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A  
NEW VERSION  
OF THE  
P S A L M S  
O F  
D A V I D.

FITTED TO THE TUNES  
USED IN CHURCHES.

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B Y  
N. B R A D Y, D. D.  
Late Chaplain in ordinary, and  
N. T A T E, Esq.  
Late Poet Laureat, to the King of England.

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A  
NEW VERSION  
OF THE  
P S A L M S.

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P S A L M I. *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**OW blest is he, who ne'er consents  
By ill advice to walk,  
Nor stands in finners' 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 their 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 finners, and the paths they tread,  
Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M II. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**ITH 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 council 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, while 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 fear ;  
 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.

P S A L M 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 increase.
- 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 shall yet  
 Lift up my head on high.
- 4 Since whenso'er, 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.

P S A L M 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 ev'ry 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 time 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 possess'd.

P S A L M 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  
Canst 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'st 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.

P S A L M 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.
- 2 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.

P S A L M 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 had 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 crowds  
 Shall still for justice fly :  
 Oh ! therefore, for their sake, 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.

P S A L M VIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou !  
How glorious 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 beautous work on high,  
Employs my wond'rous sight ;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler 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 fway ;  
The beasts that prey or graze ;
- 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 !

P S A L M 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 pleasures 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 for ever 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 inquiry makes for blood,  
 He'll call the poor to mind :  
 The injur'd humble man's complaint  
 Relief from him shall find.
- 13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,  
 Which spiteful foes create,  
 Thou that has rescu'd me so oft  
 From death's devouring gate.
- 14 In Sion 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  
 Are heedlessly 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 faints, 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 terror through the nations round,  
 Till, by consenting fear,  
 They to each other, and themselves,  
 But mortal men appear.

P S A L M 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 straight they triumph, if success  
 Their thriving crimes attend ;  
 And sordid 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 all misfortune 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 public 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,  
 "Tush, God 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 didst expel  
 From this thy chosen land.
- 17 Thou hear'st the humble supplicants,  
 That to thy throne repair ;



Thou first prepar'ft their hearts to pray,  
 And then accept'ft their pray'r.  
 18 Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'ft  
 The fatherless and poor ;  
 That fo the tyrants of the earth  
 May perfecute no more.

P S A L M XI. *Common metre.*

1 **S**INCE 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 men of upright heart.  
 3 When once the firm assurance fails,  
 Which public 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 councils 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 shov'r ;  
 This dreadful mixture his revenge  
 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.

P S A L M 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 t'other does 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,  
 Nor know which way to fly !  
 When those whom they despis'd and vex'd,  
 Shall be advanc'd on high.

P S A L M 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 Oh ! 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.

P S A L M 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'n's high tow'r,  
And all the sons of men did view,  
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  
Those 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 univerfal joy  
 Should loudly echo through the land.

P S A L M 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 generous 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.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust  
 Has ever firmly stood ;  
 And though he promise to his loss,  
 He makes his promise good.
- 6 Whose soul in usury disdains  
 His treasure to employ ;  
 Whom no rewards can ever bribe  
 The guiltless to destroy.
- 7 The man, who by his steady course  
 Has happiness incur'd,  
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,  
 By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **P**ROTECT me from my cruel foes,  
 And shield me, Lord, from harm ;  
 Because my trust I still repose  
 On thine almighty arm.

- 2 My soul all help but thine does flight,  
All gods but thee difown ;  
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,  
To 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 lands 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 defies,  
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,  
Which to thy presence lead ;  
Where pleasures dwell without allay,  
And joys that never fade.

P S A L M 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 dealing 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 heart's 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 wings 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 survive, to whom they may  
 The vast remainder give.
- 16 But I, in uprightnes, thy face  
 Shall view without control ;  
 And, waking, shall its image find  
 Reflected in my soul.

P S A L M XVIII. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **N**O change of time shall ever shock  
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee ;  
 For thou hast always been a rock,  
 A fortress 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 seas of sorrow 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'd 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 my part to take,  
 The conscious earth was struck with fear ;  
 The hills did at his presence shake,  
 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 light'nings 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 near prevail'd,  
 When I distress'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 I always trod ;  
 I never did his statutes slight,  
 Nor loosely 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 choose 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 word 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 assaulting 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 squadrons captive take ;

- Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,  
Till I a final 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!  
To highest Heav'ns his name be rais'd,  
Who me with his salvation bless'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 subdued.
- 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 ;  
 " Shows 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 on his nuptial day,  
 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.

P S A L M 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 bless;  
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need,  
The pray'rs that we address.

P S A L M 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, what'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 to his pray'r attend,  
 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 increase ;  
 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 While they their swift retreat shall make  
 To 'scape thy dreadful might,  
 Thy swifter arrows shall o'ertake,  
 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.

P S A L M 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 my teeming mother's womb  
A living offspring bear;  
When but a suckling at the breast,  
I was thy early care.
- 10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs  
My helpless infant days;  
And since hast been my God, and guide  
Through life's bewilder'd ways.



- 11 Withdraw not then 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 ev'ry 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 water 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 swords protect thou me;  
Of all but life bereft:  
Nor let my 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 pow'r, 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.

P S A L M 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 wandering 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.

P S A L M XXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE 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 fabric stand.
- 3 But for himself, this Lord of all  
 One chosen seat design'd ;  
 O ! who shall to that sacred hill  
 Deserv'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 favour, 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 the 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 the King of Glory? who?  
The Lord of hosts renown'd;  
Of glory he alone is King,  
Who is with glory crown'd.

P S A L M 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, recall 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 for ever blest'd ;  
 And by his num'rous race the land  
 Successively possess'd.
- 14 For God to all his faints  
 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.

P S A L M 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 on thee, my God.
- 2, 3 Search thou 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 secure.
- 7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell  
 How thy renown excels ;  
 That feat affords me most delight,  
 In which thy honour dwells.
- 9 Pass not on me the sinners' 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 among thy faints,  
 Thy praises to resound.

P S A L M 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 haughty crests  
 Were made to strike the ground.
- 3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares  
 With mighty 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 of his will inquire.
- 5 For there I may 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 tribute bring,  
With grateful songs of praise.

## P A R T II.

- 7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,  
Whene'er to thee I cry ;  
In mercy my complaints 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 kindred too,  
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 sorrows compass'd round.



- 14 God's time with patient faith expect,  
 Who will inspire thy breast  
 With inward strength : do thou thy part,  
 And leave to him the rest.

P S A L M 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 supplication, 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 hath made my joys complete,  
 'Tis just that I should raise  
 The cheerful tribute of my thanks,  
 And thus resound his praise :
- 8 " His aiding pow'r supports the troops,  
 " That my just cause maintain :

- 1 " 'Twas he advanc'd me to the throne ;  
 " 'Tis he secures my reign."  
 9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed:  
 Thine heritage to bless ;  
 With plenty prosper them, in peace ;  
 In battle with success.

P S A L M XXIX. *Long metre.*

- 1 **Y**E princes, that in might excel,  
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare ;  
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,  
 His wond'rous power 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 power his voice appears !  
 With what majestic terror crown'd !  
 Which from their roots tall cedars tears,  
 And strows their scatter'd branches round.  
 5 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 send,  
 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 saints with strength he will supply,  
 And bless his own with constant peace.

P S A L M 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 graves' expecting jaws  
 My hopeless life retrieve.
- 4 Thus to his courts, ye faints 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 error I confess'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 my mournful scene  
 To songs and dances turn'd ;

- Invested me with 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.

P S A L M 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'dst me from my youth)  
 I willingly resign.  
 6 All vain designs I hate  
 Of those that trust in lies ;  
 And still my soul, in every 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 opprefs ;  
 My years are spent in groans ;  
 My fins 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.
- 12 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.
- 13 Yet stand'rous words they speak,  
 And seem my pow'r to dread ;  
 Whilst they together counsel take,  
 My guiltless blood to shed.
- 14 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.

- 15 Whate'er events betide,  
 Thy wisdom times them all ;  
 Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide  
 From those that seek his fall.
- 16 The brightness of thy face  
 To me, O Lord, disclose ;  
 And, as thy mercies still increase,  
 Preserve me from my foes.
- 17 Me from dishonour save,  
 Who still have call'd on thee ;  
 Let that, and silence in the grave,  
 The sinner's portion be.
- 18 Do thou their tongues restrain,  
 Whose breath in lies is spent ;  
 Who false reports, with proud disdain,  
 Against the righteous vent.

- 19 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 fight,  
 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 blest ;  
 Whose love, in Keilah'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 fight,  
 And heard'st my earnest cries.
- 23 O ! all ye faints, 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 still your hearts supply  
 With strength, in time of need.

P S A L M XXXII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **H**E'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 whilst 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,  
Ye 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 triumph shall employ ;  
Let them, as they alone have cause,  
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

P S A L M 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,  
 The heav'nly 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 councils undermines ;  
 His wisdom ineffectual makes  
 The peoples' rash designs.
- 11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees  
 Shall stand for ever 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 thoughts ;  
 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 souls 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.

P S A L M XXXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HROUGH 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 distressed,  
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 ;  
" The man so dang'rously 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,  
Your wants shall be 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 fland'ring language keep his tongue,  
His lips from falsehood free ;

14 The crooked paths of vice decline,  
And virtue's ways 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 affliction's 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, O 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 fought ;  
 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 minister 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 had 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 witness, 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 they 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 pray'r  
 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'ring 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 blest.
- 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 found him out,  
"He did it in our fight."
- 22 But thou, who dost both them and me  
With righteous eyes 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 faints 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.

P S A L M XXXVI. *Long metre.*

- 1 **M**Y crafty foe, with flatt'ring art,  
His wicked purpose would disguise ;  
But reason whispers to my heart,  
He ne'er sets God before his eyes.
- 2 He sooths himself, retir'd from fight ;  
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,  
Above the heavenly orb ascends ;  
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope  
Beyond the spreading sky 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 fairs 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's head,  
Of joys that shall for ever 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 surprize,
- 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 every just design ;
- 6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,  
 Thy clouded innocence appear,  
 And as a mid-day 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 the 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 on 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 weapon's mortal stroke  
 Through their own hearts shall force its way.
- 16 A little with God's favour bless'd,  
 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 for ever last ;
- 19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,  
 Shall be unmov'd, and e'en in dearth  
 The happy fruits of plenty taste.
- 20 Not so the wicked man, 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 faints 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 bless'd 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.

P S A L M XXXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HY chast'ning wrath, O Lord, restrain,  
Though 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 continued 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 wilt 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 continual 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 that hate me without cause  
 Are grown a dreadful host.
- 20 Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return  
 My kindness with despite ;  
 And are my enemies, because  
 I choose the path that's right.
- 21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,  
 Nor far from me depart ;
- 22 Make haste to my relief, O thou,  
 Who my salvation art.

P S A L M: 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 wicked prosp'rous 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 with working thoughts,  
 And no repose could take;  
 Till strong reflection fann'd the fire,  
 And 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 care 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 cares attend?  
 On thee alone my stedfast 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 chast'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 pray'r,  
 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.

P S A L M 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 thought.
- 6 I've learnt 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 utt'ring what thou gav'st in charge.  
 10 Nor kept within my breast confin'd  
 Thy faithfulnes 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 safe protection be.
- 12 For I with troubles am distress'd,  
 Too numberless for me to bear;  
 Nor less with loads of guilt oppress'd,  
 That plunge and sink me to despair.
- As soon alas! may I 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,  
 Insnar'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 canst restore,  
 To my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M XLI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care  
 Relieves the poor distress'd!  
 When troubles compass him around,  
 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  
 That 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 pray'r address;  
 "Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,  
 "Though I have much transgress'd."
- 5 My cruel foes, with slanderous 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 bless'd ;  
And all the people's glad applause  
With loud Amens express'd.

P S A L M XLII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **A**S pants the hart 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 ; who will 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 bank, from Hermon's heights,  
And Mizar's humble hill.



- 7 One trouble calls another on,  
 And, gath'ring 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 this 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 oppressor's scorn?
- 10 My heart is pierc'd, as with a sword,  
 While 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.

P S A L M 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 mine insulting foes oppress?
- 3 Let me with light and truth be blest;  
 Be these my guides, to 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.

P S A L M 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 foes 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 bless 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'st 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 through 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 by-word 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 Though 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 see'st 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,  
For ever sue in vain.

- 24 Oh ! 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.

P S A L M 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,  
Majestic pomp display.  
4 Ride on in state, and still protect  
The meek, the just, and 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 despise !  
Down, down they fall, while through their heart  
The feather'd arrow flies.  
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fix'd,  
For ever to endure ;  
Thy sceptre's 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 abound ;  
 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 fairer 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 sons expect ;  
 Whom thou to diff'rent realms may'st send,  
 To govern and protect ;
- 17 Whilst this my song to future times  
 Transmits thy glorious name ;  
 And makes the world, with one consent,  
 Thy lasting praise proclaim.

P S A L M 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 Though earth were from her centre tost,  
 And mountains in the ocean lost,  
 Torn piece-meal by the 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 fathers' Guardian God, and ours.
- 8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought;  
 On earth what desolation brought;  
 How he has calm'd the jarring world;
- 9 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.

P S A L M XLVII. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **O** ALL ye people, clap your hands,  
 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 rebound.
- 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  
 To serve the God of Abr'am came,  
 Found him their constant sure defence :  
 How great and 'glorious is his name !

P S A L M 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 terror 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' 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 dost reside.  
 10 According to thy sov'reign Name,  
 Thy praise through 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 in 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  
 His wonders 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.

P S A L M XLIX. *Common metres*

- 1, 2 **L**ET all the list'ning world attend,  
 And my instruction 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 ;  
 Whilst 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 boast in 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 bribes, reverse  
 Th' Almighty Lord's decree.
- 8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit ;  
 The price is held too high ;  
 No sums can purchase such a grant,  
 That man should 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 though 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 grois 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 though their prosp'rous house increase,  
 With state and honour crown'd.
- 17 For when they're summon'd hence by death,  
 They leave all this behind ;  
 No shadow of their former pomp  
 Within the grave they find :
- 18 And yet they thought their state was blest,  
 Caught in the flatt'rer's snare,  
 Who with their vanity comply'd,  
 And prais'd their worldly care.
- 19 In their forefathers' steps they tread ;  
 And when, like them, they die,  
 Their wretched ancestors and they  
 In endless darkness lie.
- 20 For man, how great foe'er his state,  
 Unless he's truly wise,  
 As like a sensual beast he lives,  
 So like a beast he dies.

P S A L M L. *Particular metre.*

- 1, 2 **T**HE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God  
 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,  
 Whilst he does heav'n 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, 8 Attend, my people ; Israel, hear ;  
 Thy strong accuser I'll appear ;  
 Thy God, thy only God, am I :

- '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 strictest 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 subtle thief didst see,  
 Thou gladly with him didst agree,  
 And with adult'ers didst partake.
- 19 Vile slander is thy chief delight ;  
 Thy tongue, by envy mov'd, and spite,  
 Deceitful tales does hourly spread ;
- 20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound  
 Thy brother, and with lies 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 a 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,  
 Whilst none shall dare your cause to own :
- 23 Who praises me, due honour gives ;  
 And to the man that justly lives  
 My strong salvation shall be shown.

P S A L M 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 sight,  
 Have I transgress'd ; and, though 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 purify'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.

P S A L M 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 doth stand'rous tales  
 Maliciously devise;  
 And, sharper than a razor set,  
 It wounds with treach'rous lies.
- 3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,  
 On lies than truth, employ'd;  
 Thy tongue delights in words, by which  
 The guiltless are destroy'd.
- 5 God shall forever 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 downfall 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 forever 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.

P S A L M 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 tow'r,  
 The sons of men to view;

- 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 through the land.

P S A L M LIV. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **L** ORD, save me, for thy glorious name ;  
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 falsehood's due 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 ;  
Through him shall I of all my foes  
The just destruction see.

P S A L M 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;  
 While I my mournful case declare,  
 With artless sighs and groans.
- 3 Hark how the foe insults aloud!  
 How fierce oppressors rage!  
 Whose stann'drous tongues, with wrathful hate,  
 Against my fame engage.
- 4, 5 My heart is rack'd with pain; my soul  
 With deadly frights distress'd;  
 With fear and trembling compass'd round,  
 With horror 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 were spent,  
 This tempest pass'd 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 through ev'ry part shall roam,  
 Will 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 e'en thou, my guide, my friend,  
Whom tend'rest love did join ;  
Whose sweet advice I valued most ;  
Whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
- 15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,  
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, at 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 them, whose prosp'rous state  
Makes them no God to fear.
- 20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men  
Perfidiously devise  
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,  
And break the strongest ties ?
- 21 Though 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.

P S A L M 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 sitt'st enthron'd on high,  
 What mighty numbers join.
- 3 But though sometimes surpris'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 them 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 provok'd,  
 This impious race chastise.
- 8 Thou numb'rest all my steps, since first  
 I was 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 :
- 14 That thus protected by thy pow'r,  
I may this light enjoy ;  
And in the service of my God  
My lengthen'd days employ.

P S A L M 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 pass'd.
- 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 Heaven protect me by thine 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.

P S A L M 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 ?
- 2 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 lipping tongue.
- 4 No serpent of parch'd Afric's breed  
 Does ranker poison bear ;  
 The drowfy adder will as soon  
 Unlock his fullen 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 power ;  
 Disarm these growling lions' jaws,  
 E'er 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 E'er 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 with vengeance meet;  
And faints 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.

: P S A L M LIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **D**ELIVER me, O Lord, my God,  
From all my spiteful foes;  
In my defence oppose thy pow'r  
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 ev'ning, to beset my house,  
Like growling dogs they meet;  
While others through the city range,  
And ransack ev'ry street.

- 7 Their throats envenom'd slander breathe;  
 Their tongues are sharpen'd swords;  
 "Who hears?" say they, "or, hearing, dares  
 "Reprove our lawless words?"
- 8 But from 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 hast 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, ungratefully, too soon  
 Forget their overthrow.  
 Disperse them through the nations round  
 By thy avenging pow'r;  
 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 endures,  
 Thine anger, Lord, suppress;  
 That distant lands by their just doom,  
 May Israel's God confess.
- 14 At ev'ning 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 confests;  
 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.

P S A L M 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 Sichein's soil, Samaria's pride;  
 To Sichein, 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 Palestine'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 doth 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,  
 Aton'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.

P S A L M LXI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **L** ORD, 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 didst ordain.
- 7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign  
 Accepted in thy fight ;  
 And let thy truth and mercy both  
 In his defence unite.
- 8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,  
 Thy name for ever bless ;  
 Devote my prosp'rous days to pay  
 The vows of my distress.

P S A L M LXII. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **M**Y soul for help on God relies ;  
 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 mouths 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 will 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.

P S A L M LXIII. *Particular metre.*

- 1: **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee  
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;  
For thee my thirty soul doth 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 majestic 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 lose their own.
- 10 They by untimely ends shall die,  
 Their flesh a prey to foxes lie ;  
 But God shall fill the king with joy :
- 11 Who thee confess shall still rejoice ;  
 Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,  
 Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

P S A L M 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 tend'rest 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 arrow's 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, whom God secures,  
 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, though numberless, in vain  
 To stop thy flowing mercy try;  
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,  
 And wapest 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 delights thy temple gives.
- 5 By wond'rous acts, O God most just,  
 Have we thy gracious answer found:  
 In thee remotest nations trust,  
 And those whom stormy waves furround.
- 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 crowds' 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's track, by turns, pursue.
- 9 From out thy unexhausted store  
 Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground;  
 Makes lands, that barren were before,  
 With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 10 On rising ridges down it pours,  
 And ev'ry furrow'd valley fills;  
 Thou mak'st 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,  
 The 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-car'd corn,  
 And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

P S A L M LXVI. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,  
 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 judgment 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 will 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 pray'rs disclaim.
- 19 But God to me, whene'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.

P S A L M L X V I I : *Short metre.*

- 1 **T**O blest thy chosen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;  
 And cause the brightness of thy face  
 On all thy saints 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  
 With joy and pious mirth ;

For thou, the righteous Judge and King,  
Shalt govern all the earth.

- 5 Let differing 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.

P S A L M LXVIII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **L**ET God, the God of battle, rise,  
And scatter his presumptuous foes ;  
Let shameful rout their host surprize,  
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 patronize,  
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 oppressors' righteous dooms.

- 7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead;  
 In person, Lord, our armies forth;  
 Strange terrors through the desert spread,  
 Convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
- 8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,  
 And Heav'n's 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,  
 Assuag'd the drought with plenteous show'rs.
- 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 fall'd forth;  
 And in that pow'rful word o'ercame;  
 While virgin troops, with songs of mirth,  
 In state our conquest did proclaim.
- 12 Vast armies, by such gen'erals 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 wing 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 inheritance.
- 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.
- E'en 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-singing 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 bless the Lord ;  
 " All who to Israel's tribes belong,  
 " Of Israel's God the praise record."

- 27 Nor little Benjamin alone  
 From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,  
 Nor only Judah's nearer throne  
 Her counsellors in state did send ;  
 But Zebulon's remoter seat,  
 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 spearmens' 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 Afric 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 the pow'r to God most high :  
 Of humble Isra'el he takes care ;  
 Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,  
 Darts shining terrors 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 give God praise, and him alone.

P S A L M 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 innocence 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.
- 11 When cloth'd with sackcloth for their sake,  
They me their common proverb make.
- 12 Their judges at my wrongs do 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 fspread,  
 And roll its waves above my head;  
 Nor deep destruction's open pit  
 'To clofe her jaws on me permit.
- 16 Lord, hear the humble pray'r I make,  
 For thy transcending goodnefs' fake;  
 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 succour interpoze,  
 And fhield me from remorfelefs foes.
- 19 Thou know'ft what infamy and fcorn  
 I from my enemies have borne;  
 Nor can their clofe difsembled spite,  
 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 wound thy fcourge had torn,  
 To bleed afrefh, with fharpier 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 triumph 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 canst restore,  
To my relief with speed repair.

P S A L M LXXI. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **I**N thee I put my stedfast trust ;  
 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 summ'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 sorely 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 Then I with psaltery and harp,  
Thy truth, O Lord, will 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 didst confound my foes ;  
And brought'st them all to shame.

P S A L M 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 necks 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 meadow's 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 ev'ry where  
 With endless peace abound.
- 8 His uncontroll'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 conquests spreads.
- 10 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles,  
 Shall costly presents bring ;  
 From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,  
 And wealthy Saba's king.



- 11 To him shall ev'ry 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 fruits, 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.

P S A L M LXXIII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **A**T length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain  
 That God will to his saints 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 plagues or troubles 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 through all the earth does walk ;  
 Their blasphemies to Heav'n ascend.
- 10 And yet admiring crowds 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 slipp'ry places loofely stand ;  
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,  
 Cast down by thy 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 Heaven, 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.

P S A L M 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 O! 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 artist's fame,  
With axe and hammer they destroy,  
Like works of vulgar frame.
- 7 Thy holy temple they have burn'd ;  
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-hand,  
And on thy patient breast,  
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,  
Hast great salvation wrought.
- 13 'Twas thou, O God, that didst the sea  
By thy own strength divide ;  
Thou break'st the wat'ry monsters' heads ;  
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 feebler 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  
For ever 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  
For evermore to cease;  
Whose insolence, if unchastis'd,  
Will more and more increase.

P S A L M 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 Israël 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 yours 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  
 The 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.

P S A L M LXXVI. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **I**N Judah 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 ?
- 8 Pronounc'd from Heav'n, earth heard its doom ;  
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst 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'rence pay,
- 12 Who proudest potentates can quell,  
To earthly kings more terrible,  
Than to their trembling subjects they.

P S A L M 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 past ;  
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 favours 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 skies  
Did with their noise conspire ;  
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  
With light'nings blaz'd, earth shook, and seem'd  
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 ledd'st thy people like a flock  
 Safe through the desert land,  
 By Moses, their meek skilful guide,  
 And Aaron's sacred hand.

P S A L M 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 :
- Which we from sacred registers  
 Of ancient times have known,
- 3 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 wonder wrought.
- 5 For Jacob he this law ordain'd,  
 This league with Israel 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 falsified 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 waters stood.
- 14 A wond'rous pillar led them on,  
Compos'd of shade and light ;  
A sheilding cloud it prov'd by day,  
A leading fire by night.
- 15 When drought oppress'd them, where no stream  
The wilderness supply'd,  
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 camp, 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, not 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 ensued ;

- " 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 Israel 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 shew'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,  
 Ingrateful 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 trenchés he let fall :  
 The luscious easy prey ;  
 And all around their spreading camp  
 The ready 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 Israel's chosen stew.

## P A R T II.

- 32 Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford  
 His miracles belief :

- 33 Therefore through fruitless travails 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 Light'ning and hail made flocks and herds  
One gen'ral sacrifice.
- 49 He turn'd his anger loose, and set  
No time for it to cease ;  
And with their plagues ill angels sent,  
Their torments to increase.
- 50 He clear'd a passage for his wrath  
To ravage uncontroll'd ;  
The murrain on their firstlings 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 heathens' land  
He did by lot divide ;  
And in their foes' abandon'd tents  
Made Israel'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 fathers' 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 Israel'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 throughly 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 conquest crown'd, he Joseph's tents  
 And Ephraim's tribe forsook ;
- 68 But Judah 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 those 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 Judah's throne.
- 71 From tending on the teeming ewes,  
 He brought him forth to feed

- His own inheritance, the tribes  
Of Israel'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.

