

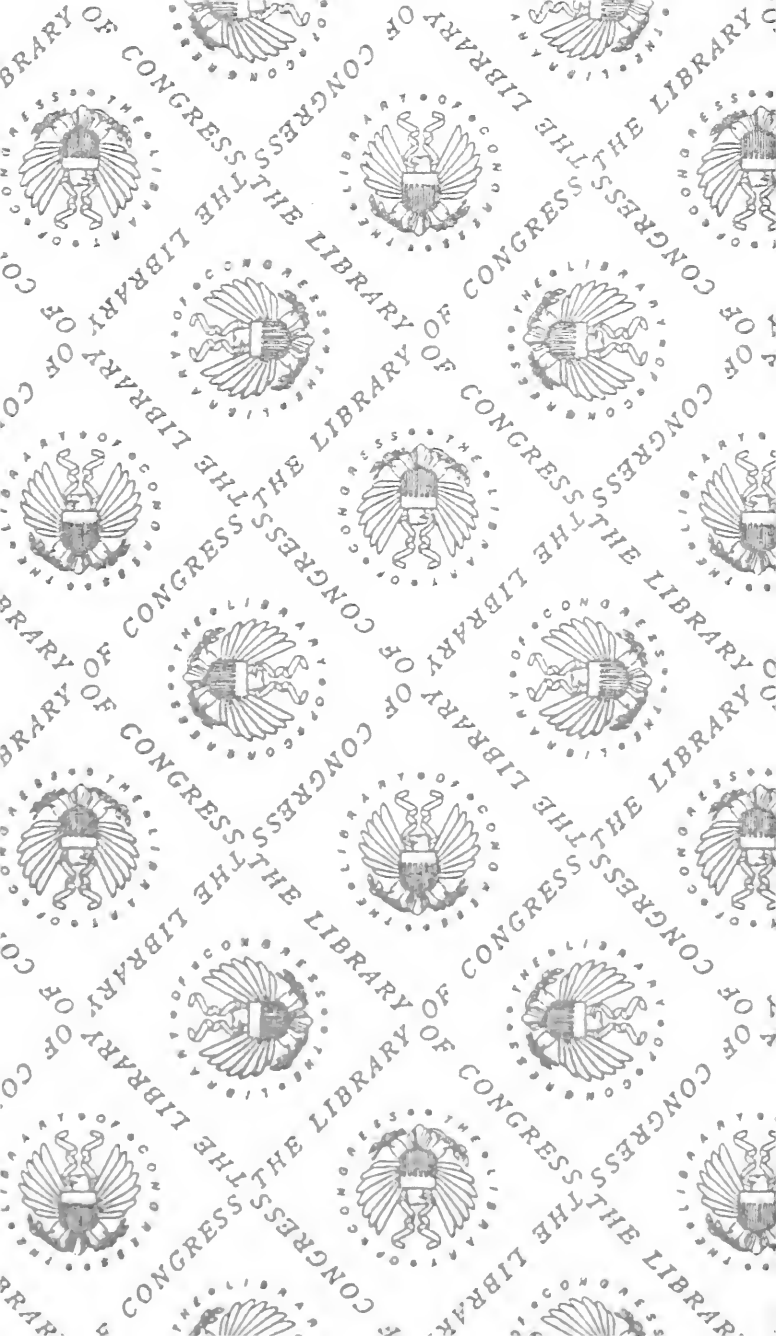
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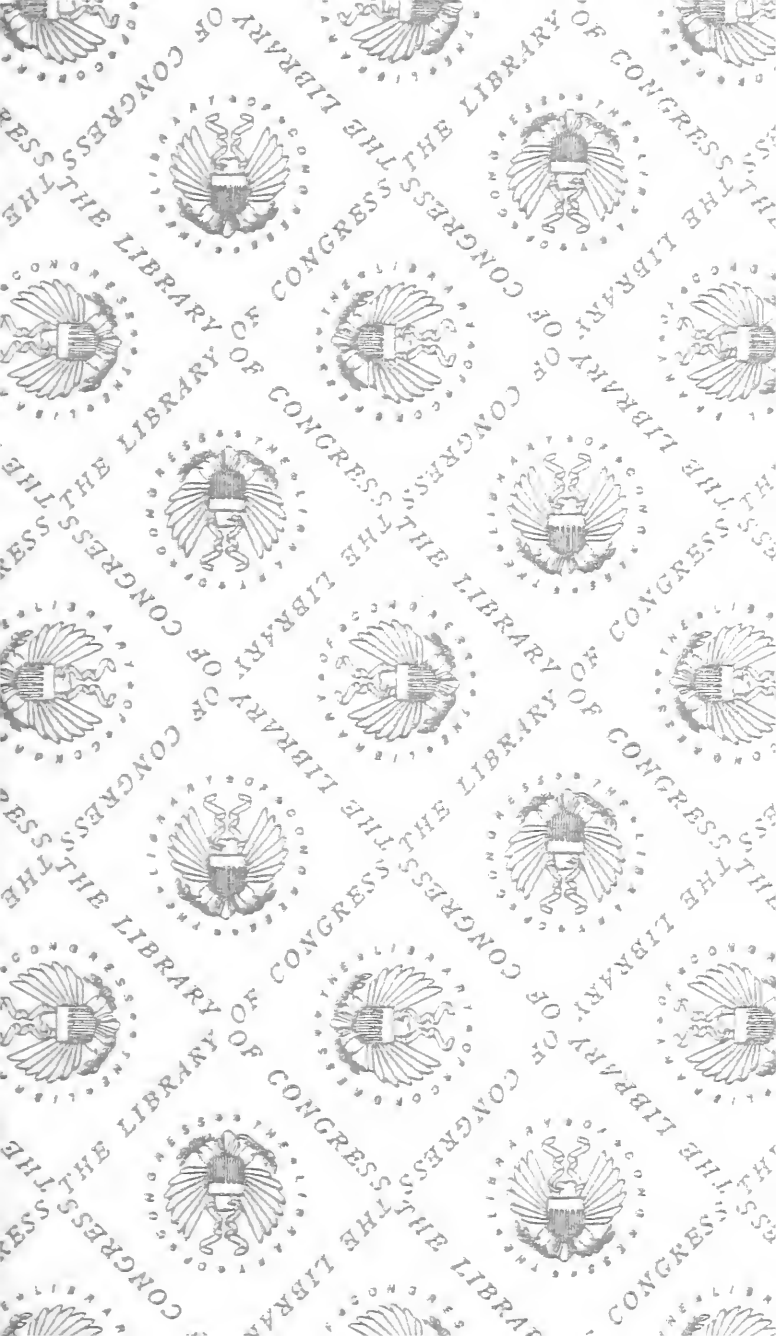
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HYMNS, PSALMS,

AND

Other Sacred Pieces in Verse.

BY HENRY HEYES.



ALBANY:
J. MUNSELL, PRINTER.
1849.

PS1924

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PREFACE.

In publishing this volume, the author acts upon the suggestions of esteemed friends. He designed the versification of the entire book of Psalms; but severe and protracted affliction has forced a discontinuance of his efforts towards its completion. Should time and health be granted, he may resume his labors in that department.



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SACRED PIECES IN VERSE.



THE VISION OF HABAKKUK.

The Lord from Teman came,
The Holy One appear'd;
High praises to his name
Through all the earth were heard:
His glory veil'd the heavens with light,
And sun was lost in beams so bright.

The pestilence proclaim'd
His awful presence nigh:
And coals of fire his tread
Bespoke: in majesty
He stood, and earth survey'd, and shook
Despairing nations at his look!

The tents of Cushan wept,
And Midian's sons did quake;
Hills from their seats were reft,
And mighty rocks did shake;
The everlasting mountains fled
In terror, and were scatter'd.

Oh! did his anger blaze,
(When thus in judgment dire
Unto his people's praise
He rode on steeds of fire,
And as in pomp stupendous came,
"Salvation" was his chariot's name)—

Oh! did His righteous wrath
 Against the waters burn?
 The rivers in their path
 Did at His presence turn:
 And loudly roar'd the ocean's flood,
 Whose waves upraised in horror stood.

Thy bow was naked made,
 Thyne arrows walked in light;*
 The sun and moon stood still,
 Thy spear was glitt'ring bright:
 And thus Thou marchest through the land,
 And heathen fell before Thy hand.

Salvation to Thy saints
 Thou wentest forth to bring:
 (Long had they pray'd and sigh'd
 For their avenging King)—
 And Thine Anointed came with Thee
 In glory and in majesty.

The wicked sought to spoil
 The meek: the suff'ring poor,
 In subtilty and guile,
 They studied to devour;
 And as the whirlwind rushing forth,
 They thought to sweep them off the earth.

But lo! One riding through
 The sea on horses white,
 Their guilty host pursue,
 And put them quick to flight:
 Their HEAD He wounds: and earth and sky
 Ring with the shout of victory!

I saw the rebels fall;
 Their cities and their towers

* Margin.

Of strength cast down, and all
 They trusted in; and powers
 Of earth and hell subdued: amazed,
 I stood in awe, and trembling gazed.

The day, the dreadful day
 Of trouble hastens near;
 When God, the righteous Judge,
 In vengeance will appear!
 Awed at the thought, O Lord! I pray
 That I may rest in that great day.

Yes! though the fig-tree cease
 To blossom; or the vine
 To yield her fruit; the fields
 No pasture bear; and pine
 The flocks and herds, and die; and fail
 The olive: I will not bewail!

God is my hope, my strength,
 Salvation and my joy:
 My feet like to the hinds'
 He'll make; and up on high
 I'll walk, and ever hence proclaim
 Salvation to His sovereign name!

CHRIST MAGNIFIED.

Jesus, Lord, our souls adore Thee:
 All our sins are wash'd away
 By thy blood, and shall no more be
 Known throughout an endless day.
 Glorious, great, is Thy salvation,
 Prince of life, and Prince of peace:—
 Come, desire of every nation,
 Come, Thy Zion to release.

Thus we pray, and thus we praise Thee,
 In this mortal tent of clay:
 Hoping, waiting, shall our days be
 Spent while in this world we stay.
 Till thou comest the creation
 From its bondage to set free:
 Till the times of restoration;
 Jesus Christ, we look for Thee!

SAVIOUR, COME.

Son of God, thy saints are waiting
 For thy long expected reign:
 Still thy promises relating,
 Ever, ever, we remain
 Praying, looking,
 For our Lord to come again.

Till the heav'nly glory streaming
 From the east to west appear;
 Till the Lord of life, redeeming
 All his groaning people here,
 Shows his presence;
 We will not our cries forbear.

Famine speaks our Lord approaching,
 Pestilence shrieks forth her cry;
 Din of war, scoffers' reproaching,
 Signs in earth, and sea, and sky;
 All according,
 Lord proclaim redemption nigh.

Zion's sons and daughters drooping,
 Lift your heads, the tokens see!
 Ne'er to earth your spirits stooping,
 Forward press, and soon shall we,
 From this mortal,
 Rise to immortality.

HEBREW CHANT.

PARAPHRASE OF A PART OF THE JEWISH LITURGY.

Hark! hark! 'tis the voice of Elijah declaring,
 I will mightily strengthen salvation to thee
 When Messiah shall come, thy deliverance bearing:
 Proclaim the approach of the great jubilee!

Hark! hark! 'tis the voice of the King, the Anointed,
 'Midst thousands of thousands the brightest of all:
 Coming down to Olivet's mount as appointed,
 While the blast of the cornet the rebels appall.

'Tis the voice of the BATHKOL loud roaring from
 Zion, [bound.
 Proclaiming glad freedom to earth's farthest
 'Tis the voice making known the approach of the
 LION
 Of Judah's fam'd tribe: hail, hail the blest sound!

'Tis the voice to the captives proclaiming their
 rescue, [saints:
 And Messiah shall come with his myriads of
 Declare the glad tidings! From all that oppress
 you, [complaints.
 Come, come forth ye children, and cease your

I will shout the glad tidings! 'tis the voice of
 compassion,
 Pressing Israel's seed, and as infants unborn
 They shall innocent be thro' Jehovah's salvation,
 And pure as the dew at the birth of the morn!

The voice of the Pure One! The voice of salva-
 tion! thee!
 Of the Lord who beholdeth, and worketh for

Declaring the season when earth's ev'ry nation
 Shall acknowledge His name, the Great ONE
 to be.

I will shout the glad tidings! 'Tis the voice of the
 Mighty

Creator and Sovereign of Heaven and Earth,
 Exclaiming aloud (His words they delight me!)
 Shall a nation complete come forth at a birth?

I will shout the glad tidings! The voice is pro-
 claiming

The time of redemption, the end of the night!
 Which the prophet foresaw, when in spirit ex-
 claiming,
 It shall be—at eventide there shall be light!

'Tis the voice of the Saviour's going up to the
 mountain

Of Zion, the sick to make whole, and restore
 All her children, whose names are past human
 recounting:

To extend her possessions as never of yore!

I will shout the glad tidings! 'Tis the voice loudly
 crying,

Prepare to Damascus a place for thy sons,
 And thy daughters, who ne'er again weeping and
 sighing, [stones.
 Henceforth shall appear as the temple's bright

'Tis the voice to make joyful the fair rose of Sharon,
 For they shall arise that in Hebron do sleep!

Turn, turn ye to me, cries the voice, and declaring,
 On the day that ye hearken, salvation you'll
 reap!

I will shout the glad tidings! 'Tis the voice crying,
 Wake ye,

Arise ye, and sing, who inhabit the dust!

'Tis the voice of the BRANCH, who to Zion will
take thee :

The Branch who is David, the Blessed, the Just.

'Tis the voice of the multitude praising Messiah!

His reign they admire, of his greatness they sing :
I will shout the glad tidings! I'll yet raise my
voice higher,

Making great thy salvation, Immanuel our King!

'Tis the voice to his people bestowing salvation!

'Tis the voice loud exclaiming, the wicked's vile
name

Shall utterly perish! Yet Israel a nation,
In glorious beauty, shall ever remain.



COMPOSED AT A SOCIAL CONFERENCE.

This is an hour, a happy hour,
A precious season, Lord ;
A time thy Spirit's gracious power
Seals the blest living word.

The word drops as the gentle dew,
Refreshing as it falls ;
Reviving, cheering, and anew
All our past joy recalls.

Diffusing through each soul its grace,
It melts us into one ;
And as we sing our heav'nly lays,
We count our troubles gone.

Sweet Jesus! we would fain not leave
This heav'nly happy feast ;
Such loving-kindness we receive,
Such precious blessings taste!

SO RUN, THAT YE MAY OBTAIN.*

I will not look behind me, no!
My face is Zionward:
The kingdom is before me, and
My Captain's voice I've heard!
Though father, mother, brother, friend,
Affection's powers may try
To win me back, I'll lend no ear:
No tear bedim my eye!

Onward my steps are taken, and
Still onward they shall press,
Though persecution meet me, or
Famine, and sore distress:
The love of God is mighty love,
And shall my soul sustain
Through tribulation, Satan's ire,
Fell want, or racking pain.

Oh, who would look behind him, who,
Upon this scene of gloom,
Of sickness, anguish, sin, and death,
From off that world to come?
Where crowns that never fade away
Shall shine with glory bright;
And life eternal glad the soul,
And beauty spread delight!

I will not look behind me, no!
On those that with the name
Of Jesus on their lips, refuse
His advent to proclaim!
Who turn away from truth, and give
To fables willing ear;

* 1 Corinthians, ix : 24.

When He by truth to judge them comes,
Can such his presence bear?

The Lord commands his people all
To watch, and wait, and pray;
Expect his coming, and to STAND
PREPARED for the day!
How can THEY stand prepar'd, who think
His coming far away;
And dread to hear of its approach,
And meditate delay?

