

Library of the Theological Seminary,

PRINCETON, N. J.

Presented by Mr. Samuel Agnew of Philadelphia, Pa.

Division

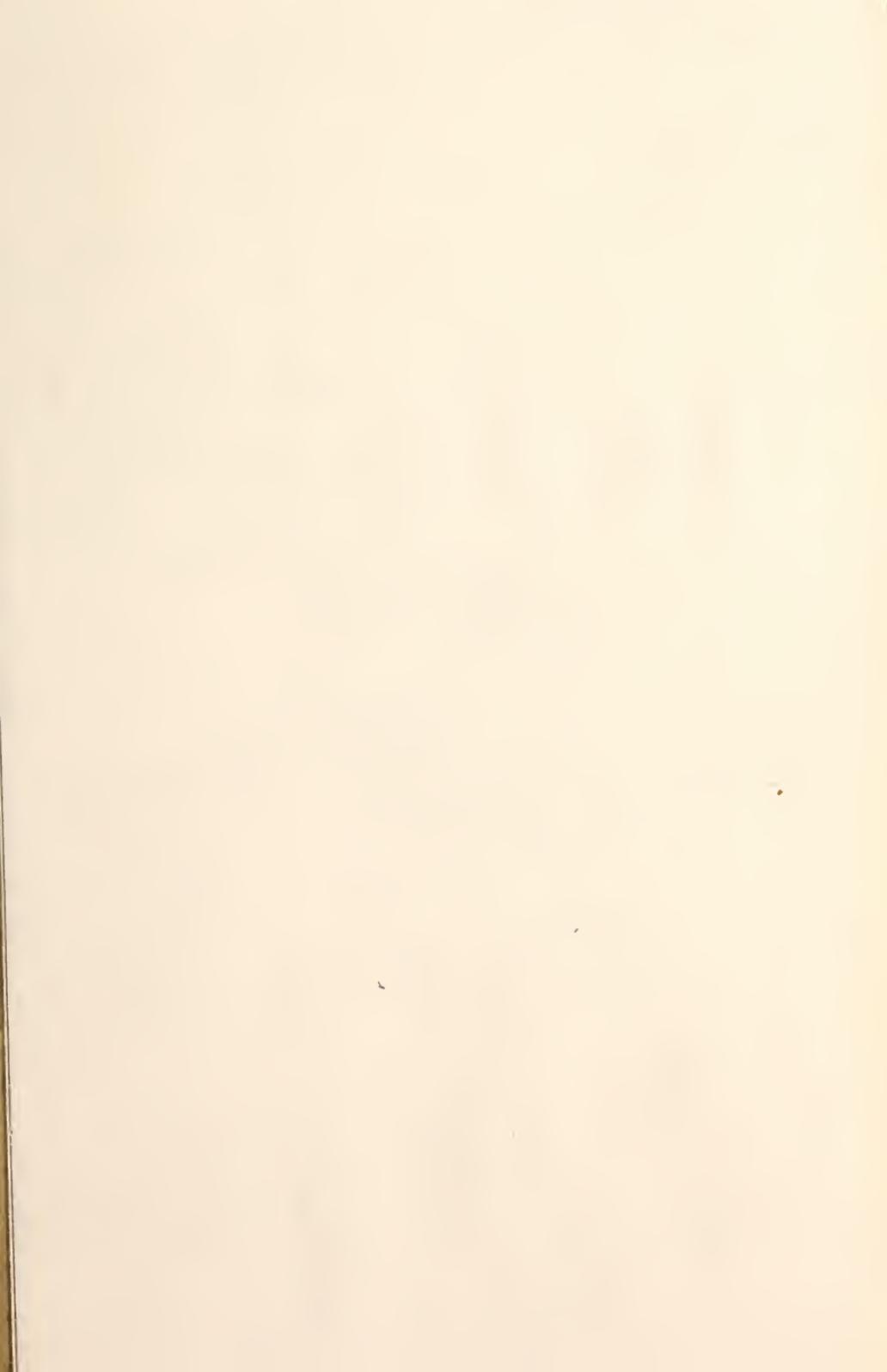
SCC

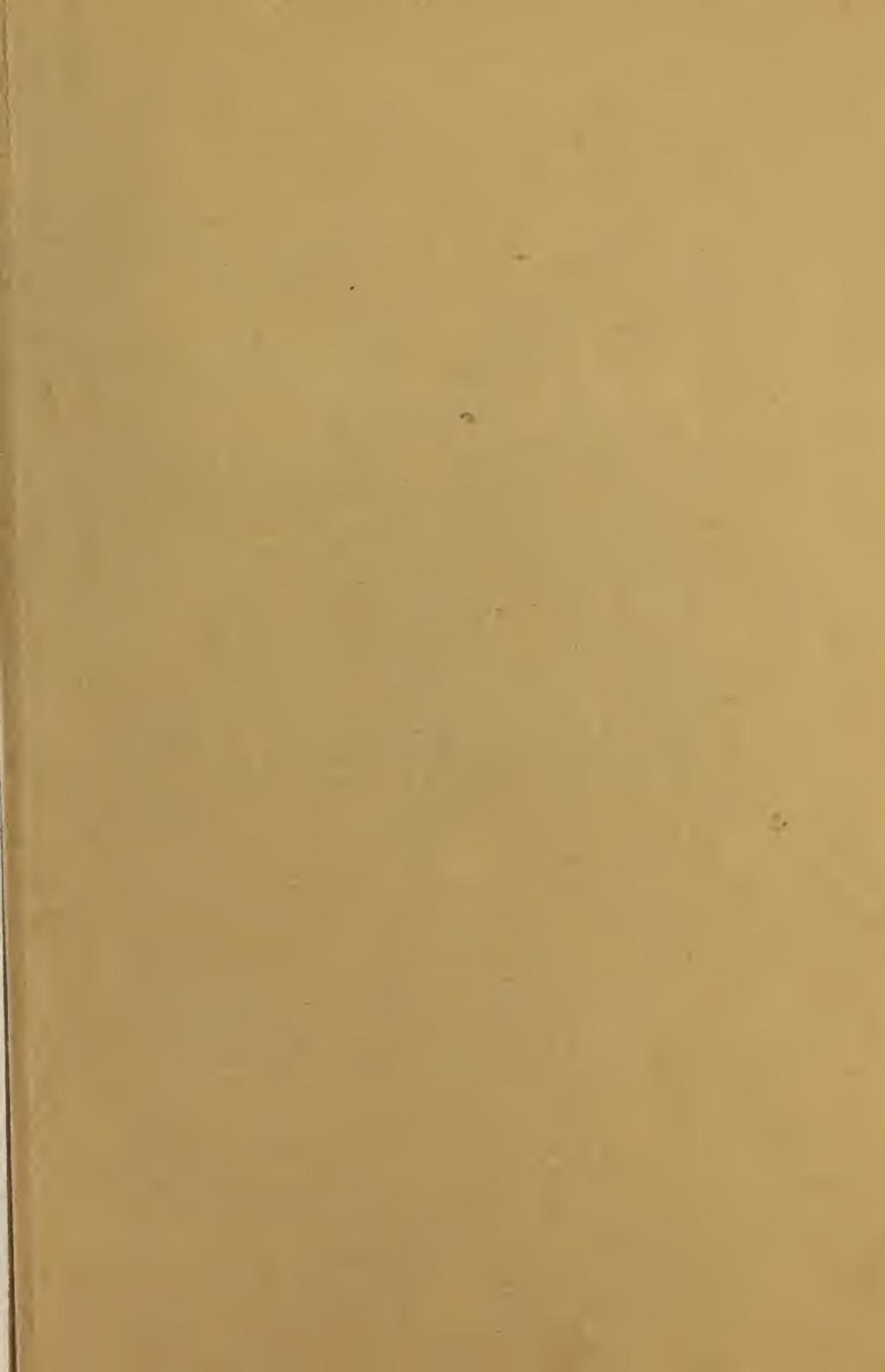
Section

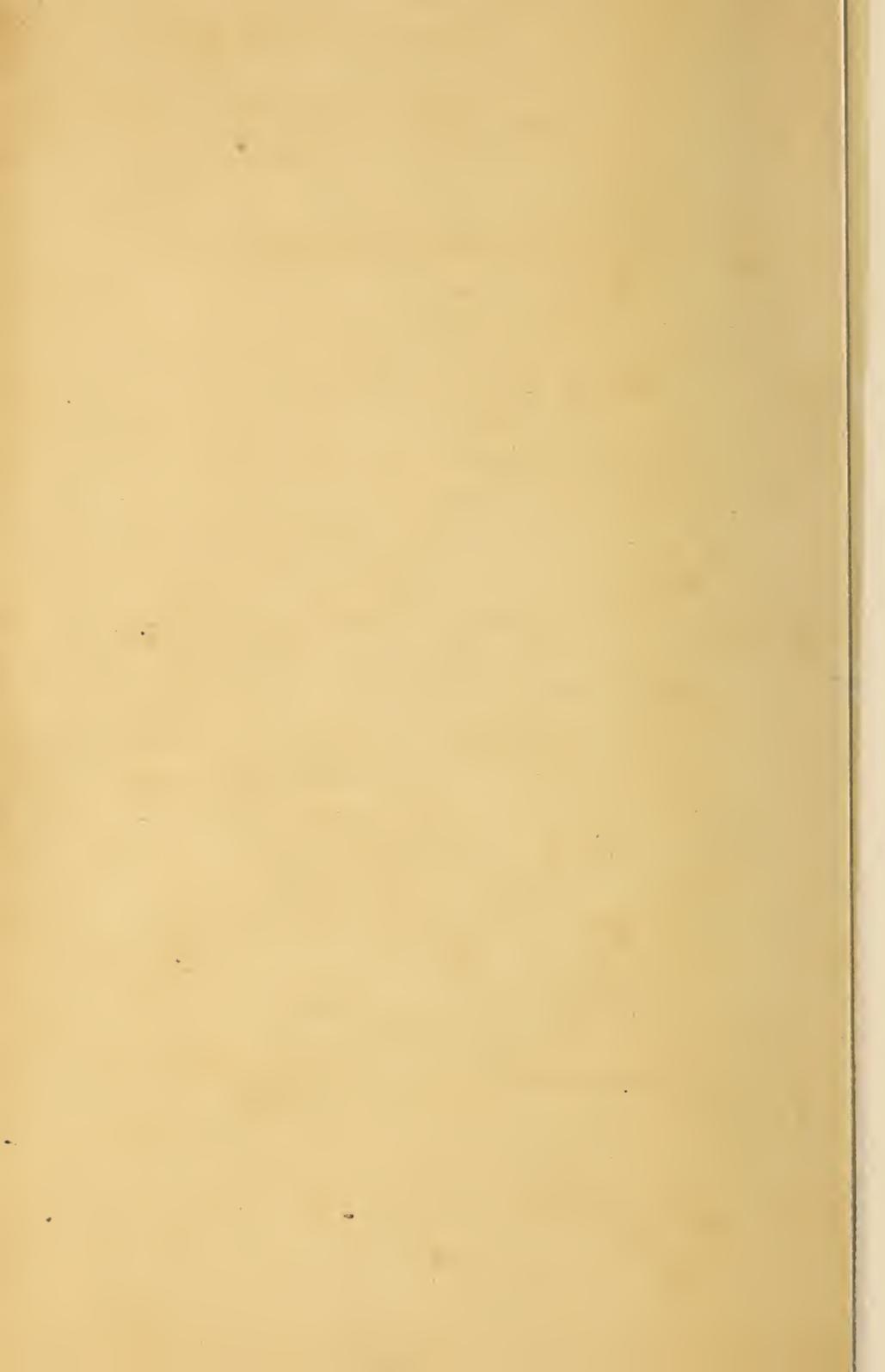
4135

Number

Benson









Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

<http://archive.org/details/partadapt00clap>

✓
PSALMS AND HYMNS,

ADAPTED TO THE SERVICE

OF

✓
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

AND

FOR OCCASIONAL USE,

PARTLY ORIGINAL, AND PARTLY EXTRACTED FROM VARIOUS
AUTHORS.

THE FIFTH EDITION REVISED.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs,
singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.

EPHESIANS v. 19.

The church triumphant, and the church below,
In songs their present union show :
Their joys are full, *our* expectation long ;
In life we differ, but we join in song :
Angels and we, assisted by this art,
May sing together, though we dwell apart.

WALLER.

CLAPHAM :

DAVID BATTEN : J. HATCHARD & SON,
PICCADILLY.

1840.

D. BATTEN, PRINTER, CLAPHAM.



P R E F A C E.

MUSIC and Poetry are never more properly employed than in celebrating the praises, and extolling the perfections of that bountiful Creator who tuned the voice to sing, and formed the ear to enjoy the sounds of harmony: nor is any part of divine worship more delightful and animating than the singing of a devout congregation, whose praises ascend in concert to the throne of the REDEEMER. It is therefore matter of serious regret, that in many parish churches this service should be performed in a manner calculated to produce contempt and disgust, rather than to excite devotion, and promote edification.

It is the object of this work to contribute to the improvement of Psalmody, as far as it respects the words and sentiments used, by presenting a selection of such detached passages, from approved versions of the Psalms, as appear to be *best adapted to the general use of congregations—in portions of a convenient length—in variety of metres—with so much of the spirit of poetry as may prevent the disgust which obsolete versification generally excites—and with such an evangelical turn of thought as the worship of the Christian church seems to require. To attain the last point, a free version, or paraphrase, is admitted in several instances, and in some, the type of the prophet is dropped, and the anti-type, which was faintly and obscurely shadowed out, is exhibited illuminated by the light of the gospel.*

There is no part of divine service which is so properly the act of the congregation as singing: in the other parts the minister takes the lead; in this he only unites in the worship as one of the congregation. It is therefore incumbent on every one to join, if able, in this general act of homage. Let not the tongue, "the glory of man," be silent only in the Creator's praise; or the tuneful voice be dumb only when GOD and heaven are the theme. Let it not be esteemed a matter of indifference whether we attend to this part of divine service or not: we are shocked at the guilt of being inattentive and careless, while upon our knees we profess to lament our sin, implore spiritual mercies, and offer up our just tribute of thanks to GOD: can we assign any sufficient reason why inattention becomes less culpable when the Psalms are sung? The posture and the tone of voice indeed are changed, but the subjects are the same: the worship is not intermitted. The mode of celebrating it is only varied, and varied to *exalt* it: and exalted indeed it is, when performed by the harmonious voices, united in concert with the hearts, of a WHOLE congregation. There is then no juster resemblance below of the worship of the heavenly hosts above.

The *posture* in which singing is performed, though not a point of essential importance, yet is certainly worthy of some consideration; and it is humbly submitted, whether it ought not to be one by which reverence and devotion are strongly marked. It plainly appears that it was the practice of the Jewish Church to praise God *standing*. "And the Priests waited on their offices: the Levites also, with instruments of music of the Lord, which David the king had made to praise the Lord, because his mercy endureth for ever, when David praised by their ministry; and the Priests sounded trumpets before them, and all Israel *stood*."—2 Chronicles vii. 6. "Then the Levites said, *Stand up*, and bless the Lord your God for ever."—Nehemiah ix. 5.

One of the fathers (St. Basil), describing the practice of the Christian church in his time, says, "The people "rising from prayer *stand up* to sing psalms." In the Church of *England* it was the practice of old to perform this part of the service *standing*, even as the Rubric directs us to **STAND UP** while the Psalms are *read*. But higher examples than these are set before us: the angels and the spirits of just men made perfect are represented as **STANDING** while they praise God. "I saw the *Lord sitting upon a "throne*, high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple. "Above it *stood* the seraphims: and one cried unto another, "and said, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts; the "whole earth is full of his glory."—Isaiah vi. 2, 3. "After "this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man "could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, "and tongues, *stood* before the throne, and before the Lamb, "clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and "cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which "sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb."—Rev. vii. 9, "10. "And I saw, as it were, a sea of glass mingled with "fire: and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, "and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number "of his name, *stand* on the sea of glass, having the harps of "GOD; and they sing the song of Moses, the servant of "God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and mar- "vellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty: just and true "are thy ways, thou King of Saints."—Rev. xv. 2, 3.

What better example can we follow than that of the purest churches below, and of the spirits of just men made perfect, and angels above!

The present differs from the original edition by the omission of some psalms and hymns, by the introduction of others, and by various corrections. With the view of rendering the publication more extensively

useful, a few hymns have been inserted, which are suited rather for private and occasional use than for congregational worship.

The editor takes this method of returning his acknowledgements to those friends who have assisted him in the compilation; and he desires to express his particular thanks for the permission afforded him of making such use as he thought right of the valuable version by the late Rev. Mr. Goode.



P S A L M S .

PSALM I. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk :
- 2 But makes the perfect law of GOD
His bus'ness and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
- 3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit doth bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
His just designs attend.
- 4 Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd,
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 For GOD approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners and the paths they tread
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM I. VERSION 2. SEVENS D.

- 1 **O** HOW blest the man whose ear
 Impious counsel shuns to hear,
 Who nor treads nor loves the way
 Where the sons of folly stray :
 But possess'd with sacred awe,
 Meditates, great GOD ! thy law :
 This by day his fix'd employ,
 This by night his constant joy.
- 2 Like the prosp'rous tree, that grows
 Where the stream refreshing flows,
 He his verdant branch shall spread,
 Nor his sick'ning leaves shall shed.
 See, ah ! see, a diff'rent fate
 GOD's obdurate foes await !
 See them, to his wrath consign'd,
 Fly like chaff before the wind.
- 3 When thy Judge, O earth, shall come,
 And to each assign his doom,
 Say, shall then the impious band
 With the just assembled stand ?
 These th' ALMIGHTY, these alone,
 Objects of his love shall own :
 While his vengeance who defy
 Lost in endless ruin lie.

PSALM I. VERSION 3. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man who turns with care
 From erring paths his feet,
 Nor comes where sinners walk, nor where
 The scoffer holds his seat :
- 2 But fix'd to read and to obey
 The book of life and light,
 With this he soothes the busy day
 And cheers the lonely night.
- 3 Like some fair tree he seems, that shoots
 Where living waters glide,
 And drinks through all its hidden roots
 The renovating tide.
- 4 The op'ning year shall o'er it still
 Unfailing blossoms fling,
 And autumn's loveliest fruits fulfil
 The promises of spring.
- 5 Far diff'rent is the sinner's lot—
 A hope that soon decays ;
 For well the eye which slumbers not
 Beholds and notes his ways.
- 6 Confounded by that awful eye,
 His dream of bliss shall fail :
 His harvest prove but chaff, and fly
 Before the driving gale.

P S A L M II. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **I**N vain the SAVIOUR'S mightiest foes
 Conspire his kingdom to oppose ;
 Crush'd like the potter's brittle store,
 And scatter'd to unite no more !
- 2 Unhappy men ! be timely wise,
 From sin's delusive dreams arise ;
 Behold your SAVIOUR ! seek his face,
 And kiss the sceptre of his grace.
- 3 Else shall ye perish from the way
 That leads to realms of endless day :
 Else shall the threat'ning storm descend,
 And o'er you all its fury spend.

P S A L M II. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN to our world of sin and woe
 The LORD of glory came,
 The pow'rs of hell to overthrow
 And Satan's empire claim ;
- 2 The princes rose in proud disdain,
 Impatient of his sway ;
 The people rag'd, but strove in vain
 To cast his cords away :
- 3 For He, who sits enthron'd above,
 Beheld their feeble ire :
 Pursued the counsels of his love,
 And mock'd their vain desire.

- 4 He plac'd his own anointed king
 On Zion's holy hill :
 Bade subject lands their homage bring,
 And own his sovereign will.
- 5 Bow then, each throne, dominion, pow'r
 Before Messiah's face ;
 And hail, in this your favour'd hour,
 The sceptre of his grace.

PSALM II. VERSION 3. SEVENS.

- 1 **W**HEREFORE do the nations wage
 War against the King of kings ?
 Whence the people's madding rage,
 Fraught with vain imaginings ?
- 2 Haughty chiefs and rulers proud
 Forth in banded fury run,
 Braving with defiance loud
 God and his anointed Son :
- 3 " Let us break their bonds in twain !
 " Let us cast their cords away !"
 But the Highest with disdain
 Sees and mocks their vain array.
- 4 " High on Zion I prepare
 (Thus he speaks) " a regal throne,
 " Thou my prince, my chosen heir,
 " Rise to claim it as thine own !

- 5 “ Son of God, with GOD the same,
 “ Enter thine imperial dome !
 “ Lo ! the shaking heav’ns proclaim,
 “ Mightiest LORD ! thy kingdom come.
- 6 “ Pomp or state dost thou demand ?
 “ In thy Father’s glory shine !
 “ Dost thou ask for high command ?
 “ Lo ! the universe is thine !”
- 7 Ye, who spurn his righteous sway,
 Yet, oh yet, he spares your breath :
 Yet his hand, averse to slay,
 Balances the bolt of death.
- 8 Ere that dreadful bolt descends,
 Haste before his feet to fall ;
 Kiss the sceptre he extends,
 And adore him LORD of all !

PSALM III. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our glory and defence !
 To thee our songs we raise :
 Sustain’d by thine omnipotence
 We swell the notes of praise.
- 2 When adverse hosts infuriate rise
 And all our path invest,
 Thy hand confounds our enemies,
 And gives thy people rest.

- 3 Replenish'd from thy boundless stores,
 Our cup with gladness flows ;
 Thy angel guards our waking hours,
 And watches our repose.
- 4 And ev'n when death transports us hence
 Thy arm is strong to save :
 Our GOD, our glory and defence,
 Is ours beyond the grave !

PSALM III. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are every evening new,
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
 Great GUARDIAN of our sleeping hours !
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy powers.
- 3 LORD, may we yield to thy command,
 To thee still consecrate our days ;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

PSALM IV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE world, with anxious toil and pain,
 Search far for bliss, but search in vain ;
 While, still deceiv'd, the many cry,
 Who, who can any good descry ?

- 2 They grasp the shadows in their flight—
 Delusive forms of false delight!
 But let thy presence round me shine,
 My GOD! and nobler bliss is mine.
- 3 Thy favour, gracious LORD, impart,
 With sacred joy to cheer my heart;
 Then let their corn and wine increase,
 Earth ne'er can yield such heav'nly peace.
- 4 With thy supreme protection blest,
 My heart in calm content shall rest;
 Suppress all fears, and pleas'd resign
 All other hopes—for Thou art mine.

PSALM V. C. M. D.

- 1 **O**N Thee, O God of hosts, on Thee,
 I wait for hallowing grace;
 None without holiness may see
 The glories of thy face.
 Before those eyes, whose beam severe
 Explores the heart within,
 How loathsome must the thought appear
 That clings to secret sin.
- 2 But as for me, in humble pray'r
 Before thy temple gate,
 Though most unworthy of thy care,
 With trembling hope I wait;

Blest Spirit, whose unbounded grace
 To all is freely given,
 Oh fit me for this holy place,
 And lift my soul to heaven !

- 3 Uphold me in thy righteous way,
 Nor suffer me to slide ;
 In ev'ry conflict be my stay ;
 In ev'ry doubt my guide :
 Then shall I smile amidst alarms,
 Defended from above,
 And safe in the protecting arms
 Of everlasting love.

PSALM VI. L. M.

- 1 **S**PARE me, O God, nor on my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed :
 With pitying eye thy servant view,
 My griefs assuage, my strength renew.
- 2 But, oh, if still my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,
 Yet give my pains their bounds to know ;
 Let mercy measure out my woe.
- 3 Return, O GOD of love, return ;
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
 Oh think on all thy mercies past,
 Nor let this dreadful conflict last.

- 4 Lo! while I speak, my Father hears,
 Accepts my pray'r, and wipes my tears;
 Restores the brightness of his face,
 And bids me triumph in his grace.

PSALM VIII. VERSION I. C. M.

- 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!
- 2 In heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light;
- 4 **L**ORD, what is man, that thou should'st love
 To keep him in thy mind!
 Man's offspring what, that thou should'st prove
 To them so wond'rous kind!
- 5 **O** Thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art Thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

PSALM VIII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **I**MMORTAL King, through earth's wide frame
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!
 Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,
 Thy glory heav'n's vast height transcends!
- 2 When, wrapt in thought, with wakeful eye
 I view the wonders of the sky,
 Whose frame thy hand above our head
 In rich magnificence has spread:
- 3 Oh! what is man, that in thy care
 His humble lot should find a share!
 Or what the son of man, that Thou
 Thus to his wants thine ear should'st bow!
- 4 Made subject to his rule by Thee,
 To him all nature bends the knee:
 Immortal King! through earth's wide frame
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!

PSALM IX. P. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE the LORD, rejoice before him,
 Join in one harmonious strain!
 Bid the nations all adore him,
 Spread the glories of his reign!
- 2 Thron'd in light he lives for ever,
 Bearing universal sway;
 Saints from sinners he shall sever
 At the dread predicted day.

3 Then, O LORD, the meek and lowly
 Safe shall gain the realms of light :
 Thine are all the pure and holy :
 Thou shalt judge the world aright.

4 Praise the LORD ! ye saints adore him ;
 Join in one harmonious strain :
 Bid the nations bow before him ;
 Spread the glories of his reign.

PSALM X. L. M.

1 **T**HINE is the throne ! beneath thy reign,
 Immortal King ! the tribes profane
 Behold their dreams of conquest o'er
 And vanish to be seen no more.

2 The meek observer of thy laws
 To Thee commits his injur'd cause :
 In Thee, each anxious fear resign'd,
 The fatherless a Father find.

3 Thou, LORD, thy people's wish canst read,
 Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed :
 'Tis Thine their drooping heart to cheer,
 And bow to ev'ry sigh thine ear :

4 The weeping orphan's cheek to dry,
 The guiltless sufferer's cause to try ;
 To rein each earth-born tyrant's will,
 And bid the sons of pride be still.

P S A L M XI. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE LORD in heav'n his throne prepares,
 There all his glories shine ;
 Thence the whole earth his wisdom shares
 With providence divine.
- 2 His piercing eye with one vast view
 O'er all creation runs ;
 His eye-lids search, his eyes pursue
 Man's bold presumptuous sons.
- 3 Though by his hand the just are tried,
 Still faithful is his love ;
 But sinners, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
 His holy hatred move.
- 4 In righteousness the righteous LORD
 Hath plac'd his whole delight :
 And saints his mercy shall record
 In realms of endless light.

P S A L M XIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious LORD, my humble moan ;
 To Thee I breathe my sighs ;
 When will the mournful night be gone ?
 And when the day-spring rise ?
- 2 By ev'ry name of pow'r and love
 I would thy grace entreat ;
 Nor shall my humble hope remove,
 Nor leave thy mercy-seat.

- 3 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
 Thy word is all my stay ;
 Here would I rest till light returns,
 Thy presence makes my day.
- 4 O speak, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart ;
 O smile, and bid my sorrow cease,
 And all this gloom depart.
- 5 Then shall my drooping spirits rise
 And bless thy healing rays ;
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise !

PSALM XV. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy holy hill ?
 Who reach thy heav'nly place ?
 LORD, 'tis the man who does thy will,
 'Tis he shall share thy grace.
- 2 He walks in truth and righteousness,
 Made free in ev'ry part ;
 His faithful lips the thought express
 That dwells within his heart.
- 3 His is that love which thinks no ill,
 Hopes much, and suffers long ;
 Revil'd, he beams with kindness still,
 Nor slanders with his tongue.

