive to all modest hearers, and beholders; and fitting only to be exhibited, at the Diabollish Solemnities of *Bacchus, Venus, or Priapus*. For

For, Prevention whereof,  
I am an humble Petitioner,  
that some order may be pro-  
vided, by the Wifdome and  
Pietie, of your *Assemblies*;  
Seeing upon due examinati-  
on of this Abuse, it may  
foone be discovered, that, af-  
well *Censores Canticorum*, as  
*Librorum* will be necessary  
in these Times; and I am  
confident your *Zeal & Pru-  
dence*, will provide as you  
see cause; and accept these en-  
deavours of your humble  
Suppliant and Servant; who  
submitting himself and his  
*Re-*

*Remembrances* to your grave  
Cenfures, fubmiffively takes  
his leave ; and befeecheth  
GODS bleffing upon your  
honourable Defignes and  
Confultations.

---

*To*



*To the Reader.*



Was wont to faine my self a *Shepherd*: but, now I have really a *Flock* and many other such like Rurall negotiations to oversee; among which, I do now and then, intermingle employments of this nature, that I might not muddle, altogether, in dirt and dung; but leave behind me some testimonials, that, while I laboured for the maintenance of my *Body*, I was not without *Meditations* pertinent to the well being of my *Soul*: though the Affaires which necessitie compels me to follow, are no little hinderances to the *Muses* which I affect.

I have observed three sorts of *Poesie*, now in fashion: One, consisteth meerely of *Rhymes*, *Clinches*, *Anagrammicall Fancies*, or such like verball, or literall Conceits

*To the Reader.*

ceits as delight Schoolboyes and Pedanticall wits; having nothing in them either to better the understanding, or stirre up good Affections.

These *Rattles* of the *Brain*, are much admired by those, who (being men in yeers) continue children in understanding: and those *Chats of wit*, may well be resembled to the fantastick Suits, made of *Taffaties* and *Sarcenets*, cut out, in flashes; which are neither comely nor commodious, for sober men to weare; nor very usefull for any thing (being out of fashion) but to be cast on the dunghill.

Another sort of *Poesie*, is the Delivery of necessary Truths, and wholesome documents, couched in significant *Parables*; and illustrated by such flowres of Rhetorick, as are helpfull to work upon the Affections, and to insinuate into Apprehensive Readers, a liking of those Truths, and Instructions, which they expresse.

These *Inventions*, are most acceptable to those who have ascended the middle-Region of *Knowledge*; For, though the  
wifest

To the Reader.

wifest men make use of them in their writings; yet, they are not the wifest men for whose sake they are used. This *Poesie* is frequently varied, according to the severall Growths, Ages, and Alterations of that *Language*, wherein it is worded: and, that, which this day is approved of as an elegancy, may seeme lesse facetious in another Age. For which cause, such *Compositions*, may be resembled to *Garments* of whole Silke, adorned wth gold lace: For while the *Stuffe*, shape and trimming, are in fashion, they are a fit wearing for *Princes*; and (the *Materials* being unmangled) may continue usefull to some purposes, for some other persons.

A third *Poesie* there is, which delivers commodious Truths, and things Really necessary, in as plain, and in as universall termes, as it can possibly devise; so contriving also, what is intended, that the *wifest* (having no cause to contemn it) may be profitably remembered of what they know; and the *Ignorant* become informed of what is convenient to be known.

This

*To the Reader.*

This, is not so plaufible among the *Wittie*, as acceptable to the *Wife*; because it regardeth not so much to seeme Elegant, as to be usefull for all persons, in all times: which it endeavoureth, by using a phrase and method, neither unpleasing to the time present, nor likely to grow altogether out of use, in future Ages; And if it make use of Ænigmaticall expressions, it is to prevent the prophanation of some Truths; or the oppressing of their professors. The commendation of this *Poësie* is not improperly set forth by a Mantle (or such like upper Garment) of the best *English-Cloth*: for, that, continueth indifferently serviceable for all seasons; and, may be usefully and commendably worn, by men of every degree.

To this plaine and profitable *Poësie* I have humbly aspired, (and especially in this Book) imitating therein (though coming infinitely behind them) no worse Patterns then the most holy *Prophets*: And by this means, I hope, the memoriall of GODS mercies, shall be the better pre-



*To the Reader.*

preserved in our hearts; and things pertinent to our happiness be the more frequently presented to a due consideration.

*Songs*, were adjudged (even by the wisdom of the *holy Ghost*) the fittest means to convey to many persons, and through many Generations, those Caveats, Counsels; and Considerations, which ought seriously to be minded; as appears by the *Song* of *Moses*, and many other dispersed in both *Testaments*; as also, by the *Psalms* of *David*. Yea, our own experience assures us, that, by *Song*, matters of moment may not only be committed to memory with more ease, but be more delightfully preserved unforgotten, then by any other means.

*Songs* and *Hymns*, are the most ancient writings of the World, and the most esteemed in pious Ages. In them, divine Mysteries were first recorded; and doubtless, to celebrate the honour of GOD, and to stir up mens affections to the love and practice of Holiness and Vertue, was the prime Subject and Scope of ancient *Song*  
and

*To the Reader.*

and *Musicke*; though at this time they are otherwayes, overmuch, employed. But, indeed, the abuse of them is no new thing; for, the devill perceiving how Devotion, and honest affections were by these means, assisted and stirred up, he, long since, taught his *Prophets* to magnifie also their false *Gods*, in *Hymns* dedicated to their honour; and to provoke uncleane Desires by prophane and immodest *Songs* and *Ballads*, fitted to uncleane *passions*; of which later fort we have now such varietie, that there is hardly Roome (sure I am) no encouragement for a devout *Muse*.

Childhood and youth, are almost generally so seduced and bewitched, with vain (if not wicked) *Songs* and *Poems*, that, holy and Pious Meditations, are tedious and unwelcome to most men, all their life long. Nay *Poesie* hath bin so prophaned by unhallowed *Suggestions*, ( *Inspirations* I will not call them ) and by having been long time the *Baud* to Lust; and abused to other improper ends; that some good men

*To the Reader.*

men(though therein, not very wise men) have affirmed *Poesie*, to be the Language, and invention of the Devill.

To prevent these Errors and Offences, Mr. *Sandys*, Mr. *Harbert*, Mr. *Quarles*, and some others, have lately, to their great commendations, seriously endeavoured, by tuning their *Muses* to divine Strains, and by employing them in their proper work. For the like prevention, I have also laboured according to my Talent; and am desirous both to help restore the *Muses* to their ancient honour, and to become a means, by the pleasingness of *Song*, to season Childhood and young persons, with more Vertue and Pietie. To that end, I composed these *Hymns* and *Songs*; taking the advantage of *Times*, *Persons*, and *Occasions*, in hope that by using various means, I shall at some *Time*, upon some *Occasion*, in some *Persons*, prevent or dissolve the Devils *Inchantments*; by these lawfull *Charmes*; which may be read or Sung, to that purpose, as occasion is offered; and as my *Readers* are affected.

in

*To the Reader.*

In my *Personall Hymns*, I arrogate not to instruct men of all Qualities or degrees, in each point of their duties; neither to dictate all meditations pertinent to them in the exercise of their devotion; but, I rather offer some principall duties, and occasions of thankfulness, to the Remembrance of those who know them; and the knowledge of them, to such as are altogether ignorant; in hope, the one or the other, (if not both) may be benefited thereby.

The like I profess in my *Hymns*, appropriated to *Times*, and *Occasions*. And, perhaps, they who need Instruction, shall finde, here, and there, dispersed, most of those duties, which are pertinent to Christian men and women, of every *degree*, and *condition*: peradventure also, the publishing of these *Helps*, and *Remembrances*, may by GODS blessing, encrease necessary *knowledge*, in those who most want it; and, that *Honesty*, and *Pietie*, which is lately decayed.

As in the *Language*, so in the sorts of  
verse

*To the Reader.*

verse, I have affected plainness, that I might the more profit them, who need such *helps*: This I have done also, that they may be sung to the common Tunes of the *Psalms*, and such other, as are well known; to which, I have directed my Reader, not to confine him to such Tunes; but, that he may have those, until he be provided of such as may be more proper: which, perchance, may by some devout *Musician*, be hereafter prepared.

In all these *Compositions*, I have made use of no mans method or Meditations, but mine own. Not that I despised good helps: but, partly, because my Fortunes & my employments, compelled me to spin them out of my own Bowels, as occasions were presented unto me; and chiefly, because I thought, by searching mine own heart, I should the better finde out, those musings, and expressions, which would flow with least harshness; and be most suitable to their capacities, whom I desire to profit.

All these things considered, I hope, I shall

*To the Reader.*

shall be judged excusable though I attained not to perfection, in my pious Endeavours; and I am hopeful also, (considering, how many *Songs* I have now prepared to advance a *Christian Rejoycing*) that it will not be thought altogether my fault, if there follow not a *merry-Time*.

Without more words; I commit these my humble *Devotions*, to their use who shall approve and accept of them; and the event of my Studies and desires, to GODS gracious providence; whom I beseech, to sanctifie them, to his Glory.

*June 1. 1641.*

# HALELVIAH

O R,

BRITAN'S second REMEM-  
BRANCER, bringing to *Remembrance*  
(in praifefull and Pœnitential *Hymnes*,  
Spirituell *Songs*, and Morall *Odes*) Me-  
ditations advancing the glorie of  
G O D, and the PraCtife of  
*Pietie and Vertue.*

The first part consisting of  
*Hymns* Occasional.

## H Y M N E. I.

A generall Invitation to praise G O D.

*This Hymn stirreth up to the praise of God, by a  
Poeticall Invitation of the Creatures to the per-  
formance of that Dutie according to their severall  
Faculties and Dignities. And, it is a preamble to  
the following Hymns.*

C O M E, oh come in pious *Laies*,  
Sound we *God-Almighti's* praise.  
Hither bring in one Consent,  
Heart, and Voice, and Instrument.

B

Mufick

Musick adde of ev'ry kinde ;  
 Sound the Trump, the Cornet winde.  
 Strike the Violl, touch the Lute.  
 Let nor Tongue, nor String be mute :  
     Nor a Creature dumb be found,  
     That hath either Voice or Sound.  
 2 Let those Things which do not live  
 In *Still-Musick*, praises give.  
*Lowly pipe*, ye *Wormes* that creep,  
 On the *Earth*, or in the *Deep*.  
*Loud aloft*, your Voices strain,  
*Beasts*, and *Monsters* of the *Main*.  
*Birds*, your warbling *Treble* sing.  
*Clouds*, your *Peales of Thunders* ring.  
     *Sun* and *Moon*, exalted higher,  
     And bright *Stars*, augment this *Quire*.  
 3 Come ye *Sons of Humane-Race*,  
 In this *Chorus* take a place ;  
 And, amid the mortall-Throng,  
 Be you *Masters of the Song*.  
*Angels*, and supernall Pow'r's,  
 Be the noblest *Tenor* yours.  
 Let in praise of *God*, the found  
 Run a *never-ending Round* ;  
     That our *Song of praise* may be  
     *Everlasting* as is *HF*.  
 4 From *Earths* vast and hollow wombe,  
*Musicks* deepest *Base* may come.  
*Seas* and *Flouds*, from shore to shoare,  
 Shall their *Counter-Tenors* roare.

To



To this *Confort*, (when we sing)  
Whistling *Winds* your *Descants* bring.  
That our *Song* may over clime,  
All the Bounds of *Place* and *Time*,  
And ascend from *Sphere* to *Sphere*,  
To the great *All-mightie's* eare.

5 So, from Heaven, on Earth, he shall  
Let his gracious Blessings fall :  
And this huge wide *Orbe*, we see  
Shall one *Quire*, one *Temple* be ;  
Where, in such a *Praise*, full Tone  
We will sing, what he hath done,  
That the cursed *Fiends* below,  
Shall thereat impatient grow.  
Then, oh Come, in pious *Laies*,  
Sound we *God-Almighties* praise.

---

H Y M N E. I I.

When we first awake.

*It is Gods mercy that our Sleep is not to Death : and,  
therefore whensoever we awake, it becometh us to  
lift up our hearts to God in this, or in the like Me-  
ditation.*

*Sing this as the 25. or 67. Pfalmes.*

**D**ear *God!* that watch dost keep  
Round all that honour Thee.  
Vouchsafing thy *Beloved* sleep,  
When Rest shall needfull be :

B 2

My

My Soul returns thee praise,  
 That thus refresh'd I am ;  
 And that my tongue a voice can raise,  
 To praise thee for the fame.  
 2 As now my Soul doth shake  
 Dull Sleep, out of her eies ;  
 So let thy Spirit me awake,  
 That I from sin may rise.  
 The *Night*, is past away,  
 Which fill'd us full of fears ;  
 And we enjoy the glorious *Day*,  
 Wherein thy grace appears.  
 3 Oh ! let me, therefore, shun  
 All Errors of the *Night*.  
 Thy *Righteousnesse* let me put on,  
 An walk as in the *Light*.  
 And guard me from his powre,  
 ( Since I on thee relie )  
 Who walks in darknesse to devour  
 When our *Long-sleep* draws nigh.  
 4 Yea, when the Trump shall sound  
 Our Summons from the Grave,  
 Let this my Body from the ground,  
 A blessed Rising have.  
 That ( whatfoe're the *Dreames*,  
 Of my *Corruption* be )  
 The Vision of thy *Glorie's* Beames,  
 May bring full Joyes to me.

H Y M N E

## HYMNE III.

When Day-light appears.

*When we first behold the renewed light, our thoughts  
should be lifted up to the Father of Lights, by  
whose mercy we escape the perils of Darknesse:  
And it would become us, otherwhile to praise  
him, and instruct our selves, in this, or the like  
Meditation.*

*Sing this as the 51 Psal. or the Lamentation, &c.*

Look forth mine eye; look up and view  
How bright the Day-light shines on me.

And as the Morning doth renew,  
Mark how renew'd Gods mercies be.

Behold, the Splendors of the *Day*,  
Disperse the shadows of the *Night*;  
And, they who late in Darknesse lay,  
Have now the comforts of the Light.  
<sup>2</sup> Nor *Twilight-Plagues*, nor *Midnight-Fears*,  
Nor mortall, nor immortall Foes,  
Had powre to take us in their snares;  
But safe we slept, and safe arose.

And to those Daies which we have had,  
He that is *Lord* of Day and Night,  
Another Day vouchsafes to add,  
That our lost houres redeeme we might.

<sup>3</sup> It is too much to have made void  
So many daies already past:

B 3

Let



*Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.*

**L**ord, had not man fought out by sin,  
 What should have been unknown;  
 His nakedness felt had bin,  
 And, wiser he had grown.  
 But, in the stead, of what he thought  
 By lawless means, to know,  
 The knowledge of that *want*, was taught,  
 Which brings the sense of *woe*.  
 2 Had he as forward striv'd to be,  
 The *Fruit of Life*, to taste,  
 As on the *Death-procuring-Tree*,  
 A lustfull Eye to cast;  
 The *Bliss* which was for him prepar'd,  
 In *Soul*, he had obtain'd:  
 And in his Body, also shar'd  
 The *Blessing*, preordain'd.  
 3 But, since the *Flesh*, did presse to see  
 Her *wants* before the time;  
 Both *Soul* and *Flesh* afflicted be  
 For that presumptuous Crime:  
 And, cumbred so, with pains and care,  
 To purchase *Cloth* and *Food*;  
 That little their endeavours are,  
 To seek their *chiefest-Good*.  
 4 *Lord!* with a Robe of Innocence,  
 Thy *Servant* so aray,  
 That, it may take the painfull sense,  
 Of outward wants away.

B 4

Yea,

Yea, let thy *Justice* cloth me so,  
 That I incurre no blame ;  
 Nor through *my* sin so naked grow,  
 As to augment my shame.  
 5 And let the *Garments* which I weare,  
 My tender Fleſh to hide,  
 Be neither made a *luſtfull-ſnare*,  
 Nor Enſignes of my pride.  
 But, rather be a means to ſhow  
 The folly of that Deed ,  
 By which man fell ; and fell ſo low,  
 As theſepoore Toyes to need.

---

## HYMNE V.

A morning *Hymne*.

*Many dangers hang over us all the Day. Therefore,  
 before we adventure forth to follow our Affaires  
 we might be the more ſafe, if we were firſt  
 charmed by ſuch Invocations as theſe.*

*Sing this as the Pater-noſter.*

SInce thou haſt added, now, ô G O D !  
 Vnto my life, another Day ;  
 And giv'ſt me leave to walk abroad,  
 And labour in my lawfull way :  
 My *Walks* and *Works*, with me begin ;  
 Conduçt me forth, and bring me, in.  
 2 In ev'ry powre my Soul injoyes  
 Internall Vertues to improve ;

In

In ev'ry Sense that shee employes,  
In her externall Works to move,

Blesse her ô *God!* and keep me sound,  
From outward harme, and inward wound.

3 Let *Sin* nor *Sathans* fraud prevaile,  
To make mine eye of *Reason* blind,  
Or *Faith*, or *Hope*, or *Love* to faile,  
Or any *Vertues* of the Minde ;

But, more and more, let them encrease ;  
And bring me to mine end, in peace.

4 Lewd Courtes, let my *Feet* forbear ;  
Keep thou my *Hands* from doing wrong :  
Let nor Ill-Counfels pierce mine *Eare*,  
Nor Wicked-words defile my *Tongue*.

And keep the windows of each *Eye*  
That no strange Lust climbe in thereby.

5 But, guard thou safe my *Heart*, in chief,  
That neither Hate, Revenge, nor Feare ;  
Nor vain-Desire, vain-Joy, or Grief,  
Obtain Command or Dwelling, there :

And L O R D, with ev'ry saving-Grace,  
Still, true to thee, maintain that *Place*.

6 From open-wrongs, from secret-hates,  
Preserve me, likewise L O R D this Day :  
From slanderous'Tongues, from wicked Mates,  
From ev'ry Danger in my Way:

My *Goods* to me, secure thou, too ;  
And prosper all the Works I do.

So, till the Evening of this Morn,  
My Time shall then so well bespent,

B 5                      That,

That, when the Twi-light shall return,  
 I may enjoy it with content ;  
 And to thy praise, and honour say,  
 That this hath prov'd a happy-Day.

## H Y M N E V I.

A *Hymne* whilst we are washing.

*Though Water be a common Blessing ; yet we receive many great Benefits thereby, and cannot live conveniently without it. If, therefore, we sometimes remember to be thankfull in the use of it, and to sanctifie it with such like Meditations, as these, it will become Holy-water unto us.*

*Sing this as the 1. 4. or 30. Psalmes.*

AS we by Water wash away  
 Vncleanness from our flesh,  
 And, fometimes, often in a day,  
 Our selves are faine to wash :  
 So, ev'ry Day, *Thoughts, Words, or Deeds,*  
 The Soul do fully, fo,  
 That often, ev'ry day, she needs  
 Vnto her *Cleanfer* go.  
 2 Our *Sins* purgation doth require,  
 Sometime, a *Flood of Teares* ;  
 Sometime the painfull *purging-Fire,*  
 Of Torments, Grievs, or Fears :  
 And all this Cleansing will be lost,  
 (When we our best shall do)

Vnlesse



Part. I. Hymne VII.

11

Vnlesse we by the *Holy-Ghost*,  
May be baptized too.  
3 LORD, by thy *Sanctifying-Spirit*,  
And, through my Faith in thee,  
(Made acceptable by thy Merit )  
Purge, Wash and Cleanse thou mee.  
And, as this *Water* purifies  
My Bodies outward blots,  
So, cleanse thou, by thy Blood, likewise,  
My Souls internall spots.  
4 And, since this usefull *Element*,  
Thou freely dost afford,  
( In using it ) let me present  
Due thanks to thee ô LORD !  
And, then, accept that Sacrifice,  
(Though cheap, and mean it be.)  
And, do not those Requests despise,  
Which I preferre to thee.

---

H Y M N E VII.

When we enjoy the benefit of the Fire.

*Fire is a Creature, both beneficiall and harmfull, (according too ur heedfulnesse, and Gods blessing.) Therefore, this Hymne serves both to remember us to be thankfull for the good received ; and to beseech Gods protection from the dangers of it.*

*Sing this as the 2. 6. or 7. Psalmes.*

**B**Vt that, no *wonders*, Things appear,  
Which ev'ry Day we see,

This

12      *Hymne VIII. Part. I.*

This *Fire*, whose warmth our flesh doth chear,  
A wondrous-thing would be :  
For, while by Fewell it is fed,  
(Which we therefore provide )  
Arayd in shining *White* and *Red*,  
It will with us abide.  
2 But, when the same we do neglect,  
It quickly flies away ;  
And sometime ( for our disrespect )  
Vpon our *Goods*, doth prey.  
If guided well, it is a Friend :  
If not ; it proves a Foe,  
Which bringeth Cities to an end,  
And Realmes may overthrow.  
3 LORD, since this Creature, much we need,  
And harm'd thereby may be,  
( Vnlesse we take thereof good heed )  
From harmes, preserve us free.  
Yea, thankfull make, for that which warms,  
And which we now enjoy :  
And keep us ever from the harms,  
Of that which doth destroy.

---

H Y M N E V I I I.

Before we begin our Work.

*When we are preparing towards our daiy employments,  
their Beginnings, would finde the better successfull  
endings, if we did otherwile, Sing, Say, or  
Think somewhat to this purpose.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

SInce thou hast L O R D, appointed so,  
That Man by labour must be fed ;  
Loe, with a chearefull mind I go  
To labour for my daily-bread.

I doe not at my Lot repine,  
(Though others live much more at ease)  
But, I subject my *Will* to thine ;  
And thy *Good-pleasure* me shall please.

2 Let what I purposenow to doe,  
Be fully pleasing unto Thee ;  
And give a good successe thereto,  
That profit thence may spring to mee.

Be thou the Author of each Deed,  
VVhich now by me shall be begun :  
VVith me throughout my works proceed ;  
And perfect them, when I have done.

H Y M N E I X.

VVhen we are at our Labour.

*Many use to mitigate the tediousnesse of their Labours  
by singing. Therefore (to encourage labouring men at  
their Works) some Priviledges of a laborious life ;  
and some Petitions, befitting such as live by La-  
bour, are the subject of this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 14, or 15. Psalmes.*

VVHy should I grieve that I was made  
(VVhil'ft others take no paine)  
To

To labour at a toylefome Trade,  
 My body to maintaine?  
 And,that to compaffe Cloth and Meat,  
 My *Lot*no meanes doth grant,  
 Vntill my Browes or Braines do fwat.  
 To get me what I want?  
 2 Or, wherefore, by a murm'ring Tongue,  
 Should I augment my Care,  
 Because I am not rang'd among  
 Those *Drones* that Idlers are?  
 For, *Labour* yeelds me true content,  
 (Though few the same doe fee)  
 And,when my toyling houres are spent,  
 My Sleeps the sweeter be.  
 3 Though *Labour* was enjoin'd at first,  
 To be a Curfe for Sin,  
 Yet Man,by being fo accurst,  
 May skrew a *Blessing* in.  
 And, He that with a patient minde,  
 This pennance doth fustaine,  
 Shall by his paines true pleafures finde,  
 And many comforts gaine.  
 4 Whilst honest Labours are applide,  
 We vex our *Ghostly Foe*;  
 And in our hearts,he is denide,  
 His harmfull Tares,to fowe.  
 A thousand mifchiefes we avoyd,  
 When he would us entrap:  
 Which they,who are not fo imployd,  
 But rarely do efcape.

5 It makes our Bread more sweet then theirs  
Who idly spend their wealth :  
We feldome have so many Cares,  
And live in better health.  
If we, at Night, begin to tire,  
Next Morning, fresh we grow ;  
And for our Meat, or for our hire,  
To worke againe we go.  
6 Men feldome heare us crying out  
(As Idler Folk have done)  
By reason of the *lazie Gout*,  
The *Collick*, or the *Stone* :  
But, when our strength consum'd we have,  
That Ripenes doth increase,  
Which makes us ready for the Grave,  
And there, we rest in peace.  
7 LORD grant me health, and strength to  
The Labours laid on me ; (beare  
And in those Works to perfevere,  
Whereto I call'd shall be.  
And let me finde, by what thy *Grace*  
Hath for my Soul prepar'd,  
That, he who works in *meanest Place*,  
May gaine the best *Reward*.

---

H Y M N E. X.

After our Worke is done.  
*Left ( when we have accomplished our intended  
Works ) we lose the benefit of our Labours, by Im-  
providence,*

*providence or Unthankfulness; We are hereby put in remembrance to beseech of God that we forfeit not the comfort of them, by our sins.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

THAT I unthankfull may not be,  
 Now this my worke is fully done,  
 VVith Praises LORD, I come to thee,  
 In whom it was at first begun :  
 For if my Pains hath compast ought,  
 From whence, a profit may redound ;  
 Thy *Grace*, the same in me hath wrought :  
 Else, fruitlesse, had my deeds been found.  
 2 Let not my Folly, nor my Foe,  
 Nor *past*, nor *future sins*, destroy  
 The Labours, which I did bestow  
 An honest profit to enjoy.  
 But, make my Paines, and their Effect,  
 To me, still, prosp'rously succeed ;  
 And let me never LORD, neglect  
 To praise thee, both in *Will* and *Deed*.

HYMNE. XI.

VVhen we depart from home.

*When we depart from home, every step is attended with some Hazzard, or Temptation, whereby we may be endangered, if GOD prevent not. To him therefore, we should lift up our hearts to this effect.*

*Sing this as the 16. or 18. Psalmes, &c.*

VVho

**W**Hoknows,when hetogo fromhome  
 Departeth from his dore,  
 Or *when*,or *how*,he back shall come?  
 Or, whether never more?  
 For,some,who walk abroad in health,  
 In *sicknesse*, back are brought:  
 And,some,who forth have gone with *wealth*,  
 Have back-return'd with nought.  
 2 L O R D, therefore now I goe abroad,  
 My Guard,I thee confesse;  
 Andhumbly beg of thee ô G O D!  
 My *going-forth* to blesse.  
 Go with me,whether I would go;  
 Stay with me,where I stay:  
 Do for me,what I ought to do;  
 Speake 'Thou,what I should say.  
 3 From taking wrong,from doing harme,  
 From Thoughts and Speeches ill;  
 From Passions rage,from pleasures charme,  
 Vouchsafe to keep me still.  
 Let me abroad,some *Blessing* finde;  
 And let no curse the while,  
 Befall to that I leave behinde,  
 My honest Hopes to spoile.  
 4 But let my *Going-out* and *In*,  
 My *Thoughts*,my *Words*,and *Waies*,  
 Be alway safe; Still, free from Sin,  
 And,ever to thy praise.  
 And,when my pains effect shall take;  
 Or,Times of stay are spent;

With

With Health, and Credit, bring me backe,  
With Comfort and Content.

## H Y M N E. XII.

When we returne Home.

*Though our Affaires may not permit us to sing upon  
all such occasions, yet we ought at all times to be  
thankfull: and we have, at least, leisure enough to  
Meditate to this purpose, when we returne home.*

*Sing this as the former Hymne.*

**S**Ince, LORD thou hast well pleased bin,  
(As now it may appeare)  
To beare me forth, to bring me in,  
And set me safely here;  
I, who deserved not this Grace,  
Should far lesse worthy be,  
If I repay not in this place,  
The thanks I owe to thee.  
2 My Tongue therefore, Oh LORD (my King)  
Now foundeth out thy praise:  
My *heart* the self same strain doth sing;  
And, thus to thee it sayes:  
Thou art my GOD; and never shall  
Another God be mine;  
And *Kingdomes, Powers, and Glories*, all  
For ever shall be thine.

H Y M N E



## HYMNE. XIII.

## At Noone-tide.

*We have usually some refreshings as well at Noone-tide, as in the Mornings and Evenings. Therefore, the singing of a Meridian-Hymne, to this, or the like purpose is not impertinent.*

*Sing this as the former Hymne.*

**N**OW the *Sun* is at his height,  
 And brightest Beames displaies ;  
 We to the *Father* of this *Light*  
 Will sing a song of praise :  
 For since that Lampe can shine so cleare,  
 And guild so large a Skye,  
 VVhat Splendor doth in him appeare,  
 VVho made that glorious *Eye* !  
 2 How happy in the *Light*, we be  
 VVhich from this *Planet* flowes,  
 Inform'd we are (in some degree)  
 VVhen from our view he goes :  
 For, Blessings, at the full, receiv'd,  
 Appear not so, at best,  
 As when we are, awhile, depriv'd  
 Of that which was possess'd.  
 3 Both for this meanes of *outward sight*,  
 VVe praise thee **L O R D**, therefore,  
 And, for those Beames of *Inward Light*,  
 VVhich make that Blessing, more.  
 Vouch-

Vouchsafe, that whilst this happy-Day  
 Of *double-grace* doth last,  
 My feet may travell in the way  
 Which thou commanded hast.  
 4 Those *Works of Darknesse* make me shun,  
 Which my chiefe practise were :  
 Those *Armes of Light*, let me put on,  
 Which I am bound to beare.  
 That when the *Night of Death* shall close  
 The *Daylight* of mine Eies,  
 I may without affrights repose ;  
 And with true Joyes arise.

## HYMNE. XIII.

At Sun-fetting.

*The singing or meditating to such purposes as are intimated in this Hymne (when we see the Sun declining) may perhaps expell unprofitable musings, and arme against the Terrors of approaching darknesse.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**B**Ehold, the *Sun* that seem'd, but now,  
 Enthroned over-head,  
 Beginneth to decline below  
 This Globe, whereon we tread :  
 And, he whom, yet, we looke upon  
 With comfort and delight ;  
 Will quite depart from hence, anon,  
 And leave us to the Night.

2 Thus

2    Thus Time (unheeded) steales away  
      The life which Nature gave.  
Thus, are our Bodies ev'ry Day  
      Declining to the Grave.  
Thus, from us all those Pleasures flie,  
      VVhereon we set our hart :  
And, when the *Night* of death draws nigh,  
      Thus will they all depart.  
3    LORD ! though the *Sun* forsake our sight,  
      And mortall hopes are vain,  
Let, still, thine *Everlasting Light*,  
      VVithin our Soules remain.  
And in the Nights of our Distresse  
      Vouchsafe those *Raies-divine*  
VVhich from the *Sun* of *Righteousnesse*,  
      For ever brightly shine.

---

H Y M N E   X V .

In cleare Starry Night.

*By contemplating the beauty of the Stars (which were  
created for the service of Man) we are taught to  
consider the speciall and unspeakable Mercies of  
G O D, vouchsafed in C H R I S T I E S V.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

L O R D ! when those glorious *Lights* I see  
VVith which thou hast adorn'd the Skies ;  
(Observing how they moved bee,  
And how their Splendor fills mine Eyes)  
Me-

Me thinks it is too large a Grace,  
 (But that thy *Love* ordain'd it fo)  
 That Creatures in fo high a Place,  
 Should servants be to M A N below.

2 The meanest *Lampe*, now shining there,  
 In size, and lustre doth exceed  
 The noblest of thy Creatures, here ;  
 And of our friendship hath no need.

Yet, These, upon Mankinde attend,  
 For secret Ayde, or publike Light :  
 And, from the *Worlds* extremeſt end,  
 Repaire unto us, ev'ry Night.

3 Oh ! had that *Stampe* been undefac'd  
 VWhich, first, on us thy hand had set,  
 How highly should we have been grac'd !  
 Since, we are so much honour'd, yet ?  
 Good G O D / for what, but for the sake  
 Of thy Belov'd, and *Only-Sonne*,  
 (VWho did on him, our nature take )

VVere these exceeding Favours done ?  
 4 As we by *Him*, have honour'd bin,  
 Let us to *Him*, due honours give :  
 Let *His* uprightnesse hide our Sin ;  
 And let us *Worth* from *Him* receive.

Yea, fo let us by *Grace* improve  
 VVhat thou by *Nature* doth bestow ;  
 That, to thy Dwelling place above,  
 VVe may be raised from below.

H Y M N E

## H Y M N E X V I.

In a darke Night.

*Darknes is uncomfortable to all, and very dreadfull to many: Therefore, we prepared this Hymne, that such as are fearefull, may have wherewith to comfort their hearts againt the terrors of Darknes.*

*Sing this as the 19, 20, or 21. Pſalmes.*

**W**Hat though the comforts of the Light,  
 This gloomy Night denies?  
 Though me to trouble, and affright,  
 Vnwelcome Darknes tries.  
**W**hat should I doubt? whom should I feare?  
 Or why disheartned be,  
 Since thou ô G O D ! art ev'ry where,  
 And present, still, with me?  
 2 **W**hat mischief shath a *Midnight howre*,  
 My Terror to procure?  
**W**hat warrant hath a *Noone-tide powre*  
 My safety to assure?  
 I find no comforts in the Day,  
 If thou thy presence hid'st;  
 Nor can the Darknes me dismay  
 If near me, thou abid'st.  
 3 Indeed, the *Feind* that hates the light,  
 Doth oft occasion take,  
Amid

Amid the darknesse of the Night,  
 This *Bugge-beare* shoves, to make :  
 Yet, sure, the *Darknesse* of our *Minds*  
 Is that, whereby this *Foe*,  
 Most frequently, occasions finds,  
 The greatest harmes to doe.  
 4 Me, from that Darknesse to defend  
 Thy Grace, O LORD afford.  
 So me th' *enlightening Spirit* lend,  
 And *Lanthorne* of thy *Word*.  
 For then, though *Egypt's* Darknesse had  
 Inclos'd me round about ;  
 (Yea, though I fate in *Death's* blacke *Shade*)  
 That *Light* should guide me out.

## HYMNE XVII.

## An Evening Hymne.

*Left* Bruit-creatures rise in judgement against us for  
 neglect of thankfulness. This Hymne of Praise is  
 tendred to be a Remembrancer, and a Help for  
 the better performance of that Duty.

*Sing this as the Prayer after the Commandements.*

LORD, should we oft forget to sing  
 A thankfull *Evening-Song* of praise ;  
 This Duty, they to mind might bring,  
 VVho chirpe among the bushy-sprais.  
 For, to their Pearches they retire,  
 VVhen first the twilight waxeth dim ;  
 And,

And, ev'ry night that sweet-voic'd Quire,  
Shuts up the Day-light with a Hymn.

2 Ten thousand fold more cause have we,  
To close each Day with praisefull voice ;  
To offer thankfull hearts to thee ;  
And in thy Mercies, to rejoice.

For, from thy *Ward-robe* cloth'd we are :  
Our *Health* we do by thee retaine ;  
Our *Dayly-bread* thou do'st prepare ;  
And givest *Ease*, when we have paine.

3 Thou mak'st us *Glad*, when we are greev'd :  
When we are tir'd, thou bringest *Rest* :  
In wants we are by the *Reliev'd* ;  
And *Succour'd* when we are oppress'd.

These favours, LORD, and many more,  
(Ev'n more then here we can recite)  
Thou ev'ry *Morning* do'st bestowe ;  
And them renewest ev'ry *Night*.

4 Therefore, for all thy Mercies past ;  
For those this Evening doth afford ;  
And which for times to come, thou hast ;  
We give thee hearty thanks, ô LORD !

Continu'd let thy Bounties be ;  
And, from our Ghostly Foes despight,  
(Though we deserve it not from thee)  
Defend us this ensuing-night.

5 When we shut up, in darknesse, lie,  
Let not the guilt of any Sin,  
Appeare, our Soules to terrifie  
With Frights, which bring *Despairings* in.  
C But

But free from harmes and slavish Feare,  
 Let us a Peacefull Rest obtaine ;  
 That when the *Morning* shall appeare  
 We may renew thy Praise againe.

## HYMNE XVIII.

Another Evening *Hymn.*

*In this Hymne, GOD is praised, and his protecting  
 and preventing Grace implored, to secure us from  
 the dangers and Temptations of the Night, and it is  
 intended for an Evening-Hymn.*

**N**OW the cheerfull Day is past,  
 And the Beauties of the *Light*,  
 Are with shadowes, overcast,  
 By the Mantle of the *Night*.

Thanks to thee, ô LORD ! I pay  
 For each Blessing of this Day ;  
 Asking Grace for ev'ry Sin,  
 Whereby err'd I have therein.

2 Though the *Sun* hath left us now,  
 And withhold his Light from me ;  
 LORD, From hence depart not thou,  
 Nor in Darknesse, let me be.

But the Raies of grace divine,  
 Cause thou round me still to shine ;  
 And, with *Mercy* overspred  
 Both my Person, and my Bed.

3 Chase all wicked *Fiends*, from hence,  
 That they doe me no despight,  
 By deluding of the Sense,  
 Through the Darknesse of the Night.



But, ô LORD, from all my Foes,  
Let thine *Angels* me enclose ;  
And protect me in my sleep,  
When my selfe I cannot keep.  
4 Whil'st my Body taketh rest,  
Let my Soule attend on thee.  
Let no dreame to me suggest  
Fancies that unchaste may be.  
Whether I shall wake or sleep,  
Me in Mind and Body keep,  
Not from ACTS of Sin alone,  
But, from dreaming they are done.  
5 And since *Death* and *Sleep* are said,  
Some resemblances to have ;  
In my *Bed* ere I am laid  
So prepare me for my *Grave* ;  
That with comfort wake I may,  
To enjoy the following day,  
Or, (if *Death* clofe up mine eies)  
Rest in *Hope*, till all shall rise.

---

H Y M N E X I X.

When we put off our Apparell.

*Whilest we are putting off our Apparell, the singing of this briefe Hymne, will be neither tedious nor unprofitable ; seeing we may thereby prepare aswell our Minds as our Bodies for the better enjoying of a comfortable Rest.*

*Sing this as the 33, or 34. Psalmes.*

C 2

AS e're I downe am couched there,  
 Where, now I hope to rest ;  
 I, first, from what I daily weare,  
 Begin to be undrest.  
 So, in my Grave, e're I shall be  
 In blest repofure layd,  
 Of many Rags, yet worne by me,  
 I must be difarayd.  
 2 My fruitlesse *Hopes*, my foolish *Feares*,  
 My *Lust*, my lofty *Pride*,  
 My *fleshly-Joyes*, my *needleffe-Cares*,  
 Must quite be laid aside.  
 Yea that *Selfe-Love*, which yet I weare  
 More neare me then my skin,  
 Must off be pluck'd, e're I shall dare  
 My *last-long-sleep* begin.  
 3 Of *These*, and all such Rags as these,  
 When I am difarayd  
 My Soule and Body shall have ease,  
 Where ever I am layd :  
 For Feares of Death, nor Cares of Life,  
 Shall then disquiet me ;  
 Nor dreaming-Joyes, nor waking Griefe  
 My Sleeps disturbance be.  
 4 Therefore, instruct thou me ô G O D !  
 And give me grace, to heed  
 With what vaine things, our selves we lode ;  
 And what we rather need.  
 Oh ! help me teare those Clouts away,  
 And let them so be loth'd,

That, I, on my *last-rising-Day*,  
With Glory may be cloth'd.  
5 And, now, when I am naked layd,  
Vouchsafe me so to arme ;  
That nothing make my heart afraid,  
Or doe my Body harme.  
And guard me so when downe I lie,  
And when I rife againe ;  
That (sleep, or wake, or live, or die )  
I, still, may safe remaine.

---

H Y M N E X X.

When we cannot sleep.

*When we cannot sleep at seasonable times, vaine muzzings, and want of right meditating on God is frequently chiefe cause of unrest. Therefore this Meditation directeth to the remedy of such untimely watchfulnesse.*

*Sing this as the former Hymne.*

W HAT ayles my Heart, that in my brest  
It thus unquiet lies ?  
And that it, now, of needfull Rest  
Deprives my tired eies ?  
Let not vaine Hopes, griefs, doubts, or feares  
Distemper so my mind ;  
But, cast on G O D, thy thoughtfull cares,  
And comfort thou shalt find.  
2 In vaine that Soul attempteth ought,  
(And spends her thoughts in vaine)

C 3 Who

Who *by*, or *in* her selfe, hath fought  
 Desired peace to gain.  
 In vain, as rising in the morne,  
 Before the Day appeare :  
 In vain, to Bed we late returne,  
 And lye unquiet, there :  
 3 For, when of Rest, our Sin deprives,  
 When Cares do waking keep,  
 Tis G O D (and he alone) that gives  
 To his *Beloved*, sleep.  
 On thee, ô L O R D, on thee, therefore,  
 My musings, now I place :  
 Thy free remission, I implore,  
 And thy refreshing grace.  
 4 Forgive thou me, that when my mind  
 Opprest begun to be,  
 I fought elsewhere, my peace to find,  
 Before I came to thee.  
 And, gracious G O D, vouchsafe to grant,  
 (Unworthy though I am)  
 The needfull rest which now I want,  
 That I may praise thy *Name*.

## H Y M N E X X I.

## A generall thanksgiving.

*Because the particular Benefits which we receive of  
 God, are so many, that we cannot sing particular  
 Hymns for every Mercy, this general Thank-  
 giving is provided for those who need such helps.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalm.*

O LORD I faine would sing thy praise,  
But, know not where I should begin ;  
So often, and so many waies,  
Thy Favours have conferred bin.

No blessing needfull to be had,  
Are we, by thee debarred from  
Whereby we happy may be made,  
On earth ; or, in the world to come.

2 I, for my *Being*, thanke thee first,  
And, that when I the same possesse,  
I was no Creature of the worst ;  
But, had Endowments of the best.

And thy eternall-Providence,  
I praise, with all the pow'rs in mee,  
For ev'ry grace vouchsaf'd me since  
I first receiv'd my life from thee.

3 For ev'ry *Sense*, for all my *Limbs* ;  
And, for each gift, I praise returne,  
Which outwardly my body trims ;  
Or, me doth inwardly adorne.

I praise thee, for my *Strength*, my *Health*,  
My *Shape* ; and also for that share  
Which I have had of *worldly-Wealth*,  
And, of some *honest-Pleasures* here.

4 I praise thee for my *Friends* and *Foes* ;  
(For, both have usefull been to mee)  
Yea, for thy just-correcting blowes,  
I render hearty thanks to thee.

C 4

I

I likewise magnifie ô G O D !  
 Thy wifedome, for that goodly *Frame*,  
 Which over us thou spread'ſt abroad ;  
 And, for this *Globe* on which I am.  
 5 For all things of this *lower-World* ;  
 For ev'ry Star, in ev'ry Sphere,  
 Which round about this *Orbe* is whirl'd,  
 I praise thee with a heart sincere.

But, most of all, I praise thee, L O R D,  
 For pardoning what is done amisse ;  
 And, for the means thou dost afford  
 To bring me to *Eternall Blisse*.

6 For *chusing* me, e're time was made ;  
 For thy *Creating* me, in Time ;  
 For my *Redemption*, when I had  
*Well-being* lost, by *Adams* crime.

For me inlightning, by those Rayes,  
 Whereby the Paths of *Truth* I see ;  
 For bringing me from Errors wayes ;  
 For these things, L O R D, I honour thee.

7 I bleſſe thy *Name*, that by thy Grace  
 I freely *justified* am ;  
 And, that, when I *polluted* was,  
 I thereby *sanctified* became.

I praise thee too, that I abide  
 Preserved in the *State of Blisse* ;  
 And, that, of being *Glorified*,  
 My wofull Soule, kept hopefull is.

8 Oh L O R D, to sum up *all*, in *One*,  
 (In *One*, which ev'ry Blisse contains)

I

I give thee thanks for CHRIST thy Son,  
Who all these gracious Favours daignes.

To *Him*, for whatsoever *HEE*  
Hath *suffred, said, or done*, be praise.  
And, to that *Spirit*, who to mee,  
The meanes of all this Grace conveys.

---

H Y M N E X X I I.

When we ride for Pleasure.

*We make use of GOD's Creatures, aswell for pleasure, as for necessity. Therefore when we ride forth for pleasure, it will become us to mix, now and then such thankfull Meditations with our lawfull Pleasures, as are in this Hymne.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

**M**Y GOD, how kind? how good art thou?  
Of Man, how great is thy regard?  
Who do'st all needfull things allow,  
And, some for Pleasure, hast prepar'd?

With what great Speed? with how much ease?  
On this thy Creature, am I borne,  
Which at my will, and when I please  
Doth forward goe, and backe returne?  
2 Why should not I, ô gracious GOD!  
More plyant be to thy command,  
When I am guided by thy word,  
And gently reined by thy hand.

Asham'd I may become to see  
The *Beast* (which knowes nor good, nor ill)

C 5 More

More faithfull in obeying me,  
 Then I have been, to do thy will.  
 3 From him therefore, LORD, let me learn  
 To serve thee, better then I do ;  
 And minde how much it may concern  
 My welfare to endeavour so.  
 And, though I know, this Creature lent  
 As well for Pleasure, as for need ;  
 That I the wrong thereof prevent,  
 Let me, still, carefully take heed.  
 4 For, he that, wilfully shall dare  
 That Creature, to oppresse or grieve,  
 Which GOD to serve him doth prepare,  
 Himselfe of mercy doth deprive.  
 And *He*, or *His* (unlesse in time  
 They doe repent of that abuse)  
 Shall one day suffer for his Crime ;  
 And want such *Creatures*, for their use.

## HYMNE XXIII.

For him that undertakes a *long-voyage*.  
*Many are the Casualties and Hazards of long-*  
*voyages. Therefore, this Hymn puts Travellers*  
*in minde of some things pertinent to their safety ;*  
*and remembers them, whose Protection they ought*  
*to seeke.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme, &c.*

**H**Ee that a *Voyage* undertakes,  
 Had need be well prepar'd ;

And,



And (when his Countrey he forfakes)  
Procure an able Gard:  
For, perils are so rife become,  
That (e're we be aware)  
They often ceaze on us at home,  
When we most watchfull are.

2 My Journey, therefore, in thy *Name*,  
I, now ô Lord, begin;  
That thou maist guide me through the same,  
And prosper me therein.

Be thou my *Pilot* and my *Guide*,  
My *Guard*, my *Staffe*, my *Stay*;  
And, ev'ry thing for me provide,  
That's needfull in my way.

3 To *Pilgrims*, thou, in Ages past,  
Approv'dst thy selfe a Friend;  
And, to their *Pilgrimages*, haft  
Vouchsaf'd a blessed end.

The *Father* of the *Faithfull Race*,  
His *Son*, and *Grand-childe* too,  
Removed oft from place to place,  
And, *Thou* didst with them goe.

4 The *Patriarchs* in Marchantwife,  
For Food, to *Egypt* went;  
Endev'ring their necessities,  
By *Travell*, to prevent.

Thy blest *Apostles* (whom the *Spheres*,  
Did, therefore figure out)  
Were univerfall *Travellers*,  
To preach thy Truth about.

5 Yea

5 Yea, when thy blessed *Son*, ô G O D!  
 Did in our flesh appeare,  
 (And made amongst us his abode)  
 His Travels, many were.  
 To Egypt, he a voyage made,  
 Ev'n in his tendrest age ;  
 And other painfull Journeys had,  
 To scape the Peoples rage.

6 L O R D, make a voyage now with me ;  
 Conduçt, and guide me, fo,  
 As *Jfr'el* guided was, by thee,  
 In Ages long agoe.  
 Like *Jacobs* Voyage, make thou mine,  
 With me thine Angell fend ;  
 And let thy face upon me shine,  
 Vntill my Journies end.

7 Twixt me and ev'ry perill stand,  
 That shall my life assaile  
 Vpon the Water or the Land,  
 And let them not prevaile.  
 Proteçt from Poyson, Fire, and Sword,  
 From theeves and beasts of prey :  
 From unexpected Sicknesse, L O R D,  
 And Stormes upon the way.

8 From all extreames of Cold and Heat ;  
 From all Infectious Aires ;  
 From Wants or Torments overgreat ;  
 From Bondage, and Despaire :  
 From their Despight that Goodnesse hate,  
 And mischiefes doe intend :

From

From Flattrers, and a Faithlesse-mate,  
Thy Servant, LORD, defend.  
9 Preserve me sober, and Discreet,  
Just, humble, meek and kind ;  
That, such as would enfnare my feet,  
No powre thereto may finde.  
Make cleane my heart, and keep my Tongue,  
That I nor think, nor say,  
What may be to anothers wrong ;  
Or mine own life betray.  
10 Throughout my *Travels* give me grace  
Discreetly to avoyd,  
The Sins, and Errors of the *Place*,  
wherein, I am employed.  
And, let me those things only learn,  
Which to thy praise may be,  
My Countrys good, someway, concern,  
Or truly profit me.  
11 To these intents, thine Ayd afford ;  
Thy daily blessing, daign,  
And, bring me in due time, ô LORD,  
In safetie back again.  
That, I may joyfull praises give  
Vnto thy holy *Name* ;  
And others, ( who thy love perceive )  
Assist me in the same.

H Y M N E.

## HYMNE XXIIII.

For safe return, from a Voyage.

*Men that are in want and danger (farre from their homes) have many longings for a safe return; But, being arived where they would be, a vain Jollitie, or negligence, puts (oftentimes) out of minds all remembrance of due thankfulnesse; which we desired to prevent by this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

How great! how gracious have I found  
 Thy Favours, LORD my God, to mee!  
 How, for thy mercies, I am bound,  
 With all my Powr's, to honour thee?  
 For, that whereto my wish aspir'd,  
 To me thou, timely, granted hast,  
 (As fully as my heart desir'd.)  
 And, all my Fears are gone and past.  
 2 Me, thou hast hither, from a far,  
 Through many Streights and perils brought;  
 And, now, in prefence, those things are,  
 Whose Absence, overlong I thought.  
 How often! hath my heart been sad,  
 Whilst Hope did suffer by delay?  
 And, ô! how faine would I have had  
 A sight of what I view this day.  
 3 The place desir'd, the Friends belov'd,  
 And, many wished pleasures more,

From

From which I lately was remov'd,  
Thy Mercie doth to me restore.

Nor didst thou, only, thus preserve  
And blesse me, LORD, beyond defart;  
But, when disfavour I deserve,  
My kinde, and constant Friend thou art.

4 Permit not, ô permit thou not  
These overflowings of thy grace,  
To be abused or forgot,  
In any future Time, or Place.

But, let me all my life time-long,  
My *Will*, my *Wits*, and *Strength* bestow  
As well in *Action*, as in *Song*,  
Thy *Wisdom*, *Powre*, and *Love* to show.  
5 And, when those *Travels* have an end,  
Which for mine own advantage, here,  
(Or for thy service) I attend,  
Make my last *Voyage* without fear.  
Yea, when my *Journey* I shall take  
Vnto my last, and longest-*Home*;  
A Joyfull Passage, let me make,  
And, blessed in thy Rest, become.

---

H Y M N E X X V.

When we are upon the Seas.

*Death is alwaies within a few ynches of those who  
continue on Ship-board: yet, most men, in their Sea-  
passages, are vainly employed, & insensible of their  
perils. This Hymn, therefore, offers their Condi-  
tion, and Dutie, to consideration.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the 48. Psalm &c.*

ON those *Great Waters* now I am  
 Of which I have bin told,  
 That whosoever thither came,  
 Should Wonders there behold.  
 In this unsteadie place of feare  
 Be present Lord with mee,  
 For, in these Depths of Water here,  
 I depths of Danger see.

2 A *stirring-Courser* now I fit ;  
 A *headstrong-Steed* I ride,  
 That champs and fomes upon the Bit,  
 Which curbs his loftie pride.  
 The softest whistling of the winds,  
 Doth make him gallop fast,  
 And, as their breath increaf'd he finds  
 The more he maketh hast.

3 Take thou ô LORD, the Reines in hand ;  
 Assume our *Masters* roome :  
 Vouchsafe thou at our Healm to stand ;  
 And *Pilot* to become.  
 Trim thou the *Sailes*, and let good-speed  
 Accompany our hast :  
 Sound thou the *Channells* at our need,  
 And *anchor* for us cast.

4 A fit and favourable *wind*  
 To further us, provide ;  
 And, let it waite on us behind,  
 Or lacky by our side.

From

Part. I. Hymne XXVI. 41

From Sudden *Gusts*, from *Stormes*, from *Sands*;  
And from the *raging-wave*,  
From *Shallowes*, *Rockes*, and *Pirates* hands,  
Men, Goods, and Vessel, save.  
5 Preserve us from the wants, the feare,  
And Sicknesse of the *Seas* ;  
But, chiefly from our *Sins*, which are  
A Danger worfe then these.  
LORD, let us, also safe arive  
Where we desire to be ;  
And, for thy Mercies, let us give  
Due thanks, and praise to thee.

---

H Y M N E X X V I.

In a Storme at Sea.

*Passionate expressions of Fear, intermixt with reasonable considerations do help mitigate our passions in great Extreames ; and Lamentations are as properly exprest in Song, as mirth : Therefore this Hymne may profitably, be said or Sung, in a terrible Tempest to beget Courage, and strengthen our Faith.*

L O R D, how dreadfull is this howre ?  
And how sad is ev'ry Eie ?  
*Clouds* dissolve, the *Skies* do lowre,  
*Waves* are fierce, and *windes* are high :  
*Wrath*, above us frowning fits,  
*Danger*, hath enclos'd us round ;

*Fear,*

Fear, of us, possession gets,  
And, beneath us, *Death* is found.

*LORD, awake ! awake we pray ;  
Chafe this raging Storme away :  
Els, we perish all to Day.*

2 LORD, we know that thou art nigh,  
Though, as yet, thou seem not near ;  
And are sure thou hear'st our cry,  
Though asleep, thou dost appear.

Let, ô let not any Crime,  
( Past or present ) come in place,  
To condemn us, in a time,  
When, so much, we need thy grace :

*But, ô fend us, now, thine ayde ;  
Let not Mercy be delayd :  
For, thy Servants are afraid.*

3 If our *Vessell* bear ô LORD !  
Wicked *Fraught*, or *Crying Sin* ;  
Help to heave it over-board,  
That, *Salvation* may come in.

Bid the *Seas*, more calme become ;  
Bid the *Waves* more lowly grow ;  
Check the *Winds*, and call them home :  
That, the *Deeps* they stir not so.

*Hear, whilst call on thee we may :  
For, if Thou the Word but say,  
Winds and Waves will thee obey.*

4 More this *Tempest* doth not rage,  
Then when *Jonah* shunn'd thy Face :  
But, that Storme thou didst assuage,

When



When the *Scamen* fought thy grace.  
When in Dangers, like to these,  
Thy *Disciples*, grew afraid ;  
Thou didst Then the Winds appease,  
And, the Tempest was alayd.

*They for help, invoked Thee.*

L O R D ! *they Cryde ; and so do we :*

*Therefore, saved let us be.*

5 Though our *Lives*, we value dear,  
And our *Goods*, too highly rate :  
*Death* is not our chiefest Fear,  
Nor the losse of our estate.

More we fear to loofe thy Love ;  
More we fear thy wrathfull Frown :  
For, our *Conscience* doth reprove ;  
And, to us, our Guilt have shown.

*Sense, and Conscience, of our Sin,*

*Is more terrible, within ;*

*Then the Storme, without, hath bin.*

6 These internall *Stormes* controul :  
And, (how er'e our *Bodies* fare)  
Speak thou kindly to the *Soul*,  
Thy sweet *Calmes*, vouchsafing there.

Then, the *Tempest* rais'd *without*,  
Shall, to us, no Danger bring :  
But, (repreev'd from *Fear*, and *Doubt*)  
We thy praise, ô L O R D ! will sing.

*Yea, though Winds and Waters roare,*

*(Rend the Rocks, and tear the Shore)*

*We will sing thy Praise the more.*

H Y M N

## HYMNE XXVII.

When a Storme is past, at Sea.

*Fear compells most men, in times of Danger, to call upon GOD, whom they seldom remember before they are troubled; and when the perills are past, few return thanks for their Deliverances. Therefore, this Hymne offers it selfe, to remedy that Forgetfulnesse.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

See, see, the *Skie* from stormes is clear ;  
 More smoothly, now the *Waves* do flow :  
 The *Billows*, that above us were,  
 Contented seeme, to lie below.

The furious *Winds* are much alayd ;  
 More sober, now, the *Ship* appears ;  
 And, we, who lately were afraid,  
 To *Hopes*, have changed all our *Fears*.  
 2 Our *Vowes*, our *Prayers*, and our *Crie*,  
 With GOD, have good acceptance had.  
 He saw our danger, from on hie  
 And, speed to save us, he hath made.

Come, let us therefore to his praise,  
 (With joyfull hearts, and hands upheav'd)  
 In thankfull *Songs*, our *Voices* raise ;  
 And sing of what we have receiv'd.

3 The *Fears of Death*, inclos'd us round ;  
 The *Sins of Life*, increas't that Fear :

No

No means of safetie could be found ;  
Nor did in us, much hope appear.

Above our heads, the *waves* did roul :  
The *Winds* did make our Tacklings crack.  
The *Deepes* had nigh o'whelm'd our Soul ;  
Both Skill and Courage we did lack.

4 Some did the losse of *Goods*, deplore,  
( Of which depriv'd they thought to be )  
Some griev'd, through fear, lest they no more,  
Should their lov'd Friends, or Country see.

Some seeming nigh Destructions brink,  
( And seeing Danger gape so wide )  
Opprest with fear, began to think,  
In how ill-state, they might have dide.

5 There was no Soul among us, here,  
But, feared more then did befall :  
For, G O D, in mercy, doth appeare ;  
And shows compassion to us all.

Therefore, let us ( now fear is past )  
Consider what small Joy or ease,  
Those things, whereon our hearts were plast,  
Afford, in dangers, like to these.

6 And, let us purchase, whilst we may,  
That *Grace*, whereby we may be fraught  
With Courage, in a *Dreadfull-Day*,  
To set the *Worldlings* Fears at naught.

And, as we joyntly do partake  
The Mercy, which we now possesse ;  
So, let us joynt-Confession make  
And thus to thee, our God, confesse.

7 Oh

7 O LORD! our safetie is of Thee.  
 It was thy Powre and love, alone,  
 By which we now secured be;  
 And other *Helper*, we have none.  
 To Thee, from whom we did receive  
 This Grace (and thousands heretofore)  
 Our Tongues, our Hands, and Hearts we give,  
 To serve and praise thee evermore.

---

## HYMNE XXVIII.

When we come a Shore.

*It is a Mercy worth acknowledging, when GOD  
 hath brought us to fixe our feet on firm land again;  
 and that the Winds and Tides have been made  
 serviceable unto us: Therefore, in this Hymn  
 GOD is praised for that Benefit.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

I Thank thee LORD, I thee adore,  
 With humbled heart, and bended knee,  
 That, thus upon the Stable Shore  
 My Feet in safetie fixed be.

I praise thee, that the fickle Seas,  
 For me a Pathway, have been made,  
 Through which unharmed, and at ease,  
 A Passage, hither, I have had.

2 I thank thee that thou didst provide,  
 And serviceable make to mee,  
 The motions both of *Winde* and *Tide*;  
 Though I am slack in serving thee.

I

I praise thee, that, no *Swallow-wing-Sands*,  
No *Splitting-Rock*, no *Gulph*, or *Bar*,  
No *Storme*, or *Bloody Pyrats* hands,  
To ruine me permitted were.

3 For this, and ev'ry other thing,  
Which by thy Favour I possesse,  
I thank thee LORD; Thy praise I sing;  
And thy abounding love confesse.

O let thy *Grace* (which fixed hath  
My feet in safetie on the Land )  
Preserve me constant in thy Path  
And, ever true, to thy Command.

---

H Y M N E X X I X .

When we Journey by Boat or Barge.

*Some who Travell in Boats or Barges, are delighted  
to employ the time of their Passage in stirring up  
good Affections in themselves and other Passengers  
by Hymns, and Spirituall Songs; we have  
therefore prepared a proper Hymn for that Oc-  
casion.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme.*

**H**OW are ô G O D ! we Sinners bound  
To give thee thanks and praise?  
Who to prevent our pains, hast found  
And shewn us, many waies.  
By Horfe and Coach we at our ease,  
Ore Hills and Dales may ride ;  
Through

Through Lakes,through Rivers,and through  
 In Boates,and Ships,we glide. (Seas,

2 The *Waters* which unruly are,  
 To serve us,may be won ;  
 And forc'd our Burthens home to bear,  
 Which way so e're they run.

The *Winds*,to give our *Courser* breath,  
 From ev'ry Quarter blow ;

And, we, within a foot of Death,  
 In ease and safetiego.

3 Vpon the *Water*, now we passe,  
 And, safe we hope to be,

By thy Protection, and thy Grace,  
 Because we trust in Thee.

Continue with us, all the way :  
 ( Though we are full of Sin )

Preferve us, and our *Boat*, we pray,  
 With ev'ry thing therein.

4 Guide thou this *Veffell*, trim our Sails ;  
 In Danger hear our Cry :

And, when our skill, or Courage fails,  
 Those failings LORD, supply.

No *Passengers*, Oresights, or Crime,  
 LORD, (whether great or small)

Within this Veffell,at this Time,  
 To question, do thou call.

5 The foolish *Tales*, the *Lies*,and *Oathes*,  
 That passe among us,here ;

( And, which the well affected loathes )  
 To mark, be not severe :

Nor

Nor let the *Civill-pafsenger*,  
The more ufafely paffe,  
Because this *Boat*, perhaps, doth bear  
Defpifers of thy *Grace*.  
6 And, when that *Key* or *Port*, we gain,  
Whereat we would arive ;  
To Thee, (that fafe we may remain )  
Due Praifes let us give.  
And, while in progresse, thitherward,  
We are in motion, here,  
Let us, (if we expect Regard )  
Continue in thy Fear.

---

H Y M N E X X X.

When we are Walking in a *Garden*.

*The Garden is a Place of Delight ; and we may take Many Occasions , whilst we are there walking, to meditate things pertinent to God's glorie, and our own Instruction, both to the prevention of Sin, (which may els be committed ) and to the sanctifying of our honeft pleasures, there : which is intimated by this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

**T**O yeeld us profit with Delights,  
The *Garden* was ordain'd :  
To many Pleasures it invites,  
Not ev'ry-where obtain'd.

D

And,

And, if we be not well aware,  
 How we converse therein,  
 The *Serpent*, still, is lurking there,  
 To tempt us unto Sin.

2 Within a *Garden*, he began  
 His Engines first to lay.  
 There, first he brought a Curse on man ;  
 There, he did *Christ* betray.  
 And, in our *Gardens*, many times,  
 (Whilst Pleasure we pursue )  
 We are allured to those Crimes,  
 Which afterward we rue.

3 LORD, therefore, sanctifie to me,  
 The Pleasures of this Place ;  
 That they may raise my heart to thee,  
 And, minde me of thy Grace.  
 Whilst, here I seek Delights to take,  
 Let me in thought retain,  
 What in a *Garden*, for my sake,  
 My *Saviour* did sustain.

4 His *Agony*, and *Bloody-sweat*,  
 Shall, then, prevent my pain ;  
 His *Grief*, my Pleasure shall beget,  
 And, ease for me obtain :  
 Of those *Requests* I shall partake,  
 By which he fought thy grace.  
 And, thou shalt sweet, and harmlesse, make  
 The Pleasures of this *Place*.

HYMN



H Y M N X X X I.

When we are walking in the *Fields*.

*The Fields are oft frequented both for Pleasure and Profit ; and, many times, Idle musings make those things dangerous, which might, els, bring a double Advantage. This Hymn, therefore, offers these profitable Meditations, which become the leisure of that Place.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

**T**He *Fields*, for prayer, *Isa'ck* chose :  
And, they who trie, shall finde,  
That for *Devotion*, they dispose  
A well-devoted minde.  
The Blessings which we there espie,  
Occasions are of praise :  
The loftie Prospects of the Skie,  
Are helps our Hearts to raise.  
2 When I ô G O D ! behold this *Frame*,  
Which is above me plaist ;  
How richly thou dost deck the fame,  
How ordred it thou hast :  
And therewith call to minde, for whom,  
This *Work*, by thee, was wrought ;  
Amaz'd it makes me to become,  
And, thus it moves my thought.  
3 L O R D, can it be that thou should rear  
For such poore Wormes as we,

D 2

A

A *Structure*, wherein do appear,  
 Such Glories, as I see?  
 And that there be, (as I have heard)  
 Above that *Spatious-Round*,  
 Things, far more excellent, prepar'd,  
 Then, here by Sight are found.  
 4 If so it be, (as without doubt)  
 I do beleeve it so;  
 Why are my Thoughts employ'd about,  
 My vain *Designes* below?  
 Why do I Fear? why do I love,  
 Or Covet, ought but Thee?  
 And hazard things, in heav'n above,  
 For those that earthly be?  
 5 O! from these *Dung-hils*, raise my minde,  
 And, teach it so to mount,  
 That I may best Contentments finde,  
 In things of best Account.  
 Yea, teach me so to raise my Thought,  
 That I may, by Degrees,  
 And, in due time, be thither brought,  
 Where *Faith* my place foresees.

---

 H Y M N   X X X I I .

Before, or at a Feast.