P S A L M 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 unbury'd lay ;  
Their flesh expos'd to savage beasts,  
And rav'nous birds of prey.  
3. Quite through Jerus'lem 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 saints,  
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 moans,  
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 sev'n 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.

P S A L M LXXX. *Long metre.*

- 1 **O** ISRAEL'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 joys abound,  
 And at our lost 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 it in their place.
- 9 Before it thou prepar'st the way,  
 And mak'st it take a lasting root,  
 Which, bleis'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 bows 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 hadst 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 free,  
 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 whatsoe'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.

P S A L M 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 joyful 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 Israel'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 burden'd shoulders I reliev'd,  
 (Thus seems our God to say,)

Your fervile 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 fought 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 Israel, 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 Israel'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 Israel 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 foot-stool 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.

P S A L M 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 supports,  
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 gods and all ally'd  
" To the Most High in 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.

P S A L M 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 those, who 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 Israel'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 Ishm'elites 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 II.

- 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 carcases for dung  
To feed the hungry ground.
- 11 Let all their mighty men the fate  
Of Zeb and Oreb share;  
As Zeba and Zalmuna, 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 terrors 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.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,  
How lovely is the place,  
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'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 request 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 bless'd is he,  
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,  
Is still repos'd on thee !

P S A L M LXXXV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast granted to thy land  
The favours we implor'd,  
And faithful Jacob's captive race,  
Hast graciously restor'd.



- 2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast forgiv'n,  
 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, quench'd with our repenting tears,  
 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 saints 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 Heav'n  
 Shall streams of justice pour ;  
 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.

P S A L M 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 inferior 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'd Name restore.
- 10 All shall confess thee great, and great  
The wonders thou hast done ;  
Confess thee God, the God supreme,  
Confess 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 shown 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 fons 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 didst  
 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.

P S A L M LXXXVII. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **G**OD's temple crowns the holy mount ;  
 2 The Lord there condescends to dwell ;  
 His Sion's gates, in his account,  
 Our Israel'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 show, when read,  
 That such a person there was born,  
 And such did such an age adorn.
- 7 He'll Sion find with numbers fill'd  
 Of such as merit high renown ;  
 For hand and voice musicians skill'd ;  
 And (her transcending fame to crown)

Of such she shall successions bring,  
Like water from a living spring.

P S A L M LXXXVIII. *Long metres*

- 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,  
Too 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 out-stretch'd hands invok'd thy 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 has 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.

P S A L M 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 for ever last ;  
 Thy truth that does the Heav'ns sustain,  
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.
- 3 Thus spak'st thou by thy Prophet's voice,  
 " With David I a league have made ;  
 " To him, my servant, and my choice,  
 " By solemn oath this grant convey'd :
- 4 " While earth, and seas, and skies endure,  
 " Thy feed shall in my sight remain ;  
 " To them thy throne I will ensure ;  
 " They shall to endless ages reign."
- 5 For such stupendous truth and love,  
 Both Heav'n and earth just praises owe,  
 By choirs of angels sung above,  
 And by assembled saints below.
- 6 What Seraph of celestial birth  
 To vie with Israel's God shall dare ?  
 Or who among the gods of earth  
 With our Almighty Lord compare ?
- 7 With rev'rence and religious dread  
 His saints should to his temple press ;  
 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 brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,  
 And didst 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 saints 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 conquests from thy favour spring ;
- 18 The Lord of hosts is our defence,  
 And Israel's God our Israel'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 son 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 Tigris 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 forever fast :
- 29 " His seed forever shall endure ;  
 " His throne, till Heav'n dissolves, 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 I have sworn, but once for all,  
 " And made my holiness the tie,  
 " That I my grant will ne'er recall,  
 " 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 conscions 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 seemest 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 public 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 intomb?
- 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.

P S A L M 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 and world didst frame,  
 Thou always wast 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 grass, that feels  
 The sun's reviving beams :
- 6 But howsoever fresh and fair  
 Its morning beauty shows ;  
 'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite,  
 Before the ev'ning close.
- 7, 8 We by thine anger are consum'd,  
 And by thy wrath dismay'd ;  
 Our public crimes and secret sins  
 Before thy sight are laid.
- 9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects  
 Our drooping days we spend ;  
 Our unregarded years break off,  
 Like tales that quickly end.

- 10 Our term of time is sev'nty years,  
 An age that few survive ;  
 But if, with more than common strength,  
 To eighty we arrive,  
 Yet then our boasted strength decays,  
 To sorrow turn'd and pain ;  
 So soon the slender 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 rise,  
 As more or less we fear.
- 12 So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum  
 Of our short days to mind,  
 That to true wisdom all our hearts  
 May ever be inclin'd.
- 13 O to thy servants, Lord, return,  
 And speedily relent !  
 As we forsake our sins, do thou  
 Revoke our punishment.
- 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.

P S A L M 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 terrors that surprize by night  
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,  
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
- 6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills  
In darkness, nor infectious ills  
That in the hottest season slay.
- 7 A thousand at thy side shall die,  
At thy right-hand ten thousand lie,  
While thy firm health untouch'd remains ;
- 8 Thou only shalt look on and see  
The wicked's dismal tragedy,  
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 9 Because, with well-plac'd confidence,  
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,  
And on the Highest dost rely ;
- 10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,  
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall  
Any infectious plagues draw nigh.
- 11 For he throughout thy happy days,  
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,  
Shall give his angels strict commands ;
- 12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet  
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,  
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.
- 13 Dragons and asps that thirst for blood,  
And lions roaring for their food,  
Beneath his conqu'ring feet shall lie :
- 14 Because he lov'd and honour'd me,  
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,  
And fix his glorious throne on high.

- 15 He'll call ; I'll answer when he calls,  
 And rescue 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.

P S A L M . X C I I . *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 psalt'ries join'd ;  
 And to the harp, with solemn sounds,  
 For sacred use design'd.  
 4 For through thy wondrous 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 splendor must  
 For ever 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.
- 15 Thus will the Lord his justice show ;  
 And God, my strong defence,  
 Shall due rewards to all the world . .  
 Impartially dispense . .

P S A L M XCIII. *Long metre.*

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

P S A L M 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 faints 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 Bless'd is the man, whom thou, O Lord,  
 In kindness dost chastise;  
 And by thy sacred rules to walk  
 Dost 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.

P S A L M 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 unrivall'd glory, great :  
 A King superior far to all,  
 Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 The depths of earth are in his hand,  
 Her secret wealth at his command,  
 The strength of hills that reach 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,  
To-day if you his voice will hear,
- 8 Let not your harden'd hearts renew  
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too ;  
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they  
In desert plains of Meribah.
- 9 When through the wilderness they mov'd,  
And me with fresh temptations prov'd,  
They still, through unbelief, rebell'd,  
Whilst they my wond'rous works beheld.
- 10 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.
- 11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path ;  
Therefore to them, in settled wrath,  
Since they despis'd my rest, I swear,  
That they shall never enter there.

P S A L M 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 honour 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 pow'r 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.

P S A L M 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 pavilion wait.
- 3 Devouring fire before his face,  
His foes around with vengeance struck ;
- 4 His light'ning set the world on blaze ;  
Earth saw it, and with terror 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 righteoufness 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 Judah'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, unrivall'd in the sky,  
 Supreme by all the gods art own'd.
- 10 Ye 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 that's right,  
 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.

P S A L M 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 Israel's house his love and truth  
 Have ever mindful been;  
 Wide earth's remotest parts the pow'r  
 Of Israel'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 harp and hymn's 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 the 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.

P S A L M XCIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns ; let therefore all  
 The guilty nations quake :  
 On Cherubs' 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 foot-stool fall ;

- And, with his unresisted might,  
His holiness extol.
- 6 Moses and Aaron thus of old  
Among his priests ador'd ;  
Among 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 law, 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.

P S A L M C. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **W**ITH one consent, let all the earth  
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 that 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 always firmly stood,  
To endless ages shall endure.

P S A L M C I. *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 public 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 splendor at my court shall dwell :  
 Who virtue's practice make their care,  
 Shall have the first preferments there.
- 7 No politics shall recommend  
 His country's foe to be my friend :  
 None e'er shall to my favour rise,  
 By flatt'ring or 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.

P S A L M C I I. *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 sorrows soon redress.
- 3 Each cloudy portion of my life,  
 Like scatter'd smoke expires ;

- My shrivell'd bones are like a hearth  
 Parch'd with continual 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 evening shade ;  
 My beauty does, like wither'd grass,  
 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 faints  
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 their 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 neigh'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 for ever 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  
 Shalt lasting quiet give ;  
 Whose happy race, securely fix'd,  
 Shall in thy presence live.

P S A L M CIII. *Long metres.*

- 1, 2 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
 God's holy Name for ever bless ;  
 Of all his favours mindful prove,  
 And still thy grateful thanks express.  
 3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
 And after sickness makes thee sound ;  
 From danger he thy life retrieves,  
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.  
 5, 6 He with good things thy mouth supplies,  
 Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews ;  
 He, when the guiltless sufferer 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 doth slowly move,  
 His willing mercy flies 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.



- 11 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 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 shown :  
 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 fulfill.
- 22 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.

P S A L M 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 ;  
 Heav'n'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 fundry 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 thunder's 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 threat'ning surges 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 field's 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 burden'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 physic 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 gardens bred.
- 17 Safe in the lofty cedar's arms  
 The wand'ers of the air may rest ;  
 The hospitable pine from harms  
 Protects the stork, 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.
- 28 They gather what thy stores disperse,  
 Without their trouble to provide ;  
 Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,  
 The craving world, is all supply'd.
- 29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,  
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn ;  
 Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race  
 Forthwith to mother earth return.
- 30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth  
 T' inspire the mass with vital seed ;  
 Nature's restor'd, and parent earth  
 Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 31 Thus through successive ages stands  
 Firm fix'd thy providential care ;  
 Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,  
 Thou dost the waste of time repair.
- 32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,  
 Earth's panting breast with terror fills ;  
 One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke  
 In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 33 In praising God, while he prolongs  
 My breath, I will that breath employ ;
- 34 And join devotion to my songs,  
 Sincere, as in him is my joy.
- 35 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,  
 My soul, praise thou his holy Name,  
 Till with my song the list'ning world  
 Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

P S A L M CV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;  
Invoke his sacred Name ;  
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,  
His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns ;  
His wondrous 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 for evermore.
- 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 Abra'm'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,  
For ever 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 sakes,  
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 controul,  
 And teach his statesmen skill.

## P A R T II.

- 23 To Egypt then, invited guests,  
 Half-famish'd Israel 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 vy'd.  
 25 Their vast increase th' Egyptians' 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 Empower'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 Pharaoh'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 gardens 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 slew.
- 37 He brought his servants forth, enrich'd  
With Egypt's borrow'd wealth ;  
And, what transcends all treasure 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 journeying 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 high granary, each morn,  
 The bread of Angels sent.
- 41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast  
 Pour'd forth 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.

P S A L M 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 for ever 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; nor 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.



5.

To all my parts their place and use  
 Thy wisdom had assign'd,  
 E'er yet these parts a being had,  
 But in thy forming mind.

6.

Ten thousand thousand times my life  
 I've to thy goodness ow'd;  
 Thy daily care preserves the gift,  
 Thy bounty first bestow'd.

7.

Lord, if within my thoughtless heart  
 Thou aught shouldst disapprove;  
 The secret evil bring to light,  
 And by thy grace remove.

8.

If e'er my ways have been perverse,  
 Or foolish in thy view,  
 Recal my steps to thy commands,  
 And form my life anew.

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## HYMN CXLIX.

*The Lesson of human Frailty.*

1.

**S**WIFT as the feather'd arrow flies,  
 And cuts the yielding air;  
 Or as a kindling meteor dies,  
 Ere it can well appear:

2.

So pass our fleeting years away,  
 And time runs on its race:  
 In vain we ask a moment's stay,  
 Time lessens not its pace.

3.

But, Lord, what mighty things depend  
 On our precarious breath!  
 And soon this fleeting life will end  
 In future life or death.

4.

O make us truly wise to learn  
 How very frail we are;  
 That we may mind our grand concern,  
 And for our change prepare.

5.

May think of death, and learn to die  
 To all inferior things;  
 Whilst our glad souls aspiring fly  
 To life's eternal springs.

---

 HYMN CL.

*God justified in the Appointments of this Life,  
 and of another.*

1.

**T**HOUGH peevish virtue may complain,  
 And almost dare its God arraign,  
 Who has not fitted nature's plan  
 To bless through life the virtuous man.

2.

Better instructed, we shall find  
 That God in all is wise and kind:  
 Suffering refines, exalts the soul;  
 Suffering is virtue's richest school.

3.

*Here, all without distinction prove  
 Some common blessing of his love;  
 The world hereafter, God reserves  
 For treating each, as each deserves.*

4.

Then life's vast issues shall be known,  
 And man shall reap as man has sown.  
 This hope, the virtuous mind enjoys,  
 This fear, the sinner's peace destroys.



## HYMN CLI.

*Morning Hymn.*

1.

**N**IGHT's dismal gloom once more is fled,  
 And day returns to me ;  
 Once more I quit my peaceful bed,  
 And rising beauties see.

2.

My bed—it might have been my grave,  
 My bed of sickness, pain ;  
 But God, whose pleasure is to save,  
 Renews my health again.

3.

As night's dark shades, and brooding forms,  
 And prowling beasts of prey,  
 Forbear to spread their rude alarms,  
 Aw'd at th' approach of day,

4.

So be dispers'd each brooding care,  
 That springs from passions foul,  
 From envy, avarice, dark despair,  
 Nor vex my wak'ned soul.

5.

And may I ever know the joy  
 Which peace with thee inspires :  
 That peace which earth cannot destroy,  
 Which not in death expires.

## HYMN CLII.

*False Repentance.*

1.

**W**RETCHED deceit, to think of heaven,  
Or in a Saviour trust ;  
Wretched the hope to be forgiven,  
While we are slaves to lust.

2.

Still to go on, and swell the debt,  
Can ne'er for debt atone ;  
And God is mock'd with weak regret,  
While sin still keeps her throne.

3.

With many a cry, and many a tear,  
We may our sin lament,  
But if no better'd life appear,  
This is not to repent.

4.

Still to confess, and still retain  
Affection for our sin ;  
Still to resolve to break our chain,  
And still be held therein ;

5.

Where no temptation moves, to quit  
The beaten vulgar road ;  
But still some dearer crimes commit,  
And still be led from God ;

6.

Argues the worst ill state of mind ;  
It bids to hope adieu,  
To every means which God design'd.  
Lost goodness to renew.

## HYMN CLIII.

*For Sabbath Day.*

1.

**T**HE gracious Saviour bow'd his head,  
 And drew his parting breath ;  
 And as he liv'd to vanquish sin,  
 He dy'd to conquer death.

2.

Three days—so high behests ordain'd,  
 Death triumph'd o'er his prize ;  
 The hour of grace at length arriv'd,  
 Behold the Conqueror rise !

3.

He rose triumphant to his God ;  
 He wing'd to heaven his flight,  
 Where endless ages he shall reign,  
 Enthron'd in realms of light.

4.

Wond'rous the grace, that gave to death  
 The best lov'd of God ;  
 That bade the Saviour feel for us  
 Affliction's keenest rod.

5.

With every grateful thought inspir'd,  
 Devoutly let us raise  
 Our humble voice to mercy's throne  
 In never ceasing praise.—

6.

Nor this be all—the grateful life  
 Should speak the thankful mind :  
 The heart that feels redemption's good,  
 Should be to good inclin'd.

2.

Whate'er he orders must be just ;  
 Then let me kiss the rod,  
 Nor, poorly sunk, at all distrust,  
 The goodness of my God.

3.

The mind to which I owe my own,  
 To guide this mind is wise ;  
 And he, to whom my faults are known,  
 The fittest to chastise.

4.

Then, till life's latest sands are run,  
 O teach me Power Divine !  
 Still to reply, thy will be done,  
 Whate'er becomes of mine.

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## HYMN CLVII.

### *The heavenly Visitant.*

1.

**B**EHOLD a stranger at thy door !  
 He gently knocks, has knock'd before,  
 Has waited long, is waiting still ;  
 You use no other friend so ill.

2.

But will he prove a friend indeed ?  
 He will ; the very friend you need ;  
 The Man of Nazareth, 'tis he  
 With garments dy'd from Calvary.

3.

O lovely attitude ! he stands  
 With melting heart and open hands !  
 O matchless kindness ! and he shows  
 This matchless kindness to his foes.

- 6 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,  
Than 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 diſclòs'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 them to thoſe waves,  
That prov'd the raſh purſuers' graves.
- 12 The wat'ry mountain's ſudden fall  
O'erwhelm'd proud Pharaoh, hoſt and all:  
This proof did ſtupid Iſrael 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 Pharaoh's troops were lost.
- 23 Thus urg'd, his vengeful hand he rear'd,  
But Moses in the breach appear'd ;  
The faint did for the rebels pray,  
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled wrath away.
- 24 Yet they his pleasant land despis'd,  
Nor his repeated promise priz'd,
- 25 Nor did th' Almighty's voice obey ;  
But when God said, Go up, would stay.
- 26 This seal'd their doom, without redress  
To perish in the wilderness ;
- 27 Or else to be by heathen's 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 Phineas, fir'd with holy rage,  
Th' Almighty 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 heart's lust 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 abhorr'd.

41 He them defenceless did expose  
 To their insulting heathen foes ;  
 And made them on the triumph wait  
 Of those who bore them greatest hate.

42 Nor thus his indignation ceas'd ;  
 Their list of tyrants still 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  
E'en 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 Israel's bands  
Together bring from heathen lands ;  
So to my name our thanks we'll raise,  
And ever triumph in thy praise.
- 48 Let Israel's God be ever blest'd,  
His Name eternally confess'd :  
Let all his faints, with full accord,  
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CVII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **T**O God your grateful voices raise,  
Who does 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 peopled 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 unwieldy fetters bound,  
 By pressing cares more heavy made.
- 11, 12 Because God's counsels 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,  
 Than forth the dreadful tempest flies,  
 Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,  
 And makes the stormy billows rise.
- 26 Sometimes the ships, toss'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' sov'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' oppressors galling yoke,  
 And is of grief the wretched prey.  
 40 The prince that slight's 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 detent joy shall show ;  
 The wise these strange events shall weigh,  
 And thence God's goodness fully know.

P S A L M 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 hath said the word,  
 Whose promise cannot fail,  
 With joy I Sechem 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 Philistine 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 didst forsake ?  
 And wilt not thou of these our hosts  
 Once more the guidance take ?

12 O to thy fervant 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.

P S A L M 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 study'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 undissembled love,
- 6 Their guilty leaders 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,  
 Sha'n'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 seed  
 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 show'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 plenteous 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 unrighteous dooms  
 Their guiltless souls defend.

P S A L M CX. *Particular metre.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,  
 "Till I thy foes thy foot-stool make,  
 2 " Sit thou, in state, at my right-hand :  
 " Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,  
 " And all thy proud opposers see  
 " Subjected to thy just command.
- 3 " Thee, in thy pow'r's triumphant day,  
 " The willing nations shall obey :  
 " And, when thy rising 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 Melchisedeck'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 high-way brooks shall first,  
 Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,  
 And then in triumph raise his head.

P S A L M CXI. *Long metre.*

- 1 **P**RAISE 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 precepts he hath us enjoind,  
 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 servants' 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 saints from bondage free,  
And then establish'd his decreë,  
For ever 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 heavenly skill  
Have they who know and do his will.

P S A L M CXII. *Long metre.*

## H A L L E L U J A H:

- 1 **T**HAT man is bless'd 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 surprize  
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 unrighteous hopes decay,  
And vanish with themselves away.

P S A L M CXIII. *Particular metre...*

- 1 **Y**E faints and servants of the Lord,  
The triumphs of his Name record ;
- 2 His sacred Name for ever blest :
- 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 With 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 :  
O then extol his matchless fame !

P S A L M CXIV. *Long metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN Israël 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 Israël's camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,  
 And from the 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 oozy bed?  
 Why, Jordan, against nature's law,  
 Recoild'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 leaders' flight behold.
- 7 Earth, tremble on; well may'it 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.

P S A L M CXV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, 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 uncontroul'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 sinells ;
- 7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move ;  
No 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 Israel; 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 they fear rely ;  
Who them in danger can defend,  
And all their wants supply.
- 12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,  
And Israel's house will bless ;  
Priests, Levites, Profelytes, ev'n all  
Who his great Name confefs.
- 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 feat 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 bless for evermore  
Our ever-living Lord.

P S A L M CXVI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **M**Y soul with grateful thoughts of love  
Entirely 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 trouble 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 sorrow 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 pensive cares, my soul,  
Resume thy wonted rest;  
For God has wond'rously to thee  
His bounteous love express'd.
- 8 When death alarm'd me, he remov'd  
My dangers 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 praises 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 praise his Name, and with glad zeal  
The cup of blessing take.

- 14, 15 I'll pay my vows among his saints;  
 Whose blood, how'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 praise;  
 And, whilst I bless thy Name,  
 The just performãnce of my vows  
 To all thy saints proclaim.
- 19 They in Jerusalem shall meet;  
 And in thy house shall join,  
 To bless thy Name with one consent,  
 And mix their songs with mine.

P S A L M CXVII. *Common metre.*

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

P S A L M CXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **O** PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,  
 His mercies ne'er decay;  
 That his kind favours ever last,  
 Let thankful Israel say.
- 3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love  
 Let Aaron's house express;  
 And that it never fails, let all  
 That fear the Lord confess.
- 5 To God I made my humble moan,  
 With troubles quite oppress;  
 And he releas'd me from my straits,  
 And granted my request.
- 6 Since therefore God does on my side  
 So graciously appear;



Why should the vain attempts of men  
Possess my soul with fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my cause  
Vouchsafes my part to take,  
To all my foes I need not doubt  
A just 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 rely'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 save 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 sorely 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 these 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 horn, 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.

P. S A L M CXIX. *Common metre.*

A L E P H.

- 1: **H**OW blest'd are they, who always keep  
 The pure and perfect way !  
 Who never from the sacred paths  
 Of God's commandments stray !

- 2 How blest'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 laws shall I  
All due observance pay;  
O then forsake me not, my God,  
Nor cast me quite away.

## B E T H.

- 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 Whiſt 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.

- 17 Be gracious to thy ſervant, Lord, .  
 Do thou my life defend,  
 That I, according to thy word,  
 My future time may ſpend.
- 18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,  
 That ſo I may diſcern  
 The wond'rous works 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 longing ſpent,  
 Whiſt 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 reſuſe.

- 22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,  
Contempt and shame remove ;  
For I thy sacred laws affect  
With undissembled love.
- 23 Though princes oft, in counsel met,  
Against thy servant spake ;  
Yet I thy statutes to observe  
My constant bus'ness 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.

- 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'dst 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 their 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.*

- 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.

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 steadfast 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 Ere 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 bus'ness then shall be  
 To study thy commands.

## Z A I N.

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 controul ;  
 Thy word, when troubles hemm'd me round,  
 Reviv'd my fainting soul.

- 51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,  
 And all my hopes 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 forsook.
- 54 But I thy statutes and decrees  
 My cheerful anthems made ;  
 Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds  
 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.

- 57 O Lord, my God, my portion thou  
 And sure possession art ;  
 Thy word I stedfastly resolve  
 To treasure in my heart.
- 58 With all the strength of warm desire  
 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 commands 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.
- 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 foot-steps 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 ills,  
 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.*

- 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.

- 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 fet ;  
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,  
That have no other foes,  
But such as are averse to thee,  
And thy just laws oppose.
- 86 With sacred 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.

- 89 For ever and for ever, 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 midst 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.*

- 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 subtle 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.

- 105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,  
 The way of truth to show ;  
 A watch-light, to point out the path  
 In which I ought to go.
- 106 I swear, and from my solemn oath  
 Will 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 terrors 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.

- 110 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.

- 113 Deceitful thoughts and practices  
 I utterly detest ;  
 But to thy law affection bear  
 Too great to be express.
- 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 fet me free ;  
 Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,  
 That I repose in 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,  
 Lest I should so offend,  
 When on transgressors I behold  
 Thy judgments thus descend.

## A I N.

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

- 129 The wonders which thy laws contain  
 No words can represent ;  
 Therefore to learn and practice 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 fainting 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  
Who thy blest Name adore.
- 133 Directed by thy heav'nly word  
Let all my foot-steps be ;  
Nor wickedness of any kind  
Dominion have o'er me.
- 134 Release, entirely set 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.

- 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 righteousnes shall then endure,  
When time itself is past ;  
Thy law is truth itself, that truth,  
Which shall for ever 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 for ever live.

## K O P H.

- 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 prayer 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 show :  
O quicken me, and so approve  
Thy judgment 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.

- 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'st  
 Salvation far away ;  
 'Tis just thou should'st 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 flight, consider, Lord,  
 How I thy precepts love ;  
 ☉ 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.

- 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 exprest.
- 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.

- 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 depths of woe,  
My fainting soul shall raise.
- 176 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.