- 4 Far from the sinners' tents he flies,
 Their deeds are all abhorr'd :
 But much exalted in his eyes
 Are those that fear the LORD.
- 5 Friend to the poor, he gives and lends ;
 His plighted word he keeps ;
 The righteous cause his zeal defends,
 While no reward he reaps.
- 6 This is the man, who rais'd from dust,
 Shall reach that high abode,
 And share in heav'n, with all the just,
 The presence of his GOD.

PSALM XV. VERSION 2. SEVENS.

- 1 **W**HO shall to thy chosen seat
 Turn in glad approach his feet ?
 Who, great GOD, a welcome guest,
 On thy hallow'd mountain rest ?
- 2 He whose heart thy love hath warm'd ;
 He whose will to thine conform'd,
 Bids his life unsullied run :
 He whose thoughts and words are one.
- 3 He, who ne'er with cruel aim
 Seeks to wound an honest fame :
 Nor, with gloomy joy possess'd,
 Can a brother's peace molest.

- 4 He who thus, with heart unstain'd,
Treads the path by Thee ordain'd—
He, great GOD, shall own thy care,
And thy constant blessing share.

P S A L M XVI. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD! our Saviour and our Friend,
On Thee our stedfast hopes depend ;
Thy bounty for our wants provides,
Thy counsel all our footsteps guides.
- 2 For this our hearts, for this our tongues,
Shall daily pour their grateful songs ;
And ev'n in death's last anguish raise
A strain of triumph to thy praise.
- 3 For what, although to lifeless clay
These feeble bodies waste away,
And darkling for a season dwell
Within the cold and narrow cell !
- 4 Thy voice, O Father, from the dust
Shall wake to light and life the just :
Shall bid them drink without alloy
The fulness of celestial joy.
- 5 O GOD, our Saviour and our Friend,
On Thee alone our hopes depend—
On Thee, our guide, our guardian here,
Our bliss through heav'n's eternal year.

PSALM XVII. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine, but Thou wilt prove
 My faith, my patience, and my love :
 When sinful men against me join,
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
 'Tis all the happiness they know ;
 Till, fill'd with earth's delusive store,
 They vanish, and are seen no more !
- 3 How short their dream ! how vain their end !
 But the bright world to which I tend
 Hath joys substantial and divine ;—
 When shall I wake and call them mine ?
- 4 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my GOD !
 And flesh and sin no more controul
 The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
 Till the last trumpet's solemn sound :
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

PSALM XVIII. PART I. L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST object of my soul's desire,
 On Thee my stedfast hope I build ;
 To Thee my grateful thoughts aspire,
 My GOD, my rest, my rock, my shield.

- 2 To Thee, my tow'r, my strength, I'll pray ;
 What foes shall then my terror raise ?
 What bands combin'd my heart dismay,
 While thus I pay my debt of praise ?
- 3 Death, arm'd with terrors, hell with woes,
 Around me cast their dismal shade ;
 While floods of high temptations rose,
 And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 4 To GOD I utter'd all my fear,
 To GOD address'd my humble moan ;
 He graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And sav'd me from his lofty throne.

PSALM XVIII. PART 2. C. M.

Thanksgiving for Victory.

- 1 **T**O thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumphs of the day :
THY terrors, Lord, confound the foe
 And melt their strength away.
- 2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united pow'rs !
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 The **R**OCK OF ISRAEL ever lives,
 His name be ever blest ;
 His mighty arm the vict'ry gives,
 And grants his people rest.

PSALM XIX. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 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 doth its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Doth round the world convey.

PSALM XIX. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns proclaim thy glory, LORD ;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light :
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

- 3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :
 Forgive our sins, our souls renew,
 And make thy word our guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. VERSION 3. PART 1. L. M. D.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
 Their great original proclaim.
 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.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
 And nightly to the list'ning earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 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.
- 3 What, though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
 What, though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 " The hand that made us is divine."

PSALM XIX. VERSION 3. PART 2.

- 1 **T**HE starry firmament on high,
 And all the glories of the sky,
 Yet shine not to thy praise, O LORD,
 So brightly as thy written word :
 The hopes that holy word supplies,
 Its truths divine, and precepts wise—
 In each a heav'nly beam I see,
 And ev'ry beam conducts to Thee.
- 2 When taught by painful proof to know
 That all is vanity below,
 The sinner roams from comfort far,
 And looks in vain for sun or star,
 Soft shining then those lights divine
 Through all the cheerless darkness shine,
 And sweetly to his ravish'd eye
 Disclose the Day-spring from on high.
- 3 The heart in sensual fetters bound,
 And barren as the wint'ry ground,
 Confesses, LORD, thy quick'ning ray—
 Thy word can soothe its griefs away ;

With genial influence can beguile
 The frozen wilderness to smile :
 Bid living waters o'er it flow,
 And all be paradise below.

- 4 Almighty Lord ! the sun shall fail,
 The moon forget her nightly tale,
 And deepest silence hush on high
 The radiant chorus of the sky ;
 But, fix'd for everlasting years,
 Unmov'd amid the wreck of spheres,
 Thy word shall shine in cloudless day,
 When heav'n and earth have pass'd away.

PSALM XIX. VERSION 4. S. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way :
 His beams o'er earth's wide surface run,
 And gladden it with day.
- 2 But, **L**ORD, thy word supplies
 A brighter, holier light :
 It trains the simple to be wise,
 And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 It wins the stubborn will
 With more than charmer's art :
 It makes the jarring passions still,
 And heals the broken heart.

- 4 I hear its voice of love,
 And I would fain obey ;
 O send thy Spirit from above,
 And guide me lest I stray.
- 5 Teach me to feel its worth,
 Its hidden pow'r to see,
 And kindle, as it shadows forth,
 The glory yet to be.
- 6 Teach me with stedfast heart
 That glory to pursue,
 Till joyous from the tomb I start,
 And find the vision true.

P S A L M XX. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW may the GOD of pow'r and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry !
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's GOD defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls ;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 In his salvation is our hope ;
 And in the name of Israel's GOD
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.

- 4 Confiding that thine aid is near,
 Our hearts, O LORD, are firm and strong,
 Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXIII. VERSION 1. S. M.

- 1 I LOVE my Shepherd's voice,
 And in his care confide :
 In his protecting hand rejoice,
 And find my wants supplied.
- 2 In pastures fresh and fair,
 He makes my soul repose ;
 Then leads me to cool shades, and where
 Refreshing water flows.
- 3 Through death's appalling shade
 I walk with footsteps sure :
 His rod and staff afford me aid,
 And make my path secure.
- 4 In sight of all my foes
 His hands my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 5 O LORD, thy gracious love,
 Shall gladden all my days ;
 Until I learn in realms above
 The song of endless praise.

PSALM XXIII. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, my SHEPHERD and my GUIDE,
Will all my wants supply ;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 In pastures fair, and flow'ry meads,
He makes my sweet repose ;
When pain'd with thirst, He gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wand'rer home,
And shews my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Though hast'ning to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear,
THY presence, LORD, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear.
- 5 No evil can my soul dismay,
While I am near my GOD ;
My comfort, my support, and stay,
Thy staff and guiding rod.
- 6 Thus shall thy goodness, love, and care,
Attend my future days ;
And I shall dwell for ever near
My GOD, and sing his praise.

PSALM XXIII. VERSION 3. SIX EIGHTS.

- 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 mountain 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.

PSALM XXIII. VERSION 4. SEVENS D.

1 **T**O thy pastures fair and large,
Heav'nly SHEPHERD, lead thy charge ;
And my couch, with tend'rest care,
'Midst the springing grass prepare.
When I faint with summer's heat
Thou shalt guide my weary feet,
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

2 Thou my soul anew shalt frame ;
And thy mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray
Teach my steps the better way.
Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied :
This my guard, and that my guide.

3 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
And with oil refresh'd my head :
Fill'd by Thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows.
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallow'd dome
Yield me an eternal home.

P S A L M XXIV. L. M.

- 1 **O**UR LORD is risen from the dead,
 Victorious he ascends on high :
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay,—
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
 He claims these mansions as his right,
 Receive the KING OF GLORY in.
- 4 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 The LORD, that all his foes o'ercame ;
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,—
 And JESUS is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chaunt the solemn lay :
 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates ;
 Ye everlasting doors, give way.
- 6 Who is the King of Glory ? who ?
 The LORD, of glorious pow'r possess'd ;
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

PSALM XXVI. C. M.

- 1 **BE** Thou my judge : thy searching eyes
 My deeds and thoughts have known ;
 On Thee my stedfast soul relies,
 And waits on Thee alone.
- 2 O search me still ; my heart and reins
 With strictest view survey :
 Thy love, great GOD, my hope sustains ;
 Thy truth directs my way.
- 3 How oft, inspir'd with warmth divine,
 Thy threshold have I trod !
 How lov'd the courts, whose walls enshrine
 The glory of my GOD !
- 4 Pour forth, O LORD, while thus I tread
 The path by thee prepar'd,
 Thy beams of mercy on my head,
 And round me plant a guard.
- 5 Thou, LORD, my steps hast fix'd aright,
 And pleas'd shalt hear my tongue
 With Israel's favour'd sons unite
 To form the thankful song.

PSALM XXVII. VERSION 1. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **THOU**, LORD, my safety ! THOU, my light !
 What danger shall my soul affright ?
 Strength of my life ! what arm shall dare
 To hurt whom THOU hast own'd thy care ?

- Though gath'ring war around I see,
I fix secure my trust on **T H E E**.
- 2 One wish, with holy transport warm,
My heart has form'd, and yet shall form :
One gift I ask—that, to my end,
Fair Sion's courts I may attend ;
There, joyful, find a sure abode,
And view the beauty of my **G O D**.
- 3 Adopted by thy care, in **T H E E**
The **P A R E N T** and the **F R I E N D** I see.
O let me, on thy aid reclin'd,
In Thee my great salvation find ;
Nor leave me helpless and forlorn,
The absence of thy grace to mourn.

P S A L M XXVII. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **T H E** Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too :
G O D is my strength ; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires—
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still—
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may his children hide :
 God has a strong pavilion where
 He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around ;
 And songs, and joy, and victory,
 Within thy temple sound.

P S A L M XXVII. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER, my gracious God, to Thee,
 With suppliant voice, I bend the knee,
 And while my cries thy throne assail,
 Let mercy plead, and grace prevail.
- 2 Since Thou, with condescending grace,
 Hast bid me seek thy smiling face,
 My heart replies to thy kind word,
 Thee will I seek, all-gracious LORD !
- 3 Should ev'ry earthly friend depart,
 Should nature leave a parent's heart,
 The GOD on whom my hopes depend
 Will be my Father and my Friend.
- 4 Ye humble saints, in every strait
 On GOD with sacred courage wait ;
 His hand shall life and strength afford ;
 O wait unwearied on the LORD.

P S A L M XXVIII. SEVENS.

- 1 **G**OD, my strength, to Thee I pray,
Turn not Thou thine ear away ;
Gracious to my vows attend,
While the humble knee I bend.
- 2 Give me not thy wrath to know,
Nor to feel the vengeful blow
By thy just decrees assign'd
To the men of impious mind.
- 3 On thy long-experienc'd aid
See my hope for ever stay'd :
While my heart, with joy possest,
Leaps within my throbbing breast.
- 4 Grant me, **L**ORD, thy love to share ;
Feed me with a shepherd's care :
Save thy people from distress,
And thy patrimony bless.

P S A L M XXIX. SEVENS.

- 1 **S**ING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to Heav'n's eternal **K**ING ;
Pow'r and strength to Him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.
- 2 Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;—
Hush'd to silence, when he speaks,
Ocean's waves from pole to pole
Hear the awful accents roll.

- 3 See, as louder yet they rise,
 Echoing through the vaulted skies,—
 See, uprooted from its seat,
 Lebanon itself retreat !
- 4 Now the bursting clouds give way,
 And the vivid lightnings play !
 Now the wilds, by man untrod,
 Hear dismay'd th' approaching God !
- 5 Prostrate on the sacred floor,
 Bow, ye saints, his name adore :
 While his acts to ev'ry tongue
 Yield an argument of song.
- 6 He the swelling surge commands ;
 Fix'd his throne for ever stands :
 He his people shall increase,
 Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

PSALM XXXI. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my strength, the wise, the just,
 To Thee my spirit I intrust :
 From Thee, when terrors clos'd me round,
 My soul its full redemption found.
- 2 Thy mercy shall my thanks employ ;
 For Thou, my theme, my life, my joy,
 Hast call'd me thine, and bid me share
 The gifts of thy paternal care.

- 3 O how shall all who seek thy love
 The fulness of thy bounty prove ;
 And teach th' admiring world to see
 How blest the man that trusts in Thee.
- 4 Thy saints, while breath their life prolongs,
 At distance from the strife of tongues,
 Shall see thy tabernacle spread
 Its awful splendours o'er their head.
- 5 Be strong, be stedfast : so your mind
 From Him its full support shall find,
 Ye saints, that in his care confide,
 Nor own, nor ask a help beside.

P S A L M XXXII. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, whose conscious grief
 From Thee, O LORD, derives relief ;
 Whose bitter sighs thy mercy hears,
 And wipes his penitential tears !
- 2 Prostrate before thy awful throne,
 I too my sins, my shame, would own :
 To Thee my inmost soul disclose,
 And at thy footstool pour my woes.
- 3 But lo ! while yet my hands I rear,
 The voice of mercy to my ear
 Descends, and whisp'ring peace within,
 Confirms the pardon of my sin.

- 4 For this shall all who fear thy name
 With timely suit thy mercy claim ;
 To Thee with stedfast hope repair,
 To Thee address unwearied pray'r.
- 5 Then, when the tempest shakes the skies,
 When whirlwinds beat, and floods arise,
 On Thee securely they shall call,
 And stand unmov'd by nature's fall.

P S A L M XXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the nation, bless'd the race,
 Where GOD hath fix'd his throne,
 Reveals the riches of his grace,
 And calls the tribes his own.
- 2 GOD is their fear, and GOD their trust :
 When plagues or famine spread,
 His watchful eye secures the just,
 Amongst ten thousand dead.
- 3 LORD ! let our hearts in Thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne :
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. VERSION I. C. M.

- 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 distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 O magnify the LORD with me,
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to Him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 The hosts of GOD encamp around
 The dwellings of the just :
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.
- 5 O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide
 How bless'd they are, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

PSALM XXXIV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HEE will I thank, my GOD, my stay ;
 Thee will I praise from day to day :
 From morn to eve the song extend,
 Thee boast my Father, Thee my Friend.
- 2 O come, your voice triumphant raise,
 And sing with me your Maker's praise :
 O taste with me, O taste and prove
 The blessings of his boundless love.

- 3 Hail, Saviour of the human race !
 Hail, fountain of eternal grace !
 Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
 Nor own nor ask a help but thine.
- 4 Their day may darken for awhile,
 But soon they meet thy fav'ring smile :
 None vainly to thy help shall flee,
 None ever fail, who trust in Thee.

P S A L M XXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, LORD, my stedfast hope,
 The highest orb of heav'n transcends ;
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.
- 3 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
 To banquet on thy love's repast ;
 And drink, as from a fountain head,
 Of joys that shall for ever last.
- 4 With Thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal day ;
 Grant us that presence to attain,
 And in those springs our thirst allay.

PSALM XXXVII. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**HE prosp'ring sinner once I view'd—
 Strong as the healthful tree he stood,
 That shadowing wide its native soil,
 Nor knows nor asks the planter's toil.
 I went, I came and look'd again,
 I look'd—but sought his place in vain.
- 2 So pass the sons of earth away,
 So darkly sets their prosp'rous day ;
 Triflers through life, at life's sad close
 They reap the fruit their folly sows,—
 Estrang'd, Almighty LORD, from Thee,
 And victims to thy just decree.
- 3 But mark the righteous—view him well :
 In darkness though awhile he dwell,
 Through ev'ry storm a heav'nly power
 Conducts him till his ev'ning hour :—
 Then care, and fear, and sorrow cease,
 And all his closing light is peace.

PSALM XXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **A**MIDST thy wrath remember love,
 Restore thy servant, LORD,
 Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
 Like an avenger's sword.

- 2 To Thee my ev'ry wish is known,
 My ev'ry hope and fear ;
 Thou hearest ev'ry bitter groan,
 And countest ev'ry tear.
- 3 My GOD, in Thee alone I hope,
 And Thou wilt hear my cry :
 O bind my wounded spirit up,
 Nor suffer me to die !

PSALM XXXIX. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Maker of my frame,
 Teach me the measure of my days ;
 That I may learn to fear thy name,
 And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 2 My days are shorter than a span,
 A little point my life appears :
 How frail, at best, is dying man !
 How vain are all his hopes and fears !
- 3 Vain his ambition, noise, and shew ;
 Vain are the cares which rack his mind ;
 He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe ;
 He dies, and leaves them all behind.
- 4 O be a nobler portion mine !
 My GOD, I bow before thy throne,
 Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
 And fix my hopes on Thee alone.

PSALM XXXIX. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **O** LET me, heav'nly LORD, extend
 My view to life's approaching end ;
 Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
 How soon my fabric shall return
 To earth—and in the silent tomb
 Its seat of lasting rest assume.
- 2 What are my days—a span their line !
 And what my age compar'd with thine !
 Our life advancing to its close,
 While scarce its earliest dawn it knows ;
 Swift like a fleeting shade we run,
 And vanity and man are one !
- 3 **GOD** of my fathers ! here as they,
 I walk, the pilgrim of a day,
 A transient guest, thy works admire,
 And instant to my home retire ;
 Where shall I then my refuge see ?
 On whom repose my hope but Thee ?
- 4 Before thy throne my knees I bend ;
 To Thee my ceaseless pray'rs ascend :
 “ O spare me, LORD, awhile, O spare ;
 “ My strength renew, my heart prepare,
 “ Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
 “ I perish, and am seen no more.”

PSALM XXXIX. VERSION 3. C. M.

- 1 **T**EACH me, O LORD, the destin'd end
 Which all my days shall close :
 What frailties ev'ry stage attend !
 How swift the current flows !
- 2 When with rebukes thy justice flies
 To end life's narrow span,
 Crush'd like the moth our beauty dies,—
 Such vanity is man !
- 3 Then let my cries arrest thine ears,
 Nor still thy help deny,
 While weeping in this vale of tears
 Beneath thy hand I lie.
- 4 A stranger on this distant shore,
 From stage to stage I go,
 As all my fathers were before,
 Short sojourner below.
- 5 Then cease thy hand, my strength repair,
 Ere to the grave I fall ;
 My GOD, through life thy servant spare,
 And be in heav'n my all !

PSALM XL. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **I** MEEKLY waited for the LORD,
 He bow'd to hear me cry :
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

- 2 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new grateful song.
- 3 I'll spread his works of grace abroad,
 The saints with joy shall hear ;
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.
- 4 How many are thy thoughts of love !
 Thy mercies, LORD, how great !
 Nor words nor hours sufficient prove
 Their numbers to repeat.

PSALM XL. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, whose hopes divine
 Firm in JEHOVAH'S strength confide ;
 Nor vainly confident, recline
 On men of falsehood and of pride.
- 2 O LORD, our GOD, with glad surprise
 We view creative pow'r display'd ;
 Thy works in num'rous forms arise,—
 The wonders, which thy hands have made.
- 3 But who can search the mightier plan !
 Or who its boundless heights can trace !—
 Thy purpos'd love to ruin'd man !
 Thy bounty to a rebel race !

- 4 In vain our finite pow'rs combine
 Thy countless mercies to detail ;
 In vain thy praises we design,—
 Numbers, and time, and language fail !

PSALM XL. VERSION 3. 8-8-6.

- 1 **W**ITH patient hope my LORD I sought,
 He to his suppliant's want his thought
 In happiest hour applied :
 He from the dark and miry pit
 High on a rock hath rais'd my feet ;
 Nor fear my steps to slide.
- 2 His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
 And dictates to my lips a song,
 In strains unknown before :
 Admiring crowds his works shall see,
 Their strength on him repose with me,
 With me his name adore.
- 3 Blest who in Thee, O LORD, confide,
 Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
 And helps which but betray !
 Thy mercies, LORD, all praise surmount,
 Nor numbers can their sum recount,
 Nor words their worth display.

PSALM XLI. L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST, who with gen'rous pity glows,
 Who learns to feel another's woes ;

- Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
 And wipes the helpless orphan's tear ;
- 2 Who to the afflicted gives relief,
 And kindly soothes each anxious grief :
 In ev'ry want, in ev'ry woe,
 Himself thy pity, LORD, shall know.
- 3 Thy love his life shall guard, thy hand
 Give to his lot the chosen land ;
 Nor leave him in the dreadful day
 To unrelenting foes a prey.
- 4 When languid with disease and pain,
 Thou, LORD, his spirit wilt sustain,—
 Prop with thine arm his sinking head,
 And smooth with tend'rest care his bed.

PSALM XLII. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase,
 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,
 Thy majesty divine ?
- 3 When thy blest presence, LORD of Life,
 Hath once dispell'd the storm,
 To Thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
 And all my vows perform.

- 4 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?”

PSALM XLII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling springs,
 So longs my soul, O King of Kings,
 Thy face in near approach to see—
 So thirsts, great source of life, for Thee.
- 2 Thy mercies, LORD, before mine eyes
 Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise ;
 Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
 Thy love the beams of comfort gave.
- 3 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
 My joy by day, by night my song :
 To Thee my soul ascends in pray'r,
 And in Thy bosom pours its care.
- 4 Then why, my soul, with care opprest ?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast ?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On GOD thy stedfast hope repose.

PSALM XLIII. SEVENS.

- 1 **J**UDGE of all the world give ear ;
 Gracious Advocate, appear ;
 Save me from the impious throng,
 Sons of violence and wrong.

- 2 Let thy light attend my way,
 Guide me by its steady ray :
 To thy hill direct my feet,
 Bring me to thy hallow'd seat.
- 3 To thy holy altar, there
 Grateful I the gift will bear :
 And thy mercies there reveal'd,
 Themes of endless joys shall yield.
- 4 Thanks to Thee shall still be paid,
 O my GOD, my constant aid !
 Praise shall wake my grateful lyre,
 Love its sweetest notes inspire.

PSALM XLIV. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**AUGHT by our sires, great GOD, our ear
 Thy wond'rous acts has wak'd to hear :
 The mercies to their tribes reveal'd
 When ages long o'erpast beheld,
 By Thee dislodg'd, an impious race
 Yield to their chosen seed a place.
- 2 Arise, eternal GOD, arise !
 Why sits this slumber on thine eyes ?
 Awake, nor from thy care expel
 Thy once regarded Israel ;
 Say, why, from our afflicted race,
 Why veils th' impervious cloud thy face ?

- 3 Oh tell us why thine ear denies
 To hear thy fainting people's cries,
 As sunk with sorrow's weight we bend,
 And prostrate in the dust descend :
 Arise, thy saving pow'r disclose,
 And heal with pitying hand our woes.

P S A L M XLV. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing
 The glories of my gracious King :
 How awful, yet how heav'nly fair
 His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with a superior grace :
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty LORD :
 Gird on the terror of thy sword !
 In majesty and glory ride,
 With truth and meekness at thy side.
- 4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart ;
 Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

- 5 Thy throne, O GOD, for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre of thy hands :
 Thy laws and works are just and right ;
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

PSALM XLVI. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints
 When storms of sharp distress invade ;
 Ere we can offer our complaints
 Behold him present with his aid !
- 2 Though mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep, and buried there ;
 Though ruin shake the solid world,
 Our faith should triumph o'er despair.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our GOD :
 Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
 And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream—thy peace, O LORD,
 Shall all our anxious fears allay ;
 A peace the world can ne'er afford,
 Nor understand, nor take away.

PSALM XLVI. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge in distress ;
 A present help when dangers press :
 In Him undaunted still confide,

Though earth be from her centre toss'd,
 And mountains in the ocean lost,
 Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

2 A gentle stream with gladness still
 The city of our LORD shall fill,—
 The royal seat of GOD MOST HIGH.
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 In tumults, when the heathen rag'd,
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd, and dispers'd their pow'rs ;
 The Lord of Hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,—
 Our fathers' Guardian-God, and ours.

PSALM XLVI. VERSION 3. 7-6-7.

1 FROM the throne of God there springs
 A pure, a crystal stream ;
 Life, and peace, and joy it brings
 To his Jerusalem ;
 Rivers of refreshing grace
 Through the sacred city flow,
 Wat'ring all the hallow'd place,
 Where God resides below.

- 2 God, most merciful, most high,
 Doth in his Sion dwell :
 Kept by him, her tow'rs defy
 The strength of earth and hell :
 Built on her o'ershadowing rock,
 Who shall her foundation move ?
 Who her great defender shock ?
 Th' almighty God of love.
- 3 All that on this rock are stay'd
 The world assaults in vain ;
 Ever present with his aid,
 He shall his own sustain.
 Guardian of his chosen race,
 JESUS does his church defend,
 Saves them by his timely grace,
 And saves them to the end.

PSALM XLVII. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 GREAT ruler of the earth and skies,
 A word of thine 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,
 Her blessings o'er the world to shed :
 Glad plenty laughs, the valleys 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.

PSALM XLVII. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **O**UR mighty LORD ascends on high,
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend him rising through the sky,
 With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 2 While angels shout and praise their King
 Let mortals learn their strains :
 Let all the earth his honours sing—
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song :
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne—
 He lov'd that chosen race ;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And Gentiles taste his grace.

PSALM XLVIII. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, within thy temple's gate
 Thy loving kindness we adore :
 Great is thy name—thy praise as great
 Shall sound thro' earth from shore to shore.
- 2 Go view the city of his grace,
 And walk her mighty walls around ;
 Go number through the sacred place
 The tow'rs which guard the favour'd ground.
- 3 Mark well her bulwarks ; heav'nly pow'r
 And mercy in her cause engage :
 See where her stately temples tow'r,
 And tell their fame to ev'ry age.
- 4 For GOD, whom Sion boasts her friend,
 Our GOD unchangeably is known :
 Our guide, who will our steps attend,
 Till death advance us near his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. VERSION 2. PART 1. S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the LORD our GOD,
 And let his praise be great :
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.
- 2 Those temples of his grace,
 How beautiful they stand !
 The honours of our native place,
 And bulwarks of our land.
- 3 In Sion God is known,
 A refuge in distress ;
 How bright has his salvation shone
 Through all her palaces !
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
 Our eyes have often seen,
 How well our God secures the fold
 Where his own sheep have been !
- 5 In ev'ry new distress
 We'll to his house repair :
 And plead his gracious promises,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

P S A L M XLVIII. PART 2. S. M.

- 1 WITH joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.

- 2 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view its holy ground,
And mark the buildings well,
- 3 The orders of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 4 The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the sky.