Christian! the Lord hath led the way--
Apostles, martyrs, true
To him, have trod the heav'nly path
The path marked out for you!
Narrow the road, but sure the prize,
"Onward," your watchword be:
And onward, onward, onward press,
Until the victory!

CHRIST'S CALL TO THE CHURCH.*

Hark! I hear a heav'nly voice,
A call that bids my soul rejoice,--
Rise up, my love, my fair one, haste;
For lo! the winter time is past:
The rain is gone, the warblers sing,
The flowers salute the opening spring;
The turtle's welcome voice we hear;
The fig-tree and the vines appear
With early fruit; and sweet perfume
The grapes do yield. My lov'd one, come!
From my embrace no longer stay.
Arise, my fair one, come away!

* Song of Solomon, ii: 10-13.

AWAKE, AWAKE; PUT ON THY
STRENGTH, O ZION.*

Zion, arise, put on thy strength;
Thy glorious day has come at length:
Shake from the dust thyself, and shine
In grace and loveliness divine:
The mortal warfare now is done,
The day of triumph is begun!

○ captive daughter! Liberty
Is now proclaim'd: cast off from thee
Thy bands: put on thy beauteous dress,
Thou city of God's holiness!
Defil'd no more thy streets shall be,
None but the pure shall enter thee.

Zion! upon the mountain see
The feet of One approaching thee:
How beautiful they do appear!
What doth this blessed one declare?
Hark to his voice, Jerusalem!
He cries aloud, "Thy God doth reign!"

Thy watchmen shall together sing
When God again doth Zion bring:
In that glad day of righteousness,
All shall be union and peace:
"Salvation" shall thy walls be named,
And "Praise," thy gates shall be proclaim'd.

Let Salem's wastes to joyful songs
Awake: to God her praise belongs!
When HE his holy arm makes bare,
Earth shall behold, and nations fear:
His great salvation shall appear,
And Israel shout, "Redemption's here!"

* Isaiah, lii.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Hark! from Europe's continent,
Sounds portentous reach this land:
Nations all in discontent,
Snatch the rule from kingly hand.

Nobles—rich men—stand aghast:
Statesmen are perplex'd—they quail—
Commerce palls before the blast:
Wealth is scatter'd; men's hearts fail.

Thrones are falling, monarchs flee;
Castles famed from days of yore,
Halls of pomp and revelry,
Once which were, are seen no more.

Watchman! portends this commotion,
Aught of import to the world?
Trembles earth, and rages ocean;
Rulers from their seats are hurl'd.

Dost thou ask me, blessed stranger,
Of the meaning of these things?
Waiting pilgrim! naught of danger,
To thy soul this trouble brings.

Guilty men are fast careering
To the shades of endless night:
Satan's overthrow is nearing;
Jesus then shall reign in might!

These portend the day is hastening—
Day of bliss without alloy:
Is not now thy spirit tasting
Earnest of eternal joy?

Watchman! thy sweet words do charm me;
 Make my heart to leap within;
 Hail bright day, when nought can harm me:
 End to death, and end to sin!

AGAIN I SAY, REJOICE.*

Ye who wait for Christ, the King,
 Love His praises here to sing,
 Still your choicest tributes bring
 Before the Master's feet;
 Never cease your joys to tell,
 Let your songs still louder swell!
 Jesus hath done all things well—
 His work He will complete.

Saints! the night is nearly gone,
 In your Captain's name go on!
 Soon the conquest will be won:
 The Lord holds out the prize!
 See the dawn of day appear:
 Tell the weak, Be of good cheer:
 Trembling one, shake off thy fear—
 Soon shall the SUN arise!

O what promises are ours!
 Now we taste the heav'nly powers;
 Grace descends in copious showers;
 And we our strength renew.
 Crowns of glory, ever bright,
 God has in that land of light,
 To bestow on those who fight
 The glorious warfare through!

* Phillippians, iv: 4.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW OF BRUNETTI'S MODEL OF ANCIENT
JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem! thy name is sweet; I love to think of
thee;
No city's mention bears a sound like thine—thrice
dear to me!
I know thy sins have many been, and sad thy state
is now:
But yet no city on the earth has holy been as thou!
In thee king David reign'd and sang his songs of
joy and moan;
And Solomon in splendid state was seated on his
throne:
The olden temple, vast and grand, for ages stood
in thee;
And in thee stood the second one, which ages
more did see.

In thee dwelt kings that feared the Lord—
Jehoshaphat the great—
Josiah—Hezekiah—were are such of present date?
In thee the holy prophets wrote, and spake of
things to come:
And Israel's sons by thousands came to worship
in thy dome.

In thee, Jerusalem, the Lord did choose to place
his name,
Before all cities of the earth—exalted was thy
fame!
Beyond all Jacob's dwellings were the gates of
Zion lov'd:
And those that wish'd thy happiness were pros-
per'd and approv'd.

The Saviour trod thy favor'd streets, and in thy temple taught:

What wonders hast thou witnessed, which by his power were wrought! [the tree,

The night before He gave himself an off'ring on He ate the *Supper* with his few—all this was done in thee!

In the He wept, in thee He pray'd, in thee He groan'd—He sigh'd; [He died!

In thee He suffer'd, and He bled; He agoniz'd—In thee He lay three days and nights; in thee He burst the grave!

In the He proved himself to be the Mighty One to save!

Jerusalem! I love thy name: a city now above, *Jerusalem the new*, is one, which more than thee I love! [shall me condemn,

Wither this hand, be dumb this tongue; my heart If I forget thy precious name, belov'd Jerusalem!

HABBAKKUK, III: 17, 18.

Should the days of anguish come,
 When the fig-trees cease to bloom;
 When the vine no more shall yield,
 And no herb be in the field—
 And the flocks and herds be gone,
 Dried the streams, the valleys lone—
 Yet will I lift up my voice,
 In my God I'll still rejoice!
 He will succor and direct,
 Me sustain and me protect,
 While the direful judgments last,
 Till the indignation's past!

WITHOUT SPOT AND BLAMELESS.*

Heav'nly Jesus, can I be
 Pure and spotless like to thee?
 Blameless, holy, dead to sin.
 Having thee alone within?

Yes: this mortal tent may be
 Temple of the Deity!
 By thy Spirit's gracious power,
 I can live and sin no more.

Walking through this vale of woe,
 Still from strength to strength may go;
 Rising, pressing, urging on,
 Till the prize of glory's won!

* 2 Peter, iii: 14.

 LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL, WHOSE LOSS WAS DEEPLY
 MOURNED BY HER PARENTS.

Parents! your lovely child is gone—
 But she is not the only one
 Whom death has snatch'd away:
 On ev'ry hand his victims fall;
 The high, the low; the great, the small;
 'Tis thus from day to day.

The old are seiz'd: the weak, the strong;
 The proud, the lowly, and the young;
 The beautiful, the gay:
 And many at this moment mourn
 Their little ones, whom death has borne
 Away, like yours, away!

Think not your loss to hard too bear:
 You can't obtain her back, to share
 Your cares, your love, your joys:
 If she did love the Saviour here,
 Shall she not with the blest appear,
 When from the dust they rise?

Parents! are you prepar'd to meet
 Jesus, at His return; and greet
 His advent, now so nigh?
 If such you be, dry up your tears;
 Lift up your heads, dismiss your fears;
 Your mourning turn to joy.

THE CHARITABLE WIDOW.

Blessed are the poor that give
 Of their little to the Lord:
 Now, a blessing they receive,
 THEN—obtain a rich reward.

Widow! desolate thou art,
 In the world's eye, but a gem,
 Priceless—earnest of a boon,
 Thou dost hold—unknown to them!

This they can not take away;
 Is not fleeting—has not wing,
 Like to theirs, which in a day
 Often leaves them, with its sting!

Heav'nly treasure, glorious hope!
 Here the love of God to know;
 And when death is swallow'd up,
 To his blissful presence go!

THE SONG OF MOSES—DEUT. XXXII.

Give ear, O heavens, and thou, O earth, attend!
 My doctrine as the gentle rain shall fall
 Upon the herb, and as the dew descend:
 Yea, blessed shall it be to those who call
 Upon his holy name who form'd us all:
 His name I'll publish now, the God of power;
 Greatness ascribe to him, to him alone:
 Jehovah is his name; the rock, the tower
 Of strength unto his Israel: we own
 Thee—God Omnipotent—to us thy name is known.

A God of truth, holy and pure is he;
 His ways are judgment all, and righteousness:
 Ye foolish people and unwise, do ye
 Requite his favors thus, and spurn his grace,
 Whose wonders have been wrought before your
 face?
 Ye have yourselves corrupted, ye perverse
 And crooked generation! Now give ear,
 While I his gracious dealings shall rehearse:
 He is thy God that bought thee: thou should'st
 fear, [are.
 And serve him all thy days—his chosen race we

He made thee and establish'd thee: recall
 To mind the years of generations gone:
 The days of old remember; when a small,
 But precious people, in the desert lone,
 He found thee, wand'ring, poor, a feeble one!
 Thy father ask, and he will shew thee; and
 Thy elders—they will tell thee what thou wast:
 The time the Lord Most High did part the land
 Unto the nations each, from first to last,
 And separated Adam's sons—in ages past—

He set the people's bounds according to
 The number of thy children, Israel.
 God's portion is his people, whom he knew:
 Jacob, his lot, where he doth choose to dwell.
 (Rejoice ye saints these glorious things to tell!)
 He found him in the howling wilderness;
 He kept him as the apple of his eye:
 He led—instructed him—he gave him grace—
 He compass'd him about, he heard his cry:
And shielded by his God, he could his foes defy.

As cares the eagle for her tender young,
 Supports them, guides them, stirreth up her nest;
 Takes on her wings, and beareth them along;
 So God did lead him, and none did molest:
 Jehovah was his hope, his joy, his rest:
 No strange god then was with him; and he made
 His dwelling-place, earth's fairest, happiest,
 ground;
 He was exalted; and his God forbade
 Nothing that he desir'd: all around
**Him fruitfulness was strewn; in wealth he did
 abound.**

Oxen and sheep were his, and choicest rams
 Of Bashan's famous breed, and purest wine
 Of the rich grape; and wheat, and fat of
 lambs;
 Honey, and milk, and corn; butter of kine;
 Full increase of the field: O Israel, thine [blest,
 Were these, and more: but when with fulness
 With fatness fill'd, thou did'st thy God
 forsake;
 Lightly esteem'd the Lord who gave thee rest;
 The rock of thy salvation: and did'st make
**Strange gods unto thyself, which can not hear or
 speak.**

Thus thou provokedst God to jealousy ;
 And he abhorr'd thee, and in anger spake—
 I'll hide my face away from them ; I'll see
 What shall their end be : all my laws they
 break :

They turn from me, and I will them forsake ;
 Children they are in whom no faith is found :
 I'll scourge them with a nation which were not
 A people ; and their troubles shall abound :
 A fire is kindled in my anger—hot—
 Which to the lowest hell shall burn, and spoil
 their lot.

Mischiefs I'll heap upon them : I will spend
 Mine arrows on their heads : the burning heat,
 Bitter destruction, hunger fierce, I'll send—
 The teeth of beasts upon them ; at their feet
 The serpent's poison ; and the sword shall meet
 Them, as they flee from the dread foe within :
 The virgin and the youth shall these consume—
 The infant and the old—thus for their sin,
 Will I in fury visit them : their home
 Shall strangers seize, while they, a few, through
 earth shall roam.

I said, that I would scatter them away—
 That their remembrance among men should
 cease ;
 Were it not that the enemy would say,
 Our hand is high—God hath not done all this.
 They are a foolish nation ; neither is
 Counsel or understanding found in them.
 Ungrateful Israel ! would that thou wert wise :
 Oh ! then thy foes should never thee contemn.
 How should one chase a thousand enemies—
 Two make ten thousand flee ; and none before
 thee rise.

For their rock is not as our Rock—our foes
 Of this themselves are judges—for their vine
 Is of the vine of Sodom—bitter woes
 Do these partake of—grapes of gall—their wine
 Is dragon's poison—venom of asps. Mine
 Are vengeance and due recompense: their feet
 Shall slide in time: with me in store is laid,
 And seal'd among my treasures, judgment
 meet.

The day is near when they shall be afraid—
 The evils that shall them befall, dread haste have
 made!

For God shall judge his people, and repent
 Himself for his dear servants, when he sees
 Their power is gone, and they to earth are bent:
 And he shall say, where are their gods? let these
 Rise up and help you: ye have bow'd your
 knees,
 And sacrific'd the fat of beasts, and pour'd
 Out wine to gods which have not life; now see
 That I alone am the Almighty Lord:
 I kill, I make alive—no god with me
 Has place—I wound, I heal: I, even I, am HE!

I lift my hand to heaven: I say, I live
 Forever! If my glitt'ring sword I whet,
 And I take hold on judgment—I will give
 Due vengeance to my foes: them that me hate
 Will I reward, and justice compensate:
 Mine arrows shall be drunk with blood; my
 sword
 Shall flesh devour; blood of the slain shall flow.
 None can deliver from my hand; my word
 None can reverse: and this shall all men know,
 Which from the first were made, to the last friend
 and foe.

Nations of earth rejoice, from east to west:
 From north to south, lift up your voices high:
 Join with Jehovah's people, that your rest
 May be with them, saved from the enemy!
 He will avenge his saints—their foes destroy:
 He will be merciful unto his land:
 Blessings shall crown his saints forevermore:
 Trust ye in him, and his almighty hand
 Shall keep and guard you on the sea or shore—
 And in his kingdom saved, you'll e'er his name
 adore!

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY THE BEREAVEMENTS OF A FRIEND.

Is death a conqueror? Oh, no!
 Grim wretch! I will not call thee so:
 Thy triumphs only are
 A little while; and doom'd to die
 Thyself, thou art; and victory
 Another One shall wear.

His voice shall bid the sleepers wake:
 The dead shall hear, their graves forsake,
 Immortal, beauteous, bright:
 Triumphant shout the conquest gain'd
 O'er death and hell; the prize obtain'd;
 And glory greet the sight.

Who is the conqueror, then? His name
 Is Jesus: he who death o'ercame,
 And ope'd the gates of life.
 Haste, Saviour, haste, and bring the day
 When all thy foes shall flee away:
 Come, terminate the strife!

THE MORNING STAR.*

Celestial language! how divine
This glorious promise sounds to me!
All I desire its words combine;
Desire to know—desire to see!

The morning star! its holy light
Doth now my pilgrimage illumine:
Beyond the sphere of mortal sight,
I view the endless world to come.

Immanuel! these words of thine
My spirits fire with ardor new;
They thrill this constant heart of mine:
I love them, Lord, for thou art true!

Tongue can not tell their preciousness!
Than richest treasures are they more,
Far more to me, thou God of grace,
Than goodliest gems in monarchs' store.

With firmer grasp than misers hold
Their idol gold, I them retain;
They should not go for wealth untold:
I loathe for them earth's richest gain.

Nought, O my Jesus, nought for Thee
Will I exchange; my soul's desire
Thou art: thy love is shed in me;
This matchless love shall ne'er expire!

* Revelations, ii: 28.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION OVER SAUL
AND JONATHAN.*

Slain! slain! is the beauty
Of Israel's host:
On yonder high places,
The battle is lost!

The mighty are fallen!
O, let not the word
In Gath or in Askelon
Ever be heard!

Philistia's daughters
Would loudly rejoice;
The uncircumcis'd foe
Would lift up his voice.

On Gilboa's mountains
Let no dew descend:
No fruitful rain fall,
Or ripen'd corn bend!

