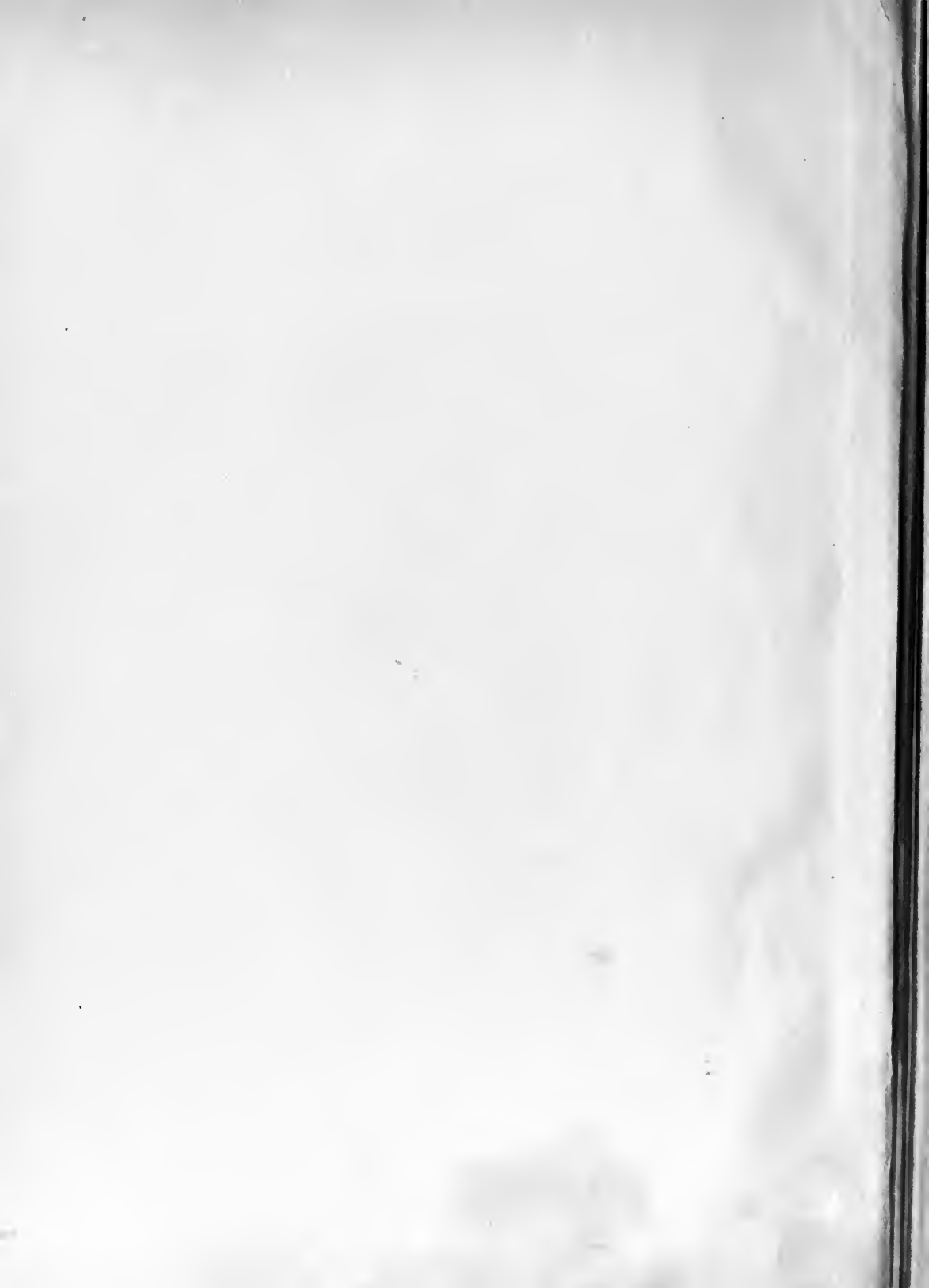


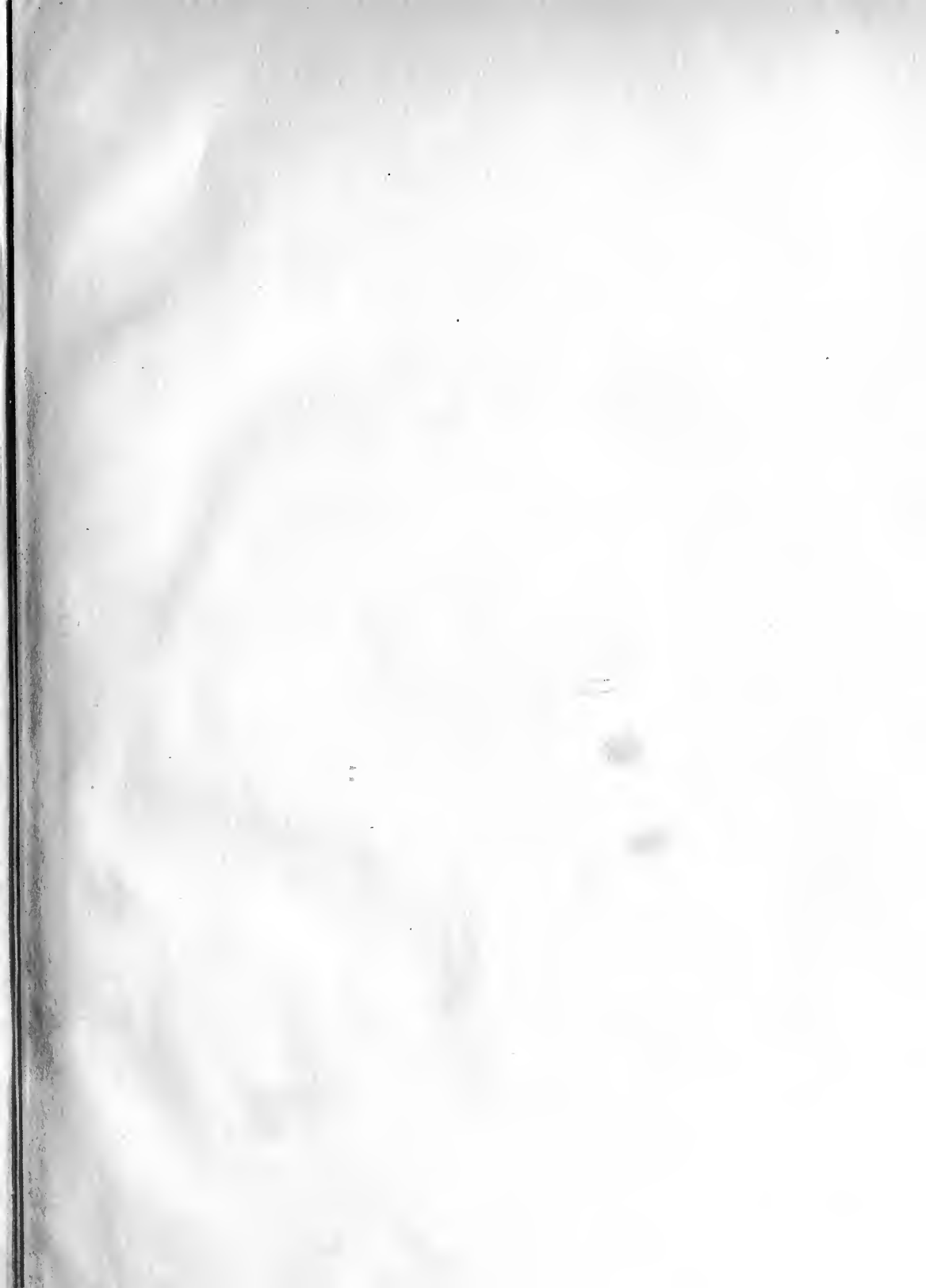


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Publications of the Spenser Society

Issue No. 26

HALELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer.

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PART I.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1879.

The Spenser Society.

COUNCIL.

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LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

Issue

For the First Year 1867-8.

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.*

For the Second Year 1868-9.

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.)*
5. Zepheria. Reprinted from the Original Edition of 1594.

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.

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.

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.