P S A L M LI. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 **S**HEW pity, LORD ! O LORD, forgive !
Let a repenting sinner live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not the guilty trust in Thee ?
- 2 My lips with shame my sins confess,
And humbly own thy righteousness :
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but Thou art clear.
- 3 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, whose mercies' vast amount
 Nor words nor numbers can recount,
 Let now thy clemency divine
 Conspicuous in my pardon shine :
- 2 Give me a will to thine subdu'd,
 A conscience pure, a soul renew'd ;
 Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,
 An outcast from thy presence roam.
- 3 O let thy Spirit to my heart
 Once more his quick'ning aid impart ;
 My mind from ev'ry fear release,
 And soothe my troubled thoughts to peace.
- 4 Then shall my tongue thy mercy sing,
 Invisible, immortal King !
 And long as breath extends my days,
 The God of my salvation praise !

PSALM LI. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the stain of nature's sin,
 Fix'd in my birth, remains within—
 Conceiv'd in guilt of impious race,
 Deep in pollution and disgrace.
- 2 But vain with Thee disguise and art !
 Thy laws demand a perfect heart :
 Then let thy spirit, Lord, controul,
 Renew, and purify my soul.

- 3 O SAVIOUR, wash my crimes away!
 REDEEMER, all thy pow'r display!
 The love, the stain of sin efface,
 And plant thine image in its place.
- 4 None, none but Thou, can cure my woe;
 The hand that gave must heal the blow:
 Then lift once more thy gracious voice,
 And bid a broken heart rejoice!

PSALM LI. VERSION 4. L. M.

- 1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways,
 With trembling lips will speak thy praise;
 Will bid them to thy feet repair,
 And kneel in penitence of prayer.
- 4 O may thy love inspire my tongue:
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LIII. L. M.

- 1 **T**H' Eternal Monarch, from on high,
 Cast on the sons of men his eye,
 If some among them He might find
 To truth and rightcousness inclin'd.
- 2 He look'd—but ah ! not one He saw,
 Who fear'd his name, who kept his law ;
 Each, led from wisdom's path astray,
 Pursu'd the tenor of his way.
- 3 Eternal Monarch ! from on high,
 Look down again with fav'ring eye :
 And where our sin and guilt are found
 There let thy mercy more abound.
- 4 Oh ! look,—and to our longing eyes
 Bid Thou the wish'd redemption rise ;
 So shall our hearts with joy record
 The great salvation of the LORD.

PSALM LV. C. M.

- 1 **O**'ERWHELM'D with sorrows and with fears,
 To Thee, my GOD, I pray ;
 Thou, LORD, shalt save—Thine arm appears
 Mine everlasting stay.
- 2 My pray'r shall burst the ev'ning shade,
 And with the morning rise ;
 At noon my off'rings shall be paid,
 For GOD will hear my cries.

- 3 His arm shall all my sorrows close,
 And rescue from the grave,
 High rais'd in vict'ry o'er my foes,
 Omnipotent to save.

PSALM LVI. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their secret groans he hears !
 He hath a book for our complaints,
 And will record our tears.
- 2 When to his throne I raise my cry,
 The wicked fear and flee :
 So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
 So near is God to me.
- 3 On Thee, most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust :
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.
- 4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive my praise :
 I'll sing, " How faithful is thy word,
 How righteous are thy ways ! "
- 5 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death ;
 O set thy pris'ner free :
 That heart, and hand, and life, and breath
 May be employ'd for Thee.

PSALM LVI. VERSION 2. 8-8-6

- 1 **W**HENEVER to the LORD I cry,
 My foes shrink back, and fear and fly,
 For GOD is on my side ;
 My soul his bounty shall proclaim,
 And bless the mighty SAVIOUR'S name,
 And still in him confide.
- 2 In GOD I trust, the good, the true,
 I will not fear what flesh can do,
 Th' Almighty takes my part.
 I bless Thee, SAVIOUR, for thy grace,
 Offer my sacrifice of praise,
 And give Thee all my heart ;
- 3 For Thou hast sav'd my soul from death,
 From sin, the world, and hell beneath ;
 Thou hast my sins forgiv'n,
 That I thy glorious light may see,
 And walk in holiness with Thee,
 And live the life of heav'n.

PSALM LVII. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fix'd, is bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present :
 And with my heart my voice I'll raise
 To Thee, my GOD, in songs of praise.
- 2 Awake, my glory ! harp and lute,
 Nor longer let your strings be mute ;
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.

- 3 Thy praises, LORD, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be Thou, O GOD, exalted high ;
 And as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till Thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM LVII. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **M**Y heart is fix'd, O GOD, my heart
 Is fix'd to triumph in thy grace
 (Awake my lute and bear thy part) :
 My glory is to sing thy praise,
 Till of thy nature I partake,
 And bright in all thy image wake.
- 2 Be Thou exalted, LORD, above
 The highest names in earth and heav'n ;
 Let angel-choirs proclaim thy love
 Victorious over sin forgiv'n :
 And earth and heav'n united sing
 The glories of their heav'nly King.

PSALM LX. L. M.

- 1 **R**EPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee,
 O grant us, LORD, thy face to see ;
 And let the people, once thy care,
 Again thy fav'ring presence share.

- 2 How trembles this divided land
 Beneath the terrors of thy hand !
 O Thou, the GOD whom we adore,
 Its breaches heal, its peace restore.
- 3 Our hopes, in man repos'd in vain,
 O let thy strength, great GOD, sustain ;
 And let us, on thy aid reclin'd,
 In Thee our firm protection find.

PSALM LXI. VERSION 1. S. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my cry attend,
 Receive my earnest pray'r ;
 Hear, while from earth's remotest end
 I supplicate thy care.
- 2 Oft in thy shelt'ring shade
 My soul has found repose ;
 By Thee, my tow'r of refuge, made
 Triumphant o'er my foes.
- 3 Here would I still abide,
 Where all thy glories shine ;
 Beneath thy wings securely hide,
 And peacefully recline.

PSALM LXI. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HEE, LORD, we seek when troubles rise,
 When foes invade, or fears surprise ;
 And own Thee in the dang'rous hour
 Our stedfast hope, our strongest tow'r.

- 2 High on the rock our fortress rear,
 There let us stand unmov'd, and hear
 The storms, that now around us beat,
 At distance roll beneath our feet.
- 3 Remote from fear, within thy shrine,
 Thou, LORD, our dwelling shalt assign :
 Thy wings shall wrap us in their shade,
 Thou, Thou hast heard us when we pray'd.
- 4 Thus shall thy love awake our song,
 Thy name the willing note prolong ;
 While, warm'd with zeal, our vows we pay,
 And bless Thee to our latest day.

PSALM LXII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul for help on GOD relies,
 From Him alone my safety flows :
 My rock, my health, who strength supplies,
 To bear the shock of all my foes.
- 2 GOD does his saving health dispense,
 And flowing blessings daily send :
 He is my fortress and defence,
 On Him my soul shall still depend.
- 3 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.

- 4 And thou, my soul, on GOD rely,
 In him alone thy trust repose ;
 My rock and health will strength supply,
 To bear the shock of all my foes.

PSALM LXIII. VERSION 1. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**HOU art my GOD ; to Thee mine eyes
 I lift, ere yet the dawn arise :
 With sacred thirst, O LORD, I burn ;
 My heart, my flesh thy absence mourn,
 As o'er th' inhospitable way
 Amidst a barren waste I stray.
- 2 Thy love my lips shall ever tell
 (Can life itself that love excel),
 Nor cease, while breath prolongs my days,
 In thankful notes the hymn to raise :
 To Thee, thy servant, LORD, as now,
 His hands shall rear, his knee shall bow.
- 3 Safe in the shadow of thy wings,
 In Thee I joy, O King of Kings :
 When dangers threaten to devour,
 Superior to each adverse pow'r
 Thy arm extends the help divine,
 And long experience calls it mine.

P S A L M LXIII. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my GOD, without delay,
 I haste to see thy face :
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
 Within the temple shine :
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine :
- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.
- 4 Thus, till my last expiring day,
 I'll bless my God and King :
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my God, my all Thou art !
 Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
 Thy sov'reign light within my heart,
 Thine all-enliv'ning beams display.
- 2 O Lord, within thy sacred gates,
 Where I so oft have sought for Thee,
 Again my longing spirit waits
 That fulness of delight to see.

- 3 In blessing Thee with thankful songs
 My happy life shall glide away :
 The praise that to thy name belongs,
 Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 4 Abundant gladness, while I sing
 Thy love, my favour'd soul o'erflows ;
 Secure in Thee, my GOD, my King,
 Of glory that no period knows.
- 5 More dear than life itself, thy love
 My heart and tongue shall still employ ;
 Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,
 Be this my glory, peace, and joy.

P S A L M LXV. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O LORD, who hearest pray'r,
 All tribes, all nations, shall repair ;
 And offer, with delight unknown,
 Their supplications at thy throne.
- 2 At Sion's highly favour'd gates,
 O GOD, the song of praises waits :
 That vow, which in distress was made,
 Shall in harmonious songs be paid.
- 3 Immeasurably blest is he,
 Who separated, LORD, by Thee,
 May worship at thy sacred feet,
 And in thy temple fix his seat.

- 4 By streams of heav'nly grace supplied,
 He shall be amply satisfied :
 The streams that from thy temple flow,
 And water all thy courts below.

PSALM LXV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE lands beneath the utmost sky
 Upon GOD's providence rely,
 And isles, that distant seas embrace,
 On him their hopes securely place.
- 2 His orders lay the storm to sleep,
 Appease the roarings of the deep,
 And with superior pow'r assuage
 The people's more tumultuous rage.
- 3 At his command the morning ray
 Smiles in the east, and leads the day :
 He guides the sun's declining wheels
 Beneath the verge of western hills.
- 4 Each year Thou visitest the earth,
 And giv'st the blooming spring her birth ;
 And from thy heav'nly stores the rains
 Descend and water all the plains.
- 5 The year is with thy goodness crown'd,
 Thy footsteps scatter blessings round,—
 The desert smiles with verdant pride,
 And hills exult on ev'ry side.

PSALM LXV. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear
 To hail Thee Sov'reign of the year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
 The sun is taught by Thee to rise ;
 Darkness by Thee to veil the skies.
- 3 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
 Demand successive songs of praise ;
 And be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light, and ev'ning shade.
- 4 Here in thy house let incense rise,
 As circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
 Till to those lofty heights we soar,
 Where days and years revolve no more.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING, all ye nations, to the LORD,
 Sing with a joyful noise :
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the pow'r that shakes the sky,
 " How terrible art Thou !
 " Sinners before thy presence fly,
 " Or at thy feet they bow."

3 O bless our God, and never cease,
 Ye saints, to give him praise ;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

4 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command :
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVII. VERSION 1. S. M.

- 1 **T**O bless 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,
 Dissolv'd in holy mirth :
 For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 Shalt govern all the earth.

- 5 Then shall the teeming ground
 A large increase disclose ;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which GOD, our GOD, bestows.
- 6 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings show'r :
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXVII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **M**AY God his fav'ring ear incline,
 And through the earth his glory shine ;
 That all thy counsels, Lord, may know,
 Where earth extends, or oceans flow.
- 2 To Thee, of life th' eternal spring,
 Invisible, almighty King,
 One chorus let all nations raise—
 One shout of universal praise.
- 3 Warm'd by his genial suns, the field
 With full increase its fruits shall yield :
 And God, thy God, O Sion, shed
 His choicest blessings on thy head.
- 4 Great God, on us thy blessings show'r,
 Let man's whole race revere thy pow'r ;
 And thankful, let their wond'ring eyes
 Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

PSALM LXVIII. PART 1. L. M.

- 1 **K**INGDOMS and thrones to God belong :
 Crown Him, ye nations, in your song ;
 His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse,—
 His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 2 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms—
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Israel are his mercies known ;
 Sion is his peculiar throne.
- 3 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of ev'ry saint.

PSALM LXVIII. PART. 2. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when Thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
 Those heav'nly guards around Thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there,
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How great the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 Who num'rous souls had captives made,
 Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. PART 3. L. M.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, and good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food ;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground ;
 He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death :
 Safety and health to God belong,
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

PSALM LXIX. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **D**EEP in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord :
 Behold ! the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy soul.
- 2 In long complaints he pours his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their dread design.

- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
 Have made his pain a blessing prove :
 Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
 Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 Oh ! for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the contrite sinner live ;
 Thou, Lord, wilt hear us through his name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

PSALM LXIX. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy goodness I adore,
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He brought salvation to the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by his death draw near to Thee,
 And live for ever blest.
- 3 Sion is thine, most holy God ;
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
 And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
 For thine own Israel waits.
- 4 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise ;
 While land and seas assist the sky,
 And join in highest praise.

PSALM LXXI. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.
- 2 Reject me not when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise ;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 3 Then, in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
In ev'ry line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **O**H! let me not, almighty Friend,
When with a weight of age I bend,
And wearied nature's succours fail,
The absence of thine aid bewail.
- 2 Strong in thy might, I take my way,
Thy righteousness mine only stay ;
And through the day, my God, my King,
Thy justice, thy salvation, sing.
- 3 Though Thou dost bid the soul to know
A long vicissitude of woe,
Yet, back return'd, with quick'ning ray
Each cloud of grief is chas'd away.

- 4 My willing lips with praise shall flow,
 My rescu'd soul with transport glow,
 And, pleas'd, from morn to eve record
 Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord.

PSALM LXXI. VERSION 3. 8-8-6.

- 1 **W**ITH years oppress'd, with sorrows torn,
 Dejected, harass'd, sick, forlorn,
 To Thee, O God, I pray :
 To Thee these wither'd hands arise,
 To Thee I lift these failing eyes,
 Oh ! cast me not away !
- 2 Thy mercy heard my infant pray'r,
 Thy love, with all a mother's care,
 Sustain'd my childish days :
 Thy goodness watch'd my rip'ning youth,
 And form'd my heart to love thy truth,
 And fill'd my lips with praise.
- 3 O SAVIOUR ! has thy grace declin'd ?
 Can years affect th' eternal mind ?
 Or time its love decay ?
 A thousand ages pass thy sight,
 And all their long and weary flight
 Is gone like yesterday.
- 4 Then ev'n in age and grief thy name
 Shall still my languid heart inflame,
 And bow my fault'ring knee :

Oh! yet this bosom feels the fire,
 This trembling hand and drooping lyre
 Have yet a strain for Thee!

- 5 Yes! tuneless, broken, still, O Lord,
 This voice, transported, shall record
 Thy goodness, tried so long;
 Till, sinking slow, with calm decay
 Its feeble murmurs melt away
 Into a seraph's song!

PSALM LXXII. PART I. L. M.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
 All heav'n submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With pow'r he vindicates the just,
 And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
 His worship and his fear shall last
 Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down:
 His grace on fainting souls distils,
 Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

- 5 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first-dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.
- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Deck'd in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXII. PART 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless pray'r be made,
And princes throng to crown his head :
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns :
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

- 5 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honours to our King ;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud *Amen*.

P S A L M LXXIII. C. M.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, my footsteps shalt befriend,
 Thy counsels lead my way,
 Till, crown'd with glory, I ascend
 To realms of endless day.
- 2 Who, who throughout the worlds above,
 'Midst those around thy throne,
 So well deserves my highest love,
 As Thou, my GOD, alone ?
- 3 When my frail flesh with anguish breaks,
 And yields its lab'ring breath,
 My head grows faint, and life forsakes,
 And spirits fail in death ;
- 4 Then shall my GOD his strength impart—
 An undiminish'd store
 Shall still uphold my sinking heart,
 My portion evermore.

P S A L M LXXIV. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW long, eternal GOD ! how long
 Shall sinners mock thy name ?
 Shall saints be made their endless song,
 And bear immortal shame ?

- 2 Is not the world of nature thine,
 The darkness and the day?
 Didst Thou not bid the morning shine,
 And mark the sun his way?
- 3 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,³
 And set the earth its bounds,
 With summer's heat, with winter's frost,
 In their perpetual rounds?
- 4 Think on the cov'nant Thou hast made,
 And all thy words of love:
 Nor let the birds of prey invade,
 And vex thy mourning dove.
- 5 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
 And make our hope their jest:
 Plead thine own cause, almighty GOD!
 And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXIV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD is our King: from days of old
 His wonders did his church behold!
 Through all the earth his saints shall know
 His arm salvation can bestow.
- 2 Once did his strength the sea divide,
 As Israel's King, as Israel's Guide:
 He brake the dragon's raging pow'r,
 Plung'd in the deep to rise no more.

- 3 He clave the rock ! the fountains rise—
 The flood the wilderness supplies ;
 Or mighty streams his word obey,
 Retire, and make his people way.
- 4 His is the day, and his the night ;
 He spake, and instant beams of light
 Spread o'er the earth—his sun combines
 Its rays, and through its circuit shines.
- 5 In Thee we trust, whose pow'ful hand
 Divides its bounds to ev'ry land :
 Who bids the summer's ardour glow,
 Or clothes the wint'ry fields with snow.

P S A L M LXXVII. L. M.

- 1 **W**HY sinks my weak desponding mind ?
 Why heaves my heart the fearful sigh ?
 Can sov'reign goodness be unkind ?
 Or danger threat when GOD is nigh ?
- 2 His hand supports this feeble frame,
 On Him alone my hopes recline :
 The matchless glories of his name,
 How wide they spread, how bright they shine !
- 3 Infinite wisdom ! boundless pow'r !
 Unchanging faithfulness and love ;
 Here let me trust while I adore,
 Nor from this refuge e'er remove.

- 4 My God, if Thou art near indeed,
 Then I have all my heart can crave ;
 A present help in time of need,
 Still kind to hear, and strong to save.
- 5 Forgive my doubts, O gracious LORD,
 And calm the sorrows of my breast ;
 Speak to my heart the healing word,
 That Thou art mine, and I am blest.

PSALM LXXIX. S. M.

- 1 **T**HOU gracious GOD and kind,
 O cast our sins away ;
 Nor call our former guilt to mind,
 Thy justice to display.
- 2 Thy tend'rest mercies shew,
 Thy richest grace prepare,
 Ere yet with guilty fears laid low,
 We perish in despair.
- 3 Save us from guilt and shame,
 Our fears and doubts allay ;
 And for the great Redeemer's name,
 O wash our sins away.
- 4 So we, thy flock, thy choice,
 The people of thy love,
 Ev'n here shall in thy care rejoice,
 But praise Thee best above.

P S A L M LXXX. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 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 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.
- 3 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!
- 4 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 LXXX. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **S**HEPHERD of Israel, bow thine ear;
 O Thou, our pray'r indulgent hear,
 Who Joseph's pasture hast prepar'd,
 His guide by day, by night his guard.
- 2 Behold the offspring of thy hand,
 The plant which Thou hast bid to stand,
 And, strengthen'd by thy pow'r, defy
 Each storm that rends the wintry sky.

- 3 The gath'ring flames its trunk surround,
 Its ruin'd honours strew the ground :
 Beneath the terrors of thine eye
 We tremble, Lord, we faint, we die.
- 4 Leader of hosts, almighty Lord !
 Extend thy succours oft implor'd ;
 Turn us again, thy face display,
 And grief and fear shall fly away.

PSALM LXXXIV. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD of Hosts, the mighty LORD,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where Thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face.
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire
 To view thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee, the living GOD.
- 3 **O** LORD of Hosts, my King and GOD,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !
- 4 Thrice happy they, whose choice hath Thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways,
 That to thy dwelling lead ;

- 5 As through the dreary vale they walk
 Of vanity and tears,
 Grace pours its plenteous streams, and thence
 The thirsty desert cheers.

PSALM LXXXIV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints, who sit on high
 Around thy throne of majesty :
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love !
- 3 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace ;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 4 Blest are the men who turn their feet
 To this thy chosen mercy-seat :
 GOD is their strength ; and through the road
 They lean upon their helper, GOD.
- 5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength !
 Till all shall meet in heav'n at length :
 Till all their Father's presence share,
 And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. VERSION 3. P. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires,
 To see my GOD.
- 2 Oh ! happy those that stay
Where GOD will answer pray'r !
Oh ! happy those that pay
Their constant service there ;
 They praise Thee still,
 And still ascend
 The paths that tend
 To Sion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrive at length
Till each in heav'n appears ;
 O glorious seat,
 When GOD, our King,
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet.

PSALM LXXXIV. VERSION 4. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **H**OW sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair !
 What peace, what bliss inhabit there !
 With ardent hope, with strong desire,
 My heart, my flesh, to Thee aspire ;
 I burn to tread thy courts, and Thee,
 My God, the living God, to see.
- 2 Eternal King ! around thy dome
 The sparrow finds her peaceful home ;
 With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant nest,
 And to thine altar's sure defence
 Commits th' unfeather'd innocence.
- 3 Blest who, like these, from day to day
 Within thy house permitted stay ;
 Blest who (their strength on Thee reclin'd)
 Thy seat explore with constant mind ;
 Whose joyful tongues thy mercies raise
 To hymns of gratitude and praise.
- 4 One day if in thy house I dwell,
 That day a thousand shall excel
 Not spent amidst thy saints, who wait
 And guard th' approaches of thy gate :
 Be this far happier station mine,
 Than tents where crimes in splendour shine.

P S A L M LXXXV. L. M.

For the Restoration of the Jews.

- 1 **A**RISE, O GOD ! and let thy grace
Diffuse its beams on Jacob's race :
Restore the long-lost, scatter'd band,
And call them to their native land.
- 2 How long shall Jacob's offspring prove
The sad suspension of thy love ?
For ever shall thine anger burn ?
Return, O God of Hosts, return.
- 3 In pity all their errors heal,
Their trespass hide, their pardon seal ;
Check in mid-course thy dreadful ire,
And bid its kindled flames expire.
- 4 Thy quick'ning spirit now impart,
And wake to joy each grateful heart :
May Israel's ransom'd tribes in Thee
Their bliss and full salvation see.

P S A L M LXXXVI. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my pray'r attend,
O bow thine ear to me :
Without a hope, without a friend,
Without a help but thee.
- 2 Oh ! guard my soul around,
Which loves and trusts thy grace ;
Nor let the pow'rs of hell confound
The hopes on thee I place.

- 3 Thy mercy I intreat :
 Let mercy hear my cries,
 While, humbly waiting at thy feet,
 My daily pray'rs arise.
- 4 Oh ! bid my heart rejoice,
 And ev'ry fear controul ;
 Since at thy throne with suppliant voice
 To Thee I lift my soul.
- 5 For Thou, O Lord, art good,
 Thy pardons quickly fly ;
 Thy plenteous mercy is bestow'd
 Where'er thy servants cry.

P S A L M LXXXVII. 8-7.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Sion, city of our God ;
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode ;
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose !
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove :

Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
 Blessings, like the LORD, the giver,
 Never fail, from age to age.

PSALM LXXXIX. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **I** SING the mercies of the Lord
 In an eternal song,
 His truth to distant climes record,
 Till earth the strain prolong.
- 2 With holy confidence I cry,
 How rich thy grace appears ;
 Thy cov'nant mercy, built on high,
 Shall rise through endless years.
- 3 Thy faithfulness shall stand secure,
 Firm as the heav'ns above ;
 The promise of thy grace is sure,
 Unchangeable thy love.
- 4 Lord God of hosts ! thy wond'rous ways
 Are sung by saints above ;
 And saints on earth their voices raise
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. PART. 2. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH rev'ence let his saints appear,
 And bow before the LORD ;
 His high command attentive hear,
 And tremble at his word.

- 2 How terrible thy glories be !
 How bright thine armies shine !
 Where is the pow'r that vies with thee ?
 The truth that equals thine ?
- 3 The *northern* pole, and *southern*, rest
 On thy supporting hand ;
 Darkness and day, from *east* to *west*,
 Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds controul,
 And rule the boist'rous deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,—
 The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace !
 While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HY acts, great God ! thy glorious name,
 The host of heav'n aloud proclaim ;
 And we our humblest songs of praise
 With angels and archangels raise.
- 2 Lo, justice, 'midst th' ethereal plain,
 And equity, thy throne sustain,
 And white-rob'd truth, and mercy fair,
 Thy steps precede, thy paths prepare.

- 3 Thrice happy they whose willing ear
Awakes the joyful sound to hear,—
Who thankful see around their head
Thy countenance its glory shed.
- 4 Their souls rejoice from day to day
Thy boundless mercy to display ;
By full experience taught to know
What blessings from thy bounty flow.
- 5 O ! wise in all thy counsels, Lord,
Let man's whole race thy works record,
And grateful, through the length of days,
In ceaseless songs proclaim thy praise.

PSALM LXXXIX. VERSION 3. P. M.

- 1 **M**Y grateful tongue, immortal King,
Thy mercy shall for ever sing ;
My verse to time's remotest day
Thy truth in sacred notes display :
O Thou with endless glory crown'd,
With faithfulness invested round !
- 2 How blest are they who know that sound,
Which spreads the joyful tidings round !
And speaks a Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run !
Thankful they see, where'er they tread,
Thy fav'ring beams around them spread.

- 3 How shall they joy from day to day,
 Thy boundless mercy to display ;
 Thy righteousness, indulgent Lord,
 With holy confidence record !
 Thy strength their surest refuge deem,
 Thy grace their dignity supreme !

P S A L M LXXXIX. VERSION 4. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**HINK, mighty God, on feeble man !
 How few his hours ! how short his span !
 Short, from the cradle to the grave :
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the stern demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save ?
- 2 And shall it be for ever said,
 " The race of man was only made
 " For sickness, sorrow, and the dust ? "
 And must thy servants, day by day,
 Sink with the rest, and pass away ?
 Is this thy kindness to the just ?
- 3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heav'nly crown ?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair ;—
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a rich reward
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim his wond'rous love,
 And each repeat a loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home ;
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God !
 To endless years the same !
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an ev'ning gone :
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
- 5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

- 6 O God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Be thou our guard whilst life shall last,
 And our eternal home.

P S A L M X C. V E R S I O N 2. C. M.

- 1 **R**EMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
 Of the revolving year !
 How swift the weeks complete their rounds !
 How short the months appear !
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
 And that important day,
 When all that mortal life hath done
 God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
 Its great concern to see ;
 That I may act the christian's part,
 And give the year to thee.
- 4 So shall their course more grateful roll
 If future years arise :
 Or this shall bear my happy soul
 To joy that never dies.

P S A L M X C. V E R S I O N 3. C. M.

- 1 **S**HINE on our souls, eternal God,
 With rays of beauty shine :
 Oh ! let thy favour crown our days,
 And all their course be thine.

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to Thee,
 Our hands might toil in vain ;
 Small joy success itself could give,
 If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With Thee let ev'ry week begin,
 With Thee each day be spent ;
 For Thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
 Since each by Thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
 Till all our labours cease ;
 And heav'n refresh our weary souls
 With everlasting peace.

PSALM XC. VERSION 4. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD! thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-pow'rful, wise, and good, and just ;
 In ev'ry age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust !
- 2 Great Father of Eternity,
 How short are ages in thy sight !
 A thousand rolling years, with thee
 Pass as a single watch of night !
- 3 But mortal life, how soon it flies !
 Dream of an hour, how frail our bloom !
 Like spring's gay flow'rs at morn we rise,
 Cut down ere night to fill the tomb !

- 4 Oh ! teach us to improve our days,
To count our moments as they fly ;
And, form'd to wisdom's sacred ways,
In Thee to live, in Thee to die.