*Feasts are usefull to cheere our mindes, by a plentifull  
 enjoying of the Creatures, in a Neighbourly Societic,  
 when Times, and good Occasions allow the same.  
 And*

*And, this Hymn offers to Remembrance some  
Cautions, to sanctifie, and keep harmes from such  
Refreshings.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

**W**Hat Plenties (ô thrice gracious LORD!)  
Before us, now, appear ?  
How hast thou furnish'd out this *Boord*,  
For us, thy Servants here ?  
Thy *Fruits* are pull'd, Thy *Flocks* are kill'd,  
Thy Foules displum'd we see :  
And by thy bountie, over-fill'd ;  
Our Bowles and Dishes be.  
2 LORD, let this meeting now be blest,  
And, what prepar'd thou hast.  
In ev'ry morfell of this Feast,  
Let us thy sweetnesse tast.  
Grant also, lest our health it marr,  
That we excesse may shun :  
And, let among us, neither Jarr,  
Nor discord be begun.  
3 Chafe all prophane Discourse away ;  
Let honest Mirth appear :  
Let none of us, an evill say,  
Of those that are not here.  
But, let each Word, and ev'ry Deed,  
That shall be said, or done,  
Be meant, true Mirth and love to breed ;  
And grieve, or injure none.  
4 Yea, let us all, so heed those ends,  
For which good *Feasts* are made ;  
D 3 That

54 *Hymn XXXIII. Part. I.*

That, they may keep us loving Friends,  
And make us, wifely, glad.  
And, ( being filled ) let us cheer,  
The hungry, with supplies :  
So, shall this *Feast*, be (as it were )  
A holy *Sacrifice*.

---

H Y M N X X X I I I .

A Hymn after a *Feast*.

*We are here remembered to be thankfull for our Refreshments ; to acknowledge G O D ' s Bountie in giving his Creatures as well for Delight as Necessitie ; and to use his good blessings with Temperance.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

W H E N is it fitter to begin  
The *Sung* intended, now,  
Then when our *Table* spread hath bin  
And *Cups*, did overflow ?  
For, lo ; those things which God prepar'd  
The hearts of men to chear ;  
Have those effects on us declar'd  
For which, ordain'd they were.  
2 Our Wants we now remember not ;  
No Cares oppresse the minde :  
Our Sorrows, all are quite forgot,  
No Feares in us we finde.  
And, if we stay in this Degree  
Of good and sober mirth,

We

We are ô *God!* allow'd by thee,  
These Blessings of the Earth.  
3 As well for Pleasure, as for need,  
Thy Creatures are bestow'd ;  
As, heretofore, by his own Deed,  
Thy blessed *Son* hath shown :  
For, at a *Wedding*, where each Guest,  
Of wine, had drunk, before ;  
It pleas'd him, to enlarge the Feast ;  
And, adde a great deal more.  
4 The more thy Bounties we shall see,  
The more we should beware,  
That, neither they abus'd be ;  
Nor we unthankfull are.  
And, therefore, lest our *Appetites*,  
Our *Judgements* may confound ;  
To that, in which our Flesh delights,  
We now impose a Bound.  
5 For all *Refreshments* of this Day,  
We praise thy blessed *Name* ;  
We honour it, in all we may,  
We Sanctifie the same :  
And, that we may depart in peace,  
Of thee we humbly crave  
That, what was *done* or *said* amisse,  
This Day, may pardon have.

## HYMN XXXIII.

## A Hymn before Meat.

God is praised for furnishing our Table: he is also pray'd that his good Creatures may be received of us to the enabling of us in performing our Christian duties; and that when we are full, we may be mindfull of the Poore.

*Sing this as the Magnificat.*

FOR spreading LORD, our Table, thus,  
 To thee we thankfull are:  
 O! let it not be unto us,  
 A mischief, or a Snare.  
 But, these thy Creatures bleſſe thou fo  
 (Whereon we hope to feed)  
 That we our Duties well may do  
 And gain the Strength we need.  
 2 Let not thy Plenties make us dull,  
 Or wantonly inclinde:  
 And, LORD, when we ourſelves are full,  
 The emptie, let us minde.  
 Preſerve thy Church, protect our King,  
 And, all his Kingdomes bleſſe:  
 That, at our Tables, we may ſing,  
 And, eat our Bread in Peace.

HYMN

## HYMN XXXV.

A Hymn after Meat.

*God-Almightie having fed our Bodies ; is here besought to feed our Soules also ; and desired that whether we Feed or Fast, he may be glorified thereby.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

WE praise ô G O D ! we honour Thee,  
 By whom we now are fed !  
 And, we acknowledge, that from Thee,  
 We have our Daily-bread.  
 As with externall Food, ô L O R D !  
 Thou fedd'st our *Bodies*, now ;  
 Ev'n so, thy Blest *Incarname-word*,  
 Vpon our *Souls* bestow.  
 2 And, whilst the *Flesh* her nourishment,  
 From thy good Creatures takes ;  
 Let not, into our Souls, be sent,  
 What, there, a leanness makes.  
 But, whether *want*, or *thrive* we shall,  
 Or *Fast*, or take our *Food* ;  
 Vnto thy praise, convert it all :  
 And all things to our Good.  
 3 With *Health* and *Plentie*, blesse this place ;  
 From *Error* keep us free :  
 And, let thy *Gospel*, and thy *Grace*  
 Our *Portion* alwayes be.

D 5

Preserve

Preserve thy *Church* ; protect our *King* ;  
 And all his *Kingdomes* bleſſe :  
 That, we may at our *Table* ſing,  
 And eat our *Bread* in *Peace*.

## HYMN XXXVI.

When we walke to the Church.

*Such as dwell in the Countrey, a good diſtance from  
 the Church, may ſhorten the way, by ſinging, o-  
 therwhile, this Hymn, to praife GOD for the  
 free libertie of coming to his Houſe ; and to pre-  
 pare their mindes for the Place and Service, to-  
 ward which they walk.*

*Sing this as the 117. Pſalme.*

How bleſt are we ! who may reſpire  
 In peace, and ſafetie LORD,  
 Vnto thy bleſſed *House of Prayre*,  
 And hear thy holy *Word* ?  
 Such *Times*, thy SAINTS have lived in,  
 That, thus they could not do ;  
 Vnleſſe, it had with hazard bin ;  
 Of Goods, and Freedome too.  
 2 Continue, ſtill, through theſe our Dayes,  
 The Grace which, now, thou ſhow'ſt ;  
 And make us mindfull, thee to praife,  
 For that, which thou beſtow'ſt.  
 Thy *Voice* ſo let us hear *to Day*,  
 And ſo meek hearted be

That



Part. I. Hymne XXXVII. 59

That thou mayst hear us, when we pray,  
And give us Rest in thee.  
3 When we into thy *House* do come,  
L O R D, minde us, evermore,  
To leave our Wordly Thoughts, at home,  
And, fend our hearts before.  
Vnto our Footing, let us all  
Take heed, when we come there,  
And; on the Pavement, humbly fall  
Before thy Face, with Fear.  
4 Our Sins, there, let us open lay,  
And, there, our State condole ;  
Till thou shalt pleased be to say,  
Your *Faith* hath made you whole.  
In Peace, then fend us back again,  
And, give us powre to see,  
That, in thy prefence we remain,  
Where ere our Bodies be.

---

H Y M N X X X V I I .

When we walk from *Church*.

*We are hereby put in Remembrance that we endeavour to become profitable, Hearers, by practising in our lives that which we are taught ; and to beseech God, to enable us thereto.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn, or as the 4 Pf.*

L O R D, let the *Words* we here this day  
The Heart so deeply peirce ;  
That,

That, in our lives we practise may  
 Their meanings to reherse  
 Let not thy holy *Seed*, be found  
 Dispers'd abroad in vain ;  
 By falling on a *Stony-ground*,  
 That yeelds no lasting-gain.  
 2 Permit thou not those *Aiery-hopes*,  
 Which Ill-suggestions breeds,  
 To rob us of celestiaall crops,  
 By rav'ning up the seeds :  
 Nor, let the *Thornes of Worldly Cares*  
 So choke them up, we pray,  
 That, they produce unfruitfull eares,  
 Or wither, quite away.  
 3 But, teach us to receive thy *Word*,  
 Like such a fruitfull mold,  
 As to the *Sower* doth afford,  
 Sometime, a hundred fold.  
 And, let us none of those become,  
 Who formall Hearers are ;  
 But seldome practise that, at home,  
 Which in the *Church* they hear.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

When kindred meet together.

*The love of kindred is grown cold ; and many un-  
 kindneses and neglects are among them. Therefore,  
 when they visite each other, this Hymn being sung,  
 may*

*may remember them, to cherish that Amity which ought to be between them.*

*Sing this as the 133. Psalm.*

**H**ow happy is it, and how sweet,  
When *Kindred* kind appear!  
And, when in *Vnity* we meet,  
As we obliged are?  
Each blessing, which on *One* doth fall,  
Will multiplied be;  
And prove a blessing to us *All*,  
As long as we agree.  
2 As from high Hills, a show'r of Raine  
Along the vallies trils;  
And, as they vapour up againe  
A moystning for those Hills:  
So, *Kindred* (whether poore or rich)  
If truly kind they prove;  
Each other may advantage much,  
By interchange of Love.  
3 The slenderest Threds together wound,  
Will make the strongest Band;  
And, smallest Rods, if closely bound,  
The *Benders* force withstand.  
But, if we those asunder take,  
Their strength departs away;  
And, what a *Gyant* could not breake;  
A little *Infant* may.  
So, if in Concord, we abide,  
(If true in heart we prove)

We

We may the more be fortifide,  
 By interchange of Love.  
 Let us, therefore, who now have met,  
 Observe this Lesson, so,  
 That we do not the same forget,  
 When we apart shall go.  
 5 Let none of us delight to tell,  
 Or pleasure take to heare,  
 Wherein his *kinsman* doth not well ;  
 Or, faulty may appeare :  
 But, let each of us, our owne Crimes,  
 With others Errors weigh ;  
 And, seek the fittest means, and Times,  
 To mend them what we may.  
 6 If Malice injure any One,  
 To whom allide we are,  
 Let us repute the wrong as done  
 To ev'ry Person here.  
 Yea, if a Grief, a Losse, a shame,  
 To one of us befall.  
 Let us be tender of the same,  
 As grievous to us all.  
 7 So, we that are, but linked, yet,  
 In *Bands* of common kind ;  
 Shall, at the last, be nearer knit,  
 By Vertues of the Mind.  
 And, when the *Ties* of *carnall-kin*,  
 By death, shall be undone ;  
 We, that have so allied bin,  
 Shall be, for ever, *One*.

HYMN

H Y M N X X X I X.

When Kindred depart from each other.

*Kindred having visited each other, and being to returne to their severall habitations, doe in this Hymn praise G O D for their Meeting; and pray him to blesse them in their separation.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

**T**o bid each other now adue  
Time, warnes us to prepare;  
And, that those Callings we pursue  
To which oblig'd we are.  
To thee therefore, by whom we came  
Each others weal to know:  
We render praise: And in thy *Name*,  
A funder L O R D, we go.  
2 Though us, ô L O R D / to live apart,  
Our Fortunes do compell;  
Keep us united, still, in hart,  
Where ever we shall dwell.  
A Dweller, in our Dwellings be:  
Vs, there, depart not from.  
And let us meet againe, in Thee;  
When we together come.  
3 Alliances are seldome good;  
And, rarely kind they are,  
Who nothing have, but *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
To make, and keep them Deare.  
Therefore,

Therefore, let us endeavour so,  
 That we, by Grace, may be  
 More nearly knit, and thereby grow,  
 Vnited all to thee.

4 Preserve among us honest Mirth :  
 At least, when we shall mourne,  
 Make *Sorrow* midwife to the *Birth*,  
 At which, true *Joyes* are borne.

And, of our Meetings, here below,  
 If this the last shall prove ;  
 Our Conversation, forme Thou so,  
 That we may meet above.

---

## HYMNE XL.

## A Hymn at Seed-time.

Husbandmen *when sowing-time is ended, have (in some places) their feed-Cake, or some other extraordinary Allowance to refresh them in their Labours, and it would not be without profit if they sanctified those Refreshings with this or the like Meditation.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme, &c.*

NO Time, to trifle forth, in wast,  
 For us, allow'd hath bin ;  
 But, alwaies, when one work is past,  
 Another doth begin.

Each day, a daily labour brings,  
 For us to work upon :

And

And ev'ry yeare,hath many things,  
 That must be yearly done.  
 2 Afoon as *Harvest* in is borne,  
 The *Seed-time* doth infue ;  
 And,they,in order,still,returne,  
 Our Labour to renewe.  
 That,with the *Season* doth besit,  
 We,now(in hope )have sown :  
 And L O R D / we unto thee commit,  
 What we abroad have thrown.  
 3 When *Isa'ck* tilled in that place,  
 Where,he a Stranger liv'd ;  
 A hundred-fold,the profit was  
 Which he from thee receiv'd.  
 Then,since it is as easie, L O R D,  
 As pleasing let it be,  
 A Benediction to afford  
 Vpon my Pains and me.  
 4 To us,a Pow'r thou dost allow  
 To water and to Plant ;  
 But,thou a Blessing must bestow,  
 Or,we our Hope shall want.  
 Vnto our Labour,therefore adde  
 The Supplement,it needs ;  
 Lest(missing that)the Soile be made  
 A Stepdame,to our Seeds.  
 5 Command the Earth to wrap them close ;  
 Let Moisture,Warmth and Aire,  
 Their vertues into them dispose ;  
 That,nothing them impaire.

And,

And, when they forth to fight are sprung,  
 Them, likewise bleſſe thou ſo,  
 That no diſaſters do them wrong ;  
 Till they to ripeneſſe grow.  
 6 Then grant that we (or they to whom  
 Our portion ſhall deſcend)  
 May fetch their Crops, with gladneſſe, home ;  
 And, them with comfort ſpend.  
 Grant, alſo, that the ſeeds of Grace,  
 (Sown in our hearts, by Thee)  
 Prove not leſſe fruitfull in their place,  
 Then Earthly Fruits may be.

## H Y M N   X L I.

When *Harveſt* is come home.

*When we have houſed the fruits of the Earth, It becometh us (in ſtead of the rude jollities uſed in ſome places) to praiſe God's mercy for vouchſafing to us the fruit of our Labours, to pray for continuance of his bleſſing both on them ; and on us, in the uſe of them ; In which duties this Hymn aſſiſteth.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**S**ome, have a *Cuſtome*, when they bring  
 The laſt of *Harveſt* home,  
 To make the fields with Ecchoes ring,  
 And, joyfull to become.

Which



Which was at first (though chang'd we have,  
This Joy, to brutish mirth)

A Triumph to his praise, that gave  
The Blessings of the Earth.

2 In stead of brutish Clamors, then,  
That Custome we renew ;

And (as becometh Christian men)  
Our selves would thankfull shew.

For, that which we, in hope have sown ;  
And, till'd with costly pain,

We, by *Gods* grace, have Reap'd and Mown ;  
With likelihood of gain.

3 The dangers of cold Winters blast,  
Of Springs offensive hours,

And, of that Summers droughth is past,  
Which Corn and graffe devours.

The *Fruits*, for which we delv'd and plough'd,  
And, toyled long, with care ;

In Barnes and Stacks, are hous'd and mow'd ;  
Of which right glad we are.

4 When Winds, & Frosts, & Rains, & Snows,  
Make barren Grove and Field ;

When naught on hill, or valley grows,  
Which, food for man, doth yeeld :

We, to relieve our wants, have hope,  
By thy free Bounty, LORD ;

And, means to raise a future Crop,  
By that we up have stor'd.

5 As, when thy *Manna* downe did fall,  
So be it also now :

Let

Let them, whose gath'rings are but small,  
 Confesse they have enow:  
 Bleffe thou our Basket, and our Store ;  
 And, when refresh't we be;  
 Let us distribute to the poore,  
 The portion due to thee.  
 6 But, let us chiefly mind their need,  
 Whose Labours were employ'd,  
 To *Till*, what *them* and *us* must feed ;  
 And what is now enjoy'd.  
 And, let it more our hearts affect,  
 That we are in thy grace ;  
 Then, great Abundance to collect,  
 By *Corne*, or Wine's increase.

## H Y M N E   X L I I .

For a Sheep-shearing.

*Sheep-shearing, is a Time of rurall Merriment, in which good-cheare is afforded to neighbors and servants ; among whose Refreshings, if this or the like Meditation were sometime sung ; both Knowledge and Piety, might be increased thereby.*

*Sing this as the 23. Psalme.*

VNworthy, though, ô L O R D, we are,  
 Of that which thou dost give :  
 Yet, we much more unworthy were,  
 Of what we do receive :

If

If any Blessing we let slip,  
For which, we do not pay,  
Such cheap *Oblations of the Lip,*  
As we present this day.  
2 We, through thy favour now have had  
The Fleeces of our Sheep ;  
And, they are almost naked made,  
Our Bodies warme to keep.  
Before their shearers, dumb they lay,  
Whil't from their backs were shorne,  
Their finest Wooll ; and we now may  
Possesse what they have worne.  
3 Deare L A M B E of *God* to thee be praise,  
Who dost refreshings give,  
So freely, and so many waies,  
Thy Servants to relieve.  
O ! let our thankfulnesse appeare,  
Not in bare *Words* alone ;  
But, in those *Works*, which reall are  
And, needfull to be done :  
4 When any of thy *Members* lacks  
A Coat his flesh to gard ;  
Let us bestow, ev'n from our backs,  
As much as may be spar'd.  
And, as our Sheep do skip, as glad,  
When they their Fleeces give ;  
So, let us joy that means we had  
Our Brethren to relieve.  
5 Vs, let let their Meeknesse mindfull make,  
(By thinking thereupon)

How

How meekly, thou didst all things take,  
 Which, were to Thee, misdome.  
 That, all we *suffer, say, or do,*  
 May grow, in some Degree,  
 Reform'd, by thine Example, so,  
 That Blameleffe we may be.

## HYMN XLIII.

A Hymn for a *House-warming.*

*The ancient and laudable use of House-warmings is here insinuated: For, in this Hymn, the Friends assembled, are taught to beseech GOD Almighty to make that habitation prosperous and comfortable to them, and theirs who are newly come thither to dwell.*

**A**Mong those points of neighbourhood,  
 Which our Forefathers did allow;  
 That Custome in esteeme hath stood,  
 Which we do put in practise now.  
 For, when their Friends *new-dwellings* had,  
 Them, thus they welcome thither made:  
 That, they the sooner might be free,  
 From *Strangeness*, where they *Strangers* be.  
 2 To this good End, we partly came;  
 And, partly, Friendship to augment.  
 But, if we faile not in the fame,  
 This is the prime of our intent:

We

We come, with holy *Charmes*, to blesse  
The House, our Friends, do now possesse.  
In hope, that G O D, *Amen* will say,  
To that, for which we now shall pray.  
2 L O R D, keep this place, we thee desire,  
To these *new-Commers* ever free  
From raging *Winds*; from harmfull *Fire*;  
From *Waters* that offensive be.

From *gracelesse-Childe*, from *Servants-ill*;  
From *Neighbours*, bearing no good-will;  
And, from the chiefest Plagues of Life,  
A *Husband-false*, a *faithlesse-Wife*.

3 Let neither *Theeves*, that Rove by Night,  
Nor those, that sneake about by Day,  
Have pow'r their persons to affright;  
Or to purloine their Goods away:

Let nothing here, be seen or heard,  
To make by Day or Night afeard:  
No sudden Cryes, no fearfull Noise;  
No vision grim, or dreadfull Voice.

5 Let on this *House*, no Curse remain,  
If any on the same be laid.

Let no *Imposture* pow'r obtain  
To make the meanest wit afraid.

Let here nor *Zim*, nor *Jim* be seen;  
The fabled *Fai'rie* King or Queen;  
Nor such Delusions, as are said,  
To make the former Age afraid.

6 Keep, also, Lord, we pray, from hence,  
(As much as frailty will allow)

The

The Guiltineffe of each Offence,  
 Which to a *Crying-Sin* may grow.  
 Let, no more *Want, Wealth, Hope, or Feare,*  
 Nor greater Griefs or Joyes be here,  
 Then, may still keep them in thy grace,  
 Who, shall be dwellers, in this place.  
 7 But, that just meafure let them have  
 Of ev'ry means, which may acquire  
 The Blessedneffe, which they moft crave,  
 Who to the trueft Bliffe aspire.  
 And if *Well-wifhers* abfent be,  
 Who better wifh them can, then we,  
 To make this *Bleffing* up intire,  
 We thereto adde what they defire.

## HYMNE XLIIII.

For a Contract.

*This Hymn is tendred to thofe who purpofe a Contract of Marriage; in hope it may fo remember them, to confider what they intend; that it fhall keep them from proceeding farther then they lawfull may; and from profefling more then they mean.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**L**ORD, in thy *Name*, and in thy *Feare*,  
 Our Faith we plighted have;  
 And, that our meanings are fincere,  
 Thy witneffe, now, we crave.

We

We come not, only to repeat  
Our *Vowes*,before thy face ;  
But,that we may likewise intreat  
Thy Favour,and thy Grace.  
2 For,mutually helpers whil't we live,  
(According to our might)  
Our selves,we to each other give,  
So far,as we have right.  
And,we professe that free we are,  
(For ought that we do know)  
To be each others wedded Peer,  
If thou permit it so.  
3 We see no contradicting cause,  
But,that we may be join'd,  
Without infringement of the Laws,  
Whereby we are confin'd.  
Nor any such Infirmity  
In us do we suspect,  
As that our Marriage-Band, thereby,  
Shall prove of no effect.  
4 We have no guilefull Dealings us'd,  
Our purpose to acquire :  
Nor one anothers Trust abus'd,  
To gaine what we desire.  
But,our Affections are sincere,  
And,as they have been true,  
Vpright those Courses likewise are,  
By which,we them pursue.  
5 If both have,now,ô LORD / profest  
What may not be denide ;

E

Let

Let our Affection so be blest,  
 That, nothing us divide.  
 Let nor by Beauty, Wit or Wealth,  
 By high, or low Degree,  
 By want of Riches, or of Health,  
 Our Hearts estranged be.  
 6 But if that either of us, now,  
 Hath trod a Faithlesse Way ;  
 Or, shall infringe this holy Vow,  
 Before our Wedding-day ;  
 LORD, let the party Innocent,  
 From blame and guilt be free :  
 For, *Truth* a Contract, never ment,  
 Where, nought but Falshoods be.

## HYMN XLV.

For a Marriage.

*GOD is hereby besought to blesse the Marriage solemnized to all there present ; and so to prosper the Bridegroom, and Bride, in their Desires and Affections, that the Waters of their Carnall Contentment, may be turned into Wine of spiritual Delights.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

TO grace (ô Lord) a marriage-Feast,  
 (In *Cana*, long ago)  
 It pleased thee to be a Guest,  
 And there, thy pow'r to shew.

For,



For, by a Miracle divine,  
 (When they their Wine had spent)  
 Thou changedst *Water* into *Wine*,  
 Which did their want prevent.

2 LORD, let the brightneffe of thy Face  
 Among us now appeare :  
 So let the Bounties of thy Grace,  
 Be manifested here ;  
 That neither *Bridegroome*, *Bride*, nor *Guest*,  
 In body, or in mind,  
 Of lesse content may be possest,  
 Then they have hope to find.

3 All Joyes which in a married-life,  
 Well-matched Couples know.  
 On this new-wedded *Man* and *Wife*,  
 Vouchsafe thou to bestow.  
 Fulfill their Hopes, prevent their Feares,  
 Grant them their just Desires :  
 Increase that Love, which keeps off Cares,  
 And warmes with lawfull Fires.

4 To *Wine*, those hurtlesse *Waters* turn,  
 Within their Vessels be ;  
 To give them Comfort when they mourn ;  
 And make them glad in thee.  
 And though the pleasures of their Love,  
 Have yet a pleasing tast ;  
 Yet, let them daily sweeter prove,  
 And best of all, at last.

## H Y M N X L V I.

When a Woman hath conceived.

*We are all conceived in sinne : yet some have been sanctified in the wombe. Therefore, we cannot begin too early, to pray for the sanctification of the fruit of our Bodies ; and that it may be borne to Gods glory, to our comfort, and to a happy being in it selfe : which is desired in this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

**L** O R D, if the Signes may trusted be,  
That Symptomes of Conception are ;  
A living-Soul deriv'd from thee,  
Within my wombe, I now do bear.

Therefore (by her example, taught  
Who was the *Mother* of thy *Son*  
It well befeeming me I thought,  
To magnifie what thou hast done.

2 If so it be, as I beleeve ;  
**L** O R D, sanctify, I humbly pray,  
That, which in sin I did conceive :  
And, grant that grace obtain it may.  
Let not the *Part* which thou hast made,  
Subje&ted to pollution grow,  
By what it from the Parents had :  
But let it keep the flesh below.

3 In

3 In ev'ry *Sense*, in ev'ry *Part*,  
Perfection to this Creature give ;  
And, sow those graces in the heart,  
By which the *Soul* doth truly live.

Whil't I shall bear it in my wombe,  
Let me likewise, my part fulfill :  
And, when it forth to light shall come,  
Instruēt it how to do thy *Will*.

4 O ! let me not a *Mother* be,  
To fructifie for *Hell* and *Sin* ;  
But, let my *Fruit* be born to Thee,  
In whom *Well-beings* do begin.

So, whether it shall be design'd  
Short time, or long, on Earth to stay ;  
A happy portion it shall finde,  
And give thee all the praise, it may.

---

H Y M N X L V I I .

When a Woman is safe delivered.

*God is hereby praised for that Miracle in our Nature, which is wrought when a Woman is delivered safely of her Childe ; and the Continuance of his Mercy is desired in vouchsafing the New-birth of Grace, to perfect and felicitate the life of Nature.*

*Sing this as the former Hymn.*

E 3                      Among

A Mong those wonders here on Earth,  
Which brought to passe, by Nature be,  
(If rightly, we observe our birth)  
In this, her greatest marvels be.

Yea, they who fully can conceive,  
What passe into this World we have,  
May find it easie to beleve  
The Bodies, rising from the Grave.

2 A breathlesse Life, a *Living-Tombe*,  
Within our Mothers wombe we had.  
Through Gates of *Death*, to *Life* we come,  
And, *Strength*, is out of *Weaknesse* make.

She who in bitter Pangs remains,  
Disheartned is when they do cease ;  
And they who most bewayle her pains,  
Desirous are they should increase.

3 Of this thy great Mysterious worke,  
Experienced, this Day, are we :  
And, will confesse, that therein lurke  
More secrets, then our eies can see.

But this, ô LORD ! we see and know :  
It was thy Mercy, and thy Pow'r,  
Which did the timely Ayd bestow,  
That help us, in the hoped hou'r.

4 To thee be praise, that now are past  
The pangs which made us lately sad :  
To thee be praise, that sent thou hast,  
These Comforts, which now make us glad.

LORD, perfect thou the Grace begun.  
Give *Strength*, where *Weaknesse* yet is found :  
And,

And,let the Race this *Babe* shall run,  
With Everlasting Life,be crown'd.

5 The Life of *Nature* he hath had :  
But,let it be *new-borne* again ;  
The *Life of Grace*,to *Nature* adde,  
And,make him,in that state remain.

So(whether,here,an Age he stay,  
Or,whether Thou translate him,from  
This Life, within a shorter day)  
In CHRIST, he perfect shall become.

---

H Y M N X L V I I I .

When a Childe is baptized.

G O D , *is here praised for the great Priviledges  
vouchsafed by Baptisme : He is prayed also,to en-  
able the Childe Baptized to Do and Beleeve, ac-  
cording to the Conditions of the Covenant made ;  
And he is likewise acknowledged the Author and  
Finisher of every Holy-Desire, and laudable Per-  
formance.*

D ear G O D ! how great,how large a Grace,  
Vnto that Soul,this Day, is done,  
Who,in thy *Church*,admitted was,  
To be a *Member* of thy Son ?  
For,he which was the Childe of wrath,  
And borne to nothing,but Despaire ;  
The Comforts of thy Favour hath,  
And of thy *Kingdome*,is an Heire.

E 4

2 Of

2 Of that great *City*, where no Sum,  
 A Freedom for him, could have bought,  
 To be admitted, he is come;  
 And, by meer favour thereto brought.

Of CHRIST's most holy Order, now,  
 The faire, and famous Badge he beares;  
 Which will right happy make him grow,  
 If to the Grave, the same he weares.

3 LORD, blessed be thy *holy-Name*,  
 That thou this Mercy hast bestown:  
 We praise, and love thee for the same,  
 As if the good were all our own.

In this estate, preserve him fast,  
 Vntill he fully understands

The *Covenant*, betwixt you past,  
 Thy *Promises*, and thy *Commands*.

4 Then, also, leave him not, O LORD!  
 But grant him thy *Affisting-might*  
 Thy loving-prefence, and thy *Word*,  
 With ev'ry means to keep him right.

To make his *Happinesse* intire,  
 Be pleased to vouchsafe him too,  
 A Renovation in Desire;  
 And, chearfulnesse thy will, to do.

H Y M N

## HYMN XLIX.

When publike Thanks hath been given for safe  
deliverance in Child-birth.

*Though Thanksgivings are publickly exhibited for  
such Deliverances; yet, the same ought to be pri-  
vately acknowledged also: and, perhaps, there may  
be some private Deliverances accompanying the  
former, which ought to be considered, as this Hymn  
implies.*

*Sing this as the 101 Psalm.*

**A**lthough, my GOD! that Sacrifice,  
I tendred have to Thee,

Which to be made in publike wife,

This Church enjoins to me.

Yet, if in secret, I forget

My private Thanks to Day,

A Duty (doubtleffe) I omit,

Which I am bound to pay.

2 Besides, the Mercies lately shown,  
(And which confest have been)

Thou, Favours hast on me bestown,

Which others have not seen.

From Sins within my heart conceiv'd,

May greater mischiefs come,

Then can be, otherwise, deriv'd,

From any Childing-wombe.

3 LORD, therefore, by my Selve alone,

To thee I now reparaire,

E 3

Thy

Thy holy-Name, to call upon,  
 In *Praises*, and in *Pray'r*.  
 I praise thee, that escap'd I have  
 The Danger, lately past ;  
 And, that my Body from the Grave,  
 Thou, yet, preserv'd hast.  
 4 I praise thee, that my Tongue I find  
 Now sounding of thy praise :  
 And pray thee, that my heart may mind  
 This Duty, all my Daies.  
 I pray thee too, that from all Sin,  
 I may be purifide ;  
 A stricter Course of Life begin ;  
 And, in thy Fear abide.

## HYMN L.

## A Rocking Hymn.

*Nurses usually sing their Children asleep ; and through want of pertinent matter, they oft make use of unprofitable (if not worse) Songs. This was therefore prepared, that it might help acquaint them, and their Nurse-Children, with the loving Care and Kindnesse of their heavenly Father.*

Sweet Baby sleep : what ailes my Dear ?  
 What ailes my *Darling* thus to cry ?  
 Be still, my *Childe*, and lend thine ear,  
 To heare me sing thy *Lullaby*.

*My*



*My pretty lambe forbear to weepe :*

*Be still my Dear ; sweet Babie sleep.*

2 Thou blessed *Soul*, what canst thou fear ?

What thing, to thee, can mischief do ?

Thy *G O D*, is now thy *Father* dear ;

His holy *Spouse*, thy *Mother* too.

*Sweet Babe then, forbear to weepe ;*

*Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

3 Though thy Conception was in Sin,

A sacred Bathing thou hast had.

And, though thy Birth, unclean hath bin,

An blamelesse Babe, thou now art made.

*Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;*

*Be still my Dear ; sweet Babie sleep.*

4 Whil't thus, thy *Lullabie*, I sing,

For thee, great Blessings ripening be.

Thine Eldest Brother is a King ;

And hath a Kingdome bought for thee.

*Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;*

*Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

5 Sweet *Babie* sleep ; and nothing fear ;

For, whosoever thee offends,

By thy *Protector* threatned are,

And *G O D*, and *Angels* are thy Friends.

*Sweet Babie then, forbear to weep ;*

*Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

6 When *God-with-us*, was dwelling here,

In little *Babes*, he took delight.

Such *Innocents*, as Thou, my Dear !

Are ever precious in his fight.

*Sweet*

*Sweet Babie, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still my Babe, sweet Babie sleep.*

7 A little Infant, once was *Hee* :  
And *Strength*, in *Weaknesse*, then was laid  
Vpon his *Virgin-Mothers* knee ;  
That, Pow'r to thee, might be conuai'd.

*Sweet Babie, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

8 In this thy frailty, and thy need,  
He friends and helpers doth prepare,  
Which thee shall cherish, clothe, and feed :  
For, of thy weal, they tender are.

*Sweet Babie, then, forbear to weep :  
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

9 The King of Kings when he was born,  
Had not so much for outward ease :  
By *Him*, such Dressings were not worn ;  
Nor such like swadling-clothes as these.

*Sweet Babie, then, forbear to weep ;  
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

10 Within a Manger lodg'd thy *L O R D*,  
Where Oxen lay, and Asses fed.  
Warm rooms we do to thee afford,  
An easie Cradle, or a Bed.

*Sweet Babie, then forbear to weep ;  
Be still my Babe ; sweet Babie sleep.*

11 The wants that he did then sustain,  
Have purchas'd Wealth, my Babe, for thee :  
And, by his Torments, and his pain,  
Thy Rest and Ease, secured be.

*My*

*My Babe, then, forbear to weep ;*

*Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

12 Thou hast (yet more) to perfect this,

A promise and an earnest got,

Of gaining everlasting Blisse,

Though thou my Babe perceiv'st it not.

*Sweet Babe, then, forbear to weep ;*

*Be still my Babe ; sweet Babe sleep.*

H Y M N L I.

Another Rocking Hymn.

*The Nurse is here taught a forme of Blessing,  
wherby (she may by faithfully singing, or saying the  
same) call downe Gods Benediction, both upon her  
selfe, and her Infant, to the prevention of temporall  
and spirituall mischiefs.*

*Sing this as Te Deum, or the 1 Psalme.*

**S**ince now, my Babe, of sleep posses't,

His lovely eies hath clos'd ;

To praise the Author of his rest,

My heart is well-dispos'd :

And, to implore, that G O D, who makes

My Darling, thus to sleep ;

Would present be, when he awakes,

And, him in sleeping keep,

2 Thou, praises from an Infants tongue,

Disdainest not to hear :

Reject

Rejeĉt not then, my *Bleſſing-Song* ;  
 But, LORD, decline thine ear.  
 For, though a ſingle voice I raiſe,  
 My *Offerings*, triple be.  
 My *Self*, my *Babe*, and my *praiſe*,  
 I offer up to Thee.  
 3 Dear *Son of GOD!* who thoughtſt no ſcorn,  
 ( To leave thy Throne on high )  
 Of lowly parents to be born,  
 And, in a Crib to lie :  
 On this my *Babe*, thy Grace reflect ;  
 Infold him in thine Armes.  
 From outward perils, him proteĉt,  
 And from internall Harmes.  
 4 Let not that Feind which ev'ry howre,  
 Doth watch and hover here,  
 To miſchiefe us, obtain the Powre ;  
 Or cauſe my Childe to fear.  
 But, let an *Angell-guard* be nigh,  
 To put that Foe to flight :  
 And, round about his cradle flye,  
 To keep him from deſpight.  
 5 As *Time*, his Body ſhall increaſe,  
 Increaſe his knowledge too ;  
 And cauſe him, ev'ry day in grace  
 With GOD, and Man, to grow.  
 Preſerve him ſtreight in ev'ry Limbe,  
 And found in ev'ry Senſe :  
 Yea, all his life time, keep thou him,  
 From ev'ry groſſe offence.

6 To

6 To thee, let him be alwayes true,  
 And, ever kinde to those,  
 Who kindneses to him do shew  
 Er'e Good, or Ill, he knows.  
 And, let not, (for thy passion sake)  
 This Babie (now, so dear)  
 Those vaine, or evill Courfes take,  
 Whose end, we justly fear.

7 O let not him, whose meanest pain,  
 We can with tears deplore,  
 Be one of those, who shall remain  
 In torments, evermore.  
 But, so to live, and so to die,  
 Vouchsafe him grace, ô G O D !  
 That, he may rise to live on high,  
 Where thou hast thine abode.

## HYMN L.II.

When we receive the *Lords Supper*.

God, is hereby magnified for the great honour, and  
 favour vouchsafed, by the blessed Sacrament of his  
 Body and Blood; and humbly desired thereby to  
 conferre and continue to us his especiall Grace.

*Sing this as the 148. Psalm.*

O V R Voice how should we raise !  
 How should our *Songs* excell !  
 If *God-Almighties* praise  
 Our Tongues could fully tell ?

Sure,

Sure, whilst we sing,  
 The Starry-Round, of that glad found,  
 Would loudly ring.  
 2 That, at thy princely *Boord*,  
 This Day we feasted be,  
 How great a favour, LORD?  
 Have we obtain'd from thee?  
 And who is able  
 Himself to make fit to partake  
 Of this thy Table?  
 3 We, whom thy Bountie Feasts,  
 (And, who now sing thy praise)  
 Were called to be Guests,  
 From hedges and high-ways:  
 And, till we came  
 To taste this chear, we wretched were,  
 Poore, blind, and Lame.  
 4 But, from our low estates,  
 Now, so advanc'd are we,  
 That, *Princes* are our *Mates*,  
 And, *Kings* our *Fellows* be,  
 One *Cup* we have,  
 And, *Angels* eat no better meat,  
 Then we receive.  
 5 Perfection of Delights,  
 Is by this Feast bestown.  
 With *Him*, that us invites  
 The *Food*, and *Guests* are *One*:  
*Faith* works it thus,  
 That, thereby, we are found in Thee;  
 And thou in us. 6 And,

6 And, though our Natures are  
Vnequall and distinct ;  
By true beleiving, here,  
They really are linkt.

And, while we bide  
In Faith, and Love, nought can remove,  
Or, us divide.

7 Yea, such our *Vnion* is  
That, all our *Sins* are thine ;  
And, ours, thy *Righteousnesse*  
Is made by grace divine.

Yet, from all staines  
(Through our Offence) thine *Excellence*  
Still, free remains.

8 LORD, for this love to Man,  
Pow'r, glory, praise, and Fame,  
( As fully, as we can )  
Ascribe we to thy Name.

And, we emlore,  
That, this rich Grace, we may embrace  
For evermore.

## HYMN LIII.

Another *Hymn* for the *Lords Supper*.

GODS *unspeakable Favour vouchsafed in the  
Sacrament of the Body and Blood of CHRIST,  
is acknowledged: The unexpressibleness of that  
Mysterious Communion is confessed; and those  
blessed*

*blessed effects are hereby desired, also which ought to be endeavoured for, by every worthy partaker of the same.*

*Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.*

THE Favour LORD, which by thy grace,  
 We have this day possest,  
 Doth our best merits, far surpass; ;  
 And, cannot be express.  
 Because we not alone obtain  
 A *common-grace* from thee ;  
 But, thou thy *Self* dost, also, daign  
 Our food of Life, to be.  
 2 For which, we nothing have to give,  
 Whereof, thou dost approve  
 So much, as when we do receive  
 Thy kindneses with love.  
 Therefore, ô LORD! we, now do make  
 This Offering for the same :  
*The Cup of Saving health we take ;*  
 And, Magnifie thy NAME.  
 3 O! teach us to receive aright,  
 What thou dost here, bestow.  
 And, give us an *Informing-light*  
 Of what we ought to know.  
 And, when we cannot wade the Deep  
 Of thy unfathom'd *Word* ;  
 Let us a Course, with safetie keep,  
 Along the shallow *Foord*.  
 4 This *Mysterie* we must confesse,  
 Our Compasse to exceed ;

Our



Our little *Faith*, is also lesse  
 Then grains of Mustard-feed  
 Therefore, ô L O R D ! improve it so,  
 That, growth it may receive :  
 And, that we modestly may *know* ;  
 And knowingly Beleeve.  
 5 Forgive to us our many crimes,  
 Offensive unto thee.  
 Vouchsafe we may in future times  
 More just, more pious be.  
 Vs, render gracious in thy Sight ;  
 And, that, which now we do ;  
 That, thou maist therein take Delight,  
 And, we have love thereto.  
 6 No new *Oblation*, we devise  
 For Sin, preferr'd to be.

*Propitiatorie-Sacrifice*

Was made, at full, by thee.  
 The Sacrifice of *Thanks*, is that  
 ( And all ) which thou dost crave :  
 And, we our selves, are part, of what  
 We Sacrificed have.  
 7 In this, no grosse *Realities*,  
 We carnally conceive ;  
 Or, that their proper Qualities,  
 The *Bread*, or *Wine* do leave.  
 But, in this holy Eucharist,  
 ( By Faith and Grace divine )  
 We know, we feed on thee, ô *Christ!*  
 Receiving *Bread* and *Wine*.

8 Thy

8 Thy *Real-presence*, we avow :  
 But, so ; that, we confesse  
 Meere carnall-reason knows not how  
 That *Presence* to expresse :  
 Because, thy *Flesh* we feed on, thus ;  
 ( Though strange it may appear )  
 That, we in *Thee* ; and thou in *Vs* ;  
 At *once*, and *truly*, are.

9 No marvell few can well agree,  
 How this, they should unfold :  
 For, *Mysteries*, *Faiths* objects be ;  
 Not things at Pleasure told.  
 And, he that would, by Reason, found  
 The Depths, which *Faith* perceives,  
 May both himself, and those, confound ;  
 To whom, his Rules he Gives.

10 Let us, therefore, our *Faith* erect,  
 On what thy *Word* doth say ;  
 And, hold their knowledge in suspect,  
 Who new Foundations lay.  
 For, thereby some a cursed Rent  
 Within thy Church have left ;  
 And, by thy Peacefull Sacrament,  
 The world of peace bereft,

11 Yea that, which thou to cherish Love,  
 Didst graciously ordain :  
*Contention* wrests, debates to move ;  
 And Quarrels to maintain.  
 Oh ! let us not hereafter so,  
 About meere words contend ;

The

The while our craftie Common Foe,  
 Procures his curfed end.  
 But, if in Effence, we agree,  
 Let us, in Love affay  
 To erring Souls, true *Guids* to be,  
 And to the weake, a *Stay*.  
 For, Love is that ftrong Cyment, LORD,  
 Which us muft reunite.  
 In bitter fpeeches, Fire, and Sword ;  
 It never takes delight.  
 13 Meere carnall Infruments, thefe are ;  
 And, they are much beguild ;  
 Who dreame that thefe ordained were,  
 Our Breaches to rebuild.  
 Therefore, we pray thee, by that *love*  
 Which us together brought,  
 That thou all Christian-men wouldft move  
 To love, as *Christians* ought.  
 14 Let not *Self-will* our hearts bewitch  
 With pride, or private hate ;  
 Or cherifh thofe Contentions, which  
 Difturbe a quiet State.  
 Nor fuffer Avaritious ends,  
 Or ignorant defpight,  
 To hinder thofe from being Friends,  
 Whom *Love* fhould faft unite.  
 15 Let thofe, who (heedleffe of thy word )  
 Suppofe, that *Flefhly-powre*,  
 Or, that the *temporary Sword*,  
 Can ghoffly Foes devoure :

Let

Let them perceive, thy weapons are,  
     No such as they do fain ;  
 Or, that it is a carnall warre,  
     Which must thy *Truth* maintain.  
 16 *Confessors, Martyrs, Preachers, LORD,*  
     Thy *Battailes*, fight for thee.  
 Thy *Holy-Spirit*, and thy *Word*,  
     Their proper weapons be.  
*Faith, Hope, Long-suffering, Praise, and Love,*  
     For Bulworks are prepar'd ;  
 And, will their fittest *Engines* prove,  
     To *Conquer*, and to *Guard*.  
 17 For, *Babel*, doubtlesse, may as well  
     Thereby, be overthrown,  
 As those accurd walls, which fell  
     When *Rams-horne-Trumps* were blown.  
 This, if we credit ; we shall cease  
     The worldlings parts to play,  
 Or, to beleve GODS blessed peace,  
     Shall come the *Devils* way.  
 18 LORD, let thy *Flesh and Blood* divine  
     ( Which now receiv'd hath bin )  
 Our hearts, to Charitie incline :  
     Our Souls refine from Sin.  
 And by this holy *Sacrament*  
     Make us in minde retain,  
 What thou didst suffer, to prevent  
     Our everlasting-pain.  
 19 Moreover, let us for thy sake,  
     With one another bear,

( When

(When we offences give or take )  
That, thine we may appear.  
And, that, when hence we called be,  
We thither, may ascend.  
(To live, and be belov'd, of thee )  
Where *Love*, nor *Life*, have end.

---

H Y M N L I I I I.

For Deliverance from Sickneffe.

*God is hereby praised for delivering us from those Distempers which deprived us of health ; he is besought also, to give us grace to employ our future health to his glory, and to the health of our Souls.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme.*

**V**Wilst we endeavour to obey  
Our blessed *Makers* will ;  
All Creatures do the best they may,  
Our pleasures to fulfill :  
But, when we negligent become,  
In doing what we ought,  
All things to us are troublesome,  
And, bring our hopes, to nought.  
2 Ev'n that, which is a part of man,  
(Or, in his Bowels bred )  
Makes infurrections, now and than,  
Which wound, or strike him dead.  
Within my Self, experiment  
Of this, I lately found ;

For,

For, *inbred humours*, had nigh sent  
 My Body, to the ground.  
 3 But *Droughth*, and *Moisture*, *Heat* and *Cold*,  
 Now reconciled be ;  
 And, such an equall Temper hold,  
 As, health restores, to me.  
 My fainting *Spirits* be releev'd ;  
 My Taft regain'd I have :  
 My weakned Body is repreev'd,  
 And, ransom'd from the grave.  
 4 For which, a Sacrifice of praise  
 To thee, ô G O D ! I bring ;  
 And unto thee, my voice I raise,  
 A thankfull *Hymn*, to sing :  
 Confessing, that by thee, ô L O R D !  
 And by thy grace, alone,  
 The health and vigour is restor'd,  
 Which I have now put on.  
 5 So long as here, I do enjoy  
 The *Being*, I have got,  
 Let me, my Health and Strength employ,  
 Thine honour, to promote :  
 And, when my *Life* hath reach'd that houre,  
 Past which, I must not stay,  
 Through *weaknesse*, bring me to that *powre*,  
 Which, never will decay.

H Y M N

## HYMN L V.

A thanksgiving, for *fetled Health*.

*It is a great temporall Benefit, to be delivered from Sickneffe, but, it is a greater (if we be not unthankfull) to have a continued Health, yet few men remember to praise God, particularly, for the same. Therefore, to put us in minde of that Dutie this Hymn is tendred.*

*Sing this as the 22. Psalme.*

I N times of *Want*, we feele what blisse,  
 Our yeers of *Plentie* be.  
 When *War* doth rage; the sweets of *Peace*,  
 The meanest wit can fee.  
 And, when with *Sickneffe* we are pain'd  
 We know it just, ô LORD!  
 To render Praise and Thanks unfain'd;  
 When *Health* shall be restor'd.  
 2 Sure then, the many healthfull Daies,  
 And yeers, which I have had,  
 Deserve, that heartie *Songs of Praise*,  
 Should for the same be made:  
 And, that whilst health and Strength do last,  
 I should the same employ  
 To memorize the Mercies past,  
 And those which I enjoy.  
 3 Whilst others grone with *aking bones*  
 With *wounds*, or *inward pains*;  
 F With

VWith *Gouts*, or those Tormenting *Stones*  
 VWhich fret and rend the *Reines* :  
 Yea, while ten thousands feele the smart,  
 VWhich on the Sick doth cease :  
 In *Head*, in *Body*, and in *Heart*,  
 I am at perfect ease.

4    L O R D / ever bleffed be thy *name*  
 For this externall-Grace.  
 Preferve me thankfull for the fame,  
 Whilst thou prolongst my Race.  
 And, if to my immortall Bliffe,  
 It shall not hindrance be ;  
 (Nor thou thereby, due Glory misse)  
 Thus healthfull, keepe thou me.

5    But, if my Patience must be tride,  
 By Sicknesse, and by Pain;  
 Let *Sin*, thereby be mortifide ;  
 And, *Vertue* strength obtain.  
 Be pleas'd, likewise, that whatsoere  
 Thy Wisdome shall impofe,  
 It be no more then I can bear ;  
 Though strong, and sharp it grows.

## H Y M N   L V I.

A Hymn putting us in remembrance  
 of *Death*.

*The Remembrance of Death, is judged a good  
 means to make us heedfull so to live in this world,  
 that*



that we may live happily in the world to come;  
and to that purpose this Memento mori, is pro-  
vided.

**R**emember Death: For, now my Tongue.  
To sing of Death, shall tuned be.

Remember Death, which els, ere long,  
Will to thy pain remember Thee.

Remember Death, whose voice doth say,  
This night a man, to morrow clay.

2 If *Lucre* shall thy heart intise,  
Thy needy neighbour to oppresse:  
If *Pride* shall tempt thee to despise,  
Or sleight thy Brother in distresse.

Remember Death: And, then, I know  
More Just, more humble thou wilt grow.

3 When *Lust* shall woo thee to commit,  
What, Soul and Body may defile:  
VVhen *Sloth* shall make thee lazie fit,  
(And let thy Talent rust the while)

Remember Death, of old hath bin  
And is, the wages due to Sin.

4 VVhen *Envie* shall thy heart possesse;  
VVhen thou shalt *Cheat, curse, sweare, or lye,*  
VVhen thou shalt wallow in *Excesse*;  
Thy *Faith* abuse, or *God* deny:

Remember Death, and what attends,  
On wilfull Sinners latter-ends.

5 Remember, *Death* no truce hath made,  
A yeer, a moneth, or weeke to stay.

F 2 Remem-

Remember, how thy Flesh doth fade,  
And, how thy Time doth steal away.

Remember, Death, will neither spare  
*Wit, Wealth,* nor those that lovely are.  
6 Remember, *Death* foregoes the *Doomes*  
Which due to thy Deservings be.  
Remember *this*, before it comes.  
And, (that, *Despaire* oppresse not thee.)  
Remembring *Death*, remember *Him*;  
Who doth from *Death*, and *Hell*, redeeme.

## HYMN LVII.

A Hymn of *Life eternall*.

*That we may not be deluded by the vain pleasures, or  
discouraged by the afflictions of this life; The excel-  
lencies of Life-eternall are here illustrated, and the  
Desireablenesse thereof is in some degree expressed  
by this Hymn.*

*Sing this as In sad and Ashy weeds.*

**W**Hy live I muddling here,  
In base and fruitlesse works employ'd?  
As if I knew not where  
A better *Life* might be enjoy'd?  
Since I have sought  
And have been taught,  
The noblest things to know;  
Why should I still,  
Retain a Will,  
To spend more time below?

2 My

2 My Soul, that was not made,  
Of fitting Aire, or mouldring clay;  
Intelligence hath had,  
Of more, then words can well display.

The things we see,  
The shadows be,  
Of those, which will appear:  
Are nothing els  
But *Types* and *Shells*,  
Which *Time* away will weare.

3 There is a blessed-*Place*,  
(If *Place*, eternall things contain)  
Whereto, I hope to passe,  
When here I must no more remain.

There is a *Life*,  
In which no griefe,  
No pain, no Fear, is found;  
And (more then this)  
It yeelds that *Blisse*,  
Which doth admit no Bound.

4 My Hope, and my Belief  
That of this *Life* I shall partake,  
Cures all my present Grief,  
And, of my Pains, doth pleasures make.

The thought of it,  
Makes me remit  
The Spights of those *poore-things*,  
Who Dominere  
On mole-hils, here  
Like foolish *Pettie-kings*.

F 3

5 When

5 VWhen, thither I am gone,  
 The Love of *Worldlings*, or their Hate,  
 VWill not be thought upon ;  
 Nor marr, nor better my estate.

To misse, or have,  
 What most men crave,  
 (Who love this lothed Place,)  
 Will, there, to me  
 No Pleasure be ;

No Honour, or Disgrace.

6 That *Life*, who ever lives,  
 Not only, blessed therein, is.  
 But, thereby, also, gives  
 Perfection to the *Common-blisse*.

It, open sets  
 The Cabanets  
 VWherein contained be  
 Those Rarities,  
 Which mortall eies,  
 Shall never come to see.

7 In *One*, to sum up all,  
 Which of that life, we may declare ;  
*Him*, there, behold we shall,  
*In*, and *By* whom, all Creatures are :

And, not alone,  
 Then, look upon  
 That, most-beloved Sight :  
 But, gain by Grace,  
 His free embrace ;  
 With fulneffe, of Delight.

8 Oh !

8 Oh! thither; thither, LORD!  
And to this *Life*, my Soul convey;  
From this, which is abhord,  
And, unto *Death*, a tedious way.  
I have gone wrong,  
From thee, too long;  
For which I grieved am:  
And, I shall mourn,  
Till I return,  
To thee from whom I came.

---

H Y M N L V I I I .

A *Thanksgiving* after a dangerous *Sickneffe*; by  
one, who was unprepared for *Death*.

*This Hymn serves to bring to minde, how terrible  
Death will be to those who are not ready for it;  
and personates, by exemplary expressions of Fear  
and Thankfulneffe, what may be the condition of  
others, who live unprepared; and how thankfull  
they ought to be for mercy obtained.*

L O R D ! from *Death's* forgetfull shade,  
Since I had  
By thy pow'r, my preservation;  
I will both with Heart and Tongue,  
Tune a Song,  
To thy mercies, exaltation.  
For, to *Thankfulneffe* inclinde,  
So I minde

F 4

From

From what Sorrows, I was raised ;  
 That, thy Favour, shall of me,  
     Ever be

With my chiefest cunning, praised.

2 And, my *Fellow-creatures, all,*  
     When you shall

Heare what grace, to me, he showeth;  
 Daign, your Thankfulnesse, to joyn,

    Vnto mine,  
 To discharge the dues it oweth.

And, ô LORD ! enable mee  
     Vnto Thee

So to render *praises-giving* ;  
 That, all may, who heare the same  
     Blesse thy name,

That I breath'd among the living.

3 For, (as yet) me thinks, I see  
     Life in mee,

In Her powrs and Senfes failing :  
 And my shortned-panting Breath,

    Yeelding *Death,*  
 All the Symptoms of prevailing.

But, for Death, not well prepared,  
     So I fared,

That, much terrour I sustained :

And, *Vain-longings* having, still,  
     Thral'd my *Will* ;

Thus, I fearefully complained.

4 VWhere is now ; where is, alas ?  
     Time, that was ?

VWhere

VWhere are all those hopes bestowed;  
And those pleasing Dayes, wherein,

I have bin

Youths beguiling Pleasure showed?

Must I / must I, now (thought I)

Helpleffe Die?

And, be carelesse left, to morrow ;

In a dark, and lonely grave?

VWhere none have

Sense of Comfort, Joy, or Sorrow?

5 VWill no mortall *Wit*, or *Powre*,

From this Howre,

My despairing Soul, release?

But must ev'ry earthly Thought,

Come to nought,

And my Hopes for ever cease?

Shall I never / never-more,

(As before)

View the *Daies* approaching Glory?

But, must this black *Night*, nigh past,

Be my last?

And conclude my mortall-Story?

6 Such, my foolish fancies were,

As you hear;

And, thus fruitlesly I mourned.

But, at last (by Terrors taught)

*Him* I fought,

Whose *free Grace* my Death adjourned.

L O R D ! said I, observe the grones,

Hear the moanes,

F 5

Of

Of a Soul in depth of anguish :  
 And, my humble suit allow,  
     Left I, now,  
 In an endleffe terror languish.  
 7 Sins, I have, which numberleffe  
     Me oppresse.  
 And, so strongly overlay me :  
 That, if yet I should appear,  
     Much I fear  
 Down to Hell, their weight might weigh me.  
 And, Alas ! can trembling Duft,  
     So unjust,  
 Stand before the Lord of Thunder ?  
 Whilst that Guiltineffe abides,  
     Which divides,  
 Me, and Comforts, far afunder ?  
 8 LORD ! I dare not to appear,  
     Till I hear  
 That I am to favour taken.  
 Therefore, thy sad Servant, now,  
     Comfort Thou,  
 Whom all Comfort hath forsaken.  
 Let not thy Compassion, be  
     Lesse to me,  
 Then my Foes despight hath proved.  
 But, oh ! let my Fear, and Pain,  
     Once again,  
 Be abated, and removed.  
 9 *Iesu*, for thy passion-sake,  
     Daigne to take,

From



From my heart all vain Affections ;  
That, my naturall estate

I may hate

And delight in thy perfections.

Spare ; ô blest *Redeemer*, spare !

Let my *Fear*

To so firm a *Faith* be turned,

That it may true Joyes beget ;

And, oh ! let

*Death* be, till that houre, adjourned.

10 LORD ! if this, for which I pray,

Gain I may ;

(If to health I may be raised)

Of thy Love, my Song shall be :

Thou, of me,

Shalt, for evermore, be praised.

In deep sighs (that spake aloud)

Thus I vow'd ;

With a heart, at large distressed ;

And, the *Spirit*, help'd my mones,

With such Groans,

As may never be expressed.

11 Those Complaints my *Saviour* heard

With regard :

As I pray'd, right so befell it :

From those Fears, which on me ceas'd,

I was eas'd.

And, alive I am to tell it.

For which Mercy, let no day

Pass away,

VVherein,

Wherein I forget thy pitty ;  
 But till I in earth embra'ft,  
                     Sleep my laft,  
 Let thy Goodneffe be my Ditty.  
 12 And, although a Slave to Sin,  
                     I have bin,  
 Make me truly now abhor it.  
 And, when *Death* next summons me,  
                     Let me be  
 Ev'ry way prepared for it.  
 So, no false, no vain delight,  
                     No Affright,  
 From her blisse, my Soul shall sever :  
 But, so love, so live shall I,  
                     (Live or die)  
 That, I blest shall be for ever.

## H Y M N L I X.

A *Hymn* encouraging sicke persons to be willing to dye.

*Sicke-persons are not usually disposed to sing ; yet some are sometime desirous to chear up their hearts, and strengthen themselves against the feares of Death, by considering the Priviledges of Life-eter-nall : And, perhaps they who want strength to sing this Hymn, shall receive comfort to heare these Meditations sung by others in their presence.*

*Sing this as the Pater-noster.*

If

**I**F by the Signes forefee we may,  
 When our short leafe of Life is done ;  
 Now neer unto me seems the day,  
 In which my Glaffe will quite be run :  
 And, I that here, yet lie, and grone,  
 Shall to my resting place be gone.  
**2** My moisture, and my vitall heat,  
 In me, do now begin to cease.  
 My pulfes out of Order beat ;  
 Strength failes, and Weaknesse doth increase.  
 Therefore, ere Death all sense bereave,  
 Thus, of the World, I take my leave.  
**3** First, my Deare Friends, farewell to you,  
 Live blessed in a true belief.  
 Disturbe you not my last adieu,  
 By fruitlesse Teares, or needlesse griefe :  
 For, from a prison full of woe,  
 To Bowres of Joy, and Rest I goe.  
**4** For aye, adue my hopes of health ;  
 Farewell to all my vain Desires.  
 I have no pleasure now in wealth :  
 My Soul to better things, aspires.  
 All earthly pleasures are untrue :  
 I, therefore bid them all adue.  
**5** My *flesh*, oh ! be not thou afraid,  
 To let my Soul depart from thee.  
 Or, when thou all alone art laid,  
 Where thou must quite corrupted be,  
 For since my Saviour lodged there,  
 He from the Grave hath banish'd fear.

6 VVhat

6 What though within that lonely place,  
 In darknesse, and in stench thou lie,  
 Where wormes thy feature shall deface,  
 And make thee lothsome to the eie ?  
     Thou shalt to life again arise ;  
     Renewed in a glorious wife.

6 Thy *Soul* (of which thou art so faine)  
 Although from thee it shall depart ;  
 Will come and find thee out again,  
 However hid, or chang'd thou art.  
     You shall be joined, as before ;  
     And, never be divided more.

8 What pleasure in thy life appears,  
 As thou art now deform'd and pain'd ?  
 What get'st thou but renewed cares,  
 If Life with Health might be regain'd ?  
     This Life is nought but pain and grief :  
     Yea, pain, sometime, without relief.

9 My *Flesh* then goe ; yea, gladly go  
 Of thy last Bed, to be possest.  
 O ! wherefore dost thou linger so,  
 In Torments, when thou may'st have rest ?  
     Know'st thou, what followes after Death,  
     Thou could'st not love this aërie Breath.

10 Thou shalt in Beauty passe the Stars ;  
 And no defect on thee shall rest.  
 Thou shalt be swifter then the Sphears ;  
 And wear perfections of the best.  
     Death is a Gate (though somewhat low)  
     Through which to highest Blisse we go.

11 In

11 In thee, now, Sins and Sicknes dwels,  
 Vncertain hopes, and certain pain :  
 And thou art fit for nothing els,  
 But, thy Corruptions to retain.

Thy *Mates* by *Death*, shall Angels be,  
 And *God* himself, shall dwell in Thee.

12 Since nothing more thou canst desire,  
 Now give thy Soul, a free release.  
 To thy *Great-Grandames* wombe, retire ;  
 There, take thy rest, in *Hope* and *Peace* :  
 And, *G O D* (who formed thee of Clay)  
 Grant thee a Ioyfull rising-Day.

H Y M N L X.

Another *Hymn* encouraging against the feare  
 of *Death*.

*The Sick, are here taught to encourage their Soules to  
 be willing to leave this Life, and enjoy the perfecti-  
 ons of the next world. And, to that end some In-  
 conveniences of this Life; and some of the Benefits,  
 which the Faithfull enjoy by Immortality, are  
 mentioned in this Hymn.*

*Sing this, as I loved once.*

**M**Y Soul, why dost thou linger fo,  
 And in thy prifon, seeke to stay?  
 Since

Since thou art summon'd hence to go,  
 By *Sickneffe*, which prepares thy way?  
 VVhy would'st thou loyter longer here  
 Perplext with pains, and vext with Fear?

G O D calls us hence, Come, come along,  
 And let us meet him with a *Song*.

2 VVhy, on this Carkaffe dost thou dote,  
 VVherewith, too long thou hast been cloth'd?  
 VVhat have you by your Friendships got,  
 But *Sin* and *Sorrowes* to be loth'd?

Since, thou hast Licence to be free,  
 No longer now, intralld be;

But, come away; come, come along,  
 And meet thy *Maker* with a *Song*.

3 Thy wanton flesh (to thee so Dear)  
 By searching where thy strength was laid;  
 Hath oft (though friendly she appear)  
 Vnto thy *Passions*, thee betraid.

This *Troup*, with her, still watching lies,  
 To put out *Faith's* and *Reasons* eies.  
 These Foes, then stay thou not among;  
 But, fly thou from them with a *Song*.

4 Consider this unhappie place,  
 How full it is of discontent.  
 Remember well thy noble Race,  
 And from whose Bosome, thou wast sent.

There is a place reserv'd for Thee,  
 Where endlesse Joyes and Pleasures be:  
 From thence thou tarriest over-long,  
 Fly, fly thou thither with a *Song*:

5 Thine

5 Thine *Effence*, here, becomes impure :  
But, there, it shall refined grow.  
Thy knowledge, here, is but obscure :  
There, ev'ry Secret thou shalt know.  
    Though poore thou art, and sleighted here ;  
    Thou shalt be rich, and honor'd there.  
Therefore, thy Blisse no more prolong :  
But, fly thou thither with a *Song*.  
6 Here, spightfull men, and wicked *Fiends*,  
To marre thy Quiet are inclin'd.  
There, for thy *Fellowes*, and thy Friends,  
Both *Saints* and *Angels* thou shalt find.  
    There, thou shalt behold and know,  
    Thy pious Friends dead long agoe ;  
And *Hallelujah*, those among,  
Shall be, thine *Ever-lasting-Song*.  
7 Moreover, there, thou shalt behold,  
Those *Worthies*, whose deserved praise,  
For vertuous Deeds, in times of old,  
Hath made them famous in those daies.  
    And, more then this ; thou there shalt see  
    The *Son* of G O D, who dide for thee.  
Then, do not here thy stay prolong ;  
But, goe, and praise him in a *Song*.  
8 Go, view the glorie of his face ;  
Go, kisse his wounds for thee receiv'd ;  
Go, and his blessed feet embrace :  
Go, and possesse what was beleev'd.  
    Go, and confesse with *Saba's* Queen,  
    That lesse is told, then may be seen :  
And

And since Report his Fame doth wrong,  
Enlarge his Glory in thy *Song*.

9 Go, and in *God*, those Ioyes possesse  
And, that *well-being* (without end)  
Which language never could expresse,  
Nor Heart of mortall apprehend.

There, praise the *Founder* of that Blisse.  
And, when thy Body raised is ;  
(Which, *G O D* will bring to paise ere long)  
Praise *Him*, together in one *Song*.

H Y M N L X I .

A Lamentation in times of excessive Rain.

*In this Hymn we lament the miseries like to befall us  
by excessive Rains and Waters, confessing that plague  
justly inflicted for our sins ; beseeching it may be-  
get in us true penitency ; that upon Repentance the  
plague may be removed ; and, that the same being  
removed, we may be thankfull.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

**A**lthough Transgressors, *L O R D*, we be,  
(And, thy Displeasure justly fear)  
To sing a *mournfull-Song* to thee,  
Before thy Prefence, we appear.  
Oh ! mind thou not our follies past ;  
But, our Submission, daigne to heed.

And



And (since our hope on thee is plac't)  
Both hear, and help us at our need.

2 For, now ô G O D ! that *Aiery-Sphear*,  
(Which is to bound the upper *Deeps*  
From those that underneath us are)  
Continuall vapours, on us, weeps.

The *Floods-beneath* do swell more high  
Then their accustom'd Limits goe ;  
And they which are above the Skie,  
Do presse, to meet the *Deeps* below.