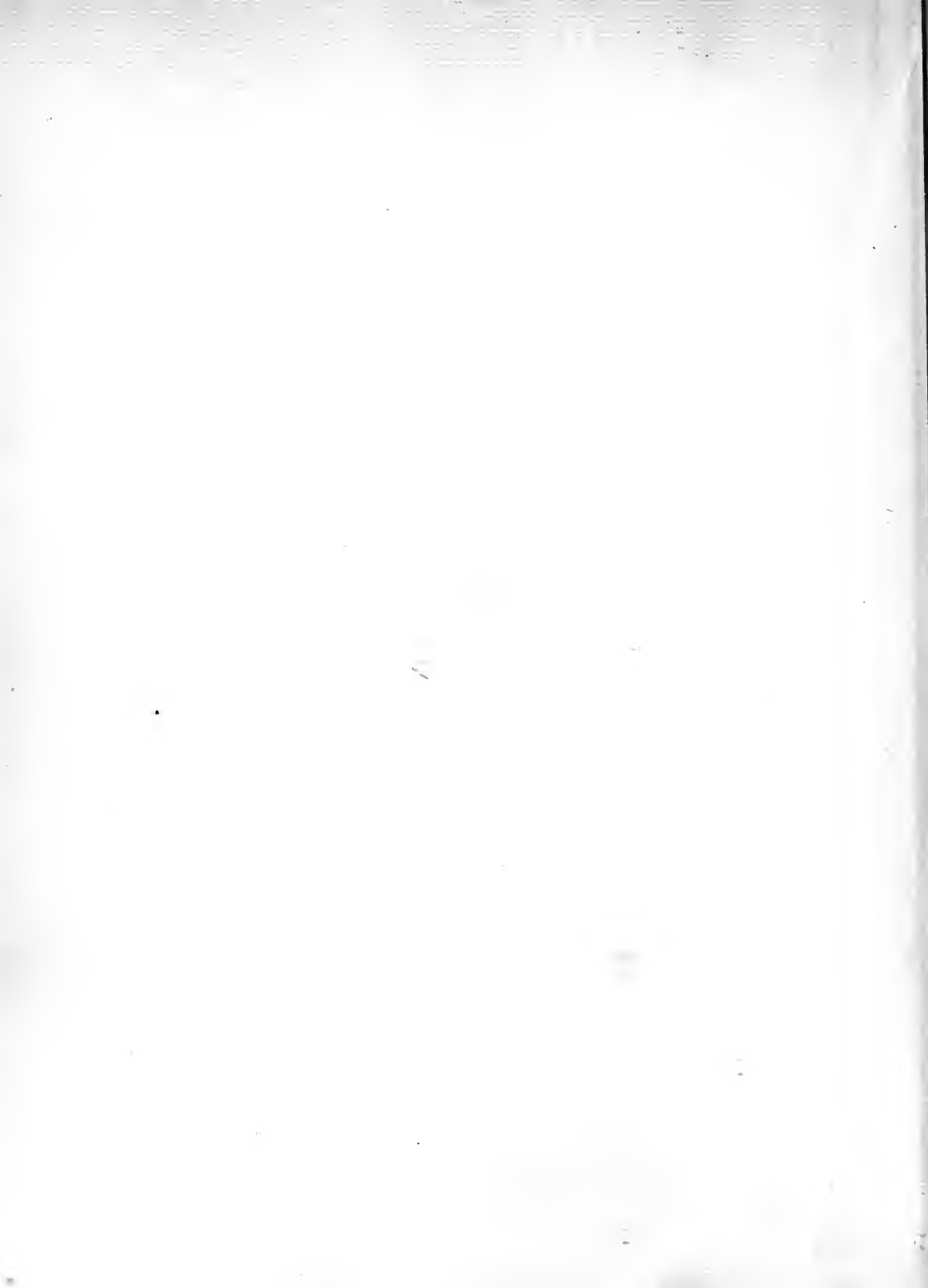
The first, contains *Hymns-Occasional*. The second, *Hymns-Temporary*. The third, *Hymns-Perfonall*.

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.

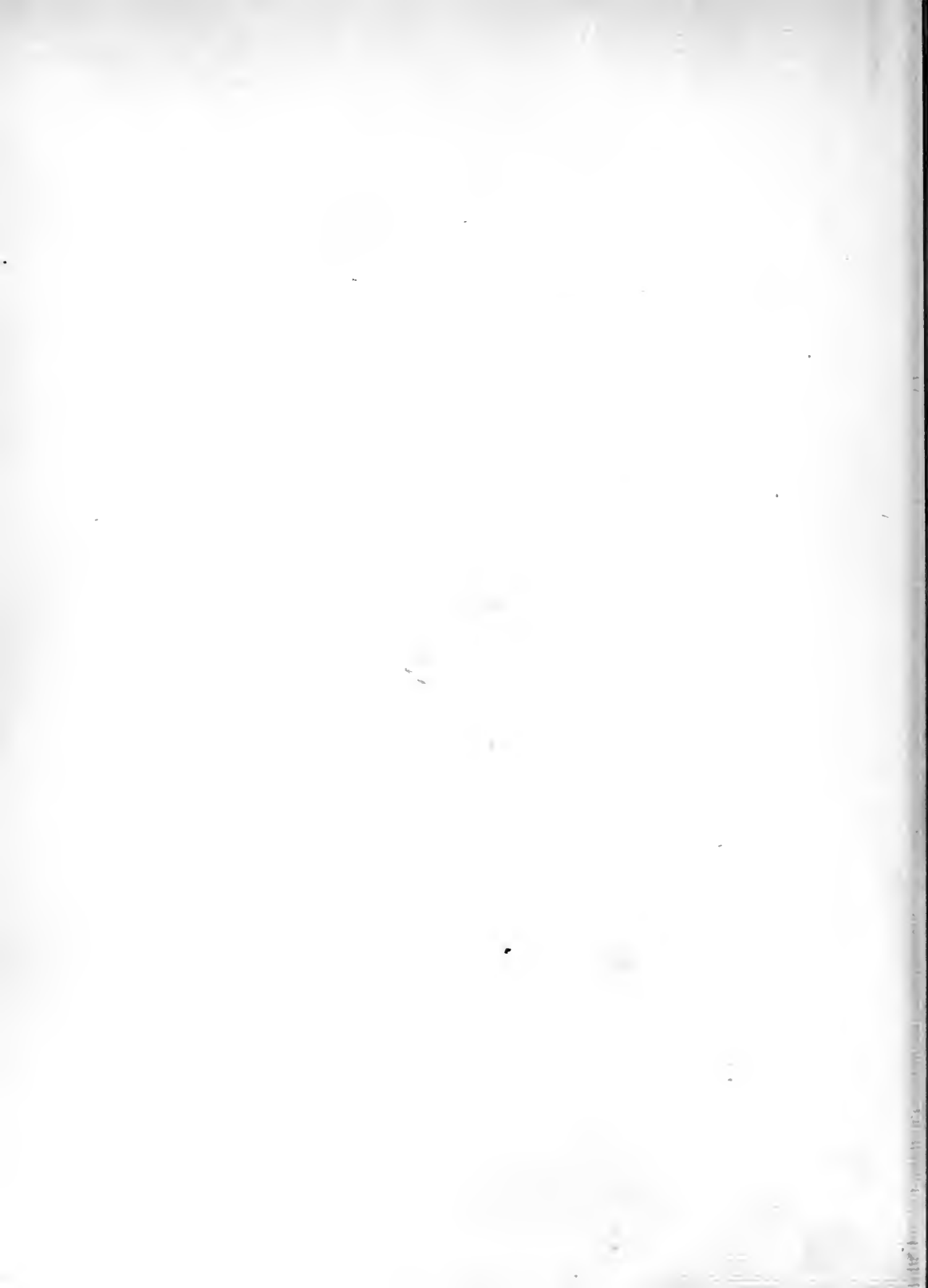
LONDON, Printed by *I. L.* for *Andrew Hebb*, at the Bell in *Pauls Church-yard*. 1641.

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




1641.

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, publikely, 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 compasionated them, as they are men: But, I do, rather, thus offer those Events to consideration; that my *Former*, and these *Remembrances*, may be the more effectually observed, to stir up thankfulnesse, and heedfulnesse 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.

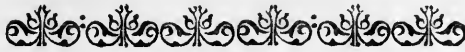
For, so innumerable are the foolish and prophane *Songs* now delighted in (to the dishonour of our Language, and Religion) that HALELVIAHS, and pious Meditations are almost out
of

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 Diabollieall 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 meereley 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 years) continue children in understanding: and those *Chats of wit*, may well be resembled to the fantasticall 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.

wisest men make use of them in their writings; yet, they are not the wisest 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 *wisest* (having no cause to contemn it) may be profitably remembred 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 G O D S 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 practise 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 thankfulnesse, 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 fuitable 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

OR,

BRITAN'S second REMEM-
BRANCER, bringing to *Remembrance*
(in praifefull and Pœnitentiall *Hymnes*,
Spirituell *Songs*, and Morall *Odes*) Me-
ditations advancing the glorie of
GOD, 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 GOD.

*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.*

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

B

Musick

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 *Dcep*.
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'rs,
 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.

Dear *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.
2 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.

3 It is too much to have made void
So many daies already past:

B 3

L.c

Sing this as the Magnificat, or Te Deum.

Lord, had not man fought out by sin,
 What should have been unknown;
 His nakedness unfelt 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 *Blisse* 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 enjoys
 Internall Vertues to improve ;

In

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 Cleanfing 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.

