





FROM THE LIBRARY OF  
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO

THE LIBRARY OF  
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SCB  
4661









177

177

177

A  
New Version  
OF THE  
P S A L M S  
OF  
D A V I D.

FITTED TO THE TUNES  
Used in Churches.

BY  
N. BRADY, D. D.

Late Chaplain in ordinary, and

N. TATE, Esq.

Late Poet Lauret, to the King of England.

FIRST WORCESTER EDITION.

Printed at WORCESTER, *Massachusetts*,  
By ISAIAH THOMAS,  
Sold at his Bookstore in WORCESTER, and  
by him and Company in BOSTON.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

MISSISSIPPI

THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI

IN SENATE

JANUARY 1862

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

FOR THE YEAR 1861

AND

FOR THE YEAR 1862

A  
NEW VERSION  
OF THE  
PSALMS.

---

Psalm I. *Common metre.*

- 1 HOW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk :  
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits  
Where men profanely talk !
- 2 But makes the perfect law of God  
His bus'ness and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend,  
He still shall flourish, and success  
All his designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,  
No lasting root shall find,  
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd,  
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb  
Before the Judge's face :  
No formal hypocrite shall then  
Among the saints have place :
- 6 For God approves the just man's ways,  
To happiness they tend :  
But sinners and the paths they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.

Psalm II. *Common metre.*

- 1 WITH restless and ungovern'd rage,  
 Why do the heathen storm?  
 Why in such rash attempts engage,  
 As they can ne'er perform?
- 2 The great in counsel and in might,  
 Their various forces bring!  
 Against the Lord they all unite,  
 And his anointed king.
- 3 "Must we submit to their commands?"  
 Presumptuously they say:  
 "No, let us break their slavish bands,  
 And cast their chains away."
- 4 But God, who sits enthron'd on high,  
 And sees how they combine,  
 Does their conspiring strength defy,  
 And mocks their vain design.
- 5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break  
 On his rebellious foes:  
 And thus will he in thunder speak,  
 To all that dare oppose:
- 6 "Though madly you dispute my will  
 The King that I ordain,  
 Whose throne is fix'd on *Sion's* hill,  
 Shall there securely reign."
- 7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare  
 God's uncontrol'd decree:  
 "Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,  
 Have I begotten thee.
- 8 Ask, and receive thy full demands;  
 Thine shall the heathen be;  
 The utmost limits of the lands,  
 Shall be possess'd by thee.

- 9 Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,  
 And crush them ev'ry where ;  
 As massy bars of iron break,  
 The potter's brittle ware."
- 10 Learn, then, ye princes, and give ear,  
 Ye judges of the earth ;
- 11 Worship the Lord with holy fea ,  
 Rejoice with awful mirth.
- 12 Appease the Son with due respect,  
 Your timely homage pay ;  
 Lest he revenge the bold neglect,  
 Incens'd by your delay.
- 13 If but in part his anger rise,  
 Who can endure the flame ?  
 Then blest are they whose hope relies  
 On his most holy name.
- 

Psalm III. *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OW many, Lord, of late are grown  
 The troublers of my peace !  
 And as their numbers hourly rise,  
 So does their rage encrease.
- 2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,  
 And him whom I adore :  
 The God in whom he trusts, say they,  
 Shall rescue him no more.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art my defence ;  
 On thee my hopes rely :  
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet,  
 Lift up my head on high.
- 4 Since whensoever in like distress,  
 To God I made my pray'r,  
 He heard me from his holy hill ;  
 Why should I now despair ?

- 5 Guarded by him I laid me down,  
My sweet repose to take ;  
For I through him securely sleep,  
Through him in safety wake.
- 6 No force nor fury of my foes,  
My courage shall confound ;  
Were they as many hosts as men,  
That have beset me round.
- 7 Arise, and save me, O my God,  
Who oft hast own'd my cause ;  
And scatter'd oft these foes to me,  
And to thy righteous laws.
- 8 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
He only can defend ;  
His blessing he extends to all,  
That on his pow'r depend.

**Psalm IV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** LORD, that art my righteous judge,  
To my complaint give ear,  
Thou still redeem'st me from distress :  
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 How long will ye, O sons of men,  
To blot my fame devise ?  
How long your vain designs pursue,  
And spread malicious lies ?
- 3 Consider that the righteous man  
Is God's peculiar choice :  
And when to him I make my pray'r,  
He always hears my voice.
- 4 Then stand in awe of his commands,  
Flee every thing that's ill ;  
Commune in private with your hearts,  
And bend them to his will.

- 5 The place of other sacrifice ;  
 Let righteouſneſs ſupply ;  
 And let your hope, ſecurely fix'd,  
 On God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly minds impatient grow,  
 More proſp'rous times to ſee ;  
 Still let the glories of thy face  
 Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
- 7 So ſhall my heart o'erflow with joy,  
 More laſting and more true,  
 Than theirs, who ſtores of corn and wine  
 Succeſſively renew.
- 8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,  
 And take my needful reſt :  
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,  
 Of thy defence poſſeſt.
- 

**Psalm V.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,  
 Accept my ſecret pray'r ;
- 2 To thee alone, my king, my God,  
 Will I for help repair.
- 3 Thou in the morn my voice ſhalt hear,  
 And with the dawning day,  
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
 To thee devoutly pray.
- 4 For thou, the wrongs that I ſuſtain,  
 Can'ſt never, Lord, approve ;  
 Who from thy ſacred dwelling place  
 All evil doſt remove.
- 5 Not long ſhall ſtubborn fools remain  
 Unpunish'd in thy view :  
 All ſuch as act unrighteous things,  
 Thy vengeance ſhall purſue.

- 6 The stand'ring tongue, O God of truth,  
By thee shall be destroy'd ;  
Who hat'ft alike the man in blood,  
And in deceit employ'd.
- 7 But when thy boundless grace shall me  
To thy lov'd courts restore,  
On thee, I'll fix my longing eyes,  
And humbly there adore.
- 8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws ;  
For watchful is my foe :  
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way,  
Wherein I ought to go.
- 9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit ;  
Their heart is set on wrong ;  
Their throat is a devouring grave ;  
They flatter with their tongue.
- 10 By their own counsels let them fall,  
Oppress'd with loads of sin :  
For they against thy righteous laws  
Have harden'd rebels been.
- 11 But let all those who trust in thee,  
With shouts their joy proclaim ;  
Let them rejoice, whom thou preserv'st,  
And all that love thy name.
- 12 To righteous men the righteous Lord  
His blessing will extend ;  
And with his favour all his saints,  
As with a shield, defend.

*Psalm VI. Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,  
And spare a wretch forlorn :  
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,  
Too heavy to be borne.

- Have mercy, Lord, for I grow faint,  
 Unable to endure  
 The anguish of my aching bones,  
 Which thou alone canst cure.
- 3 My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind,  
 And fills my soul with grief :  
 But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay  
 To grant me thy relief ?
- 4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat  
 And ease my troubled soul :  
 Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,  
 Vouchsafe to make me whole.
- 5 For after death no more can I  
 Thy glorious acts proclaim ;  
 No pris'ner of the silent grave  
 Can magnify thy name.
- 6 Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,  
 No hope of ease I see ;  
 The night that quiets common griefs,  
 Is spent in tears by me.
- 7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,  
 My eyes with weakness close ;  
 Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think  
 On my insulting foes.
- 8 Depart, ye wicked ; in my wrongs  
 Ye shall no more rejoice ;  
 For God, I find, accepts my tears,  
 And listens to my voice.
- 9, 10 He hears and grants my humble pray'r,  
 And they that wish my fall,  
 Shall blush and rage, to see that God  
 Protects me from them all.

Psalm VII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** LORD, my God, since I have plac'd  
 My trust alone in thee,  
 From all my persecutors rage,  
 Do thou deliver me.
- 2 To save me from my threat'ning foe,  
 Lord interpose thy pow'r ;  
 Lest, like a savage lion he  
 My helpless soul devour.
- 3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er  
 Against his peace combine ;  
 Nay, if I have not spar'd his life,  
 Who fought unjustly mine :
- 5 Let then to persecuting foes,  
 My soul become a prey ;  
 Let them to earth tread down my life,  
 In dust my honour lay.
- 6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,  
 In my defence engage ;  
 Exalt thyself above my foes,  
 And their insulting rage :  
 Awake, awake in my behalf  
 The judgment to dispense,  
 Which thou hast righteously ordain'd  
 For injur'd innocence.
- 7 So to thy throne adoring crouds  
 Shall still for justice fly :  
 Oh ! therefore for their sakes, resume  
 Thy judgment seat on high.
- 8 Impartial Judge of all the world,  
 I trust my cause to thee ;  
 According to my just deserts,  
 So let thy sentence be.

- 9 Let wicked arts and wicked men,  
 Together be o'erthrown ;  
 But guard the just, thou God to whom  
 The hearts of both are known.
- 10, 11 God me protects ; not only me,  
 But all of upright heart ;  
 And daily lays up wrath for those  
 Who from his laws depart.
- 12 If they persist, he whets his sword,  
 His bow stands ready bent ;
- 13 Ev'n now with swift destruction wing'd  
 His pointed shafts are sent.
- 14 The plots are fruitless, which my foe  
 Unjustly did conceive,
- 15 The pit he digg'd for me has prov'd  
 His own untimely grave.
- 16 On his own head his spite returns,  
 Whilst I from harm am free :  
 On him the violence is fall'n,  
 Which he design'd for me.
- 17 Therefore will I the righteous ways  
 Of providence proclaim ;  
 I'll sing the praise of God most high,  
 And celebrate his name.

Psalm VIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world, how great art thou !  
 How glor'ous is thy name !  
 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,  
 Nor fully reckon'd there ;
- 2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue,  
 Thy boundless praise declare,

- Through thee the weak confound the strong  
 And crush their haughty foes ;  
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng  
 That thee and thine oppose.
- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high  
 Employs my wond'ring sight ;  
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
 With stars of feebl' light.
- 4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
 To keep him in thy mind ?  
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
 To them so wond'rous kind ?
- 5 Him next in pow'r, thou didst create  
 To thy celestial train ;
- 6 Ordain'd with dignity and state  
 O'er all thy works to reign.
- 7 They jointly own his pow'rful sway ;  
 The beasts that prey or gaze ;
- 8 The bird that wings its airy way ;  
 The fish that cuts the seas.
- 9 O thou to whom all creatures bow  
 Within this earthly frame,  
 Through all the world how great art thou !  
 How glorious is thy name !
- 

Psalm IX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,  
 I will my heart prepare :  
 To all the list'ning world thy works,  
 Thy wond'rous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul  
 Exalted pleasure bring ;  
 Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,  
 Triumphant praise I sing.

- 3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn  
 Their backs in shameful flight :  
 Struck with thy presence, down they fell :  
 They perish'd at thy sight.
- 4 Against insulting foes advanc'd,  
 Thou didst my cause maintain ;  
 My right asserting from thy throne,  
 Where truth and justice reign.
- 5 The insolence of heathen pride  
 Thou hast reduc'd to shame ;  
 Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,  
 And blotted out their name.
- 6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats  
 Are to a period come ;  
 Our city stands, which you design'd  
 To make our common tomb.
- 7, 8 The Lord forever lives, who has  
 His righteous throne prepar'd ;  
 Impartial justice to dispense,  
 To punish or reward.
- 9 God is a constant sure defence  
 Against oppressing rage ;  
 As troubles rise, his needful aids  
 In our behalf engage,
- 10 All those who have his goodness prov'd  
 Will in his truth confide ;  
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man  
 That on his help rely'd.
- 11 Sing praises therefore to the Lord,  
 From *Sion* his abode ;  
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world,  
 Confess no other God.

## P A R T II.

- 12 When he enquiry makes for blood,  
He calls the poor to mind :  
The injur'd humble man's complaint,  
Redrefs from him shall find,
- 13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,  
Which spiteful foes create,  
Thou that hast rescu'd me so oft  
From death's devouring gate.
- 14 In *Zion* then I'll sing thy praise,  
To all that love thy name ;  
And with loud shouts of grateful joy  
Thy saving pow'r proclaim.
- 15 Deep in the pit they digg'd for me  
The heathen pride is laid ;  
Their guilty feet to their own snare  
Insensibly betray'd.
- 16 Thus, by the just returns he makes  
The mighty Lord is known ;  
While wicked men by their own plots  
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
- 17 No single sinner shall escape  
By privacy obscur'd ;  
Nor nation from his just revenge,  
By numbers be secur'd.
- 18 His suff'ring saints, when most distress'd  
He ne'er forgets to aid ;  
Their expectations shall be crown'd,  
Though for a time delay'd.
- 19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,  
And let not man o'ercome ;  
Descend to judgment and pronounce  
The guilty heathen's doom.

- 20 Strike terrour through the nations round,  
 'Till by consenting fear,  
 They to each other, and themselves,  
 But mortal men appear.
- 

**Psalm X.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HY presence why withdraw'st thou Lord,  
 Why hid'st thou now thy face,  
 When dismal times of deep distress  
 Call for thy wonted grace ?
- 2 The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,  
 Have made the poor their prey :  
 O let them fall by those designs  
 Which they for others lay.
- 3 For strait they triumph, if success  
 Their thriving crimes attend ;  
 And fordid wretches, whom God hates,  
 Perversely they commend.
- 4 To own a pow'r above themselves,  
 Their haughty pride disdains ;  
 And therefore in their stubborn mind  
 No thought of God remains.
- 5 Oppressive methods they pursue,  
 And all their foes they slight ;  
 Because thy judgments unobserv'd  
 Are far above their sight.
- 6 They fondly think their prosp'rous state,  
 Shall unmolested be ;  
 They think their vain designs shall thrive  
 From disappointment free.
- 7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,  
 With curses fill'd, and lies ;  
 By which the mischief of their heart  
 They study to disguise.

- 8 Near publick roads they lie conceal'd,  
 And all their art employ,  
 The innocent and poor at once  
 To rifle and destroy.
- 9 Not lions couching in their dens,  
 Surprise their heedless prey  
 With greater cunning, or express  
 More savage rage than they.
- 10 Sometimes they act the harmless man,  
 And modest looks they wear ;  
 That so deceiv'd the poor may less  
 Their sudden onset fear.

## P A R T II.

- 11 For God, they think, no notice takes  
 Of their unrighteous deeds ;  
 He never minds the suff'ring poor,  
 Nor their oppression heeds.
- 12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise  
 Stretch forth thy mighty arm ;  
 And, by the greatness of thy pow'r,  
 Defend the poor from harm.
- 13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,  
 And proudly boasting, say,  
 "The Lord regards not what we do,  
 He never will repay."
- 14 But sure, thou seest, and all their deeds  
 Impartially dost try ;  
 The orphan, therefore, and the poor,  
 On thee for aid rely.
- 15 Defenceless let the wicked fall,  
 Of all their strength bereft :  
 Confound, O God, their dark designs,  
 'Till no remains are left.

- 16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,  
Which shall forever stand ;  
Thou, who the heathen did'st expel  
From this thy chosen land.
- 17 Thou dost the humble suppliants hear,  
That to thy throne repair ;  
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,  
And then accept'st their pray'r.
- 18 Thou, in thy righteous judgments, weigh'st  
The fatherless and poor ;  
That so the tyrants of the earth  
May persecute no more.
- 

**Psalm XI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 SINCE I have plac'd my trust in God,  
A refuge always nigh,  
Why should I like a tim'rous bird,  
To distant mountains fly ?
- 2 Behold the wicked bend their bow,  
And ready fix their dart :  
Lurking in ambush to destroy  
The man of upright heart,
- 3 When once the firm assurance fails,  
Which publick faith imparts  
'Tis time for innocence to fly  
From such deceitful arts.
- 4 The Lord hath both a temple here,  
And righteous throne above ;  
Where he surveys the sons of men,  
And how their counsels move.
- 5 If God, the righteous, whom he loves,  
For trial does correct !  
What must the sons of violence,  
Whom he abhors, expect ?

- 6 Snares, fire and brimstone, on their heads  
 Shall in one tempest show'r ;  
 This dreadful mixture his revēge  
 Into their cup shall pour.
- 7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds  
 With signal favour grace ;  
 And to the upright man disclose  
 The brightness of his face.
- 

**Psalm XII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **S**INCE godly men decay, O Lord,  
 Do thou my cause defend ;  
 For scarce these wretched times afford  
 One just and faithful friend.
- 2 One neighbour now can scarce believe,  
 What th' other doth impart ;  
 With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,  
 And with a double heart.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,  
 Can never prosper long ;  
 God's righteous vengeance will confound  
 The proud blaspheming tongue.
- 4 In vain those foolish boasters say,  
 " Our tongues are sure our own ;  
 With doubtful words we'll still betray,  
 And be control'd by none."
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor,  
 And their oppression knows,  
 Will soon arise, and give them rest,  
 In spite of all their foes.
- 6 The word of God shall still abide,  
 And void of falsehood be,  
 As in the silver sev'n times try'd,  
 From drossy mixture free.

- 7 The promise of his aiding grace  
 Shall reach its purpos'd end ;  
 His servants from this faithless race  
 He ever shall defend.
- 8 Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,  
 To know which way to fly ;  
 When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,  
 Shall be advanc'd on high.
- 

**Psalm XIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?  
 Must I forever mourn ?  
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me,  
 Oh ! never to return ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,  
 And grief my heart oppress ?  
 How long my enemies insult,  
 And I have no redress ?
- 3 O, hear ! and to my longing eyes  
 Restore thy wonted light ;  
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep  
 In everlasting night.
- 4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast  
 'Twas their own strength o'ercame ;  
 Permit not them that vex my soul,  
 To triumph in my shame.
- 5 Since I have always plac'd my trust  
 Beneath thy mercy's wing,  
 Thy saving health will come and then  
 My heart with joy shall spring ;
- 6 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd  
 To thee, my God, ascend,  
 Who to thy servant in distress,  
 Such bounty didst extend.

**Psalm XIV.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **S**URE wicked fools must needs suppose  
That God is nothing but a name :  
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows,  
No breast is warm'd with holy flame.
- 2 The Lord look'd down from heav'ns high  
And all the sons of men did view, (tow'r  
To see if any own'd his pow'r ;  
If any truth or justice knew.
- 3 But all he saw were gone aside,  
All were degen'rate grown and base :  
None took religion for their guide,  
Not one of all the sinful race.
- 4 But can these workers of deceit  
Be all so dull and senseless grown,  
That they like bread my people eat,  
And God's almighty pow'r disown ?
- 5 How will they tremble then for fear,  
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake ?  
For, to the righteous, God is near,  
And never will their cause forsake.
- 6 Ill men in vain with scorn expose  
The methods which the good pursue :  
Since God a refuge is for those  
Whom his just eyes with favour view.
- 7 Would he his saving pow'r employ,  
To break his people's servile band ;  
Then shouts of universal joy  
Shall loudly echo through the land.

**Psalm XV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man, that may  
To thy blest courts repair ;  
Not stranger like; to visit them,  
But to inhabit there ?

- 2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought, and deed  
By rules of virtue moves :  
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak  
The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,  
His neighbour's fame to wound  
Nor hearken to a false report,  
By malice whisper'd round.
- 4 Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r,  
Can treat with just neglect ;  
And piety, though cloth'd in rags,  
Religiously respect.  
Who to his plighted vows and trust  
Has ever firmly stood ;  
And though he promise to his loss,  
He makes his promise good.
- 5 Whose soul in usury disdains  
His treasure to employ ;  
Whom no rewards can ever bribe,  
The guiltless to destroy.  
The man, who by his steady course  
Has happiness ensur'd,  
When earth's foundation shakes shall stand,  
By providence secur'd.

Psalm XVI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **P**ROTECT me from my cruel foes,  
And shield me, Lord, from harm ;  
Because my trust I still repose  
On thy almighty arm.
- 2 My soul all help but thine does slight,  
All gods but thee disown ;  
Yet can no deeds of mine requite,  
The goodness thou hast shown.

- 3 But those that strictly virtuous are,  
And love the thing that's right  
'T'o favour always and prefer,  
Shall be my chief delight.
- 4 How shall their sorrows be increas'd,  
Who other gods adore !  
Their bloody off'rings I detest,  
Their very names abhor.
- 5 My lot is fall'n in that blest land,  
Where God is truly known ;  
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand ;  
'Tis he supports my throne.
- 6 In nature's most delightful scene  
My happy portion lies ;  
The place of my appointed reign  
All other land outvies.
- 7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,  
Whose precepts give me light,  
And private counsel still afford,  
In sorrow's dismal night.
- 8 I strive each action to approve  
To his all seeing eye ;  
No danger shall my hopes remove,  
Because he still is nigh.
- 9 Therefore my heart all grief desies,  
My glory does rejoice ;  
My flesh shall rest, in hopes to rise,  
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,  
My soul from hell shalt free ;  
Nor let thy Holy One in death  
The least corruption see.

- 11 Thou shalt the paths of life display ;  
 That to thy presence lead ;  
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
 And joys that never fade.
- 

**Psalm XVII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O my just plea and sad complaint,  
 Attend, O righteous Lord,  
 And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,  
 A gracious ear afford.
- 2 As in thy sight I am approv'd,  
 So let my sentence be ;  
 And with impartial eyes, O Lord,  
 My upright dealings see.
- 3 For thou hast search'd my heart by day  
 And visited by night ;  
 And on the strictest trial found,  
 Its secret motions right.  
 Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone  
 My hearts designs acquit ;  
 For I have purpos'd that my tongue  
 Shall no offence commit.
- 4 I know what wicked men would do,  
 Their safety to maintain ;  
 But me thy just and mild commands  
 From bloody paths restrain.
- 5 That I may still in spite of wrongs,  
 My innocence secure,  
 O, guide me in thy righteous ways,  
 And make my footsteps sure.
- 6 Since heretofore I ne'er in vain  
 To thee my pray'r address'd :  
 O ! now, my God, incline thine ear  
 To this my just request.

- 7 The wonders of thy truth and love  
 In my defence engage,  
 Thou whose right hand preserves thy saints  
 From their oppressors rage.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O ! keep me in thy tend'rest care ;  
 Thy shelt'ring wing stretch out,  
 To guard me safe from savage foes,  
 That compass me about.
- 10 O'ergrown with luxury, inclos'd  
 In their own fat they lie.  
 And with a proud blaspheming mouth  
 Both God and man defy.
- 11 Well may they boast, for they have now  
 My paths encompass'd round ;  
 Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd  
 And couching on the ground.
- 12 In posture of a lion set,  
 When greedy of his prey ;  
 Or a young lion when he lurks  
 Within a covert way.
- 13 Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,  
 Their swelling rage control :  
 From wicked men, who are thy sword,  
 Deliver thou my soul :
- 14 From worldly men thy sharpest scourge  
 Whose portion's here below ;  
 Who fill'd with earthly stores aspire  
 No other bliss to know.
- 15 Their race is num'rous that partake  
 Their substance while they live ;  
 Their heirs survives, to whom they may  
 The vast remainder give.

16 But I in uprightneſs, thy face,  
 Shall view without control,  
 And, waking, ſhall its image find  
 Reflected in my ſoul.

**Psalm XVIII.** *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **N**O change of times ſhall ever ſhock  
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
 For thou haſt always been a rock  
 A fortrefs and defence to me.  
 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,  
 My truſt is in thy mighty pow'r ;  
 Thou art my ſhield from foes abroad,  
 At home my ſafeguard and my tow'r.
- 3 To thee I will addreſs my pray'r,  
 To whom all praiſe we juſtly owe,  
 So ſhall I, by thy watchful care,  
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.
- 4, 5 By floods of wicked men diſtreſs'd,  
 With deadly ſorrows compaſs'd round,  
 With dire infernal pangs oppreſs'd,  
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound.
- 6 To Heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,  
 To God addreſs my humble moan :  
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,  
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

P A R T II.

- 7 When God aroſe to take my part,  
 The conſcious earth did quake for fear ;  
 From their firm poſts the hills did ſtart,  
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.
- 8 Thick clouds of ſmoke diſpers'd abroad,  
 Enſigns of wrath before him came,  
 Devouring fire around him glow'd,  
 That coals were kindled at its flame.

- 9 He left the beauteous realms of light,  
 Whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head ;  
 Beneath his feet substantial night,  
 Was like a sable carpet spread.
- 10 The chariot of the King of kings,  
 Which active troops of angels drew,  
 On a strong tempest's rapid wings,  
 With most amazing swiftness flew.
- 11, 12 Black wat'ry mists and clouds conspir'd  
 With thickest shades his face to veil ;  
 But at his brightness soon retir'd,  
 And fell in show'rs of fire and hail.
- 13 Through heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal  
 God's angry voice did loudly roar ;  
 While earth's sad face, with heaps of hail  
 And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.
- 14 His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,  
 Which made his scatter'd foes retreat ;  
 Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,  
 And quickly finish'd their defeat.
- 15 The deep its secret stores disclos'd ;  
 The world's foundations naked lay,  
 By his avenging wrath expos'd,  
 Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

## P A R T III.

- 16 The Lord did on my side engage,  
 From heav'n his throne my cause upheld,  
 And snatch'd me from the furious rage  
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.
- 17 God his resistless pow'r employ'd,  
 My strongest foes attempts to break ;  
 Who else with ease had soon destroy'd,  
 The weak defence that I could make.

- 18 Their subtle rage had ne'er prevail'd,  
 When I dittress'd and friendless lay,  
 But still when other succours fail'd,  
 God was my firm support and stay.
- 19 From dangers that enclos'd me round,  
 He brought me forth and set me free ;  
 For some just cause his goodness found,  
 That mov'd him to delight in me.
- 20 Because in me no guilt remains,  
 God does his gracious help extend ;  
 My hands are free from bloody stains,  
 Therefore the Lord is still my friend.
- 21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,  
 In his just paths have always trod ;  
 I never did his statutes flight,  
 Nor loofely wander'd from my God.
- 23, 24 But still my soul, sincere, and pure,  
 Did ev'n from darling sins refrain ;  
 His favours therefore yet endure,  
 Because my heart and hands are clean.

## P A R T IV.

- 25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways  
 To various paths of human kind,  
 They who for mercy merit praise,  
 With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.  
 Thou to the just shall justice show,  
 The pure thy purity shall see ;  
 Such as perversely choofe to go,  
 Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,  
 And crush the haughty's boasted might,  
 In me the Lord an instance gave,  
 Whose darkness he has turn'd to light. ||

- 29 On his firm succour I rely'd,  
 And did o'er num'rous foes prevail ;  
 Nor fear'd whilst he was on my side,  
 The best defended walls to scale.
- 30 For God's designs shall still succeed,  
 His words will bear the utmost test ;  
 He's a strong shield to all that need,  
 And on his sure protection rest.
- 31 Who then deserves to be ador'd,  
 But God on whom my hopes depend ?  
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,  
 Can with resistless pow'r defend ?

## P A R T V.

- 32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,  
 And all my just designs fulfils ;  
 Through him, my feet can swiftly run,  
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills,
- 34 Lessons of war from him I take,  
 And manly weapons learn to wield :  
 Strong bows of steel with ease I break,  
 Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.
- 35 The buckler of his saving health  
 Protects me from insulting foes :  
 His hand sustains me still, my wealth  
 And greatness from his bounty flows.
- 36 My goings he enlarg'd abroad,  
 'Till then to narrow paths confin'd,  
 And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,  
 The method of my steps design'd.
- 37 Through him I num'rous hosts defeat,  
 And flying squad'rons captive take :  
 Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,  
 'Till I a signal conquest make,

- 38 Cover'd with wounds in vain they try,  
 Their vanquish'd heads again to rear ;  
 Spite of their boasted strength they lie  
 Beneath my feet and grovel there.
- 39 God, when fresh armies take the field,  
 Recruits my strength, my courage warms ;  
 He makes my strong opposers yield,  
 Subdu'd by my prevailing arms.
- 40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes  
 My conqu'ring feet in triumph press ;  
 Aided by him I root out those  
 Who hate and envy my success.
- 41 With loud complaints all friends they try'd  
 But none was able to defend ;  
 At length to God for help they cry'd ;  
 But God would no assistance lend.
- 42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue,  
 Their broken troops I scatter'd round :  
 Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw,  
 Like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

## P A R T VI.

- 43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,  
 By God's appointment me obey ;  
 The heathen to my sceptre bow,  
 And foreign nations own my sway.
- 44 Remotest realms their homage send,  
 When my successful name they hear :  
 Strangers for my commands attend,  
 Charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
- 45 All to my summons tamely yield,  
 Or soon in battle are dismay'd :  
 For stronger holds they quit the field,  
 And still in strongest holds afraid.

- 46 Let the eternal Lord be prais'd !  
 The rock on whose defence I rest ;  
 O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,  
 Who me with his salvation blest'd.
- 47 'Tis God that still supports my right,  
 His just revenge my foes pursues ;  
 'Tis he that with resistless might,  
 Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.
- 48 My universal safeguard, he,  
 From whom my lasting honours flow,  
 He made me great, and set me free,  
 From my remorseless, bloody foe.
- 49 Therefore to celebrate his fame,  
 My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise !  
 And nations, strangers to his name,  
 Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.
- 50 " God to his king deliv'rance sends,  
 Shews his anointed signal grace ;  
 His mercy evermore extends  
 To *David*, and his promis'd race."
- 

**Psalm XIX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
 Which that alone can fill ;  
 The firmament and stars express  
 Their great Creator's skill.
- 2 The dawn of each returning day,  
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings :  
 And from the dark returns of night  
 Divine instruction springs.
- 3 Their pow'rful language to no realm,  
 Or region is confin'd ;  
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood  
 Alike by all mankind.

- 4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense  
Through earth's extent display ;  
Whose bright contents the circling sun  
Does round the world convey.
- 5 No bridegroom for his nuptials drest,  
Has such a cheerful face ;  
No giant does like him rejoice,  
To run his glorious race.
- 6 From east to west, from west to east,  
His restless course he goes :  
And through his progress cheerful light,  
And vital warmth bestows.

## P A R T II.

- 7 God's perfect law converts the soul,  
Reclaims from false desires ;  
With sacred wisdom his sure word  
The ignorant inspires.
- 8 The statutes of the Lord are just,  
And bring sincere delight ;  
His pure commands in search of truth,  
Assist the feeblest sight.
- 9 His perfect worship here is fix'd,  
On sure foundations laid :  
His equal laws are in the scales  
Of truth and justice weigh'd.
- 10 Of more esteem than golden mines,  
Or gold refin'd with skill :  
More sweet than honey, or the drops  
That from the comb distil.
- 11 My trusty counsellors they are,  
And friendly warnings give ;  
Divine rewards attend on those,  
Who by thy precepts live.

- 12 But what frail man observes, how oft,  
 He does from virtue fall ?  
 O cleanse me from my secret faults,  
 Thou God that know'st them all.
- 13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,  
 Dominion have o'er me ;  
 That by thy grace, preserv'd, I may  
 The great transgression flee.
- 14 So shall my pray'r and praises be  
 With thy acceptance blest ;  
 And I secure, on thy defence,  
 My strength and Saviour rest.

**Psalm XX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord to thy request attend,  
 And hear thee in distress :  
 The name of *Jacob's* God defend,  
 And grant thy arms success.
- 2 To aid thee from on high repair,  
 And strength from *Sion* give ;
- 3 Remember all thy off'rings there,  
 Thy sacrifice receive,
- 4 To compass thy own heart's desire  
 Thy counsels still direct :  
 Make kindly all events conspire  
 To bring them to effect :
- 5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid  
 We cheerfully repair,  
 With banners in thy name display'd,  
 The Lord accept thy pray'r.
- 6 Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord  
 Our sov'reign will defend,  
 From heav'n resistless aid afford,  
 And to his pray'r attend.

- 7 Some trust in steeds for war design'd,  
On chariots some rely;  
Against them all we'll call to mind  
The pow'r of God most high.
- 8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown  
Behold them, through the plain,  
Disorder'd, broke and trampled down,  
Whilst firm our troops remain.
- 9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed  
Our rightful cause to blefs;  
Hear, King of heav'n, in times of need,  
The pray'rs that we address.
- 

**Psalm XXI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise  
Shall in thy strength rejoice  
With thy salvation crown'd, shall raise  
To heav'n his cheerful voice.
- 2 For thou, whate'er his lips request,  
Not only dost impart,  
But hast with thy acceptance blest  
The wishes of his heart.
- 3 Thy goodness and thy tender care  
Have all his hopes outgone;  
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear  
And sett'st it firmly on.
- 4 He pray'd for life; and thou, O Lord,  
Didst his short span extend,  
And graciously to him afford  
A life that ne'er shall end.
- 5 Thy sure defence, through nations round,  
Has spread his glorious name;  
And his successful actions crown'd  
With majesty and fame.

- 6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,  
 And mak'st his joys increas'd ;  
 Whilst thou to him, unclouded show'st  
 The brightness of thy face.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Because the king on God alone  
 For timely aid relies ;  
 His mercy still supports his throne,  
 And all his wants supplies.
- 8 But righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes  
 Shall feel thy heavy hand ;  
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those  
 That hate thy mild command,
- 9 When thou against them dost engage,  
 Thy just, but dreadful doom  
 Shall like a glowing oven's rage,  
 Their hopes and them consume.
- 10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,  
 Or with their ruin end ;  
 But root out all their guilty race,  
 And to their seed extend.
- 11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,  
 Their hearts on malice bent ;  
 But thou with watchful care didst still  
 The ill effects prevent.
- 12 In vain by shameful flight they'll try  
 To 'scape thy dreadful might ;  
 While thy swift darts shall faster fly,  
 And gall them in their flight.
- 13 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous strength disclose,  
 And thus exalt thy fame ;  
 Whilst we glad songs of praise compose  
 To thy almighty name.

Psalm XXII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,  
When I with anguish faint ;  
O ! why so far from me remov'd,  
And from my loud complaint ?
- 2 All day, but all the day unheard,  
To thee do I complain ;  
With cries implore relief all night,  
But cry all night in vain.
- 3 Yet thou art still the righteous judge  
Of innocence oppress'd ;  
And therefore *Israel's* praises are  
Of right to thee address'd.
- 4, 5 On thee our ancestors rely'd,  
And thy deliv'rance found ;  
With pious confidence they pray'd,  
And with success were crown'd.
- 6 But I am treated like a worm,  
Like none of human birth :  
Not only by the great revil'd,  
But made the rabble's mirth.
- 7 With laughter all the gazing crowd  
My agonies survey ;  
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,  
And thus, deriding say :
- 8 " In God he trusted boasting oft,  
That he was heav'n's delight ;  
Let God come down to save him now,  
And own his favourite."

## P A R T II.

- 9 Thou mad'st, O Lord, my mother's womb  
A living offspring bear ;  
When but a suckling at the breast,  
I was thy early care.

10 Thou guardian like did'st shield from  
 My helpless infant days ; (wrongs  
 And since hast been my God and guide,  
 Through life's bewilder'd ways.

11 Withdraw not them so far from me,  
 When trouble is so nigh :  
 O ! send me help, thy help, on which  
 I only can rely.

12 High pamper'd bulls, a frowning herd,  
 From *Basan's* forest met,  
 With strength proportion'd to their rage,  
 Have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and every mouth  
 A yawning grave appears ;  
 The desert lion's savage roar  
 Less dreadful is than theirs.

### P A R T III.

14 My blood, like waters spill'd, my joints  
 Are rack'd, and out of frame ;  
 My heart dissolves within my breast,  
 Like wax before the flame.

15 My strength like potter's earth is parch'd,  
 My tongue cleaves to my jaws ;  
 And to the silent shades of death  
 My fainting soul withdraws.

16 Like blood hounds, to surround me, they  
 In pack'd assemblies meet ;  
 They pierc'd my inoffensive hands,  
 They pierc'd my harmless feet.

17 My body's rack'd, till all my bones  
 Distinctly may be told :  
 Yet such a spectacle of woe,  
 As pastime they behold.

- 18 As spoil, my garments they divide,  
 Lots for my vesture cast :
- 19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my strength  
 And to my succour haste.
- 20 From their sharp sword protect thou me,  
 Of all but life bereft ;  
 Nor let thy darling in the pow'r  
 Of cruel dogs be left.
- 21 To save me from the lion's jaws,  
 Thy present succour send ;  
 As once from goring unicorns,  
 Thou didst my life defend.
- 22 Then to my brethren I'll declare  
 The triumphs of thy name ;  
 In presence of assembled saints,  
 Thy glory thus proclaim.
- 23 " Ye worshippers of *Jacob's* God,  
 " All you of *Israel's* line,  
 " O praise the Lord, and to your praise  
 " Sincere obedience join.
- 24 " He ne'er disdain'd on low distress,  
 " To cast a gracious eye ;  
 " Nor turn'd from poverty his face,  
 " But hears its humble cry."

## P A R T IV.

- 25 Thus in thy sacred courts will I  
 My cheerful thanks express ;  
 In presence of thy saints perform  
 The vows of my distress.
- 26 The meek companions of my grief,  
 Shall find my table spread ;  
 And all that seek the Lord, shall be  
 With joys immortal fed.

- 27 Then shall the glad converted world:  
 To God their homage pay ;  
 And scatter'd nations of the earth  
 One sov'reign Lord obey.
- 28 'Tis his supreme prerogative  
 O'er subject kings to reign :  
 'Tis just that he should rule the world,  
 Who does the world sustain.
- 29 The rich who are with plenty fed  
 His bounty must confess :  
 The sons of want, by him reliev'd,  
 Their gen'rous patron bless.  
 With humble worship to his throne  
 They all for aid resort :  
 That power which first their beings gave,  
 Can only them support.
- 30, 31 Then shall a chosen spotless race,  
 Devoted to his name,  
 To their admiring heirs his truth  
 And glorious acts proclaim.

**Psalm XXIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord himself, the mighty Lord  
 Vouchsafes to be my guide ;  
 The shepherd, by whose constant care  
 My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,  
 And gently there repose ;  
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
 Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim  
 And, to his endless praise,  
 Instruct with humble zeal to walk  
 In his most righteous ways.

- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free!  
For there his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 In presence of my spiteful foes,  
He does my table spread;  
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,  
With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God doth thus his wond'rous love  
Through all my life extend;  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

**Psalm XXIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's;  
The Lord's her fulness is,  
The world, and they that dwell therein,  
By sov'reign right are his.
- 2 He fram'd and fix'd it on the seas;  
And his almighty hand,  
Upon inconstant floods has made  
The stable fabrick stand.
- 3 But for himself this Lord of all  
One chosen seat design'd:  
O! who shall to that sacred hill  
Desir'd admittance find?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are pure,  
Whose thoughts from pride are free;  
Who honest poverty prefers  
To gainful perjury.
- 5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
Shall show'r his blessings down;  
Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
With righteousness to crown.

- 6 Such is the race of saints, by whom  
The sacred courts are trod ;  
And such the profelytes, that seek  
The face of *Jacob's* God.
- 7 Erect your heads, eternal gates,  
Unfold, to entertain  
The King of glory : see ! he comes  
With his celestial train.
- 8 Who is this King of glory ? Who ?  
The Lord for strength renown'd ;  
In battle mighty ; o'er his foes,  
Eternal victor crown'd.
- 9 Erect your heads, ye gates ; unfold,  
In state to entertain  
The King of glory ; see ! he comes  
With all his shining train.
- 10 Who is this King of glory ? Who ?  
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;  
Of glory he alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd.

*Psalm XXV. Short metre.*

- 1, 2 **T**O God, in whom I trust,  
I lift my heart and voice :  
O let me not be put to shame,  
Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 3 Those who on thee rely,  
Let no disgrace attend :  
Be that the shameful lot of such  
As wilfully offend.
- 4, 5 To me thy truth impart,  
And lead me in thy way :  
For thou art he that brings me help ;  
On thee I wait all day.

- 6 Thy mercies, and thy love,  
O Lord, recal to mind ;  
And graciously continue still  
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 7 Let all my youthful crimes  
Be blotted out by thee ;  
And for thy wond'rous goodness sake  
In mercy think on me.
- 8 His mercy and his truth,  
The righteous Lord displays,  
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,  
And teaching them his ways.
- 9 He those in justice guides,  
Who his direction seek ;  
And in his sacred paths shall lead  
The humble and the meek.
- 10 Through all the ways of God  
Both truth and mercy shine,  
To such as with religious hearts  
To his blest will incline.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Since mercy is the grace  
That most exalts thy fame ;  
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,  
And so advance thy name.
- 12 Whoe'er with humble fear  
To God his duty pays,  
Shall find the Lord a faithful guide,  
In all his righteous ways.
- 13 His quiet soul with peace  
Shall be forever blest,  
And by his num'rous race the land  
Successively possess'd.

- 14 For God to all his saints  
His secret will imparts,  
And does his gracious cov'nant write  
In their obedient hearts.
- 15 To him I lift my eyes,  
And wait his timely aid,  
Who breaks the strong and treach'rous snare  
Which for my feet was laid.
- 16 O ! turn and all my griefs,  
In mercy, Lord, redress ;  
For I am compass'd round with woes,  
And plung'd in deep distress.
- 17 The sorrows of my heart  
To mighty fums increase ;  
O ! from this dark and dismal state  
My troubled soul release.
- 18 Do thou, with tender eyes,  
My sad affliction see ;  
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt  
Entirely set me free.
- 19 Consider, Lord, my foes,  
How vast their numbers grow !  
What lawless force and rage they use,  
What boundless hate they show !
- 20 Protect, and set my soul  
From their fierce malice free ;  
Nor let me be ashamed who place  
My steadfast trust in thee.
- 21 Let all my righteous acts  
To full perfection rise ;  
Because my firm and constant hope  
On thee alone relies.

- 22 To *Israel's* chosen race  
Continue ever kind ;  
And in the midst of all their wants,  
Let them thy succour find.
- 

**Psalm XXVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord ; for I the paths  
Of righteousness have trod :  
I cannot fail, who all my trust  
Repose in thee, my God.
- 2,3 Search, prove my heart, whose innocence  
Will shine, the more 'tis try'd ;  
For I have kept thy grace in view,  
And made thy truth my guide.
- 4 I never for companions took  
The idle or profane ;  
No hypocrite, with all his arts,  
Could e'er my friendship gain.
- 5 I hate the busy, plotting crew,  
Who make distracted times ;  
And shun their wicked company  
As I avoid their crimes.
- 6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,  
And bring a heart so pure,  
That when thy altar I approach,  
My welcome shall be sure.
- 7,8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
How thy renown excels :  
That seat affords me most delight,  
In which thy honour dwells.
- 9 Pass not on me the sinner's doom,  
Who murder make their trade ;  
10 Who others rights, by secret bribes,  
Or open force, invade.

- 11 But I will walk in paths of truth,  
 And innocence pursue :  
 Protect me therefore, and to me  
 Thy mercies, Lord, renew.
- 12 In spite of all assaulting foes,  
 I still maintain my ground ;  
 And shall survive amongst thy saints,  
 Thy praises to resound.