PSALM XCI. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, how safe from harm,
Who to his Saviour flies !
And on his truth and mighty arm
Alone for help relies :
- 2 He from the fowler's secret snare
Thy wand'ring feet shall guide ;
And shield from plagues that walk the air
With death's gigantic stride.
- 3 His overshadowing wings of love
Shall sure protection yield ;
While his eternal truth shall prove
Thine adamantine shield.
- 4 What, though strange terrors fill the night !
Death's shafts obscure the day !
He, thy salvation's strength, and light,
Shall chase each fear away.
- 5 Thine eyes shall see his vengeful rod,
And not one fear molest ;
In the high friendship of thy God,
Supremely safe and blest.

P S A L M X C I I . V E R S I O N 1 . S E V E N S D .

- 1 **T**HOU ! who art enthron'd above,
Thou ! by whom we live and move :
Oh ! how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song !
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy word, and pay our vows,
Notes to heav'n's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise ;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Great JEHOVAH'S awful name !
- 3 From thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise !
Who thy wonders can declare ?
How profound thy counsels are !
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,—
Grateful fervours still inspire ;
All our pow'rs, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

PSALM XCII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, O God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing :
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth by night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 Oh ! may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My soul shall triumph in Thee, **L**ORD,
 And bless thy works, and bless thy word ;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.
- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. VERSION 3. C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the work, O God, my King,
 To praise thy glorious name :
 By day thy wond'rous grace to sing,
 By night thy truth proclaim.

- 2 We hail thy day of rest, O Lord ;
 And seek thy house of pray'r :
 To meet thy saints, to hear thy word,
 And all thy works declare.
- 3 Though worldly hearts contemn thy grace,
 And sacred joys despise,
 Teach us to love thy dwelling-place,
 Thy day of rest to prize.
- 4 Till, fix'd within thy courts above,
 Far nobler songs we raise :
 Where ev'ry heart is fill'd with love,
 And ev'ry mouth with praise.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

- 1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The LORD, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundations strongly laid,
 And the vast 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 for all eternity.
- 3 When lash'd to rage the billows rise
 And foam, and shake the trembling shore,
 Thou speak'st—and all the tumult dies :—
 The madding waves forget to roar.

- 4 And firm and changeless as thy might,
 Thy truth endures without alloy ;
 Thy word is love, and life, and light ;
 Thy temple holiness and joy.

P S A L M X C I V. L. M.

- 1 **O**H! blest the man, for ever blest,
 Whose faithful heart, by Thee impress'd,
 Eternal Teacher, from thy laws
 The lessons of his conduct draws :
- 2 Who owns in ev'ry prosp'rous hour
 A father's love, a father's pow'r ;
 And feels, in sickness or in woe,
 A father's hand hath dealt the blow.
- 3 He, shelter'd in the dreadful day,
 Its distant dangers shall survey ;
 And fearless, yet with awe, shall view
 Thy vengeance reach the impious crew.

P S A L M X C V. V E R S I O N 1. S. M.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise aloud,
 And hymns of glory sing ;
JEHOVAH is the sovereign **G**OD,
 The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
 He gave the seas their bound ;
 The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

- 3 Oh ! worship at his throne,
 And bow before the Lord ;
 We are his work, and not our own,
 He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod ;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

PSALM XCV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 OH! come, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
 To Him address in joyful songs
 The praise that to his name belongs.
- 2 For God, the LORD, enthron'd in state,
 Is with unrivall'd glory great :
 The depths of earth are in his hand,
 Her secret wealth at his command.
- 3 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
 By the same sov'reign right is his :
 'Tis mov'd by his almighty hand,
 That form'd and fix'd the solid land.
- 4 Oh ! let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there :
 For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
 His flock and chosen sheep are we.

PSALM XCVI. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue ;
 His new-discover'd grace demands
 A new and noble song.
- 2 O publish, that MESSIAH reigns
 Unrivall'd and alone :
 His pow'r the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
- 3 Let heav'n rejoice, and earth be glad,
 And nature smile serene ;
 The fields in loveliest flow'rs be clad,
 The groves in richest green.
- 4 Thou ocean, to the list'ning skies
 The joyful theme convey !
 Ye mountains sink ! ye vallies rise !
 Prepare MESSIAH'S way.
- 5 He comes, the Mightiest, from above,
 To make the worlds his own ;
 And found, in justice, truth, and love,
 An everlasting throne.

PSALM XCVI. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **L**ET earth her countless voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise
 In honour of MESSIAH'S name ;
 His glory let the nations know,
 To distant lands his wonders shew,
 And all his mighty works proclaim.

- 2 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there.
 His beams are majesty and light ;
 His beauties how divinely bright !
 His temple how divinely fair !
- 3 O hasten on, thou glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,
 And farthest nations fear his name ;
 Till man's united race confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And pole to pole resound his fame !

PSALM XCVII. PART I. L. M.

- 1 **H**E reigns ! the LORD the SAVIOUR reigns !
 Praise him in evangelic strains :
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.
- 2 His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Flee from the light, and shun the day ;
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.
- 3 The Lord is come ! the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth ; the nations learn his name :
 All ye bright armies of the skies,
 Go, worship where the SAVIOUR lies.

- 4 Let idols totter to the ground,
 And their own worshippers confound,
 But Judah shout, and Sion sing,
 And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. PART 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns, exalted high
 O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky:
 Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
 His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye, that love his holy name,
 Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the bright harvest bless our eyes.
- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
 The sacred honours of the Lord;
 His gracious name for ever bless,
 And triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room;
 Let ev'ry creature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth ! the SAVIOUR reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While seas, and shores, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground :
He comes, to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 Joy to the world ; the LORD is come !
Let earth receive her King :
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room ;
Let ev'ry creature sing.

P S A L M XCIX: S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
Let all the nations fear :
The Lord is great in Sion's plains,
His awful name revere.
- 2 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet ;
Judgment and truth are his abode,
And holiness his seat.

- 3 Ye servants of the Lord,
Who call upon his name,
The answer of your pray'rs record,
His acts of grace proclaim.
- 4 God spake :—the people fear'd :
In mercy he forgave :
Through the dark cloud his voice was heard,
Omnipotent to save.
- 5 In Sion is his throne,
His honours are divine :
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

PSALM C. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.
- 2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are his flock, He doth us feed,
And for his sheep He doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto :
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

- 4 For why ? the Lord our God is good ;
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 For He's the LORD, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 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 sov'reign 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'll crowd 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.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command !
 Vast as eternity thy love !
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M C I. C. M.

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment I will sing,
 Will sing, O Lord, to Thee ;
 Oh ! when wilt Thou descend, and bring
 Thy light and life to me ?
- 2 A perfect way by wisdom trod,
 A perfect heart, a home—
 A way, a heart, a house, O God,
 I seek, where Thou wilt come.
- 3 Hence ev'ry wicked thing depart,
 Hence error's works begone :
 Here be not found a froward heart,
 Nor wicked person known.

- 4 I'll seek the faithful, and the just,
 And will their help enjoy;—
 These are the friends that I will trust,
 The servants I'll employ.
- 5 From lies, from slanders, and deceit,
 My dwelling shall be free ;
 So shall it be a dwelling meet,
 Most righteous Lord, for Thee.

PSALM CII. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **O**F old thy hand, eternal God,
 The world's foundation laid,
 Stretch'd the wide heav'ns o'er earth abroad,
 And all their pomp display'd.
- 2 The heav'ns shall perish, mighty Lord,
 While, changeless and secure,
 Thy name, eternally ador'd,
 Eternal shall endure.
- 3 Like a rich vesture, chang'd and old,
 Their beauties shall decay ;
 Thy hand th' expanding heav'ns shall fold,
 While earth dissolves away.
- 4 But Thou, JEHOVAH, art the same ;
 Immortal are thy years ;
 And still thy church shall praise thy name
 When nature disappears.

PSALM CII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**O exile driv'n in distant lands,
Insulted, led in captive bands,
A mark for Gentile hate and scorn,
See Judah in dispersion mourn !
- 2 And is not then the season come,
To call the weary wand'ers home ?
And must they yet in vain request
To flee away and be at rest ?
- 3 O Thou, their Father and their GOD,
In pity stay th' avenging rod ;
Have mercy on their woes, and save
The weeping remnant from the grave.
- 4 Thy saints behold, with grief profound,
Thy Salem's ruins spread the ground,
With sighs her scatter'd dust bemoan,
And drop a tear on ev'ry stone.
- 5 O rescue from its fall'n estate
That house so dark and desolate ;
Again on Sion's faded shrine
Let all her ancient glories shine.
- 6 Then crowding to her courts of pray'r,
A thousand nations shall repair ;
And blessing, honour, glory, fame,
Be render'd to MESSIAH'S name.

PSALM CIII. VERSION 1. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul, with sweet delight,
 JEHOVAH'S praise proclaim ;
 Let all my inmost pow'rs unite,
 For holy is his name.
- 2 The mercy of the Lord
 Thy num'rous sins forgives ;
 Diseases fly before his word,
 And dying nature lives.
- 3 High as the heav'ns ascend
 Wide o'er this earthly frame,
 The mercies of the Lord extend
 To those who fear his name.
- 4 Far as the eastern climes
 From the descending day :
 So far the Lord removes our crimes,
 And casts our guilt away.

PSALM CIII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;
 His waken'd wrath doth slowly move ;
 His willing mercy flies apace.
- 2 As high as heav'n its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay,—
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The highest tribute we can pay.

- 3 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far hath he our sins remov'd :
 And with a father's tender breast
 Hath such as fear'd him always lov'd.
- 4 Our feeble frame his love surveys,
 Considers that we are but clay ;
 How fresh soe'er we seem, our days,
 Like grass or flow'rs, must fade away.
- 5 The flow'rs are nipt with sudden blasts,
 Nor can we find their former place ;
 But God's compassion ever lasts
 To those that fear him, and their race.

P S A L M CIV. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 **O**H! cloth'd with majesty divine,
 What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine !
 Light forms thy robe, and round thy head
 The heav'ns their ample curtain spread.
- 2 To Thee the all-prolific earth,
 From chaos call'd, ascribes her birth ;
 And fix'd by thine almighty hand,
 Hath stood, and shall for ages stand.
- 3 Thou spak'st ! and o'er each mountain's head
 The deep its wat'ry mantle spread ;
 Thou spak'st ! and from the whelming flood
 Again their tops emergent stood.

- 4 The springs and streamlets in their course,
 Supplied by nature's copious source,
 Refresh the hill, the vale, the plain,
 And life in all its forms sustain.
- 5 Awake, ye saints, to hymns of praise—
 To God the song of triumph raise,
 And thankful, to the world record
 The glories of th' almighty Lord.

PSALM CIV. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Ruler of the skies,
 How various are thy works, how wise ;
 How great the wonders Thou hast wrought,
 And deep beyond all search of thought.
- 2 Not earth alone beholds her shores
 Enrich'd from thy exhaustless stores !
 Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
 Th' extended seas thy gifts contain.
- 3 Thy care, great God, sustains them all ;
 By hunger urg'd, on Thee they call,
 And reap from thy extended hand
 Whate'er their various wants demand.
- 4 Where'er the Lord extends his sway,
 Ye works of God, his name display ;
 Nor ye, his saints, forget to sing
 The wonders of th' eternal King.

PSALM CIV. VERSION 3. P. M.

- 1 **O** WORSHIP the King
 All glorious above ;
 O gratefully sing
 His pow'r and his love ;
Our shield and defender
 The ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendour,
 And girded with praise !
- 2 O tell of his might—
 O sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light,
 Whose canopy space.
His chariots of wrath
 The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
 On the wings of the storm.
- 3 This earth, with its store
 Of wonders untold,
 Almighty ! thy pow'r
 Hath founded of old ;
Hath 'stablish'd it fast
 By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
 Like a mantle, the sea.
- 4 Thy bountiful care
 What tongue can recite ?

- It breathes in the air,
 It shines in the light :
 In streams from the hills
 It descends to the plain,
 And sweetly distils
 In the dew and the rain.
- 5 Frail children of dust,
 And feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust,
 Nor find Thee to fail :
 Thy mercies how tender !
 How firm to the end !
 Our Maker, Defender,
 Redeemer, and Friend !
- 6 O measureless might !
 Ineffable love !
 While angels delight
 To hymn Thee above,
 The humbler creation,
 Though feeble their lays,
 With true adoration
 Shall lisp to thy praise !

P S A L M CV. C. M.

- 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 wond'rous works rehearse ;
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd :
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
 Who 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 O let the works his hands have wrought
 Your admiration move ;
 Think on the judgments of his mouth,
 And wonders of his love.

PSALM CVI. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks to GOD above,
 The fountain of eternal love,
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Hath stood, and shall for ever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless !
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 Just tribute of immortal praise !

- 3 Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from his judgments fear to stray ;
 Who know and love his perfect will,
 And daly all his words fulfil.
- 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 Oh ! may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full felicity ;
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

PSALM CVI. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **L**ET songs of joy to GOD ascend,
 Whose love no limit knows, nor end ;
 But, oh ! what tongue in equal lay
 His acts can speak, his love display ?
 Thrice happy, who with stedfast will
 The dictates of his love fulfil.
- 2 Conduct us with thy flock to prove
 The pow'r of thy redeeming love ;
 And while thy mercy on our heads
 The fulness of its blessing sheds,
 With them th' accepted hymn to sing,
 To Thee, our SAVIOUR and our King.
- 3 Almighty Father ! heav'nly Friend,
 To Israel's voice, great GOD, attend !

That Sion, with delighted ear,
 The hallow'd strain again may hear :
 Thy name by ev'ry lyre be sung,
 Thy praise resound from ev'ry tongue.

P S A L M CVII. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God : He reigns above ;
 Kind are his thoughts, his name is love ;
 His mercy ages past have known,
 And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record :
 Israel, the people whom he chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 Like them enslav'd, we too must gain
 Release from sin's severer chain ;
 And while to happier realms we press,
 Must pass a gloomier wilderness.
- 4 Yet bold we may our way pursue,
 For Israel's God shall guide us too :
 Shall guard us with almighty hand,
 And bring us to the promis'd land.
- 5 O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord ;
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And live in tainted air.
- 3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know Thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.
- 4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore:
We'll praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 6 Our life, while Thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to Thee.

P S A L M C V I I I. V E R S I O N 1. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
 Thy praises to proclaim,
 My tongue, on holy themes intent,
 Shall magnify thy name.
- 2 Awake, my lute, thy sweetest songs ;
 Nor thou, my harp, delay :
 With hymns of joy my spirit longs
 To meet the dawning day.
- 3 To all the lands my voice, O Lord,
 Thy wonders shall resound ;
 And loud thy deeds of grace record
 Among the nations round.
- 4 For, oh ! thy mercy's boundless height
 The highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond the realms of night
 Thy faithfulness extends.
- 5 Then set thy mighty throne above
 This universal frame ;
 Till all the world with sacred love
 Adore JEHOVAH's name.

P S A L M C V I I I. V E R S I O N 2. 8-8-6.

- 1 **M**Y heart, O God, is fix'd, intent
 Its tuneful tribute to present,
 And all thy works proclaim ;

- My lips a grateful hymn shall raise,
 And deem it still their highest praise
 To celebrate thy fame.
- 2 Awake thy morning strain, my lyre,
 And breathe from ev'ry trembling wire
 The heart-inspiring lay :
 Awake, my lute,—myself shall rise
 As soon as these uplifted eyes
 Can catch a glimpse of day.
- 3 Eternal Lord ! thy heav'nly grace
 Exceeds the bounds of time and space,
 Thy truth transcends the sky ;
 O deign thy glories to display,
 Till, piercing through our darker day,
 They flash on ev'ry eye.
- 4 In all thy goodness, pow'r, and love,
 Descend, O SAVIOUR, from above,
 Thy faithful flock to bless ;
 Then, safe beneath thy shelt'ring wing,
 With loud hosannahs they shall sing
 The Lord their righteousness.

PSALM CX. VERSION 1. P. M.

- 1 **A**LL hail ! victorious Lord !
 At God's right hand above,
 Triumphant o'er thy foes ;
 Triumphant in thy love !

To Thee our joyful songs we bring,
To Thee we bow, all-conqu'ring King !

2 Oh ! haste, victorious Prince,
That happy glorious day,
When souls, like drops of dew,
Shall own thy gentle sway ;
Oh ! may it bless our longing eyes,
And hear our shouts beyond the skies !

3 All hail, exalted Priest !
To Thee our all we give,
Enthron'd above the skies
All homage to receive !
There deign in our behalf to plead,
Yea, there for ever intercede.

PSALM CX. VERSION 2. L. M.

1 COMMISSION'D by his Father's will,
MESSIAH hastes his throne to fill ;
At GOD'S right hand he takes his seat,
Till nations bow beneath his feet.

2 Cloth'd with the strength thine arm supplies,
In Sion shall thy sceptre rise ;
Thence shall thy spirit and thy word
Extend thy kingdom, mighty LORD !

3 Rule, great Redeemer ! midst thy foes
The triumphs of thy love disclose ;

Thy people, when thy pow'r is known,
With willing hearts shall crowd thy throne.

PSALM CXI. L. M.

- 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 are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim ;
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
- 3 By precept He has us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous works in mind,
And to posterity record,
That “ Good and gracious is the LORD.”
- 4 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Hath all his servants' wants supplied ;
And He will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers sign'd.

PSALM CXII. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man, who fears the LORD,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honour and peace his days attend,
And blessings on his race descend.

- 2 Intent his duty to pursue,
 In all his dealings he is true ;
 And prompt to lend, or to bestow,
 His goods in aid of want or woe.
- 3 His heart admits not doubt nor fear,
 For still he knows his God is near,
 And, shielded by almighty arms,
 Serenely smiles amidst alarms.
- 4 Assail'd by grief, by trouble press'd,
 On God his soul may calmly rest,
 And see amidst the darkest skies
 A beam of heav'nly comfort rise.
- 5 Nor ev'n when life and being fail
 Can darkness o'er his light prevail ;
 His hope secure in death shall shine,
 And brighten into joys divine.

PSALM CXII. VERSION 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest, who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd :
 His house, the seat of peace and rest,
 Shall with God's favour still be blest,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
- 2 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd :
 The sweet remembrance of the just,

Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.

3 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
 Unmov'd the just maintains his ground,
 His conscience holds his courage up :
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

4 Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart, that fix'd on God relies ;
 Though waves and tempests roar around,
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.

PSALM CXIII. SIX EIGHTS.

1 **Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless ;
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Due praises to his name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway :
 The regions of eternal day
 But shadows of his glory are !

With Him, whose majesty excels,
 Who made the heav'ns in which he dwells,
 Let no created pow'r compare.

- 3 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.

PSALM CXIV. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay ;
 The deep divides to make them way :
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
- 4 What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?

- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
 Retire, and know th' approaching God,
 The King of Israel : see Him here !
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns ;
 The rock to standing pools He turns :
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M C X V. L. M.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due :
 Thou, gracious God, alone art just,
 Thou only good, and wise, and true.
- 2 The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;
 Through all the earth his will is done ;
 He knows our groans, he hears our sighs.
- 3 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
 Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest :
 His hand shall build thy ruins up,
 And all thy children shall be blest.
- 4 To Him our voices let us raise
 Ere death shall hush them in the grave :
 To Him resound our songs of praise,
 And tell the world his pow'r to save.

PSALM CXVI. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, He heard my cries,
 And pitied ev'ry groan :
 Long as I live, when troubles rise
 I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord, He bow'd his ear,
 And chas'd my doubts away :
 Oh ! let me never yield to fear
 While I have breath to pray.
- 3 " My God," I cried, " thy servant save,
 " Thou ever good and just ;
 " Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,
 " Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 4 The Lord beheld me sore distress ;
 He bade my pains remove :
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.
- 5 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears :
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM CXVI. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord—with tender care
 He listen'd to my anxious pray'r ;
 He heard my supplicating voice,
 And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

- 2 For ever gracious is the Lord,
 For ever faithful to his word ;
 By sweet experience now I prove
 His mercy, his unchanging love.
- 3 For this, when future sorrows rise,
 To him I'll breathe my humble cries ;
 For this, through all my future days,
 Adore his name, and sing his praise.

PSALM CXVI. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **R**ETURN, my soul, and sweetly rest
 On thy almighty Father's breast ;
 The bounties of his grace adore,
 And count his wond'rous mercies o'er.
- 2 Thy mercy, Lord, preserv'd my breath,
 And snatch'd my fainting soul from death ;
 Remov'd my sorrows, sooth'd my cares,
 And sav'd me from surrounding snares.
- 3 What shall I render to thy name ?
 Or how thy boundless grace proclaim ?
 To Thee my grateful voice shall raise
 A song of wonder, love, and praise.
- 4 Thy crowded courts shall see me pay
 The vows of my distressful day ;
 And hear my joyful tongue record
 How good and gracious is the Lord.

PSALM CXVII. VERSION 1. SEVENS.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, throughout the earth,
 Ev'ry nation, tribe, and tongue ;
 Blend your strains in hallow'd mirth—
 Let your Saviour's praise be sung.
- 2 See his mercy o'er our land
 Spread its ever-healing wing !
 See his truth through ages stand !
 Praise the everlasting King !

PSALM CXVII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVIII. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own ;
 To Him be boundless homage paid,
 And praise surround his throne ;
- 2 To-day, array'd in pow'r divine,
 He vanquish'd death and hell ;
 To-day let all his saints combine
 His wond'rous works to tell.

- 3 Lift up your hearts with one accord ;
 Your choicest off'rings bring :
 Hosannah to th' anointed Lord !
 Hosannah to our King !
- 4 For ever blest be He who came
 On wings of heav'nly grace :
 Descending in his Father's name
 To save our guilty race.
- 5 Hosannah in the loftiest strains
 The church on earth can raise ;
 The highest heav'ns in which he reigns
 Shall give him nobler praise !

PSALM CXVIII. VERSION 2. SEVENS D.

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King :
 For his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.
 Israel, thy Creator bless,
 And with joyful tongue confess,
 That his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 He, my strength, and He, my song,
 Lo ! my days I yet prolong ;
 And, each hostile force o'erthrown,
 Him my great salvation own :

Shouts of health, and hymns of praise
 Wisdom's faithful followers raise ;
 " Oh ! how strong the hand divine !
 " Oh ! what wonders, Lord, are thine ! "

- 3 Ope the gates of righteousness ;
 Let me, favour'd with access,
 Bless my great deliv'rer's name,
 And his boundless praise proclaim.
 Lift your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King ;
 For his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

PSALM CXIX. PART I. C. M.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law—
 'Tis daily my delight ;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word ;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy voice, O Lord.
- 3 How doth that word my heart engage !
 How well employ my tongue !
 And in my painful pilgrimage
 Yield me a heav'nly song.

- 4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises remain,
 As pillars to support my hope,
 And all my soul sustain.

PSALM CXIX. PART 2. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And keep their lives from sin ?
 Thy word, O Lord, the way imparts,
 And plants a guard within.
- 2 Where, treasur'd in the secret mind,
 Thy holy precepts lie,
 The meanest may instruction find,
 And far from folly fly.
- 3 That word is like a heav'nly light
 To guide us all the day,
 And through the dangers of the night
 A lamp to lead our way.
- 4 That word is everlasting truth—
 How pure is ev'ry page !
 Oh ! may it guard our earliest youth,
 And cheer our latest age !

PSALM CXIX. PART 3. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
 There my best thoughts engage.

- 2 'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 3 It banishes distracting fears,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
And leads beyond this vale of tears
To everlasting rest.
- 4 Open our eyes to see, O Lord,
The wonders it displays :
Oh ! let us live and keep thy word,
And walk in all thy ways.

P S A L M C X I X . P A R T 4 . C . M .

- 1 **O** THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 Lord, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes :
Let no corrupt design,
No covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

- 4 My soul has gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip ;
 Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands—
 'Tis a delightful road ;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. PART 5. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
 Lord, give me life divine ;
 From vain desires, and ev'ry lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.
- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in the way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.
- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Thy word, that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.
- 4 Are not thy mercies sov'reign still ?
 And Thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt Thou not grant me warmer zeal,
 To run the heav'nly road ?

- 5 Then I shall love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. PART 6. L. M.

- 1 **S**AFE on thy word my trust I build,
O Thou, my refuge and my shield ;
My hope (nor shall that hope be vain)
Thy sacred promises sustain.
- 2 These, my best wealth, my treasur'd store,
I keep, and view them o'er and o'er :
These heav'nward lift my thoughtful soul
When night's dark shades invest the pole.
- 3 My hands on thy command shall wait,
On thy pure words I'll meditate,
Which sweeter on my palate dwell
Than honey dropping from its cell.
- 4 Long as within this house of clay,
My state of pilgrimage, I stay,
Thy statutes are my song—thy name
Wakes in my breast the holy flame.
- 5 O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quick'ning strength supply ;
Redeem from error's growth my mind,
Nor leave one baleful root behind.

PSALM CXIX. PART 7. L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was that chastising rod
 Which forc'd my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord :
 I left my guide and lost my way :
 But now I love and keep thy word.
- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I may learn his statutes well.
- 4 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my soul within ;
 Teach me to know thy wond'rous name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

PSALM CXIX. PART 8. L. M.

- 1 **G**OD of my life ! to Thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail !
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint !
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where, but with Thee, whose open door
 Invites the helpless and the poor !

- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
 And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
 Does not the word still fix'd remain,
 That none shall seek thy face in vain?
- 4 Hard were the woes of life to bear,
 Didst Thou not hear and answer pray'r:
 But Thou wilt listen from on high,
 And all my inmost wants supply.

PSALM CXIX. PART 9. S. M.

- 1 **H**OW great the peace of those
 Who in thy law delight!
 No pow'r shall break their calm repose,
 No foes nor fears affright.
- 2 On thy salvation, LORD,
 My hopes secure depend;
 I love the precepts of thy word,
 And keep them to the end.
- 3 With ever ready mind
 I run thy sacred way;
 And still my sweetest joy I find
 Thy precepts to obey.
- 4 My feet with great delight
 Thy heav'nly paths have trod;
 For all my ways before thy sight
 Are known to Thee, my GOD.

P S A L M C X X I. V E R S I O N 1. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM Sion's hills my help descends,
 To them I lift mine eyes ;
 My strength on Him alone depends
 Who form'd the earth and skies.
- 2 O Israel, trust the living LORD,
 His hand shall grant thee aid ;
 His wings from ev'ry fear afford
 A shelter and a shade.
- 3 O blest of heav'n ! what ills can rise
 To break thy calm repose,
 While watch'd by those all-seeing eyes,
 Which slumber cannot close ?
- 4 No sun with pestilential ray
 Shall smite thy favour'd head ;
 No sickly moon around thy way
 A blighting influence shed.
- 5 By thee the desert's dreary maze
 In safety shall be trod,
 Till heav'n her court of light displays,
 And bids thee see thy GOD.

P S A L M C X X I. V E R S I O N 2. L. M.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
 Thence all her help my soul derives ;
 For there my great deliv'rer lives.

- 2 He guides our feet, he guards our way,
His morning smiles make glad the day;
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 3 Israel, a name divinely blest !
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber or surprise.
- 4 O'er thee no evil shall have pow'r,
And in the last departing hour
Angels, that trace the heav'nly road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy GOD.

PSALM CXXI. VERSION 3. P. M.