P S A L M 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 slander'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.

P S A L M 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 Israel guards,  
 Will Israel'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 ;
- 8 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes  
 That lie in wait to kill.
- 9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
 Thy God shall thee defend ;  
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
 Safe to thy journey's end.

P S A L M CXXII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **O**'T WAS a joyful sound to hear  
 Our tribes devoutly say,  
 Up, Israel, 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.

P S A L M CXXIII. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **O**N thee, who dwell'st above the skies,  
For mercy wait my longing eyes ;  
As servants wait 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.

P S A L M CXXIV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel 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 controul ;

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 threaten'd 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.

P S A L M CXXV. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**HO place on Sion's God their trust,  
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;  
Like her immoveable be fix'd  
By his Almighty hand.
- 2 Look how the hills on ev'ry side  
Jerusalem inclose ;  
So stands the Lord around his faints,  
To guard them from their foes.
- 3 The wicked may afflict the just,  
But ne'er too long oppreis,  
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 faints  
With lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M 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 Restorer'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 Israel'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 desponds that sows his grain,  
 Yet doubtless he shall come  
 To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring  
 The joyful harvest home.

P S A L M 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 faints bestows ;  
 He crowns their labours 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 fo the fons of fprightly youth,  
Their parents fafeguard are.
- 5 Happy the man whose quiver's fill'd  
With thefe prevailing arms ;  
He need not fear to meet his foe,  
At law or war's alarms.

P S A L M CXXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**HE man is bleft that fears the Lord,  
Nor only worfhip pays,  
But keeps his fteps confin'd with care  
To his appointed ways.
- 2 He fhall upon the fweet returns  
Of his own labour feed ;  
Without dependence live, and fee  
His wifhes all fucceed.
- 3 His wife, like a fair fertile vine,  
Her lovely fruit fhall bring ;  
His children, like young olive plants,  
About his table fpring.
- 4 Who fears the Lord fhall prosper thus ;  
Him Zion's God fhall blefs,
- 5 And grant him all his days to fee  
Jerufalem's fuccefs.
- 6 He fhall live on, till heirs from him  
Descend with vaft increafe ;  
Much blefs'd in his own prop'rous ftate,  
And more in Ifrael's peace.

P S A L M CXXIX. *Common metre.*

- 1 **F**ROM my youth up, may Ifrael fay,  
They oft have me affail'd,  
2 Reduc'd me oft to heavy ftraits,  
But never quite prevail'd.
- 3 They oft have plow'd my patient back  
With furrows deep and long ;  
4 Bat our juft God has broke their chains,  
And refcu'd us from wrong.
- 5 Defeat, confufion, shameful rout  
Be ftill the doom of thofe.

- 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 ;  
 No 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.

P S A L M CXXX. *Short metre.*

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe  
 To God I sent 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 Israel 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.

P S A L M 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 Israel hope in God,  
 His aid alone implore;  
 Both now and ever trust in him,  
 Who lives for evermore.

P S A L M 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 eye-lids 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 Ephrata 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 foot-stool 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 swear 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 ;  
 Whilst, with confirm'd success, his crown  
 Shall flourish on his head.

P S A L M 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 that precious oil,  
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
 Ran down his beard, 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 Sion is the chosen seat,  
Where the Almighty King  
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,  
And life's eternal spring.

P S A L M 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'rence wait :
- 2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,  
And bless his holy Name :
- From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,  
Who earth and Heav'n didst frame.

P S A L M 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 outmost 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 Israel'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 light'nings glare.
- 8 He from his store-house 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 show'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 spreads  
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 Israel 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 who fear the Lord,  
 His Name for ever 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 S A L M 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 first-born 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 Sihon, 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 Israel'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 live :  
To God, who reigns on high,  
Eternal praises give :  
For God will prove  
Our constant friend,  
His boundless love  
Shall never end.



P S A L M CXXXVII. *Long metre.*

- 1 **W**HEN we, our weary limbs to rest,  
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,  
We wept, with doleful thoughts opprest ;  
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,  
Music 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 deliverance 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 Babel'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 possess'd,  
And deaf to all the parents' moans,  
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,  
And dash their heads against the stones.

P S A L M CXXXVIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart, my God and King,  
 Thy praise I will proclaim ;  
 Before the gods with joy I'll sing,  
 And blefs thy holy Name.
- 2 I'll worship at thy sacred feat,  
 And, with thy love inspir'd,  
 The praises of thy truth repeat,  
 O'er all thy works admir'd.
- 3 Thou graciously inclin'dst thine ear,  
 When I to thee did cry ;  
 And when my soul was prest 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.
- 5 They all thy wond'rous ways, O Lord,  
 With cheerful songs shall blefs ;  
 And all thy glorious acts record ;  
 Thy awful pow'r confess.
- 6 For God, although enthron'd on high,  
 Docs 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.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Long metre.*

- 1, 2 **T**HOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known  
 My rising up and lying down ;  
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

- 3 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,  
My public haunts and private ways ;
- 4 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would 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 ;  
If down 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 thy way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 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,  
Whilst 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 register'd 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 the 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 practice enmity to thee  
 Shall utmost hatred have from me ;  
 Such men I utterly detest,  
 As if they were my foes profess.
- 23, 24 Search, try, O God, my thoughts and heart,  
 If mischief lurk in any part ;  
 Correct me where I go astray,  
 And guide me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXL. *Common metre.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, from crafty foes,  
 Of treacherous intent ;
- 2 And from the sons of violence,  
 On open mischief bent.
- 3 Their sland'ring tongue the serpent's sting  
 In sharpness does exceed ;  
 Between their lips the gall of asps  
 And adder's 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 kindle 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.

P S A L M CXLI. *Common metre.*

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, my cries ascend,  
O haste to my relief ;  
And with accusom'd pity hear  
The accents of my grief.
- 2 Instead of off'rings, let my pray'r  
Like morning incense rise ;  
My lifted hand 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 skulking 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 axe  
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.

P S A L M 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 oppressing 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.

P S A L M CXLIII. *Common metre.*

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry  
Thy wonted audience lend;  
In thy accustom'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,  
 Left 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 thy 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 suff'rings, Lord,  
 Reduce my foes to shame ;  
 Slay them that persecute a soul  
 Devoted to thy Name.

P S A L M CXLIV. *Long metre.*

- 1 **F**OR ever bless'd 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 is 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 love  
 Of him such tender care to take ?  
 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 smoaking hills asunder rend,  
 Of thy approach the awful signs.
- 6 Discharge thy awful light'nings round,  
 And make thy scatter'd foes retreat ;  
 Then 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 new-made hymns my voice shall raise,  
 And instruments of many 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, increasing 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.

P S A L M CXLV. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **T**HEE I will bless, my God and King,  
 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 show thy praise, whilst thy great Name  
 Is by thy servants blest.
- 11 They, with a 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 public splendor shown.

- 13 His stedfast throne, from changes free,  
 Shall stand for ever 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 trouble 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,  
 For ever bless his Name.

P S A L M : CXLVI. *Common metre.*

- 1, 2 **O** PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,  
 For ever 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 protector 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 strangers 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.

P S A L M 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 levell'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 sev'ral 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 songs 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 loosely range,  
With timely food supplies ;  
He feeds the ravens' tender brood,  
And stops their hungry cries.
- 10 He values not the warlike steed,  
But does his strength disdain ;  
The nimble foot that swiftly 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 boundless grace  
With steadfast hope depends.
- 12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem  
To God their praise address ;  
Who fenc'd their gates with massy bars,  
And does their children bless.
- 14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace,  
With finest wheat they're fed ;  
He speaks the word, and what he wills  
Is done as soon as said.
- 16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,  
Descend at his command ;  
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,  
Is scatter'd o'er the land.
- 17 When, join'd to these, he does his hail  
In little morsels break,  
Who can against his piercing cold  
Secure defences make ?

18 He sends his word; which melts the ice;  
 He makes his wind to blow;  
 And soon the streams, congeal'd before,  
 In plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees  
 To Jacob's sons were shown;  
 And still to Israel'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.

P S A L M 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  
He bids them; blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, all  
In grateful concert 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 chosen saints to grace,  
He sets them up on high,  
And favours Israel'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 Israel 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 two-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 them they destroy,  
 The dreadful decree  
 Which God does proclaim ;  
 Such honour and triumph  
 His saints shall enjoy :  
 O therefore for ever  
 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 in 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 PSALMS.

GLORIA PATRI, &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 evermore.

*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 Zion 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.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
H Y M N S,

MORE PARTICULARLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE  
OF THE

*WEST SOCIETY*

IN  
BOSTON.

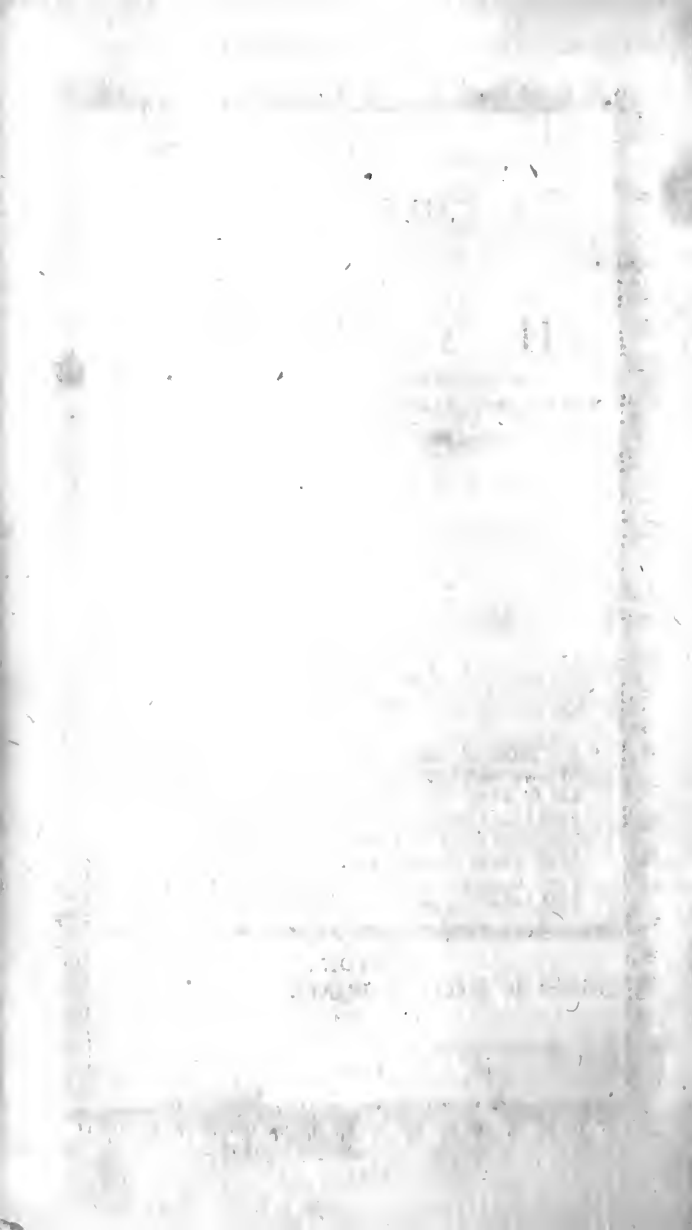
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*Third Edition.*  
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“ O THOU whose pow’r o’er moving worlds presides,  
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.  
'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast  
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;  
From thee, great GOD, we spring, to thee we tend,  
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.”

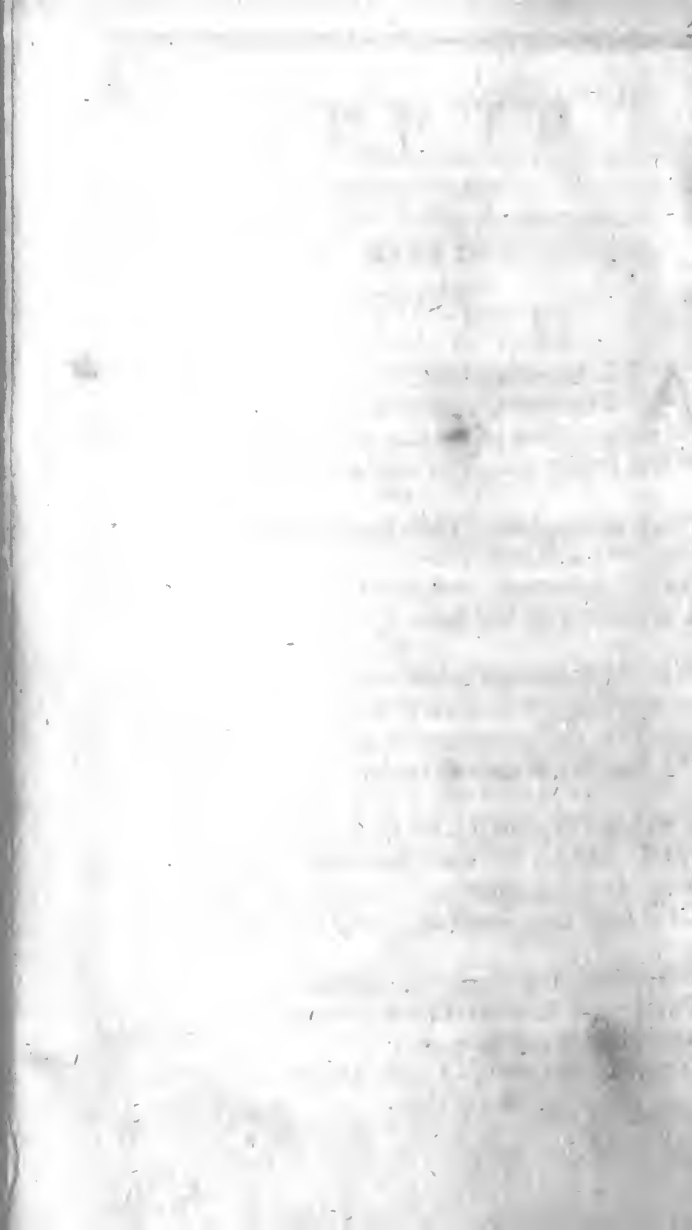
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—  
1806.







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# H Y M N S.



## H Y M N I.

### *Toleration.*

1.

**A**LL knowing God, 'tis thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;  
To judge, from principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2.

Who, among men, high Lord of all,  
Thy servants to his bar may call ;  
Decide of heresy, and shake  
A brother o'er the flaming lake ?

3.

Who with another's eye can read ?  
Or worship by another's creed ?  
Revering thy command alone,  
We humbly seek and use our own.

4.

If wrong, forgive ; accept, if right ?  
While faithful we obey our light,  
And cens'ring none, are zealous still  
To follow as to learn thy will.

5.

When shall our happy eyes behold  
Thy people fashion'd in thy mould ;  
And charity our lineage prove  
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love ?

**B**

## HYMN II.

*Persecution.*

1.

**A**BSURD and vain attempt ! to bind  
 With iron chains, the free-born mind ;  
 To force conviction, and reclaim  
 The wand'ring by destructive flame :

2.

Bold arrogance ! to snatch from Heav'n  
 Dominion not to mortals giv'n :  
 O'er conscience to usurp the throne,  
 Accountable to God alone.

3.

Mad zeal ! that with hell-fury burns,  
 The rights of God and man o'erturns ;  
 Whose blind presumption sanctifies  
 Murders, rebellions, plots, and lies.

4.

That fills the world with blood and woe,  
 That hurls down kingdoms at a blow,  
 That butchers souls, and peoples hell  
 With converts which its arms compel.

5.

Thus Rome asserts her proud decrees,  
 Enforc'd by fierce anathemas ;  
 And weakens vengeance, to devour  
 The foes of anti-christian pow'r.

6.

Jesus, thy gentle law of love  
 Does no such cruelties approve :  
 Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields  
 No arms, but what persuasion yields.



7.

By proofs divine, and reason strong,  
 It draws the willing soul along ;  
 And conquests to thy church acquires,  
 By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

8.

O happy, who are thus compell'd  
 To the rich feast by Jesus held ;  
 May we our blessings know ; and prize  
 The light which liberty supplies.

---

 HYMN III.

*Wisdom's Expostulation with Sinners.*

1.

'TIS Wisdom's earnest cry ;  
 Wisdom the voice of God,  
 To young and old, the low and high,  
 Utters his will abroad.

2.

Within the human breast,  
 Her strong monitions plead,  
 She thunders her divine protest,  
 Against th' unrighteous deed.

3.

Within the holy place  
 She calls with open arms ;  
 " How long ye fools will ye embrace  
 " Folly's deceiving charms.

4.

" The race of man I love,  
 " In mercy I chastise :  
 " Severely faithful I reprove ;  
 " Hear, mortals, and be wise.

5.

“ My house, a royal pile,  
 “ Invites you through its gate,  
 “ O leave the wilds of sin and guile,  
 “ And enter, ere too late.

6.

“ My joys, unsensual, taste ;  
 “ Come, drink of Wisdom’s wine.  
 “ No sorrow poisons my repast,  
 “ The banquet is divine.

7.

“ Honor and peace, with me,  
 “ And life immortal dwell.  
 “ Your ways of woe and infamy  
 “ Take hold of death and hell.”

---

 HYMN IV.

*The Penitent.*

1.

**Y**OUR flowing urns, ye fountains, lend,  
 To fill these failing eyes ;  
 While mourning in the dust I bend,  
 Till mercy bid me rise.

2.

Yes, I have known, from childhood known,  
 My God, thy holy will :  
 Too negligent, I blushing own,  
 Thy orders to fulfil.

3.

Thy friendly voice, without, within,  
 In clearest warnings spake :  
 “ There winds the way of death and sin ;  
 “ The path of glory take.”

4.

Unheeding what thy voice advis'd,  
 I went perversely wrong ;  
 The caution and the hope despis'd,  
 And madly rush'd along.

5.

Sometimes I paus'd, and sighing said;  
 I will these ways forsake.  
 Soon, by some headstrong lust o'ersway'd,  
 The feeble vow I break.

6.

Ah ! whither has my folly rov'd ?  
 Lost on perdition's ground,  
 From thy still waters far remov'd,  
 What pasture have I found ?

7.

Wand'ring for rest, where rest is none,  
 By guilt and fear pursu'd ;  
 Idle, employ'd, in crowds, alone,  
 Sad images I view'd.

8.

Was this the great and good design,  
 For which I saw the day ?  
 Was reason giv'n, that beam divine,  
 Thus to be flung away ?

9.

Ingrate, thy blessings I misus'd,  
 O, thou long-suff'ring Lord,  
 Thy law contemn'd and grace abus'd,  
 Demand thy damning word.

## HYMN V.

*Christian Privileges and Obligations.*

1.

**D**OST thou my worthless name record  
 Free of thy holy city, Lord ?  
 Am I, a sinner, call'd to share  
 The precious privileges there ?

2.

Art thou, my king, my father styl'd ?  
 And I, thy servant and thy child ?  
 While more than half the human race  
 Are aliens from thy Zion's grace.

3.

Lo, wretched millions draw their breath  
 In lands of ignorance and death :  
 But I enjoy my line of time,  
 Within thy gospel's favorite clime.

4.

Pardon assur'd, and heaven display'd,  
 Banish my fears, my hopes persuade :  
 And precepts, plentiful and clear,  
 Through life my dang'rous voyage steer.

5.

Shall I receive this grace in vain ?  
 Shall I my great vocation stain ?  
 Away, ye works in darkness wrought ;  
 Away, each mean and wanton thought.

6.

My soul, I charge thee to excel  
 In thinking right and acting well ;  
 Deep, deep thy searching pow'rs engage,  
 Unbiass'd, in the heav'n-born page.

7.

Heighten the force of good desire,  
 To deeds of shining worth aspire ;  
 More firm in fortitude, despise  
 The world's seducing vanities.

8.

Strong and more strong, thy passions rule ;  
 Advancing still in virtue's school ;  
 Contending still with noble strife,  
 To emulate thy Saviour's life.

---

## HYMN VI.

### *Benefit of early Piety.*

1.

**C**OME, children, learn the heav'nly art,  
 To make your growing years  
 All happy, and defend your heart  
 From guilt, distress, and fears.

2.

Remember him who gave you breath,  
 Remember him who dy'd  
 To save you from eternal death :  
 His precepts be your guide.

3.

What ornaments a young man grace,  
 In piety approv'd !  
 How lovely virtue's blooming face !  
 By God and man belov'd.

4.

Virtue in early youth begun  
 The man with ease pursues ;  
 And when his mortal course is run,  
 In heav'n his life renews.

5.

Fond parents with religious care  
 Your tender offspring train :  
 Warn them of ev'ry ambush'd snare,  
 And sow the pious grain.

6.

Thus the great Father gives command,  
 Thus speaks a parent's love.  
 Know, judgment's awful day at hand,  
 Your faithfulness will prove.

---

 HYMN VII.

*The Vow.*

**M**Y heart is fix'd, the firm decree :  
 Is ratify'd within my breast.  
 I vow my soul, O Lord, to thee,  
 In thee alone I seek my rest.

2.

Adieu, ye vain desires, adieu ;  
 Ye lusts of every name, farewell :  
 I bar all fellowship with you,  
 I mean no more to live for hell.

3.

In dissipation's magic ground,  
 In busy scenes of toil and care,  
 What pleasures, or what gains are found,  
 Which may with thine, O Lord, compare ?

4.

Pleasures, which yield no peace, I leave ;  
 Wealth but a spoil for death, I spurn :  
 Hopes I embrace which ne'er deceive,  
 For wealth which never dies, I burn.

5.

To faith's heroic war I rise,  
 Nor dread my strong and wily foes;  
 Safe in the arms thy word supplies,  
 Led by the wisdom it bestows.

---

 HYMN VIII.

*Prayer.*

1.

**O**UR Father, thron'd above the skies,  
 To thee my empty hands I spread.  
 Thy child of dust beneath thee lies,  
 Who asks thy blessing on his head.

2.

Let mercy all my sins dispel,  
 As a dark cloud before the beam.  
 My soul from bondage and from hell,  
 To liberty and life redeem.

3.

With cheerful hope and filial fear,  
 In that august and precious name  
 By thee ordain'd, I now draw near;  
 And would the promis'd blessing claim.

4.

On thy good promises I lean,  
 Thy truth can never, never fail;  
 Though stedfast earth and heav'n's great scene  
 Shall perish like an ev'ning tale.

5.

Will not an earthly parent feel  
 The cravings of his child in need!  
 Will he present a piece of steel  
 For bread, his hungry mouth to feed?

6.

Our heav'nly Father, how much more  
 Will thy divine compassions rise ;  
 And open thy unbounded store,  
 To satisfy thy children's cries ?

7.

Yes, I will ask, and seek, and press.  
 For gracious audience, to thy seat ;  
 Still hoping, waiting, for success,  
 If persevering to intreat.

8.

For Jesus, in his faithful word,  
 The patient supplicant has bless'd :  
 And all thy saints, with sweet accord,  
 The prevalence of pray'r attest.

---

## HYMN IX.

### *Confession.*

1.

**O** GOD, the holy and the just,  
 Look not with anger's flashing eye,  
 Behold me prostrate in the dust,  
 Here a lamenting sinner's sigh.

2.

My sins like ocean's sands abound,  
 My sins are stain'd with crimson hue :  
 Their burden sinks me to the ground,  
 To heav'n I dare not lift my view.

3.

Above the fowls that swim in air,  
 Above the beasts which graze below ;  
 Reason, thy noble gift I share :  
 By reason taught, the laws I know.



4.

How blest ! if I to reason's voice  
 Had yielded an obeying ear :  
 Blest ! if thy will had been my choice,  
 Thou my delight, and thou my fear.

5.

But oh ! the passions in my frame,  
 Inwrought by thee for wisest end,  
 With blindfold violence o'ercame  
 Reason, and conscience, reason's friend.

6.

In reason's aid thy gospel strove,  
 I heeded not, but onward ran :  
 The ways of ruin were my love,  
 O what a stubborn thing is man !

7.

Lord, I am worthy to receive  
 The dreadful sentence, " Thou shalt die :"  
 But ere the fatal stroke thou give,  
 O turn thy face to Calvary.

---

 HYMN X.

*Transient Goodness.*

1.

**W**HERE, O my soul, O Where  
 Thy image shall I view ?  
 In the light cloud which melts in air,  
 Or in the early dew.

2.

This hour, with flowing tears  
 My follies I bewail :  
 The next, my heart a waste appears,  
 Where all the fountains fail.

3.

Now, as the wax in flame  
Dissolves, and takes the seal :  
The tend'rest touch of grief and shame  
Alternately I feel.

4.

To day, her glimmering light  
Hope kindles in my breast :  
The morrow, with despair's black night,  
Has all my soul opprest.

5.

O my unstedfast mind,  
Tost between good and ill !  
With steady course the brutal kind  
Their Maker's laws fulfil.

6.

O miserable state  
Of hope by fear subdu'd !  
On thee, O Lord, for help I wait ;  
Fix, fix, my soul in good.

---

## HYMN XI.

### *Thanksgiving.*

1.

**Y**ES—it was Thou, whose gracious care  
Educ'd me from the womb,  
Sent me to drink thy healthful air,  
And nurs'd my tender bloom.

2.