**Psalm XXVII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HOM should I fear, since God to me  
 Is saving health and light ?  
 Since strongly he my life supports,  
 What can my soul affright.
- 2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,  
 When foes beset me round,  
 They stumbled, and their lofty crests  
 Were made to strike the ground.
- 3 Through him my heart undaunted dares  
 With num'rous hosts to cope ;  
 Through him in doubtful straits of war  
 For good success I hope.
- 4 Henceforth within his house to dwell  
 I earnestly desire ;  
 His wond'rous beauty there to view,  
 And his blest will enquire.
- 5 For there may I with comfort rest,  
 In times of deep distress ;  
 And safe as on a rock abide  
 In that secure recess :
- 6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes  
 My lofty head shall raise ;  
 And I my joyful off'ring bring,  
 And sing glad songs of praise.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,  
Whene'er to thee I cry ;  
In mercy all my prayers receive,  
Nor my request deny.
- 8 When us to seek thy glorious face  
Thou kindly dost advise ;  
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"  
My grateful heart replies.
- 9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,  
Nor me in wrath reject :  
My God and Saviour, leave not him  
Thou didst so oft protect.
- 10 Though all my friends and nearest kin,  
Their helpless charge forsake ;  
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,  
Wilt care and pity take.
- 11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,  
My ways directly guide ;  
Lest envious men who watch my steps,  
Should see me tread aside.
- 12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes ;  
Defeat their ill desire,  
Whose lying lips, and bloody hands  
Against my peace conspire.
- 13 I trusted that my future life  
Should with thy love be crown'd,  
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,  
With sorrow compass'd round.
- 14 God's time with patient faith expect,  
And he'll inspire thy breast  
With inward strength ; do thou thy part,  
And leave to him the rest.

Psalm XXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 O LORD, my rock, to thee I cry,  
 In sighs consume my breath,  
 O! answer; or I shall become  
 Like those that sleep in death.
- 2 Regard my supplications, Lord,  
 The cries that I repeat,  
 With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,  
 Before thy mercy seat.
- 3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,  
 Who make a trade of ill;  
 And ever speak the person fair,  
 Whose blood they mean to spill.
- 4 According to their crimes extent  
 Let justice have its course:  
 Relentless be to them, as they  
 Have sinn'd without remorse.
- 5 Since they the works of God despise,  
 Nor will his grace adore,  
 His wrath shall utterly destroy,  
 And build them up no more.
- 6 But I, with due acknowledgment,  
 His praises will resound,  
 From whom the cries of my distress  
 A gracious answer found.
- 7 My heart its confidence repos'd  
 In God my strength and shield;  
 In him I trusted and return'd  
 Triumphant from the field:  
 As he has made my joys complete,  
 'Tis just that I should raise  
 The cheerful tribute of my thanks,  
 And thus resound his praise:

- 3 " His aiding pow'r supports the troops  
 " That my just cause maintain :  
 " 'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne ;  
 " 'Tis he secures my reign."
- 9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed  
 Thine heritage to blefs,  
 With plenty prosper them, in peace :  
 In battle, with success.
- 

Psalm XXIX. *Long metre.*

- 1 Y E princes that in might excel,  
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare ;  
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,  
 His wond'rous pow'r to all declare.
- 2 To his great name fresh altars raise,  
 Devoutly due respect afford ;  
 Him in his holy temple praise,  
 Where he's with solemn state ador'd.
- 3 'Tis he that with amazing noise  
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks :  
 The ocean trembles at his voice,  
 When he from heav'n in thunder speaks.
- 4,5 How full of pow'r his voice appears !  
 With what majestick terrour crown'd !  
 Which from the roots tall cedars tears,  
 And strews their scatter'd branches round.
- 6 They, and the hills on which they grow  
 Are sometimes hurried far away ;  
 And leap like hinds that bounding go,  
 Or unicorns in youthful play.
- 7,8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,  
 And scatter'd flames of lightning sends,  
 The forest nods, the desert quakes,  
 And stubborn *Kadesh* lowly bends.

- 9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,  
 And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare ;  
 While those that to his courts belong,  
 Securely sing his praises there.
- 10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high :  
 His boundless sway shall never cease :  
 His people he'll with strength supply,  
 And bless his own with constant peace.
- 

**Psalm XXX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,  
 Who didst thy pow'r employ,  
 To raise my drooping head, and check  
 My foes insulting joy.
- 2, 3 In my distress I cry'd to thee,  
 Who kindly didst relieve,  
 And from the grave's expecting jaws  
 My hopeless life retrieve.
- 4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,  
 With songs of praise repair ;  
 With me commemorate his truth,  
 And providential care.
- 5 His wrath has but a moment's reign ;  
 His favour no decay :  
 Your night of grief is recompens'd  
 With joy's returning day.
- 6 But I, in prosp'rous days, presum'd ;  
 No sudden change I fear'd :  
 Whilst in my sunshine of success  
 No low'ring cloud appear'd.
- 7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,  
 My empire's only trust ;  
 For when thou hid'st thy face, I saw  
 My honour laid in dust.

- 8 Then, as I vainly had presum'd,  
My errour I confests'd ;  
And thus with supplicating voice  
Thy mercy's throne address'd :
- 9 " What profit is there in my blood,  
" Congeal'd by death's cold night ;  
" Can silent ashes speak thy praise,  
" Thy wond'rous truth recite ?
- 10 " Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear,  
" Thy wonted aid extend :  
" Do thou send help, on whom alone  
" I can for help depend."
- 11 'Tis done! thou hast the mournful scene  
To songs and dancing turn'd :  
Invested me in robes of state,  
Who late in sackcloth mourn'd.
- 12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing  
Thy praise in grateful verse ;  
And, as thy favours endless are,  
Thy endless praise rehearse.

**Psalm XXXI.** *Short metre.*

- 1 **D**EFEND me, Lord, from shame ;  
For still I trust in thee :  
As just and righteous is thy name,  
From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,  
And speedy succour send :  
Do thou my steadfast rock appear,  
To shelter and defend.
- 3 Since thou when foes oppress,  
My rock and fortress art,  
To guide me forth from this distress,  
Thy wonted help impart.

- 4 Release me from the snare  
Which they have closely laid ;  
Since I, O God my strength, repair  
To thee alone for aid,
- 5 To thee, the God of truth,  
My life, and all that's mine,  
(For thou preserv'st me from my youth)  
I willingly resign.
- 6 All vain designs I hate,  
Of those that trust in lies :  
And still my soul in ev'ry state,  
To God for succour flies.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Those mercies thou hast shown,  
I'll cheerfully express ;  
For thou hast seen my straits, and known  
My soul in deep distress.
- 8 When *Keilah's* treach'rous race  
Did all my strength inclose,  
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,  
To shun my watchful foes.
- 9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,  
And hear my just complaint ;  
For both my soul and flesh decay,  
With grief and hunger faint.
- 10 Sad thoughts my life oppress ;  
My years are spent in groans ;  
My sins have made my strength decrease,  
And ev'n consum'd my bones.
- 11 My foes my suff'rings mock'd ;  
My neighbours did upbraid ;  
My friends, at sight of me, were shock'd,  
And fled as men dismay'd.

- 22 Forsook by all am I,  
As dead and out of mind ;  
And, like a shatter'd vessel lie,  
Whose parts can ne'er be join'd.
- 23 Yet stand'rous words they speak,  
And seem my pow'r to dread :  
Whilst they together counsel take,  
My guiltless blood to shed.
- 24 But still my stedfast trust,  
I on thy help repose :  
That thou, my God, art good and just,  
My soul with comfort knows.

## P A R T III.

- 25 Whate'er events betide,  
Thy wisdom times them all :  
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide  
From those that seek his fall.
- 26 The brightness of thy face,  
To me, O Lord, disclose ;  
And as thy mercies still increase,  
Preserve me from my foes.
- 27 Me from dishonour save,  
Who still have call'd on thee ;  
Let that, and silence in the grave,  
The sinner's portion be.
- 28 Do thou their tongues restrain ;  
Whose breath in lies is spent ;  
Who false reports with proud disdain,  
Against the righteous vent.
- 29 How great thy mercies are  
To such as fear thy name ;  
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,  
Dost to the world proclaim !

- 20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,  
From proud oppressors free ;  
From tongues that do in strife delight,  
They are preserv'd by thee.
- 21 With glory and renown  
God's name be ever bless'd ;  
Whose love in *Keilab's* well fenc'd town  
Was wond'rously express'd.
- 22 I said, in hasty flight,  
" I'm banish'd from thine eyes ;"  
Yet still thou keep'st me in thy sight,  
And hear'st my earnest cries.
- 23 O ! all ye saints, the Lord  
With eager love pursue ;  
Who to the just will help afford,  
And give the proud their due.
- 24 Ye that on God rely,  
Courageously proceed :  
For he will yet your hearts supply  
With strength, in time of need.
- 

Psalm XXXII. *Long metre.*

- 1 HE's blest, whose sins have pardon gain'd,  
No more in judgment to appear ;
- 2 Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,  
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,  
My bones consum'd without relief ;  
All day did I with anguish roar ;  
But no complaints assuag'd my grief :
- 4 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,  
By day and night alike distress'd ;  
'Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,  
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.

- 5 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,  
The guilt that tortur'd me within,  
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,  
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 6 True penitents shall thus succeed,  
Who seek thee while thou may'st be found,  
And, from the common deluge freed,  
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.
- 7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,  
My tow'r of refuge I must own:  
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,  
And me with songs of triumph crown.
- 8 In my instruction then confide,  
You that would truth's safe path descry;  
Your progress I'll securely guide,  
And keep you in my watchful eye.
- 9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,  
Like men that reason have attain'd;  
Not like th' ungovern'd horse and mule,  
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
- 10 Sorrows, on sorrows multiply'd,  
The harden'd sinner shall confound:  
But them who in his truth confide,  
Blessings of mercy shall surround.
- 11 His saints, that have perform'd his laws,  
Their life in triumphs shall employ:  
Let them (as they alone have cause)  
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

**Psalm XXXIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy  
Their cheerful voices raise;  
For well the righteous it becomes  
To sing glad songs of praise.

- 2,3 Let harps and psalteries, and lutes,  
In joyful concert meet ;  
And new made songs of loud applause  
The harmony complete.
- 4,5 For faithful is the word of God :  
His works with truth abound :  
He justice loves ; and all the earth  
Is with his goodness crown'd.
- 6 By his almighty word, at first,  
Heaven's glorious arch was rear'd ;  
And all the beauteous hosts of light,  
At his command appear'd.
- 7 The swelling floods together roll'd,  
He makes in heaps to lie ;  
And lays, as in a storehouse safe,  
The wat'ry treasures by.
- 8,9 Let earth and all that dwell therein,  
Before him trembling stand :  
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made ;  
'Twas fix'd at his command.
- 10 He, when the heathen closely plot,  
Their counsels undermines :  
His wisdom ineffectual makes  
The people's rash designs.
- 11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,  
Shall stand forever sure ;  
The settled purpose of his heart  
To ages shall endure.

## P A R T II.

- 12 How happy then are they, to whom  
The Lord for God is known !  
Whom he, from all the world besides,  
Has chosen for his own.

- 13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,  
From heav'n, his throne, survey'd :  
He saw their works, and view'd their tho'ts,  
By him their hearts were made.
- 16, 17 No king is safe by num'rous hosts ;  
Their strength the strong deceives ;  
No manag'd horse, by force or speed,  
His warlike rider saves.
- 18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,  
Beholds with gracious eyes :  
He frees their soul from death ; their want,  
In time of dearth, supplies.
- 20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits :  
Our help and shield is he ;  
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,  
Because we trust in thee.
- 22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord,  
Do thou to us extend ;  
Since we, for all we want or wish,  
On thee alone depend.

**Psalm XXXIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of his deliv'rance I will boast,  
'Till all that are distress'd,  
From my example comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O! magnify the Lord with me,  
With me exalt his name :
- 4 When in distress to him I call'd,  
He to my rescue came.

5 Their drooping hearts were soon refresh'd  
 Who look'd to him for aid :  
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face  
 A cheerful air display'd :

6 " Behold (say they) behold the man,  
 " Whom Providence reliev'd ;  
 " So dang'rously with woes beset,  
 " So wond'rously retriev'd !"

7 The hosts of God encamp around  
 The dwellings of the just ;  
 Deliv'rance he affords to all  
 Who on his succour trust.

8 O ! make but trial of his love,  
 Experience will decide  
 How blest they are, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then,  
 Have nothing else to fear :  
 Make you his service your delight ;  
 He'll make your wants his care.

10 While hungry lions lack their prey,  
 The Lord will food provide  
 For such as put their trust in him,  
 And see their needs supply'd.

## P A R T II.

11 Approach ye piously dispos'd,  
 And my instruction hear ;  
 I'll teach you the true discipline  
 Of his religious fear.

12 Let him who length of life desires,  
 And prosp'rous days would see,

13 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,  
 His lips from falsehood free. ||

- 14 The crooked paths of vice decline,  
And virtue's way pursue;  
Establish peace where 'tis begun,  
And where 'tis lost, renew.
- 15 The Lord from heav'n beholds the just,  
With favourable eyes;  
And when distress'd, his gracious ear  
Is open to their cries;
- 16 But turns his wrathful look on those,  
Whom mercy can't reclaim,  
To cut them off, and from the earth  
Blot out their hated name.
- 17 Deliv'rance to his saints he gives,  
When his relief they crave;
- 18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,  
And contrite spirit save.
- 19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,  
Against the just conspire:
- 20 For, under their afflictions weight,  
He keeps their bones entire.
- 21 The wicked, from their wicked arts,  
Their ruin shall derive;  
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,  
Shall them and theirs survive.
- 22 For God preserves the souls of those,  
Who on his truth depend:  
To them and their posterity,  
His blessings shall descend.

*Psalm XXXV. Common metre.*

1 **A** GAINST all those that strive with me,  
O Lord, assert my right:  
With such as war unjustly wage,  
Do thou my battles fight. ||

- 2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield  
 Upon thy warlike arm :  
 Stand up, my God, in my defence ;  
 And keep me safe from harm.
- 3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course  
 That haste my blood to spill :  
 Say to my soul, " I am thy health,  
 " And will preserve thee still."
- 4 Let them with shame be cover'd o'er,  
 Who my destruction sought :  
 And such as did my harm devise,  
 Be to confusion brought.
- 5 Then shall they fly dispers'd like chaff  
 Before the driving wind ;  
 God's vengeful ministers of wrath  
 Shall follow close behind.
- 6 And, when through dark and slipp'ry ways  
 They strive his rage to shun,  
 His vengeful ministers of wrath  
 Shall goad them as they run.
- 7 Since, unprovok'd by any wrong,  
 They hid their treach'rous snare ;  
 And for my harmless soul a pit,  
 Did without cause prepare :
- 8 Surpris'd by mischiefs unforeseen,  
 By their own arts betray'd,  
 Their feet shall fall into the net,  
 Which they for me have laid.
- 9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name  
 For this deliv'rance bless ;  
 And, by his saving health secur'd,  
 Its grateful joy express.

- 10 My very bones shall say, " O Lord,  
 " Who can compare with thee?  
 " Who sett'st the poor and helpless man  
 " From strong oppressors free."

## P A R T II.

- 11 False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,  
 Against my truth combin'd ;  
 And to my charge such things they laid,  
 As I had ne'er design'd.
- 12 The good which I to them had done,  
 With evil was repaid ;  
 And did by malice undeserv'd  
 My harmless life invade.
- 13 But as for me, when they were sick,  
 I still in sackcloth mourn'd ;  
 I pray'd and fasted, and my prayer  
 To my own breast return'd.
- 14 Had they my friends or brethren been,  
 I could have done no more ;  
 Nor with more decent signs of grief  
 A mother's loss deplore.
- 15 How diff'rent did their carriage prove,  
 In times of my distress ;  
 When they, in crowds together met,  
 Did savage joy express  
 The rabble too, in num'rous throngs,  
 By their example, came ;  
 And ceas'd not with reviling words,  
 To wound my spotless fame.
- 16 Scoffers that noble tables haunt,  
 And earn their bread with lies,  
 Did gnash their teeth, and stand'rous jests  
 Maliciously devise.

- 17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on ?  
 On my behalf appear ;  
 And save my guiltless soul, which they  
 Like rav'ning beasts would tear.

## P A R T III.

- 18 So I, before the list'ning world,  
 Shall grateful thanks express ;  
 And where the great assembly meets  
 Thy name with praises bless.
- 19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,  
 Who me unjustly hate,  
 With open joy, or secret signs,  
 To mock my sad estate.
- 20 For they, with hearts averse to peace,  
 Industriously devise,  
 Against the men of quiet minds,  
 To forge malicious lies.
- 21 Nor with these private arts content,  
 Aloud they vent their spite,  
 And say, " At last we've found him out ;  
 " He did it in our fight."
- 22 But thou who dost both them and me  
 With righteous eye survey,  
 Assert my innocence, O Lord,  
 And keep not far away.
- 23 Stir up thyself in my behalf,  
 To judgment, Lord, awake :  
 Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,  
 To thy decision take.
- 24 Lord as my heart has upright been,  
 Let me thy justice find ;  
 Nor let my cruel foes obtain  
 The triumph they design'd.

- 25 O! let them not amongst themselves;  
 In boasting language say,  
 "At length our wishes are complete;  
 "At last he's made our prey."
- 26 Let such as in my harm rejoic'd,  
 For shame their faces hide;  
 And foul dishonour wait on those  
 That proudly me defy'd.
- 27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout,  
 Who my just cause befriend;  
 And bless the Lord, who loves to make  
 Success his saints attend.
- 28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,  
 Inspir'd with grateful joy;  
 And cheerful hymns, in praise of thee  
 Shall all my days employ.

Psalm XXXVI. *Long metre.*

- 1 MY crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,  
 His wicked purpose would disguise,  
 But reason whispers to my heart,  
 "No fear of God before his eyes."
- 2 He sooths himself, retir'd from sight;  
 Secure he thinks his treach'rous game;  
 'Till his dark plots, expos'd to light,  
 Their false contriver brand with shame.
- 3 In deeds he is my foe confess'd,  
 Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;  
 True wisdom's banish'd from his breast;  
 And vice has sole dominion there.
- 4 His wakeful malice spends the night  
 In forging his accurs'd designs;  
 His obstinate, ungen'rous spite  
 No execrable means declines,

- 5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,  
The highest orb of heav'n transcends;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Beyond the spreading skies extends.
- 6 Thy justice like the hills remains;  
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;  
Thy providence the world sustains;  
The whole creation is thy care.
7. Since of thy goodness all partake,  
With what assurance should the just  
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,  
And saints to thy protection trust!
- 8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,  
To banquet on thy love's repast:  
And drink as from a fountain head,  
Of joys that shall forever last.
- 9 With thee the springs of life remain;  
Thy presence is eternal day:
- 10 O! Let thy saints thy favour gain,  
To upright hearts thy truth display.
- 11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,  
And wicked hands my life surprise;
- 12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;  
Down, down they're fall'n no more to rise.

**Psalm XXXVII. Particular metre.**

- 1 **T**HOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,  
Yet let not their successful state  
Thy anger, or thy envy, raise;
- 2 For they, cut down, like tender grass,  
Or like young flow'rs, away shall pass,  
Whose blooming beauty soon decays. ||

- 3 Depend on God, and him obey ;  
So thou within the land shalt stay,  
Secure from danger and from want :
- 4 Make his commands thy chief delight,  
And he, thy duty to requite,  
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
- 5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,  
And he will needful help afford,  
To perfect ev'ry just design ;
- 6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,  
Thy clouded innocence appear,  
And as a midday sun to shine.
- 7 With quiet mind on God depend,  
And patiently for him attend,  
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,  
Though wicked men with wealth abound,  
And with success their plots are crown'd,  
Which they maliciously devise.
- 8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake ;  
Let no ungovern'd passion make  
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime :
- 9 For God shall sinful men destroy ;  
Whilst only they the land enjoy,  
Who trust in him and wait his time.
- 10 How soon shall wicked men decay ;  
Their place shall vanish quite away,  
Nor by the strictest search be found ;
- 11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,  
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,  
With peace and plenty always crown'd.

## P A R T II.

- 12 While sinful crowds, with false design,  
Against the righteous few combine, ||

And gnash their teeth, and threat'ning stand;  
 13 God shall their empty plots deride,  
 And laugh at their defeated pride :  
 He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,  
 The poor and needy to o'erthrow,  
 And men of upright lives to slay :  
 15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke ;  
 Their sharpen'd weapons' mortal stroke  
 Thro' their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favour blest,  
 That's by one righteous man possess'd,  
 The wealth of many bad excels :  
 17 For God supports the just man's cause ;  
 But as for those that break his laws,  
 Their unsuccessful pow'r he quells.

18 His constant care the upright guides,  
 And over all their life presides ;  
 Their portion shall forever last :  
 19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,  
 Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in dearth  
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked men, and those  
 Who proudly dare God's will oppose :  
 Destruction is their hapless share :  
 Like fat of lambs their hopes and they,  
 Shall in an instant melt away,  
 And vanish into smoke and air.

### P A R T III.

21 While finners brought to sad decay,  
 Still borrow on and never pay,  
 The just have will and pow'r to give. ||

- 22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless,  
 Shall peaceably the earth possess,  
 And those he curses shall not live.
- 23 The good man's way is God's delight,  
 He orders all the steps aright,  
 Of him that moves by his command :
- 24 Though he sometimes may be distress'd,  
 Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppress'd,  
 For God upholds him with his hand.
- 25 From my first youth, 'till age prevail'd,  
 I never saw the righteous fail'd  
 Or want o'ertake his num'rous race ;
- 26 Because compassion fill'd his heart,  
 And he did cheerfully impart,  
 God made his offspring's wealth increase.
- 27 With caution shun each wicked deed,  
 In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,  
 And so prolong your happy days :
- 28 For God, who judgment loves, does still  
 Preserve his saints secure from ill,  
 While soon the wicked race decays.
- 29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land,  
 His portion shall for ages stand ;  
 His mouth with wisdom is supply'd,  
 His tongue by rules of judgment moves,  
 His heart the law of God approves ;  
 Therefore his footsteps never slide.

## P A R T IV.

- 32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,  
 In vain the righteous to surprize,  
 In vain, his ruin does decree :

- 33 God will not him defenceless leave  
 To his revenge expos'd, but save,  
 And when he's sentenc'd, set him free.
- 34 Wait still on God ; keep his command,  
 And thou, exalted in the land,  
 Thy blest possession ne'er shall quit ;  
 The wicked soon destroy'd shall be,  
 And at his dismal tragedy  
 Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.
- 35 The wicked I in pow'r have seen,  
 And like a bay tree fresh and green,  
 That spreads its pleasant branches round :
- 36 But he was gone as swift as thought,  
 And though in ev'ry place I fought,  
 No sign or track of him I found.
- 37 Observe the perfect man with care,  
 And mark all such as upright are ;  
 Their roughest days in peace shall end :
- 38 While on the latter end of those,  
 Who dare God's sacred will oppose,  
 A common ruin shall attend.
- 39 God to the just will aid afford :  
 Their only safeguard is the Lord ;  
 Their strength, in time of need, is he :
- 40 Because on him they still depend,  
 The Lord will timely succour send,  
 And from the wicked set them free.

**Psalm XXXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HY chaf'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
 Tho' I deserve it all ;  
 Nor let at once on me the storm  
 Of thy displeasure fall.

- 2 In ev'ry wretched part of me  
Thy arrows deep remain ;  
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight  
I can no more sustain.
- 3 My flesh is one continu'd wound,  
Thy wrath so fiercely glows ;  
Betwixt my punishment and guilt,  
My bones have no repose.
- 4 My sins which to a deluge swell,  
My sinking head o'erflow ;  
And, for my feeble strength to bear,  
Too vast a burden grow.
- 5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,  
My folly's just return :
- 6 With trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,  
And all day long I mourn.
- 7 A loath'd disease afflicts my loins,  
Infecting ev'ry part ;
- 8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar,  
Through anguish of my heart.

## P A R T II.

- 9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes  
All my desires appear ;  
And, sure, my groans have been too loud,  
Not to have reach'd thine ear.
- 10 My heart's oppress'd, my strength decay'd,  
My eyes depriv'd of light :
- 11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen, gaze aloof  
On such a dismal sight.
- 12 Mean while, the foes that seek my life,  
Their snares to take me set ;  
Vent slanders, and contrive all day  
To forge some new deceit,

- 13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,  
Nor heard, nor once reply'd ;
- 14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue  
With conscious guilt is ty'd.
- 15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,  
My innocence to clear ;  
Assur'd that thou the righteous God,  
My injur'd cause will hear.
- 16 "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes  
"A spiteful joy display ;  
"Insulting, if they see my foot  
"But once to go astray."
- 17 And with continu'd grief oppress'd,  
To sink I now begin,
- 18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,  
To thee bewail my sin.
- 19 But whilst I languish, my proud foes  
Their strength and vigour boast ;  
And they who hate me without cause,  
Are grown a dreadful host.
- 20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return  
My kindness with despise ;  
And are my enemies, because  
I choose the path that's right.
- 21 Forsake not me, O Lord my God,  
Nor far from me depart ;
- 22 Make haste to my relief, O thou  
Who my salvation art.

Psalm XXXIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **R**ESOLV'D to watch o'er all my ways,  
I kept my tongue in awe ;  
I curb'd my hasty words, when I  
The prosp'rous wicked saw.

- 2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,  
And did my tongue refrain  
From good discourse; but that restraint  
Increas'd my inward pain.
- 3 My heart did glow, which working thoughts  
Did hot and restless make;  
And warm reflections fann'd the fire,  
Till thus at length I spake:
- 4 "Lord, let me know my term of days,  
"How soon my life will end:  
"The num'rous train of ills disclose,  
"Which this frail state attend."
- 5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span;  
A cypher sums my years;  
And ev'ry man, in best estate,  
But vanity appears.
- 6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,  
With fruitless cares oppress'd:  
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell  
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 7 Why then should I on worthless toys,  
With anxious care, attend?  
On thee alone my steadfast hope  
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 8, 9 Forgive my sins; nor let me scorn'd  
By foolish sinners be;  
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,  
Because 'twas done by thee.
- 10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath  
In mercy soon remove;  
Lest my frail flesh too weak to bear  
The heavy load should prove.

- 11 For when thou chaf'nest man for sin,  
 Thou mak'st his beauty fade  
 (So vain a thing is he!) like cloth  
 By fretting moths decay'd.
- 12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,  
 And listen to my prayer;  
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,  
 As all my fathers were.
- 13 O! spare me yet a little time;  
 My wasted strength restore,  
 Before I vanish quite from hence,  
 And shall be seen no more.

Psalm XL. *Long metre.*

- 1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,  
 'Till he vouchsaf'd a kind reply;  
 Who did his gracious ear afford,  
 And heard from heav'n my humble cry.
- 2 He took me from the dismal pit,  
 When founder'd deep in miry clay;  
 On solid ground he plac'd my feet,  
 And suffer'd not my steps to stray.
- 3 The wonders he for me has wrought,  
 Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise;  
 And others, to his worship brought,  
 To hopes of like deliv'rance raise.
- 4 For blessings shall that man reward,  
 Who on th' almighty Lord relies;  
 Who treats the proud with disregard,  
 And hates the hypocrite's disguise.
- 5 Who can the wond'rous works recount,  
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?  
 The treasures of thy love surmount  
 The pow'r, of numbers, speech and tho't.

6 I've learn'd that thou hast not desir'd,  
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;  
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,  
 For man's transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come——come to fulfil  
 The oracles thy books impart :  
 8 'Tis my delight to do thy will ;  
 Thy law is written in my heart.

## P A R T II.

9 In full assemblies I have told  
 Thy truth and righteousness at large :  
 Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold  
 From uttering what thou gav'st in charge.  
 10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd,  
 Thy faithfulness and saving grace ;  
 But preach'd thy love for all design'd,  
 That all might that and truth embrace.

11 Then let those mercies I declar'd  
 To others, Lord, extend to me :  
 Thy loving kindness my reward,  
 Thy truth my sure protection be.

12 For I with troubles am distress'd,  
 Too vast and numberless to bear :  
 Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,  
 That plunge and sink me to despair.

As soon, alas ! I may recount  
 The hairs on this afflicted head ;  
 My vanquish'd courage they surmount,  
 And fill my drooping soul with dread.

## P A R T III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near ;  
 For never was more pressing need :  
 In my deliv'rance, Lord, appear,  
 And add to that deliv'rance speed.

- 14 Confusion on their heads return,  
 Who to destroy my soul combine ;  
 Let them defeated, blush and mourn,  
 Ensnar'd in their own vile design.
- 15 Their doom let desolation be,  
 With shame their malice be repaid,  
 Who mock'd my confidence in thee,  
 And sport of my affliction made.
- 16 While those who humbly seek thy face,  
 To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd ;  
 And all who prize thy saving grace,  
 With me resound—the Lord be prais'd.
- 17 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,  
 Of me th' almighty Lord takes care :  
 Thou, God, who only can'st restore,  
 To my relief with speed repair.
- 

**Psalm XLI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose tender care  
 Relieves the poor distress'd ;  
 When he's by troubles compass'd round,  
 The Lord shall give him rest.
- 2 The Lord his life with blessings crown'd,  
 In safety shall prolong ;  
 And disappoint the will of those,  
 Who seek to do him wrong.
- 3 If he in languishing estate,  
 Oppress'd with sickness lie ;  
 The Lord will easy make his bed,  
 And inward strength supply.
- 4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,  
 I thus my prayer address'd ;  
 " Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,  
 " Tho' I have much transgress'd."

- 5 My cruel foes, with stand'rous words  
 Attempt to wound my fame :
- “ When shall he die (say they) and men  
 “ Forget his very name ?”
- 6 Suppose they formal visits make,  
 'Tis all but empty show :
- They gather mischief in their hearts,  
 And vent it where they go.
- 7, 8 With private whispers, such as these,  
 To hurt me they devise :
- “ A fore disease afflicts him now :  
 “ He's fall'n no more to rise.”
- 9 My own familiar bosom friend,  
 On whom I most rely'd,  
 Has me whose daily guest he was,  
 With open scorn defy'd.
- 10 But thou my sad and wretched state,  
 In mercy, Lord, regard ;  
 And raise me up, that all their crimes  
 May meet their just reward.
- 11 By this I know, thy gracious ear  
 Is open when I call ;  
 Because thou suffer'st not my foes  
 To triumph in my fall.
- 12 Thy tender care secures my life  
 From danger and disgrace ;  
 And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still  
 Before thy glorious face.
- 13 Let therefore *Israel's* Lord and God  
 From age to age be blest :  
 And all the people's glad applause  
 With loud amens express'd.

Psalm XLII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **A**S pants the heart for cooling streams  
 When heated in the chace ;  
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,  
 And thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For thee, my God, the living God,  
 My thirsty soul doth pine :  
 O! when shall I behold thy face,  
 Thou majesty divine ?
- 3 Tears are my constant food, while thus  
 Insulting foes upbraid ;  
 " Deluded wretch ! where's now thy God ?  
 And where his promis'd aid ?"
- 4 I sigh whene'er my musing thoughts  
 Those happy days present,  
 When I with troops of pious friends  
 Thy temple did frequent :
- When I advanc'd with songs of praise,  
 My solemn vows to pay ;  
 And led the joyful sacred throng,  
 That kept the festal day.
- 5 Why restless, why cast down my soul ?  
 Trust God, and he'll employ  
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs  
 To thankful hymns of joy.
- 6 My soul's cast down, O God ; but thinks  
 On thee and *Sion*, still ;  
 From *Jordan's* banks, from *Hermon's* heights,  
 And *Missar's* humbler hill.
- 7 One trouble calls another on ;  
 And, bursting o'er my head,  
 Fall spouting down, 'till round my soul,  
 A roaring sea is spread.

- 8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,  
Has once dispell'd the storm,  
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,  
And all my vows perform.
- 9 God of my strength, how long shall I,  
Like one forgotten, mourn,  
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd  
To my oppressors scorn.
- 10 My heart is pierc'd as with a sword,  
Whilst thus my foes upbraid ;  
" Vain boaster, where is now thy God ;  
" And where his promis'd aid ?"
- 11 Why restless, why cast down my soul ?  
Hope still ; and thou shalt sing  
The praise of him who is thy God,  
Thy health's eternal spring.

**Psalm XLIII.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **J**UST Judge of heav'n, against my foes  
Do thou assert my injur'd right :  
O ! set me free, my God, from those  
That in deceit and wrong delight.
- 2 Since thou art still my only stay,  
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress ?  
Why go I mourning all the day,  
Whilst me insulting foes oppress ?
- 3 Let me with light and truth be blest,  
Be these my guides, and lead the way,  
'Till on thy holy hill I rest,  
And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 4 Then will I there fresh altars raise  
To God who is my only joy ;  
And well tun'd harps with songs of praise  
Shall all my grateful hours employ. ||

- 5 Why then cast down, my soul? and why  
 So much oppress'd with anxious care?  
 On God, thy God, for aid rely;  
 Who will thy ruin'd state repair.
- 

**Psalm XLIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our fathers oft have told  
 In our attentive ears,  
 Thy wonders in their days perform'd,  
 And elder times than theirs:
- 2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive  
 The heathen from this land,  
 Dispeopled by repeated strokes  
 Of thy avenging hand.
- 3 For not their courage, nor their sword,  
 To them possession gave;  
 Nor strength, that from unequal force,  
 Their fainting troops could save;  
 But thy right hand, and pow'rful arm,  
 Whose succour they implor'd;  
 Thy presence with the chosen race,  
 Who thy great name ador'd.
- 4 As thee their God our fathers own'd,  
 Thou art our sov'reign King;  
 O! therefore, as thou didst to them,  
 To us deliv'rance bring.
- 5 Through thy victorious name, our arms  
 The proudest foe shall quell;  
 And crush them with repeated strokes,  
 As oft as they rebel.
- 6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,  
 When I in fight engage:
- 7 But thee, who hast our foes subdu'd,  
 And sham'd their spiteful rage.

- 8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,  
 From whom the conquest came :  
 In God we will rejoice all day,  
 And ever blefs his name.

## P A R T II.

- 9 But thou hast cast us off ; and now  
 Most shamefully we yield ;  
 For thou no more vouchsaf'ft to lead  
 Our armies to the field.
- 10 Since when, to ev'ry upstart foe  
 We turn our backs in fight ;  
 And with our spoil their malice feast,  
 Who bear us ancient spite.
- 11 To slaughter doom'd, we fall like sheep  
 Into their butch'ring hands ;  
 Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,  
 Dispers'd thro' heathen lands.
- 12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves ;  
 And set their price so low,  
 That not thy treasure by the sale,  
 But their disgrace may grow :
- 13, 14 Reproach'd by all the nations round,  
 The heathen's byeword grown ;  
 Whose scorn of us is both in speech,  
 And mocking gestures, shown.
- 15 Confusion strikes me blind ; my face  
 In conscious shame I hide ;
- 16 While we are scoff'd, and God blasphem'd,  
 By their licentious pride.

## P A R T III.

- 17 On us this heap of woes is fall'n ;  
 All this we have endur'd ;  
 Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy name,  
 Or faith to thee abjur'd :

- 18 But in thy righteous paths have kept  
Our hearts and steps with care ;
- 19 Tho' thou hast broken all our strength,  
And we almost despair.
- 20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,  
On other Gods rely,
- 21 And not the searcher of all hearts  
The treach'rous crime descry ?
- 22 Thou seest what suff'rings for thy sake  
We ev'ry day sustain ;  
All slaughter'd, or reserv'd like sheep  
Appointed to be slain.
- 23 Awake, arise ; let seeming sleep  
No longer thee detain ;  
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,  
Forever sue in vain.
- 24 O ! wherefore hidest thou thy face  
From our afflicted state,
- 25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth  
With grief's oppressive weight ?
- 26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste  
To our deliv'rance make :  
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,  
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

**Psalm XLV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HILE I the King's loud praise rehearse  
Indited by my heart,  
My tongue is like the pen of him  
That writes with ready art.
- 2 How matchless is thy form, O King !  
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows :  
Because fresh blessings God on thee  
Eternally bestows.

- 3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince,  
 And clad in rich array,  
 With glorious ornaments of pow'r,  
 Majestick pomp display.
- 4 Ride on in state, and still protect  
 The meek, the just, the true ;  
 Whilst thy right hand with swift revenge  
 Does all thy foes pursue.
- 5 How sharp thy weapons are to them  
 That dare thy pow'r oppose !  
 Down, down they fall, while thro' their heart  
 The pointed arrow goes.
- 6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd  
 For ever to endure ;  
 Thy scepter'd sway shall always last,  
 By righteous laws secure.
- 7 Because thy heart, by justice led,  
 Did upright ways approve,  
 And hated still the crooked paths  
 Where wand'ring sinners rove ;  
 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee  
 The oil of gladness shed ;  
 And has, above thy fellows round,  
 Advanc'd thy lofty head.
- 8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,  
 Thy royal robes adorned :  
 Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,  
 Spread grateful odours round.
- 9 Among the honourable train  
 Did princely virgins wait ;  
 The Queen was plac'd at thy right hand  
 In golden robes of state,

## P A R T II.

- 10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,  
 And to my words attend :  
 Forget thy native country now,  
 And ev'ry former friend.
- 11 So shall thy beauty charm the King,  
 Nor shall his love decay :  
 For he is now become thy Lord ;  
 To him due rev'rence pay.
- 12 The *Tyrian* matrons, rich and proud,  
 Shall humble presents make,  
 And all the wealthy nations sue,  
 Thy favour to partake.
- 13 The King's fair daughter's beauteous soul  
 All inward graces fill,  
 Her raiment is of purest gold,  
 Adorn'd with costly skill.
- 14 She in her nuptial garments dress'd,  
 With needles richly wrought,  
 Attended by her virgin train,  
 Shall to the King be brought.
- 15 With all the state of solemn joy  
 The triumph moves along ;  
 'Till, with wide gates, the royal court  
 Receives the pompous throng.
- 16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,  
 Must princely <sup>his</sup> expect ;  
 Whom thou to different realms may'st send  
 To govern and protect :
- 17 Whilst this my song to future times  
 Transmits the glorious name ;  
 And makes the world with one consent  
 Thy lasting praise proclaim.

Psalm XLVI. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress ;  
 A present help when dangers press ;  
 In him, undaunted, we'll confide :
- 2, 3 Tho' earth were from her centre to's'd  
 And mountains in the ocean lost,  
 Torn piecemeal by their roaring tide.
- 4 A gentler stream with gladness still  
 The city of our Lord shall fill,  
 The royal seat of God most high ;
- 5 God dwells in *Sion*, whose fair tow'rs  
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,  
 While his almighty aid is nigh.
- 6 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,  
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd .  
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs.
- 7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,  
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
 Our father's guardian God, and ours.
- 8 Come see the wonders he has wrought,  
 On earth what desolation brought ;
- 9 How he has calm'd the jarring world ;  
 He broke the warlike spear and bow ;  
 With them their thund'ring chariots too  
 Into devouring flames were hurl'd.
- 10 Submit to God's almighty sway ;  
 For him the heathen shall obey,  
 And earth her sov'reign Lord confess :
- 11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,  
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,  
 As to our fathers in distress.

**Psalm XLVII.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **O** ALL ye people, clap your hands,  
 2 And with triumphant voices sing :  
 No force the mighty pow'r withstands,  
 Of God, the universal King.
- 3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,  
 And with success our battles fight ;  
 Shall fix the place where we must dwell,  
 The pride of *Jacob* his delight.
- 5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,  
 With shouts of joy, and trumpets sound :  
 To him repeated praises sing,  
 And let the cheerful song go round.
- 7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown,  
 For him who all the world commands ;  
 Who sits upon his righteous throne,  
 And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.
- 9 Our chiefs, and tribes, that far from hence  
 T' adore the God of *Abra'm* came ;  
 Found him their constant sure defence,  
 How great and glorious is his name !

---

**Psalm XLVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the only God, is great,  
 And greatly to be prais'd  
 In *Sion*, on whose happy mount  
 His sacred throne is rais'd.
- 2 Her tow'rs the joy of all the earth,  
 With beauteous prospect rise ;  
 On her north side th' almighty King's  
 Imperial city lies.
- 3 God in her palaces is known :  
 His presence is her guard ;
- 4 Confed'rate kings withdrew their siege,  
 And of success despair'd.

- 5 They view'd her walls, admir'd and fled,  
With grief and terrour struck ;
- 6 Like women whom the sudden pangs  
Of travail had o'ertook.
- 7 No wretched crew of mariners  
Appear like them forlorn,  
When fleets from *Tarshish's* wealthy coasts  
By eastern winds are torn.
- 8 In *Sion* we have seen perform'd  
A work that was foretold :  
In pledge that God for times to come,  
His city will uphold.
- 9 Not in our fortresses and walls  
Did we, O God, confide ;  
But on the temple fix'd our hopes,  
In which thou didst reside.
- 10 According to thy sov'reign name,  
Thy praise thro' earth extends ;  
Thy pow'rful arm as justice guides,  
Chastises or defends,
- 11 Let *Sion's* mount with joy resound,  
Her daughters all be taught,  
In songs his judgments to extol,  
Who this deliv'rance wrought.
- 12 Compass her walls with solemn pomp ;  
Your eyes quite round her cast ;  
Count all her tow'rs, and see if there  
You find one stone displac'd.
- 13 Her forts and palaces survey ;  
Observe their order well ;  
That, with assurance, to your heirs,  
The wonder you may tell,

- 14 This God is ours, and will be ours,  
 Whilst we in him confide ;  
 Who, as he has preserv'd us now,  
 'Till death will be our guide.
- 

**Psalm XLIX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ET all the list'ning world attend,  
 2 **L** And my instructions hear :  
 Let high and low, and rich and poor,  
 With joint consent give ear :  
 3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom fill'd,  
 Shall good advice impart ;  
 The sound result of prudent thoughts,  
 Digested in my heart.
- 4 To parables of weighty sense  
 I will my ear incline ;  
 While to my tuneful harp I sing,  
 Dark words of deep design.
- 5 Why should my courage fail in times  
 Of danger and of doubt ;  
 When sinners, that would me supplant,  
 Have compass'd me about ?
- 6 Those men, that all their hope and trust  
 In heaps of treasure place :  
 And boasting, triumph, when they see  
 Their ill got wealth increase ;
- 7 Are yet unable from the grave  
 Their dearest friend to free ;  
 Nor can, by force of costly bribes,  
 Reverse God's firm decree.
- 8,9 Their vain endeavours they must quit,  
 The price is held too high :  
 No sums can purchase such a grant,  
 That man shall never die.

- 10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,  
Nor fools their folly save ;  
But both must perish, and in death,  
Their wealth to others leave.
- 11 For tho' they think their stately seats  
Shall ne'er to ruin fall ;  
But their remembrance last in lands,  
Which by their names they call ;
- 12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot,  
How great so'er their state :  
With beasts their memory, and they,  
Shall share one common fate.

## P A R T II.

- 13 How great their folly is, who thus  
Absurd conclusions make !  
And yet their children, unreclaim'd,  
Repeat the gross mistake.
- 14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,  
The prey of death are made ;  
Their beauty, while the just rejoice,  
Within the grave shall fade.
- 15 But God will yet redeem my soul ;  
And from the greedy grave  
His greater pow'r shall set me free,  
And to himself receive.
- 16 Then fear not thou, when worldly men  
In envy'd wealth abound ;  
Nor tho' their prosp'rous house increase,  
With state and honour crown'd.
- 17 For when they're summon'd hence by  
They leave all this behind ; [death,  
No shadow of their former pomp  
Within the grave they find :

18 And yet they tho't their state was blest,  
 Caught in the flatt'rer's snare :  
 Who praises those that slight all else,  
 And of themselves take care.

19 In their forefather's steps they tread ;  
 And when, like them they die,  
 Their wretched ancestors and they,  
 In endless darkness lie.

20 For man, how great soe'er his state ;  
 Unless he's truly wise,  
 As like a sensual beast he lives,  
 So, like a beast he dies.

**Psalm L.** *Particular metre.*

1 **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God  
 2 Hath sent his summons all abroad,  
 From dawning light, till day declines :  
 The list'ning earth his voice hath heard,  
 And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,  
 Where beauty in perfection shines.