BVt 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 sweat.
 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 see)
 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 so accurst,
 May skrew a *Blessing* in.
 And, He that with a patient minde,
 This pennance doth fustaine,
 Shall by his paines true pleasures 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 sowe.
 A thousand mischiefes we avoyd,
 When he would us entrap:
 Which they, who are not so imployd,
 But rarely do escape.

5 It makes our Bread more sweet than 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 persevere,
 Where to 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 Vnthankfulnesse; 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 L O R D, 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 L O R D, neglect
To praise thee, both in *Will* and *Deed*.

H Y M N E. 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 G O D prevent not.
To him therefore, we should lift up our hearts to this
effect.*

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

VVho

WHoknows,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.

SInce, 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.

Now 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,
 What Splendor doth in him appeare,
 Who made that glorious *Eye* !
 2 How happy in the *Light*, we be
 Which from this *Planet* flowes,
 Inform'd we are (in some degree)
 When 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*,
 We praise thee LORD, therefore,
 And, for those Beames of *Inward Light*,
 Which 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.

H Y M N E. 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.

BEhold, 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
 VVith comfort and delight ;
 VVill 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 GOD, vouchsafed in CHRIST IESV.

Sing this as the Lamentation.

L ORD ! 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 Eies)
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 fervants be to M A N below.

2 The meanest *Lampe*, now shining there,
 In size, and luster 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* extremeft 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 fo 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 raifed 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 against the terrors of Darknes.

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

WHat though the comforts of the Light,
 This gloomy Night denies?
 Though me to trouble, and affright,
 Vnwelcome Darknes tries.
What 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?
What 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,
 VWho chirpe among the bushy-spraires.
 For, to their Pearches they retire,
 VWhen 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 clofe 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 moe,
(Ev'n moe 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.*

NOW 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 withholds 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* close 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 *needlesse-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 *Thefe*, 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 rise 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
 Defired 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,
 (Vnworthy 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'ft 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 whirld,
 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 convayes.

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.

MY 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.

HEe 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 Journeyes had,
 To scape the Peoples rage.

6 *L O R D*, make a voyage now with me ;
 Conduçt, and guide me, so,
 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

Part. 1. *Hymne XXIII.* 37

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 ensnare 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 presence, 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 bleffe 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 increas'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 Healmes 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, poffeffion 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'ft 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 *Veffell* 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 fo.

*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'd 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'rewhelm'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, left 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.

HOW 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 Horse 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 *Windes*,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 L O R D, supply.

No *Passengers*, Oresights, or Crime,
 L O R D, (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 fevere :

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.

TO 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 Curfe 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 L O R D, 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.

THe *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-hills*, 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.

WHat 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 Chase 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, fhall this *Feaft*, be (as it were)
A holy *Sacrifice*.

H Y M N X X X I I I .

A Hymn after a *Feaft*.

*We are here remembered to be thankfull for our Re-
freshments ; 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, left 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 XXXIIII.

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 bleffe 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 bleffe:
 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 be-
sought 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

Preferve

Preserve thy *Church* ; protect our *King* ;
 And all his *Kingdomes* bleffe :
 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, otherwhile, this Hymn, to praise GOD for the free libertie of coming to his House ; and to prepare their mindes for the Place and Service, toward which they walk.

Sing this as the 117. Psalm.

How blest are we ! who may repara
 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 praise,
 For that, which thou bestow'st.
 Thy *Voice* so let us hear to *Day*,
 And so meek hearted be

That

Part.1. 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 rehearse
 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-
 kindnesses 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.

How 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

62 *Hymn XXXVIII. Part. I.*

We may the more be fortifide,
By interchange of Love.
Let us, therefore, who now have met,
Obferve this Leffon, fo,
That we do not the fame forget,
When we apart fhall go.
5 Let none of us delight to tell,
Or pleafure 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, feek the fitteft 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 Perfon here.
Yea, if a Grief, a Loffe, a shame,
To one of us befall.
Let us be tender of the fame,
As grievous to us all.
7 So, we that are, but linked, yet,
In *Bands* of common kind ;
Shall, at the laft, be nearer knit,
By Vertues of the Mind.
And, when the *Ties* of *carnall-kin*,
By death, fhall be undone ;
We, that have fo allied bin,
Shall be, for ever, *One*.

H Y M N

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.

To 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 Psalm, &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.

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

Which

Part. 1. Hymn XLI. 67

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.

U Nworthy, 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,misdone.
 That,all we *suffer,say,or do*,
 May grow,in some Degree,
 Reform'd,by thine Example,fo,
 That Blameleffe we may be.

H Y M N X L I I I .

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.

AMong 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 chiefſt Plagues of Life,
A *Husband-faſe*, 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 aſeard:
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 measure let them have
 Of ev'ry means, which may acquire
 The Blessedneffe, which they most crave,
 Who to the trueft Bliffe aspire.
 And if *Well-wishers* absent be,
 Who better wish them can, then we,
 To make this *Blessing* up intire,
 We thereto adde what they desire.

HYMNE XLIIII.

For a Contract.

This Hymn is tendred to those who purpose a Contract of Marriage; in hope it may so remember them, to consider what they intend; that it shall keep them from proceeding farther then they lawfull may; and from professing more then they mean.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD, in thy *Name*, and in thy *Feare*,
 Our Faith we plighted have;
 And, that our meanings are sincere,
 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,mutuell helpers whil't we live,
(According to our might)
Our felves,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 Courtes 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 fo 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 Delighis.

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 ſhow.

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,
Subjeſted 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 enable
the Childe Baptized to Do and Beleeve, according
to the Conditions of the Covenant made ;
And he is likewise acknowledged the Author and
Finisher of every Holy-Desire, and laudable Performance.

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 bestowed :
 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.

Although, my GOD! that Sacrifice,
I tender 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 Selfe alone,
To thee I now repaire,

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 founding 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 Kindness 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'st 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 ease 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,
whereby (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.

Since now, my Babe, of sleep poss'est,

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, praifes from an Infants tongue,

Disdainest not to hear :

Reject

Rejeċt 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 ;
 Inſold him in thine Armes.
 From outward perils, him protect,
 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 Courtes 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.

H Y M N L I I.

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 unexpressiblenesse 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 possess'd,
 Doth our best merits, far surpass'd;
 And, cannot be express'd.
 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 kindnesse 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 Compassse to exceed;

Our

Our little *Faith*, is also lesse
 Then grains of Mustard-seed
 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-powere*,
 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, L O R D,*
 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 accursed walls, which fell
 When *Rams-horne-Trumps* were blown.
 This, if we credit ; we shall cease
 The worldlings parts to play,
 Or, to beleeve G O D S bleffed peace,
 Shall come the *Devils* way.
 18 L O R D, 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.

W Hilst 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. Psalm.

I N times of *Want*, we feele what bliffe,
 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

VVith *Gouts*, or those Tormenting *Stones*
 VVhich fret and rend the *Reines* :
 Yea, while ten thousands feele the smart,
 VVhich 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,
 Whilft thou prolongft my Race.
 And, if to my immortall Bliffe,
 It fhall not hindrance be ;
 (Nor thou thereby, due Glory miffe)
 Thus healthfull, keepe thou me.
 5 But, if my Patience muft be tride,
 By Sickneffe, and by Pain ;
 Let *Sin*, thereby be mortifide ;
 And, *Vertue* strength obtain.
 Be pleas'd, likewise, that whatfoere
 Thy Wifdome fhall impofe,
 It be no more then I can bear ;
 Though ftrong, and fharp 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 fo 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.

Remember 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.)
 Remembering *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.

WHy 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 difplay.

The things we fee,
The fhaddows be,
Of thofe, which will appear:
Are nothing els
But *Tipes* and *Shells*,
Which *Time* away will weare.

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

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

4 My Hope, and my Belief
That of this *Life* I fhall partake,
Cures all my prefent Grief,
And, of my Pains, doth pleafures make.

The thought of it,
Makes me remit
The Spights of thofe *poore-things*,
Who Dominere
On mole-hils, here
Like foolifh *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 fame

 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,

 Thrall'd my *Will* ;

Thus, I fearefully complained.

4 VVhere is now ; where is, alas ?

 Time, that was ?

VVhere

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 fruitlessly 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,

VWherein,

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 falfe, no vain delight,
 No Affright,
 From her bliffe, my Soul shall fever :
 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-eternall : 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

IF 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 ceafe.
 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,aspire.
 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,GOD (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.

MY Soul,why dost thou linger so,
 And in thy prifon,seeke to stay?
 Since

Since thou art fummon'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 *Everlasting-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 pafse ere long)
Praise *Him*, together in one *Song*.

H Y M N L X I .

A Lamentation in times of exceffive 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.

Although 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 pleasant *Season* show
 That, thy Displeasure 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 exceffive Raines.