The shield of the mighty
Is cast away there;
The shield of King Saul,
As a vile thing it were!

From the fat of the mighty,
The blood of the slain,
Did Jonathan's bow
Nor Saul's sword turn again.

So pleasant in life,
And united in death,
The king and his son
Have yielded their breath!

Excelling the eagle
In swiftness they flew:
In strength as the lion,
They the foe did pursue.

Ye daughters of Israel,
Weep over Saul,
Who in beautiful vestments
Did clothe you withal.

On the high places fallen
Is Israel's might:
The strong ones were slain
In the midst of the fight!

O Jonathan! thou
Wert kind unto me:
My soul is in anguish,
Distressed for thee!

Surpassing the love
That women do show,
Thy affection to me
Intensely did glow.

Oh! weep for the fallen
Of Israel's host!
The weapons are perish'd;
The battle is lost!

SHIBBOLETH.*

EPHRAIMITE.

I want to pass over, allow me to go [know.
To the other side Jordan; you are kind, I well

GILEADITES.

Stay, stay, friend, a moment, the passage is free
For the children of Jacob, who honest ones be.
If thou art one of this class, thou shalt go; but if not,
And a false one art found, thou shalt die on this
spot.

Now to prove thee, we give thee a word to repeat,
Which if thou speak rightly, then go; thou art meet;
Old Ephraim's tribe our enemies be:
Art thou of them? we wait for an answer from thee.

The Ephraimite thought to deceive them, and said,
That he did not belong to them (rather afraid).
Well, now, said the porters, to prove thou art true,
Say *Shibboleth* plainly, and thou shalt pass through.
The difficult word he tried to speak out;
And then *Sibboleth* said, with a feeling of doubt.

"Come, come, thou vile Ephraimite, now thou
shalt die;"

We've proved thee a false one, thou'st told us a lie."
So the Gileadites took him, and straightway they
slew him, [him.

Nor a mite of compassion did they then show unto

MORAL.

Friend! to escape eternal death,
Thou, too, must have THY *Shibboleth*.
Oh! none but those that holy are,
Bright Canaan's blessedness shall share.
Search well thy heart, be watchful, pray:
That thou may'st 'bide the judgment day.

* Jndges, xii: 1-6.

ON THE DEATH OF CHARLOTTE
ELIZABETH.

When in the records of the dead,
Elizabeth's dear name I read,
My heart in sadness moved:
A pang so sore I seldom knew,
That cruel Death should take HER too;
The one so much beloved.

Beloved by those of kinder hope;
Loved by the poor, and treasured up
Is her sweet memory,
By Albion's girls who sigh and weep,
Whom hard oppressors daily keep,
In heartless slavery.

But not to her own sex confined,
For every soul of human kind,
Subject of wrong; she felt.
Could she have moved quick as desire,
To each, from youth to aged sire,
A portion she had dealt.

The rose leaf dead, its odor gives;
And Charlotte, tho' entomb'd, still lives,
And speaks, in volumes prized:
Their contents rich with truth impart
To mind a feast, and joy to heart:
Such treasure there comprised.

Her race is run, her toils are o'er:
She sleeps, like worthy ones of yore,
And those of modern date, ;
Until the resurrection day
Shall call them from their bed of clay,
And God shall recreate!

She saw the day of Jesus near—
 O then, methinks she will appear
 In brightness round the throne:
 Pangs that she tasted here shall gain
 No entrance there; for woe and pain
 And death, shall be unknown!

HOPE OF EARTH'S HOLY MEN.

“O thou who art the joy of the universe, the Saviour of the lost, whose right it is to reign, come, wear thy many crowns! The saints are waiting for thy coming! The earth groans for thy coming! Hell is moved at thy coming! Heaven is silent for thy coming! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

“Hark, there is a voice that says, Behold, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus. Amen, amen.”—*Tracts on Prophecy, No. 1.*

Hope of earth's holy men,
 Appear, appear!
 Lord, whose right it is to reign,
 Haste, haste to earth again;
 Stay the creation's pain:
 Thy own crowns wear.

The joyful news we've heard—
 Saints wait for Thee:
 All earth shall greet her Lord;
 Hell is at thy coming stirr'd!
 Heaven is silent at the word!
 Thine, Lord, are we.

Hark! hark! there speaks a voice—
 Quickly I come:
 It makes our hearts rejoice:
 Amen! each saint replies:
 Come, Lord, and bid us rise—
 Welcome to home.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE DEATH OF HIS
WIFE.

Thy tender wife is dead, and thou art in affliction
deep:

And we remember the command to "weep with
them that weep:"

And we, dear brother, mourn with thee; the tear
falls from our eye:

Our soul within us sorroweth, and heaves the
heart's deep sigh.

We call to mind the infant, who, awhile ago was
laid

Beneath the sod, safe from a world, which sad by
sin is made;

And we think of the little boys, of mother's care
bereft;

And then we think the more of thee, companion-
less now left!

It is not, brother, I would make thy anguish keener
felt,

That I the strokes relate, which God, to thee in
love, hath dealt:

But well I know the stricken soul doth find a sweet
relief,

When friends do words of kindness drop, and
fellowship our grief.

A pang like thine, this heart of mine hath tasted,
and I know

Its depth, its sharpness, and its might; its bitter-
ness, its woe!

An infant's cry hath pierced my soul, when MOTHER
could not hear;

And death had frozen her warm heart, and dried
affection's tear.

Yet, brother, there is ONE, whose power to soothe
 surpasses far
 The choicest human friends, though dear as thy
 own soul they are :
 The balm divine he pours into his children's
 wounded hearts :
 His love excels all other love, and heav'nly joy
 imparts.

O brother, God doth chasten us, then let us kiss
 the rod :
 Set thy heart's love on him entire ; he is a jealous
 God !
 When Jesus parts the skies, and calls the saints
 to their reward,
 May you, with them, be welcom'd to the presence
 of the Lord !

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SISTER.

Rest, lovely wife : rest, tender mother, rest !
 Thy work is over and thy end is blest.
 We saw thee gently laid deep in the ground :
 And then we thought of the glad trumpet's sound.
 Ere long its blast shall rend thy grave ; and then,
 Oh, then, sweet sister, thou shalt rise again !
 Arise, and live, no more to die ! O day,
 Day of eternal glory, wing thy way !
 We want to see thy brightness break ; we long
 To sing with her the new, triumphant song !
 We want to greet her on the heav'nly plain,
 Where saints shall meet, and evermore remain :
 There, where the Lamb the light is of the place :
 There, where the King unveils his lovely face !
 There, where no tears shall be, no death, no pain :
 Where life, and love, and joy, forever reign !

ANELLI'S PAINTING OF "THE END OF THE WORLD."

The sun shone forth in all his splendor; and
 All nature seemed composed, happy, serene:
 But in a moment are the dazzling rays
 Shorn of their brightness, and a sickly tinge
 Spreads o'er the firmament, dimming the whole.
 Disturb'd and wondering, the multitude
 Look for the cause of this; and meanwhile heaven
 Deepens from lurid red to crimson dye;
 And now the thunder peals and shakes the globe.
 Astonishment and terror seize mankind:
 And now they rally, thinking to escape,
 And refuge find in cave, defile, or tower.
 Vain is the thought! there is no hiding-place:
 As pangs of travail the last day is come!
 Thick clouds of darkness traverse now the sky,
 Till all is dark; dark as man never saw
 Before: save that the bloody hue yet streams
 Around the horizon: earth shakes again;
 And fire descends upon the distant sea.
 But see! Effulgence brighter than the sun,
 Sudden as lightning's flash appears: it is
 A cross of light: signal of Jesus' reign*
 Begun! The kingdoms of the earth are now
 Become the Lord's, and he shall reign for aye!
 Behold the Bride! long had she waited for
 Her Lord's return: how lovely she appears!
 Her spouse is at the door! she stands serene,
 Unmoved, amid the scenes of black despair.
 There is the contrite one, prostrate in prayer;

* The painter is here wrong, I think. To me, the sign of the Son of man in heaven, appears to be, the appearance of one sitting on a throne. See Revelations, vi: 16. H. H.

And there the one who from his sins has turn'd,
In true humility waiting on God:
Well 'tis for them thus to be found; and hope
Is in their case. But ah! behold your pair
Who have neglected calls of love divine:
The fatal hour has come: the woman hides
Her face in husband's breast: but his embrace
Affords her no protection from the storm,
Which now has come on sinners all; alas,
His mind is filled with terror and dismay!
There see procrastination's dupe; she lays
In desperation: oftimes did she think
She would one day break off her sins; but not
To-day. Gone! gone! forever gone, has now
The golden opportunity: in vain
That anguish, that remorse: judgment has come!
See yonder family—the sire a prince:
Power and wealth through life were his; but he
Abused his gifts: in pomp, and luxury
He spent his days; he fear'd not God himself,
And taught his children not blest wisdom's ways.
Ah prince! A greater one than thou has come,
Whose right it is to reign: His is the power
In heaven and earth, all placed in his hands
By the Eternal Father: King of kings,
And Lord of Lords—Immanuel is his name!
Where are thy honors now? of what avail
Is all thy wealth? Thou fool! thou didst not lay
Up treasures for the world to come. Terror
And rage, dismay and anguish, doth his face
Bespeak. Not thus the wife: pious and good
She lived: although from morn to night, fashion,
Display, and pride, surrounded; tempted, vex'd.
Oft would she leave her mansion to seek out
The sons and daughters of affliction: they
Would blessings from on high implore for her!
There is the elder son, reproaching sire,

Because he taught him not the things of heaven.
 And there the younger, prostrate, worships God!
 He gave good heed to mother's counsel: he
 Made Christ his friend, and bore his cross before
 The world: and undismay'd he seems. Alas,
 The daughter, father clasping, daring not
 To raise her head a moment; hoping he
 May be protection in the dreadful hour,
 Evinces guilt: the fleeting joys of earth,
 Her choice have been: she has in Christ no hope!
 Yon see the athiest! *reality*
 Is here! Confounded utterly he seeks
 To hide himself, and tries in vain. There is
 A God! He owns it, feels it—but too late!
 We turn from him to view a better sight—
 Three persons nigh each other: widow poor,
 Daughter, and infant. Mother's heart is right
 With God; and her sweet, humble, countenance
 Expresses hope; and though the daughter seems
 To shrink at nature's sudden change; yet still
 She seems to know the joys of pardon'd sin;
 And no accusing conscience troubles her:
 Her Lord has come—O yes—the Lord she loves.
 The tender infant knows not what it means,
 And clasps its mother—fear not lovely child.
 But there, behold a man, the prey of sin,
 Licentious sin! and the vile woman too.
 O ye, the slaves of lust, think of the day
 When deeds of darkness shall be brought to light:
 The holy Son of God to judgment comes!
 In field, in store, on travel, some he finds;
 And some in lustful intercourse. Remorse,
 Despair, and shame, their guilty conscience seize.
 O ere he rises up to shut the door,
 Repent, believe on Him: be ye baptized,
 And wash away your sins in his shed blood!
 There is a female, elegant in form;

A mother; yea, *a mother*: can it be,
That still she should delight in vanity,
With daughter now in years of womanhood?
Yea, so it is. Though she has lived to age
Beyond life's summer, folly yet she loves:
That daughter, near her, she did not direct,
As mother should, unto the way of life.
Ah daughter, thou wast taught to look unto
This world for thy enjoyment—idle dream.
Ah mother, thou would'st mercy now obtain:
But vain are thy implorings: mercy's gone
From thee, and thou must face the righteous Judge:
And thy poor daughter, terror-struck, but makes
Thy conscious guilt still more intensely felt.
Who is that person stricken by the light
Hiding his face in mantle—fine his form?
That is the debauchee: O what a day
Is this for him? appall'd he stands, leaning
Against the wall, in speechless agony.
And there an aged man, heart worshipper
Of mammon; a vile hypocrite—a wretch
Who aim'd through life to pass a christian man:
The day has come—the day of hypocrites'
Surprise: yet still he tries to hold his gold:
Just now the Bride of heaven arrests his eye:
The holy calm upon her countenance
Strikes him with horror, condemnation, dread.
Near him stands one guilty, full of amaze,
And fear unutterable. And again,
A little distance off, three others, whom
Despair has seized: and there alone behold
A sinful woman, desolate, undone.
There see another female: conscious crime
Torments her, and a temple near she seeks
For refuge from the storm of wrath divine;
But this no refuge now affords. And oh!
That wretched man, with arms upraised, implores

Relief from present pain : and nigh to him,
There is another, writhing in despair,
The shunner of repentance ! and yet near,
Another in confusion and amaze.
But who is that, unlike the rest—he stands
Upon the temple's steps ? The sophist he !
But just before, he was the multitude
Advising to reject the word of God :
And, while haranguing them, the sign appears !
His followers with him together are
Struck with confusion, terror, and dismay.
He spake with eloquence ; appear'd to give
Strong reasons for his views : wonders and signs,
E'en he could show : *Jesus said such should come.*
Farther away a flame is seen to rise :
Many are congregated round it : they
Are prostrate, praying ; and a sacrifice
They offer, hoping to appease God's wrath
Thereby. Worthless, abominable, is
Your act. Why did ye not avail yourselves
Of Christ's own sacrifice ? His merits are
Only accepted by the Holy God :
Ye would not hear His calls in mercy's time :—
Now ye are left His vengeance to endure.
And, in the distance, see a multitude,
Some supplicating mercy, and again,
Some flying to a cave. Now fire descends !
The city is in flames ! and on the sea,
The ships are blazing ! and the sun is now
Blackness become ! terrific thunder peals !
And vivid lightning darts from east to west !
The kings of earth, the great men, and the rich,
Chief captains, mighty men, the bond the free,
Seek to the clefts of rocks to hide themselves :
They wail aloud, and say, Mountains and rocks,
Fall ye on us, and hide us from the face
Of him that sitteth on the throne, and from

The wrath of the avenging Lamb: the day,
 The great day of his wrath is come! and who,
 Who can endure his awful presence now?

Sinner! the day is near, it greatly hastes!
 The tidings of the reign of Christ are preach'd:
 O welcome them, repent, believe and be
 Baptized for the remission of your sins,
 In name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
 And live to God henceforth, that when the Lord
 Shall come—for *He will come—and speedily*,
 You with the saints may be accounted meet
 To stand before Him; and amidst the wail,
 And consternation of the unprepared,
 You may with joy salute the King of kings,
 And shout exultingly, OUR LORD IS COME!

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

Sleep, baby, sleep, till Jesus wake thee
 From thy cold and silent tomb:
 A little while, and he shall take thee,
 Where sad death shall never come.

Father, mother, brothers, loved thee,
 Griev'd to lay thy body here;
 In thy pains they tried to soothe thee,
 For thee shed affection's tear.

But she's gone! and tears and sorrow
 Will not move her where she lays:
 But there comes a *joyful morrow*,
 Ending all our mourning days.

Great Redeemer! lovely Jesus!
 Keep us till salvation come:
 Not a moment, Saviour, leave us,
 Till we reach that heav'nly home.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XCI.

Under the shadow of his love,
 Who dwells enthron'd in light above,
 My soul abides secure:
 I dread no ill by night or day;
 His word's my trust, his arm my stay—
 Defence—forever sure.

At midnight hour, around my head,
 His shelt'ring wing is overspread,
 And sweet is my repose:
 No dismal fears my soul dismay;
 The darkness is as bright as day,
 Where God his favor shows.

When vengeance on the wicked falls,
 And terror ev'ry breast appalls,
 I shall behold their doom:
 But God my refuge then shall be,
 No evil shall come nigh to me;
 Secure my lasting home.