3,4 Our God shall come, and keep no more  
 Misconstru'd silence, as before ;  
 But wasting flames before him send :  
 Around shall tempests fiercely rage,  
 While he does heaven and earth engage  
 His just tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me  
 (Thus runs the great divine decree)  
 That in my lasting cov'nant live !  
 And off'rings bring with constant care :  
 (The heav'ns his justice shall declare ;  
 For God himself shall sentence give.)

- 7 Attend, my people ; *Israel* hear ;  
 Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;  
 Thy God, thy only God, am I :
- 8 'Tis not of off'rings I complain,  
 Which, daily in my temple slain,  
 My sacred altar did supply.
- 9 Will this alone atonement make ?  
 No bullock from thy stall I'll take,  
 Nor he goat from thy fold accept :
- 10 The forest beasts, that range alone,  
 The cattle too are all my own,  
 That on a thousand hills are kept.
- 11 I know the fowls, that build their nests  
 In craggy rocks ; and savage beasts,  
 That loofely haunt the open fields :
- 12 If seiz'd with hunger I could be,  
 I need not seek relief from thee,  
 Since the world's mine, and all it yields.
- 13 Think'st thou that I have any need  
 On slaughter'd bulls and goats to feed,  
 To eat their flesh, and drink their blood ?
- 14 The sacrifices I require,  
 Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,  
 And vows with strickest care made good.
- 15 In time of trouble call on me,  
 And I will set thee safe and free ;  
 And thou returns of praise shalt make.
- 16 But to the wicked thus saith God :  
 How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,  
 Or in thy mouth my cov'nant take ?
- 17 For stubborn thou, confirm'd in sin,  
 Hast proof against instruction been,

- And of my word didst lightly speak.  
 18 When thou a subtil thief didst see,  
 Thou gladly didst with him agree,  
 And with adult'ers didst partake.
- 19 Vile slander is thy chief delight ;  
 Thy tongue by envy mov'd, and spite,  
 Deceitful tales dost hourly spread.
- 20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound  
 Thy brother, and with lyes confound  
 The offspring of thy mother's bed.
- 21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove  
 To gain with silence, and with love ;  
 Till thou didst wickedly surmise,  
 That I was such an one as thou :  
 But I'll reprove and shame thee now,  
 And set thy sins before thine eyes.
- 22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I  
 Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,  
 While none shall dare your cause to own :
- 23 Who praises me, due honour gives ;  
 And to the man who justly lives,  
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

**Psalm LI. Short metre.**

- 1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,  
 As thou wert ever kind :  
 Let me oppress'd with loads of guilt,  
 Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,  
 And cleanse me from my sin :  
 For I confess my crime, and see  
 How great my guilt has been.

- 4 Against thee, Lord, alone,  
And only in thy fight,  
Have I transgress'd ; and tho' condemn'd,  
Must own thy judgments right.
- 5 In guilt each part was form'd  
Of all this sinful frame ;  
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born  
The heir of sin and shame.
- 6 Yet thou, whose searching eye  
Does inward truth require,  
In secret didst with wisdom's laws  
My tender soul inspire.
- 7 With hyssop purge me, Lord ;  
And so I clean shall be :  
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,  
When purifi'd by thee.
- 8 Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice ;  
That so the bones which thou hast broke  
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view ;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Withdraw not thou thy help,  
Nor cast me from thy fight ;  
Nor let thy holy spirit take  
Its everlasting flight.
- 12 The joy thy favour gives,  
Let me again obtain ;  
And thy free spirit's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

- 13 So I thy righteous ways  
To sinners will impart ;  
Whilst my advice shall wicked men,  
To thy just laws convert.
- 14 My guilt of blood remove,  
My Saviour and my God ;  
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell  
Thy righteous acts abroad.
- 15 Do thou unlock my lips,  
With sorrow clos'd, and shame :  
So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise  
To all the world proclaim.
- 16 Could sacrifice atone,  
Whole flocks and herds should die ;  
But on such off'rings thou disdain'st  
To cast a gracious eye.
- 17 A broken spirit is  
By God most highly priz'd ;  
By him a broken contrite heart  
Shall never be despis'd.
- 18 Let *Sion* favour find,  
Of thy good will assur'd ;  
And thy own city flourish long,  
By lofty walls secur'd.
- 19 The just shall then attend,  
And pleasing tribute pay ;  
And sacrifice of choicest kind,  
Upon thy altar lay.

Psalm LII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **I**N vain O man of lawless might,  
Thou boast'st thyself in ill ;  
Since God, the God in whom I trust,  
Vouchsafes his favour still.

- 2 Thy wicked tongue does stand'rous tales  
Maliciously devise ;  
And sharper than a razor set,  
It wounds with treach'rous lyes.
- 3,4 Thy thoughts are more on ill, than good,  
On lyes than truth employ'd ;  
Thy tongue delights in words by which  
The guiltless are destroy'd.
- 5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,  
And snatch thee soon away ;  
Nor in thy dwelling place permit,  
Nor in the world to stay.
- 6 The just, with pious fear shall see  
The downfal of thy pride :  
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,  
And thus thy fall deride :
- 7 " See there the man that haughty was,  
Who proudly God defy'd,  
Who trusted in his wealth, and still  
On wicked arts rely'd."
- 8 But I am like those olive plants  
That shade God's temple round ;  
And hope with his indulgent grace  
To be for ever crown'd.
- 9 So shall my soul with praise, O God,  
Extol thy wond'rous love ;  
And on thy name with patience wait ;  
For this thy saints approve.

---

*Psalm LIII. Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE wicked fools must sure suppose  
That God is but a name :  
This gross mistake their practice shows,  
Since virtue all disclaim.

- 2 The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high  
 The sons of men to view, [tow'r,  
 To see if any own'd his pow'r,  
 Or truth or justice knew.
- 3 But all he saw were backward gone,  
 Degen'rate grown and base ;  
 None for religion car'd, not one  
 Of all the sinful race.
- 4 But are those workers of deceit  
 So dull and senseless grown ;  
 That they like bread my people eat,  
 And God's just pow'r disown ?
- 5 Their causeless fears shall strangely grow ;  
 And they, despis'd of God,  
 Shall soon be foil'd : His hand shall throw  
 Their shatter'd bones abroad.
- 6 Would he his saving pow'r employ,  
 To break our servile band,  
 Loud shouts of universal joy  
 Should echo thro' the land.

**Psalm LIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, save me, for thy glorious name ;  
 2 **L** And in thy strength appear,  
 To judge my cause ; accept my pray'r,  
 And to my words give ear.
- 3 Mere strangers whom I never wrong'd,  
 To ruin me design'd ;  
 And cruel men, that fear no God,  
 Against my soul combin'd.
- 4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends ;  
 And he's the surest guard :  
 'The God of truth shall give my foes  
 Their falshood's just reward ;

6 While I my grateful off'rings bring,  
 And sacrifice with joy ;  
 And in his praise my time to come  
 Delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful danger and distress  
 The Lord hath set me free :  
 Thro' him shall I, of all my foes,  
 The just destruction see.

**Psalm LV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **G**IVE ear, thou judge of all the earth,  
 And listen when I pray ;  
 Nor from thy humble suppliant turn  
 Thy glorious face away.
- 2 Attend to this my sad complaint,  
 And hear my grievous moans ;  
 Whilst I my mournful case declare  
 With artless sighs and groans.
- 3 Hark how the foe insults aloud !  
 How fierce oppressors rage !  
 Whose stann'd tongues with wrathful  
 Against my fame engage. [hate,
- 4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul  
 With deadly frights distress'd ;  
 With fear and trembling compass'd round,  
 With horreur quite oppress'd.
- 6 How often wish'd I then, that I  
 The dove's swift wings could get ;  
 That I might take my speedy flight,  
 And seek a safe retreat !
- 7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence !  
 And in wild deserts stray,  
 Till all this furious storm was spent,  
 This tempest past away.

## P A R T II.

- 9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,  
 Their counsels soon divide ;  
 For through the city my griev'd eyes  
 Have strife and rapine spy'd.
- 10 By day and night on ev'ry wall  
 They walk their constant round ;  
 And in the midst of all her strength,  
 Are grief and mischief found.
- 11 Whoe'er thro' ev'ry part shall roam,  
 With fresh disorders meet ;  
 Deceit and guile their constant posts  
 Maintain in ev'ry street.
- 12 For 'twas not any open foe,  
 That false reflections made ;  
 For then I could with ease have borne  
 The bitter things he said :
- 'Twas none who hatred had profess'd,  
 That did against me rise ;  
 For then I had withdrawn myself  
 From his malicious eyes :
- 13, 14 But 'twas ev'n thou, my guide, my friend,  
 Whom tend'rest love did join :  
 Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,  
 Whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
- 15 Sure, vengeance equal to their crime,  
 Such traitors must surprize ;  
 And sudden death requite those ills  
 They wickedly devise.
- 16, 17 But I will call on God, who still  
 Shall in my aid appear :  
 At morn and noon, and night I'll pray,  
 And he my voice shall hear.

## P A R T III.

- 18 God has releas'd my soul from those  
That did with me contend ;  
And made a num'rous host of friends  
My righteous cause defend.
- 19 For he, who was my help of old,  
Shall now his suppliant hear ;  
And punish those whose prosp'rous state  
Makes them no God to fear.
- 20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men  
Profidiously devise  
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,  
And break the strongest ties ?
- 21 Tho' soft and melting are their words,  
Their hearts with war abound :  
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,  
And yet like swords they wound.
- 22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,  
And he shall thee sustain :  
He aids the just, whom to supplant  
The wicked strive in vain.
- 23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,  
Shall all untimely die ;  
Whilst I for health and length of days,  
On thee my God, rely.

*Psalm LVI. Common metre.*

- 1 **D**O thou, O God, in mercy help :  
For man my life pursues :  
To crush me with repeated wrongs,  
He daily strife renews.
- 2 Continually my spiteful foes  
To ruin me combine :  
Thou seest, who sit'st enthron'd on high,  
What mighty numbers join.

- 3 But tho' sometimes surpriz'd by fear  
 (On danger's first alarm)  
 Yet still for succour I depend  
 On thy almighty arm.
- 4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,  
 On which I now rely :  
 In God I trust, and trusting him,  
 The arm of flesh defy.
- 5 They wrest my words and make 'em speak,  
 A sense they never meant :  
 Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,  
 On my destruction bent.
- 6 In close assemblies they combine,  
 And wicked projects lay :  
 They watch my steps, and lie in wait  
 To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Shall such injustice still escape ?  
 O righteous God, arise ;  
 Let thy just wrath (too long provck'd)  
 This impious race chastise.
- 8 Thou numb'rest all my wand'ring steps  
 Since first compell'd to flee :  
 My very tears are treasur'd up,  
 And register'd by thee.
- 9 When therefore I invoke thy aid,  
 My foes shall be o'erthrown ;  
 For I am well assur'd, that God  
 My righteous cause will own.
- 10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise  
 The force that man can raise ;
- 12 To thee, O God, my vows are due :  
 To thee I'll render praise.

13 Thou hast retriev'd my soul from death,  
 And thou wilt still secure  
 The life thou hast so oft preserv'd,  
 And make my footsteps sure :  
 That thus, protected by thy pow'r,  
 I may this light enjoy :  
 And in the service of my God,  
 My lengthen'd days employ.

---

Psalm LVII. *Long metre.*

1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, to me extend,  
 On thy protection I depend ;  
 And to thy wing for shelter haste,  
 'Till this outrageous storm is past.

2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,  
 Thou sov'reign Judge and God most high,  
 Who wonders hast for me begun,  
 And wilt not leave thy work undone.

3 From heav'n protect me by thy arm,  
 And shame all those who seek my harm ;  
 To my relief thy mercy send,  
 And truth on which my hopes depend.

4 For I with savage men converse,  
 Like hungry lions wild and fierce,  
 With men whose teeth are spears, their words  
 Invenom'd darts, and two edg'd swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
 And as thy glory fills the sky,  
 So let it be on earth display'd ;  
 'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

6 To take me, they their net prepar'd,  
 And had almost my soul ensnar'd ;  
 But fell themselves, by just decree,  
 Into the pit they made for me.

- 7 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,  
Its thankful tribute to present ;  
And, with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 8 Awake, my glory, harp and lute,  
No longer let your strings be mute ;  
And I, my tuneful part to take,  
Will with the early dawn awake.
- 9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the list'ning nations round ;
- 10 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 11 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth display'd ;  
'Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

**Psalm LVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **S**PEAK, O ye judges of the earth,  
If just your sentence be ;  
Or must not innocence appeal  
To heav'n, from your decree ?  
Your wicked hearts and judgments are  
Alike by malice sway'd ;  
Your griping hands by weighty bribes,  
To violence betray'd.
- 3 To virtue, strangers from the womb,  
Their infant steps went wrong :  
They prattled slander, and in lies  
Employ'd their lisping tongue.
- 4 No serpent of parch'd *Africk's* breed,  
Does ranker poison bear ;  
The drowsy adder will as soon  
Unlock his sullen ear.

- 5 Unmov'd by good advice, and deaf  
As adders they remain ;  
From whom the skilful charmer's voice  
Can no attention gain.
- 6 Defeat, O God, their threat'ning rage,  
And timely break their pow'r :  
Disarm these growing lions jaws,  
Ere practis'd to devour.
- 7 Let now their insolence at height,  
Like ebbing tides be spent ;  
Their shiver'd darts deceive their aim,  
When they their bow have bent.
- 8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime ;  
Like hasty births become,  
Unworthy to behold the sun,  
And dead within the womb.
- 9 Ere thorns can make the flesh pots boil,  
Tempestuous wrath shall come  
From God, and snatch them hence alive  
To their eternal doom.
- 10 The righteous shall rejoice to see  
Their crimes such vengeance meet ;  
And saints in persecutors blood  
Shall dip their harmless feet.
- 11 Transgressors then with grief shall see  
Just men rewards obtain ;  
And own a God whose justice will  
The guilty earth arraign.

---

Psalm LIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord, my God,  
From all my spiteful foes :  
In my defence oppose thy power  
To theirs who me oppose.

- 2 Preserve me from a wicked race,  
Who make a trade of ill ;  
Protect me from remorseless men  
Who seek my blood to spill.
- 3 They lie in wait, and mighty pow'rs  
Against my life combine,  
Implacable ; yet, Lord, thou know'st,  
For no offence of mine.
- 4 In haste they run about, and watch  
My guiltless life to take :  
Look down, O Lord, on my distress  
And to my help awake.
- 5 Thou Lord of hosts, and *Israel's* God,  
Their heathen rage suppress ;  
Relentless vengeance take on those  
Who stubbornly transgress.
- 6 At evening to beset my house,  
Like growling dogs they meet ;  
While others through the city range,  
And ransack ev'ry street,
- 7 Their throats invenom'd slander breathe,  
Their tongues are sharpen'd swords :  
“ Who hears (say they) or, hearing, dares  
Reprove our lawless words ? ”
- 8 But for thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,  
Their baffled plots deride ;  
And soon to scorn and shame expose  
Their boasted heathen pride.
- 9 On thee I wait ; 'tis on thy strength  
For succour I depend :  
'Tis thou, O God, art my defence,  
Who only can defend.

- 10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft  
From danger set me free,  
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue  
My haughty foes to me.
- 11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once ;  
Restrain thy vengeful blow ;  
Lest we, ingrately, too soon  
Forget their overthrow.  
Disperse them through the nations round,  
By thy avenging power ,  
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,  
O Lord, our shield and tow'r.
- 12 Now in the height of all their hopes,  
Their arrogance chastise ;  
Whose tongues have sinn'd without restraint,  
And curses join'd with lies.
- 13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endure,  
Thine anger, Lord, suppress ;  
That distant lands, by their just doom,  
May *Israel's* God confess.
- 14 At evening let them still persist  
Like growling dogs, to meet ;  
Still wander all the city round,  
And traverse ev'ry street.
- 15 Then, as for malice now they do,  
For hunger let them stray :  
And yell their vain complaints aloud,  
Defeated of their prey :
- 16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,  
Thy wond'rous pow'r confess :  
For thou hast been my sure defence,  
My refuge in distress.

- 17 To thee, with never ceasing praise,  
 O God, my strength, I'll sing :  
 Thou art my God, the rock from whence  
 My health and safety spring.

Psalm LX. *Long metre.*

- 1 O GOD, who hast our troops dispers'd,  
 Forsaking those who left thee first ;  
 As we thy just displeasure mourn,  
 To us in mercy, Lord, return.
- 2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,  
 Is rent by thy avenging hand :  
 O! heal the breaches thou hast made :  
 We shake, we fall, without thy aid.
- 3 Our folly's sad effects we feel ;  
 For, drunk with discord's cup we reel ;
- 4 But now, for them who thee rever'd,  
 Thou hast thy truth's bright banner rear'd.
- 5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect :  
 Lord, hear the pray'rs that we direct.
- 6 The holy God has spoke ; and I,  
 O'erjoy'd, on his firm word rely.

- To thee in portions I'll divide  
 Fair *Sichem's* soil, *Samaria's* pride :  
 To *Sichem*, *Succoth* next I'll join,  
 And measure out her vale by line:
- 7 *Manasseh*, *Gilead*, both subscribe  
 To my commands with *Ephraim's* tribe :  
*Ephraim* by arms supports my cause,  
 And *Judah* by religious laws.

- 8 *Moab*, my slave and drudge shall be,  
 Nor *Edom* from my yoke get free ;  
 Proud *Palastine's* imperious state  
 Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

- 9 But who shall quell these mighty pow'rs  
 And clear my way to *Edom's* tow'rs ?  
 Or through her guarded frontiers tread  
 The path that does to conquest lead ?
- 10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispers'd  
 Our troops (for we forsook thee first)  
 Those, whom thou didst in wrath forsake,  
 Atton'd, thou wilt victorious make.
- 11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain ;  
 For human succours are but vain.
- 12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows :  
 'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.
- 

Psalm LXI. *Common metre.*

- 1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my pray'r  
 Which I oppress'd with grief,  
 2 From earth's remotest parts address  
 To thee for kind relief.  
 O lodge me safe beyond the reach  
 Of persecuting pow'r,  
 3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes  
 Hast been my shelt'ring tow'r
- 4 So shall I in thy sacred courts  
 Secure from danger lie ;  
 Beneath the covert of thy wings,  
 All future storms defy.
- 5 In sign my vows are heard, once more,  
 I o'er thy chosen reign :
- 6 O! bless with long and prosp'rous life,  
 The king thou did'st ordain.
- 7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign  
 Accepted in thy sight ;  
 And let thy truth and mercy both,  
 In his defence unite.

- 8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,  
 Thy name forever bless ;  
 Devote my prosp'rous days to pay  
 The vows of my distress.
- 

**Psalm LXII. Long Metre.**

- 1 **M**Y soul for help on God relies ;  
 2 **M** From him alone my safety flows :  
 My rock, my health, that strength supplies,  
 To bear the shock of all my foes.
- 3 How long will ye contrive my fall ?  
 Which will but hasten on your own !  
 You'll totter like a bending wall,  
 Or fence of uncemented stone.
- 4 To make my envy'd honours less,  
 They strive with lies, their chief delight ;  
 For they, tho' with their mouth they bless,  
 In private curse with inward spite.
- 5,6 But thou, my soul, on God rely ;  
 On him alone thy trust repose :  
 My rock and health with strength supply,  
 To bear the shock of all my foes.
- 7 God does his saving health dispense,  
 And flowing blessings daily send :  
 He is my fortress and defence ;  
 On him my soul shall still depend.
- 8 In him, ye people, always trust ;  
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;  
 For God, the merciful and just,  
 His timely aid to us imparts.
- 9 The vulgar fickle are and frail !  
 The great dissemble and betray ;  
 And laid in truth's impartial scale,  
 The lightest things will both outweigh.

- 10 Then trust not in oppressive ways ;  
 By spoil and rapine grow not vain ;  
 Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,  
 Be set too much upon your gain.
- 11 For God has oft his will express'd,  
 And I this truth have fully known ;  
 To be of boundless pow'r possess'd,  
 Belongs, of right, to God alone.
- 12 Though mercy is his darling grace,  
 In which he chiefly takes delight ;  
 Yet will he all the human race  
 According to their works requite.

**Psalm LXIII.** *Particular metre.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee,  
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;  
 For thee my thirsty soul does pant ;  
 My fainting flesh implores thy grace,  
 Within this dry and barren place,  
 Where I refreshing waters want.
- 2 O! to my longing eyes once more  
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,  
 Which thy majestick house displays ;
- 3 Because to me thy wond'rous love  
 Than life itself does dearer prove,  
 My lips shall always speak thy praise :
- 4 My life, while I that life enjoy,  
 In blessing God I will employ ;  
 With lifted hands adore his name ;
- 5 My soul's content shall be as great  
 As theirs, who choicest dainties eat,  
 While I with joy his praise proclaim.
- 6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,  
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind ;  
 And when I wake in dead of night,

- 7 Because thou still dost succour bring,  
Beneath the shadow of thy wing  
I rest with safety and delight.
- 8 My soul, when foes would me devour,  
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r  
In her support is daily shown :
- 9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,  
That my destruction wish ; and they,  
That seek my life shall loose their own.
- 10, 11 They by untimely ends shall die,  
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie ;  
But God shall fill the king with joy ;  
Who swears by thee shall still rejoice ;  
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,  
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.
- 

**Psalm LXIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,  
To my request give ear ;  
Preserve my life from cruel foes,  
And free my soul from fear.
- 2 O ! hide me with thy tender care  
In some secure retreat,  
From sinners that against me rise ;  
And all their plots defeat.
- 3 See how, intent to work my harm,  
They whet their tongues like swords ;  
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,  
Sharp lies and bitter words.
- 4 Lurking in private, at the just,  
They take their secret aim ;  
And suddenly at him they shoot,  
Quite void of fear and shame.

- 5 To carry on their ill designs  
They mutually agree ;  
They speak of laying private snares,  
And think that none shall see.
- 6 With utmost diligence and care  
Their wicked plots they lay :  
The deep designs of all their hearts  
Are only to betray.
- 7 But God, to anger justly mov'd,  
His dreadful bow shall bend,  
And on his flying arrows point  
Shall swift destruction send.
- 8 Those slanders which their mouths did vent  
Upon themselves shall fall ;  
Their crimes disclos'd shall make them be  
Despis'd and shunn'd by all.
- 9 The world shall then God's pow'r confess,  
And nations trembling stand ;  
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty work  
Of his avenging hand :
- 10 Whilst righteous men, by God secur'd,  
In him shall gladly trust ;  
And all the list'ning earth shall hear  
Loud triumphs of the just.

---

Psalm LXV. *Long metre.*

- 1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise  
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen seat :  
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,  
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to my humble pray'r  
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,  
To thee shall all mankind repair,  
And at thy gracious throne appear. ||

- 3 Our sins (tho' numberless) in vain  
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;  
 Whilst thou o'erlook'ft the guilty stain,  
 And washest out the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who near thee, plac'd,  
 Within thy sacred dwelling lives ;  
 Whilst we, at humbler distance taste  
 The vast delight thy temple gives.
- 5 By wond'rous acts, O God most just,  
 Have we the gracious answer found :  
 In thee remotest nations trust.  
 And those whom stormy waves surround,
- 6,7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,  
 And does his matchless pow'r engage ;  
 With which the sea's loud waves he stills,  
 And angry crouds tumultuous rage.

## P A R T II.

- 8 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay,  
 When they thy dreadful tokens view ;  
 With joy they see the night and day  
 Each other track, by turns, pursue.
- 9 From out thy unexhausted store  
 Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground ;  
 Makes lands that barren where before  
 With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 10 On rising ridges down it pours,  
 And every furrow'd valley fills :  
 Thou mak'ft them soft with gentle show'rs  
 In which a blest increase distils.
- 11 Thy goodness does the circling year,  
 With fresh returns of plenty crown ;  
 And where thy glorious paths appear,  
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

- 12 They drop on barren forests, chang'd  
 By them to pastures fresh and green :  
 The hills about, in order rang'd,  
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn  
 The cheerful downs ; the vallies bring  
 A plenteous crop of full ear'd corn,  
 And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

**Psalm LXVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ET all the lands with shouts of joy,  
 2 **L** To God their voices raise ;  
 Sing psalms in honour of his name,  
 And spread his glorious praise.
- 3 And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,  
 In all thy works art thou !  
 To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes  
 Shall all be forc'd to bow.
- 4 Through all the earth the nations round  
 Shall thee their God confess ;  
 And with glad hymns their awful dread  
 Of thy great name express.
- 5 O! come, behold the works of God ;  
 And then with me you'll own,  
 That he to all the sons of men  
 Has wond'rous judgments shown.
- 6 He made the sea become dry land,  
 Through which our fathers walk'd ;  
 Whilst to each other of his might,  
 With joy his people talk'd.
- 7 He by his pow'r for ever rules ;  
 His eyes the world survey :  
 Let no presumptuous man rebel  
 Against his sov'reign sway.

## P A R T II.

- 8, 9 O! all ye nations, bless our God,  
 And loudly speak his praise ;  
 Who keeps our souls alive, and still  
 Confirms our stedfast ways.
- 10 For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as fire  
 Does try the precious ore :
- 11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we  
 Oppressing burdens bore.
- 12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,  
 Through fire and water chase ;  
 But yet, at last thou brought'st us forth  
 Into a wealthy place.
- 13 Burnt off'rings to thy house I'll bring,  
 And there my vows I'll pay :
- 14 Which I with solemn zeal did make  
 In trouble's dismal day.
- 15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,  
 The fattest rams shall fall,  
 The choicest goats from out the fold,  
 And bullocks from the stall.
- 16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord ;  
 Attend with heedful care,  
 Whilst I, what God for me has done,  
 With grateful joy declare.
- 17, 18 As I before, his aid implor'd,  
 So now I praise his name ;  
 Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,  
 Would all my prayers disclaim.
- 19 But God to me, when'er I cry'd,  
 His gracious ear did bend ;  
 And to the voice of my request,  
 With constant love attend.

- 20 Then blest'd for ever be my God,  
 Who never when I pray,  
 Withholds his mercy from my soul,  
 Nor turns his face away.

---

**Psalm LXVII. Short metre.**

- 1 **T**O blest thy chosen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
 And cause the brightness of thy face  
 On all thy faints to shine ;
- 2 That so thy wond'rous way  
 May through the world be known ;  
 While distant lands their tribute pay,  
 And thy salvation own.
- 3 Let diff'ring nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame ;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 4 O let them shout and sing,  
 Dissolv'd in pious mirth ;  
 For thou the righteous Judge and King,  
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Let diff'ring nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame ;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praise thy glorious name.
- 6 Then shall the teeming ground  
 A large increase disclose ;  
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,  
 Which God, our God, bestows.
- 7 Then God upon our land  
 Shall constant blessings show'r ;  
 And all the world in awe shall stand  
 Of his resistless pow'r.

Psalm LXVIII. *Long Metre.*

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of Battle, rise,  
 And scatter his presumptuous foes ;  
 Let shameful rout their host surprise,  
 Who spitefully his pow'r oppose.
- 2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,  
 Or wax into the furnace cast ;  
 So let their sacrilegious host  
 Before his wrathful presence waste.
- 3 But let the servants of his will  
 His favour's gentle beams enjoy ;  
 Their upright hearts let gladness fill,  
 And cheerful songs their tongues employ.
- 4 To him your voice in anthems raise ;  
 Jehovah's awful name he bears :  
 In him rejoice ; extol his praise,  
 Who rides upon high rolling spheres.
- 5 Him, from his empire of the skies,  
 To this low world compassion draws,  
 The orphan's claim to patronise,  
 And judge the injur'd widow's cause.
- 6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil  
 Restores poor exiles to their home ;  
 Makes captives free ; and fruitless toil  
 Their proud oppressor's righteous doom.
- 7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead  
 In person, Lord, our armies forth ;  
 Strange terrours through the desert spread,  
 Convulsions shook the astonish'd earth.
- 8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,  
 And heav'ns high arches shook with fear,  
 How then should *Sinai's* humble hill  
 Of *Israel's* God the presence bear !     ||

- 9 Thy hand, at famish'd earth's complaint,  
Reliev'd her from celestial stores;  
And, when thy heritage was faint, [show'rs.  
Assuag'd the drought with plenteous  
10 Where savages had rang'd before,  
At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;  
And in the desert, for the poor,  
Thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Thou gav'st the word; we sallied forth,  
And in that pow'rful word o'ercame;  
Whilst virgin troops, with songs of mirth,  
In state our conquest did proclaim.  
12 Vast armies, by such gen'ral led,  
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a foil,  
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,  
And to our women left the spoil.  
13 Though *Egypt's* drudges you have been,  
Your army's wings shall shine as bright  
As doves in golden sunshine seen,  
Or silver'd o'er with paler light.  
14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand  
O'er scatter'd kings the conquest won;  
Our troops, drawn up on *Jordan's* strand,  
High *Salmon's* glitt'ring snow outshone.  
15 From thence to *Jordan's* farther coast,  
And *Bashan's* hill we did advance:  
No more her height shall *Bashan* boast,  
But that she's God's inheritancé.  
16 But wherefore (though the honour's great)  
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?  
For *Sion* is his chosen seat,  
Where he for ever will reside.

17 His chariots numberless ; his pow'rs  
 Are heav'nly hosts, that wait his will ;  
 His presence now fills *Sion's* tow'rs,  
 As once it honour'd *Sinai's* hill.

18 Ascending high in triumph thou  
 Captivity hast captive led ;  
 And on thy people didst bestow  
 The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,  
 And humble profelytes repair  
 To worship at thy dwelling place,  
 And all the world pay homage there.

19 For benefits each day bestow'd,  
 Be daily his great name ador'd ;

20 Who is our Saviour, and our God,  
 Of life and death the sov'reign Lord.

21 But justice for his harden'd foes  
 Proportion'd vengeance hath decreed,  
 To wound the hoary head of those  
 Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.

22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke :  
 " As I subdu'd proud *Bashan's* king,  
 Once more I'll break my people's yoke,  
 And from the deep my servants bring :

23 Their feet shall with a crimson flood  
 Of slaughter'd foes be cover'd o'er ;  
 Nor earth receive such impious blood,  
 But leave for dogs th' unhallow'd gore."

### P A R T III.

24 When, marching to thy blest abode,  
 The wond'ring multitude survey'd  
 The pompous state of thee, our God,  
 In robes of majesty array'd ;

- 25 Sweet finging Levites led the van :  
 Loud instruments brought up the rear ;  
 Between both troops a virgin train  
 With voice and timbrel charm'd the ear.
- 26 This was the burden of their song :  
 " In full assemblies blefs the Lord :  
 All who to *Isr'el's* tribes belong,  
 The God of *Isr'el's* praise record."
- 27 Not little *Benjamin* alone  
 From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,  
 Nor only *Judab's* nearer throne  
 Her counsellors in state did fend ;  
 But *Zebulon's* remoter feat,  
 And *Napthali's* more distant coast,  
 (The grand procession to complete)  
 Sent up their tribes, a princely host.
- 28 Thus God to strength and union brought  
 Our tribes, at strife till that blest hour :  
 This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought  
 Confirm with fresh recruits of pow'r.
- 29 To visit *Salem*, Lord, descend,  
 And *Sion* thy terrestrial throne ;  
 Where kings with presents shall attend,  
 And thee with offer'd crowns atone.
- 30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat  
 Like pamper'd herds of savage might :  
 Their silver armour'd chiefs defeat,  
 Who in destructive war delight,
- 31 *Egypt* shall then to God stretch forth  
 Her hands, and *Africk* homage bring :
- 32 The scatter'd kingdoms of the earth  
 Their common sov'reign's praises sing : ||

- 33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere  
Of ancient heav'n, sublimely rides ;  
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,  
Like that of warring winds and tides.
- 34 Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high ;  
Of humble *Israel* he takes care ;  
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,  
Darts shining terrours through the air.
- 35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,  
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne !  
His strength his feeble saints supports !  
To God give praise, to him alone.

**Psalm LXIX.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O God, from waves that roll,  
And press to overwhelm my soul.
- 2 With painful steps in mire I tread,  
And deluges o'erflow my head.
- 3 With restless cries my spirits faint ;  
My voice is hoarse with long complaint ;  
My sight decays with tedious pain,  
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.
- 4 My hairs, though num'rous, are but few,  
Compar'd with foes that me pursue  
With groundless hate, grown now of might,  
To execute their lawless spite ;  
They force me, guiltless, to resign,  
As rapine, what by right was mine.
- 5 Thou, Lord, my foolishness dost see,  
Nor are my sins conceal'd from thee.
- 6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,  
Lest for my sake thy saints despair :
- 7 Since I have suffer'd for thy name  
Reproach and hid my face in shame ;

- 8 A stranger to my country grown,  
Nor to my nearest kindred known ;  
A foreigner, expos'd to scorn  
By brethren of my mother born.
- 9 For zeal to thy lov'd house and name,  
Consumes me like devouring flame ;  
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,  
More than at slanders cast on me,
- 10 My very tears and abstinence,  
They construe in a spiteful sense. (fake
- 11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their  
They me their common proverb make,
- 12 Their judges make my wrongs their jest,  
Those wrongs they ought to have redress'd:  
How should I then expect to be  
From libels of lewd drunkards free ?
- 13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair  
For help, with humble, timely pray'r :  
Relieve me from thy mercy's store :  
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.
- 14 From threat'ning dangers me relieve,  
And from the mire my feet retrieve ;  
From spiteful foes in safety keep,  
And snatch me from the raging deep.
- 15 Controul the deluge, e'er it spread,  
And roll its waves above my head ;  
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit  
To close her jaws on me permit.
- 16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,  
For thy transcending goodness sake ;  
Relieve thy supplicant once more  
From thy abounding mercy's store. ||

- 17 Nor from thy fervant hide thy face :  
Make hafte, for defp'rate is my cafe :  
18 Thy timely fuccour interpoze,  
And fild me from remorselefs foes:
- 19 Thou know'ft what infamy and fcorn  
I from my enemies have borne ;  
Nor can their clofe difsembled fpite,  
Or darkeft plots efcape thy fight.  
20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart,  
I look'd for fome to take my part,  
To pity or relieve my pain ;  
But look'd alas ! for both in vain.
- 21 With hunger pin'd for food I call :  
Inftead of food, they give me gall :  
And when with thirft my fpirits fink,  
They give me vinegar to drink.  
22 Their tables therefore to their health  
Shall prove a fnare, a trap their wealth ;  
23 Perpetual darknefs feize their eyes ;  
And fudden blafts their hopes furprife.
- 24 On them thou fhalt thy fury pour,  
'Till thy fierce wrath their race devour ;  
25 And make their houfe a difmal cell,  
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.  
26 For new afflictions they procur'd  
For him who had thy ftripes endur'd ;  
And made the wounds thy fcourge had torn,  
To bleed afrefh with fharper fcorn.
- 27 Sin fhall to fin their fteps betray,  
'Till they to truth have loft the way.  
28 From life thou fhalt exclude their foul,  
Nor with the juft their names enrol. ||

- 29 But me; howe'er distress'd and poor,  
Thy strong salvation shall restore :
- 30 Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,  
And celebrate with thanks thy name.
- 31 Our God shall this more highly prize,  
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice:
- 32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,  
And hope for like redress with me.
- 33 For God regards the poor's complaint ;  
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint.
- 34 Let heav'n, earth, sea, their voices raise,  
And all the world resound his praise.
- 35 For God will *Sion's* walls erect ;  
Fair *Judah's* cities he'll protect ;  
'Till all her scatter'd sons repair  
To undisturb'd possession there.
- 36 This blessing they shall, at their death,  
To their religious heirs bequeath ;  
And they to endless ages more,  
Of such as his blest name adore.

**Psalm LXX. Long metre.**

- 1 **O** LORD, to my relief draw near ;  
For never was more pressing need :  
For my deliv'rance, Lord, appear  
And add to that deliv'rance speed.
- 2 Confusion on their heads return ;  
Who to destroy my soul combine :  
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,  
Ensnar'd in their own vile design.
- 3 Their doom let desolation be ;  
With shame their malice be repaid,  
Who mock'd my confidence in thee,  
And sport of my afflictions made ;

- 4 While those who humbly seek thy face,  
 To joyful triumphs shall be rais'd ;  
 And all, who prize thy saving grace,  
 With me shall sing—the Lord be prais'd.
- 5 Thus wretched though I am, and poor,  
 The mighty Lord of me takes care :  
 Thou, God, who only can'st restore,  
 To my relief with speed repair.
- 

**Psalm LXXI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **I**N thee I put my stedfast trust ;  
 2 **I** Defend me, Lord, from shame :  
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul ;  
 For righteous is thy name.
- 3 Be thou my strong abiding place,  
 To which I may resort :  
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;  
 Thou art my rock and fort.
- 4,5 From cruel and ungodly men  
 Protect and set me free ;  
 For from my earliest youth 'till now,  
 My hope has been in thee.
- 6 Thy constant care did safely guard  
 My tender infant days ;  
 Thou took'st me from my mother's womb  
 To sing thy constant praise.
- 7,8 While some on me with wonder gaze,  
 Thy hand supports me still :  
 Thy honour therefore, and thy praise,  
 My mouth shall always fill.
- 9 Reject not then thy servant, Lord,  
 When I with age decay :  
 Forsake me not, when worn with years,  
 My vigour fades away.

- 10 My foes, against my fame and me,  
 With crafty malice speak ;  
 Against my soul they lay their snares,  
 And mutual counsel take.
- 11 " His God, say they, forsakes him now,  
 " On whom he did rely :  
 " Pursue and take him, whilst no hope  
 " Of timely aid is nigh."

- 12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far,  
 For speedy help I call ;
- 13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,  
 That seek to work my fall.
- 14 But as for me, my stedfast hope  
 Shall on thy pow'r depend ;  
 And I in grateful songs of praise,  
 My time to come will spend.

## P A R T II.

- 15 Thy righteous acts and saving health  
 My mouth shall still declare ;  
 Unable yet to count them all,  
 Though sum'd with utmost care.
- 16 While God vouchsafes me his support,  
 I'll in his strength go on ;  
 All other righteousness disclaim,  
 And mention his alone.
- 17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me from my youth  
 To praise thy glorious name :  
 And ever since thy wond'rous works  
 Have been my constant theme.
- 18 Then now forsake me not, when I  
 Am grey and feeble grown ;  
 'Till I to these, and future times,  
 Thy strength and pow'r have shown.

- 19 How high thy justice soars, O God ;  
 How great and wond'rous are  
 The mighty works which thou hast done !  
 Who may with thee compare !
- 20 Me, whom thy hand has forely press'd,  
 Thy grace shall yet relieve :  
 And from the lowest depth of woe  
 With tender care retrieve.
- 21 Through thee, my time to come shall be  
 With pow'r and greatness crown'd ;  
 And me, who dismal years have pass'd,  
 Thy comforts shall surround :
- 22 Therefore with psaltery and harp,  
 Thy truth, O Lord, I'll praise ;  
 To thee, the God of *Jacob's* race,  
 My voice in anthems raise.
- 23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs  
 Employ my cheerful voice ;  
 My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,  
 Shall in thy strength rejoice,
- 24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts  
 Shall all the day proclaim ;  
 Because thou did'st confound my foes,  
 And brought'st them all to shame.

---

**Psalm LXXII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy just decrees the king  
 In all his ways direct ;  
 And let his son, throughout his reign,  
 Thy righteous laws respect.
- 2 So shall he still thy people judge  
 With pure and upright mind,  
 Whilst all the helpless poor shall him  
 Their just protector find.

- 3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth  
 The happy fruits of peace ;  
 Which all the land shall own to be  
 The work of righteousness :
- 4 Whilst he the poor and needy race  
 Shall rule with gentle sway,  
 And from their humble neck shall take  
 Oppressive yokes away.
- 5 In ev'ry heart, thy awful fear  
 Shall then be rooted fast,  
 As long as sun and moon endure,  
 Or time itself shall last.
- 6 He shall descend like rain that cheers  
 The meadows second birth ;  
 Or like warm show'rs whose gentle drops  
 Refresh the thirsty earth.
- 7 In his blest days the just and good  
 Shall be with favour crown'd ;  
 The happy land shall every where  
 With endless peace abound.
- 8 His uncontroul'd dominion shall  
 From sea to sea extend ;  
 Begin at proud *Euphrates*' streams,  
 At nature's limits end.
- 9 To him the savage nations round  
 Shall bow their servile heads :  
 His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,  
 Where he his conquest spreads :
- 10 The kings of *Tarsis*, and the isles,  
 Shall costly presents bring ;  
 From spicy *Sheba* gifts shall come.  
 And wealthy *Saba*'s king.

- 11 To him shall every king on earth  
 His humble homage pay ;  
 And diff'ring nations gladly join  
 To own his righteous sway.
- 12 For he shall set the needy free,  
 When they for succour cry ;  
 Shall save the helpless, and the poor,  
 And all their wants supply.

## P A R T II.

- 13 His providence for needy souls,  
 Shall due supplies prepare :  
 And over their defenceless lives  
 Shall watch with tender care.
- 14 He shall preserve and keep their souls  
 From fraud and rapine free ;  
 And in his fight their guiltless blood  
 Of mighty price shall be.
- 15 Therefore shall God, his life and reign  
 To many years extend ;  
 Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,  
 And golden presents send.  
 For him shall constant pray'rs be made  
 Through all his prosp'rous days :  
 His just dominion shall afford  
 A lasting theme of praise.
- 16 Of useful grain, through all the land,  
 Great plenty shall appear ;  
 A handful sown on mountain tops  
 A mighty crop shall bear :  
 Its fruit, like cedars shook by winds,  
 A rattling noise shall yield :  
 The city too shall thrive, and vie  
 For plenty, with the field.

- 17 The mem'ry of his glorious name  
 Through endless years shall run ;  
 His spotless fame shall shine as bright  
 And lasting as the sun.  
 In him the nations of the world  
 Shall be completely blest'd  
 And his unbounded happiness  
 By ev'ry tongue confess'd.
- 18 Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,  
 The God whom *Israel* fears ;  
 Who only wond'rous in his works,  
 Beyond compare, appears.
- 19 Let earth be with his glory fill'd ;  
 For ever blest his name ;  
 Whilst to his praise the list'ning world  
 Their glad assent proclaim.

Psalm LXXIII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **A**T length by certain proofs, 'tis plain  
 That God will to his faints be kind ;  
 That all whose hearts are pure and clean,  
 Shall his protecting favour find.
- 2, 3 'Till this sustaining truth I knew,  
 My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd :  
 I griev'd, the sinners wealth to view,  
 And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
- 4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,  
 And, whilst they live, are hale and strong ;  
 No plague or trouble them offend,  
 Which oft to other men belong.
- 6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,  
 And rapine seems their robe of state ;  
 Their eyes stand out, with fatness swell'd ;  
 They grow, beyond their wishes great. ||

- 8,9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,  
 Oppressive methods they defend ;  
 Their tongue thro' all the earth does walk,  
 Their blasphemies to heav'n ascend.
- 10 And yet admiring crouds are found,  
 Who servile visits duly make ;  
 Because with plenty they abound,  
 Of which their flatt'ring slaves partake.
- 11 Their fond opinions these pursue,  
 'Till they with them profanely cry,  
 "How should the Lord our actions view ?  
 Can he perceive who dwells so high ?"
- 12 Behold the wicked ! these are they  
 Who openly their sins profess ;  
 And yet their wealth's increas'd each day,  
 And all their actions meet success.
- 13,14 "Then have I cleans'd my heart (said I)  
 And wash'd my hands from guilt, in vain,  
 If all the day oppress'd I lie,  
 And ev'ry morning suffer pain."
- 15 Thus did I once to speak intend :  
 But if such things I rashly say,  
 Thy children, Lord, I must offend,  
 And basely should their cause betray.