Thy gentle hand my feet upheld,  
In childhood's slippery way ;  
Ere yet my tongue thy name had spell'd,  
Thy name was all my stay.

3.

My ripening years were still pursu'd  
 With mercies from above :  
 Thy bounty raiment gave, and food,  
 And loaded me with love.

4.

If trouble's heavy arm was near,  
 Thy pity felt my sigh ;  
 Knew all my sorrow, all my fear,  
 And brought salvation nigh.

5.

When I behold yon azure space,  
 Spangled with stars, and see  
 Th' imperial moon's refulgent face,  
 Wond'ring, I think on thee.

6.

Lord, what is man, that man should gain  
 Thy condescending view ?  
 That e'er thy majesty should deign  
 Such favour to renew ?

7.

And what am I, least worthy I  
 Of all who creep below,  
 That thou wilt pass my follies by,  
 And so much goodness show ?

8.

O summon thy whole strength, my soul,  
 To bless thy God alone.  
 O memory, all his boons enrol ;  
 I charge thee, lose not one.

## HYMN XII.

*Self Dependence.*

1.

**G**OD reigns : events in order flow,  
 Man's industry to guide ;  
 But in a diff'rent channel go,  
 To humble human pride.

2.

The swift not always, in the race,  
 Shall seize the crowning prize :  
 Not always wealth and honour grace  
 The labour of the wise.

3.

Fond mortals but themselves beguile,  
 While on themselves they rest ;  
 Blind is their wisdom, weak their toil,  
 By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4.

Go, husbandman, the soil prepare,  
 Cast in the precious grain.  
 To thee belongs the sun and air ?  
 Dost thou command the rain ?

5.

Ye crafty, scheme your winding way,  
 God shall confound your skill ;  
 Know, time and accident obey  
 His all directing will.

6.

Evil and good before him stand,  
 His mission to perform ;  
 The blessing comes at his command,  
 At his command the storm.

7.

O Lord, in all our ways we'll own  
 Thy providential power ;  
 Intrusting to thy care alone,  
 The lot of every hour.

---

HYMN XIII.

*The Importance of Time.*

1.

**T**IME, time, how few thy value weigh !  
 How few will estimate a day !  
 Days, months and years keep rolling on,  
 The soul neglected and undone.

2.

In painful cares, or empty joys,  
 Our life its precious hours destroys :  
 While death stands watching at our side,  
 Eager to stop the living tide.

3.

Was it for this, ye mortal race,  
 The Maker gave you here a place ?  
 Was it for this, his thought design'd  
 The frame of your immortal mind ?

4.

For lofty cares, for joys sublime,  
 He fashion'd you the sons of time ;  
 Pilgrims of time, ere long to be  
 The dwellers in eternity.

5.

This season of your being, know,  
 Is portion'd you your deeds to sow,  
 Wisdom's and folly's differing grain,  
 In future worlds is bliss and pain.

6.

Be warn'd. Each night the day review,  
 Idle, or busy; search it through:  
 And while probation's minutes last,  
 Let every day amend the past.

---

 HYMN XIV.

*Pride.*

1.

**O** PRIDE, thou, dropsy of the mind,  
 Of self delusion born,  
 Hateful to God, by all mankind  
 In others seen with scorn.

2.

Shall sinning man, O Lord, presume  
 To glory in thy sight?  
 Himself on his own virtues plume?  
 And claim thy heav'n by right.

3.

I boast of none, in none I trust,  
 For mercy, Lord, I sue,  
 Ah! were my judge severely just,  
 Perdition is my due.

4.

Shall mortal man, so blind and weak,  
 On his own pow'rs depend?  
 In thee I hope, thy blessing seek,  
 O guide me and defend.

5.

Shall man his brother man despise,  
 Vain of excelling worth?  
 And view askance, with haughty eyes,  
 His fellow worm of earth?

6.

Who made my birth, or station, high?  
 Another's mean and low?  
 Who made that poor man's cup so dry?  
 But mine to overflow?

7.

My pride shall nobler talents swell?  
 Who made yon ideots small?  
 Who gave me talents to excel?  
 Who, but the God of all?

8.

O come meek-eyed humility,  
 Come dwell within my breast,  
 Thus, Jesus, I would learn of thee,  
 And feel thy promis'd rest.

---

## HYMN XV.

*Anger and Meekness.*

1.

**M**ARK, when tempestuous winds arise,  
 The wild confusion and uproar;  
 All ocean mixing with the skies,  
 And shipwrecks dash'd upon the shore.

2.

Not less confusion racks the mind,  
 By its own fierce ideas tost;  
 When reason is to rage resign'd,  
 And in the whirl of passion lost.

3.

O self-tormenting child of Pride,  
 Anger, bred up in hate and strife;  
 Ten thousand ills by thee supply'd,  
 Mingle the cup of bitter life.

4.

Happy the meek, whose gentle breast,  
 Serene as summer's evening ray,  
 Calm as the regions of the blest,  
 Enjoys on earth celestial day.

5.

No friendships broke their bosoms sting,  
 No jars their peaceful tents invade,  
 Safe underneath Almighty wing,  
 And, foes to none, of none afraid.

6.

Spirit of Grace, all meek and mild,  
 With thy whole self our souls possess :  
 Passion and pride be hence exil'd,  
 So shall our frame thy own express.



## HYMN XVI.

*Hypocrisy towards Man.*

1.

**C**ONDITION hard of social life,  
 When love and prudence are at strife !  
 While *that* the kindest thoughts inspires,  
*This* caution and distrust requires.

2.

Falsehood alas ! too oft we meet,  
 And for a friend a Joab greet :  
 With smiles and softest speech carest,  
 We feel the poinard in our breast.

3.

There are, who, in my happy days,  
 Will eat my bread and sound my praise :  
 But when my festal times are o'er,  
 Shun, as they would the plague, my door.



4.

There is, whose heart I fondly thought  
 In the same mould with mine was wrought;  
 To whom my secret I unclos'd,  
 And my whole naked soul expos'd.

5.

Ere long his falsehood he betray'd;  
 He publish'd counsels of the shade  
 On the house-top: Yea, join'd my foe,  
 And wove the plot to lay me low.

6.

O for the pinions of a dove!  
 Far from all traitors I'd remove:  
 And in some lonely, harmless wild,  
 Dwell there unknown and unbeguil'd.

7.

O rather, Lord, thy servant give,  
 In love and wisdom here to live;  
 Till thou indulge me a release,  
 To thy own world of truth and peace.

---

## HYMN XVII.

### *Inoffensiveness.*

1.

**W**HILE in this world I dwell,  
 The paths of sin I'll fear;  
 And, pond'ring all my goings well,  
 Walk inoffensive here.

2.

My ev'ry step I'll aim,  
 As warn'd by wisdom's zeal;  
 Lest e'er, O Lord, thy holy name  
 By me a wound should feel.

3.

To me let no man owe  
 His hatred of thy ways.  
 From me let no man's sorrow flow,  
 The guilt of no man's days.

4.

Nor will I rashly draw  
 Man's vengeance on my head,  
 By warmth untimely, when thy law  
 Under their feet they tread.

5.

Thus blameless may I live,  
 Thus grace the faith I own ;  
 Thus win ev'n infidels to give  
 Due honours to thy throne.

---

## HYMN XVIII.

### *Christian Patience and Fortitude.*

1.

**F**ATHER of lights, my footsteps guide,  
 Along the dang'rous path I tread ;  
 Ne'er suffer me to turn aside,  
 By error or by sin misled.

2.

While the mad world around me spend  
 Their days in folly or in crime ;  
 O that my feet may always tend  
 To wise redemption of my time !

3.

With truth illuminate my mind,  
 Inspire with fortitude my heart :  
 Ne'er let me wander with the blind,  
 Nor waver in the Christian's part.

4.

Fashion and crowds conspire in vain,  
 To shake the firmness of my soul,  
 All your allurements I disdain,  
 God only shall my choice controul.

---

 HYMN XIX.

*Justice.*

1.

**F**ORBID it heav'n ! that e'er I eat  
 The bread of craftiness and wrong :  
 A curse would poison all my meat,  
 As fatal as the viper's tongue.

2.

I ne'er will raise a poor man's sigh,  
 His hire shall never swell my store,  
 I dread the poor man's plaintive cry,  
 I fear the father of the poor.

3.

If I in darkness (base misdeed !)  
 Assassinate my neighbour's fame ;  
 By me if innocency bleed,  
 Cancel from earth my hated name.

4.

Ah ! no ; let me with strong delight  
 To all the tax of duty pay ;  
 Tender of every social right,  
 Revering thy all-righteous sway.

5.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget,  
 In worlds where every virtue shares  
 High recompence ; though not of debt,  
 But which thy bounteous grace prepares.

## HYMN XX.

*Mercy.*

1.

**B**EHOLD a wretch in woe,  
 A brother mortal mourns:  
 My eyes with tears, for tears, o'erflow,  
 My heart his sighs returns.

2.

I hear the thirsty cry,  
 The famish'd beg for bread:  
 O let my spring its stream supply,  
 My hand it's bounty shed.

3.

Lo, the poor debtor sues,  
 Pale at the penal threat,  
 A starving family he shews;  
 I cancel all the debt.

4.

And shall not wrath relent,  
 Touch'd by that humble strain,  
 My brother crying, "I repent,  
 "Nor will offend again?"

5.

How else, on sprightly wing,  
 Can hope bear high my pray'r  
 Up to thy throne, my God, my King,  
 To plead for pardon there.

6.

The pitiful and kind  
 Thy pity will repay,  
 With thee shall the forgiving find,  
 A sweet forgiving day.

7.

But justice lifts her scale,  
 And shakes her rod on high :  
 Nor pray'rs, nor sighs, nor tears avail  
 The sons of cruelty.

---

 HYMN XXI.

*Humility.*

FIRST PART.

1.

**W**AS pride, alas! e'er made for man?  
 Blind, erring, guilty creature he,  
 His birth the dust, his life a span,  
 His wisdom less than vanity.

2.

If wealth and pow'r and dazzling rays  
 And pageant state this nothing dress;  
 On the fair idol shall we gaze,  
 And envy *that* as happiness?

3.

Jesus, by thy instruction taught,  
 Our foolish passions are repress :  
 We blush at our misguided thought,  
 And see and call the humble blest.

4.

To know ourselves, to learn of thee,  
 And bend our necks beneath thy throne,  
 Thus dictates wise humility,  
 This makes the wealth of heav'n our own.

## HYMN XXII.

*Humility:*

## SECOND PART.

1.

**B**LEST men of lowly mind,  
 In self-opinion poor ;  
 For you what honour is design'd !  
 For you, what princely store !

2.

In time's short joys and sighs,  
 Thankful or meekly still ;  
 Whate'er he gives you, or denies,  
 You love your Father's will.

3.

The high and holy One,  
 Who all his works surveys,  
 Marks you, from his eternal throne,  
 As temples to his praise.

4.

To you, to you he bends  
 His condescending ear ;  
 To you his pow'rful arm extends,  
 In ev'ry want and fear.

5.

From your misgiving breast  
 Sad diffidence remove :  
 Why, children, are your souls deprest ?  
 Why doubt your Father's love ?

6.

With mildness in his face,  
 Your weaknesses he views.  
 To humble worshippers, his grace  
 He never will refuse.

7.

From the proud pharisee  
 His countenance he turns :  
 But will not with displeasure see  
 A publican who mourns.

---

 HYMN XXIII.

*The Invitation of the Gospel.*

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 who 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 :

D

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,  
In robes prepar'd by God,  
Wrought by the labours of his Son,  
And dy'd in his own blood.

8.

Jesus ! the treasures of thy love,  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries 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 XXIV.

*The Dying Saint.*

1.

**W**HEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er;  
How calm he meets the friendly shore,  
Who liv'd averse to sin.

Such peace on virtue's paths attends,  
That where the sinner's pleasure ends,  
The good man's joys begin.



2

See smiling patience smooth his brow !  
 See bending angels downward bow !  
 To lift his soul on high ;  
 While eager for the blest abode,  
 He joins with them to praise the God,  
 Who taught him how to die.

3.

The horrors of the grave and hell,  
 Those horrors which the wicked feel,  
 In vain their gloom display ;  
 For he who bids yon comet burn,  
 Or, makes the night descend, can turn  
 Their darkness into day.

4.

No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes,  
 No horror wrests the struggling sighs,  
 As from the sinner's breast ;  
 His God, the God of peace and love,  
 Pours kindly solace from above,  
 And heals his soul with rest.

5.

O grant my Saviour, and my friend,  
 Such joys may gild my peaceful end,  
 And calm my evening close ;  
 While loos'd from ev'ry earth'y tie,  
 With steady confidence I fly  
 To him, from whence I rose.

---

HYMN XXV.

*The Ignorance of Man.*

1.

**B**EHOLD yon new-born infant griev'd  
 With hunger, thirst and pain ;

That asks to have the wants reliev'd,  
It knows not to explain.

2.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,  
And utters, as it can,  
The woes that in its bosom rise,  
And speak its nature, Man.

3.

That infant, whose advancing hour  
Life's various sorrows try,  
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r)  
That infant, Lord, am I.

4.

A childhood yet, my thoughts confess,  
Though long in years mature;  
Unknowing whence I feel distress,  
And where, or what its cure.

5.

Author of good, to thee I turn;  
Thy ever wakeful eye  
Alone can all my wants discern;  
Thy hand alone supply.

6.

O let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide,  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear, all fears beside.

7.

And O, by error's force subdu'd,  
Since oft my stubborn will  
Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,  
And grasps the specious ill.

8.

Not to my wish, but to my want,  
 Do thou thy gifts apply :  
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant,  
 What ill, though ask'd, deny.

---

 HYMN XXVI.

*Praise.*

1.

**P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,  
 For the love that crowns our days ;  
 Bounteous source of every joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.

2.

For the blessings of the field,  
 For the stores the gardens yield,  
 For the vine's exalted juice,  
 For the generous olive's use.

3.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,  
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain ;  
 Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews ;  
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

4.

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
 All that liberal Autumn pours  
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :

5.

These to thee, my God, we owe ;  
 Source whence all our blessings flow :  
 And for these, my soul shall raise,  
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

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6.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear  
 From its stem the ripening ear,  
 Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot  
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

7.

Should the vine put forth no more,  
 Nor the olive yield her store ;  
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,  
 And the herds desert the stall ;

8.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain  
 The early and the latter rain ;  
 Blast each opening bud of joy,  
 And the rising year destroy ;

9.

Yet to thee my soul should raise  
 Grateful vows, and solemn praise ;  
 And, when every blessing's flown,  
 Love thee—for thyself alone.

---

## HYMN XXVII.

*For Sabbath Day.*

1.

**A** GAIN the Lord of life and light  
 Awakes the kindling ray ;  
 Unseals the eye-lids of the morn,  
 And pours increasing day.

2.

O what a night was that, which wrap'd  
 The heathen world in gloom !

O what a sun which broke this day,  
Triumphant from the tomb !

3.

This day be grateful homage paid,  
And loud hosannas sung ;  
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,  
And praise on every tongue.

4.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join,  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings,  
To nations yet unborn.

5.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,  
With strong compassion mov'd,  
Descended like a pitying God,  
To save the souls he lov'd.

6.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain  
To bind his soul in death ;  
He shook their kingdom when he fell,  
With his expiring breath.

7.

Not long the toils of hell could keep  
The hope of Judah's line ;  
Corruption never could take hold  
On aught so much divine.

8.

And now his conquering chariot wheels  
Ascend the lofty skies ;  
While broke, beneath his pow'rful cross,  
Death's iron sceptre lies.

9.

Exalted high at God's right hand,  
 And Lord of all below,  
 Through him is pard'ning love dispens'd,  
 And boundless blessings flow.

10.

And still for erring, guilty man,  
 A brother's pity flows ;  
 And still his bleeding heart is touch'd  
 With mem'ry of our woes.

11.

To thee, my Saviour, and my King,  
 Glad homage let me give ;  
 And stand prepar'd like thee to die,  
 With thee that I may live.

---

### HYMN XXVIII.

*To the invisible Author of Nature:*

I.

**T**HY hand' unseen sustains the poles,  
 On which this vast creation rolls,  
 The starry arch proclaims thy pow'r,  
 Thy pencil glows in every flow'r :

2.

In thousand shapes and colours rise.  
 Thy painted wonders to our eyes ;  
 While beasts and birds with lab'ring throats,  
 Teach us a God in thousand notes.

3.

The meanest part in nature's frame,  
 Marks out some letter of thy name.

Where sense can reach, or fancy rove,  
From hill to hill, from field to grove :

4.

Across the waves, around the sky,  
There's not a spot, or low or high,  
Where the Creator has not trod,  
And left the footsteps of a God.

---

HYMN XXIX.

*Praise.*

1.

**A**LMIGHTY Maker, God!  
How wond'rous is thy name!  
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad  
'Through the creations frame!

2.

Nature in every dress,  
Her humble homage pays,  
And finds a thousand ways t' express  
Thine undissembled praise.

3.

In native white and red  
The rose and lilly stand,  
And free from pride their beauties spread,  
To shew thy skilful hand.

4.

The lark mounts up the sky,  
With unambitious song,  
And bears her Maker's praise on high,  
Upon her artless tongue.

5.

My soul would rise and sing  
 To her Creator too :  
 Fain would my tongue adore my King,  
 And pay the worship due.

6.

But pride, that busy sin,  
 Spoils all that I perform ;  
 Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,  
 And swells a haughty worm.

7.

Thy glories I abate,  
 Or praise thee with design ;  
 Some of thy favours I forget,  
 Or think the merit mine.

8.

The very songs I frame  
 Are faithless to thy cause,  
 And steal the honours of thy name  
 To build their own applause.

9.

Create my soul anew,  
 Else all my worship's vain ;  
 This wretched heart will ne'er be true,  
 Until 'tis form'd again.

---

HYMN XXX.

*Early Death.*

1.

**L**IFE is a span, a fleeting hour,  
 How soon the vapour flies !  
 Man is a tender, transient flow'r,  
 That e'en in blooming dies !



2.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,  
 And beauty smiles no more ;  
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms,  
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

3.

The once lov'd form, now cold and dead,  
 Each mournful thought employs :  
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,  
 And wither'd all her joys.

4.

But wait the interposing gloom,  
 And lo, stern winter flies :  
 And drest in beauty's fairest bloom,  
 The flow'ry tribes arise.

5.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;  
 When what we now deplore,  
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,  
 And bloom to fade no more.

6.

Then cease, fond nature, cease thy tears,  
 Religion points on high ;  
 There everlasting spring appears,  
 And joys that cannot die.

---

## HYMN XXXI.

### *The Comforts of Religion.*

1.

**O** BLEST religion, heav'nly fair,  
 Thy kind, thy healing pow'r,  
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,  
 And gild each gloomy hour.

2.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears  
 The trembling heart invade ;  
 And all the face of nature wears  
 A universal shade :

3.

Thy sacred dictates can assuage  
 The tempest of the soul ;  
 And ev'ry fear shall lose its rage,  
 At thy divine controul.

4.

Through life's bewilder'd darksome way,  
 Thy hand unerring leads ;  
 And o'er the path, thy heavenly ray,  
 A cheering lustre sheds.

5.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,  
 Sinks helpless and afraid ;  
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,  
 How pow'rful is thy aid !

6.

O let my heart confess thy pow'r,  
 And find thy sweet relief,  
 To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,  
 And soften every grief.



## HYMN XXXII.

*Compassion.*

1.

**B**EHOLD, where breathing love divine,  
 Our dying master stands ;  
 His weeping followers gathering round,  
 Receive his last commands.

## 2.

From that mild teacher's parting lips  
 What tender accents fell!  
 The gentle precept which he gave,  
 Became its author well.

## 3.

" Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart  
 " Feels all another's pain ;  
 " To whom the supplicating eye,  
 " Was never rais'd in vain.

## 4.

" Whose breast expands with generous warmth  
 " A stranger's woes to feel ;  
 " And bleeds in pity o'er the wound,  
 " He wants the pow'r to heal.

## 5.

" He spreads his kind supporting arms  
 " To every child of grief ;  
 " His secret bounty largely flows  
 " And brings unask'd relief.

## 6.

" To gentle offices of love  
 " His feet are never slow ;  
 " He views through mercy's melting eye,  
 " A brother in a foe.

## 7.

" Peace from the bosom of his God,  
 " My peace to him I give ;  
 " And when he kneels before the throne,  
 " His trembling soul shall live.

## 8.

" To him protection shall be shewn,  
 " And mercy from above  
 " Decend on those who thus fulfil,  
 " The perfect law of love."

## HYMN XXXIII.

*Complaint of Ingratitude.*

1.

**G**REAT GOD, to thee, my all I owe,  
 And shall my tongue be still ?  
 Shall constant streams of mercy flow,  
 Unting'd with any ill ?

2.

Shall ev'ry day new favours bring,  
 And ev'ry night proclaim  
 My God, their bounteous source and spring ?  
 And yet unprais'd his name !

3.

Shall ev'ry moment prove his grace,  
 And shew his tender care ?  
 And is my heart not found the place,  
 Where warm affections are ?

4.

Shall changing seasons, day and hour,  
 Each minute as it flies,  
 Evince thy ever bounteous pow'r,  
 And see new blessings rise ?

5.

And does my soul no rapture find,  
 No ardent thanks express,  
 No praises warm my callous mind ?  
 As humbly I confess !

6.

Then, O my God, one favour still,  
 Add to thy boundless store,  
 My soul with grateful raptures fill,  
 I'll praise thee, and adore !

## HYMN XXXIV.

*Nature's Call to Gratitude.*

1.

**H**OW cheerful, along the gay mead,  
 The daisies and cowslips appear ;  
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

2.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,  
 The herbage that springs from the sod,  
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet flow'rs,  
 All rise to the praise of my God.

3.

Shall man, the great master of all,  
 The only insensible prove ?  
 Forbid it, fair gratitude's call,  
 Forbid it, devotion and love.

4.

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,  
 And still can destroy with a nod,  
 My lips shall incessantly praise,  
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God.



## HYMN XXXV.

*The Compassion of Jesus Christ.*

1.

**Y**E angel forms, look down, and see  
 A scene of strange distress below ;  
 Behold Divine Humanity  
 Dissolved in sympathetic woe.

2.

Lo, on high Olivet he stands,  
 Salem's proud tow'rs in prospect rise ;  
 His bowels yearn, he spreads his hands,  
 Compassion gushing from his eyes :

3.

“ O Salem, my prophetic view  
 “ Thy mighty miseries surveys ;  
 “ Vengeance, to thy rebellions due ;  
 “ Unknown in past and future days.

4.

“ What labours have I shunn'd, for thee,  
 “ What pow'rs of suasion left untry'd,  
 “ Thy children to allure to me,  
 “ And in a Saviour's shadow hide ?

5.

“ So when the falcon sails above,  
 “ The parent hen, with tender cry,  
 “ Under her guardian wing of love,  
 “ Collects her infant progeny.

6.

“ But ah ! ye would not—O ye blind !  
 (He said, and heav'd a deeper sigh)  
 “ Your temple is to flames consign'd ;  
 “ The dark predestin'd hour is nigh.”

7.

Blest Jesus, in thy feeling heart,  
 For me, a sinner, spare one place.  
 I would be thine—O yield a part  
 To me, in thy redeeming grace.

## HYMN XXXVI.

*The Funeral.*

1.

**I**N black procession, sad and slow,  
 About the streets the mourners go :  
 Man comes to make his long abode,  
 Where darkness dwells and worms corrode.

2.

There busy life; there pleasure ends,  
 And tie of blood, and tie of friends.  
 There ends probation's hour, and there  
 Virtue's hard strife with sin and care.

3.

Why for vain riches do I toil,  
 Gath'ring for death a larger spoil ?  
 Why for this dying flesh purvey,  
 The sinful pleasures of a day.

4.

Why cling so closely to my heart  
 Kindred and friends ? we soon must part !  
 And wherefore do I waste the span  
 Of mercy limited to man ?

5.

The pious few, O let me join,  
 And with their faith my breath resign ;  
 That their hereafter, mine may be,  
 Ev'n mine their blest eternity.

## HYMN XXXVII.

*Divine Benevolence.*

1.

**I**N shadow black as night,  
 With scarce one feeble ray  
 Of nature's dim expiring light,  
 The nations lost their way.

2.

Like foolish sheep we stray'd,  
 All from the Maker's fold :  
 Each by his sev'ral sin betray'd,  
 His sev'ral path would hold.

3.

Blind, headlong every one  
 To the same ruin ran:  
 Th' almighty Father from his throne,  
 Beheld his creature man.

4.

His wilder'd human race  
 The Father's pity won :  
 Forth from the bosom of his grace  
 He sent his first-born Son.

5.

Benevolent he came  
 The messenger of love ;  
 Debasing to a mortal frame  
 His godlike form above.

6.

With gentle voice he cries,  
 " Sinners my yoke receive :  
 " Light is my yoke, and life the prize  
 " I to the yielding give."



7.

Truth spreads her golden wings,  
 With the glad news she flew :  
 Salvation through the world she brings  
 To Gentile and to Jew.

8.

O mercy, sweet and high,  
 Above our loftiest praise :  
 Ye noble natives of the sky,  
 Your noblest anthems raise.