Upon the adder I shall tread;
 My God will bruise the serpent's head,
 And tread the lion down:
 Soon Christ will rend yon azure sky,
 His waiting ones to place on high,
 And all with glory crown.

 ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

Thou art my refuge, O my God!
 In thee I put my trust;
 My strength and help in time of need,
 For thou, O Lord, art just.

Though thousands fall at my right hand,—
 Protected by thine arm,
 Nor ill by night, nor ill by day,
 Shall e'er my soul alarm.

Because I am resolv'd to be
 The Lord's, and his alone;
 I shall behold his face, and see
 The glories of His throne!

Yes; sin may tempt, and Satan strive,
 To lead my soul astray:
 'Twill be in vain, for unto thee,
 O Lord, I'll ever pray:

And thou wilt answer me, and show,
 That thou art ever nigh
 Him that seeks thee, and with long life,
 His soul wilt satisfy.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XCIII.

The Lord Jehovah reigns
 Begirt with might:
 Saints raise your loftiest strains—
 He dwells in light!
 Great Source of Being! great,
 Beyond compare—
 Beyond the grasp of thought,
 Thy glories are!

Of old Thou laid'st the world's
 Foundation sure:
 According to Thy will,
 It shall endure.
 Ere time began its years,
 Thou God alone,
 Above the heaven of heavens,
 Didst set thy throne.

The floods lift up their waves,
 And loud they roar:
 Jehovah speaks the word—
 Their rage is o'er!
 Thy testimonies firm,
 To endless days,
 Shall stand: and all Thy works
 Resound Thy praise.

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM XCII.

Oh, how full of delight, how lovely, how sweet,
 The place where the Christians accustom to
 meet!

Jehovah's great love to show forth and proclaim,
 To pray and sing praises to God and the Lamb!

How vast are His works, and His thoughts how
 profound!

Unworthy are we, who are dust of the ground,
 To speak of His wonders, or tell of His might,
 Who all things created, and clothed them with
 light.

For ever and ever the Lord shall abide!
 His people shall live, and His foes be destroy'd:
 If as grass for a moment they flourish and grow,
 It is unto anguish, damnation, and woe.

But the saints of the Lord, releas'd from the tomb,
 In beauty and loveliness ever shall bloom:
 When rebels and scorers are slain by his sword,
 The righteous ones enter the joys of their Lord!

THE BLESSINGS OF THE TRIBES, AND
THE EXCELLENCY OF ISRAEL.*

From Sinai Jehovah came,
And up from Seir to them rose:
From Paran's mount he shined—his fame
Was heard, and terror seized his foes:
A fiery law from his right hand
Went forth for Jacob's chosen band.

Attended by ten thousand saints
He came: all saints are in his hand!
He loved the people: their complaints
The Lord regards in ev'ry land.
Each one did at thy feet sit down:
Thy words are given to ev'ry one.

Moses commanded us a law,
E'en us, the sons of Israël:
When it was giv'n, we stood in awe:
Words from the Lord we heard him tell.
Our heads and tribes together were,
When he did then the law declare.

He was our King, when on that day,
He bless'd our tribes, and thus he spake:
Let Reuben's men be few, yet may
He live, and not of death partake.
To Judah's voice, O God, attend:
Him from his enemies defend.

Bring him in strength into his lands:
Blest be his portion, high his name:
Sufficient for him be his hands:
His brethren shall declare his fame.

* Deuteronomy, xxxiii.

Great is his honor—Judah hail!
 Before thy strength the foe shall quail.

O Levi, with thy Holy One,
 Thy Thummim and thy Urim be:
 At Massah was his power shown;
 Thou strov'st with him at Meribah:
 Brethren and children own'd he not:
 The Lord alone is Levi's lot.

Incense before thee they shall place,
 And whole burnt sacrifice upon
 Thine altar set: to Israel's race,
 Thy law shall Levi's sons make known.
 Accept his service, Lord, and bless
 His wealth, and crown him with thy peace.

Smite through the loins of them that rise
 Against him: them that hate him slay:
 Crush'd be for aye his enemies,
 So none against him shall array
 Themselves; yea, thus let Levi be,
 Secure and saved, O God, by thee.

The loved of God shall safely dwell
 By Benjamin, and all the day
 The Lord shall shield him, and shall quell
 The rising fear, and he shall lay
 Upon his bosom safe and blest:
 Pleasant and fruitful be his rest.

Blessed of God be Joseph's land:
 The deep below, the heaven above,
 Shall pour their gifts into his hand:
 He, who had not his brothers' love,
 Shall have the precious things of earth;
 The good the ripening sun puts forth.

Each month its several fruits shall yield;
The ancient mountains, their supply
Of precious things; of the rich field,
Joseph the fullness shall enjoy:
Ten thousands Ephraim's sons shall be:
His thousands shall Manasseh see.

High shall their glory be among
Their brethren: and like to the horn
Of unicorns, their power be strong;
And to earth's utmost bounds be known.
On Joseph's head let favor rest:
His land shall of the Lord be bless'd.

Zebulun, in thy going out
Rejoice; and thou, O Issachar,
Safe in thy tents, with gladness shout:
Pleasant and good their dwellings are:
The people to the mountain they
Shall call, who shall the word obey:

And sacrifice of righteousness
Shall they together offer there:
Of the abundance of the seas,
And hidden treasures they shall share:
Of Gad he said, blessed be he
That makes him great—blest shall he be.

Strong as a lion dwelleth Gad:
He meets the foe, and takes his land:
The first part for himself he had;
As lawgiver he there did stand:
Israel's enemies he fought;
The justice of the Lord he wrought.

Dan, as a lion young, shall leap
From Bashan forth: and Naphtali,
With favor satisfied, shall keep
The west and south; the Lord most high
Shall bless his portion: Asher too,
With children bless'd, shall not be few.

Let Asher acceptable to
His brethren be: with oil and wine,
Honey and milk, his portion flow,
And flourish as a goodly vine:
Firm shall he stand and riches gain,
And as his days, his strength remain.

God of Jeshurun! there is none
Can be compared to Him; he rides
In Israel's help the skies upon;
Under his care no ill betides;
Safe in his everlasting arms,
Thou shalt not fear the foe's alarms.

The Lord shall thrust the enemy
Out from before thy face, and say,
Destroy them! then shall Israel be
Alone in safety—in that day,
His land of corn and wine shall view:
His heavens above shall drop down dew.

O happy people! who with thee,
Among the nations, can compare?
The Lord of hosts thy shield shall be;
And He thy sword of conquest wear:
Before thy face the foe shall bow;
Jeshurun hail! blessed art thou.

FOR THE AFFLICTED PARENTS OF
THREE CHILDREN; ALL OF WHOM
DIED.

Three babes were ours; the first one came
A week of years ago:
But she ne'er spake mamma's fond name—
So soon was she laid low!
A little boy next took her place,
And lived four summers through;
And in the midst of his bright race,
Came sweet Louisa too.

They loved each other: and as we
Full oft knew pain and grief;
How would their smiles and childish glee
Afford a kind relief!
But Charley's smiles and glee one day
Seemed wholly to have fled:
And, "Father, take me home, and lay
Me down"—dear Charley said.

And then he droop'd; and sister felt
So sorrowful and lone—
And by a chair one morn she knelt:
The Lord observed her moan!
And then she sicken'd too; and death
Took brother soon away:
And sister then resigned her breath:
So 'neath the turf they lay!

And now when father from his toils
Returns at eventide;
No children greet him with their smiles:
His children all have died!
To mother not one babe remains,
To watch with mother's care;
To wipe its tears, and soothe its pains;
And its sweet joys to share.

The world appears a wilderness
 Indeed to mother now:
 O God, we do our faults confess;
 Beneath the rod we bow!
 Forgive our wand'rings, Lord, we pray—
 We give our hearts to thee;
 In yon bright world, through endless day,
 Grant us thy face to see!

PARAPHRASE OF PSALM CXXXVII.

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down;”
 We thought of lost Zion, bereft and alone;
 We hanged our harps in the midst on the willows;
 We wept, and our tears were lost in the billows!

The men that did us to captivity bring,
 That desolate made us, required us to sing
 One of Zion's sweet songs—how can we when
 brought
 'Mongst foes, and with sorrows our bosoms are
 fraught?

Oh Salem, lamented! our hearts dwell on thee:
 To see thee again, how we sigh to be free!
 If thy mem'ry e'er from this bosom be severed,
 My tongue become mute, my right hand be with-
 ered!

Great God of Jerusalem! O hasten the hour,
 When Edom and Babel shall fall by thy power;
 When our bondage shall cease, and our mourning
 be o'er,
 And thy Zion arise to sorrow no more.

TO THE PARENTS OF AN INFANT GIRL,
ON THE OCCASION OF HER DEATH.

Little Ida came and went—
Brief but precious was her stay:
Fast the time flew that we spent
With our babe, as yesterday!

Mornings come—our opening eyes
See no baby as before:
Days we pass—her tender cries
Wake affection's care no more.

Now we sorrow, now we weep:
But her own last tear is shed!
Day and night she'll sweetly sleep,
'Till the Lord awakes the dead!

Jesus! take these hearts of ours;
Be our comfort, be our stay;
With eternal life's blest powers,
Save us in redemption's day!

HAPPY DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN SISTER.*

I hear she died in glorious hope
Of an eternal day—
Her pains without a murmur bore,
While suffering she lay—
She sang of Christ the night before
She fell asleep in Him,
Expecting on blest Canaan's shore,
To raise her voice again.

*Written on hearing of the happy death of a Christian Sister, at Albany N. Y., which took place a few days before the great fire in that city, 1848.

Had she survived a few more days,
 It might have been more sad:
 The city's fire terrific came,
 And devastation made.
 It would have been a sore distress,
 To hurry her away
 From home, amidst tumultuous scenes—
 'Twas well she did not stay!

Troubles may thicken all around,
 But she will sweetly sleep!
 Until the resurrection morn,
 The Lord the saints will keep.
 O Sun of righteousness, we wait
 To see thy light appear!
 The night of woe is well-nigh gone—
 The day of joy is near!

TO THE PARENTS OF A LITTLE GIRL, ON HEARING OF HER DEATH.

I thought, if I saw you again,
 I should see little Emily too:
 How playful and healthy she seemed:—
 Dear child, her bright days have been few!

She knew not the evils of life,
 Excepting some bodily pain:
 But she sleepeth in quietness now;
 And will never know sickness again!

But oh! it is hard to inter
 A baby beneath the cold sod:—
 We would hold them, unmindful of care,
 If such were the will of our God.

He giveth— He taketh away—
 His chastisement let us endure;
 And secure a home in that world,
 Where life everlasting is sure!

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

They who in Jesus die,
 For evermore are blest:
 A while beneath the turf they lie,
 In peaceful rest:
 Their toils and sorrows past,
 They only wait to rise
 At the great trumpet's joyful blast,
 To endless joys!

We sorrow when they leave;
 But sweeten'd are our tears:
 We grieve not as the hopeless grieve,
 Nor know their fears:
 For Christ has died before,
 And all in Him who sleep,
 Like Him shall live for evermore—
 In hope we weep.

Sister, to Jesus cling;
 Children, His love obtain:
 And soon his praises you shall sing—
 He comes to reign!
 Great God! the widow guard,
 Protect the fatherless:
 O may they share the saints' reward:
 The mourners bless.

HYMNS FOR GOOD CHILDREN.

DAILY MORNING HYMN.

Safely through another night
God hath kept me, and the light
Of another day I see:—
Lord, I'll sing a hymn to thee.

Heavenly Father, thou didst give
Breath to me and mad'st me live:
Food and raiment, friends and home,
From thy gracious hand do come.

I am glad that I was born,
And I see another morn;
And that I do health enjoy,
And no pain doth me annoy.

Lord, I love thee; I will praise,
I will bless thee, all my days;
Now I'll serve thee, that I may
Happy be to endless day.

Keep me, Lord, from ill this day—
In my Jesus' name I pray:
Should he come before to-night,
Say my heart, shall I be right?

DAILY EVENING HYMN.

Now the sun is out of sight:
Now return the shades of night:
Praise the Lord, my soul doth say,
Who hath kept me through the day.

God doth all my wants supply ;
Nothing good doth he deny
Unto them that fear his name,
For he always is the same.

If I've sinned, O Lord, this day,
Pardon me, I humbly pray :
Give me all the grace I need,
For I would be thine indeed.

Heavenly Father, while I sleep,
Me, thy child, in safety keep :
In thy gracious hands I lay,
Till shall dawn another day.

And when I awake I'll sing
Praise again to thee, my King :
Night and day I thine will be :
Thine, to all eternity.

But if Jesus parts the skies,
And I wake, and with these eyes
See my Lord this very night,
How it will my soul delight!

SABBATH MORNING HYMN.

Hail the Sabbath's welcome light ;
Sweet it breaks upon my sight ;
Drowsiness I'll cast away,
Rise to greet the sacred day.

See the golden tints adorn
Where the sun doth shed the morn ;
As he mounts the sky, his light
Now becomes intensely bright.

Lovely morn! let heav'n and earth
Hail another Sabbath's birth!
Let the trees and fields rejoice;
Warblers, raise to God your voice.

Six days of the week I may
All my work perform, and play;
But this sacred day is blest—
'Tis the day of holy rest.

I'll its precious hours employ,
Serving God with holy joy:
I'll attend the house of prayer,
With the saints who worship there.

When I read and hear Thy word,
Grant me thy good Spirit, Lord;
That I more of truth may know,
And in heavenly wisdom grow.

Saviour, keep me in thy care;
Let me still thy favor share:
Welcome, Lord! my heart doth say,
Should'st thou come to earth to-day.

SABBATH EVENING HYMN.

Now another Sabbath day
Hath forever passed away;
Sweet its mem'ry is to me—
Lord, I've spent this day to thee.

Earthly Sabbaths quickly flee;
But I do expect to see
One that will forever last,
And its richest pleasures taste!

Lord, I thank thee for thy grace,
Which attends me all my days;
I would not thy Spirit grieve,
If more days I've here to live.

O, my Saviour, heav'nly, mild;
Keep, O keep thy trusting child;
Guard me thro' the hours of night:
Darkness hides not from thy sight.

Lord, I fall asleep in thee;
Jesus! I expect to see
In yon sky, ere long, thy SIGN—
Should'st thou come to-night, I'm thine.

FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

MORNING HYMN.

Again the morning light we greet,
And blessings new our wants supply:
We'll bow before the mercy seat,
And bless the name of God most high.

His goodness has preserved us through
The dangers of another night;
Our holy worship is His due;
Be it our every heart's delight.

Father, we ask Thy grace this day;
The Spirit's guidance we implore,
That we may walk the heavenly way,
And from that path may stray no more.

If our expected King we see
On this—this day—is my heart right?
Let each enquire—and shall I be
Approved, and blameless, in His sight?

EVENING HYMN.

Another evening sun has set,
Another day's forever gone:
But there's a faithful record kept
Of all that every one has done.

In that great day when Christ shall call
The nations to His judgment seat;
Each shall be there; the great, the small;
And a just recompense will meet.

How has this day been spent by me?
Each ask himself—do I desire,
E'en now, my glorious King to see?
Or do I dread his vengeful ire?

Oh! let us occupy each hour
As in Jehovah's sight; and live
Prepared to meet him, when in power
He comes, the saints a crown to give.

Great God! if Thou hast seen this day
Sin in our souls: Oh! cleanse, forgive:
In Jesus' hallowed name we pray,
Who died, that we might ever live.

From evil guard us all this night:
We'll take our rest, and rest in Thee:
And should'st Thou come ere morning light,
We'll joy our Heavenly King to see.

PSALMS VERSIFIED.

PSALM I.

I.