## P A R T II.

- 16,17 To fathom this, my thoughts I bent,  
 But found the case too hard for me ;  
 'Till to the house of God I went :  
 Then I, their end did plainly see.
- 18 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all  
 On slip'ry places loosely stand ;  
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,  
 Cast down by thine avenging hand. ||

- 19,20 How dreadful and how quick their fate !  
 Despis'd by thee, when they're destroy'd,  
 As waking men with scorn do treat  
 The fancies that their dreams employ'd.
- 21,22 Thus was my heart with grief oppress'd,  
 My reins were rack'd with restless pains ;  
 So stupid was I like a beast,  
 Who no reflecting thought retains.
- 23,24 Yet still thy presence me supply'd,  
 And thy right hand assistance gave ;  
 Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,  
 And then to glory me receive.
- 25 Whom then in heav'n but thee alone  
 Have I whose favour I require ?  
 Throughout the spacious earth there's none,  
 That I besides thee can desire.
- 26 My trembling flesh and aching heart,  
 May often fail to succour me ;  
 But God shall inward strength impart,  
 And my eternal portion be.
- 27 For they that far from thee remove,  
 Shall into sudden ruin fall :  
 If after other gods they rove,  
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
- 28 But as for me, 'tis good and just,  
 That I should still to God repair ;  
 In him I always put my trust,  
 And will his wond'rous works declare.

---

**Psalm LXXIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HY hast thou cast us off, O God ?  
 Wilt thou no more return ?  
 O ! why against thy chosen flock  
 Does thy fierce anger burn ?

- 2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,  
The land that is thy own,  
By thee redeem'd ; and *Sion's* mount,  
Where once thy glory shone.
- 3 Oh, come and view our ruin'd state !  
How long our troubles last !  
See how the foe with wicked rage  
Has laid thy temple waste !
- 4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name ; where late  
Thy zealous servants pray'd,  
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,  
Their banners have display'd.
- 5,6 Those curious carvings, which did once  
Advance the artiss's fame,  
With axe and hammer they destroy,  
Like works of vulgar frame.
- 7 Thy holy temple they have burnt ;  
And what escap'd the flame,  
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,  
Though sacred to thy name.
- 8 Thy worship wholly to destroy  
Maliciously they aim'd ;  
And all the sacred places burn'd,  
Where we thy praise proclaim'd.
- 9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st  
No tender signs to send :  
We have no prophet now, that knows  
When this sad state shall end.

## P A R T II.

- 10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit  
Th' insulting foe to boast ?  
Shall all the honour of thy name  
For evermore be lost ?

- 11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right  
And on thy patient breast, (hand,  
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,  
So calmly lett'st it rest ?
- 12 Thou heretofore with kingly pow'r  
In our defence hast fought ;  
For us, throughout the wond'ring world,  
Has great salvation wrought.
- 13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea,  
By thy own strength divide :  
Thou break'st the wat'ry monsters' head,  
The waves o'erwhelm'd their pride.
- 14 The greatest, fiercest of them all  
That seem'd the deep to sway,  
Was by thy pow'r destroy'd, and made  
To savage beasts a prey.
- 15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st  
The waters largely flow :  
Again, thou mad'st, through parted streams,  
Thy wand'ring people go.
- 16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine  
The black return of night ;  
Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,  
And ev'ry feeble light.
- 17 By thee the borders of the earth  
In perfect order stand :  
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,  
Attend on thy command.

## P A R T III.

- 18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes  
Have daily urg'd our shame ;  
And how the foolish people have  
Blasphem'd thy holy name.       ||

- 19 O, free thy mourning turtle dove,  
By sinful crowds beset ;  
Nor the assembly of thy poor  
For evermore forget.
- 20 Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,  
And make thy promise good ;  
For now each corner of the land  
Is fill'd with men of blood.
- 21 O let not the oppress'd return,  
With sorrow cloth'd, and shame ;  
But let the helpless and the poor  
Forever praise thy name.
- 22 Arise, O God, in our behalf ;  
Thy cause and ours maintain :  
Remember how insulting fools  
Each day thy name profane !
- 23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes  
Forever, Lord, to cease ;  
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,  
Will more and more increase.

**Psalm LXXV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O God, we render praise,  
To thee with thanks repair ;  
For, that thy name to us is nigh,  
Thy wond'rous works declare.
- 2 In *Isr'el* when my throne is fix'd,  
With me shall justice reign ;
- 3 The land with discord shakes, but I  
The sinking frame sustain.
- 4 Deluded wretches I advis'd  
Their errors to redress !  
And warn'd bold sinners, that they should  
Their swelling pride suppress. ||

- 5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if  
 No pow'r could your's restrain :  
 Submit your stubborn necks, and learn  
 To speak with less disdain :
- 6 For that promotion, which to gain,  
 Your vain ambition strives,  
 From neither east, nor west, nor yet  
 From southern climes arrives.
- 7 For God the great disposer is,  
 And sov'reign Judge alone,  
 Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts  
 The humble to a throne.
- 8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup ;  
 With purple wine 'tis crown'd ;  
 The deadly mixture, which his wrath  
 Deals out to nations round.  
 Of this his saints sometimes may taste ;  
 But wicked men shall squeeze  
 Their bitter dregs, and be condemn'd  
 To drink the very lees.
- 9 His prophet I, to all the world  
 This message will relate :  
 The justice then of *Jacob's* God  
 My song shall celebrate.
- 10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,  
 Their cruelty disarm ;  
 Exalt the just, and seat him high,  
 Above the reach of harm.

---

**Psalm LXXVI.** *Particular metre.*

- 1 **I**N *Judab* the Almighty's known  
 (Almighty, there, by wonders shown :)  
 His name in *Jacob* does excel :       ||

- 2 His sanctu'ry in *Salem* stands :  
The majesty that heav'n commands,  
In *Sion* condescends to dwell.
- 3 He brake the bow and arrows there,  
The shield, the temper'd sword and spear ;  
There slain the mighty army lay :
- 4 Whence *Sion's* fame through earth is spread,  
Of greater glory, greater dread,  
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.
- 5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,  
Themselves met there a shameful foil :  
Securely down to sleep they lay ;  
But wak'd no more ; their stoutest band  
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand  
'Gainst his that did their legions slay.
- 6 When *Jacob's* God began to frown,  
Both horse and charioteers o'erthrown,  
Together slept in endless night.
- 7 When thou, whom earth and heav'n revere  
Dost once with wrathful look appear,  
What mortal pow'r can stand thy fight ?  
(doom
- 8 Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its  
Grew hush'd with fear when thou did'st come,
- 9 The meek with justice to restore.
- 10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise ;  
Its last attempts but serve to raise  
The triumphs of almighty pow'r.
- 11 Vow to the Lord : Ye nations bring  
Vow'd presents to th' eternal king :  
Thus to his name due rev'ence pay,

- 12 Who proudest potentates can quell,  
 To earthly kings more terrible,  
 Than, to their trembling subjects, they.
- 

**Psalm LXXVII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd, who to my help  
 Did graciously repair ;
- 2 In trouble's dismal day I fought  
 My God with humble pray'r.  
 All night my fest'ring wound did run ;  
 No med'cine gave relief :  
 My soul no comfort would admit,  
 My soul indulg'd her grief.
- 3 I thought on God, and favours pass'd :  
 But that increas'd my pain :  
 I found my spirit more oppress'd,  
 The more I did complain.
- 4 Through ev'ry watch of tedious night  
 Thou keep'st my eyes awake ;  
 My grief is swell'd to that excess,  
 I sigh, but cannot speak.
- 5 I call'd to mind the days of old,  
 With signal mercy crown'd ;  
 Those famous years of ancient times,  
 For miracles renown'd.
- 6 By night I recollect my songs,  
 On former triumphs made ;  
 Then search, consult, and ask my heart,  
 Where's now that wond'rous aid ?
- 7 Has God for ever cast us off ?  
 Withdrawn his favour quite ?
- 8 Are both his mercy and his truth  
 Retir'd to endless night ?

- 9 Can his long practis'd love forget  
Its wonted aids to bring ?  
Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd  
His mercy's healing spring ?
- 10 I said, my weakness hints these fears ;  
But I'll my fears disband ;  
I'll yet remember the Most High,  
And years of his right hand.
- 11 I'll call to mind his works of old,  
The wonders of his might ;
- 12 On them my heart shall meditate,  
My tongue shall them recite.
- 13 Safe lodg'd from human search on high,  
O God, thy counsels are !  
Who is so great a God as ours ?  
Who can with him compare ?
- 14 Long since a God of wonders thee  
Thy rescu'd people found :
- 15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed  
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.
- 16 When thee, O God, the waters saw,  
The frighted billows shrunk :  
The troubled depths themselves, for fear  
Beneath their channels sunk.
- 17 The clouds pour'd down, while rending  
Did with their noise conspire, [skies  
Thy arrows all abroad were sent,  
Wing'd with avenging fire.
- 18 Heav'n with thy thunder's voice was torn  
Whilst all the lower world [seem'd  
With lightning blaz'd, earth shook, and  
From her foundations hurl'd. ||

- 19 Through rolling streams thou find'st thy way,  
 Thy paths in waters lie ;  
 Thy wond'rous passage, where no sight  
 Thy footsteps can descry.
- 20 Thou led'st thy people like a flock ;  
 Safe through the desert land,  
 By *Moses*, their meek skilful guide,  
 And *Aaron's* sacred hand.

**Psalm LXXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**EAR, O my people, to my law,  
 Devout attention lend ;  
 Let the instruction of my mouth  
 Deep in your hearts descend.
- 2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,  
 Shall parables unfold,  
 Dark oracles, but understood,  
 And own'd for truths of old ;
- 3 Which we from sacred registers  
 Of ancient times have known,  
 And our forefathers pious care  
 To us has handed down.
- 4 We will not hide them from our sons ;  
 Our offspring shall be taught  
 The praises of the Lord, whose strength  
 Has works of wonders wrought.
- 5 For *Jacob* he this law ordain'd,  
 This league with *Isr'el* made ;  
 With charge, to be from age to age,  
 From race to race convey'd.
- 6 That generations yet to come,  
 Should to their unborn heirs  
 Religiously transmit the same,  
 And they again to theirs.

- 7 To teach them that in God alone  
 Their hope securely stands ;  
 That they should ne'er his works forget,  
 But keep his just commands.
- 8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove  
 A stiff rebellious race,  
 False hearted, fickle to their God,  
 Unstedfast in his grace.
- 9 Such were revolting *Ephraim's* sons,  
 Who though to warfare bred,  
 And skilful archers arm'd with bows,  
 From field ignobly fled.
- 10, 11 They falsify'd their league with God,  
 His orders disobey'd,  
 Forgot his works and miracles  
 Before their eyes display'd.
- 12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw,  
 Did they in mind retain ;  
 Prodigious things in *Egypt* done,  
 And *Zoan's* fertile plain.
- 13 He cut the seas to let them pass,  
 Restrain'd the pressing flood ;  
 While pil'd on heaps, on either side,  
 The solid water stood.
- 14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,  
 Compos'd of shade and light ;  
 A shelt'ring cloud it prov'd by day,  
 A leading fire by night.
- 15 When drouth oppress'd them, where no  
 The wilderness supply'd, [stream  
 He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast  
 Dissolv'd into a tide. ]]

- 16 Streams from the solid rock he brought  
Which down in rivers fell,  
That trav'ling with their camps each day  
Renew'd the miracle.
- 17 Yet there they sinn'd against him more,  
Provoking the Most High ;  
In that same desert where he did  
Their fainting souls supply.
- 18 They first incens'd him in their hearts,  
That did his pow'r distrust,  
And long'd for meat, nor urg'd by want ;  
But to indulge their lust.
- 19 Then utter'd their blaspheming doubts,  
“ Can God, say they, prepare  
A table in the wilderness,  
Set out with various fare ?
- 20 “ He smote the flinty rock ('tis true)  
And gushing streams ensu'd ;  
But can he corn and flesh provide  
For such a multitude ?”
- 21 The Lord with indignation heard ;  
From Heav'n avenging flame  
On *Jacob* fell, consuming wrath  
On thankless *Isr'el* came.
- 22 Because their unbelieving hearts  
In God would not confide,  
Nor trust his care, who had from heav'n  
Their wants so oft supply'd :
- 23 Though he had made his clouds discharge  
Provisions down in show'rs ;  
And when earth fail'd, reliev'd their needs  
From his celestial stores.

- 24 Though tasteful manna was rain'd down  
 Their hunger to relieve ;  
 Though from the stores of heav'n they did  
 Sustaining corn receive.
- 25 Thus man with angels' sacred food,  
 Ungrateful man, was fed ;  
 Not sparingly, for still they found  
 A plenteous table spread.
- 26 From heav'n he made an east wind blow,  
 Then did the south command
- 27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls  
 Like sea's unnumber'd sand.
- 28 Within their trenches he let fall  
 The luscious easy prey,  
 And all around their spreading camp  
 The feather'd booty lay.
- 29 They fed, were fill'd, he gave them leave  
 Their appetites to feast ;
- 30,31 Yet still their wanton lust crav'd on,  
 Nor with their hunger ceas'd :  
 But whilst, in their luxurious mouths,  
 They did their dainties chew,  
 The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,  
 And *Isr'el's* chosen flew.

## P A R T II.

- 32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford  
 His miracles belief ;
- 33 Therefore through fruitless travels he  
 Consum'd their lives in grief.
- 34 When some were slain, the rest return'd  
 To God with early cry ;
- 35 Own'd him the rock of their defence,  
 Their Saviour God most high.

- 36 But this was feign'd submission all,  
Their heart their tongue bely'd ;
- 37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would  
Firm in his league abide.
- 38 Yet, full of mercy he forgave,  
Nor did with death chastise !  
But turn'd his kindled wrath aside,  
Or would not let it rise.
- 39 For he remember'd they were flesh  
That could not long remain ;  
A murm'ring wind that's quickly past,  
And ne'er returns again.
- 40 How oft did they provoke him there,  
How oft his patience grieve,  
In that same desert where he did  
Their fainting souls relieve !
- 41 They tempted him by turning back,  
And wickedly repin'd ;  
When *Israel's* God refus'd to be  
By their desires confin'd.
- 42 Nor call'd to mind the hand and day  
That their redemption brought ;
- 43 His signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous works  
In *Zoan's* valley wrought,
- 44 He turn'd their rivers into blood,  
That man and beast forbore ;  
And rather chose to die of thirst,  
Than drink the putrid gore.
- 45 He sent devouring swarms of flies,  
Hoarse frogs annoy'd their soil,
- 46 Locusts and caterpillars reap'd  
The harvest of their toil.

- 47 Their vines with batt'ring hail were broke,  
With frost the fig tree dies ;
- 48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds  
One general sacrifice.
- 49 He turn'd his anger loose and set  
No time for it to cease ;  
And with their plagues had angels sent  
Their torments to increase.
- 50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath  
To ravage uncontroll'd ;  
The murrain on their firrtlings seiz'd  
In ev'ry field and fold.
- 51 The deadly pest from beast to man,  
From field to city came ;  
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,  
Through all the tents of *Ham*.
- 52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,  
He brought from their distress ;  
And them conducted like a flock,  
Throughout the wilderness.
- 53 He led them on, and in their way  
No cause of fear they found ;  
But march'd securely through those deeps,  
In which their foes were drown'd :
- 54 Nor ceas'd his care 'till them he brought  
Safe to his promis'd land,  
And to his holy mount, the prize  
Of his victorious hand.
- 55 To them the outcast heathen's land  
He did by lot divide ;  
And in their foes abandon'd tents,  
Made *Ifr'el's* tribes reside.

## P A R T III.

- 56 Yet still they tempted, still provok'd  
The wrath of God most high ;  
Nor would to practise his commands  
Their stubborn hearts apply :
- 57 But in their faithless father's steps  
Perversely chose to go :  
'They turn'd aside, like arrows shot  
From some deceitful bow.
- 58 For him to fury they provok'd  
With altars set on high ;  
And with their graven images  
Inflam'd his jealousy.
- 59 When God heard this, on *Isr'el's* tribes  
His wrath and hatred fell ;
- 60 He quitted *Shiloh*, and the tents  
Where once he chose to dwell.
- 61 To vile captivity his ark,  
His glory to disdain,
- 62 His people to the sword he gave,  
Nor would his wrath restrain.
- 63 Destructive war their ablest youth  
Untimely did confound :  
No virgin was to th' altar led,  
With nuptial garlands crown'd.
- 64 In fight the sacrificer fell,  
The priest a victim bled ;  
And widows, who their death should mourn,  
Themselves of grief were dead.
- 65 Then as a giant rous'd from sleep,  
Whom wine had th'roughly warm'd,  
Shouts out aloud—the Lord awak'd,  
And his proud foe alarm'd

- 66 He smote their host, that from the field  
A scatter'd remnant came,  
With wounds imprinted on their backs  
Of everlasting shame.
- 67 With conquests crown'd, he *Joseph's* tents  
And *Ephraim's* tribe forsook ;
- 68 But *Judab* chose, and *Sion's* mount  
For his lov'd dwelling took.
- 69 His temple he erected there,  
With spires exalted high :  
While deep and fix'd as that of earth  
The strong foundations lie.
- 70 His faithful servant *David* too,  
He for his choice did own,  
And from the sheepfolds him advanc'd  
To sit on *Judab's* throne.
- 71 From tending on the teeming ewes,  
He brought him forth to feed,  
His own inheritance, the tribes  
Of *Isr'el's* chosen seed.
- 72 Exalted thus the monarch prov'd  
A faithful shepherd still ;  
He fed them with an upright heart,  
And guided them with skill.

Psalm LXXIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts  
Have thy possession seiz'd !  
Thy sacred house they have defil'd,  
Thy holy city raz'd.
- 2 The mangled bodies of thy saints,  
Abroad unburied lay :  
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts,  
And rav'nous birds of prey.

- 3 Quite through *Jerusalem* was their blood  
Like common water shed ;  
And none were left alive to pay  
Last duties to the dead.
- 4 The neighb'ring lands our small remains  
With loud reproaches wound ;  
And we a laughing stock are made  
To all the nations round.
- 5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord,  
Must we forever mourn ?  
Shall thy devouring jealous rage,  
Like fire for ever burn ?
- 6 On foreign lands that know not thee,  
Thy heavy vengeance show'r ;  
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,  
That have not own'd thy pow'r.
- 7 For their devouring jaws have prey'd  
On *Jacob's* chosen race ;  
And to a barren desert turn'd  
Their fruitful dwelling place.
- 8 O think not on our former sins,  
But speedily prevent  
The utter ruin of thy faints,  
Almost with sorrow spent †
- 9 Thou God of our salvation, help,  
And free our souls from blame ;  
So shall our pardon and defence  
Exalt thy glorious name.
- 10 Let infidels, that scoffing say,  
“ Where is the God they boast ? ”  
In vengeance for thy slaughter'd faints,  
Perceive thee to their cost.

- 11 Lord, hear the sighing pris'ner's moan's,  
 Thy saving pow'r extend ;  
 Preserve the wretches doom'd to die,  
 From that untimely end.
- 12 On them, who us oppress, let all  
 Our suff'rings be repaid :  
 Make their confusion seven times more  
 Than what on us they laid.
- 13 So we thy people and thy flock,  
 Shall ever praise thy name :  
 And with glad hearts our grateful thanks  
 From age to age proclaim.
- 

**Psalm LXXX.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **O** ISR'EL's shepherd, *Joseph's* guide,  
 Our pray'rs to thee vouchsafe to hear ;  
 Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,  
 Again in solemn state appear.
- 2 Behold how *Benjamin* expects,  
 With *Ephraim* and *Manasseh* join'd,  
 In our deliv'rance, the effects  
 Of thy resistless strength to find.
- 3 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
 The lustre of thy face display ;  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.
- 4 O thou, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?  
 How long thy suff'ring people pray,  
 And to their pray'rs have no return.
- 5 When hungry, we are forc'd to drench  
 Our scanty food in floods of woe :  
 When dry, our raging thirst we quench  
 With streams of tears that largely flow. ¶

6 For us the heathen nations round,  
 As for a common prey, contest :  
 Our foes with spiteful joy abound,  
 And at our left condition jest.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
 The lustre of thy face display,  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

## P A R T II.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from *Egypt's* land ;  
 And casting out the heathen race,  
 Didst plant it with thine own right hand,  
 And firmly fix'd it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,  
 And mad'st it take a lasting root,  
 Which, bless'd with thy indulgent ray,  
 O'er all the land did widely shoot.

10, 11 The hills were cover'd with its shade,  
 Its goodly boughs did cedars seem :  
 Its branches to the sea were spread,  
 And reach'd to proud *Euphrates'* stream;

12 Why then hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,  
 Which thou hast made so firm and strong ?  
 Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,  
 Are pluck'd by those that pass along.

13 See how the bristling forest boar  
 With dreadful fury lays it waste :  
 Hark ! how the savage monsters roar,  
 And to their helpless prey make haste.

## P A R T III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray  
 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew ;

- From heav'n thy throne this vine survey,  
 And her sad state with pity view.
- 15 Behold the vineyard, made by thee,  
 Which thy right hand did guard so long ;  
 And keep that branch from danger tree,  
 Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,  
 And all its spreading boughs cut down :  
 At thy rebuke they soon decay,  
 And perish at thy dreadful frown.
- 17 Crown thou the king with good success,  
 By thy right hand secur'd from wrong :  
 The son of man in mercy blest,  
 Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
- 18 So shall we still continue free,  
 From whatso'er deserves thy blame ;  
 And if once more reviv'd by thee,  
 Will always praise thy holy name.
- 19 Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou  
 The lustre of thy face display,  
 And all the ills we suffer now,  
 Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

**Psalm LXXXI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O God, our never failing strength,  
 With loud applauses sing :  
 And jointly make a cheerful noise  
 To *Jacob's* awful King.
- 2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch  
 Your instruments of joy :  
 Let psalteries and pleasant harps,  
 Your grateful skill employ.

- 3 Let trumpets at the great new moon  
 Their cheerful voices raise,  
 To celebrate th' appointed time,  
 The solemn day of praise.
- 4 For this a statute was of old,  
 Which *Jacob's* God decreed,  
 To be with pious care observ'd  
 By *Isr'el's* chosen seed.
- 5 This, he for a memorial fix'd,  
 When freed from *Egypt's* land ;  
 Strange nations barb'rous speech we heard,  
 - But could not understand.
- 6 Your burthen'd shoulders I reliev'd,  
 (Thus seem'd our God to say)  
 Your servile hands by me were freed  
 From lab'ring in the clay.
- 7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,  
 To me for aid did call :  
 With pity I their suff'rings saw,  
 And set them free from all.  
 They sought for me, and from the cloud  
 In thunder I reply'd :  
 At *Meribah's* contentious stream  
 Their faith and duty try'd.

## P A R T II.

- 8 While I my solemn will declare,  
 My chosen people hear :  
 If thou, O *Isr'el*, to my words  
 Wilt lend thy list'ning ear ;
- 9 Then shall no God besides myself  
 Within thy coasts be found :  
 Nor shalt thou worship any god  
 Of all the nations round.

- 10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee  
 Brought forth from *Egypt's* land :  
 'Tis I, that all thy just desires  
 Supply with lib'ral hand.
- 11 But they, my chosen race refus'd  
 To hearken to my voice ;  
 Nor would rebellious *Isr'el's* sons  
 Make me their happy choice.
- 12 So I provok'd, resign'd them up,  
 To ev'ry lust a prey ;  
 And in their own perverse designs  
 Permitted them to stray.
- 13 O that my people wisely would  
 My just commandments heed !  
 And *Isr'el* in my righteous ways  
 With pious care proceed.
- 14 Then should my heavy judgments fall  
 On all that them oppose ;  
 And my avenging hand be turn'd  
 Against their num'rous foes.
- 15 Their enemies and mine should all  
 Before my footstool bend :  
 But as for them, their happy state  
 Should never know an end.
- 16 All parts with plenty should abound !  
 With finest wheat their field :  
 The barren rocks, to please their taste,  
 Should richest honey yield.

Psalm LXXXII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **G**OD in the great assembly stands,  
 Where his impartial eye  
 In state surveys the earthly gods,  
 And does their judgments try.

- 2,3 How dare ye then unjustly judge,  
Or be to sinners kind ?  
Defend the orphans, and the poor,  
Let such your justice find.
- 4 Protect the humble, helpless man,  
Reduc'd to deep distress,  
And let not him become a prey  
To such as would oppress.
- 5 They neither know, nor will they learn,  
But blindly rove and stray :  
Justice and truth, the world's support,  
Through all the land decay.
- 6 Well then might God in anger say,  
" I've call'd you by my name :  
" I've said ye're God's, the sons and heirs,  
" Of my immortal fame ;
- 7 " But ne'ertheless your unjust deeds  
" To strict account I'll call :  
" You all shall die like common men,  
" Like other tyrants fall."
- 8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,  
Throughout the earth display ;  
And all the nations of the world  
Shall own thy righteous sway.

**Psalm LXXXIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,  
No longer silent be ;  
Nor with consenting quiet looks  
Our ruin calmly see !
- 2 For lo ! the tumults of thy foes  
O'er all the land are spread ;  
And they which hate thy saints and thee  
Lift up their threat'ning head.

- 3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,  
 They craftily combine :  
 And to destroy thy chosen saints  
 Have laid their close design.
- 4 " Come let us cut them off, say they,  
 " Their nation quite deface ;  
 " That no remembrance may remain  
 " Of *Isr'el's* hated race."
- 5 Thus they against thy people's peace,  
 Consult with one consent :  
 And diff'ring nations jointly leagu'd  
 Their common malice vent.
- 6 The *Isbm'clites* that dwell in tents,  
 With warlike *Edom* join'd ;  
 And *Moab's* sons our ruin vow,  
 With *Hagar's* race combin'd.
- 7 Proud *Ammon's* offspring, *Gebal* too  
 With *Amalek* conspire :  
 The Lords of *Palestine*, and all  
 The wealthy sons of *Tyre*.
- 8 All these the strong *Assyrian* king  
 Their firm ally have got ;  
 Who, with a pow'rful army aids  
 Th' incestuous race of *Lot*.

## P A R T III.

- 9 But let such vengeance come to them,  
 As once to *Midian* came ;  
 To *Jabin* and proud *Sifera*,  
 At *Kishon's* fatal stream.
- 10 When thy right hand their num'rous hosts  
 Near *Endor* did confound,  
 And left their carcasses for dung  
 To feed the hungry ground.

- 11 Let all their mighty men the fate  
Of *Zeb* and *Oreb* share :  
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunna*, so  
Let all their princes fare.
- 12 Who, with the same design inspir'd,  
Thus vainly boasting spake,  
“ In firm possession for ourselves  
“ Let us God's houses take.”
- 13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels  
Which downwards swiftly move :  
Like chaff before the wind, let all  
Their scatter'd forces prove.
- 14, 15 As flames consume dry wood or heath  
That on parch'd mountains grows,  
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath  
With terrour strike thy foes.
- 16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,  
That they may own thy name :  
Or them confound, whose harden'd hearts  
Thy gentler means disclaim.
- 18 So shall the wond'ring world confess  
That thou who claim'st alone  
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth  
Hast rais'd thy lofty throne.

Psalm LXXXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st  
The brightness of thy face !
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire,  
To view thy blest abode :  
My panting heart and flesh cry out  
For thee, the living God.

- 3 The birds, more happy far than I,  
Around thy temple throng ;  
Securely there they build, and there  
Securely hatch their young.
- 4 O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they,  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display !
- 5 Thrice happy they whose choice has thee  
Their sure protection made,  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead !
- 6 Who pass through *Baca's* thirsty vale,  
Yet no refreshment want :  
Their pools are fill'd with rain, which thou  
At their request dost grant.
- 7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength  
And still approach more near ;  
'Till all on *Sion's* holy mount  
Before their God appear.
- 8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,  
My just requests regard ;  
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my pray'r  
Be still with favour heard.
- 9 Behold, O God, for thou alone  
Canst timely aid dispense :  
On thy anointed servant look,  
Be thou his strong defence.
- 10 For in thy courts one single day  
'Tis better to attend,  
Than, Lord, in any place besides  
A thousand days to spend.

- Much rather in God's house will I  
 The meanest office take,  
 Than in the wealthy tents of sin  
 My pompous dwelling make.
- 11 For God, who is our sun and shield,  
 Will grace and glory give ;  
 And no good thing will he withhold  
 From them that justly live.
- 12 Thou God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
 How highly blest is he,  
 Whose hope and trust securely plac'd,  
 Is still repos'd on thee !

Psalm LXXXV. *Common metre.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast granted to thy land,  
 The favours we implor'd,  
 And faithful *Jacob's* captive race  
 Most graciously restor'd.
- 2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,  
 And all their guilt defac'd :  
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,  
 Nor thy fierce anger last.
- 4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts  
 To thy obedience turn ;  
 That, kindled by our former sins,  
 Thy wrath no more may burn :
- 5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,  
 And wrath so long retain ?  
 Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints  
 Thy wonted comfort gain.
- 7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,  
 Which we have long implor'd ;  
 And for thy wond'rous mercy's sake,  
 Thy wonted aid afford.

- 8 God's answer patiently I'll wait ;  
 For he with glad success,  
 (If they no more to folly turn)  
 His mourning faints will bless.
- 9 To all that fear his holy name,  
 His sure salvation's near ;  
 And in its former happy state  
 Our nation shall appear.
- 10 For mercy now with truth is join'd ;  
 And righteousness with peace,  
 Like kind companions absent long,  
 With friendly arms embrace.
- 11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring whilst  
 Shall streams of justice pour, (heav'n  
 And God from whom all goodness flows,  
 Shall endless plenty show'r.
- 13 Before him righteousness shall march,  
 And his just paths prepare ;  
 Whilst we his holy steps pursue  
 With constant zeal and care.

**Psalm LXXXVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O my complaint, O Lord my God,  
 Thy gracious ear incline :  
 Hear me distress'd and destitute  
 Of all relief but thine ;
- 2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,  
 That does thy name adore :  
 Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust  
 Relies on thee, restore.
- 3 To me, who daily thee invoke,  
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend :
- 4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes  
 On thee alone depend.

- 5 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good  
 But prompt to pardon too,  
 Of plenteous mercy to all those,  
 Who for thy mercy sue.
- 6 To my repeated humble pray'r,  
 O Lord, attentive be :
- 7 When troubled, I on thee will call,  
 For thou wilt answer me.
- 8 Among the gods there's none like thee,  
 O Lord, alone divine !  
 To thee as much inferiour they,  
 As are their works to thine.
- 9 Therefore their great Creator, thee,  
 The nations shall adore ;  
 Their long misguided pray'rs and praise  
 To thy blest name restore.
- 10 All shall confefs thee great, and great  
 The wonders thou hast done !  
 Confefs thee God, thee God supreme,  
 Confefs thee God alone.

## P A R T II.

- 11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I  
 From truth shall ne'er depart ;  
 In rev'ence to thy sacred name  
 Devoutly fix my heart.
- 12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,  
 Praise thee with heart sincere :  
 And to thy everlasting name  
 Eternal trophies rear.
- 13 Thy boundless mercy shewn to me,  
 Transcends my pow'r to tell,  
 For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul  
 From lowest depths of hell.

- 14 O God the sons of pride and strife  
Have my destruction sought,  
Regardless of thy pow'r that oft  
Has my deliv'rance wrought :
- 15 But thou thy constant goodness did'st  
To my assistance bring ;  
Of patience, mercy, and of truth,  
Thou everlasting spring !
- 16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength  
To me thy servant show ;  
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,  
Thine handmaid's son bestow.
- 17 Some signal give which my proud foes  
May see with shame and rage,  
When thou, O Lord, for my relief  
And comfort dost engage.

**Psalm LXXXVII. Particular metre.**

- 1 **G**OD's temple crowns the holy mount ;  
The Lord there condescends to dwell ;
- 2 His *Sion's* gates in his account  
Our *Isr'el's* fairest tents excel.
- 3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,  
O city of th' almighty King !
- 4 I'll mention *Rahab* with due praise,  
In *Babylon's* applauses join,  
The fame of *Ethiopia* raise,  
With that of *Tyre* and *Palestine* ;  
And grant that some, amongst them born,  
Their age and country did adorn :
- 5 But still of *Sion* I'll aver,  
That many such from her proceed :  
Th' almighty shall establish her.
- 6 His gen'ral list shall shew, when read,

That fuch a perfon there was born,  
And fuch did fuch an age adorn.

- 7 He'll *Sion* find with numbers fill'd  
Of fuch as merit high renown ;  
For hand and voice muficians skill'd.  
And, her transcending fame to crown,  
Of fuch ſhe ſhall ſucceſſions bring  
Like waters from a living ſpring.

**Psalm LXXXVIII.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **T**O thee, my God and Saviour, I  
By day and night addreſs my cry ;  
2 Vouchſafe my mournful voice to hear,  
To my diſtreſs incline thine ear :  
3 For ſeas of trouble me invade,  
My ſoul draws nigh to death's cold ſhade.  
4 Like one whoſe ſtrength and hopes are fled,  
They number me among the dead.  
5 Like thoſe, who ſhrouded in the grave,  
From thee no more remembrance have ;  
6 Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining care,  
Down to the confines of deſpair.  
7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,  
Afflicting me with reſtleſs pain :  
Me all thy mountain waves have preſt,  
To weak, alas ! to bear the leaſt.  
8 Remov'd from friends I ſigh alone,  
- In a loath'd dungeon laid, where none  
A viſit will vouchſafe to me,  
Confin'd, paſt hopes of liberty.  
9 My eyes from weeping never ceaſe,  
They waſte, but ſtill my griefs increaſe ;  
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've pray'd,  
With outſtretch'd hands invok'd thine aid.

- 10 Wilt thou by miracle revive  
 The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive ?  
 From death restore thy praise to sing,  
 Whom thou from prison would'st not bring ?
- 11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess ?  
 A mould'ring tomb thy faithfulness ?
- 12 Thy truth and pow'r renown obtain,  
 Where darkness and oblivion reign ?
- 13 To thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn ;  
 My pray'r prevents the early morn.
- 14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,  
 Nor once vouchsaf'd a gracious look ?
- 15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,  
 Which from my youth with me have grown ;  
 Thy terrors past distract my mind,  
 And fears of blacker days behind.
- 16 Thy wrath hath burst upon my head,  
 Thy terrors fill my soul with dread ;
- 17 Environ'd as with waves combin'd,  
 And for a gen'ral deluge join'd.
- 18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all  
 Remov'd from sight, and out of call ;  
 To dark oblivion all retir'd,  
 Dead, or at least to me expir'd.

Psalm LXXXIX. *Long metre.*

- 1 **T**HY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,  
 My song on them shall ever dwell :  
 To ages yet unborn, my tongue  
 Thy never failing truth shall tell.
- 2 I have affirm'd and still maintain,  
 Thy mercy shall forever last !  
 Thy truth that does the heav'ns sustain,  
 Like them shall stand forever fast.

- 3 Thus spak'ft thou by thy prophet's voice,  
 " With *David* I a league have made ;  
 " To him, my fervant, and my choice,  
 " By solemn oath this grant convey'd ;
- 4 " While earth and feas, and skies endure,  
 " Thy feed fhall in my fight remain ;  
 " To them thy throne I will ensure,  
 " They fhall to endless ages reign."
- 5 For fuch ftupendous truth and love,  
 Both heav'n and earth juft praises owe,  
 By choirs of angels fung above,  
 And by afsembled faints below.
- 6 What feraph of celeftial birth  
 To vie with *Iſr'el's* God fhall dare ?  
 Or who among the gods of earth,  
 With our almighty Lord compare ?
- 7 With rev'rence and religious dread,  
 His faints ſhould to his temple prefs ;  
 His fear through all their hearts ſhould ſpread,  
 Who his almighty name confeſs.
- 8 Lord God of armies, who can boaſt  
 Of ſtrength or pow'r, like thine renown'd ?  
 Of ſuch a num'rous faithful hoſt,  
 As that which does thy throne ſurround.
- 9 Thou doſt the lawleſs ſea controul,  
 And change the proſpect of the deep ;  
 Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping billows roll,  
 Thou mak'ſt the rolling billows ſleep.
- 10 Thou break'ſt in pieces *Rahab's* pride,  
 And did'ſt oppreſſing pow'r diſarm :  
 Thy ſcatter'd foes have dearly try'd  
 The force of thy reſiſtleſs arm.

- 11 In thee the sov'reign right remains  
Of earth and heav'n ; thee, Lord alone,  
The world and all that it contains,  
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 12 The poles on which the globe does rest,  
Were form'd by thy creating voice ;  
*Tabor* and *Hermon*, east and west,  
In thy sustaining pow'r rejoice.
- 13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign ;
- 14 Possess'd of absolute command,  
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.
- 15 Happy, thrice happy they, who hear  
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Who may at festivals appear,  
With thy most glorious presence crown'd.
- 16 Thy faints shall always be o'erjoy'd,  
Who on thy sacred name rely ;  
And in thy righteousness employ'd,  
Above their foes be rais'd on high :
- 17 For in thy strength they shall advance,  
Whose conquest from thy favour spring.
- 18 The Lord of host is our defence,  
And *Isr'el's* God our *Isr'el's* King.
- 19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice,  
" A mighty champion I will send ;  
From *Judah's* tribe have I made choice  
Of one who shall the rest defend.
- 20 My servant *David* I have found,  
With holy oil anointed him ;
- 21 Him shall the hand support that crown'd,  
And guard that gave the diadem. ||

- 22 No prince from him shall tribute force,  
No sons of strife shall him annoy ;
- 23 His spiteful foes I will disperse,  
And them before his face destroy.
- 24 My truth and grace shall him sustain ;  
His armies in well order'd ranks,
- 25 Shall conquer from the *Tyrian* main  
To *Tygris* and *Euphrates'* banks.
- 26 Me for his father he shall take,  
His God and rock of safety call ;
- 27 Him I my first born son will make,  
And earthly kings his subjects all.
- 28 To him my mercy I'll secure,  
My cov'nant make for ever fast.
- 29 His seed forever shall endure,  
His throne, till heav'n dissolve, shall last.

## P A R T II.

- 30 But if his heirs my law forsake ;  
And from my sacred precepts stray ;
- 31 If they my righteous statutes break,  
Nor strictly my commands obey ;
- 32 Their sins I'll visit with a rod,  
And for their folly make them smart ;
- 33 Yet will not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth, like them, depart.
- 34 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
But in remembrance fast retain ;  
The thing that once my lips have spoke  
Shall in eternal force remain.
- 35 Once have I sworn, but once for all,  
And made my holiness the tie,  
That I my grant will ne'er recal,  
Nor to my servant *David* lie.

- 36 Whose throne and race the constant sun  
 Shall, like his course, establish'd see :
- 37 Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,  
 In heav'n my faithful witness be."
- 38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord,  
 But thou hast now our tribes forsook,  
 Thy own anointed hast abhorr'd,  
 And turn'd on him thy wrathful look.
- 39 Thou seemst to have render'd void  
 The cov'nant with thy servant made,  
 Thou hast his dignity destroy'd,  
 And in the dust his honour laid.
- 40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,  
 And brought his bulwarks to decay ;
- 41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,  
 A publick scorn and common prey.
- 42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield  
 To foes advanc'd by thee to might ;
- 43 Thou hast his conqu'ring sword unsteel'd,  
 His valour turn'd to shameful flight.
- 44 His glory is to darkness fled,  
 His throne is levell'd with the ground :
- 45 His youth to wretched bondage led,  
 With shame o'erwhelm'd and sorrow  
 [drown'd.
- 46 How long shall we thy absence mourn ?  
 Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire ?  
 Shall thy consuming anger burn  
 'Till that and we at once expire ?
- 47 Consider, Lord, how short a space  
 Thou dost for mortal life ordain ;  
 No method to prolong the race,  
 But loading it with grief and pain. ||

- 48 What man is he that can controul  
 Death's strict unalterable doom ?  
 Or rescue from the grave his soul,  
 The grave that must mankind entomb ?
- 49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace  
 The oath to which thy truth did seal,  
 Consign'd to *David* and his race,  
 The grant which time should ne'er repeal ?
- 50 See how thy servants treated are  
 With infamy, reproach and spite ;  
 Which in my silent breast I bear ;  
 From nations of licentious might.
- 51 How they, reproaching thy great name,  
 Have made thy servant's hope their jest :
- 52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,  
 And ever sing, the Lord be blest.  
 Amen, Amen.

**P**salm XC. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** LORD, the Saviour and defence  
 Of us thy chosen race,  
 From age to age thou still hast been  
 Our sure abiding place.
- 2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,  
 Or th' earth or world didst frame,  
 Thou always wert the mighty God,  
 And ever art the same :
- 3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
 Of which he first was made ;  
 And when thou speak'st the word, return,  
 'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 4 For in thy sight a thousand years  
 Are like a day that's past,  
 Or like a watch in dead of night,  
 Whose hours unminded waste.

- 5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,  
 We vanish hence like dreams :  
 At first we grow like grafs that feels  
 The fun's reviving beams :
- 6 But howsoever fresh and fair,  
 Its morning beauty shows ;  
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,  
 Before the evening clofe.
- 7,8 We by thine anger are confum'd,  
 And by thy wrath difmay'd ;  
 Our publick crimes and fecret fins  
 Before thy fight are laid.
- 9 Beneath thy anger's fad effects  
 Our drooping days we fpend ;  
 Our unregarded years break off,  
 Like tales that quickly end.
- 10 Our term of time is feventy years,  
 An age that few furvive :  
 But if, with more than common ftrength,  
 To eighty we arrive ;  
 Yet then our boasted ftrength decays,  
 To forrow turn'd and pain :  
 So foon the fender thread is cut,  
 And we no more remain.

## P A R T II.

- 11 But who thy anger's dread effects  
 Does, as he ought, revere ?  
 And yet thy wrath does fall or rife,  
 As more or lefs we fear.
- 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain fum  
 Of our fhort days to mind,  
 That to true wifdom all our hearts  
 May ever be inclin'd.

- 13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,  
And speedily relent !  
As we of our misdeeds, do thou  
Of our just doom repent.
- 14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,  
Thy early mercy send ;  
That we may all our days to come,  
In joy and comfort spend.
- 15 Let happy times with large amends  
Dry up our former tears,  
Or equal at the least the term  
Of our afflicted years.
- 16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this  
Thy wond'rous work be known,  
And to our offspring yet unborn,  
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.
- 17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,  
Give thou our work success ;  
The glorious work we have in hand  
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

---

**Psalm XCI.** *Particular metre.*

- 1 **H**E that has God his guardian made,  
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,  
Secure and undisturb'd abide.
- 2 Thus to my soul, of him I'll say,  
He is my fortress and my stay,  
My God in whom I will confide.
- 3 His tender love and watchful care  
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,  
And from the noisome pestilence :
- 4 He over thee his wings shall spread,  
And cover thy unguarded head ;  
His truth shall be thy strong defence. ||

- 5 No terrours that surprife by night,  
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,  
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
- 6 Nor plague, of unknown rife, that kills  
In darkness, nor infectious ills  
That in the hottest feafon flay.
- 7 A thoufand at thy fide fhall die,  
At thy right hand ten thoufand lie,  
While thy firm health untouch'd remains.
- 8 Thou only fhalt look on and fee  
The wicked's fad catastrophe,  
And count the finner's mournful gains.
- 9 Because, with well plac'd confidence,  
Thou mak'ft the Lord thy fure defence,  
And on the higheft doft rely ;
- 10 Therefore no ill fhall thee befall,  
Nor to thy healthful dwelling fhall  
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 11 For he throughout thy happy days  
To keep thee fafe in all thy ways,  
Shall give his angels ftrict commands ;
- 12 And they, left thou fhould'ft chance to meet  
With fome rough ftone to wound thy feet,  
Shall bear thee fafely in their hands.
- 13 Dragons and afps that thirft for blood,  
And lions roaring for their food,  
Beneath his conqu'ring feet fhall lie.
- 14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,  
Therefore, fays God, I'll fet him free,  
And fix his glorious throne on high.
- 15 He'll call ; I'll anfwer when he calls,  
And refcue him when ill befalls ;

Increase his honour and his wealth :  
 16 And when, with undisturb'd content,  
 His long and happy life is spent,  
 His end I'll crown with saving health.