*When we are delivered from the plague of exceffive
Rains and Waters; they who desire to fing a Song of
Thanksgiving for the same, may mufically exprefse
their gratitude in this briefe Hymn.*

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

THe 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 ! refrains.
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 praife belongt,
To none, but thee, ô G O D !
Accept the ſervice we profeſſe,
And, give us grace, ô L O R D !
To manifelt our Thankfulneſſe,
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.

Hear / 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 Distresses 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 *Droughth* 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 *Samson* 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
 Which hath stir'd thine Anger thus :
 Take this wasting Drough from hence ;
 With 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 *Droughth*.

*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 Droughth.*

Sing this as the 23. Psalm.

G

So

SO pow'full are the faithfull Cries,
 Which men afflicted raise;
 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 distressed,
 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 enjoys.
 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*, *Wisdom*, *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 enabled to receive the fruits of the earth, or continued hopefull of that blessing.

Sing this as Te Deum.

LORD! should the *Sun*, the *Cloud*, the *wind*,
The *Aire* and *Seasons* be
To us as froward, and unkind,
As we are false to thee;
Our Labours would, by Winds or Storms,
By Drouth or else by Rain;
By Heat, or Cold, by Weeds, or Wormes,
Prove Labours all in vain.
2 But, from our Duties, though we swerve,
Thou, still, do'st Mercy show;
And, us and ours from spoile preserve,
'That we might thankfull grow.
Yea, though from day to day we sin,
And thy disfavour gain;
As soon as we to cry begin,
Forgiveness, we obtain.
3 The *Weather* now, thou changed hast,
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 changeest 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 G O D, when we
 have heard and seene him, in those works of his
 without the destruction of our Goods & Persons.*

Sing this as the former.

NO 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 L O R D ! 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

WHen 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

From *Colds*, late nipping Herbs and Trees,
(Afflicting Man and Beast)
And making Lakes and Rivers freeze,
Thou, L O R D ! hast us releas'd.
The Clods are thaw'd ; The Ice doth melt ;
The Creatures, lately griev'd
Are eas'd of the pains they felt ;
And, from their Fears repriev'd.
2 We praise thee, for this blessed change ;
And thankfull are to thee,
That thou thy help do'st not estrange,
When we afflicted be.
Let thy Compassion us dispose,
(Where we shall need behold)
To melt in pitty, towards those
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 usually corrects a sinfull Nation ; and by this
Hymn we are taught how to addresse our com-
plaints to God, in this Visitation, &c.*

Sing this as the 22. Psalm.

BY Mercies and by Judgements, 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 pinched 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 inflicted 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 leſſe 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 unthankfulneſſe, this Hymn was compoſed.

Sing this as the 4. Pſalme.

How 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 pleaſant Land, which for our Sin,
Was, lately, barren made,
Her fruitfulneſſe doth new begin,
And we our Hopes have had.
For which in praiſefull 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 waft 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 refresh 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 dependance upon GOD) that we make him our sole Refuge in times of danger. Confession, 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. Psalm.

BY trusting unto thee,oh GOD!
And,by reposing in thy shade ;
A Shelter,and a safe Abode,
In many Dangers,we have had.
And,good Assurances 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 slaughtring *Angell* home.
And (though we merit not such grace)
Compassionate, and kind become
To us, in this distressed Cafe.

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 remembered 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 lads)
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 Iudgement 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 Aeteth 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 fift 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 faile 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 wisdome 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, thanksgivings 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.

ME thinks 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 Iudgement,can resolve,
Her Fawnings to contemn.
I take her *Pleasant-things* away,
Her *Longings* I restrain ;
I make her watch,and fast and pray,
Vntill she Teares doth fain.
5 To see her grieve,then grieve I too,
And loving words apply ;
Left to her self, she 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 fallly,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*, instruct 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 :
 Lest 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 diseafe,
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 Pleasure, 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 chiefest Bliffe it were :
 That, which esteem'd
 Above our lives, hath hin ;
 And, which hath seem'd
 Beyond Salvation, dear.
 That is at laft,
 A thing unpleafing made ;
 And leaves no tafte,
 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,
There'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 Ahie weeds.

Now 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 Reft ?

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,
Whofe Tones,were *Song*,
And,muficke,still to me ;
To please,or chear,
My drouping ear ;
Hereafter turned be.

3 Oh Dear ! oh gracious *God!*
If in our felves,we bliffe had fought ;
Of paffions,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 fo blind,
That we death's pow'r could not forefee.
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 LORD!
 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. Psalme.

HOW 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 / fo' 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,(feeing 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 chufe
 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, evill 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 fettle *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 Omtime, oh LORD! at least, in show,
 A thankfull heart, we do professe,
 When thou such Blessings dost bestow
 As outward Riches, Health, or Peace.
 But, for that *meanes* which may conduce
 Our Soules, to their true-Blisse, to raise,
 We make, not verie frequent use
 Of thankfull words, or *Hymns* of praise.
 2 When *Meads are drown'd*, or *Fields are dry*;
 When *Sword*, or *Sicknesse*, harme hath done,
 To thee for help, sometimes we cry;
 And thank thee, when those plagues are gone.
 But, for that Blessed meanes of Grace,
 Which we have long, at full enjoy'd;
 (In publike, or in private place)
 Few Thankfull voices are employ'd.
 3 How many foules, in *Errors* night,
 Sit fighting their sad hour's away!
 Whilst we enjoy, the *Gospels* light,
 And, therewithall, the wantons play!
 How many Nations be at strife,
 For that which we enjoy, at will?
 How many want that *Bread of life*,
 Which we do surfet on and spill?
 4 Oh GOD! Forgive this crying Sin.
 More wise, more thankfull let us grow,
 To mend this fault, let us begin:
 And, Grace obtain, more Grace to show.
 For,

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 shall fee,
That, where thefe *Tidings* do not found ;
(Or where they shall abufed be)
Inhumane cruelties abound :
Yea, we, who often have been fchool'd,
For hearing this bleft *Voice*, in vaine,
Shall fee our hopes, and wifdomes fool'd ;
If unrepentant we remaine.
6 Our feares therfore Deare GOD! prevent ;
Keep thou thy *Goffell* in our Land :
Our Thanklefneffe, let us repent ;
And ftedfaft in thy *worship*, ftand.
For, that thy bleffed *Saving-word*,
Is purely preached in our Daies
We confefse it a *mercie*, LORD,
Which merits, endleffe *Hymns of praife*.

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

For deliverance from perfecution,
and falfe Doctrine.

*The blind and bloody Times, in which our Fathers
lived, begin to be forgotten, at leaft to be fo little
considered on, that fome 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 curfed 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 poyfined, 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 fin
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 *Holineffe*, his royall *Robe* :
 The *wreathes* of *Iustice*, let him wear :
 And in upright, and pious waies,
 Observe, and ferve 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,
 Assured 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 possesse:
 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 Disease
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

Part.1. Hymn LXXXVII. 169

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 Lufts,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 posselt,
But a desolate Grave ?
Youths Folly,unholy
Learn,therefore,to shun,
And ever persever
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 worfe 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'ft thou art yong.

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

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 prayed 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.

Preferve 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.

BEware 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.

Against 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 LORD, be thou pleas'd, therefore,
 My Heart to temper so,
 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 servile *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 posses'd,
 No mortall Pow'r expell it can,
 Or give that Party rest.
 Thy Pow'r, oh LORD, above,
 Can from this Tirant save;
 That, me therefore, he cease not on,
 Thine Aid, alone, I crave.

HYMN

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.

WHAT hellish Doubt ! what curfed Fear,
Is that which now begins,
Vnto my Conscience to appear?
And threats me for my Sins ?
In me methinks I fomewhat 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,
Suggestion 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 hopesfull 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 affay ;
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.*

MY 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 ennobled?
 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 thriveth.
And, that whil'ft 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 sattie 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.

H Y M N X C I I I I .

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.
 LORD, 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.

BLeft *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 Union*, do.

3 To curb the *Flesh*, and to controule
 The *World*, and all things there,
 Was no great hardship 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 Bliffe 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,
VWill 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 worse 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,
VWhich to intrap thee,in the way
Thine Adversary hath employ'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.

Blessè 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 GOD, 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 GOD, 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 self-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 fo 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 bitteresse 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 complain.
 The keenest *Razour* cuts not so:
 The *Vipers* poyfined 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.

H Y M N 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.

HAd 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, fometimes, 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 harmfulfull 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 *Wisdome* 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 wisdome 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 *Fleshly 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

H Y M N C I I.

For one upbraided with Deformitie.

To some this is a very great Affliction, and they who are sensible of other mens Passions, will not thinke it impertinently added ; if this Hymn be inserted, to comfort such as are upbraided, or afflicted through their bodily defects, in this kind ; and to instruct their Despisers.

Sing this, as the former.