Blest is the man whose heart's delight
Is in God's law by day and night:
Who standeth not in sinners' ways,
And evil counsel disobeys.

II.

As trees by streams of water set,
Yield fruits in season fair and sweet;
God shall his deeds with blessings crown;
His daily walk with favor own.

III.

But the ungodly are not so:
Like as the chaff the wind doth blow,
And drive away—they shall be driven:
Nor taste the happiness of heaven.

IV.

Sinners who make not God their trust,
Shall perish from among the just;
Shall not abide the dreadful day,
When earth and skies shall pass away.

V.

Blessed the souls who firm remain
Unto the end, through toil and pain;
Have made the Lord their righteousness:
Peace shall be theirs, and endless bliss.

PSALM II.

I.

Why do the heathen rage;
The people meditate
A vain device; the kings of earth,
And rulers, contemplate
Warfare against the Lord,
And his Anointed One?
And say, we'll break their bands away,
And we will reign alone?

II.

He who in heav'n doth dwell,
Shall scorn their puny ire;
And then in anger he will speak,
And spoil their base desire:
Yet, saith the Lord, I've set
Upon my holy hill
Of Zion, my anointed King,
Who shall perform my will.

III.

I'll give forth the decree:
The Lord hath said to me,
(Hearken:) thou art my Son, this day
Have I begotten thee.
Make thy request to me,
And to the heathen thine
Inheritance I'll give; all earth,
To thee I do assign.

IV.

Thou shalt in pieces dash
Them, like a potter's vase:
And thou shalt with an iron rod,
Break all their sinful race:

Therefore be wise ye kings:
 Ye judges of the land,
 Receive instruction from the Lord,
 And own his mighty hand.

v.

Serve ye the Lord with fear,
 And tremblingly rejoice:
 Embrace the Son, lest he be wroth;
 O, now obey his voice!
 When his dread wrath shall rise,
 Though but a little, those
 Who slight him, shall his vengeance feel:
 Perish shall all his foes.

vi.

Blessed are they who place
 Their trust in him alway:
 Sinners shall fall, but they shall rise,
 And live through endless day.
 Messiah shall come forth;
 The time is drawing nigh:
 He shall appear, and take his power,
 And reign in majesty.

 PSALM III.

i.

O Lord, my foes are multiplied;
 Many against me rise:
 They triumph in their hearts and say,
 God heareth not his cries.

II.

But thou, O Lord, thou art my shield:
Thou liftest up my head;
And thou my glory art, my rock,
And my defence indeed.

III.

I cried unto thee with my voice;
Thou heardest my request:
I laid me down in peace, I woke;
For thou didst give me rest.

IV.

I will not fear ten thousand foes,
That have themselves arrayed
Against me round about, and think
To make me sore dismayed.

V.

Arise, O Lord: save me, my God:
Glory unto thy name!
Thine enemies and mine do fall:
Thy power I'll now proclaim.

VI.

Salvation to the Lord belongs:
He is my only trust:
His blessing shall forever be
The portion of the just.

PSALM IV.

I.

O hear me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy! thou hast me enlarg'd
When I was in distress.

II.

Ye sons of men how long
 Will ye my glory turn
 To shame? how long love vanity,
 And for vile leasing burn?

III.

But know, the Lord hath set
 Apart the godly one
 For Him: and he will hear me when
 I pray 'neath mercy's throne.

IV.

Stand ye in awe; sin not;
 Commune with your own hearts
 Upon your beds, and be ye still:
 Search deep the inward parts.

V.

Bring then your off'rings pure,
 And in the Lord confide:
 Offer the righteous sacrifice,
 And e'er in Him abide.

VI.

Many there be that say,
 Who can show us good things?
 O Sun of righteousness, arise
 With healing in thy wings!

VII.

Lord, let thy countenance
 On us thy servants shine;
 This, this, with gladness fills our hearts,
 More than their corn or wine.

VIII.

The worldling's joy in vain:
 In God alone is rest:
 He guards his saints by night and day:
 His name be ever blest!

 PSALM V.

I.

Unto my words, O Lord, give ear;
 My soul seeks for thy grace:
 Still, still, to thee I cry in prayer;
 Hear from thy dwelling place.

II.

Early in morn, my voice I'll raise,
 And thou shalt hear me, Lord:
 I'll worship toward thy holy place,
 Confiding in thy word.

III.

Thou hatest wickedness, nor shall
 Aught evil dwell with thee:
 The foolish shall not stand, nor one
 That works iniquity.

IV.

The Lord abhors the man of blood,
 And him that loves a lie;
 And them that speak with leasing tongue,
 Quickly will he destroy.

V.

But in thy mercy's fulness, Lord,
 I'll come into thy house:
 In fear I'll worship, and with joy
 Will I perform my vows.

VI.

O lead me in thy righteousness,
Because of all my foes:
Make thy way straight before my face,
Nor let me taste their woes.

VII.

There is no faithfulness in them;
Their inward part is sin;
Their throat's an open sepulchre;
All vile they are within.

VIII.

They flatter with the tongue; their mouth
Is filled with base deceit;
Destroy thou them, O God; and lay
Snares for their guilty feet.

IX.

They have against thee, Lord, rebell'd;
And in the multitude
Of their transgressions cast them out:
In guilt they are imbrued.

X.

But let all those that trust in Thee,
Rejoice forevermore;
For thou, O Lord, defendest them,
Who thee in truth adore.

XI.

The Lord will bless the righteous man:
With favor, as a shield,
He'll compass him around: my soul,
Thy praises to him yield.

PSALM VI.

I.

In thy displeasure, O my God,
Chastise me not, I pray;
Nor in thy anger me rebuke;
Remove thy rod away.

II.

Lord, I am weak, my bones are vex'd;
Have mercy, and me heal:
My soul is griev'd: how long, O Lord,
Shall I this burden feel?

III.

Return, my God, and free my soul;
Save for thy mercies' sake:
The dead can not remember thee,
Nor in thy praise partake.

IV.

My groaning wearies me; all night
My bed is wet with tears:
Mine eye consumes because of grief;
No joy for me appears.

V.

Because of all my enemies,
Light from my eye departs:
Yet I will hope in God, who hears
Prayer poured from contrite hearts.

VI.

The Lord hath heard my voice at length;
My tears he doth regard:
The workers of iniquity
Shall have their due reward.

VII.

Let shame and torment fill my foes;
 Quick let their troubles come:
 Praises to God I'll sing; he gives
 To all a righteous doom.

 PSALM VII.

I.

O Lord, my God, in thee
 Do I put all my trust;
 Save thou, and rescue me
 From those who are unjust:
 Lest now they take me and destroy,
 When there is no deliv'rer by.

II.

If I have done this, Lord;
 If sin is in my hand;
 If I did ill reward
 Him, who in peace did stand
 With me (yea, I have him set free,
 That causeless was my enemy):—

III.

Then, let the bitter foe
 Thy servant persecute;
 And lay mine honor low;
 And my tongue shall be mute:
 Yea, let him take my soul:—to earth
 Tread down my life, as nothing worth.

IV.

O Lord, in wrath arise,
 Because of the fierce ire
 Of my vile enemies;
 And blast their hearts' desire:

O let the righteous judgment come,
That these, my foes, may have their doom.

V.

So shall the people praise
Thy name, O God of might;
And they shall love thy ways,
Great God, who doest right:
Judge me in truth and righteousness;
Maintain my cause, thou God of grace.

VI.

Now, for thy people's sake,
Return, O Lord, on high;
To judgment now awake,
And wickedness destroy:
The hearts and reins are tried by thee;
The righteous shall establish'd be.

VII.

The Lord is my defence,
Who saves the pure in heart;
The just he'll recompense
With an eternal part
In that new earth, where saints shall dwell,
Redeem'd from death, and saved from hell.

VIII.

God is displeas'd with those,
Who still in sin abide;
If they remain his foes,
Soon shall they be destroyed:
The instruments of death are made;
Their judgments shall not long be stay'd.

IX.

Lo, in the soul, with sin,
They travail ev'ry hour;
Mischief's conceived within,
And falsehood they have bore;

And for the righteous snares have laid,
With which themselves they have betrayed.

X.

Their mischiefs shall return
To their own souls in haste;
And violence shall burn,
And all their hopes shall blast:
But I will praise the God of power;
His righteous name fore'er adore!

 PSALM VIII.

I.

○ Lord, how high is thy great name
In ev'ry land through earth abroad:
Thy glory yonder heav'ns proclaim;
But yet above them shines their God!
Out of the mouth of children young,
Hast thou ordained strength, because,
Thy enemies, with voices strong,
BlaspHEME thy name, and scorn thy laws.

II.

○ God! when I thy heav'ns survey,
The moon, the stars, that gild the night;
The glorious sun that rules the day;
Which all bespeak thy matchless might:
When these I contemplate, O Lord,
What, what is man, my soul inquires;
That thou shouldst him so much regard,
And satisfy his heart's desires?

III.

Lower than angels thou hast made
 Man, but a little, and him crown'd
 With glory, and hast honor laid
 On him, and his dominion own'd
 Over the works of thy own hand;
 Under his feet hast all things placed;
 Whatever treadeth on the land,
 Or aught the ocean's paths hath traced.

IV.

O Lord, our Lord, in all the earth
 Thy name is excellent—is high!
 Ye sons of men, with holy mirth,
 Join in his praises, shout for joy!
 He is your Maker—he hath giv'n
 His creatures—all—into your hands;
 The beast of earth, the fowl of heav'n;—
 His goodness all your love demands.

 PSALM IX.

I.

O Lord, I will praise thee; my heart shall rejoice;
 Of thy marvellous works, I will speak with loud
 voice:
 In thee I'll be glad, I will sing to thy name;
 Thou art the Most High, in all ages the same!

II.

While my enemies rage, in thee I confide:
 In the day of thy vengeance they shall not abide
 Thy presence, O Lord! O then they shall fall!
 And perish before thee—perish shall all!

III.

For thou hast maintained my right and my cause;
In the throne thou didst sit, executing just laws;
Thou the heathen hast check'd, and the wicked
 hast slain,
And forever and ever hast put out their name!

IV.

The enemy now no longer destroys;
His cities are wasted, ne'er more to arise!
And with their destruction their mem'ry is gone:
Yet the Lord shall endure while ages roll on!

V.

The Lord hath his throne for judgment prepar'd;
Unto ev'ry one he'll right judgment award;
The oppressed will find him a refuge for them,
When he shall to anguish the wicked condemn!

VI.

They that know the Lord's name, shall confide in
 his power; [and their tower;
Those that seek him, shall find him, their strength,
Sing praises to God who in Zion doth dwell;
And to all the people his glorious deeds tell.

VII.

When Jehovah doth make inquisition for blood,
He remembers the humble, he spareth the good:
Now, Lord, I beseech thee, have mercy on me;
Wicked men me afflict, yet I stay upon thee.

VIII.

Thou hast me deliver'd when nigh to death's
 gates; [waits:
Thou preservest me still, and on thee my soul
O rescue me now, and I'll show forth thy praise;
And in thy salvation rejoice all my days.

IX.

The heathen are sunk in the pit they have made;
 In the net which they hid, their own foot is
 betray'd:

The Lord by the judgment he worketh is known;
 The wicked are snar'd in the work they have done.

X.

They that God now forget into hell shall be cast,
 When the needy and poor find their sorrows are
 past; [rejoice;
 Though now they're forgotten, they then shall
 And quickly their Lord in their cause shall arise!

XI.

Arise now Jehovah! let man not prevail;
 Cause the strength of the furious nations to fail:
 Let the heathen be judged in thy sight, that they
 may
 Know themselves to be dust: O hasten the day!

 PSALM X.

I.

Why, Lord, dost thou stand off so far,
 When we in times of trouble are?
 The wicked persecutes the poor;
 His heart is proud—he feels secure.

II.

The wicked boasts, and joineth hands
 With men possessing gold and lands:
 Let him be taken in the snare,
 He for the righteous doth prepare.

III.

The covetous forgets the Lord;
 The wicked cares not for his word:
 He'll have no God, himself beside—
 And so he stalketh in his pride.

IV.

His ways are always hard to bear :
 God's judgments far from his sight are .
 He puffs at foes, and thinks that he
 Shall stand for aye, from sorrow free.

V.

His mouth is full of fraud and guile,
 And cursing too; and mischief vile,
 And vanity are 'neath his tongue:
 For evil work his soul doth long.

VI.

In lurking places he will sit;
 In secret, wickedness commit:
 The innocent he slays—the cries
 Of poverty he doth despise.

VII.

Like as a lion lies in wait,
 He seeks to catch into his net
 The poor: humility he'll feign,
 If he, thereby, his ends can gain.

VIII.

God hath forgotten—thus thinks he—
 He hides his face—he sees not me—
 Lift up thine hand, O God! arise;
 Regard the humble when he cries.

 PART 2.

IX.

Why do the wicked God contemn?
 They think his eyes are not on them
 While they their wicked deeds perform,
 And crush the poor man as a worm.

X.

But though in their own hearts they say,
 God sees us not, we'll have our way—
 The Lord beholds their harm and spite;
 And with his hand he'll them requite.

XI.

The poor commits to Thee his part:
 Help of the fatherless thou art!
 Avenge him, Lord; break thou the arm
 Of him who purposes his harm.

XII.

Forever and forevermore
 The Lord is King—we'll him adore!
 Perish'd are sinners from the land
 Prepar'd for saints by God's own hand.

XIII.

Lord, thou hast heard the meek man's prayer;
 Thou dost his heart for thee prepare:
 The fatherless and the oppress'd
 Shall in the Lord securely rest.

 PSALM XI.

I.

Ye foolish ones, say ye to me,
 Like a chased bird to your hill flee?
 My trust is in the Lord Most High;
 I scorn your threats, your power defy.

II.

The wicked now their darts prepare
 To slay the men who upright are;
 If the foundations be destroyed,
 How can the godly ones abide?

III.

The Lord is in his holy place;
 Enthron'd on high he sees our race;
 He hates the wicked, tries the good;
 He loathes the men who thirst for blood.

IV.

Upon the wicked he shall rain
 Brimstone and fire, snares of pain:
 A tempest horrible shall come
 Upon them—such shall be their doom!

V.

The righteous Lord loves righteousness;
 The upright he delights to bless:
 On them his countenance divine,
 Throughout eternal day shall shine.

 PSALM XII.

I.

Now to our help, O Lord, arise!
 For lo, the godly man doth cease:
 How long shall men of earth despise
 Thy laws, and shun all righteousness?

II.

Each with his neighbor speaketh guile:
 With flattering lips, and double heart,
 They speak unblushingly the while:
 Thus, day by day, they play their part.

III.

From among men the faithful fail;
 Our lips, they say, are all our own;
 And with our tongue will we prevail—
 We'll answer to ourselves alone.

IV.

But though in arrogance and pride,
 They do as their own hearts desire;
 The poor oppress, the good deride—
 Soon they shall feel God's righteous ire!

V.

The Lord shall flatt'ring lips destroy,
 And tongues that boastingly do speak:
 The Lord regards the needy's sigh,
 And he shall his oppressors break.

VI.

Now, saith the Lord, will I arise;
 I will avenge the meek, the poor;
 I've seen their wrongs, I've heard their cries;
 I'll place them from their foes secure.

VII.

As silver in the furnace tried,
 God's words are truth, and shall endure:
 Yea, like to silver purified
 Full seven times, his words are pure!

VIII.

The wicked walk on every side,
 When vilest men exalted are;
 But they shall fall—while shall abide
 The just, the faithful, safe from fear.

 PSALM XIII.

I.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
 Wilt thou forever hide thy face
 From me, thy servant? shall unheard
 Be all my prayers? unmark'd my case?