---

**Psalm XCII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be  
 To thank the Lord most high ;  
 And with repeated hymns of praise,  
 His name to magnify.
- 2 With ev'ry morning's early dawn,  
 His goodness to relate ;  
 And of his constant truth each night  
 The glad effects repeat.
- 3 To ten string'd instruments we'll sing,  
 With tuneful psalteries join'd,  
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds  
 For sacred use design'd.
- 4 For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord,  
 Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;  
 The thoughts of them shall make me glad,  
 And shout with cheerful voice.
- 5,6 How wond'rous are thy works, O Lord !  
 How deep are thy decrees !  
 Whose winding tracks in secret laid,  
 No stupid sinner sees.
- 7 He little thinks, when wicked men,  
 Like grass look fresh and gay ;  
 How soon their short liv'd splendour must  
 Forever pass away.
- 8,9 But thou, my God, art still most high ;  
 And all thy lofty foes,  
 Who thought they might securely sin,  
 Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes.

10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r,  
 And mak'st it largely spread ;  
 And with refreshing oil anoint'st  
 My consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes  
 To utter ruin brought ;  
 And hear the dismal end of those,  
 Who have against me fought.

12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,  
 Shall make a glorious show ;  
 As cedars that on *Lebanon*  
 In stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,  
 Within his courts shall thrive ;  
 Their vigour and their lustre both  
 Shall in old age revive :

5 Thus will the Lord his justice shew ;  
 And God, my strong defence,  
 Shall due rewards to all the world  
 Impartially dispense.

**Psalm XCIII.** *Long metre.*

1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,  
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,  
 The world's foundations strongly laid,  
 And the vast fabrick still sustains.

2 How surely stablish'd is thy throne !  
 Which shall no change or period see ;  
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,  
 Art God from all eternity.

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;  
 But God above can still their noise,  
 And make the angry sea comply.

- 5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,  
 And they, that in thy house would dwell,  
 That happy station to secure,  
 Must still in holiness excel.
- 

**Psalm XCIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1,2 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,  
 Thy vengeance now disclose ;  
 Arise, thou judge of all the earth,  
 And crush thy haughty foes.
- 3,4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men  
 Their solemn triumphs make ;  
 How long their wicked actions boast,  
 And insolently speak ?
- 5,6 Not only they thy saints oppress,  
 But unprovok'd they spill  
 The widow's and the stranger's blood,  
 And helpless orphans kill.
- 7 " And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,  
 (Profanely thus they speak)  
 Nor any notice of our deeds  
 The God of *Jacob* take."
- 8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants  
 Endeavour to discern :  
 In folly will you still proceed,  
 And wisdom never learn ?
- 9,10 Can he be deaf who form'd the ear,  
 Or blind who fram'd the eye ?  
 Shall earth's great judge not punish those,  
 Who his known will defy ?
- 11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men,  
 To him their hearts lie bare ;  
 His eye surveys them all, and sees  
 How vain their counsels are.

## P A R T II.

- 12 Blest is the man whom thou, O Lord,  
 In kindness dost chastise,  
 And by thy sacred rules to walk  
 Do'st lovingly advise.
- 13 This man shall rest and safety find  
 In seasons of distress,  
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those,  
 That stubbornly transgress.
- 14 For God will never from his saints  
 His favour wholly take :  
 His own possession and his lot,  
 He will not quite forsake.
- 15 The world shall then confess thee just,  
 In all that thou hast done :  
 And those that choose thy upright ways,  
 Shall in those paths go on.
- 16 Who will appear in my behalf,  
 When wicked men invade,  
 Or who, when sinners would oppress,  
 My righteous cause shall plead ?
- 17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,  
 But that the Lord was near,  
 To stay me when I slept ; when sad,  
 My troubled heart to cheer.
- 20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,  
 Their sinful throne sustain,  
 Who make the law a fair pretence  
 Their wicked ends to gain ?
- 21 Against the lives of righteous men  
 They form their close design ;  
 And blood of innocents to spill,  
 In solemn league combine.

- 22 But my defence is firmly plac'd  
 In God the Lord most high :  
 He is my rock, to which I may  
 For refuge always fly.
- 23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs  
 On their own heads to fall :  
 He in their sins shall cut them off,  
 Our God shall slay them all.
- 

**Psalm XCV. Long Metre.**

- 1 **O** COME, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our almighty King,  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's rock we praise.
- 2 Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past ;  
 To him address in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his name belongs.
- 3 For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
 Is, with unrival'd glory, great :  
 A King superiour far to all,  
 Whom by his title God we call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,  
 Her secret wealth at his command ;  
 The strength of hills, that threat the skies,  
 Subjected to his empire lies.
- 5 The rolling ocean's vast abyfs  
 By the same sov'reign right is his :  
 'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,  
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 6 O let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow with adoration there :  
 Down on our knees devoutly all  
 Before the Lord our maker fall.

- 7 For he's our God, our shepherd he,  
His flock and pasture sheep are we.  
If then you'll, like his flock, draw near,  
Today if you his voice will hear;
- 8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew  
Your father's crimes and judgments too;  
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they  
In desert plains of *Meribab*.
- 9 When through the wilderness they mov'd,  
And me with fresh temptations prov'd:  
They still, through unbelief, rebell'd,  
While they my wond'rous works beheld.
- 10, 11 They forty years my patience griev'd,  
Though daily I their wants reliev'd.  
Then—'tis a faithless race, I said,  
Whose heart from me has always stray'd;
- They ne'er will tread my righteous path:  
Therefore to them in settled wrath,  
Since they despis'd my rest, I swear  
That they should never enter there.

**Psalm XCVI.** *Particular metre.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song;  
Let earth in one assembled throng,  
Her common patron's praise resound.
- 2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name,  
From day to day his praise proclaim,  
Who us has with salvation crown'd.
- 3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,  
His wonders to the universe.
- 4 He's great and greatly to be prais'd;  
In majesty and glory rais'd  
Above all other deities.
- 5 For pageantry and idols all

- Are they whom gods the heathen call ;  
 He only rules who made the skies.
- 6 With majesty and honour crown'd,  
 Beauty and strength his throne surround :
- 7 Be therefore both to him restor'd  
 By you who have false Gods ador'd,  
 Ascribe due honours to his name ;
- 8 Peace off'rings on his altar lay,  
 Before his throne your homage pay,  
 Which he and he alone can claim.
- 9 To worship at his sacred court,  
 Let all the trembling world resort.
- 10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,  
 Whose power the universe sustains,  
 And banish'd justice will restore.
- 11 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,  
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;  
 Its loud applause the ocean roar,  
 Its mute inhabitants rejoice,  
 And for this triumph find a voice.
- 12 For joy let fertile vallies sing,  
 The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;  
 The tuneful choir of birds awake,
- 13 The Lord's approach to celebrate,  
 Who now sets out with awful state,  
 His circuit through the earth to take.  
 From heav'n to judge the world he's come,  
 With justice to reward and doom.

---

*Psalm XCVII. Long metre.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth  
 In his just government rejoice ;  
 Let all the isles with sacred mirth,  
 In his applause unite their voice.

- 2 Darkneſs and clouds of awful ſhade  
 His dazzling glory ſhroud in ſtate ;  
 Juſtice and truth his guards are made,  
 And fix'd by his pavillion wait.
- 3 Devouring fire before his face  
 His foes around with vengeance ſtruck ;
- 4 His lightnings ſet the world on blaze ;  
 Earth ſaw it and with terrour ſhook.
- 5 The proudeſt hills his preſence felt,  
 Their height nor ſtrength could help afford,  
 The proudeſt hills like wax did melt  
 In preſence of th' almighty Lord.
- 6 The heav'ns his righteouſneſs to ſhow,  
 With ſtorms of fire our foes purſu'd ;  
 And all the trembling world below,  
 Have his deſcending glory view'd.
- 7 Confounded be their impious hoſt,  
 Who make the gods, to whom they pray :  
 All who of pageant idols boaſt ;  
 To him, ye gods, your worſhip pay.
- 8 Glad *Sion* of thy triumph heard,  
 And *Judab's* daughters were o'erjoy'd ;  
 Becauſe thy righteous judgments, Lord,  
 Have pagan pride and pow'r deſtroy'd.
- 9 For thou, O God, art ſeated high,  
 Above earth's potentates enthron'd :  
 Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the ſky,  
 Supreme by all the gods art own'd.
- 10 You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,  
 Abhor what's ill, and truth eſteem :  
 He'll keep his ſervants ſouls entire,  
 And them from wicked hands redeem. ||

- 11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,  
 A future harvest for the just ;  
 And gladness for the heart upright,  
 To recompense its pious trust.
- 12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord ;  
 Memorials of his holiness,  
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,  
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

**Psalm XCVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new made song,  
 Who wond'rous things has done :  
 With his right hand and holy arm,  
 The conquest he has won.
- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world  
 Display'd his saving-might,  
 And made his righteous acts appear  
 In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of *Isr'el's* house his love and truth  
 Have ever mindful been ;  
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r  
 Of *Isr'el's* God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants  
 Their cheerful voices raise,  
 And all with universal joy,  
 Resound their Maker's praise.
- 5 With harps and hymns, soft melody  
 Into the concert bring,
- 6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound  
 Before th' almighty King.
- 7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,  
 With all that seas contain ;  
 The earth and her inhabitants  
 Join concert with the main.

- 8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,  
 To spreading torrents they :  
 And echoing vales, from hill to hill,  
 Redoubled shouts convey ;
- 9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,  
 Who does with justice come,  
 And with impartial equity,  
 Both to reward and doom.
- 

**Psalm XCIX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, let therefore all  
 The guilty nations quake ;  
 On cherub's wings he sits enthron'd ;  
 Let earth's foundations shake.
- 2 On *Sion's* hill he keeps his court,  
 His palace makes her tow'rs :  
 Yet thence his sov'reignty extends  
 Supreme o'er earthly pow'rs.
- 3 Let therefore all with praise address  
 His great and dreadful name,  
 And with his unresisted might  
 His holiness proclaim.
- 4 For truth and justice in his reign,  
 Of strength and pow'r take place :  
 His judgments are with righteousness  
 Dispens'd to *Jacob's* race.
- 5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God,  
 Before his footstool fall ;  
 And with his unresisted might  
 His holiness extol.
- 6 *Moses* and *Aaron* thus of old,  
 Amongst his priests ador'd ;  
 Amongst his prophets *Samuel* thus  
 His sacred name implor'd :

- Distress'd, upon the Lord they call'd,  
 Who ne'er their suit deny'd ;  
 But, as with rev'rence they implor'd,  
 He graciously reply'd.
- 7 For with their camp, to guide their march,  
 The cloudy pillar mov'd :  
 They kept his laws, and to his will  
 Obedient servants prov'd.
- 8 He answer'd them, forgiving oft  
 His people for their sake ;  
 And those, who rashly them oppos'd,  
 Did sad examples make.
- 9 With worship at his sacred courts  
 Exalt our God and Lord ;  
 For he, who only holy is,  
 Alone should be ador'd.

Psalm C. *Long metre.*

- 1 WITH one consent let all the earth  
 2 To God their cheerful voices raise ;  
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,  
 And sing before him songs of praise.
- 3 Convinc'd that he is God alone,  
 From whom both we and all proceed ;  
 We, whom he chooses for his own,  
 The flock which he vouchsafes to feed.
- 4 O enter then his temple gate,  
 Thence to his courts devoutly press,  
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,  
 And still his name with praises bless.
- 5 For he's the Lord supremely good,  
 His mercy is forever sure ;  
 His truth, which all times firmly stood,  
 To endless ages shall endure.

Psalm CI. *Long metre.*

- 1 **O**F mercy's never failing spring,  
 And stedfast judgment I will sing;  
 And since they both to thee belong,  
 To thee, O Lord, address my song.
- 2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,  
 Wise discipline my reign shall guide;  
 With blameless life myself I'll make  
 A pattern for my court to take.
- 3 No ill design will I pursue,  
 Nor those my fav'rites make that do.
- 4 Who to reproof has no regard,  
 Him will I totally discard.
- 5 The private slanderer shall be  
 In publick justice doom'd by me:  
 From haughty looks I'll turn aside,  
 And mortify the heart of pride.
- 6 But honesty, call'd from her cell,  
 In splendour at my court shall dwell:  
 Who virtue's practice make their care,  
 Shall have the first preferments there.
- 7 No politicks shall recommend  
 His country's foe to be my friend:  
 None e'er shall to my favour rise  
 By flatt'ring and malicious lies.
- 8 All those who wicked courses take,  
 An early sacrifice I'll make;  
 Cut off, destroy, 'till none remain  
 God's holy city to profane.

Psalm CII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,  
 Do thou, O Lord, attend;  
 To thy eternal throne of grace  
 Let my sad cry ascend.

- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face  
In times of deep distress :  
Incline thine ear, and when I call,  
My sorrow soon redress.
- 3 Each cloudy portion of my life  
Like scatter'd smoke expires ;  
My shrivel'd bones are like a hearth,  
That's parch'd with constant fires.
- 4 My heart like grass that feels the blast  
Of some infectious wind,  
Does languish so with grief, that scarce  
My needful food I mind.
- 5 By reason of my sad estate  
I spend my breath in groans ;  
My flesh is worn away, my skin  
Scarce hides my starting bones.
- 6 I'm like a pelican become,  
That does in deserts mourn :  
Or like an owl that sits all day  
On barren trees forlorn.
- 7 In watchings or in restless dreams  
The night by me is spent,  
As by those solitary birds,  
That lonesome roofs frequent.
- 8 All day by railing foes I'm made  
The subject of their scorn ;  
Who all possess'd with furious rage,  
Have my destruction sworn.
- 9 When grov'ling on the ground I lie,  
Oppress'd with grief and fears,  
My bread is strew'd with ashes o'er,  
My drink is mix'd with tears.

- 10 Because on me with double weight  
Thy heavy wrath doth lie :  
For thou to make my fall more great,  
Didst lift me up on high.
- 11 My days just hast'ning to their end,  
Are like an ev'ning shade :  
My beauty does, like wither'd grafs,  
With waning lustre fade.
- 12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,  
No length of time shall waste :  
The mem'ry of thy wond'rous works,  
From age to age shall last,
- 13 Thou shalt arise, and *Sion* view  
With an unclouded face :  
For now her time is come, thy own  
Appointed day of grace.
- 14 Her scatter'd ruins by thy saints  
With pity are survey'd :  
They grieve to see her lofty spires  
In dust and rubbish laid.
- 15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord  
All heathen kings shall fear ;  
When he shall *Sion* build again,  
And in full state appear.
- 17, 18 When he regards the poor's request,  
Nor slights their earnest pray'r ;  
Our sons for this recorded grace,  
Shall his just praise declare.
- 19 For God from his abode on high,  
His gracious beams display'd ;  
The Lord, from heav'n his lofty throne,  
Hath all the earth survey'd.

- 20 He listen'd to the captives moans,  
 He heard their mournful cry,  
 And freed, by his resistless pow'r,  
 The wretches doom'd to die.
- 21 That they in *Sion*, where he dwells,  
 Might celebrate his fame,  
 And through the holy city sing  
 Loud praises to his name.
- 22 When all the tribes assembling there,  
 Their solemn vows address,  
 And neighb'ring lands with glad consent  
 The Lord their God confess.
- 23 But e'er my race is run, my strength  
 Through his fierce wrath decays ;  
 He has, when all my wishes bloom'd,  
 Cut short my hopeful days.
- 24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,  
 When half is scarcely past :  
 Thy years from worldly changes free  
 To endless ages last.
- 25 The strong foundations of the earth  
 Of old by thee were laid ;  
 Thy hands, the beauteous arch of heav'n  
 With wond'rous skill have made :
- 26, 27 Whilst thou forever shalt endure,  
 They soon shall pass away ;  
 And like a garment often worn,  
 Shall tarnish and decay.
- Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,  
 To thy command they bend ;  
 But thou continu'st still the same,  
 Nor have thy years an end.

- 28 Thou to the children of thy saints,  
 Shall lasting quiet give ;  
 Whose happy race securely fix'd,  
 Shall in thy presence live.
- 

**Psalm CIII.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
 2 **M** God's holy name forever blest :  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 3, 4 'Tis he that all my sins forgives,  
 And after sickness makes me sound ;  
 From danger he my life retrieves,  
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 5, 6 He with good things my mouth supplies,  
 My vigour, eagle like, renews :  
 He, when the guiltless suff'rer cries,  
 His foe with just revenge pursues.
- 7 God made of old his righteous ways  
 To *Moses* and our fathers known ;  
 His works to his eternal praise,  
 Were to the sons of *Jacob* shown.
- 8 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
 And unexampled acts of grace ;  
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flows apace.
- 9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,  
 But with his anger quickly part ;  
 And loves his punishments to guide,  
 More by his love than our desert.
- 21 As high as heav'n its arch extends  
 Above this little spot of clay ;  
 So much his boundless love transcends,  
 The small respects that we can pay.

- 12,13 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
 So far has he our sins remov'd,  
 Who with a father's tender breast  
 Has such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 14,15 For God, who all our frame surveys,  
 Considers that we are but clay :  
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our days  
 Like grass or flow'rs must fade away :
- 16,17 Whilst they are nipt with sudden blasts,  
 Nor can we find their former place ;  
 God's faithful mercy ever lasts,  
 To those that fear him, and their race.
- 18 This shall attend on such as still  
 Proceed in his appointed way ;  
 And who not only know his will,  
 But to it just obedience pay.
- 19,20 The Lord, the universal King,  
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne :  
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,  
 In whose great strength his pow'r is show'n.
- Ye that his just commands obey,  
 And hear and do his sacred will ;
- 21 Ye hosts of his this tribute pay,  
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 2 Let ev'ry creature jointly bleſs  
 The mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,  
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,  
 And in this concert bear thy part.

**Psalm CIV. Long Metre.**

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul ; thou, Lord, alone  
 Possessest empire without bounds :  
 With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne  
 Eternal majesty surrounds.

- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,  
 And glory for a garment take :  
 Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,  
 Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air and forms  
 His palace chambers in the skies ;  
 The clouds his chariots are, and storms  
 The swift wing'd steeds with which he flies.
- 4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,  
 His ministers heav'n's palace fill,  
 To have their sundry tasks assign'd :  
 All proud to serve their Sov'reign's will.
- 5,6 Earth on her centre fix'd he set,  
 Her face with waters overspread ;  
 Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet,  
 To lift above the waves their head.
- 7 But when thy awful face appear'd,  
 Th' insulting waves dispers'd ; they fled,  
 When once thy thunders voice they heard,  
 And by their haste confess'd their dread.
- 8 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,  
 And gushing from the mountain's side,  
 Through vallies travel to the deep,  
 Appointed to receive their tide.
- 9 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds  
 The threaten'g furies to repel ;  
 That they no more o'erpass their mounds,  
 Nor to a second deluge swell.

## P A R T II.

- 10 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,  
 The sea recovers her lost hills ;  
 And starting springs from ev'ry lawn,  
 Surprise the vales with plenteous rills. }

- 11 The fields tame beasts are thither led,  
 Weary with labour, faint with drought ;  
 And asses on wild mountains bred,  
 Have sense to find these currents out.
- 12 There shady trees from scorching beams,  
 Yield shelter to the feather'd throng ;  
 They drink, and to the bounteous streams  
 Return the tribute of their song.
- 13 His rains from heav'n, parch'd hills recruit,  
 That soon transmit the liquid store ;  
 'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,  
 And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 14 Grass, for our cattle to devour,  
 He makes the growth of ev'ry field ;  
 Herbs for man's use, of various pow'r,  
 That either food or physick yield.
- 15 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,  
 To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares,  
 Gives oil that makes his face to shine ;  
 And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

## P A R T III.

- 16 The trees of God, without the care  
 Or art of man, with sap are fed ;  
 The mountain cedar looks as fair  
 As those in royal garden's bred.
- 17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms  
 The wand'ers of the air may rest ;  
 The hospitable pine from harms  
 Protects the flock, her pious guest.
- 18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,  
 Its tow'ring heights their fortrefs make,  
 Whose cells in labyrinths extend,  
 Where feebler creatures refuge take. - ||

- 19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows  
 Th' appointed seasons of the year ;  
 Th' instructed sun his duty knows,  
 His hours to rise and disappear.
- 20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,  
 When forest beasts securely stray ;  
 Young lions roar their wants aloud  
 To providence, that sends them prey.
- 22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,  
 'Till summon'd by the rising morn,  
 To skulk in dens, with one consent,  
 The conscious ravagers return.
- 23 Forth to the tillage of his soil,  
 The husbandman securely goes,  
 Commencing with the sun his toil,  
 With him returns to his repose.
- 24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,  
 For which thy wisdom we adore !  
 The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,  
 'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

## P A R T IV.

- 25 But still, the vast unfathom'd main  
 Of wonders a new scene supplies,  
 Whose depths inhabitants contain,  
 Of ev'ry form and ev'ry size.
- 26 Full freighted ships from ev'ry port,  
 There cut their unmolested way ;  
 Leviathan, whom there to sport  
 Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.
- 27 These various troops of sea and land,  
 In sense of common want agree :  
 All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
 And have their daily alms from thee. H

- 28 They gather what thy stores disperse,  
Without their trouble to provide :  
Thou op'ft thy hand, the univerfe,  
The craving world is all fupply'd.
- 29 Thou for a moment hid'ft thy face,  
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;  
Thou tak'ft their breath, all nature's race  
Forthwith to mother earth return.
- 30 Again thou fend'ft thy fpirit forth,  
T'infpire the mafs with vital feed ;  
Nature's reftor'd, and parent earth  
Smiles on her new created breed.
- 31 Thus through fucceffive ages ftands  
Firm fix'd thy providential care ;  
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,  
Thou doft the wafte of time repair.
- 32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,  
Earth's panting breaft with terrour fills ;  
One touch from thee, with clouds of fmoke  
In darknefs frouds the proudeft hills.
- 33 In praifing God, while he prolongs  
My breath, I will that breath employ ;
- 34 And join devotion to my fongs  
Sincere, as in him is my joy.
- 35 While finners from earth's face are hurl'd,  
My foul, praife thou his holy name,  
'Till with my fong, the lift'ning world  
Join concert, and his praife proclaim.

Psalm CV. *Common metre.*

- 1 O RENDER thanks and blefs the Lord,  
Invoke his facred name ;  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchlefs deeds proclaim.

- 2 Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns  
His wond'rous works rehearse ;  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,  
Alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,  
That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And where he's ever present, seek  
His face forevermore.
- 5 The wonders that his hands have wrought,  
Keep thankfully in mind ;  
The righteous statutes of his mouth,  
And laws to us assign'd.
- 6 Know ye his servant *Abr'am's* seed,  
And *Jacob's* chosen race,
- 7 He's still our God, his judgments still  
Throughout the earth take place.
- 8 His cov'nant he hath kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
Which yet for thousand ages more  
In equal force shall last.
- 9 First sign'd to *Abr'am*, next by oath  
To *Isaac* made secure :
- 10 To *Jacob* and his heirs a law  
Forever to endure :
- 11 That *Canaan's* land should be their lot,  
When yet but few they were :
- 12 But few in number, and those few  
All friendless strangers there.

- 13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,  
Securely they remov'd ;
- 14 Whilst proudest monarchs for their sake,  
Severely he reprov'd :
- 15 " These mine anointed are, said he,  
" Let none my servants wrong,  
" Nor treat the poorest prophet ill  
" That does to me belong."
- 16 A dearth at last, by his command,  
Did through the land prevail :  
'Till corn, the chief support of life,  
Sustaining corn did fail.
- 17 But his indulgent providence  
Had pious *Joseph* sent,  
Sold into *Egypt*, but their death  
Who sold him to prevent.
- 18 His feet with heavy chains were crush'd ;  
With calumny his fame :
- 19 'Till God's appointed time and word  
To his deliv'rance came.
- 20 The king his sov'reign order sent,  
And rescu'd him with speed ;  
Whom private malice had confin'd,  
The people's ruler freed.
- 21 His court, revenues, realms, were all  
Subjected to his will ;
- 22 His greatest princes to control,  
And teach his statesmen skill.

## P A R T II.

- 23 To *Egypt* then, invested guests,  
Half famish'd *Isr'el* came ;  
And *Jacob* held, by royal grant,  
The fertile soil of *Ham*.

- 24 Th' Almighty there with such increase  
 His people multiply'd,  
 'Till with their proud oppressors they  
 In strength and number vi'd ;
- 25 Their vast increase th' Egyptian hearts,  
 With jealous anger fir'd,  
 'Till they his servants to destroy  
 By treach'rous arts conspir'd.
- 26 His servant *Moses* then he sent,  
 His chosen *Aaron* too :
- 27 Impow'r'd with signs and miracles  
 To prove their mission true.
- 28 He call'd for darkness, darkness came,  
 Nature his summons knew ;
- 29 Each stream and lake transform'd to blood,  
 The wand'ring fishes slew.
- 30 In putrid floods throughout the land,  
 The pest of frogs was bred :  
 From noisome fens sent up to croak  
 At *Pharoah's* board and bed.
- 31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies  
 Came down in cloudy hosts ;  
 Whilst earth's enliven'd dust below,  
 Bred lice through all their coasts.
- 32 He sent them batt'ring hail for rain,  
 And fire for cooling dew.
- 33 He smote their vines and forest plants,  
 And garden's pride o'erthrew.
- 34 He spake the word, and locusts came,  
 And caterpillars join'd ;  
 They prey'd upon the poor remains  
 The storm had left behind.

- 35 From trees to herbage they descend,  
 No verdant thing they spare ;  
 But like the naked fallow field,  
 Leave all the pastures bare.
- 36 From fields to villages and towns,  
 Commission'd vengeance flew.  
 One fatal stroke their eldest hopes  
 And strength of *Egypt* flew.
- 37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd  
 With *Egypt*'s borrow'd wealth ;  
 And, what transcends all treasures else,  
 Enrich'd with vig'rous health.
- 38 *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find  
 Her plagues with them remov'd ;  
 Taught dearly now to fear worse ills,  
 By those already prov'd.
- 39 Their shrouding canopy by day  
 A journ'ing cloud was spread ;  
 A fiery pillar all the night  
 Their desert marches led.
- 40 They long'd for flesh ; with ev'ning quails  
 He furnish'd ev'ry tent :  
 From heav'n's own granary, each morn,  
 The bread of angels sent.
- 41 He smote the rock ; whose flinty breast  
 Pour'd fourth a gushing tide,  
 Whose flowing stream, where'er they march'd  
 The desert's drought supply'd.
- 42 For still he did on *Abr'am*'s faith  
 And ancient league reflect :
- 43 He brought his people forth with joy,  
 With triumph his elect.

- 44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes  
 From *Canaan's* fertile soil,  
 To them in cheap possession gave  
 The fruit of others toil :
- 45 That they his statutes might observe,  
 His sacred laws obey.  
 For benefits so vast, let us  
 Our songs of praise repay.
- 

**Psalm CVI.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,  
 The fountain of eternal love ;  
 Whose mercy firm through ages past  
 Has stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,  
 Not only vast, but numberless ?  
 What mortal eloquence can raise,  
 His tribute of immortal praise ?
- 3 Happy are they, and only they,  
 Who from thy judgments never stray :  
 Who know what's right ; not only so,  
 But always practise what they know.
- 4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,  
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford :  
 When thou return'st to set them free,  
 Let thy salvation visit me.
- 5 O may I worthy prove to see  
 Thy saints in full prosperity ;  
 That I the joyful choir may join,  
 And count thy people's triumph mine.  
 But ah ! can we expect such grace,  
 Of parents vile, the viler race ;  
 Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,  
 And with new crimes increas'd the score ? ||

- 7 Ingrateful ! they no longer thought  
On all his works in *Egypt* wrought ;  
The *Red Sea* they no sooner view'd,  
But they their base distrust renew'd.
- 8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,  
Once more to their deliv'rance came,  
To make his sov'reign pow'r be known,  
That he is God, and he alone.
- 9 To right and left, at his command,  
The parting deep disclos'd her sand ;  
Where firm and dry the passage lay,  
As through some parch'd and desert way.
- 10 Thus rescu'd from their foes they were,  
Who closely press'd upon their rear,  
11 Whose rage pursu'd 'em to those waves,  
That prov'd the rash pursuers graves.
- 12 The wat'ry mountains sudden fall  
O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharoah*, host and all.  
This proof did stupid *Isr'el* move  
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

## P A R T II.

- 13 But soon these wonders they forgot,  
And for his counsel waited not ;  
14 But lusting in the wilderness,  
Did him with fresh temptations press.  
15 Strong food at their request he sent,  
But made their sin their punishment.
- 16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,  
The priest and prophet whom he chose.
- 17 But earth, the quarrel to decide,  
Her vengeful jaws extended wide,  
Rash *Dathan* to her centre drew,  
With proud *Abiram's* factious crew.

- 18 The rest of those who did conspire  
 To kindle wild sedition's fire,  
 With all their impious train became  
 A prey to heav'n's devouring flame.
- 19 Near *Horeb's* mount a calf they made,  
 And to the molten image pray'd ;
- 20 Adoring what their hands did frame,  
 They chang'd their glory to their shame.
- 21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,  
 And all his works in *Egypt* wrought ;
- 22 His signs in *Ham's* astonish'd coast,  
 And where proud *Pharoab's* troops were lost.
- 23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,  
 But *Moses* in the breach appear'd ;  
 The saint did for the rebels pray,  
 And turn'd heav'n's kindled wrath away.
- 24, 25 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,  
 Nor his repeated promise priz'd ;  
 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey ;  
 But when God said, go up, would stay.
- 26, 27 This seal'd their doom, without redress ;  
 To perish in the wilderness ;  
 Or else to be by heathen hands  
 O'erthrown and scatter'd through the lands.

## P A R T III.

- 28 Yet unreclaim'd this stubborn race  
*Baal Peor's* worship did embrace ;  
 Became his impious guests, and fed  
 On sacrifices to the dead.
- 29 Thus they persisted to provoke  
 God's vengeance to the final stroke.  
 'Tis come :—The deadly pest is come  
 To execute their gen'ral doom.

- 30 But *Phinehas* fir'd with holy rage,  
Th' Almighty's vengeance to assuage,  
Did, by two bold offenders fall,  
'Th' atonement make that ransom'd all.
- 31 As him a heav'nly zeal had mov'd,  
So heav'n the zealous act approv'd ;  
To him confirming, and his race,  
The priesthood he so well did grace.
- 32 At *Meribah* God's wrath they mov'd,  
Who *Moses* for their sakes reprov'd ;
- 33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,  
'Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.
- 34 Nor when possess'd of *Canaan's* land,  
Did they perform their Lord's command,  
Nor his commission'd sword employ  
The guilty nations to destroy ;
- 35 Not only spar'd the *Pagan* crew,  
But mingling learnt their vices too ;
- 36 And worship to those idols paid,  
Which them to fatal snares betray'd.
- 37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice  
Their children with relentless eyes ;  
Approach'd their altars through a flood  
Of their own sons and daughters blood.

No cheaper victims would appease  
*Canaan's* remorseless deities ;  
No blood her idols reconcile,  
But that which did the land defile.

## P A R T IV.

- 39 Nor did these savage cruelties  
The harden'd reprobates suffice ;  
For after their hearts lusts they went,  
And daily did new crimes invent.

- 40 But sins of such infernal hue  
 God's wrath against his people drew ;  
 'Till he, their once indulgent Lord,  
 His own inheritance abhor'd.
- 41 He them defenceless did expose  
 To their insulting heathen foes ;  
 And made them on the triumphs wait,  
 Of those who bore them greatest hate.
- 42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd ;  
 Their list of tyrants he increas'd.  
 'Till they, who God's mild sway declin'd,  
 Were made the vassals of mankind.
- 43 Yet when distress'd they did repent,  
 His anger did as oft relent :  
 But freed, they did his wrath provoke,  
 Renew'd their sins, and he their yoke.
- 44 Nor yet implacable he prov'd,  
 Nor heard their wretched cries unmov'd ;
- 45 But did to mind his promise bring,  
 And mercy's inexhausted spring.
- 46 Compassion too he did impart,  
 Ev'n to their foes obdurate heart,  
 And pity for their suff'rings bred  
 In those who them to bondage led.
- 47 Still save us, Lord, and *Ifr'el's* bands  
 Together bring from heathen lands ;  
 So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,  
 And ever triumph in thy praise.
- 48 Let *Ifr'el's* God be ever bless'd,  
 His name eternally confess'd :  
 Let all his saints with full accord  
 Sing loud Amens,—Praise ye the Lord. ||

Psalm CVII. *Long metre.*

- 1 TO God your grateful voices raise,  
 Who doth your daily patron prove :  
 And let your never ceasing praise  
 Attend on his eternal love.
- 2,3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands,  
 Of proud oppressing foes releas'd ;  
 And brought them back from distant lands,  
 From north and south, and west and east.
- 4,5 Through lonely desert ways they went  
 Nor could a peopl'd city find :  
 'Till quite with thirst and hunger spent,  
 Their fainting souls within them pin'd.
- 6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear  
 Did they their mournful cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep distress.
- 7 From crooked paths he led them forth,  
 And in the certain way did guide,  
 To wealthy towns of great resort,  
 Where all their wants were well supply'd.
- 8 O then that all the earth, with me,  
 Would God for this his goodness praise !  
 And for the mighty works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays.
- 9 For he from heav'n the sad estate  
 Of longing souls with pity views ;  
 To hungry souls that pant for meat,  
 His goodness daily food renews.

P A R T II.

- 10 Some lie, with darkness compass'd round,  
 In death's uncomfortable shade :  
 And with unweildy fetters bound,  
 By pressing cares more heavy made. ||

11,12 Because God's counsel they defy'd  
 And lightly priz'd his holy word,  
 With these afflictions they were try'd :  
 They fell, and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear  
 Did they their mournful cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsaf'd to hear,  
 And freed them from their deep distress.

14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,  
 And shades as black as death's abode,  
 He brought them forth to cheerful light,  
 And welcome liberty bestow'd.

15 O then that all the earth, with me,  
 Would God for this his goodness praise !  
 And for the mighty works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays ;

16 For he with his almighty hand,  
 The gates of brass in pieces broke :  
 Nor could the massy bars withstand,  
 Or temper'd steel resist his stroke.

### P A R T III.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense,  
 With bold transgressions God defy ;  
 And for their multiply'd offence,  
 Oppress'd with sore diseases lie :

18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,  
 Abhors to taste the choicest meats ;  
 And they by faint degrees draw near  
 To death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear,  
 Do they their mournful cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
 And frees them from their deep distress.

- 20 He all their sad distempers heals,  
 His word both health and safety gives ;  
 And when all human succour fails,  
 From near destruction them retrieves.
- 21 O then that all the earth, with me,  
 Would God for this his goodness praise ;  
 And for the mighty works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays !
- 22 With off'rings let his altar flame,  
 Whilst they their grateful thanks express,  
 And with loud joy his holy name  
 For all his acts of wonder bless !

## P A R T IV.

- 23,24 They that in ships, with courage bold,  
 O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,  
 Do God's amazing works behold,  
 And in the deep his wonders view.
- 25 No sooner his command is past,  
 But forth the dreadful tempest flies,  
 Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,  
 And makes the stormy billows rise.
- 26 Sometimes the ships, tofs'd up to heav'n,  
 On tops of mountain waves appear ;  
 Then down the steep abyss are driv'n,  
 Whilst ev'ry soul dissolves with fear.
- 27 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
 Like men with fumes of wine oppress'd ;  
 Nor do the skilful seamen know  
 Which way to steer, what course is best.
- 28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear  
 They do their mournful cry address ;  
 Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,  
 And frees them from their deep distress. ||

- 29,30 He does the raging storm appease,  
 And makes the billows calm and still ;  
 With joy they see their fury cease,  
 And their intended course fulfil.
- 31 O then that all the earth, with me,  
 Would God for this his goodness praise !  
 And for the mighty works which he  
 Throughout the wond'ring world displays !
- 32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,  
 Advance to heav'n his glorious name,  
 And in the elders lov'reign court  
 With one consent his praise proclaim.

## P A R T V.

- 33,34 A fruitful land, where streams abound,  
 God's just revenge, if people sin,  
 Will turn to dry and barren ground  
 To punish those that dwell therein.
- 35,36 The parch'd and desert heath he makes  
 To flow with streams and springing wells,  
 Which for his lot the hungry takes,  
 And in strong cities safely dwells.
- 37,38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,  
 Which gratefully his toil repay ;  
 Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,  
 His fruitful seed or stock decay.
- 39 But when his sins heav'n's wrath provoke  
 His health and substance fade away ;  
 He feels th' oppressor's galling yoke,  
 And is of grief the wretched prey.
- 40 The prince that flights what God commands  
 Expos'd to scorn, must quit his throne ;  
 And over wild and desert lands,  
 Where no path offers, stray alone. ||

- 41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,  
Sets up the humble man on high ;  
And makes in time his num'rous heirs  
With his increasing flocks to vie.
- 42, 43 Then sinners shall have nought to say,  
The just a decent joy shall show ;  
The wise these strange events shall weigh,  
And thence God's goodness fully know.
- 

**Psalm CVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent,  
To magnify thy name ;  
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise  
Shall celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,  
Thy warbling notes delay ;  
Whilst I with early hymns of joy  
Prevent the dawning day.
- 3 To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,  
Thy wonders I will tell,  
And to those nations sing thy praise  
That round about us dwell ;
- 4 Because thy mercy's boundless height  
The highest heav'n transcends,  
And far beyond th' aspiring clouds,  
Thy faithful truth extends.
- 5 Be thou, O God, exalted high  
Above the starry frame,  
And let the world, with one consent,  
Confess thy glorious name.
- 6 That all thy chosen people thee  
Their Saviour may declare ;  
Let thy right hand protect me still,  
And answer thou my pray'r.

- 7 Since God himself has said the word,  
 Whose promise cannot fail,  
 With joy I *Sichem* will divide,  
 And measure *Succoth's* vale ;
- 8 *Gilead* is mine, *Manasseh* too,  
 And *Ephraim* owns my cause :  
 Their strength my regal pow'r supports,  
 And *Judah* gives my laws.
- 9 *Moab* I'll make my servile drudge,  
 On vanquish'd *Edom* tread ;  
 And through the proud *Palestine* lands,  
 My conqu'ring banners spread.
- 10 By whose support and aid shall I  
 Their well fenc'd city gain ?  
 Who will my troops securely lead  
 Through *Edom's* guarded plain ?
- 11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,  
 Which late thou did'st forsake ?  
 And wilt not thou, of these our hosts,  
 Once more the guidance take ?
- 12 O to thy servant in distress,  
 Thy speedy succour send ;  
 For vain it is on human aid  
 For safety to depend.
- 13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,  
 If thou thy pow'r disclose ;  
 For God it is, and God alone,  
 That treads down all our foes.

**Psalm CIX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 O GOD, whose former mercies make  
 My constant praise thy due,  
 Hold not thy peace, but my sad state  
 With wonted favour view.

- 2 For sinful men with lying lips,  
Deceitful speeches frame,  
And with their studi'd slanders seek,  
— To wound my spotless fame.
- 3 Their restless hatred prompts them still  
Malicious lies to spread ;  
And all against my life combine,  
By causeless fury led.
- 4 Those whom with tend'rest love I us'd,  
My chief opposers are ;  
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,  
Resort to thee by pray'r.
- 5 Since mischief, for the good I did,  
Their strange reward does prove ;  
And hatred's the return they make  
For undissembl'd love :
- 6 Their guilty leader shall be made  
To some ill man a slave :  
And when he's try'd, his mortal foe  
For his accuser have.
- 7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounc'd,  
Shall meet a dreadful fate,  
Whilst his rejected pray'r but serves  
His crimes to aggravate.
- 8 He, snatch'd by some untimely fate,  
Shan't live out half his days :  
Another by divine decree,  
Shall on his office seize.
- 9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife  
A widow plung'd in grief :  
His vagrant children beg their bread,  
Where none can give relief.

- 11 His ill got riches shall be made  
To usurers a prey ;  
The fruit of all his toil shall be  
By strangers borne away.
- 12 None shall be found that to his wants  
Their mercy will extend,  
Or to his helpless orphan feed  
The least assistance lend.
- 13 A swift destruction soon shall seize  
On his unhappy race ;  
And the next age his hated name  
Shall utterly deface.
- 14 The vengeance of his father's sins,  
Upon his head shall fall ;  
God on his mother's crimes shall think,  
And punish him for all.
- 15 All these in horrid order rank'd,  
Before the Lord shall stand,  
'Till his fierce anger quite cuts off  
'Their mem'ry from the land.

## P A R T II.

- 16 Because he never mercy shew'd,  
But still the poor oppress'd ;  
And sought to slay the helpless man,  
With heavy woes distress'd.
- 17 Therefore the curse he lov'd to vent,  
Shall his own portion prove ;  
And blessing, which he still abhorr'd,  
Shall far from him remove.
- 18 Since he in cursing took such pride,  
Like water it shall spread  
Through all his veins, and stick like oil  
With which his bones are fed.

19 This, like a poison'd robe, shall still  
His constant cov'ring be ;  
Or an envenom'd belt, from which  
He never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those,  
That ill to me design ;  
That with malicious false reports  
Against my life combine.

21 But for thy glorious name, O God,  
Do thou deliver me ;  
And for thy gracious mercy's sake,  
Preserve and set me free :

22 For I, to utmost straits reduc'd,  
Am void of all relief ;  
My heart is wounded with distress,  
And quite pierc'd through with grief.

23 I, like an ev'ning shade, decline,  
Which vanishes apace :  
Like locusts, up and down I'm tofs'd,  
And have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,  
My body lank and lean ;  
All that behold me shake their heads,  
And treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,  
Do thou my foes withstand ;  
That all may see 'tis thy own act,  
The work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless ;  
Let shame the portion be  
Of all that my destruction seek,  
While I rejoice in thee.