L O R D, though I murmur not, at thee,
For that in others Eies,
I, so deformed, seem to be,
That, me, they do despise :
Yet, their contempt, and their disdain
My heart afflicteth so,
That for mine ease, I now complain,
My secret grief, to show.
2 Thou know'st, oh G O D ! it was not I,
Who did this Bodie frame,
On which they cast a scornfull eie ;
By whom I flouted am.
Thou know'st likewise, it was not *they*,
V Who did their Bodies make ;
Although on my defects to play,
Occasions, oft they take.

K 5

3 Then,

3 Then, why should they have Love, or Fame,
 For what they have not done ?
 Or, why should I have scorn or shame,
 For what I could not shun ?
 Thy workmanship, I am, oh LORD,
 Though they do me deride :
 And, thou, by what they have abhorr'd,
 Are, some way, glorifide.

4 Therefore, since thou this way hast chose,
 To humble me on Earth.
 My Imperfections now dispose,
 To help my *second Birth*.
 Let me in Thee contentment find :
 And, lovely make thou me,
 By those perfections of the *Mind*,
 Which dearest are to Thee.

6 Since, *Features* none, in me appear,
 To win a *fleshy Love* ;
 Let those, which priz'd by others are,
 My passions never move.
 But, quench thou, all those youthfull Fires,
 Which in my brest do burn ;
 And, all my Lusts, and vain Desires,
 To sacred *motions*, turn.
 So, though in secret grief, I spend
 The Life that nature gave ;
 I, shall have comforts, in the end,
 And, gain a blessed Grave ;
 From whence, the *Flesh* which now I wear,
 In glory, shall arise ;
 And,

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.

Why 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 GOD 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*,
 Vpight 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 deservedly 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, causlesly begins ;
 But, strives to keep off greater pains,
 Or, to prevent some Sins.

H Y M N

H Y M N C I I I I .

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.

THe 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 deferts 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 possesse it.*

Sing this as the 4. Psalm.

By

BY 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 fupremeft 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 fould, but **GOD**, from whom it came,
 For that, by me be prais'd ?
 To whose renowne fould 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.

HYMN CVI.

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.

MY *Hope* ; and those endeavours, now,
 Which I have us'd therein ;
 Such good effects begin to show,
 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.

Although 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 imploi'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 happie, if no worse)
The first, if so escape he may,
Shall find an emptie 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 remembred 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 fight :
 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.

MY *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-celestiall* 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.

H Y M N

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 unkindnesses 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 unkindnesses, 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 skost 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 Case thou dost bemone.
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,

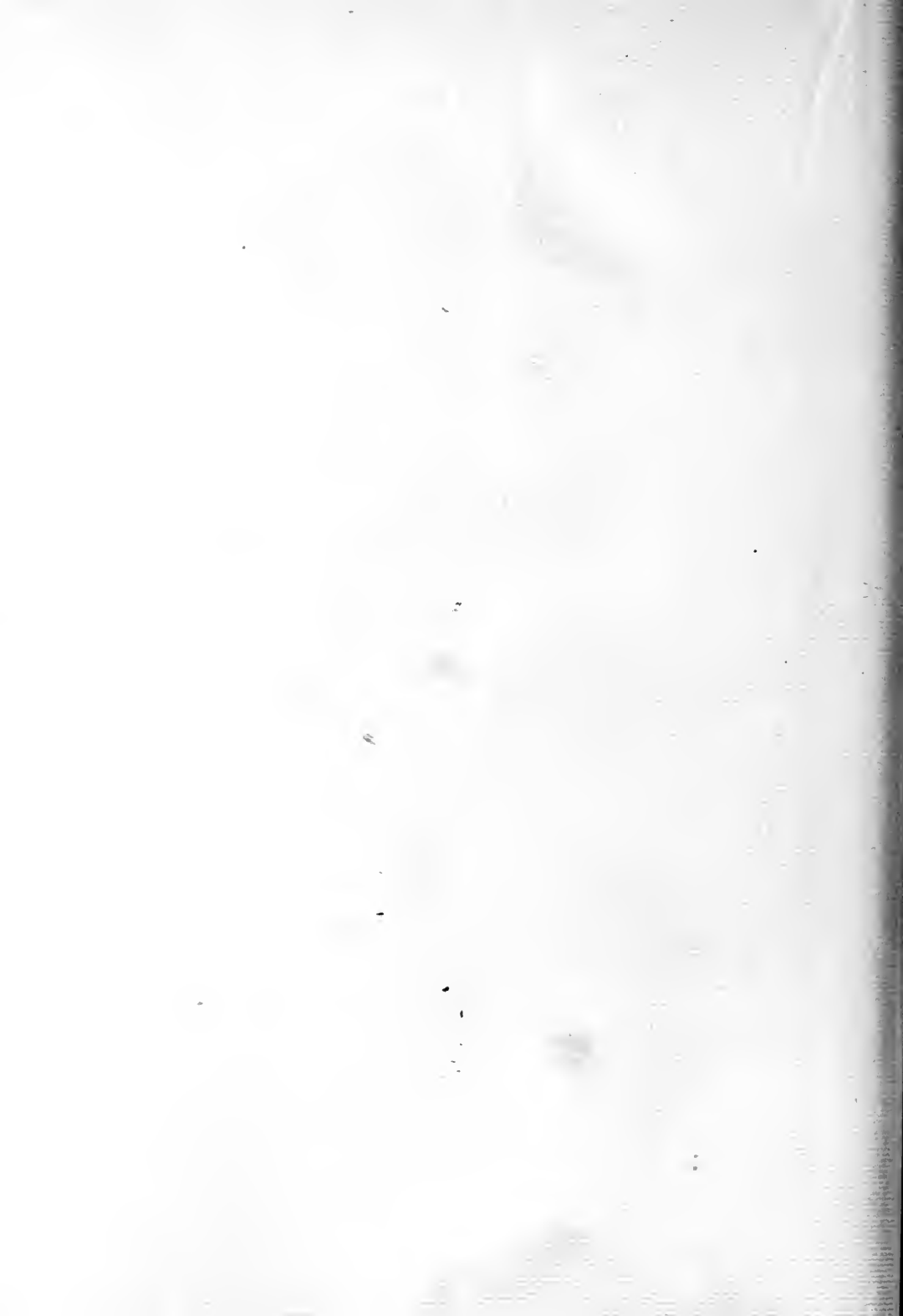
Thoſe thoughts to me more eaſie make
Which now my heart do pain.

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.

FINIS.

L 3



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Issue No. 27

HALELVIAH

OR,

Britans Second Remembrancer.

(1641.)

BY

GEORGE WITHER.

PARTS II. and III.

PRINTED FOR THE SPENSER SOCIETY.

1879.

The Spenser Society.

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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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HALELVIAH or, *BRITAIN'S* second REMEMBRANCER. The second Part, consisting of *Hymns* Temporary. The Authors *Protestation, Petition, and Charge* concerning these *Temporary-Hymns*.

The third Part, containing *Hymns* Perfonall.

(*Lovvndes*, 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 beleieve 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 *Us,* 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 *Iewish 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

HYMN 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 possesst,
 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 CHRIST 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 Aerie Firmament,*
whereby Mankind, and every living Creature upon
Earth enjoyeth , all the common Benefits of Na-
ture ; and which this Hymn partly 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 *Aerie-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 of 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 hearbs 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.

When *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 Thou didst, 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.

THIS 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 entercchange 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. Vpon 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 counfells 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, fill 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 *Grandam* 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.

Foul-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, availles 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, lettst us *mone*.
 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, worse 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, LORD, 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 LORD.*

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 mured Thee.

Yet, now, pardoned let us be.

8 We Adulterers have been ;
 Lustfull hearts, and wandring Eies,
 Make us many waies uncleane,
 Which no sight, 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.

G O D 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-Desire ;
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,
 Throught our streets, do sound.

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 *Distreff*
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 H I M, now would it be,
If He, had nev'r been born.

H Y M N X I I I.

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-Treafon, to have been executed this Day of the yeere; and from which G O D, 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.

Voice 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 *Ilands* 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* so,

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 X I I I I .

For the Kings Day.

The first day of the Kings is yearly 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 possesst,
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, settled *Peace*, we seldom see
 Return to them, or theirs
 Till rooted from the *Land*, they be
 By *Sickness*, *Dearth*, or *Wars*.

7 Permit not, *LORD*, so sad a *Doom*,
 Vpon these *Realms* 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 *Schisme* 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 *Sovereign* 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, solemni-
zed*

*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.*

SEe *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
O H / 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 those droppings let it prove
Which did on *Hermons*, Top distill ;
And, like the Dews, which from above
Descended, once, on *Sion-Hill*,
 For Peace and Plenties flourish there,
 Where-ever, these diffusions 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*, distill,
On *them*, a blessing, also lights :
 And, thence they further downward, flow,
 Refreshing those, 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.