3 Thy Servants, therefore, are afraid,  
That, if thou send not thy Command,  
Whereby their daring may be staid,  
Our whole undoing is at hand.

For, L O R D, by these excessive rains,  
We lose, not only Time and Cost,  
But, therewith our laborious pains,  
And, means of Life, is, likewise lost.

4 Thou wilt we know, permit no more,  
An univerfall *Over-flowing* ;  
Nor frustrate make, as heretofore,  
The Times of *Harvest*, or of *Sowing*.

But, L O R D ! to us what profits it,  
That, so it promis'd was by Thee ;  
If now the *Waters* thou permit,  
The present Spoile of us to be ?

5 Or, what to live will it availe,  
If Raine and Moisture in excesse,  
Shall make the means of Life to faile,  
And keep us lingring in distresse ?

Except

Except in bearing of that Crosse,  
 Which this Affliction may procure,  
 We gain Repentance by the losse,  
 And make some Future *Blessing* sure.  
 6 For these great *Rains*, perhaps are sent  
 To make us heedfull of our Sin,  
 And, with compunction to lament  
 The waies which we have erred in.

O! teach us LORD, if it be so,  
 Our grosse offences to bemoane:  
 And, let a pleafant *Season* show  
 That, thy Displeafure quite is gone.  
 7 Let not thine *Vniversall-Grace*  
 To us, in speciall be denide:  
 For *speciall-Favour*, here is place:  
 O! let that also be applide.

Dry up, or chase the Clouds away,  
 Whose vapours breed corrupted Aire.  
 Disperse those Fogs, which dim the day,  
 Make thou the Weather clear and faire.  
 8 To us, vouchsafe, likewise, ô GOD!  
 The *Drought-desired*, to prolong;  
 That, we may change this *mournfull-Ode*,  
 Into a praisefull, *joyfull-Song*.

And, when the Soile, so dry shall grow,  
 That show'rs will needfull be again;  
 In season, LORD! on us bestow  
 The *Former*, and the latter-Rain.

H Y M N

## H Y M N L X I I.

A thanksgiving after excessive Rains.

*When we are delivered from the plague of excessive  
Rains and Waters; they who desire to sing a Song of  
Thanksgiving for the same, may musically expresse  
their gratitude in this brieve Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

**T**He show'rs which wash'd away almost,  
The Comfort of our pains ;  
( And fruitlesse made our hopes and Cost)  
Thy mercy, L O R D ! restrains.  
Thy Breath hath purg'd the foggie Aire :  
The Sun, doth bright appear.  
The Fields waxe dry, The wayes grow faire ;  
The Skie, from clouds is clear.  
2 We, therefore, turn out mournfull Songs,  
Into a thankfull *Ode*,  
And, we confesse, the praise belongt,  
To none, but thee, ô G O D !  
Accept the service we professe,  
And, give us grace, ô L O R D !  
To manifest our Thankfulnessse,  
As well in *Deed*, as *Word*.

H Y M N

## HYMN LXIII.

For time of extreme *Droughth*.

*Many afflictions accompany excessive Droughths, as may appear by this Lamention, whereby they who are unsensible of such a Judgement, may be made more sensible of Gods Vifitation in that kinde; and such as have a true feeling thereof, may have words whereby to expresse the same to the stirring up of penitence in their hearts.*

**H**ear / oh great Almighty King!  
 Who from Earth's extreamest part,  
 Lightnings, Winds, and Rains do't bring:  
 And, commander of them, art.

Thou art he, who sends the *Rils*,  
 To refresh the fruitfull plains;  
 And bedewes the thirstie Hills,  
 With sweet *Show'rs*, and wholsome *Rains*.

Hear, and heed thou from on high,  
 This our loud and wofull cry:  
 For, from thee, we seek relief;  
 Who, hast Cures, for ev'ry Grief.  
 2 By a wastfull scortching *Droughth*,  
 We, now L O R D, afflicted be;  
 And, the Earth with gaping mouth,  
 Makes a sad Complaint to Thee.

*Hills,*

*Hills, and Dales, and Fields, and Downs,*  
Robes of Sorrow have put on ;  
And in mourning-Ruffet Gowns,  
Our Distreffes do bemone.

For (unlesse thou gracious be)  
*Bird, and Beast, and Herb, and Tree,*  
And what e're doth *Breathe* or *Spring,*  
To decay ; this *Drouth* will bring.

3 Lo, the *Branch* that leaved was,  
Is become a wither'd *Spray.*

*Meadows,* lately cloth'd with grasse,  
Now, are short *unmowed-hay.*

Where much *Corne* did freshly sprout,  
All is now consum'd with Heat.  
And, the *Flocks* that skipt about,  
Now do pine, for want of meat.

Pain'd by *Thirst,* the *Heards* do rore ;  
Hunger makes our cattell poore :

And, unlesse thou Mercy show,  
They that owne them, poore will grow.

4 *Earth* (whose ever teeming wombe,  
Many Births, at once could bear)

Now, unfertile is become ;  
And, her Fruits abortive are.

At her *Brest,* the late green plant,  
Starv'd, by lack of Sap, doth lie.

*Moisture,* now her *Furrowes* want ;  
And her *Clods* are stark and drie.

Clouds of *Dust,* in stead of *Rain,*  
Overspread both Hill and Plain :

From

From his Banks, the River shrinks ;  
 And the standing-water stinks.

5 LORD! with pity now behold,  
 How distrest thy Creatures be.  
 At such needs, in times of old,  
 Help hath been vouchsaf'd by Thee

When the People thirsty was,  
 Thou from Rocks didst water bring.  
 In the Jaw-bone of an Ass,  
 Thou for *Sampson* mad'st a Spring.

When *Elias* thee befought,  
 Needful Rain, was timely brought :  
 And, thou mad'st the water sweet,  
 Which for usage was unmeet.

6 In the Floods, thy Chambers are ;  
 They with Clouds be roof'd and wall'd.  
 To attend thy pleasure, there,  
 Dewes and show'rs are still exhal'd.

When we serve thee, they are sent,  
 To refresh us in our needs.  
 When we merit to be shent,  
 Thence Correction then proceeds.

When thou frown'st, the weather low'rs ;  
 And, by *Stormes* or *Drough* devours :  
 When thou smilest, we obtain,  
 Kindly Warmth, and timely Rain :

7 LORD, forgive us that offence  
 VWhich hath stir'd thine Anger thus :  
 Take this wasting Drough from hence ;  
 VWith calme show'rs recomfort us.

Let

Let it plentifully Rain,  
That it may refresh the Aire.  
Drop thy fatnesse on the plain ;  
And the parched Hills repaire.  
Mark what mone the Fowles do make ;  
On the beafts, compassion take :  
Think upon the Widowes need ;  
And, the wants of Orphanes, heed.  
8 By the moisture of thy Dew,  
To the Plants new vigour give.  
The decayed Herbs renew ;  
And the scorched feeds revive.  
That the grasse anew may grow,  
Wherewithall our Beasts are fed :  
That, there may be Corn enow,  
To supply our daily bread.  
That, to make us also glad,  
Wine, and oyle may still be had :  
And, that these Lamenting *Laies*  
May be chang'd to *Songs* of praise.

---

H Y M N L X I I I I.

A Thanksgiving after a *Drouth*.

*God is hereby praised for vouchsafing to refresh the  
scorched Fields with needfull dewes, and showers  
upon the humble petition of his Servants who had  
been afflicted by an excessive Drouth.*

*Sing this as the 23. Psalm.*

G

So

**S**O pow'rfull are the faithfull Cries,  
 Which men afflicted raife;  
 That, to ascend the starry Skies,  
 They find out secret waies.  
 And, thou hast **L O R D**, an open ear  
 To ev'ry Soul distrest,  
 Which with a due regard will hear  
 The meanest mans request.  
 2    The *Clouds*, oh **G O D** ! at thy Commands,  
 Did needfull show'rs distill;  
 Whereby the dry and thirsty lands,  
 Have sweetly drunk their fill.  
 That scorching *Droughth* is now alayd,  
 Which *Grafte* and *Corne* destroyes;  
 And, that for which we humbly pray'd,  
 Thine heritage injoyes.  
 3    Aswell as to the Just, oh **L O R D** !  
 To us, that wicked be.  
 Thou *Raine* and *Sun-shine* dost afford  
 When fruit is made to thee.  
 To thee, *Love*, *Wisdome*, *Pow'r* and *Fame*,  
 Ascribed be therefore.  
 And blessed be thy *holy-Name*,  
 Both, now, and evermore.

H Y M N



## HYMN LXV.

A Thanksgiving for feasonable Weather  
in generall.

*This is a Hymn of Praise for that feasonable Weather whereby we are inabled to receive the fruits of the earth, or continued hopefull of that blessing.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**L**ORD! should the *Sun*, the *Cloud*, the *wind*,  
The *Aire* and *Seasons* be  
To us as froward, and unkind,  
As we are falfe to thee;  
Our Labours would, by Winds or Storms,  
By Droughth or elfe by Rain;  
By Heat, or Cold, by Weeds, or Wormes,  
Prove Labours all in vain.  
2 But, from our Duties, though we fwerve,  
Thou, still, do'ft Mercy show;  
And, us and ours from fpoile preferve,  
'That we might thankfull grow.  
Yea, though from day to day we fin,  
And thy disfavour gain;  
A ffoon as we to cry begin,  
Forgiveneffe, we obtain.  
3 The *Weather* now, thou changed haft,  
Which lately made us fear:  
And, when our hopes were almost past,  
Sweet comforts did appear.

G 2

The

The *Heavens*, the *Earth's* complaints have heard :  
 They reconciled be :  
 And, thou such weather hast prepar'd,  
 As we desir'd of thee.  
 4 For which, with uprais'd hands and eies,  
 (As purely as we may)  
 The due, and easie *Sacrifice*  
 Of Thanks, we now repay.  
 And since the Aire thou changest thus,  
 That we thereby are eas'd :  
 We pray thee work that change in us,  
 Whereby thou maist be pleas'd.

## H Y M N L X V I.

## A Thanksgiving after Thunder and Lightning.

*Thunder and Lightning are terrible in their owne  
 nature; and have oft-times very dreadfull effects :  
 Therefore, we ought to praise GOD, when we  
 have heard and seene him, in those works of his  
 without the destruction of our Goods & Persons.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**N**O earthly Terror, L O R D, can make  
 A Sinner more to fear  
 Then when in Thunder thou do'st speak,  
 Loud threatnings in his ear.  
 Thee, therefore, we did humbly pray,  
 Thy *Stormes* aside to blow ;

And,

And, down thy *Thunder-bolts* to lay  
As is vouchsafed now.  
2 The dreadful Sounds, and fiery darts,  
Which lately us appal'd ;  
And greatly terrifide our hearts,  
Thy Mercy hath recall'd.  
Yea, from the scorching sulphurie Blast,  
Which from those Engines came ;  
Thou us, oh LORD ! preserv'd hast,  
For which we praise thy *Name*.  
3 In *Language*, filling us with awe,  
Thou neededst not to speak,  
If of thy *Prophets*, and thy *Law*,  
More notice we would take.  
Oh ! give us grace, the loving voice  
Of *Mercy*, so to hear ;  
That *Justice* make not such a noise  
As fills with fervile Fear.

---

H Y M N L X V I I.

After a great Winde.

*The Winde is a serviceable Spirit, which being set at liberty to punish us for our Sins, produceth many terrible effects ; Therefore, when the tempestuous fury is alayed, whereby it sometimes threateneth us, we shall do well to acknowledge Gods mercy for the same.*

*Sing this, as the former.*

G 3

When

**W**Hen hearty thanks we render not,  
 For what we do obtain ;  
 We merit well to be forgot,  
 When we shall next complain.  
 The blust'ring *Winds* that fiercely rag'd,  
 And Bowres, and Buildings tore ;  
 Are by thy Mercy, L O R D, asswag'd,  
 And ruffle now no more.  
 2 Calmgales they breath; and make it plain,  
 (By these effects we see)  
 That, He who in the Aire doth reign,  
 Subjected is to thee.  
 We magnifie thy *Name*, therefore,  
 And, will in thee repose  
 Our Trust, and Hope, for evermore,  
 What *Winde* foever blows.

---

 H Y M N L X V I I I.

After a great Frost or Snow.

*Great Frosts and Snowes are sometime made the executioners of Gods Justice upon a sinfull Land, that frozen Charity may be unthawed by Repentance: And this Hymn remembers us to be thankfull when God shall remove such a Iudgement from us.*

*Sing this as the former.*

From

**F**rom *Colds*, late nipping Herbs and Trees,  
(Afflicting Man and Beast)  
And making Lakes and Rivers freeze,  
Thou, L O R D ! haft us releafe.  
The Clods are thaw'd ; The Ice doth melt ;  
The Creatures, lately griev'd  
Are eafed of the pains they felt ;  
And, from their Fears repriev'd.  
2 We praife thee, for this blessed change ;  
And thankfull are to thee,  
That thou thy help do'ft not efrange,  
When we afflicted be.  
Let thy Compaffion us difpofe,  
(Where we fhall need behold)  
To melt in pittie, towards thofe  
To whom our Love is cold.

---

H Y M N L X I X.

In a Time of Famine.

*Famine is one of the three great Plagues whereby  
God ufually corrects a finfull Nation ; and by this  
Hymn we are taught how to addrefse our com-  
plaints to God, in this Vifitation, &c.*

*Sing this as the 22. Pfalme.*

**B**Y Mercies and by Iudgements, L O R D !  
We have bin often tride,  
G 4 In

In disobeying of thy Word,  
 How constant we abide :  
 For, when we gently are chastif'd,  
 We stubborn-hearted be ;  
 And, when our longings are suffic'd,  
 We kick, and spurn at Thee.

2 For, which thou quite might'st us refuse,  
 And, say, as heretofore  
 Thou say'st unto the stubborn *Jewes* :  
*I will correct no more.*  
 But, still, thy Love to us is true ;  
 And, ev'ry means doth find  
 By which thou maist compassion shew,  
 And, be both *Iust* and *Kind*.

3 The *Plenties* which we lately had,  
 By us, abus'd were.  
 And, Thou a *Scarceness* now hast made,  
 By which we pinch'd are.  
 If thou hadst left us to our Sin,  
 By feeding our *Excesse* ;  
 That *Vengeance* had the greater bin,  
 Though it had seem'd lesse.

4 Thou, still, proceed'st with *Chastisement*  
 In such a loving wise ;  
 That we may be the Punishment,  
 Find where our Error lies.  
 And, if we be not hardned quite,  
 We by the Stripes may see  
 That, thou in *Mercy* hast delight ;  
 Though strokes inflict'd be.

5 Yea

5 Yea, though this *Famine* pincheth fore,  
Good Symptomes we may find,  
That, thou in Anger evermore  
Remembreſt to be kind,  
And, ſtill, ſome bleſſings are injoy'd,  
By which we hope retain,  
That, quite we ſhall not be deſtroid,  
Though we in want, remain.

6 Where Milk and Hony overflow'd  
Lean *Famine* breaketh in,  
When *Plenty*, late her Bounty ſhew'd,  
A *Death* doth now begin.  
And, they who had the fineſt bread,  
The fatteſt of thy Meat ;  
And were with many dainties fed,  
Have little now to eat.

7 But LORD, once more to us return ;  
Though we unworthie are :  
Conſider how the poore do mourn,  
And what the Rich may fear.  
Forgive the Sins which have bereft,  
The *Plenties* which we had ;  
And, let the portion which is left,  
By thee, be larger made.

8 Oh / hear us, though we ſtill offend,  
Augment our waſted ſtore :  
Into this Land, that *Plenty* ſend,  
Which ſil'd it heretofore.  
Then, give us grace, to uſe it ſo,  
That thou mai'ſt pleaſed be ;

G 5

And,

And, that when fuller we shall grow,  
We think not leffe on Thee.

---

H Y M N. L X X.

A Thanksgiving for Plenty.

*Plenty is the cure of Famine ; and a Blessing, for which we much labour; yet when it is obtained, we many times become so wanton thereby, that we not only abuse that Benefit, but many other Mercies accompanying the same; to prevent which unthankfulness, this Hymn was composed.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalm.*

**H**ow oft, and by how many Crimes,  
Thee Jealous have we made?  
And, blessed G O D / how many times,  
Have we forgivenes had?  
If we with teares, to bed, at night,  
For our Transgressions go;  
To us, before the Morning light,  
Thou Comforts dost bestow.  
2 This pleafant Land, which for our Sin,  
Was, lately, barren made,  
Her fruitfulnesse doth new begin,  
And we our Hopes have had.  
For which in praifefull Songs, to thee,  
We raise our voices L O R D /

And,



And, thankfull, we desire to be  
For what, thou dost afford.  
3 Vouchsafe we waſt not by exceſſe,  
Thy Bleſſings like the ſwine ;  
Or into graceleſſe wantonnes,  
Convert this Grace of thine.  
But, ſo let us thy Gifts imploy ;  
And, ſo reſreſh the poore :  
That, in this Land, we may enjoy  
Theſe Plenties, evermore.

---

H Y M N L X X I.

In times of Peſtilence, or other infectious  
Sickneſſe.

*This Hymn putteth us in mind (by profeſſing our dependence upon GOD) that we make him our ſole Refuge in times of danger. Confefſion, is here made alſo, that our Sins are the Cauſe of Sickneſſe or infectious diſeaſes : and God is humbly beſought to be our protector in this danger*

*Sing this as the 51. Pſalme.*

**B**Y truſting unto thee, oh GOD!  
And, by reſpoſing in thy ſhade ;  
A Shelter, and a ſafe Abode,  
In many Dangers, we have had.  
And, good Affurances we have,  
That, while on thee we do depend,

Thou

Thou wilt from publike Danger save ;  
And from all private harmes defend.

2 In thee, this trust we have repos'd :  
Thy Succour, therefore, we expect,  
Now perill hath our Souls inclos'd ;  
And, our Destruction, seems to threat.

For, *Sins* Infections have bin spred,  
By lewd *Examples*, now, so far,  
That those Contagions they have bred,  
Whereby our lives endanger'd are.

3 L O R D ! let thy *Spirit*, from on high,  
On us, those healthfull Breathings blow,  
Which may our *Climate* purifie ;  
And, wholsome Aire on us bestow.

And, let our Flesh and Blood, become  
So purged, by thy sacred *Word* ;  
That, we may be secured from  
The strokes of this devouring *Sword*.

4 Oh ! call thy slaughtering *Angell* home.  
And (though we merit not such grace)  
Compassionate, and kind become  
To us, in this distressed Case.

Vouchsafe us hearts that may repent,  
Those Courses, which do thee displease :  
And, give us wisdom to prevent  
The violence of this Disease.

5 Let not the shaft which flies by day,  
Nor that, which terrifies by night,  
To slaughter, wound, or to dismay  
Within our Dwellings, L O R D, alight.

But

But, let thy *saving-Angell* bide  
About our Persons, ev'ry how'r  
A shelter, for us, to provide,  
Against this plagues malignant pow'r.  
6 Or, if this *Harbinger* of Death,  
Must in our Flesh, prepare him Room ;  
Let not the losse of Health, or Breath,  
A mischief, or a plague become.

And, let both Death and Sicknes prove  
A means of everlasting Blisse ;  
And, from these Dangers, us remove  
To live where no corruption is.

---

H Y M N L X X I I.

For Deliverance from publike Sicknes.

*When an infectious Pestilence breaketh in upon us, it is an extraordinary Mercy that we are not all rooted out. Therefore, when God removes the same, we are hereby remembred to acknowledge it to his praise.*

*Sing this as the Pater-noster.*

L O R D, when a Nation thee offends,  
And when thou would'st correct their lāds)  
An Army, still, on Thee attends,  
To execute thy just Commands.  
Yea, *Famine, Sicknesse, Fire, and Sword* ;  
Stand ready to fulfill thy word.

2 And,

2 And, here, among us for our Sin,  
 A strong Infection lately raig'n'd  
 Whose Rage hath so malignant bin,  
 As that it could not be restrain'd  
     By any care, or Art of our,  
     Or by a lesse, then heav'nly pow'r.

3 To thee, therefore, our Cries we sent,  
 Thy wonted Clemency to prove :  
 And, our misdoings did lament  
 That Visitation to remove.  
     And, thou thine *Angell* didst command,  
     To stay his Death-inflicting hand.

4 For which to thee, in humble wise,  
 Both heart, and hand, oh LORD ! we raise;  
 And, have exchange'd our former Cries,  
 To Joyfull Songs of thankfull praise :  
     Confessing, that, by Thee, we have  
     Escap'd the Dungeon of the *Grave*.

## HYMN LXXIII.

A Lamentation in time of *War*.

*War, is the last and worst of those Temporall-  
 Plagues, whereby GOD scourgeth a wicked  
 Nation, and it includeth all other miseries. There-  
 fore, when that Judgement is sent forth against us,  
 we are warned hereby, so to consider what is fallen  
 upon us ; and to become so penitent, that God may  
 be intreated to withdraw that Plague.*

*Sing this as the 51. Psalm.*

Of

O F all those Judgements which thy *Word*  
For Sin, oh LORD ! denounced hath,  
None are more dreadfull then the *Sword* ;  
Or, more inform us of thy wrath.

Except it be, when men are, quite,  
To Sin, without Correction left ;  
Expos'd to *Sathans* worst despight ;  
Or, of a quiet minde bereft.

2 For, when by other plagues we smart,  
By thine own hand, chastiz'd we be :  
And, LORD ! so pitifull thou art,  
That, Mercy, still abounds in thee.

But, when our Faults thou dost correct,  
By tyranous and cruell men,  
A sad event, we may expect ;  
And, hope for little Mercy, then.

3 Oh GOD ! this dreadfull Plague of *War*,  
All other earthly Plagues includes :  
For *Dearths*, and all *Diseases* are  
Attending where this *Feind* intrudes.

Oppressions, and continuall Fears,  
Wounds, Watchings, Dangers, and unrest,  
Incessant Grievs, and endlesse cares,  
By warfare, Kingdomes do molest.

4 *War*, from the Childe, his Parents takes ;  
And robs the Father of his Childe :  
Of old, and young, it havoke makes ;  
And, thereby Matrons are defilde.

*War* turns, the Freeman to a Slave :  
It bringeth Nobles to distresse :

And

And maketh Cutthroat villains brave,  
With what great Princes did poffeffe.

5 It goodly Temples overturns ;  
And Acteth Ill, where Good was taught.  
The faireft Buildings, down it burns ;  
And, fets both *God*, and *Man* at naught.

Yea, quite it ruins in one day,  
What many Ages could not rear ;  
And bringeth Cities to decay,  
Which through the World, renowned were.

6 Chafe thou oh LORD! this Tyrant hence:  
Permit thou not, his hand of Blood,  
To beare the fcourge of our offence ;  
But, take it to thy Self, oh GOD!

Though many wayes, we have mifdone,  
We none have wrong'd, fo much as Thee :  
Therefore, oh LORD! by Thee alone,  
Corrected for it, let us be.

7 When but the founds of *War*, they hear,  
The hearts of many, fo are ftrook,  
That they are overcome with Fear.  
How, then, *Wars* prefence can they brook ?

Lord, let thy mercy fo provide  
That, from our Coafts he may be chas'd :  
That, *Peace*, may in our Borders bide ;  
And, keep our Dwellings undefac'd.

8 And, LORD! fince *War*, fuch Terrors brings;  
Such mifchieves, and fo much diftreffe ;  
And fince perpetually there Springs,  
Joy, wealth, and eafe, from bleffed *Peace*.

Let

Let us endeavour to regain  
This Peace, by what good means we may,  
And if the fame we reobtain  
Take heed, we fool it not away.

---

H Y M N L X X I V.

A thanksgiving for *Peace*.

*Peace is the nurse of Plentie, and the means of so many other blessings that God cannot be sufficiently praised for it. This therefore is composed, that we who have enjoyed this blessing more then most other Nations might be more thankfull for it hereafter.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

SO cause us, L O R D! to think upon  
The Blessing we possesse,  
That we may praise what thou hast done,  
And thy great love confesse.  
For, we whose Fields in Ages past,  
With bloodshed were distain'd,  
Whilst Fire and Sword layd others waste,  
In safetie, have remain'd.  
2 No armed Bands, the *Plough-man* fears,  
No Towr's are overturn'd ;  
No Temple shakes about our ears ;  
No Townships now are burn'd.  
No Father hears his little Childe,  
In vain, for succour cry :

No

No Husband sees his Wife defilde,  
 Whilst he doth wounded lye.  
 3 Dear G O D ! vouchsafe to pittie those  
 Who thus distressed be :  
 That, to defend them from their Foes  
 They may have help from thee.  
 For, by thy Mercy we obtain'd  
 These calme and peacefull Dayes ;  
 And for this *Peace*, with hearts unfain'd  
 We, now, do Sing thy Praise.  
 4 Afwell for our internall *Peace*,  
 As for that outward Rest,  
 Which by thy Favour we possesse  
 Thy goodnesse, is confest,  
 Oh take not, L O R D ! this grace away,  
 But, let it still endure  
 And, grant thy mercies make us may,  
 More thankfull, not secure.

## H Y M N L X X V.

For Victorie.

*All Victorie is of God, who is the LORD of  
 Hoasts : therefore to him only belongs the glory of  
 those victories which we shall obtain ; and this  
 Hymn remembers us to ascribe all our prevailings  
 to his power and mercy.*

*Sing this as the X. Commandements.*

Of



O H LORD! we magnify thy Might,  
By whose prevailing grace and pow'r,  
We are preserv'd from their despight  
Who fought, that they might us devour.

Thou art our Joyfull *Triumph-song* ;  
Thou art the Comfort of our heart :  
To thee all Victories belong ;  
And, thou the GOD of *Armies* art.

2 It was, alone, thy Providence  
Which made us *Masters of the Field* :  
Thou art our Cattle of defence ;  
Our Fort, our Bulwark, and our Shield.

Thou taughtst our Hands & Arms to fight ;  
By thee, undaunted we were made :  
By thee, our Foes were put to flight ;  
By Thee the conquest we have had.

3 For, on what hand soere we went,  
Great perils, us did round enclose :  
Our little strength, was almost spent,  
And fierce and bloody, were our Foes.

That, hadst not thou our Captain been,  
To lead us on, and off again ;  
This happie day we had not seen,  
But in the Bed of Death had lain.

4 This *Hymn*, we therefore Sing to Thee :  
And pray thee, that, as heretofore,  
Thou wouldst our gracious Refuge be,  
And our *Protector* evermore.

Yea, to our Foes let it be shown,  
How to our Cause thou dost incline ;  
And

And make it unto them be known,  
That, such as are our Foes are thine.

## HYMN LXXVI.

For Publike Deliverances.

*God hath vouchsafed unto these kingdoms, many  
publike Deliverances, which ought never to be  
forgotten, especially those on the first of November,  
and 1588. And this Hymn was intended, to  
bring those, and such like, oftner to remembrance.*

*Sing this as the Pater-noster.*

With *Isr'el*, we may truly say  
If on our side, G O D had not been ;  
Of us, our Foes had made a prey,  
And, we this Light, had never seen  
The Pit was dig'd, The Snare was laid ;  
And, we with ease, had been betray'd.  
2 But, our Opposers, undertook  
What they did fail to bring to passe.  
For, he that all things doth or'e look,  
Prevented what conspired was.  
We found the *Pit*; we scap'd the Gin,  
And saw their *Makers* caught therein.  
3 By Favour undeserved shown  
From G O D, this means of safetie came ;  
And, by no wifdome of our own :  
Oh ! let us therefore, praise his *name*.  
Oh ! praise his *Name* : for, it was *He*,  
That broke the Net, and fet us free.

4 With

4 With praises let our *Temples* ring ;  
Let on our Lips, thankgivings dwell.  
Let us, unto his honour sing,  
And, Stories of his Mercies tell.  
    While *Sun*, and *Moon*, do rise, or set ;  
    His kindnesse, let us not forget.  
5 Oh ! let us now redeeme the Time :  
Let us begin to live anew.  
Let us repent of ev'ry crime,  
Whereby, displeasure may ensue :  
    Lest he that plagues from us hath took ;  
    Return them, with a doubled strook.  
6 A true *Repentance* takes delight  
To memorize what G O D hath done :  
When passed Favours, we recite,  
It adds more Grace, to grace begun.  
    And, when such vertues do encrease ;  
    They promise everlasting peace.  
7 But, where Ingratitude we see ;  
And, when so wicked we are grown,  
That sleighted those protections be,  
Which *God* hath formerly bestowed,  
    It shall betoken, to this Land  
    That her Destruction is at hand.  
8 L O R D ! let us not be hardned so :  
Nor let thine Anger so return :  
But, grant we may our duties do ;  
And for our sinfull Follies mourn :  
    That from our Sorrows, joy may Spring ;  
    And we thy *praises*, gladly Sing.

H Y M N

## HYMN LXXVII.

When we are merry-hearted.

*Sometimes we are more then ordinarily inclined to cheerfulness, and what we should then doe, we are advised by the Apostle James. And lest our mirth corrupt into vanity, rather then invite us to sing Psalmes, this Hymn offereth somewhat to consideration, which may preserve, and sanctifie our cheerfulness.*

**M**Ethinks I feele more perfect Rest,  
 Refreshing now, my mind ;  
 And more contentment in my breast,  
 Then ev'ry day I find.  
 Such Notions there,  
 Begotten are,  
 And forth such thoughts they bring :  
 That though I would  
 My voice withhold,  
 I cannot chuse but sing.  
 2 Too oft vain musings do dispose  
 My heart, to fruitlesse Mirth.  
 And fill it with such fumes as those  
 Which vapour from the earth.  
 On such a Fit,  
 Sometime, I hit,  
 I know nor how, nor why :  
 And, as the same  
 Vnlook'd for came,

Ev'n

Ev'n so away t'will fly.  
3 Oh LORD! if this be such a Toy,  
Let some well-guided thought,  
Translate it to a better Joy;  
Or, bring the fame to nought.  
For, such Delights,  
Are like some *Sights*,  
Which in the *dark* appear:  
At their first view,  
They comfort shew,  
At last, they make us fear.  
4 Let those Delights which *Fancie* fains,  
To please a cras'd mind;  
And, that which *Folly* entertains  
With me, no liking find.  
But, let in me,  
Increased be,  
Those Comforts, and those Joyes,  
Which do not flow  
From things below:  
And, which no time destroys.

---

H Y M N L X X V I I I.

A Lamentation and Petition of the Soule, for  
and against her flesh.

*By this Hymn, we are put in mind to be so watch-  
full over the Infirmities and Corruptions of our  
Flesh,*

Flesh ; *that we take heed, lest our Sensualitie bring Soul and Body to destruction ; and that we beseech Gods assisting Grace, to help the Soule govern as she ought, and so subdue the Flesh, to the Law of Grace, and Reason.*

*Sing this as the 43. Psalme.*

AH me ! where may I seek a Friend ?  
 Or, where have hopes to finde  
 One that is Faithfull to the end ;  
 And never proves unkinde ?  
 Since mine own *Flesh*, (and for whose sake,  
 My Self I oft forget )  
 Doth with my cruellst Foe partake ;  
 And, is against me set ?  
 2 *She*, in whose Bosome, I have laid,  
 And, who hath slept in mine ;  
*She*, with whom, I have often plaid,  
 And, lov'd with *Love-divine* :  
*She* that made show, as if my Grief,  
 Her greatest Grief would be ;  
 (And called me, her *Toy*, her *Life*)  
 Is carelesse, now, of me.  
 3 The more I trust, the more I love,  
 The more my love I show ;  
 The more unfaithfull *She* doth prove :  
 The more she works my woe.  
 Yet, still, my heart upon her dotes ;  
 And (through her wanton wiles )  
 My *Reason*, still, she so befots,  
 That, still, She me beguiles.

4 Some-

4 Sometime, these wrongs I so resolve,  
That, her I much condemn :  
And in my Judgement, can resolve,  
Her Fawnings to condemn.  
I take her *Pleasant-things* away,  
Her *Longings* I restrain ;  
I make her watch, and fast and pray,  
Untill she Teares doth faine.  
5 To see her grieve, then grieve I too,  
And loving words apply ;  
Left to her self, the wrongs may do,  
Or of the *Sullens*, dye.  
And, *She* no sooner feels my heart  
Her Freedome to restore ;  
But, she begins to play her part,  
As falsly, as before.  
6 Teach me, my G O D / teach me the way  
To make her more sincere ;  
Left, She, her Selfe, and Me, betray  
To *Him*, whose Hate I fear.  
For, so I love (though plain I see  
Of me, she carelesse is)  
That Heav'n would seem a Hell to me,  
If *Her*, I there should misse.  
7 To be my *Darling*, she was born :  
And *Nature* did provide  
That, t'wixt us, Friendship should be sworn,  
Which, nothing shall divide ;  
And, therefore, on each other, so  
Our welfare doth depend ;  
H That,

That,if the *One* to ruine go,  
 Such is the *Others* end.  
 8 Therefore,oh L O R D ! unlesse thy love  
 Prevent what much I fear,  
 We,to each other,Foes may prove,  
 The worst that ever were.  
 Because,if they who love as we,  
 Their *Passions* guid not well.  
 On *Earth* each others plagues they be,  
 And greater plagues in *Hell*.  
 9 My G O D ! therefore,thy help again,  
 Thy help,I do implore,  
 That I my *Fleshly-part*, to rein,  
 May be inabled more.  
 My *Soul*,instruēt thou so to guid ;  
 So make my flesh obey ;  
 That,we true-Lovers may abide,  
 In *Vertues* harmles Way.  
 10 And,though all *Vertues* we had got  
 (Where of the best may boast)  
 Vnto our selves, L O R D, leave us not :  
 Left all,again,be lost.  
 For,till the *Flesh* be mortifi'd,  
 Her nature,will return ;  
 Though she was partly *sanctifi'd*,  
 When she,anew,was born.

H Y M N



H Y M N L X X I X.

Of the vanity and insufficiency of temporal things.

*That we may not be overmuch delighted with such Things as perish, to the losse of our portion in things of most Excellency. We are hereby remembered to consider the Vanitie and Insufficiency of Temporall Things.*

*Sing this as a Hermit-poare.*

WHAT is there LORD  
Within this Lower Orbe,  
Which doth afford,  
A pleasure or content?  
But may disease,  
Discomfort or disturbe,  
Vnlesse thou please  
Their mischiefs to prevent?  
No marvell, tho  
The worst do sorrows bring;  
Since there is woe,  
In ev'ry pleasant thing.  
2 *Wealth* bringeth Care  
Sometimes, as much as *Want*.  
Our *Honours* are  
Attended with disgrace.  
When *Hopes* are best,  
Our *Hearts* with *Fears* do pant,  
H 2 Our

Our daint'eft Feast,  
Is marr'd with bitter fawce.

Diftruff, to lofe  
The Pleafure, we poffeffe,  
Them overthrowes,  
Or makes their sweetnes leffe.

3 Our Beauties fade,  
Affoon as they are blown.

We *Weak* are made,  
E're we are fully ftrong.

We often dote,  
When wifeft we are grown.

*Youth*, frees us not  
From Grieffs, whil'ft we are yong.

No Age, or State,  
Condition, or Degree,

Can promife that,  
In which no Changes be.

4 That, which we fought,  
With all our pow'rs, to win

As if we thought,  
Our chiefeft Bliffe it were :

That, which esteem'd  
Above our lives, hath hin ;

And, which hath feem'd  
Beyond Salvation, dear.

That is at laft,  
A thing unpleafing made ;

And leaves no taft,  
Of thofe Contents, it had.

5 They,

5 They, who in me  
Their chief Delights did place ;  
Now, senseless be  
That e're so fond they were.  
They, in whose love,  
I, no less pleased was ;  
No liking, move ;  
And Strangers now they are.  
Yea, what with pain,  
I fought ; I now do lothe,  
Oh G O D ! how vain  
Was *that*, or *I*, or *both*.  
6 What we despise,  
Anon, is precious thought.  
What, we now prize,  
E're long, we much disdain.  
This Day we love,  
Whom, next we set at nought.  
And fickle prove,  
Yet shamelessly complain.  
Their *Vanitie*,  
Things mortall publish thus ;  
And certaintie,  
Ther's none, in *them*, or *Vs*.  
7 Oh L O R D ! since we,  
And, all that here we love,  
Things changing be ;  
Let us on Thee depend.  
From Things below,  
(To reach the things above)

H 3

Thy

Thy Servant shew,  
     Which way he should ascend.  
 And, let me there,  
     *Live, Love, and loved be ;*  
 Where Pleasures are,  
     Whose end I shall not see.

## H Y M N L X X X.

When a deare Freind is deceafed.

*Some, are fo fenfible of lofing their dearly beloved Friends, that, they are almoft fwallowed up with grief. Therefore this Hymn was prepared to mitigate their sorrow, by directing them for confolation to Him, in whom they may find againe their deceafed friends, and better comforts then they loft.*

*Sing this as, In fad and Afflie weeds.*

**N**ow my Dear Friend is gon,  
 Ah me / how faint my heart appears !  
 How fad ! and how alone !  
 How fwoln with fighs, how drown'd with tears !  
     Fain would I tell,  
     What Griefs, what Hell,  
 Is now within my breaft.  
     But who doth live,  
     That eafe can give ?  
 Or bring me wifhed Rest ?

2 Thofe

2 Those eares which I would fain,  
Should once more hear what I would fay,  
Shall never, now again,  
Vnto their Heart, my Thoughts convey.  
Nor shall that Tongue,  
Whose Tones, were *Song*,  
And, musicke, still to me ;  
To please, or chear,  
My drouping ear ;  
Hereafter turned be.

3 Oh Dear ! oh gracious *God* !  
If in our selves, we blisse had fought ;  
Of passions, what a lode,  
Vpon my Soul, had now been brought !  
How had I found,  
Within that *Round*,  
Wherein, I should have run ?  
The joyfull end,  
Which doth befriend,  
Affections well, begun.

4 Had we our Love confin'd  
To that, which mortall proves to be :  
Or, had we been so blind,  
That we death's pow'r could not foresee.  
Where had been found,  
When under ground,  
My Dear-companion lay,  
A fit Relief,  
To cure that Grief,  
Which wounds my Heart, this Day ?

H 4

But,

5 But,while we liv'd and lov'd,  
 In thee,each other up we flor'd,  
 My *Friend*(by Death remov'd)  
 In thee,therefore,I seek,oh L O R D !  
     My Loffe,by none,  
     But,Thee alone,  
 Repaired,now,can be.  
     What I endure,  
     Admits nor Cure,  
 Nor ease,except by thee.  
 5 Be thou to my sad heart,  
 A sweet Relief,now I am griev'd.  
 Be to it as thou wert,  
 When, here with me,my *Dearest* liv'd.  
     That which I lov'd,  
     Is but remov'd,  
 To thee,our *Perfect Blisse*.  
     And that I had  
     Was but the shade  
 Of what my *Darling* is.  
 7 In Thee,Behold I shall ;  
 In Thee,I shall again enjoy ;  
 What thou away didst call,  
 And what thou didst by Death destroy.  
     We,by thy Grace,  
     Shall there,embrace,  
 Where Friends do never part.  
     Which,now I mind,  
     Methinks,I find  
 Sweet hope,relieve my heart.

8 I feel it more, and more,  
My Soul of Comfort to assure.  
And, now, for ev'ry fore,  
I know, and feel, thou hast a Cure.  
For which my Tongue,  
Shall change her Song,  
Thy Goodnes to commend.  
And, thou art he  
Who, still, shalt be  
My best affected *Friend*.

---

H Y M N L X X X I.

For Deliverance from Temptation.

*To be delivered from Temptation, is one of the six petitions in the LORD'S Prayer, which we daily repeat; and therefore that God may deliver us from the evil thereof, we shall do well to invoke him by a speciall Invocation according as this Hymn putteth us in mind.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalm.*

**H**ow hard is it for Flesh and Blood,  
When Lusts the Heart affaile,  
To wish that *Vice*, may be withstood;  
And, *Vertue*, still prevaile!  
How hard is it, when we do burn,  
With euill-kindled Fires,

H 5

Our

Our Eies from Vanities to turn !  
 Or quench our loofe Defires ?  
 2 So hard oh L O R D / so' hard it is ;  
 That few can truly fay,  
 They for thy timely ayd (in this )  
 With true Devotion pray.  
 But,rather,many are afraid,  
 (When they to pray are mov'd)  
 Left by thy Grace,they should be staid,  
 From Sins,too well belov'd.  
 3 Of this,if others have been free,  
 Thy Mercy,let them bleffe :  
 For,that this fault hath been in me,  
 I freely do confesse :  
 And,(seeing better thoughts, I have )  
 Occasion,thereupon,  
 I,now,assume,thine ayd to crave,  
 Before,this Mind be gon.  
 4 Thy Grace, oh L O R D, in me did breed  
 This motion,not in vain.  
 Oh ! let it be the blessed Seed  
 Of an immortall Gain.  
 And,grant,that getting fomwhat loofe,  
 From *Sins* imperious hand ;  
 My heart with willingnes,may chuse  
 The wayes of thy *Command*.  
 5 From *Sathans* Baits,from *Follies* Lures,  
 From ev'ry cause of Ill,  
 Preferve me clean,whil't life endures,  
 In *Action*,and in *Will*.

At



At least, when I shall tempted be,  
Protect thy Servant so,  
That, evil overcome not me ;  
But, Victor let me grow.  
6 Vaile then mine *Eies*, till She be past,  
When *Folly* tempts my fight :  
Keep thou my *Pallet*, and my *Tast*,  
From Gluttonous Delight.  
Stop thou mine *Ear*, from *Syrens* Songs :  
My *Tongue* from Lies restrain.  
Withhold my *Hands*, from doing wrongs ;  
My *Feet*, from courses vain.  
7 Teach, likewise, ev'ry other Sense,  
To Act an honest part ;  
But, chiefly settle *Innocence*,  
And purenes in my *Heart* :  
So, nought *without* me, or *within*,  
Shall work an ill effect ;  
By tempting me to act a Sin,  
Or, Vertues to neglect.

---

H Y M N L X X X V I I.

A Thanksgiving for the Gospell.

*The Gospell of Iesus Christ, is a meanes of the  
greatest Blessing, which was ever conferred on  
Mankinde. Therefore, that we might be more  
thankfull for it, then we have been heretofore, we  
are moved thereunto, by this Hymn.*

*Sing'*

Sing this as the 10. Commandments.

S O m t i m e, o h L O R D ! a t l e a s t, i n s h o w,  
 A t h a n k f u l l h e a r t, w e d o p r o f e s s e,  
 W h e n t h o u s u c h B l e s s i n g s d o s t b e s t o w  
 A s o u t w a r d R i c h e s, H e a l t h, o r P e a c e.  
 B u t, f o r t h a t *m e a n e s* w h i c h m a y c o n d u c e  
 O u r S o u l e s, t o t h e i r t r u e- B l i s s e, t o r a i s e,  
 W e m a k e, n o t v e r i e f r e q u e n t u s e  
 O f t h a n k f u l l w o r d s, o r *H y m n s* o f p r a i s e.  
 2 W h e n *M e a d s a r e d r o w n ' d*, o r *F i e l d s a r e d r y*;  
 W h e n *S w o r d*, o r *S i c k n e s s e*, h a r m e h a t h d o n e,  
 T o t h e e f o r h e l p, s o m e t i m e s w e c r y ;  
 A n d t h a n k t h e e, w h e n t h o s e p l a g u e s a r e g o n e.  
 B u t, f o r t h a t B l e s s e d m e a n e s o f G r a c e,  
 W h i c h w e h a v e l o n g, a t f u l l e n j o y ' d ;  
 ( I n p u b l i k e, o r i n p r i v a t e p l a c e )  
 F e w T h a n k f u l l v o i c e s a r e e m p l o y ' d.  
 3 H o w m a n y f o u l e s, i n *E r r o r s* n i g h t,  
 S i t f i g h t i n g t h e i r f a d h o u r ' s a w a y !  
 W h i l s t w e e n j o y, t h e *G o s p e l s* l i g h t,  
 A n d, t h e r e w i t h a l l, t h e w a n t o n s p l a y !  
 H o w m a n y N a t i o n s b e a t s t r i f e,  
 F o r t h a t w h i c h w e e n j o y, a t w i l l ?  
 H o w m a n y w a n t t h a t *B r e a d o f l i f e*,  
 W h i c h w e d o f u r f e t o n a n d s p i l l ?  
 4 O h G O D ! F o r g i v e t h i s c r y i n g S i n.  
 M o r e w i s e, m o r e t h a n k f u l l l e t u s g r o w,  
 T o m e n d t h i s f a u l t, l e t u s b e g i n :  
 A n d, G r a c e o b t a i n, m o r e G r a c e t o s h o w.  
 F o r,

For, Corne, and Wine, and Oyles increafe ;  
A Body-found ; a wittie-braine ;  
A free Eftate ; an outward Peace ;  
Without this Bleffing, were in vaine.  
5 They, who obferve the fame fhall fee,  
That, where thefe *Tidings* do not found ;  
(Or where they fhall abufed be )  
Inhumane cruelties abound :  
Yea, we, who often have been ſchool'd,  
For hearing this bleſt *Voice*, in vaine,  
Shall fee our hopes, and wiſdomes fool'd ;  
If unrepentant we remaine.  
6 Our feares therfore Deare GOD! prevent ;  
Keep thou thy *Gofpell* in our Land :  
Our Thanklefneffe, let us repent ;  
And ſtedfaſt in thy *worſhip*, ſtand.  
For, that thy bleſſed *Saving-word*,  
Is purely preached in our Daies  
We confeſſe it a *mercie*, LORD,  
Which merits, endleſſe *Hymns of praife*.

---

H Y M N L X X X I I I.

For deliverance from perfecution,  
and falſe Doctrine.

*The blind and bloody Times, in which our Fathers  
lived, begin to be forgotten, at leaſt to be ſo little  
conſidered on, that ſome endeavour to make our de-  
liverance from them, of little moment. To prevent  
Therefore*

*therefore the curse likely to follow such unthankfulness, this brieve Hymn calls to mind that mercie.*

*Sing this as the. 22. Psalme.*

A Time so curf'd once was here,  
 That, *Error* bore the sway ;  
 And would not let the *Truth* appeare,  
 Her falshoods to gainfay.  
 But whensoever, she was view'd  
 Her purenesse to disclose ;  
 With Fire, and sword, she was purfu'd,  
 By her malicious Foes.  
 2 By cruell and ungodly men,  
 The *Wells of Life*, were hid ;  
 Or, by corruption poyf'ned, then,  
 Or, at the best forbid.  
 And, they who took the greatest paine,  
 To keep those Fountaines pure,  
 Were either doomed to be slain  
 Or thraldome to endure.  
 3 We praise thee, LORD, that freed thou hast  
 This Land, from such a curse  
 We praise thee that the dayes are past,  
 Which those things did inforce.  
 And, humbly we, oh GOD, implore,  
 Those plagues may not returne,  
 Which vext this Nation heretofore,  
 And made our Fathers mourne.  
 4 For *Senslesnes* of mercyes past  
 Vnheeded ushers in,

That

That *Thanklesneffe*, which brings, at last,  
Obduratneffe in sin  
Then, doth Obdurateneffe beget  
That damned, scornfull pride,  
Which will at naught, GODS *mercy* fet ;  
And, *good-advise*, deride.

---

H Y M N L X X X I I I I.

A Coronation Hymn.

*God is hereby glorified for the Kings exalation, and implored to perfect his temporall dignitie, by making it, a step to his eternall Glory, and by keeping him a patron of Pietie and Vertue.*

L O R D, let thy pow'r protect the *King* ;  
Make him his Trust on thee to place :  
Of thy large Favours let him sing ;  
And, build his *Glories*, on thy *Grace*.

Confirme him on the Royall-Seat,  
Whereto, advanced him thou hast ;  
Let thy *Salvation* make him great ;  
Vnto thy *Truth*, preserve him fast :  
And, make oh G O D ! his earthly *Throne*,  
An earnest of a heavenly Crowne.

2 Him, over us, for Good, appoint ;  
Ground all his Lawes, on *Truth-divine* :  
Let thy good *Spirit* him anoint ;  
And, his *Commands*, conforme to Thine.

Of

Of *Soveraigntie*, give him the *Globe* :  
 Of *Peace*, let him the *Scepter* bear :  
 Make *Holineſſe*, his royall *Robe* :  
 The *wreathes* of *Iuſtice*, let him wear :  
 And in upright, and pious waies,  
 Obſerve, and ſerve thee, all his dayes.  
 3 Him, honour ſo ; and him ſo crown ;  
 Him, ſo inveſt ; and him ſo arme ;  
 Him, ſo anoint ; him, ſo inthroned ;  
 And by thy *word*, him ſo informe :  
 That to thy *Glorie*, he may Raigne ;  
 To his content, and for our peace :  
 That *wickedneſſe* he may reſtraine,  
 To virtuous *Pieties* encreaſe :  
 And, that our *King*, oh LORD ! and we  
 May to each other, *Bleſſings* be.

## HYMN LXXXV.

## A Funerall Song.

*This Hymn is intended to comfort the living, (whoſe  
 Friends are deceaſed ) by putting them in mind of  
 the Reſurrection, and of the happie Reſt of thoſe  
 who die in the Faith of CHRIST.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandments*

FORbear to ſhed exceſſive tears,  
 Or mourne, as hopeleſſe Heathens do :  
 For though this *Body* loſt appears,  
 Affured be, it is not ſo,

For,

For, that which now, corrupting lies,  
In incorruption, shall arise.  
2 I am the *Life* (our *Saviour* faith)  
The *Resurrection*, is through me ;  
And whofoer'e in me hath Faith,  
Shall live againe, though dead he be :  
For, no man shall, for ever die ;  
Who doth upon my word relie.  
3 He that Redeemed me, doth live.  
(By Faith, I know that this is true)  
My G O D, this Body shall revive ;  
And in my Flesh, I shall him view.  
Ev'n these mine eyes ; these eyes of mine,  
Shall see his glory brightly shine.  
4 We to the world do naked come,  
We back again unclothed go,  
And, it is G O D, alone, by whom  
We poore are made, or wealthy grow.  
And, we ascribe unto his *name*,  
Pow'r, praise, and glory, for the same.  
5 From Heav'n, a Voice came down to me,  
And, this it will'd me to record ;  
From this time forward Blessed be  
The *Dead* departing in the L O R D.  
For, ( as the Spirit hath exprest )  
They, from their Labours, are at rest.

H Y M N

## HYMN LXXXVI.

When a Soul is newly departed.

*This Hymn comforts us in the death of our friends by offering to consideration the Miseries of this Life, and the happinesse of the next. God is hereby praised also, for calling the Soul departed from this wretched Being; and besought to hasten the accomplishment of our felicity by the generall Resurrection.*

*Sing this as the 23. Psalme.*

IF Joy be made, when men are born,  
 To live on earth below,  
 Why should we vainly weep and mourn,  
 When up to Heav'n they go?  
 To Pains and Griefs, they hither come;  
 And when they hence are gone,  
 Those Troubles they are eased from,  
 Which here they did bemone.  
 2 Impris'ned in a *Living-Grave*,  
 The Soul, departed, lay:  
 And, ease or quiet, could not have,  
 Till call'd it was away.  
 But, we, now, hope it is at rest,  
 In *Him*, from whom it came;  
 And, of eternal Joyes possesst:  
 For which we praise his *Name*.  
 3 We



Part.1. Hymn LXXXVII. 163

3 We praise thee, for that *Being*, LORD,  
And for that means of grace,  
Which to that Soul thou didst afford,  
In this inferiour place.  
And, we, moreover, praise thee, now,  
That, thou hast set it free,  
From those Afflictions which below,  
Avoided cannot be.  
4 Oh LORD! be speedy to collect,  
And hasten, full to make  
The number of the *Souls Elect*,  
That shall of Blisse partake.  
That we and they, who in thy *Fear*,  
And *Faith*, have liv'd and di'de ;  
In *Soul* and *Body*, may appear  
Where thou art Glorifi'd.

---

H Y M N L X X X V I I.

A Hymn of Instruction for Youth.

*This is a pious Descant upon the 12. Chap: of Ecclesiastes, and wherein the young man is put in mind to Remember his Creator, before decrepit Age disables him : It offers to consideration the vanity and Transitoriness of the Beauty, Strength, and Pleasure, wherein youth delights.*

TO those that in Folly,  
Their youth do mispend,  
And,

And mind not their *Maker*  
 Till life shall have end,  
 A Song Instruction,  
 We now have begun,  
 To warn them, and learn them,  
 Destruction to shun.  
 LORD, fend them, to mend them,  
 The gift of thy *Grace* ;  
 And *Reason*, to season  
 A Reasonlesse Race.  
 2 Thou *Yongling*, whose glories,  
 And Beauties, appear  
 Like Sun shine, or Blossomes,  
 In Spring of the year ;  
 Whose vigorous Body,  
 Whose Courage, and Wit,  
 Are Jolly, and wholly  
 Vnperished, yet ;  
 Come neer me, and hear me  
 Things future foretell ;  
 Then, learn thou, Discern thou,  
 The way to do well.  
 3 Mispend not a Morning  
 So lovely, so faire,  
 A moment may rarest  
 Perfections impaire.  
 The *Noon-tide* of Life-time,  
 Yeelds little delight ;  
 And, Sorrow, on Sorrow,  
 May follow ere *Night*.

Receive

Receive then, Believe then,  
What now I declare;  
Attend me, and lend me  
A diligent ear.  
4 Thy *Beauties*, and *Features*,  
That grace thee this day,  
To morrow, may perish,  
And vanish away.  
Thy *Riches*, and *Pleasures*,  
Now precious to Thee,  
My leave thee, deceive thee,  
And comfortles be.  
Now come then ; oh, Come then !  
And learn to eschew  
Those Errors, and Terrors,  
Which else may ensue.  
5 Thy *Joints* are yet nimble,  
Thy *Sinewes* unslack ;  
Thy *Marrow* unwafted,  
Yet, strengthens thy back.  
Youth ! keepeth Diseases  
From crazing thy Brain ;  
*Blood* rilleth and swelleth,  
In every vein.  
Imploy then, enjoy then  
This vigour of thine,  
In willing, fulfilling,  
What God shall injoin.  
6 Believe me, it will not  
For ever be fo.

Thy

Thy sturdy *Supporters*,  
 Will staggering go.  
 Thy *Shoulders* well shaped,  
 And strong enough now,  
 Uncomely, and homely,  
 And weaker will grow.  
 Then lengthen, and strengthen,  
 Thy gifts by right use ;  
 Possessing each Blessing,  
 Still, free from abuse.  
 7 Thy Beautiful *Forehead*  
 Whereon we may view,  
 Neat smoothness and whiteness,  
 Enamel'd with blew,  
 Shall change that perfection  
 Which youth yet maintains,  
 To fallowness, hallowness,  
 Wrinkles and Stains.  
 Thy liking, and seeking  
 Then, learn to bestow  
 On Pleasures, and Treasures,  
 That perish not so.  
 8 Thine *Eares* are now list'ning  
 For Heaven on Earth,  
 And, nothing will please them  
 But Musick and Mirth.  
 And, to thy Corruption  
 No Passage, or Strain,  
 Seems better, or sweeter,  
 Than that which is vain.

Oh

Oh ! borrow from sorrow,  
Some penitent dew ;  
Left, after much laughter,  
More Sadnes ensue.  
9 Those *Tresses*, whose curling  
Thy Temples adorne,  
Will Haffocks resemble  
In winterly mornes.  
And, where fresh Vermilion  
Is mixed with Snow,  
A fallow, and yellow  
Complexion will flow.  
The fuller the Colour,  
The fouler the Stain.  
Then boast not ; and trust not  
In things that are vain.  
10 Thine *Eies*, whose bright sparklings,  
Thy Lovers admire,  
(And, which with vain longings  
Set thousands on fire)  
Shall closed in darknes  
Vnusefull remain ;  
And, never for ever,  
See day-light again.  
Then mind thou, oh mind thou  
Thy *Maker* above :  
Observe him, and serve him  
If safety thou love.  
11 Thy *Mouth*, whose fair portall  
Both wears, and inclofes

The

The colour and sweetnes  
 Of Rubies and Rofes,  
 Shall fo be transformed,  
 That no man will care,  
 Perceive, or believe,  
 What perfection was there.  
 Vain Creature, thy feature  
 Then value not fo,  
 Take pleafure, in measure,  
 As wifdome will do.  
 12 Thy *Teeth*, that stand firmly  
 Like Pearles on a Row,  
 Will rotten, and fcatter'd,  
 Diforderly grow.  
 Thy *Lips*, whose neat motions,  
 Great wonders have wrought;  
 Shall flaver, and quaver,  
 And, lothfome be thought.  
 Then, ever endeavor  
 Those things to efchew;  
 Whence, nothing, but lothing,  
 At laft, will enfue.  
 13 Thy *Fancie*, that fings thee  
 Vain Dreams of delight;  
 Hereafter, will bring thee  
 A comfortleffe night:  
 And, thou, who yet heedft not  
 How Time, comes, or goes,  
 (With care) wilt give ear,  
 To each Cockrell that crows. Thy

Thy leasure in pleasure,  
Then do not mispend ;  
Foreflowing, well-doing,  
Till *Time* hath an end.  
14 Then, Thou who to thousands  
Do'st gracious appear,  
To no man shalt either  
Be welcome or dear :  
Which, when thou perceivest,  
Thy Life, unto Thee  
Vnpeacefull, diseasfull,  
And lothsome will be.  
No pow'r of our,  
This Judgement can shun ;  
Till duly, and truly  
Our Duties be done.  
15 Thy Lusts, and thy Pleasures,  
(Yet, hard to forgoe )  
Will leave thee, and leave thee,  
In sorrow and woe.  
And, then, in what pleasure  
Content canst thou have ?  
Of what Rest, be possessest,  
But a desolate Grave ?  
Youths Folly, unholy  
Learn, therefore, to shun,  
And ever persevere  
In what should be done.  
16 For, when this Lifes vapours  
Are breathed away,

I

Thy

Thy Flesh, new so cherish'd  
 Will rot into clay.  
 And, thy best beloved  
 Thy Body may throw,  
 Where none, thereupon,  
 Compassion bestow.  
 Then, leaving, deceiving  
 Contentments to tast,  
 Prevent and Repent  
 What affected thou hast.  
 17 A worse thing remaineth,  
 Then, yet, hath been said;  
 If reall Amendment  
 Too long be delai'd.  
 The pains which hereafter,  
 On Sinners attend,  
 Last ever, and ever,  
 And, never have end.  
 Then approving, and loving,  
 The Truth, I have fung,  
 Remember thy Maker,  
 Ev'n whil'st thou art yong.

---

 HYMN LXXXVIII.

For our Benefactors.

*We are hereby put in mind to consider why God is  
 otherwhile pleas'd to make us beholding to the cha-  
 rity of other men for necessary things; and God is  
 here*



*here pray'd also for this providence, and pray'd to  
reward our Benefactors.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

WHEN we have all things of our own,  
Whereby our Wants may be suppli'd;  
Much carlesnes is often shown,  
And, far lesse thankfulness then pride.

More humble, therefore, me to make;  
(And that I more discreet may grow)  
Things needfull, I somtimes do lack,  
Till others them on me bestow.

2 And when my temper, LORD, I heed,  
(Though Flesh and Blood thereat repine)  
I find that I did greatly need  
This loving providence of thine.

Yea, peradventure, if lesse poore,  
In outward things I had been made;  
I, other waies, had wanted more,  
And much lesse comfort might have had.

3 I thank thee, therefore, that my share,  
Thou hast committed to their Trust,  
Who so good husbands of it are,  
And, in their *Stewardship* so just.

Preserve them, LORD, for ever such;  
And, as my Comforters they be,  
So, when they need, be thou as much  
To them, as they have been to me.

4 Their liberality repay  
With such endowments of the mind,

I 2

And

And such Contentments, ev'ry way,  
That, they true Bleffednes may find.

And, L O R D, of thine especial grace,  
This, pleased be, likewise to grant ;  
That, I in *Vertues*, may possesse,  
What, I in things-externall, want.

## H Y M N L X X X I X.

## A Hymn against Pride.

*Pride is one of the spirituall-wickednesses, which  
aspires to high-places ; and is most dangerous, be-  
cause it usually enters when the house is cleansed  
from the grosser corruptions that pollute the Flesh.  
If this Charme be not strong enough to expell it,  
use Prayer and Fasting.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

**B**Eware my Heart, thou cherish not  
This high aspiring Sin,  
By which that *Devill* was begot,  
Who brought all mischiefs in.  
For, first by *Pride* those *Angels* fell,  
Who (not with Heav'n content)  
Inhabit, now the *Depths of Hell*,  
By Justice, thither sent.  
2 L O R D, thou thy self didst them oppose,  
Who lofty-minded be.

Profest

Profest thou art, a Foe to thofe,  
And, they are Foes to thee.  
Their Pride, therefore, thou do'ft abafe,  
Their Plumes thou pulleft down :  
And fet'ft the *humble* in that place  
From which their Pride is thrown.  
3 My *God* / poffeffion of my heart,  
If this foul *Fiend* hath gain'd,  
(Which I much fear he hath in part,  
Through my default obtain'd)  
Displace him thence, and let that Room,  
Be hallow'd fo by Thee,  
That, he no more may thither come,  
Nor any fuch as he.

---

H Y M N X C.

Againft Feare.

*Feare, is a Paſſion, which being moderated, is very neceſſary : And if it exceed the meane, becomes a Plague depriving of many Comforts ; and beginning our miſeries before their time. This Hymn therefore acquaints us with the nature of this Paſſion, and imploreth aſſiſtance againſt the ſame.*

*Sing this as the 25. Pſalme.*

DVe *Fear*, becomes us well ;  
And God ordain'd the ſame  
I 3 To

To be a faithfull Sentinell,  
 To watch what perils came.  
 A Heart, that feels no Fear  
 Lies ope to many harmes ;  
 And, they that over-fearfull are,  
 Are kil'd by false *Alarm's*.  
 2 L O R D, be thou pleas'd, therefore,  
 My Heart to temper fo,  
 That, I may fear, nor lesse, nor more,  
 Then wise men ought to do.  
 So (being nor amaz'd,  
 Nor dull, through want of Sense)  
 Nought shall omitted be, or caus'd,  
 To hinder my Defence.  
 3 By false, and fervile *Fear*,  
 Afflictions we begin  
 Before their time; and mischiefs rear,  
 Which else had never bin.  
 Yea, what might wear away,  
 Or, be with ease endur'd ;  
 Growes thereby, more then beare we may,  
 And, hardly to be cur'd.  
 4 For, when the heart of Man  
 Is, once thereby possesst,  
 No mortall Pow'r expell it can,  
 Or give that Party rest.  
 Thy Pow'r, oh L O R D, above,  
 Can from this Tirant save;  
 That, me therefore, he ceaze not on,  
 Thine Aid, alone, I crave.

H Y M N

## HYMN XCI.

## Against Despaire.

*Sometime good Christians (though not overcome of  
such an evill) are strongly tempted unto Despaire.  
Therefore, that such as feel any motions, this way,  
may be warned and assisted, to resist the Devill in  
his first attempts, inclining to this hellish Passion;  
We prepared this Hymn.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**V**hat hellish Doubt / what cursed Fear,  
 Vnto my Conscience to appear?  
 And threats me for my Sins?  
 In me methinks I fomwhat feel,  
 My heart, oppressing so,  
 That *Faith* and *Hope* begin to reel,  
 And faint my *Spirits* grow.  
 2 Assist me, LORD / for I perceive  
 My *Ghostly-Foe* intends  
 Of that *Assurance* to bereave,  
 Whereon my Soul depends.  
 He whispers to my troubled mind,  
 Suggestions of *Despaire*;  
 And, sayes, I shall no mercy find,  
 Though I to thee repair.

I 4

3 But

3 But all untruth in him is found,  
     And *Truth* it selfe doth say ;  
 That, Thou in *Mercy* dost abound  
     And hearest those that pray.  
 Oh ! hear me, L O R D ! oh hear me now,  
     And (since my G O D, thou art)  
 Against *Despaire*, enable Thou,  
     My much oppressed heart.

4 Say to my Soul, thou art her Friend,  
     Her Comfort, and her Aide.  
 From those Distresses me defend,  
     Which make me now afraid.  
 For, weake, and sick, and faint, alas !  
     My *Faith* begins to be ;  
 And L O R D, without thy saving-grace,  
     There is no hope for me.

5 My *Sinns* before my face appear,  
     In their most lothfome Dresse,  
 My *Conscience* tells me *when*, and *where*,  
     And *how* I did transgresse.  
 Thy *Law* declares, what for my sins,  
     Thy *Justice* did foredoome ;  
 And, *Sathan* layes a thousand Gins,  
     That snar'd, I may become.

6 That *Hell* which in my soule I find,  
     Is to my friends unknowne.  
 The world her owne affaires doth mind  
     And leaves me oft alone ;  
 And, but that I to Thee, as yet,  
     Remember to repaire.

My

My Passions would in me beget  
A mercileffe Despaire.  
7 Preserve, oh LORD ! preserve in me,  
(And all men, thus opprest )  
A hopefull heart to seek from thee,  
Our much desired Rest.  
And, still, when *Satan* snares doth lay,  
To work our overthrow,  
Still, frustrate what he doth assay ;  
And, stronger make us grow.

---

H Y M N X C I I.

VWhen Oppressors and wicked men flourish.