- 29 My foe shall with disgrace be cloth'd,  
 And spite of all his pride,  
 His own confusion, like a cloak,  
 The guilty wretch shall hide.
- 30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,  
 My cheerful voice will raise ;  
 And where the great assembly meets,  
 Set forth his noble praise.
- 31 For him the poor shall always find  
 Their sure and constant friend ;  
 And he shall from unright'ous dooms  
 Their guiltless souls defend.
- 

Psalm CX. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
 "Till I thy foes thy footstool make,  
 Sit thou in state, at my right hand ;
- 2 Supreme in *Sion* thou shalt be,  
 And all thy proud oppressors see  
 Subjected to thy just command.
- 3 Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,  
 The willing nations shall obey ;  
 And when thy risings beams they view,  
 Shall all, redeem'd from error's night,  
 Appear as numberless and bright  
 As crystal drops of morning dew."
- 4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,  
 That, like *Melchizedek's*, thy reign  
 And priesthood shall no period know :
- 5 No proud competitor to sit  
 At thy right hand will he permit ;  
 But in his wrath crown'd heads o'erthrow.
- 6 The sentenc'd heathen he shall slay,  
 And fill with carcases his way,

- 'Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead ;  
 7 But in the highway brooks shall first,  
 Like a poor pilgrim slake his thirst,  
 And then in triumph raise his head.
- 

Psalm CXI. *Long metre.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; our God to praise  
 My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise,  
 With private friends, and in the throng  
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.  
 2 His works, for greatness though renown'd,  
 His wond'rous works with ease are found  
 By those who seek for them aright,  
 And in the pious search delight.  
 3 His works are all of matchless fame,  
 And universal glory claim ;  
 His truth confirm'd through ages past,  
 Shall to eternal ages last.  
 4 By precept he has us enjoin'd,  
 To keep his wond'rous works in mind ;  
 And to posterity record,  
 That good and gracious is our Lord.  
 5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,  
 Has all his servant's wants supply'd ;  
 And he will ever keep in mind  
 His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.  
 6 At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,  
 They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd ;  
 Whereby the heathen were suppress'd,  
 And we their heritage possess'd.  
 7 Just are the dealings of his hands,  
 Immutable are his commands,  
 8 By truth and equity sustain'd,  
 And for eternal rules ordain'd.

- 9 He set his faints from bondage free,  
 And then establish'd his decree,  
 Forever to remain the same ;  
 Holy and rev'rend is his name.
- 10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,  
 Must with the fear of God begin ;  
 Immortal praise and heav'nly skill  
 Have they who know and do his will.
- 

Psalm CXII. *Long metre.*

H A L L E L U J A H.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe  
 Of God, and loves his sacred law :
- 2 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,  
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be  
 An inexhausted treasury ;  
 His justice, free from all decay,  
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 4 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
 Shines brightest in affliction's night ;  
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,  
 As well as just to all mankind.
- 5 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
 To some he gives, to others lends :  
 Yet, what his charity impairs,  
 He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 6 Beset with threat'ning dangers round ;  
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;  
 The sweet remembrance of the just  
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.
- 7 Ill tidings never can surprise  
 His heart, that fix'd on God relies :
- 8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees  
 The shipwreck of his enemies.

- 9 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,  
 His glory's future harvest sow'd,  
 Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,  
 A temp'ral and eternal crown.
- 10 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
 And gnash their teeth in agony ;  
 While their unright'ous hopes decay,  
 And vanish with themselves away.
- 

**Psalm CXIII.** *Particular metre.*

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,  
 The triumphs of his name record ;
- 2 His sacred name forever blefs.
- 3 Where'er the circling sun displays  
 His rising beams or setting rays  
 Due praise to his great name address.
- 4 God through the world extends his sway ;  
 The regions of eternal day  
 But shadows of his glory are.
- 5 To him, whose Majesty excels,  
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
 Let no created pow'r compare.
- 6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view  
 In highest heav'n what angels do,  
 Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :  
 He takes the needy from his cell,  
 Advancing him in courts to dwell,  
 Companion to the greatest there.
- 7 When childless families despair,  
 He sends the blessing of an heir,  
 To rescue their expiring name :  
 Makes her that barren was to bear,  
 And joyfully her fruit to rear :
- Q then extol his matchless fame !

Psalm CXIV. *Long metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Isr'el*, by th' Almighty led,  
 (Enrich'd with their oppressors spoil)  
 From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob's* seed  
 From bondage in a foreign soil ;
- 2 Jehovah, for his residence,  
 Chose out imperial *Judah's* tent,  
 His mansion royal, and from thence  
 Through *Isr'el's* camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terrour saw,  
 And from th' Almighty's presence fled ;  
 Old *Jordan's* streams, surpris'd with awe,  
 Retreated to their fountain's head.
- 4 The taller mountains skipp'd, like rams  
 When danger near the fold they hear ;  
 The hills skipp'd after them like lambs  
 Affrighted by their leader's fear.
- 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,  
 And naked leave your oczy bed ?  
 Why *Jordan* against nature's law,  
 Recoil'st thou to thy fountain's head ;
- 6 Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams  
 When danger does approach the fold ?  
 Why after you the hills, like lambs  
 When they their leader's flight behold ?
- 7 Earth tremble on : Well may'st thou fear  
 Thy Lord and Maker's face to see :  
 When *Jacob's* awful God draws near,  
 Tis time for earth and seas to flee.
- 8 To flee from God, who nature's law  
 Confirms and cancels at his will ?  
 Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,  
 And thirsty vales with water fill. ||

Psalm CXV. *Common metre.*

- 1 LORD, not to us, we claim no share,  
But to thy sacred name  
Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,  
And truth's eternal fame.
- 2 Why should the heathen cry, where's now  
The God whom we adore ?
- 3 Convince them that in heav'n thou art,  
And uncontrol'd thy pow'r.
- 4 Their gods but gold and silver are,  
The works of mortal hands ;
- 5 With speechless mouth, and sightless eyes,  
The molten idol stands.
- 6 The pageant has both ears and nose,  
But neither hears nor smells ;
- 7 Its hands and feet nor feel, nor move ;  
Nor life within it dwells.
- 8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we  
Can nothing like them find ;  
But those who on their help rely,  
And them for gods design'd.
- 9 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord your trust,  
Who is your help and shield ;
- 10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,  
Who only help can yield.
- 11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,  
On him their fear rely ;  
Who them in danger can defend,  
And all their wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,  
And *Isr'el's* house will bless ;  
Priests, Levites, profelytes, ev'n all  
Who his great name confess.

- 14 On you, and on your heirs he will  
Increase of blessings bring :
- 15 Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are  
Of this almighty King.
- 16 Heav'n's highest orb of glory, he  
His empire's seat design'd ;  
And gave this lower globe of earth  
A portion to mankind.
- 17 They who in death and silence sleep  
To him no praise afford :
- 18 But we will blefs forevermore  
Our ever living Lord.

**Psalm CXVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **M**Y soul, with grateful thoughts of love  
Intirely is possess'd,  
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear  
The voice of my request.
- 2 Since he has now his ear inclin'd,  
I never will despair ;  
But still in all the straits of life  
To him address my pray'r.
- 3 With deadly sorrows compass'd round  
With pains of hell oppress'd ;  
When troubles seiz'd my aching heart,  
And anguish rack'd my breast :
- 4 On God's almighty name I call'd,  
And thus to him I pray'd ;  
" Lord I beseech thee, save my soul  
With sorrows quite dismay'd :
- 5,6 How just and merciful is God !  
How gracious is the Lord !  
Who saves the harmless, and to me  
Does timely help afford.

- 7 Then free from penfive cares, my foul  
 Refume thy wonted reft ;  
 For God has wond'rouſly to thee  
 His bount'ous love expreſt.
- 8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
 My danger and my fears :  
 My feet from falling he ſecur'd,  
 And dry'd my eyes from tears.
- 9 Therefore my life's remaining years,  
 Which God to me ſhall lend,  
 Will I in praifes to his name,  
 And in his ſervice ſpend.
- 10, 11 In God I truſted, and of him  
 In greateſt ſtraits did boaſt ;  
 For in my flight all hopes of aid  
 From faithleſs men were loſt :
- 12, 13 Then what return to him ſhall I  
 For all his goodneſs make ?  
 I'll praife his name, and with glad zeal  
 The cup of bleſſing take.
- 14, 15 I'll pay my vows amongſt his ſaints,  
 Whoſe blood, howe'er deſpis'd  
 By wicked men, in God's account  
 Is always highly priz'd.
- 16 By various ties, O Lord, muſt I  
 To thy dominion bow,  
 Thy humble handmaid's ſon before,  
 Thy ranſom'd captive now.
- 17, 18 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praife ;  
 And whilſt I bleſs thy name,  
 The juſt performance of my vows  
 To all thy ſaints proclaim.
- 19 They in *Jeruſalem* ſhall meet,  
 And in thy houſe ſhall join,

To blefs thy name with one consent,  
And mix their fongs with mine.

---

**Psalm CXVII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**ITH cheerful notes let all the earth  
To heav'n their voices raife,  
Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,  
Sing folemn hymns of praife.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,  
His truth fhall ne'er decay ;  
Then let the willing nations round,  
Their grateful tribute pay.
- 

**Psalm CXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,  
2 His mercies ne'er decay :  
That his kind favours ever laft,  
Let thankful *Ifr'el* fay.
- 3, 4 Their fense of his eternal love,  
Let *Aaron's* houfe exprefs ;  
And that it never fails, let all  
That fear the Lord, confefs,
- 5 To God I made my humble moan,  
With troubles quite opprest ;  
And he releas'd me from my ftraits,  
And granted my request.
- 6 Since therefore God does on my fide  
So graciously appear,  
Why fhould the vain attempts of men  
Poffefs my foul with fear ?
- 7 Since God with thofe that aid my caufe  
Vouchsafes my part to take,  
To all my foes, I need not doubt,  
A juft return to make.

- 8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,  
And have the Lord our friend,  
Than on the greatest human pow'r  
For safety to depend.
- 10, 11 Though many nations closely leagu'd  
Did oft beset me round :  
Yet by his boundless pow'r sustain'd,  
I did their strength confound.
- 12 They swarm'd like bees, and yet their rage  
Was but a short liv'd blaze ;  
For whilst on God I still reli'd,  
I vanquish'd them with ease.
- 13 When all united press'd me hard,  
In hopes to make me fall,  
The Lord vouchsaf'd to take my part,  
And sav'd me from them all.
- 14 The honour of my strange escape  
To him alone belongs ;  
He is my Saviour and my strength,  
He only claims my songs.
- 15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,  
Whom God has sav'd from harm ;  
For wond'rous things are brought to pass  
By his almighty arm.
- 16 He by his own resistless pow'r,  
Has endless honour won ;  
The saving strength of his right hand,  
Amazing works has done.
- 17 God will not suffer me to fall,  
But still prolongs my days ;  
That by declaring all his works  
I may advance his praise.

18 When God had forely me chastis'd,  
 'Till quite of hopes bereav'd,  
 His mercy from the gates of death  
 My fainting life repriev'd.

19 Then open wide the temple gates  
 To which the just repair,  
 That I may enter in and praise  
 My great deliv'rer there.

20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode  
 To which the righteous press,  
 Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,  
 Thy holy name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the builders once refus'd  
 Is now the corner stone ;  
 This is the wond'rous work of God,  
 The work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's ; let all the land  
 Exalt their cheerful voice :  
 Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,  
 And make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's name,  
 Let all th' assembly bless ;  
 " We that belong to God's own house  
 Have wish'd you good success."

27 God is the Lord, through whom we all  
 Both light and comfort find ;  
 Fast to the altar's horns with cords  
 The chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still  
 I'll praise thy holy name ;  
 Because thou only art my God,  
 I'll celebrate thy fame.

29 O then with me give thanks to God,  
 Who still does gracious prove ;  
 And let the tribute of our praise  
 Be endless as his love.

Psalm CXIX. *Common metre.*

A L E P H. N.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep  
 The pure and perfect way !  
 Who never from the sacred paths  
 Of God's commandments stray !

2 Thrice bless'd ! who to his righteous laws  
 Have still obedient been ;  
 And have with fervent humble zeal  
 His favour sought to win.

3 Such men their utmost caution use  
 To shun each wicked deed ;  
 But in the path which he directs  
 With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,  
 To learn thy sacred will ;  
 And all our diligence employ  
 Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O then that thy most holy will  
 Might o'er my ways preside !  
 And I the course of all my life  
 By thy direction guide !

6 Then with assurance should I walk,  
 From all confusion free ;  
 Convinc'd with joy, that all my ways  
 With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth  
 With cheerful praises fill ;  
 When by thy righteous judgments taught,  
 I shall have learnt thy will.

8 So to thy sacred law shall I  
 All due observance pay :  
 O then forsake me not, my God,  
 Nor cast me quite away.

## B E T H. 2.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways,  
 From all pollution free ?  
 By making still their course of life  
 With thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,  
 To thee for succour pray ;  
 O suffer not my careless steps  
 From thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,  
 Thy word, my treasure, lies ;  
 To succour me with timely aid,  
 When sinful thoughts arise.

12 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul  
 Shall ever bless thy name :  
 O teach me then by thy just laws  
 My future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlock'd by pious zeal,  
 To others have declar'd,  
 How well the judgments of thy mouth  
 Deserve our best regard.

14 Whilst in the way of thy commands  
 More solid joy I found,  
 Than had I been with vast increase  
 Of envy'd riches crown'd.

15 Therefore thy just and upright laws  
 Shall always fill my mind,  
 And those sound rules which thou prescrib'st  
 All due respect shall find.

16 To keep thy statutes undefac'd  
 Shall be my constant joy ;  
 The strict remembrance of thy word  
 Shall all my thoughts employ.

## G I M E L. 2.

- 17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,  
 Do thou my life defend,  
 That I according to thy word  
 My time to come may spend.
- 18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
 That so I may discern  
 The wond'rous things which they behold,  
 Who thy just precepts learn.
- 19 Though like a stranger in the land,  
 From place to place I stray,  
 Thy righteous judgments from my sight,  
 Remove not thou away.
- 20 My fainting soul is almost pin'd,  
 With earnest longings spent ;  
 Whilst always on the eager search  
 Of thy just will intent.
- 21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,  
 Whom still thy curse pursues ;  
 Since they to walk in thy right ways  
 Presumptuously refuse.
- 22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,  
 Contempt and shame remove ;  
 For I thy sacred laws effect  
 With undisssembled love.
- 23 Though princes oft, in counsel met,  
 Against thy servant spake ;  
 Yet I thy statutes to observe,  
 My constant business make.

24 For thy commands have always been  
 My comfort and delight ;  
 By them I learn with prudent care,  
 To guide my steps aright.

## D A L E T H. 7.

25 My soul oppress'd with deadly care,  
 Close to the dust does cleave ;  
 Revive me, Lord, and let me now  
 Thy promis'd aid receive.

26 To thee I still declar'd my ways,  
 And thou inclin'ft thine ear ;  
 O teach me then my future life  
 By thy just laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,  
 And by thy guidance walk,  
 The wond'rous works which thou hast done,  
 Shall be my constant talk.

28 But, see my soul within me sinks,  
 Press'd down with weighty care ;  
 Do thou according to thy word,  
 My wasted strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false ways,  
 And lying arts remov'd !  
 But kindly grant I still may keep  
 The path by thee approv'd.

30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,  
 My happy choice I've made ;  
 Thy judgments, as my rule of life  
 Before me always laid.

31 My care has been to make my life  
 With thy commands agree ;  
 O then preserve thy servant, Lord,  
 From shame and ruin free.

32 So in the way of thy commands  
 Shall I with pleasure run,  
 And with a heart enlarg'd with joy,  
 Successfully go on.

H E. 7.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,  
 Thy righteous paths display ;  
 And I from them, through all my life,  
 Will never go astray.

34 If thou true wisdom from above  
 Wilt graciously impart,  
 To keep thy perfect laws I will  
 Devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred ways  
 To which thy precepts lead ;  
 Because my chief delight has been  
 Thy righteous paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy most just commands  
 Incline my willing heart :  
 Let no desire of worldly wealth  
 From thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes  
 Which this false world displays ;  
 But give me lively pow'r and strength  
 To keep thy righteous ways.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,  
 And give thy servant aid,  
 Who to transgress thy sacred laws  
 Is awfully afraid.

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,  
 In mercy Lord remove ;  
 For all the judgments thou ordain'st  
 Are full of grace and love.

40 Thou know'st how, after thy commands  
 My longing heart does pant ;  
 O then make haste to raise me up  
 And promis'd succour grant.

## V A U. 7.

- 41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow  
 To cheer my drooping heart ;  
 To me, according to thy word,  
 Thy saving health impart.
- 42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,  
 This ready answer make ;  
 " In God I trust, who never will  
 His faithful promise break."
- 43 Then let not quite the word of truth  
 Be from my mouth remov'd ;  
 Since still my ground of stedfast hope  
 Thy just decrees have prov'd.
- 44 So I to keep thy righteous laws,  
 Will all my study bend ;  
 From age to age, my time to come  
 In their observance spend.
- 45 E'er long I trust to walk at large,  
 From all incumbrance free ;  
 Since I resolve to make my life  
 With thy commands agree.
- 46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk ;  
 And princes shall attend,  
 Whilst I the justice of thy ways  
 With confidence defend.
- 47 My longing heart and ravish'd soul  
 Shall both o'erflow with joy,  
 When in thy lov'd commandments I  
 My happy hours employ.

48 Then will I to thy just decrees  
Lift up my willing hands ;  
My care and business then shall be  
To study thy commands.

## Z A I N. 7.

- 49 According to thy promis'd grace,  
Thy favour, Lord, extend ;  
Make good to me the word, on which  
Thy servant's hopes depend.
- 50 That only comfort in distress,  
Did all my griefs control ;  
Thy word when troubles hemm'd me round  
Reviv'd my fainting soul.
- 51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,  
And all my hope deride ;  
Yet, from thy law, not all their scoffs  
Could make me turn aside.
- 52 Thy judgments then, of ancient date,  
I quickly call'd to mind,  
'Till ravish'd with such thoughts my soul  
Did speedy comfort find.
- 53 Sometimes I stand amaz'd, like one  
With deadly horror struck,  
To think how all my sinful foes  
Have thy just laws forfook.
- 54 But I thy statutes and decrees  
My cheerful anthems made ;  
Whilst through strange lands and deserts wild,  
I like a pilgrim stray'd.
- 55 Thy name, that cheer'd my heart by day,  
Has fill'd my thoughts by night,  
I then resolv'd by thy just laws,  
To guide my steps aright.

56 That peace of mind, which has my soul  
 In deep distress sustain'd,  
 By strict obedience to thy will  
 I happily obtain'd.

## C H E T H. 7.

- 57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou,  
 And sure possession art ;  
 Thy words I stedfastly resolve  
 To treasure in my heart.
- 58 With all the strength of warm desires  
 I did thy grace implore ;  
 Disclose, according to thy word,  
 Thy mercy's boundless store.
- 59 With due reflection and strict care  
 On all my ways I thought ;  
 And so, reclaim'd to thy just paths,  
 My wand'ring steps I brought.
- 60 I lost no time, but made great haste,  
 Resolv'd without delay,  
 To watch, that I might never more  
 From thy commandments stray.
- 61 Though num'rous troops of sinful men  
 To rob me have combin'd ;  
 Yet I thy pure and righteous laws  
 Have ever kept in mind.
- 62 In dead of night I will arise  
 To sing thy solemn praise ;  
 Convinc'd how much I always ought  
 To love thy righteous ways.
- 63 To such as fear thy holy name,  
 Myself I closely join ;  
 To all who their obedient wills  
 To thy command resign.

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,  
Abundantly is shed ;  
O make me then exactly learn,  
Thy sacred paths to tread.

## T E T H. U.

65 With me thy servant, thou hast dealt  
Most graciously, O Lord,  
Repeated benefits bestow'd,  
According to thy word.

66 Teach me the sacred skill by which  
Right judgment is attain'd,  
Who in belief of thy commands  
Have stedfastly remain'd.

67 Before affliction stopp'd my course,  
My footsteps went astray ;  
But I have since been disciplin'd,  
Thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,  
And all thou dost is so ;  
On me, thy statutes to discern,  
Thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forg'd malicious lies,  
My spotless fame to stain ;  
But my fix'd heart, without reserve,  
Thy precepts shall retain ;

70 While pamper'd they with prosp'rous ill  
In sensual pleasures live,  
My soul can relish no delight,  
But what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt  
Affliction's chast'ning rod,  
That I might duly learn and keep  
The statutes of my God.

72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds  
 Of more esteem I hold,  
 Than untouch'd mines, than thousand mines,  
 Of silver and of gold.

## J O D. 3.

73 To me who am the workmanship  
 Of thy almighty hands,  
 The heav'nly understanding give  
 To learn thy just commands.

74 My preservation to thy saints  
 strong comfort will afford,  
 To see success attend my hopes,  
 Who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now  
 By sure experience see ;  
 And that in faithfulness, O Lord,  
 Thou hast afflicted me.

76 O let thy tender mercy now  
 Afford me needful aid  
 According to thy promise, Lord,  
 To me thy servant made.

77 To me thy saving grace restore,  
 That I again may live ;  
 Whose soul can relish no delight,  
 But what thy precepts give.

78 Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,  
 To ruin me have sought,  
 Who only on thy sacred laws  
 Employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy name espouse  
 My cause, and those alone  
 Who have by strict and pious search  
 Thy sacred precepts known.

80 In thy blest statutes let my heart  
 Continue always found,  
 That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,  
 May never me confound,

## C A P H. D.

- 81 My soul with long expectance faints  
 To see thy saving grace :  
 Yet still on thy unerring word  
 My confidence I place.
- 82 My very eyes consume and fail  
 With waiting for thy word :  
 O ! when wilt thou thy kind relief  
 And promis'd aid afford ?
- 83 My skin like shrivel'd parchment shows,  
 That long in smoke is set ;  
 Yet no affliction me can force  
 Thy statutes to forget.
- 84 How many days must I endure  
 Of sorrow and distress ?  
 When wilt thou judgment execute  
 On them who me oppress ?
- 85 The proud have digg'd a pit for me,  
 Who have no other foes,  
 But such as are averse to thee,  
 And thy just laws oppose.
- 86 With right and truth's eternal laws  
 All thy commands agree ;  
 Men persecute me without cause,  
 Thou, Lord, my helper be.
- 87 With close designs against my life  
 They had almost prevail'd,  
 But in obedience to thy will  
 My duty never fail'd.

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,  
 My drooping heart to cheer ;  
 That by thy righteous statutes, I  
 My life's whole course may steer.

L A M E D. 5.

89 Forever, and forever, Lord,  
 Unchang'd thou dost remain ;  
 Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns,  
 Does all their orbs sustain.

90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth  
 Immoveable shall stand,  
 As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st  
 By thy almighty hand.

91 All things the course by thee ordain'd,  
 Ev'n to this day fulfil ;  
 They are thy faithful subjects all,  
 And servants of thy will.

92 Unless thy sacred law had been  
 My comfort and delight,  
 I must have fainted, and expir'd  
 In dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts therefore from my thoughts  
 Shall never, Lord, depart ;  
 For thou by them hast to new life  
 Restor'd my dying heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,  
 Protect me, Lord, from harm ;  
 Who have thy precepts sought to know,  
 And carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid  
 My guiltless life to take :  
 But in the mid'st of danger I  
 Thy word my study make.

96 I've seen an end of what we call  
 Perfection here below :  
 But thy commandments, like thyself,  
 No change or period know.

## M E M. D.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear,  
 No language can display ;  
 They with fresh wonders entertain  
 My ravish'd thoughts all day.

98 Through thy commands I wiser grow  
 Than all my subtil foes ;  
 For thy sure word doth me direct,  
 And all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now  
 May abler counsel take ;  
 Because thy sacred precepts I  
 My constant study make.

100 In understanding I excel  
 The sages of our days ;  
 Because by thy unerring rules  
 I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrain'd  
 From ev'ry sinful way,  
 That to thy sacred word I might  
 Entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments stray'd  
 By vain desires misled ;  
 For Lord, thou hast instructed me  
 Thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet are all thy words to me ;  
 O what divine repast !  
 How much more grateful to my soul,  
 Than honey to my taste.

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I  
 With heav'nly skill am blest,  
 Through which the treach'rous ways of sin  
 I utterly detest.

## N U N. 2.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,  
 The way of truth to show :  
 A watchlight to point out the path,  
 In which I ought to go.

106 I swear, and from my solemn oath  
 I'll never start aside,  
 That in thy righteous judgments I  
 Will stedfastly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppress'd,  
 That I can bear no more ;  
 According to thy word, do thou  
 My fainting soul restore.

108 Let still my sacrifice of praise  
 With thee acceptance find ;  
 And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,  
 Instruct my willing mind.

109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,  
 My soul they cannot awe,  
 Nor with continual terrours keep  
 From thinking on thy law.

110 My wicked and invet'rate foes  
 For me their snares have laid ;  
 Yet I have kept the upright path,  
 Nor from thy precepts stray'd.

111 Thy testimonies I have made  
 My heritage and choice ;  
 For they when other comforts fail,  
 My drooping heart rejoice.

112 My heart with early zeal began  
 Thy statutes to obey ;  
 And 'till my course of life is done  
 Shall keep thy upright way.

## S A M E C H. D.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices  
 I utterly detest ;  
 But to thy law affection bear  
 Too great to be express'd.

114 My hiding place, my refuge tow'r,  
 And shield art thou, O Lord ;  
 I firmly anchor all my hopes  
 On thy unerring word.

115 Hence ye that trade in wickedness,  
 Approach not my abode ;  
 For firmly I resolve to keep  
 The precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word,  
 From danger set me free ;  
 Nor make me of those hopes asham'd,  
 That I repose on thee.

117 Uphold me, so shall I be safe,  
 And rescu'd from distress ;  
 To thy decrees continually  
 My just respect address.

118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,  
 Who from thy statutes stray'd ;  
 Their vile deceit the just reward  
 Of their own falsehood made.

119 The wicked from thy holy land  
 Thou dost like dross remove ;  
 I therefore, with such justice charm'd,  
 Thy testimonies love.

120 Yet with that love they make me dread  
 Left I should so offend,  
 When on transgressors I behold.  
 Thy judgments thus descend.

A I N. Y.

121 Judgment and justice I have lov'd;  
 O therefore, Lord, engage  
 In my defence, nor give me up  
 To my oppressor's rage.

122 Do thou be surety, Lord, for me,  
 And so shall this distress  
 Prove good for me; nor shall the proud  
 My guiltless soul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,  
 In long expectance held;  
 'Till thy salvation they behold,  
 And righteous word fulfill'd.

124 To me, thy servant in distress,  
 Thy wonted grace display,  
 And discipline my willing heart,  
 Thy statutes to obey.

125 On me devoted to thy fear,  
 Thy sacred skill bestow,  
 That of thy testimonies I  
 The full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time for thee, O Lord,  
 Thy vengeance to employ,  
 When men with open violence  
 Thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands,  
 But makes their value rise  
 In my esteem, who purest gold  
 Compar'd with them despise.

128 Thy precepts therefore I account,  
 In all respects divine ;  
 They teach me to discern the right,  
 And all false ways decline.

## P E. D.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain,  
 No words can represent ;  
 Therefore to learn and practise them,  
 My zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word  
 Celestial light displays,  
 And knowledge of true happiness  
 To simplest minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,  
 And fainted with desire,  
 That of thy wise commands I might  
 The sacred skill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me  
 Who thy relief implore ;  
 As thou art wont to visit those  
 That thy blest name adore.

133 Directed by thy heavn'ly word,  
 Let all my footsteps be ;  
 Nor wickedness of any kind,  
 Dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely let me free  
 From persecuting hands,  
 That, unmolested, I may learn  
 And practise thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear,  
 Lord, make thy face to shine :  
 Thy statutes both to know and keep,  
 My heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,  
 Whence briny rivers flow,  
 To see mankind against thy laws  
 In bold defiance go.

## T S A D D I. 3.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge; in whom  
 Wrong'd innocence may trust;  
 And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,  
 In all respects are just.

138 Most just and true those statutes were,  
 Which thou didst first decree;  
 And all with faithfulness perform'd,  
 Succeeding times shall see,

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,  
 My soul with anguish frets,  
 To see my foes contemn at once  
 Thy promises and threats.

140 Yet each neglected word of thine,  
 Howe'er by them despis'd,  
 Is pure, and for eternal truth  
 By me thy servant priz'd,

141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,  
 Contempt from all I find;  
 Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive  
 Thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,  
 When time itself is past;  
 Thy law is truth itself, that truth  
 Which shall forever last.

143 Though trouble, anguish, doubts and dread  
 To compass me unite,  
 Beset with danger, still I make  
 Thy precepts my delight.

144 Eternal and unerring rules  
 Thy testimonies give :  
 Teach me the wisdom that will make  
 My soul forever live.

## K O P H. P.

145 With my whole heart to God I call'd  
 Lord, hear my earnest cry ;  
 And I thy statutes to perform,  
 Will all my care apply.

146 Again more fervently I pray'd,  
 O save me that I may  
 Thy testimonies throughly know,  
 And stedfastly obey.

147 My earlier pray'r the dawning day  
 Prevented, while I cry'd  
 To him on whose engaging word  
 My hope alone rely'd.

148 With zeal have I awak'd before  
 The midnight watch was set,  
 That I of thy mysterious word  
 Might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
 And wonted favour shew ;  
 O quicken me, and so approve  
 Thy judgments ever true.

150 My persecuting foes advance,  
 And hourly nearer draw ;  
 What treatment can I hope from them  
 Who violate thy law ?

151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is  
 Thou, Lord, art yet more near ;  
 Thou, whose commands are righteous all,  
 Thy promises sincere.

152 Concerning thy divine decrees,  
 My soul has known of old  
 That they were true, and shall their truth  
 To endless ages hold.

## R E S C H. 7.

- 153 Consider my affliction, Lord;  
 And me from bondage draw ;  
 Think on thy servant in distress,  
 Who ne'er forgets thy law.
- 154 Plead thou my cause ; to that and me  
 Thy timely aid afford ;  
 With beams of mercy quicken me  
 According to thy word.
- 155 From harden'd sinners thou remov'ft  
 Salvation far away :  
 'Tis just thou should'ft withdraw from them,  
 Who from thy statutes stray.
- 156 Since great thy tender mercies are  
 To all who thee adore ;  
 According to thy judgments, Lord,  
 My fainting hopes restore.
- 157 A num'rous host of spiteful foes  
 Against my life combine ;  
 But all too few to force my soul  
 Thy statutes to decline.
- 158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,  
 And was with grief oppress'd,  
 To see with what audacious pride  
 Thy cov'nant they transgress'd.
- 159 Yet while they slight, consider, Lord,  
 How I thy precepts love :  
 O therefore quicken me with beams  
 Of mercy from above.

160 As from the birth of time thy truth,  
 Has held through ages past,  
 So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,  
 To endless ages last.

## S C H I N. W.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cause,  
 Conspire my blood to shed,  
 Thy sacred word has pow'r alone  
 To fill my heart with dread.

162 And yet that word my joyful breast  
 With heav'nly rapture warms,  
 Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,  
 Have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies  
 I utterly detest ;  
 But to thy laws affection bear,  
 Too vast to be express'd.

164 Sev'n times a day with grateful voice,  
 Thy praises I resound,  
 Because I find thy judgments all  
 With truth and justice crown'd.

165 Secure, substantial peace have they  
 Who truly love thy law ;  
 No smiling mischief them can tempt,  
 Nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy salvation I have hop'd,  
 And though so long delay'd,  
 With cheerful zeal and strictest care  
 All thy commands obey'd.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept,  
 And constantly obey'd ;  
 Because the love I bore to them,  
 Thy service easy made.

168 From strict observance of thy laws  
 I never yet withdrew ;  
 Convinc'd that my most secret ways  
 Are open to thy view.

## T A U. 7.

169 To my request and earnest cry  
 Attend, O gracious Lord ;  
 Inspire my heart with heav'nly skill,  
 According to thy word.

170 Let my repeated pray'r at last  
 Before thy throne appear ;  
 According to thy plighted word  
 For my relief draw near.

171 Then shall my grateful lips return  
 The tribute of their praise,  
 When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,  
 And taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word  
 Shall thankfully resound,  
 Because thy promises are all  
 With truth and justice crown'd.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear,  
 And bring me timely aid ;  
 For I the laws thou hast ordain'd,  
 My heart's free choice have made.

174 My soul has waited long to see  
 Thy saving grace restor'd ;  
 Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,  
 Thy heav'nly laws afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may sing  
 My great restorer's praise,  
 Whose justice from the depth of woes,  
 My fainting soul shall raise.

- 276 Like some lost sheep I've stray'd 'till I  
 Despair my way to find :  
 Thou therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,  
 Who keeps thy laws in mind.

**Psalm CXX. Particular metre.**

- 1 **I**N deep distress I oft have cry'd,  
 To God, who never yet deny'd  
 To rescue me, oppress'd with wrongs;  
 2 Once more, O Lord, deliv'rance send,  
 From lying lips my soul defend,  
 And from the rage of sland'ring tongues.  
 3 What little profit can accrue,  
 And yet what heavy wrath is due ;  
 O thou perfidious tongue, to thee ?  
 4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn ;  
 Of lasting flames that fiercely burn,  
 The constant fuel thou shalt be.  
 5 But O ! how wretched is my doom,  
 Who am a sojourner become  
 In barren *Mesech's* desert soil ;  
 With *Kedar's* wicked tents inclos'd.  
 To lawless savages expos'd,  
 Who live on nought but theft and spoil.  
 6 My hapless dwelling is with those  
 Who peace and amity oppose,  
 And pleasure take in others harms :  
 7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek ;  
 But when to them of peace I speak,  
 They straight cry out " To arms, to arms."

**Psalm CXXI. Common metre.**

- 1 **T**O *Sion's* hill I lift my eyes,  
 From thence expecting aid ;  
 2 From *Sion's* hill, and *Sion's* God,  
 Who heav'n and earth has made.

- 3 Then, thou, my soul, in safety rest,  
Thy guardian will not sleep ;
- 4 His watchful care that *Isr'el* guards,  
Will *Isr'el's* monarch keep.
- 5 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
Thou shalt securely rest,
- 6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.
- 7 From common accidents of life  
His care shall guard thee still ;  
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes  
That lie in wait to kill.
- 8 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend :  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,  
Safe to thy journey's end.

Psalm CXXII. *Common metre.*

- 1 O 'T WAS a joyful sound to hear  
Our tribes devoutly say,  
"Up *Isr'el* to the temple haste,  
And keep your festal day."
- 2 At *Salem's* courts we must appear  
With our assembled pow'rs ;
- 3 In strong and beauteous order rang'd,  
Like her united tow'rs ;
- 4 'Tis thither by divine command,  
The tribes of God repair,  
Before his ark to celebrate  
His name with praise and pray'r.
- 5 Tribunals stand erected there,  
Where equity takes place :  
There stand the courts and palaces  
Of royal *David's* race.

- 6 O pray we then for *Salem's* peace,  
 For they shall prosp'rous be,  
 Thou holy city of our God !  
 Who bear true love to thee.
- 7 May peace within thy sacred walls  
 A constant guest be found,  
 With plenty and prosperity  
 Thy palaces be crown'd.
- 8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends  
 No less than brethren dear,  
 I'll pray—may peace in *Salem's* tow'rs  
 A constant guest appear.
- 9 But most of all, I'll seek thy good,  
 And ever wish thee well,  
 For *Sion* and the temple's sake,  
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

Psalm CXXIII. *Long metre.*

- 1 O N thee, who dwell'st above the skies,  
 2 For mercy wait my longing eyes ;  
 As servants watch their masters hands,  
 And maids their mistresses commands.
- 3, 4 O then have mercy on us, Lord,  
 Thy gracious aid to us afford :  
 To us, whom cruel foes oppress,  
 Grown rich and proud by our distress.

Psalm CXXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 H AD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,  
 Been pleas'd to interpose ;
- 2 Had he not then espous'd our cause,  
 When men against us rose :
- 3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallow'd us alive  
 And rag'd without control ;  
 Their spite and pride's united floods  
 Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.

- 6 But prais'd be our eternal Lord,  
 Who rescu'd us that day,  
 Nor to their savage jaws gave up  
 Our threat'ned lives a prey.
- 7 Our soul is like a bird escap'd  
 From out the fowler's net ;  
 The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,  
 And we at freedom set.
- 8 Secure in his almighty name,  
 Our confidence remains,  
 Who as he made both heav'n and earth,  
 Of both sole monarch reigns.

**Psalm CXXV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HO place on *Sion's* God their trust,  
 Like *Sion's* rock shall stand ;  
 Like her imoveably be fix'd  
 By his almighty hand.
- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side  
*Jerusalem* enclose,  
 So stands the Lord around his saints  
 To guard them from their foes.
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just,  
 But ne'er too long oppress,  
 Nor force him by despair to seek  
 Base means for his redress.
- 4 Be good, O righteous God, to those,  
 Who righteous deeds affect :  
 The heart that innocence retains,  
 Let innocence protect.
- 5 All those who walk in crooked paths.  
 The Lord shall soon destroy ;  
 Cut off th' unjust, but crown the saints  
 With lasting peace and joy,

Psalm CXXVI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Sion's* God her sons recall'd  
From long captivity,  
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream  
Of what we wish'd to see ;
- 2 But soon in unaccustom'd mirth,  
We did our voice employ,  
And sung our great Creator's praise  
In thankful hymns of joy.
- Our heathen foes repining stood,  
Yet were compell'd to own,  
That great and wond'rous was the work  
Our God for us had done.
- 3 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great,  
Much more should we confess ;  
The Lord has done great things, whereof  
We reap the glad success.
- 4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,  
Of *Isr'el's* captive bands,  
More welcome than refreshing show'rs  
To parch'd and thirsty lands.
- 5 That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,  
May see our labours thrive,  
'Till finish'd with success, to make  
Our drooping hearts revive.
- 6 Though he despond that sows his grain,  
Yet doubtless he shall come  
To bind his fullear'd sheaves, and bring  
The joyful harvest home.

Psalm CXXVII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**E build with fruitless cost, unless  
The Lord the pile sustain ;  
Unless the Lord the city keep,  
The watchman wakes in vain :

- 2 In vain we rise before the day,  
 And late to rest repair :  
 Allow no respite to our toil,  
 And eat the bread of care,  
 Supplies of life, with ease to them,  
 He on his saints bestows ;  
 He crowns their labour with success,  
 Their nights with sound repose.
- 3 Children, those comforts of our life,  
 Are presents from the Lord ;  
 He gives a num'rous race of heirs,  
 As piety's reward.
- 4 As arrows in a giant's hand  
 When marching forth to war,  
 Ev'n to the sons of sprightly youth,  
 Their parent's safeguard are.
- 5 Happy the man, whose quiver's fill'd  
 With these prevailing arms ;  
 He needs not fear to meet his foe,  
 At law, or war's alarms.

**Psalm CXXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE man is blest who fears the Lord,  
 Nor only worship pays,  
 But keeps his steps confin'd with care  
 To his appointed ways.
- 2 He shall upon the sweet returns  
 Of his own labour feed ;  
 Without dependence, live, and see  
 His wishes all succeed.
- 3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,  
 Her lovely fruit shall bring ;  
 His children, like young olive plants,  
 About his table spring.

- 4, 5 Who fears the Lord, shall prosper thus ;  
 Him *Sion's* God shall bless ;  
 And grant him all his days to see  
*Jerusalem's* success.
- 6 He shall live on, 'till heirs from him  
 Descend with vast increase :  
 Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,  
 And more in *Isr'el's* peace,

**Psalm CXXIX.** *Common metre.*

- 1 FROM my youth up, may *Isr'el* say,  
 They oft have me assail'd,  
 2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy straits,  
 But never quite prevail'd.  
 3 They oft have plough'd my patient back  
 With furrows deep and long :  
 4 But our just God has broke their chains,  
 And rescu'd us from wrong.
- 5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout  
 Be still the doom of those,  
 Their righteous doom who *Sion* hate,  
 And *Sion's* God oppose.
- 6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,  
 Untimely let them fade,  
 Which too much heat, and want of root,  
 Has blasted in the blade :
- 7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,  
 But unregarded leaves ;  
 Nor binder thinks it worth his pains  
 To fold it into sheaves.
- 8 No traveller that passes by,  
 Vouchsafes a minute's stop,  
 To give it one kind look, or crave  
 Heav'n's blessing on the crop.

**Psalm CXXX.** *Short metre.*

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe  
To God I send my cry ;
- 2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply.
- 3 Should'st thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear ?
- 4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce thy fear
- 5 My soul with patience waits  
For thee, the living Lord ;  
My hopes are on thy promise built,  
Thy never failing word.
- 6 My longing eyes look out  
For thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- 7 Let *Isr'el* trust in God ;  
No bounds his mercy knows ;  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows.
- 8 Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey ;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,  
And wash our guilt away.

**Psalm CXXXI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** LORD, I am not proud of heart,  
Nor cast a scornful eye ;  
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ  
In things for me too high.
- 2 With infant innocence, thou know'st  
I have myself demean'd ;  
Compos'd to quiet, like a babe  
That from the breast is wean'd.

- 3 Like me, let *Isr'el* hope in God,  
His aid alone implore ;  
Both now and ever trust in him,  
Who lives for evermore.
- 

**Psalm CXXXII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ET *David*, Lord, a constant place  
In thy remembrance find ;  
Let all the sorrows he endur'd,  
Be ever in thy mind.
- 2 Remember what a solemn oath  
To thee, his Lord, he swore ;  
How to the mighty God he vow'd,  
Whom *Jacob's* sons adore.
- 3, 4 I will not go into my house,  
Nor to my bed ascend :  
No soft repose shall close my eyes,  
Nor sleep my eyelids bend :
- 5 'Till for the Lord's design'd abode  
I mark the destin'd ground ;  
'Till I a decent place of rest  
For *Jacob's* God have found.
- 6 Th' appointed place with shouts of joy,  
At *Euphrata* we found,  
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields  
Our glad applause resound.
- 7 O with due rev'ence let us then  
To his abode repair ;  
And prostrate at his footstool fall'n,  
Pour out our humble pray'r.
- 8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess  
Thy constant place of rest ;  
Be that, not only with thy ark,  
But with thy presence blest.

9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,  
 Make thou thy saints rejoice :  
 And for thy servant *David's* sake,  
 Hear thy anointed's voice.

11 God sware to *David* in his truth,  
 Nor shall his oath be vain,  
 One of thy offspring after thee  
 Upon thy throne shall reign :

12 And if thy seed my cov'nant keep,  
 And to my laws submit :  
 Their children too upon thy throne  
 For evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For *Sion* does in God's esteem  
 All other seats excel ;  
 His place of everlasting rest,  
 Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,  
 Her poor with plenty bless ;  
 Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests  
 My saving health confess.

17 There *David's* pow'r shall long remain  
 In his successive line,  
 And my anointed servant there  
 Shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquish'd foes  
 Confusion shall o'erspread ;  
 Whilt with confirm'd success, his crown  
 Shall flourish on his head.

**Psalm CXXXIII.** *Common metre.*

1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be !  
 How great their pleasure prove !  
 Who live like brethren, and consent  
 In offices of love !

- 2 True love is like the precious oil  
Which pour'd on *Aaron's* head,  
Ran down his bear'd, and o'er his robes  
Its costly moisture shed.
- 3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does  
On *Hermon's* top distil ;  
Or like the early drops that fall  
On *Sion's* fruitful hill.
- 4 For God to all, whose friendly hearts  
With mutual love abound,  
Has firmly promis'd length of days  
With constant blessings crown'd.
- 

**Psalm CXXXIV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **B**LESS God, ye servants that attend  
Upon his solemn state,  
That in his temple, night by night,  
With humble rev'ence wait :
- 2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,  
And bless his holy name ;  
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,  
Who heav'n and earth did'st frame.
- 

**Psalm CXXXV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with one consent,  
And magnify his name :  
Let all the servants of the Lord  
His worthy praise proclaim.
- 2 Praise him all ye that in his house  
Attend with constant care ;  
With those that to his utmost courts  
With humble zeal repair.
- 3 For this our truest int'rest is,  
Glad hymns of praise to sing ;  
And with loud songs to bless his name,  
A most delightful thing.