## HYMN XXXVIII.

*The Heavens declare the Being and Glory  
 of God.*

1.

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
 Their great original proclaim :

2.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to every land,  
 The work of an almighty hand.

3.

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

4.

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

5.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
 What though nor real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?

6.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 Forever singing, as they shine,  
 "The HAND that made us is DIVINE."



### [HYMN XXXIX.

#### *Divine Sovereignty.*

1.

**T**O vindicate our words and thoughts,  
 We make no more pretence:  
 Not one of all our num'rous faults  
 Can bear a just defence.

2.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise,  
 What vain presumers dare!  
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
 Or tempt th' unequal war?

3.

Mountains, by his almighty wrath,  
 From their old seats are torn;  
 He shakes the earth from south to north,  
 And all her pillars mourn.

4.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
 Th' obedient sun forbears ;  
 His hands with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
 And seals up all the stars.

5.

He walks upon the foaming sea,  
 Flies on the stormy wind ;  
 There's none can trace his secret way,  
 Nor his dark footsteps find.

6.

Yet truth and judgment are his throne,  
 And wond'rous is his grace ;  
 While power and mercy, join'd in one,  
 Invite us near his face.

---

## HYMN XL.

### *Strength from Heaven.*

1.

**W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise ?  
 And where's our courage fled ?  
 Has restless sin 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 power shall fade and die,  
 And youthful vigour cease ;  
 But we who 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 unwearied feet arrive,  
 Where perfect pleasure is.

---

### HYMN XLI.

*God's tender Care of his Church.*

1.

**N**OW shall my inward joys 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.

6.

“ 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 XLII.

*Self-Examination for the Evening.*

1.

**A**ND now, my soul the circling sun,  
 Has all his beams withdrawn :  
 Once more his daily race is run,  
 And gloomy night comes on.

2.

Thus one day more of life is gone ;  
 A doubtful few remain :  
 Come, then, review what thou hast done,  
 Eternal life to gain.

3.

Dost thou get forward in thy race,  
 As time still posts away ?  
 And die to sin, and grow in grace,  
 With ev’ry passing day ?

4.

This day, what conquests hast thou gain’d ?  
 What sin is overcome ?  
 What fresh degree of grace obtain’d,  
 To bring thee nearer home ?

5.

Alas ! this life will soon be past,  
 'Tis dying every day :  
 But do thy hopes make equal haste ?  
 Or negligence betray ?

6.

Do they more strong and lively grow,  
 And make more pure from sin ?  
 Give more contempt of things below,  
 Create more peace within ?

7.

O ! do not pass this life in dreams,  
 To be surpris'd by death :  
 And sink where mercy never beams,  
 When I resign my breath.

8.

No ! every day thy course review,  
 Thy real state to learn :  
 And with renewed zeal pursue  
 Thy great and chief concern.

---

 HYMN XLIII.

*The Beatitudes.*

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 suppli'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.

F

## HYMN XLIV.

*The Appearance of Angels to the Shepherds.*

1.

**W**HILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by  
 All seated on the ground, [night  
 The angel of the Lord came down,  
 And glory shone around.

2.

“Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread  
 Had seized 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 swaddling bands,  
 “And in 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 XLV.

*The Hidden Life of a Christian.*

1.

**O** HAPPY soul, that lives on high,  
 While men lie grovelling here!  
 His hopes are fix'd above the sky,  
 And faith forbids his fear.

2.

His conscience knows no secret stings,  
 While grace and joy combine  
 To form a life, whose holy springs  
 Are hidden and divine.

3.

He waits in secret on his God ;  
 His God in secret sees :  
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
 He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
 Beyond this world and time,  
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5.

He wants no pomp, nor royal throne,  
 To raise his figure here ;  
 Content and pleas'd to live unknown,  
 Till Christ his life appear.

6.

He looks to heav'n's eternal hills,  
 To meet that glorious day ;  
 Jesus, how slow thy chariot wheels !  
 How long is thy delay !

## HYMN XLVI.

*A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven.*

1.

**M**UST all the charms of nature then,  
So hopeless to salvation prove ?  
Can Hell demand, can Heaven condemn  
The man, whom Jesus deigns to love ?

2.

The man who sought the ways of truth,  
Paid friends and neighbours all their due ;  
(A modest, sober, lovely youth)  
And thought he wanted nothing new.

3.

But mark the change : thus spake the Lord,  
“ Come part with earth for heav’n to day ;”  
The youth astonish’d at his word,  
In silent sadness bent his way.

4.

Poor virtues, that he boasted so,  
This test unable to endure,  
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,  
To make his land and money sure !

5.

Ah foolish choice of treasures here !  
Ah fatal love of tempting gold !  
Must this base world be bought so dear !  
And life and heav’n so cheaply sold ?

6.

In vain the charms of nature shine,  
If this vile passion governs me :  
Transform my soul, O love divine !  
And make me part with all for thee.

## HYMN XLVII.

*The same in Common Metre.*

1.

**T**HUS far 'tis well : You read, you pray,  
 You hear God's holy word,  
 You mind whate'er your parents say,  
 And learn to serve the Lord.

2.

Your friends are pleas'd to see your ways,  
 Your practice they approve ;  
 Jesus himself would give you praise,  
 And look with eyes of love.

3.

But if you quit the paths of truth,  
 To follow foolish fires,  
 And give a loose to giddy youth,  
 With all its wild desires :

4.

If you will let your Saviour go,  
 To hold your riches fast ;  
 Or hunt for empty joys below,  
 You'll lose your heav'n at last.

5.

The rich young man, whom Jesus lov'd,  
 Should warn you to forbear ;  
 His love of earthly treasure prov'd  
 A fatal golden snare.

6.

See, gracious God, my Saviour, see,  
 How youth is prone to fall :  
 Teach 'em to part with all for thee,  
 And love thee more than all.

## HYMN XLVIII.

*A rational Defence of the Gospel.*

1.

**S**HALL atheists dare insult the cross  
Of Christ, the Son of God?  
Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
Or trample on his blood?

2.

What if he choose mysterious ways,  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

3.

What if this gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin?  
The prize is most divinely bright,  
Which we are call'd to win.

4.

What if the foolish and the poor,  
His glorious grace partake?  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.

5.

Do some that own his sacred name,  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
Jesus should never bear the blame,  
His laws are pure and clean.

6.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word:  
Nor blush, nor fear to walk among  
The men who love the Lord.

## HYMN XLIX.

*None excluded from Hope.*

1.

**J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,  
 Nor is thy gospel weak ;  
 Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
 And heal the dying Greek.

2.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage,  
 Doth thy salvation flow :  
 'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,  
 The lofty or the low.

3.

While grace is offer'd to the prince,  
 The poor may take their share ;  
 No mortal has a just pretence,  
 To perish in despair.

4.

Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
 Nor boast your native pow'rs ;  
 But to his sovereign grace submit,  
 And glory shall be yours.

5.

Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
 He'll form your souls anew :  
 His gospel and his heart have room  
 For rebels, such as you.

6.

His doctrine is almighty love,  
 There's virtue in his name,  
 To turn the raven to a dove,  
 The lion to a lamb.

## HYMN L.

*Truth, Sincerity, etc.*

1.

**L**ET those who bear the christian name,  
 Their holy vows fulfil:  
 The saints, the followers of the Lamb,  
 Are men of honour still.

2.

True to the solemn oaths they take,  
 Though to their hurt they swear:  
 Constant and just to all they speak,  
 For God and angels hear.

3.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
 Nor flattering words devise:  
 They know the God of truth can see  
 Through every false disguise.

4.

They hate th' appearance of a lie,  
 In all the shapes it wears;  
 Firm to the truth; and when they die,  
 Eternal life is their's.

5.

Lo! from afar the Lord descends,  
 And brings the judgment down;  
 He bids his saints, his faithful friends,  
 Rise and possess their crown.

6.

While Satan trembles at the sight,  
 And devils wish to die,  
 Where will the faithless hypocrite,  
 And guilty liar fly?

## HYMN LI.

*Gravity, Decency, etc.*

1.

**A**RE we not sons and heirs of God?  
 Are we not bought with Jesus' blood?  
 Do we not hope for heav'nly joys,  
 And shall we stoop to trifling toys?

2.

Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?  
 Were spirits of celestial kind  
 Made for a jest, for sport or play,  
 To wear out time, and waste the day?

3.

Doth vain discourse or empty mirth  
 Well suit the honours of our birth?  
 Shall we be fond of gay attire,  
 Which children love, and fools admire?

4.

What if we wear the richest vest,  
 Peacocks and flies are better drest:  
 This flesh, with all its gaudy forms,  
 Must drop to dust, and feed the worms.

5.

Lord, raise our hearts and passions higher;  
 Touch our vain souls with sacred fire;  
 Then with an elevated eye,  
 We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6.

We'll look on all the toys below  
 With such disdain as angels do,  
 And wait the call that bids us rise  
 To promis'd mansions in the skies.

## HYMN LII.

*Justice and Equity.*

1.

COME, let us search our ways, and try,  
 Have they been just and right?  
 Is the great rule of equity  
 Our practice and delight?

2.

What we would have our neighbour do,  
 Have we still done the same?  
 And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,  
 Nor injur'd his good name?

3.

Do we relieve the poor distress'd?  
 Nor give our tongues a loose,  
 To make their names our scorn and jest,  
 Nor treat them with abuse?

4.

Have we not found our envy grow,  
 To hear another's praise?  
 Nor robb'd him of his honour due,  
 By sly-malicious ways.

5.

In all we sell, and all we buy,  
 Is justice our design?  
 Do we remember God is nigh,  
 And fear the wrath divine?

6.

In vain we talk of Jesus' blood,  
 And boast his name in vain,  
 If we can slight the laws of God,  
 And prove unjust to men.



## HYMN LIII.

*Justice and Truth.*

1.

**G**REAT God, thy holy law requires,  
 To curb our covetous desires,  
 Forbids to plunder, steal or cheat,  
 To practise falsehood or deceit.

2.

Thy Son hath set a pattern too,  
 He paid to God and men their due :  
 A dreadful debt he paid to God,  
 And bought our pardon with his blood.

3.

Amazing justice ! boundless love !  
 Do we not feel our passions move ?  
 Do we not grieve that we have been  
 Faithless to God, or false to men ?

4.

Have we no righteous debt deny'd,  
 Through wanton luxury or pride ?  
 Nor vex the poor with long delay,  
 And made them groan for want of pay ?

5.

Have we ne'er thrown a needless shame,  
 Or scandal, on our neighbour's name ?  
 O, happy men, whose age and youth  
 Have ever dealt in love and truth !

6.

But if our justice once be gone,  
 And leave our faith and hope alone ;  
 If honesty be banish'd hence,  
 Religion is a vain pretence.

## HYMN LIV.

*Temperance.*

1.

**I**S it a man's divinest good,  
 To make his soul a slave to food,  
 Vile as the beast, whose spirit dies,  
 And has no hope above the skies ?

2.

Can meats or choicest wines procure  
 Delights, that ever shall endure ?  
 Was I not born above the swine,  
 And shall I make their pleasures mine ?

3.

Am I not made for nobler things ?  
 Made to ascend on angels wings ?  
 Shall my best pow'rs be thus debas'd,  
 And part with heav'n to please my taste ?

4.

Can I forget the fatal deed,  
 How Eve brought death on all her seed ?  
 She tasted the forbidden tree,  
 Anger'd her God, and ruin'd me.

5.

Was life design'd alone to eat ?  
 What is the mouth, or what the meat ?  
 Both from the ground derive their birth,  
 And both shall mix with common earth.

6.

Great God, new-mould my sensual mind,  
 And let my joys be more refin'd ;  
 Raise me to dwell among the blest,  
 And fit me for the heav'nly feast.

## HYMN LV.

*Amiable Deportment.*

1.

**O** 'TIS a lovely thing to see  
 A man of prudent heart,  
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
 To act a useful part.

2.

When envy, strife, and wars begin,  
 In little angry souls,  
 Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
 And quench the kindling coals.

3.

Their minds are humble, mild and meek,  
 Nor let their fury rise:  
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4.

Their frame is prudence, mixt with love;  
 Good works fulfil their day;  
 They join the serpent with the dove,  
 But cast the sting away.

5.

Such was the Saviour of mankind,  
 Such pleasures he pursu'd,  
 His flesh and blood were all refin'd,  
 His soul divinely good.

6.

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow  
 In such a soul as mine?  
 Thy grace can form my nature so,  
 And make my heart like thine.

## HYMN LVI.

*Things of good Report.*

1.

**I**S it a thing of good report,  
 To squander life and time away?  
 To cut the hours of duty short,  
 While toys and follies waste the day.

2.

To ask and prattle all affairs,  
 And mind all business but our own?  
 To live at random, void of cares,  
 While all things to confusion run?

3.

Doth this become the christian name,  
 To venture near the tempters door?  
 To sort with men of evil fame,  
 And yet presume to stand secure?

4.

Am I my own sufficient guard,  
 While I expose my soul to shame?  
 Can the short joys of sin reward  
 The lasting blemish of my name?

5.

O may it be my constant choice  
 To walk with men of grace below,  
 'Till I arrive where heav'nly joys,  
 And never-fading honours grow!

## HYMN LVII.

*The universal Law of Equity.*

1.

**B**LESSED Redeemer how divine,  
 How righteous is this rule of thine,  
 "Never to deal with others worse  
 "Than we would have them deal with us!"

2.

This golden lesson, short and plain,  
 Gives nor the mind nor memory pain :  
 And every conscience must approve  
 This universal law of love.

3.

'Tis written in each mortal breast,  
 Where all our tenderest wishes rest :  
 We draw it from our inmost veins,  
 Where love to self resides and reigns.

4.

Is reason ever at a loss ?  
 Call in self-love to judge the cause.  
 Let our own fondest passion shew  
 How we would treat our neighbours too.

5.

How blest would ev'ry nation prove,  
 Thus rul'd by equity and love !  
 All would be friends without a foe,  
 And form a paradise below.

6.

Jesus, forgive us that we keep,  
 Thy sacred law of love asleep ;  
 And take our envy, wrath and pride,  
 Those savage passions, for our guide.

## HYMN LVIII.

*The Atonement of Christ.*

1.

**H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin !  
 Yet nature ne'er hath found  
 The way to make the conscience clean,  
 Or heal the painful wound.

2.

In vain we seek for peace with God  
 By methods of our own :  
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood,  
 Can bring us near the throne.

3.

The threat'nings of the broken law  
 Impress our souls with dread :  
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
 It strikes our spirits dead.

4.

But thine illustrious sacrifice  
 Hath answer'd these demands :  
 And peace and pardon from the skies  
 Come down by Jesus' hands.

5.

Here all the ancient types agree,  
 The altar and the lamb :  
 And prophets in their visions see  
 Salvation through his name.

6.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord ;  
 'Tis on thy cross we rest ;  
 Forever be thy love ador'd,  
 Thy name forever blest.

## HYMN LIX.

*Faith and Repentance encouraged by the Sacrifice  
of Christ.*

1.

**W**HERE shall the guilty conscience go,  
To find a sure relief?  
Can bleeding bulls or goats bestow  
A balm to ease my grief?

2.

Will popish rites and penances  
Release my soul from sin?  
What insufficient things are these  
To calm the wrath divine!

3.

God, the great God, who rules the skies,  
The gracious and the just,  
Makes his own Son our sacrifice:  
And there lies all our trust.

4.

O never let my thoughts renounce  
The gospel of my God,  
Where vilest crimes are cleans'd at once,  
In Christ's atoning blood.

5.

Here rest my faith, and ne'er remove;  
Here let repentance rise,  
While I behold his bleeding love,  
His dying agonies.

6.

With shame and sorrow here I own  
How great my guilt hath been:  
This is my way t' approach the throne,  
And God forgives my sin.

## HYMN LX.

*Christ's Propitiation improved.*

1.

**L**ORD, didst thou send thy Son to die  
 For such a guilty wretch as I?  
 And shall thy mercy not impart  
 Thy spirit to renew my heart?

2.

Lord, hast thou wash'd my garments clean,  
 In Jesus' blood, from shame and sin?  
 Shall I not strive with all my pow'r,  
 That sin pollute my soul no more?

3.

Shall I not bear my Father's rod,  
 The kind corrections of my God,  
 When Christ upon the cursed tree  
 Sustain'd a heavier load for me?

4.

Why should I dread my dying day,  
 Since Christ has took the curse away,  
 And taught me with my latest breath  
 To triumph o'er thy terrors, Death?

5.

O rather let me wish and cry,  
 "When shall my soul get loose and fly  
 "To upper worlds? When shall I see  
 "The heav'nly friend who dy'd for me?"

6.

I shall behold his glories there,  
 And pay him my eternal share  
 Of praise, and gratitude, and love,  
 Among ten thousand saints above.



## HYMN LXI.

*All Things working for good.*

1.

**M**Y soul, survey thy happiness,  
 If thou art found a child of grace,  
 How richly is the gospel stor'd !  
 What joys the promises afford !

2.

“ All things are ours ;” the gift of God,  
 And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood ;  
 While the good Spirit shews us how  
 To use, and to enjoy them too.

3.

If peace and plenty crown my days,  
 They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise ;  
 If bread of sorrows be my food,  
 Those sorrows work my real good.

4.

I would not change my blest estate,  
 With all that flesh calls rich or great ;  
 And while my faith can keep her hold,  
 I envy not the sinner's gold.

5.

Father, I wait thy daily will,  
 Thou shalt divide my portion still ;  
 Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
 'Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

## HYMN LXII.

*Life, the Day of Grace and Hope.*

1.

**L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' insure the great reward,

And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

2.

Life is the hour which 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.

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### HYMN LXIII.

*Heaven, invisible and holy.*

1.

**N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,  
Nor sense, nor reason known,  
What joys the Father has prepar'd  
For those who 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 bliss.

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.

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HYMN LXIV.

*Moses and Christ.*

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.

4.

The man that durst despise  
 The law that Moses brought,  
 Behold ! how terribly he dies  
 For his presumptuous fault.

5.

But sorer vengeance falls  
 On that rebellious race,  
 Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
 And dare resist his grace.

---

### HYMN LXV.

*God, incomprehensible.*

1.

**C**AN 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 heaven, '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 ?

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## HYMN LXVI.

### *Holiness and Grace.*

1.

**S**O let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess,  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

2.

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.

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## HYMN LXVII.

*Submission to afflictive Providences.*

1.

**N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
 And rose to life at first,  
 We to the earth shall soon descend,  
 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 repaid anon.

3.

'Tis God who 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 sovereign will,  
 And every 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.

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 HYMN LXVIII.

*A Saint prepared to die.*

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 who love, and long to see  
 Th' appearance of his Son.

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5.

Jesus, the Lord, will 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.

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 HYMN LXIX.

*A Funeral Thought.*

1.

**H**ARK! from the tombs a doleful sound;  
 My ears attend the cry:  
 "Ye living men come view the ground,  
 "Where you must shortly lie.

2.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
 "In spite of all your tow'rs;  
 "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
 "Must lie as low as ours."

3.

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

4.

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



## HYMN LXX.

*Jesus worshipped by all the Creation.*

1.

**C**OME 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 the Lamb that dy’d,” they cry,  
 “To be exalted thus:”  
 Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
 For he was slain for us.

3.

Jesus is worthy to receive  
 Honour and pow’r divine:  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

4.

Let all who dwell above the sky,  
 In air, on earth, in 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, who sits upon the throne,  
 And to adore the Lamb.

## HYMN LXXI.

*Adoption.*

1.

**B**EHOLD what wond’rous grace  
 The Father has bestow’d,  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them sons of God!

2.

'Tis no surprising 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;  
My faith shall Abba Father cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

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HYMN LXXII.

*Confidence in God.*

1.

**T**HY dreadful pow'r, Almighty God,  
Thy works to speak conspire;  
This earth declares thy fame abroad,  
With water, air and fire.

2.

At thy command, in glaring streaks,  
 The ruddy light'ning flies ;  
 Loud thunder the creation shakes,  
 And rapid tempests rise.

3.

Now gath'ring glooms obscure the day,  
 And shed a solemn night ;  
 And now the heav'nly engines play,  
 And shoot devouring light.

4.

Th' attending sea thy will performs,  
 Waves break around the shore,  
 And toss, and foam amidst the storms,  
 And dash, and rage, and roar.

5.

The earth, and all her trembling hills,  
 Thy marching footsteps own ;  
 A shudd'ring fear her entrails fills,  
 Her hideous caverns groan.

6.

My God, when terrors thickest throng  
 Through all the mighty space,  
 And rattling thunders roar along,  
 And the fierce light'nings blaze :

7.

When wild confusion wrecks the air,  
 And tempests rend the skies,  
 Whilst blended ruin, clouds and fire  
 In harsh disorder rise,

8.

Safe in my Saviour's love, I'll stand,  
 And strike a tuneful song ;  
 My harp all-trembling in my hand,  
 And all-inspir'd my tongue.

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## 9.

I'll shout aloud, " Ye thunders roll,  
 " And shake the sullen sky ;  
 " Your sounding voice, from pole to pole,  
 " In angry murmurs try.

## 10.

" Thou sun ! retire, refuse thy light,  
 " And let thy beams decay ;  
 " Ye light'nings flash along the night,  
 " And dart a dreadful day.

## 11.

" Let the earth totter on her base,  
 " Smoke heav'n's wide arch deform ;  
 " Blow all ye winds, from ev'ry place,  
 " And rush the fatal storm.

## 12.

" O Jesus, haste the day when thou  
 " Shalt this old world consume ;  
 " Build the new heav'ns, and all below  
 " Bid a new Eden bloom.

## 13.

" Come quickly, blessed Hope ! appear,  
 " Bid thy swift chariot fly :  
 " Let angels tell thy coming near,  
 " And waft me to the sky.

## 14.

" Around thy wheels, in the glad throng,  
 " I'd bear a joyful part ;  
 " All hallelujah on my tongue,  
 " All rapture in my heart."

## HYMN LXXIII.

*The Eternity and Immensity of God.*

1.

**T**HY names, how infinite they be!  
 Great everlasting One!  
 Boundless thy might and majesty,  
 And unconfi'd thy throne.

2.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
 E'er seas or stars were made;  
 Thou art the everliving God,  
 Were all the nations dead.

3.

Nature and time quite naked lie,  
 To thine immense survey,  
 From the formation of the sky,  
 To the great burning day.

4.

Eternity, with all its years  
 Stands present to thy view,  
 To thee there's nothing old appears,  
 Great God, there's nothing new.

5.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,  
 And vex'd with trifling cares,  
 While thine eternal thought moves on  
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.

6.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,  
 Which angels cannot sound,  
 An ocean of infinities,  
 Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

7.  
The myst'ries of creation lie  
Beneath enlight'ned minds,  
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,  
And fly before the winds.

8.  
Reason may grasp the massy hills,  
And stretch from pole to pole ;  
But half thy name our spirit fills,  
And overloads our soul.

9.  
In vain our haughty reason swells,  
For nothing's found in thee,  
But boundless inconceivables,  
And vast eternity.

10.  
To thee, whose temple is all space,  
Whose altar earth, sea, skies !  
One chorus let all beings raise,  
All nature's incense rise.

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HYMN LXXIV.

*The Majesty of God.*

1.  
**E**TERNAL Wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings ;  
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,  
And heav'n's high palace rings.

2.  
Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky,  
How glorious to behold !  
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,  
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

3.

There thou hast bid the globes of light  
 Their endless circles run !  
 There the pale planet rules the night,  
 And day obeys the sun.

4.

The noisy winds stand ready there,  
 Thy orders to obey,  
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
 To make thy chariot way.

5.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,  
 Through the etherial blue ;  
 For, when his chariot is a cloud,  
 He makes his wheels of you.

6.

There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
 Thy thunder shakes our coast ;  
 While the red lightnings wave along,  
 The banners of thine host.

7.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,  
 The troops of his command,  
 Appear in all your dreadful forms,  
 And speak his awful hand.

8.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,  
 In your eternal roar ;  
 Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
 And shore reply to shore.

9.

Whilst monsters sporting on the flood,  
 In scaly silver shine,  
 Speak terribly their maker God,  
 And lash the foaming brine.

10.

But gentler things shall tune his name,  
 To softer notes than these,  
 Young breezes breathing o'er the stream,  
 Or whisp'ring through the trees.

11.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,  
 To him who bid you grow,  
 Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines,  
 On ev'ry thankful bough.

12.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
 And climb the morning sky;  
 While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise  
 In hoarser harmony.

13.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,  
 Ye mortals take the sound,  
 Echo the glories of your king,  
 Through all the nations round.

14.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad,  
 Where'er the day can flame;  
 And the whole race shall bow to God,  
 That wears the human name.

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HYMN LXXV.

*Redemption.*

1.

**F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines!  
 How high thy wonders rise!  
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
 By thousand through the skies.



2.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,  
 Their motions speak thy skill ;  
 And on the wings of ev'ry hour,  
 We read thy patience still.

3.

Part of thy name divinely stands,  
 On all thy creatures writ,  
 They shew the labour of thine hands,  
 Or impress of thy feet.

4.

But when we view thy strange design  
 To save rebellious worms,  
 Where vengeance and compassion join,  
 In their divinest forms ;

5.