*Many Godly men (as was David) are much troubled  
and offended to see Tyrants and wicked persons  
prosper in the world, to the oppressing of Innocents,  
&c. Therefore this Hymn is provided to comfort  
such ; and to preserve them patient in times of Op-  
pression.*

**M**Y heart, why art thou sad ?  
VVhy art thou pierced thorow ?  
And wherefore art thou Joylesse made,  
By causelesse *Fear* and *Sorrow* ?  
Or why should'st thou repine,  
(As helplesse, and unblest )  
Because in *Honours* Orbe, they shine,  
By whom thou art oppressed ?

I 5

2 VVhat

2 What though thou hast perceiv'd  
 That Ryot, Pride, and Folly,  
 Have of their needfull dues bereav'd  
 Endeavours Good, and Holy?  
 And, what though thou observe  
 Vnworthy men cennobled?  
 When they which better things deserve,  
 Are for well-doing troubled?

3 Thereat, repine thou not;  
 Nor this vain Fancie cherish;  
 That *Righteousnes*, is quite forgot,  
 Because the wicked flourish.  
 But, with a constant mind,  
 In *doing-well* persevere;  
 And, profit, thou, e're long shalt find  
 In thy upright endeavour.

4 The *Righteous* for a space,  
 By troubles are depressed;  
 That, so, the precious Fruits of Grace,  
 May be the more increased.  
 And, carnall men obtain,  
 The Portions they have chused;  
 That, they, at last, may know with pain,  
 What Blessings they refused.

5 To seek, thou shalt not need,  
 By searching Times preceding,  
 Or ghesse what will on them succeed,  
 By hear-say, or by Reading:  
 For, if thou patient be,  
 By *Sight* shall proof be gained,

In



In more, then *One, or Two, or Three*)  
What is for such ordain'd.  
6 *Perdition*, they bestride ;  
Yet can they not perceive it :  
Therefore, Good-Counsell they deride,  
And, injure them who give it.  
For which, ev'n in their height,  
Of Glories, and of Pow'r,  
They see their Hope, destroyed quite,  
And perish't in one hou'r.  
7 This day (like *Phar'ohs* Hoast :  
(Poore harmles men pursuing)  
Of their large pow'rs they proudly boast,  
No sign of terror shewing.  
Anon (with fear enough)  
They feel their kingdome falling.  
Their *Plumes*, and *Charriot-Wheels* fly off,  
And, they in mud, are sprawling.  
8 Then, vexe no more my heart,  
Because a Tyrant thrive.  
And, that whil'st thou oppressed art,  
Thy Foe, in Honour liveth.  
But, thine own waies observe ;  
And, so let them be fram'd,  
That whatsoever some deserve,  
We may remain unblam'd.  
9 For what will it availe,  
In Courfes to perfever ;  
Whereby men Joy but for a while,  
And then lament for ever ?

Or

Or, why should he complaine  
 Who, for a scratch, procureth  
 That health and fastie to obtaine,  
 Which evermore eudureth ?

## H Y M N X C I I I.

For remission of a particular Sin.

*This penitential-Ode expresseth a hearty and  
 passionate sorrow, for a particular sin, with an  
 humble, and earnest desire of pardon ; and is offered  
 to help stirre up those affections, when occasion is  
 offered.*

O H L O R D ! in sorrow and distresse,  
 To thee, I now draw neer;  
 My late offences to confesse,  
 In humble hope, and fear.

Mine Errors,	That, to Thee
With Terrors,	Or, fro Thee,
Perplexe,	I know
And vexe	Not how
Me fo	To go.

2 But, having heard, and often found,  
 That, thou art he, in whom  
 Compassion, alwaies doth abound ;  
 To sue for Grace, I come.

Nor chide thou,	But hear me,
Nor hide thou,	And clear me;
	Thy

Thy Face	Now I
Or Grace	Thus cry
From me.	To thee.
3 Till fully pleas'd with me thou art;	
And till I may obtaine	
A Look to re-assure my heart,	
That, thou art pleas'd again :	
Nor Treasure,	But, double
Nor pleasure,	The Trouble
Will ease	Which made
Or please	Me sad
Me more.	Before.
4 What needst Thou LORD, prolong thy	
To barr me of my Rest? (wrath	
Enough, a guiltie conscience hath,	
My Torments to encrease.	
It fmites me,	Releeve me ;
It frights me,	And, give me
Oh LORD,	Thy peace,
Afforde	To cease
Releefe.	My Griefe.
5 I have too often heretofore,	
Been many wayes to blame ;	
And, have obtained, evermore,	
Remission for the same.	
Yea, wholly,	When blamed,
And fully,	And shamed,
Thou hast	I might
Releas't	( By right )
My Sin ;	Have bin.

6 Yet

6 Yet LORD, Forgive ; forgive againe,  
 Though I unworthy be:  
 For, *Mercy* doth to thee pertaine,  
 As much as *wrath* to me.  
 Remit thou,                   The greater  
 Forget thou                   The debter  
     My crime,                   Thy praise  
     This time,                  Hee'l raise  
 Therefore.                   The more.

## HYMN XCIII.

For Remission of sin in generall.

*This Hymn is a brief confession of sin, and a prayer for pardon for the same. And it was prepared, to assist their devotion who need such helps ; and to be a Remembrancer to those who need them not.*

*Sing this as the.22. Psalme.*

HOW many LORD! how foule! how great!  
 Do my offences grow?  
 How have I multipl'd the debt,  
 Which unto Thee I owe?  
 Though ev'ry day, thou dost forgive,  
 And wipe great Summs away,  
 Yet, ev'ry day, I do perceive  
 New Summs, new Scores to pay.

2 A

2 A *Debt* my *Parents* left on me,  
Which ( far ) my *Stock* exceeds :  
And, though it pardned were by Thee,  
Much *Trouble*, still, it breeds.  
For, thence, my *flesh* occasion takes,  
That *Fancies* to admit ;  
Which, of those *Longings*, guiltie makes,  
That *Active-Sins*, beget.

3 And, when a *Sin* is once begun,  
That sin brings others on,  
The punishments or shame, to shun,  
Which follow'd thereupon :  
Till so encreast *Offences* are,  
And, *Grace* defaced so  
That we have neither *Shame* nor *Fear*,  
Nor sense, of what we do.

4 LORD, that my *Sins* may never come,  
To this accursed height ;  
And, at the last, exclude me from  
Thy *Grace*, and *Favour*, quite  
I come to Thee ( while *Time* I have,  
And *Leave*, and *heart* to pray )  
Discharge, for all those faults to crave,  
Wherein I walke astray.

5 By *nature*, so unfound, and base,  
My *State*; my *Tenures* be ;  
That, for a new estate of *Grace*,  
I, now, petition Thee.  
Ev'n that which my *Redeemer* bought ;  
And sealed with his *Blood*.

For

For though my other *Deeds* be nought,  
     This *Deed*,I know,is good.

6 This *Deed* I plead ; and by this *Deed*,  
     Would that *Estate* renew,  
 Which through my *Deeds*,is forfeited,  
     Vnlesse,Thou Favour shew.

L O R D, now,and whenfoe're I shall  
     Plead,what is mention'd now :

With a *Release of Errors*,all,  
     My *Plea*,do thou allow.

7 I guilty am,of many Crimes,  
     Which I did fore-intend :  
 And,twenty thousand,Thousand Times,  
     I heedlesly offend :

But,since *my self* I do condemn,  
     And seek my *Peace* in Thee ;

Oh ! let compassion cover them,  
     That,they condemn not me.

8 Blot all my Sins out of the *Book*,  
     By my *Accusers* writ.

Vpon my Follies do not look ;  
     My youthfull Crimes remit.

My publike Faults remember not ;  
     My Secret Failings, hide :

And,let not Mercy be forgot,  
     Thy Servant,though thou chide.

9 Yea,though small-feeling of my Sins,  
     My *Fleshy-Nature* hath,

Till she by some event begins  
     To feel, or fear thy wrath :

Yet,

Yet, since, in *Spirit*, I am fill  
Lamenting for the same,  
Impute not unto me that *Ill*,  
For which, I merit blame.

---

H Y M N X C V.

Against the *World*, the *Flesh*, and the *Devill*,

*This Hymn craveth assistance against the World,  
the Flesh, and the Devill, our most pernicious  
Adversaries: And perhaps the devout use thereof  
may be a means to make us become so heedfull of  
their Natures, that their Temptations may be  
the better avoided.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**B**Left *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
One **G O D**, in *Persons-three*,  
VVhat is there, whereof man can boast?  
Except thy *Love* it be?  
And, save this *Anti-trinitie*,  
The *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devill*,  
VVhat Foe, on our *Humanitie*,  
Hath pow'r to bring an *Evill*?  
2 Those, though on them, three *Names* they  
(And, things *Distinct* appear) (take  
Do but one *Perfect-evil* make,  
And, *Fellow-workers* are.

For,

For, take but *One* of them away,  
 And, then, the other *two*,  
 Accomplish not, what else, they may  
 By their *damn'd-Vnion*, do.

3 To curb the *Flesh*, and to controule  
 The *World*, and all things there,  
 Was no great hardshipp to the *Soul*,  
 Till *Satan* did appear.  
 Yea, *Satan*, and the *World* had plaid  
 Their pranks on Man, in vain ;  
 Had they not by his *Flesh* assaid,  
 Their purpose to obtain.

4 Without that wanton *Dalilah*,  
 (Our nearest dearest kin)  
 Their cunning is not worth a Straw,  
 Their hoped prize to win.  
 And, if she may, by Grace, be brought  
 Her Falshoods to repent,  
 The other *two*, shall harme us nought,  
 What ever they invent.

5 LORD, Arme us by thy *Triple-pow'r* ;  
 So, charme us by thy *Grace* ;  
 So watch their practise ev'ry hou'r,  
 (In ev'ry secret place)  
 That, they may no Advantage have  
 To take us in their Gin ;  
 To fright, to mischief, or deceive,  
 By tempting us to Sin.

6 The *World* reform, the *Devill* restrain,  
 The *Flesh* so mortifie ;

That,



That, we the Blisse may re-obtain,  
From which, they put us by.  
Let not our *Frailties*, or the Spight  
Of our malicious *Foe*,  
Act more against us, then thy *Might*,  
And *Love*, shall for us do.  
7 But, since that *Grace* from thee proceeds,  
Which doth renew our *Will* ;  
L O R D, ripen it, into those *Deeds*,  
Which thy Commands fulfill.  
At least, let this our *Willingnes*,  
Accepted be so well ;  
That, thy Imputed Righteousnes,  
Our Failings may conceal.

---

H Y M N X C V I.

Against Sin, and the first suggestions  
thereunto.

*This Hymn putteth us in mind to kill the Cocatrice  
in the Egge, and not to give willing way to the  
least appearances, or beginnings of evill, lest, an un-  
resistable Deluge of Sin, break in upon us.*

*Sing this as the former.*

T A K E heed, my Heart, how thou let in,  
(With approbation or Delight) The

The first Suggestions unto Sin.

Or, count the smallest *Error*, sleight.

For, Entrance if that ever shall

Vnto those *Vipers* heads permit ;

(Without perchance ) their Bodies all

Soon after, in, with ease will get.

2 If *Avarice* begin to sprout,

(Though first it crave but needfull things )

The Root and Branch it will put out,

From whence all Sin, and mischief springs.

And, they who, at the first, had thought

A Competence alone to crave ;

To vast Desires, at last are brought :

And, know not when enough they have.

3 With *wanton Thoughts*, if thou shalt play,

(Though thou as Good as *David* art )

Adulteries, and Murthers, may

Obtain possession of thy heart.

For, *Lustfull-musings* will proceed

To *words-unclean* ; and they do soon

Alure to ev'ry lothsome *Deed*,

Which by Vnchastity is done.

4 If *Sloth* begin on us to ceaze,

At first, perhaps, it will pretend,

But to desire, a needfull ease,

The tired *Body* to befriend.

Yet, if unheedfull we shall grow,

We peradventure, may e're long,

Or lose, or hide, or misbestow,

Our Talents, to our *Masters* wrong.

5 Moreover,

5 Moreover,if we take not care  
Aright,our *Liberties* to use ;  
The *Creatures*,which our hearts may chear,  
We,to our mischief shall abuse.  
For,he whose Robes are alwaies gay,  
Doth probably oppresse the more ;  
And,He that feasteth ev'ry day,  
VVill give but little to the poore.  
6 VVhen to be *Froward*,we begin,  
A slender fault we reckon that :  
Yet,*Anger* thereby,enters in ;  
And,somtime *Anger* lets in *Hate*.  
From *Hate*,we quickly do commence,  
Malicioufly inclin'd to be ;  
And,may become,by that offence,  
Offenders,in the high'st Degree.  
7 If we our *Brethrens* gifts envy,  
We may (as *Josephs* brethen did )  
Our own Indowments lose thereby :  
And,from bad things,to worfe proceed.  
Yea,those *Affections* which restrain'd  
VVithin their Bounds Praise-worthy be,  
Let loose,or overflackly rain'd  
May by degrees,our mischief be.  
8 Therefore,my Soul,*fast,watch* and *pray*,  
The *Sins* and *Engines* to avoid,  
VVhich to intrap thee,in the way  
Thine Adversary hath imploy'd.  
And take thou heed,thou let not in,  
VVith approbation,or delight,

The

The first Allurements unto Sin ;  
Or, count the smallest Error sleight.

---

## H Y M N X C V I I.

When our Fancies affright us, with Illusions, or  
dreadfull Apparitions.

*Though few are disposed to sing, when they are terrified with fearfull Visions ; yet, some have that Christian Stoutness; and they who attain not to it, may perhaps be strengthened by meditating this Charme, either amidst their Terrors, or before they appeare.*

**B**lessè me, oh G O D ! and be thou near  
To help me at this dreadfull hou'r.  
My Heart confirm against my Fear,  
And, guard me by thy *Saving pow'r*.  
I feel my *Flesh* begins to quake ;  
But, thou my Spirit strengthened hast ;  
My Heart in Thee doth Courage take ;  
Vnto thy Grace, it cleaveth Fast.  
Whereof, since I assured am,  
My *Foe*, thus charge I, in thy *Name*.  
2 Foul *Fiend* avoid, and carry hence,  
Those vain Impostures, wherewithall  
Thou seekest to delude my *Sense*,  
And bring my *Reason* into thrall.

The

The *Father, Son, and Holy-ghost,*  
(One blessed G O D, in *Persons three*)  
Whose Favour, justly, thou hast lost,  
Commands thy absence, now by me.

Depart, and for thy frightfull shoves,  
Expresse his wrath unto his Foes.

3 By that great G O D, who did not scorn  
Our *Nature* ; but the same hath took :  
By *Him*, that of a *Maid* was born ;  
By *Him*, whose pow'r thy head hath broke :

By *Him*, that for my Ranfome di'de ;  
By *Him*, that conquer'd *Death, and Hell* ;  
By *Him*, who now is glorifi'd,  
Where all the blessed *Holies* dwell :

By *Him*, I charge that thou forbear  
To Harm, or put my Heart in Fear.

4 Depart with all those *Bug-bear Sighs,*  
Whereby thou dost abuse our Sense,  
Depart, with all the curfed Sleights,  
Whereby thou givest us offence.  
Depart, with all those craftie Gins,  
Whereby thy malice doth assay,  
To tempt us to those damned Sins,  
Which, to destruction, are the way.

Depart thou to thy *Heards of Swine* ;  
And, trouble thou, nor me, nor mine.

H Y M N

## HYMN XCVIII.

For one that hears himself much praised.

*As Praise is a spur to Vertue; so it may poison us with pride, and puffe us up with selfe-conceit, if it be not warily and modestly entertained. Therefore, this Hymn, sheweth with what musings, we should prevent such effects, when we are commended.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

MY Sins, and Follies, LORD, by thee,  
 From others hidden are,  
 That, such good words are spoke of me,  
 As, now and then I hear:  
 For sure if others knew me such,  
 Such as *my Self*, I know;  
 I should have bin disprais'd as much  
 As I am praised, now.

2 By me, some Good, perhaps hath bin  
 Perform'd in publike view:  
 But, what corruptions are within,  
 Asham'd I am to shew.

My brutish Lusts, my secret Pride,  
 My Follies, yet unshown;  
 (Which from thy sight, I cannot hide)  
 To others, are unknown;

3 The *Praise*, therefore, which I have heard  
 Delights not so my mind,

As

As those things make my heart afeard,  
Which in my self I find.  
And, I had rather to be blam'd,  
So I were blameles made,  
Then for much Vertue to be fam'd,  
When I no Vertues had.  
4 Though Slanders to an Innocent;  
Sometimes do bitter grow,  
Their bitternes procures content,  
If clear himself he know.  
And when a vertuous man hath err'd;  
If prais'd himself, he hear,  
It makes him grieve, and more afeard,  
Then if he flandred were.  
5 LORD, therefore, make my *Heart* upright,  
What e're my *Deeds* do seem ;  
And, righteous rather, in thy fight;  
Then in the World's esteem :  
And, if ought good appear to be  
In any Act of mine ;  
Let thankfulnes be found in me,  
And, all the praise be thine.

---

H Y M N X C I X.

For one being Slandred.

*Herein the bitternesse of a slanderous Tongue is perfectly illustrated, and the party griev'd is put in mind to whom he should seek for comfort ; and by what means he may be best comforted in such an Affliction.*

K

Sing

*Sing this as the former.*

SO sharp and bitter be the wrongs  
 Which I do now, sustain  
 By slanderous and malicious Tongues,  
 That, needs I must complaine.  
 The keenest *Razour* cuts not so:  
 The *Vipers* poyfnd sting,  
 If that it be compar'd thereto,  
 Will seeme a harmlesse thing.  
 2 For, these can but the Body slay;  
 The other (more to blame)  
 Therewith, oft likewise, takes away,  
 The life of honest Fame.  
 Yea, many times it makes a *Saint*,  
 Impatient to appear;  
 And, in his Trials, almost faint,  
 Their stinging words to hear.  
 3 How then oh *God!* how can I chuse,  
 But fear, or faint out-right?  
 When slanderous Tongues my name abuse  
 Through malice and despight?  
 Since, though of that, I guiltlesse am,  
 Which to my charge they lay;  
 My Conscience finds I was to blame  
 As much, another way.  
 4 LORD, hide me from their bitter Tongues,  
 Els, hidden let me be  
 From mine own Self, and from the wrongs  
 Which have been done by me.  
 For,



For, I confesse, that, now and then,  
(In earnest or in Jest)  
I utter things of other men,  
Not fit to be exprest.  
5 Sometime, through lightnesse, I relate,  
What *Love* would not reveal ;  
And pleased am, to here out that,  
Which Malice, loves to tell.  
Nay, more then *once*, or *twice*, (I fear)  
Through Envie, I have spoke,  
Invicious things, which doubtfull were,  
And, up, on Trust, were tooke.  
6 Repay not LORD, my Guiltinesse,  
According to defart ;  
Since, now, mine errors I confesse,  
With true repenting heart.  
But, let the *sanders* and disgrace,  
Which causelesse, *He* did bide,  
Who by no Sin defiled was ;  
My Shame, and Follies hide.  
7 So, by his meeke *Example* taught,  
And, by his *justice* clear'd ;  
These Rumors I shall set at naught,  
Which I have greatly fear'd :  
And, rather labour to retain  
Vprightnesse, in my wayes,  
Then, care to take, what *Fooles* will fame ;  
Or, what a *Villain* sayes.

## HYMN C.

For one delivered from deserved *Shame*.

*It is not one of the least Mercies to be delivered from open Shame, as appears by those, who have heaped one Sin upon another, and at last laid violent hands on themselves, to avoid Shame. Therefore, we ought to be more thankfull for this Favour, and to remember us thereof, this Hymn is tendred.*

*Sing this as the 25. Psalme.*

**H**Ad not, oh LORD, thy Grace,  
 Vouchsafe'd my *Vaile* to be,  
 Shame and confusion of my Face,  
 Had overwhelmed me.  
 For, though thy *Mercies* hid  
 The Follies, I have wrought ;  
 I do confesse, those things I did  
 Which me to Shame had brought.  
 2 For, sometimes, all alone,  
 Sometimes, with others, too  
 Those wicked things, by me are done,  
 Which few suspect I do.  
 Nay, otherwhile, perchance,  
 Of Crimes I guiltie am,  
 Where by, my credit I advance,  
 Whil'st others bear the blame.

3 Just

3 Just cause have I to grieve  
 That by my secret Sin,  
 I those deceive, who do believe  
 My hands have cleaner bin.  
 And, though my Fault none know;  
 Thereat I am so griev'd;  
 That, I the *Shame* could undergo,  
 From *Guilt*, to be repriev'd.  
 4 But, doubtles, to reveal  
 What thou do'st overpasse;  
 And, what thy Mercy doth conceal,  
 Were to despise thy Grace.  
 Therefore, I doe accept,  
 (With meek, and thankfull heart)  
 The Credit, thou for me hast kept,  
 Beyond my due Defart.  
 5 And for thy Favour-sake  
 Vouchsaf'd, in this to me;  
 I will more heed, hereafter, take  
 How, clear I ought to be.  
 Oh! help me to fulfill,  
 This purpose of my mind;  
 And, though I fail to do thy *Will*,  
 LORD, fail not to be kind.

## HYMN CI.

For one whose Beautie is much praised.

*Beautie is a temporarie Blessing, which bringeth advantages and disadvantages, according to their disposition, who possesse it. Therefore this Hymn remembers those, who are beloved or commended, for that endowment; so to behave themselves, that God may receive glory thereby, and that it may not become harmfull to themselves, or others.*

*Sing this as the Magnificat.*

I Well perceive, that GOD hath limb'd  
 My brittle *Body*, so,  
 And, so my *Face* with Features trim'd,  
 That, thanks, therefore, I owe :  
 For, though myself to overprize,  
 I, apt enough may be ;  
 Yet, what I am, (by others eies)  
 I, somewhat rightly, see.  
 2 I do confesse, it cheeres my minde,  
 That, I those Beauties have,  
 Whereby my Self below'd I finde,  
 Where love, my heart would crave :  
 And, I suspect the grief had been  
 Too great for me to bear,  
 Had I my self, so loathed seen,  
 As, oft, my Betters are.

3 There-

3 Therefore, my G O D / I were too blame  
 If Thee I praied not,  
 For making me, the same I am ;  
 And, pleased with my Lot.  
 It is no blessing of the least :  
 Nor unbeseems it me  
 That, thus in private, I confesse,  
 What I receiv'd from Thee.

4 For *Beautie*, is an *Oratour*,  
 Which pleads with so much grace,  
 That, to prevaile, it hath a pow'r,  
 Almost, in ev'ry place.  
 It creeping through the *Lovers* eies,  
 Takes *prisoner*, now and than,  
 A greater, and a fairer prize,  
 Then *Wealth*, and *Wisdom*e can.

5 I boast of no such *Braves* as these ;  
 But, this I truly say,  
 It makes me with more Joy, and ease,  
 To passe my Youth away.  
 And, yet, I know, tis but a *Flowre*,  
 Now, faire to look upon ;  
 And, in the compasse of an houre,  
 Defaced quite, and gone.

6 L O R D, give me grace to prize it so,  
 (And neither more nor lesse)  
 As wisdom would ; and hallow, too,  
 The Features I possesse ;  
 That, I may minde how fraile, and thin,  
 Those outward *Beauties* are,

K 4

Which

Which reach not half way through the skin ;  
Nor long continue there.

7 My Reason, teach thou, to apply  
Her utmost pow'r, and wit,

Mine *Inside*, so to beautify,  
That, I thy love may get.

Let me not proudly tyrannize,  
Where I lov'd shall be ;

Nor those discomfort, or despise,  
Who less adorned be.

8 Let not my *Beauties* be a mean  
Mine own base Lufts to feed ;

Nor others tempt, to an unclean,  
Or an uncomely deed.

But, make my Conversation such,  
Oh LORD ! (I thee implore)

That, they, who like my *Beauty*, much,  
May love my *Vertues*, more.

9 So, when my *Fleshy Form* doth fade,  
I shall not grieve my Heart,

That, things, but for a season made,  
In their due *Time* depart.

But, I shall rather joyfull grow,  
To feel my *Soul* put on

That, which, will make a fairer show,  
Then *Flesh* and *Blood* have done.

H Y M N







Part. I. Hymn CIII. 203  
And, fully beautifide appear,  
In all beholders eyes.

---

H Y M N C I I I.

For one Legally censured, whether  
justly or unjustly.

*This Hymn instructeth us to beare patiently our Legall censures, whether justly or unjustly pronounced; because to Godward, we are alwaies offenders, though sometimes we are unjustly condemned by Men.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme.*

W H Y should my heart repine at those,  
By whom I cenfur'd am?  
Why should I take them as my Foes,  
By whom I suffer blame?  
Were they lesse Just, and, I more cleare,  
Yet, Righteous were my doome;  
Since, greater plagues deserved are,  
Then are upon me come.  
2 If G O D should bring my secret Crimes,  
And all my faults to fight;  
My *Censure* doubled fortie times,  
Were fiftie times, too light.  
And, therefore, I with patience bear  
The pain upon me brought:  
And, will hereafter, more beware  
To do the things I ought.

3 For

3 For whether they who urg'd the *Lawes*,  
     Vpright or partiall were,  
 They are not, LORD, th'*Efficient-cause*,  
     Of that, which I do bear.  
 They are but *Instruments* for Thee,  
     Thy righteous *Will*, to doe.  
 I pardon *Them*. To *them*, and *me*,  
     Vouchsafe thy pardon too.

*If the party be guilty, let this following verse be sung  
 next after the second verse.*

L O R D, I confesse, I have abus'd  
     Thy Justice and thy grace ;  
 And, was deserv'dly accus'd,  
     For what, condemn'd I was.  
 Yet, since my Faults I doe repent,  
     Accepted let me be :  
 And, having born the punishment,  
     The Guilt forgive to me.

*If the party be guiltlesse, let this last verse be left out,  
 and this repeated in stead thereof.*

I am not guiltie of the Deed  
     For which accus'd I stood :  
 Yet, of *Correction*, I had need,  
     And, this may do me good.  
 Affliction is not sent in vain ;  
     Nor, cauflesly begins ;  
 But, strives to keep off greater pains,  
     Or, to prevent some Sins.

H Y M N

## HYMN CIIII.

After a great Loffe.

*We are hereby remembered to take our Losses patiently,  
considering that we deserve not that which is left :  
and (trusting in Gods providence and love) we  
leave all things to his good pleasure, without repi-  
ning.*

*Sing this as, In sad and Ashie weeds.*

**T**He Talents we possesse,  
By G O D's free bountie, we enjoy,  
And, he doth curfe or bleffe,  
As, *Well*, or *All*, we them employ.  
He gives and takes,  
As best it makes  
To further his intents.  
And, to fulfill  
His blessed *Will*,  
Each faithfull Soul assents.  
2 In part, I am bereft  
Of what his Love on me bestow'd :  
And, yet, in what is left,  
Great Favour, he to me hath show'd.  
For, if my Store  
Should be no more  
Then my deserts have been.  
One in distresse  
More comfortlesse,  
On earth should not be seen.

3 Which

3 Which when my heart well weighs,  
 There is no grudging in my mind :  
 But, G O D I rather praise  
 For what remaineth yet behind,  
     Yea, though for all,  
     He please to call,  
 I'll freely let it go ;  
     And trust, that He  
     (As need shall be)  
 Will usefull things bestow.  
 4 Thus am I now enclin'd  
 To me oh G O D ! assistance grant,  
     That, I may keep this mind,  
 And, thee to friend, in ev'ry want.  
     So, whether I,  
     Sit low, or high,  
 Or, shall be poore or Rich.  
     It shall not keep  
     Mine eie from sleep,  
 Nor discontent me much.

## H Y M N C V.

For one that is *promoted*.

*We may be made heedfull, and kept mindfull, hereby,  
 from whom Promotion commeth : to what end  
 we should effect it ; and with what humility, and  
 thankfulnessse we should possess it.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalm.*

By

**B**Y his Endeavours no man may  
 His own *Preferment* make;  
 Although, he both an *Eastward-way*,  
 And *Westward-Courfes* take :  
 For, having used all his Art,  
 His longings to obtain ;  
 His *Pow'r*, his *Wifedome*, and *Defart*,  
 Imploy'd may be in vain.  
 2 Ev'n *Kings*, who arethofe *Hils*, from whom,  
*Promotion* feems to flow ;  
 And from whose *Heights*, most *Honours* come,  
 To thofe that are below ;  
 Ev'n they, who (in fupremest place)  
*Preferments* ufe to give ;  
 Can us, nor honour, or difgrace,  
 Till God vouchsafes them leave.  
 3 That, therefore, in this *Place*, I am  
 Whereto, I, late was rais'd ;  
 Who fhould, but **GOD**, from whom it came,  
 For that, by me be prais'd ?  
 To whose renowne fhould I my *Place*,  
 And new-got pow'r imploy ?  
 But unto His, by whose meer Grace,  
 This Favour, I enjoy ?  
 4 **LORD**, give me wit, both to perceive,  
 And heed (all-times) to take,  
 That, I this *Grace*, did not receive,  
 For mine own Vertue fake :  
 Or, my Ambition to fulfill ;  
 But rather, that I might

The

The better execute thy *Will*,  
 In doing things upright.  
 5 Let not my heart be puffed with pride ;  
 Or, brutishly forget  
 By whom I have bin dignifi'd,  
 And, on this height am fet :  
 But make me for it, ev'ry day,  
 So thankfull unto Thee,  
 That from things earthly climb I may,  
 To those that heav'nly be.

## H Y M N C V I.

When our Hopes are obtained.

*When our Hopes are accomplished we are well pleased thereby ; and yet are seldome thankfull to him, by whom they are obtained ; but ascribe overmuch to our owne wit or Industry. Therefore, to prevent that ingratitude and impiety, this Hymn is rendered.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**M**Y *Hope* ; and those endeavours, now,  
 Which I have us'd therein ;  
 Such good effects begin to shew,  
 As have expected bin,  
 Therefore, my Thoughts, which many waies  
 Were busie to that end,

I

I recollect to sing his praise,  
 Who did my hopes befriend.  
 2 It was not mine own *Strength*, or *Wit*,  
 Whereby the fame I gain'd :  
*Deservings*, which may challenge it,  
 I have not, yet attain'd.  
 For, if my Ill-deserts were weigh'd,  
 With what hath well bin done ;  
 The first would prove ( I am afraid )  
 More heavie, *ten* to *One*,  
 3 It is, oh LORD, of thy meer Grace,  
 That, what I have desir'd,  
 So happily effected was,  
 And, in due time acquir'd.  
 Since thou art pleas'd, it should be so ;  
 Be, likewise pleas'd in this ;  
 That, nothing which thou do'st bestow,  
 May be employ'd amisse.  
 4 And, as my *Vertue* did not win,  
 What is conferr'd on me,  
 So, let me not by any Sin,  
 Thereof deprived be.  
 But, whensoever, by Offence,  
 I, Forfeits thereof make ;  
 Vouchsafe, to give me *Penitence* ;  
 And, me to *Mercy* take.

H Y M N

## HYMN CVII.

When our *Hopes* and *Endeavours* are made void.

*This Hymn informeth, that when God frustrates our common and vain hopes, we should not be discouraged, but rather be thankfull for the comfort they were unto us when we had them ; and learne to fixe our confidence and hope on GOD only.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**A**lthough that *Hope* is frustrate made,  
 Which lately flatter'd me ;  
 I have not lost the Hope I had ;  
 Oh LORD, my GOD in Thee.  
 Nor were those *Hopings* quite in vain,  
 Which now seem wholly void ;  
 For, while in me, they did remain,  
 They kept my mind implor'd.  
 2 By that likewise, which is bereft,  
 I have this knowledge won,  
 That many Comforts may be left,  
 When, some one *Hope* is gone :  
 And, that by *Hopes*, which profit most,  
 Disprofits are acrew'd.  
 (With great difquiet, pains and cost )  
 If not aright purfu'd.

3 He



3 He that will chafe with all his might,  
Each *Hope*, or *new-Desire* ;  
Is like to Him, who in the Night  
Pursues a *wandering-Fire*.  
The last, is like to lose his way,  
(And happy, if no worse)  
The first, if so escape he may,  
Shall find an empty purse.

4 L O R D, grant me still (though few succeed)  
Some *Hopes*, my Heart to please :  
For, to have *Hopes*, of what we need,  
Is, for the Time, an ease.  
Vouchsafe me *Grace*, to know how far,  
Such *Hopes* may trusted be.  
And *wit* likewise, to have a care,  
Their failings harm not me.

5 So, whether they succeed or not,  
This, will to passe be brought,  
That, still some profit will be got,  
Though, lesse then first I fought.  
And, by Degrees, I shall attain,  
To hope in thee, alone.  
Who makest no mans hopes in vain,  
If Thee he trust upon.

H Y M N

---

 H Y M N C V I I I .

For Deliverance from private Danger.

*So many visible and invisible Dangers, we are daily liable unto, that without GOD'S continuall protection, we could be not safe one minute. Therefore, that we may be remembered to be thankfull for our infinite Deliverances, this Hymn, is made a Remembrancer.*

*Sing this as the former.*

A Thousand perils, ev'ry day,  
 Ten thousand, ev'ry night,  
 Are over us, and in our way,  
 Which are not in our sight :  
 And us, didst thou not LORD, inclose,  
 And, for our safeties watch ;  
 Our Earthly, or our Hellish Foes,  
 Our lives, would soon dispatch.  
 2 From one apparant peril now,  
 I have bin lately freed.  
 Because, compassion thou do'st show,  
 In ev'ry time of need :  
 For which (since I no Gift can bring  
 More pleasing unto Thee)  
 A *Song of Praise*, my 'Tongue shall sing ;  
 My Heart, shall thankfull be.

3 Oh !

3 Oh ! let thine Eie be still upon  
 My purpose and my waies ;  
 Left by my Foes I be undone ;  
 Or, by mine own Affayes.  
 For, I confesse, that nothing needs  
 To harme, or work me woe,  
 Save mine own *Follies*, and the *Deeds*,  
 Which, I my self, may do.

## HYMN CIX.

When we are oppressed by extream *Sorrow*.

*When our Souls are much oppressed with Sorrow,  
 we vainly seeke our Consolation in transitorie  
 things ; and they rather more enrage then asswage  
 our Passion, we are hereby therefore, remembred by  
 what means, and by whom, we shall best be com-  
 forted.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**M**Y *Soul*, why do'st thou in my breast,  
 With griefs afflicted grow ?  
 Why are my *Thoughts*, to my unrest,  
 In me, increased so ?  
 And in thy Self, by musings vain,  
 Why do'st thou seek for ease ?  
 Since, thou still more augment'st thy pain,  
 By such like means as these ?  
 2 When *Passion* hath enslav'd thy heart,  
 Why seek'st thou Comfort there ?

VWhen

When thou depriv'd of *Reason* art,  
 What Reas'ning cureth Care?  
 The more thy mind by musing thinks  
 From *Sorrow's* Depths to rise;  
 The further downward still it sinks;  
 The nearer *Hell*, it lies.

3 Let therefore, hence with speed be thrown,  
 Those *Thoughts*, which thee attend.  
 Before, they thither, presse thee down,  
 Whence, no man can ascend.  
 And let on *Him*, thy musings dwell  
 Who (in meer love to Thee)  
 Hath div'd the Depths of *Death* and *Hell*,  
 That thou might'st eased be.

4 The *Sorrows*, he sustain'd, were such,  
 As no mans ever were.  
 His weakest pang, had been to much,  
 For strongest Hearts to bear.  
 His bitter *Passion*, made him sweat,  
 No lesse then drops of Blood:  
 And, *He*, when Suff'rings were most great,  
 Seem'd left of *Man*, and *God*.

5 Yet, was not *He*, as (Thou hast bin)  
 The Cause, of his own woe:  
 But, thy Transgression, and thy Sin,  
 In *Sorrow's* plung'd him so.  
 For shame, therefore bewail thou not  
 The *Scratch* which thee hath pain'd,  
 And leave those mortall wounds forgot,  
 Which He for thee sustain'd.

6 If

- 6 If his Afflictions, thou shalt mind ;  
 Thy griefs, he will regard :  
 And, ease and comfort, thou shalt find,  
 At ev'ry need prepar'd.  
 For, they who thus affected stand,  
 And, cast their cares on him ;  
 Have his compassion still at hand,  
 To help and succour them.
- 7 Sweet *Iesu* ! for thy Passion sake,  
 This Favour shew to me :  
 Out of my heart, the *Sorrowes* take,  
 Which therein raging be.  
 My *Passion* calme ; my *Soul* direct,  
 Her thoughts, on Thee, to place :  
 On my much troubled mind, reflect,  
 The brightnes of thy Face.
- 8 Yea, let *Contrition*, for my Sin.  
 So purge out carnall grief,  
 That, *Joy-cælestiall* may bring in  
 The fulnes of Relief.  
 So, this my *Sorrow* shall but adde  
 A relish to my Joy ;  
 And, cause contentments to be had,  
 Which nothing can destroy.

## HYMN

## HYMN CX.

For Deliverance from *Sorrow*.

*Gods Readinesse to afford Consolation to all that call on him faithfully in their Sorrowes, is here acknowledged. His Deliverance of us from a particular Sorrow is here also confessed, to his praise; and he is prayed to vouchsafe us the Joyes of the holy-Ghost.*

*Sing this as the former.*

EXperiment, I now have had,  
 Of what I oft have heard;  
 That such as over-night are sad,  
 Next Morrow may be cheer'd.  
 For, I that was with Grief oppress'd,  
 And overcharged so,  
 That, I had neither Hope, nor Rest,  
 Light-hearted now do grow.  
 2 My drooping Soul, begins to find  
 My comforts, to increase:  
 Sweet *Hopes* have repossess'd my mind:  
 From Teares, and Sighs, I cease.  
 My mournfull *Odes*, to *Hymns of Praise*,  
 Shall, therefore, changed be;  
 And, I my voice, oh LORD, will raise,  
 In thankfull Sounds, to Thee.  
 3 For,

3 For, Thou hast Cures, for ev'ry Grief:  
Fit Salves for ev'ry pain:  
And, wilt vouchsafe them, due relief,  
Who shall to thee complain.  
To me (who lately did lament )  
A comforter thou art ;  
And, hast a *cheerfull Spirit*, sent  
Into my drooping Heart.  
4 I wish'd for *Death*, and could perceive,  
In *Life*, no hope of ease :  
But, now content I am to live  
Whilst thou, oh LORD, shalt please.  
And in my Songs I will confesse,  
(Whilst I have Tongue to sing )  
That, all the comforts I possesse,  
From Thee, alone, do spring.  
5 That this *new-Joy*, may not be lost,  
Those Joyes vouchsafe to me,  
Which flowing from the *Holy-Ghost*  
To all the Faithfull be.  
So, whatso'ere *externall-Grief*,  
My Pilgrimage attends ;  
I shall *within*, feel that Relief  
In which, all *Sorrow*, ends.

L HYMN

## H Y M N C X I.

For them who are afflicted by the unkind-  
nesses of their Friends.

*To them who are of a gentle nature, this is a very great Affliction; therefore to comfort them who suffer by it; and to take advantage from unkindnesses suffered, to make them sensible of the greater unkindnesses which they offer to Him who suffered for us, this Hymn is prepared.*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

A Las! my Heart, what meanest thou  
With Passion, thus to Ake?  
Thy Friends unkindnesse, wherefore, now,  
So sadly dost thou take?  
Oh! why afflictest thou thy minde,  
For their neglect of Thee;  
Since to thy Self, thou art lesse kinde,  
Then all thy Foes can be.  
2 The Follies, which thy conscience knew  
Thy ruine, would effect;  
With greedinesse, thou dost pursue;  
And, safer waies, neglect.  
And when thy Lovers have advis'd,  
What, to thy weal pertains.  
Their kindnesse, thou hast oft despis'd;  
And skoft them, for their pains.

3 If



3 If they whom thou dost well esteeme  
Have ought unkindly done ;  
Or, if but harsh their words do seem,  
Thy Cause thou dost bemoane.  
Yet, thou forgetst, that thou hast wrong'd  
Affection, far more true ;  
And, One to whom more love belong'd,  
Then to all them, is due.

4 Thou hast a *Friend*, who from thy birth,  
To thee hath faithfull been :  
A better never liv'd on Earth ;  
Nor shall his *Peer* be seen,  
From vile estate, he raised thee  
To that which now thou art ;  
And, by his Death did set thee free,  
When thou condemned wert.

5 To thee, great Favours he did shew,  
No other Meed to finde,  
But, that thy weal thou mightst pursue,  
And, to thy selfe, be kinde.  
To this intent, sweet words he said,  
And, thee, long time did woe ;  
For thee he wept ; and, thee, he pray'd  
Thy Self, not to undoe.

6 Yet, froward, thou to him dost prove,  
Who this Affection shews ;  
Thy *Heart*, thy *Longings*, and thy *Love*  
Thou placest on his *Foes*.  
And, though he daily seek thy good,  
(Thy faults forgiving, still)

L 2

Thou

Thou eat'ft his *Fleſh*, and drink'ft his *Blood*,  
 And, bear'ft him ſmall good will.  
 7 My G O D ! if thus I be to blame  
 (Which juſtly I ſuſpect)  
 No marvell if I grieved, am  
 By thoſe, whom I affect.  
 For why ſhould I from others, looke  
 Firme Love, on earth to finde;  
 Since all my vowes, I oft have broke,  
 To one, ſo truly kinde?  
 8 Sweet J E S U let my flinty heart,  
 More tender waxe to Thee.  
 Of thy Afflictions, and thy ſmart,  
 More feeling grant thou me.  
 Yea, let my Friends unkindneſſe bring,  
 Thoſe Griefs unto my minde,  
 Which did thy heart, with ſorrow ſting,  
 When *Man* did prove unkinde.  
 9 For, when that he who eat thy bread,  
 Thy precious life betray'd :  
 When all thy Servants from thee fled;  
 When *Peter* thee deny'd;  
 And, when thy *Father* hid his face,  
 From Thee, in thy diſtreſſe:  
 Ten Thouſand times more grief it was,  
 Then Tongue ſhall ere expreſſe.  
 10 L O R D, for that great Vnkindneſſe ſake,  
 Which thou didſt then ſuſtaine,  
 Thoſe thoughts to me more eaſie make  
 Which now my heart do pain.

And,

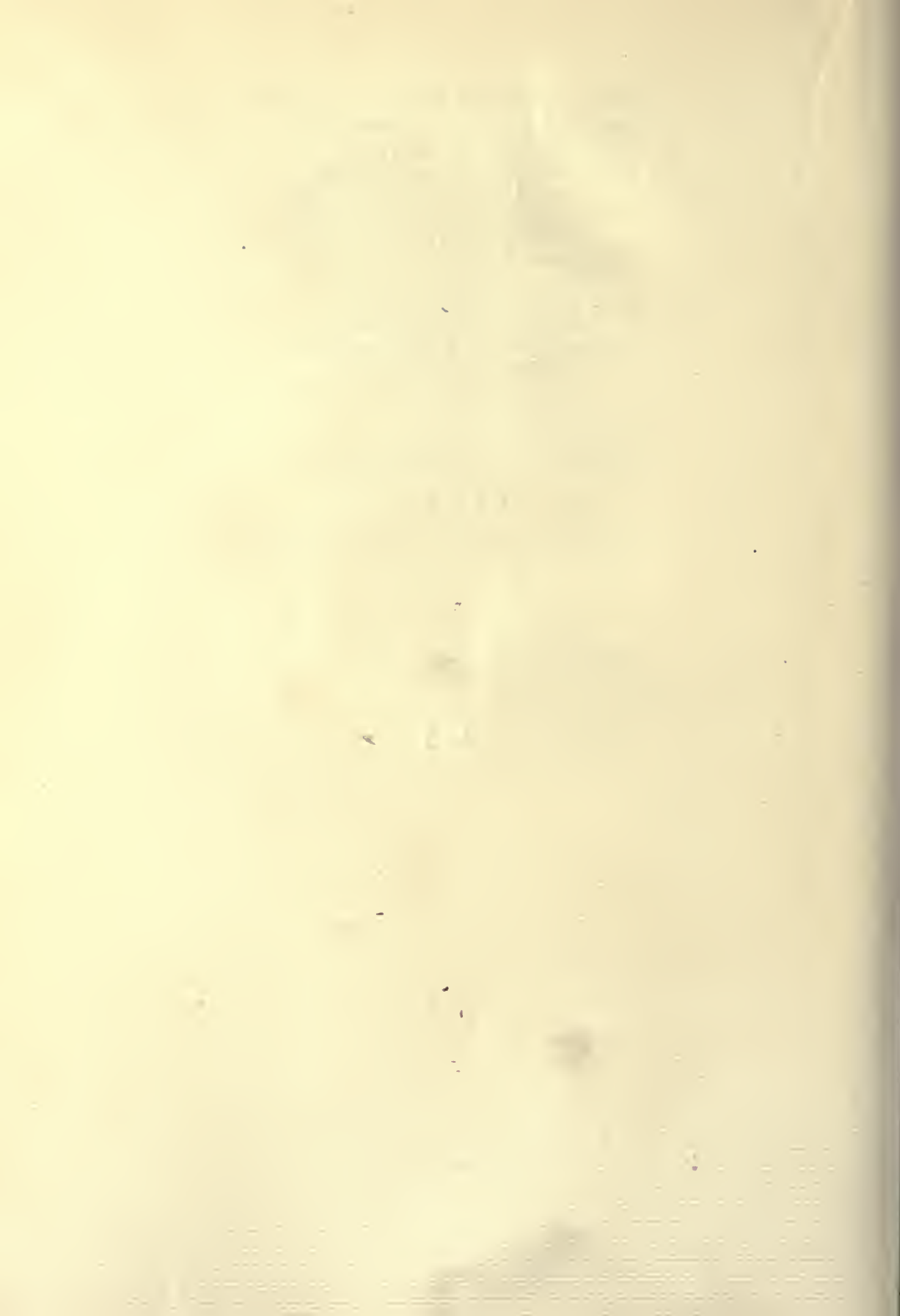
And, since *Earths-best contentments* be  
So bitter, to my Taſt ;  
Teach me, to fixe my heart on thee,  
Whoſe Love, ſtill, firm, doth laſt.  
II For, if our hearts it almoſt breakes  
When friends do prove unkinde ;  
What feeleth he, whom G O D forſakes ?  
What comfort can he finde ?  
L O R D ! that I never may bewaile  
This loſſe ; thy *Love*, ſtill daign ;  
So, though all other Friendſhips faile,  
I ſhall not long complain.

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*F I N I S .*

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L 3



Publications of the Spenser Society

Issue No. 27

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# HALELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer.

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

*PARTS II. and III.*

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

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1879.

# The Spenser Society.

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The third Part, containing *Hymns* Perfonall.

(*Lovvodes*, p. 2966; *Hazlitt*, *Wither*, No. 21.)



## HALELVIAH

OR,

BRITAIN'S second

REMEMBRANCER.

The second Part, consisting  
of *Hymns* Temporary.

The Authors *Protestation, Petition,*  
and *Charge* concerning these  
*Temporary-Hymns.*



Inasmuch as things well intended, and good in their own Nature, may be wilfully perverted, or misunderstood : And, because the great Enemy of *Devotion*, hath from some of these *Hymns* ( heretofore published ) taken occasion, to make them unserviceable to others, and mischievous to me, yea, and so prevailed, that men

L 4 con-

contrary in opinion to each other, have joyned in converting that into a means of my Temporall undoing; which I prepared for the Spirituall profit of others) I do hereby protest, that I neither approve, nor desire to cherish the observation of *Jewish, Popish, or of any other Superstitious Dayes, Times, or Seasons.* But, from the *Dayes and Times*, which in our *Church and Common-wealth*, are warrantably and piously observed, for the furtherance of our *Sanctification* (or for the better, and oftner, *Commemoration* of GODS mercies;) And from those *Daies, and Times* also, whereof generall notice is yeerly taken for *civill* ends, and purposes; I have rather fought and found Opportunities, to root out *Superstition*; and to bring to *Remembrance* M E R C I E S and B E N E F I T S (past, present, and in hope) which ought to be more thankfully considered.

Our Observation of *Daies, Times, and Seasons* in this *Church*, is neither *Jewish* nor *Popish*. And I unfainedly beleeve that  
if

if these Times of *Commemoration* had not been ordained, fewer, by many Thousands, had heard of those *Mercies, Benefits,* and *Mysteries,* which we *Commemorate*: And, *perhaps,* if these *Anniversaries* were neglected, many would quite forget them; and the following Generations, become ignorant of them altogether.

For, our Christian *Festivals,* and other *Observable Times,* do give unto *Vs,* occasion to *tell*; and unto our *Children* the like Occasion to *Aske* why such *Times* are observed: And this was the prime *Intent,* and right use, aswell of those *Jewish Festivals,* which were observed by *Divine Right*; as of the Daies of *PVRIM,* and of such other as were Ordained by *Civil Constitution.* And I am undoubtingly perswaded, that the *Moralitie,* of those *Observations* continues, though their ceremonial part be abrogated, yea I beleeve they are so *exemplary* to us; that we are obliged by their Example to take all pertinent, and Convenient Occasions, (from

L 5.

*Daies,*

*Daies, Times*, and every other good *Opportunity* ) to commemorate *GODS Mercies* and improve our own *Pietie*.

I beseech my *Readers*, therefore, (by the *Band of Christian Charitie*) that these *Meditations* may not be made unprofitable unto them by their prejudicating, or suspecting my Intentions, or the consequences of these *Temporary Hymns*, to be, in any degree, guilty of promoting *Superstitious Observations*. And I charge them by the Feare of *GOD*, and as they will answer it before his *Judgement-Seat*, that they make not these *Meditations* unserviceable to others, by begetting, (through unjust Censures) doubts, or scruples in weake, and Devout *Christians*, without Cause.

GEO. WITHER.

H Y M N

## H Y M N I.

For the Day-present, or the Last-Day.

*The last shall be first, and the first shall be last. For as the Day-present, is the first of those that are to come; So it is the last of those which are past; and, may be to us, the last Day of all. We have therefore, made it an occasion to remember us of that Last-Day, which no man shall escape.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

SO much who knows, that he can say  
 His *Last*, this Minute, shall not be?  
 Or, who can tell, but that this Day,  
 Will be the last, his Eye shall see?  
 And, therefore, how far off foe're,  
 The Worlds *Last-day* from us we place,  
 The morrow next, it will appear,  
 To him, that hath fulfilld his Race.  
 And *Sorrows* CHANGES he shall Ring;  
 Or *Joyes*, blest HALELVIAH, sing.  
 2 How dull, how blind / how mad / therefore,  
 Are we who now this Day enjoy,  
 ( And, are not sure of one day more )  
 If we, this time, shall misemploy?  
 If we GOD'S *Voice* refuse to hear,  
 Now, Vs he calls on, to repent:  
 Anon, perhaps, we shall with fear,  
 Beyond the sounds of *Grace*, be sent:

To

To be confin'd, where *damned-Soules*,  
And *Sathan*, rages, Roares, and Howles.

3 If Daily, we in Sin waxe old ;  
And ev'ry day grow more to blame ;  
Our *Judge* how shall we then behold,  
When Heaven and Earth, are in a Flame ?

And, if our hearts, no pleasure takes,  
To heare him, when in *Peace* he comes,  
How shall we beare it, when he speaks,  
In wrath, our everlasting-Doomes.

And, saies, in his inflamed Ire,  
*Depart into unquenched Fire ?*

4 LORD, whilst this *Day of Grace*, doth shine ;  
Whilst thou dost speak to us, in Love,  
So let us mark each *Word* of thine,  
That, Faithfull *Hearers*, we may prove.

So let us walk ; so let us work ;  
Whilst this faire-*Day-light*, is possesse,  
That, when *Deaths Evening* waxeth dark,  
Our *Flesh*, in *Hope*, may sweetly rest.

Vntill that *mortall Night* be done ;  
And *Day-immortall*, is begun.

5 And, when *Times Vaile*, is rent, away,  
(Whereby ETERNITIE is hid)  
When thou shalt all things, open lay,  
Which ere we *Thought*, or *Said*, or *Did*;

Among *Times Ruines*, bury so,  
Our failings (through our Tract of Time)  
That, from these *Dungeons*, here below,  
We to celestiall *Thrones* may clime.

And,



And, there, to our *Eternall-king* ;  
For ever, H A L E L V I A H sing.

## H Y M N I I.

For the Lords Day, or Sunday.

*This Day* G O D created the Light ; and distinguished Day from Night. *Vpon this Day* of the week C H R I S T rose from Death ; and upon this day, sent down the Holy-Ghost upon his Disciples, &c. and as upon this Day, God rested from the work of Regeneration ; therefore the old Sabbath was translated to this Day, with every Dutie which is essentially, and not ceremonially pertaining thereunto.

*Sing this as the 100. Psalm.*

GREAT Lord of *Time* / great King of Heav'n!  
Since weekly thou renew'st my Daies,  
To Thee, shall *daily* Thanks be given,  
And, *weekly* Sacrifice of Praife.

This Day, the *Light*, (TIMES eldest-born)  
Her glorious Beames, did first display :  
And, then, the *Evening*, and the *Morn*,  
Obtained first, the name of D A Y.  
2 The DEPTH, with *Darknesse*, black empald,  
(That, out of which the *World* was made)  
And, which *Deep-waters*, thou hast cald,  
Vpon this Day, *beginning* had.

And, as upon this *Day*, it was,  
On which C R E A T I O N was begun,

So,

So, on this *Day*, thy Work of GRACE,  
In ev'ry part, was fully done.

3 For, on this *Day*, thy CHRIS T arose ;  
And, *Victor* over *Death*, become.  
This *Day* he conquer'd all his Foes,  
And put them to perpetuall shame.

Vpon this *Day*, it pleas'd thee,  
Thy Sacret *Spirit* down to send ;  
That, men with Gifts might furnish'd be  
Vpon thy *Gospel* to attend.

4 This *Day*, therefore, we set apart,  
For holy *Rest*, and holy *Rites* ;  
And, ev'ry sanctified Heart,  
To celebrate this *Day* delights.

No *common-works*, thereto, belong ;  
( Except much need requireth so )  
Nor will we in a *Common-Song*,  
Present the Service which we owe.

5 Therefore, that now to thee ô LORD!  
The fitter *Offring*, bring I may,  
Thus, to thine honour, I record,  
And sing the Blessings of this *Day*.

So, let me sing ; So, minde them, still,  
And, all my life, so thankfull be ;  
That, when my Course I shall fulfill,  
Thy *Grace* may draw me up to Thee.

6 Discretion grant me so to know  
What Christian *Sabbaths* do require ;  
And Grace my Dutie, so to do,  
That, I may keep thy *Law*, intire.

Not

Not *doing*, what should not be *done* ;  
Not things *omitting* which are due ;  
Nor *overburdning* any One,  
With *Sabbath-Rites*, unjust or new.  
7 Yea, let me rest my *Body* so,  
That to my Soul I do no wrongs ;  
Nor in *Devotion* heedlesse grow,  
What to my *Bodies* Rest belongs.

But both in *Soul* and *Body*, LORD,  
Let me to sanctifie this day,  
According to thy holy Word,  
That I may *Rest* in Thee, for aye.

---

H Y M N I I I.

For Munday.

On Munday, GOD made the *Aierie* Firmament,  
*whereby Mankind, and every living Creature upon*  
*Earth enjoyeth*, all the common Benefits of Na-  
ture ; and which this Hymn *parily commemo-*  
*rateth to the praise of GOD, for his Mercifull*  
*Providence in this Daies-work.*

*Sing this, as the former.*

THIS Morning brings to minde ô GOD!  
The Making of that *Aierie-Spheare*,  
And Spreading of that *Skie* abroad,  
Whereby we now Surrounded are.

It was that *Fabrick* which thy hand,  
Vouchsafed, on this *Day* to frame,

To

To bound the waters under land,  
 From those which are above the fame.  
 2 This *Aerie-Firmament*, both keeps  
 All *breathing-creatures*, here below,  
 From suffocation by those *Deeps*;  
 And meanes of *Breathing*, doth bestow.

To us, this *Firmament* conveys  
 Those Dewes and Show'rs, which oft we need;  
 And all those pleafant summer-dayes,  
 Whence profits, or delights proceed.

3 Yea, by this *Firmament*, we gain  
 The vision of refreshing *Light*,  
 And thereby do as well obtain  
 The use of *Hearing* as of *Sight*.

For this dayes workmanship ô LORD,  
 I praise thee now ; and humbly pray  
 That I may thankfully record,  
 Thy dayly-Blessings ev'ry day.

H Y M N I I I I.

For Tuesday.

G O D is magnified in this Hymn for separating the  
 Land from the Waters, & for graciously furnishing  
 the earth with herbs and Trees for Mans use. For  
 this was that work whereby G O D manifested  
 his Power and Providence upon this day of the  
 first-week.

Sing

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**W**hen *Land* and *Sea* that mixed were,  
 In one confused Masse,  
 Did first distinguished appear,  
 As on this Day it was ;  
 A creature usefull, then began  
 The *waters*, first, to be.  
 And, then, a dwelling fit for man,  
 The Land was made by Thee.  
 2 Thoudidst, likewise, the Ground command,  
 All fruitfull Trees to breed.  
 And, cause to spring out of the Land,  
 Each Hearb that beareth feed.  
 The profit which arises thence,  
 On *Man*. thou didst bestow ;  
 And, he hath reaped, ever since,  
 The fruits that yearely grow.  
 3 This Day, therefore, thou praised art,  
 For thy *Preparing-Grace*,  
 In setting *Land*, and *Sea* apart,  
 To give us dwelling-place.  
 For what the *Garden*, or the *Field*,  
 Doth for our use afford ;  
 And, for what *Woods*, or *Orchards* yeeld,  
 I praise thee too ô L O R D !  
 4 And, LORD, I pray thee, since the Land,  
 Is fruitfull still to mee;  
 And faithfull unto thy Command,  
 Let me be so to Thee.

Yea,

Yea, since those works are all confest  
 Right good, which thou hast wrought,  
 By me, let one *Good work*, at least,  
 This Day, to passe be brought.

## H Y M N V.

For Wednesday.

*The Heavens were upon this day first adorned with Stars, and with those two great Luminaries whereby Dayes and Nights; Times and Seasons are guided and Distinguished. And, to praise GOD for these, and for those many blessings of Pleasure, Profit, and Conveniencie, thereby enjoyed; this Hymn was composed.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalm.*

**T**HIS Day, the *Planets* in their *Spheares*,  
 And those faire *Stars*, which night by night,  
 Have shin'd so many thousand yeares,  
 Receiv'd their *Being*, and their *Light*.

Vpon this day were first begun  
 Those *Motions* L O R D, by which we know,  
 How *Dayes* do passe, how *yeers* do run;  
 And, how the *Seasons* come and go.

2 The S U N was then ordain'd by Thee  
 To rule the *Day*; and give it light.  
 The M O O N and *Stars* were made to be  
 The Guides and comforts of the *Night*.

For *These*, therefore, thy Praise I sing;  
 And, for the blessings, which to *Man*,  
 The

The *Sun*, the *Moon*, or *Stars* do bring ;  
 Or brought, since first, the *World* began.  
 3 For eutchange of *Nights* and *Daies* ;  
 For *Winter*, *Summer*, *Spring* and *Fall*.  
 For all of these, I give thee Praise ;  
 For, Thou gav'st *Being* to them all.  
 When *Sun*, or *Moon*, or *Star*, I view.  
 Let them, so make me think on Thee ;  
 That, as *Daies*, *weeks*, and *yeers* renew ;  
 I may renew my Thanks to Thee.

---

 H Y M N V I.

For Thursday.

*The Waters upon this day of the first week were made fruitfull in Fish and Fowle, for an Addition to Mans profit. Upon this day, our blessed Redeemer, began his most bitter Passion for our sins. This Day he instituted the Sacrament of his Last-Supper : promised the Holy-Ghost our Comforter ; prayed for us ; uttered many divine Precepts, Counsels, and Caveats for the Instruction and Consolation of his Church ; all which are here commemorated.*

*Sing this as the 22. Psalme.*

L O R D ! that, there might no vacant-place,  
 In all this *world* be found ;  
 But, that the Riches of thy *Grace*,  
 Might ev'ry where abound.  
 This Day, the *Waters* had command,  
 Both *Fish* and *Fowle* to breed ; That,

That, *Sea*, and *Aire*, as well as *Land*,  
 Might help in time of need.  
 2 And, as if all these Dainties, LORD!  
 For us, too little were,  
 Which *Land*, and *Sea*, and *Aire* afford,  
 Enlarg'd, thy Bounties are.  
 For, as upon this Day (oh CHRIST)  
 Thou gav'st thy *selfe*, to be  
 The *Bread of Life*, to ev'ry Guest,  
 That shall beleeve in Thee.  
 3 Thy Promise on this *day*, was made  
 The *Holy-Ghost* to send.  
 This *Day* we many counsells had,  
 From thee, our *Blessed-Friend*.  
 The Evening, likewise of this *Day*,  
 Began thy *Bloodie-sweat*,  
 And, Thee, that night, he did betray,  
 Who feasted on thy meat.  
 4 Therefore in ev'ry *week* of *Dayes*,  
 I just Occasions find,  
 Thee for this fifth Daies works to praise;  
 And keep the same in mind.  
 LORD, let me alwaies mindfull be  
 To praise thee to my pow'r;  
 Since I have cause to think on Thee,  
 And thank Thee ev'ry how'r.

H Y M N



## HYMN VII.

For Fryday.

*The Beasts of the Earth, and all creeping Things were made upon this day. Mankind, this day, received being from the dust of the Earth; and upon this day of the weeke, the Son of God suffered on the Crosse for our Salvation; all which are to Gods glory commemorated in this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

THE sixth Daies Light may weekly bring,  
Such things of moment, still to mind;  
That, *Hymns* and *Songs* of Praise to sing,  
I many just Occasions find.

For, ev'ry little worme I see,  
And, ev'ry Beast, I looke upon,  
Remembrances are made to mee,  
Of that which on this day was done.  
2 As on this Day, these, first were made.  
As on this very day, likewise,  
That *Root*, whence I my *Being* had,  
Out of the *Dust*, did first arise.

And (though our *Grandame* was the same,  
Which *Beasts*, and *Wormes* to light did bring)  
*Man*, by G O D s grace, this Day, became  
Chief *Lord* of each created thing.

3 This

3 This Day, moreover, when by Sin,  
Possessions, Honours, Life, and all,  
For ever, Forfeited had bin,  
G O D, had compassion on our Fall.

And, that we might not be undone  
Without all hope to cure our losse )  
Vpon this Day, his onely S O N,  
Did suffer for us, on the *Crosse*.

4 This Day, the Scorn, the spight, the pain,  
Which I deserved to endure,  
My blest *Redeemer* did sustain,  
That I might *Saving-health* procure.

This Day, with *nailes* his Flesh was torn ;  
This Day, the *Speare* did wound his side.  
This Day, he wore a crown of Thorn.  
This Day, for me, my *Saviour* dide.

5 L O R D, let the Mercies of this day,  
No Day, hereafter, be forgot.  
Let not an houre quite passe away  
Wherein, thy servant minds them not.

At least, vouchsafe, that, whilst I live,  
I may record them once a week ;  
And, let this *Hymn* occasion give,  
That, other men may do the like.

H Y M N V I I I.

For Saturday.

*Vpon this day, G O D rested from the Works of Crea-  
tion. Vpon this Day Christ rested in the Grave  
after*

*after he had finished the painfull works conducing  
to the Restauration of Man-kind. Therefore Me-  
ditations tending to the praise of GOD, in the  
Commemoration of these Mysteries, which are the  
effect of this Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

HE that can in a moment space  
Build *Worlds* ( as he shall please )  
And, needeth neither *Time*, nor *Place*,  
To work, or take his ease ;  
This *Globe*, to *Furnish*, and to *Frame*,  
Did fixe Daies Leafure take :  
And, having finished the fame,  
A *Resting-Day*, did make.  
2 When, likewise, his *chief-creature* was  
By *Sathans* wiles, undone ;  
He limited the *work of Grace*,  
A certaine *Time*, to run.  
And, he who did regenerate,  
The self same *Day*, did rest,  
Which he who all things did create  
Had for that Reason, blest.  
3 Within his *Grave*, upon this *Day*,  
Our *Saviour* did repose ;  
And, took the *Sting of Death* away  
When he from thence arose.  
This *Day*, the Rigour of the *Law*,  
Began to be alayd,

And,

And, that which kept in *servile-Awe*,  
 Now, makes us not afraid.  
 4 Vpon this Day, each *Jewish-Rite*,  
 Both Death and buriall had.  
 Their *Sabbath*, was abolish'd quite,  
 And uneffectuall made.  
 For, why should we the *Types* embrace  
 Or in their *Shades* abide,  
 When their true *Substance* comes in place,  
 Which they but typifide?  
 5 The FATHERS *Rest*, this meaning had  
 That ( while *Times* course did last )  
 Here, no *new-creature*, should be made ;  
 When fixe Dayes work were past:  
 The *Resting* of his Blessed SON,  
 Declares, that never more  
 Should either *suffred* be or *done*,  
 Offenders to restore.  
 6 LORD, let me also now begin  
 A holy *Rest* to make.  
 Let me, from all the works of Sin,  
 My Rest, for ever, take.  
 Let so my *Lusts* be mortifide ;  
 In CHRIST, so bury me ;  
 That, I with him, who for me dide,  
 To life, may raised be.  
 7 As long as either *weekes* or *Dayes*,  
 To me shall be renew'd ;  
 Let that, which may advance thy praise,  
 Be still, by me pursu'd.