II.

How long with sorrow in my heart,
 Daily shall I my counsel take
 Lone with myself? Doth God depart
 Wholly from me when men forsake?

III.

How long o'er me shall this my foe
 Be so exalted? O my God,
 Let not the wicked triumph so;
 But let him feel thy righteous rod.

IV.

O Lord my God, lighten my eyes;
 Let me not sleep the sleep of death:
 How would my bitter enemies
 Take pleasure in my dying breath!

V.

But in thy mercy still I trust;
 In thy salvation I'll rejoice:
 Crush'd shall my foes be small as dust—
 The Lord at length hath heard my voice!

 PSALM XIV.

I.

The foolish in their hearts have thought,
 There is no God. How base they are!
 Abomination they have wrought:
 That they are vile, their deeds declare.

II.

The Lord from heav'n look'd down to see
 If there were those that understood,
 And practised not iniquity,
 And virtue loved, and sought for God:—

III.

They are become corrupt; not one
 There is that doeth good; do all
 Who to iniquity are gone,
 And on the Lord who never call;

IV.

Who use thy saints as they were bread
 For them to eat—do these know nought?
 See! they are filled with guilty dread,
 While saints are into safety brought.

V.

Ye ignorant! did ye suppose,
 Because the poor man now is low,
 That God would leave him to his foes?
 God is his strength! this he doth know.

VI.

Jacob's salvation, who will bring?
 When God his people shall release
 From their long bondage, they will sing,
 And dwell thenceforth in endless peace.

 PSALM XV.

I.

Who, in thy temple, holy Lord,
 Shall sojourn? Who alway
 Shall dwell in Zion's mount secure,
 And in thy presence stay?

II.

'Tis he who walketh uprightly,
 And worketh righteousness:
 Who in his heart doth speak the truth;
 And loves the way of peace.

III.

Who never backbites with his tongue,
 Nor doth his neighbor ill:
 Against him takes not up reproach,
 And beareth no ill-will.

IV.

He, in whose eyes a person vile
 Is base, and is despised:
 He honors them who fear the Lord:—
 These by his soul are prized.

V.

He that abideth by his word,
 Though to his hurt he swear:
 He changes not; and unjust gain
 Will he by no means share.

VI.

Against the innocent, reward
 He never will receive:—
 Such is the man who shall abide,
 And in God's presence live.

 PSALM XVI.

I.

Great God! Preserve me; for in thee
 Do I alone confide:
 Thou art my Lord, my only hope:
 Me from the evil hide.

° II.

My goodness can not thee avail:
 Yet to the saints on earth,
 In whom my soul delights, I may,
 Through grace, become of worth.

III.

Their sorrows shall be multiplied,
 Who serve another God:
 I will not speak their names, nor pour
 Their offerings of blood.

IV.

Of my inheritance and cup,
 The Lord the portion is:
 My lot he doth maintain, and I
 Forever shall be His.

V.

The lines are fallen unto me
 Into a pleasant place:
 I have a goodly heritage—
 Blest be the God of grace!

VI.

Yea, I will bless the Lord, who is
 My counsel and my guide:
 My soul doth think on him by night;
 And I secure abide.

VII.

I have the Lord before me set
 (And he hath me approved:)
 Because he is at my right hand,
 I never shall be moved.

VIII.

Therefore my heart is glad—my soul
 Rejoices in the Lord:
 My flesh also shall rest in hope,
 For I believe His word.

IX.

My soul Thou wilt not leave in hell:
 Thine Holy One to see
 Corruption, thou wilt not permit:
 Triumphant shall he be.

X.

Thou wilt show me the path of life;
 Fullness of joy with thee:
 At thy right hand for evermore,
 Pleasures divine I'll see.

 PSALM XVII.

I.

Hear thou the right, O Lord; attend
 Unto my cry, accept my prayer;
 Forth from my heart it shall ascend:
 To feign, O God, I will not dare!

II.

Lord, let my sentence come from thee;
 Behold the things that equal are:
 In the still night thou searchest me:
 My heart thou know'st—no wrong is there.

III.

My mouth, O Lord, shall not transgress;
 The works of wickedness I'll shun:
 I've kept thy word, I love thy ways;
 And still the heav'nly race I'll run.

IV.

Lord! I have called in faith on thee;
 And still I pray, for thou wilt hear:
 My cry regard; O, answer me!
 Now graciously incline thine ear.

v.

Show me thy wondrous love, O Lord:
 Thou savest them by thy right hand,
 Who trust in thee, when with the sword
 To slay—the wrathful foe doth stand.

vi.

Me, as the apple of the eye,
 Preserve, and shelter with thy wings;
 Because the wicked would annoy,
 And vex me as the serpent stings!

vii.

Rich they have grown, and proudly speak:
 As rav'ning lions watch for prey,
 And lurk in secret—these men seek
 To slay the just, from day to day.

viii.

Arise, and cast them down, O Lord!
 Prevent their purposes, and save
 Me from the wicked by thy sword—
 From men who here their portion have.

ix.

Their all is *here*: their seed partake
 Of goods they leave them on the earth:
 But from corruption I shall wake,
 And gain from God celestial birth!

 PSALM XVIII.

I.

My fortress, my tower, my strength, is the Lord;
 My horn of salvation, my shield, and my sword:
 I will call on his name, I will love him always:
 He guards me, he keeps me; my Rock I will
 praise!

II.

The sorrows of death all around were array'd
Against me, and wicked men made me afraid:
The waves of destruction before me did roll,
And the pains of the pit seem'd to enter my soul!

III.

'Twas then in distress I call'd on the Lord;
I cried to my God, and he graciously heard:
Then the earth shook and trembled because he
was wroth,
And the mountains were moved to foundation
beneath!

IV.

From his nostrils a smoke, and devouring fire,
Came out from his mouth, kindling coals in his
ire:
And the heavens he bowed, and then he came
down,
With darkness beneath him—how dread was his
frown!

V.

He flew on the wind, and on cherub he rode,
And darkness he made for his secret abode:
Thick clouds of the skies, and dark waters were
there,
As pavilion around him—so God did appear!

VI.

Dark clouds at the brightness before him appear'd;
Coals of fire and hail his vengeance declar'd:
He thunder'd on high, and his voice was then
heard;
And the fire and hail came down at his word.

VII.

He sent out his arrows—he scatter'd them wide;
And his lightnings flew—they could not abide:
The world's very base was disclosed at his word,
And the waters were oped at the blast of the Lord!

VIII.

He sent from above, and he rescued my soul
From sorrow's deep waves, that o'er me did roll:
My foes he rebuked; they that hated me fell;
Too strong were they for me, but God did prevail.

PART 2.

IX.

They laugh'd at me in my calamitous day;
They rejoiced at my grief, but God was my stay:
He placed me in safety, away from their ire;
He answer'd my prayer, he fulfill'd my desire.

X.

The Lord me rewarded according to right;
I wickedness shunn'd, and was clean in his sight:
His path I have kept, and not wander'd away;
His laws were before me by night and by day.

XI.

From sin I was free—in uprightness I stood;
And God in his grace recompens'd me with good:
With merciful men, God will merciful be;
The upright, God's uprightness, ever shall see.

XII.

The pure shall purity also obtain;
 But the froward shall meet with sorrow and pain;
 The haughty and proud the Lord will bring down;
 But to the afflicted his love shall be shown.

PART 3.

XIII.

When darkness surrounds, the Lord is my light;
 I've vanquish'd my foes by his sovereign might:
 His ways are all perfect, and tried is his word;
 To all that believe him, a shield is the Lord!

XIV.

For who is a God save the Lord? there is none:
 A rock, firm for aye, is Jehovah alone;
 He girds me with strength, and make's perfect my
 way;
 I may run as the hind, yet not go astray.

XV.

He instructs me to war—he sets me on high;
 And the enemy's power I wholly defy:
 Thy shield of salvation I bear—thy right hand
 Upholds and defends me, and firmly I stand.

PART 4.

XVI.

My path thou hast brighten'd—with meekness I'm
 blest;
 My foes now are fallen—they can't me molest:
 With strength thou hast girded me unto the fight;
 Sunk for ever they are, by thy terrible might.

XVII.

The lives of my foes thou hast placed in my hand;
And them that me hated are slain off the land;
They cried out aloud, but to save there was none;
To God they did cry, but his mercy was gone.

XVIII.

Small as the dust I them made in that day;
As mire of the streets I did cast them away;
The people are still, and the heathen me own;
And tribes shall serve me, that I have not known.

XIX.

At the sound of my name they shall humbly obey;
The sons of the stranger their homage shall pay:
God liveth for ever—my Rock is the Lord—
The strangers shall fail, when God's name shall be
heard!

XX.

To the holes of the rocks, they swiftly shall run,
In trouble and fear God's presence to shun:
God is my avenger—the people to me,
He lays in subjection—exalted is He!

XXI.

He delivers me from the hand of my foes;
He raises my head above all that oppose:
From the violent man in safety I stand—
I'll tell of his goodness throughout the whole land.

XXII.

Deliverance mighty he gives to his king—
Among all the heathen his praises I'll sing!
His anointed and me He will crown with his love;
And my seed evermore his mercy will prove.

PSALM XIX.

I.

The firmament above,
The heav'ns on high declare
Their Maker's power and love,
Their Maker's wond'rous care:
Each night and day,
A God proclaim;
They speak His name—
His skill display.

II.

To men of ev'ry clime,
Of ev'ry tongue and land;
Throughout the course of time,
They prove a Sov'reign Hand:
Their line is gone
The wide earth through;
Their words unto
Earth's ends are known.

III.

In them is placed the sun,
Which from his chamber goes,
Like a strong man to run—
His heav'nly path he knows:
He starts at morn,
As bridegroom glad,
In light array'd,
Earth to adorn.

IV.

From farthest east to west,
He runs his shining way;
He never taketh rest—
Supplying all with day:

God is the King—
 And, at His word,
 His heat is pour'd
 On ev'ry thing.

PART 2.

v.

The law of God the Lord
 Is perfect; and converts
 The souls who love His word,
 And keep it in their hearts:
 They grow in grace;
 They grow in strength;
 Until at length,
 They see His face.

vi.

God's testimony sure,
 The simple ones makes wise;
 And His commandment pure,
 Enlighteneth the eyes:
 His statutes right,
 Rejoice the heart:
 They bliss impart;
 They shed delight.

vii.

Clean is Jehovah's fear,
 And everlasting too:
 His judgments shall appear
 Righteous and always true:
 Than finest gold,
 Much more are they
 Desired to be;
 Or wealth untold.

VIII.

Due warning I receive
 By them; and great reward
 In keeping them, I have:
 What pleasure they afford!
 Than honey they
 Much sweeter are
 To me by far,
 From day to day.

PART 3.

IX.

O God! thy searching eye
 Man's heart discerneth through:
 Let me thy love enjoy;
 With grace my soul endue!
 O cleanse thou me
 From secret sin;
 That all within
 May holy be.

X.

And from presumption's thrall,
 Keep back thy servant, Lord:
 O may I never fall
 By hasty act or word!
 Thus I shall be
 Upright and pure;
 And can endure
 From sinning free.

XI.

O let my ev'ry word,
 And each thought, in thy sight
 Be acceptable, Lord;
 And always just and right:

My strength, my King,
 Redeemer too:
 Forever true—
 To Thee I'll sing.

PSALM XX.

I.

In the dark day, when trouble's near,
 O may the Lord to thee give ear!
 The God of Jacob thee defend,
 And from his temple succor send.

II.

May He thy off'rings call to mind,
 And thou His strength from Zion find:
 May He accept thy prayer, and own
 Thy sacrifices from His throne!

III.

In God's salvation we will joy;
 And in His name our banners high
 We will upraise; he shall fulfill
 Our whole desire—perform our will.

IV.

Now I am sure the Lord Most High
 Saves his anointed:—ever nigh
 Is He to him; and He will hear
 From His most holy place, his prayer.

V.

On chariots—horses—some rely
 For safety; but to God *we* cry!
 The saving strength of His right hand
 Is our defence, and firm we stand.

VI.

Vanquish'd are they and fallen low;
 But we the Lord's salvation know!
 Forever our salvation be,
 Great King—we look alone to Thee!

PSALM XXI.

I.

The king shall exult in the strength of the Lord,
 And in his salvation rejoice:
 The request of his lips Thou hast graciously heard,
 And heeded his suppliant voice;—
 His way with the blessings of goodness hast spread;
 Hast granted the wish of his heart;
 A crown of pure gold thou hast placed on his head;
 And from him wilt never depart.

II.

Thou gavest him life at his humble request;
 His days shall be joyful and long:
 With honor and majesty Thou hast him blest:—
 Salvation is ever his song!
 Yea, blessed for aye, Thou hast made him to be;
 Thy countenance glads him with joy:
 Through thy mercy, O God, for he trusted in Thee,
 His foes he shall ever defy.

III.

The Lord shall deliver thy foes in thy hand,
 And swallow them up in His ire;
 Each one of their seed He shall root from the land,
 Because of their evil desire.
 In the day when Jehovah his saints shall reward,
 Like chaff will their enemies be:—
 In thy own matchless strength, be exalted, O Lord:
 The power we'll ascribe unto Thee!

PSALM XXII.

I.

Why hast thou left me, Lord? O why,
Dost thou not hear my plaintive cry?
By day and night I pray to thee;
Why, Lord, art thou so far from me?

II.

But Thou, who brought thy people through*
Their evils, holy art, and true:
Our fathers called on Thee, and they
Were rescued from the enemy.

III.

But I'm despised—accounted nought—
And lower than the lowest brought:
His trust in God he did avow,
Men say—then let Him save him now.

IV.

But I my being owe to Thee;
Thou wast my hope in infancy:
Upon thy goodness, Lord alone,
From my first moment was I thrown.

V.

O be not far from me, for woe
Is near; no help but thine I know!
My foes all round have compass'd me,
And triumph in my misery.

VI.

My bones are broken—weak am I—
My spirit fails, my strength is dry:
The wicked mock—my tongue is dumb:
Unto the dust of death I'm come!

VII.

My bones they pierce—my feet—my hands;
 And each upon me gazing stands:
 They part my garments—vesture seize—
 And cast lots for it as they please.

VIII.

But be not far from me, O Lord;
 Rescue thy servant from the sword:
 The hand of the blood-thirsty stay;
 O God, my strength, help now I pray!

IX.

Thou didst thy succor interpose,
 When I was placed mid savage foes:
 As dogs and lions now they stand
 Around me—save me by thine hand!

X.

Courage my soul! I'll yet proclaim
 Unto my brethren, God's great name:
 'Midst the assembly I will praise
 The God of might, in future days.

 PART 2.

XI.

O all ye saints who fear the Lord,
 Give him the praise with one accord:
 Ye seed of Jacob, glorify
 Your King, and fear the LORD Most High!

XII.

The Lord hath not despised the moan,
 And prayer, of the afflicted one:
 Unto his case he has regard;
 And when he cried to Him—He heard.

XIII.

My praises unto thee, O Lord,
In the assembly shall be heard:
My vows I will perform before
The men who God's great name adore.

XIV.

All they that seek the Lord shall praise
Their King unto eternal days:
Their heart forevermore shall live:—
The meek shall plenteousness receive.

XV.

And all the ends of earth shall turn
Unto the Lord, and goodness learn;
The kindreds of the nations, all,
Rememb'ring God, before Him fall.

XVI.

The kingdom is the Lord's, and He
Among the nations King shall be!
All who on earth in fulness live,
Shall eat with joy, and worship give.

XVII.

All they that unto dust go down,
To Him shall bow—his greatness own:
None can sustain himself—not one;—
Life to preserve, is God's alone.