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe ;  
 We love and we adore ;  
 The first arch-angel never saw  
 So much of God before.

6.

Here the whole Deity is known,  
 Nor dares a creature guess,  
 Which of the glories brightest shone,  
 The justice or the grace.

7.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,  
 The dying Son atones ;  
 Oh the deep myst'ries of his cross !  
 The triumph of his groans !

8.

For this, while angels bear their part,  
 In their immortal song,  
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
 And love command my tongue.

## HYMN LXXVI.

*Divine Counsels.*

1.

**K**EEP silence, all created things,  
 And wait your Maker's nod ;  
 My soul stands trembling, while she sings  
 The honours of her God.

2.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,  
 Hang on his firm decree :  
 He sits on no precarious throne,  
 Nor borrows leave to be.

3.

Th' almighty voice bid ancient night  
 Her endless realms resign ;  
 And lo, ten thousand globes of light  
 In fields of azure shine.

4.

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

5.

He spake : The sun obedient stood,  
 And held the falling day :  
 Old Jordan backward drives his flood,  
 And disappoints the sea.

6.

Fixt to his throne a volume lies,  
 With all the states of men,  
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,  
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.

7.

His providence unfolds the book,  
 And makes his counsels shine ;  
 Each opening leaf, and ev'ry stroke,  
 Fulfils some deep design.

8.

Here he exalts neglected worms  
 To sceptres and a crown ;  
 Anon the following page he turns,  
 And treads the monarch down.

9.

No creature asks the reason why,  
 Nor God the reason gives ;  
 No favourite angel dares to pry  
 Between the folded leaves.

10.

My God, I would not wish to see  
 With ever-curious eyes,  
 What gloomy lines are writ for me,  
 Or what bright scenes may rise.

11.

In thy fair book of life and grace,  
 May I but find my name,  
 Recorded in some humble place,  
 Beneath my Lord the Lamb.

---

HYMN LXXVII.

*Death and Eternity.*

1.

**M**Y thoughts, that often mount the skies,  
 Go, search the world beneath,  
 Where nature all in ruin lies,  
 And owns her sov'reign, Death.

I

2.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here !  
 His trophies spread around !  
 And heaps of dust and bones appear  
 Through all the hollow ground.

3.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now !  
 How loathsome to the eyes !  
 These are the heads we lately knew,  
 So beauteous and so wise.

4.

But where the souls, those deathless things,  
 That left this dying clay ?  
 My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,  
 And trace eternity.

5.

O that unfathomable sea !  
 Those deeps without a shore !  
 Where living waters gently play,  
 Or fiery billows roar.

6.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,  
 And try this doubtful sea ;  
 Vain are our groans, and dying strife,  
 To gain a moment's stay.

7.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear  
 On our dry bones, and say,  
 " These once were strong, as mine appear,  
 " And mine must be as they."

8.

Thus shall our mould'ring members teach,  
 What now our senses learn ;  
 For dust and ashes loudest preach  
 Man's infinite concern.

## HYMN LXXVIII.

*Praise for Creation and Providence.*

1.

**I** SING th' almighty pow'r of God,  
That made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
And built the lofty skies.

2.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd  
The sun to rule the day ;  
The moon shines full at his command,  
And all the stars obey.

3.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

4.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,  
Wher'er I turn mine eye ;  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
Or gaze upon the sky.

5.

There's not a plant or flow'r below,  
But makes thy glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow  
By orders from thy throne.

6.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)  
Are subject to thy care ;  
There's not a place where we can flee,  
But God is present there.

7.

In heaven he shines with beams of love,  
 With wrath in hell beneath ;  
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

8.

His hand is my perpetual guard,  
 He keeps me with his eye ;  
 Why should I then forget the Lord,  
 Who is forever nigh.

---

### HYMN LXXIX.

*Praise to God for our Redemption.*

1.

**B**LEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,  
 The justice and the grace,  
 That join'd in counsel to restore,  
 And save our ruin'd race.

2.

Our Father eat forbidden fruit,  
 And from his glory fell ;  
 And we his children thus are brought  
 To death, and near to hell.

3.

Blest be the Lord, who sent his Son  
 To take our flesh and blood ;  
 He for our lives gave up his own,  
 To make our peace with God.

4.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
 Which we have disobey'd ;  
 He bore our sins upon the cross,  
 And our full ransom paid.

5.

Behold him rising from the grave,  
Behold him rais'd on high;  
He pleads his merits there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And by his pow'r divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of satan, and of sin.

7.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,  
And with a sov'reign voice  
Shall call, and break up ev'ry tomb,  
While waking saints rejoice.

8.

O ! may I then with joy appear,  
Before the Judge's face,  
And with the blest assembly there,  
Sing his redeeming grace.

---

HYMN LXXX.

*The Excellency of the Bible.*

1.

**G**REAT GOD, with wonder and with praise,  
On all thy works I look :  
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,  
Shine brighter in thy book.

2.

The stars, that in their courses roll,  
Have much instruction giv'n,  
But thy good word informs my soul,  
How I may climb to heav'n.

3.

The fields provide me food, and shew  
 The goodness of the Lord ;  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In thy most holy word.

4.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
 Here my best comfort lies ;  
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
 And hence my hopes arise.

5.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
 Show what my faults have been ;  
 And from thy gospel let me draw  
 Pardon for all my sin.

6.

Here I would learn how Christ has dy'd  
 To save my soul from hell :  
 Not all the books on earth beside  
 Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7.

Then let me love my Bible more,  
 And take a fresh delight,  
 By day to read those wonders o'er,  
 And meditate by night.

---

## HYMN LXXXI.

*Against Pride in Cloaths.*

1.

**W**HY should our garments (made to hide  
 Our parents' shame) provoke our pride?  
 The art of dress did ne'er begin,  
 'Till Eve our mother learnt to sin.



2.

When first she put her cov'ring on,  
 Her robe of innocence was gone ;  
 And yet her children vainly boast  
 In the sad marks of glory lost.

3.

How proud we are ! how fond to shew  
 Our cloaths, and call them rich and new ;  
 When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore  
 That very cloathing long before.

4.

The tulip and the butterfly  
 Appear in gayer coats than I.  
 Let me be drest fine as I will,  
 Flies, worms, and flow'rs exceed me still.

5.

Then will I set my heart to find  
 Inward adornings of the mind ;  
 Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace ;  
 These are the robes of richest dress.

6.

No more shall worms with me compare,  
 This is the raiment angels wear :  
 The Son of God, when here below,  
 Put on this blest apparel too.

7.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,  
 Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould ;  
 It takes no spot, but still refines,  
 The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

8.

In this on earth may I appear,  
 Then go to heav'n, and wear it there :  
 God will approve it in his sight,  
 'Tis his own work, and his delight.

## HYMN LXXXII.

*Jesus Christ.*

1.

**S**AGES of ancient letter'd times !  
 In ev'ry age, and diff'rent climes,  
 For wisdom fam'd among mankind,  
 Withdraw your thinly-scatter'd rays,  
 Before the broad o'erpow'ring blaze  
 Of the supreme eternal mind.

2.

Mercy's great year, in heav'n enroll'd,  
 By seers succeeding seers foretold,  
 Was now with solemn pomp unseal'd,  
 Light of the world, Messiah came,  
 In his almighty Father's name,  
 And immortality reveal'd.

3.

Fill'd with his Father's strength he taught ;  
 The dumb in rapture speak their thought,  
 The lame man bounding like the roe :  
 The blind look up to heav'n, stern death  
 Resigns its spoil; and from his breath  
 Fierce demons shrink to shades below.

4.

O works of pow'r, O works of love,  
 Ethereal embassy to prove,  
 That ev'ry rising doubt controul ;  
 Earnest of love and pow'r more strong,  
 Which to the Son of God belong,  
 To heal the miseries of the soul.

5.

Great Prophet, Saviour, worthy thou  
 That ev'ry knee in homage bow,  
 From ev'ry mouth thy praise should flow ;

All thy commands are mild and just,  
 Thy promise faithful to our trust,  
 Will pardon, peace, and heav'n bestow.

---

HYMN LXXXIII.

*Happy Poverty.*

1.

**Y**E humble souls, complain no more ;  
 Let faith survey your future store :  
 How happy, how divinely blest,  
 The sacred words of truth attest.

2.

When conscious grief laments sincere,  
 And pours the penitential tear ;  
 Hope points to your dejected eyes,  
 The bright reversion in the skies.

3.

In vain the sons of wealth and pride  
 Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;  
 In vain they boast their little stores,  
 Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.

4.

There shall your eyes with rapture view  
 The glorious friend that dy'd for you ;  
 Who dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise,  
 To crowns of joy, and songs of praise.

5.

Jesus, to thee I breathe my pray'r :  
 Reveal, confirm my int'rest there !  
 Whate'er my humble lot below,  
 This, this my soul desires to know.

6.

O let me hear the voice divine,  
 Pronounce the glorious blessing mine !  
 Enroll'd among the happy poor,  
 My largest wishes ask no more.

---

 HYMN LXXXIV.

*The Power of Faith.*

1.

**F**AITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,  
 And saves me from its snares ;  
 Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,  
 And softens all my cares :

2.

Extinguishes the thirst of sin,  
 And lights the sacred fire  
 Of love to God and heav'nly things,  
 And feeds the pure desire.

3.

The wounded conscience knows its power  
 The healing balm to give :  
 That balm the saddest heart can cheer,  
 And make the dying live.

4.

Wide it unveils celestial worlds,  
 Where deathless pleasures reign ;  
 And bids me seek my portion there,  
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

5.

Shews me the precious promise, seal'd  
 With the Redeemer's blood ;  
 And helps my feeble hope to rest  
 Upon a faithful God.

There, there unshaken would I rest,  
 Till this vile body dies :  
 And then, on faith's triumphant wings,  
 At once to glory rise.

---

HYMN LXXXV.

*The Grave sanctified by Christ.*

1.

**W**HY do we mourn departing friends,  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends  
 To call them to his arms.

2.

Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb?  
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
 And left a long perfume.

3.

The graves of all the saints he blest,  
 And soft'ned ev'ry bed :  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying head?

4.

Thence he arose and burst the chain,  
 To shew our feet the way  
 From shades, where death and darkness reign,  
 To realms of endless day.

5.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid his kindred rise ;  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

## HYMN LXXXVI.

*On Providence.*

1.

**L**ORD, when our raptur'd thought surveys  
 Creation's beauties o'er,  
 All nature joins to teach thy praise,  
 And bid our souls adore.

2.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,  
 Thy radiant footsteps shine :  
 Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,  
 And speak their source divine.

3.

The living tribes of countless forms,  
 In earth, and sea, and air ;  
 The meanest flies, the smallest worms,  
 Almighty pow'r declare.

4.

Thy wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord,  
 In all thy works appear :  
 And O let man thy praise record ;  
 Man, thy distinguish'd care.

5.

From thee the breath of life he drew ;  
 That breath thy pow'r maintains ;  
 Thy tender mercy ever new,  
 His brittle frame sustains.

6.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,  
 Of reason's light possess'd ;  
 By revelation's brightest rays,  
 Still more divinely bless'd.

7.

Thy providence, his constant guard  
 When threat'ning woes impend,  
 Or will th' impending dangers ward,  
 Or timely succours lend.

8.

On us, that providence has shone,  
 With gentle smiling rays ;  
 O let our lips and lives make known,  
 Thy goodness, and thy praise.

---

HYMN LXXXVII.

*Seasonable Showers.*

1.

**W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Address the Lord on high ;  
 Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,  
 And waters veil the sky.

2.

He sends his showers of blessing down,  
 To cheer the plains below ;  
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
 And corn in vallies grow.

3.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
 He hears the ravens cry ;  
 And man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
 Should raise his honours high.

4.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word ;  
 With songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord !

K

## HYMN LXXXVIII.

*The Lord's Prayer.*

1.

OUR Father, high enthron'd above,  
 With boundless glory crown'd :  
 Fountain of light, and life, and love,  
 Ten thousand worlds around.

2.

Supremely honour'd be thy name,  
 By every grateful mind ;  
 Whether a pure ethereal flame,  
 Or yet in flesh confin'd.

3.

Erect thine empire, gracious King,  
 And spread its power abroad ;  
 Till earth, and all her millions, sing  
 The praises of their God.

4.

O be thy will on earth obey'd,  
 As 'tis obey'd above ;  
 And the profoundest homage paid,  
 With all the joys of love.

5.

Each rising day renews our want,  
 That want, O Lord, relieve !  
 And with our food thy blessing grant ;  
 By both thy creatures live.

6.

Our debts are grown immensely large,  
 But, Lord efface the score !  
 As we a brother's debts discharge,  
 And never claim them more.



7.

Into temptation's poison'd air,  
 O never let us stray!  
 Guard us from evil by thy care,  
 Through life's endanger'd way!

8.

Thine is the kingdom Lord by right  
 Unbounded and supreme;  
 And thine the all-sustaining might,  
 And glory's peerless beam.

9.

"These are for ever thine," in songs  
 Heaven's blissful myriads cry;  
 "These are for ever thine," our tongues  
 In humbler notes reply-



### HYMN LXXXIX.

*Give us this Day our daily Bread.*

1.

**F**OUNTAIN of blessing, ever bless'd,  
 Enriching all, of all possess'd;  
 By whom the whole creation's fed,  
 Give me, each day, my daily bread.

2.

To thee my very life I owe,  
 From thee do all my comforts flow;  
 And every blessing which I need,  
 Must from thy bounteous hand proceed.

3.

Great things are not what I desire,  
 Nor dainty meat, nor rich attire;  
 Content with little would I be,  
 That little, Lord, must come from thee.

4.  
 While wicked men, with all their store,  
 Are ever grasping after more;  
 With Agur's wish I'm satisfi'd,  
 Nor grudge them all the world beside.

---

HYMN XC.

*An Invocation to praise the Lord.*

1.

**Y**E works of God, on him alone,  
 In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,  
 Be all your praise bestow'd;  
 Whose hand, the beauteous fabric made;  
 Whose eye, the finish'd work survey'd,  
 And saw that all was good.

2.

Ye angels, who with loud acclaim,  
 Admiring view'd the new-born frame,  
 And hail'd th' eternal King;  
 Again, proclaim your Maker's praise,  
 Again, your thankful voices raise,  
 And sacred anthems sing.

3.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,  
 Who stamp'd his image on your clay,  
 And gave it pow'r to move:  
 Ye, who in Judah's confines dwell,  
 From age to age successive tell,  
 The wonders of his love.

4.

And you, your thankful voices join,  
 Who oft at Salem's sacred shrine,

Before his altars kneel :  
 Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,  
 And from the mystic cloud reveals  
 The dictates of his will.

5.

Ye spirits of the just and good,  
 That, eager for the bless'd abode,  
 To heav'nly mansions soar :  
 O let your songs his praise display,  
 Till heav'n itself shall melt away,  
 And time shall be no more.

6.

Praise Him, ye meek and humble train.  
 Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain  
 The boundless bliss to share :  
 O praise Him, till ye take your way  
 To regions of eternal day,  
 And reign forever there.

---

## HYMN XCI.

*Growing in Grace.*

1.

**P**RAISE to thy name, eternal God,  
 For all the grace thou shed'st abroad ;  
 For all thine influence from above,  
 To warm our souls with sacred love.

2.

Blest be thy hand, which from the skies,  
 Brought down this plant of Paradise,  
 And gave its heav'nly glories birth;  
 To deck this wilderness of earth.

3.

But why does that celestial flow'r  
 Open, and thrive, and shine no more :  
 Where are its balmy odours fled ?  
 And why reclines its beauteous head ?

4.

Too plain alas ! the languor shows  
 Th' unkindly soil in which it grows ;  
 Where the black frosts and beating storm  
 Wither, and rend its tender form.

5.

Unchanging Sun, thy beams display,  
 To drive the frosts and storms away ;  
 Make all thy potent virtues known,  
 To cheer a plant so much thy own.

6.

And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow  
 Fresh gales of heav'n on shrubs below ;  
 So shall they grow and breathe abroad,  
 A fragrance grateful to our God.

---

## HYMN XCII.

*The Year crowned with divine Goodness.*

1.

**E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !  
 Well may thy praise our lips employ.  
 While in thy temple we appear,  
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,  
 Thy hand supports the steady pole :  
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,  
 And darkness when to veil the skies.

3.

The flow'ry spring at thy command  
 Embalms the air, and paints the land ;  
 The summer beams with vigour shine,  
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours  
 Through all our land redundant stores ;  
 And winters, soften'd by thy care,  
 No more a face of horror wear.

5.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,  
 Demand successive songs of praise ;  
 Still be the cheerful homage paid,  
 With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

6.

Here in thy house shall incense rise,  
 As circling sabbaths bless our eyes :  
 Still will we make thy mercies known,  
 Around thy board, and round our own.

7.

O may our more harmonious tongues  
 In words unknown pursue the songs ;  
 And in those brighter courts adore,  
 Where days and years revolve no more.

---

### HYMN XCIII.

*For a Fast-Day in time of War.*

1.

**G**REAT God of heav'n and nature rise,  
 And hear our loud united cries,  
 We humbly bow before thy face,  
 T' implore thine aid, to seek thy grace.

2.

No arm of flesh we make our trust,  
 Nor sword, nor horse, nor ships we boast ;  
 Thine is the land, and thine the main,  
 And human skill and force are vain.

3.

Our guilt might draw thy vengeance down  
 On ev'ry shore, on ev'ry town ;  
 But view us, Lord, with pitying eye,  
 And lay th' uplifted thunder by.

4.

Forgive the follies of our times,  
 And purge the land from all its crimes ;  
 Reform'd and deck'd with grace divine,  
 Let rulers, priests and people shine.

5.

So shall our God delight to bless,  
 And crown our aims with wide success ;  
 Our foes shall dread Jehovah's sword,  
 While we victorious, shout the Lord.



## HYMN XCIV.

### *A Morning Hymn.*

1.

**O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice thy tribute pay  
 To him who rules the skies.

2.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound,  
 Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits,  
 To turn the seasons round.

3.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
 And yet his wrath delays.

4.

On us, poor worms, his pow'r might tread,  
 And we could ne'er withstand ;  
 His justice might have crush'd us dead,  
 But mercy held his hand.

5.

How many thousand souls have fled  
 Since the last setting sun,  
 And yet he lengthens out our thread,  
 And yet our moments run.

6.

Great God, let all our hours be thine,  
 Whilst we enjoy the light ;  
 Then shall our sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a peaceful night.



## HYMN XCV.

*The Book of Nature and of Scripture.*

1.

**B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
 Declares its maker God,  
 And all his glorious works on high,  
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2.

The darkness and the light,  
 Still keep their course the same :  
 While night to day, and day to night,  
 Divinely teach his name.

3.

In ev'ry diff'rent land,  
 Their general voice is known :  
 They shew the wonders of his hand,  
 And counsels of his throne.

4.

Thou western world rejoice,  
 Here he reveals his word ;  
 We are not left to nature's voice,  
 To bid us know the Lord.

5.

His statutes and commands  
 Are set before our eyes,  
 He puts his gospel in our hands,  
 Where our salvation lies.

6.

His laws are just and pure,  
 His truth without deceit,  
 His promises forever sure,  
 And his rewards are great.

7.

While of thy works I sing,  
 To spread thy praise abroad,  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

---

HYMN XCVI.

*God exalted above all Praise.*

1.

**E**TERNAL Power ! whose high abode  
 Becomes the grandeur of a God ;  
 Infinite length, beyond the bounds,  
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.



2.

The lowest step beneath thy seat,  
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet ;  
In vain the tall arch-angel tries  
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

3.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?  
We would adore our Maker too ?  
From sin and dust to thee we cry,  
The Great, the Holy, and the High !

4.

Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,  
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name ;  
But O, the glories of thy mind,  
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5.

God is in heaven, and men below ;  
Be short our tunes ; our words be few :  
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,  
And praise sits silent on our tongues.



## HYMN XCVII.

*Gratitude.*

1.

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
My rising soul surveys ;  
Transported with the view, I'm lost  
In wonder, love, and praise :

2.

O how shall words with equal warmth  
The gratitude declare,  
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?  
But thou canst read it there.

3.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redrest,  
 When in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

4.

To all my weak complaints and cries,  
 Thy mercy lent an ear,  
 E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in pray'r.

5.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

6.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man.

7.

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

8.

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

9.

Through all eternity to thee  
 A joyful song I'll raise,  
 But Oh ! eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

## HYMN XCVIII.

*The Vanity of mortal Man.*

1.

**T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame :  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.

2.

Can we in life securely trust,  
 Or boast of future time ?  
 Man is but vanity and dust,  
 In all his flow'r and prime.

3.

See the vain race of mortals move,  
 Like shadows o'er the plain,  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all their noise is vain.

4.

Some walk in honour's gaudy shew,  
 Some dig for golden ore,  
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
 And straight are seen no more.

5.

What shall I wish or seek for then,  
 From creatures, earth and dust ?  
 They make our expectations vain,  
 And disappoint our trust.

6.

Now we forbid our carnal hope,  
 Our fond desires recal :  
 We give our mortal interest up,  
 And make our God our all.

L

## HYMN XCIX.

*Thoughts in Sickness.*

1.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and fear,  
 I see my Maker face to face,  
 O how shall I appear!

2.

If yet, while pardon may be found,  
 And mercy may be sought,  
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
 And trembles at the thought:

3.

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
 In majesty severe,  
 And sit in judgment on my soul,  
 O how shall I appear!

4.

But thou hast told the troubled mind  
 Who does her sins lament,  
 The timely tribute of her tears  
 Shall endless woe prevent.

5.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,  
 E'er yet it be too late;  
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
 To give these sorrows weight.

6.

For never shall my soul despair,  
 Her pardon to procure,  
 Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,  
 To make her pardon sure.

## HYMN C.

*Reliance upon God.*

1.

**T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
 And feed me with a shepherd's care :  
 His presence shall my wants supply,  
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;  
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
 And all my midnight hours defend.

2.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,  
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;  
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
 With gloomy horrors overspread,  
 My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,  
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;  
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :  
 The barren wilderness shall smile,  
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
 And streams shall murmur all around.

## HYMN CI.

*Return from Sea.*

1.

**H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!  
 How sure is their defence!  
 Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
 Their help, Omnipotence.

2.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
 How with affrighted eyes,  
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep  
 In all its horrors rise!

3.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
 And fear in ev'ry heart;  
 When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,  
 O'ercame the pilot's art.

4.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
 Thy mercy set me free,  
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r,  
 My soul took hold on thee.

5.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
 High on the broken wave,  
 I new thou wert not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

6.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
 Obedient to thy will;  
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
 At thy command was still.

7.

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

8.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be,  
 And death, if death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.



## HYMN CII.

*Longing for the Presence of Christ.*

1.

**I**N vain the dusky night retires,  
 And sullen shadows fly :  
 In vain the morn, with purple light,  
 Adorns the eastern sky.

2.

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,  
 The gentle breezes play ;  
 In vain the birds with cheerful songs,  
 Salute the new-born day.

3.

In vain, unless my Saviour's face,  
 These gloomy clouds controul,  
 And dissipate the sullen shades  
 That overwhelm my soul.

4.

O ! visit then thy servant, Lord,  
 With favour from on high :  
 Arise, my bright immortal Sun !  
 And all these shades shall die.

5.

When, when shall we behold thy face,  
 All radiant and serene,  
 Without those envious dusky clouds,  
 That make a veil between ?

6.

When shall that long-expected day  
 Of sacred vision be,  
 When our impatient souls shall make  
 A near approach to thee ?

---

### HYMN CIII.

*For a time of general Sickness.*

1.

**D**EATH, with his dread commission seal'd,  
 Now hastens to his arms ;  
 In awful state he takes the field,  
 And sounds his dire alarms.

2.

Attendant plagues around him stand,  
 And wait his dread command ;  
 And pains, and dying groans obey  
 The signal of his hand.

3.

With cruel force he scatters round  
 His shafts of deadly pow'r ;  
 While the grave waits its destin'd prey,  
 Impatient to devour.

4.

Look up, ye heirs of endless joy,  
 Nor let your fears prevail ;  
 Eternal life is your reward,  
 When life on earth shall fail.



5.

What though his darts promiscuous hurl'd,  
Deal fatal plagues around,  
And heaps of putrid carcasses  
O'erload the cumber'd ground.

6.

The arrows that shall wound your flesh,  
Were giv'n him from above,  
Dipt in the great Redeemer's blood,  
And feather'd all with love.

7.

These, with a gentle hand he throws,  
And saints lie gasping too :  
But heav'nly strength supports their souls,  
And bears them conqu'rors through.

8.

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,  
And all in triumph rise,  
To the fair palace of their God,  
And mansions in the skies.

---

HYMN CIV.

*Love to God.*

1.

**H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast ;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And quickens all the rest.

2.

Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear :  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
 In swift obedience move ;  
 The devils know and tremble too,  
 But Satan cannot love.

4.

Before we quite forsake our clay,  
 Or leave this dark abode,  
 The wings of love bear us away,  
 To see our smiling God.

5.

This is the grace that lives and sings,  
 When faith and hope shall cease :  
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,  
 In the sweet realms of bliss.

---

 HYMN CV.

*A penitential Hymn.*

1.