And,

And, when the *Evening*, and the *Morne*,  
My last of dayes hath made ;  
Let me in Peace, to thee returne,  
From whom, I *Beeing* had.

---

H Y M N IX.

For Dayes of Publike, or Private  
Humiliation.

*In private, or publike fasting Dayes, some are desirous  
to expresse their spirituall passions in holy Song ;  
and, because many mens Affections are best moov-  
ed to a zealous performance of such devotions, by a  
Mournfull-Melodie, these following Medita-  
tions, are prepared for that purpose.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**F**oul-Spirits may, our hearts possesse,  
( *AS CHRIST* himself did say )  
From which no man can us release  
Vnlesse he *Fast*, and *Pray*.  
And, so, both *Sins* and plagues there be  
Whose cure, we may despaire,  
Vntill, oh *LORD*, we come to Thee  
By *Abstinence*, and *Praire*.  
2 Not that our *Suffrings*, *Suites*, or *Cries*,  
Can merit what they crave :  
But, that we may the better prize  
The *Pitty*, we would have.

M

And

And that, by such a Discipline  
 Our *Flesh*, the better may  
 Submit unto those *Lawes-divine*,  
 Which all men should obey.  
 3 For, what oh LORD, avails it Thee  
 If we Repent, or not?  
 If we, or *Full*, or *Fasting* be,  
 What profit hast thou got?  
 That thou art *prayd*, that thou art *prais'd*,  
 The good is ours alone;  
 And, that to *Joy* we may be rais'd,  
 Thou, sometime, letst us *none*.  
 4 Our Paine, thou tak'st no pleasure in;  
 Or, to behold our Teares;  
 But that they might prevent the sin,  
 Which bringeth endlesse cares.  
 To see thy People *Feast*, or *Sing*,  
 ( And, merrie, still, remaine )  
 To Thee much more Delight would bring,  
 If they could sin refrain.  
 5 Since thou so gracious art oh LORD!  
 So gracelesse, why are we?  
 And, why so backward to afford,  
 More pleasing Fruits to Thee?  
 Oh! grant since thou requirest nought  
 From us, but for our Blisse,  
 That nought may more of us be sought,  
 Then, *Thanks* to yeeld, for this.  
 6 Forgive then all that is *misdone*,  
*Neglected*, or *misfayd*.

Remove

Remove the *Judgements*, now begun :  
Keep off, the *Plagues* delayd :  
And, that thy *Mercy* justly may  
Our Fears, and Fall prevent ;  
Sincerely, let us, ev'ry day,  
Our Dayly sins repent.  
7 For, swine-like, to the myrie Bog,  
If we againe returne,  
( Or, to our vomit, like the Dog )  
In vaine, we *Fast*, and *Mourne*.  
Nay, worfe will our estate become :  
For, when *Expulsed-sin*,  
Re-enters to a *cleansed-Roome*,  
It sev'nfold Guilt, brings in.  
8 With us, LORD, let it not be so ;  
But, more upright, each day,  
More sanctified, let us grow ;  
More warie, in our way.  
That we may passe our Future Daies,  
Without Offence, or Blame,  
In holy Mirth, and Songs of Praise,  
In honour of thy *Name*.

---

H Y M N X.

Another for the like *Times*.

*This Hymn contains an humble confession of our  
Guiltines in the breach of the whole Moral-Law ;  
and in our abuse of the Law of Grace also ; with  
an earnest desire, that God would have mercy upon  
us.*

M 2

Plung'd

PLung'd in Grief and in distresse,  
 Humbly we intend oh G O D !  
 Our Transgressions to confesse,  
 In a sadly sounding *Ode*.

At thy Footstoole, we appear,  
 Grieved for our Follies past ;  
 And untill our suites thou hear,  
 No refection we will tast.

*Heed, with gracious eies we pray,  
 Our contrition, L O R D, this day;  
 And wipe all our Sins away.*

2 Thou oh G O D ! ev'n Thou, art he  
 Who from Egypt mysticall,  
 (When as there, enslav'd were we )  
 Freely, didst Redeem us all,

For which grace, a vowe we made,  
 Thee to serve, as G O D, alone :  
 Yet, we other *Gods* have had ;  
 And, forgot what Thou hast done.

*We, (as Deities ) ador'd.  
 Things, more fit to be abhor'd.  
 Yet, Have mercie on us L O R D.*

3 Though we know, that on thy *Foes*,  
 Dreadfull plagues thou dost inflict ;  
 And, that thou art kind to those,  
 Who thy just *Commands* respect.

Yet, of Thee, our *Fancie* faines  
*Likenesses*, which like thee not.  
 And *Idea's* in our braines,  
 To thy wrong, are oft begot.

*Idol-*



*Idol-makers we have bin :  
Our chiefe zeale we spend therein  
LORD, have mercie on our sin.*

4 In thy *Name*, we were baptized,  
And thy *Name*, oh *CHRIST*, we beare.  
But, that grace we have not priz'd,  
As thereby, oblig'd we are.

We have tooke on us in vaine,  
That great *NAME* which we professe ;  
And yet seeme in hope, to gaine  
Thy acceptance, ne're the lesse.

*Many waies, we are to blame,  
By prophaning of thy Name,  
But, oh LORD, forgive the same.*

5 In our hearts, it was imprest,  
( Though corruption blurs it now )  
That we should to *Man*, and *Beast*,  
Times of needfull *Rest*, allow.

And, lest froward *Nature* might  
This great *Moral*, take away,  
( To preserve that common-right )  
Hallow'd was the *Seventh-day*

*But, this Precept, we deprave.  
This great Law, we broken have ;  
And, for this, we mercie crave.*

6 We our *Parents* honour not,  
( As thy *Precepts* do command )  
Neither those, who us *begot*,  
Nor the *Fathers*, of this *Land*.

Nay, our *Ghostly-Parents*, oft,

M 3

(Who,

( Who, in us, would *Grace* beget )  
 For their Love, are Jeer'd and Scoft ;  
 And, their words at nought are fet.

*Of this Fault, we now have sense :*

*Oh ! forgive that great Offence ;*

*Lest thy Justice root us hence.*

7 We, of *Murthers*, are not cleare,  
 Though no Blood our hands have spilt ;  
 For, in us those *Passions* are,  
 Which have drawn on us that Guilt.

*Hate* and *Wrath*, in us are found.

Cruell Thoughts, and slandrous Tongues,  
 Which ofttimes, our Neighbours wound,  
 Which no lesse then murdrous wrongs.

*Double-di'd in blood are we :*

*For, oh CHRIST, we murdred Thee.*

*Yet, now, pardoned let us be.*

8 We Adulterers have been ;  
 Lustfull hearts, and wandring Eies,  
 Make us many waies uncleane,  
 Which no fight, but thine, espies.

Both by *Deeds*, and *words* unchast

Soild in *Soul* and *Flesh*, we are ;

And, have greedily embrac't

Pleasures, which unlawfull were.

*Cleanse us, LORD ! from ev'ry spot :*

*Youthfull-Sins, remember not :*

*But oh ! let them be forgot.*

9 Many waies we *rob* and *Steal*,  
 More then ev'ry Neighbour knows ;  
 And, with few, so justly deal

In

In performance, as in shows.

By Deceit, or els by Force,  
On our Breth'rens Right we ceaze :  
And, although they bring a curse,  
*Stolen-waters*, greatly please.

*But, now, LoRD we do repent :*  
*Therefore, what thy Justice ment,*  
*Let thy Mercy, still, prevent.*

10 *Falshood* we have testifide,  
When the *Truth*, we should have said.

GoD and *Man*, we have belide ;  
And, the Righteous-cause betrayd,

Whence, to others, often springs  
Not *Loffe-temporall*, alone ;

But, in *Everlasting-Things* :  
Some, are by our *Lies*, undone.

*LoRD ! we now lament these wrongs :*  
*Therefore, pardon what belongs,*  
*To False-Hearts, and lying-Tongues,*

11 Thanklesly we have repin'd,

At what is on us bestown ;

And, in others *Lots*, we find

More Delight, then in our own.

And, such *Longings*, are the cause,  
Of increasing our Offence.

Yea, the Breach of all thy *Lawes*,

And, all Folly flowes from hence.

*LoRD ! with grace our hearts inspire,*  
*To confine each loofe-Defire ;*  
*Or, to quench that hell-bred-Fire.*

M 4 12 We

12 We have broke, before thy Face,  
 Not thy *Law* of *works*, alone,  
 But, against thy *Law* of *Grace*,  
 We have oft, and much misdone.

In an humble F A S T, this Day,  
 At thy feet, we therefore, fall.  
 Hear us, heed us, L O R D, we pray ;  
 And, forgive our errors all.

*Let this Day of Penitence,  
 Blot out ev'ry past offence ;  
 And, remove thy Judgements, hence.*

H Y M N X I.

For a Day of publike Rejoycing.

*It is usuall upon dayes of Rejoycing to expresse more  
 folly then Thankfulness; to him who hath vouchsafed  
 the cause of our Exultation. Therefore to rectifie  
 that oversight, and to direct our mirth to the glory  
 of G O D, this Hymn is provided.*

*Sing this as the Magnificat.*

L O R D, thou hast fil'd our hearts with Joy  
 And, that hath mov'd our Tongues,  
 Their Tunefull Voices to imploy  
 In singing Praisefull-Songs.  
 Rejoycings, in our *dwellings* are ;  
 With mirth our *cups* are crown'd ;  
 And Shouts of Gladness, ev'ry where,  
 Thought our streets, do found.

2 L O R D

- 2 LORD! whence comes all this *merriment*?  
Whence flows it but from Thee?  
From whom all pleafant things are fent,  
To thofe that Thankfull be.  
Our Faithfull *Hopes*, thou haft made good,  
Thou haft made voyd our *Fears*:  
Our *Foes* desire, thou haft with flood;  
And, dri'de up all our Tears.
- 3 Let not this *Joy*, by *Fires*, and *Bells*,  
By *Noife*, alone, be known;  
By *Feafts*, or *Healths*; but, fomeway els,  
(And better wayes) be frown.  
Yea, fince thy *Mercy* from on high,  
This *Joy*, on us beftow'd;  
Let *Works of Mercie*, fanctifie  
The *Gladneffe*, we have fhow'd.
- 4 Let us, to thofe that are *Distref*  
A word of comfort Speake;  
Relieve the *Needy*, and *Oppreff*;  
Add Strength unto the *weake*.  
So, GOD will change our *Outward Mirth*,  
To fuch *Internall-Joy*,  
That, nothing, whilft we live on earth,  
Our Comfort fhall Defroy.

## HYMN XII.

For the *Birth day* of any Man or  
Woman.

*They who observe their Birth Dayes, (which many anciently have done, and some yet do) may hereby be remembred of such Meditations as are pertinent to this Anniverfarie; and GOD may be thereby, the more often praised for our Temporall Being.*

*Sing this as the former.*

L O R D ! on this Day, thou didst bestow  
A breathing-Life on me.  
This Day, an Actor, here below  
I, first, begun to be.  
And, but few Rounds, the Sun hath made,  
Since, I, that now am here,  
No portion of an Essence had,  
Except, in Thee, it were.  
2 But, now, there is a *part of me,*  
(And, L O R D, from Thee it springs)  
That shall both *nam'd,* and *numbred* be  
With *Everlasting Things.*  
And, that, which *Time,* doth weare away,  
*Times-Ruine,* will restore,  
To be rejoynd thereto, for aye,  
When *Time* shall be more.

3 We,

3 We, now, are thy *Probationers*,  
And, as we run this *Race*,  
The *Life which is to come*, prefers  
To Honour, or Disgrace.  
And, they which here, the Pathway misse,  
That unto *Vertue*, tends,  
Shall finde no means, nor Hope of *Blisse*,  
When this briefe Life-time ends.

4 Another *Yeere* is now begun ;  
And yet, I do not see  
How for the *Time*, which forth is run,  
I can Account to Thee.  
For, I confesse, I have mispent,  
My *Longings*, to fulfill,  
The Times, which unto me, were lent,  
To execute thy *Will*.

5 And, in the Dayes which are behinde,  
(Behinde, if any be)  
What profit can I hope to finde ?  
What will they pleasure me ?  
Since (though *Time-past*, I might redeeme )  
So much that Work will cost  
As (first or last ) my Time will seeme,  
In hazard to be lost.

6 LORD, let this Day of my *First-Birth*,  
Occasion, yeerely, give  
To keep me mindfull, why on Earth  
My *Being*, I receive.  
And, of my *Second-Birth*, likewise,  
So minde Thou Me, thereby,

That

That, I to *Life*, may not arise  
 A *Second-Death*, to die.  
 7 But, let this *Day*, and all the *Daies*,  
 Which I, hereafter, view  
 Employed be to give Thee praise,  
 To whom all Praise, is due.  
 And, thus let no man say of me  
 When I to Duſt return ;  
*O ! well with HIM, now would it be,*  
*If He, had nev'r been born.*

---

## HYMN XIII.

For the fifth of *November*.

*This Day we commemorate the admirable Deliverance, of this Kingdome, from the terrible deſtruction and Maſſacre, intended by the damnable Powder-Treaſon, to have been executed this Day of the yeere; and from which GOD, upon this Day graciously preſerved, Prince and People, by diſcovering the ſame. To his praiſe, for that Deliverance, this Hymn is Dedicated: and may be moſt movingly ſung in Dialogue wiſe.*

**V**oice 1. Wherefore are the *Songs* of Praise  
 Which now ev'ry where do found?  
 Since among the *Solemn-Daies*,  
 This, of old, hath not been found?  
 Vo. 2. This is that known Day, wherein  
*Fiends* (aſcending from below)

Raiſed



Raised by the *Man of Sin*,  
Sought to slay us at a blow.

*Both. Taught by their Internall-Sire*  
BRITAIN'S *Fall,they did conspire,*  
*Both by Sulphur and by Fire.*

*Vo. 1.* Wherefore do the People sing,  
As when they in Triumph are?  
If so sad, so vile a thing,  
For this Day designed were?

*Vo. 2.* G O D, that is this *Hands guard*,  
Did this Day, contrive it so,  
That, the *Net*, for us prepar'd,  
Brought the mischief on our *Foe*.

*Both. And, this Day, which Hell R O M E,*  
*Thought to make our Day of Doome;*  
*Their Confusion, did become.*

*V. 1.* Who were they who had the hopes  
To effect so black a Deed?

*V. 2.* Twelve *Apostles* of the *Popes*  
True professors of his *Creed*.

*V. 1.* For begetting such a birth,  
To those *Monsters*, what befell?

*V. 2.* Death-deserved, here on earth;  
And, what els we cannot tell.

*Both. If Repentance found no Grace,*  
*They are Howling in the Place,*  
*Where their Plot, first brooded was.*

*V. 1.* How was their damn'd purpose known,  
E're their Ends, they could affect?

*V. 2.* By a *writing* of their own,

Which

Which G O D made them misdirect.

V. 1. When was that base *Plot* foreseen?  
And where was that perill found?

V. 2. When it should have acted been,  
In a Dungeon under-ground.

*Both.* None but G O D, could set us clear,  
From a Danger, and a Fear,  
So in Secret, and so near.

V. 1. G O D, and none but G O D, indeed  
Could have sav'd a Nation fo,

V. 2. None but G O D, at such a need,  
Could have hindred such a blow.

V. 1. None but G O D shall therefore share,  
In the Honour of the fame.

V. 2 None save they who *Traitors* are,  
Will refuse to praise his *Name*.

*Both.* L O R D, our Souls desirous be,  
To ascribe all Praise, to Thee;  
And, thy Love, confesse will we.

### H Y M N XIII.

For the Kings Day.

*The first day of the Kings is yeerly solemnized in this Kingdome; partly that the People might assemble to Praise G O D, for the Benefits, received by their Prince; and partly to desire G O D S blessing upon him and his Government; which duties being well performed no due time would prevent the mischiefs which attend on Tiranny, and Rebellion.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

LORD, when we call to minde these things,  
Which we should aske of Thee,  
Remembring that the Hearts of Kings  
At thy disposing be ;  
And, how, of all those Blessings, which  
Are outwardly posselt,  
To make a *Kingdome* Safe, and Rich,  
*Good-Princes* are the best.

2 When this we minde ; thy Name to praise,  
Our hearts inclined are ;  
For him, oh LORD, whom thou didst raise  
The *royall, wreath* to wear.  
And, we intreat, that he may reign  
In peacefull Safetie long,  
Thy *Faith-Defender*, to remain,  
And, shield thy *Truth* from Wrong.

3 With awefull Love, and loving Dread,  
Let us observe him LORD :  
And, as the *Members* with their *Head*,  
In Christian Peace accord :  
Then, fill Him, with such Princely eare,  
To cherish us, for this ;  
As if his Heart, did feel we are  
Essentiall-parts of his.

4 Let neither partie struggle from  
The Duties it should own,  
Left each to other, Plagues become,  
And, both be overthrown.

For

For or'e a *Disobedient-Land*,  
 A *Tirant* thou wilt fet.  
 And, they who *Tirantlike* command,  
*Rebellion*, shall beget.  
 5 When that *Ill-spirit* once is rear'd  
 Which *Tiranny* doth teach ;  
 Or, when that *Devill* hath appear'd  
 Which doth *Rebellion* preach.  
 In vain, to either partie, than,  
 Their dangers, we foreshow.  
 Or plead the *Laws*, of *GOD*, or *Man*,  
 For, blind, and mad they grow.  
 6 With wilfull *Fury* they run on  
 To execute their will ;  
 Not caring what be said or done ;  
 Or, whom they *Rob*, or *Kill*.  
 And, fetled *Peace*, we feldome see  
 Return to them, or theirs  
 Till rooted from the *Land*, they be  
 By *Sicknesse*, *Dearth*, or *Wars*.  
 7 Permit not, *L O R D*, so sad a *Doom*,  
 Vpon these *Realmes* to fall.  
 And, that on us it may not come,  
 Remit our *Errors* all.  
 Yea, let the *Partie-Innocent*,  
 Some damage rather take  
 Then, by *Self-will* or discontent  
 A greater *Schifme* to make.  
 8 Teach us, who placed are below  
 Our *Callings*, to apply ;  
 And,

And, not or'e curious be to know  
What things are done on high.  
Teach Him uprightly to command,  
Vs, rightly to obey  
That, both in safetie, still may stand,  
And keep a Lawfull way.  
9 When *Kings* affaires we pry into  
Our Selves we oft beguile ;  
And, what we rather ought to do,  
Is left undone, the while  
Whereas, if each one, did attend  
The Course, wherein they live,  
And, all the rest, to thee commend  
Then, all should better thrive.  
10 Our minds, oh LORD, compose thou thus  
And, our dread *Soveraign* save ;  
Blesse *Vs* in Him, and Him, in *Vs*,  
That, both may Blessings have.  
Yea grant that many yeers we may  
This *Hymn* devoutly sing ;  
And marke it for a happy Day,  
Wherein, he first was *King*.

---

H Y M N X V.

For the Day of the Solemnie belonging to  
the *Knights of the Garter*.

*This Hymn was composed for the Festivall, be-  
longing to the Knights of the Garter, solemnized*

*zed upon the Day anciently dedicated to S. George the martyr. It encourageth to brotherly Love and Vnity, by a Divine Illustration alluding to that, in the 133. Psalm.*

**S**Ee *Brethren*, what a pleasing Blisse,  
It is our Lives in love to lead.  
It like that precious oyntment is,  
Which once anointed *Aarons* head,  
And, thence along his beard did flow  
Ev'n to his Garment skirts below  
Oh! **L O R D**, This Chrifome sweet ;  
Powre on our *Soveraignes* crown ;  
Till thence, unto his Feet,  
The fame shall trickle down.  
**2** **L O R D**, like thofe droppings let it prove  
Which did on *Hermons*, Top diftill ;  
And, like the Dews, which from above  
Descended, once, on *Sion-Hill*,  
For Peace and Plenties flourish there,  
Where-ever, thefe diffufions are.  
**L O R D**, therefore let them fall  
On ev'ry noble *Hill* ;  
And ev'ry humble *Dale*  
With Peacefull Plenties fill.  
**3** Our *Soveraigne* is as *Hermon Hill* ;  
His *Princes*, are as lower *Heights*.  
When *Graces* down on *Him*, diftill,  
On *them*, a blessing, alfo lights :  
And, thence they further downward, flow,  
Refreshing thofe, that are below.

Let

Let thus, for ever, LORD,  
Thy *Grace* diffused be ;  
And, let us all accord,  
In truly Serving Thee.

---

H Y M N X V I.

For Anniverfary Sermon-dayes.

*Devout Perfons have to fundry Places left meanes  
to procure Anniverfary-Sermons to be there  
preached ; on fuch, or fuch Daies of the yeere :  
And perhaps it might further their Founders  
good Intentions, if this Hymn were then Sung.*

*Sing this as the 23. Pſalme.*

**T**He *Sun*, hath ſince we laſt were here,  
Quite through the Zodiack run ;  
And, on this Day, another year.  
Is happily begun.  
To **G O D** therefore, this *Anniverſe*,  
(In honour of his *Name*)  
With Heart and Voice, we do reherſe,  
And, praife him in the fame.  
2 For, **L O R D**, if Thanks men owe to Thee  
For thoſe who give them bread,  
Sure, thou for them ſhouldſt praifed be,  
By whom our Souls are fed.  
And we deſire this *Due* to pay  
For them who did prepare

The

The means whereby we meet this Day  
 Thy bleſſed Word to hear.  
 3    Bleſſe thou this *means*, and ſuffer not  
       Thy *Voice* to found in vain.  
 Let not thoſe *Leſſons* be forgot  
       Which to our *Weal* pertain.  
 But, ſo let us improve this Grace,  
       Which yeerly is conferr'd  
 That, we leave that lawleſſe Race,  
       In which we long have err'd.  
 4    For, *Dayes*, and *Yeers* if we ſtill add  
       Vnto a wicked Courſe  
 We ſhall proceed *from* being *bad*,  
       To be a great deal worſe.  
 And, ev'ry Day and Yeer, wherein  
       Thy *Grace* thou tendred haſt,  
 Shall help to aggravate our Sin,  
       And to condemn at laſt.  
 5    This, to prevent, let what we hear,  
       And have, this day, been taught,  
 Somewhat improve us, ere this *Year*,  
       About again be brought.  
 That neither this dayes pious *Gift*,  
       Nor thy *good-ſeed* be loſt.  
 But rather by our Chriſtian Thrift,  
       Repay this pains, and coſt.

H Y M N



## HYMN CVII.

For Anniversary Marriage-Days.

*Some Married-Persons take Delight, either alone or with a neighbour or two to commemorate, yeerely, the Day of their Marriage; and for that private Commemoration, this Hymn is prepared.*

*Sing this as the. 25. Psalm.*

**L**ORD, living, here we are  
 As fast united, yet,  
 As when our Hands, and Hearts by thee,  
 Together, first, were knit.  
 And, in a thankfull *Song*,  
 Now, Sing we will thy Praise,  
 For that thou dost awhile prolong,  
 Our *Loving*, as our *Days*.  
 2 Together we have now,  
 Begun another year;  
 But, how much time thou wilt allow,  
 Thou mak'st it not appear.  
 We therefore, do, employ,  
 That *Live*, and *Love*, we may,  
 Still so, as if but one day more,  
 Together we should stay.  
 3 Let each of others *Wealth*,  
 Preserve a Faithfull care,  
 And of each others *Joy* and *Health*;  
 As if one Soul we were.  
 Such conscience let us make,  
 Each other not to grieve,

As

As if we, daily, were to take  
 Our *Everlasting-Leave*.  
 4 The *Frowardnesse* that springs  
 From our *Corrupted-kinde*,  
 Or from those troublous *Outward-Things*,  
 Which may distract the minde ;  
 Permit thou not, oh LORD,  
 Our constant Love to shake ;  
 Or, to disturbe our true accord ;  
 Or, make our Hearts to ake.  
 5 But, let these *Fraillties* prove  
 Affections Exerzise,  
 And, that Discretion, teach our *Love*,  
 Which wins the noblest *Prize*.  
 So, *Time*, which weares away,  
 And ruins all things els,  
 Shall fixe our Love on Thee for aye,  
 In whom, *perfection*, dwels.

## HYMN XVIII.

For an Anniverfarie Funerall-Day.

*Because there are some, whose Passionate Affections make them resolve to keep private Anniverfaries in memorial of Dear-Friends deceased: This Hymn was intended to direct them to those musings, which at such Times, will make their Commemorations more pious, and more profitable. If it be a Woman which is commemorated, let the word HER, be used instead of HIM.*

*Sing*

*Sing this, as In fad and Ashie weeds.*

THE Day is now return'd  
Which in memoriall of my *Friend*  
(Which first for him I mourn'd)  
To set apart I did intend.  
'Tis now a year  
Since for my *Dear*,  
This yearly *Rite* was done ;  
And, I as yet,  
Do not forget  
My losses to bemoan.  
2 I must indeed confesse  
That (though to LOVE, still, true I am)  
My *Passions* now are lesse :  
And, that my Grief is not the same ;  
For, *Time* assures,  
More perfect Cures,  
When *Sorrow* woundeth man,  
Then all the pow'rs,  
Of Herbs, and Flow'rs,  
Or *Humane-Reason* can.  
3 Thy *Name*, oh GOD, I praise  
That, thou, by *Time*, hast eas'd me fo.  
For, doubtlesse, length of dayes  
Without thy *Mercy*, lengthens *Woe*,  
When thou do'st please,  
From *Paine*, to *Ease*,  
We in a Night return,  
And when we grieve,

Thou

Thou must relieve,  
 Or, we shall ever mourn.  
 4 That yeerely *Rite*, therefore,  
 Which to my *Friend*, my Passion vow'd ;  
 Shall honour him the more,  
 If on thy Praise, it be bestow'd,  
 And, If this Day  
 Will passe away,  
 In thankfull Thoughts of Thee ;  
 Which once I meant  
 To have mispent,  
 In Griefs, that fruitlesse be.  
 5 Nor is my *Friend* forgot  
 Though thus I turn from *Him*, to *Thee*.  
 The lesse I love him not,  
 Though, now I sing thy Love to me.  
 Whilst Thee I minde,  
 In Thee I finde  
 My *Friend* again reviv'd.  
 When *Him*, alone,  
 I think upon  
 I, for One Dead, am griev'd.  
 6 The Vertues of this *Friend*  
 Within my Self, let me improve :  
 And to that noble End,  
 Cause, his memoriall me to move.  
 For, if we stray  
 From their Just-way,  
 Whom we, in life, approv'd ;  
 Those whom we seem'd  
 To have esteem'd,

We

We never truly lov'd.  
 7 LORD, I am drawing neer,  
 To his estate whom I bemone ;  
 Yea, neerer by a *yeer*  
 Then, when this dutie laft was done.  
 And, still I come  
 The further from  
 The State, I did deplore ;  
 As neerer to  
 That *State*, I grow  
 Which equals *Rich* and *Poore*.  
 8 Vouchsafe oh GOD ! I pray,  
 That, hence remov'd when I shall be,  
 In Thee, behold I may,  
 All thofe that were belov'd of me.  
 Yea, let none here,  
 To me be Deare,  
 But, thofe whom I fhall finde  
 Enjoy that Love,  
 In Heaven above,  
 Which they on Earth fhould minde.

## HYMN XIX.

For the *Spring-time*.

GOD Almighty in the Spring-time, reneweth the  
*Blessing of the Yeer, for the Sufentation, and re-  
 freshment of our Bodies : And this Hymn teach-  
 eth by what Meditations we fhould fanctifie the*  
*N Blessings*

*Blessings of this Season to GODS glory, and  
the Refreshment of our Souls.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandments.*

ALTHOUGH he knows it putrifies,  
Who can so Faithlesse be, to doubt,  
His *Body* shall from Death arise ;  
When *Times* wid'ft Wheele, is whirl'd about?

Since, ev'ry time, in which the *Sun*,  
His yearly *Progresse* doth renew,  
( And round about the *Zodiak* run )  
We many *Resurrections* view ?

2 The *Leaflesse-Branch* the *branchlesse-Root*,  
The *Seed* that lifelesse seem'd to be,  
( And lies contemned under foot )  
Becomes a lively-Springing *Tree*.

Yea, that which was no other thing,  
But *Dung*, or *Dust*, or *Mud*, or *Slime*,  
Takes warmth, and Motion from the *Spring*,  
And, lives, at least, all *Summer-time*.

3 Why pine we then, when we perceive,  
The Winter of an ill Suceffe,  
Of ev'ry Means doth us deprive,  
That should our daily need redresse ?

Since we behold each *Bush* and *Bough*,  
That Stormes, or Frosts had plucked bare,  
Gets *leaves* again, with blossomes now :  
And, in their Season, fruit may bear ?

4 That, which the *Winter* wasted had  
The Spring beginneth to restore :

The

The Promise, which long since, G O D made,  
Observe he will, for evermore.

The Times of *Harvest*, and of *Seed*,  
Of *Summer*, *Winter*, *Spring*, and *Fall*,  
Each other duly shall succeed,  
Whilst Heaven and Earth continue shall.

5 The *Groves* which lately naked stood,  
A comely Suit of Green do wear ;  
The meaner *Plants*, do freshly bud ;  
The *Meads* with Flow'rs embroydred are :

The *Sun* our Day-light, doth prolong :  
The *Flocks*, their younglings forth do bring :  
The *Heat* begins to waxe more strong ;  
The *Birds*, in ev'ry Bush do sing.

6 To *Him*, therefore, who yeer by yeer,  
Vouchsafeth to remember Vs ;  
And, for our Profit ; ev'ry where,  
Reneweth his good Creatures thus :

To *Him* be praise : And, I emlore,  
That as increas't his Blessings be,  
So Grace and Vertue, more and more,  
May ev'ry Day, encrease in Me.

---

H Y M N X X.

For *Summer-time*.

*In this Hymn, G O D is praised for the Blessings  
which he vouchsafeth by the Summer-season,  
and wherein the Yeer is in the height of his Glo-  
rie) that by good Meditations, the Pleasures and*

N 2

*Profits*

*Profits thereof, may be sanctified and made comfortable unto us.*

Now, the glories of the Year,  
 May be viewed at the best ;  
 And, the Earth doth now appear,  
 In her fairest Garments drest.

Sweetly smelling Plants and Flowers,  
 Do perfume the Garden-Bowrs ;  
 Hill, and Valley, Wood and Field,  
 Mixt with Pleasures, Profits yield.

2 *Much* is found, where *Nothing* was.

*Herds*, on ev'ry mountain go.  
 In the Meddows, Flowrie Grasse,  
 Makes both Milk aud Honey flow.

Now, each Orchard Banquets giveth ;  
 Ev'ry Hedge with fruit, relieveth ;  
 And, on ev'ry Shrub and Tree,  
 Vsefull Fruits, or Berries be.

3 Walks and Wayes which *Winter* mar'd,  
 By the Winds, are swept, and dride ;  
 Moorish Grounds are now so hard,  
 That, on them we safe may ride.

Warmth enough the Sun doth lend us ;  
 From his heat the Shades defend us ;  
 And, thereby, we share in these :  
*Safetie, Profit, Pleasure, Ease.*

4 Other Blessings, many more,  
 At this 'Time, enjoy'd may be ;  
 And, in this my *Song*, therefore,  
*Praise* I give, oh LORD, to 'Thee.

Grant



Grant that this my free Oblation,  
May have gracious Acceptation :  
And, that I may well employ  
Ev'ry thing which I enjoy.

---

H Y M N X X I.

For Autumn.

G O D, is here praised, for the Mercies and Benefits,  
vouchsafed unto us in Autumn, wherein, we  
reape the chiefe reward of our outward yeerely  
Labours. And, it becomes us (once at least) in so  
profitable a Season, to remember so gracious a Be-  
nefactor.

*Sing this as the Lords Prayer.*

W H A T *Spring* and *Summer* did produce,  
Now, in Perfection, doth appear.  
For, *Autumn* ripened hath for us,  
The Fat and sweetneffe of the *Year* ;  
And, offers up a timely *Crop*,  
To him, that labour'd long, in Hope.  
2 The youthfull Freshneffe of the *Spring*,  
And *Summers* Beauties are decay'd :  
Yet, we have, now, more cause to Sing,  
Then if they longer time, had staid.  
For, though the *Blossome* pleasures had  
It is the *Fruit* which makes most glad.  
3 Preserv'd from nipping *Frosts* and *Stormes*,  
From starving *Droughts*, and chilling *Rains* ;  
N 3 From

From *Blessings*, and from *Weeds*, and *Wormes*,  
A goodly *Portion*, yet, remains.

Which (if we loose it not by Sin)  
Stands ready to be gather'd in.

4 Oh LORD! thy holy *Name* we bleffe,  
That such faire Likelihoods we gain,  
Those needfull Profits to possesse,  
For which, we have bestow'd our pain.

Let nothing interpose to marre  
The Good, whereof we hopefull are.

5 Permit not that which we acquire,  
Empair'd or spoiled to become  
By *Vermine*, *Floods*, *Theeves*, *Frosts*, or *Fire*;  
Or, by ill-husbandry at home.

Nor let us wastfully destroy,  
What, we discreetly should enjoy.

6 But, let the *Harvest* of this yeer,  
So warn us how the later-end,  
And, Harvest of our Life, draws neer,  
That, we our *Callings* may attend:

Employ aright what we receive;  
And, Thanks, for all thy Blessings, give.

H Y M N   X X I I .

For *Winter*.

*Winter, is an Emblem of Old Age: And this  
Hymn remembers that from this Season, we  
take Occasion to be mindfull of our later end;  
and to meditate such other things also as may be  
brought*

brought to our Consideration, by this unpleasant  
Season.

Now, the *Earth* begins to mourn,  
And hath lost her *Summer* pride:  
Her faire dressings lately worn,  
Now, are wholly cast aside;  
And the Trees that clothed were,  
Fruitleffe, leafeleffe, naked are.

2 Pleasures from our *Groves* are gone;  
No delights the *Meadows* yield;  
Little profit now, or none  
Comes from *Valley, Hill, or Field.*

For the greatestt winde that blows  
Threatneth Floods, or Frosts, or Snows,  
3 Earthly things thus passe away:  
And in compasse of a year,  
Of a Moneth, a Weeke, or Day,  
Many Changes do appear.

That, in love we might not grow  
With our Trifles here below.

4 They, who while the *Spring* doth last,  
Or, while *Summer* doth remain,  
Or, ev'r *Harvest* quite be past,  
By their Labours, nothing gain.

May in *Winter* those things need,  
Which their Flesh should cloth, and feed,

5 They, who spend their youthfull *prime*,  
In unprofitable waies,  
And foole out their healthfull time,  
Till the *Winter* of their Daies.

N 4 Shall

Shall be sure, when they are old,  
 To be hunger fed and cold.  
 6 Or, if these, this Plague escape,  
 Live they shall, still, cloth'd, and fed,  
 To incur their worse mishap,  
 Who lament when they are dead :  
     And their *Sentence* to abide,  
     Who their *Talents*, lose, or hide.  
 7 Praise, oh G O D, I give to thee,  
 That, I likely means have got,  
 Of those things that needfull be,  
 Now the *Season* yeelds them not ;  
     And possesse a warme Abode,  
     When Discomforts are abroad.  
 8 Still, vouchsafe me, so, thy grace,  
 That, I still endeavour may  
 (Whilst I have both Time, and Place)  
 To prevent an *Evill-Day*.  
     And, what may not shunned be,  
     To endre, L O R D, strengthen me.

---

## H Y M N · X X I I I.

For Ember-weekes.

*These are our publique Fasts, kept at the foure Sea-  
 sons of the yeere, that by a Christian humilia-  
 tion we might move Almighty GOD to vouch-  
 safe the needfull Blessings of the Season; to streng-  
 then our constitutions against the Humours then  
 pre-*

*predominant, and to be pleas'd, that they who are called to the Ministry of the Gospel, may be faithfull and fit Labourers for his Vineyard. For, the LORDS Day next every of these Fasts, are the times which were anciently appointed, for Laying-hands on such as were called to that office.*

*Sing this as the Lords Prayer.*

THou dost from ev'ry Season LORD,  
To profit us, Advantage take.  
And, at their fittest houres afford,  
Those gifts for which, requests we make.  
At *Winter, Summer, Fall, or Spring,*  
Thou dost confer each needfull thing.  
2 A part, therefore, from each of these  
Religiously hath been reserv'd,  
By *Pray'rs, and Fastings* to appease,  
That wrath, which often, is deserv'd ;  
Lest els, thou, for our many Crimes,  
Destroy the Blessings of the Times.  
3 Vouchsafe, that our Devotions, may  
With true sincereneffe be perform'd.  
And, that we may not for one day,  
But, all our Life-time be reform'd.  
And mortifie each Lust and Sin,  
Which we have lov'd, and lived in.  
4 Our Constitutions temper so,  
That, whatsoever humours raig,  
They not impaire nor overthrow,  
That Health which we might els retain.  
N 5 Or,

Or, if the *Season*, sickneffe brings,  
 LORD, comfort us, in other things.  
 5 And since these *Churches* do appoint  
 These *Times*, their *Pastors* forth to fend,  
 LORD, let thy *Spirit* them anoint,  
 That they thy *Flocks*, may well attend.  
 Yea, LORD, let those who *called* be,  
 And, those that *Call*, be blest of Thee.  
 6 Informe the *One*, oh blessed LORD!  
 Whom they should for thy Service chuse,  
 Confirme the *Other*, by thy Word,  
 And so, to Both, thy *Grace* infuse.  
 That, both in *Words*, and *Works*, they may  
 Perfever in a Blessed way.

## HYMN XXIII.

For Rogation Weeke.

*This is called Rogation of Rogando, and from the  
 publique Supplications then made. For about that  
 time Princes go forth to Warre ; The hope of  
 Plentie is in the blossome ; The Aire is most  
 subject to infection ; Voyages by Land and Sea are  
 undertaken ; and many other things require that  
 publique Supplications should be made. It is our  
 custome also in many places, to visite our Parish  
 Bounders, that contentious suits may be thereby  
 prevented And if in such neighbourly Preambu-  
 lations, this, or the like Meditations were pub-  
 liquely sung as we walke through the Fields, it  
 would not be an unprofitable practise.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the Lamentation or X. Com.*

L O R D ! it hath pleased thee to say,  
That when we prayed in thy *Name*,  
(And prayed as we ought to pray )  
We should from Thee obtain the same.

We therefore, humbly pray Thee, now,  
That, to the suits which we do make  
Thou pleas'd would'st be, thine eare to bow,  
And heare us, for thy Mercy sake.

2 Let not the *Seasons* of this *Yeer*,  
As they their *Courses* do observe,  
Engender those *Contagions*, here,  
Which our *Offences* do deserve.

Let not the *Summer-wormes* impaire  
The *Bloomings*, of *Herbe*, *Flowre*, or *Tree* ;  
Nor *blastings*, or *distemper'd Aire*,  
Destroy those *Fruits* that hopefull be.

3 *Domestick Jars*, expell thou far ;  
And be so pleas'd our *Coasts* to guard,  
That, horrid *Sounds* of *In-brought-war*,  
Within our *Confines*, be not heard.  
Continue, likewise here, thy *Word* ;  
And, make us thankfull L O R D, we pray,  
That *Famine*, *Pestilence*, and *Sword*,  
Have been, so long, with-held away.

4 As we are heedfull to observe,  
The certaine *Limits*, of our *Grounds* ;  
And (Outward-*Quiet* to preserve )  
Walk, yeerly, round our *Parish-Bounds*.

So,

So, let us take a comely Care,  
 Our Souls Inheritance, to know ;  
 That, no Encroachments may be, there,  
 Obtained by our Subtle, Foe.  
 5 What pleafant *Groves!* what goodly *Fields!*  
 What fruitfull *Hils,* and *Dales,* have we!  
 How fweet an *Aire,* our Climate yields !  
 How ftor'd, with *Flocks,* and *Herds,* are we !  
 How *Milke,* and *Honey* overflow !  
 How cleare and wholfome, are our *Springs!*  
 From *Ravenous-Beafts,* how fafe, we go !  
 How free from *Poyfnous-Creeping-Things!*  
 6 For *theſe;* and for our *Grafſe,* our *Corn;*  
 And, all that Springs from *Blade,* or *Bough:*  
 For all thoſe Bleffings, which adorn  
*Wood, Streame,* or *Field,* this Iland through.

For all of theſe thy *Praiſe,* we ſing :  
 And, humbly, we petition, too,  
 That, we to *Thee,* Fruits forth may bring,  
 As unto *us,* thy *Creatures* do.  
 7 So; in the fweet refreshing ſhade,  
 Of thy *Protection,* fitting down,  
 The gracious Favours, which we had,  
 Relate we will, to thy renown.

Our Children too, when we are gone,  
 Shall for theſe Mercies, honour Thee ;  
 And, famous make what thou haſt done,  
 To thoſe, which after Them, ſhall be.

H Y M N



## HYMN XXV.

For the *Advent Sundayes*.

*The Advent-Sundayes are so called, because at those Times, the severall Advents, or Comings of CHRIST, were commemorated; and the people were instructed concerning those Advents; and what they are, this Hymn sheweth.*

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

WHEN CHRIST our *Lord* incarnate was,  
 Our *Brother*, then he came to be.  
 When into us he comes by Grace,  
 To be our *Spouse*, then cometh He.  
 And Comes, when he shall come agen  
 To judge both Dead and Living-men.  
 2 Despaire will then all those confound,  
 That his First *comings* disregard.  
 And, those, who till the *Trumpet* found,  
 Are misemploy'd and unprepar'd.  
 Yea, curst Pleasures they will prove,  
 Which out of thought, these *Comings* drove.  
 3 The *Jewes* abjected, yet remain,  
 Because his *Advent* they dinide,  
 The *Foolish-Virgins* knockt in vain,  
 Because, they did not Oyle provide.  
 But, they still safe, and blest are,  
 Who for his *Comings* do prepare.

4 LORD!

- 4 LORD! so prepare us for that *Feast*,  
Which keep our *Saviours* Birth in mind,  
That, he with us may be a Guest,  
And, we with Him acceptance find,  
    When that great *Advent* shall appear,  
    Which wicked men and Devils fear.
- 5 Oh! come LORD IESV, come away.  
And (though the World it shall deter)  
Let that thy *Kingdome* come, we pray,  
Whose *coming*, Carnall-men defer.  
    And let us wait for with delight,  
    That *Advent* which thy Foes doth fright.

## HYMN XXVI.

For the Nativitie of CHRIST.

*This Day is worthily dedicated to the memoriall of our Saviours Nativitie, by which unspeakable Mysterie the GOD-head, and MAN-hood appeared admirably united in one person, without confusion of Natures, or possibilitie of Seperation to the unexpressible Benefit of Mankinde; and of that Mysterie somewhat is touched in this Hymn.*

AS on the dawning of this Morn,  
To Shepherds, blessed *Angels* told,  
Where, in a Stable he was born,  
Whom neither Earth, nor Heav'n can hold.  
And,

And *Bethlem* streets, as on this day,  
Of these most happy *Tidings* rung.  
A Troup of *Angels* in aray,  
A *Hymn* of *Glory* also sung.  
Chor. *With Angels thus therefore song we,*  
*To GOD on high all Glory be :*  
*His Favour let Mankinde obtain,*  
*And, let on Earth his Peace remain.*

2 Hereby we great advantage had.  
Vs, to *exalt*, he *low* was laid.  
To *strengthen* us, he weak was made.  
To *cloath* us, he was *disaray'd*.

Our *Flesh* he took, to cure our *Guilt*.  
Our *Griefs* he felt, to give us *Rest* ;  
To save our *Lives*, his *Blood* was spilt ;  
Our *Curse* he bore to make us blest.  
Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, sing we,*  
*To GOD on high, all Glory be.*  
*His Favour, let Mankinde obtain ;*  
*And, let on Earth his Peace remain.*

3 The *Bush* did flame, yet burned not ;  
The *Fleece* was moist, where fell no *Rain* :  
A *Son*, was on a *Maid* begot,  
Which did a *Virgin* still remain.

Her *Seed* hath broke the *Serpents* head ;  
Whereby, our bruises now are heal'd.  
The *Lambe* had of the *Wolfe* no dread :  
And *GOD* and *MAN* be reconcil'd.  
Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, sing we,*  
*To GOD on high, all Glory be.*

*His*

*His Favor let Mankind obtain :  
And let on Earth, his Peace remain.*

## HYMN XXVIII.

Another for the same Day.

*Since the GOD-head vouchsafed to honour the  
Manhood, as to become united thereunto ; we are  
by this Hymn remembred not to despise those who  
are of the same Nature with us, but rather hum-  
bly to descend to others for their Good ; and to en-  
deavour the reparation of our Nature by striving to  
conforme it unto CHRIST.*

*Sing this as the 4. Psalme.*

SINCE all of us, near kinsmen be,  
Descended from one Stem,  
Why brutishly inclin'd are we,  
Our Brethren to contemn ?  
*He*, that both Heav'n and Earth did frame,  
Our *Nature*, did not scorn :  
But, being GOD, a *Man* became,  
And, of a *Maid* was born.  
2 *This*; *Men* and *Angels* wondred at ;  
(As with good cause they may)  
*This*, therefore, to commemorate,  
We set apart this Day.  
This Day, we make an *Anniversè*,  
That, favour to record ;

And,

And, to our Children to reherse  
The Mercies of the LORD.  
3 That moment whereon GOD decreed  
To do as he fore-said,  
Enabled was the *Womans-SEED*,  
To break the *Serpents* head.  
And IESVS CHRIST, to satisfie,  
For our accurf'd Crimes,  
Vouchsaf'd both to be *Borne*, and *Die*,  
At his appointed Times.  
4 By HIM, *New-born*, so let us be ;  
To *Sin*, so let us *Die* ;  
That, we may live with *Him*, where *Hee*  
Is now enthron'd on high.  
As *Hee*, the GOD *head*, for our sake,  
With *Man-hood* did aray ;  
On *Vs*, his *Nature*, let us take,  
As fully, as we may.  
5 Where to, we nearest shall attain,  
When we do *Mercy* shew ;  
And, strive those *Longings* to restrain  
Which *Flesh* and *Blood* pursue.  
We are assur'd oh Saviour CHRIST !  
Thine *Incarnation* may  
Our *Nature*, hereunto assist :  
Assist, therefore, we pray.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXVIII.

For the Circumcision on New years-day.

*Our Church solemnizeth this day, in memoriall of our Saviours Circumcision; that taking notice how soone he began to shed his blood for us, and to smart for our Sins, we might be the more thankfull for the same: and be provoked to repentance, by considering how easie a Sacrament he hath left for our initiation into his Church, in stead of that Bloody One.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

O H CHRIST! this day, thy *Flesh* did bleed,  
Mark'd by the Circumcising-knife;  
Because the *Law*, for Mans misdeed  
Requir'd that *Earnest* of his *Life*.

Those *Drops*, presag'd that *Show'r* of Blood,  
Which in thine *Agonie* began;  
And that great *Show'r* foreshew'd the *Flood*,  
Which from thy *Side*, next morrow ran.  
2 L O R D! let thy smart make us repent.

And, *Circumcised-Hearts* desire.  
Yea, by that milder *Sacrament*,  
Which follow'd This, thy Grace inspire:

For, He that either is *Baptiz'd*,  
Or *Circumciz'd* in *Flesh* alone.

Is,

Is but as one Vncircumciz'd ;  
Or,as an Vn-baptized one.  
3 The Year,we now anew begin ;  
And *outward-Gifts* received be.  
Renew us,also, L O R D, *within*,  
And make us *New years-Gifts* to Thee.  
So,let us with a passed Year,  
Our old Affections lay aside ;  
That,we,*new-Creatures* may appear,  
And in thy *Faith*,and *Fear*,abide

---

H Y M N X X I X .

For *Twelve-day*, or the *Epiphanic*.

*This day is celebrated in remembrance of the admirable manifestation of our Saviours birth ; and we therefore called the Epiphanic, or Manifestation. It was first discovered from Heaven by Angels, and an heavenly Hoast. To the Gentiles, by a Star in the East : He was afterwards manifested by the Vision of the Holy-Ghost descending on him like a Dove, and by a voice from Heaven. He was also manifested by his Doctrine and Miracles.*

*Sing this as the L O R D s Prayer.*

THE first which brought the blessed News,  
That CHRIST, on him, our nature took,  
Were certain *Shepherds* of the *Jewes*,  
Which did, by night attend their Flock.  
That

That they might verifi'd behold  
 What by their *Prophets* was foretold.  
 2 The fecond means,whereby oh CHRIST!  
 The World,of thee inform'd became,  
 Was by a *Star*,which in the East  
 Inform'd the *Gentiles* of the fame ;  
 That *Heathen-men* might learn to see,  
 The *Book of Creatures*,shewsthem *Thee*.  
 3 A *Voice*,and *Vifion* from above,  
 And many wonders wrought below,  
 This wondrous *Newes* did further prove,  
 And have to all confirm'd it fo,  
 That,faithleffe,if we now appear,  
 We,worfe then *Jewes* and *Ethnicks* are.  
 4 LORD ! let thy *Pastors*,and thy *Grace*,  
 Our Guiders,and Directors be,  
 As *Angels*,and a *Star*,once was  
 To aid,in *manifesting* Thee.  
 And,let us,Thee confesse oh CHRIST!  
 Our *King*,our *Prophet*,and our *Priest*.  
 With *Bethlem-Shepherds*, let us feast  
 Our Souls,with Joy,that found thou art.  
 And with the *Wife-men of the East*  
 Let us expresse a Joyfull heart.  
 The Song of *Angels*,let us fing ;  
 And Presents of Thanksgiving bring.  
 6 *Teares*,which from true Repentance drop,  
 In stead of *Myrrh*,from us receive.  
 For *Incense*,which they offred up,  
 Vnfained *Praifes*,let us give.

And,



And,bring for *Gold*,each *pious-Deed*,  
Which doth from *saving-Faith* proceed.  
7 And,as the *Wise-men*,never went  
To visit wicked *Herod* more,  
So (finding Thee ) let us repent  
The *Course*,we follow'd heretofore ;  
And,let us *homeward* learn to go  
That *way*,which thou shalt please to show

---

H Y M N X X X.

For the Day of the Purification.

*The blessed Virgin Mary having fulfilled the dayes  
of her Purification, according to the Law, pre-  
sented both her Son,and her appointed Off-spring  
in the Temple. This Anniverfarie is to comm-  
morate her exemplary Obedience, and the presenta-  
tion of our Saviour.*

*Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.*

N O doubt but She that had the grace  
Thee,in her wombe *Lord Christ* to bear,  
(And,did all *woman-kinde* surpasse )  
Was hallow'd by thy being there :  
And,fure,the Birth could not pollute  
Where *Holineffe* became the Fruit.  
5 Yet,in Obedience to thy *Law*,  
Her *Purifying-Rites* were done ;  
That we might learn to stand in awe,  
How from thy *Discipline* we run :

For

- For Souls they have unpurif'd ;  
 Where due Obedience is deni'd.
- 3 Oh ! keep us L O R D, from judging vain,  
 What, by thy Word, thou shalt command.  
 Let us nor censure, nor complain  
 On what we do not understand :  
 And guide thy *Church*, that she may still,  
 Command, according to thy *Will*.
- 4 With pious uniform consent,  
 Let us thy Praises ever sing ;  
 And keep that *seamlesse-Robe* unrent,  
 For which *Prophanneffe*, Lots would fling.  
 Preserve us, in thy *Love* and *Fear*,  
 From our pollutions, alwaies clear.
- 5 And, as thy blessed *Mother*, went,  
 (That holy and beloved *Maid*)  
 Thee, in thy *Temple*, to present,  
 With perfect *humane-flesh* arraid ;  
 So, let us unto thee be brought  
 With heavenly Graces, fully fraught.
- 6 Yea, let thy *Church* our *mother-Dear*  
 (Within whose wombe, new borne we be)  
 Before Thee, at her *Time* appear,  
 To give her *Children*, up to Thee :  
 And L O R D ! receive, as hallowed things  
 HER, and that *Offring*, which she brings.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXXI.

For the Time of *Lent*.

*This Observation was first instituted, partly to commemorate our Saviours miraculous Fasting, whereby he satisfied for the Gluttony of our first Parents: partly to coole the Blood, which at this time of the yeare is subject to be inflamed to the endangering of our Health; but it was chiefly ordained to prepare us rightly to meditate the Passion of our Saviour, which is usually commemorated at the end of our Lent. The Abstinence from Flesh at this season, is onely a civill Ordinance for the better increase and preservation of the Creatures upon the land, for our temporall profit.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

Thy wondrous *Fasting* to record,  
 And our unruly *Flesh* to tame,  
 A Holy *Fast*, to thee, oh LORD!  
 We have intended in thy *Name*.  
 O sanctifie it so, we pray,  
 That Honour may redound to Thee;  
 And so dispose us, that it may  
 To our advantage, likewise be.  
 2 Let us not grudgingly abstain;  
 Nor secretly, the Gluttons play.

Nor

Nor openly, for glory vain,  
This usefull Discipline obey.

But, let us *Faſt*, as thou haſt taught,  
Thy *Rule*, obſerving, in each part,  
With ſuch Intentions as we ought ;  
And with true ſingleneſſe of Heart.

3 So, Thou ſhalt our Devotions bleſſe,  
And make this *Discipline* to be  
A means thoſe Luſtings to ſuppreſſe,  
Which hinder us in ſerving Thee.

And, though our ſtricteſt *Faſtings* faile,  
To merit, of themſelves, thy Grace ;  
Yet, they, to make for our availe,  
By thy *Deſervings*, may have place.

4 True *Faſtings*, helpfull oft have bin,  
The wanton *Fleſh* to mortifie :  
But, they take off no guilt of *Sin* ;  
Nor can we merit ought thereby.

It is thine abſtinence oh CHRIST !  
And thine alone, that merit muſt ;  
For, when our works are at the beſt,  
We periſh, if in them we truſt.

H Y M N   X X X I I .

For the *Anuntiation*.

*The Church dedicates this Day to commemorate the  
Anuntiation of the Bleſſed Virgin, who was  
about*

about this Time of the yeare saluted by the Angell Gabriel. It mindeth us to praise G O D for the unexpressible Mystery of our Saviours conception, which was the happy newes brought unto his Mother, by that Angell.

Sing this as the 100. Psalm.

O V r hearts, oh blessed G O D ! incline  
Thy true Affection to embrace,  
And, that *Humility* divine,  
Which for our sakes vouchsafed was.

Thy *Goodnesse*, teach us to put on  
As with our *Nature* thou wert clad ;  
And, so to heed thy Favours done,  
That, we may praise Thee, and be glad.

2 For, thou didst not alone depute  
Thy holy *Angell* from above,  
An humble *Virgin*, to salute  
With an embassage of thy Love ;

But thou these *Glories* laying by,  
Which none hath pow'r to comprehend ;  
Didst also, then, most wondrously,  
Into that *Virgines* wombe descend.

3 Vouchsafe thou, likewise, thy Respect,  
To our despis'd, and low Degree ;  
And L O R D ! oh, do not us neglect,  
Though worthy of contempt we be.

But, by thy *Messengers* prepare,  
And, hallow so, our hearts, we pray,  
That, thou may'st be conceived there ;  
And, that, *Faith's* fruits, bring forth we may.

O HYMN

## HYMN XXXIII.

For *Palme-Sunday*.

*Palme-Sunday is called so, because it commemorates the day, wherein Iesus Christ rode in Triumph to Ierusalem, his way being strewed with Garments, and Branches of the Palme-tree. It was indeed, the Day of proclaiming him King (though few considered it) as the Fryday following was the day of his Coronation, and worthily are these Mysteries remembered this Day.*

*Sing this as the Magnificat.*

WHEN CHRIST unto *Ierusalem*,  
 To *Suffer*, meekly rode ;  
 The *Waies*, and *Streets*, were then, for *Him*,  
 With *Palme*, and *Robes* bestrow'd.  
 And, though the *Steed* he did bestride,  
 Was but a filly *Affe* ;  
 H O S A N N A to the *King*, they cri'd,  
 As He along did passe.  
 2 His *Glory*, and his *Royall-Right*,  
 Through *Povertie* did shine :  
 And shew'd (in *Earthly Poms* despight)  
 A *Majesty Divine*.  
 For, though his greatest Foes did frown,  
 He exercis'd his pow'r,

Till

Till *He himself* did lay it down,  
At his appointed how'r.  
3 Possession of his *House* he got ;  
The *Merchants*,thence expel'd :  
Yea,though the *Priests* did rage thereat,  
He,there,his *Lectures* held.  
And,they in *Wit*,or *Faith*,were dull,  
Who doubted what *He* was ;  
When *Deeds* they saw so powerfull,  
By *Weaknesse*,brought to passe.  
4 L O R D ! when to us thou drawest nigh,  
Thee, let us learn to know ;  
And,to receive Thee Joyfully,  
Though mean,in outward show.  
Yea, though the Rich,and worldly-wife,  
When we thy praise do sing,  
Both *Vs*,and *Thee*,therefore,despise.  
Declare thy selfe our *King*.

---

H Y M N X X X I I I I .

For Thursday before *Easter*.

*On this day, CHRIST instituted the Sacrament of his Last-Supper ; washed his Disciples feet ; prayed for them, and all the Faithfull ; instructed, warned, exhorted, counselled and comforted them before his approaching Death, and Resurrection, &c. In commemoration of these, and other pertinent Circumstances preceding his Passion, we do yearly observe this Day.*

O 2

Sing

Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.

A Holy *Sacrament*, this day,  
To us, thou didst, ô DLORD! bequeath,  
That, by the same, preserve we may  
A due memoriall of thy Death :

And, that we might thereby, to Thee  
Misteriously united be.

2 Thy *holy-Supper* being done.  
Thou washedst thy *Disciples* feet ;  
Thereby, informing every one  
What *Lowliness* for these is meet,

Who thy *Disciples* would be thought.  
(Thy practise foll'wing, as they ought)

3 This Day, thou, didst, moreover spend,  
To *Counsell*, *Comfort*, and to *Pray*,  
That, *Satan* might not gain his end,  
While *Death* remooved Thee away.

Then, as by thee, it was forefaid ;

That night, thy *Servant*, Thee betraid.

4 Yea, they, that night from Thee did fly,  
Who promis'd constant to abide :  
Ev'n He, who vow'd for Thee to dye,  
With Oaths and Curfes, thee deni'd.

To shew that we soon fall from grace,  
If in our selves, our Trust we place.

5 Sweet *Iesus*! teach us to conceive,  
What Grief thou felt'st, when thou didst hear,  
Thy vowed *Friend*, his Faith to leave ;  
And, in thy presence, Thee forswear :

That,



That,we our *vowes*,may better keep ;  
And,for our *past-denyals* weep.  
6 LORD, ev'ry passage of this day,  
Within our hearts ingrave thou so,  
That,we thereby remember may,  
Our duties faithfully to doe ;  
And let our *Love*,oh GOD ! to Thee,  
In Life,and Death,unchanged be.

---

H Y M N X X X V .

For *Fryday before Easter*

*This day we memorize the unsufferable Passion of Iesus Christ,who about this time of the yeare,and on this day of the weeke,was despightfully crucified by Pilat and the Jewes. Every day we ought to meditate the same. But this Day most Congregations meet in a publike Commemoration thereof, to provoke each other to compunction of heart ; and to give an occasion to such as are heedlesse or ignorant thereof, to be better acquainted therewith.*

*Sing this as the 51. Psalme.*

YOu that regardlesse,passe along,  
And are unmindfull of this *Day* :  
Give eare unto my dolefull Song,  
And,heedfull be what now I say.  
A Tragick Story,sing I shall,  
Which nearly doth concern us all :  
O 3                      The

The like was never heard before ;  
Nor shall be told, for evermore.

2 The noblest Prince that e're wore Crown,  
Beyond all baseness was abus'd :  
The truest Friend, that e're was known,  
Worse then the cruelst Foe was us'd.

He, that offended not in ought,  
(By *Deed*, by *Word*, or by a *Thought*)

Tormented was, for all the Crimes,  
Of *Present*, *Past*, or *Future-Times*.

3 They for whose Grief, he sadly wept,  
Pursu'd his *Life*, who fought their *Good*.  
To mischief him, strict watch they kept ;  
And, thirsted for his precious blood.

Yet, he continued loving, still ;  
To them, repaying *Good* for *Ill*.

Yea, Them, when he might have overthrow ;  
To save their lives, he gave his own.

4 They who most Friendship should have  
With deep unkindness, pierc'd his heart. (shown  
He made his dear affection known ;  
And they despis'd his desert.

For him, they snares and Engines layd ;  
With shewes of Love, they him betrayd.

And, swords and staves ( as to a Thief )  
They brought to apprehend their Chief.

5 Him, they expose to all disgrace ;  
They buffet him, for Just replies :  
They spit their Filth into his Face,  
Against him *Falshoods*, they devise.

For

For being *silent*, him they blame.

For speaking Truth, they do the fame.

They Jeer, they scorn, they him revile.

And, he sits quiet, all the while.

6 His Garments, then, from him, they strip'd  
(So sad a sight, was never seen)

And, their true *Prince*, with Rods, they whipt,  
As if a Bondslave he had been.

In purple they clothed him ;

And for a princely *Diadem*,

They crown'd him, with a *wreath* of Thorn ;

And, called Him, their *King*, in scorn.

7 To view him in so sad a plight,

In them, it could no pitty breed ;

But, they rejoyced at the sight,

And, in their Malice, did proceed.

*Away with him ; away*, they cride.

And, call'd to have him crucifide.

Yea, rather then they him would save,

Vnto a *Murthrer*, life they gave.

8 A weighty *Crosse* upon his back,

(Late rent with wounds they rudely laid :

Which he to bear did undertake,

Till him, that Burthen over-weigh'd

The *Son of G O D*, the *Life of Men*,

Vnto that *Crosse*, they nayled then :

And in the view of all the Throng,

By his torn *Hands*, and *Feet* he hung.

9 Could I in words, his pain relate

As to my heart, the fame appears ;

O 4 Each

Each hearer would be mov'd thereat,  
To shed,at least a show'r of Teares.

For,when his torments were at height,  
They still pursu'd him with despight,  
And,still,what e're they *Did* or *said*,  
To torture *Him*,for them he pray'd.

10 He was abus'd,or left of all.  
Some, did his pious works deride :  
To comfort him,some gave him gall :  
Some flouted,when to G O D he cri'd.

Few seem'd so touched with his Grief,  
As was one tender-hearted Thief ;  
And He,who to conclude his smart,  
Did thrust a Jav'lin to his Heart.

11 Although his *Love* immortall were,  
It was our *Flesh* that then he wore  
Which could not endles torments bear :  
Thereon,their *Spight* prevail'd therefore.

And,then the *Lambe* foretipifi'd  
By that,which for yong *Isaack* di'd,  
Gave up the Ghost,and so defray'd  
Our debt,which we could nea'r have paid.

12 His Death(though much it mov'd not man)  
Did make the *Sun* his Light restrain ;  
The fixed *Earth* to quake began ;  
The *Temple-Vaile* was rent in twain :

It caus'd the hardest Rocks to crack ;  
The Closets of the *Dead* it brake ;  
And of their Graves,they did arise,  
And shew themselves to mortall eies.

13 Then,

13 Then, did his Foes begin to fear  
Which Fear, in some Despaire begot ;  
Some were amaz'd ; some hopefull were,  
Some raged, and relented not.

His Friends, whose Faith this trial shook,  
Renew'd lost Hopes, new courage took ;  
Yet feared more, then they beleev'd ;  
Till him revived, they perceived.

14 Let all of us, who present be  
With loving Hearts, this *Prince* embrace.  
For by his *Death*, alive are we ;  
And by his *Pains*, we gained Grace.

In Him, whom *Pilat* crucifi'd,  
All this was truly verifi'd ;  
In Him, therefore, so let us live,  
That, *Life-etsernall* he may give.

15 Our Sins did help (as on this Day)  
With Whips, and Thorns to make him smart,  
They help to take his life away.  
Our want of *Love*, did wound his Heart.

And, though the *Jewes* despight we blame ;  
We were partakers in the same.  
Oh ! let us, now, partake no more  
In their offence, as heretofore.

## HYMN XXXVI.

## For Easter-Day.

*This Day is kept in memoriall of our Saviours blessed Resurrection, whereby the Church (as members with their Head) began a Joyfull Triumph over Sin, Death, and the Devill. And this Annuall Commemoration, was thought helpfull, both to stir up thankfull rejoycings in those to whom this is knowne, and to be a means also to make some take knowledge of it, who are yet Strangers to these Myseries.*

*Sing this as the 100 Psalm, without the Chorus.*

**T**His is the *Day*, the LORD hath made,  
And, therein, joyfull we will be :  
For, from the black Infernall Shade,  
In Triumph, back return'd is he.

The Snares of *Satan*, and of *Death*,  
He hath victoriously undone :  
And his Opposers, forc'd he hath  
His *Triumphs* to attend upon.

Cho. *This is the Day the LORD hath made:*

*Come ; let us now, therein be glad.*

2 The *Grave*, which all did once detest,  
And thought, a Dungeon full of Fear ;  
Is now become the *House of Rest*,  
And, no such Terrors harbor there.