XVIII.

A seed, a generation named,
Shall serve the Lord—forever famed!
Yea they shall come, and shall proclaim
To future people, His blest name.

XIX.

Awake, awake, the blessed morn,
 When to a people now unborn,
 They shall His righteousness make known,
 And tell abroad what God hath done!

 PSALM XXIII.

I.

The Lord of love, the Lord of might,
 My Shepherd is, my soul's delight:
 I shall not want, I will not fear;
 He, my defence, is ever near!
 In pastures green, secure I lay;
 By gentle streams I take my way:
 Refresh'd each day with draughts of grace,
 I keep the paths of righteousness!

II.

Yea, should my journey lay where death
 Darks with his shade the vale beneath;—
 Strength of my soul! thy guardian care
 Should be thy servant's safety there!
 I would not fear—thy staff, thy rod,
 My stay and comfort are, O God!
 A table stands with rich supplies,
 In presence of my enemies!

III.

The Lord anoints my head with oil;
 He glads me with his favor's smile:
 My cup with blessedness o'erflows;
 My soul his loving-kindness knows!

Mercy and goodness shall pursue
Me, as this life I journey through:
And when the saints from death shall rise,
I shall obtain enduring joys!

PSALM XXIV.

I.

Earth by Jehovah's hand was laid
Upon the seas, and steadfast made:
Established upon the flood,
It hath for ages firmly stood.

II.

It is the Lord's—its fulness too:—
He made each herb before it grew:
And all of ev'ry kind and kin,
Are His also, that dwell therein.

III.

Oh, who shall be accounted meet,
Within his holy place, his feet
To set? Or who is he who will
Ascend unto His holy hill?

IV.

'Tis he whose hands are clean—whose heart
Is pure—who hath not had a part
In vanity—not sworn with guile:
And truth defended all the while.

V.

He shall the blessing from the Lord
Receive: to him will God accord
The gift of righteousness; and He,
His great salvation e'er will be.

VI.

The generation of the meek,
Men who the God of Jacob seek,
Are such—the holy of the land:
And they shall in His presence stand.

VII.

Ye gates and doors, wide entrance give—
And glory's King with joy receive!
Who is this King? JEHOVAH—*He!*
The LORD of might and majesty.

VIII.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of praise!
Ye everlasting doors, upraise
Yourselves; receive the glorious King:—
Let heav'n and earth with praises ring!

IX.

This King of glory—what His name?
The Lord of hosts—of endless fame—
In battle mighty—this is HE:
The King of strength and victory.

 PSALM XXV.

I.

Father, I lift my soul to thee:
Let not the spiteful enemy
Put me to scorn and shame:
Let shame be the transgressors' fate;
But honor theirs, on thee who wait;
And love and fear thy name.

II.

Shew unto me thy ways, O Lord:
 Instruct me from thy holy word:
 On thee I wait all day.
 Thy tender mercies and thy love,
 Redeeming Saviour, let me prove:
 From ancient times are they.

III.

My sins of youth remember not;
 And all my late transgressions blot
 Out of thy book, O God:
 Regard me for thy goodness' sake;
 Let me thy mercy rich partake;
 Nor feel thy vengeful rod.

IV.

The Lord is upright, good, and kind:
 Sinners who call his ways to mind,
 Mercy obtain, and peace.
 The meek in judgment he will guide:
 His ways they learn, and safe abide;
 And stand in righteousness.

V.

To such as keep his statutes pure,
 His truth and mercy shall endure,
 Now and through endless day.
 All my iniquity forgive,
 O Lord, I ask, and let me live,
 And in thy favor stay.

VI.

What man is he who fears the Lord?
 He shall derive from his blest word,
 Wisdom, and light, and grace:

His soul in goodness shall remain;
 His seed inheritance obtain
 In earth, and dwell in peace.

VII.

They who in fear of God do live,
 The secret of the Lord receive:
 His covenant they know:
 On him my eye is ever set;
 He'll pluck my feet out of the net;
 And safely I shall go.

VIII.

Turn unto me, look on my state;
 I am distress'd and desolate;
 My troubles many are:
 Thy mercy grant, my sins forgive;
 Safe from my foes, O let me live!
 Sore hate to me they bear.

IX.

O save, and keep me, for I wait
 On thee, O God; let not my fate
 Be shame before my foes:
 Let justice keep me; and redeem
 Thine Israel, Lord, from all of them,
 Who would their peace oppose.

 PSALM XXVI.

I.

I've trusted in the Lord most High;
 I shall not slide away:
 I've walk'd in mine integrity:
 Judge me, O Lord, I pray.

II.

Examine me, and prove me, Lord,
And try my heart and reins:
I've kept the precepts of thy word:
Thy love my soul sustains.

III.

With the dissemblers and the vain,
I have not passed my days:
I will not sit with the profane:—
I hate the sinner's ways.

IV.

With holy hands, thine altar, Lord,
I'll compass, that I may
With grateful voice declare thy word,
And wondrous works, always.

V.

The habitation of thine house,
Lord, I have loved, and where
Thy honor dwells, I'll pay my vows;
And thy blest name declare.

VI.

With sinners and with men of blood,
Take not my life away:
Mischief and bribes they love, and good,
They shun from day to day.

VII.

But as for me, I'll ever stand
In mine integrity:
Redeem me from destruction's hand;
Thy mercy grant to me.

VIII.

Rejoice my soul! the Lord is mine;
 My surety, and my stay:
 With the assembly I will join
 In blessing him always.

PSALM XXVII.

I.

God is my light—salvation too!
 I will not fear what man can do:
 Strength of my life, great God thou art:
 I dread not Satan's fiery dart.

II.

The time my foes against me came,
 Fierce to devour, as burning flame;
 They stumbled and they fell, and I
 Was safely kept, for God was nigh.

III.

Although an host in stern array,
 Should stand against me, no dismay
 My heart should feel: though war should rise,
 I would not dread my enemies.

IV.

One thing I've craved, and still desire;—
 'Tis in God's temple to inquire,
 And dwell therein throughout my days:
 And see the beauty he displays.

V.

In His pavilion me He'll hide,
 When trouble shall the world betide:
 Beneath his shelt'ring wing secure,
 Firm as a rock, I shall endure.

VI.

Mine head above my foes He'll raise;
 Therefore I'll sing aloud his praise,
 And offer sacrifice of joy:—
 O hear me, Lord, whene'er I cry!

VII.

Answer thou me, and grant thy grace:—
 I heard thy word, *seek ye my face*:
 I'll seek thy face, my heart replied:
 Thy face, Lord, from me, never hide!

VIII.

In anger put me not away;
 Thou art my help from earliest day:
 God of my life, whom I adore,
 Be thou my help forevermore!

IX.

When father, mother, me forsake,
 The Lord me to Himself will take:
 O Lord, instruct me in thy way:
 The foe stands round, my soul to slay.

X.

False witnesses against me rise:—
 O save me from these enemies!
 O God, I still believe to see
 Thy goodness where the living be.

XI.

Courage, my soul—the Lord is thine!
 Though men against me do combine;
 O Lord, I still will wait on Thee;
 And I shall thy salvation see.

PSALM XXVIII.

I.

O Lord, my rock, I'll cry to Thee;
Be thou not silent unto me,
Lest I become like them that go
Down to the pit of death and woe.

II.

Hear thou my prayer whene'er I cry:—
With men that work iniquity,
Who utter peace with guile in heart,
O may I never have a part.

III.

Meet out to them a due reward,
According to their deeds, O Lord:
And as they meant their neighbor's ill;
With evil, Lord, their bosoms fill.

IV.

The works of God they heed not, and
Among the just they shall not stand:
Jehovah shall their souls destroy:
For them no peace—for them no joy!

V.

My supplications God hath heard:
Blessed forever be the Lord!
He is my strength, He is my shield:
Praise unto Him I'll ever yield.

VI.

My heart rejoices—I will sing
Praises to Him, my strength, my King!
I trusted in Him, and I found,
His help unto me to abound.

VII.

O Lord, thy people save, and bless
 Thine own inheritance with peace:
 Thou art our strength—Thee we adore:
 Be Thou our joy forevermore!

 PSALM XXIX.

I.

In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord,
 Ye sons of the mighty, and give to His name
 The strength and the glory with gladsome accord;
 And loud let the Universe echo the fame!
 His voice on the waters—in thunders is heard—
 The waves of the ocean His presence bespeak:
 The cedars of Lebanon break at his word;
 And towering mountains as timid things quake.

II.

The voice of Jehovah divideth the flame;
 And by His mighty word the cattle increase:
 The wilderness shakes at the sound of His name;
 But He blesses His people with favor and peace.
 He sits on the flood—He is King evermore—
 The strength of His people forever He'll be:
 O come, all ye saints, and His goodness adore;
 Redemption is coming—the great jubilee!

 PSALM XXX.

I cried to God—he answer'd me,
 And suffer'd not the enemy
 To mock at my distress:
 From death the Lord hath kept my soul:
 Therefore his power I will extol:
 His name I'll ever bless.

II.

Thrice holy is our heav'nly King!
 Therefore, ye saints, give thanks and sing:—
 Life in his favor is.
 His anger but a moment stays:
 Though tears outlast the night, the rays
 Of morn bring joy and bliss.

III.

And in my soul's prosperity,
 I said, I never mov'd shall be;—
 Lord, by thy favor, thou
 Hast made my mountain firmly stay:—
 But when he hid his face away,
 In trouble I did bow!

IV.

I cried again to thee, O God:
 What profit is there in my blood,
 If down to death I go?
 How shall the dust, thy truth and praise,
 Declare? O Lord my soul upraise;
 Thy help unto me show.

V.

My mourning into joy hath he
 Turn'd; and with gladness girded me;
 My sackcloth cast away:
 Henceforth thy praise aloud I'll sing
 Unceasingly, O God my King,
 Throughout eternal day.

PSALM XXXI.

I.

O Lord, I trust in thy great name;
O let me ne'er be put to shame;
O save me in thy righteousness:
Rescue me now! Lord, hear my cry;
Send me deliv'rance from on high;—
Be help and safety in distress.

II.

My fortress and my rock art Thou:
O Lord, direct and guide me now,
Because I've made thy name my tower:
O take my feet out of the net,
Which privily for me they set:—
O Lord, my strength, display thy power.

III.

To thee my spirit I commit,
O Lord: thou hast redeem'd it;
Thou God of truth and holiness:
I've hated them that vanities
Regard, and have delight in lies:
My hope art thou, O God of grace.

IV.

And in thy mercy I will be
Glad and rejoice, for thou didst see
My trouble and adversity:
Safe from the wrath of those who sought
My harm, thou hast my servant brought;
And from their snares hast set me free.

PART 2.

V.

In trouble I am brought again ;
 Grief dims my eye—in sorrow, pain,
 And sighing, now I pass my years :
 Because of mine iniquity,
 My soul consumes, my strength is dry :
 In mercy, Lord, regard my tears !

VI.

To all mine enemies, my name
 A word of mere reproach became :
 And to my neighbors deeper scorn :
 And my acquaintances with dread
 Were seized ; and those that saw me fled :
 Thus was I left—alone, forlorn.

VII.

Just as the dead are out of mind,
 Or worthless thing is left behind,
 I am forgot : from day to day
 I'm made afraid : when they had met
 To plan against me, snares they set
 To take me, and my soul to slay.

VIII.

But Lord, I trusted still in thee :
 I said, thou art my God : O be
 My safety from the enemy :
 My times are in thy hand—now make
 Thy face to shine : and for the sake
 Of thy great mercies, rescue me.

IX.

O let not shame come unto me ;
 For I have called, O Lord, on thee :
 Shame to the vile, accord—and death !

Let lying lips be closed, which speak
 With pride and scorn, against the meek,
 Words of unrighteousness and wrath.

PART 3.

X.

How great thy goodness is, O Lord,
 Which thou hast mercifully stored,
 For them that fear thee: thou hast wrought
 Salvation for the men who trust
 In thee, the Mighty and the Just;
 And count the arm of flesh but nought.

XI.

From strife of tongues, and from the pride
 Of man, thou shalt in secret hide
 Their souls, and keep them in thy care:
 And I will bless the Lord, for he
 His wondrous kindness unto me
 Hath shown, and answer'd my prayer.

XII.

When in the city, fenced and strong,
 I saw that I was placed among
 The treach'rous men; in haste I said,
 I am cut off before thine eyes,
 O Lord; but thou didst hear my cries:
 And into safety I was led.

XIII.

Love ye the Lord, all saints, for he
 Preserves the faithful: ever be
 Of courage strong, and he shall give
 Strength to your souls: he will accord
 Unto the proud a due reward:
 But ye shall in his favor live.

PSALM XXXII.

I.

That man hath blessedness indeed,
Who from iniquity is freed;
To whom the Lord imputes not sin;
Whose spirit guileless is within.

II.

When I kept silence, all the day
And night, in deep distress I lay;
A moment's ease I could not find;
And gloom and sorrow fill'd the mind.

III.

I then confess'd my sin to thee,
O Lord, and thou forgavest me:
I said, P'll my transgressions own;—
And mercy unto me was shown.

IV.

For this each godly man shall pray
To thee, in an accepted day:
And when destruction's flood shall come,
He shall escape the sinner's doom.

V.

God is my hiding place; and he
From trouble shall preserve me free:
Loudly with joy I will proclaim
Songs of deliv'rance to his name.

VI.

Lest I should ever go astray,
He will instruct me in the way,
Where I should go; and safely keep
Me, when awake, and when I sleep.

VII.

Children of men, with ready mind,
 Seek ye the Lord, and good you'll find:
 Be not as brutes, unthinking, wild;
 But teachable, obedient, mild.

VIII.

Sorrow to sinners shall abound;
 But mercy shall the good surround:
 Be glad in God, all ye who trust
 In him; rejoice aloud, ye just.

 PSALM XXXIII.

I.

Rejoice ye righteous in the Lord:
 Let harp and voice, with glad accord,
 Join in His praise, who is your trust;
 For praise is comely for the just.

II.

O come! your choicest music bring;
 And a new song with gladness sing;
 Because his word is right and pure;—
 His works are true, and shall endure.

III.

Judgment and righteousness he loves;
 The bounteous earth his goodness proves:
 At his command the heav'nly frame,
 With all the worlds, to being came.

IV.

He doth the waters of the deep,
 Gather together as an heap:
 He lays the ocean's depth in store:—
 Let all the world the Lord adore!

V.

Jehovah spake, and it was done;
 The earth appear'd—the moon, the sun:
 This orb stood fast at his command:—
 Fear Him, ye men, in ev'ry land.

VI.

The heathen's counsel unto nought,
 By the Almighty shall be brought:
 The people's vile devices, he
 Maketh of none effect to be.

VII.

Jehovah's counsel shall stand fast;
 His thoughts and purposes shall last
 Throughout all generations sure;
 And with eternity endure.

 PART 2.

VIII.

Happy the nation—there is none
 Like them so blest, whom for his own
 Inheritance, the Lord shall claim:
 He is their God! bless'd their name!

IX.

The Lord from his exalted throne,
 Beholds the sons of men—each one:
 He forms their hearts alike; he knows
 Their ev'ry work—their joys, their woes.

X.

No king by multitude of host
 Is saved: let not the mighty boast
 Of his great power; vain is his arm,
 Or the strong steed, to save from harm.

XI.

The Lord beholds the meek, the just,
 The men who in his mercy trust,
 And fear his name, their soul to save
 From death, and famine's dreadful grave.

XII.

Our souls wait on the Lord: he is
 Our help, our shield, our hope, our bliss:
 Because we've trusted in his name,
 We will his praise aloud proclaim.

XIII.