**T**HOU sacred Pow'r, in heav'n above,  
 Eternal and supreme !  
 Accept the faint address we make  
 To thy adored name.

2.

Pierc'd with the deepest sense of guilt,  
 We bow before thy throne,  
 And humbly hope for pard'ning grace,  
 Through thy beloved Son.

3.

O may that grace our hearts incline  
 To keep the heav'nly road !  
 Though all the pow'rs on earth combine  
 To drive us from our God.

4.

Sinful we are, and oft offend  
 Against thy just command,  
 And yet protection still we find,  
 From thy supporting hand.

5.

Th' amazing debt to thee we owe,  
 Increases every day :  
 And yet a few relenting tears,  
 Is all we can repay.

6.

Thy tender mercies, Lord, bestow,  
 Our many sins remove ;  
 And ev'ry stubborn heart subdue,  
 With thy forgiving love.

---

## HYMN CVI.

*For a Fast-Day.*

1.

**W**HEN Abr'am full of sacred awe,  
 Before Jehovah stood,  
 And with a humble fervent pray'r,  
 For guilty Sodom su'd.

2.

With what success, what wond'rous grace,  
 Was his petition crown'd !  
 The Lord would spare, if in the place  
 Ten righteous men were found.

3.

And could a single holy soul  
 So rich a boon obtain ?  
 Great God, and shall a nation cry,  
 And plead with thee in vain ?

4.

Our country, guilty as she is,  
 Some saints, we hope, can boast,  
 And now their fervent pray'rs ascend,  
 And can those pray'rs be lost?

5.

Are not the righteous dear to thee,  
 Now, as in ancient times?  
 Or does this sinful land exceed  
 Gomorrah in its crimes?

6.

Still are we thine, we bear thy name,  
 Here yet is thine abode,  
 Long has thy presence bless'd our land,  
 Forsake us not, O God.

---

## HYMN CVII.

*The Nativity of Christ.*

1.

“**S**HEPHERDS, 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 King whom angels fear,  
 “ Comes down to dwell with you;  
 “ To-day 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 straight around  
 The heav'nly armies throng,  
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
 And thus conclude the song :

6.

“ Glory to God who reigns above,  
 “ Let peace surround the earth ;  
 “ Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
 “ By their Redeemer's birth.”

---

### HYMN CVIII.

*The Young encouraged to seek and love Christ.*

1.

**Y**E hearts with youthful vigour warm,  
 In smiling crowds draw near,  
 And turn from ev'ry earthly charm,  
 A Saviour's voice to hear.

2.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant glories by,  
 Your friendship to pursue.

3.

“ The soul that longs to see my face,  
 “ Is sure my love to gain ;  
 “ And those, who early seek my grace,  
 “ Shall never seek in vain.”

4.

What object, Lord; our souls should move,  
If once compar'd with thee?

What beauty should command our love,  
Like what in Christ we see?

5.

Away ye false delusive toys,  
Vain tempters of the mind!

Here will we fix our lasting choice,  
For here true bliss we find.

---

### HYMN CIX.

#### *A Funeral Hymn.*

1.

**T**HE God of love will sure indulge  
The flowing tear, the heaving sigh,  
When righteous persons fall around,  
When tender friends and kindred die.

2.

Yet not a murmuring thought shall e'er  
With these our mourning passions blend;  
Nor would our bleeding hearts forget  
Th' Almighty ever-living Friend.

3.

Beneath a num'rous train of ills,  
Our feeble flesh and heart may fail;  
Yet shall our hope in thee, our God,  
O'er ev'ry gloomy fear prevail.

4.

Parent and husband, guard and guide,  
Thou art each tender name in one;  
On thee we cast our ev'ry care,  
And comfort seek from thee alone.

5.

Our Father, God, thee have we chose,  
 Our rock, our portion, and our friend,  
 And on thy cov'nant love and truth,  
 Our sinking souls shall still depend.

---

HYMN CX.

*At the funeral of a young Person.*

1.

**W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away  
 By death's resistless hand,  
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,  
 Which pity must demand.

2.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,  
 O may this truth, imprest  
 With awful pow'r—I too must die—  
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.

3.

Let this vain world engage no more;  
 Behold the gaping tomb!  
 It bids us seize the present hour,  
 To-morrow death may come.

4.

The voice of this alarming scene,  
 May ev'ry heart obey,  
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,  
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5.

O let us fly, to Jesus fly,  
 Whose pow'rful arm can save;  
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,  
 And triumph o'er the grave.

M

6.

Great God ! thy sov'reign grace impart,  
 With cleansing healing pow'r ;  
 This only can prepare the heart  
 For death's important hour.

---

HYMN CXI.

*Praise for national Peace.*

1.

**G**REAT Ruler of the earth and skies,  
 A word of thy almighty breath,  
 Can sink the world or bid it rise :  
 Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.

2.

When angry nations rush to arms,  
 And rage and noise, and tumult reign,  
 And war resounds its dire alarms,  
 And slaughter spreads the hostile plain :

3.

Thy sov'reign eye looks calmly down,  
 And marks their course, and bounds their pow'r ;  
 Thy word the angry nations own,  
 And noise and war are heard no more.

4.

Then peace returns with balmy wing,  
 (Sweet peace ! with her what blessings fled !)  
 Glad plenty laughs, the vallies sing,  
 Reviving commerce lifts her head.

5.

Thou good, and wise, and righteous Lord,  
 All move subservient to thy will ;  
 And peace and war await thy word,  
 And thy sublime decrees fulfil.



6.

To thee we pay our grateful songs,  
 Thy kind protection still implore :  
 O may our hearts, and lives, and tongues,  
 Confess thy goodness and adore.

---

 HYMN CXII.

*Resignation.*

1.

**W**EARY of these low scenes of night,  
 My fainting heart grows sick of time,  
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,  
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

2.

Ah why that sigh ?—peace, coward heart,  
 And learn to bear thy lot of woe :  
 Look round—how easy is thy part,  
 To what thy fellow-suff'ers know.

3.

Are not the sorrows of the mind  
 Entail'd on ev'ry mortal birth ?  
 Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd  
 The flat'ring hope of bliss on earth ?

4.

'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus he ordains,  
 Who form'd this animated clod ;  
 That needful cares, instructive pains,  
 May bring the restless heart to God.

5.

In him, my soul, behold thy rest,  
 Nor hope for bliss below the sky :  
 Come resignation to my breast,  
 And silence every plaintive sigh.

6.

Come faith and hope, celestial pair !  
 Calm resignation waits on you ;  
 Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,  
 Point out a soul-reviving view.

7.

Parent of good, 'tis thine to give  
 These cheerful graces to the mind :  
 Smile on my soul and bid me live,  
 Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !

---

### HYMN CXIII.

#### *The Birth of Christ.*

1.

**A**RISE and hail the happy day ;  
 Cast all low cares of life away,  
 And thought of meaner things :  
 This day to cure our deadly woes,  
 The Sun of righteousness arose,  
 With healing in his wings.

2.

If Angels on that happy morn,  
 The Saviour of the world was born,  
 Pour'd forth their joyful songs ;  
 Much more should we of human race,  
 Adore the wonders of his grace,  
 To whom that grace belongs.

3.

O then let heav'n and earth rejoice,  
 Let every creature join his voice,  
 To hymn the happy day ;  
 When Satan's empire vanquish'd fell,  
 And all the powers of death and hell,  
 Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

## HYMN CXIV.

*The Sufferings of Christ.*

1.

**N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
 Our hearts no more repine ;  
 Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
 When, Lord, compar'd to thine.

2.

In lively figures 'here we see.  
 The bleeding Prince of love ;  
 Each of us hope he di'd for me,  
 And then our griefs remove.

3.

Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought  
 The wonders of that day :  
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
 Can equal thanks repay.

4.

Our songs should sound like those above,  
 Could we our voices raise ;  
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
 And all our lives be praise.

## HYMN CXV.

*Christ's Regard to little Children.*

1.

**S**EE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand  
 With all-engaging charms ;  
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,  
 And folds them in his arms.

2.

“Permit them to approach,” he cries,  
 “Nor scorn their humble name ;  
 “For ’twas to bless such souls as these,  
 “The Lord of angels came.”

3.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,  
 And yield them up to thee :  
 Joyful, that we ourselves are thine,  
 Thine let our offspring be.

4.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear :  
 Ye children seek his face ;  
 And fly with transport to receive  
 The blessings of his grace.

5.

If orphans they are left behind,  
 Thy guardian care we trust :  
 That care shall heal our bleeding hearts,  
 If weeping o’er their dust.

---

## HYMN - CXVI.

*The Priesthood of Christ and Aaron compared.*

1.

**J**ESUS, in thee our eyes behold  
 A thousand glories more,  
 Than sparkled in the gems and gold,  
 The sons of Aaron wore.

2.

They first their own burnt off’rings brought  
 To purge themselves from sin ;  
 Thy life was pure without a spot,  
 And all thy nature clean.

3.

Once in the circuit of a year,  
 With blood, but not his own,  
 Aaron within the veil appears,  
 Before the golden throne.

4.

But Christ by his own pow'rful blood,  
 Ascends above the skies,  
 And in the presence of our God,  
 Shews his own sacrifice.

5.

Jesus, the king of glory reigns,  
 On Sion's heav'nly hill,  
 Looks like a Lamb that once was slain,  
 And wears his priesthood still.

6.

He ever lives to intercede  
 Before his Father's face:  
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.



## HYMN CXVII.

*The Perfection of Scripture.*

1.

**L**ET all the heathen writers join,  
 To form one perfect book;  
 Great God, if once compar'd to thine,  
 How mean the work would look!

2.

Not the most perfect rules they gave,  
 Could shew one sin forgiv'n,  
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave:  
 But thine conduct to heaven.

3.

Thy precepts may we then survey,  
 And keep thy laws in sight,  
 Through all the business of the day,  
 To form our actions right.

4.

Great is their peace who love thy law :  
 How firm their souls abide !  
 Nor can a bold temptation draw  
 Their steady feet aside.

5.

Thy word is like a heav'nly light,  
 That guides them all the day ;  
 And through the dangers of the night,  
 A lamp to lead their way.

6.

Thy word is everlasting truth,  
 How pure is every page !  
 That holy book shall guide our youth,  
 And well support our age.

---

### HYMN CXVIII.

*The Angel's Reply to the Women who sought  
 Christ on the Morning of his Resurrection.*

1.

**Y**E humble souls, that seek the Lord,  
 Chase all your fears away ;  
 And bow with pleasure down to see  
 The place where Jesus lay.

2.

Thus low the Lord of life was brought ;  
 Such wonders love can do ;  
 Thus cold in death that bosom lay,  
 Which throbb'd and bled for you.

3.

A moment give a loose to grief,  
 Let grateful sorrows rise,  
 And wash the bloody stains away,  
 With torrents from your eyes.

4.

Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,  
 The Saviour lives again;  
 Not all the bolts and bars of death  
 The Conqueror could detain.

5.

High o'er th' angelic bands he rears  
 His once dishonour'd head;  
 And through unnumber'd years he reigns,  
 Who dwelt amongst the dead.

6.

With joy like his shall ev'ry saint  
 His empty tomb survey;  
 Then rise, with his ascending Lord,  
 To realms of endless day.

---

## HYMN CXIX.

*Afflictions and Death under Providence.*

1.

**N**OT from the dust affliction grows,  
 Nor troubles rise by chance;  
 Yet we are born to cares and woes,  
 A sad inheritance!

2.

As sparks break out from burning coals,  
 And still are upwards borne;  
 So grief is rooted in our souls,  
 And man grows up to mourn:

3.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
 And trust his promis'd grace;  
 He rules me by his well-known laws  
 Of love and righteousness.

4.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
 Shall spoil my future peace;  
 For death and hell can do no more,  
 Than thou my Father please.

---

### HYMN CXX.

#### *Youth and Judgment.*

1.

**L**O the young tribes of Adam rise,  
 And through all nature rove,  
 Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
 And taste the joys they love.

2.

They give a loose to wild desires;  
 But let the sinners know  
 The strict account that God requires,  
 Of all the works they do.

3.

The Judge prepares his throne on high,  
 The frighted earth and seas,  
 Avoid the fury of his eye,  
 And flee before his face.

4.

How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
 And stand the fiery test?  
 I give all mortal joys away  
 To be forever blest.



## HYMN CXXI.

*The Law and Gospel distinguished.*

1.

**T**HE Law commands, and makes us know,  
 What duties to our God we owe ;  
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

2.

The Law discovers guilt and sin,  
 And shews how vile our hearts have been ;  
 Only the gospel can express  
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3.

What curses doth the law denounce  
 Against the man who fails but once ?  
 But in the gospel Christ appears,  
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4.

My soul, no more attempt to draw  
 Thy life and comfort from the law ;  
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives :  
 Since he who trusts the promise, lives.



## HYMN CXXII.

*Retirement and Meditation.*

**M**Y God, permit me not to be  
 A stranger to myself and thee ;  
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
 Forgetful of my highest love.

2.

Why should my passions mix with earth,  
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?  
 Why should I cleave to things below,  
 And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3.

Call me away from flesh and sense,  
 Thy pow'rful word can draw me thence;  
 I would obey the voice divine,  
 And all inferior joys resign.

4.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
 Let noise and vanity be gone:  
 In secret silence of the mind,  
 My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

---

### HYMN CXXIII.

#### *The Death of Christ.*

1.

'T WAS on that dark, and doleful night,  
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
 Against Messiah, God's delight,  
 And friends betray'd him to his foes:

2.

Before the mournful scene began,  
 He took the bread, and broke and bless'd;  
 What love through all his actions ran!  
 What wond'rous grace his words express'd.

3.

“ This is my body, broke for sin,  
 “ Receive and eat the living food ;”  
 Then took the cup, and bless'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."

---

HYMN CXXIV.

*Christian Love.*

1.  
**L**ET party names no more,  
 The Christian world o'erspread;  
 Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,  
 Are one in Christ their head.

2.  
 Among the saints on earth,  
 Let mutual love be found;  
 Heirs of the same inheritance,  
 With mutual blessings crown'd.

3.  
 Let envy, and ill-will,  
 Be banish'd far away;  
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,  
 Who the same Lord obey.

4.  
 Thus will the church below,  
 Resemble that above,  
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,  
 And every heart is love.

## HYMN CXXV.

*To Jesus Christ the Eternal Life.*

1.

**W**HERE shall the tribes of Adam find  
The sov'reign good to fill the mind?  
Ye sons of moral wisdom show  
The spring whence living waters flow.

2.

Say will the stoick's flinty heart  
Melt, and this cordial juice impart?  
Could Plato find these blissful streams,  
Among his raptures and his dreams?

3.

In vain I ask; for nature's pow'r  
Extends but to this mortal hour:  
'Twas but a poor relief she gave  
Against the terrors of the grave.

4.

Jesus, our kinsman, and our Lord,  
Array'd in majesty and blood,  
'Thou art our life; our souls in thee,  
Possess a full felicity.

5.

All our immortal hopes are laid  
In thee, our surety and our head;  
Thy cross, thy cradle and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.

6.

Let atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme,  
Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;  
A word of his almighty breath,  
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

7.

But let my soul forever lie  
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;  
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
 To see thy face, to taste thy love.

---

HYMN CXXVI.

*The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

1.

**H**OW most exact is nature's frame!  
 How wise th' Eternal Mind,  
 His counsels never change the scheme,  
 That his first thoughts design'd.

2.

How great the works his hands have wrought,  
 How glorious in our sight!  
 And men in ev'ry age have sought,  
 His wonders with delight.

3.

When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure:  
 The orders that his lips pronounce,  
 To endless years endure.

4.

Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:  
 What shall we do to make us wise,  
 But learn to read thy name?

5.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
 Is our divinest skill:  
 And he's the wisest of our race,  
 Who best obeys thy will.

## HYMN CXXVII.

*Mercy and Truth met together.*

1.

**W**HEN first the God of boundless grace  
 Disclos'd his kind design,  
 To rescue our apostate race  
 From misery, shame and sin.

2.

Quick through the realms of light and bliss  
 The joyful tidings ran,  
 Each heart exulted at the news,  
 That God would dwell with man.

3.

Yet midst their joys they paus'd a while,  
 And ask'd with strange surprise,  
 "But how can injur'd justice smile,  
 "Or look with pitying eyes?"

4.

"Will the Almighty deign again,  
 "To visit yonder world;  
 "And hither bring rebellious men,  
 "Whence rebels once were hurl'd?"

5.

"Their tears, and groans, and deep distress,  
 "Aloud for mercy call;  
 "But ah! must truth and righteousness,  
 "Victims to mercy fall?"

6.

So spake the friends of God and man,  
 Delighted, yet surpris'd,  
 Eager to know the wond'rous plan,  
 That wisdom had devis'd.

7.

The Son of God attentive heard,  
 And quickly thus reply'd,  
 "In me let mercy be rever'd,  
 "And justice satisfy'd.

8.

"Behold! my vital blood I pour,  
 "A sacrifice to God;  
 "Justice divine will now no more  
 "Demand the sinner's blood."

9.

He spake, and heav'n's high arches rung;  
 Praise, ev'ry tongue employs,  
 "He died," the friendly angels sung,  
 Nor cease their rapturous joys.

---

 HYMN CXXVIII.

*Hope in Distress.*

1.

**W**ITH restless agitations tost,  
 And low immers'd in woes,  
 When shall my wild distemper'd thoughts  
 Regain their lost repose!

2.

Beneath the deep oppressive gloom,  
 My languid spirits fade;  
 And all the drooping pow'rs of life,  
 Decline to death's cold shade.

3.

O thou! the wretched's sure retreat,  
 These tott'ring cares control,  
 And with the cheerful smile of peace,  
 Revive my fainting soul!

4.

Did ever thy relenting ear  
 The humble plea disdain?  
 Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,  
 Or supplicate in vain.

5.

Opprest with grief and shame, dissolv'd  
 In penitential tears,  
 Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,  
 And dissipates our fears.

6.

New life from thy refreshing grace,  
 Our sinking hearts receive;  
 Thy gentle, best lov'd attribute,  
 To pity and forgive.

7.

From that blest source, propitious hope  
 Appears serenely bright,  
 And sheds her soft diffusive beam  
 O'er sorrow's dismal night.

8.

Dispers'd by her superior force,  
 The sullen shades retire;  
 And opening gleams of new-born joy  
 The conscious soul inspire.

9.

My griefs confess her vital pow'r,  
 And bless the friendly ray,  
 That ushers in the smiling morn  
 Of everlasting day.



## HYMN CXXIX.

*The Necessity of renewing Grace.*

1.

**H**OW helpless, guilty nature lies,  
 Unconscious of its load!  
 The heart unchang'd can never rise  
 To happiness and God.

2.

The will perverse, the passions blind;  
 In paths of ruin stray:  
 Reason debas'd can never find  
 The safe, the narrow way.

3.

Can ought beneath the pow'r divine  
 The stubborn will subdue?  
 'Tis thine, almighty Saviour, thine  
 To form the heart anew.

4.

'Tis thine the passions to recall,  
 And upwards bid them rise;  
 And make the scales of error fall  
 From reason's dark'ned eyes.

5.

To chase the shades of death away,  
 And bid the sinner live!  
 A beam of heaven, a vital ray  
 'Tis thine alone to give.

6.

O change these wretched hearts of ours,  
 And give them life divine!  
 Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,  
 Almighty Lord, be thine.

## HYMN CXXX.

*The Great Physician.*

1.

**Y**E mourning sinners, here disclose  
Your deep complaints, your various woes ;  
Approach, 'tis Jesus, he can heal  
The pains which mourning sinners feel.

2.

To eyes long clos'd in mental night,  
Strangers to all the joys of light,  
His word imparts a blissful ray ;  
Sweet morning of celestial day !

3.

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes,  
The Lord, the Saviour bids you rise ;  
New life and strength his voice conveys,  
And plaintive groans are chang'd for praise.

4.

Nor shall the leper, hopeless lie  
Beneath the great Physician's eye ;  
Sin's deepest pow'r his word controls,  
That fatal leprosy of souls.

5.

That hand divine which can assuage  
The burning fever's restless rage ;  
That hand omnipotent and kind,  
Can cool the fever of the mind.

6.

When freezing palsy chills the veins,  
And pale, cold death, already reigns,  
He speaks ; the vital pow'rs revive ;  
He speaks, and dying sinners live.

7.

Dear Lord, we wait thy healing hand ;  
 Diseases fly at thy command ;  
 O let thy sovereign touch impart  
 Life, strength, and health to ev'ry heart.

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HYMN CXXXI.

*Praise to the Creator.*

1.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;  
 Know that the Lord is God alone,  
 He can create, and he destroy.

2.

His sovereign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
 And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
 He brought us to his fold again.

3.

We are his people we his care,  
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame ;  
 What lasting honours shall we rear.  
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

4.

Wide as the world is thy command,  
 Vast as eternity thy love !  
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,  
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

5.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

## HYMN CXXXII.

*No Rest on Earth.*

1.

**M**AN has a soul of vast desires,  
 He burns within with restless fires:  
 Tost to and fro, his passions fly,  
 Through all the scenes below the sky.

2.

In vain on earth we hope to find  
 Some solid good to fill the mind;  
 We try new pleasures, but we feel  
 The inward thirst and torment still.

3.

So when a raging fever burns,  
 We shift from side to side by turns;  
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
 To change the place but keep the pain.

4.

Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,  
 This love to vanity and dust;  
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,  
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

## HYMN CXXXIII.

*A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

1.

**H**OW long shall Death the tyrant reign,  
 And triumph o'er the just,  
 While the rich blood of martyrs slain  
 Lies mingled with the dust.

2.

Lo, I behold the scatter'd shades,  
 The dawn of heav'n appears,  
 The sweet immortal morning spreads  
 Its blushes round the spheres.

3.

I see the Lord of glory come,  
 And flaming guards around;  
 The skies divide to make him room,  
 The trumpet shakes the ground.

4.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead arise!"  
 And lo, the graves obey,  
 And waking saints with joyful eyes,  
 Salute th' expected day.

5.

They leave the dust, and on the wing  
 Rise to the mid-way air:  
 In shining garments meet their King,  
 And low adore him there.

6.

O may our humble spirits stand  
 Amongst them cloath'd in white!  
 The meanest place at his right hand,  
 Is infinite delight.

7.

How will our joy and wonder rise,  
 When our returning King,  
 Shall bear us homeward through the skies,  
 On love's triumphant wing!



## HYMN CXXXIV.

*Christ our Example.*

1.

**B**LESS'D JESUS, how divinely bright!  
 In thee each heav'ly virtue shone,  
 When for our sakes incarnate here,  
 How justly styl'd the "Holy One."

2.

With what a strong and vivid flame,  
Did thy devotion ever rise?  
While each revolving day and night,  
Witness'd thy visits to the skies.

3.

The guiltless spirit, and the mind,  
From pride, from passion ever free,  
Patient, and just, and pure, and kind,  
Are faint descriptions, Lord of thee.

4.

Fain would I wear thy lovely form,  
And in each sacred virtue shine:  
Oh! may thy spirit on my soul,  
Deep trace the portraiture divine!

5.

Thou blessed Sun, with quick'ning rays,  
Pervade the cold and flinty breast;  
Kindle up life through all my pow'rs,  
And be my guide to endless rest.

6.

Yes, dear Redeemer, let thy love,  
And pow'r, these sacred gifts impart;  
I'll tune to thee the song of praise,  
With glowing gratitude of heart.

7.

The list'ning earth shall learn thy name,  
Approve, and echo to thy lay;  
Angels and saints prolong the theme  
With joy, through one eternal day.

## HYMN CXXXV.

*Enthusiasm and Superstition.*

1.

**J**ESUS—the friend of man—has giv'n  
 His gospel, as our guide to heav'n!  
 Its aids and comforts how divine;  
 How bright its sacred precepts shine.

2.

Reason and truth in ev'ry page,  
 Shed light and knowledge on the age:  
 But wild enthusiasts meet no trace  
 Of tenets which their creed disgrace.

3.

Their dreams of heav'n's peculiar love,  
 Their boasted visions from above,  
 A heated fancy may produce,  
 But are the gospel's great abuse.

4.

No bigot-zeal can find pretence  
 In doctrines fairly drawn from hence—  
 No gloomy superstitious mind,  
 In error's mazes lost and blind;

5.

Can e'er its sacred dictates plead  
 To justify the frantic deed.—  
 Bright and serene—true virtue's rays,  
 But seldom kindle into blaze.

6.

Grant, gracious God, that we may find  
 A cheerful, calm, enlighten'd mind;  
 While truth divine shall point the way  
 To realms of everlasting day.

## HYMN CXXXVI.

*The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

1.

**W**HAT strange perplexities arise?  
 What anxious fears and jealousies?  
 What clouds, in doubtful light appear?  
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

2.

And what am I?—My soul, awake,  
 And an impartial survey take:  
 Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,  
 In practice or in heart appear?

3.

What image does my spirit bear?  
 Is Jesus form'd and living there?  
 Say, do his lineaments divine,  
 In thought, and word, and action shine?

4.

Searcher of hearts, O search me still;  
 The secrets of my soul reveal,  
 My fears remove; let me appear  
 To God—and my own conscience clear.

5.

Scatter the clouds, that o'er my head,  
 Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;  
 Lead me into celestial day,  
 And, to myself, myself display.