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift mine eye,
To heav'n, JEHOVAH'S throne !
For there my SAVIOUR sits on high,
And thence shall grace and strength supply
To all he calls his own.
- 2 He will not faint nor fail,
Or leave thy feet to stray ;
For him no weary hours assail,
Nor darkness spreads her dusky veil
O'er his eternal day.

- 3 Beneath that light divine
 Securely shalt thou move ;
 The sun with milder beams shall shine,
 And peaceful moon her lamp incline,
 Benignant from above.
- 4 For He, thy God and Friend,
 Shall guard thy soul from harm ;
 In each sad scene of doubt attend,
 And guide thy life, and bless thy end,
 With his almighty arm.

PSALM CXXI. VERSION 4. 7-6-7.

- 1 **T**O the hills I lift mine eyes,
 The everlasting hills,
 Thence I draw such rich supplies,
 My soul new vigour feels.
 Faithful is his promis'd word :
 Help, while yet I ask, is giv'n ;
 Giv'n by Him, the sov'reign LORD,
 Who made both earth and heav'n.
- 2 Not the pow'rs of earth or hell
 Thy Guardian can surprise ;
 Careless slumber cannot steal
 On his all-seeing eyes :
 He is Israel's sure defence,
 Israel all his care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful Providence
 And ever-waking love.

- 3 Thee, in evil scorching day,
 The sun shall never smite ;
 Thee, the moon's malignant ray
 Shall never blast by night :
 Safe from known, or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
 GOD, when earth and hell oppose,
 Shall keep thee safe from all.

P S A L M CXXII. VERSION 1. C. M. D.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Sion let us all appear
 "And keep the solemn day!"
 I love her gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorn'd with grace,
 Stands as a temple built for GOD,
 Where he reveals his face.
- 2 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest :
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest !
 Our souls shall still for Sion pray,
 Long as our life remains ;
 There our best friends their homage pay,
 There God, our SAVIOUR, reigns.

PSALM CXXII. VERSION 2. 8-8-6.

- 1 **T**HE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy hallow'd dome,
Thy presence to adore ;
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend,
And tread the sacred floor.
- 2 And, lo ! to my enraptur'd eyes
The heav'n-built tow'rs of Salem rise !
By faith, with glad survey,
I view her mansions, that contain
Th' angelic forms, an awful train,
And shine with cloudless day.
- 3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo ! the redeem'd of GOD ascend,
Their tribute thither bring ;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.
- 4 Thy walls, remote from hostile fear,
Not the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild waste deplore ;
There smiling plenty takes her stand,
And in thy courts, with lavish hand,
Hath pour'd forth all her store.

PSALM CXXIII. VERSION 1. SIX SEVENS.

- 1 **L**ORD, before thy throne we bend ;
 Lord, to Thee our vows ascend,
 Servants to our master true,
 Lo ! we yield the homage due :
 Children, to our sire we fly,
 Abba, Father, hear our cry !
- 2 In the dust our knees we bow,
 We are weak, but mighty Thou ;
 From the heav'ns, thy dwelling place,
 Shed, O shed thy pard'ning grace !
 Whisper comfort to our fears,
 Wipe away our bitter tears.
- 3 Lo ! the scornful worldly throng
 Mark our grief, and pass along :
 Thou alone, O Lord, canst give
 Heav'nly peace, and bid us live ;
 Hear, O hear us as we pray ;
 SAVIOUR, cast us not away !

PSALM CXXIII. VERSION 2. L. M. D.

- 1 **O** THOU, who dwell'st beyond our sight,
 High o'er the heav'ns enthron'd in light ;
 To Thee our humble pray'rs arise,
 To Thee we lift our weeping eyes ;

While scornful men deride our woe,
 Do Thou, O Lord, thy mercy shew :
 In pity all our sins forgive,
 And bid the broken spirit live.

- 2 As servants in attention stand,
 And watch and wait their lord's command,
 As maidens, with deportment meek,
 Stand waiting ere their mistress speak ;
 So, humbly at thy feet, O Lord,
 We wait thy will, and watch thy word ;
 O haste thy mercy to display,
 And wipe our streaming tears away !

PSALM CXXV. L. M.

- 1 **W**HO trust in God's protecting hand,
 Secure as Sion's mount shall stand,
 That, proof to ages, meets the skies,
 And, fix'd, each adverse shock defies.
- 2 Behold fair Salem's hallow'd ground,
 By shadowing hills encompass'd round :
 Thy presence thus, O Lord, we trace,
 Encircling Jacob's chosen race.
- 3 Ne'er on the lot by them possess'd
 Shall impious pow'r its sceptre rest,
 Nor distant times behold thy love
 Its blessings from thy saints remove.

- 4 O still our Guardian, still our Friend !
Thy mercies to thy church extend ;
Nor ever from our souls remove
The consolations of thy love.

PSALM CXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE darken'd sky, how thick it low'rs !
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet, Sion, cast thy fears aside,
And firmly in thy God confide ;
He from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown
Are in these water'd furrows sown ;
See the green blades, how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;
And heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves, and bear them home ;
The voice, long broke with sighs, shall sing,
And heaven with hallelujahs ring.

P S A L M CXXVII. 8-8-6.

- 1 **V**AIN is the builder's toil and care,
 The well-fram'd structure to prepare,
 If God his aid deny :
 Who can secure the city keep ?
 In vain the watch refuse to sleep
 Without JEHOVAH's eye.
- 2 'Tis vain to rise ere morning light,
 With lengthen'd cares curtail the night,
 And eat the bread of grief :
 He loves his saints ; in calm repose
 He bids sweet sleep their eyelids close,
 And sends a kind relief.

P S A L M CXXX. VERSION 1. S. M.

- 1 **M**Y soul with patience waits
 For Thee, the living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
- 2 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 3 Let Israel trust in God :
 No bounds his mercy knows,
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal blessing flows ;

- 4 Its 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 CXXX. VERSION 2. S. M.

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe
 To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
 O deign some pity to bestow,
 Nor suffer me to die.
- 2 With fear and anguish faint,
 I pour my humble pray'r ;
 O listen to my sad complaint,
 And snatch me from despair.
- 3 If once those eyes so pure
 Be strict our faults to spy,
 What mortal safely may endure
 The dreadful scrutiny ?
- 4 But still, though dark the hour,
 On Thee I fix my trust ;
 Thy pard'ning grace and healing pow'r
 Shall raise me from the dust.
- 5 Thy grace is prompt to cheer
 The mourner from above,
 Constraining sinners to thy fear,
 By gentlest bands of love.

- 6 And O, like those that watch
 The first faint dawn to see,
 So waits my eager soul to catch
 One heav'nly beam from Thee.
- 7 O Israel, trust the Lord,
 And make his grace thy stay,
 That grace, which hath thy hopes restor'd,
 And wash'd thy sins away.

PSALM CXXX. VERSION 3. C. M.

- 1 **E**NCOURAG'D by thy faithful word,
 We stand at mercy's gate ;
 And still for thy salvation, Lord,
 With earnest longing wait.
- 2 As seamen look with anxious eye,
 Or pilgrims gaze forlorn,
 While night's dark tempests sweep the sky,
 To catch the rising morn ;
- 3 So long our souls to see thy face,
 In gloomy clouds withdrawn,
 Watch the first openings of thy grace,
 And wait a brighter dawn.
- 4 O Sun of Righteousness arise,
 And bring that brighter day !
 Before thy light the darkness flies,
 And sin is chas'd away.

P S A L M CXXX. VERSION 4. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM the dark borders of despair,
 Earnest to Thee, my God, I cry ;
 O wilt Thou, pitying, hear my pray'r,
 And listen to my plaintive sigh !
- 2 Lord, who shall stand before thy face,
 If thou should'st strictly mark our faults ?
 Wert thou severe, what hope of grace
 Could comfort my desponding thoughts ?
- 3 But sov'reign mercy dwells with Thee :
 Hope, therefore, dawns amid my fears ;
 Divine forgiveness, large and free,
 I view, and stay my flowing tears.
- 4 On God alone my soul would wait,
 His sacred word my hope and stay ;
 His sacred word can light create,
 And turn my gloomy night to day.
- 5 Let fainting Israel on the Lord,
 Ever with cheerful hope recline ;
 For grace and mercy in his word,
 Written in lines of glory shine.

P S A L M CXXX. VERSION 5. C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN, rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear !

- 2 If now, 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 soul,
 Which does her sins lament,
 Of One who suffer'd unto death,
 Her suff'rings to prevent :
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

PSALM CXXXI. SEVENS. D.

- 1 **L**ORD, if Thou the grace impart,
 Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
 I shall, as thy servants, be
 Rooted in humility ;
 Gentle, teachable, and mild,
 Simple as a little child,
 Pleas'd with all thy hand provides,
 Wean'd from all the world besides.

- 2 Fount of wisdom, source of rest,
 Then alone our souls are blest,
 When our wills we pleas'd resign,
 Firmly fix'd to follow thine :
 Plenteous on the church below,
 Lord, thy healing grace bestow,
 Till, as in the realms above,
 All be peace and holy love.

P S A L M CXXXII. C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest ;
 Thy church expects with longing eyes
 Thy presence to be blest.
- 2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy Word :
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread ;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Here let the Son of David reign ;
 Let God's anointed shine :
 Justice and truth his court maintain,
 With love and pow'r divine.

- 5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And, as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 **H**OW pleasing is the scene, how sweet,
When kindred souls in friendship join,
Whose cares and joys united meet
In bands of amity divine !
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head ;
When balmy sweets, profusely show'r'd,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
Impearl'd with dew, a fairer sight ;
Nor Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 Where charity's sweet influence reigns
The Lord his choicest blessings pours ;
Through earth's dark scenes his saints sustain
Then wafts them to celestial shores.

P S A L M CXXXIII. VERSION 2. 8-8-6.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the joy the sight imparts,
 When friends with friends, and hearts with hearts
 In holy union meet :
 Less sweet the liquid fragrance shed
 On Aaron's consecrated head
 Ran trickling to his feet.
- 2 Less sweet on Hermon's lofty crest,
 Or Sion's fair and verdant breast,
 The morning dews descend ;
 Though heav'nly blessings there abound,
 And God himself the place hath crown'd
 With life that knows no end.

P S A L M CXXXIV. S. M.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the Lord,
 Your Maker's praise proclaim ;
 By day, by night, his deeds record,
 And magnify his name.
- 2 Ye choirs that love to fill
 His courts with hymns of praise,
 Uplift your hands in homage still,
 And sing his wond'rous ways.
- 3 And O, may He who made
 Both earth and heav'n above,
 For ever guard us with his aid,
 And crown us with his love !

P S A L M CXXXV. L. M.

- 1 **Y**E, who on holy service bent,
 The courts of Israel's God frequent ;
 Ye servants of the Lord, his name
 In songs of highest praise proclaim.
- 2 O praise the everlasting King,
 His boundless pow'r and mercy sing ;
 What pow'r, O Lord, is so divine ?
 What mercy measureless like thine ?
- 3 Thy wise and all-disposing sway
 The heav'ns, and earth, and sea obey ;
 Thy might through all extent extends,
 Sinks through all depth, all height transcends :
- 4 But O, as wide, as deep, as high,
 Thy mercy fills the earth and sky ;
 In Thee all pow'r and grace unite,
 The first in goodness as in might.
- 5 Thy bounties to thy people shewn
 In grateful numbers they shall own,
 And pleas'd, to latest times record
 How good and gracious is their Lord.

P S A L M CXXXVI. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord,
 His mercies still endure ;
 And be the King of Kings ador'd ;
 His truth is ever sure.

- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
 How mighty is his hand !
 Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone,
 How wide is his command !
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light,
 How bright his counsels shine !
 The moon and stars adorn the night,
 His works are all divine !
- 4 He saw the nations dead in sin,
 He felt his pity move ;
 How sad the state the world was in !
 How boundless was his love !
- 5 Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King,
 His mercies still endure :
 Let the whole earth his praises sing,
 His truth is ever sure.

P S A L M CXXXVI. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high :
 His mercies last, a boundless store,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

- 3 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Thro' life's dark paths he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat ;
 His mercies last, a boundless store,
 When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVI. VERSION 3. 6-7.

- 1 **L**IFT your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly King :
 'Tis his wisdom made the sky,
 With the num'rous lights on high :
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy hath no end.
- 2 He, by his all-pow'rful might,
 Fill'd the new-made world with light ;
 He ordain'd the glorious sun
 All the day his course to run :
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy hath no end.
- 3 All his creatures God doth feed,
 His full hand supplies their need ;
 Let us then, with joyful mind,
 Bless the Lord, for ever kind :
 For his blessings far extend,
 And his mercy hath no end.

PSALM CXXXVII. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN we, our wearied 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 part to bear,
 With silent strings neglected hung
 On willow trees that wither'd there.
- 3 Our barb'rous masters, who 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,
 Then let my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with art to move.

PSALM CXXXVIII. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, enthron'd on high,
 Attends the humble pray'r;
 But bids the proud his presence fly,
 And scorns them from afar.

- 2 When in the gloomy ways
Of deep distress I tread,
Thy saving grace, O Lord, shall raise
My sick and drooping head.
- 3 When pow'rs of hell surround,
Thy mercy shall restrain ;
Thine arm shall all their might confound,
And bid them rage in vain.
- 4 Thine arm my soul shall save,
And all my hopes complete ;
Then raise me conqu'ror o'er the grave,
And place me near thy seat.
- 5 Thy grace the promise spake ;
Thy truth eternal stands :
Let mercy ne'er the work forsake
Of thy creating hands.

PSALM CXXXIX. VERSION. 1. C. M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY FATHER, from thy hand
Oh ! whither could I flee ?
Enclos'd on ev'ry side I stand
With thine immensity !
- 2 To heav'n or hell should I retire
And seek to dwell unknown :
In hell I meet thy penal fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.

- 3 If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to Thee :
 Oh ! may I ne'er provoke that pow'r
 From which I cannot flee.

PSALM CXXXIX. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways ;
 And reads with ease my deep intent
 Ere yet my lips their meaning vent.
- 3 Oh ! could I so perfidious be
 To think of once deserting Thee,
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
 Or whither from thy presence run ?

- 4 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,
 There thy almighty vengeance reigns.
- 5 If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main :
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest the fugitive.
- 6 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.

PSALM CXLI. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy throne I urge my cry,
 Swift to my aid let mercy fly ;
 Oh ! let my voice thy pity meet,
 When suppliant at thy awful seat.
- 2 As clouds of incense to the skies,
 So let my morning pray'r arise ;
 Let my uplifted hands by night,
 As ev'ning off'rings, meet thy sight.
- 3 Still on thy promises I trust,
 And though my flesh return to dust,
 Oh ! leave me not to death a prey,
 But waft me to the realms of day !

PSALM CXLII. L. M.

- 1 **H**EAR me, O Father, from above,
 In mercy hear me, and in love ;
 For in thy scales of justice tried,
 None living can be justified.
- 2 Dark vexing thoughts my soul surround ;
 My strength is smitten to the ground :
 As if entomb'd beneath the weight,
 My heart lies crush'd and desolate.
- 3 Yet, though with fear and anguish fraught,
 I call to mind what God hath wrought ;
 Thy wonders in the days of old,
 Thy mercies great and manifold.
- 4 To Thee I vent my grief and care,
 To Thee I stretch my hands in pray'r ;
 For Thee I thirst, as harvest-plains,
 Parch'd in the summer, thirst for rains.
- 5 O save me ! and instruct my heart
 To follow still the better part ;
 Subdue me to thy holy will,
 And guide me safe to Sion's hill.

PSALM CXLIII. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
 And cry for succour from thy throne ;
 O make thy truth and mercy known.

- 2 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
 When will thy gracious smiles return ?
 Shall all my joys on earth remove ?
 And God for ever hide his love ?
- 3 Break off my fetters, Lord, and shew
 Which is the path my feet should go ;
 Teach me to do thy holy will,
 And lead me to thy heav'nly hill.
- 4 There shall my soul no more complain ;
 The tempter there shall rage in vain ;
 The flesh, that was my foe before,
 Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. C. M.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My SAVIOUR and my Shield ;
 He sends his Spirit, with his word,
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite
 He makes my soul his care :
 Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,
 And guards from ev'ry snare.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
 Doth my weak courage raise ;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

PSALM CXLV. VERSION 1. C. M.

- 1 **T**HEE I'll extol, my God and King,
 Thy endless praise proclaim ;
 This tribute daily will I bring,
 And ever bless thy name.
- 2 Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
 And highly to be prais'd ;
 Thy majesty, with boundless height,
 Above our knowledge rais'd.
- 3 The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies :
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.
- 4 Whilst I his glory and renown,
 And wondrous works express,
 The world with me his might shall own,
 And his great pow'r confess.
- 5 The praise, that to his love belongs,
 They shall with joy proclaim ;
 His truth extol with grateful songs,
 And ever bless his name.

PSALM CXLV. VERSION 2. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET all thy works, almighty Lord !
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim :
 While saints, who know and trust thy word,
 Unite to bless thy name.

- 2 Sweet from their lips the thankful strain
 Shall distant lands invite
 To view the glories of thy reign,
 The wonders of thy might.
- 3 SAVIOUR, the honours of thy throne
 Through ev'ry age shall shine ;
 Thy glory through the earth be known,
 And all its coasts be thine.
- 4 Thy kingdom shall eternal stand,
 Thy wide dominion spread ;
 Till heav'n, and earth, and seas, and land,
 With time itself, be fled.

PSALM CXLV. VERSION 3. C. M.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King ;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His bounty to the skies ;
 Through the whole earth his goodness shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On Thee for daily food ;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.

- 4 How kind are thy compassions, LORD !
 How slow thine anger moves !
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
 To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless train,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
 May we, who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name !

PSALM CXLV. VERSION 4. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And ev'ry setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth shall be my constant theme :
 Thy bounty flows an endless stream ;
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways !
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLV. VERSION 5. L. M.

- 1 **F**AR as creation's bounds extend
 Thy mercies, heav'nly Lord, descend :
 To Thee thy various works shall raise
 One chorus of perpetual praise.
- 2 Thy saints to Thee in hymns impart
 The transports of a grateful heart ;
 The splendour of thy kingdom tell ;
 And pleas'd, on all thy wonders dwell.
- 3 Thy throne shall nature's wreck survive,
 Thy pow'r through endless ages live ;
 Thy promise truth eternal guides,
 Thy mercy o'er the world presides.
- 4 The humble spirit bow'd with woe,
 Thy all-supporting aid shall know ;
 Who ask thy help with heart sincere
 Shall find thy presence ever near.

P S A L M CXLVI. VERSION 1. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my God, my King,
 While I have life, or breath to sing,
 Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
 Till heav'n improve the blissful song.

- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes divine
 On Israel's Guardian-God recline !
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 " This God is mine, my help, my stay !"
- 3 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains ;
 To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
 His touch restores the joys of light.
- 4 If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home :
 The Lord relieves the widow's fears,
 And dries the weeping orphan's tears.
- 5 The Lord shall reign for ever King ;
 And age to age his glory sing :
 Thy God, O happy Sion, reigns ;
 Resound his praise in joyful strains.

PSALM CXLVI. VERSION 2. PART 1. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath ;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die, and turn to dust ;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood :
 Their breath departs, their pomp, and pow'r,
 And thoughts—all vanish in an hour ;
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God—He made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
 He saves th' oppress'd—He feeds the poor ;
 His truth for ever stands secure,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

P S A L M CXLVI. PART 2. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **T**HE Lord to sight restores the blind,
 The Lord supports the sinking mind,
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 2 He loves his saints—He knows them well ;
 But turns the wicked down to hell :
 Thy God, O Sion, ever reigns !
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage—
 Praise Him in everlasting strains.

- 3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
 And, when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud
 Address the Lord on high :
 Over the heav'ns He spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
 To cheer the plain below ;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground ;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.
- 4 He sends his word, and melts the snow,—
 The fields no longer mourn ;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 O praise the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. VERSION 2. L. M.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names !
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 He bids the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
 The beast with food his hand supplies,
 And tends the meanest bird that flies.
- 4 Yet all the creature's skill or force,
 The mighty chief, the warlike horse,
 The piercing wit, the active limb,
 Are objects far too mean for him.
- 5 But saints are precious in his sight,
 He views his children with delight,
 He sees their hope, he knows their care,
 And looks and loves his image there.

P S A L M CXLVII. VERSION 3. L. M.

- 1 **D**EAR to the Lord, for ever dear,
 The heart where He implants his fear ;
 The souls who on his grace rely,
 These, these are lovely in his eye.

- 2 No more their breaking hearts despair,
 He binds their wounds with tender care :
 His healing hand removes their pain,
 And cheerful comfort smiles again.
- 3 Jerusalem ! his honours raise ;
 Thy God, O Sion, claims thy praise :
 His mighty arm defends thy gates,
 His blessing on thy children waits.
- 4 Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene,
 O'er thy fair border smiles serene ;
 The finest wheat luxuriant grows,
 And joyful plenty round thee flows.
- 5 But nobler works his grace record—
 To Israel he reveals his word :
 Ye favour'd tribes, your voices raise,
 And bless your God in songs of praise.

P S A L M CXLVIII. VERSION I. S. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all his boundless reign
 Let praise ascend to God ;
 Ye heav'nly hosts begin the strain,
 And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden light,
 And moon with paler rays,
 Ye starry flames, that cheer the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

- 3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wondrous frame ;
 At his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in show'rs or snow ;
 Ye thunders, rolling round the skies,
 His pow'r and glory show.
- 5 By all his works above
 His honours be express'd ;
 But man, who tastes his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLVIII. VERSION 2. C. M. D.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, immortal choir,
 That fill the realms above,
 Praise Him who form'd you of his fire,
 And feeds you with his love.
 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
 The floor of his abode ;
 Or veil in shades your thousand eyes
 Before your brighter God.
- 2 Thou restless globe of golden light,
 Whose beams create our days,
 Join with the silver queen of night
 To own your borrow'd rays.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
 Through all th' ethereal blue ;
 For when his chariot is a cloud
 He makes his wings of you.

- 3 Shout to the Lord, thou surging main,
 In thine eternal roar ;
 Let wave to wave resound the strain,
 And shore reply to shore :
 Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,
 Let man with nobler lays
 Proclaim the universal King,
 And swell the tide of praise.

PSALM CXLVIII. VERSION 3. P. M.

- 1 **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.
- 2 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.

3 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.

4 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 CXLVIII. VERSION 4. PART 1. 8-8-6.

1 **B**EGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay,
 Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name :
 Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
 In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
 While all th' adoring thrones around
 His boundless mercy sing :
 Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
 Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
 And touch the sweetest string.

3 Let ev'ry element rejoice :
 Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll ;
 His praise in softer notes declare,
 Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

PSALM CXLVIII. PART 2. 8-8-6.

1 **W**HATE'ER a blooming world contains,
 That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow :
 Ye dragons, sound his awful name
 To heav'n aloud ; and roar acclaim,
 Ye swelling deeps below.

2 Wake, all ye mountain tribes, and sing ;
 Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
 Harmonious anthems raise
 To Him who shap'd your finer mould,
 Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
 And tun'd your voice to praise.

- 3 Let man, by nobler passion sway'd,
 The feeling heart, the judging head,
 In heav'nly praise employ ;
 Spread his tremendous name around,
 Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
 The general burst of joy.

PSALM CXLIX. P. M.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Let them his great name
 Extol in their songs ;
 With well-tuned hearts
 His praises express,
 Who listens with pleasure
 To hear their glad tongues,
 And waits with salvation
 The humble to bless.

- 3 With glory adorn'd,
 His people shall sing
 To God, who their heads
 With safety doth shield ;
 Such honour and triumph
 His favour shall bring !
 O therefore for ever
 All praise to him yield !

PSALM CL. VERSION 1. 7-6-7.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
 And keeps his courts below ;
 Praise the holy God of love,
 And all his greatness shew :
 Praise Him for his noble deeds,
 Praise him for his matchless pow'r :
 Him, from whom all good proceeds,
 Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around,
 The great IMMANUEL'S name,
 Let the trumpet's martial sound
 Him Lord of Hosts proclaim :
 Praise Him ev'ry tuneful string ;
 All the reach of heav'nly art,
 All the pow'rs of music bring,
 The music of the heart.

- 3 Him in whom they move and live,
 Let ev'ry creature sing ;
 Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King :
 Hallow'd be his name beneath,
 As in heav'n on earth ador'd :
 Praise the Lord in ev'ry breath !
 Let all things praise the Lord !

PSALM CL. VERSION 2. 8-7.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns in heaven,
 Yet will deign to dwell below ;
 Praise be to Him ever given,
 Thankful all his goodness shew :
 Praise Him for his great compassion,
 Praise Him for his matchless pow'r ;
 Him, from whom proceeds salvation,
 All in heav'n and earth adore.
- 2 Him, let all the creatures living,
 Source of their existence, sing,
 Glory to their Maker giving,
 Humblest homage to their King :
 See, his bounty's copious treasures
 All their varying wants supply !
 Praise his name in sweetest measures,
 All beneath, above the sky.

PSALM CL. VERSION 3. 12-11.

- 1 **S**ING praises to God in full harmony-joining,
Ye mortals below, and ye seraphs above ;
Through earth and through air, let your accents
combining
Extol the great acts of his pow'r and his love.
- 2 O praise him aloud in the full-sounding measures
That trumpets and organs symphonious in-
spire ;
Let lutes lend their sweetness to these holy
pleasures,
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre.
- 3 Be vocal, ye mute, to the Lord of creation,
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise :
And all that have breath, in sublime adoration,
The breath, that he gave you, employ in his
praise.

H Y M N S.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS.

HYMN I. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, heav'nly love, inspire my song
With thine immortal flame ;
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,
The SAVIOUR'S glorious name.
- 2 The SAVIOUR ! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound !
Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.
- 3 God's only Son (stupendous grace !)
Forsook his throne above,
And swift to save our wretched race
He flew on wings of love.
- 4 Th' almighty Former of the skies
Stoop'd to our vile abode :
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,
And hail'd th' incarnate God.
- 5 O the rich depths of love divine !
Of bliss a boundless store !
Blest SAVIOUR, let me call Thee mine,—
I cannot wish for more.

HYMN II. SEVENS.

- 1 **I**N the sun, and moon, and stars
 Signs and wonders there shall be,
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.
- 2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Toss'd with stronger tempests rise,
 Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
 Louder thunders rock the skies.
- 3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And amid the thunder cloud
 Shall the Judge of men appear.
- 4 But, though from that awful face
 Heav'n shall fade, and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, his chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh.

HYMN III. L. M.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, is thy promise fled ?
 No longer might thy grace endure
 To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
 And preach thy gospel to the poor ?
- 2 Come, JESUS ! come, return again,
 With brighter beam thy servants bless,
 Who long to greet thy perfect reign,
 And share thy kingdom's happiness !

- 3 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam ;
And lift our anxious eyes to heav'n,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.
- 4 Come, JESUS, come ! and as of yore
Thy prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day :—
- 5 So now may grace with heav'nly show'r
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of pow'r,
Then come, and reap thy harvest there.

HYMN IV. L. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord shall come, the earth shall quake,
The hills their ancient seats forsake,
And, fading from the vault of night,
The stars shall pale their feeble light.
- 2 The Lord shall come, but not the same
As once in lowly guise he came :
Meek as a lamb before his foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.
- 3 The Lord shall come, a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath, and robes of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,—
Anointed judge of human kind.