O let thy mercy ever be
 According as we hope in thee,
 O Lord; and we will lift our voice
 In song, and in thy love rejoice.

 PSALM XXXIV.

I.

Each day I'll bless the Lord; His praise
 Upon my lips shall ever be:
 My soul shall boast in Him always:
 The humble shall rejoice with me.

II.

O come, let us exalt the Lord;
 Together magnify His name:
 I sought Him, and my prayer He heard:
 From fear He saved me, and from shame.

III.

My friends sought God; and then they fear'd
 No more, but confidently stood:
 'This poor man cried—the Lord him heard,
 Saved him from harm, and show'd him good.

IV.

His angel stands around to save
 From ill, the souls that keep His word:
 What blessings they who trust Him have!
 Come, taste the goodness of the Lord.

V.

O fear the Lord, ye saints; and you
 Shall feel no want: the lions young
 Do lack, and suffer hunger too:
 But ye shall live—secure and strong.

 PART 2.

VI.

Ye children, come, give ear to me,
 That you may learn Jehovah's fear:
 What man desireth good to see,
 And many days of life would share?

VII.

From evil keep thy tongue; from guile
 Preserve thy lips; wholly depart
 From sin; do good; and all the while
 Seek peace—pursue it with thy heart.

VIII.

Jehovah's eyes are on the just,
 And to their cry he giveth ear:
 He shall the wicked grind to dust,
 None shall on earth their names declare.

IX.

He saves the meek, whene'er they cry,
 From all their troubles; and to those
 Of broken heart, the Lord is nigh:
 The contrite soul his mercy knows.

X.

Many the good man's sorrows are ;
 But soon they all shall flee away :
 The Lord will keep him in his care,
 Secure unto salvation's day.

XI.

Evil shall all the wicked slay :
 The good man's foes shall be destroyed :
 But God will be His servants' stay ;
 And they forever shall abide !

 PSALM XXXV.

I.

Lord, I submit my case to thee :—
 Strive thou with them that strive with me ;
 Defeat those who against me fight :
 Take hold of buckler and of shield :
 Lord in thy strength I will not yield :—
 Be thou my help—maintain my right.

II.

Draw out the spear, and stop the way
 Of those who seek my soul to slay ;
 Tell me, thou my salvation art :
 Ashamed, confounded, be all those,
 Who are my deadly, hating foes :
 Let bitter anguish fill their heart.

III.

As chaff before the wind be they ;
 All dark and slipp'ry their way :
 And send thine angel, Lord, to chase,
 And persecute them : for, for me,
 A snare they've planted privily :
 Yea, causeless, have they done all this.

IV.

O let destruction, unaware,
 Come upon them; and in the snare,
 They hid for me, themselves be caught:
 And joyful in the Lord I'll be,
 When his salvation I shall see:
 His help in vain I never sought.

V.

Thy goodness, then, I will record;
 And I will say, Almighty Lord,
 Who unto thee shall be compared?
 Thou hast the poor man's foe withstood,
 And saved the humble and the good:
 Loud shall thy mercies be declared.

 PART 2.

VI.

False witnesses with malice fill'd,
 Men who my soul's destruction will'd,
 Charged me with things I did not know:
 How deep was their iniquity!
 They ill for good rewarded me;
 And sought to aggravate my woe.

VII.

But I my dress of sackcloth made,
 When they were sick: I fasted—prayed:
 And to myself my prayer return'd:
 I bowed down heavily, as though
 My brother or my friend lay low;
 Or one who for his mother mourn'd.

VIII.

But in mine own adversity,
 How they exulted over me:—
 The meanest objects with them join'd!

It was their happiness to see
 My very deepest misery :
 To vex my soul they all combined.

IX.

Almighty Lord, how long wilt thou
 Behold all this? O rescue now
 Thy servant from their savage hate :
 Lord, I believe I yet shall see
 The day when I shall sing to thee
 Praise in the congregation great.

 PART 3.

X.

O suffer not the enemy
 Longer to triumph over me ;
 For mischief alway they devise
 Against the peaceful of the land :
 The time they thought me in their hand,
 How glad were they to spread their lies !

XI.

This has been seen, O Lord, by thee :
 O keep not silence ; unto me
 Be near ;—in my behalf arise !
 Judge me, O Lord, in righteousness :
 Let them no more destroy my peace ;
 Let them no more thy child despise.

XII.

Permit them not to boast and say,
 He is destroy'd—a castaway :
 But to confusion and to shame,
 Together let them all be brought,
 Who have my soul's destruction sought,
 Loathed and dishonor'd be their name.

XIII.

But let them shout for joy, that show
 Kindness to me when I am low:
 Yea, let them say continually,
 Let God be magnified, who loves
 To bless the man his heart approves:
 And I myself will joyful be.

 PSALM XXXVI.

I.

Why doth the wicked so transgress?
 It is because he fears not God:
 Himself he flatters in his ways,
 Till he is loathed all abroad.

II.

His words are wickedness and guile;
 Wisdom and righteousness he shuns;
 Evil he loves, and all the while
 In broad destruction's way he runs.

III.

But though the wicked hate the just,
 And fain would drive them from the land—
 The souls that make the Lord their trust,
 Despite their rage, shall surely stand.

IV.

O Lord, Thy mercy is on high;
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep:
 Thy faithfulness unto the sky
 Reacheth; and justice thou wilt keep.

V.

All creatures are preserv'd by Thee :
 How dear Thy loving-kindness is!
 For this mankind shall happy be,
 And trust in Thee, their strength, their bliss.

VI.

And with the fatness of Thy house,
 They shall abundantly be fed:
 From Thee life's fountain ever flows:—
 Unto its streams they shall be led.

VII.

Lord, in Thy light shall we see light!
 Let them that know Thee taste Thy love
 Forevermore; and the upright
 Always Thy truth and justice prove.

VIII.

Let not the proud against me come,
 Nor let the wicked me o'erthrow:
 Soon shall the sinner meet his doom;
 And rise no more, life's good to know.

 PSALM LXVIII.

Jehovah! in thy might arise, disperse thy hating
 foes:
 Yea, let them flee, as smoke is driv'n, where thou
 thy presence shows.
 As wax before the fire gives way, so let them all
 consume:
 Or as the fat of lambs is lost, be such their righ-
 teous doom!*

* Psalm 37: 20.

But let the saints be glad, let them rejoice aloud
and sing;
Hosannas raise, in highest praise, to their Al-
mighty King!
Extol Him on the heavens who rides in majesty
sublime;
A father of the fatherless, unto the end of time.
God in his holy dwelling is a judge of widows low;
He sets the lone in families, and lets the prisoners
go.
But rebels dwell in thirsty lands, and sinners find
it ill,
To break the laws of God, and walk according to
their will.

O God, when through the desert thou didst lead
thy people forth,
The heavens did drop, old Sinai moved, and fear'd
the trembling earth!
When thine inheritance was faint, a plenteous
rain came down:
It was confirm'd thereby and bless'd—the Lord
his people own'd.
And of thy goodness God of love, thou hast pro-
vision made
For Israel's poor and desolate, making their bosoms
glad.

The Lord gave forth the word, and great the
preachers' host became,
Kings of great armies fled apace; captains re-
nown'd of fame.
Their chariots and their horse were nought, their
purposes and toil;
While she who calmly staid at home, divided all
the spoil!

Though ye have lien among the pots, yet as the
 silver'd wings
 And gilded feathers of the dove, ye shall come
 forth like kings!

Why leap ye so, ye tow'ring hills? The hill of
 God appears!
 This is the hill wherein the Lord will dwell
 through endless years.
 The chariots of Israel's God are twenty thousand
 strong;
 The Lord is with them; angels too, in thousands
 swell the throng.
 Thou hast ascended upon high, and led captivity
 Captive itself; and precious gifts for men, that
 they may see
 Thy goodness, Lord, thou hast received; yea, for
 the rebels too:—
 O! bless his name, whose mercies are, each morn
 and even new.
 The God that is our God is He who brings salva-
 tion down
 To men, and saves from death, and doth His
 saints with glory crown!
 But God shall wound the heads of those who still
 transgress His laws,
 When he himself appears and comes to vindicate
 his cause!

'The Lord said, I will bring again my people from
 the sea,
 That in the blood of enemies, thy feet may dipped
 be.

When in the sanctuary, Lord, thy goings were
 display'd,
 The singers led, the damsels young, aloud the
 timbrels play'd:

In rapt'rous notes, sweet music gave its sounds
to swell the praise—

Children of Israel! bless your God to everlasting
days.

Benjamin, Judah, Naphtali, and Zebulon are there,
With ruler, princes, counsellors—all these thy
goodness share.

Strengthen, O Lord, the gracious work, which
thou for us hast wrought;

And presents from earth's kings shall be unto thy
temple brought.

Rebuke the spearmen's company, the rebels near
and far,

Till each submit; and scatter thou those that de-
light in war.

Princes from Egypt's land shall come; O! tell it
all abroad,

And Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands to
God!

Kingdoms of earth, sing unto God; in Him let all
rejoice,

That rideth on the heav'n of heav'ns, and gives
the mighty voice.

Ascribe ye strength to God, the power belongs to
Him alone;

His excellency over us, his Israel, is shown.

Out of thy holy places, Lord, how terrible thou
art!

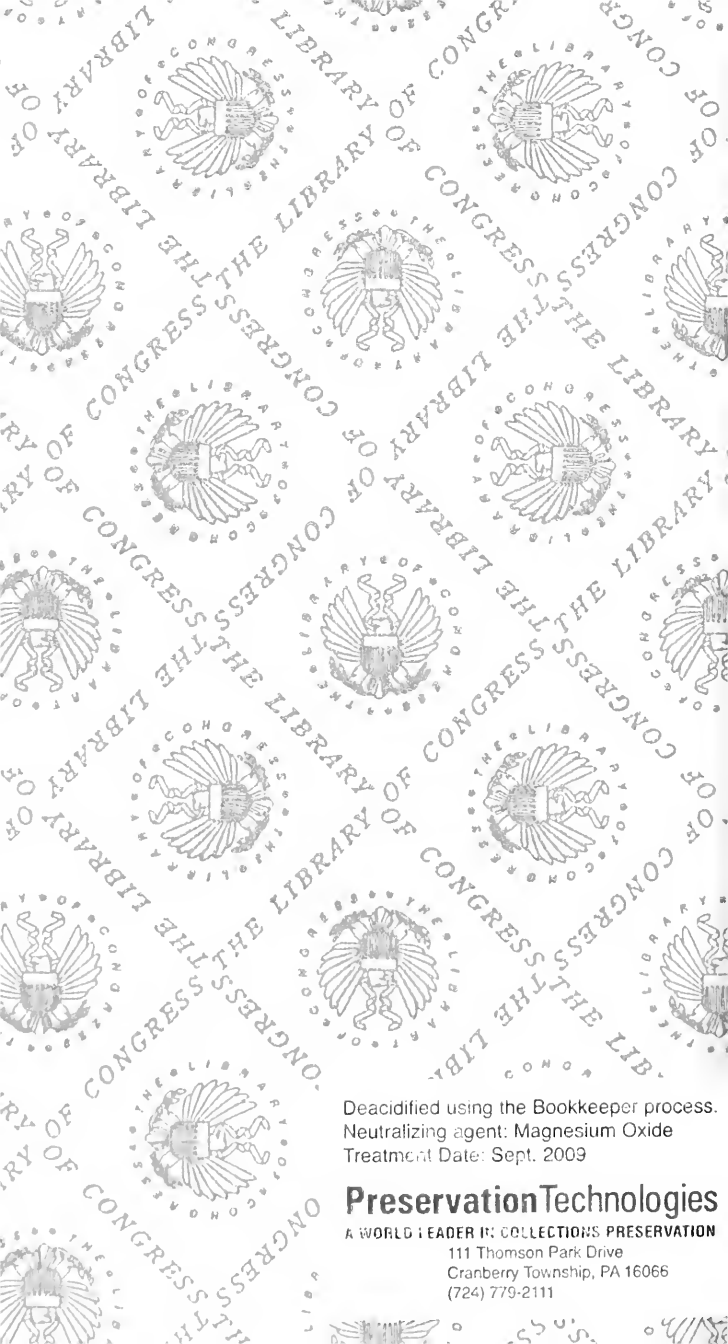
But goodness, power, and blessedness, thou dost
to us impart.

Redeem'd from death, we'll sing anew, thy praises
evermore—

Join heaven and earth, with one accord, Jehovah
to adore!

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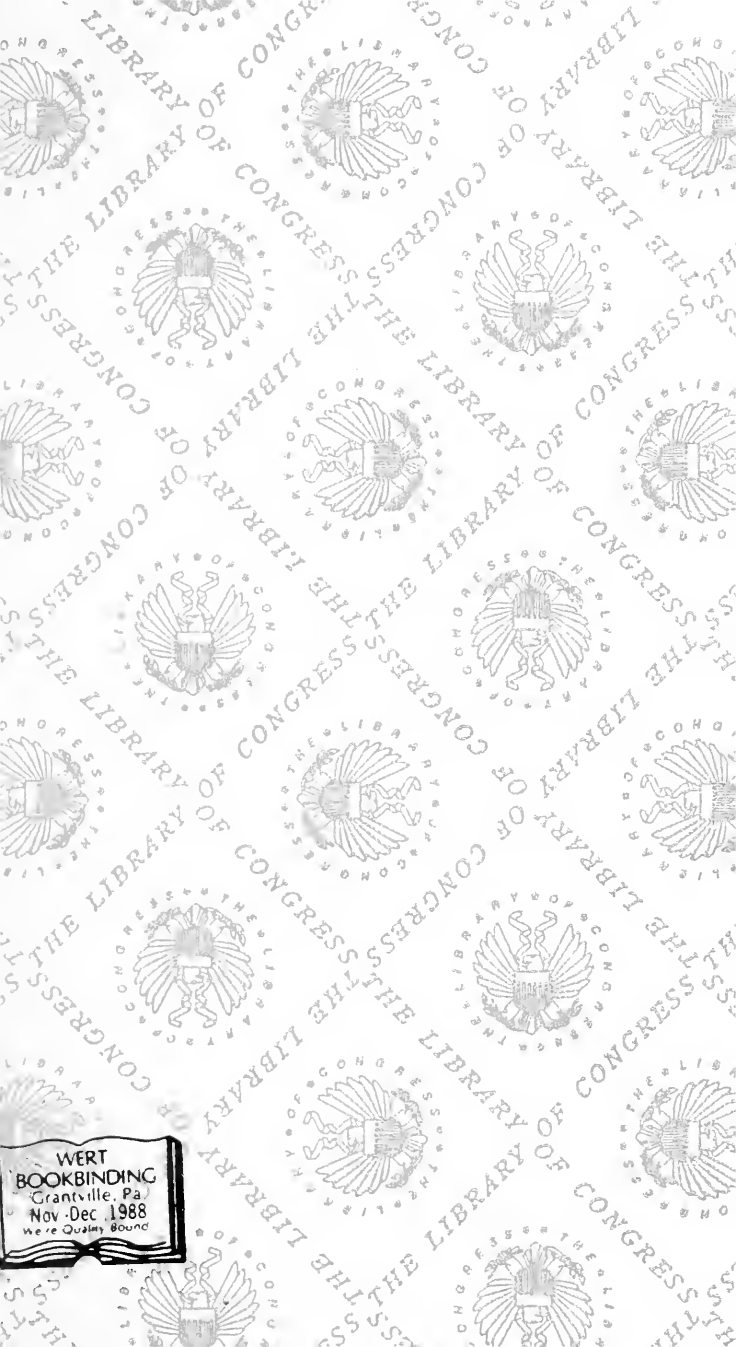


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