- 4 For God his own peculiar choice  
 The sons of *Jacob* makes ;  
 And *Isr'el's* offspring for his own  
 Most valu'd treasure takes.
- 5 That God is great, we often have  
 By glad experience found ;  
 And seen how he with wond'rous pow'r  
 Above all gods is crown'd.
- 6 For he with unresisted strength  
 Performs his sov'reign will,  
 In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores  
 That earth's deep caverns fill.
- 7 He raises vapours from the ground,  
 Which pois'd in liquid air,  
 Fall down at last in show'rs through which  
 His dreadful lightnings glare :
- 8 He from his storehouse brings the winds ;  
 And he with vengeful hand,  
 The first born slew of man and beast,  
 Through *Egypt's* mourning land.
- 9 He dreadful signs and wonders shew'd  
 Through stubborn *Egypt's* coasts,  
 Nor *Pharaoh* could his plagues escape,  
 Nor all his num'rous hosts.
- 10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,  
 And mighty kings suppress'd,  
*Sihon* and *Og*, and all besides,  
 Who *Canaan's* land possess'd.
- 12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race  
 He firmly did entail :  
 For which his fame shall always last,  
 His praise shall never fail.

- 14 For God shall soon his people's cause  
With pitying eyes survey ;  
Repent him of his wrath and turn  
His kindled rage away.
- 15 Those idols, whose false worship spread  
O'er all the heathen lands,  
Are made of silver and of gold,  
The work of human hands.
- 16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues  
Nor see with polish'd eyes ;  
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,  
No breath their mouth supplies.
- 18 As senseless as themselves are they,  
That all their skill apply  
To make them, or in dang'rous times  
On them for aid rely.
- 19 Their just returns of thanks to God,  
Let grateful *Isr'el* pay :  
Nor let the priests of *Aaron's* race  
To bless the Lord delay.
- 20 Their sense of his unbounded love  
Let *Levi's* house express ;  
And let all those that fear the Lord,  
His name forever bless.
- 21 Let all with thanks his wond'rous works  
In *Sion's* courts proclaim ;  
Let them in *Salem*, where he dwells  
Exalt his holy name.

---

**P**salm CXXXVI. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **T**O God the mighty Lord,  
Your joyful thanks repeat :  
To him due praise afford,  
As good as he is great :

For God does prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

2, 3 To him whose wond'rous pow'r  
 All other gods obey,  
 Whom earthly kings adore,  
 This grateful homage pay :  
 For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand  
 Amazing works are wrought :  
 The heav'ns by his command  
 Were to perfection brought :  
 For God, &c.

6 He spread the ocean round  
 About the spacious land ;  
 And made the rising ground  
 Above the waters stand :  
 For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heav'n he did display  
 His num'rous hosts of light ;  
 The sun to rule by day,  
 The moon and stars by night :  
 For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the firstborn dead  
 Of *Egypt's* stubborn land ;  
 And thence his people led  
 With his resistless hand :  
 For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea,  
 As if in pieces rent,  
 Disclos'd a middle way,  
 Through which his people went :  
 For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew  
 Proud *Pharaoh* and his host,  
 Who daring to pursue,  
 Were in the billows lost :  
 For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild,  
 He led the chosen seed ;  
 And famous princes foil'd,  
 And made great monarchs bleed :  
 For God, &c.

19, 20 *Sibon*, whose potent hand  
 Great *Ammon's* sceptre sway'd ;  
 And *Og*, whose stern command  
 Rich *Bashan's* land obey'd :  
 For God, &c.

21, 22 And of his wond'rous grace  
 Their lands, whom he destroy'd,  
 He gave to *Isr'el's* race,  
 To be by them enjoy'd :  
 For God, &c.

23, 24 He in our depth of woes,  
 On us with favour thought,  
 And from our cruel foes  
 In peace and safety brought :  
 For God, &c.

25, 26 He does the food supply,  
 On which all creatures lives :  
 To God who reigns on high  
 Eternal praises give.  
 For God will prove  
 Our constant friend,  
 His boundless love  
 Shall never end.

Psalm CXXXVII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN we, our weary limbs to rest,  
 Sat down by proud *Euphrates'* stream,  
 We wept, with doleful thoughts oppress'd,  
 And *Sion* was our mournful theme.
- 2 Our harps, that when with joy we sung,  
 Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,  
 With silent strings neglected hung  
 On willow trees that wither'd there.
- 3 Mean while our foes, who all conspir'd  
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,  
 Musick and mirth of us requir'd,  
 "Come sing us one of *Sion's* songs."
- 4 How shall we tune our voice to sing?  
 Or touch our harps with skilful hands?  
 Shall hymns of joy to God our King  
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
- 5 O *Salem* our once happy seat!  
 When I of thee forgetful prove,  
 Let then my trembling hand forget  
 The speaking strings with art to move!
- 6 If I to mention thee forbear,  
 Eternal silence seize my tongue;  
 Or if I sing one cheerful air,  
 'Till thy deliv'rance is my song!
- 7 Remember, Lord, how *Edom's* race,  
 In thy own city's fatal day,  
 Cry'd out, "Her stately walls deface,  
 And with the ground quite level lay."
- 8 Proud *Babal's* daughter, doom'd to be  
 Of grief and woe the wretched prey,  
 Bless'd is the man who shall to thee  
 The wrongs thou laid'st on us, repay. ||

- 9 Thrice blest, who with just rage posselt,  
 And deaf to all the parents moans,  
 Shall snatch thine infants from the breast,  
 And dash their heads against the stones.
- 

**Psalm CXXXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and  
 Thy praise I will proclaim; (king,  
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,  
 And blest thy holy name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat;  
 And with thy love inspir'd,  
 The praises of thy truth repeat,  
 O'er all thy works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'st thine ear,  
 When I to thee did cry;  
 And when my soul was press'd with fear,  
 Didst inward strength supply.
- 4 Therefore shall ev'ry earthly prince  
 Thy name with praise pursue,  
 Whom these admir'd events convince  
 That all thy works are true.
- They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,  
 With cheerful songs shall blest;  
 And all thy glorious acts record,  
 Thy awful pow'r confess.
- 6 For God, although enthron'd on high,  
 Does thence the poor respect;  
 The proud far off, his scornful eye  
 Beholds with just neglect.
- 7 Though I with troubles am oppress'd,  
 He shall my foes disarm,  
 Relieve my soul when most distress'd,  
 And keep me safe from harm.

- 8 The Lord, whose mercies ever last,  
 Shall fix my happy state ;  
 And mindful of his favours past,  
 Shall his own work complete.
- 

**Psalm CXXXIX.** *Long metre.*

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast  
 2 My rising up and lying down ; (known  
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.  
 3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
 My publick haunts and private ways ;  
 4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips wou'd vent,  
 My yet unutter'd words intent.
- 5 Surrounded by thy pow'r, I stand,  
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand.  
 6 O skill, for human reach too high !  
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !  
 7 O could I so perfidious be,  
 To think of once deserting thee !  
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?  
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 8 If up to heav'n I take my flight ;  
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
 Or sink to hell's infernal plains,  
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.  
 9 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
 And fly beyond the western main,  
 10 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
 And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 11 Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
 Beneath the sable wings of night ;  
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray  
 Would kindle darkness into day.

- 12 The veil of night is no disguise,  
 No screen from thy all searching eyes :  
 Through midnight shades thou find'st the  
 As in the blazing noon of day. (way,
- 13 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,  
 My reins and ev'ry vital part ;  
 Each single thread in nature's loom,  
 By thee was cover'd in the womb.
- 14 I'll praise thee from whose hands I came,  
 A work of such a curious frame ;  
 The wonders thou in me hast shown,  
 My soul with grateful joy must own.
- 15 Thine eyes my substance did survey,  
 While yet a lifeless mass it lay,  
 In secret how exactly wrought,  
 Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
- 16 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,  
 Its parts were registered by thee :  
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
 Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 17 Let me acknowledge too, O God,  
 That since this maze of life I trod,  
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 18 Far sooner could I reckon o'er  
 The sands upon the ocean's shore :  
 Each morn revising what I've done,  
 I find th' account but new begun.
- 19 The wicked thou shalt slay, O God :  
 Depart from me, ye men of blood,  
 20 Whose tongues heav'n's majesty profane,  
 And take th' Almighty's name in vain. ||

- 21 Lord, hate not I their impious crew,  
 Who thee with enmity pursue ?  
 And does not grief my heart oppress  
 When reprobates thy laws transgress ?
- 22 Who practise enmity to thee,  
 Shall utmost hatred have from me ;  
 Such men I utterly detest,  
 As if they were my foes profest. (heart,
- 23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and  
 If mischief lurks in any part ;  
 Correct me where I go astray,  
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

Psalm CXL. *Common metre.*

- 1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes  
 Of treacherous intent ;
- 2 And from the sons of violence,  
 On open mischief bent.
- 3 Their stand'ring tongue, the serpent's sting  
 In sharpness does exceed :  
 Between their lips the gaul of asps  
 And adders venom breed.
- 4 Preserve me, Lord, from wicked hands,  
 Nor leave my soul forlorn,  
 A prey to sons of violence,  
 Who have my ruin sworn.
- 5 The proud for me have laid their snare  
 And spread their wily net ;  
 With traps and gins where'er I move,  
 I find my steps beset.
- 6 But thus environ'd with distress,  
 Thou art my God I said ;  
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,  
 That calls to thee for aid.

- 7 O Lord, the God whose saving strength  
Kind succour did convey,  
And cover'd my advent'rous head  
In battle's doubtful day.
- 8 Permit not their unjust designs  
To answer their desire ;  
Lest they encourag'd by success,  
To bolder crimes aspire.
- 9 Let first their chiefs the sad effects  
Of their injustice mourn ;  
The blast of their envenom'd breath,  
Upon themselves return.
- 10 Let them who kindled first the flame,  
Its sacrifice become ;  
The pit they digg'd for me, be made  
Their own untimely tomb.
- 11 Though slander's breath may raise a storm,  
It quickly will decay ;  
Their rage does but the torrent swell,  
That bears themselves away.
- 12 God will assert the poor man's cause,  
And speedy succour give ;  
The just shall celebrate his praise,  
And in his presence live.

**Psalm CXLI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,  
O haste to my relief :  
And with accustom'd pity hear  
The accents of my grief.
- 2 Instead of off'rings let my pray'r  
Like morning incense rise :  
My lifted hands supply the place  
Of ev'ning sacrifice.

- 3 From hasty language curb my tongue,  
And let a constant guard  
Still keep the portal of my lips,  
With wary silence barr'd.
- 4 From wicked men's designs and deeds  
My heart and hands restrain ;  
Nor let me in the booty share  
Of their unrighteous gain.
- 5 Let upright men reprove my faults,  
And I shall think them kind !  
Like balm that heals a wounded head,  
I their reproof shall find ;  
And in return, my fervent pray'r  
I shall for them address,  
When they are tempted and reduc'd,  
Like me to fore distress.
- 6 When sculking in *Engedi's* rock,  
I to their chiefs appeal,  
If one reproachful word I spoke,  
When I had pow'r to kill.
- 7 Yet us they persecute to death,  
Our scatter'd ruins lie  
As thick as from the hewer's ax  
The sever'd splinters fly.
- 8 But, Lord, to thee I still direct  
My supplicating eyes  
O leave not destitute my soul,  
Whose trust on thee relies.
- 9 Do thou preserve me from the snares  
That wicked hands have laid ;  
Let them in their own nets be caught  
While my escape is made.

**Psalm CXLII.** *Short metre.*

- 1 **T**O God, with mournful voice,  
In deep distress I pray'd ;
- 2 Made him the umpire of my cause,  
My wrongs before him laid.
- 3 Thou didst my steps direct,  
When my griev'd soul despair'd :  
For where I thought to walk secure,  
They had their traps prepar'd.
- 4 I look'd but found no friend  
To own me in distress ;  
All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd  
His pity or redress.
- 5 To God at last I pray'd,  
Thou, Lord, my refuge art,  
My portion in the land of life,  
'Till life itself depart.
- 6 Reduc'd to greatest straits,  
To thee I make my moan ;  
O save me from oppressive foes,  
For me too pow'rful grown.
- 7 That I may praise thy name,  
My soul from prison bring ;  
Whilst of thy kind regard to me  
Assembled saints shall sing.

**Psalm CXLIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry,  
Thy wonted audience lend ;  
In thy accusom'd faith and truth  
A gracious answer send.
- 2 Nor at thy strict tribunal bring  
Thy servant to be try'd ;  
For in thy sight no living man  
Can e'er be justify'd.

- 3 The spiteful foe pursues my life,  
Whose comforts all are fled ;  
He drives me into caves as dark  
As mansions of the dead.
- 4 My spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,  
And sinks within my breast :  
My mournful heart grows desolate,  
With heavy woes oppress'd.
- 5 I call to mind the days of old,  
And wonders thou hast wrought :  
My former dangers and escapes  
Employ my musing thought.
- 6 To thee my hands in humble pray'r,  
I fervently stretch out ;  
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,  
Like land oppress'd with drought.
- 7 Hear me with speed ; my spirit fails ;  
Thy face no longer hide,  
Lest I become forlorn like them  
That in the grave reside.
- 8 Thy kindness early let me hear,  
Whose trust on thee depends ;  
Teach me the way where I should go :  
My soul to thee ascends.
- 9 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes  
Preserve and set me free ;  
A safe retreat against their rage,  
My soul implores from thee.
- 10 Thou art my God, thy righteous will  
Instruct me to obey ;  
Let thy good spirit lead and keep  
My soul in the right way.

- 11 O for the sake of thy great name  
 Revive my drooping heart :  
 For thy truth's sake to me distress'd,  
 Thy promis'd aid impart.
- 12 In pity to my sufferings, Lord,  
 Reduce my foes to shame ;  
 Slay them that persecute a soul  
 Devoted to thy name. .
- 

Psalm CXLIV. *Long metre.*

- 1 **F**OREVER blest be God the Lord,  
 Who does his needful aid impart,  
 At once both strength and skill afford  
 To wield my arms with warlike art.
- 2 His goodness as my fort and tow'r,  
 My strong deliv'rance and my shield :  
 In him I trust whose matchless pow'r  
 Makes to my sway fierce nations yield.
- 3 Lord, what's in man, that thou should'st  
 Such tender care of him to take ? [love  
 What in his offspring could thee move  
 Such great account of him to make ?
- 4 The life of man does quickly fade,  
 His thoughts but empty are and vain ;  
 His days are like a flying shade,  
 Of whose short stay no signs remain.
- 5 In solemn state, O God, descend,  
 Whilst heav'n its lofty head inclines :  
 The smoking hills asunder rend,  
 Of thy approach the awful signs.
- 6 Discharge thy dreadful light'ning round,  
 And make thy scatter'd foes retreat ;  
 Them with thy pointed arrows wound,  
 And their destruction soon complete. [

- 7, 8 Do thou, O Lord, from heav'n engage  
 Thy boundless pow'r my foes to quell,  
 And snatch me from the stormy rage  
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell.  
 Fight thou against my foreign foes,  
 Who utter speeches false and vain ;  
 Who, though in solemn leagues they close,  
 Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
- 9 So I to thee, O King of kings,  
 In joyful hymns my voice shall raise,  
 And instruments of various strings  
 Shall help me thus to sing thy praise.
- 10 "God does to kings his aid afford,  
 To them his sure salvation sends ;  
 'Tis he that from the murd'ring sword,  
 His servant *David* still defends."
- 11 Fight thou against my foreign foes,  
 Who utter speeches false and vain ;  
 Who, though in solemn leagues they close,  
 Their sworn engagements ne'er maintain.
- 12 Then our young sons like trees shall grow,  
 Well planted in some fruitful place ;  
 Our daughters shall like pillars show,  
 Design'd some royal court to grace.
- 13 Our garners, fill'd with various store,  
 Shall us and ours with plenty feed,  
 Our sheep encreasing more and more,  
 Shall thousands and ten thousands breed.
- 14 Strong shall our lab'ring oxen grow,  
 Nor in their constant labour faint ;  
 Whilst we no war nor slav'ry know,  
 And in our streets hear no complaint. ||

- 15 Thrice happy is that people's case,  
 Whose various blessings thus abound :  
 Who God's true worship still embrace,  
 And are with his protection crown'd.
- 

**Psalm CXLV.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,  
 2 Thy endless praise proclaim ;  
 This tribute daily I will bring,  
 And ever bless thy name.
- 3 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great  
 And highly to be prais'd ;  
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,  
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 4 Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame  
 To future time extends ;  
 From age to age thy glorious name  
 Successively descends.
- 5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
 And wond'rous works express,  
 The world with me thy might shall own  
 And thy great pow'r confess.
- 7 The praise that to thy love belongs,  
 They shall with joy proclaim ;  
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs  
 Shall be the constant theme.
- 8 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace  
 His pity still supplies ;  
 His anger moves with slowest pace,  
 His willing mercy flies.
- 9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame  
 To all thy works express ;  
 These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name  
 Is by thy servants blest.

11 They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,  
 Shall of thy kingdom speak ;  
 And thy great pow'r, by all admir'd,  
 Their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of ancient date,  
 Shall thus to all be known ;  
 And thus his kingdom's royal state,  
 With publick splendour shown.

13 His stedfast throne, from changes free,  
 Shall stand forever fast ;  
 His boundless sway no end shall see,  
 But time itself outlast.

## P A R T II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,  
 And makes the prostrate rise ;  
 For his kind aid all creatures call,  
 Who timely food supplies.

16 Whate'er their various wants require,  
 With open hand he gives ;  
 And so fulfils the just desire  
 Of ev'ry thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord ! how just !  
 How righteous all his ways !  
 How nigh to him, who with firm trust  
 For his assistance prays !

19 He grants the full desires of those  
 Who him with fear adore ;  
 And will their troubles soon compose,  
 When they his aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with care  
 Whom grateful love employs :  
 But sinners, who his vengeance dare,  
 With furious rage destroys.

- 21 My time to come, in praises spent,  
 Shall still advance his fame,  
 And all mankind with one consent  
 Forever bless his name.
- 

**Psalm CXLVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou my soul,  
 2 Forever bless his name :  
 His wond'rous love, while life shall last,  
 My constant praise shall claim.
- 3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,  
 Let none for aid rely :  
 They cannot save in dang'rous times,  
 Nor timely help apply.
- 4 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,  
 And there neglected lie,  
 And all their thoughts and vain designs  
 Together with them die.
- 5 Then happy he, who *Jacob's* God  
 For his protection takes ;  
 Who still, with well plac'd hope, the Lord  
 His constant refuge makes.
- 6 The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth,  
 And all that they contain,  
 Will never quit his stedfast truth,  
 Nor make his promise vain.
- 7 The poor oppress'd, from all their wrongs  
 Are eas'd by his decree ;  
 He gives the hungry needful food,  
 And sets the pris'ners free.
- 8 By him the blind receive their sight,  
 The weak and fall'n he rears :  
 With kind regard and tender love,  
 He for the righteous cares.

- 9 The stranger he preserves from harm,  
 The orphan kindly treats,  
 Defends the widow, and the wiles  
 Of wicked men defeats.
- 10 The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,  
 Is our eternal King :  
 From age to age his reign endures,  
 Let all his praises sing.
- 

**Psalm CXLVII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,  
 And celebrate his fame !  
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis  
 To praise his holy name.
- 2 His holy city God will build,  
 Though level'd with the ground :  
 Bring back his people, though dispers'd  
 Through all the nations round.
- 3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,  
 And all their wounds does close ;  
 He tells the number of the stars,  
 Their several names he knows.
- 5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,  
 His wisdom has no bound ;  
 The meek he raises, and throws down  
 The wicked to the ground.
- 7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise,  
 With grateful voices sing ;  
 To so igs of triumph tune the harp,  
 And strike each warbling string.
- 8 He covers heav'n with clouds, and thence  
 Refreshing rain bestows :  
 Through him, on mountain tops, the grass  
 With wond'rous plenty grows. ||

- 9 He, savage beasts that loofely range,  
 With timely food fupplies ;  
 He feeds the ravens tender brood,  
 And ftops their hungry cries.
- 10 He values not the warlike fteed,  
 But does his ftrength difdain ;  
 The nimble foot that fwiftly runs,  
 No prize from him can gain.
- 11 But he, to him that fears his name,  
 His tender love extends ;  
 To him that on his boundlefs grace  
 With ftedfaft hope depends.
- 12, 13 Let *Sion* and *Jerufalem*  
 To God their praife address ;  
 Who fenc'd their gates with mafly bars,  
 And does their children blefs.
- 14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace,  
 With fineft wheat they're fed ;  
 He fpeaks the word, and what he wills  
 Is done as foon as faid.
- 16 Large flakes of fnow, like fleecy wool,  
 Defcend at his command :  
 And hoary froft, like afhes fpread,  
 Is fcatte'r'd o'er the land.
- 17 When join'd to thefe he does his hail  
 In little morfels break,  
 Who can againft his piercing cold  
 Secure defences make ?
- 18 He fends his word, which melts the ice ;  
 He makes his wind to blow,  
 And foon the freams, congeal'd before,  
 In plenteous currents flow.

- 19 By him his statutes and decrees  
 To *Jacob's* sons were shown ;  
 And still to *Isr'el's* chosen seed  
 His righteous laws are known.  
 20 No other nation this can boast,  
 Nor did he e'er afford  
 To heathen lands his oracles,  
 And knowledge of his word.

Hallelujah.

---

**Psalm CXLVIII.** *Particular metre.*

- 1, 2 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,  
 Exalt your Maker's fame :  
 His praise your song employ  
 Above the starry frame :  
 Your voices raise,  
 Ye cherubim  
 And seraphim,  
 To sing his praise.
- 3, 4, Thou moon that rul'st the night,  
 And sun that guid'st the day,  
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
 To him your homage pay :  
 His praise declare,  
 Ye heav'ns above,  
 And clouds that move  
 In liquid air.
- 5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,  
 And praise his holy name,  
 By whose almighty word  
 They all from nothing came :  
 And all shall last,  
 From changes free :  
 His firm decree  
 Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay ;  
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,  
And fish that through the sea  
Glide swift with glitt'ring scales :  
Fire, hail, and snow,  
And misty air,  
And winds that where  
Be bids them blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, all  
In grateful consort join'd,  
By cedars stately tall,  
And trees for fruit design'd :  
By ev'ry beast,  
And creeping thing,  
And fowl of wing  
His name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,  
With those of humbler frame,  
And judges of the earth,  
His matchless praise proclaim.  
In this design  
Let youths with maids,  
And hoary heads  
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown,  
His wond'rous fame to raise,  
Whose glorious name alone  
Deserves our endless praise :  
Earth's utmost ends  
His pow'r obey :  
His glorious sway  
The sky transcends.

14 His cholen saints to grace,  
 He sets them up on high,  
 And favours *Isr'el's* race,  
 Who still to him are nigh.

O! therefore raise  
 Your grateful voice,  
 And still rejoice  
 The Lord to praise.

Psalm CXLIX. *Particular metre.*

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord,  
 Prepare your glad voice,  
 His praise in the great  
 Assembly to sing.

In our great Creator  
 Let *Isr'el* rejoice,  
 And children of *Sion*  
 Be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great name  
 Extol in the dance ;  
 With timbrel and harp  
 His praises express,  
 Who always takes pleasure  
 His saints to advance,  
 And with his salvation  
 The humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorn'd,  
 His people shall sing  
 To God, who their beds  
 With safety does shield ;  
 Their mouths fill'd with praises  
 Of him their great King ;  
 Whilst a too edged sword  
 Their right hand shall wield.

- 7, 8 Just vengeance to take  
 For injuries past :  
 To punish those lands  
 For ruin design'd ;  
 With chains, as their captives,  
 To tie their kings fast,  
 With fetters of iron  
 Their nobles to bind.
- 9 Thus shall they make good,  
 When they shall destroy,  
 The dreadful decree  
 Which God does proclaim :  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His faints shall enjoy,  
 O therefore forever  
 Exalt his great name !
- 

Psalm CL. *Long metre.*

- 1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,  
 From whence his goodness largely flows,  
 Praise him in heav'n, where he his face  
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all the mighty acts,  
 Which he on our behalf has done ;  
 His kindness this return exacts,  
 With which our praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice  
 Make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;  
 Praise him with harp's melodious noise,  
 And gentle psalt'ry's silver sound.
- 4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,  
 And some with graceful motion dance ;  
 Let instruments of various strings,  
 With organs join'd, his praise advance. ||

- 5 Let them who joyful hymns compose,  
 To cymbals set their songs of praise ;  
 Cymbals of common use, and those  
 That loudly sound on solemn days.
- 6 Let all that vital breath enjoy,  
 The breath he does to them afford,  
 In just returns of praise employ :  
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

END *of the* P S A L M S.

---

G L O R I A P A T R I, &c.

---

COMMON METRE.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom we adore,  
 Be glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be ever more.

*To be sung to any double Tune in Common Metre.*

**T**O GOD, our benefactor, bring  
 The tribute of your praise ;  
 Too small for an almighty King ;  
 But all that we can raise.  
 Glory to thee, blest'd Three in One,  
 The God whom we adore ;  
 As was, and is, and shall be done,  
 When time shall be no more.

**L**ORD, bless thy people, who to thee  
 Do all their safety owe ;  
 Feed thou thy flock, and raise them up,  
 When they are fallen low.

**D**ELIGHT to bless thy people, Lord,  
 Defend and succour them ;  
 Do good to *Zion*, build the walls  
 Of thy *Jerusalem*.

---

## LONG METRE.

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore,  
 Be glory as it was of old,  
 Is now, and shall be evermore.

---

**T**HY People whom thou lov'st, delight  
 To bless, defend and succour them ;  
 Do Good to *Zion*, Lord, and build  
 The walls of thy *Jerusalem*.

---

**O**H! may thy church, thy turtle dove,  
 Mournful, yet chaste; thy pity move :  
 To birds of prey expose her not,  
 Though poor, too dear to be forgot.

---

## SHORT METRE.

**T**O God the Father, Son,  
 And Spirit, glory be ;  
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
 To all eternity.

---

**L**ET *Sion* favour find,  
 Of thy good will assur'd,  
 And thy own city flourish long,  
 By lofty walls secur'd.

## PARTICULAR METRE.

*As Psalm 37th, and last part of the 113th  
Psalm Tune.*

**T**O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,  
And suff'ring saints on earth adore,  
Be glory as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time itself must be no more.

---

*As Psalm 148.*

**T**O God the Father, Son,  
And spirit ever bless'd,  
Eternal Three in One,  
All worship be address'd,  
As heretofore  
It was, is now,  
And shall be so  
For evermore.

---

*As Psalm 149.*

**B**Y Angels in heav'n  
Of ev'ry degree,  
And saints upon earth,  
All praise be address'd  
To God in three persons,  
One God ever bless'd ;  
As it has been, now is,  
And always shall be.



# H Y M N S.

---

COLLECTED chiefly from Dr. WATTS'S  
HYMNS.

---

## Hymn I. *Common metre.*

*Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne :  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around ;  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise :  
*Jesus* is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid :  
Salvation, glory, joy remain  
Forever on thy head.
- 5 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.
- 6 The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promis'd hour.

Hymn II. *Common metre.**Isa. lxxv. 1, 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
And ev'ry heart rejoice,  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho ! all ye hungry starving souls  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind :
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd  
A soul reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho ! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
Here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join ;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain,  
To weave a garment of your own,  
That will not hide your sin :
- 7 Come naked and adorn your souls  
With robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dy'd in his own blood.
- 8 Dear Lord ! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

- 9 The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day :  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.
- 

### Hymn III. *Common metre.*

*Isa. xxvi. 1—5.*

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
*Sion* the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell ;  
The walls of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling ;  
Enter ye nations that obey  
The statutes of our king.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace :  
You that have known *Jehovah's* name,  
And ventur'd on his grace :
- 5 Trust in the Lord, forever trust,  
And banish all your fears :  
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,  
Eternal as his years.
- 

### Hymn IV. *Common metre.*

*Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19, &c.*

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,  
To gather empty wind ;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield  
Will starve a hungry mind.

- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat ;  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace ;  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath  
The riches of his grace :
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
Though black as hell before ;  
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
And shall be found no more :
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread  
Our inward pow'rs again,  
His spirit shall bedew our souls  
Like purifying rain.
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move,  
That fears no threat'ning of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolv'd by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away,  
That would not be refin'd ;  
And from the treasures of his grace  
Bestow a softer mind.
- 9 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law ;  
And ev'ry motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
 And we shall render praise ;  
 We, the dear people of his love,  
 And he our God of grace.

---

## Hymn V. *Short metre.*

*Isa.* lii. 7, 8, 9, 10. *Matt.* xiii. 16, 17.

- 1 **H**OW beaut'ous are their feet  
 Who stand on *Sion's* hill,  
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
 And words of peace reveal !
- 2 How charming is their voice,  
 How 'sweet the tidings are !  
 " *Sion* behold thy Saviour King,  
 He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears  
 That hear this joyful sound !  
 Which kings and prophets waited for,  
 And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes  
 That see this heav'nly light ;  
 Prophets and kings desir'd it long,  
 But dy'd without the sight !
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,  
 And tuneful notes employ !  
*Jerusalem* breaks forth with songs,  
 And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm  
 Through all the earth abroad ;  
 Let ev'ry nation now behold  
 Their Saviour and their God.

## Hymn VI. *Common metre.*

*1 Pet. i. 3, 4, 5.*

- 1 **B**LEST be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord !  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
His majesty ador'd.
  - 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
And call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope,  
That they should never die.
  - 3 What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
So all his foll'wers must.
  - 4 There's an inheritance divine  
Reserv'd against that day ;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
And cannot waste away.
  - 5 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept,  
'Till the salvation come ;  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
'Till Christ shall call us home.
- 

## Hymn VII. *Long metre.*

*Isa. xxvi. 8—20.*

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,  
We wait the visits of thy grace ;  
Our souls desire is to thy name,  
And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee  
Amongst the shades of lonesome night ;  
My earnest pray'rs ascend the skies,  
Before the dawn restores the light.

- 3 Look how rebellious men deride  
 The tender patience of my God ;  
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! the Eternal rends the sky,  
 A mighty voice before him goes,  
 A voice of musick to his friends,  
 But threatning thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
 'Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
 And my revenging fury cease.

### Hymn VIII. *Common metre.*

*Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.*

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thro'ts arise,  
 And where's our courage fled ?  
 Has restless sin and and raging hell  
 Struck all our comforts dead ?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name  
 That form'd the earth and sea ?  
 And can an all creating arm  
 Grow weary or decay ?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
 In our *Jehovah* dwell ;  
 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
 And youthful vigour cease,  
 But we that wait upon the Lord  
 Shall feel our strength increase.

- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles wings,  
 And taste the promis'd bliss,  
 'Till their unweari'd feet arrive  
 Where perfect pleasure is.
- 

Hymn IX. *Common metre.*

*Isa. xlix. 13, 14, &c.*

- 1 NOW shall my inward joy arise,  
 And burst into a song;  
 Almighty love inspires my heart,  
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty *Sion* hill  
 Some mercy drops has thrown,  
 And solemn oaths have bound his love  
 To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
 Suspicions and complaints;  
 Is he a God, and shall his grace  
 Grow weary of his saints?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
 The infant of her womb,  
 Among a thousand tender thoughts  
 Her suckling have no room?
- 5 "Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,  
 And mothers monsters prove,  
*Sion* still dwells upon the heart  
 Of everlasting love.
- 5 Deep on the palms of both my hands  
 I have engrav'd her name;  
 My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls  
 And build her broken frame."

Hymn X. *Common metre.**Rev.*, vii. 13, &c.

- 1 **T**HESSE glorious minds how bright they  
 Whence all their white array? (shine,  
 How came they to the happy seats  
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys  
 On fiery wheels they rode,  
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white  
 In *Jesus'* dying blood.
- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
 And bow before his throne,  
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
 Adore the holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face  
 Amongst his saints reside,  
 While the rich treasure of his grace,  
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls  
 And hunger flee as fast;  
 The fruit of life's immortal tree  
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
 Where living fountains rise,  
 And love divine shall wipe away  
 The sorrows of their eyes.

Hymn XI. *Common metre.**Rev.* xv. 3, &c.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,  
 We sound thy dreadful name;  
 The Christian church unites the songs  
 Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

- 2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works  
Of vengeance and of grace !  
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,  
How just and true thy ways !
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,  
Or worship at thy throne ?  
Thy judgments speak thine holiness  
Through all the nations known.
- 

## Hymn XII. *Long Metre.*

*John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.*

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not,  
And carnal objects court our eyes  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face,  
And to refresh our minds he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood ;  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine and bless our God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem ;  
Christ and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our soul a place,  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live forever near his face.

- 6 Our eyes look upwards to the hills,  
 Whence our returning Lord shall come ;  
 We wait thy chariot's awful wheels  
 To fetch our longing spirits home.
- 

### Hymn XIII. *Common metre.*

*Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place  
 With Christ within the doors,  
 While everlasting love displays  
 The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here ev'ry bowel of our God  
 With soft compassion rolls,  
 Here peace and pardon bought with blood,  
 As food for dying souls.
- 3 While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
 Join to admire the feast,  
 Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
 " Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
 And enter while there's room ;  
 When thousands make a wretched choice,  
 And rather starve than come ?"
- 5 'Twas the same love that spread the feast  
 That sweetly forc'd us in,  
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
 And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 Pity the nations, O our God,  
 Constrain the earth to come ;  
 Send thy victorious word abroad,  
 And bring the strangers home.

- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race,  
May with one voice, and heart, and soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.
- 

### Hymn XIV. *Long metre.*

*Solomon's Song i. 7.*

- 1 **T**HOU whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joys and earthly love,  
Tell me dear shepherd, let me know  
Where doth thy sweetest pastures grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock ?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them keep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.
- 4 The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares, (tears.  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans and
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood :  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
'Till my beloved lead me home.
- 

### Hymn XV. *Long metre.*

*Solomon's Song ii. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.*

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;  
O'er hills of guilt, and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see  
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;  
 Now in the Gospel's clearest glass  
 He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
 Both with his beauties and his tongue :  
 " Rise," saith my Lord, " Make haste away,  
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The *Jewish* wintry state is gone,  
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;  
 The sacred turtle dove we hear  
 Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 " Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,  
 Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit."  
 Lo, we are come to taste the wine :  
 Our souls rejoice and bless the vine,
- 6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say,  
 " Rise up my love, make haste away !"  
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,  
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

### Hymn XVI. *Long metre.*

*Solomon's Song* iii. 2, 11.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold  
 The crown of honour and of gold,  
 Which the glad church with joys unknown  
 Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.
- 2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring :  
 Accept the well deserv'd renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be  
 Like our espousals, Lord, to thee :      ||

- Like the dear hour when from above  
 We first receiv'd the pledge of love,  
 4 The gladness of that happy day,  
 Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
 Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 5 Still may each minute as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
 'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
 At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,  
 And bring that coronation day !  
 The King of grace shall fill the throne  
 With all his Father's glories on.
- 

### Hymn XVII. *Long metre.*

*Isa. lvii. 15, 16.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,  
 " I sit upon my holy throne :  
 My name is God, I dwell on high ;  
 Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below,  
 On earth I have a mansion too ;  
 The humble spirit and contrite  
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 " The humble soul my words revive,  
 I bid the mourning sinner live ;  
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 [ When I contend against their sin,  
 I make them know how vile they've been ;  
 But should my wrath forever smoke,  
 Their souls would sink beneath my stroke. " ]

- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
 Lest we should faint, despair and die !  
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
 The methods of thy chaf't'ning love.]

## Hymn XVIII. *Long metre.*

*Matt. v. 3—12.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls that see  
 Their emptiness and poverty ;  
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,  
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
 The blood of Christ divinely flows  
 A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
 From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
 God will secure their happy state,  
 And plead their cause against the great.
- 4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
 Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
 They shall be well supply'd and fed  
 With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move  
 And melt with sympathy and love :  
 From Christ the Lord they shall obtain  
 Like sympathy and love again :
- 6 Blest are the pure whose hearts are clean  
 From the defiling pow'rs of sin ;  
 With endless pleasure they shall see  
 A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
 Who quench the coals of growing strife ; ||

- They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
 The sons of God, the God of peace.  
 8 Blest are the suff'ers who partake  
 Of pain and shame for *Jesus*' sake ;  
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
 Glory and joy are their reward.
- 

### Hymn XIX. *Common metre.*

2 *Tim. i, 12.*

- 1 I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 Or to defend his cause,  
 Maintain the honour of his word,  
 The glory of his cross.  
 2 *Jesus*, my God ! I know his name,  
 His name is all my trust ;  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 Nor let my hope be lost.  
 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
 And he can well secure  
 What I've committed to his hands,  
 'Till the decisive hour.  
 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new *Jerusalem*  
 Appoint my soul a place.
- 

### Hymn XX. *Common metre.*

2 *Cor. i. 5—8.*

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,  
 Eternal and on high,  
 And here my spirit waiting stands  
 'Till God shall bid it fly.  
 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
 Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
 Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he by his almighty grace  
That forms thee fit for heav'n,  
And as an earnest of the place  
Has his own spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word ;  
But while the body is our home  
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace  
But we had rather see ;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.
- 

Hymn XXI. *Long metre.*

*Matt. xxii. 37—40.*

- 1 **T**HUS faith the first, the great command,  
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite  
To love thy Maker, and thy God,  
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour next in place  
Share thine affections and esteem,  
And let thy kindness to thyself  
Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense that *Moses* spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove ;  
For want of this the law is broke :  
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But O ! how base our passions are !  
How cold our charity and zeal !  
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

Hymn XXII. *Long metre.**Matt. xi. 28—30.*

- 1 " COME hither all ye weary souls,  
 Ye heavy laden sinners come,  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heav'nly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;  
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind :  
 But passion rages like the sea,  
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take  
 My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
 My yoke is easy to his neck,  
 My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 *Jesus*, we come, at thy command,  
 With faith and hope, and humble zeal,  
 Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
 To mould and guide us at thy will.
- 

Hymn XXIII. *Common metre.**Luke i. 68, &c.*

- 1 NOW blest be *Isr'el's* Lord and God,  
 Whose mercy at our need  
 Has visited his people's grief,  
 And them from bondage freed ;
- 2 And rais'd in faithful *David's* house  
 Salvation, which of old,  
 E'er since the world itself began,  
 His prophets had foretold.
- 3 To save us from our spiteful foes,  
 And keep his oath in mind,  
 Which he to *Abr'am* heretofore,  
 And to our father's sign'd.

- 4 That we from fear and danger freed,  
His temple may frequent ;  
And all our days, as in his sight,  
In holy life be spent.
- 5 And thou, O child, shalt then be call'd  
God's prophet to declare  
His message, and before his face  
His passage to prepare.
- 6 To give them light who now in shades  
Of night and death abide ;  
And in the way that leads to peace  
Our footsteps safely guide.

### Hymn XXIV. Common Metre.

*Luke i. 46, &c.*

- 1 **M**Y soul and spirit fill'd with joy,  
My God and Saviour praise ;  
Whose goodness did from poor estate  
His humble handmaid raise.
- 2 Me blest of God, the God of pow'r,  
All ages shall confess,  
Whose name is holy, and whose love  
His saints shall ever bless.
- 3 The proud, and all their vain designs,  
He quickly did confound :  
He cast the mighty from their seat,  
The meek and humble crown'd.
- 4 The hungry with good things are fill'd,  
The rich with hunger pin'd :  
He sent his servant *Isr'el* help,  
And call'd his love to mind ;  
Which to our fathers heretofore,  
By oath he did ensure ;  
To *Abr'am* and his chosen seed,  
Forever to endure.

Hymn XXV. *Common metre.**Luke ii. 29.*

- 1 **L**ORD, let thy servant now depart  
 Into thy promis'd rest,  
 Since my expecting eyes have been  
 With thy salvation blest :
- 2 Which, 'till this time, thy favour'd saints  
 And prophets, only knew,  
 Long since prepar'd, but now set forth  
 In all the people's view.
- 3 A light to shew the heathen world  
 The way to saving grace :  
 But O ! the light and glory both  
 Of *Isr'el's* chosen race.
- 

Hymn XXVI. *Common metre.**Luke ii. 8—15.*

- 1 **W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks  
 by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.
- 2 " Fear not, said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seiz'd their troubled mind :  
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.
- 3 " To you in *David's* town, this day  
 Is born of *David's* line,  
 The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;  
 And this shall be the sign ;

- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find  
 To human view display'd,  
 All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,  
 And in a manger laid."
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appear'd a shining throng  
 Of angels praising God, and thus  
 Address'd their joyful song :
- 6 " All glory be to God on high ;  
 And to the earth be peace ;  
 Good will henceforth from heav'n to men  
 Begin and never cease."
- 

### Hymn XXVII. *Common metre.*

1 *Cor.* v. 7. *Rom.* vi. 9, &c.

- 1 SINCE Christ our passover is slain  
 A sacrifice for all ;  
 Let all with thankful hearts agree  
 To keep the festival :
- 2 Not with the leaven, as of old,  
 Of sin and malice fed ;  
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,  
 And truth's unleaven'd bread,
- 3 Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,  
 And rescu'd from the grave,  
 Shall die no more, death shall on him  
 No more dominion have ;
- 4 For that he dy'd, 'twas for our sins  
 He once vouchsaf'd to die,  
 But that he lives, he lives to God,  
 For all eternity.

- 5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,  
 But graciously restor'd,  
 And made henceforth alive to God,  
 Through *Jesus* Christ our Lord.
- 

**Hymn XXVIII.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise thee, and confess  
 That thou the only Lord,  
 And everlasting Father art,  
 By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud,  
 To thee the pow'rs on high,  
 Both cherubim and seraphim,  
 Continually do cry ;
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,  
 Whom heav'nly hosts obey ;  
 The world is with the glory fill'd  
 Of thy majestick sway.
- 4 Th' apostles glorious company,  
 And prophets crown'd with light,  
 With all the martyrs noble host,  
 Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 Thy holy church throughout the world,  
 O Lord, confesses thee,  
 That thou, eternal Father art  
 Of boundless majesty :
- 6 Thy honour'd, true and only Son,  
 And Holy Ghost the spring  
 Of never ceasing joy, O Christ,  
 Of glory thou art King.
- 7 The Father's everlasting Son,  
 Thou from on high didst come

- To save mankind, and didst not then  
 Disdain the virgin's womb.  
 8 And having overcome the sting  
 Of death, thou open'st wide  
 The gates of heav'n to all, who firm  
 In thy belief abide.

## P A R T II.

- 9 Crown'd with the Father's glory thou  
 At God's right hand dost sit ;  
 Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge,  
 To sentence or acquit.  
 10 O therefore save thy servants, Lord,  
 Whose souls so dearly cost ;  
 Nor let the purchase of thy blood,  
 Thy precious blood, be lost.  
 11 We magnify thee day by day ;  
 And ever worship thee,  
 Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day  
 From sin and danger free.  
 12 Have mercy, mercy, on us, Lord !  
 To us thy grace extend,  
 According as for mercy we  
 On thee alone depend.  
 13 In thee I have repos'd my trust,  
 And ever shall do so :  
 Preserve me then from ruin here,  
 And from eternal woe.