- 4 “ Can this be he, once seen to stray
 “ A pilgrim on the world’s highway ;
 “ Despised by man, disdain’d, denied ?
 “ Is this, is this the crucified ?”
- 5 Go, sinner, to the rocks exclaim,
 Bid mountains fall and hide thy shame ;
 While saints, ascending from the tomb,
 Exulting cry, “ The Lord is come !”

HYMN V. S. M. D.

- 1 **T**HOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear :
 Our caution’d soul’s prepare
 For that tremendous day ;
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray.
- 2 To pray and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, rob’d in majesty and pow’r,
 Thou shalt from heav’n come down—
 Th’ immortal Son of Man,
 To judge the human race,
 With all thy Father’s dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

- 3 O may we still be found
 Obedient to his word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for the Lord !
 O may we all ensure
 A lot amongst the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

HYMN VI. P. M.

- 1 **L**O! he comes with clouds descending,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain ;
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train.
 Hallelujah !
 Now begins the heav'nly reign !
- 2 Ev'ry eye shall now behold him,
 Rob'd in dreadful majesty ;
 They who set at nought, and sold him,
 Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.
- 3 Blest redemption ! long expected !
 See, the solemn pomp to share,
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Rise to meet him in the air.
 Hallelujah !
 See, the day of God is there.

- 4 Yea, amen ! let all adore Thee
 High on thine eternal throne !
 SAVIOUR ! worlds bow down before Thee,
 Claim the kingdom for thine own :
 O come quickly !
 Come and make thy glories known !

HYMN VII. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
 “ Glory to the new-born King ;
 “ Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
 “ God and sinners reconcil’d.”
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumphs of the skies ;
 With th’ angelic host proclaim,
 “ Christ is born in Bethlehem.”
- 3 Christ, by highest heav’n ador’d,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a virgin’s womb !
- 4 Veil’d in flesh, the godhead see,
 Hail th’ incarnate deity !
 Pleas’d as man with man t’ appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.
- 5 Hail ! the heav’n-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail ! the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris’n with healing in his wings.

- 6 Mild He lays his glory by :
 Born that man no more may die,—
 Born to raise the sons of earth,—
 Born to give them second birth.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN VIII. SEVENS.

- 1 **S**ONS of men, behold from far,
 Hail the long-expected star !
 Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
 Guides bewilder'd nature right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
 Piercing through the shades of death,
 Scatt'ring error's wide-spread night,
 Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, far off and near,
 Haste to see your God appear ;
 Haste, for him your hearts prepare,
 Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the Day-spring rise,
 Pouring light upon your eyes ;
 See it chase the shades away,
 Shining to the perfect day.
- 5 Sing, ye morning-stars, again,
 God descends on earth to reign ;
 Deigns for man his life t' employ,—
 Shout, ye sons of God, for joy !

GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN IX. C. M.

- 1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heav'n and earth amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun its rays?
- 2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
And nature sympathize,
The sun as darkest night be black—
Their Maker, JESUS, dies.
- 3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite?—'Tis He,
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!
- 4 For me these pangs his soul assail;
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed ev'ry thorn.
- 5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O save me, whom Thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN X. L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God :
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
 Did e'er such love, such sorrow meet ?
 Or thorns compose so bright a crown !
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

EASTER.

HYMN XI. SEVENS.

- 1 “CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to-day,”
 Sons of men, and angels say ;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high :
 Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell :
 Death in vain forbids his rise ;
 Christ hath open'd Paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King :
 Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
 Once He died our souls to save,
 Where's thy victory, O grave ?

- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
 Following our exalted head ;
 Made like him, like him we rise,
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies !
- 5 What though once we perish'd all,
 Partners of our parents' fall !
 Second life we now receive,
 When in Jesus we believe.
- 6 Hail, the Lord of earth and heav'n !
 Praise to Thee by both be giv'n :
 Thee we greet triumphant now ;
 Hail, the Resurrection Thou !

HYMN XII. L. M. D.

- 1 **H**E dies ! the Friend of Sinners dies !
 Lo ! Salem's daughters weep around ;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groan'd beneath the load ;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of Glory dies for men !
 But, lo ! what sudden joys we see !
 Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 (The tomb in vain forbids his rise :)
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

- 3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns :
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains :
 Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King,
 " Born to redeem, and strong to save !"
 Then ask the monster " Where's thy sting ?
 " And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave ?"

ASCENSION.

HYMN XIII. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
 Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
 Re-ascends his native heav'n :
- 2 There the pompous triumph waits,—
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates,
 " Wide unfold the radiant scene,
 " Take the King of Glory in."
- 3 See, the heav'n its Lord receives !
 Yet he loves the earth he leaves :
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own :

- 4 Still for us he intercedes,
 Prevalent his death he pleads ;
 Next himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of human race.
- 5 Master, Lord, to Thee we cry,
 On thy throne exalted high ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever looking up to Thee.
- 6 Grant, though parted from our sight
 Far above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Seeking Thee beyond the skies.

HYMN XIV. L. M.

- 1 **O** FOR a bright inspiring ray
 To animate our feeble strains,
 From the high realms of endless day,
 Where, rob'd in light, Messiah reigns.
- 2 There, low before his glorious throne,
 Adoring saints and angels fall ;
 And with delightful worship own,
 His smile their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
 While tuneful hallelujahs rise,
 And love, and joy, and triumph spread
 Through all the regions of the skies.

- 4 On him the rapt seraphic throng
 With mingled awe and transport gaze,
 And countless voices raise the song
 Of loud and everlasting praise.

HYMN XV. P. M.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore :
 Mortals, give thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns :
 The God of truth and love ;
 When he had purg'd our stains
 He took his seat above :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 His kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er earth and heav'n ;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Saviour given :
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope ;
 Jesus, the judge, shall come,

And take his servants up
 To their eternal home :
 We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice :
 The trump of God shall sound—Rejoice !

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN XVI. L. M.

- 1 **C**OME, thou celestial Spirit, come,
 And call my roving passions home :
 To mine enlighten'd eyes display
 The heritage of heav'nly day.
- 2 Shine forth, almighty Saviour, shine,
 Shew the bright world, and shew it mine ;
 Then Paradise on earth shall spring,
 And mortal men like angels sing.

HYMN XVII. L. M.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
 O shed thy influence from above !
 And still from age to age convey
 The wonders of this sacred day.
- 2 In ev'ry clime, by ev'ry tongue,
 Be God's amazing glory sung :
 Through all the list'ning earth be taught
 The acts our ris'n Redeemer wrought.
- 3 Unfailing Comfort ! heav'nly Guide !
 Still o'er thy favour'd church preside !
 Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
 Spirit of mercy, truth, and love !

HYMN XVIII. C. M.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys !
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 O Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate ?
 The love so faint to Thee we give,
 And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN XIX. L. M.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Father, and his love,
 To whose celestial source we owe
 Rivers of endless joys above,
 And rills of comfort here below.

- 2 Glory to Thee, Great Son of God !
 Forth from thy wounded body rolls
 A precious stream of vital blood—
 Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give Thee, sacred Spirit, praise,
 Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
 The springs of grace art sent to raise,
 And bid to boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit we adore ;
 To whom be endless honours done,
 Till time itself shall be no more.

HYMN XX. L. M.

- 1 **F**ATHER of heav'n, whose love profound
 A ransom for our souls hath found,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son ! incarnate Word !
 Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord !
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit ! by whose breath
 The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
 Before thy throne we sinners bend :
 To us thy quick'ning pow'r extend.

- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
 Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
 Before thy throne we sinners bend:
 Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

SACRAMENTAL.

HYMN XXI. L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, and is thy table spread?
 And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
 Thither be all thy children led,
 And let them all thy goodness know.
- 2 Hail, sacred feast! which Jesus makes;
 Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes
 That sacred stream, that heav'nly food.
- 3 O let thy table honour'd be,
 And furnish'd well with joyful guests;
 And may each soul salvation see,
 That here its sacred pledges tastes.
- 4 Drawn by thy quick'ning grace, O Lord,
 In thronging numbers let them come,
 And gather from their Father's board
 The bread that lives beyond the tomb.
- 5 Nor let thy spreading glory rest,
 Till through the world thy truth hath run,—
 Till with this bread all men be blest,
 Who see the light, or feel the sun.

HYMN XXII. L. M.

- 1 **T**O Jesus, our exalted Lord,
 The name by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Fain would our hearts and voices raise
 A cheerful song of sacred praise.
- 2 But all the notes which mortals know
 Are weak, and languishing, and low :
 Far, far above our feeble songs,
 The theme demands immortal tongues.
- 3 Yet while around his board we meet,
 And humbly worship at his feet,
 O let our warm affections move
 In glad returns of grateful love.

HYMN XXIII. C. M.

- 1 **H**OW condescending, and how kind,
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our mis'ry reach'd his heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought him down.
- 2 This was compassion like a God,
 That when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 3 Now, though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great :
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor let his saints forget.

- 4 Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesu's dying love :
 Hard is the heart that never feels
 One soft affection move.
- 5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record :
 And with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

HYMN XXIV. L. M.

- 1 **O**F Him who did salvation bring,
 O may we ever think and sing !
 Arise, ye guilty, He'll forgive :
 Arise, ye needy, He'll relieve.
- 2 To save from sin Christ shed his blood ;
 He died to bring us near to God :
 Let all the world fall down and know
 That none but God such love could shew.
- 3 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
 All heav'n doth with thy triumphs ring :
 Thou conquer'st all beneath, above,
 Devils with force, and men with love.

HYMN XXV. C. M.

- 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 died," 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, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XXVI. C. M.

- 1 COME, let us all unite to praise
 The Saviour of mankind ;
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
 Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 But how shall dust his worth declare,
 When angels try in vain ;
 Their faces veil, when they appear
 Before the Son of Man ?
- 3 Though feeble are our best essays,
 Thy love will not despise
 Our daily songs of grateful praise,
 Our humble sacrifice.

- 4 Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness shew,
 And spread abroad thy fame ;
 Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred name.
- 5 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
 Be to our Saviour giv'n,
 By men below, by hosts above,
 By all in earth and heav'n.

HYMN XXVII. S. M. D.

- 1 **T**H' extent of Jesu's love
 What heart can comprehend ?
 A breadth, whose distance none can prove,
 A length without an end !
 The grace unsearchable,
 Transcending human thought,
 Who, who in earth, or heav'n, can tell,
 Or find the wonder out ?
- 2 All the angelic choir
 Unite to give him praise ;
 And saints redeeming love admire,
 And loud hosannahs raise.
 To Christ we lift our voice,
 Who have redemption found,
 And in his name alone rejoice,
 Whence all our joys abound.

HYMN XXVIII. C. M.

1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
 A cordial for our fears;
 Glory, honour, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb for ever;
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
 Hallelujah! praise the Lord.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.
 . . . Glory, &c.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
 To Thee the praise belongs:
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.
 Glory, &c.

SABBATH.

HYMN XXIX. S. M.

1 **C**OME, ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord
 As ye surround the throne.

- 2 The sons of God have found
 Glory begun below ;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.
- 3 The hill of Sion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
- 4 Then let our songs ascend,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 Emmanuel's arm our steps will tend
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN XXX. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of the sabbath, hear us pray
 In this thy house—on this thy day :
 Accept as grateful sacrifice
 The songs that from thy temples rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
 But there's a nobler rest above :
 O that we might that rest attain,
 From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.
- 3 In thy blest kingdom we shall be
 From ev'ry mortal trouble free ;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
 No cares to break the long repose,
 No blighting sun, no sickly moon,
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O long-expected day, begin,
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death, and rest in God.

HYMN XXXI. L. M.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath bless'd,
 The day to us in mercy giv'n,
 The holy sabbath of his rest,
 The pledge and type of rest in heav'n.
- 2 This day within thy courts, O Lord,
 Thy saints delight to seek thy face,
 To sing thy praises, hear thy word,
 Unfold their wants, and taste thy grace.
- 3 May we, beneath his holy shrine,
 To God devote this sacred day,
 Our earthly cares and thoughts resign,
 Look up to heav'n, and learn the way.
- 4 May we in ev'ry sabbath grow
 In grace, humility, and love :
 Thus, by thy holy rest below,
 Made fitter for thy rest above !

HYMN XXXII. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! this sacred day of thine
 Demands our souls' collected pow'rs :
 May we employ in praise divine
 These solemn, these devoted hours.
 O may our hearts adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.
- 2 Ye cares of earth, and trifles, fly ;
 Where God resides appear no more :
 Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
 Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
 O may thy love our hearts refine,
 And fix our thoughts on things divine.
- 3 Thy Spirit's peaceful aid impart,
 And on thy word with radiance shine,
 Engage the ear, and warm the heart,—
 Then shall the day indeed be thine :
 Then shall our souls adoring own
 The grace which calls us to thy throne.

HYMN XXXIII. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy people love to meet,
 And fall before thy mercy-seat :
 Whene'er they seek Thee, Thou art found
 Within thy temple's hallow'd ground.

- 2 Great Shepherd of thy faithful few,
 Thy former mercies here renew :
 Here to our waiting souls proclaim
 The glories of thy saving name.
- 3 Now may we prove the pow'r of pray'r
 To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
 To teach our faint desires to rise,
 And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near,
 Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
 O rend the heav'ns, thyself make known !
 Be ev'ry sinner's heart thine own.

MORNING AND EVENING.

HYMN XXXIV. L. M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
 And hath refresh'd me while I slept ;
 Grant, Lord, when I from death awake,
 I may of endless life partake.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest this day,
 All I design to do or say ;
 That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
 In thy sole glory may unite.

- 4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below !
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host !
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XXXV. C. M.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life ! O may thy praise
Employ my noblest pow'rs ;
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserv'd by thine almighty arm,
I pass'd the shades of night
Secure and safe from ev'ry harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 While many pass'd the night in sighs,
And restless pains, and woes,
Sleep sweetly seal'd my yielding eyes
In undisturb'd repose.
- 4 O may the same almighty care
My waking hours attend :
From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 5 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

HYMN XXXVI. L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to Thee, my God, this night
 For all the blessings of the light :
 Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
 Beneath thine own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive, me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
 The sins that I this day have done ;
 That with the world, myself, and Thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed :
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 With joy behold the judgment day.
- 4 Lord, let my soul for ever share
 The bliss of thy paternal care ;
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
 To see thy face, and sing thy love.
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise Him, all creatures here below !
 Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host !
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XXXVII. SEVENS.

- 1 **I**NTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head.
 Welcome, slumbers, to mine eyes,
 Tir'd with glaring vanities.

- 2 What though death my sleep invade,
 Shall I be of death afraid ?
 While encircled by thine arm
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.
- 3 With thy heav'nly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labour rest ;
 Welcome sleep or death to me,
 Still secure, for still with Thee.

HYMN XXXVIII. C. M.

- 1 **D**READ Sov'reign ! let my ev'ning song
 Like holy incense rise ;
 Assist the offering of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around :
 But, oh ! what poor returns of love
 Has my Creator found !
- 3 Griev'd at this guilty heart of mine,
 Lord, to thy cross I flee ;
 And to thy grace myself resign,
 To be renew'd by Thee.
- 4 Oh ! sprinkled with atoning blood,
 May I lie down to rest,
 As in the bosom of my God,
 And by my Saviour blest !

HYMN XXXIX. L. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
 My soul adoring turns to Thee,—
 Thee, self-abas'd in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.
- 2 On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east adorn,—
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell!
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn!
- 3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To Thee my soul triumphant springs,
 Thee, thron'd in glory's endless blaze!
 Thee, Lord of Lords, and King of Kings!
- 4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give:
 To death, whose pow'r I soon must feel;
 To Thee, with whom I trust to live.

ON THE SCRIPTURES.

HYMN XL. C. M.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
 What endless glory shines!
 For ever be thy name ador'd
 For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here springs of consolation rise
 To cheer the fainting mind,
 And thirsty souls receive supplies,
 And sweet refreshment find.

- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
 Spreads heav'nly peace around,
 And bids the mourner's heart rejoice,
 Charm'd with the blissful sound.
- 4 Divine Instructor! glorious Lord!
 Be Thou for ever near;
 Teach us to love this sacred word,
 And find our SAVIOUR here.

OCCASIONAL.

HYMN XLI. L. M. D.

Psalm 137. Address to the Jews.

- 1 **H**IGH on the bending willows hung,
 Israel! still sleeps the tuneful string?
 Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
 And Sion's song denies to sing?
 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise:
 Let harp and voice unite their strains:
 Thy promis'd King his sceptre sways;
 Behold! thine own MESSIAH reigns.
- 2 Nor fear thy Salem's hills to wrong,
 If other lands the triumph share;
 A heav'nly city claims thy song;
 A brighter Salem rises there.
 By foreign streams no longer roam,
 Nor, weeping, think of Jordan's flood:
 In ev'ry clime behold a home;
 In ev'ry temple see thy God.

- 3 No taunting foes the song require :
 No strangers mock thy captive chain :
 Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
 And brethren ask the holy strain.
 Then why, on bending willows hung,
 Israel! still sleeps the tuneful string?
 Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
 And Sion's song delays to sing?

HYMN XLII. L. M.

Applicable to the present condition of the Jews.

- 1 **D**ISOWN'D of heav'n, by man opprest,
 Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground,
 O why should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around?
- 2 **L**ORD! visit thy forsaken race ;
 Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring :
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 To hail in **C**HRI**S**T their promis'd King.
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light :
 The sever'd olive-branch again
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birth-right gone,
 Let grace divine his bosom move,
 The **S**AVIOUR he denied, to own ;
 The Lord he crucified, to love.

- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long !
 When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall pour,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful praise adore.

HYMN XLIII. L. M.

Providence.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Fount of ev'ry joy,
 Well may thy praise our lips employ
 While in thy temple we appear,
 Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Far as the earth and planets roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole :
 By Thee the sun is bid to rise,
 And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The verdant spring at Thy command
 Perfumes the air, and decks the land :
 The summer's suns with ardour shine,
 To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days
 Demand successive hymns of praise :
 Still be the grateful homage paid,
 With morning light, and evening shade.

HYMN XLIV. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform ;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace :
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face.

HYMN XLV. P. M.

For a Fast-Day.

- 1 **D**READ Jehovah ! God of nations !
 From thy temple in the skies
 Hear thy people's supplications,
 And for their deliv'rance rise.
 Lo ! with deep contrition turning,
 In thy holy place we bend ;
 Fasting, praying, weeping, mourning,
 Hear us, spare us, and defend.
- 2 Though our sins, each heart confounding,
 Long and loud for vengeance call ;
 Thou hast mercy as abounding—
 Mercy that can cleanse them all.

Let that mercy veil transgression,
 Let it all our guilt efface :
 Save thy people from oppression ;
 Save from spoil thy holy place.

- 3 Hear, O God ! the vows we tender ;
 With our hosts to battle go ;
 Shield the head of each defender,
 And confound the impious foe.
 So, when ceas'd the battle's raging,
 Thine shall be the victor's praise ;
 And in holy vows engaging,
 We will serve Thee all our days.

HYMN XLVI. L. M.

Trust in Christ under Affliction.

- 1 **E**TERNAL beam of light divine,
 Fountain of inexhausted love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath, and heav'n above !
- 2 Jesus ! the weary wand'rer's rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear ;
 With steadfast patience arm my breast,
 And reign in peaceful triumph there.
- 3 Thankful I take the cup from Thee,
 Prepar'd and mingled by thy skill :
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 The heart shall find it precious still.

- 4 Be Thou, my meek Instructor, nigh,
 So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
 And grief, and fear, and care, shall fly
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

HYMN XLVII. C. M.

Psalm 126. Consolation under Affliction.

- 1 CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
 Your pilgrim-path pursue,
 In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
 To God's high calling true :
- 2 Why move ye thus with ling'ring tread,
 A doubtful, mournful band ?
 Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
 Why fails the feeble hand ?
- 3 O weak to know a SAVIOUR'S pow'r,
 To feel a Father's care ;
 A moment's toil, a passing show'r,
 Is all the grief ye share.
- 4 The Lord of Light, though veil'd awhile
 He hides his noon-tide ray,
 Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
 To gild the closing day :
- 5 And bursting through the dusky shroud,
 That dar'd his pow'r invest,
 Ride, thron'd in light, o'er ev'ry cloud,
 And guide you to his rest.

HYMN XLVIII. SEVENS.

Comfort in Christ under Temptation.

- 1 **J**ESU, SAVIOUR of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high :
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my trembling soul on Thee ;
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me draw from Thee ;
Still sustain my fearful heart,
Guide me to eternity.

HYMN XLIX. SEVENS.

Prayer.—Litany.

- 1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to Thee
Low we bend th' adoring knee ;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes :
Oh ! by all thy pain and woe,
(Suffer'd once for man below)
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany !

- 2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of th' insulting tempter's pow'r ;
Turn, O turn, a fav'ring eye,
Hear our solemn litany !

- 3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept ;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lov'd abode ;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treach'ry lurk'd within thy fold ;
From thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn litany !

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
 By thine agony of pray'r,
 By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
 Piercing spear, and tort'ring scorn,
 By the gloom that veil'd the skies
 O'er the dreadful sacrifice ;
 Listen to our humble cry !
 Hear our solemn litany !

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
 By the sad sepulchral stone,
 By the vault whose dark abode
 Held in vain the rising God ;
 Oh ! from earth to heav'n restor'd,
 Mighty re-ascended Lord,
 Listen, listen to the cry
 Of our solemn litany !

HYMN L. P. M.

Martin Luther's Hymn.

1 GREAT God ! what do I see and hear !
 The end of things created !
 The Judge of Mankind doth appear,
 On clouds of glory seated ;
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
 The dead which they contain'd before—
 Prepare, my soul, to meet Him !

- 2 The dead in Christ are first to rise,
 And greet th' Archangel's warning,
 To meet the Saviour in the skies
 On that auspicious morning :—
 No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
 His presence sheds eternal day
 On those prepar'd to meet Him.
- 3 Oh ! JESUS, friend of fallen man !
 To me impart thy merit ;
 My pardon seal, my sins forgive,
 And grant thy Holy Spirit.
 The trumpet sounds, the Judge is near,
 But then, my soul, devoid of fear,
 Shall spring with joy to meet Him.

HYMN LI. SIX EIGHTS.

Hebrews iv. 15.

- 1 **W**HEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few,
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienc'd ev'ry human pain :
 He sees my wants, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
 From heav'nly wisdom's narrow way,
 To fly the good I would pursue,
 Or do the sin I would not do,—

Still He, who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

- 3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,—
He shall his pitying aid bestow
Who felt on earth severer woe :
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By those who shar'd his daily bread.
- 4 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
When, writhing on the bed of pain,
I supplicate for rest in vain :
Still, still my soul shall think on Thee,
Thy bloody sweat and agony.
- 5 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while :
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.
- 6 And oh ! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last,
Wilt Thou, who once for me hast bled,
In all my sickness make my bed ;
Then bear me to that happier shore
Where Thou wilt mark my woes no more ?

HYMN LII. L. M.

*Psalm 146. Praising God through the whole of
our existence.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, through all its days
My grateful pow'rs shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with op'ning light,
And cheer the dark and silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would rend my throbbing breast
My tuneful praises rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its pow'r of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But, oh ! when, that last conflict o'er,
My soul is chain'd to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

HYMN LIII. C. M.

- 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 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 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.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
 With health renew'd my face ;
 And, when in sin and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.
- 5 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.
- 6 Through all eternity to Thee
 A grateful song I'll raise ;
 But, oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN LIV. L. M.

Isaiah XL. 7, 8.

- 1 **T**HE morning flow'rs display their sweets,
 And gay their silken leaves unfold,
 As careless of the noon-day heats,
 And fearless of the evening cold.

- 2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
 Parch'd by the sun's directer ray,
 The momentary glories waste,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away :
- 3 So blooms the human face divine,
 When youth its pride of beauty shows :
 Fairer than spring the colours shine,
 And brighter than the new-blown rose.
- 4 Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
 Or broke by sickness in a day—
 The fading glory disappears,
 The short-liv'd beauties die away.
- 5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
 With lustre brighter far shall shine,
 Flourish in ever-during bloom,
 Safe from diseases and decline.
- 6 Let sickness blast, let death devour,
 If heav'n must recompense our pains ;
 Perish the grass, and fade the flow'r,
 Since firm the word of God remains.

HYMN LV. 8-8-6.

Importance of Eternity.

- 1 **L**O! on a narrow neck of land,
 'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
 And yet securely dwell !

- A point of time, a moment's space,
 May raise me to yon heav'nly place,
 Or sink me down to hell.
- 2 O God, thy saving grace impart,
 And deeply on my thoughtful heart
 Eternal things impress :
 Give me to feel their solemn weight,
 And tremble on the brink of fate,
 And wake to righteousness.
- 3 Be this my one great bus'ness here,
 With ardent zeal, and holy fear,
 Eternal bliss t' ensure ;
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
 And suffer all thy righteous will,
 And to the end endure.
- 4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
 Transported from this vale to live
 And reign with Thee above,—
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
 And hope in full supreme delight,
 And everlasting love.

HYMN LVI. C. M. D.

Prospect of Immortality.

- 1 **AND** let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint and die ;
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high :

Shall join the disembodied throngs,
And find its long-sought rest :
That only joy for which it longs,
To be with Jesus blest.

2 In hope of that immortal joy
I now the cross sustain ;
My pilgrimage in songs employ,
And smile at toil and pain :
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what has Jesus bought for me !
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise :
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who feast for ever there ;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet !
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain ;
Take life or friends away,
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN LVII. L. M. D.

*The Christian animated with the thought of
Heaven. Hebrews XI. 13, 16.*

1 **A**S when the weary trav'ler gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His eye, quick-glancing o'er the plains,
Descries his home, though distant still :
While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between ;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
For home endears the onward scene.

2 So when the christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize :
That heav'nly home his spirit cheers,
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

Saviour, though rugged be our way,
Conduct us safe to thine abode ;
Will not the joy of home repay
Our utmost toil upon the road ?
There shall thy faithful foll'wers dwell,
Beholding Thee in realms of day ;
There shall we bid our cares farewell,
And Thou shalt wipe our tears away.

HYMN LVIII. P. M.

The dying Christian to his soul.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heav'nly flame !
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
 O the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
 And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark ! they whisper : angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight ;
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears !
 Heav'n opens to mine eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring !
 Lend, lend, your wings ! I mount, I fly !
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
 O Death ! where is thy sting ?

HYMN LIX. 8-8-6.

Contemplation of Heaven.

- 1 **B**EYOND the dark and stormy bound,
 That guards our dull horizon round,
 A lovelier vale extends ;

Messiah rules in mercy there,
 And o'er his altar, bright in air
 The morning-star ascends.

2 O holy seat of love and peace,
 The sounds of war and conflict cease
 Within thy quiet reign :
 And ev'ry flow'r of fairest hue,
 That once in favour'd Eden grew,
 Shall rise and bloom again.

3 Come, Saviour ! come, Creator, Lord,
 Substantial Light, Eternal Word !
 Thy chosen seed redeem :
 Awake, as in the elder time,
 And marshal all thy hosts sublime,
 And bid thy banner stream.

4 And O, while yet we linger here,
 With promis'd grace descend and cheer
 Our doubtful path below ;
 That, strong in faith, and warm with love,
 With steady aim our feet may move,
 Our grateful bosoms glow.