THe *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 *Duet* to pay
For them who did prepare

The

The means whereby we meet this Day
 Thy blessed Word to hear.
 3 Bleffe 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 worfe.
 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.

LORD, 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 aswell prolong,
 Our *Loving*, as our *Days*.
 2 Together we have now,
 Begun another yeer;
 But, how much time thou wilt allow,
 Thou mak'st it not appear.
 We therefore, do, explore,
 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.

H Y M N X V I I I .

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 Grievs, 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 *year*
 Then, when this dutie last 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 those that were belov'd of me.
 Yea, let none here,
 To me be Deare,
 But, those whom I shall finde
 Enjoy that Love,
 In Heaven above,
 Which they on Earth should minde.

HYMN XIX.

For the *Spring-time*.

GOD Almighty in the Spring-time, reneweth the
Blessing of the Year, for the Sustentation, and re-
freshment of our Bodies : And this Hymn teach-
eth by what Meditations we should sanctifie 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 yeerly *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 XX.

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 *Blastings*, 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
Religiouly 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, n,
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, yearly, 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 sweet an *Aire,* our Climate yields!
 How stor'd, with *Flocks,* and *Herds,* are we!
 How *Milke,* and *Honey* overflow!

How cleare and wholfome, are our *Springs!*
 From *Ravenous-Beasts,* how safe, 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 thofe Bleffings, which adorn
Wood, Streame, or *Field,* this Iland through.

For all of these thy *Praife,* we fing:
 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 fhade,
 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 haft done,
 To thofe, which after Them, fhall be.

H Y M N

H Y M N X X V.

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* difregard.
And, those, who till the *Trumpet* found,
Are misemploy'd an^d unprepar'd.
Yea, curf'd *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 bleffed 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 fung.
Chor. *With Angels thus therefore song we,*
To G O D 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 give 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 G O D 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 bruifes now are heal'd.
The *Lambe* had of the *Wolfe* no dread :
And G O D and M A N be reconcil'd.
Chor. *With Angels thus, therefore, sing we,*
To G O D 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 L O R D.
3 That moment whereon G O D decreed
To do as he fore-said,
Enabled was the *Womans-SEED*,
To break the *Serpents* head.
And I E S V S C H R I S T, to fatisfie,
For our accurf'd Crimes,
Vouchsaf'd both to be *Borne*, and *Die*,
At his appointed Times.
4 By H I M, *New-born*, fo let us be ;
To *Sin*, fo let us *Die* ;
That, we may live with *Him*, where *Hee*
Is now enthron'd on high.
As *Hee*, the G O D *head*, for our fake,
With *Man-hood* did aray ;
On *Vs*, his *Nature*, let us take,
As fully, as we may.
5 Where to, we neareft shall attain,
When we do *Mercy* fhew ;
And, ftrive thofe *Longings* to refrain
Which *Flefh* and *Blood* purfue.
We are affured oh Saviour C H R I S T !
Thine *Incarnation* may
Our *Nature*, hereunto affift :
Affift, 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, *Circumcis'd-Hearts* desire.
Yea, by that milder *Sacrament*,
Which follow'd This, thy Grace inspire:
For, He that either is *Baptiz'd*,
Or *Circumcis'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 pass'd 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 *Pafors*,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 H Y M N

HYMN XXXIII.

For *Palme-Sunday.*

Palme-Sunday is called so, because it commemorates the day, wherein Iesus Christ rode in Triumph to Jerufalem, 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 *Jerusalem,*
 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-wise,
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 fo,
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 unmindefull 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 shoves 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 same.

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 pity 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 GOD*, 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 same 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 Refurrection, 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 Mysteries.

Sing this as the 100 Psalme, without the Chorus.

THis 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 CHRIS^T our LORD, 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 LORD 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 LORD 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 LORD 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 *fling*?
 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.

TO G O D, with heart,and cheerfull voice,
 A *Triumph-Song*,we sing ;
 And,with true Thankfulness rejoice
 In our Almighty King.
 We to his Glory will record
 (Who are but dust and clay)
 What Honour he did us afford,
 On his *Ascension-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-Prefents 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 Myserie.

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*.

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.

THey, 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 *G O D 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 joyntly 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-prais'd *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, 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 tast 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 Readinesse 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-
 membred*

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.

BY his Examples, teach us L O R D,
For whom we honour Thee this Day.
His *Witness*, of th'*Incaruate-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 adjoining. 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 *Aēt*, alone ;
He, did in *Will*, and *Aēt*, abide.

L O R D, grant that what thou hast decreed,
 In *Will*, and *Aēt*, 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 Ifcariot 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 H E N one of thine, did false become,
And, his high place abuse :

P 3 Thou

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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 G O D, *for the Glad tidings of his Gospel, delivered to the Church by his blessed Evangelist* M A R K : *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 *Fem*, 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 same
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 fo 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. Commandements.

RIch 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 *Those*, 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 Peo-
 ple 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.

BEcause 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 toyes, 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 glorify 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 forsook,
 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 forsake.
 And fear we may, that Sin resides
 In many Persons at this day,
 Who chofen 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 honour of GOD, in the pious memory of his Apostle St. Bartholomew: and, that (as appears 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.

L Et no uncomely Censures passe
Vpon 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 repara,
 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 GOD! and honour Thee
For all thy glorious Triumphs won,
Assembled 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 fcar'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,joynd 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

HYMN LIX.

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 Visitations in that kind, are necessary for uncomfortable Seasons, and will no doubt, be both liked, and used by some.

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 possess,
 Which may on earth be had,
 Who by an *Inward-Happines*
 Are safe,and fearless made.

4 As Lions they couragious are,
 Now mischiefs most increase.
 And,though still dreadfull newes they hear,
 Their Courage doth increase.
 For,now,they see be drawing nigh,
 And,haſtning 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 increase ?
 Or Fear,in 'Times of blood ?
 Which was oppress'd in Times of Peace ;
 And *Ill* receiv'd for Good ?
 Since none doth grudge to see his Field,
 Stubb'd up,and set on fire ;

That

That usefull Fruits, the soile 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 misdone,
 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. Psalme.

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 perillfome,
 From him that would devour.
 2 The *Shaft* which kils 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 L O R D, thus, thou dost befriend
 (When Times of Trouble be)
 Thy Faithfull Servants, who depend
 Vnfainedly on Thee.
 On me, L O R D, 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 Courfes 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 Counfels 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,whatsoever care,
 Or Troubles we are in,
 Preferve 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 secundæ partis.

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 burthenfome 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,

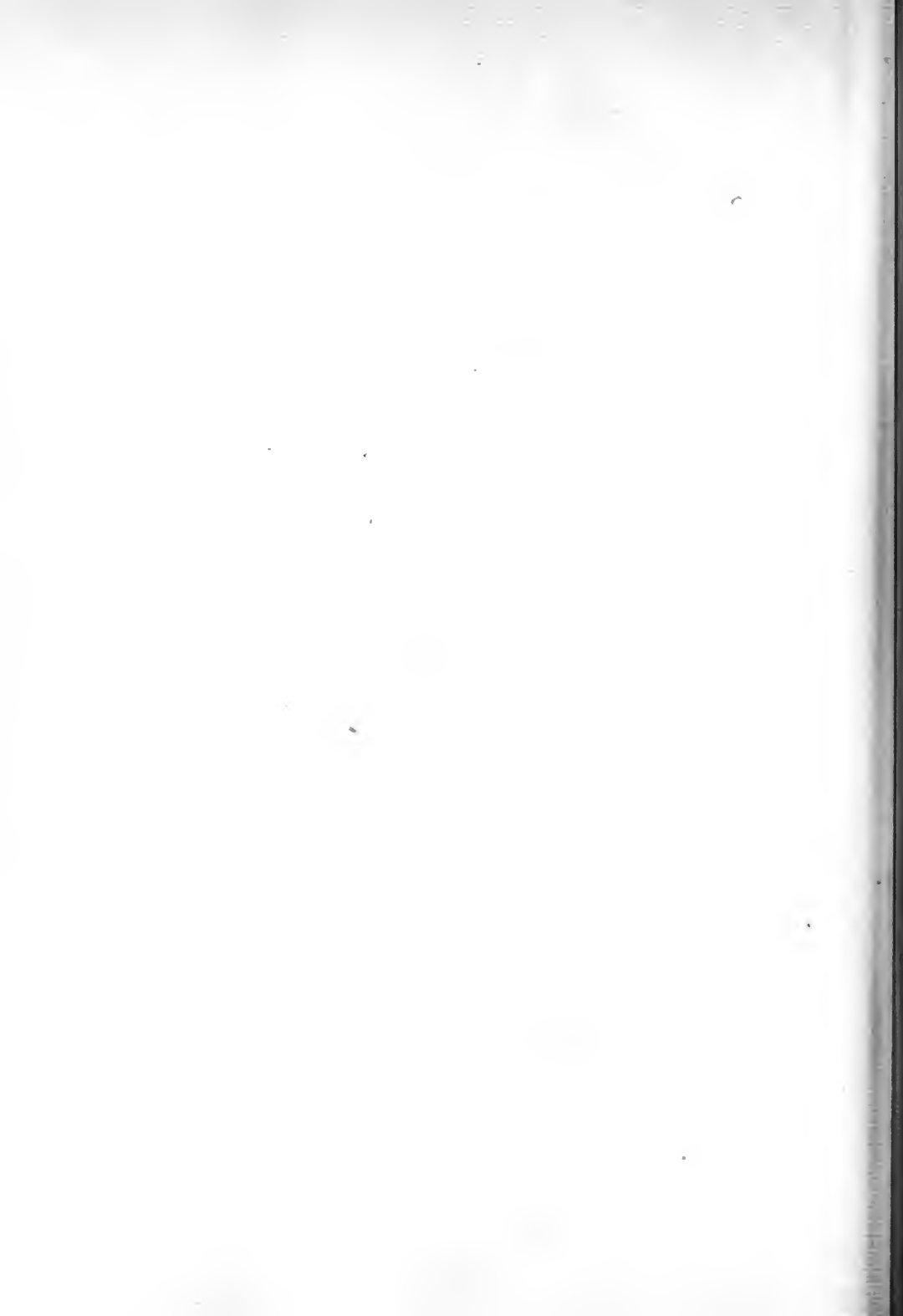
Yet, I am perswaded, that when they are better knowne, no discreet Reader will either disapprove them, or judge them to be any of those *Novelties*, which are justly despicable or impertinent.