6.

May I at that bless'd world arrive,  
 Where Christ through all my soul shall live,  
 And give full proof that he is there,  
 Without one gloomy doubt or fear.



## HYMN CXXXVII.

*Storm and Thunder.*

1.

**L**ET coward guilt, with pallid fear,  
 To shelt'ring caverns fly,  
 And justly dread the vengeful fate,  
 That thunders through the sky.

2.

Protected by that hand, whose law  
 The threat'ning storms obey,  
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
 As in the blaze of day.

3.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,  
 The lightning's dismal glare,  
 It views the same all-gracious Pow'r,  
 That breathes the vernal air.

4.

Through nature's ever varying scene,  
 By diff'rent ways pursu'd;  
 The one eternal end of Heav'n  
 Is universal good.

5.

With like beneficent effect,  
 O'er flaming ether glows,  
 As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
 Or blushes in the rose.

6.

By reason taught to scorn those fears,  
 That vulgar minds molest,  
 Let no fantastic terrors break  
 The pious Christian's rest.

7.

When through creation's vast expanse,  
 The last dread thunders roll,  
 Untune the concord of the spheres,  
 And shake the rising soul,

8.

Unmov'd, may we the final storm  
 Of jarring worlds survey,  
 That ushers in the glad serene  
 Of everlasting day!

---

### HYMN CXXXVIII.

*Moses, Aaron, and Jesus.*

1.

**T**IS not the law of ten commands  
 On holy Sinai giv'n,  
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,  
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.

2.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,  
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
 Or save our souls from hell.

3.

Aaron the priest resigns his breath,  
 At God's immediate will;  
 And in the desert yields to death,  
 Upon th' appointed hill.

4.

And thus, on Jordan's yonder side  
 The tribes of Isr'el stand,  
 While Moses bow'd his head and dy'd,  
 Short of the promis'd land.

5.

My soul rejoice, now Jesus leads,  
 He'll bring the world to rest ;  
 So far the Saviour's name exceeds  
 The ruler and the priest.

---

 HYMN CXXXIX.

*Prosperity.*

1.

**R**ICHES in copious streams,  
 From every quarter flow :  
 Not one of all my fertile schemes  
 Feels an abortive throe.

2.

My freighted vessels sail  
 A length of ocean o'er ;  
 And bring me with a speeding gale,  
 New wealth from ev'ry shore.

3.

My soul, thy warm desires  
 Indulge in all delight.  
 Seize whatsoe'er thy fancy fires,  
 Or ravishes thy sight.

4.

Roll in the gilded car,  
 The rural palace rear :  
 There ev'ry gate and opening bar  
 To charity and fear.

5.

Bid luxury employ  
 Her skill, thy taste to please.  
 Call thy rich friends to share the joy,  
 And swim in mirth and ease.

6.

To-day, in jocund bowls  
 Drown, drown forecasting thought :  
 The morrow leave to gloomy souls,  
 Who dread they know not what.

7.

Thou fool ! thy soul this eve  
 Stern summons shall demand.  
 Whose name shall then thy house receive ?  
 For whom thy coffers stand ?

---

 HYMN CXL.

*Envy.*

1.

**M**ALIGNANT envy, come not near,  
 Some wretch of infamy torment.  
 Come not to trouble my repose,  
 Thou spawn of pride and discontent.

2.

Go, move the tempter to destroy.  
 Some world of innocence again.  
 Go, and another Abel find,  
 To perish by another Cain.

3.

Or some hard hearted brethren mould,  
 A Joseph's favourite life to sell.  
 Or some delicious vineyard eye,  
 And in a second Ahab dwell.

4.

Yea, could the Son of God again  
 Appear in servile form below ;  
 In flame malevolence, once more  
 To strike the crucifying blow.

5.

Not blackest night, and brightest noon,  
 Are with each other more at strife,  
 O Jesus, than the envious mind  
 Is with thy gospel and thy life.

6.

May I too humble be for pride,  
 Too self contented to repine:  
 And too benevolent, to wish  
 My neighbour's blessings less than mine.

---

HYMN CXXI.

*Family Religion.*

1.

**F**ATHER of all, thy care we bless,  
 Which crowns our families with peace;  
 From thee they spring, and by thy hand,  
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.

2.

To God most worthy to be prais'd,  
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;  
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

3.

To thee may each united house,  
 Morning, and night, present its vows:  
 Our servants there, and rising race,  
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4.

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

## HYMN CXLII.

*Marriage.*

1.

**H**AIL honour'd wedlock! sacred rite!  
 What bliss from thee derives!  
 The spring of true and pure delight,  
 And solace of our lives.

2.

*Condemn'd* by none but sordid souls,  
 Who scorn fair virtue's name,  
 Who reason drown in midnight bowls,  
 And glory in their shame.

3.

Their lawless conduct we detest,  
 And rise to nobler views:  
 The chaste and temp'rate are the blest,  
 And hence their peace ensues.

4.

In social blessings they shall share,  
 Which form life's greatest good;  
 And find this union sooth their care,  
 If rightly understood.

5.

Adam, by solitude distress'd,  
 In Eden breath'd a moan:  
 And heav'n pronounc'd it was not best,  
 For man to be alone.

6.

Eve onward came, all Eden blooms,  
 And nature's face looks gay,  
 The garden yields its best perfumes,  
 On Adam's bridal day.

7.

Jesus—at Cana once renown'd,  
 The sacred rite approv'd,  
 And festal scene his presence crown'd,  
 And ev'ry want remov'd.

8.

Lord, grant thy blessing may attend  
 The duties we perform :  
 Thy servants, each, display the friend,  
 And love their bosoms warm.



### HYMN CXLIII.

*Christ apprehended.*

1.

**T**HE traitor comes, with ruffian crew,  
 “Good master, hail,” the traitor cries,  
 Then gives the signal kiss; anew  
 The traitor calls, “hold fast your prize.”

2.

Whither ye rude, unhallow'd hands,  
 My Lord, my Saviour, will ye bear?  
 O must the Prince of life these bands  
 Of vilest ignominy wear.

3.

He must: ev'n he, whose voice could bring  
 His Father's legions down to earth;  
 Ten thousand thousand on the wing,  
 To guard his life, who sang his birth.

4.

He must; all rescue he declines:  
 “Else oracles in vain fortel  
 “Eternal Wisdom's great designs,  
 “To save a guilty world from hell.”

5.

Behold, the willing victim goes,  
 As a meek lamb to slaughter led:  
 What noble fortitude he shews!  
 His looks how calm! erect, his head!

6.

O Jesus, should thy cause require  
 My blood, its heav'n-born truth to seal;  
 Me, in that trying day, inspire  
 With thy divinely-glowing zeal.

---

### HYMN CXLIV.

*The Condemnation and Crucifixion.*

1.

**B**OUND in a malefactor's chains,  
 Malice his innocence arraigns;  
 Malice her venom'd spittle throws,  
 Fierce malice deals her fiercest blows.

2.

With crown of thorns his temples bleed,  
 With cruel stripes his back is flea'd.  
*Behold the Man*—"The Cross," they call,  
 "The Cross," and rend the judgment hall.

3.

*What evil has he wrought?* "Away,  
 "Barabbas save, this fellow slay."  
 Bleeding and faint, he bears along  
 His cross, amidst a hooting throng.

4.

Inconstant throng! the day before  
 Heard your wide mouths *Hosannahs* roar:  
 "*Messiah, King,*" with shoutings loud,  
 You hail'd him. O inconstant crowd!



5.

Ingrates, where shall your lame, your blind,  
Your sick another healer find?  
Whence shall another Jesus come,  
To guide you to his Father's home?

6.

Ah! they have nail'd him to the tree,  
Between the sons of infamy.  
And now the scornful head they shake,  
And now th' insulting jest they break.

7.

But oh! what tongue his grief can tell,  
When on his soul that darkness fell?  
"My God, my God and Father, why  
"By thee forsaken must I die?"

8.

Flow, flow my tears, in torrents flow!  
My sins, O Jesus, wrought thy woe.  
Help my weak faith, and with thy pow'r  
Uphold me in temptation's hour.



## HYMN CXLV.

*The Christian supported.*

1.

**Y**ES, there's a better world on high:  
Hope on thou pious breast:  
Faint not, thou trav'ler; on the sky  
Thy weary feet shall rest.

2.

Anguish may rend each vital part:  
Poor man! thy frame how frail!  
Yet heaven's own strength shall shield thy heart,  
When strength and flesh shall fail.

3.

Through death's dread vale of deepest shade

Thy feet must surely go:

Yet there, e'en there, walk undismay'd;

'Tis thy last scene of woe.

4.

Jesus, and with the tenderest hand,

Shall guard the trav'ler through:

“Hail!” shalt thou cry, “hail promis'd land!

“And, wilderness adieu.”

5.

Jesus! oh! make our souls thy care!

Oh! take us all to thee:

Where'er thou art, we ask not where:

But there 'tis heav'n to be.



## HYMN CXLVI.

*The virtuous Contemplation of Mortality.*

1.

**E**TERNAL God! our years amount

Scarce to a day in thy account;

Like yesterday's departed light,

Or the last watch of ending night.

2.

Death, like an overflowing stream,

Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;

An empty tale; a morning flow'r,

Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

3.

By thy protecting arm upheld,

How few have seventy years beheld;

But if to eighty they arrive,

They rather sigh and groan than live.

4.

The shorter life ; the wiser he  
 Who consecrates it all to thee :  
 Who life in virtue's course improves,  
 And trusts the God who virtue loves.

---

 HYMN CXLVII.

*Humility, Tenderness and Sympathy.*

1.

**T**HOU great and sacred Lord of all,  
 Of life the only spring ;  
 Of all on earth, and all in Heaven,  
 The wise and righteous King.

2.

Drive from the confines of my heart,  
 All stubbornness and pride ;  
 Nor let me in the dang'rous scenes,  
 That sinners chuse, abide.

3.

Whate'er thine all-discerning eye  
 Sees for thy creature fit,  
 I bless the good, and to the ill,  
 Contentedly submit.

4.

With humane pleasure may I view  
 The prosperous and the great ;  
 Ill-temper'd envy may I fly,  
 With odious self-conceit.

5.

Nor brooding spleen, nor fell revenge,  
 Be to my bosom known ;  
 Tears may I find for other's woe,  
 And patience for my own.

P

6.

Feed me with necessary food,  
 I ask not wealth or fame:  
 But give me eyes to view thy works,  
 A heart to praise thy name.

7.

Serenely may my days move on,  
 Without remorse or care;  
 And may I for the parting hour  
 In every hour prepare.

---

 HYMN CXLVIII.

*The universal Presence and Inspection of God.*

1.

**M**Y heart, and all my ways, O God,  
 By thee are search'd and seen;  
 My outward acts thine eye observes,  
 My secret thoughts within.

2.

Attendant on my steps all day,  
 Thy providence I see,  
 And in the solitude of night  
 I'm present still with thee.

3.

No spot the boundless realms of space  
 Whence thou art absent know:  
 In heaven thou reign'st a glorious King.  
 An awful Judge below.

4.

Goodness, and majesty, and power,  
 Through all thy works are shown;  
 Richly display'd in nature's frame,  
 And richly in my own.

4.

Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,  
 Turn out his enemy, and thine;  
 Turn out that hateful monster, sin,  
 And let the heavenly stranger in.

5.

Yet know, nor of the terms complain:  
 Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign;  
 To reign and with no partial sway:  
 E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

6.

Sov'reign of souls, thou Prince of peace!  
 O may thy gentle reign increase!  
 Throw wide the door, each willing mind,  
 And be his empire—all mankind.

---

HYMN CLVIII.

*A Morning Hymn.*

1.

**T**O thee let my first off'rings rise,  
 Whose sun creates the day;  
 Swift as his gladd'ning influence flies,  
 And spotless as his ray.

2.

What numbers, with heart-piercing sighs,  
 Have pass'd this tedious night!  
 What numbers too, have clos'd their eyes,  
 No more to see the light.

3.

Sound was my sleep, my dreams were gay:  
 How short such time review'd!  
 My night stole unperceiv'd away;  
 I'm like the day, renew'd.

4.

This day thy fav'ring hand be nigh,  
 So oft vouchsaf'd before ;  
 Still may it lead, protect, supply,  
 And I that hand adore.

5.

If bliss thy providence impart,  
 For which, resign'd, I pray,  
 Give me to feel the grateful heart,  
 And without guilt be gay.

6.

Affliction, should thy love intend,  
 As vice or folly's cure,  
 Patient to gain that blessed end,  
 May I the means endure.

7.

If bright or cloudy scenes await ;  
 Some virtue let me gain ;  
 That Heaven, nor high, nor low estate  
 When sent, may send in vain.

8.

Be this, and ev'ry future day,  
 Still wiser than the past ;  
 That, from the whole of life's survey  
 I may find peace at last.



## HYMN CLIX.

*A Birth Day.*

1.

**S**WIFT as the winged arrow flies,  
 My time is hastening on :  
 Quick as the lightning from the skies,  
 My wasting moments run.

2.

My follies past, O God, forgive,  
 My ev'ry sin subdue:  
 And teach me henceforth how to live,  
 With glory in my view.

3.

'Twere better I had not been born,  
 Than live without thy fear:  
 For they are wretched and forlorn,  
 Who have their portion here.

4.

But, thanks to thine unbounded grace,  
 That in my early youth,  
 I have been taught to seek thy face,  
 And know the way of truth.

5.

Oh! let thy Spirit lead me still,  
 Along the happy road;  
 Conform me to thy holy will,  
 My Father, and my God!

6.

Another year of life is past:  
 My heart to thee incline;  
 That if this year should be my last,  
 It may be wholly thine.

---

## HYMN CLX.

*The true Way to please God.*

1.

**W**HEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,  
 And bow before his throne?  
 What shall sweet peace of mind afford?  
 What for my faults atone?

Q

2.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed

And spicy fumes ascend ?

Will these my earnest wish succeed,

And make my God my friend ?

3.

With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,

Shall I mine offspring slay ?

Will this atone for ill desert,

And purge my guilt away ?

4.

Alas ! 'twere idle mockery all,

Such victims bleed in vain ;

No fatlings from the field or stall

Such favour can obtain.

5.

Well dost thou know what must delight,

And what acceptance win :

Repentance true, and heart upright,

And life estrang'd from sin.

6.

To God with humble reverence bow,

And to his glory live ;

To men their sacred rights allow,

And proofs of kindness give.

7.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere

God never will despise ;

And cheerful duty he'll prefer

To costly sacrifice.



HYMN CLXI.

*Rejoice, O Young Man, etc.* Eccl.

1.

**T**HY laughing joys, young man, pursue  
In all thy youth rejoice;  
'Tis life's gay spring, restraint adieu!  
Nor heed dull wisdom's voice.

2.

Repel each intermeddling fear;  
Shall fear thy course restrain?  
At danger laugh, remote or near,  
And deem each terror vain.

3.

But know, thy Judge, with watchful eye  
Marks every daring sin;  
Thy open crimes all naked lie,  
And all that lurks within.

4.

Whate'er thou hast in darkness done,  
To shun a public shame,  
He will expose before the sun,  
And to the world proclaim.

5.

O how wilt thou abide his frown,  
Thy awful sentence bear?  
Let not the thought away be thrown,  
But stop thy mad career.

6.

Renounce each dear and tempting vice,  
Thy loose associates fly;  
Be serious, sober, chaste, and wise,  
And virtue's pleasures try.

7.  
 That when thy righteous Judge shall come,  
 In all his glories drest ;  
 Thou may'st serenely wait thy doom,  
 The voice which hails thee blest.

— — — — —  
 HYMN CLXII.

*The World a poor Exchange.*

1.

HOW eagerly do men persue  
 Each idle childish toy ;  
 And venture everlasting death  
 To win a moment's joy.

2.

Neglected leave their nobler mind,  
 Or all its whiteness stain ;  
 And angels' happiness resign,  
 The bliss of brutes to gain.

3.

The pleasures that allure the sense  
 Are dangerous to us all ;  
 Sweet at the first, how soon succeeds  
 The bitterness of gall.

4.

God is mine all-sufficient good,  
 My portion and my choice ;  
 To him my vast desires are fill'd,  
 And all my powers rejoice.

5.

Vain the world accosts my ear,  
 And tempts my heart anew ;  
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,  
 Nor part with heaven for you.

## HYMN CLXIII.

*The Changes of Life from God.*

1.

**A**S various as the moon  
Is man's estate below ;  
To his bright day of gladness soon  
Succeeds a night of woe.

2.

The night of woe resigns  
Its darkness and its grief ;  
Again the morn of comfort shines,  
And brings our souls relief.

3.

Yet not to fickle chance  
Is man's condition giv'n :  
His bright and darker hours advance  
By the fix'd laws of Heaven.

4.

God measures unto all  
Their lot of good and ill ;  
Nor this too great, nor that too small,  
All is a Father's will.

5.

Let each conform his mind  
To every changing state ;  
Rejoicing now, and now resign'd,  
And the great issue wait.

## HYMN CLXIV.

*The necessity and Blessedness of Revelation.*

1.

**W**HO of himself can find  
The error of his ways ?  
Left to himself, with daring mind,  
From God and Heaven he strays.

2.

The savage and the sage  
Alike this truth proclaim ;  
And every nation, every age,  
Partakes the general shame.

3.

Nor could our fallen race  
Recov'ry e'er have known,  
If God his better truth and grace  
In mercy had not shown.

4.

O welcome to my heart,  
This cure of human ill !  
O God ! thy presence still impart  
To work in me thy will.

5.

A man, may I abhor  
Beneath the man to move :  
A Christian, may I higher soar,  
And answer all thy love.

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## HYMN CLXV.

### *Earth and Heaven.*

1.

**S**HORT is the date prescrib'd to man,  
Nor are his joys sincere  
Affliction mourning, leads the van,  
And grief brings up the rear.

2.

Few peaceful moments intervène,  
From childhood to the tomb ;  
Or if bright spots should gild the scene,  
How black the following gloom !

3.

Temptations spread their glitt'ring snares,  
 Their potent charms we feel!  
 Surprising, that a vale of tears  
 Is so alluring still.

4.

But when the pangs of death are past,  
 Superior Edens rise;  
 No fruit forbidden, tempts the taste,  
 No serpent there decoys.

5.

From pleasure's fountain ever full,  
 The stream unsullied flows,  
 While CHRIST, my Hope, my Life, my All,  
 Unrivall'd beauty shows.

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### HYMN CLXVI.

*The Inefficacy of Hymns without Devotion.*

1.

**G**REAT God! what rich provision's made,  
 To fit our souls for heav'n!  
 How various are the means prepar'd!  
 How great the aid that's giv'n!

2.

Thy word in ev'ry part displays  
 The wonders of thy grace:  
 But in the gospel brightest shines  
 Thy care for all our race.

3.

Counsels, reproofs, and psalms, and hymns,  
 With solemn sacred songs,  
 To thy unbounded love we owe:  
 To thee—the praise belongs.

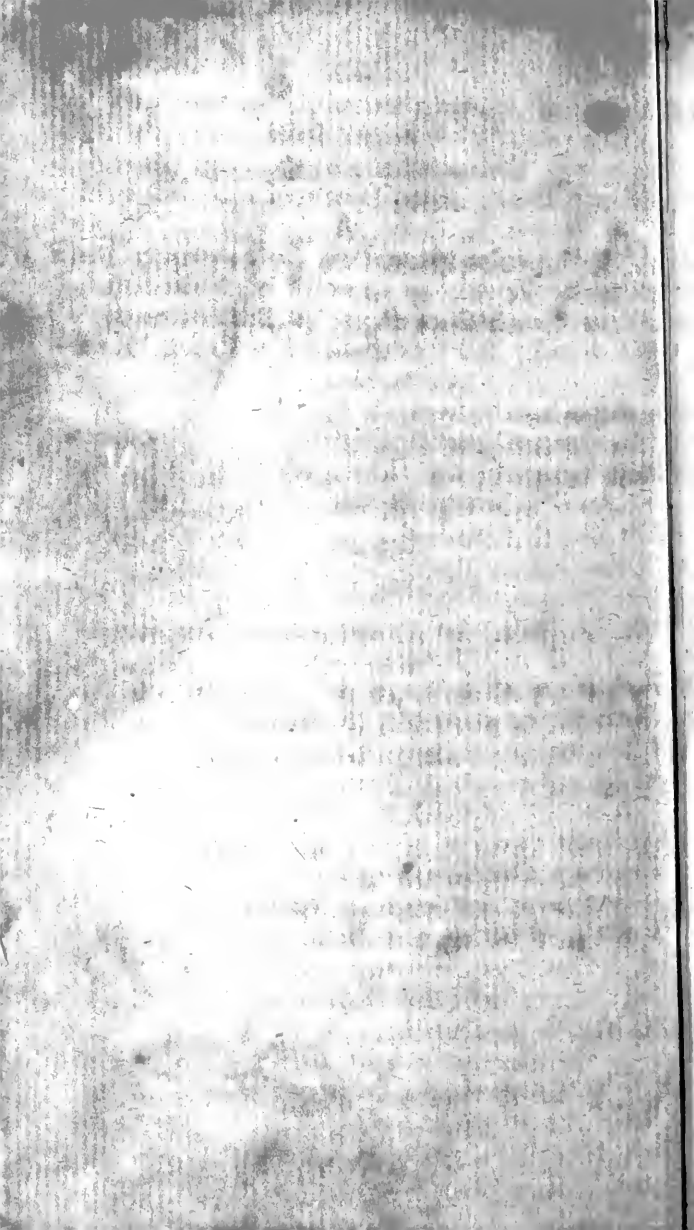
4.

But what are tuneful, sacred songs,  
Or what our measur'd lays :  
Unless thy Spirit warm our hearts;  
How flat—our hymns of praise !

5.

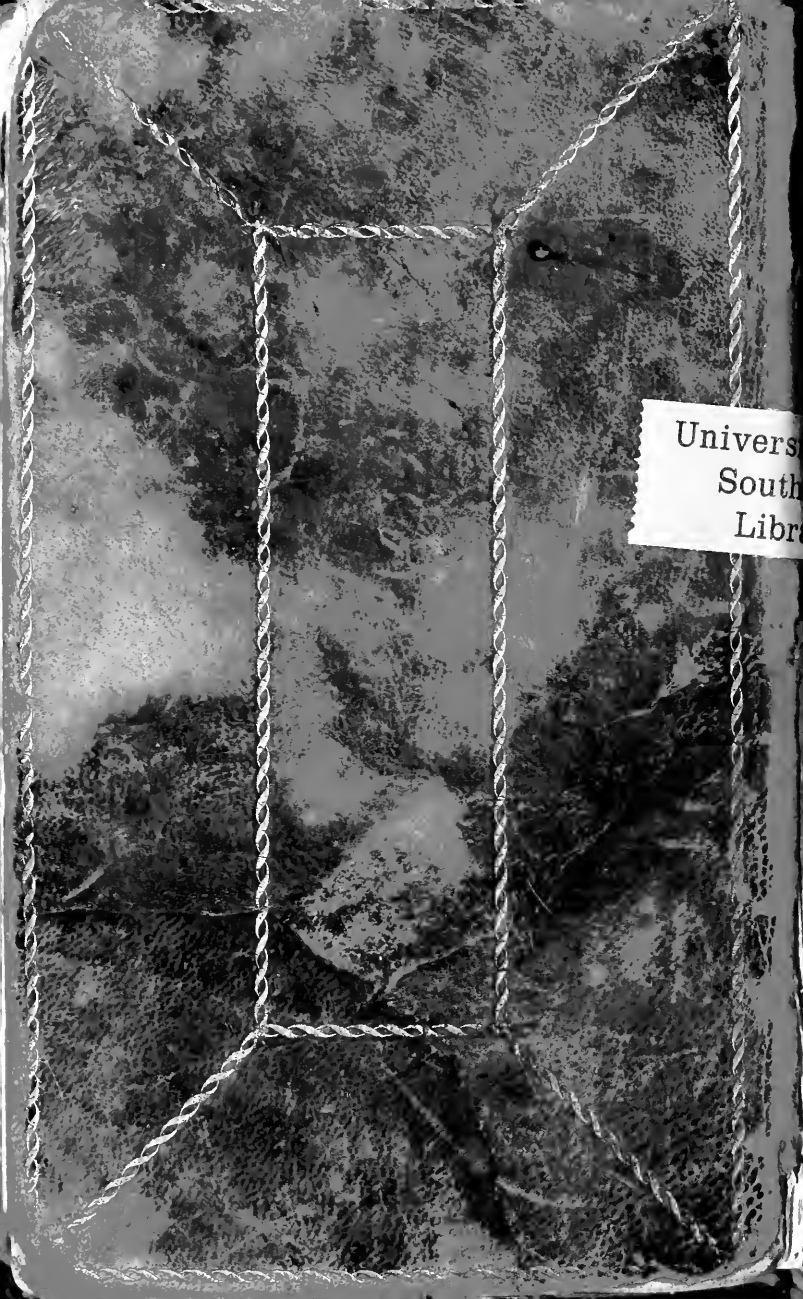
Then, gracious God, we humbly ask  
Assistance from above :  
Our passions shall, by music sooth'd,  
Be all attun'd to love—!

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