HYMN LX. P. M.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace,
 Rise from transitory things
 Towards heav'n, thy native place.

Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun :
Both speed them to their source :—
So the soul, athirst for God,
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize :
Soon the Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchange'd for heav'n.

DOXOLOGIES.

I. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

II. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below!
Praise Him above, ye heav'nly host!
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

III. S. M.

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

IV. SEVENS.

SING we to our God above
 Praise eternal as his love !
 Praise Him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

V. THE OLD 104TH.

BY angels in heaven,
 Of ev'ry degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd
 To God, in Three Persons
 One God ever-bless'd,
 As it hath been, now is,
 And always shall be.

VI. THE OLD 112TH.

IMMORTAL honours, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name ;
 The Saviour-Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died ;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to Thee !

VII. THE OLD 113TH.

TO 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 shall be no more.

VIII. 8-8-6.

ALL glory to th' eternal Three !
 Thee, Father, Thee, O Son, and Thee,
 The Spirit ever-blest ;
 That glory, which through ages past
 Unchang'd has stood, and yet shall last
 When time has sunk to rest.

IX. THE OLD 148TH.

TO God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honours raise !
 Glory to God the Son !
 To God the Spirit praise !
 With all our pow'rs,
 Eternal King,
 Thy name we sing
 While faith adores.

X. 7-6-7.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, whom we adore,
 Join we with the heav'nly host,
 To praise thee evermore :
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in Three !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All glory be to Thee !

XI. 8-7.

Benediction.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
 And the Father's boundless love,
 With the Holy Spirit's favour,
 Rest upon us from above :
 Thus may we abide in union
 With each other and the Lord !
 And possess, in sweet communion,
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

XII.

Sanctus. In Prose.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts !
 Heav'n and earth are full of thy glory :
 Glory be to Thee, O Lord, most high ! *Amen.*

XIII.

Sanctus. In Verse.

THOU, holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Great Three in One, and One in Three !
 'Fore Thee we bow with one accord,
 And own we owe our all to Thee.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A.	
ALL glory to th' eternal Three	232
All hail ! victorious Lord	120
All people that on earth do dwell	105
Almighty Father, from thy hand	158
Almighty Maker of my frame	39
Amidst thy wrath remember love	38
And let this feeble body fail	225
Arise, O God ! and let thy grace	86
Arise, O King of grace, arise	151
As pants the hart for cooling springs	45
As pants the hart for cooling streams	44
As when the weary trav'ler gains	227
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	206
B.	
Before Jehovah's awful throne	106
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	174
Behold the morning sun.	22
Behold the stain of nature's sin	55
Be Thou my judge: thy searching eyes	29
Beyond the dark and stormy bound	228
Blest be the Father, and his love	195
Blest is the man, whose hopes divine	42
Blest is the work, O God, my King	97
Blest object of my soul's desire	17
Blest, who with gen'rous pity glows	43
By angels in heaven	231

C.

Children of God, who, pacing slow	216
“ Christ the Lord is ris’n to-day”	189
Come, heav’nly love, inspire my song	181
Come, Holy Spirit, heav’nly dove	195
Come, let us all unite to praise	200
Come, let us join our cheerful songs	199
Come, sound his praise aloud	99
Come, thou celestial Spirit, come	194
Come, ye that love the Lord	202
Commission’d by his Father’s will.	121

D.

Dear to the Lord, for ever dear	170
Deep in our hearts let us record	71
Disown’d of heav’n, by man opprest	212
Dread Jehovah ! God of nations	214
Dread Sov’reign ! let my ev’ning song	209

E.

Early, my God, without delay	64
Encourag’d by thy faithful word	148
Eternal beam of light divine	215
Eternal Fount of ev’ry joy	213
Eternal Ruler of the skies	112
Eternal source of ev’ry joy	67

F.

Far as creation’s bounds extend	166
Father, I bless thy gentle hand	136
Father of heav’n, whose love profound	196
Father of mercies ! in thy word	210
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	233
Father, thy goodness I adore	72
For ever blessed be the Lord	162
From all his boundless reign	171
From all that dwell below the skies	129

INDEX.

237

	PAGE.
From lowest depths of woe	147
From the dark borders of despair	149
From the throne of God there springs	49
From whence these direful omens round	188
From Sion's hills my help descends	138

G.

Give thanks to God: he reigns above	117
Give thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord	154
Give to our God immortal praise	155
Give to the Father praise	231
Glorious things of thee are spoken	87
Glory to Thee, my God, this night	208
God counts the sorrows of his saints	58
God is our King: from days of old	78
God's our refuge in distress	48
God is the refuge of his saints	48
God moves in a mysterious way	213
God, my strength, to Thee I pray	32
God of my life, through all its days	222
God of my life ! to thee I call	136
God of my strength, the wise, the just	33
Great God ! this sacred day of thine	205
Great God ! what do I see and hear	219
Great God, whose universal sway	75
Great is the Lord our God	53
Great ruler of the earth and skies	50

H.

Hail the day that sees him rise	191
Happy the nation, bless'd the race	35
Hark ! the herald-angels sing	186
Hear, gracious Lord, my humble moan	13
Hear me, O Father, from above	161
He dies, the Friend of sinners dies	190
He reigns ! the Lord the Saviour reigns	102

	PAGE.
High on the bending willows hung	211
Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts	234
How are thy servants blest, O Lord	118
How blest is he who ne'er consents	1
How blest the man, how safe from harm	95
How blest the man, who fears the Lord	122
How blest the man whose conscious grief	34
How blest the man who turns with care	3
How condescending, and how kind	198
How did my heart rejoice to hear	141
How great the peace of those.	137
How long, eternal God ! how long	77
How pleasant, how divinely fair	83
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet	152
How shall the young secure their hearts	132
How sweet the joy the sight imparts	153
How sweet thy dwellings, Lord, how fair	85

I.

I'll praise my Maker while I've breath	167
I love my Shepherd's voice	24
I love the Lord, he heard my cries	127
I love the Lord—with tender care.	127
I meekly waited for the Lord	41
Immortal honours, endless fame	232
Immortal King, through earth's wide frame.	11
Interval of grateful shade	208
In the sun, and moon, and stars	182
In vain the Saviour's mightiest foes	4
I sing the mercies of the Lord	88

J.

Jesu, Saviour of my soul	217
Jesus, thy people love to meet	205
Joy to the world ; the Lord is come	103
Judge of all the world give ear	45

K.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong 70

L.

Let all thy works, almighty Lord 163

Let earth her countless voices raise 101

Let songs of joy to God ascend 116

Lift your voice, and thankful sing 130

Lift your voice, and thankful sing 156

Lo ! he comes with clouds descending 185

Lo ! on a narrow neck of land 224

Lord, at thy throne I urge my cry 160

Lord, before thy throne we bend 143

Lord, I am thine, but Thou wilt prove 17

Lord, if Thou the grace impart 150

Lord, I have made thy word my choice 132

Lord of my life ! O may thy praise 207

Lord of the sabbath, hear us pray 203

Lord of the worlds above 84

Lord ! thou hast been thy children's God 94

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high 70

M.

May God his fav'ring ear incline 69

May the grace of Christ our Saviour 233

Mercy and judgment I will sing 107

My God, and is thy table spread 197

My God, my everlasting hope 73

My God, my King, thy various praise 165

My God, my pray'r attend 86

My grateful tongue, immortal King 90

My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart 60

My heart, O God, is fix'd, intent 119

My righteous Judge, my gracious God 161

My soul for help on God relies 62

My soul lies cleaving to the dust 134

	PAGE.
My soul with patience waits	146
My soul, with sweet delight	110
N.	
Not to ourselves, who are but dust	126
Now be my heart inspir'd to sing	47
Now may the God of pow'r and grace	23
O.	
O'erwhelm'd with sorrows and with fears	57
Of him who did salvation bring	199
Of old thy hand, eternal God.	108
O for a bright inspiring ray	192
O God, how endless is thy love	7
O God, my cry attend	61
O God, my God, my all thou art	64
O God, my heart is fix'd, is bent	59
O God, my heart is fully bent	119
O God of Hosts, the mighty Lord.	82
O God, our glory and defence	6
O God, our help in ages past.	92
O God ! our Saviour and our Friend	16
O God, within thy temple's gate	52
Oh ! blest the man, for ever blest.	99
Oh ! cloth'd with majesty divine	111
Oh ! come, loud anthems let us sing	100
Oh ! let me not, almighty Friend.	73
O how blest the man whose ear	2
O how I love thy holy law	131
O Israel's Shepherd ! Joseph's Guide	81
O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend	40
O Lord, whose mercies' vast amount	55
On Thee, O God of Hosts, on Thee	8
O praise ye the Lord	176
O render thanks, and bless the Lord	114
O render thanks to God above	115

	PAGE.
O Saviour, is thy promise fled	182
O that the Lord would guide my ways	133
O Thou, that hear'st when sinners cry	56
O Thou, to whom all creatures bow	10
O Thou, who dwell'st beyond our sight	143
Our Lord is risen from the dead	28
Our mighty Lord ascends on high	51
O worship the King	113

P.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow	231
Praise the Lord, rejoice before him	11
Praise the Lord, throughout the earth	129
Praise the Lord, who reigns above	177
Praise the Lord, who reigns in heav'n	178
Praise ye the Lord, immortal choir	172
Praise ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise	170
Praise ye the Lord—our God to praise	122

R.

Rejoice, the Lord is King	193
Remark, my soul, the narrow bounds	93
Repuls'd, dispers'd, chastis'd by Thee	60
Return, my soul, and sweetly rest	128
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings	229

S.

Safe on thy word my trust I build	135
Salvation ! O the joyful sound	202
Saviour, when, in dust, to Thee	218
Saviour, when night involves the skies	210
Shepherd of Israel, bow thine ear	81
Shew pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive	54
Shine on our souls, eternal God	93
Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord	67
Sing praises to God, in full harmony joining	179
Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands	101

	PAGE.
Sing we to our God above	231
Sing, ye sons of might, O sing	32
Sons of men, behold from far	187
Spare me, O God, nor on my head	9
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love	194
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace	164
Sweet is the work, O God, my King	97
T.	
Taught by our sires, great God, our ear	46
Teach me, O Lord, the destin'd end	41
That man is blest, who stands in awe	123
Th' Almighty reigns, exalted high	103
The darken'd sky ! how thick it low'rs	145
Thee I extol, my God and King	163
Thee, Lord, we seek when troubles rise	61
Th' Eternal Monarch, from on high	57
Thee will I thank, my God, my stay	36
Th' extent of Jesu's love	201
The festal morn, my God, is come	142
The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord	19
The heav'ns proclaim thy glory, Lord	19
The lands beneath the utmost sky	66
The Lord abounds with tender love	110
The Lord, enthron'd on high.	157
The Lord Jehovah reigns	104
The Lord in heav'n his throne prepares	13
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	26
The Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide	25
The Lord of Glory is my light	30
The Lord shall come, the earth shall quake	183
The Lord shall reign where'er the sun	76
The Lord to sight restores the blind	168
The morning flow'rs display their sweets	223
The praises of my God, my King	166

	PAGE.
The prosp'ring sinner once I view'd	38
The spacious firmament on high	20
The starry firmament on high	21
The world, with anxious toil and pain	7
Thine is the throne ! beneath thy reign	12
Think, mighty God, on feeble man	91
This is the day the Lord hath bless'd	204
This is the day the Lord hath made	129
Thou art my God ; to Thee mine eyes	63
Thou gracious God and kind	80
Thou holy, holy, holy Lord	234
Thou Judge of quick and dead	184
Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known	159
Thou, Lord, my footsteps shalt befriend	77
Thou, Lord, my safety ! Thou, my light	29
Thou ! who art enthron'd above	96
Through all the changing scenes of life	35
Thy acts, great God ! thy glorious name	89
Thy mercy, Lord, my stedfast hope	37
To bless thy chosen race	68
To exile driv'n in distant lands	109
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	230
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost	232
To God the Father's throne	232
To heav'n I lift mine eye	139
To Jesus, our exalted Lord	198
To Thee, O Lord, who hearest pray'r	65
To the hills I lift mine eyes	140
To thine almighty arm we owe	18
To thy pastures fair and large	27

U.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes	138
--	-----

V.

Vain is the builder's toil and care	146
---	-----

	PAGE.
Vital spark of heav'nly flame	228
W.	
We bless the Lord, the just, and good	71
Whate'er a blooming world contains	175
When all thy mercies, O my God	222
Whene'er, my gracious God, to Thee	31
Whenever to the Lord I cry	59
When, Israel, freed from Pharoah's hand	125
When I survey the wondrous cross	188
When gath'ring clouds around I view	220
When rising from the bed of death	149
When to our world of sin and woe	4
When we, our wearied limbs to rest	157
Wherefore do the nations wage	5
Who shall ascend thy holy hill	14
Who shall to thy chosen seat	15
Who trust in God's protecting hand	144
Why sinks my weak desponding mind	79
With glory clad, with strength array'd	98
With joy let Judah stand	53
With one consent let all the earth	106
With patient hope my Lord I sought	43
With rev'rence let his saints appear	88
With songs and honours sounding loud,	169
With years oppress'd, with sorrows torn	74
Y.	
Ye boundless realms of joy	173
Ye saints and servants of the Lord	124
Ye servants of the Lord	153
Ye, who on holy service bent	154

A P P E N D I X .

A P P E N D I X.

HYMN I. C. M.

Advent.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 He comes, the pris'ners to release
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the riches of his grace
To bless the humble poor.
- 4 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN II. L.M.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy church with longing eyes
 For thine expected coming waits ;
 When will the promis'd light arise,
 And glory beam from Sion's gates ?
- 2 E'en now, when tempests round us fall,
 And wintry clouds o'er cast the sky,
 Thy words with pleasure we recal,
 And deem that our redemption's nigh.
- 3 Come, gracious Lord, our hearts renew,
 Our foes repel, our wrongs redress,
 Man's rooted enmity subdue,
 And crown thy gospel with success.
- 4 O come, and reign o'er ev'ry land,
 Let Satan from his throne be hurl'd,
 All nations bow to thy command,
 And grace revive a dying world.
- 5 Teach us in watchfulness and pray'r
 To wait for the appointed hour,
 And fit us by thy grace to share
 The triumphs of thy conqu'ring pow'r.

HYMN III. 7-6-8.

- 1 **S**TAND th' omnipotent decree !
 Jehovah's will be done !
 Nature's end we wait to see,
 And hear her final groan.

Let this earth dissolve, and blend
 In death the wicked and the just ;
 Let those pond'rous orbs descend,
 And grind us into dust :

2 Rests secure the righteous man,
 At his Redeemer's beck
 Sure t' emerge, and rise again,
 And mount above the wreck.
 Lo ! the heav'nly spirit tow'rs,
 Like flames, o'er nature's funeral pyre,
 Triumphs in immortal pow'rs,
 And claps his wings of fire.

3 Nothing hath the just to lose
 By worlds on worlds destroy'd :
 Far beneath his feet he views
 With smiles the flaming void ;
 Sees this universe renew'd,
 The long-expected reign begun,
 Shouts, with all the sons of God,
 Around th' eternal throne !

4 Resting in this glorious hope
 To be at last restor'd,
 Yield we now our bodies up
 To earthquake, plague, or sword :
 List'ning for the call divine,—
 The latest trumpet of the seven,—
 Soon our soul and dust shall join,
 And both fly up to heav'n !

HYMN IV. P.M.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders !
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round.
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !
- 2 At Christ's call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;
 All the pow'rs of nature, shaken
 By his looks, prepare to flee.
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee ?
- 3 See, the Judge our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine !
 Ye who long for his appearing
 Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine !

HYMN V. L.M.

- 1 **T**HE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away—
 What pow'r shall be the sinner's stay ?
 How shall he meet that dreadful day ?
- 2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heav'ns together roll,—
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the high trump that wakes the dead,—

- 3 Oh! on that day—that awful day,
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
 When heav'n and earth shall pass away!

HYMN VI. L.M.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness
 My beauty are, my glorious dress;
 Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
 With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
 To claim my mansion in the skies,
 E'en then shall this be all my plea,
 Jesus hath liv'd, hath died for me.
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
 For who aught to my charge shall lay?
 Fully through thee absolv'd I am
 From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears
 When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
 My beauty this, my glorious dress,
 Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

HYMN VII. S.M.D.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die,
 To lay this body down?
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought,

- The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot.
- 2 Soon as from earth I go
 What regions shall I see ?
 Eternal happiness or woe
 Must then my portion be :
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell,
 Must come at his command to heav'n,
 Or else—depart to hell.
- 3 O Thou who wouldst not have
 One wretched sinner die,
 Who didst Thyself my soul to save,
 From endless misery,
 Show me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe,
 That when Thou comest on thy throne
 I may with joy appear.

HYMN VIII. C.M.

Christmas.

- 1 **G**LORIOUS was that primeval light
 Which pour'd its golden flood
 O'er the young earth, when, fresh and bright,
 In its first bloom it stood.
- 2 But, lo ! another light, that streams
 O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,
 On man with richer promise beams,
 And lovelier scenes draw nigh.

- 3 Glad tidings of Immanuel's birth
 Th' angelic heralds bring :
 "Glory to God, and peace on earth,
 Good-will tow'rds men," they sing.
- 4 Rise then, my soul, and greet the morn
 Thus sung by hosts of heav'n ;
 For "unto us a Child is born,—
 To us a Son is giv'n."

HYMN IX. 8-7.

- 1 COME, thou long-expected Jesus,
 Born to set thy people free,
 From our fears and sins release us,
 Let us find our rest in thee.
 Israel's strength and consolation,
 Hope of all the earth thou art,
 Come, Desire of ev'ry nation,
 Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 2 Born thy people to deliver,
 Born a Child, and yet a King,
 Born to reign in us for ever,
 Now thy gracious kingdom bring :
 By thine own eternal Spirit
 Rule in all our hearts alone ;
 By thine all-sufficient merit
 Raise us to thy glorious throne.

HYMN X. SEVENS.

- 1 **B**RIGHT and joyful is the morn,
 For to us a Child is born ;
 From the highest realms of heav'n
 Unto us a Son is giv'n.
- 2 On his shoulder he shall bear
 Pow'r and majesty, and wear
 On his vesture and his thigh,
 Names most awful, names most high.
- 3 Wonderful in counsel he,
 The incarnate Deity ;
 Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
 King of kings, and Prince of peace.
- 4 Come and worship at his feet,
 Yield to Christ the homage meet ;
 From his manger to his throne,
 Homage due to God alone.

HYMN XI. P.M.

- 1 **A**NGELS, from the realms of glory,
 Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
 Ye who sang creation's story,
 Now proclaim Messiah's birth ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
 Watching o'er your flocks by night,

God with man is now residing,
 Round you shines the heav'nly light ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

- 3 Saints before the altar bending,
 Watching long in hope and fear,
 Suddenly the Lord, descending,
 In his temple shall appear ;
 Come and worship,
 Worship Christ the new-born King.

HYMN XII. C.M.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, whom this holy morn
 Gave to our world below,
 To mortal want and labour born,
 And more than mortal woe ;
- 2 Incarnate Word ! by ev'ry grief,
 By each temptation, tried,
 Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
 And to redeem us died ;
- 3 If gaily cloth'd, and proudly fed,
 In dang'rous wealth we dwell,
 Remind us of thy manger-bed,
 And lowly cottage cell.
- 4 If, press'd by poverty severe,
 In envious want we pine,
 O may the Spirit whisper near,
 How poor a lot was thine.

- 5 While passing through life's varied scene
 From sin preserve us free !
 Like us thou hast a mourner been,—
 May we rejoice with thee !

HYMN XIII. L.M.

New Year.

- 1 **H**OW many kindred souls are fled
 To the vast regions of the dead,
 Since from this day the changing sun
 Through his last yearly course hath run !
- 2 We yet survive ; but who can say,
 “ Or through this year, or month, or day,
 I will retain this vital breath ;
 Thus far, at least, in league with death ? ”
- 3 That breath is thine, eternal God !
 'Tis thine to fix the soul's abode ;
 It holds its life from thee alone,
 On earth, or in the worlds unknown.
- 4 To thee our spirits we resign ;
 Make them, and own them still as thine ;
 So shall they rest secure from fear,
 Though death should blight the rising year.

HYMN XIV. C.M.

- 1 **G**OD of our lives, thy various praise
 Our voices shall resound ;
 Thy hand directs our fleeting days,
 And brings the seasons round.

- 2 To thee shall annual incense rise,
 Our Father and our Friend,
 While annual mercies from the skies
 In genial streams descend.
- 3 In ev'ry scene of life thy care,
 In ev'ry age, we see ;
 And constant as thy favours are,
 So let our praises be.
- 4 Still may thy love, in ev'ry scene,
 To ev'ry age, appear ;
 And let the same compassion deign
 To bless the op'ning year.
- 5 If mercy smile, let mercy bring
 Our wand'ring souls to God ;
 And in affliction we shall sing,
 If thou wilt bless the rod.

HYMN XV. C.M.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known ;
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
 And plead a Saviour's name :
 For all that we can call our own
 Is vanity and shame.

- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin
 Begin and end with thee .
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more,
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

HYMN XVI. SEVENS D.

- 1 **W**HILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year ;
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here ;
 Fix'd in an eternal state,
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But *how* little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find,
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind,—
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.

- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us, henceforth, how to live
 With eternity in view :
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above !

HYMN XVII. C.M.

Epiphany.

- 1 **B**RIGHT was the guiding star that led,
 With mild benignant ray,
 The Gentiles to the lowly shed
 Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But lo ! a brighter, clearer light
 Now points to his abode ;
 It shines through sin and sorrow's night
 To guide us to our God.
- 3 O gladly tread the narrow way,
 While light and grace are giv'n !
 Who hear their Saviour and obey,
 Shall reign with him in heav'n.

HYMN XVIII. L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
 The glitt'ring host bestud the sky,
 One star alone, of all the train,
 Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

- 2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
 From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks,
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
 The storm was loud—the night was dark,
 The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
 The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the tide to stem,
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;
 It bade my dark foreboding cease ;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever, and for evermore,
 The Star ! the Star of Bethlehem !

HYMN XIX. SIX SEVENS.

Good Friday.

- 1 **G**O to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see,
 Watch with him one bitter hour,—
 Turn not from his griefs away,
 Learn from him to watch and pray.

- 2 See him at the judgment-hall,
 Beaten, bound, revil'd, arraign'd ;
 See him meekly bearing all !
 Love to man his soul sustain'd.
 Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss ;
 Learn of Christ to bear the cross.
- 3 Calv'ry's mournful mountain view ;
 There the Lord of glory see,
 Made a sacrifice for you,
 Dying on th' accursed tree :
 " It is finish'd," hear him cry ;
 Trust in Christ, and learn to die.
- 4 Early to the tomb repair,
 Where they laid the breathless clay ;
 Angels kept their vigils there ;
 Who hath taken him away ?
 Christ is ris'n ! he seeks the skies !
 Saviour, teach us so to rise !

HYMN XX. C.M.D.

- 1 **T**HOU great Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee ;
 No music like thy sacred name
 To us can ever be :
 O may we ever hear thy voice
 In mercy to us speak !
 And in our Priest will we rejoice,
 Thou great Melchizedek.

- 2 The Saviour shall be still our theme
 While in this world we stay!
 Jesus, we'll sing thy blessed name
 When all things else decay.
 When in the clouds thou dost appear
 With all the ransom'd throng,
 Then will we sing more loud, more clear,
 And Christ shall be our song.

HYMN XXI. L.M.

- 1 **T**HE God who once to Israel spoke,
 From Sinai's rock, in fire and smoke,
 In gentler strains of gospel grace
 Invites us now to seek his face.
- 2 He wears no terrors on his brow,
 He speaks in love from Sion now;
 It is the voice of Jesu's blood,
 Calling poor wand'ers home to God.
- 3 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds,
 From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds,
 "Pardon and grace I freely give;
 Ye sinners, look to me and live."
- 4 O Saviour, let thy pow'r be felt,
 And cause each stony heart to melt!
 Drawn by thy grace, may we begin
 To live to thee, and die to sin.

HYMN XXII. C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day ;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow'r,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd, to sin no more.
- 4 [Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.]
- 5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
- 6 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy pow'r to save,
When this poor lisp'ing stamm'ring tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

HYMN XXIII. L.M.

- 1 **J**ESU, Redeemer, Lamb of God !
 O wash us in thy cleansing blood ;
 Give us to know thy love—then pain
 Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
- 2 Ah, Lord ! enlarge our scanty thought
 To know the wonders thou hast wrought ;
 Unloose our stamm'ring tongue to tell
 Thy love, immense, unsearchable.
- 3 Firstborn of many brethren thou !
 To thee both earth and heav'n shall bow :
 O take our hearts, and let us wear
 Thy sacred cross for ever there.

HYMN XXIV. SIX SEVENS.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee ;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side which flow'd,
 Be of sin the double cure,
 Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.
- 2 [Not the labours of my hands
 Can fulfil the law's demands :
 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears for ever flow,
 All for sin could not atone,
 Thou must save, and thou alone.]

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Guilty, plead thy righteousness ;
Vile, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN XXV. L.M.

- 1 **N**OW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs ;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.
- 2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain,
But we can add a higher strain :
Not only say, " He suffer'd thus,"
But that " He suffer'd all for us."
- 3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die ;
And still he makes it his abode—
As man he fills the throne of God.
- 4 But, ah ! how faint our praises rise !
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

- 5 O glorious hour ! it comes with speed,
 When we, from sin and darkness freed,
 Shall see the Lord, who died for man,
 And praise him more than angels can.

HYMN XXVI. L.M.

- 1 **W**HY droops my soul with guilt opprest ?
 Why do these fears disturb my breast ?
 Is there no balm to heal my wound ?
 No kind physician to be found ?
- 2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes ;
 Behold, the Prince of glory dies !
 He dies extended on the tree,
 And sheds a sov'reign balm for me.
- 3 Millions, who now his throne surround,
 Here sought relief, here mercy found ;
 His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
 Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their tears.
- 4 Lord, prostrate at thy feet I lie,
 There to receive a cure, or die ;
 O may thy love remove my pain,
 And healing grace triumphant reign.

HYMN XXVII. C.M.

Easter.

- 1 **A**LL hail the great Immanuel's name !
 Ye angels, prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call!
 Extol the Stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Ye saints, redeem'd of Adam's race,
 From sin and Satan's thrall,
 Hail Him, who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Oh! that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall,
 Join in the everlasting song,
 And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN XXVIII. S.M.

- 1 **A**WAKE, and sing the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb!
 Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
 To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
 Sing of his rising pow'r,
 Sing how he intercedes above,
 For those whose sins he bore.

- 3 Sing, till our earthly hearts
Mount upward with our tongues ;
Sing till the love of sin departs,
And grace inspires our songs.
- 4 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day
In Christ, th' eternal King.
- 5 Soon shall ye hear him say,
Ye blessed children, come !
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

HYMN XXIX. L.M.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour lives, no more to die ;
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high ;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave ;
He lives, eternally to save.
- 2 He lives, to still his people's fears ;
He lives, to wipe away their tears ;
He lives, their mansions to prepare ;
He lives, to bring them safely there.
- 3 Ye mournful saints, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your unbelieving fears,
And let your hearts with joy revive,
Jesus, your Saviour is alive !