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.*

HA 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-praisfull *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 *Darkness* here,
 Worse then what th'Egyptians had.
 When, we more in Bondage were,
 And, to *Babel*, slaves were, made;

God, 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,
Hallelujah shall be sung.

Cho. *Hallelujah 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.

Spain's proud *Sisera*, had thought,
 To have sunk us, with his weight :
 But, the *Stars* against him fought,
 And, made famous, *eightie eight*.

Hallelujah, therefore, Crie
 Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofs reply.

Cho. *Till Heav'ns vaulted Roofs, reply,*
Hallelujah, 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 God forbid the Doom)

We

We had perish'd at a blow ;
And, but few, had known by whom.

Hallelujah, therefore found,

For the Grace, which then we found,

Cho. *For the Grace, which then we found,*

Hallelujah, 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*.

Hallelujah, therefore, sing.

Cho. *Hallelujah, therefore, sing,*

To our great, and gracious King.

9 When for our Contagious crimes,
Sicknesses, have rag'd here,
Such ; as few preceding Times,
Therewithall, acquainted were.

When a *Pestilential-Breath*,
Made us from each other flie,
(Threatning Vniverfall Death)
G O D had pitie on our Crie.

Therefore, while we breathing be,

Hallelujah Sing will we.

Cho. *Hallelujah sing will we,*

Therefore, while we breathing be.

10 Worst

10 Worst of Wars, *Domeſtick*-War,
Twixt our *Nations*, was begun,
Spreading Threats, and Terrors, far,
Of more Miſchief, then was done.

Here, it march'd as if it ſaid ;
BRITAN, *ſpeedily repent*,
Els, my Fury, yet, delaid ;
Thee, and *Thine*, ere long, will rent.
Therefore, Trumpets, Fifes, and Drums,
Halelujah well becomes.

Cho. *Halelujah*, well becomes,
Warlike Trumpets, Fifes and Drums.

11 When a *General-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.

Halelujah, therefore ſound,
Till it reach the *Starry Round*,
Cho. *Till it reach the Starry-Round*,
Halelujah, we will ſound.

H Y M N I I.

For a Sovereign Prince.

We preſume not to inſtruct Sovereign Princes, *but*
have only compoſed, in a brief Hymn, a few of
theſe

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.

BY 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 *Lies-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*,
 LORD, 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.

HYMN III.

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 blesse,
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 fakes,
Or, takes him, foon, 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. Commandements.

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.

They, 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* personate 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 so.
 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 some 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 *Jofeph's* 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)

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.

HYMN VIII.

For a Master or Mistresse.

*It is a great happin'sse to have good Servants to ease
 our labours: Wee are hereby therefore put in Re-
 membrance to be thankfull for that blessing, when
 we have it; and how to behavé our selves toward
 our Servants. If a Woman sing it, let her change
 the word Master into Mistresse.*

Sing this as the 100. Psalm.

IN 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 fo.

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.

H Y M N I X.

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.

Discourage 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 diddains
 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 thofe works difpatch I fhall,
Wherein I muft this life imploy,
My *Lord* and *Mafter*,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 effence 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. Pſalme.

IT is the common guize of fuch
Who leaft deferving be,
Of their *Defcents* 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 Reft,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, Lust, 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 employ'd ;
To love and follow what was good ;
And, evill to avoyd :

For which God so did blesse 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 enfu'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,
 Becoming 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 Festival. 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.

All 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, *ὁ γεωργός ἐστί* 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*.

HYMN XII.

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 fevere,

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,

Preferve them all fo free.

And, of the world's prosperities,

Bestow on *me* and *mine* ;

Nor more nor lesse, then may suffice

To keep us, alwaies, *thine*.

H Y M N X I I I I .

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-
bered,*

*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 forrows, 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 *Feares* 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.

YOu, 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 perfections 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 bestown.
 And others may be happy made,
 By what (perhaps) had mard mine own.

8 Yea, peradventure, to this end,
 The *Wombe* is clos'd 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 4th Psalme.

Among 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, houely, 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.

BVt 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.

 H Y M N X I X.

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.*

NOW, 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.

² 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*.

³ 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,
Buildded 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 such 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

H Y M N X X I.

For one contentedly married.

The intent of this Ode is to shew that our naturall Affections are never fully satisfied in the choice of our helpers, untill GOD bring man and wife together by (as it were) making the one out of the other, through a frequent conversing together, and by observing and approving each others condition; which is never done till these passions are cast into a sleep, which make them dote on wealth, honour, beautie, and such unfit marriage-makers.

Sing this as I loved thee once, &c.

SInce they in *singing*, take delight,
 Who, in their love, unhappy be ;
 Why should not I in *song* delight,
 Who, from their forrow, now, are free ;
 That, such as can beleeve, may know,
 What comforts are on earth below.
 And, prove what bleffings may be won,
 By loving, so, as I have done.
 2 When first *Affection* warm'd my blood,
 Which was, ere Wit could ripened be ;
 (And, ere I fully understood,
 What fire it was that warmed me)
 My youthfull heat, a *Love* begat ;
 That *Love* did love, I know not what ;
But,

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 show, 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 perusall 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.

COnfession 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* fometime, is thought a curse,
 (And therefore difesteem'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 conjugal 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 ;
 LORD, 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 causeth 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 *equall,* 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, consider 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. Psalm.

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 *Mankind* 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 shunning 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 scoffingly, 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 fet 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 purvey,
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.

Whatfoe'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.

H Y M N X X V I I.

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.

HOW 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 sad !
 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 wife,
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.

REjice 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'ft 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)
I hope,thy mercy doth afford,
Well-being,in a place of rest.

And,for each wrong sustain'd by me,
Whil't 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 leffe 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.

WHatfoe're my motives were,
 When this *Calling* I assum'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 fame,
L O R D, forgive me of thy grace :

And, that none of these be loft
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. Psalm.

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 guides 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 Lest *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.

Keepe 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 ;

To

To patronize the righteous cause,
Preserve in me a willing mind.

2 Let nor the gaining of a Fee,
Nor Foes despight, nor Friends desert,
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 *Iustice* 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.
LORD, 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.

H Y M N X X X I I I .

For a Phyfitian.

It may be ſome Phyfitians will not deſpiſe to preſerve in themſelves a Remembrance of their duties, by ſuch a means as this Hymn:howſoever, it is here inſerted, that it may purpoſely or accidentally performe that office.