For,

For CH<sup>R</sup>IST our L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup>, hath took away  
The Horrors, of that lothsome Den  
And, since his *Resurrection-Day*,  
The *Faithfull* find no Fears therein.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> hath made :*

*Come ; let us, now, therein be glad.*

3 His bitter mocks, his painfull smart,  
Hath Praife and Ease for us procur'd.  
And, to our Joy, we may convert,  
What, he with broken Heart endur'd.

His *Body*, now, is made a Food,  
Our fainting *Spirits* to refresh :  
And, we are by his precious *Blood*,  
Refined both in *Soul* and *Flesh*.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> hath made :*

*Come ; let us, now, therein be glad.*

4 His *Wounds* that were both deep and wide,  
To us, the *Caves* of Refuge are.  
There, from *Pursuers*, we may hide,  
And scape our Lives destroyer there.

Now, know we, that (as was foretold)

*His Flesh did no corruption see :*

And, that, *Hell* wanted strength to hold  
So strong, and blest a *Prince* as he.

Cho. *This is the Day, the L<sup>O</sup>R<sup>D</sup> hath made :*

*Come ; let us all, therein, be glad.*

5 Oh ! let us praise his *Name*, therefore,  
Who this renowned Conquest won :  
For, we had else for evermore,  
Been everlastingly, undone.

Whereas,

Whereas,emboldned now we grow,  
 Triumphantly,to fay or fing,  
 Oh *Hell!* where is thy *Conquest* now?  
 And,where (oh *Death!* is now thy *fing*?  
 Cho. *This is the Day,the LORD hath made,*  
*Come,let us now,therein be glad.*

H Y M N X X X V I I.

For Ascention Day.

*After our Saviour was risen from the Dead ; and  
 had many times shewed himselfe to his Disciples,  
 he ascended visibly up into heaven in their presence.  
 In memoriall of which Ascention ; and,to praise  
 G O D for so exalting the humane-Nature, we  
 celebrate this Day.*

*Sing this as the 117. Psalme.*

T O G O D, with heart,and cheerfull voice,  
 A *Triumph-Song*,we sing ;  
 And,with true Thankfulness rejoyce  
 In our Almighty King.  
 We to his Glory will record  
 (Who are but dust and clay)  
 What Honour he did us afford,  
 On his *Ascention-Day*.  
 2 The *humane-Nature*,which of late,  
 Beneath his *Angels* was ;

He



He called up,from that estate,  
Vnto a higher Place.  
For,at *Mans* feet all Creatures bow :  
To him,they subject be :  
And,at G O D's right hand,throned now,  
In Glorie,sitteth He.  
3 Our L O R D,and brother,who put on  
Such Flesh as this we wear ;  
Before us,up to Heav'n is gone,  
Our Places to prepare.  
Captivitie,was captive then,  
And,He doth from above,  
Send Ghostly-Presents down to Men ;  
For *Tokens* of his *Love*.  
4 Each *Doore*,and *Everlasting-Gate*,  
To him,hath lifted bin ;  
And,in a glorious-wife,thereat,  
Our King is entred in.  
Whom,if to follow we regard ;  
With Love,and leave we may :  
For,he hath all the means prepar'd ;  
And made an open way.  
5 Then follow ; follow on apace  
Our Captain to attend ;  
In that supream and blessed Place,  
Whereto he did ascend.  
And,for his Honour,let our Voice  
A shout,so heartie make ;  
That *Heav'n* may at our Joy rejoyce,  
And *Hels* foundation shake.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXXVIII.

For Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

*At the Jewes Pentecost, which was the fiftieth Day after their Pasche, and the Resurrection of Iesus Christ, the Holy-Ghost, our Comforter, was miraculously sent downe upon the Disciples, in a visible Forme ; replenishing them with Spirituall Gifts, for the edification of his Church. We therefore observe this Day in remembrance of that Mysterie.*

*Sing this as the former.*

WE do acknowledge thee, oh LORD!  
 Upright in all thy waies ;  
 And, that the firmnes of thy Word,  
 Well merits endlesse praise.  
 For, as by Thee, it was made known,  
 Before thou hence didst goe,  
 Thou sentst thy *Holy-Spirit* down,  
 Thy Favours, to bestow.  
 2 While thy *Disciples* in thy name,  
 Together did retire ;  
 The *Holy-Ghost* upon them came,  
 In *doven-Tongues* of Fire.  
 That, in their *Calling*, they might be  
 Confirmed, from above,

As

As Thou wert,when he came on Thee  
    Descending like a *Dove*.  
3 Whereby, they who unletter'd were,  
    And,fearfull,till that how'r,  
Inspir'd with prudence,did appear,  
    And,fortifi'd with pow'r.  
Yea,*Gifts* he gave,so manifold,  
    That,since Tim's Round begun ;  
A wonder never hath been told,  
    Which did exceed this *one*.  
4 Oh,let this blessed *Spirit*, LORD !  
    To us thy servants,here,  
A portion of that Grace afford,  
    Which doth in Thine appear.  
To us,thy *Dovelike* meeknes lend,  
    That humble we may be ;  
And by thy pure white wings,ascend  
    Our Saviour CHRIST,to see.  
5 Like *Cloven-Tongues*,vouchsafe we pray  
    So to Descend agen,  
That,Saving-Grace we publish may ;  
    And preach down Sin,in men.  
Yea,let thy *sanctifying-Fire*,  
    Inflame us from above :  
Burn up in us,all vain *Desire* ;  
    And warme our hearts with *Love*.  
6 Be pleased,likewise, to bestow  
    On us,thy sacred *Peace* ;  
That,*Vnitie* may stronger grow,  
    And our *Debates* decrease.

Which

Which *Peace*, if any do contemn,  
 Reformed let them be ;  
 That, we may, L O R D, have part in Them,  
 And *We*, and They, in *Thee*.

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## H Y M N X X X I X .

For *Trinitie-Sunday*.

*After the Arrian Hereſie had troubled many with doubts concerning the Myſterie of the Bleſſed Trinitie. It ſeemed convenient to ſome Churches, that one Day ſhould yearly be ſet apart, both to commemorate, and inſtruct us concerning this Myſterie. To which end we obſerve the Sunday next after Witfunday, and others, the Sunday next before the Advent.*

*Sing this as the Lords Prayer.*

**T**hey, ô thrice Holy, *Three in One!*  
 Who ſeek thy nature to explain,  
 By Means to Humane Reaſon known ;  
 Shall find their Labour ſpent in vain.  
 And, that they might contain, as well,  
 The Britiſh Ocean in a ſhell.  
 2 More, therefore, then we may conceive,  
 We will not curious be to know :  
 But rather, when thou bid'ſt us to believe,  
 Obey, and let uain Reas'ning goe.

For,

For, far more sure, *Faith's* Objects be ;  
Then those, which *Reasons* eies do see.  
3 Yet, as by looking on the *Sun*,  
(Though to his *Essence*, we are blinde)  
And by the *Courſe*, we see him run,  
We may of him, true *Notions* find.  
So; what thy *Brightnes* doth conceal,  
Thy *Word*, and *Works* (in part) reveal.  
4 Most *Glorious-Eſſence*, we confeſſe  
In Thee (whom by *Faith's* eies we view)  
*Three* *Persons*, neither moe, nor leſſe,  
Whoſe *Workings*, them, diſtinctly ſhew :  
And, ſure we are thoſe *Persons Three*,  
*One* GOD (and but *one* GOD-head be)  
4 The *Sun*, a *Motion* hath, we know,  
That *Motion* ſhews to us his *Light*.  
The *Heate* proceedeth from thoſe two.  
Each, works his proper *Works* aright.  
The *Motion* drawes out Time, a Line ;  
The *Heat* doth warm; The *Light* doth ſhine.  
6 But though this *Motion*, *Light*, and *Heat*,  
Diſtinctly, by themſelves we take,  
Each in the other hath his feat ;  
And, but one S v N, theſe Three do make.  
For, whatſoe're the *One* will do,  
It worketh by the other *Two*.  
7 So, in the GOD head, there is knit  
A wondrous *Threefold-Truelove knot* ;  
And perfect *Vnion* faſtens it,  
Though *Fleſh* and *Blood* conceive it not ;  
And

And what is by One *Person* done,  
 Is wrought by all the *Three-in-One*.  
 8 Their *Works* they joynly do pursue,  
 Though they their *Offices* divide ;  
 And though,as things distinctly due,  
 Some Attributes may be appli'd.  
 For,One in *Substance*,they are still ;  
 In *Vertue*,One,and one in *Will*.  
 9 *Eternall* all these *Persons* be ;  
 And,yet,*Eternall*,there's but *One*.  
 So likewise,*Infinite* all *Three* ;  
 Yet,*Infinite*,but *One*,alone.  
 And,neither,any thing doth misse,  
 Which of the *God-heads* ESSENCE is.  
 In *Vnitie*,and *Trinitie*,  
 Thus (oh *CREATOR*) we adore  
 Thine ever-praised *DEITIE* ;  
 And,Thee confesse,for evermore,  
 One *FATHER*,one *begotten SON* ;  
 One *HOLY-GHOST*,in *God-head* one

---

 H Y M N X L.

For All-Saints-Day.

*This Day we commemorate the Mystery of the Com-  
 munion of SAINTS, which shall be made  
 perfect,when the holy Trinitie, The Angels and  
 all the HOLIES and blessed Elect of GOD  
 shall be incorporated into a joyfull, and unspeakable,  
 and*

and inseparable Vnion, in the Kingdome of Hea-  
ven, which the Almighty hasten. Amen.

*Sing this as the former.*

NO *Blisse* can so contenting prove,  
As *universall-Love*, to gaine,  
If we, with *Full-requiting-Love*,  
Could such *Affection* entertain.

But, such a *Love*, the Heart of Man,  
Nor comprehend, nor merit can.

2 For, though to all we might be dear,  
(Which, cannot in this Life, befall)  
We discontented should appear,  
Because, we had not heart for all ;

That we might all men Love, as we  
Beloved, would of all men be.

3 For, *Love* in Loving, Joyes as much,  
As, Love for Loving to obtain.

The *perfect Love*, is alway such,  
And cannot part it Self in twain ;

Or Love receive; but where it may  
With Truest Love, *True-Love* repay.

4 *Love* cannot in it self be two.

The *Object* of *True Love*, therefore,  
An *Vnite* is, which cannot grow

To be in ESSENCE, *two*, or *more*.

In *Rivals-Loves*, no Love is known.

And *Love-divided*, loveth none.

5 By *Love in Fraction*, next are we  
Whil'st here on earth we do remain ;

And

And if in Heav'n such *Love* could be,  
 Sure Heav'n would be a place of pain,  
 And, *Saints*, perhaps, would jealous prove,  
 Of *G O D S*, or of each others *Love*.

6 But, *He* whose wisdom hath contriv'd,  
 His *Glorie* with our full content  
 Hath from himself a means deriv'd,  
 Our *Loves* distractions to prevent.

*One Body* of all *S A I N T S* he makes;  
 And, for his *Bride*, that *One*, he takes.

7 So, ev'ry member doth obtain  
 Full *Love* from *all*, returning too,  
 Full to *All*, of them again,  
 As members of one *Body* do ;  
 None *Jealous*; but, all striving how  
 Most *Love* to others to allow.

8 For, as the *Soul* is *All* in *All*,  
 (And, *All* through ev'ry member too)  
*Love*, in that *Body-Mysticall* ;  
 Is as the *Soul*, and fills it so :

Uniting them to *G O D*, as near,  
 As to each other, they are dear.

9 The *Love* they want to entertain  
 Such overflowing *Love* as his,  
 He adds ; which they return again  
 To make up *Love* which perfect is.

That, he may his own *Love* employ,  
 And, both find perfect *Love* and *Joy*.

10 The seed of this Content was sown  
 When *G O D*, the spacious world did frame ;  
 And,



And, ever since, that seed hath grown,  
To be an Honour to his *Name*.

And, when the S A I N T S are sealed all,  
This hidden Truth unseal he shall.

11 Meanwhile, as when Woods, Hills and Seas,  
In Landskip shadow'd forth, we shew,  
And, therewithall our Fancies please,  
Though we their substance do not view :

So, *Contemplations-Map* may shew,  
Dim sights, of that which we shall know.

12 And, though our Hearts too shallow be,  
That blest *Communion* to conceive,  
Whereof, in Heav'n we shall be free,  
Let us, on Earth together cleave ;

Since none shall taste that Blessing, there,  
But, they who live in *Vnion* here.

13 There, all those *Angels* we admir'd,  
With ev'ry *Saint*, since Time begun,  
(Whose Love, and Sight, we have desir'd)  
Shall joynd be with us, in One ;

And We, and They, and they, and We,  
To G O D himself espouz'd shall be.

14 Oh ! therefore, let us watch and pray,  
With *Lamps*, and *Oyle*, still so prepar'd,  
That, on the LAMBS great Marriage-day,  
We be not from this *Wedding* barr'd ;

But, find a free Admittance there,  
Where GOD, and all his HOLIES are.

H Y M N

## HYMN XLI.

For *St. Andrewes-Day.*

*This Day we praise GOD for the Benefit which his Church obtained by the Calling, and Ministry of his Apostle Andrew ; and we are hereby remembered, so to observe his Readiness to follow and preach Christ, that we may be stirred up to imitate the same.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

WHil't *Andrew*, as a Fisher fought  
From pinching want, his Life to free ;  
CHRIST call'd him, that he might be taught,  
*A Fisher-man of men*, to be.

And no delay therein, he made ;  
Nor questioned his LORDS intent ;  
But, quite forsaking all he had,  
With him that called, gladly went.  
2 Would GOD, we were prepared so,  
To follow CHRIST, when he doth call ;  
And, could as readily forgoe  
Those Nets, which we are snar'd withall.

Yea, would this *Fisherman of men*,  
Might us by his example move,  
To leave the World, as he did then ;  
And by our *Works*, our *Faith* approve.

3 But,

3 But, *Precepts* and *Examples* fail,  
Till thou, oh LORD! thy Grace inspir'st:  
Vouchsafe it, and we shall prevaile,  
In whatsoever thou requir'st.

Yea, we shall then that *Good* perceive,  
Which in thy *Service*, we may find;  
And, for thy sake, be glad to leave  
Our *Nets*, and all our *Traff* behind.

## HYMN XLII.

For St. *Thomas* his Day.

*We set apart this day, to praise GOD, for the Mini-  
strie of his Apostle St. Thomas; and that occa-  
sion may be thereby given to strengthen our Faith,  
by an Annuall commemoration of that part of the  
Evangelicall Story, which mentioneth aswell this  
Apostles doubtings, as the confirmation of his  
faith, by a sensible demonstration of Christs Resur-  
rection.*

*Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.*

WHEN *Christ* from Death, to life did rise,  
And *Thomas* heard that wonder told;  
He said he would not trust his Eies,  
Though Him, they living, should behold;  
Till with his Fingers, he had tri'd,  
His pierced hands, and wounded side.  
2 His

- 2 His gracious *Master* did permit  
 The Proof, his Frailtie fought to take ;  
 That, others might assurance get,  
 Of that, whereof he doubts did make.  
     And we more strength by him have got,  
     Then by their *Faith* who doubted not.
- 3 Oh ! blessed GOD, how wise thou art!  
 And, how confoundest thou thy Foes !  
 Who their Temptations do't convert  
 To work that End, which they oppose.  
     When *Satan* seeks our *Faith* to shake,  
     The former, he the same doth make.
- 4 Still when to Sins he tempteth us,  
 To his Confusion, let it be ;  
 To our Advantage, turn it thus ;  
 And, let it bring us home to Thee.  
     Yet, let us hate and shun all Sin,  
     As if, our mischief, it had bin.
- 

## H Y M N    X L I I I .

For St. *Stephens-Day*.

*Stephen was one of the seven Deacons mentioned  
 Act. 6. and the first Martyr of Iesus CHRIST.  
 Hee powerfully maintained the Gospell by  
 dispute, and sealed the Truth with his Blood: For  
 which GOD is gloried by this Dayes observa-  
 tion, and others by his exemplarie Constancie re-  
 membered*

*Sing this as the former.*

LORD! with what Zeal, did *Stephen* breath  
Thy *Truth* to fuch as him withstood?  
How stoutly did he meet his Death,  
To Seal thy *Goffel*, with his blood?  
This Constancie, thy Grace hath Crown'd;  
And, by so *Dying*; *Life* he found.  
2 Much *Love*, did in that *Saint* appear,  
When for his *Murtherers*, he fu'd:  
And, *Faith* had made his Eye-sight clear,  
When thee, inthron'd in heav'n, he view'd.  
In Torments, he true Patience kept;  
And, *di'd*, as if he had but *slept*.  
3 With his hot *Zeal*, our Hearts inflame;  
So *kinde*, so *constant*, let us be:  
In *life*, so let us *Praise* thy *Name*,  
In *Death*, so let us *looke* on Thee:  
And, when our *Sleep*, in *Death* we take,  
With him, to *Life*, let us awake.

---

H Y M N X L I I I I.

For S. *John* the *Evangelist* his Day.

*We solemnize this Day to praise GOD for his blef-  
sed Evangelist, and beloved Disciple John,  
who was one of the most powerfull Instruments of  
the Churches illumination, and Consolation. For,  
by Him, the Divinitie of CHRIST, and the  
P most*

*most comfortable mysteries of our Redemption,  
are most evidently witnessed.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandments.*

**B**Y his Examples, teach us L O R D,  
For whom we honour Thee this Day.  
His *Witnesse*, of th'*Incarbate-Word*,  
Continue in thy *Church*, for aye.

As he, likewise, beloved was,  
And, therefore, leaned on thy breast ;  
So, let us, L O R D, enjoy thy Grace ;  
And, on thy sacred *Bosome*, rest.  
2 Breathe into us, that *Life-divine*,  
Whose Testimonie, he intends ;  
About us, cause thy *Light* to shine ;  
That *Light*, which no man comprehends.

And, let that *ever-blessed-word*,  
Which, all things did create, of nought,  
Anew, create us, now, oh L O R D !  
Who are by *Sin*, to ruine brought.

3 Our sins, we heartily confesse,  
Thy pardon, therefore, let us have.  
Thy *Saving-faith* we do professe ;  
Vs, to thy *Fellowship*, receive.

And, as to us, thy *Servant* gives  
The means to know and honour Thee ;  
So, let oh L O R D ! our *words* and *lives*,  
Both *Lights*, and *Guides*, to others, be.

H Y M N

## HYMN XLV.

## For Innocents Day.

*In honour of the Almighty-Providence, this Day is observed by our Church, who upon this Day memorizeth our Saviours preservation from Herods crueltie, when he slew the Innocent Children in Bethlehem, and the parts adjoyning. And we are thereby put in minde, how vainly, the Devill, and his members, rage against GOD, and his Decrees.*

*Sing this as the former.*

THat Rage, (as David fore declar'd)  
Which did the Gentiles Fury shew;  
By Herod then fulfilled was  
When blamelesse Innocents he flew.  
And, madly they pursue in vain,  
What they had cursedly contriv'd;  
For, He whom Herod would have slain;  
Him, and his Malice, overliv'd.  
2 Still, thus, vouchsafe thou to restrain,  
All Tirants, LORD, pursuing Thee.  
Let ill conceptions, thus, be slain,  
That, Thou in us, preserv'd mayst be.  
So whil't we shall enjoy our breath,  
We of thy Grace, our Songs will frame;  
And, as those Infants, by our Death  
We hope to glorifie thy Name.

P 2

3 Those

3 Those *many* suffred Death, for *One* ;  
 That *One*, for *them*, and others dide.  
 And, what they felt in *A&T*, alone ;  
*He*, did in *Will*, and *A&T*, abide.

L O R D, grant that what thou hast decreed,  
 In *Will*, and *A&T*, we may fulfill :  
 And, though we reach not to the *Deed*,  
 From us, oh G O D, accept the *Will*.

H Y M N   X L V I.

For the Conversion of Saint *Paul*.

*Paul, having been a cruell Persecutor, was extraordinarily called, to be an Apostle to Preach the Faith which he had persecuted ; and of a Wolfe became a Pastor ; and the most laborious in the Vineyard of CHRIST : which Mercy of GOD, is here commemorated to his praise, and for our comfort.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**A** *Convert*, and Conversion strange  
 Was made, when *Saul*, a *Paul* became :  
 And, L O R D, for making such a change,  
 We praise, and glorifie thy *Name*.

For, whilst he went from place to place,  
 To persecute thy *Church* and *Thee* ;  
 He was reclaimed by thy *Grace*,  
 A Preacher of thy *Truth* to be.

2 L O R D, when from thee we go astray,  
 Or injure *Truth*, by blinded *Zeal*,

Vouch-



Vouchsafe to stop us in that way ;  
And, then, thy *Will*, to us reveal.

Disclose that *Brightnesse* from above,  
Which proves the *Sensuall Eye-sight* blind ;  
And, from our *Eyes*, the *skales* remove,  
That, hinder us, thy way to finde.

3 And, as thy blessed *Servant Paul*,  
(When thy *Disciple* he became)  
Exceeded thy *Apostles*, all,  
In painfull preaching of thy *Name*.

So, grant, that we, who have in *Sin*  
Exceeded others heretofore,  
The start of them, in *Faith*, may win ;  
*Love*, *Serve*, and *Honour* thee, the more.

---

H Y M N X L V I I.

For Saint *Matthias* his Day.

*This Day is observed in memoriall of GODS Justice, manifested in discovering and punishing Judas Icarriot for abusing his Apostleship ; and, for his Mercy in electing Matthias , a faithfull Pastor in his Roome. It gives us Occasion also, to consider what hangs over their heads, who abuse their Divine-Calling.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme.*

W HEN one of thine, did false become,  
And, his high place abuse :

P 3

Thou

318      *Hymn XLVIII.*      *Part.2.*

Thou left'st him, LORD, and in his Roome,  
Did'st just *Matthias* chuse,  
So, if within thy *Church* this day,  
Unfaithfull *Pastors* dwell,  
To Them, Repentance grant, we pray,  
Or, them, with speed, expell.  
2 Though, horned like the *Lambe* they show,  
Though, *Sheep-like*, cloth'd they be ;  
Let us their *Dragon-language* know,  
And, *Woolvisse-nature* see.  
And, cause thy *Lots* to fall on those,  
( Thy Flocks to undertake )  
Who shall their manners well compose  
And, thereof Conscience make.  
3 Let us likewise, his *fall*, so heed  
Whose Place, *Matthias* got ;  
And, with such loving Awe proceed,  
That, we deny Thee not.  
For, *Titles* be they nev'r so high,  
*Rare-Gifts*, or *Sacred-Place*,  
Shall no mans *Person* sanctifie,  
Without thy *Special-Grace*.

---

H Y M N   X L V I I I .

For Saint *Marks* Day.

*This day is appointed to praise GOD, for the Glad tidings of his Gospel, delivered to the Church by his blessed Evangelist MARK : by whose Testimony*

*mony that Saving-Truth, is confirmed and Illustrated unto us.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

FOR those blest *Pen-men* of thy *Word*,  
Who have Evangeliz'd of Thee,  
We magnifie thy *Name* oh L O R D !  
And, thankfull, we desire to be.

The Welcome News, thy *Gospel* brings,  
With joyfull Hearts, we do embrace ;  
And, prize above all earthly Things,  
That Precious Earnest of thy *Grace*.

2 This Matchlesse *Jem*, that we may buy  
Let us with gladnesse, *Cost* bestow,  
Our vain *Self-love*, let us deny,  
And, let the Worlds *False-honours* go.

Although from Heav'n an *Angel* come  
To preach another *Gospel*, here,  
Let us not entertain the fame  
Nor lend thereto a willing eare.

3 L O R D, we are now affected thus ;  
But, in performance, we are fraile ;  
Too craftie is our *Foe* for us,  
And (if thou help not ) may prevaile.

Enable us, therefore, to Judge, and know,  
( When we *new-Doctrines* do receive )  
If they agreeing be, or no,  
To what a *Christian* should beleewe.

## HYMN XLIX.

For Saint *Philip* and *Jacobs* Day.

*The Church upon this Day taketh Occasion to offer to our Consideration, some of those Mysteries of Saving Faith, which were delivered unto her by the Ministry of the Apostles Philip, and Jacob, that we might the better beare in minde their Counsels, and be thankfull unto GOD for them.*

*Sing this as the former.*

BY Thee were thy *Disciples* taught,  
 What they, oh *CHRIST*, should do;  
 What, likewise to *Beleeve*, they ought,  
 Thy *Spirit* shew'd them too.  
 The Truths which unto them were shown,  
 Have been dispos'd of thus;  
 They, unto others made them known;  
 From Those, they came to us.  
 2 Thus they have taught; and thus we say;  
 ( And, therein will abide )  
 Thou art the *Life*, and *Truthfull-way*,  
 Which unto *Life* doth guide.  
 By *Thee*, the *Father* we have known,  
 Whom thou descendest from;  
 And, unto *Him*, by *Thee*, alone,  
 We, hopefull are to come.  
 3 This, thou to *Philip* did impart,  
 ( And, this our Faith shall be )  
 That

That, Thou within the *Father* art,  
 And, that, *He* dwels in *Thee*.  
 Of whom, what ever we in faith,  
 And, in thy *Name*, require,  
 We shall obtain ( thy promise faith )  
 As we ourselves desire.  
 4 Now, therefore, LORD, of thee we crave,  
 That, we more Fruit may shew  
 Of that which we received have ;  
 And, much more thankfull grow.  
 That so the Truth we have beleev'd  
 May not be taken from  
 These Kingdomes ; but, be here receiv'd  
 Vntill thy *Kingdome* come.

## HYMN L.

For Saint *Barnabas* Day.

*Barnabas, together with Saint Paul, was by the Holy-Ghost extraordinarily separated for the Ministry of the Gospel, and confirmed in the Apostleship, by the ordinary Discipline of laying on of hands ; for which we take occasion to praise GOD, upon this Day.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandments.*

**R**Ich Gifts, and Graces manifold,  
 To many, thou, oh LORD, hast lent,  
 Of late, and in the Dayes of old,  
 To teach us *Faith*, and to repent.

P 5

The

Thy *Prophets* thou did'st first ordain ;  
 And, they as *Legats* did appear.  
 Then, with an *Apostolike-Train*,  
 In person, thou, a while, wert here.

3 For *Legier*, when thou went'st away,  
 The *Holy-Ghost* thou didst appoint,  
 Who, for thy Service (to this Day)  
 From Time to Time, did some anoint.

So likewise, brought it was to passe ;  
 That, to confirm what had been taught,  
 An *Army-royall*, pressed was,  
 Of *Martyrs*, who thy Battels fought.

3 For *Thofe*, and *Him*, for whom we thus  
 Are met to praise thy *Name* this day,  
 We give Thee Thanks ; as they for us,  
 ( Before we were ) to Thee did pray.

And, by this dutie, we declare  
 An evidence, that *They* and *We*,  
 ( Though we in Times, divided are )  
 Have one *Communion*, still, with Thee.

H Y M N L I.

For Saint *John Baptist* his Day.

John called the Baptist ( by whose Ministry the People were prepared to receive CHRIST, was prophesied of before his Comming. And this day is appointed both to praise GOD for the same ; and to remember us by his example to  
 prepare

*prepare our hearts for the entertainment of our Saviour.*

*Sing this as the Lords Prayer.*

**B**Ecause the World might not pretend,  
It knew not of thy *Coming-day* ;  
Thou didst, oh C H R I S T, before Thee send  
A *Cryer*, to prepare thy Way.

Thy *Kingdome* was the *News*, he brought  
*Repentance*, was the *Way*, he taught.

2 And that his *Voice* might not alone,  
Informe us what we should *beleeve* ;  
His *Life* declar'd what must be done,  
By those who shall thy *Faith* receive.

His Doctrin, therefore, let us heed,  
And in his holy path proceed.

3 Let us not haunt *vain-pleasures* Courts,  
With fruitlesse toys, to feed the minde ;  
Nor moved be with false Reports,  
Like Reeds, that shake with ev'ry winde.

And, let our *lives* (though lesse austere)  
At least, be sober, and sincere.

4 Clad in *Repentant-cloth of hair*,  
Let us, (oh C H R I S T) to seek out Thee,  
To those *forsaken-walks* repair,  
Which, by thy *Saints* affected be :

And, that our lives we may amend,  
With true *Repentance*, us befriend.

5 Instruēt us how to feed upon  
The *Honey*, of thy *Word-divine* ;

The

The *Dainties* of the *Flesh* to shun ;  
 Her *Cups* of *Soul-bewitching-wine* ;  
 And, on our Loines, let us have care  
 The *Belt* of *Temperance* to weare.  
 6 So, thy *Fore-Runner*, Times last day,  
 By his example, shall prepare  
 Within Mans heart, both *Place* and *Way*,  
 To give thee entertainment, there ;  
 And, thou to *us*, and *We* to Thee,  
 Shall, (when thou comest ) welcome be.

## HYMN LII.

For Saint *Peters* Day.

*We observe this day, to honour GOD, in the pious  
 Memoriall of his blessed Apostle Saint Peter, and  
 that it might remember us not to presume on our  
 own strength, by considering his failing, and falling  
 from his over peremptorie Affeuration. We may  
 learn also by his example, to bewaile our escapes,  
 with teares of penitence.*

*Sing this as the 1. Psalm.*

How watchfull ought, we to become !  
 How zealously to pray !  
 That, Thee, oh LORD, we fall not from  
 Vpon our *Triall-day*!  
 For, if thy great *Apostle* said,  
 He would not Thee deny,  
 Yet,



Yet, Thee, that very night denaid,  
On what should we relie?  
2 Of our owne selves, we cannot leave  
Our pleasures for thy sake;  
No, nor one vertuous Thought conceive  
Till, us thou able make.  
For, we not only Thee deny,  
When Troubles do increase;  
But, oft from Thee, we likewise fly,  
When pleasures we possesse.  
3 Oh / let those *Prayers* us availe,  
Which were for *Peter* daign'd;  
That, when the *Foe* shall us affaile,  
His purpose be not gain'd.  
Yea, fixe on us those pow'rfull Eies,  
Which mov'd him to lament;  
That, we with Teares, and bitter Cries,  
Our Follies may repent.  
4 And, grant that all, who him succeed  
(To oversee thy *Folds*)  
Thy Sheep and Lambs, may guide and feed,  
As they of duty should:  
No Doctrine teaching, saving, what  
*Truth* warrants them to preach;  
And in their Lives, confirming that  
Which they are bound to teach.

H Y M N

## HYMN LIII.

For St. James his Day.

*This Day we glorifie GOD for his Apostle James, who was one of the two, for whom their Mother desired that they might sit, the one at his right hand, and the other at his left hand in his Kingdome: And by occasion of that Petition, they and others are taught what they should rather desire to obtain.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

THEY who their *Father* had forfook,  
 And follow'd CHRIST at his command,  
 (By humane frailtie overtook)  
 Did for preferment, seeme to stand.  
 But, by their *Master* they were taught,  
 What fitteth an *Apostles* care;  
 What should by them, be rather fought;  
 And, what their chiefest honours are.  
 2 By them, we see much Folly grows,  
 Where *Virtues* their best rooting take;  
 And that the man which *Wealth* forgoes,  
 May not *Ambition* quite forfake.  
 And fear we may, that Sin resides  
 In many Persons at this day,  
 Who chosen are for *Lights*, and *Guids*,  
 To shew to other men their way.

3 To

3 To Thee, therefore, oh LORD, we pray,  
That, *humbleness*, in us may dwell,  
To charm that *Fiend of Pride* away,  
Which would thy Graces, quite expell.

Vouchsafe thou, chiefly, those to keep  
From this Delusion of the Foe,  
Who are the *Pastors* of thy Sheep,  
And should each good example show.

4 For, they who still pursuing be  
That *Greatness*, which the World respects,  
Their vanitie do neither see,  
Nor feel thy Spirits good effects.

By them, *prophaneness* doth increase ;  
By them, *Disunion*, is begun,  
By them, the *Church* is robb'd of *Peace* ;  
By them, the World will be undone.

5 He therefore, that will stop the Rent,  
Which his Ambitious aymes hath made,  
(Like this Apostle) must repent  
The vain Desires, which he hath had.

For, he which to performe that *Place*,  
With *Lowliness*, himfelfe applies,  
Endow'd is, with *speciall-grace*,  
And, shall to highest *Honours* rise.

H Y M N

## HYMN LIIII.

For St. Bartholomews day.

*This Day is consecrated to the hononr of GOD, in the pious memory of his Apostle St. Bartholomew : and, that (as appeares by a portion of Scripture appointed to be read this day, we might take occasion to praise our Redeemer for the many wonders wrought by his Apostles, to the edification of his Church ; and to the confusion of her Foes.*

*Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.*

EXceeding gracious favours, LORD,  
 To thy *Apostles* have bin shown ;  
 And, many wonders, by their word,  
 And, in thy *Name*, by them were done.  
 The Blind could see ; the Dumbe could talk ;  
 The Deaf did hear ; the Lame did walk.  
 2 They all *Diseases* took away ;  
 The Dead, to life, they did restore ;  
 Foul spirits, dispossessed they ;  
 And, preach'd thy *Gospel* to the poore.  
 Whereby the Truth, still stronger grew,  
 And, her Opposers overthrew.  
 3 Oh ! let their works for ever be  
 An honour to thy Gorious Name ;

And

And by thy pow'r, vouchsafe that we  
(Whom Sin makes deaf, blind, dumb, and lame,  
May hear thy *Word*, and see thy *Light* ;  
And speak thy Truth, and walk upright.  
4 Each mortall Sicknes of the Soul,  
Let thy *Apostles* Doctrines cure ;  
Let it expell that *spirit-foul*,  
Which makes us lothsome and impure :  
That, we who dead in sin have lain,  
The life of *saving-Faith* may gain.

---

H Y M N L V.

For St. Mathews-Day.

*St. Mathew was from the Office of a Custome-gatherer (which was odious to the Jewes) called to be an Apostle ; and became one of the Evangelists. This day, therefore, is made observable, and set apart that God might be therein praised for the favour vouchsafed to the whole Church by his ministry.*

*Sing this as the former.*

Let no uncomely Censures passe  
Upon those *Callings* men professe.  
A *Publican*, St. *Mathew* was,  
Yet, G O D S elected nev'r thelesse.  
And was unto the *Church of Christ*,  
*Apostle*, and *Evangelist*.

2 For,

- 2 For, G O D (who not a whit respects  
 Profession, Person, or Degree)  
 The *Saints* impartially elects,  
 From ev'ry Sort of men that be;  
     That, all might unto him repaire,  
     And, no more of his Love despaire.
- 3 For those men, therefore, let us pray,  
 Who seem uncalled, to remain;  
 Not judging them quite cast away,  
 G O D s Favour never to obtain;  
     Since, he by them perhaps doth prove,  
     Our patience, and our Christian Love.
- 4 And, for our selves, let us desire  
 That, Avarice we then may shun,  
 When G O D that service doth require,  
 Whereby his heav'nlie will is done.  
     And let the remnant of our daies,  
     Be spent in setting forth his praise.

## H Y M N L V I.

For the Day of St. *Michael*, and all *Angels*.

*This Day we glorifie G O D for the ministration of his holy Angels, and for the assistance and protection, which he by them vouchsafeth us against the secret assaults and temptations of our spirituall Adversaries. St. Michael, is by St. Jude termed an Arch-Angell; by Daniel, he is called, Chiefe of the Princes; and some doe thinke that this Angel is Christ.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

TO praise, oh G O D ! and honour Thee  
 For all thy glorious Triumphs won,  
 Asssembled here this day are we ;  
 And, to declare thy Favours done.

Thou took'st that great *Arch Angels* part,  
 With whom in Heav'n the *Dragon* fought;  
 And, that good *Armies, Captain* wer't,  
 Which cast *him*, and his *Angels* out.

2 We gain'd thereby the firmer peace ;  
 Lesse are our dangers ; lesse, our Fears ;  
 And, to thy Glories great increase,  
 Thy *Kingdomes* pow'r the more appears.

Yea, now his malice and despight,  
 Who in thy presence, heretofore,  
 Accused us both day and night,  
 Shall terrifie our Souls no more.

3 In honour of thy Blessed Name,  
 This *Hymn* of Thanks, therefore we sing ;  
 And, to thine everlasting Fame  
 Of praise, Heav'n's arched Sphear shall ring.

With praise, for thy *Essentiall-might*,  
 With praise, for all those *Angels* too,  
 Who thy victorious Battels fight,  
 And, here on Earth, thine Errands do.

4 For, many of that glorious Troop  
 (To bring us messages from thee)  
 Have pleased bin, from Heav'n to stoop ;  
 And, cloth'd with humane shape to be.

Yea,

Yea, we believe they watch and ward,  
 About our Persons, evermore,  
 From *evill-Spirits*, us to guard:  
 And, we return Thee Thanks, therefore.

---

## H Y M N L V I I.

For St. *Lukes* Day.

*This Day we celebrate GODS praise for the great  
 priviledges vouchsafed to his Church by the blessed  
 Evangelist L V K E, a Physitian both for Body  
 and Soule, and the first and best Ecclesiasticall Hi-  
 storiographer. Hee was a constant companion of  
 St. Paul, and an example of Christian perseverance  
 to all posteritie.*

*Sing this as the former.*

I F those Physitians honor'd be,  
 Who corporall diseases heal;  
 Sure, worthy double praise is he  
 Who seeks both *Soul* and *Bodies* weal.  
 Both waies this Blessed *Saint* excel'd,  
 Both waies, in life he was approv'd;  
 And, by his *Gospel* hath reveal'd  
 What many Soul-bred pains remov'd.  
 2 To do him honour, this, beside,  
 A blessed witnes, hath declar'd,  
 That firme in Faith he did abide,  
 When others from the Truth were scar'd.  
 Thereof



Thereof the Glorie, L O R D, be thine ;  
For, him thy *Grace* enabled thus :  
And he received those Gifts divine,  
To benefit *himself* and *us*.

3 By his example, therefore, L O R D,  
Vphold us, that we fall not from  
The true profession of thy *Word*,  
Nor by the World, be overcome.

And, grant, his holy *Gospel* may  
Yeeld cordiall comforts to the Soul,  
To drive those maladies away,  
Which make it faithles, faint, and foul.

---

H Y M N L V I I I .

For St. *Simon* and *Judes* day.

*This Day, we honour God for his two Apostles, Simon called Zelotes, and Jude the brother of James, as is manifested by a portion of Scripture, appointed to be read on this day, and by which we are put in minde that we continue in brotherly Love, and to that estate of Grace to which we are called.*

*Sing this as the 23. Psalm.*

N O outward *mark* have we to know  
Who, thine, oh C H R I S T, shall be,  
Vntill our Christian Love doth show,  
What Soul pertains to Thee.  
For, some, a *Faith* can counterfeit,  
And, likely Virtues fain ;

But,

But,till true *Charitie* they get,  
     Their *Faith*,and *Works* are vain.  
 2    *Love* is that Sum of those Commands,  
     Which Thou,to Thine didst leave ;  
 And,for a *mark*,on them it stands  
     Which never can deceive.  
 For,when our *Knowledge*,foolish turnes ;  
     When *Showes*,no shew retain ;  
 VVhen *fiery-zeal* to nothing burnes,  
     Then *Love* shall firme remain.  
 3    By this,were thy Disciples knit,  
     And,joyned so in One ;  
 Their *True-Love-knot*,could never,yet,  
     Be broken or undone.  
 Oh ! let us L O R D inferted be  
     Into that sacred *Knot* ;  
 And,be so knit,to them and Thee,  
     That Sin undoe us not.  
 4    Yea,left when we thy grace possesse,  
     VVe therefrom fall away,  
 (Or turn it into wantonneffe)  
     Assist thou us,we pray.  
 And,that we may the better find,  
     VVhat heed is to be learn'd,  
 Let us the *Fall* of Angels mind,  
     As holy *Jude* hath warn'd.

H Y M N

## H Y M N L I X.

For troublefome, and dangerous Times.

*No Kingdome is alwaies free from troublefome and dangerous Times. Therefore Hymns of Consolation; and fuch as may move to penitence, or preserve the minde patiently contented with GODS Vifitations in that kind, are neceffary for uncomfortable Seasons, and will no doubt, be both liked, and used by fome.*

*Sing this, as, VVe praise thee oh G O D.*

NOW are the *Times*; These are the *Daies*,  
 VVhich will those men approve,  
 VVho take delight in *honest-Waies*,  
 And *pious-Courses* love.  
 Now, to the VVorld, it will appear,  
 That Innocence of heart,  
 VVill keep us far more free from fear,  
 Then *Helmet, Shield, or Dart.*  
 2 A cunning *Politicians Brain*  
 A wealthy *Merchants-purse*,  
 A *Princely Style, a Portly Train*;  
 (Though with a *publike Curfe*)  
 (In *Grace* to be with *Lords and Kings*,  
 And, of their *Slaves* admir'd)  
 A while agoe, seem'd glorious Things;  
 And, most to be desir'd.

3 But

3 But fully Ripe now *Sins* are come,  
 And bring those *Plagues-foretold* ;  
 Which made the *Times* grow perilsome,  
*Good-Conscience* passeth Gold.  
 And,they the bravest Lots possesse,  
 Which may on earth be had,  
 Who by an *Inward-Happines*  
 Are safe,and fearles made.

4 As Lions they couragious are,  
 Now mischiefs most increafe.  
 And,though still dreadfull newes they hear,  
 Their Courage doth increafe.  
 For,now,they see be drawing nigh,  
 And,haftning to requite,  
 Their Insolence,and Tirrany,  
 Who did in wrongs delight.

5 And why should Innocencie grieve,  
 That,liv'd it hath to see  
 Fulfilled ; what it did believe,  
 And could foretell,should be ?  
 Yea,why should it be discontent,  
 That, GOD hath verifi'd  
 His threat'nings by a sad event,  
 On those who *Truth* decide ?

6 What can it lose,now broiles increafe ?  
 Or Fear,in 'Times of blood ?  
 Which was opprest in Times of Peace ;  
 And *Ill* receiv'd for Good ?  
 Since none doth grudge to see his Field,  
 Stubb up,and fet on fire ;

That

That usefull Fruits, the foile may yeeld,  
In stead of Bush and Bri'r.  
7 The best which could have hoped bin,  
By long abused Rest ;  
Was that our Follies, and our Sin,  
Should more have bin increast.  
For, though some have bewail'd the Time,  
And Reformation fought ;  
But, few do sorrow for their crimes,  
Or, mend themselves in ought.  
8 Yea, few had either fear or sense,  
Of *Justice*, in their waies ;  
Or favour'd much, that *Innocence*  
Which giveth peacefull daies.  
We, therefore are afflicted thus ;  
And G O D, hath powred now,  
A *Violl of his wrath* on us,  
That we might wiser grow.  
9 Like those Egyptians if we be,  
Whose hearts obdurate grow,  
All his old plagues, in store hath he,  
Our Follies to pursue ;  
But by returning unto him,  
We, yet may scape the smart,  
That without *Mercy*, falls on them,  
Which have a hard'ned heart.  
10 I. O R D, this effect, vouchsafe to grant  
In these our *Troublous-Times*.  
Let our lost *Peace*, which now we want,  
Reclaim us from our Crimes.

Q

So,

So whether we shall *die* or *live*,  
 Till better *Daies* we see ;  
 This *Troublous* Time we shall perceive,  
 A *Time of Grace* to be.  
 11 For *Pestilences, Deaths, and War*,  
 To them, who shall repent.  
 Not *Evill*, but *Good-Angels* are,  
 For their amendment sent :  
 And *Righteous men*, sometime, by these,  
 In Love, are taken from  
 Those worfe, and those more dreadfull daies ;  
 Which must on others come.  
 12 Prepare, and fit me, L O R D, therefore,  
 With meek, and humble mind,  
 To meet thy Judgements at the dore ;  
 And, take the *Lot* I find.  
 And, if I shall be one of those,  
 Who for example sake,  
 Must suffer by these *publike-woes*,  
 On me thy pleasure take.  
 13 But, L O R D, remember *Mercy* still,  
 (Thy Sword, through *Justice* drawes )  
 Yea, though to bring this *publike Ill*,  
 My *Sins*, in part, were cause ;  
 Remember too, that I am one  
 (A Sinner, though it be)  
 Who grieves, for what I have misdome,  
 And put my trust in Thee.

H Y M N

## HYMN L X.

Another for the like Times.

*The Faithfull are by this Hymn put in mind of that securitie which may be obtained, by depending on GOD, in Times of publike Calamitie, and remembred also thereby to strengthen their Faith by earnestly seeking GODS assistance, and protection, in such Times of Perill and Feare.*

*Sing this as the 25. Psalm.*

INform'd we are, oh LORD!  
 That they who trust in Thee,  
 And, can depend upon thy *Word*,  
 Shall free from danger be.  
 To those, thou shalt become  
 A strong defensive Tow'r,  
 To save when Times are perillome,  
 From him that would devour.  
 2 The *Shaft* which kills by day,  
 On them shall not alight;  
 The *Plague* which doth at midnight slay,  
 Shall do them no despight.  
 How e're the *Planets* move;  
 What ever their *Aspects*  
 May seem to threaten from above,  
 They shall have good Effects.

Q 2

3 Their

3 Their Feet unharm'd shall tread,  
 The *Viper, Worme, and Aspe* :  
 With *Angry-Lyons*, without dread  
 Or danger, they shall graspe :  
 From Foes, they shall besafe ;  
 Though great their Haters be,  
 And at their Furie, they shall laugh  
 Though them enrag'd they see.  
 4 When Death on ev'ry side,  
 Ten Thousands takes away,  
 They shall, by Faith be fortifide ;  
 And, live without difmay.  
 Yea, full they shall be fed  
 When *hungry Times* appear :  
 And, shall of nothing, stand in dread,  
 When they *Sad-Rumors* hear.  
 4 LORD, thus, thou dost befriend  
 (When Times of Trouble be)  
 Thy Faithfull Servants, who depend  
 Vnfainedly on Thee.  
 On me, LORD, this high grace,  
 Vouchsafe thou to bestow :  
 For at this *Time*, and in this *Place*,  
 Are Fears, and Perils now.  
 6 Let not my many Crimes,  
 Which have assistance brought  
 To bring thy Judgements on these times,  
 Now bring my Hopes to naught.  
 But, let me so repent,  
 My Courtes lewd and vain,  
That



That in this publick punishment,  
I, private Grace may gain.  
7 So constant, make my heart ;  
(What ever *Newes* I hear)  
That, from no duties I depart,  
By an unmanly Fear :  
Nor by a carnall doubt,  
Those *Christian-Hopes* forgoe,  
Whose *Loffe*, may tire my *Patience* out ;  
Or, *Saving-Faith* o'rethrow.  
8 But, L O R D, let me remain  
To thee, so reconcil'd,  
That Sobernes I may refrain,  
Though all the World grow wild.  
Be thou my blessed *Lot*,  
VVhen *Outrage* doth increase ;  
And, to their *Furie* leave me not,  
That are the Foes of *Peace*.  
9 Preserve this Hopelesse *Place*,  
And our disturbed *State*,  
From those that have more *wit*, then grace,  
And prudent Counsels hate :  
Yea, let the *Plagues* they cause  
On those alone descend,  
Whom neither *Grace*, nor *Vengeance*, draws  
Their manners to amend.  
10 If any *Sprouts* of mine,  
Shall these *Ill-Times* out-grow,  
To keep them, L O R D, for ever thine  
The life of *Grace* bestow.

Q 3

And,

And, rather let them die  
     In want, and with disgrace,  
 Then live on earth to multiplie  
     A wicked princely Race.  
 11 Yea, whatfoever care,  
     Or Troubles we are in,  
 Preserve in us a Conscience clear  
     From ev'ry wilfull Sin.  
     And, in thy *Faith* and *Love*,  
     So firme, let us abide ;  
 That, by these Troubles we may prove,  
     Like Silver seven times tride.  
 12 If this I shall obtain,  
     As, I believe I shall ;  
 Though *Fire* and *Brimstone* down it rain,  
     It should not me appall.  
     For, when each earthly Thing,  
     Burnes round me in a flame.  
 I    HALELVJAH hope to sing,  
     In honour of thy *Name*.

---

*Finis se cundæ partis.*

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## The third Part, containing

*Hymns* Personall.To the *Reader*.

Hese *Times* are so captious, that we otherwhile displease, even when we doe *Curtesies* ; if we prevent not mistakings by some excuses or complements. Therefore, without a Prologue, I dare not proceed to the next *Part*, or *Volumn* of *Hymns*, lest I might seeme burthensome in their Number : For some have already given me occasion to suspect that Objection.

That which I can say for my selfe (if I need say any thing) is this : I thought I could not have taken too many Occasions to praise GOD. So I thinke yet ; and of this mind I shall continue. I am perswaded, also, that they who thinke these *Hymns* too many, will weary themselves as little in the use of them, as if they had

Q 4

bin

bin fewer, and that such as are devoutly affected, would not have been tired, If I had prepared a greater number.

They who are acquainted with the *Liturgies* in the *Greeke Churches*, can assure them, that they have had more *Hymns* by some hundreds, then I have yet divulged. And, most men of discretion very plainly perceive that the *Chauntries* of the *World* the *Flesh*, and the *Deuill* have more then a thousand *Songs*, for every one which I have prepared for our Christian Quires. And now I call that to mind, I am almost angry that any man should thinke these *Hymns* were over-numerous, and will therefore say no more to excuse their multitude.

I confesse I am (for ought I know, or have yet heard) the first that did compose *Personall-Hymns* in this kind: and perhaps, therefore (as it usually fares with new *Inventions*) they will not seeme so plausible as *Occasionall* and *Temporarie Hymns*; which have been very anciently in use.

Yet,

Yet, I am perswaded, that when they are better knowne, no discreet Reader will either disapprove them, or judge them to be any of those *Novelties*, which are justly despicable or impertinent.

I conceived it a good meanes, to insinuate into persons of every *Calling* and *Degree*, some of those Musings and Considerations, which are necessary to be remembred. This way as I thought instruction might be received with most ease, with least offence : And I am confident, that purposely or causually, some advantages of good consequence, both for amendment of *Manners*, and increase of *Pietie*, will arise from these *Personall-Hymns*. In this confidence, I leave them to your perusal, and humbly beseech *G O D*, that they may be our *profit* and his *praise*.

G E O. W I T H E R.

Q 5

H Y M N



## H Y M N I.

For a Britan.

*We that are Britans enjoy many peculiar Priviledges;  
and have obtained sundry Blessings and Deli-  
verances famously observable. We are therefore ob-  
liged to a speciall Thankfulnesse, not only as we are  
Christian-men, but as we are Britans also. And  
this Hymn intends the furtherance of that duty.*

**H**A L E L V J A H, now I sing.  
For, my Heart invites my Tongue,  
To extoll my G O D-my-King,  
In that blessed *Angel-Song*,  
And, as I enabled am,  
I will sacrifice to G O D,  
*Thanks*, in this whole *Ilands* name,  
In a Joyfull-praisefull *Ode*,  
You that Loyall Britans be,  
*Halelujah* sing with me.  
Cho. *Halelujah, sing with me,*  
*You that Loyall Britans be.*  
2 On her Coasts, our *Maker* smiles,  
And, vouchsafed her the Rule  
Over all the *Floods*, and *Iles*,  
From the *Midland-Streights* to *Thule*.  
*Plenty* doth her Vallies fill;  
Health is in her Clymates found;  
Pleasure,

Pleasure plaies in ev'ry hill,  
And these Blessings, *Peace* hath crown'd.

*Halelujah* therefore sing

Till the Shores with Eccho's ring.

Cho. *Till the Shores with Ecchoes ring,*

*Halelujah, therefore, sing.*

3 VVhen that blessed *Light* arose,  
VVhich dispelled *Death's* black Shade,  
*She*, was of the first of Those,  
VVho, thereof, was Partner made.

And, although she seem a Place,  
To the Frozen Zone confin'd ;  
Yet, the longest Day of *Grace*,  
In Her happy Coasts hath shin'd.

Sing, let us, to G O D, therefore,

*Halelujah*, evermore.

Cho. *Halelujah*, evermore,

*Sing let us, to G O D*, therefore.

4 That no Forraign Foe may ceaze,  
Her Dear Children, evermore,  
Ditch'd and wall'd with *Rocks* and *Seas*,  
Her beloved Borders are.

G O D Almighty so provides,  
That, likewise, to guard her *Lands*,  
She hath Clouds, and VVind, and Tides,  
Calmes, and Stormes, and Shelves, and Sands.

Now therefore, my Song shall be,

*Halelujah*, I. O R D, to thee.

Cho. *Halelujah*, Lord, to Thee,

Now, therefore, my Song shall be.

5 VVhen



5 When we had a *Darknesse* here,  
 Worfe then what th'Egyptians had.  
 When, we more in Bondage were,  
 And, to *Babel*, slaves were, made ;  
 G O D, Renew'd again the *Light*,  
 And the *Freedome*, which we lost :  
 That, for Thanks, enjoy we might,  
 What our *Fathers* lives had cost.

Therefore while I have a Tongue,  
*Halelujah* shall be sung.

*Cho.* *Halelujah shall be sung,*  
*Therefore, while I have a Tongue.*

6 When our *Deborah* arose,  
 And, God's *Ifr'el* judged here.  
 When confederated Foes,  
 Did Invincible appear.

*Spains* proud *Sisera*, had thought,  
 To have sunk us, with his weight :  
 But, the *Stars* against him fought,  
 And, made famous, *eightie eight*.

*Halelujah*, therefore, Crie  
 Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofe reply.

*Cho.* *Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofe, reply,*  
*Halelujah, therefore cry.*

7 When of harms we dreamed not ;  
 But at rest, securely liv'd :  
 By a damned *Powder plot*,  
*Rome* our ruine had contriv'd :

For, by *Thunders* from below,  
 (Had not G O D forbid the Doom) .

We

We had perish'd at a blow ;  
And, but few, had known by whom.

*Halelujah*, therefore found,

For the Grace, which then we found,

Cho. *For the Grace, which then we found,*

*Halelujah*, therefore found.

2 When by Riot, and Excesse ;  
We those times of *Dearth* deserv'd,  
Which did bring us to distresse,  
And in danger to be serv'd.

Once, G O D sent beyond believe,  
*Fruits*, where none did *Plant*, or *Sow*,  
And, at other times, relieve,  
Ere we saw the same in show.

To our great, and Gracious *King*.

*Halelujah*, therefore, sing.

Cho. *Halelujah, therefore, sing,*

*To our great, and gracious King.*

9 When for our Contagious crimes,  
*Sicknesses*, have raged here,  
Such ; as few preceding Times,  
Therewithall, acquainted were.

When a *Pestilentiall-Breath*,  
Made us from each other flie,  
(Threatning Vniverfall Death)  
G O D had pitie on our Crie.

Therefore, while we breathing be,

*Halelujah* Sing will we.

Cho. *Halelujah sing will we,*

*Therefore, while we breathing be.*

10 Wort

10 Worst of Wars, *Domestick-War*,  
Twixt our *Nations*, was begun,  
Spreading Threats, and Terrors, far,  
Of more Mischiefe, then was done.

Here, it march'd as if it said ;  
BRITAIN, *speedily repent*,  
Els, my Fury, yet, delaid ;  
*Thee*, and *Thine*, ere long, will rent.  
Therefore, Trumpets, Fifes, and Drums,  
*Hallelujah* well becomes.

Cho. *Hallelujah*, well becomes,  
*Warlike Trumpets, Fifes and Drums.*

11 When a *Generall-Offence*,  
Had almost to Ruine brought,  
*Law, Religion, State*, and *Prince*,  
And a Schisme, among us wrought,  
Yea, when Snares for us were laid ;  
And, when *Avarice*, and *Pride*,  
Had our Freedoms, nigh betrai'd ;  
GOD, *Protection*, did provide.

*Hallelujah*, therefore found,  
Till it reach the *Starry Round*,  
Cho. *Till it reach the Starry-Round*,  
*Hallelujah*, we will found.

---

H Y M N I I.

For a Sovereign Prince.

*We presume not to instruct* Sovereign Princes, *but*  
*have only compos'd, in a brief Hymn, a few of*  
*those*

*those many things which are pertinent to their considerations ; and perhaps an humble Pietie may by this Occasion, otherwhile invite their Excellencies to expresse their devotions in this or some other Hymn.*

*Sing this as the 4 Psalme.*

**B**Y me, or by my *Fathers house*  
 Deserv'd it could not be ;  
 That I, or any one of us,  
 Obtained this degree :  
 But, G O D who dealeth forth his own,  
 As him it liketh best,  
 On me those honours hath bestown,  
 Whereof I am possess.

2 Great hazards, many undergo  
 Such Titles to acquire :  
 Yet, neither finde content *below*,  
 Nor means of rising *higher*.  
 What, therefore, can I lesse repay  
 To him, whose Gift it is,  
 Then, otherwhile, to sing or say,  
 Some such like *Hymn*, as this ?

3 Let me, oh L O R D, my *Diadem*,  
 Vnto thy glory, weare ;  
 And, be a blessing unto them,  
 Who my *Liege-people* are.  
 Let not thy favours make my heart  
 To swell with wanton pride ;  
 Or, from those Precepts to depart,  
 Which ought to be my guide.

4 But,

4 But, teach me still in minde to beare,  
 From whom, this place I had ;  
 And that ev'n they my brethren are,  
 Whose Ruler I was made :  
 Yea, cause me, evermore, to heed  
 That, *I*, and *they*, are *thine* ;  
 Although, to serve the *publike-need*,  
 Their Goods, and Lives are mine.

5 Since ev'ry *Subjects* Cause, to me,  
 Should equally be dear ;  
 In Justice, let the *Poor man* be  
 As precious, as the *Peer*.  
 And, lest men snares for me, may make,  
 At my *Chief Counsell board*,  
 L O R D, let me daily Counsell take,  
 From thy Truth-speaking *word*.

6 Those Traitors chafe out of my Court,  
 Who dare pervert the Laws ;  
 Or, cause me by a false report,  
 To wrong an honest cause.  
 And, let thy Judgements them devour,  
 (How strong soere they stand)  
 Who shall abuse my royall powre,  
 To hinder thy Command.

7 Within my Realm, let no man dare  
 My *Statutes*, to gain-say :  
 And, let me live as much in fear,  
 Thy *Laws*, to disobay.  
 So, *I*, and *they*, whom thou on me,  
 For Subjects, hast bestowed ;

Shall

Shall in each other, blessed be,  
 And, keep *Sedition* down.  
 8 Preserve to me, my *Royall dues* :  
 And, Grace vouchsafe me, still,  
 My just *Prerogatives*, to use,  
 According to thy will.  
 That, Evill men may fear my Frown ;  
 The Righteous, comfort finde ;  
 And, I, obtain a better Crown,  
 When this must be resign'd.

---

## H Y M N   I I I .

For a Subject.

*Subjects are apt to complain if they seem to suffer by their Sovereigns ; but, few examine what cause they themselves are of their own Grievances ; as few are thankfull for the Benefits received by Good Princes ; for prevention whereof this Hymn is tendred.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**A** Sov'raintie, though some obtain,  
 Who use their pow'r amisse ;  
 Yet, when the same they shall obtain,  
 Thy Gift, oh *God* ! it is ;  
 And, those whom thou dost raise thereto,  
 We, therefore, should obay,  
 In all that *Subjects* ought to *do*,  
 To *suffer*, or to *pay*.

2    VWhen

2 VVhen *Tyrants* over us are fet,  
They for our Sins are fent ;  
And, *righteous-Princes*, we shall get,  
When we our faults repent.  
But whether *good* or *bad* they be ;  
Thy Rod, and Sword, they bear ;  
And, we in *them*, shall honour thee,  
If still, we loyall are.

3 Our stubborn hearts, oh LORD ! incline  
This *dutie*, to fulfill.  
To ev'ry *Substitute* of thine,  
Subject our froward will ;  
But, teach us, chiefly to beware,  
We grieve nor injure those,  
Whose Prudence, Justice, love and care,  
Protects us, from our Foes.

4 Let us afford them all *supplies*,  
Which their Affairs may need ;  
Admitting no such Tales or lies,  
As may suspicion breed.  
But, let us praise, where praise is due ;  
And (when they merit blame )  
Not prove, like *Noahs* cursed Son,  
Divulgers of their shame.

5 So, they our *Pietie*, shall blessie,  
VVhen they their error see ;  
And, thou oh GOD ! wilt give us peace,  
Because we loyall be.  
For, when a *people*, conscience makes  
Their *Soveraign* to obey ;

G O D

356                    *Hymn IIII.*                    *Part. 3.*  
G O D makes him gracious, for their sakes,  
Or, takes him, soon, away.

---

H Y M N   I I I I .

For a Magistrate.

*The corruption of Magistrates, is the more frequent through defect of some to remember them of their duties. Therefore, because it is not safe, nor thought comely, for every one to undertake that office, we have added this Hymn, that they might otherwise, be thereby Remembrancers to themselves.*

*Sing this as the X. Commandments.*

F Vll well, that person, it befeems,  
Who should reform the Sinners way,  
To rid his eyes, of motes, and beams ;  
And, live as blamelesse, as he may :  
For, he that lewd example shews,  
The *Rod of Rule*, in vain doth bear ;  
And with his left-hand overthrows,  
What, with his Right hand, he doth rear.  
2 If, justly, I reprov'd may be,  
For that, which I in others blame ;  
It is a *double-sin* in me,  
That meriteth a *double-shame*.  
Or if I should for Friend or Foe,  
For bribe, for favour, fear, or hate.  
In doing Justice partiall grow ;  
As great a plague, is due, for that.

3 A



3 A *Bribe*, hath pow'r to fool the wife :  
*Pride*, scorns to hear the poor mans mone :  
*Lust*, putteth forth discretions eyes :  
*Hate*, cannot see when wrong is done :  
*Self-love*, prefers her proper cause :  
*Fear*, will his dearest Friend betray.  
*Ambition*, will pervert the Laws,  
And *sloth* all duties will delay.

4 From these things LORD, preserve me clear;  
And, from their proud and foolish wit,  
Who, at offenders, scoffe and Jeer,  
When on the *Judgement-seat* they sit.

And, this moreover, I desire ;  
Me, from their baseness still defend,  
Who dare to *publike-place*, aspire,  
That, it may serve a *private-end*.

5 With wisdom, so my minde indue,  
That, I my passions may subject ;  
And, by examples, alway, shew  
What things in others I expect.

With courage, arme, likewise, my heart :  
That, ( having laudably begun )  
I do not cowardly depart  
From persiting, what should be done.

6 And, teach thou me, to temper so  
*Faire-means*, with *discipline-severe*  
That, *Mercy* may with *Justice*, go ;  
And, in correction, Love appear.

Yea, so meek-hearted make thou me,  
That, when offenders I condemn,

My

My heart may feel how fad they be ;  
 And, suffer grief, in judging them.

---

## H Y M N V.

For a member of the Parliament.

*It is necessary that the Rule whereby things are to be regulated should be streight : and therefore, Law-makers ought to be VVise and uprightmen, lest the chief Remedy of our Evils, be made worse then the Evils themselves. To the Members of our high Court of Parliament, this is well known ; yet, this Hymn, shall perhaps , be a means to remember some of them of that which they know.*

*Sing this as the 4 Pſalme.*

**T**hey, no mean place of *Trust*, receive,  
 VVho by free-choice have gain'd,  
 That Facultie *Legislative*,  
 VVhich I have now obtain'd.  
 For, they have ample Pow'r, from those,  
 By whom, they chofen be,  
 In *Temporall-Things*, to bind, and lose,  
 As they just Cause, do see.  
 2 VVho e're, therefore, they be, that shall  
 Ambiciouſly Affect,  
 To fill ſuch Roomes, before thoſe call,  
 VVho, freely, ſhould elect ;  
 VVho e're thoſe be ; they, more preſume,  
 Then Juſtice doth permit ;  
 And,

And, more, unto themselves, assume,  
Then *Reason* judgeth fit.  
3 VVhoe're likewise, for private ends,  
For Favour, Fear, or hate ;  
To harm his Foes ; To please his Friends :  
Or, save his own Estate :  
Yea, whofoer'e his dearest Blood,  
( Or, those by Him, begot )  
Prefers before the *Common-good* ;  
This *Trust*, deserveth not.  
4 *Law-givers* perfonate a Part,  
VVhich doth in them, require,  
A *Prudent-Brain*, an *Vp-right-Heart*,  
A *rectifide-Desire* :  
For, who beleeves that they can give,  
To others, *Laws-upright* ?  
VVho, lewdly *Talk*, prophanely *Live*,  
And, in vain Things Delight ?  
5 Imprudent *Legislators*, may  
Much greater Mischiefs cause,  
And, *Innocencie* more betray,  
Then they that break the *Laws*.  
For, He that many *Laws* doth breake,  
May wrong but *one* or *two* :  
But they which one Bad *Law* shall make,  
VVhole *Kingdomes* may undo.  
6 Inspire me L O R D with grace, therefore,  
VVith *Wisdom*, and Stout *Zeal*,  
And, with uprightnesse, evermore,  
To serve the *Common-weale*.  
And,

And, so to serve, that, their offence,  
 (At all times ) I may shun,  
 Who serve it so, as if the *Prince*,  
     And *Kingdome*, were not *one*.  
 7 He that with one of these partakes,  
     Vnto the others wrong,  
 VVhat goodly shew foe're he makes,  
     VVill injure both ere long.  
 Yea, whatsoever such pretend ;  
     (VVhat ere they swear, or say )  
 They, will be Traitors, in the end,  
     And, *one*, or *both*, betray.