---

 Hymn XXIX. *Common metre.*

*Rev. iv. 11. and v. 9. &c.*

- 1 **T**HOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r  
 Art worthy to receive ;

||

- Since all things by thy pow'r were made,  
 And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,  
 Honour and wealth to gain,  
 Glory and strength, who for our sins  
 A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou who hast redeem'd,  
 And ransom'd us to God,  
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,  
 By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessings and honour, glory, pow'r,  
 By all in earth and heav'n,  
 To him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to the Lamb, be giv'n.
- 

**Hymn XXX.** *Common metre.*

*Rev. xix. 5, &c.*

- 1 **A**LL ye who faithful servants are  
 Of our almighty King,  
 Both high and low, and small and great  
 His praise devoutly sing.
- 2 Let us rejoice and render thanks  
 To his most holy name ;  
 Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come  
 The marriage of the Lamb.
- 3 His bride herself has ready made,  
 How pure and white her dress !  
 Which is the saints integrity  
 And spotless holiness.
- 4 O therefore blest is ev'ry one,  
 Who to the marriage feast,  
 And holy supper of the Lamb  
 Is call'd a welcome guest.

Hymn XXXI. *Common metre.**Matt. vi. 9. &c.*

- 1 OUR Father who in heaven art,  
 All hallowed be thy name ;  
 Thy kingdom come ; thy will be done,  
 Throughout this earthly frame.
- 2 As cheerfully as 'tis by those  
 Who dwell with thee on high ;  
 Lord, let thy bounty, day by day  
 Our daily food supply :
- 3 As we forgive our enemies,  
 Thy pardon, Lord, we crave ;  
 Into temptation lead us not,  
 But us from evil save.
- 4 For kingdom, pow'r, and glory all  
 Belong, O Lord, to thee ;  
 Thine from eternity they were,  
 And thine shall ever be.
- 

Hymn XXXII. *Common metre.**1 Cor. xv. 20, 21. Colof. iii. 1.*

- 1 CHRIST from the dead is rais'd and made,  
 The first fruits of the tomb ;  
 For, as by man came death, by man  
 Did resurrection come.
- 2 For, as in *Adam* all mankind  
 Did guilt and death derive ;  
 So, by the righteousness of Christ,  
 Shall all be made alive.
- 3 If then ye risen are with Christ,  
 Seek only how to get  
 The things that are above, where Christ  
 At God's right hand is set.

## Hymn XXXIII. *Common metre.*

Another version of *Luke ii. 8, &c.*

- 1 "SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away :  
News from the region of the skies,  
Salvation's born to day.
- 2 *Jesus*, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you :  
Today he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold, nor purple swaddling bands,  
Nor royal shining things ;  
A manger for his cradle stands,  
And holds the King of kings.
- 4 Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,  
And see his humble throne ;  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around  
The heav'nly armies throng,  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude their song :
- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,  
Let peace surround the earth ;  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
At their Redeemer's birth."
- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise ?  
O may we lose these useless tongues  
When they forget to praise !
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pity'd us forlorn,  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Saviour born.

Hymn XXXIV. *Common metre.**Ecc. xii. 1, &c.*

- 1 CHILDREN, to your Creator, God,  
Your early honours pay,  
While vanity and youthful blood  
Would tempt your thoughts astray.
- 2 The memory of his mighty name,  
Demands your first regard ;  
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,  
'Till you have lov'd the Lord.
- 3 Be wise, and make his favour sure  
Before the mournful days,  
When youth and mirth are known no more,  
And life and strength decays.
- 4 No more the blessings of a feast  
Shall relish on the tongue,  
The heavy ear forgets the taste  
And pleasure of a song.
- 5 Old age, with all her dismal train,  
Invades your golden years  
With sighs, and groans, and raging pain,  
And death that never spares.
- 6 What will you do when light departs,  
And leaves your withering eyes,  
Without one beam to cheer your hearts,  
From the superiour skies ?
- 7 How will you meet God's frowning brow,  
Or stand before his seat,  
While nature's old supporters bow,  
Nor bear their tott'ring weight ?
- 8 Can you expect your feeble arms  
Shall make a strong defence,  
When death, with terrible alarms,  
Summons the pris'ner hence ?

- 9 The silver bands of nature burst,  
 And let the building fall ;  
 The flesh goes down to mix with dust,  
 Its vile original.
- 10 Laden with guilt, a heavy load,  
 Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,  
 The soul returns t' an angry God,  
 To be shut out from heav'n.
- 

**Hymn XXXV. Common metre.**

*Job i. 21.*

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

Hymn XXXVI. *Long metre.**Rom. viii. 33. &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls,  
And mercy like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?  
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead,  
And their salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,  
Forever interceding there ;  
Who shall divide us from his love,  
Or what shall tempt us to despair ?
- 4 Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?  
He that hath lov'd us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conqu'rors too.
- 5 Faith has an evercoming pow'r,  
It triumphs in the dying hour ;  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Hymn XXXVII. *Long metre.**Psaln xlix. 6, 9. Ecc. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.*

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,  
And heap their shining dust in vain,  
Look down and scorn the humble poor,  
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease  
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,  
 Nor fright nor bribe approaching death  
 From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The ling'ring, the unwilling soul  
 The dismal summons must obey,  
 And bid a long, a sad farewell  
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay:
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,  
 Where kings and slaves have equal thrones,  
 Their bones without distinction lie  
 Amongst the heap of meaner bones.
- 

### Hymn XXXVIII. *Long metre.*

*Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 ALL mortal vanities be gone,  
 Nor tempt my eyes nor tire my ears ;  
 Behold amidst th' eternal throne  
 A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
 Mark'd with the bloody death he bore ;  
 Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,  
 To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo ! he receives a sealed book  
 From him that sits upon the throne ;  
*Jesus*, my Lord, prevails to look  
 On dark decrees, and things unknown.
- 4 All the assembling saints around  
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
 And in new songs of gospel sound  
 Address their honours to his name.
- 5 The joy, the shout, the harmony  
 Flies o'er the everlasting hills,

- “ Worthy art thou alone,” they cry,  
 “ To read the book, to loose the seals.”
- 6 Our voices join the heav’nly strain,  
 And with transporting pleasure sing,  
 “ Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,  
 To be our teacher and our King.”
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal  
 Eternal counsels, deep designs ;  
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem’d our souls from hell  
 With thine invaluable blood ;  
 And wretches that did once rebel,  
 Are now made fav’rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy forever is the Lord,  
 That dy’d for treason not his own,  
 By ev’ry tongue to be ador’d,  
 And dwell upon his Father’s throne.

Hymn XXXIX. *Common metre.*

2 *Tim.* iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
 And bear my spirit home ;  
 Why do my minutes move so slow,  
 Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heav’nly weapons I have fought  
 The battles of the Lord,  
 Finish’d my course, and kept the faith,  
 And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heav’n for me  
 A crown which cannot fade ;  
 The righteous Judge at that great day  
 Shall place it on my head.

- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
 This prize for me alone ;  
 But all that love, and long to see  
 Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
 From ev'ry ill design ;  
 And to his heav'nly kingdom keep  
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,  
 And hell shall rage in vain ;  
 To him be highest glory paid,  
 And endless praise. *Amen.*
- 

### Hymn XL. *Common metre.*

*Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,  
 Comes travelling in state,  
 Along the *Idumean* road  
 Away from *Bozrah's* gate !
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim  
 'Tis some victorious king :  
 " 'Tis I the just, th' almighty One  
 That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy saints enquire,  
 Why thine apparel red ?  
 And all thy vesture stain'd like those  
 Who in the wine press tread ?
- 4 " I by myself have trode the press,  
 And crush'd my foes alone,  
 My wrath has struck the rebels dead,  
 My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis *Edom's* blood that dyes my robes  
 With joyful scarlet stains,

- The triumph that my raiment wears  
 Sprung from their bleeding veins.  
 6 Thus shall the nations be destroy'd  
 That dare insult my faints,  
 I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
 An ear for their complaints."
- 

### Hymn XLI. *Common metre.*

*Nabum. i. 1, 2, 3, &c.*

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God  
 Is a consuming fire,  
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,  
 And raise his vengeance higher.  
 2 Almighty vengeance how it burns !  
 How bright his fury glows !  
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms  
 Lie treasur'd for his foes.  
 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees  
 Are forc'd into a flame,  
 But kindled, oh ! how fierce they blaze !  
 And rend all nature's frame.  
 4 At his approach the mountains fly,  
 And seek a wat'ry grave ;  
 The frighted sea makes haste away,  
 And shrinks up ev'ry wave.  
 5 Through the wide air the weighty rocks,  
 Are swift as hailstones hurl'd :  
 Who dares engage his fiery rage,  
 That shakes the solid world ?  
 6 Yet, mighty God, thy sov'reign grace,  
 Sits regent on the throne,  
 The refuge of thy chosen race  
 When wrath comes rushing down.

- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
 A fiery tempest pour,  
 While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings  
 Thy just revenge adore.
- 

Hymn XLII. *Long metre.*

*Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.*

- 1 **A**WAKE our souls, away our fears,  
 Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone:  
 Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint,  
 But they forget the mighty God  
 That feeds the strength of ev'ry faint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow'r,  
 Is ever new and ever young,  
 And firm endures while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
 While such as trust their native strength  
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode,  
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.
- 

Hymn XLIII. *Short metre.*

*Jude 24, 25.*

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
 Our Saviour and our King,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring.

- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
His counfel and his care,  
Preferves us fafe from fin and death,  
And ev'ry hurtful fnare.
- 3 He will present our fouls  
Unblemifh'd and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chofen feed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall blefs the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer, God,  
Wifdom and pow'r belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majefty,  
And everlasting fongs.

### Hymn XLIV. *Long Metre.*

*Rev. xii. 7.*

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to fing  
The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* flood  
Chief general of th' eternal King,  
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his hoft  
The armies of the Lord prevail ;  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their courage finks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was *Satan* thrown,  
Down to the earth his legions fell ;  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And fhook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darknels paf,  
Chrift has affum'd his reigning pow'r ; ||

Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies, to rise no more.

- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trode the tempter down ;  
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name  
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star  
Shine with new glories round the sky ;  
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
Raife your Deliv'rer's name on high.

Hymn XLV. *Long metre.*

*Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood :  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To *Jesus* our atoning Priest;  
To *Jesus* our superiour King,  
Be everlasting power confest,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;  
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once,  
Then he display'd his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail  
While we rejoice to see the day ;  
Come Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Hymn XLVI. *Common metre.**Rev. v. 2, 12, 13.*

- 1 COME let us join our cheerful songs  
 With angels round the throne ;  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy th<sup>e</sup> Lamb that dy'd," they cry,  
 "To be exalted thus !"  
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.
- 3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive  
 Honour and pow'r divine ;  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
 And air, and earth, and seas,  
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
 And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name,  
 Of him that sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

Hymn XLVII. *Short metre.**1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv. 6.*

- 1 BEHOLD what wond'rous grace  
 The Father has bestow'd  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God !
- 2 'Tis no surprizing thing,  
 That we should be unknown ;  
 The *Jewish* world knew not their King,  
 God's everlasting Son :
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
 How great we must be made ;

- But when we see our Saviour here,  
 We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine  
 May trials well endure,  
 May purge our souls from sense and sin  
 As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love  
 I share a filial part,  
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
 Like slaves beneath the throne :  
 Our faith shall abba Father cry,  
 And thou the kindred own.

### Hymn XLVIII. *Long metre.*

*Sol. Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.*

- 1 [ **W**HO is this fair one in distress,  
 That travels from the wilderness?  
 And press'd with sorrows and with sins,  
 On her beloved Lord she leans.
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
 Bought with the treasures of his blood,  
 And her request and her complaint,  
 Is but the voice of every saint. ]
- 3 " O let my name engraven stand,  
 Both on thy heart and on thy hand :  
 Seal me upon thine arm, and wear  
 That pledge of love forever there.
- 4 Stronger than death thy love is known,  
 Which floods of wrath could never drown ;  
 And hell and earth in vain combine  
 To quench a fire so much divine.
- 5 " But I am jealous of my heart,  
 Lest it should once from thee depart ;

- Then let thy name be well imprefs'd,  
 As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
 Where fears and doubts can never come,  
 Thy count'nance let me often see,  
 And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,  
 Cut short the hours of thy delay,  
 Fly like a youthful hart or roe  
 Over the hills where spices grow."

### Hymn XLIX. *Long metre.*

*Job iv. 17—21.*

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
 Contend with their Creator, God?  
 Shall mortal worms presume to be  
 More holy, wise, or just than he?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none  
 Of all the spirits round his throne;  
 Their natures when compar'd with his,  
 Are neither holy just nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay?  
 Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
 We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
 We die by thousands in thy fight;  
 Bury'd in dust whole nations lie  
 Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty pow'r, to thee we bow;  
 How frail are we! how glorious thou!  
 No more the sons of earth shall dare  
 With an eternal God compare.

Hymn L. *Long metre.**Ecc. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.*

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' ensure the great reward,  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.
- 2 [Life is the hour that God has giv'n,  
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n ;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy bury'd in the dust ;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue,  
Since no device, nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon pass'd  
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;  
But darkness, death, and long despair  
Reign in eternal silence there.

Hymn LI. *Common metre.**Rom. iij. 19—22.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let *Jew* and *Gentile* stop their mouths  
Without a murm'ring word,

And the whole race of *Adam* stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since to convince, and to condemn,  
Is all the law can do.
- 4 *Jesus*, how glorious is thy grace,  
When in thy name we trust !  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

### Hymn LII. *Long metre.*

*John* iii. 16, 17, 18.

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ the son of God appear :  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
He lov'd the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,  
Trust in his mighty name, and live ;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse the grace ;  
Who God's eternal son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.

### Hymn LIII. *Common metre.*

1 *Cor.* ii. 9, 10. *Rev.* xxi. 27.

- 1 NOR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known, ||

- What joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those that love his Son.
- 2 But the good spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come ;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the blifs.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar,  
Pollution, sin, and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life :  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.
- 

### Hymn LIV. *Short metre.*

*Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.*

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds ?  
Or crucify the Lord again  
And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God,  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we whose sins are crucify'd  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free,  
Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

Hymn LV. *Long Metre.**Phil. iii. 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 NO more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for *Jesus'* sake :  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.
- 

Hymn LVI. *Common metre.**Rom. vii. 8, &c.*

- 1 LORD, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread !  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright ;  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing pow'r and light,  
I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,  
'Till terribly I saw,  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins reviv'd again,  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.]

- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,  
 Under the pow'r of sin ;  
 I cannot do the good I would,  
 Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath  
 For some kind pow'r to save,  
 To break the yoke of sin and death,  
 And thus redeem the slave.
- 

*Hymn LVII. Short metre.*

*John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, &c. and x. 28.*

- 1 **T**HE law by *Moses* came,  
 But peace, and truth, and love,  
 Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
 Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God  
 Their diff'rent works were done ;  
*Moses* a faithful servant stood,  
 But Christ a faithful Son,
- 3 Then to his new commands,  
 Be strict obedience paid ;  
 O'er all his Father's house he stands  
 The sov'reign and the head.  
 The man that durst despise  
 The law that *Moses* brought !  
 Behold ! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumpt'ous fault,
- 3 But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race,  
 Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,  
 And dare resist his grace.
- 

*Hymn LVIII. Common Metre.*

*Heb. iv. 15, 16 ; and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
 Of our High Priest above ;

- His heart is made of tenderness,  
 His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within  
 He knows our feeble frame,  
 He knows what fore temptations mean,  
 For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless innocent and pure  
 The great Redeemer stood,  
 While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,  
 And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh,  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax  
 But raise it to a flame ;  
 'The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his pow'r,  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
 In the distressing hour.
- 

Hymn LIX. *Long metre.*

*Titus* ii. 10—13.

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express  
 The holy Gospel we profess,  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honours of our Saviour God ;  
 When the salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd ;  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;  
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 

### Hymn LX. *Long metre.*

1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*  
 And nobler speech than angels use,  
 If love be absent, I am found  
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
 All that is done in heav'n and hell ;  
 Or could my faith the world remove,  
 Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store  
 To feed the bowels of the poor,  
 Or give my body to the flame,  
 To gain a martyr's glorious name :
- 4 If love to God and love to men  
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain :  
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.
- 

### Hymn LXI. *Long metre.*

2 Tim. i, 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme  
 Be everlasting honours giv'n,  
 He saves from hell, we bless his name,  
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
 But of his own abounding grace,

- He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 *Jesus* the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known ;  
Declares the great transactions pass'd,  
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies ! and in that dreadful night  
Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy ;  
Rising he brought our heav'n to light,  
And took possession of the joy.
- 

### Hymn LXII. *Short metre.*

*Isa.* liii. 1—5, 10—12.

- 1 **W**HO has believ'd thy word,  
Or thy salvation known ?  
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,  
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The *Jews* esteem'd him here  
Too mean for their belief ;  
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,  
And treated him with scorn ;  
But 'twas their grief upon him lay.  
Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*  
And *Gentiles* then unknown,  
The God of justice pleas'd to bruise  
His best beloved Son.

- 5 " But I'll prolong his days,  
And make his kingdom stand,  
My pleasure, faith the God of grace,  
Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 [His joyful soul shall see  
The purchase of his pain,  
And by his knowledge justify  
The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 " Thousands of captive slaves  
Releas'd from death and sin,  
Shall quit their prisons and their graves,  
And own his pow'r divine.
- 8 Heav'n shall advance my Son  
To joys that earth deny'd ;  
Who saw the follies men had done  
And bore their sins and dy'd."
- 

*Hymn LXIII. Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !  
How vast our souls affairs !  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay ;  
Just like a story or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell  
That slight the joys above !  
What chains of vengeance should we feel  
That break such cords of love !

- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

Hymn LXIV. *Long metre.*

- 1 NOW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake my soul, awake my tongue!  
Hosanna to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in *Jesus'* face  
The brightest image of his grace;  
God in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood  
Proclaim the wise, the pow'ful God,  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thine hands;  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;  
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus'* name!  
Ye angels dwell upon the sound;  
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground!
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face!  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold!

Hymn LXV. *Long metre.*

*Phil. ii. 6, &c.*

- 1 BRIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!  
Our spirits bow before thy seat;

- To thee we lift an humble thought,  
 And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways  
 All nature with a sov'reign word :  
 And the bright world of stars obeys . . .  
 The will of their superiour Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,  
 And smiling sit at thy right hand ;  
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
 And vengeance waits thy dread command.]
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright  
 Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
 But who, amongst the sons of light,  
 Pretends comparifon with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,  
*Jesus* array'd in flesh and blood,  
 Thinks it no robbery to claim  
 A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;  
 Their effence is forever one ;  
 Though they are known by diff'rent names,  
 The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of Christ our King  
 With equal honours be ador'd ;  
 His praise let ev'ry angel fing,  
 And all the nations own the Lord.

**Hymn LXVI.** *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful found,  
 My ears attend the cry,  
 "Ye living men, come view the ground  
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 In spite of all your towr's ;

The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours."

- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure ?  
Still walking downwards to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more ?
- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.
- 

### Hymn LXVII. *Common metre.*

*Zech. xii. 7.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,  
"Awake my dreadful sword ;  
Awake my wrath, and smite the Man,  
My Fellow," saith the Lord.
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,  
And armed, down she flies ;  
*Jesus* submits t' his Father's hand,  
And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But, oh ! the wisdom and the grace  
That join'd with vengeance now !  
He dies to save our guilty race,  
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,  
Who yielded to be slain,  
That he could give his soul away,  
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,  
Let ev'ry nation sing,  
And angels sound with endless joy,  
The Saviour and the King.

Hymn LXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 INFINITE grief! amazing woe!  
Behold my bleeding Lord!  
Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his death,  
And us'd the *Roman* sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain  
My dear Redeemer bore,  
When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
His sacred body tore.
- 3 But knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
In vain do I accuse;  
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,  
And the more spiteful *Jews*.
- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,  
His chief tormentors were;  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down  
Upon his guiltless head:  
Break, break, my heart, oh, burst, my eyes  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
'Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown mine eyes  
In undissembled woe.

Hymn LXIX. *Common metre.*

*Heb. xii. 18, &c.*

- 1 NOT to the terrours of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on *Sinai* spoke;
- 2 But we are come to *Sion's* hill,  
The city of our God,

Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.

- 3 Behold the innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to fight.
- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heav'n !  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in Christ, their living head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest :  
The man that dwells where *Jesus* is,  
Must be forever bless'd.

Hymn LXX. *Long Metre.*

*Isa.* l. 10, 11. and xxvii. 20.

- 1 "WHERE are the mourners, saith the Lord,  
That wait and tremble at my word,  
That walk in darkness all the day ?  
Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 [No works nor duties of your own  
Can for the smallest sins atone ;  
The robes that nature may provide,  
Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 The softest couch that nature knows,  
Can give the conscience no repose :  
Look to my righteousness, and live ;  
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

- 4 Ye sons of pride that kindle coals  
 With your own hands, to warm your souls,  
 Walk in the light of your own fire,  
 Enjoy the sparks that ye desire.
- 5 This is your portion at my hands,  
 Hell waits you with her iron bands ;
- 6 Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,  
 In death and darkness, and despair.
- 

*Hymn LXXI. Long metre.*

*Job. xi. 7. &c. and xxv. 5. xxvi. 11.*

- 1 [CAN creatures, to perfection, find  
 Th' eternal, uncreated mind ?  
 Or can the largest stretch of thought  
 Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell ;  
 And what can mortals know, or tell ?  
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,  
 Born, like a wild young colt, he flies  
 Through all the follies of his mind,  
 And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a King of pow'r unknown,  
 Firm are the orders of his throne ;  
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,  
 Or ask him why, or what he does ?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;  
 He calms the tempest of the soul ;  
 When he shuts up in long despair,  
 Who can remove the heavy bar ?
- 6 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;

The pillars of heav'n's starry roof  
Tremble and start at his reproof.

- 7 He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
The crooked serpent and the worm,  
He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.
- 8 These are a portion of his ways ;  
But who shall dare describe his face ;  
Who can endure his light ? or stand,  
To hear the thunders of his hand ?
- 

Hymn LXXII. *Long metre.*

- 1 'T WAS on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and blest'd, and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body broke for sin,  
Receive and eat the living food ;"  
Then took the cup and blest'd the wine ;  
" 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 " Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying friend ;  
Meet at my table and record  
The love of your departed Lord."
- 5 [*Jesus*, the feast we celebrate,  
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage supper of the Lamb.] ||

Hymn LXXIII. *Long metre.**Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
 On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,  
 My richest gain I count but loss,  
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the death of Christ, my God :  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,  
 Spreads o'er his body on the tree ;  
 Then am I dead to all the globe,  
 And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small :  
 Love, so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.
- 

Hymn LXXIV. *Long metre.**Luke xiv. 16, &c.*

- 1 [ **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord !  
 Thy table furnish'd from above,  
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
 The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family the *Jews*,  
 Were first invited to the feast :  
 We humbly take what they refuse,  
 And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.

- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
 And help was far, and death was nigh !  
 But, at the gospel call, we came,  
 And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the high way that leads to hell,  
 From paths of darknes and despair,  
 Lord, we are come with thee to dwell  
 Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
 That left the heav'n of his abode,  
 And to this wretched earth came down,  
 To bring us wand'ers back to God !
- 6 It cost him death, to save our lives ;  
 To buy our souls, it cost his own ;  
 And all the unknown joys he gives,  
 Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due  
 To him that ransom'd sinners lost ;  
 And pity'd rebels, when he knew  
 The vast expence his love would cost.]
- 

*Hymn LXXV. Common metre.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God, the-Father's name,  
 Who, from our sinful race,  
 Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim  
 The honours of his grace.
- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,  
 Who dwelt in humble clay,  
 And, to redeem us from the dead,  
 Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,  
 From whose almighty pow'r  
 Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,  
 And bless the happy hour.

- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,  
 Th' eternal Three in One,  
 Who by the wonders of his love,  
 Has made his nature known.
- 

Hymn LXXVI. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **T**O him that chose us first,  
 Before the world began ;  
 To him that bore the curse,  
 To save rebellious man ;  
 To him that form'd  
 Our hearts anew,  
 Is endless praise  
 And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run  
 Through our immortal songs ;  
 We bring to God the Son  
*Hosannas* on our tongues :  
 Our lips address  
 The Spirit's name  
 With equal praise,  
 And zeal the same.
- 3 Let ev'ry saint above,  
 And angels round the throne,  
 Forever blest and love  
 The sacred Three in one :  
 Thus heav'n shall raise  
 His honours high,  
 When earth and time  
 Grow old and die.

Hymn LXXVII. *Common metre.*

*Hof. iii. 5. Luke xxiv. 44. Psalm xxxv. 12, 14.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love  
That holy *David* shows !  
Hark ! how his founding bowels move  
To his afflicted foes.
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains  
And seems to feel the smart ;  
The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,  
As for a brother dead !  
And fasting mortify'd his soul,  
While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed :  
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace !  
Thus Christ the Lord appears :  
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He then true *David*, *Isr'el's* king,  
Blest and belov'd of God,  
To save us rebels dead in sin,  
Paid his own dearest blood.

Hymn LXXVIII. *Long metre.*

*Luke i. 32, and x. 21. Psalm xxi. 1—9.*

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,  
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,  
But Christ the Son appears at length,  
Fulfil the triumph and the praise. ||

- 2 How great is the *Messiah's* joy  
 In the salvation of thy hand ;  
 Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,  
 And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will  
 Nor doth the least request withhold :  
 Blessings of love prevent him still,  
 And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine -  
 Around his sacred temple shine :  
 Blest with the favour of thy face,  
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes ;  
 And as a fiery oven glows  
 With raging heat and living coals,  
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.
- 

### Hymn LXXIX. *Long metre.*

*Isa.* xlii. 1. *Heb.* i. 5, &c. *Psalms* lxxxix. 1, &c.

- 1 **F**OREVER shall my song record  
 The truth and mercy of the Lord ;  
 Mercy and truth forever stand  
 Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
 " With thee my cov'nant first is made ;  
 In thee shall dying sinners live ;  
 Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 Be thou my Prophet, and my Priest ;  
 Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
 Thou art my chosen King ; thy throne  
 Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 There's none of all my sons above  
 So much my image, or my love ;

Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are ;  
Then what can earth to thee compare ?

5 " *David*, my servant, whom I chose  
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
And rais'd him to the *Jewish* throne,  
Was but the shadow of my Son."

6 Now let the church rejoice and sing  
*Jesus* her Saviour and her King ;  
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,  
And saints declare his works below.

### Hymn LXXX. Long metre.

*Mat.* xxi. 15, 16. *Psalms* viii, 1, 2.

1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
Through the wide earth thy name is  
And thine eternal glories rise (spread  
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young,  
A monument of honour raise :  
And babes with uninstructed tongue  
Declare the wonder of thy praise.

3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face ;  
The Son of *David* is their song,  
And young *Hofannas* fill the place.

5 The frowning scribes and angry priests  
In vain their impious cavils bring ;  
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,  
While *Jewish* babes proclaim their King.

Hymn LXXXI. *Long metre.**Heb. ii. 5, &c. Psalm viii. 3, &c.*

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,  
*Adam* the offspring of the dust,  
 That thou should'st set him and his race  
 But just below an angel's place ?
- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so  
 And make him Lord of all below,  
 Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,  
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But, O what brighter glories wait  
 To crown the second *Adam's* state !  
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,  
 Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made ;  
 See him in dust amongst the dead,  
 To save a ruin'd world from sin :  
 But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come redeem'd from all  
 The mis'ries that attend the fall ;  
 New made, and glorious, shall submit  
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Hymn LXXXII. *Short metre.**Acts iv, 24. and xiii. 33. Heb. i. 5. Psalm ii. 1, &c.*

- 1 MAKER and sov'reign Lord  
 Of heav'n, and earth and seas,  
 Thy providence confirms thy word,  
 And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold  
 By *David* are fulfil'd,  
 When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay  
*Jesus* thine holy child.

- 3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,  
And *Jews* with one accord  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
Th' anointed of the Lord ?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design,  
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite.  
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne ;  
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,  
Hath own'd him for his Son.
- 6 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth ;  
The merits of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance ;  
Far as the world's remotest ends  
His kingdom shall advance.
- 8 The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod ;  
He'll vindicate those honours well  
Which he receiv'd from God.
- 9 Be wise, ye rulers now,  
And worship at his throne ;  
With trembling joy, ye people bow  
To God's exalted Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place :  
Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.

Hymn LXXXIII. *Long metre.**Heb. i. 10. Psalm cii. 23, &c.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race,  
Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days ;
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon :  
Thy years are one eternal day ;  
And must thy children die so soon !
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;  
" Our Father and our Saviour live :  
Christ is the same through ev'ry age."
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;  
Heav'n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, the heav'ns shall fade ;  
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky  
Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church forever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais'd again.

Hymn LXXXIV. *Long metre.**Heb. i. 6. Psalm xcvi. 6—9.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come ; the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth ; the nations learn his name.  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.

- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound ;  
But *Judah* shout, but *Sion* sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.
- 

Hymn LXXXV. *Common metre.*

*Rom.* xv. 3. *John.* xvi. 25. and ii. 17. *2 Cor.* vi.  
6. *Psalms* lxix. 1—14.

- 1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods  
Break in upon my soul :  
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 I cry till all my voice be gone,  
In tears I waste the day ;  
My God, behold my longing eyes,  
And shorten thy delay.
- 3 "They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows  
More than the hairs around my head,  
And mighty are my foes.
- 4 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
That man could never pay ;  
And gave those honours to thy law,  
Which sinners took away."
- 5 Thus in the great *Messiah's* name,  
The royal prophet mourns ;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.

- 6 "Now shall the saints rejoice and find  
Salvation in thy name ;  
For I have borne their heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 "Grief like a garment cloth'd me round,  
And sackcloth was my dress,  
While I procur'd for naked souls,  
A robe of righteoulness.
- 8 Amongst my brethren and the *Jews*  
I like a stranger stood,  
And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
The *Gentiles* near to God.
- 9 "I came in sinful mortal stead  
To do my Father's will :  
Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
They scandalis'd my zeal.
- 10 My fasting and my holy groans  
Were made the drunkard's song ;  
But God from his celestial throne  
Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 "He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,  
Nor let my soul be drown'd ;  
He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet  
On well establish'd ground.
- 12 'Twas in a most accepted hour  
My pray'r arose on high,  
And for my sake my God shall hear  
The dying sinner's cry."

---

Hymn LXXXVI. *Common metre.*

*Mark xv. 23, 24. Psalm lxix, 14. &c.*

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear,  
And mournful pleasure sing

The suff'rings of our great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.

2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;  
How high the waters rise !  
While to his heav'nly Father's ear  
He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
Nor hide thy shining face ;  
Why should thy favourite look like one  
Forsoaken of thy grace ?

4 With rage they persecute the man  
That groans beneath thy wound,  
While for a sacrifice I pour  
My life upon the ground.

5 "They tread my honour to the dust,  
And laugh when I complain ;  
Their sharp insulting slanders add  
Fresh anguish to my pain.

6 All my reproach is known to thee,  
The scandal and the shame ;  
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
And lies defil'd my name.

7 "I look'd for pity, but in vain ;  
My kindred are my grief ;  
I ask my friends for comfort round,  
But meet with no relief.

8 With vinegar they mock my thirst,  
They give me gall for food ;  
And sporting with my dying groans,  
They triumph in my blood.

9 "Shine into my distressed soul,  
Let thy compassions save ;

And though my flesh sink down to death,  
 Redeem it from the grave.  
 10 I shall arise to praise thy name,  
 Shall reign in worlds unknown ;  
 And thy salvation, O my God,  
 Shall seat me on thy throne."

---

### Hymn LXXXVII. *Common Metre.*

*Rom. xi. 11, 26. Heb. xii. 2. and xiii. 13. Psalm  
 lxix, 26, &c.*

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
 I bless my Saviour's name ;  
 He brought salvation for the poor,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,  
 His duty and his zeal  
 Fulfil'd the law which mortals broke,  
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,  
 Shall better please my God,  
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Than goats or bullocks blood.
- 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,  
 And set their hearts at rest ;  
 They by his death draw near to thee,  
 And live forever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,  
 To God their voices raise,  
 While lands and seas assist the sky,  
 And join t' advance his praise.
- 6 *Sion* is thine, most holy God,  
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;  
 And glory purchas'd by his blood  
 For thy own *Isr'el* waits.

Hymn LXXXVIII. *Common metre.*

*Heb. x. 4, &c. Psalm xl. 6—9.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
Give your burnt off'rings o'er,  
In dying goats and bullocks slain  
My soul delights no more."
- 2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
My God, to do thy will !  
Whate'er thy sacred books declare  
Thy servant shall fulfil.
- 3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,  
I keep it in my heart :  
Mine eyes are open'd with delight  
To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
Th' eternal Son appears,  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,  
And much his truth he shew'd ;  
And preach'd the way of righteousness  
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,  
He pity'd sinners cries,  
And to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.
- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could wash the conscience clean ;  
But the rich sacrifice he paid  
Atones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,  
And *Satan's* kingdom shook ;  
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed  
The serpent's head was broke.

## Hymn LXXXIX. *Common-metre.*

*Acts* ii, 25, &c. xiii. 35, 36. *Psalms* xvi. 8, &c.

- 1 " I SET the Lord before my face,  
 He bears my courage up ;  
 My heart and tongue their joys express,  
 My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave,  
 Where souls departed are.  
 Nor quit my body to the grave  
 To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life  
 And raise me to thy throne :  
 Thy courts immortal pleasure give,  
 Thy presence joys unknown."
- 4 Thus is the name of Christ, the Lord,  
 The holy *David* sung,  
 And providence fulfils the word  
 Of his prophetick tongue.
- 5 *Jesus*, whom ev'ry faint adores,  
 Was crucify'd and slain ;  
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores,  
 Behold, he lives again.
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand  
 On heavn's' eternal hills ?  
 There sits the Son at God's right hand,  
 And there the Father smiles,

## Hymn XC. *Common metre.*

*Luke* xxiv. 51, 52. *Acts* i. 9. *Psalms* xlvii.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy  
 To God the sov'reign King !  
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 *Jesus*, our God, ascends on high ;  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains ;  
Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound  
Let knowledge lead the song :  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound,  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In *Isr'el* stood his ancient throne,  
He lov'd that chosen race :  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The *Christian* kingdoms are the Lord's,  
There *Abrab'm's* God is known :  
While pow'rs and princes, shields and  
Submit before his throne. (swords,

### Hymn XCI. Long Metre.

*Eph.* iv. 8. *Heb.* xii. 18, &c. *Acts* ii. 33.  
*Psalms* lxviii. 17, 18.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not *Sinai's* mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe. ||

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
 That thousand souls had captive made,  
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,  
 He sent his promis'd spirit down,  
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
 That God might dwell on earth again.

Hymn XCII. *Short metre.*

*Luke iv. 22. Heb. i. 8, 9, and iv. 12. 1 Pet. ii. 9.  
 John iii. 34. Psalm xlv.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,  
 Thy beauties are divine ;  
 Thy lips with blessing overflow,  
 And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,  
 Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
 And ride in majesty to spread  
 The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
 Or melt their hearts t' obey,  
 While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
 Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right :  
 Thy throne shall ever stand ;  
 And thy victorious gospel proves  
 A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 Thy Father and thy God,  
 Hath without measure shed  
 His spirit, like a joyful oil  
 T' anoint thy sacred head.
- 6 Behold, at thy right hand  
 The *Gentile* church is seen,

Like a fair bride in rich attire ;  
And princes guard the queen.

- 7 Fair bride, receive his love ;  
Forget thy father's house ;  
Forfake thy gods, thy idol gods,  
And pay the Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and King  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;  
Thy children shall his honour sing  
In palaces of joy.
- 

### Hymn XCIII. *Short metre.*

*Matt. xxii. 9, 42. 1 Pet. ii. 4, &c. John xii.  
13. Psalm cxviii. 22, &c.*

- 1 SEE what a living stone  
The builders did refuse :  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious *Jews*.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son ;  
Yet on this rock shall *Sion* rest,  
As the chief corner stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our eyes :  
This day declares it all divine ;  
This day did *Jesus* rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 *Hosanna* to the King  
Of *David's* royal blood ;

- Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring  
 Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,  
 Which all this grace displays;  
 And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
 Our sacrifice of praise.
- 

**Hymn XCIV.** *Common metre.*

*Isa. xlv. 21, &c. Rom. iii. 21, 7. Psal. lxxi. 15, &c.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
 When I begin thy praise,  
 Where will the growing numbers end,  
 The numbers of thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
 Thy goodness I adore:  
 And since I knew thy graces first,  
 I spake thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
 Of the celestial road,  
 And march with courage in thy strength  
 To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress,  
 For some surprising sin,  
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
 And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
 The victories of my King!  
 My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,  
 Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
 My Saviour and my God;  
 His death has brought my foes to shame,  
 And drown'd them in his blood.

- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;  
 With this delightful song  
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
 Nor think the season long.
- 

### Hymn XCV. *Long metre.*

1 *Cor. x. 9. Heb. iii, 7, &c. Psalm xcv.*

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise  
 A sacred song of solemn praise ;  
 God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse  
 His honours in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
 Who fram'd our natures with his word ;  
 He is our shepherd ; we the sheep,  
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to day,  
 The counsels of his love obey,  
 Nor let our hard'ned hearts renew,  
 The sins and plagues that *Isr'el* knew.
- 4 *Isr'el* that saw his works of grace,  
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;  
 A faithless unbelieving brood,  
 That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove,  
 Forget my pow'r ; abuse my love ;  
 Since they despise my rest, I swear,  
 Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread ;  
 And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
 Attend the offer'd grace to day,  
 Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,  
 And march to *Sion's* heav'nly gates ;

Believe, and take the promis'd rest :  
Obey, and be forever blest.

---

### Hymn XCVI. *Long metre.*

*Luke i. 32, 33. John i. 49, 51. Psalm lxxii. 8.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
'Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 Behold the islands with their kings,  
And *Europe* her best tribute brings ;  
From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There *Persia*, glorious to behold,  
There *India* shines in eastern gold ;  
And barb'rous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains :  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 Where he displays his healing pow'r,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In him the tribes of *Adam* boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring,  
 Peculiar honours to their King ;  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the long *Amen*.

**Hymn XCVII.** *Common metre.*

*Mat. xviii. 20. 1 Tim. iii. 15. Psalm cxxxii.  
 5, &c.*

- 1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes,  
 Good *David* would afford,  
 'Till he had found below the skies  
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in *Sion* plac'd his name,  
 His ark was settled there :  
 To *Sion* the whole nation came,  
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 But we have no such lengths to go,  
 Nor wander far abroad ;  
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,  
 There is a house for God.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace arise,  
 And enter to thy rest,  
 Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
 Thus to be own'd and blest.
- 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
 Thy Spirit and thy word ;  
 All that the ark did once contain  
 Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
 Here let thy praise be spread ;  
 Bless the provisions of thy house,  
 And fill the poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,  
 Let God's anointed shine ;

Justice and truth his court maintain  
With love and pow'r divine.

- 3 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.
- 

### Hymn XCVIII. *Long metre.*

*Eph. v. 19. 20. 2 Thes. i. 7. Psalm xcvi. 5.*

- 1 **H**E reigns, the Lord the Saviour reigns !  
Praise him in evangelick strains :  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
But grace and truth support his throne ;  
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs,  
Before him burns devouring fire,  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with fore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day ;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.
- 

### Hymn XCIX. *Long metre.*

*Psalm ix. 10.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who loud proclaims  
His various, and his saving names ;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure experience known !
- 2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,  
Th' eternal, all sufficient Lord,  
He through the world most high confess'd,  
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd. ||

- 3 Awake our noblest pow'rs, to bleſs  
The God of *Abrah'm*, God of peace ;  
Now by a dearer title known,  
Father and God of *Chriſt*, his Son.
- 4 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear  
Is open to his ſervants' pray'r ;  
Nor can one humble ſoul complain,  
That he has fought his God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving heart ſhall dare  
In whiſpers to ſuggeſt a fear,  
While ſtill he owns his ancient name ?  
The ſame his pow'r, his love the ſame.
- 6 To thee our ſouls in faith ariſe,  
To thee we liſt expecting eyes ;  
And boldly through the deſert tread :  
For God will guard, where God ſhall lead.
- 

*Hymn C. Common metre.*

*Psalm xxxv. 2.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O melodious ſound  
To wretched dying men !  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again !
- 2 Reſcu'd from hell's eternal gloom !  
From fiends and fire and chains :  
Rais'd to a paradise of bliſs,  
Where love with glory reigns !
- 3 But O ! may a degen'rate ſoul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Preſume to raiſe a trembling eye  
To bleſſings ſo divine ?
- 4 The luſtre of ſo bright a ſcene  
My feeble heart o'erbears ;  
And unbelief almoſt perverts  
The promiſe into tears.

- 5 My Saviour God, no voice but thine  
 These dying hopes can raise;  
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,  
 And turn its tears to praise.
- 6 My Saviour God, this broken voice  
 Transported, shall proclaim,  
 And call on all th' angelick harps  
 To sound so sweet a name.
- 

### Hymn CI. *Particular metre.*

*Psalm xlv. 3, 4.*

- 1 **L** OUD to the Prince of heav'n  
 Your cheerful voices raise;  
 To him your vows be giv'n,  
 And fill his courts with praise,  
 With conscious worth,  
 All clad in arms,  
 All bright in charms,  
 He sallies forth.
- 2 Gird on thy conqu'ring sword,  
 Ascend thy shining car,  
 And march, almighty Lord,  
 To wage thine holy war:  
 Before his wheels,  
 In glad surprize,  
 Ye vallies rise,  
 And sink ye hills.
- 3 Fair truth, and smiling love,  
 And injur'd righteousness,  
 In thy retique move,  
 And seek from thee redress:  
 Thou in their cause  
 Shall prosp'rous ride,  
 And far and wide  
 Dispense thy laws.

- 4 Before thine awful face  
Millions of foes shall fall,  
The captives of thy grace,  
That grace which conquers all.  
The world shall know,  
Great King of kings,  
What wond'rous things  
Thine arm can do.
- 5 Here to my willing soul  
Bend thy triumphant way ;  
Here ev'ry foe control,  
And all thy pow'r display.  
My heart, thy throne,  
Blest *Jesus* see,  
Bows low to thee,  
To thee alone.

## Hymn CII. *Long metre.*

*Psalm cvii. 31.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, with joy record,  
The various wonders of the Lord ;  
And let his pow'r and goodness sound  
Through all your tribes the world around.
- 2 Let the high heav'ns your songs invite,  
Those spacious fields of brilliant light ;  
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,  
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 Sing earth, in verdant robes array'd,  
Its herbs and flow'rs, its fruit and shade ;  
Peopl'd with life of various forms,  
Fishes, and fowls, and beasts, and worms.
- 4 View the broad sea's majestick plains,  
And think how wide its maker reigns ;  
That band remotest nations joins,  
And on each wave his goodness shines.

- 5 But, O that brighter world above,  
 Where lives and reigns incarnate love!  
 God's only Son in flesh array'd,  
 For man a bleeding victim made.
- 6 Thither, my soul with rapture soar;  
 There in the land of praise adore:  
 This theme demands an angel's tongue,  
 Demands a never ending song.
- 

**Hymn CIII.** *Common metre.*

*Psalm cxix. 9.*

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying eyes  
 The sons of men survey,  
 And see how youthful sinners sport  
 In a destructive way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around,  
 To bear them to the tomb;  
 Each in an hour may plunge them down  
 Where hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring minds,  
 Amus'd with airy dreams,  
 That heav'nly wisdom may dispel  
 Their visionary schemes.
- 4 With holy caution may they walk,  
 And be thy word their guide,  
 'Till each, the desert safely pass'd,  
 On *Sion's* hill abide.

FINIS.











1823

130

1823

Goodspeed

Boston

Oct 9 1864

m. h.