O H my G O D ! what helpeth leſſe
 To preſerve us from the Grave,
 Then that Art which I profefſe,
 If it pleaſe not thee to ſave ?
 And,when *ſicknes* I oppoſe,
 By what cunning,could I fee
 In what ſecret path it goes ;
 If I had not light from thee ?
 2 By thine ayd I muſt diſcern
 Where my *Patients* grief doth lie ;
 I,from thee muſt alſo learn,
 What,thereto I ſhould apply :
 And,when ſuch weak things as theſe,
Leaves,and Roots,of Plants,and Weeds,
 Shall remove a ſtrong diſeaſe,
 From thy Virtue,it proceeds.
 3 Therefore,let thy bleſſing ſtill,
 With my *Practiſe*,go along ;

And,

Part.3. Hymn XXXIIII. 419

And,fo guide,fo 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 worfe 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 L O R D, 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 selfe can be ;
And, he that knows
The fear of those,
The *mouth of Hell*, doth see.
7 Defend me LORD, from those misdeeds,
Which my profession shame ;
And, from the veng'ance that succeeds,
When we are so to blame.
Preserve me far,
From *ACTs of War* ;
Where, thou dost *peace* command ;
And, in my brest,
Let *mercy* rest,
Though *Justice* use my hand.
8 Those, 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,
VWhile 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 compassion show'd.
When, *wave* nor *storme*,
Can us reform ;
Nor *Mercy*, daily shewn ;

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

Part.3. Hymn XXXVIII. 431

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 reſtiſed-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 aſſwag'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 forfake.

HYMN XXXIX.

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.

PRevent, 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 hils 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 thofe who *fpoil* or *ftal*,
Both *Plants* and *Fruits*,and *Crops*,and *Seeds*,
Preferve thou for my Weal.
4 From *blasting-Ayres* defend
From *Colds,Heats,Drougths,*and *Rains*,
Which may deprive me of the end,
And,comfort of my pains.
And,let in feafon ftill,
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 beftow,

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.

HYMN 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.

YOU that enjoy both goods and lands,
 And, are not forc'd by sweate,
 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 *aftion*, true:
 And, give me grace, if I have more,
 That, *floth* I may efchew.
 So, whether povertie or pain,
 Or wealth, or eafe, thou fend;
 Through thee, a paffage, I fhall gain
 To bleffings, without end.

 H Y M N X L I.

For a Shepherd.

That Shepherds, might not mufe 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 employ'd 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 succour'd me, therein.

And, when I well consider 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 *storn*,
 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.

HYMN XLII.

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 defan'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 remembered to judge themselves , and to seek of GOD a due qualification, by prayer.

BEware 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 GOD, 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.

H Y M N X L I I I I.

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 *blest*-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*.

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.

Youth 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 Courfe we take,
We think, that, through a *needleffe-care*,
A *causseffe-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'rie 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 Person 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.

Now,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 Lustfull 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 whil'ft 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

Part.3. Hymn XLVII. 449

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 Flefh 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 Effence,then,shall be divine ;
This muddie Flefh 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 discomferts who are deprived of Bodilie-Sight, this Hymn intimates the furtherance which that defect may be to their everlasting Felicitie ; and a spirituall 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 cheers the day, adorns 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 conferred hath ;
And without which, diseas'd men live.

Sometime *our Good* ; sometime *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.

THough 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't 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.

When *Sampſon's* 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,
VWhich in thoſe *Women* ought to be,
VWho 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 thankfulnesse they
should be alwaies affected.*

~ Sing this as the 25. Psalm.

IT 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 anoy.
 6 VVe praise thee, LORD, therefore,
 And *thee* most humblie pray,
 To keep us thankfull evermore,
 And faithfull in thy *way*.
 That in this leasure, 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 hindrance 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 assume 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 propose,
Let me not idlie shun ;
For,he whom Idleneffe undoes,
Is more then twice undone.
If my estate 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 state,
 Whereto we fhould afpire.
 But if thy *Spirit* make me wife,
 And ftrive 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 discreet 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.

Most 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 *Hofstry* 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.

IT 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 *Lowse-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 such things on them befall,
 We oft confessed here.
 Yet otherwhile,our conscience may
 (While we perform our part)
 To us in secret truly say,
Their doom is our defart.
 3 If we therefore,who often view
 What *Sin* on *Sinners* draws ;
 And are the men who do pursue,
 The sentence of the *Lawes* ;
 If we our dangers will not see,
 By what on others lights ;
 The greater will G O D s vengeance be,
 When he in anger smites.
 4 LORD, so inspire my heart with grace
 Reform,renew me so ;
 That with *good conscience* in my place,
 My duties I may do.
 From being partiallie inclinde,
 For gain,for love,or fear ;
 From harshnes where I may be kind,
 Preserve me ever clear.
 5 So when to call me to my doom,
 Thy *Sergeant* thou shalt send ;
 I need not be afraid to come,
 But gladlie thither wend.
 For though no *Righteousnes* of mine,
 Thy Censure may abide:
 It being veiled ore,by thine
 I safelie 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.

THough, 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 mercileffe 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 sufferings ; 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 confefse,
 The merit of my fin,
 Deferves no leffe,
 Then hath inflicted bin.

6 Let

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.

NOW, 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 ;
Exploring 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 testifie 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.

WHEN *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-Childe*, 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

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

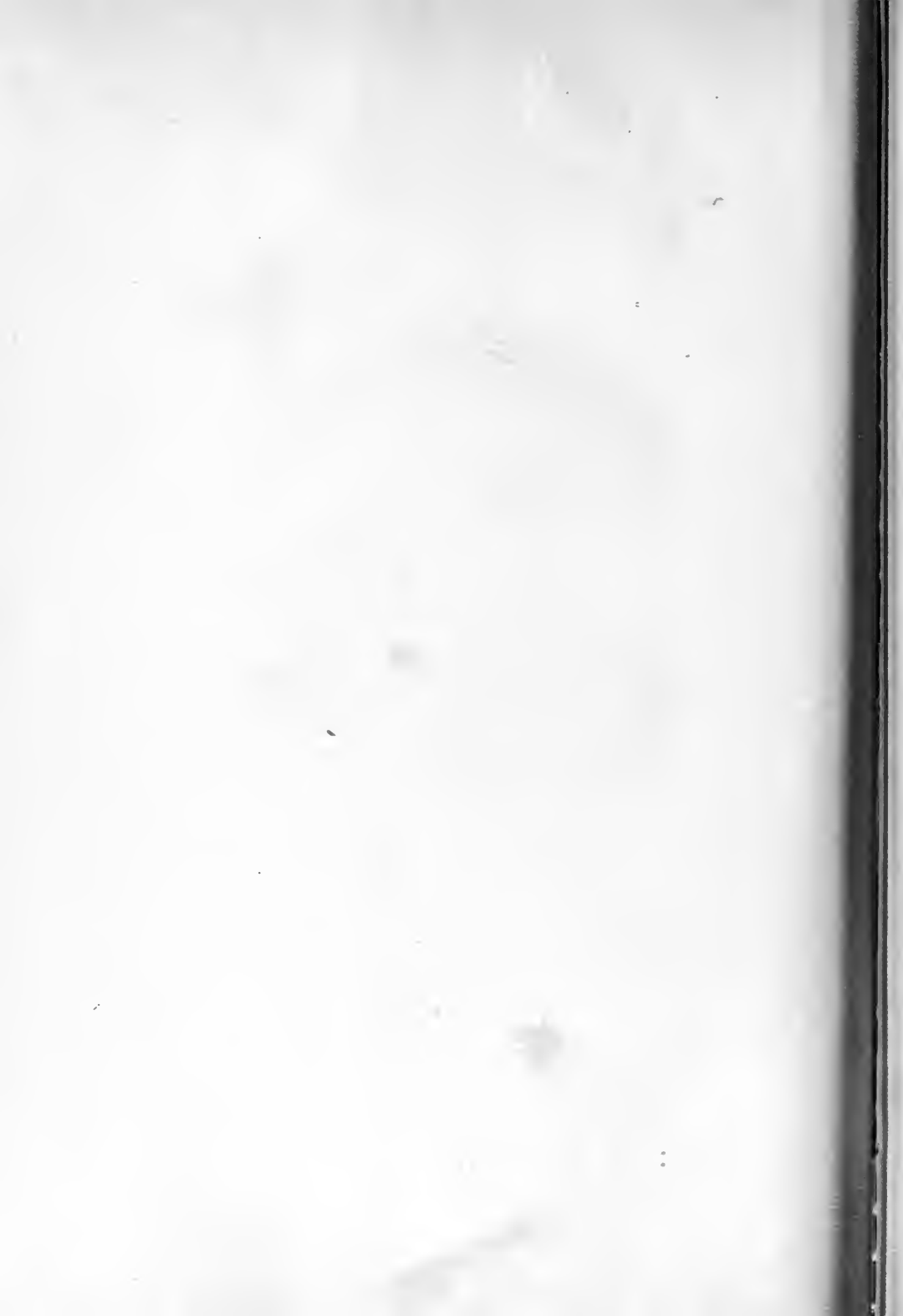
- Who hast more for thine prepar'd,
Then by words can be declar'd.
- 2 By thy Mercies I was taken
From the pits of mirie clay ;
Wherein, wretched and forsaken,
Helples, hopeles, too I lay.
And, those comforts thou didst give me,
Wherof no man can deprive me.
- 3 By thy grace, the Passions, troubles.
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 employ'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 *Iff'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*.

Although 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.*

Y 4



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F I N I S.

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