---

## H Y M N V I.

For a member of our *Convocations*, or  
*National-Synods*.

*It is the greateſt Bondage, next that of Sin, and the  
 Devill, to be enſlaved by Doctrine, or Diſci-  
 pline, repugnant to the VVord of GOD; and  
 injurious to the Chriſtian-Libertie. Therefore,  
 though I preſume not to prepare a Hymn, worthy  
 to be ſung by ſo reverend an Aſſembly: yet, I  
 think it no Arrogancie, to make tender of this  
 Meditation to be, otherwhile, privately ſung, or  
 conſidered, by ſome Members thereof.*

*Sing this as the L O R D S Prayer.*

SInce, by *Election*, I am ſent,  
 To be admitted one of thoſe

VVho



Nor giveth *Flesh* a larger scope  
 Then pious *Prudencie* allowes ;  
     But grant me wifdome, LORD, to know  
     When *things-Indifferent* are not fo.  
 7 And *me*, and *Them* ; who in this place  
 To do thee service, now are chofe,  
 Inspire, ô GOD, with ev'ry Grace,  
 Which to thy *Saints* thou do'st difpofe ;  
     That, all the *Canons* we decree,  
     May thy good *Spirits* dictates be.

---

## HYMN VII.

## For a Courtier.

*Courtiers are fo frequently vitious, that fome thinke it impoffible they fhould be virtuous. By the ufe of this Hymn, the scandall of that Censure may be abated, and the honour and honefty of well-deferving Courtiers may be the better preferved.*

*Sing this as the 23 Pfalme, or Te Deum.*

THOUGH Princes *Courts* defamed are,  
     As blurr'd with ev'ry fin ;  
 Yet, men whose *Virtues* blameles were,  
     Have famous *Courtiers* bin.  
 In *Pharaohs* houfe, chafte *Jofephs* waies,  
     Obtain'd a good report ;  
 And *Obadiah* liv'd with praife,  
     In wicked *Ahabs* Court.

2 Wife

2 Wife *Daniell*, dar'd the truth to fay,  
Where flattr'y did abound :  
Within the breast of *Mordecai*,  
An honest heart was found.  
And many more, of glorious name,  
Have Love with Honour gain'd :  
And, kept in *Court*, a spotles fame,  
Where evill Princes reign'd.

3 The *Calling*, therefore, or the *Place*  
Makes not our manners ill ;  
But, rather want of heed and grace,  
To certifie the *Will*.  
And, no occasion, place, or time,  
Wants means, a snare to lay  
Ill habits to beget in him,  
That heedeth not his way.

4 *Him*, had not *Obadiah* serv'd,  
By whom, poore *Naboth* bled,  
The *Prophets* had been slain or starv'd,  
Whom he in secret fed.  
And should all *Good-men* shun that *King*,  
Which doth in Vice delight,  
His *Lands* to ruine it would bring ;  
And, root out *Virtue*, quite.

5 *Lord*, as thou do'st my *Will* renew,  
Renew my *Reason* too ;  
And, Grace vouchsafe me to pursue,  
What I am bound to doe.  
Let nor Oppression, Lust nor Pride,  
(Which rise in Courtiers grow)

R 2

Allure

Allure my heart, or feet, aside  
 From what I purpose now.  
 6 So, though the Place in which I live,  
 As bad a name had got,  
 As that, which heretofore, did grieve  
 The Soul of Righteous Lot;  
 I shall from ev'ry crying Sin,  
 Abide in *Court*, as free,  
 As they who being Cloystred in,  
 Securer seem to be.

H Y M N V I I I.

For a Master or Mistresse.

*It is a great happinesse to have good Servants to ease our labours: Wee are hereby therefore put in Remembrance to be thankfull for that blessing, when we have it; and how to behave our selves toward our Servants. If a Woman sing it, let her change the word Master into Mistresse.*

*Sing this as the 100. Psalme.*

**I**N that a *Master*, I was made  
 God's favour doth to me appear,  
 And, sure this grace, I never had,  
 Injurioufly to domineer.

But, rather that with better ease,  
 I might my Calling undergoe;

And,



And,thankfully him seek to please,  
By whom I am befriended so.

2 How great a blisse do many share,  
(Without regard what they enjoy )  
That, they their heavie lodes to bear,  
The Limbs of others may employ ?  
And,that their pleasures to purvay,  
(Aswell as for their daily meat )

Their *Servants* travell out the Day,  
And,labour both in cold and heat ?

3 LORD ! cause me thankfully to mind,  
This gracious bounty of thy hand ;  
And,to be mercifull and kind,  
To them,whose bodies I command.

Let me remember,that we are  
One flesh,and branches of one stem.  
And,that,as well as I,they bear  
His *Image*,who redeemed them.

4 When frowardnes in them I see,  
When they without a cause repine,  
When negligent or false they be,  
Or Prodigall of what is mine ;

Let me by these their failings view,  
How,in thy service,I offend :  
How many wayes I am untrue ;  
And,wink at them,till I amend.

5 Far be it, from me to detain  
My *Servants* hire ; or,to deny  
Due rest ; or,when he shall complain,  
To grieve him with a harsh reply ;

R 3

But,

But, since thy *Servant*, LORD I am,  
 To them so gracious let me be,  
 That (though I often merit blame)  
 Thou may'st be mercifull to me.

---

## HYMN IX.

For a *Servant*.

*That Servants may be kept from discouragement in their inferiour Calling; and stirred up to discharge their duties with cheerfulness, and singleness of heart; this Hymn or some other such like meditations, may be very pertinent to those that are Servants.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**D**iscourage not thy self my Soul,  
 Nor murmur, though compel'd we be  
 To live subjected to controule,  
 When many other may be free :

For, though the pride of some disdains  
 Our mean, and much despis'd Lot ;  
 We shall not lose our honest pains,  
 Nor shall our suff'rance be forgot.  
 2 To be a *Servant*, is not base ;  
 If basenes be not in the mind :  
 For, *Servants* make but good the place,  
 Whereto their *Maker* them assign'd.

The greatest *Princes* do no more :  
 And, if sincerely I obey,

(Though

(Though I am now despis'd and poore)  
I shall become as great as they.  
3 The Lord of heav'n and earth was pleas'd  
A Servants forme to undertake :  
By his endurance I am eas'd ;  
And, serve with gladnes for his sake.  
Though check'd unjustlie I should be,  
With silence, I reproofs will bear :  
For, much more injured was he,  
Whose deeds, most worthy praises were.  
4 He was revil'd, yet naught repli'd ;  
And I will imitate the fame :  
For, though some faults may be deni'd,  
In part, I alwaies faultie am.

Content (with meek and humble heart)  
I will abide in my degree ;  
And, act an humble Servants part,  
Till G O D shall call me to be free.  
5 Eie-service I resolve to shun ;  
And, when my duty can be known,  
It shall as faithfully be done,  
As if the profit were mine own.  
So, whensoever I shall need  
The service of anothers hand ;  
He shall in heart, in tongue, in deed,  
Be faithfull unto my command.  
6 But, whatsoever, else I find,  
This will befall to me, at least,  
That, I shall keep a quiet mind,  
To give my wearie Bodie rest.

R 4

And,

And, when those works dispatch I shall,  
 Wherein I must this life employ,  
 My *Lord* and *Master*, me will call,  
 To be a partner of his *Joy*.

---

## H Y M N X.

For a Gentleman.

*Many boast of their Gentilitie, who degenerate from their worthy Ancestors, and neglect that which is the essence of Nobilitie. To abate this folly where it is found, and to cherish true worth in the virtuous Gentry, we have offered this meditation.*

*Sing this as the 13. Psalm.*

**I**T is the common guize of such  
 Who least deserving be,  
 Of their *Descents* to prattle much ;  
 Or, vant of their *Degree* ;  
 As if, they meerly were begot,  
 To act no other part,  
 Then blazing of their Grandfires coat,  
 Or telling his defart.  
 2 Of inward Rest, and outward Health,  
 Some Fools themselves bereave ;  
 That they may honor'd Names, or Wealth,  
 Vnto their Children leave,  
 Who (many times) when they possesse  
 What others did provide,  
 Consume

Consume it all in Idlenes,  
In Ryot, Luft, or Pride.  
3 Yea, that which their dear Souls might cost,  
Who first enrich'd their name,  
May to their feed, be worfe then lost,  
And, end their line with shame.  
For, most who rich or noble grow  
By that which others won,  
The value of it, feldom know,  
Till all, again, be gon.  
4 The ancient-marks of *gentle-blood*,  
Were well to be imploy'd ;  
To love and follow what was good ;  
And, evill to avoyd :  
For which God so did bleffe the Race,  
Descended from their Stem,  
That many Ages, in one place,  
He hath continu'd them.  
5 But, now, each other to outvie  
In wickednes of life,  
In pride, or prodigalitie,  
Is practis'd in chief.  
For which *Gods* wrath so roots them out,  
That, sign is hardly seen,  
Before two Ages wheel about,  
That they on earth have been.  
6 Or if their *Monuments* have been  
Allow'd a longer date,  
It is to memorize the Sin,  
Which ruin'd their estate ;

R 5 That,

That, others heeding in their way,  
 And, what therein enſu'd,  
 The more ſincerely labour may,  
 With grace to be endu'd.  
 7 Oh *Lord*, incline me to delight  
 In *reall-Virtues*, more  
 Then, thoſe *Achievements* to recite,  
 Which my *Forefathers* wore.  
 And, thoſe whom I in birth exceed,  
 Let me endeavour well,  
 That them, in ev'ry *noble-deed*,  
 I may as much excell.  
 8 As thou thy bleſſings do'ſt increaſe,  
 Increaſe thy Grace in me ;  
 With ev'ry reall worthines,  
 Becomming my degree.  
 That, to my ſelf, or to my kin,  
 I bring nor grief nor ſhame ;  
 But live to be (as they have bin )  
 An honour, to my *Name*.

## HYMN XI.

For a Knight of the Garter.

*This Hymn was compoſed for the Knights of the Garter, to be ſung in their Chappell at their Feſti-  
 vall. It ſheweth how their Honours and civill  
 Triumphs, may be directed to the honour of GOD,  
 and to the more dignifying of their honourable-  
 Order of Knighthood, &c.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as Te Deum.*

**A**ll praise and glory that we may  
 Ascribe we LORD, to Thee  
 From whom, the Triumphs of this day,  
 And all our honors be.  
 For, of it self, nor East, nor West,  
 Doth honour ebbe or flow ;  
 But, as to thee it seemeth best,  
*Preferment* to bestow.

**2** Thou *Christ*, art that victorious *Knight*,  
 Whose order we professe ;  
 And our Saint *George*, to whom in fight  
 Our Cries, we do addresse.  
 The *Dragon* which thou foil'dst is He,  
 That, would thy *Church* devour ;  
 And, that faire *Princesse*, LORD, is *She*,  
 Who scaped by thy pow'r.

**3** Thou art that *Husbandman*, whose care  
 Makes Rich our barren soile.  
 Thou art that valiant *Man of War*,  
 Who keeps our Coasts from spoile.  
 Vouchsafe that we, who by a *Band*  
 More bound then heretofore,  
 May to thy *Faith's-Defendor*, stand,  
 Fast Friends, for evermore.  
 Since, by our *Soveraigne*, chose we are,  
 This *Order* to put on ;  
 And, since we Hieroglyphicks wear,  
 Of that which thou hast done :

Least

Left we forget it, let these tell  
 Why they by us are worn ;  
 And inwardly informe, as well  
 As outwardly adorn.  
 5 So shall our Order unto none  
 A vain Invention seem ;  
 Nor our *Solemnities* be done  
 Without their due esteem.  
 And, they who have the *Saint* mistook,  
 On whom, we do rely ;  
 Shall know, we only Thee invoke ;  
 When we Saint \* *George* do cry.

\* *George* is a Name or Attribute applied to GOD,  
*John 15. 2. My Father, saith Christ, ó γεοργίους εστίν* is the  
*George*, or *Husbandman* : and the story of Saint *George*  
 rescuing a Lady from a *Dragon*, is an Allegory setting  
 forth the *Churches* deliverance from the *Deviil* by her  
 celestially champion *Iesus Christ*. And by this applica-  
 tion we avoid the scandall which may else be taken  
 by a seeming to invoke the assistance of some other  
 divine power beside *God-Almighty*, when in our war-  
 like expeditions we cry (as the English custome is)  
 GOD and Saint *George*.

---

 H Y M N X I I.

For Parents hopefull of children.

*In this Hymn Parents are instructed how they  
 should be affected toward their Children ; what  
 endowments they should most desire for them, and  
 what Patrimony they should most labour to procure  
 them.*

Sing



*Sing this as the 1 Psalme.*

THE propagation of our kinde,  
 Our Nature moves us to ;  
 Yet, few of us, can rightly minde,  
 The end, of what we do.  
 Like brutish Creatures, most fulfill  
 What Flesh and blood desires ;  
 But, think not, either good or evill,  
 Of that, which G O D inspires.

2 And, when our Children reach the birth;  
 Of most, receiv'd they are,  
 Like *Sons* and *Daughters*, of the *Earth*,  
 In whom no *Spirit* were.  
 For to their flesh more love we bear,  
 Then to that blessed Spark,  
 Which, being gone, their *Bodies* are  
 Like Dunghils in the dark.

3 If they be faire, and streightly limb'd,  
 Great pleasure we can take :  
 To keep their bodies neatly trim'd,  
 Much needlesse work, we make.  
 That, Rich, or noble they might be,  
 No labours we do spare :  
 And, if of these no hope we see,  
 We seem opprest with care.

4 But of the *Soul* ( that heav'nly feed )  
 So carelesse, many seem,  
 As if it were not worthy heed,  
 Much lesse, of their esteem.

And,

And, had not G O D, from whom it came,  
His holy *Church* prepar'd,  
To be a *Mother* to the fame,  
Full hardly, had it fair'd.  
5 Blest *Father* of that *blessed-part*,  
My just request receive,  
Who beg of thee, with yearning heart,  
For that which now I crave ;  
Let from my Loines, no fruit descend,  
That, happy shall not be,  
By *perseverance* to the end,  
In dearly loving thee.  
6 I beg not for them, wit, or wealth,  
Nor long nor easie life ;  
Nor Beautie, honour, strength, nor health,  
Nor Husband, Child, nor Wife ;  
These, for themselves, let them request,  
And, those requests acquire,  
As they in proof, to them, are best  
In furthering this desire :  
Though *Nature* longs for somewhat more,  
L O R D, let thy Will be done.  
I cannot now, for ought implore,  
Not granted to thy Son ;  
Some other time, perhaps I may  
For, other things, entreat :  
And, that obtain, for which I pray,  
Because, thy love is great.

H Y M N

H Y M N X I I I.

For Parents having Children.

Parents by this Hymn of *praise and prayer*, are by the example of holy Job, put in minde to offer daily sacrifices for their Children. A sacrifice of Praise for the Comfort they have of them and a Sacrifice of Prayer for their prosperitie.

*Sing this as the former.*

*J*Ob's custome, well deserveth praise,  
Who, for his Childrens sake :  
Observed solemne offering dayes,  
Their peace with G O D to make.  
And, whether Feast or Fast they shall,  
The very same, to do,  
Is, now, as comely, for us all,  
And, still, as needfull too.  
2 Of *Praise*, and *Prayer*, therefore, to thee  
An Offering, L O R D, I give :  
Accepted let my praises be ;  
And, my requests receive.  
I *thank* thee that a Parents name,  
Thy Servant, yet enjoyes,  
And, that the comforts of the same,  
No sad mishap destroyes.  
3 I *praise* thee, for the hopes I hold,  
Of blessings, yet to come,  
Which

Which (if thy mercie faile me should )  
 My Sins, might bar me from.  
 And, I beseech thee, not to heed,  
 With an aspect severe,  
 The many sins which in my *feed*,  
 May to thy fight appear.  
 4 From those ill *customs*, which beget  
 Habituated Sins;  
 From those ill *counsell*s, which do let  
 The Works that Grace begins;  
 From those lewd *Mates*, who poyson *youth*,  
 By sweeting *Vices* bayts;  
 LORD, keep my Children by thy Truth,  
 From these, and their deceits.  
 5 From *Sathans* wiles through ev'ry age,  
 Protected let them be;  
 From *crying-sins*, from *passions* rage,  
 Preserve them all so free.  
 And, of the world's prosperities,  
 Bestow on *me* and *mine*;  
 Nor more nor lesse, then may suffice  
 To keep us, alwaies, *thine*.

## HYMN XIII.

For Parents who have lost their Children.

*This consolatory Hymn, may be usefull for Parents,  
 who being deprived of all their Children, are nigh  
 oppressed with grief; for, they are hereby remem-  
 bred,*

*bred, that (all casualties considered) they may have  
as much cause to rejoyce as grieve.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

QVite lost, are now mine ayerie Joyes,  
Once promis'd by a fruitfull wombe :  
For my *Dear-issue*, Death destroies ;  
And, full of griefe, I am become.

Those *eyes*, whereon I lov'd to look ;  
The *Voices*, which made glad mine eare ;  
Are out of sight, and hearing, took :  
And, shall no more delight me, here.

2 I am a plant whose leaves are cropt ;  
Whose pleasant fruit is pluck'd away ;  
Whose hopefull branches, down are lopt ;  
And left without a *living-Spray*.

To call me *Father* none is left ;  
My Songs, to mournfull tunes are made,  
And, all the pleasures are bereft,  
Which in a *Childe*, I might have had.

4 Yet, all rejoycing is not gone ;  
For, in my sorrows, comforts be :  
Because, the *Soul* which I besome,  
Is found of G O D, though lost to me.

And as those *hopes* are frustate made  
Wherein I would have took delight ;  
Even so the *Fears* I should have had,  
Prevented are, and put to flight.

4 By want, by sicknesse, or disgrace,  
By folly or by wilfull sin,

My

My *seed*, in this unfledgy place ;  
 To me great forrows might have bin.

But I (who now do hope the best  
 And see the worst that can succeed )  
 From all such fears, am now releas'd ;  
 And, from ten thousand doubtings, freed.

5 This, likewise, adds to my content  
 That while I *militant* shall be,  
*God*, his *Triumphant-Church*, augments,  
 By, thereto, making use of me :

I, therefore, with a ready Will,  
 And with our humble heart, resign  
 To him, (his pleasure to fulfill )  
 My *Seed*; my *Self*; and all that's *mine*.

H Y M N XV.

For such as are Barren.

*Barrenesse, is objected by some as a Reproach, and many are much discomfited thereby. This Ode hath for their Comfort, therefore, briefly expressed such things as may be helpfull to prevent, or mitigate, their disconsolation.*

**Y**OU, that, in Children fruitfull are,  
 Vpbraid ye not, the *barren-wombe* ;  
 As though, the *carnall-seed* you bear,  
 Should make you happy to become.

Nor let it much afflict thy heart,  
 Who canst not of that blessing boast,

As

As if, (because thou childlesse art)  
The, best contentments, quite, were lost.

2 In thinking so, we are beguild :  
For, blisse depends not thereupon.  
Though *Hannah* joyed in her childe ;  
By Children, *Eli*, was undone.

Nay she that bare the *blesfed-birth*,  
( Though in so suffring, blest she were )  
Had many Sorrows here on earth,  
Occasion'd by the Childe she bare.

3 If to prolong their carnall care  
A *blisse* therein *essentiall*, had  
Then, *Cain* more blest then *Abel* was,  
And, *Cham* a blessed man was made.

Then, *he*, whom Ravens came to feed ;  
And, *he*, that was by him, fore-shown,  
Had left behind then *carnall seed*,  
And, this way, *blesfed*, should have grown.

4 Yea, he that us by *Grace*, begot,  
Did carnall fruitfulnessse neglect,  
And, therefore, sure, it profits not,  
The best perfectiones to effect.

Nay, many times it rather lets,  
That happinesse, which here, is sought :  
For, man sometimes a childe begets ;  
By whom, to ruine ; he is brought.

5 When *outward-things* away are worn,  
They shall to us become as dear,  
Whom others have begot or born,  
As these whom we beget or bear.

And,

And, he effects a greater good,  
 Who gives to one, a *ghostly birth*,  
 Then he, who gets of *flesh and blood*,  
 Enough to people all the earth.  
 6 I, therefore will not grieve nor pine,  
 That in the flesh, I barren seem :  
 But, seek an *Off-spring*, more divine,  
 And, covet fruit of more esteem.

My minde hereafter, I will give  
 The *seed of Grace*, to entertain,  
 And, that blest issue to conceive,  
 Which needs not to be *born-again*.  
 7 The *bread*, my *Children* should have eat,  
 The *cloth*, I purpos'd they should wear,  
 May be the needy *Orphanes* meat ;  
 And, Robes for them, who naked are.  
 The *Tendance* which they should have had,  
 Vpon the *sick*, may be bestowed.  
 And others may be happy made,  
 By what (perhaps) had mard mine own.  
 8 Yea, peradventure, to this end,  
 The *Wombe* is closed unto me ;  
 That, I on G O D, might more attend,  
 And, *Parent*, to his *Children*, be.

Wherein, if I perform his will ;  
 He, that knows what befits us best,  
 Shall then in me his words fulfill ;  
 Who said, *the barren should be blest*.

H Y M N



## HYMN XVI.

For Children, having Parents living.

*Children consider not as they ought the many benefits which they enjoy by their Parents. Therefore, to beget in them thankfulnesse, dutifulnesse, and a serious heedfulnesse of the blessing, possessed by the life of their Parents, this Hymn is tendred to their use.*

*Sing this as the 4<sup>th</sup> Psalme.*

A MONG these blessings which on me,  
 Thou dost, oh LORD, bestow,  
 For that, my *Parents* living be,  
 Least thanks, I do not owe.  
 Because, things needfull they provide,  
 My Body, to sustain ;  
 And, my unruly youth to guide,  
 Take, hourelly, care and pain.  
 2 As, happie, made, in *them*, I am ;  
 In *me*, so bleffe thou *them* ;  
 That, them I neither grieve nor shame,  
 Nor their advise contemn.  
 But, them so let me still obay,  
 And, so, in grace, encrease ;  
 That, long, with comfort live they may ;  
 And, end their dayes in peace.  
 3 The *Being*, which to me they gave,  
 Do thou, for me, requite ;

And,

And, that *well-being*, let them have,  
     In which they shall delight.  
 As in my Childhood, kinde they were,  
     Though often I transgress)  
 So, with such frailties, let me bear,  
     As may Old Age molest.  
 4 My *Body* was in them begun ;  
     Their *Souls*, and mine, in *thee* :  
 When, therefore, this lifes Round is run,  
     Divided let's not be.  
 But in thy Path, so teach our feet,  
     To travell without blame ;  
 That, we, at last, in thee, may meet,  
     From whence, at first, we came.

## H Y M N   X V I I .

For Orphans.

*In this Hymn, Orphans are taught so to consider their losse and disadvantage in being deprived of their Parents, that it may stir them up to a firm dependance on G O D, and to be thankfull for his mercifull Providence.*

*Sing this as the former.*

**B**Vt that I may on thee, oh L O R D,  
     And, on thy help depend,  
 (Because I have thy gracious word,  
     Poor *Orphans*, to defend)

I should become so overprest  
 With sorrows, or with fear,  
 That, of safe-being, or of Rest,  
 Small hope, would now appear.

2 For, they who should from wrong protect ;  
 And, needfull things purvay,  
 Yea, they who should my Course direct ;  
 Are taken quite away.

And snares, oppreſſions, and deceits,  
 Are multiplied so,  
 That, of their Force, or of their sleights ;  
 I still, in danger go.

3 To thee, therefore, in my distresse,  
 My voice, advanc'd I have,  
 Thy former Mercies, to confesse,  
 And, future help to crave.

For, meerely of thy love, it was,  
 That, I am undeftroyed ;  
 And, that, I thus confesse whose grace,  
 Is thereunto employ'd.

4 Oh L O R D! my *Guardian*, be thou still ;  
 Fill thou, my *Parents* Roome.  
 To do me good, and keep from ill ;  
 My *Parent*, now, become.

And, when thy *Children* called are  
 Their heritage, to take ;  
 Let me among them have a-share,  
 For thy dear mercies sake.

H Y M N

## HYMN XVIII.

For a Lover in generall.

*Most make a jest of that naturall affection which is termed Love; yet, in the well ordering of that Passion, depends the temporall happinesse, or unhappinesse of most men and women. This Hymn was therefore, compos'd to instruct and remember Lovers how to moderate that Affection, and to invoke divine assistance.*

*Sing this as the 51. Psalme.*

TAKE heed my heart, for in my brest;  
 I, kindled feel a warm desire,  
 Which if not ordred or supprest,  
 May prove, at length, a banefull fire,  
 Therewith to play, though few do fear,  
 Yet, they who safely, scape the same,  
 By pow-r-divine, preserv'd are;  
 As were the *Children*, in the flame:  
 2 If (as men call it) *Love* it be;  
*Love* is, me thinks, too much my Foe,  
 In taking, sleep and rest, from me.  
 Who know no cause it should do so.

In other thoughts, I spend the day  
 Then, heretofore, I mus'd upon:  
 Mine hours, I often sigh away;  
 I, pleasure take to be alone.  
 3 And, though, some, this disease deride,  
 Great floods of teares the same hath cost.  
 Some,

Some have been shamed ; some, have dide ;  
And, some, thereby their wits have lost.

Therefore, that I may take no harm  
Whilst in my heart, such passions dwell,  
With faith in G O D, I sing this *charm* :  
And, *he*, I hope, will speed it well.

4 L O R D ! since in me, a youthfull heat,  
Those kindly motions, hath begun,  
Which *nature* doth in us beget ;  
And, *humane-Reason* cannot shun :

Grant me thy gracious ayd, I pray ;  
And, for my safeguard, so provide ;  
That, what I cannot quite allay,  
I may (through thy assistance) guide.

5 To understand, instruct my wit,  
How far I may my fancie please :  
Or, how far forth I should admit,  
A future pain, for present ease.

Let not my heart, be made a prize ;  
To them, who true affections wrong ;  
To wanton smiles, or lustfull eyes,  
Or, to a tempting *Syrens* tongue.

6 Let me be neither fool'd nor catch'd ;  
By honour, wealth, or painted skin.  
Nor with unseemly yeers be match'd ;  
Nor with an evill famed kin.

But, chuse thou forth for me a *mate*,  
Which, truly, may my equall be  
In birth, in yeers, and in estate ;  
Or, have what wants suppli'd by thee.

S

7 Yea,

7 Yea, let me my *Affections*, place,  
 Where, like *Affection*, may be found ;  
 Where, *Vertue* may be joyn'd with *Grace* ;  
 And, both with equall voice be crown'd,  
 That, thou maist in our *love*, delight,  
 And, that we may, by *Love*, ascend,  
 In our *Affections*, to that height ;  
 And, to that *Love*, which hath an end.

## HYMN XIX.

For *Lovers* being constrained to be  
 absent from each other.

*Though this, and the like passions, are little heed-  
 ed, and lesse pitied, by such as think themselves  
 wise ; yet, through want of counsell and means to  
 direct or qualifie such affections, many inconveni-  
 ences follow, which might be prevented, by this,  
 or some such meditation, as are tendred in this  
 Hymn.*

**N**OW, that thou and I must *part*,  
 And, since *parting* is a pain,  
 Which in ev'ry loving heart,  
 Will, in Loves despight, remain :  
*Charmes* of grief, let us provide,  
 Whilst together we abide.  
 And, as gladly as we may,  
 Strive, to sing our care away.

2 *Dearest,*

2 *Dearest*, weep not, sigh not so :  
 For, it is nor *Time* nor *place*,  
 That, can much divide us two,  
 Though, it part us, for a space.

Neither shall be left alone,  
 When, asunder, we are gone :  
 I, in thee, and thou in me,  
 Shall, for ever, dwelling be.

3 In our *flesh*, indeed, we finde  
 Sense of that, which we shall misse ;  
 But, it is within the *minde*,  
 Where, the essence of it is.

*Mindes*, may with each other stay,  
 When their *Bodies* are away ;  
 And, since our the same can do,  
 Whither from thee can I do ?

4 If thou fear, lest death may bar,  
 From that meeting we desire ;  
 Know, that, thou and I (my *Dear*)  
 Shall, thereby, be brought the nigher :

Since, in G O D, our hearts have met,  
*Death*, our meetings, cannot let.  
 Nor can love, like our, begun ;  
 Be in life, or death, undone.

5 Therefore, now no more, lament ;  
 What avoyded cannot be :  
 But, in him, remain content,  
 Who endear'd me first to thee.

To his Armes I thee bequeath,  
 To be found in life, or death :

S 2

Where,

Where, till I review thy face,  
Rest, my *Dear*, in his embrace.

## HYMN XX.

For *Lovers* tempted by carnall desires.

*From those carnall suggestions, whereby wantons  
are encouraged to fulfill unchast longings; occasion  
is here taken, to cherish in true Lovers, rather  
such affections as beget and continue an everlast-  
ing-love.*

Come, *sweet-heart*, come, let us prove,  
Whilst we may the joyes of *Love*.

To each other, let us give  
All our longings, whilst we live :

For, what most we fear to lose,  
Slowly comes, and swiftly goes ;  
And, the pleasure we delay,  
May be lost, anon, for aye.

<sup>2</sup> Those faire *Lamps*, which trim the skies,  
Daily set, and daily rise :

But, when we have lost our *Light*,  
Everlasting, is our *night*.

We, shall see nor *Torch*, nor *Star*,  
To informe us, where, we are.

Therefore, come ; come, let us prove,  
While we may, the Joyes of *Love*.

<sup>3</sup> Thus, the *carnall-dotard* sings ;  
Woing shades, as reall things :

All



All his hopes, and all his Joyes,  
Sickneffe, Age, or death destroyes,  
*Fancies vain*, and *Foolish-fires*,  
Are the Guides of his Desires :  
And, his blisse, and chiefeft good,  
Buildeed is, on *Flesh* and *Blood*.

4 But, my *Dear*, and *I*, do clime ;  
To Affections, more sublime.  
Neither wellfare, nor distresse,  
Makes our love the more, or lesse ;  
Nor have outward things the pow'r,  
To mislead fuch love as our ;  
And, it still abides the fame,  
Whether praise it hath or blame.

5 When the *Beauties*, which adorn  
*Flesh* and *Blood*, away are worn ;  
From those Ruins, which will raise  
Objects worth more love, and praise :  
Yea, when Sickneffe, Age or Death,  
Shall deprive of health and breath,  
Youthfull Strength, could never yet ;  
Gain the blisse, we then shall get.

6 Therefore, *Stars*, and *Moon*, and *Sun*,  
Vnenvi'd, your Courses run.  
We, without distrust or feare,  
Keep our motions in our *Sphere* :  
For, we know, we shall arise,  
After death puts out our eyes ;  
And, obtain a light Divine,  
Which will *Moon* and *Sun* out shine.

S 3

H Y M N



But, this I know ; I felt more pains,  
 Then many a broken heart sustains.  
 3 When yeers, inform'd me how to see  
 What had such wandring passions wrought ;  
 The more my knowledge grew to be,  
 The greater torment, still, it brought.  
 Then, fought I means to cure loves wound ;  
 The more I fought, lesse ease I found ;  
 And, milder pangs then I have had,  
 Makes many *Lovers*, sick and mad.  
 4 I have a deep indented heart,  
 Which, no content would let me finde,  
 Vntill her proper Counterpart,  
 Should thereunto, be firmly joyn'd.  
 Er'e far I fought, or searched much,  
 I many found, who seemed such :  
 But, them, when I did neerly view,  
 Not *one*, in heart, was fully true.  
 5 Alas ! thought I ; To what I seek  
 Why should so many draw so neer,  
 And, at the last, prove nothing like,  
 To what, at first, they did appear ?  
 So much, why do so many please,  
 Since, I was made for none of these ?  
 And, why in shew, have I been *one*,  
 Beloved much, yet lov'd of none ?  
 6 Could *wealth* have bought my *marr'age-bed*,  
 Or *honour* brought me true delight ;  
 I could, these wayes, have better sped,  
 Then many do beleieve I might.

S 4

Nay

Nay, *Beautie*, though none loves it more;  
 Nor proffred Loves, though I had store,  
 Could make me think, now, found is she,  
 That proves a *Helper*, fit for me.

7 Nor Ease, nor Pleasure could I finde,  
 In *Beautie*, honour, love, or *pelfe*;  
 Nor means, to gain a settled minde,  
 Till I had found my *second-self*.

Thus, till our *Grandame EVE* was made,  
 No helper our first *Parent* had :

Which proves a *Wife*, in value, more  
 Then all the Creatures, made before.

8 Half tir'd, in seeking what I sought,  
 I fell into a sleep at last :

And, GOD, for me, my wishes wrought,  
 When hope of them, were almost past.

With *Adam*, I this favour had,

That, out of *Me*, my *Wife* was made :

And, when I waked, I espide ;

That, GOD for me had found a *Bride*.

9 How he this *Riddle*, brought to passe,  
 This *curious-world* shall never heare.

A secret Work, of his, it was,

Not fit for ev'ry vulgar eare.

Out of *each-other*, form'd were we ;

Within a *third*, our *Beings* be :

And, our *Well-being* was begun,

By being in our *selves*, undone.

10 I have the height of my desire ;

In secret, no dislike I finde.

Love,

Love, warms me with a kindly fire ;  
No Jealous pangs, torment my minde.

I breath no sigh, I make no mone,  
As others do, and I have done ;  
Nor do I mark, nor do I care,  
How faire, or lovely, others are.

11 My heart, at quiet, lets me lie,  
And moves no passions, in my brest :  
Nor *tempting-tongue*, nor *speaking-eye*,  
Nor *smiling-lip*, can break my rest.

The *Peer* I fought, by me, is found :  
My earthly hopes, by thee are crown'd ;  
And, I in *one*, all pleasures finde,  
That may be found, in *woman-kinde*.

12 Each hath, of other like esteem ;  
And, what that is, we need not tell :  
For, we are *one*, though *two*, we seem ;  
And, in each others heart, we dwell.

There, dwels *he* too embracing us,  
By whom, we were endeared, thus.  
*He*, makes us rich, though seeming poor ;  
And, when we want, will give us more.

13 LORD, let our *Love* in thee begun,  
In thee, likewise, continuance have :  
And, if thy *Will* may so be done,  
Together lodge us in one *grave*.

Thence, on the *Lambs* great *wedding-day*,  
Raife us together, from the clay :  
And, where the *Bridegroom* doth remain,  
Let us both *live*, and *love*, again.

S 5

HYMN

## HYMN XXII.

For a Husband.

*The Knowledge, Conscience, Prudence, and Affection becoming a husband, is here partly expressed in hope, that by the perusal and use of this Hymn; some shall be the better continued in their Conjugall amitie; and some become better husbands then they were.*

*Sing this as the 1 Psalme.*

**C**onfession of the same I owe,  
 And, thanks, oh LORD, to thee.  
 That, thou art pleased to bestow  
 A *helper*, fitting me.  
 For, they that wed, and then repent,  
 (Though others they condemn)  
 Were cause of their own discontent,  
 And, had what fitted them.  
 2 A *wife* sometime, is thought a curse,  
 (And therefore disesteem'd)  
 When, he that ownes her had been worfe,  
 If she had better seem'd.  
 As, good examples breed, in some,  
 More vertues, then they had;  
 Some, likewise, better do become,  
 By finding others bad.  
 3 LORD, let me alwaies mannage well  
 The blessing, I have got;  
 And,

And, so with my companion dwell ;  
 That, her, I injure not.  
 Preserve us, to each other kinde,  
 With so much true respect,  
 That, we may no occasion finde,  
 Of doubtings, or neglect.  
 4 Let me not yeeld up my *command*,  
 To her, that should obay ;  
 Nor, on my pow'r, more strictly stand,  
 Then *Love*, with Reason may.  
 But, let me still so act my part,  
 And, be so well advis'd ;  
 That, I may neither grieve her heart,  
 Nor make my self despis'd.  
 5 Though other Women may be thought,  
 With more endowments blest,  
 Let me beleeve, that mine hath brought,  
 What shall besit me best.  
 And, at her frailties if I shall,  
 In word, or thought, repine ;  
 Let me consider there withall ;  
 What she may think of mine.  
 6 When other women shall appear,  
 More pleasurefull, to be,  
 Make me suspect that *Sathan* there,  
 Hath laid a *bait* for me :  
 And, give me grace the same to shun,  
 And, earnestly to pray,  
 That, ere a *folly* may be done,  
 Thy *Love*, prevent it may.

7 Our

7 Our Saviour *Christ*, hath signified,  
 What love, a *husband* owes,  
 By that, which on his *holy-Bride*,  
 He graciously bestows.  
 Therefore, so neer, as unto that,  
 Imperfect *Love* may reach,  
 L O R D, give us grace to imitate  
 What his examples teach.

## H Y M N X X I I I.

For a Wife.

*Wives, are hereby taught, to seek in and from G O D, the perfection of their conjugall Amitie ; this Hymn endeavours also, to insinuate the Affection and Obedience becoming, pious and vertuous wives, by teaching their tongues to confesse, and expresse their duties.*

*Sing this as the former.*

E Xcept, when kindest we appear,  
 ( And faithfullest are thought )  
 Our Loves, in G O D, confirmed are,  
 They quickly come to nought.  
 For, our own *Vertue*, at the best,  
 Is but a *gilded-sin*.  
 And, when most friendship is profest,  
 Much falshood, lurks therein.  
 No Joy, or grief, can in this life,  
 More sweet, or bitter be ;

Then,



Then, when the *Husband* and the *Wife*,  
Shall well, or ill agree.  
Where they shall rightly sympathize,  
The dearest friendship grows :  
And, if betwixt them, strifes arise,  
They prove the greatest foes.  
3 LORD, rectifie our hearts, therefore,  
And sanctifie them so,  
That, to each other more and more,  
Endeared we may grow ;  
Vntill our fraile imperfect *Love*,  
By steps, up-raised be.  
From things below, to things above ;  
And, perfected in thee.  
4 Betwixt us let no Jarr's be found,  
Or breach of faith be fear'd :  
Within our walks, let not the found,  
Of bitter words be heard :  
But, let the peacefull Turtle dove,  
In quiet, nestle there,  
Learn out the *Songs of blamelesse-Love*,  
And sing them all the year.  
5 Preserve me from those *peevish-tricks*,  
Which merit scorn or hate ;  
From all those humours of my sexe,  
Which wise mens love abate.  
From *gaming-hands*, from *wandering feet*,  
From fond and *vain attires* ;  
From *eyes that rowle about the street*,  
And, bring home loose desires.

6 Let-

6 Let this in mind be alwaies had  
 (My husband to prefer)  
*The Woman for the Man was made,*  
 And,not the *Man,for her.*  
 Yea,since thy holy word hath said,  
 The *Wife* should him obey,  
 As *Christ* is of his *Church* obeyd ;  
 L O R D, grant that so I may.

7 And,that my heart may not despise  
 His pleasure to fulfill ;  
 Let his commands be just and wise,  
 Discreet,and loving still :  
 For, when the *Husband* loves the *Wife,*  
 As *Christ* example gives ;  
*Subjection,*yeelds the sweetest life,  
 That any creature lives.

8 It caufeth him that is above,  
 The kinder still to grow.  
 It draws him by the cords of love,  
 To fet himself below :  
 And *She* that his *Inferiour* was,  
 By *Order,*and *Degree* ;  
 Through Love,Humilitie,and Grace,  
 His *equal,*stoops to be.

H Y M N

H Y M N X X I I I I.

For a Man in generall.

*Few men so consider the Priviledges of their Sexe as to be thankfull for the same, by which neglect they sometime abuse their Prerogatives. The amendment of which oversights was aymed at by offering this Hymn to be sometime used.*

GREAT (oh LORD) thy favour was,  
That, a *Being* I have gain'd.  
Greater was in this thy Grace:  
That, therewith I life obtain'd.

But, in that, the *Soul* I had  
Thou with *Reason*, hast endow'd ;  
And, to *Reason*, *Faith* didst add,  
Greater *Mercy* hath bin show'd.  
2 These large favours, I confesse ;  
And, confider their esteem.

Yet, I value nev'rtheles,  
Those that lower-prized seem.  
Therefore, LORD, (in what I can)  
Thanks I now to thee return,  
That, I was brought forth a *Man*,  
Rather, then a *Woman* born.

3 Not that I their *Sexe* despise ;  
Or, too much exalt mine own :

For,

For, in these I were unwise ;  
 And, more *Pride*, than *Thanks* had shown.

But (the Truth to thee I'll speak)  
 Though men strongest counted are )  
 I confesse my self too weak,  
*Female Suff'rings* well to bear.

4 For, when I observe the pains,  
 Which, pursue a *childing-wombe*,  
 And, the torments it sustains  
 When the hour of Birth is come ;

When I hee the nightlie care,  
 Which the *nursing-mouths* procure,  
 Grievous things, methinks they are,  
 Which a *Woman* doth endure.

5 To submit my *knowing-Soul*,  
 (As they oft are fain to doe)  
 To a churl, a fools controul,  
 And perhaps dishonest too.

There my Bodie to subject,  
 Where I loath to draw my breath ;  
 And, by Nature disaffect,  
 Would be worse to me then death.

6 I will thankfull therefore be,  
 That, at better ease I seem ;  
 And, expresse my thanks to thee,  
 In a due respect of *them* :

For, as first a *Womans blame*,  
 Was occasion of our *Fall* :  
 So ; first, by a *Woman* came  
 That, which makes amends for all.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXV.

For a Woman in generall.

Women are otherwhile uncivilly upbraided by imprudent men of the frailties of their Sexe. To comfort against such Reproaches, some things illustrating the worthinesse of their Sexe, are here expressed, and mixt with divine consolations.

Sing this as the 1. Psalme.

MY Grandame *Eve*, I curst not LORD,  
 Nor vilifie her Name ;  
 Though, for her Sin upon record,  
 Her Sons our Sexe defame :  
 For, what without my fault was lost,  
 I may again possesse  
 Repurcha'ft at anothers cost,  
 Without my Righteousnes.  
 2 Our Sexe was first in that offence,  
 For which *Mankinde* was thent ;  
 And, we have suff' red ever since,  
 The greatest punishment.  
 The vilest of our humane race,  
 Vpbrayd us for that Sin,  
 So aggravating our disgrace,  
 As if they cleare had bin.  
 3 For, giving passage, to our *Lust*,  
 Thy Curse abideth still.

And,



7 Yea, by the Woman side he came,  
Whose grace hath means procur'd  
To free us from the death and shame,  
Which all had else endur'd.  
What e're, to others we may seem,  
With *Him*, nor *Bond*, nor *Free*,  
Nor *Male*, nor *Female* want esteem,  
If they shall faithfull be.

---

H Y M N X X V I.

For Virgins.

*This Hymn teacheth Virgins to behave themselves with discreet and chaste moderation, according to the gift they have received ; neither striving for the Garland of perpetuall Virginity, beyond their power, nor stunning it, being made capable thereof ; but rather submitting both mind and bodie, to what GOD calls them unto.*

**Z**eal to *God-Almighties* praise,  
And, his worship to attend,  
Hallow'd some in former daies,  
To be *Virgins* to their end :  
*Virgins*, firme in Age and Youth,  
To the love of *spotlesse-Truth* :  
Nor defil'd, nor drawn aside  
By the baits of Lust, or Pride.

2 These

2 These,are they whom *Grace* ordaines  
 To be present day and night,  
 Where the blessed *Lambe* remains ;  
 And,to wear long Robes of white.

*Robes*,more white then mountain snow ;  
 Or,the Lillies,where they grow :  
*Robes* more glorious,then those are,  
 Which Earth's greatest Princes wear.

3 L O R D,my Bodie yet is free,  
 From a wanton fleshlie touch ;  
 Happie will my portion be,  
 If I still may say as much.

For,when toyous we begin,  
*Lust* will quickly enter in :  
 And though first,the breach be small,  
 That,at last,will ruine all.

4 If a *Virgin* to remain,  
 For thy service,may be best ;  
 Make me able to contain ;  
 That no *Longings* me molest.

Let our *Pride*,nor causelesse *Fears*,  
 Dread of *Want*,or outward *Cares*,  
 To that life,a motive be ;  
 But meer Love of serving thee.

4 Though,some skoffingly,upbrayd  
 Those that aged *Virgins* are ;  
 Let not that which fools have said,  
 From a praisefull course deter.

Neither let a *Virgins* name,  
 Make me dote upon the same,

Till



Till those raging fires begin,  
Which provoke to *deadly-Sin*.  
6 To keep chaste the *marriage-bed*,  
Is a virtue more of worth,  
Then to keep a *maiden-head* ;  
Though, some set it fairer forth.

ANGELS, *Virgins* are, they say,  
So, are *Flowers*, as well as they ;  
And, as much (for ought I know )  
Merit praise for being so.  
7 If a *Helper*, help me may,  
Better to perform thy *Will* ;  
Such a one, for me purvay,  
And, be then our *Helper* still.

I desire not to obtain,  
What meer *Fancie* seeks to gain ;  
But, in that would spend my daies,  
Which may most advance thy praise.  
8 Some, unfit for *Wedlock* seem,  
Others, *Virgins* cannot live :  
Ev'ry gift should have esteem,  
Which it pleases thee to give.

Whatsoe're, therefore, it be  
Which thy Love confers on me,  
Make me, for my gift to prize,  
That, no other, I despise.

9 To what state so e're thou hast  
Me, for time to come, design'd ;  
Keep thy servant ever chaste,  
Both in *Body*, and in *Mind*.

For,

For,if *Chastitie* be there,  
 Both estates made equall are :  
 And, ev'n that, which best is thought,  
 Wanting this, proves worfe then naught.

## HYMN XXVII.

For a *Widower*, or a *Widow* deprived of a  
 loving Yoke-fellow.

*That such as be deprived of their most deare compani-  
 ons, may not be swallowed up in excessive grieffe,  
 and so forget their Christian hopes and duties, this  
 Hymn teacheth a moderate expressing of their na-  
 turall Passions; and remembers them of things not  
 to be forgotten in their sorrow.*

*Sing this, as I loved thee once.*

**H**OW neer me, came the hand of Death,  
 When at my side, he struck my *Dear!*  
 And took away the precious breath,  
 Which quick'ned my beloved *Peer?*  
 How helplesse, am I thereby made !  
 By day, how griev'd ! by night, how fad !  
 And, now my lifes delight is gone,  
 Alas ! how am I left alone !  
 2 The *Voice*, which I did more esteem,  
 Then musick in her sweetest key ;

'Thofe

Those eies which unto me did seem,  
More comfortable then the day :

Those,now by me (as they have been)  
Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
But,what I once enjoy'd in them,  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

3 All earthlie comforts vanish thus :  
So little hold of them have we,  
That,we from *them*,or *they* from *us*,  
May in a moment ravish'd be.

Yet,we are neither just nor wise,  
If present mercies we despise ;  
Or mind not,how there may be made  
A thankfull use of what we had.

4 I therefore,do not so bemoan  
(Though these beseeming tears I drop)  
The losse of my *beloved-One*,

As they that are depriv'd of hope ;  
But,in expressing of my grief,  
My heart receiveth some relief ;  
And,joyeth in the good I had,  
Although my *sweets*,are *bitter* made.

5 LORD,keep me faithfull to the trust,  
Which my dear *Spouse* repos'd in me.  
To him now dead,preserve me just ;  
In all,that should performed be :

For,though our being *Man* and *Wife*,  
Extendeth only to this life ;  
Yet,neither *Life* nor *Death*,should end  
The being of a *faithfull-Friend*.

6 These

6 Those helps which I through him enjoy'd,  
 Let thine continuall ayd supplie ;  
 That, though some hopes in him are voyd,  
 I, alwaies may on *thee* relie.

And, whether I shall *wed* again,  
 Or, in a *single-state* remain,  
 Vnto thine honour, let it be ;  
 And, for a blessing unto me.

H Y M N X X V I I I.

For a *Widower*, or a *Widow* delivered from a  
 troublefome Yoke-fellow.

*Because deliverance from a troublesome Yoke-fellow,  
 is a benefit neither to be despised nor undiscreeetly  
 rejoyced in ; this Hymn teacheth with what mo-  
 deration, with what tenderneffe of heart, and with  
 what desire we should be affected in such cases.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

**R**Ejice not without fear, my heart,  
 That, thou by death's impartiall stroke,  
 Discharged from thy *Partner* art,  
 And, freed from an unequal Yoke.

Yea, though by means of this divorce,  
 Thou may'st escape much discontent ;  
 Yet, both with pittie and remorse,  
 Consider well, of this event.

2 For,

2 For,as when first the *Jewish-Lawes*,  
Divorcements,tolerable made  
The hardnes of their heart was cause,  
That such a Course permission had.

So,an obduratenes of thine,  
Some cause might peradventure,be  
That G O D, (who sees when men repine )  
Hath from thy Mate,released thee.

3 Triumph not,therefore,in thy lot,  
As if thy merits were the more ;  
But,use the freedome thou hast got,  
With meeknes ; and thy Sins deplore.  
For,if G O D S eye had bin severe  
In marking how I gave offence,  
He had prolong'd my torment here ;  
Or else,in wrath remov'd me hence.

4 When *Man* and *Wife* shall disagree,  
Though one of them lesse guiltie prove,  
Yet,neither of them,quite are free  
From breaking of the Law of *Love*.

And,to be blamelesse,doth sometimes  
Those proud,or foolish thoughts infuse,  
Which make more guiltie,then the crimes,  
For which we others do accuse.

5 Vnto the *Soul-departed*, L O R D,  
(Although it often hath transgress'd )  
I hope,thy mercy doth afford,  
*Well-being*,in a place of rest.

And,for each wrong sustain'd by me,  
Whil'st in the Flesh it did remain,

T

(As

(As also for my wrongs to thee)  
 I beg thy pardon to obtain.  
 6 And, that I may conclude my race  
 With lesse offence, and more content ;  
 Vouchsafe me thy *assisting-grace*,  
 Ensuing errors to prevent.  
 And, if thy providence allows  
 Another helper unto me ;  
 L O R D, keep us faithfull in our vowes,  
 Both to each other, and to thee.

## H Y M N X X I X.

For a Cleargie-man.

*Though most Cleargie-men know well enough what meditations are pertinent to their Callings ; yet, some of them being otherwhile forgetfull of what they know, we have inserted this Hymn to remember them, who shall not despise to be remembred thereby.*

W<sup>H</sup>atfoe're my motives were,  
 When this *Calling* I affum'd,  
 Many times, I greatly fear,  
 Left I overmuch presum'd :  
 For, whose ablenes of wit,  
 Oh most glorious King of Kings !  
 Or, whose holines, is fit  
 To dispence thy sacred things ;

2 When

2 When those honours I perceive,  
Whereto some of us ascend ;  
And, what portions thou do'st give  
On thine Altar to attend.

When I mind my private charge,  
And, what Audit I must yeeld.  
For my *Calling*, L O R D, at large,  
With sad thoughts, my heart is fill'd !

3 Dreadfull is that servants doom,  
And, accursed is his case,  
Whom his L O R D, when he shall come,  
Finds unfaithfull in his place.

For, at ev'ry Shepherds hand,  
Who neglects his *Flock* to keep ;  
Thou wilt strict accounts demand,  
For the blood, of ev'ry Sheep.

4 Therefore, LORD, for thine own sake,  
In thy feare, preserve me so,  
That, I still may conscience make,  
Of the work thou call'st me to.

Yea, preserve me from their sin,  
Who by fleecing of thy flock,  
Have both cloth'd and fatted bin,  
And, thy threat'ned Judgements mock.

5 Let the *Doctrines* which I preach,  
Be from errors alwaies free :  
Let the *Truth* which I shall teach,  
By *good-life* confirmed be.

Let me evermore have care,  
True *Devotion*, true increase ;

T 2

And,

And of those *nice-things* beware,  
 Which may break the *band* of *Peace*.  
 6 Pardon all which merits blame,  
 In my entrance to this Place ;  
 My great failings in the same,  
 LORD, forgive me of thy grace :  
 And, that none of these be lost  
 Which to me committed were,  
 Let his ayd, whose life they cost,  
 Help me, where my failings are.

---

## H Y M N X X X.

For a Laie-man.

G O D usually bleffeth a pious and obedient Laitie,  
 with discreet and godly Pastors, and froward  
 Sheep are justly committed to negligent Shepherds.  
 The Laitie, therefore, are by this Hymn instructed  
 to praise G O D for their faithfull Pastors, to pray  
 for them ; and to yeeld them all due honour, obedi-  
 ence and necessary supplies.

*Sing this as the 25. Psalme.*

N O t in a mean degree,  
 Am I obliged, L O R D,  
 For thy enlight'ning grace to me,  
 Vouchsafed by thy *Word* :  
 Nor lesse oblig'd am I,  
 'To sing thy daily praise,

- That, •



That, I have guids to rectifie  
 My knowledge, and my waies.  
 2 For, through each Age, oh G O D,  
 Thy *Priests* thou hast ordain'd,  
 To spread that *saving-Truth* abroad,  
 Whereby our blisse is gain'd.  
 Yea, they thy Shepherds be,  
 Thy *Flocks* to feed and keep ;  
 And, home to bring, again to thee,  
 Thy weak, and wandring Sheep.  
 3 LORD, fit them for that place,  
 Which they are call'd unto,  
 By giving them both *gifts* and *grace*,  
 Their duties well to do.  
 And, forme in us, we pray,  
 Such fruits of true belief,  
 That, their Accounts they render may,  
 With *joy*, and not with *Grief*.  
 4 As *Messengers* from thee,  
 Let me their errants hear,  
 And of their place respective be,  
 Though mean their persons are.  
 And, let me not refuse,  
 Or murmur, to bestow  
 Those honours, or those other dues  
 Which I to them shall owe.  
 5 Left *Vzzah*-like I fare,  
 Let me no medler be,  
 In things that consecrated are ;  
 But, as befeemeth thee.

T 3

And

(And when thy *Word* I read  
 (That I may shun offence)  
 Thy grace vouchsafe me to take heed  
 Of *Errors* private sense.  
 6 That, I may likewise, heed  
*Truths* Path, let me have care,  
 To find their *Tents*, who feed thy Sheep ;  
 And, to continue there.  
 Yea, that to *them* and *thee*,  
 The *Way* be not mistook ;  
 Let me still walk, where I may see  
 The *Footsteps* of thy *Flock*.

---

## H Y M N   X X X I.

For a Lawyer.

*A Lawyer conscionably affected in a publike blessing,  
 that therefore the use or perusall of this Hymn,  
 may help remember that which most of them very  
 know, we have added this Meditation.*

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

**K** Eep me throughout my life, oh LORD ;  
 In such a Son-like dread of thee,  
 That to the *Cannon* of thy *Word*,  
 My practise alwaies may agree.  
 And, since the studie of the *Lawes*,  
 For my profession was design'd ;

T O

To patronize the righteous cause,  
Preserve in me a willing mind.

2 Let nor the gaining of a Fee,  
Nor Foes despight, nor Friends defart,  
Nor fear, nor want, enveagle me  
From faithfull Counsell to depart.

Nor let my *Practise* be like theirs,  
Who turn the means of righting wrong,  
Into vexations gins, and snares,  
Contentious pleadings to prolong.

3 From their base mind preserve me clear  
To whom *Judiciall-Courts* do seem,  
As if they only raised were,  
To help enrich and honour them.

And, from their Guilt, preserve me too,  
Who, their preferments to increase,  
Forbear not publike *wrongs* to do,  
Nor, to infringe the *common-peace*.

4 Yea, teach me so to know, and minde,  
How much displeas'd, LORD / thou art,  
With him that's wilfully inclinde  
The Course of *Justice* to pervert;

That I may never do or say  
That, which averse to *Truth* may be ;  
Or, set my *Clyent* in a way,  
Which may not well approved be.

## HYMN XXXII.

For a Clyent.

*Clyents are oft times through wilfulnesse, or indiscretion, needlesse occasions of their owne and other mens molestations. Here therefore, they are put in minde with what sinceritie, warinesse, and prudence they should wage Law, and of whom this temper is to be sought.*

*Sing this as the 23. Psalm.*

SO oft as neighbours disagree,  
 At least, one partie still,  
 Blameworthy shall be found to be,  
 In Judgement, or in Will.  
 Nay, many times, on either side,  
*Law-suits* are so begun ;  
 That, neither can be justifie  
 In that, which they have done.  
 2 *Self-Love*, and *Self-conceit*, pervert  
 The most approved *Lawes* ;  
 They make, sometimes, an honest heart,  
 Befriend an evill-Cause.  
 And, few men so inclined are  
 Their errors to behold,  
 As well in others names they hear  
 Their own offences told.  
 3 Therefore,

3 Therefore, since now engag'd I am,  
A *Clyent* to become ;  
And must abide with gain or blame,  
The *Lawes* impartiall doom.  
L O R D, grant me grace, to be content  
The *Truth* should alway thrive ;  
And, to accept of that event,  
Which thou art pleas'd to give.  
4 Let neither peevishnes, nor hate,  
Nor pride, my *Will* deprave :  
Nor, thirsting to enlarge my state,  
Endanger what I have.  
But, grant me wisdom to foresee,  
(Before I be undone)  
How mischievous a *Suit* may be,  
Which rashly is begun.  
4 Preserve me from the mind of those,  
Who seek by fraud or force,  
The Acts of *Justice* to expose ;  
Or interrupt her course.  
And, lest this mind may me undo,  
Assisted let me be,  
With *Lawyers*, and with *Judges* too,  
From *Bribes*, and *Falshood* free.

## HYMN XXXIII.

For a Physitian.

*It may be some Phyfitians will not defpife to pre-  
ferve in themfelves a Remembrance of their duties,  
by fuch a means as this Hymn:howfoever, it is here  
inferted, that it may purpofely or accidentally per-  
forme that office.*

O H my GOD ! what helpeth leffe  
To preferve us from the Grave,  
Then that Art which I profefse,  
If it please not thee to fave ?  
And, when *sicknes* I oppofe,  
By what cunning, could I fee  
In what fecret path it goes ;  
If I had not light from thee ?  
2 By thine ayd I muft difcern  
Where my *Patients* grief doth lie ;  
I, from thee muft alfo learn,  
What, thereto I fhould apply :  
And, when fuch weak things as thefe,  
*Leaves, and Roots, of Plants, and Weeds,*  
Shall remove a ftrong difeafe,  
From thy Virtue, it proceeds.  
3 Therefore, let thy bleffing ftill,  
With my *Practife*, go along ;

And,

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And,so guide,so bleffe my skill,  
That no *Patient* may have wrong.

And,their boldnes let me shun,  
Who,when *Art* is at a pawle ;  
*Desp'rate Courfes* dare to run,  
For their *profit*, or *applause*.  
Let the grievance of the *Poore*,  
Be,for *Charitie*,of me  
As much tendred,evermore,  
As the *Rich-man's* for a Fee.

And in me,their mind prevent,  
Who prolong an easie Cure :  
And,their profits to augment,  
Make men griev'd,more grief endure.

5 But,such Conscience let me make  
(In the Calling I professe)  
What I *give*,and what I *take*,  
That my *Practise* thou may'st bleffe.

And,that when I sick shall be,  
I no cause may have,to fear  
That,*Revenge* will ceaze on me,  
For neglect of love,or care.

---

H Y M N X X X I I I I.

For a Patient.

*One cause that sick persons have so little benefit by the  
Phyfitians ayd,is their neglect of their own duties  
to G O D,and themselves ; and for prevention of  
these negligences,this Hymn was composed.*

Sing

*Sing this, as, VVe praise thee G O D.*

**L** O R D, from the noisome sink of sin,  
 Which through our nature goes,  
 All Suff'rings do at first begin ;  
 Thence all our sicknes flowes.  
 And, till the streams of *Grace* thou daign,  
 To wash that filth away,  
 We labour for that *Health* in vain,  
 Which else obtain we may.  
 2 Most wise *Physician of my Soul!*  
 To purge now, therefore, please  
 That vicious Fount, of *humors-foul*,  
 Which breedeth my disease.  
 And, when remov'd those *Causes* be,  
 Which my distempers bring,  
 Cure also those effects in me,  
 Whence my disease doth spring.  
 3 Thy blessing on that means bestow,  
 Which, now I do intend ;  
 And, let my heart in all I doe,  
 On thee, alone depend.  
 Yea, that the means which I receive,  
 May bring my hopes to passe ;  
 Give me the due preparative  
 Of *penitentiall-grace*.  
 4 For, he that on his Leaches Art,  
 Doth over-much relie :  
 Or, with an unrepentant heart,  
 The means of health, doth trie ;  
 Shall



Shall either misse the wished ease,  
Which to obtain, he thought,  
Or, gain by health, a worse disease,  
Then that, whose cure, he fought.

---

H Y M N X X X V.

For a Merchant, or Chapman.

*By the use of this Hymn, Merchants may be kept heedfull of the snares and temptations which they become lyable unto, by their negotiations; and, what peace, and profit, will ensue if they be just and mercifull in their Dealings.*

*Sing this as the 4, 5, or 6. Psalmes.*

VNleffe, oh LORD, thy grace thou lend,  
To be mine houely guide,  
In ev'ry Word, I do offend;  
In ev'ry *step*, I slide.  
For, *earth*, us lawfull Courfe affords,  
That makes men more to blame,  
(In fraudfull deeds, and guilefull words)  
Then that, whereof I am.  
2 When strong *desires of being rich*,  
With *means thereto*, are joyn'd;  
*Good-conscience* is endanger'd much,  
And, often, cast behind.  
Yea, to great wealth men seldom rise  
Through what, they *sell* and *buy*,  
Except,

Except, to vent their merchandize,  
 They, sometime, cheat and lie.  
 3 The fins, oh L O R D, forgive thou me,  
 Which to my trading cleave.  
 Vpright, let all my dealings be ;  
 That, I may none deceive.  
 All my Affaires, instruct me fo  
 (By prudence) to contrive ;  
 That others may, by what I do,  
 See, honest waies, to thrive.  
 4 Permit, not, *Greedinesse of gain,*  
 My Conscience to enfnare,  
 Or, lode me, with employments vain,  
 Or, fill my heart with care.  
 Nor make my Goods, a prey to those  
 Who, by dishonest waies,  
 (Or, by pretending all to love)  
 Themselves, to riches raise.  
 5 To those, who poor are that way made,  
 Which they could not prevent,  
 Let me no cruell burthens add,  
 In craving what I lent :  
 But, let me do for men distrest,  
 (As my estate may bear)  
 What, at their hands, I might request,  
 If in their plight I were.  
 6 So, though to povertie I fall,  
 And, needy seem to be ;  
 A quiet minde, possesse I shall,  
 With full content, in thee.

And,

And, if great wealth, I, do acquire,  
It will not wast away,  
Like brushie Fewell in the fire,  
But, with mine *Off-spring*, stay.

---

H Y M N X X X V I.

For a Souldier.

*The Souldier being taught by this Hymn, to nourish in his heart, the contempt of Bodily perils is with- all instructed, or put in minde to be carefull to a- voyd the sins usually defiling that profession ; to consider the duties of his Calling, and take G O D for his Leader aad Defence.*

N O W, in my self, I notice take,  
What life we *Souldiers* lead,  
My haire stands up, my heart doth ake,  
My Soul is full of Dread ;  
And, to declare  
This horrid fear,  
Throughout my bones, I feel  
A shiv'ring cold,  
On me lay hold,  
And, run from head, to heel.  
2 It is not losse of limbes or breath,  
Which hath me so difmay'd.  
Nor mortall wounds, nor grones of Death,  
Have made me thus afray'd.  
When

- When Cannons rore,  
 I start no more,  
 Then mountains, from their place,  
 Nor feel I fears,  
 Though swords and spears,  
 Are darted at my face.
- 3 A *Souldier* it would ill become,  
 Such common things to feare :  
 The shouts of war, the thundring drum,  
 His Courage up doth cheere.  
 Though dust and smoke,  
 His passage choke,  
 He boldly marcheth on,  
 And thinketh scorn,  
 His back to turn,  
 Till all be lost or won.
- 4 The flashing Fires, the whizzing shot,  
 Distemper not his wits :  
 The barbed Steed, he dreadeth not,  
 Nor him, who thereon fits.  
 But, through the field,  
 With sword and shield,  
 He cutteth forth his way,  
 And, through a flood,  
 Of reaking blood,  
 Wades on, without dismay.
- 5 That, whereupon, the dread begins,  
 Which, thus appaaleth me,  
 Is that huge troop of *crying-sins*,  
 Which rise in *Souldiers* be.

The

The wicked minde,  
Wherewith I finde,  
Into the field they go ;  
More terror hath,  
Then all the wrath,  
And Engines of the Foe.  
6 The Rapes, the Spoiles, and ACTS unjust,  
Which are in *Souldiers* rife,  
Their damned Oathes, their brutish lust,  
Their curfed course of life,  
More dreadfull are,  
When *death* draws neer,  
Then *Death* it felfe can be ;  
And, he that knows  
The fear of those,  
The *mouth of Hell*, doth fee.  
7 Defend me LORD, from those misdeeds,  
Which my profefion shame ;  
And, from the veng'ance that fucceeds,  
When we are fo to blame.  
Preferve me far,  
From *ACTS of War* ;  
Where, thou doft *peace* command ;  
And, in my brest,  
Let *mercy* refte,  
Though *Justice* ufe my hand.  
8 Thofe, let me willingly obay,  
Who my *commanders* be.  
Both with my Place, and with my pay,  
Contented make thou me :

And,

And,when I goe,  
 To meet my Foe,  
 Let no *beloved Sin*,  
 In me be found,  
 To make a wound,  
 Without me, or within.  
 9 Let me no help to those afford,  
 That have a wicked cause ;  
 Nor take up Armes,but, where her sword  
 Impartiall *Justice* draws.  
 Yet, as a blot,  
 Impute thou not,  
 The waft of humane blood ;  
 Shed by my hands;  
 At their commands,  
 Who must not be withstood.  
 10 Be thou my Leader to the Field ;  
 My head, in battell arme.  
 Be thou a brestplate and a shield,  
 To keep my Soul from harme :  
 For, live or dye,  
 I will relye  
 On thee, oh LORD, alone.  
 And in this trust,  
 (Though fall I must)  
 I, cannot be undone.

H Y M N

## HYMN XXXVII.

For a Seaman.

*The Seaman is here personated instructing himself, by expressing the pleasures, profits, and perils of his calling; and petitioning GOD to keep him thankful for his deliverances, and mindfull to performe the vows, he made in times of extream danger.*

*Sing this as the former.*

WE, whom affaires employed keep,  
 Where mightie-waters be,  
 There view the terrors of the Deep;  
 Great wonders, there, we see.  
 And, in that place,  
 GODS helping grace,  
 We tast, so many waies,  
 That none are bound  
 More oft, to found  
 Their dear *Protectors* praise.  
 2 The barren Flood, which Landmen dread,  
 To us, doth pleasures yield;  
 And, we thereby, are cloth'd and fed,  
 As from a fruitfull field.  
 That, we, likewise,  
 Might rightly prize,  
 The blessings we receive;

We

- We, ev'ry day,  
 To watch and pray,  
 Some, juſt occaſions have.  
 3 To cheer us in our painfull trade,  
 The *Sea*, ſometime, doth ſmile :  
 Strange *proſpects*, there, a means are made,  
 Long journeyes, to beguile.  
     *A loſtie Courſe,*  
     As on a Horſe,  
     Vpon the *waves* we ride ;  
     And, then the wind,  
     Attends behind,  
     Or, lackies, by our ſide.  
 4 Sometime, again, that, heed we may  
     G O D s mercies, and our ſin ;  
 Black ſtormes, the ſkies do overlay ;  
     The Seas, to ſwell begin.  
     The Billows roare,  
     And, on the ſhoare,  
     They Spit their *Snowie-ſome*  
     And, perils great,  
     The paſſage get,  
     Betwixt us, and our home.  
 5 The raging Winds our tacklings breaks  
     And rends both ſhrouds and failles,  
 Our bruized veſſell, ſprinketh Leaks,  
     And, then, our courage failles.  
     One while, we plow  
     The Sands below ;  
     Anon, aloft we riſe,

As



As if we went,  
With an intent,  
To faile above the skies.  
6 Opprest with dangers and with fear,  
Then, loud we call on GOD :  
Who doth vouchsafe our cries to hear,  
And, calmes the raging Flood.  
From death and wrack,  
He plucks us back,  
By his Almighty hand ;  
And (having loft  
Our hope, almost )  
VVe, safe are brought to land.  
7 For thy protections L O R D, therefore,  
Still thankfull keep thou me ;  
As well, when I am safe on shore,  
As where great perils be.  
Let me not breake,  
The vows I make,  
VVhile times of danger last ;  
And, new begin  
My Courfe of Sin,  
Afooone as fears are past.  
8 For, he who taketh no regard,  
What, in distresse he vow'd ;  
Shall cry at length, and not be heard,  
Nor finde compaffion show'd.  
When, *wave* nor *storme*,  
Can us reform ;  
Nor *Mercy*, daily shown ;

G O D S

GODS wrath, prepares.  
Far greater fears,  
To bring *presumption*, down.

## HYMN XXXVIII.

For a Mufician.

*Many Muficians are more out of order then their  
Instruments: such as are fo, may by finging this  
Ode, become reprovers of their own untunable  
affections. They who are better tempered, are here-  
by remembred what Mufick is moft acceptable to  
GOD, and moft profitable to themfelves.*

WHAT helps it thofe,  
Who, skill in *Song* have found;  
Well, to compofe  
(Of difagreeing notes)  
By artfull choice  
A sweetly pleafing found;  
To fit their Voice,  
And their melodious throats?  
What, helps it them,  
That they this cunning know;  
If moft condemn  
The way, in which, they go?  
2 What will he gain  
By touching well his *Lute*,  
Who fhall difdain  
A grave advite to hear?

What

What from the founds,  
Of Organ, Fife, or Lute,  
To him redounds,  
Who doth no sin forbear?  
A mean respect,  
By tuning strings, he hath,  
Who doth neglect,  
*A relifed-path.*  
3 Therefore, oh L O R D,  
So tuned, let me be  
Vnto thy word,  
And, thy *ten-stringed-law*,  
That in each part,  
I may thereto agree;  
And, feel my heart  
Inspir'd, with loving awe!  
He sings and plaies,  
The Songs which best thou lovest,  
Who does and sayes,  
The things which thou approvest.  
4 Teach me the *skill*,  
Of him, whose Harp affwag'd  
Those passions ill,  
Which oft afflicted Saul.  
Teach me the strain  
Which calmeth mindes enrag'd;  
And, which from vain  
Affections, doth recall.  
So, to the Quire,  
Where *Angels* musicke make, I,

I, may aspire,  
When I this life forsake.

## H Y M N X X X I X.

For a husbandman.

*Vpon the Husbandmans labour the temporall well-  
fare of all Common-weales depends: this Hymn  
therefore, teacheth him to sanctifie his endeavours  
by prayer, and thanksgiving: To seek his profit by  
G O D S, blessing, and so to care for the Body,  
that the Soul be not neglected.*

*Sing this as the 25. Psalme.*

**P**Revent, L O R D, by thy grace,  
The curse that entred in,  
And on the earth, continued was,  
For *Adams* wilfull sin.  
Let not thy Love permit  
My cost, my time, or pain,  
In digging, and in dressing it,  
To be employ'd in vain.  
2 Though *thornes* and *bryers*, be  
Then *natives* of our fields;  
Yet, when the earth is blest by thee,  
A pleasant crop it yields.  
The hills rich pasture, bear;  
Deep grasse, the meads adorn;  
The trees with fruits arayed are;  
The dales are full of corn.

3 L O R D

3 LORD, that it may be fo,  
My honeft labours bleffe ;  
And,grant that what I *fet* and *fow*,  
May yeeld a due increafe :  
From *Vermine, Fouls,* and *Weeds* ;  
From those who *spoil* or *steal*,  
Both *Plants* and *Fruits,* and *Crops,* and *Seeds*,  
Preferve thou for my Weal.  
4 From *blasting-Ayres* defend  
From *Colds,Heats,Droughths,* and *Rains*,  
Which may deprive me of the end,  
And,comfort of my pains.  
And,let in feafon still,  
Thy dewes,and fruitfull drops,  
Vpon the thirtie clods diftill,  
Which elfe will fail my hopes.  
5 What ever thou fhalt give,  
My labours to requite ;  
That,let me thankfully receive,  
And,in thy love delight.  
Not feeking ( for my gain )  
A Famine to augment ;  
By needleffe hording up of gain,  
When hungrie times are fent.  
6 And though the *Plough* and *Spade*,  
*Dung,Duft,* and *Miery-clay*  
Are Infruments, and Objects made,  
My Body fo imploy.  
Yet,suffer not my Soul  
Affection to beflow,

V

O

On things that are so mean, and foul,  
 In fading, and so low.  
 7 But, while my hands do move,  
 In works that earthlie be ;  
 Advance my *heart*, to things above ;  
 And, fixe my *love* on thee :  
 That, when my *Flesh*, must lie  
 In *Earth*, from whence it came ;  
 My *Soul*, may to those mansions fly,  
 VVhere, *Spirits* praise thy name.

## H Y M N XL.

For a Labourer.

*Labouring-men have many discouragements ; and if they faint under their burthens, other will feele the weight of it. This Hymn therefore cheares them up in their painfull Calling ; and stirs them up also to seek GODS blessing upon their labours.*

**Y**OU that enjoy both goods and lands,  
 And, are not forc'd by sweat,  
 And, by the labour of your hands,  
 To earn the Food you eat ;  
 Give thanks for this your easie lot  
 And, do not us disdain ;  
 VVhose Bread, and Raiment must be got  
 By taking daily pains.

2 For

2 For, though our portions mean appear,  
Contentments, they procure ;  
Whereby, we still, enabled are  
Our labours to endure.  
And no man, ever those yet knew,  
In *aged yeers* forfook ;  
Who were in *youth*, to labour true,  
And *honest Courfes* took.

3 When sicknesse or those wants do come,  
Wherein we comfort need ;  
G o d, alwaies moves the hearts of some,  
Our secreet wants to heed.  
And, without shame, we then receive  
What charitie bestows :  
Because, what, at such times men give ;  
The *common Treasure*, owes.

4 They, who delight from doore to doore,  
Of hunger to complain ;  
Meere want of *honestie*, made poore ;  
Or, want of *taking-pain*.  
They, therefore, lack what needfull is,  
Their flesh to cloth, and feed :  
Whereas, we nothing greatly misse ;  
But, what we do not need.

5 *Rich men*, in this, we do surpasse ;  
To us, our labours are  
A *portion*, which in ev'ry place,  
Things needfull may prepare.  
Yea, were we rob'd of all to day,  
Or, chas'd from where we dwell ;

If we can bear our *Limbs* away,  
 They will maintain us well.  
 6 Make me without repining, LORD!  
 My lot, to under-go,  
 Till thou shalt larger means afford ;  
 And, eafie dayes beflow.  
 In health, and strength, preferve thou me,  
 My lively-hood to get ;  
 And, when I fick or old fhall be,  
 Provide me, cloth and meat.  
 7 Keep me, (although thou keep me poor)  
 In *word*, and *aſſion*, true :  
 And, give me grace, if I have more,  
 That, *ſloth* I may eſchew.  
 So, whether povertie or pain,  
 Or wealth, or eafe, thou fend ;  
 Through thee, a paſſage, I fhall gain  
 To bleſſings, without end.

## HYMN XLI.

For a Shepherd.

*That Shepherds, might not muſe altogether on Drudgerie or impertinent vanities, while they are, all alone, attending their Flocks, we have prepared, for them, a Paſtorall-Song, to acquaint and exerciſe them, with nobler Meditations.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

RENOWNED men their Herds to keep,  
 Delighted much in elder dayes :  
 And



And to attend their Flocks of sheep,  
Great *Princes* thought is no dispraise,

And, while they so employed were,  
Sometime, oh G O D ! it pleas'd thee  
In wondrous manner, to appear,  
And, gracious unto them to be.

2 The *Joyfullest-news*, that ere was told,  
Was unto *Shepherds*, first declar'd,  
And, they did also, first behold  
The blessing, whereof they, first, heard.

L O R D ! I am thine, as much as they,

(Although unworthy such respect )

Oh, let thy *mercies*, glorious Ray,

Vpon my low-estate, reflect.

3 Whilst all alone, I here attend  
This harmlesse Flock ; let, into me  
Thy *holy-Ghost*, oh *Christ!* descend ;  
That, I may therewith filled be.

And, though my heart a *Stall* hath bin,

Where, *Vice* at Rack and manger, lay ;

Vouchsafe thou, to be *born*, therein :

That, better *guests* possesse it may.

4 Left *Idle-Musings*, Thoughts beget,

That, stir up longings, which are ill ;

And, make me my endeavour set,

Forbidden *Actions*, to fulfill.

Vpon thy *Love*, and on thy *Law*,

Let me, my lovely houres, employ.

That, I may serve with *Joy-full-awe* ;

And, love thee, with an *awfull-Joy*.

V 3                      5 When

4 When I my *stragling-sheep* behold,  
 Let me conceive, what I had bin ;  
 Hadst thou not brought me to thy *Fold*,  
 And, fed and fuccour'd me, therein.

And, when I well confider those,  
 Who *Spoilers*, of those creatures be ;  
 Me, let it mindfull make, what Foes  
 Do seek, to make a spoile of me.

6 When, likewise, I behold them *shorn*,  
 And, meekly yeelding up their *fleece* ;  
 Or, when to *slaughter* they are born,  
 How patiently, their lives they leefe :

That *holy-Lambe*, let me, I pray,  
 Thereby, in thankfull minding have,  
 Who, *dumbe-before the Shearer* lay ;  
 And, *slaughtred* was my life to save.  
 7 Yea, whilst I watch and guide my sheep ;  
 Be thou my *Shepherd*, and my *Guide*,  
 Both me, and them, from harm to keep ;  
 And, all things needfull, to provide.

That, when both *Goats*, and *Sheep*, shall stand  
 Before thy face, their doomes to bear ;  
 I, may be plac'd at thy *Right-hand*,  
 And, Joy when I my *Sentence* hear.

H Y M N   X L I I .

For a Handicrafts man.

*All handicrafts being gifts of the holy Ghost, it  
 were fit men did better know it, and more often  
 praise*

*praise him for it. To that end, this Hymn was devised; and, perhaps, if it were devoutly, and frequently used, Crafts-men, would be more thrifitie, and leffe deceitfull, in manufactures then they now are.*

Thy Gifts most, *holy-Spirit*, be  
 So great, so manifold,  
 That, what we have receiv'd from thee,  
 No language, can unfold.  
 The meanest *Sciences* in use,  
 As well as famous *Arts*,  
 Thy *Prudence*, did, at first produce :  
 And, still, to men imparts.  
 2 *Embroidry* thy Invention was,  
 (Though many think it vain)  
 The skill to *Grave* in steel, and brasse,  
 We did from thee, obtain,  
 For not *Bezalaels* hands, alone,  
 Didst thou with cunning fill ;  
 But, yet, instructest ev'ry one,  
 That is endowed with skill.  
 3 That little which my hand can do,  
 Was learned first, from thee :  
 Thou, first enabled me thereto ;  
 And, alwaies work'ft with me.  
 My *knowledge*, more and more encrease,  
 Till perfect it appear :  
 And, let the Science I professe,  
 My needfull Charges bear.

V 4

4 Pre-

4    Preserve in me, an honest minde,  
       That, well my work be wrought.  
 For, them, whose *wares* false made, we finde,  
       An *evill spirit* taught.  
 It may a while encrease their store,  
       But, mischiefs it will breed ;  
 And, leave men both defam'd, and poore,  
       In times of greatest need.

5    For all thy *Gifts* I give thee praise,  
       And, I acknowledge will,  
 That, thou dost ayd me many waies,  
       In my *Mechanick skill* :  
 Yet, since those *Arts* vouchsafed be  
       Alike, to Good and Bad ;  
 Of thy more *speciall-Grace*, let me  
       Partaker, L O R D ! be made.

6    Oh *blest-Spirit*, alwaies, daign,  
       That, through thine ayd, I may  
 The sanctifying gifts obtain,  
       Which thine *Elect* enjoy.  
 Yea, though my *Works* be not so pure,  
       Thy Cenfures to abide,  
 Yet let my *Faith*, so firm endure,  
       That, *Grace*, be not denide.

## H Y M N   X L I I I .

For a School-master or Tutor.

School-masters *and* Tutors , *being sometime more*  
*arrogant then learned ; and more covetous then*  
*industrious ;*

*industrious ; many are much hindred thereby. By this Hymn therefore , they may be remembred to judge themselves , and to seek of GOD a due qualification, by prayer.*

**B**Eware my heart,  
Lest thou too highly deem,  
Of that small art,  
Which may appear in me ;  
And, proud become,  
As *Padants* use to be,  
Because, to some  
A *knowing-man* I seem :  
For, though good-lessons I have taught,  
Yet, in my self, if I be naught ;  
And, marre *Doctrines*, by my *Waies*,  
*Reproofs* I merit, more then *Praise*.  
2 If I presume  
To *know*, beyond my reach ;  
Or shall assume  
Large pay, for slender pain :  
If I neglect  
Whom I am bound to teach,  
Or, lesse affect  
My *Dutie*, then my *gain* ;  
I for those wrongs can make small mends ;  
Because, whoever thus offends,  
Injurious is to Age, and Youth,  
And guiltie of the worst untruth.  
3 My G O D, therefore,  
A conscience let me make ;  
V 5 To

To boast no more  
 Then well perform, I may.  
 But, so well heed  
 For what, reward I take ;  
 That, I in *Deed*,  
 May practise what I *say*.  
 And, lest my labours fruit may want ;  
 So water thou, what I shall plant ;  
 That, from the pains which I bestow,  
 Both comfort, and increase, may grow.

## HYMN XLIIII.

For Schollers and Pupils.

Schollers, and Pupils, are here personated illustrating the Priviledges of learning, and the baseness of ignorance, praising GOD for the means of encreasing their knowledge; and praying him, to season and endow them with profitable Sciences.

*Sing this as the 10. Commandements.*

THOUGH *knowledge* must be got with pain,  
 And, seemeth bitter in the Root ;  
 It brings, at last, a matchlesse gain ;  
 And yeeldeth forth most pleasant fruit.  
 It is the richest kinde of *trim*,  
 That noble persons can put on ;  
 It *Reason* keeps, from growing dim ;  
 It sets a lustre, thereupon.

And,

And, raiseth *Princes*, now and then,  
Out of the lowest Ranks of men.

2 But, such as do this *Jem* neglect,  
Or, seek it not whilst they are young ;  
Grow old in yeers, without respect,  
And, perish in the vulgar throng.

Like brutish beasts, they little know,  
Save how their bellies they may fill.

When others rise they sit below,  
They see no choice twixt *good* and *ill*.

And, that which best commends their state,  
Is, they repent when 'tis too late.

3 I therefore now, do sing thy praise,  
And give thee thanks, thrice *blessed-L O R D*,  
That thou in these my youthfull dayes,  
The means of *knowledge*, dost afford.

Compelled many others are  
(That knowing men they might become)

To pay great sums, and travel far,  
For that which I may gain at home ;

Or where, supplied all things are,  
As well, as if at home, I were.

4 Vouchsafe me, therefore so much grace,  
As to endeavour what I may ;

Whilst I have *leisure*, *means*, and *space*,  
And *wits*, to bear this prize away.

Be pleas'd, likewise, to reason so  
The knowledge, which I shall attain ;

That, puffed up I may not grow,  
Nor fooled be, with *Science* vain.

But,

But let my chief endeavours be,  
To know my *Self*, thy *will*, and *thee*.

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## HYMN XLV.

For young Persons.

*By using this Hymn, young-persons are made re-provers of their own follies ; and taught to affect, and pray for such things as are laudable, profitable, holy, and to the glory of GOD, &c.*

**Y**outh is a wild, a wanton thing,  
Which few can govern well ;  
For when our Blood is in the Spring ;  
Our wits are in the shell.  
We up and ride,  
Er'e we can guide  
The Charret of our Will ;  
And, thereupon  
We hurry on,  
Ev'n down Perditions hill.  
2 When we our Friends lamenting here,  
The giddy Course we take,  
We think, that, through a *needleffe-care*,  
A *causleffe-coyle* they make. .  
But, when we view  
That we pursue  
What, shame or losse hath brought ;  
We sneaking go,

As



As fools will doe ;  
 And fay, *We had not thought.*  
 3 In vertuous Actions, we are weak ;  
 In Vices we are strong :  
 We soon are tir'd, if *wisdom* speak ;  
 And, think *vain-tales* not long.  
 Lest Tutors may,  
 Our *Wills* gainfay,  
 Tis now our greatest Fear :  
 And, to provide  
 For Lust and Pride,  
 Is most of all our care.  
 4 LORD, teach me, therefore, to believe  
 What *Wisdom* doth foretell,  
 E're I do smart, or make them grieve,  
 Who truly wish me well.  
 Since, ev'ry day,  
 Behold I may,  
 How evill Courfes thrive ;  
 Let me forbear,  
 To sleight, or Jeer,  
 Those, who *good-counsell* give.  
 5 Vouchsafe me grace and strength to rein  
 My wild and head-strong *Will* ;  
 And all those longings to restrain,  
 Which tempt us into ill.  
 The Flowrie prime,  
 Of youthfull time,  
 Let me not vainly spend  
 In follow'ng Sin,

Which

Which bringeth in  
 Perdition without end.  
 6 But sanctifie unto thy praise,  
 My Soul and Bodie, LORD :  
 And purifie my *youthfull waies*,  
 Through thy *all-cleansing Word*.  
 That *young and old*,  
 When they behold,  
 Thy work of grace in me ;  
 May glorifie  
 Thy Majestie,  
 From whom,all bleffings be.

---

 H Y M N X L V I .

For old Perfons.

*It is a curse to have youthfull Affections in an aged  
 Body ; and a great blessing it is to be wained from  
 the world, as Youth decays. This Hymn,there-  
 fore personates an aged Perfon rejoycing in the  
 nearnesse of his dissolution,despising the pleasures of  
 Youth ; and desiring to be invested with immor-  
 talitie.*

*Sing this,as I loved thee once.*

**N**ow,glad and happie may I be,  
 And carroll forth a Song of praise :  
 For that,so neer at hand I see,  
 The wished harvest of my daies,

Mine

Mine *aged-years* to me do shew,  
What I in *Youth* could never view.  
And *fading-Sense* instructs me more  
Then *perfect-Senses* heretofore.

2 Right blest am I, that I have past,  
The perils of those youthfull times,  
Which we in fruitles Follies wast,  
Or (which is worfe,) in hainous crimes.

From Jealous Loves, from Luftfull Foes,  
From raging fits, from loofe desires,  
Which heretofore tormented me,  
I now am hopefull to be free.

3 Oh LORD! vouchsafe it may be so:  
In me let youthfull Follie cease.  
As I in years more aged grow,  
Let Virtue more and more increafe.

Let all my Passions me become,  
And their base fondnes keep me from,  
Who youthfull pleasures dote upon,  
When pleasing *Youth*, and strength is gon.

4 These Jollie times, which most men praise,  
(And sorrow when they passe away)  
Increas'd my torments many waies;  
And perils in my path did lay.

Yea, but for thy *affisting-grace*,  
I had bin ruin'd in that race:  
And therefore, now I praise thy Name,  
That I have overliv'd the same.

5 As did *Lots* wife, let not my heart  
Vnto that *Sodome* of mine age.

Look

Look back, as loth it should depart,  
Nor thereunto my Soul engage.

But make these times as loth'd of me,  
As aged years of *Wantons* be.  
That grace in me, may ev'rie day,  
Increase as *Flesh* and *Blood* decay.  
6 Forbid thou then, that (when I have spent  
My Lust and Love to youthfull Sin)  
I should make semblance to repine ;  
And, other Follies then begin.

At youths escapes let me not rail,  
Because, that way my strength doth fail ;  
Yet, practise whilst I them gainfay,  
Worse evils in a *graver-way*.

7 Let me not change my vain *Excesse*,  
Into an *over-sparing-mind*,  
Nor in *Old-Age* grow mercileffe,  
Because, my *Youth* was ever kind.

Nor let me love, as many do,  
To make vain brags (with lying too)  
Of youthfull tricks now I am old,  
Which are not seemlie to be told.

8 But, fuch let my endeavours be,  
As may my place and years befeem ;  
That *Youth* may good example see ;  
And *Age* continue my esteem ;

For, when a comely part we play,  
It keeps in *Age*, contempt away.  
And (though but weak, our *Bodies* are )  
Our *Looks* will keep strong men in fear.

9 As

9 As this my *carnall-Robe* growes old,  
(Soil'd,rent,and worn,by length of years)  
Let me,on that,by Faith,lay hold,  
Which man in life immortall wears.  
So sanctifie my daies behind ;  
So let my manners be refine ;  
That when my Soul and Fleſh muſt part,  
There lurk no terrors in my heart,  
10 So ſhall my Reſt be ſafe and ſweet,  
When I am lodged in my grave ;  
And,when my Soul and Bodie meet,  
A Joifull meeting they ſhall have.  
Their Eſſence,then,ſhall be divine ;  
This muddie Fleſh will ſtar-like ſhine :  
And,G O D, ſhall that *fresh- Youth* reſtore,  
Which will abide for evermore.

---

H Y M N X L V I I.

For a blind Perſon,

*To mitigate their diſcomforts who are deprived of Bodilie-Sight, this Hymn intimates the furtherance which that defect may be to their everlaſting Felicitie ; and a ſpiritual Illumination is implored to ſupply that corporall defect.*

*Sing this as the Lamentation.*

Fain would I view that pleaſing ſight,  
And lovelie ſplendor of the Skies,  
Which

Which chears the day, adornes the night,  
And gladdeth all beholders eies ;

But, since G O D pleas'd is, to hide  
That spark of *Common-grace* from me ;  
Content I am to be denide

The Gift, which may not granted be.  
2 For it proceeds not still from wrath,  
When G O D of those things doth deprive,  
Which he on most confer'd hath ;  
And without which, diseas'd men live.

Sometime *our Good* ; fometime *his Praise* ;  
And many times, ev'n both of these,  
Are Cause, that he upon us layes  
Discomfort, Blemish, or Disease.

3 Perhaps, if I the *Light* had seen,  
The way to ruine I had gone,  
Or, guiltie of offence had been,  
Which me ever had-undone.

Perhaps in darknes here I bide,  
Because if I had light enjoy'd,  
Mine *Eye* had left mine *Heart* aside,  
And made my best endeavours void.

4 What'e're the cause thereof hath been,  
Thou L O R D, art pleas'd it should be so ;  
And with thy *Justice*, I have seen  
Thy *Mercy*, hand in hand, to goe.

In thy good pleasure, I therefore,  
Without repining am content ;  
And, will be thankfull evermore,  
For whatsoever thou hast lent.

5 My

5 My want of an *externall-sight*,  
With *inward-light*, supplie thou so,  
That I may walk that path aright,  
In which thy *Children* ought to go.  
Yea, be my *Watchman*, and my *Guide*,  
My *Mind* and *Body* to direct;  
That nothing lead my heart aside;  
Or injure me through this defect.

---

H Y M N X L V I I I.

For a Cripple.

*The Cripple is here taught to comfort himselfe in his infirmities, by taking notice that Bodily Crosses may maybe furtherances to our spirituall performances; and pledges of Gods favour, &c.*

*Sing this as the LORDS Prayer.*

**T**Hough in my limbs I cripl'd am,  
(Which for some works disableth me)  
My *Tongue* as yet, is not so lame,  
But that my *Voice* may tuned be.  
In *Song* I may **G O D S** love advance;  
Though him I praise not in the *dance*.  
2 And cause I have, to sing his praise,  
Who humbled me by this defect:  
For where he loves, the Rod he laies,  
And all his children doth correct.

Thofe

Those, therefore, whom he chaf'neth not,  
No Children are by him begot.

3 Some *Crosse*, all humane Flesh must bear  
The *Spur*, or *Clog*, we all do need :  
For slow, or else to rash we are ;  
And, of our duties take no heed.

Yea, sweetest blessings we contemn,  
Till some affliction sharpens them.  
(4 G O D shrunk a sinew in his thigh,  
And sent him halting to his grave.)  
Whose prai'r be did not then denie,  
But, therewithall a blessing gave.

Oh ! if such Faith were found in me,  
My *Lameness* might a *Blessing* be,  
5 Therefore, oh L O R D, increase thou so  
The little Faith which I retain ;  
That, more believing I may grow,  
That in thy *grace*, I may remain ;

And, that my Frailtie keep me may  
From erring far out of the way.  
6 Be thou my *Staffe* ; be thou my *Prop*  
(As from the cradle thou hast bin)  
And still maintain in me, the hope  
Which I, till now have lived in.

So shall I misse my *Limbs* the lesse,  
And thy *free-mercy* still confesse.

H Y M N



H Y M N X L I X.

For a Nurſe.

*Nurſes by ill diet, diſtemper'd affections, or want of heedfulneſſe, may be hurtfull to their Nurſe-Children. Therefore, when they ſing to quiet their Nurſlings, the repetition of this Song may perhaps remember them how to order themſelves, and what care to take of their charge.*

**V**When *Sampſons* Mother was foretold,  
What Son ſhe in her wōb ſhould bear;  
A *Dyct*, ſhe was taught to hold,  
And warn'd whereof ſhe would beware.  
Whereby, their foll'wing good effects,  
To him, who did from her proceed ;  
*Diſcretion* from the ſame collects,  
That *Nurſes* warlike ſhould feed.  
2 For though it is thy bleſſing, L O R D!  
Which gives the temper we deſire ;  
Thou, thereunto do'ſt means afford ;  
And, heedfulnes in us require.  
That knowledge, therefore, grant thou me,  
That love, that conſcience, and that care,  
VVhich in thoſe *Women* ought to be,  
VVho choſe for *Foſters Mothers* are.  
3 Crowne

3 Crown thou my *Pains* with good successe,  
That comfort therein may be found.  
My *Babe* from fire, from water bleffe,  
Preserve him quiet, safe and found.

Let not my *Milke*, thereto convey  
Those humors, which may either bend  
The *mind* unto a vitious way ;  
Or else, the *Bodies* health offend.

4 But let my *Body* and my *mind*,  
Be tempred still, and ord' red so ;  
That helps thereby this *Childe* may find,  
In virtue, and in strength to grow.

And lest, when I my best have done,  
From me more *Ill* then *Good*, he drawes ;  
Vouchsafe *Him* grace my sins to shun,  
And to be govern'd by thy *Lawes*.

## H Y M N L.

For a Almesman or Woman.

*Almes-men for whom Charitie hath provided, have  
leasure, and speciall cause to praise GOD for his  
loving providence : And this Hymn is prepared  
to remember them, with what thankfulness they  
should be alwaies affected.*

*~ Sing this as the 25. Psalm.*

**I**T is LORD, of thy grace,  
That when we needie were,

*Food,*

*Food, Rayment, and a Dwelling-place,*  
Thou didst for us prepare.

For when we were afraid,  
Through want, opprest to be;  
We had relief, and timelie-aid,  
To us vouchsafed by thee :

2 When *means* nor *pow'r* we had,  
Things needfull to provide;  
Then Strangers were our helpers made,  
And have our want supplide,  
Yea, some that heretofore,  
Did earn their bread with sweat;  
Now labour lesse, and yet have more,  
Then they were wont to eat.

3 *Warm-clothed* ev'rie day,  
*Well-hous'd* we likewise be;  
For which we nothing are to pay,  
But *heartly-thanks* to thee.

L O R D, thankfulness is all  
Which thou of us do'st crave:  
And that *Rent-service* is but small,  
In lieu of what we have.

4 Much better men, are fain  
(And some lesse able too)  
For courtest bread, to take more pain,  
And oft without it go.  
Sometime, when far from home  
They seek their dailie hire,  
Wet, cold, and hungrie, back they come;  
And find nor bread, nor fire.

5 Mean

5 Mean while at ease we bide,  
In lodgings warme and dry :  
And, others do those things provide,  
VVhich may our want supplie.  
So that, if heed we give,  
To what we do enjoy,  
The quiet'st kind of life we live,  
And freest from any.  
6 VVe praise thee, LORD, therefore,  
And *thee* most humblie pray,  
To keep us thankfull evermore,  
And faithfull in thy *way*.  
That in this leaseure, now,  
For Heav'n we may prepare,  
And not in *Soul*, more wretched grow,  
Then we in *Body* were.  
7 Them, LORD vouchsafe to blesse,  
By whom, those helps we have ;  
And let them still in *thee* possesse,  
The fruit of what they gave ;  
And since they did befriend  
The poore in time of need ;  
Let still thy *Mercy* down descend,  
On *them*, and on their *seed*.

H Y M N

## HYMN LI.

For a Rich-man.

*This Hymn was composed, that it might occasion Rich-men to be more often mindfull what hinderance their wealth may be to their best happines, the same being immoderately affected, ill gotten, or misemployed, &c.*

S Aid (not causleffe) it hath bin,  
 That a man of large estate,  
 Doth an entrance hardlie win,  
 Through the blest cœlestiall gate.  
 For as *Riches* do increase,  
*Wants* abound, *Contents* are lesse;  
 Great Affaires augmenting care,  
 For the Soul no leasure spare.  
 2 Leasurelesse if he did seem,  
 Who had taken but one *Farme*;  
 If the purchase of one *Teem*  
 May occasion so much harm,  
 As to keep away a *guest*,  
 From that great *Almighties* Feast;  
 When at leasure will he be,  
 That hath twentie *Farmes* to see?  
 3 Rich I am suppos'd, oh LORD!  
 By that wealth which I possesse;  
 X And

And for what thou do'st afford,  
 Thy free Bountie I confesse.  
 Yet such wants I find therein,  
 That I *get* not all I *win* :  
 And what once our *Saviour* said,  
 Makes my heart sometime afraid.  
 4 For when *wealth* exceeds the bound,  
 Which doth answer our *degree*,  
*Snares*, and *baits*, therein are found,  
 Whereby choaked we may be.  
 Yea, I find it ev'rie day,  
 Wooing so my heart away,  
 That unlesse thou keep me true,  
 I may bid thy love adue.  
 5 Therefore, LORD, thy grace augment,  
 As my *Riches* are increast ;  
 Those insertions to prevent,  
 Wherewithall they may infest.  
 Let them nor possesse my heart,  
 Nor afflict it when we part.  
 Nor be purcha't at their cost,  
 Who themselves for wealth have lost.  
 6 Though a *Rich man* hardlie may  
 Find an entrance into blisse ;  
 Yet through *thee*, oh LORD, the way,  
 And the passage easie is.  
 If we can but willing be,  
 To forsake our wealth for thee,  
 Or bestow it on the poore :  
 'Twill enlarge heav'ns narrow *Doore*.

7 Let

7 Let, oh ! let me still have care,  
 So to husband what I have ;  
 That I lose not what I spare,  
 Nor grow poore by what I save ;  
 Only what I need is mine ;  
 All the rest, oh LORD ! is thine ;  
 Which if I misuse or waite,  
 Must be answer'd for at last.  
 8 To that *Audit*, e're I come,  
 Let me reckon by my self,  
 How I *gain'd*, or *parted from*,  
 Ev'rie parcell of my selfe.  
*Goods-misgot* let me restore ;  
*Wealth mispent* let me deplore ;  
 And before I *Judgement* have,  
*Judge my Self* ; and pardon crave.

## HYMN LII.

For a Poore man.

*Povertie needeth Counsell and Consolation, therefore that ( when it is wanting from others ) Poore men may administer comfort to themselves, and be assisted by expressing their wants to the supplier of all necessities; this Hymn is offered unto them to be sung to that purpose.*

*Sing this as the 15. Psalm.*

X 2

Some

SOME think there is no earthlie state,  
To be abhorred more ;

Or more deserving feare or hate,  
Then to be mean and poore.

Yet such a *Portion* I have got,  
That I am *needy* made :

Yea, this is fallen to my Lot ;  
And yet I am not fad.

2 For *Earth*, and all that therein is,  
The LORDS possessions be :

Both he is mine, and I am his,  
Who hath enough for me.

The *Rich* their own *Providers* are ;  
Yet sometimes they have need.

But GOD hath of the poore a care,  
And them doth alwaies feed.

3 Though *Povertie* seem grievous may,  
(And much afflicteth some)

It is the best and safest way,  
Vnto the *World to come*.

For, *Poverty* in her extream,

Nor tempts, nor so perverts,

As great *Abundance* tempteth them,  
Who thereon set their hearts.

4 Therefore, that ev'rie man might grow  
With his estate content ;

Thy SON, oh GOD ! this way did go,  
When through this world he went.

He wealth and honour prized not.  
(Though we now prize it high)

And



And *Satan*,therefore,nothing got  
By tempting him thereby.  
5 LORD,though I do fometime complain,  
That *outward-means* are scant,  
And would affume that luggage fain,  
Which I but think I want ;  
Yet when I mind how poore a life,  
My *Saviour* liv'd on earth ;  
*Wealth* I condemne,and all my grief,  
Is changed into mirth.  
6 Let still my heart be pleased fo,  
What e're betide me shall :  
Yea,make me (though I poorer grow )  
Contented therewithall.  
And,let me not be one of them,  
Who (in profession poore )  
Seem *Wealth* and *Pleasure* to contemn,  
That they may cheat the more.  
7 The works my Calling doth propofe,  
Let me not idlie fhun ;  
For,he whom Idleneffe undoes,  
Is more then twice undone.  
If my eftate enlarge I may ;  
Enlarge my love to thee.  
And,though I more and more decay ;  
Yet,let me thankfull be.  
8 For,be we poore,or be we rich,  
If well imploi'd we are,  
It neither helps,nor hinders much,  
Things needfull to prepare.

Since GOD difpofeth Riches now,  
 As *Manna* heretofore,  
 The feebleft gath'rer got enow,  
 The ftrongeft got no more.  
 9 Nor *Poverty* nor *Wealth*, is that  
 Whereby we may acquire  
 That blessed and moft happie ftate,  
 Whereto we fhould afpire.  
 But if thy *Spirit* make me wife,  
 And ftrove to do my beft ;  
 There may be in the wort of thefe,  
 A means of being bleft.  
 10 The *Rich in Love* obtain from thee,  
 Thy fpeciall gifts of grace ;  
 The *poore in Spirit*, thofe men be  
 Who fhall behold thy face.  
 LORD, grant I may be one of thefe,  
 Thus *poore*, or elfe thus *rich* ;  
 Ev'n whether of the two, thou please,  
 I care not greatly which.

## HYMN LIII.

For an Inne-keeper or Taverne.

*By the hearing, finging, or perufall of this Hymn, it is  
 hoped that difcreet Inne-keepers will be encoura-  
 ged to continue Civilitie and good order in their  
 Innes; and that fome who have heretofore neglected  
 the fame fhall be hereby provoked to be more orderly  
 hereafter. Sing*

*Sing this as the former.*

**M**ost men repute a *Common Inn*,  
 For ev'rie person free  
 To set up there a Stage, where Sin  
 May boldly acted be.  
 And when prophane and rude excessse,  
 Their prizes there may play,  
 The Civill Guest is welcomlesse ;  
 And wished then away.  
 2 *Inns* were to better ends ordain'd ;  
 And better were employ'd :  
 For Virtue there was entertain'd ;  
 And needfull Rest enjoy'd.  
 Yea, though our Calling many scorn,  
 And brand it with disgrace,  
 Our *Saviour* in an *Hoftry* born,  
 Hath sanctifide the place.  
 3 His Grandame *Rahab* kept an Inn ;  
 And blessed *Paul* thought fit,  
 His *Hoast* should have remembered him,  
 Ev'n in the *sacred-writ*.  
 There *Sanctitie* her lodging had,  
 With *Piety divine* ;  
 Their *Inns* were *holy-Chappels* made,  
 And so I wish may mine.  
 4 A drunken and a prating *Hoast*,  
 To Fools yeelds much delight ;  
 And by his wiles, their needlesse Cost,  
 Is doubled ev'rie night.

X 4

But,



Part.3. Hymn LIIII. 465.

And, there, (much more then I have done)  
Him, welcome I will make.  
For, not a *Stable*, but my *breast*,  
Shall be his lodging *Roome*.  
And, mine own *heart*, to give him rest,  
A *pallet*, shall become.

---

H Y M N L I I I.

For, Taylors, Millers, and Weavers.

*Most men of these Trades, are either greatly slandered, or very guiltie of deceit and falshood: Therefore, that such as be faultie may reprove themselves; and, that such as are innocent may be cherished in their honesty; this Hymn was composed.*

*Sing this as the former.*

I T is too much, that, in my heart,  
Corruptions I retain,  
Which make me from those waies depart,  
Wherein, I should remain.  
Yet, in my *Calling*; Stumblings are  
By other men espide,  
Whereof, unlesse I can beware,  
I, soon may swarve aside.  
2 Occasions of a *shamefull sin*,  
Are offred, ev'ry day.  
And, few of us have backward bin,  
To put the same away.

X 5

Long

Long custome, doth in most beget  
 Opinion and belief.  
 That 'tis no fault, or else not great,  
 To be a *daily Thief*.  
 3 The Devill finds excuses out,  
 Which being used long,  
 Perswade us to become in doubt,  
 If *thieving* be a wrong.  
 And at the length, so impudent,  
 It causeth us to grow ;  
 That we do fearleslie assent  
 To act what ill we know.  
 From this degree of guiltinesse,  
 Preserved let me be ;  
 From Sins by *custome* seeming lesse,  
 Oh LORD deliver me.  
 If I be good no *trade* so bad,  
 But yeelds an honest gain :  
 And him that's naught, no course or trade,  
 Will honestlie maintain.  
 4 If love to Goodnes, move me not  
 Vprightly still to deal ;  
 Make me observe their *Lowstie-lot*,  
 Who use to filch and steal :  
 For they are beggers in the end ;  
 Or if they wealth obtain,  
 On lust and pride, their children spend,  
 What they by *thieving* gain :  
 6 For love of Righteousnes therefore,  
 Let me be still upright.

And,

And though I still continue poore,  
In *Truth* let me delight  
So shall to me my *Trade*, become  
A *Calling* without blame :  
And though it be abus'd by some,  
Shall never bring me shame.

---

H Y M N L V.

For Shrieves, Baylies, Sergeants, &c.

*Some of these Officers may perhaps become better in their condition, and prevent some scandals (which they are lyable unto) if they otherwhile remember themselves of their duties by the repetition of this, or the like Meditation.*

*Sing this as the former.*

W H A T ever Equitie commands,  
To punish things misdone,  
Hath execution by our hands,  
By whomfoe're begun.  
We are that *Arme*, whereby the *Law*  
Doth hold on finners lay :  
And few thereof would stand in awe ;  
If we were took away.  
2 To Death, to torments, or to thrall,  
We do *Offenders* bear :

And

And why fuch things on them befall,  
 We oft confefsed here.  
 Yet otherwhile,our confcience may  
 (While we perform our part)  
 To us in fecret truly fay,  
*Their doom is our defart.*  
 3 If we therefore,who often view  
 What *Sin* on *Sinners* draws ;  
 And are the men who do purfue,  
 The fentence of the *Lawes* ;  
 If we our dangers will not fee,  
 By what on others lights ;  
 The greater will G O D s vengeance be,  
 When he in anger fmites.  
 4 LORD, fo infpire my heart with grace  
 Reform,renew me fo ;  
 That with *good confcience* in my place,  
 My duties I may do.  
 From being partiaillie inclinde,  
 For gain,for love,or fear ;  
 From harfhnes where I may be kind,  
 Preferve me ever clear.  
 5 So when to call me to my doom,  
 Thy *Sergeant* thou fhalt fend ;  
 I need not be afraid to come,  
 But gladlie thither wend.  
 For though no *Righteoufnes* of mine,  
 Thy Cenfure may abide :  
 It being veiled ore,by thine  
 I fafelie may be tride.

H Y M N



## HYMN LVI.

For a Jayler.

Jaylors *have at one Time or other, men of all e-  
states and conditions in their custody, as well good  
as bad ; Therefore, it is not impertinent to encrease  
the means whereby they may be made or preserved  
honest and mercifull men ; which may be some-  
what furthered, by this Meditation.*

*Sing this as the X. Commandements.*

**T**Hough, we have got an *evill-name,*  
And, *cruell-men* reputed are ;  
We may not be so much to blame,  
As, to the vulgar, we appear.  
With such as have not well been taught,  
We chiefly deal ; and, such as they  
On us, an *Ill-report,* have brought ;  
Which, will not soon be blown away.  
2 If we be kinde, to such as these ;  
They, for our kindnesse, us undo :  
If then, we give them *little-ease,*  
They, raile at us, for doing so.  
And, most, who their just suffring see,  
( Misjudging that, which they perceive )  
Suppose us mercilesse to be ;  
When, better things, they should beleeve.  
3 The *Common-wealth* doth alwaies need  
That service, which it calls us to,

And

And, many mischieves would succeed,  
Should all men, unrestrained go.

*Good-men*, have this way, been employ'd:  
And, by the tender hearts, of such,  
*Good-men*, have, likewise, ease enjoy'd ;  
And, comforts, which they needed much.

4 Yea, though fooles count it, no disgrace  
Offenders, thus, to keep in hold ;

An *Office*, of that *Trust*, it was,  
And honourable, thought of old.

And, if we be not *men of trust*,  
To whom, such places, now, belong :

They, who conferrd them, are unjust ;  
And, much, the *Common-wealth*, may wrong.

5 When *Joseph* was in prison bound,  
(Though great he were, who laid him there )

He, kindnesse in the *Fayler*, found ;  
Because, he guiltlesse did appear.

Yea, many blessed *Saints* of G O D,  
When they by *Tyrants* were oppress'd ;

( And no compassion found abroad )  
Found mercy, in a *Faylers* breast.

6 Oh L O R D ! let mercy never faile  
Within my heart, a place to finde.

Though I be Keeper of a *Fayle*,  
Yet, let me keep, an *honest-minde*.

Discretion give me, to perceive  
What men, I strictly should restrain :

And, when I libertie may give,  
Yet, in my place, upright remain.

7 Keep

7 Keep me, for evermore, a friend  
To those, that are sincerely thine ;  
And, thy compassion, L O R D ! extend  
In life, and death ; to *me*, and *mine*.

And, let my *Servants*, all, I pray  
Be *faithfull-Servants* unto thee :  
That, at the great *Affizes-day* ;  
I, and my household, fav'd may be.

---

H Y M N L V I I .

For a Prisoner.

*Men in Affliction are somewhat eased when they  
can finde words whereby to expresse their suffer-  
ings ; To help them who want expression of their  
endurance, in imprisonment ; and, to remember  
prisoners, of such Meditations as are pertinent to  
their condition, is the intent of this Hymn.*

I, Whom of late  
No thraldome did molest ;  
Of that estate,  
am, wholly, dispossess.  
My feet, once free,  
Are, strictly now confin'd ;  
Which, breeds in me,  
A discontented mind.  
2 Those prospects faire,  
Which I was wont to have ;  
That

That wholfome aire,  
     Which fields and medows,gave ;  
 Are changed, now,

    For clofe unpleafant cells :  
 Where *secret-woe*,

    And, *open-forrow*, dwels.

3    Infteed of *Strains*,  
     Delightfull to mine eare,

*Gives, bolts* and *Chains*  
     Are all my mufick, here :

And, er'e I get  
     Thofe things, for which I pay,

I muft entreat,  
     With patience, in delay.

4    To feed, or fleep,  
     To work, or take mine eafe ;

I, now, muft keep  
     Such houres, as others pleafe.

To make me fad,  
     *Complaints* are likewise heard ;

And often made,  
     Of wrongs,without regard.

5    L O R D ! as I ought,  
     My freedome had I us'd ;

Of this, (no doubt)  
     I might have been excus'd.

But, I confeffe,  
     The merit of my fin,

Deferves no leffe,  
     Then hath inflicted bin.

6    Let

Part. 3. Hymn LVIII. 473

6 Let not, oh GOD!  
My sin, thine anger move :  
But, let this Rod,  
Correct my faults in love.  
With patient minde,  
Let me thy stripes endure ;  
And, freedome finde,  
When they have wrought their cure.  
7 Whilft, here, I bide  
(Though I unworthy be)  
Do thou provide  
All needfull things, for me.  
And, though friends grow  
Vnkinde, in my distresse ;  
Yet, leave not thou  
Thy fervant, comfortlesse.  
8 So, though in thrall  
My *body* must remain ;  
In *minde*, I shall  
Some freedome, still, retain.  
And, wiser made  
By this restraint, shall be,  
Then, if I had  
Vntill my death, been free.

---

H Y M N L V I I I.

For a Prisoner condemned.

*I have often observed that prisoners condemned,  
for want of good counsell, have ill spent the short  
time*

*time assigned them to live; otherwhile in a desperate Jollitie; and otherwhile in excessive discomfort; therefore, this Hymn is offered as a help to settle, and prepare their mindes for death.*

*Sing this, as, VVe praise thee G O D.*

**N**OW, I perceive a G O D there is  
 That searcheth out my wayes;  
 And that whenere I do amisse,  
 His eye the same survayes.  
 Yea, now, I know, he knows that thing  
 Which I thought known of none:  
 And, can to light those actions bring,  
 Which are in darknesse done.  
 2 As thou, oh L O R D! hast found me out,  
 So, let me finde out *thee*:  
 That, of thy grace, I may not doubt,  
 Though gracelesse yet I be.  
 And, to the Crosse, though I was brought,  
 Ere I my Guilt could rue;  
 Since, now, thy *mercy*, is besought,  
 To me, thy *Mercy* shew:  
 Touch thou my heart with true remorse,  
 For what, I have misdome:  
 That, it may truly hate the Course,  
 Which I till now have run.  
 And, let, oh L O R D! some recompence  
 From thy free hand, be daign'd;  
 To all, who have, by my offence,  
 Wrong, losse, or grief, sustain'd.

4 Let

4 Let not the horror of my fact,  
My guiltie Soul oppresse ;  
Nor fear, nor hope, my minde distract ;  
Nor sorrow, me oppresse.  
But, let me with, true penitence,  
Before thy throne repaire ;  
Emploring grace, for my offence,  
With fasting, and with pray'r.

5 And, though the *Sinners way*, I trod,  
Whilst I had freedome here ;  
Let, unto me, in death, oh G O D !  
The *Gate of Life*, appear ;  
That, when the *Law* shall stop my breath,  
As *Justice* doth decree,  
I, through the dreadfull *shades of Death*,  
May finde, a *path* to thee.

---

H Y M N L I X.

For a Prifoner at the place of  
Execution.

*It is usuall for Prifoners brought to suffer for death, to Sing at the place of their execution, that they may testify their hope of a joyfull Resurrection ; and of mercy in the world to come ; in the expression of which hope, this Hymn assisteth, and intimateth with what Meditations, they should be exercised at their suffering.*

*Sing*

*Sing this as the former.*

**W**Hen *Achan* for his lawlesse-prize,  
 A censure should receive,  
 His pious Judge, did him advize,  
 To G O D, the praise to give.  
 For, when our sins we do confesse,  
 We make his *Justice* known ;  
 And, praise the wayes of *Righteousnesse*,  
 By blaming of our own.  
 2 L O R D ! I have well deserv'd the doom,  
 By which condemn'd I am :  
 And, to this place, I now am come,  
 'To suffer for' the same :  
 In hope,through my firme faith in thee,  
 And for thy mercies cause ;  
 That, this, shall my *last-suffring*, be  
 For breaking of thy *laws*.  
 3 Behold not L O R D ! behold, thou not  
 With Countenance auster,  
 The Crimes, which do my Soul bespot,  
 And fill my heart with fear :  
 But,since I have repented them ;  
 Since, I, in thee beleeve ;  
 And do likewise my self condemn,  
 Do thou oh L O R D ! forgive.  
 4 Though with disgrace,cast forth I am,  
 And, thrust from *living-men* ;  
 L O R D ! Let me not appear with shame,  
 When I appear, agen.

Yea,



Part.3. Hymn LIX. 477

Yea, though this *way*, to thee I come,  
And, have my *Lot* mispent,  
Thy *wastfull-Child*, receive thou home ;  
Since, he doth now repent.  
5 Them comfort who are filld with grief,  
This *end* of mine to see.  
Let my sad fall, and my lewd life,  
To others, warnings be.  
Oh ! let all those, who see me clime  
This *mountain of disgrace*,  
Amend their lives whilst they have time,  
And, Vertues path embrace.  
6 Once more, I, for my self, oh LORD !  
Of thee do humbly crave,  
That, thou the mercy wouldst afford,  
Which, now, I seek to have.  
But, longer why do I delay  
This bitter Cup to drink ?  
Thou knowest LORD ! what I would say ;  
Thou knowst what I can think.  
7 My heart speaks more then words expresse,  
And, *thoughts*, the language be,  
By which the sinner, in distresse,  
Speaks loudest unto thee.  
The *world*, therefore, thus, turning from ;  
Of her, I take my leave :  
And, LORD ! to thee ; to thee I come ;  
My *Spirit*, now, receive.

H Y M N

## H Y M N L X.

## For a Poet.

Poets are prophets ; not only in the vulgar accepti-  
on, among humane Authors, but so called also  
by Saint Paul, Tit. i. 12. By this Hymn there-  
fore, such Poets as are not past grace, may be  
remembered to exercise their facultie to that end, for  
which it was given unto them, by G O D.

BY Art, a Poet is not made.  
For (though by Art, some better'd be)  
Immediatlie his gift he had  
From thee, oh G O D ! from none but thee.  
And fitted in the wombe he was,  
To be (by what thou did'st inspire)  
In extraordinarie place,  
A Chaplain of this Lower-Quire.  
Most Poets future things declare ;  
And Prophets (true or false) they are.  
2 They who with meeknes, entertain  
And, with an humble Soul, admit  
Those Raptures, which thy grace doth daign,  
Become, for thy true service fit.  
And, though the *scapes* which we condemn,  
In these may otherwhile be found ;  
Thy

Thy *Secrets* thou revealest by them,  
And mak'st their tongues thy praise to sound.

Such *Moses* was ; such *David* prov'd ;  
Men famous, holy, and belov'd.

3 And, such (though lower in degree)

Are some, who live among us yet ;  
And, they with truth inspired be,  
By musing on thy *holy-Writ*.

In *Ordinarie*, some of those,  
Vpon thy *service* do attend ;  
Divulging forth in *holy-Prose*,  
The *Messages* which thou do'st send :  
And some of these, thy *Truths* display ;  
Not in an ordinarie way.

4 But where this *Gift* puffs up with pride,  
The *Devill* enters in thereby ;  
And through the same, doth means provide,  
To raise his own *Inventions* high.

*Blasphemous-Fancies* are infus'd ;  
All *holy new-things* are expel'd.  
He that hath most prophanelie muz'd,  
Is fam'd, as having most excel'd ;

And those are *Priests* and *Prophets* made  
To him, from whom their *Strains* they had.

5 Such were those *Poets*, who of old,  
To *heathen GODS*, their *Hymns* did frame ;  
Or have *blasphemous-Fables* told,  
To *Truths* abuse, and *Virtues* blame.

Such are these *Poets*, in these daies,  
Who vent the fumes of *Lust* and *Wine* :

Then

Then, crown each others heads, with Bayes ;  
As if their *Poems*, were divine.

And, such, (though they some *Truths* forefee)  
*False-hearted*, and *false prophets* be.

6 Therefore, since I reputed am  
Among these few, on whom the times,  
Imposed have, a *Poets* name ;

L O R D / give me grace to shun their crimes :

My precious *gift*, let me employ

Not (as imprudent *Poets* use)

That *Grace*, and *Vertue*, to destroy,

Which I should strengthen, by my *Muse* :

But help to free them of the wrongs,

Sustain'd by *Drunkards* Rymes, and Songs.

7 Yea, whilst thou shalt prolong my dayes,

L O R D, all the musings of my heart,

To be advancements of thy praise ,

And, to the *publique-weal*, convert :

That, when to dust I must return,

It may not justly be my thought,

That, to a *bleffing*, I was born,

Which by abuse, a *Curse* hath brought.

But, let my, conscience, truly say,

*My Soul in peace departs away.*

H Y M N

## HYMN LXI.

For them who intend to settle in *Virginia, New-England,* or the like places.

*Many depart every yeare from this Ile, to settle in Virginia, New-England, and other parts of America, whose happinesse I heartily desire ; and whose contented well-being in those places, might perhaps be somewhat furthered by such Meditations as these : And therefore, to those who please to accept thereof, I have recommended my love in this Hymn.*

*Sing this as,* We praise thee G O D.

L O R D, many times thou pleased art,  
 Thy servants to command  
 From their owne Countries to depart,  
 Into another Land ;  
 That thou maist there, a *dwelling place*  
 Vpon their feed bestow ;  
 Or else to bring thy *saving-Grace,*  
 To those to whom they go.  
 2 To whatsoever end it were,  
 That hither I am sent ;  
 To do thy *Will,* and serve thee here,  
 It is my true intent.  
 And humbly I of thee require  
 That as thy *Will* to do,  
 Y Thou

Thou hast inclined my *Desire* ;  
Then grant *performance* too.

3 From old acquaintance,from my kin,  
And from my native home,

My life anew,here to begin,  
I by thy leave am come :

And now,the place of my abode,  
Appeareth unto me

Another World ; yet here oh GOD !  
My GOD thou still shalt be.

4 This *Land* is thine,as well as that,  
From which I lately came :

Thy holy *Word* this Light begat ;  
The Heav'ns are here the same.

*Sun,Moon,and Stars*,as well as there,  
The *Seasons* do renew:

The *Vapors* drop their fatnes here ;  
And thy refreshing dew.

5 Oh ! let the *Son of Righteousnes*,  
Thy *Truth*,and *Grace divine*,

Within ths *uncouth Wildernes*  
With brightnes also shine.

That we and they whom here we find,  
May live together so,

That one in *Faith*,and one in *mind*,  
We by thy *Grace* may grow.

6 Since to that place,we seem as dead,  
From whence we be remov'd ;

The *Follies* which with us were bred,  
The *Sins* which there we lov'd ;

Here

Here, let us bury on the shore ;  
 That they may not be seen,  
 And learn'd by those, that heretofore,  
 So wicked have not been.  
 7 But innocent, oh LORD, and wife,  
 Let our Demeanors be ;  
 That they, whose rudeness we despise,  
 No ill example see.  
 But, taught as well by *Deed*, as *Word*,  
 So let their Good be sought,  
 That they may *Room* to us afford,  
 As due for what we brought.  
 8 And let the *Place*, from whence we came,  
 To us be still so dear ;  
 That we nor injure, nor defame  
*Church*, *Prince*, or *People* there.  
 But let us passe our Censures now,  
 Vpon our selves alone ;  
 And, by our Conversation, show  
 What best is to be done.  
 9 Make us contented with that *Lot*,  
 To which we now are brought.  
 Let that which may not here be got,  
 A needles thing be thought.  
 For this he may suppose with ease,  
 Who by the *Natives* heeds,  
 With how few things their minds they please,  
 How little *Nature* needs.  
 10 Let all our *Labours* be for *Life* ;  
 Our *Life* unto thy *Praise* ;

Not needlessly augmenting Grief,  
 Or Paine, by vain Affaies.  
 That though our *Traſh*, be not ſo much,  
 As other Countries have,  
 We may in *Graces*, be as rich,  
 And *inwardly*, as brave.  
 11 So when the courſe of *Time* is run,  
 And, G O D ſhall gather all  
 That liv'd betwixt the riſing-Sun,  
 And Places of his fall ;  
 Our friends that fartheſt from us are,  
 Shall meet with Joy again ;  
 And they and we, who now are here,  
 Together ſtill remain.

## H Y M N L X I I.

The Authors Hymn for himſelfe.

*He praiſeth GOD for converting his many troubles  
 and afflictions to his advantage; deſiring thoſe Me-  
 ditations may not be prophaned by his failings; but  
 that he may live ſo in this life, that he may be ad-  
 mitted to the Quire of Angels in the life to come.*

GREAT Almighty King of Heav'n!  
 And one-G O D, in *Perſons-three*;  
 Honour, Praiſe, and Thanks be giv'n,  
 Now, and evermore to thee.

Who



Who hast more for thine prepar'd,  
Then by words can be declar'd.  
2 By thy Mercies I was taken  
From the pits of mirie clay ;  
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,  
Helples, hopeles, too I lay.  
And, those comforts thou didst give me,  
Wherof no man can deprive me.  
3 By thy grace, the Passions, troubles.  
And what most my heart opprest,  
Have appear'd as aerie bubbles,  
Dreams or suff'rings but in jest :  
And with profit that hath ended,  
Which my Foes for harm intended.  
4 Those afflictions, and those terrors,  
Which did Plagues at first appear ;  
Did but shew me what mine errors,  
And mine imperfections were.  
But they wretched could not make me ;  
Nor from thy Affection shake me.  
5 Therefore, as thy blessed *Psalmist*,  
When his warfares had an end,  
(And his dayes were at the calmest)  
*Psalmes*, and *Hymns of Praises* pend ;  
So my rest, by thee enjoy'd,  
To thy Praise I have imploy'd.  
6 LORD, accept my poore endeavour ;  
And assist thy *Servant* so,  
In well-doing to persever,  
That more perfect I may grow ;

Ev'ry day more prudent, meeker,  
And of thee a *Faithfull-seeker*.  
Let no passed sin or folly,  
Nor future fault in me  
Make unfruitfull or unholy,  
What I offer now to thee:  
    But with favour and compassion,  
    Cure and cover each transgression.  
8 And with *Isr'l's* Royall *Singer*,  
Teach me so *Faith's* Hymns to sing;  
So thy ten string'd *Law*, to finger;  
And such musick thence to bring,  
    That by Grace I may aspire,  
    To thy blessed *Angell-Quire*.

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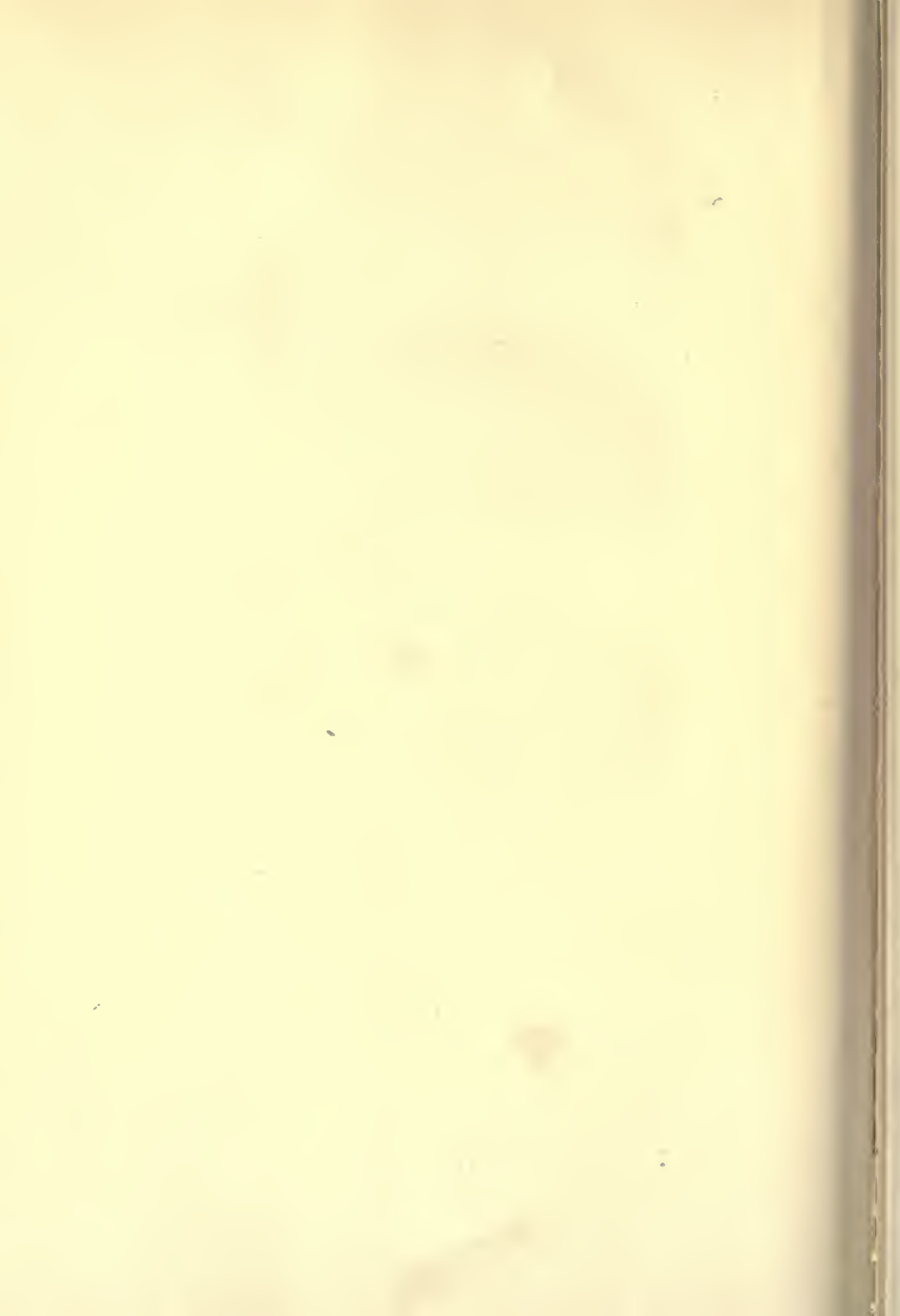
**A**lthough my *Muse* lies yet far short of those,  
 Who perfect HALLELVIAHS can compose:  
 Here to affirme, I am not now afraid,  
 What once (in part) a Heathen *Prophet* said,  
 With sleighter warrant (when to end was brought  
 What he for meaner purposes had wrought.)

*The work is finish'd, which nor humane pow'r,  
 Nor Flames, nor Time, nor Envy shall devour.  
 But with Devotion, to GODS praise be sung,  
 As long as Britan speaks her English-tongue,  
 Or, shall that Christian-Saving-Faith professe,  
 Which will preserve these Iles in happines.  
 And (if Conjectures faile not) some that speak  
 In other Languages, shall notice take  
 Of what my humble Musings have compos'd ;  
 And by these Helps more often be dispos'd  
 To celebrate his Praises in their Songs ;  
 To whom all Honour, and all Praise belongs.*

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Y 4

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