HYMN XXX. P.M.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come :
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 The Saviour leaves the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save :
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, that was dead.
- 2 Who now accuseth them
 For whom their Surety died ?
 Who now shall those condemn
 Whom God hath justified ?
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
 The glorious work is done ;
 On him our help is laid ;
 By him our vict'ry won.
 Captivity is captive led ;
 For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

HYMN XXXI. 8-8-6.

- 1 **O** JOYFUL sound ! O glorious hour !
 When Christ, by his almighty pow'r,
 Arose, and left the grave ;
 Now let our songs his triumph tell,
 Who broke the chains of death and hell,
 And ever lives to save.

- 2 The first-begotten from the dead,
Behold him rise, his people's head,
Immortal life to bring ;
What, though the saints like him shall die !
They share their leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.
- 3 No more we tremble at the grave ;
For He who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies too :
What, though this earthly house shall fail !
The Saviour's pow'r will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

HYMN XXXII. L.M.

Ascension.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God, not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
Jesus the Son of Man appears.
- 2 He, who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Now high exalted for us pleads,
And with his Father intercedes.
- 3 He knows, for he hath borne the same,
The wants and frailty of our frame :
And, though ascended far on high,
Still bends on earth a pitying eye.

- 4 Saviour, with boldness to thy throne
 We come to make our sorrows known ;
 For mercy and for grace we plead
 To help us in the hour of need.

HYMN XXXIII. SEVENS D.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that saw him rise,
 Ravish'd from our wishful eyes !
 Christ, awhile to mortals giv'n,
 Reascends his native heav'n.
 There th' angelic triumph waits :
 " Lift your heads, eternal gates ;
 Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 Let the King of glory in."
- 2 Him though highest heav'n receives,
 Still he loves the earth he leaves :
 Though returning to his throne,
 Still he calls mankind his own :
 See ! he lifts his hands above !
 See ! he shows the prints of love !
 Hark ! his gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on his church below.

HYMN XXXIV. SEVENS D.

- 1 **M**ASTER, Lord, to thee we cry,
 On thy throne exalted high ;
 See thy faithful servants, see,
 Ever gazing up to thee.

Grant, though parted from our sight,
 High above yon azure height,
 Grant our hearts may thither rise,
 Following thee beyond the skies.

- 2 Ever upward may we move,
 Wafted on the wings of love,
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing, hasting to our home :
 There may we with thee remain,
 Partners of thine endless reign ;
 There thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heav'n of heav'ns in thee.

HYMN XXXV. L.M.

Whitsunday.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire !
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart.
- 2 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love :
 Enable with perpetual light,
 The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And Thee, of both, to be but one ;
 That through the ages all along
 Thy praise may wake in endless song.

HYMN XXXVI. L.M.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above !
 Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide ;
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and love thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road—
 The narrow road which leads to God ;
 Bring us to Christ the living Way ;
 Nor let us from him ever stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our only rest,
 To be with him for ever blest :
 Lead us to heav'n, that we may share
 Fulness of joy for ever there.

HYMN XXXVII. SEVENS.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
 Let thy light around us shine ;
 All our guilty fears remove ;
 Fill us with thy peace and love.
- 2 Pardon to the contrite give,
 Bid the wounded sinner live,
 Lead us to the Lamb of God,
 Wash us in his precious blood.

- 3 Earnest thou of heav'nly rest,
 Comfort ev'ry troubled breast ;
 Life, and joy, and peace impart,
 Sanctifying ev'ry heart.
- 4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
 Keep us in our heav'nly way ;
 Bring us to thy courts above,
 Realms of light and endless love.

HYMN XXXVIII. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, from on high
 Bend on us a pitying eye,
 Animate the drooping heart,
 Bid the pow'r of sin depart.
- 2 Light up ev'ry dark recess
 Of our heart's ungodliness,
 Show us ev'ry devious way
 Where our steps have gone astray.
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
 Humbly to implore relief ;
 Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
 All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
 Sweep those empty hopes away ;
 Make us feel that Christ alone
 Can for human guilt atone.

- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
 And pursue the heav'nly race,—
 Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
 Till we reach our rest above.

HYMN XXXIX. C.M.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a king
 Go mourning all their days ?
 Great Comforter, descend, and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n ?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiv'n ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood ;
 And bear thy witness with my heart
 That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come ;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN XL. L.M.

- 1 **S**TAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
 Though I have done thee such despite,
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take thine everlasting flight.

- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
 And still shook off my rising fears,
 And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
 For many long rebellious years ;
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been
 Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd ;
 Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
 Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd ;
- 4 Yet, O the chief of sinners spare,
 In honour of my great High Priest ;
 Nor in thy righteous anger swear
 T' exclude me from thy people's rest.

HYMN XLI. C.M.

- 1 SPIRIT of truth, on this thy day
 To thee for help we cry,
 To guide us through the dreary way
 Of dark mortality.
- 2 We ask not, Lord, the cloven flame,
 Or tongues of various tone ;
 But long thy praises to proclaim
 With fervour in our own.
- 3 We mourn not that prophetic skill
 Is found on earth no more ;
 Enough for us to trace thy will
 In Scripture's sacred lore.

- 4 We neither have, nor seek the pow'r
 Ill demons to control ;
 But thou, in dark temptation's hour,
 Shalt chase them from the soul.
- 5 When tongues shall cease, and pow'r decay,
 And knowledge empty prove,
 Do thou thy trembling servants stay
 With faith, and hope, and love.

HYMN XLII. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **O** THAT the Comforter would come !
 Not visit as a transient guest,
 But fix in us his constant home,
 And keep possession of each breast ;
 And make our souls his lov'd abode,
 The temples of a holy God.

HYMN XLIII. L.M.

Trinity Sunday.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Pow'r, whose high abode
 Becomes the majesty of God,—
 Infinite space, beyond the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee whilst the chief archangel sings,
 He veils his face beneath his wings ;
 And ranks of shining thrones around
 Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

- 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 God is in heav'n and man below,
 Still be our voice, our words be few:
 A sacred rev'ence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues.

HYMN XLIV. SEVENS.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky;
 Peace on earth, and man forgiv'n,
 Man the well-belov'd of heav'n.
- 2 Hail, by all thy works ador'd!
 Hail, the everlasting Lord!
 All thy glories we confess,
 Infinite and numberless.
- 3 Holy Spirit, thee we own!
 Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
 Lamb of God for sinners slain;
 Saviour of offending men.
- 4 Praise the name of God Most High;
 Praise him, all below the sky;
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN XLV. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **G**REAT God! whose awful mystery,
 Though yet unknown, our hearts believe,
 Our wants and cares we bring to thee,
 And all thy words in faith receive :
 Thy truths, for human reach too high ;
 Our comfort, hope, and strength supply.
- 2 Thy goodness, Father, we confess,
 Which gave, and still preserves our breath :
 When fearful loads of guilt oppress,
 Incarnate Son, we plead thy death :
 And, lost in darkness, sin, and woe,
 Spirit, thy help and joy we know.
- 3 Thus to thy strength our weakness clings,
 And always finds the promise sure ;
 Our conscious heart the witness brings,
 And thus, believing, we adore,—
 Till death shall take the veil away,
 And faith be lost in perfect day.

HYMN XLVI. 7-6-7.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
 In ev'ry time and place,
 Glory to our heav'nly King,
 The God of truth and grace :
 Join we then with sweet accord,
 All in one thanksgiving join ;
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 Eternal praise be thine !

- 2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
 Which gave thy Son to die ;
 Jesus, full of truth and grace,
 Alike we glorify ;
 Spirit, Comforter divine,
 Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Till we in full chorus join,
 And earth is chang'd for heav'n.

HYMN XLVII. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**OLY, holy, holy Lord ! Hal.
 Live, by heav'n and earth ador'd ! Hal.
 Full of thee, they ever cry, Hal.
 "Glory be to God on high !" Hal.
- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine Hal.
 Angels and archangels join : Hal.
 We with them our voices raise, Hal.
 Echoing thine eternal praise. Hal.

HYMN XLVIII. S.M.

- 1 **F**ATHER, in whom we live,
 In whom we are, and move ;
 The glory, pow'r, and praise receive
 Of thy creating love !
- 2 Let all the angel throng
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 While earth repeats the joyful song,
 And echoes rend the sky.

- 3 Incarnate Deity,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee
For thy redeeming grace.
- 4 The grace to sinners shew'd
Ye heav'nly choirs proclaim,
And shout salvation to our God,
Salvation to the Lamb !
- 5 Spirit of holiness,
Let all the saints adore
Thy sacred energy, and bless
Thine heart-renewing pow'r.
- 6 Yet, O what tongue can tell
Thy love's amazing height,
Thy peace and joy unspeakable,
The comfort of thy light ?
- 7 Eternal Triune Lord,
Let all the hosts above,
And all the sons of men, record
And dwell upon thy love.
- 8 When heav'n and earth are fled
Before thy glorious face,
Sing, all the saints thy love hath made,
Thine everlasting praise !

H Y M N XLIX. SIX EIGHTS.

Baptism.

- 1 **B**APTIZ'D into the Saviour's death,
O may we die to all beneath,
And live henceforth to him alone,

Serve him with zeal and patience here,
 And wait till he, our life, appear,
 And raise us to a heav'nly throne.

- 2 That holy rite, that solemn vow,
 May we its heav'nly influence know,
 Born from above, and kept, and blest !
 So pass'd thy people through the flood,
 So, guided by the shadowing cloud,
 They gain'd the promis'd Canaan's rest.

HYMN L. L.M.

- 1 **O** LORD of our salvation, take
 The souls we here present to thee ;
 And fit for thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality.
- 2 O sanctify this water, Lord,
 To wash them from the stain of sin ;
 And each, according to thy word,
 May thy good Spirit cleanse within.
- 3 Receiv'd into the Saviour's fold,
 Sign'd with the cross, the Saviour's sign,
 Thy faith O may they ever hold,
 And keep them, Jesu, ever thine.

HYMN LI. C.M.

- 1 **J**ESU, we lift our souls to thee,
 Thy Holy Spirit breathe ;
 And let these little infants be
 Baptiz'd into thy death.

- 2 O let thy Spirit on them rest,
 Thy grace their souls renew ;
 And write within each tender breast
 Thy name and nature too.
- 3 If thou shouldst quickly end their days,
 Their place with thee prepare ;
 Or if thou lengthen out their race,
 Continue still thy care.
- 4 Lord, plant us all into thy death,
 That we thy life may prove—
 Partakers of thy cross beneath,
 And of thy crown above.

HYMN LII. L.M.

Lord's Supper.

- 1 **SINNERS**, obey the gospel word,
 Haste to the supper of the Lord !
 Be wise to know your gracious day ;
 All things are ready, come away !
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
 And kiss his late-returning son :
 Ready your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his love
 E'en now the stony heart to move,
 T' apply, and witness with his blood,
 To wash and seal the sons of God.

- 4 Ready for you the angels wait
 To triumph in your blest estate ;
 Tuning their harps, they long to praise
 The wonders of redeeming grace.

HYMN LIII. SIX SEVENS.

- 1 **B**READ of heav'n ! on thee I feed,
 For thy flesh is meat indeed ;
 Ever may my soul be fed
 With this true and living bread ;
 Day by day with strength supplied
 Through the life of Him who died.
- 2 Vine of heav'n ! thy blood supplies
 This blest cup of sacrifice ;
 Thy wounds can my healing give ;
 To thy cross I look and live.
 Thou my life ! O let me be
 Rooted, grafted, Lord, in thee.

HYMN LIV. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **F**ORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear ;
 Saviour, we seek thy shelter here ;
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray !
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

- 2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
 Long have we sought for rest in vain ;
 Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-toss'd ;
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay,
 Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away !

HYMN LV. 7-6-8.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose dying love
 We now recal to mind,
 Send thine answer from above,
 And let us mercy find :
 Think on us who think on thee,
 And ev'ry struggling soul release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away :
 Burst our bonds and set us free,
 From all iniquity release ;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace.

HYMN LVI. C.M.

Sabbath.

- 1 **N**OW may the Spirit's holy fire,
 Descending from above,
 His waiting family inspire
 With joy, and peace, and love.

- 2 Wake, heav'nly Spirit, wake and breathe
 Upon the drooping field,
 That all the church of Christ beneath
 May fragrant incense yield.
- 3 Thee we the Comforter confess ;
 Without thy presence here
 Our songs of praise are vain address,
 We utter heartless pray'r.

HYMN LVII. SEVENS.

- 1 **I**N thy presence we appear ;
 Lord, we love to worship here :
 Here thy faithful people meet
 Thee upon thy mercy-seat !
- 2 While to thee our pray'rs ascend
 Let thine ear in love attend ;
 Hear us when thy Spirit pleads ;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes !
- 3 While thy glorious name is sung
 Touch our lips, unloose our tongue ;
 Then our joyful souls shall bless
 Thee, the Lord our righteousness.
- 4 While thy ministers proclaim
 Peace and pardon through thy name,
 In their voices let us own
 Jesus speaking from his throne !

HYMN LVIII. L.M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME the day, of days the best,
 The day design'd for holy rest,
 When to his house God's saints repair,
 To pour their hearts in praise and pray'r.
- 2 This is employment all divine :
 My soul, the blest assembly join :
 Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
 And all thy Saviour's glories own.
- 3 Forget all earthly things and cares,
 And soar by faith above the stars ;
 On wings of strong devotion rise,
 And feast on fruits of Paradise.

HYMN LIX. S.M.

- 1 **W**ELCOME the day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise !
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And meets his saints to-day ;
 Haste thee, my soul, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day within the place
 In which my God hath been
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of vanity and sin.

- 4 My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And rise, and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN LX. SEVENS.

- 1 **E**RE another sabbath's close,
 Ere again we seek repose,
 Lord, our song ascends to thee,
 At thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day,
 For this rest upon our way,
 Thanks to thee alone be giv'n,
 Lord of earth, and King of heav'n!
- 3 Cold our services have been,
 Mingled ev'ry pray'r with sin;
 But thou canst and wilt forgive,—
 By thy grace alone we live.
- 4 Whilst this thorny path we tread
 May thy love our footsteps lead;
 When our journey here is past,
 May we rest with thee at last.
- 5 Let these earthly sabbaths prove
 Foretastes of our joys above,
 While their steps thy pilgrims bend
 To the rest which knows no end.

HYMN LXI. C.M.

- 1 **O** LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a feeble band,
 Are met once more before thy throne
 To bless thy fost'ring hand.
- 2 Thou, Jesus, with thy smiles wilt deign
 To cheer us as we pray,
 For thou didst bless the infant train,
 And we are weak as they.
- 3 O let thy grace perform its part,
 And let contention cease,
 And shed abroad in ev'ry heart
 Thine everlasting peace!
- 4 Thus chasten'd, cleans'd, entirely thine,
 A flock by Jesus led,
 The Sun of holiness shall shine
 In glory on our head.
- 5 And thou wilt turn our wand'ring feet,
 And thou wilt bless our way,
 Till worlds shall fade, and faith shall greet
 The dawn of lasting day.

HYMN LXII. 7-6.

Missionary.

- 1 **F**ROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand—

From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though ev'ry prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile—
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to man benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN LXIII. L.M.

- 1 **M**ARK'D as the purpose of the skies
 This promise meets our anxious eyes,
 That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
 And warm with faith each bosom glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear ;
 E'en now unfolds the promis'd year ;
 Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
 And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
 Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
 O mark their steps, their fears subdued,
 And nerve their arm, and clear their view !
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits fail,
 Bid them the glorious future hail,
 Bid them the crown of life survey,
 And onward urge, in faith, their way.

HYMN LXIV. P.M.

- 1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly-solemn sound ;
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of Jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Son of God,
 The sin-atonement Lamb :
 Redemption by his blood
 To all the world proclaim.

The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Receive it back unbought,
The gift of Jesu's love :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made ;
Ye weary spirits rest,
Ye mournful souls be glad :
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

HYMN LXV. L.M.

1 **A**RM of the Lord, awake, awake,
Put on thy strength, the nations shake ;
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen from thy throne,
" I am Jehovah, God alone !"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt ;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flow'd from Jesu's side.

- 4 [Let Sion's time of favour come ;
O bring the tribes of Israel home ;
And let our wond'ring eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesu's fold.]
- 5 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim
In ev'ry clime, of ev'ry name ;
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

HYMN LXVI. L.M.

- 1 **O** SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.
- 2 Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give pow'r and unction from above
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.
- 3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with might ;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.
- 4 Baptize the nations, far and nigh ;
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till ev'ry kindred call him Lord.

HYMN LXVII. L.M.

For the Jews.

- 1 OH! why should Israel's sons, once blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around,
 Disown'd of heav'n, by man oppress'd,
 Outcasts from Sion's hallow'd ground?
- 2 O God of Israel, view their race!
 Back to thy fold the wand'ers bring;
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 To hail in Christ their promis'd King!
- 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
 The sever'd olive-branch again
 Back to its parent stock unite.
- 4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
 With contrite shame his bosom move,
 The Saviour he denied, to own,
 The Lord he crucified, to love.
- 5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
 When Jew and Greek one pray'r shall raise,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 One God with grateful rapture praise.

HYMN LXVIII. P.M.

- 1 O HOUSE of Jacob, come,
 And walk with us in light,
 No more bewilder'd roam,
 Like wand'ers in the night;

The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's Shield, and Isaac's Fear.

- 2 O thou by tempests toss'd,
Revil'd, oppress'd, trod down,
In ev'ry region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown,
Scatter'd and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn,—
- 3 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes ;
Thine own Messiah see !
He who thy fathers chose
Still waits to pardon thee :
At his command we bid thee come ;
Lost Israel Sion welcomes home.

HYMN LXIX. P.M.

- 1 **O**N the mountain top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Sion bearing,
Sion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.
- 2 Has thy night been long and mournful ?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd ?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd ?
Cease thy mourning,
Sion still is well belov'd.

- 3 For thy shame thou shalt have double,
 In thy Maker's favour blest ;
 Enemies no more shall trouble ;
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd ;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.

HYMN LXX. C.M.

Fast Day.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God ! before thy throne
 Thy mourning people bend ;
 For on thy pard'ning grace alone
 Our prostrate hopes depend.
- 2 Dark judgments from thy heavy hand
 Thy dreadful pow'r display ;
 Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
 And still we live to pray.
- 3 Oh ! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord !
 Convert us by thy grace ;
 Let ev'ry heart obey thy word,
 And humbly seek thy face.
- 4 Then, Lord, though threaten'd and dismay'd,
 We shall not sink in fear,
 Secure of never-failing aid,
 If God, our God, be near.

HYMN LXXI. C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD ! look on all assembled here,
 Who in thy presence stand
 To offer up united pray'r
 For this our guilty land.
- 2 Oh ! may we all, with one consent,
 Fall low before thy throne,
 With tears our people's sins lament,
 Our fathers', and our own.
- 3 Great God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 To us, who trust in thee,
 Thy favour and defence afford
 In our extremity.
- 4 Or, if the dread decree be pass'd,
 And we must feel the rod,
 Let faith and patience hold us fast
 To thee our chast'ning God.

HYMN LXXII. L.M.

Funeral.

- 1 **H**OW bless'd the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks our weary soul to rest,
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !
- 2 So fades a summer cloud away,
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
 So gently shuts the eye of day,
 So dies a wave along the shore.

- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 Nothing disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
 Where lights and shades alternate dwell !
 How bright th' unchanging morn appears !
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

HYMN LXXIII. P.M.

- 1 **T**HOU art gone to the grave ! but we will
 not deplore thee,
 Though sorrows and darkness encompass
 the tomb ;
 The Saviour hath passed through its portal
 before thee,
 And the lamp of his love was thy guide
 through the gloom.
- 2 Thou art gone to the grave ! we no longer
 behold thee,
 Nor tread the rough paths of the world by
 thy side ;
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
 enfold thee,
 And sinners may hope, since the Sinless has
 died.

- 3 Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd
long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the
Seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not
deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian,
and guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath
died.

HYMN LXXIV. SEVENS.

Autumn and Harvest.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise
For the love that crowns our days,
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores our harvests yield.
- 2 All that spring with bounteous hand
Scatter'd o'er our smiling land;
All that fruitful autumn pours
From its rich o'erflowing stores;

- 3 These to that blest source we owe
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
 These through all our happy days
 Claim our cheerful songs of praise.

H Y M N LXXV. C.M.

- 1 **F**OUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
 How rich thy bounties are !
 The changing seasons as they move
 Proclaim thy constant care.
- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
 The sower hid the grain,
 Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
 And sent the early rain.
- 3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine ;
 The plants in beauty grew :
 Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
 And soft refreshing dew.
- 4 These varied mercies from above
 Matur'd the swelling grain ;
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.
- 5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
 Thy hand all nature hails :
 Seedtime nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN LXXVI. L.M.

- 1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
 And changes mark the rolling year,
 As time with rapid pinions flies,
 May ev'ry season make us wise.
- 2 Long has thy favour crown'd our days,
 And summer shed again its rays ;
 No deadly cloud our sky has veil'd ;
 No blasting winds our path assail'd.
- 3 The harvest months have o'er us roll'd,
 And fill'd our fields with waving gold :
 Our tables spread, our garners stor'd,
 Where are our hearts to praise the Lord ?
- 4 The solemn harvest comes apace,
 The closing day of life and grace ;
 Around our souls, in that dread hour,
 Let not the gath'ring tempest low'r.
- 5 Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
 Like stars in heav'n to rise and shine ;
 Then shall our happy souls above
 Reap the full harvest of thy love.

HYMN LXXVII. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 GREAT God, to thee our song we raise,
 To thee devote our grateful praise ;
 O never may our footsteps rove
 From thee, the source of truth and love ;
 But may we still thy praise proclaim,
 And joy in our Redeemer's name.

- 2 What though the fig-tree shall decay,
 Fruitless the vine shall waste away,
 Although the olive shall not bear,
 Nor corn produce the ripen'd ear,
 Yet still may we thy praise proclaim,
 And joy in our Redeemer's name.
- 3 Though in our folds no flocks be found,
 Nor herd to deck th' exhausted ground,
 Though all the hopes of plenty fail,
 Though blighting pestilence prevail,
 Yet may we still thy praise proclaim,
 And joy in our Redeemer's name.

HYMN LXXVIII. L.M.

Sunday Schools.

- 1 **I**N Israel's fane, by silent night,
 The lamp of God was burning bright,
 And there, by viewless angels kept,
 Samuel, the child, securely slept.
- 2 A voice unknown the stillness broke,
 "Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke.
 He rose; he ask'd, Whence came the word?
 From Eli? No; it was the Lord.
- 3 Thus early call'd to serve his God,
 In paths of righteousness he trod;
 Prophetic visions fir'd his breast,
 And all the chosen tribes were bless'd.

- 4 Speak, Lord! and from our earliest days
 Incline our hearts to love thy ways.
 Thy wak'ning voice hath reach'd our ear;
 Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.
- 5 And ye who know the Saviour's love,
 And richly all his mercies prove,
 To us your friendly aid afford,
 That we may early serve the Lord.

HYMN LXXIX. C.M.

- 1 **O** SAVIOUR, thine unfading pow'r
 Beside th' Eternal stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flood;
- 2 Yet didst thou not disdain awhile
 An infant form to wear,
 To bless thy mother with a smile,
 And lisp thy falter'd pray'r.
- 3 But in thy Father's own abode,
 With Israel's elders round,
 Conversing high with Israel's God,
 Thy chiefest joy was found.
- 4 So may our youth adore thy name!
 And, Saviour, deign to bless
 With fost'ring grace the timid flame
 Of early holiness.

HYMN LXXX. C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN Jesus left his Father's throne
 He chose an humble birth ;
 Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
 He came to dwell on earth.
- 2 Like him, may we be found below
 In wisdom's paths of peace,
 Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
 As years and strength increase.
- 3 Jesus pass'd by the rich and great
 For men of low degree ;
 He sanctified our parents' state,
 For poor like them was he.
- 4 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
 When mothers round him press'd ;
 Their infants in his arms he took,
 And on his bosom bless'd.
- 5 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
 Beneath his watchful eye,
 Thus in the circle of his arms
 May we for ever lie.

HYMN LXXXI. SEVENS.

Consecration of a Church.

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, to thee we raise
 Here a house of pray'r and praise ;
 Thou thy people's hearts prepare,
 Here to meet for praise and pray'r.

- 2 Let the living here be fed
 With thy word, the heav'nly bread ;
 Here, in hope of glory bless'd,
 May the dead be laid to rest ;
- 3 Here to thee a temple stand
 While the sea shall gird the land ;
 Here reveal thy mercy, sure
 While the sun and moon endure.
- 4 Hallelujah ! Earth and sky
 To the joyful sound reply.
 Hallelujah ! Hence ascend
 Pray'r and praise till time shall end.

HYMN LXXXII. P.M.

- 1 **C**H R I S T is our corner-stone,
 On him alone we build ;
 With his true saints alone
 The courts of heav'n are fill'd :
 On his great love
 Our hopes we place
 Of present grace,
 And joys above.
- 2 O then with hymns of praise
 These hallow'd courts shall ring ;
 Our voices we will raise
 The Lord of life to sing ;
 And thus proclaim
 In joyful song,
 Both loud and long,
 That glorious name.

- 3 Here, gracious God, do thou
 For evermore draw nigh ;
 Accept each faithful vow,
 And mark each suppliant sigh :
 In copious show'r
 On all who pray,
 Each holy day
 Thy blessings pour.
- 4 Here may we gain from heav'n
 The grace which we implore ;
 And may that grace, once giv'n,
 Be with us evermore ;
 Until that day
 When all the blest
 To endless rest
 Are called away.

HYMN LXXXIII. L.M.

Miscellaneous.

- 1 **C**OMMAND thy blessing from above,
 O God, on all assembled here ;
 Behold us with a Father's love,
 While we look up with filial fear.
- 2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord ;
 May we thy true disciples be ;
 Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
 Say to the weakest, " Follow me."

- 3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
 Spirit of truth, and fill the place
 With humbling and with healing pow'r,
 With killing and with quick'ning grace.
- 4 O Thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
 One true eternal God confess'd!
 Whom thou hast join'd may none divide,
 None dare to curse whom thou hast bless'd.
- 5 With thee and these for ever found,
 May all the souls who here unite,
 With harps and songs thy throne surround,
 Rest in thy love, and reign in light.

HYMN LXXXIV. C.M.

- 1 **C**OME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known,
 The Sov'reign of your hearts proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.
- 2 When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.
- 3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise:
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

HYMN LXXXV. C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from guilt set free,
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne,
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new best name of love !

HYMN LXXXVI. P.M.

- 1 **T**HE God of Abraham praise,
 Who reigns enthron'd above,
 Ancient of everlasting days,
 And God of love !
 Jehovah, great I AM !
 By earth and heav'n confess'd ;
 We bow, and own the sacred name,
 For ever bless'd.

- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
 At whose supreme command
 From earth we rise, and seek the joys
 At his right hand ;
 We all on earth forsake,
 Its wisdom, fame, and pow'r,
 And him our only portion make,
 Our shield and tow'r.
- 3 The whole triumphant host
 Give thanks to God on high ;
 " Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,"
 They ever cry ;
 Hail, Abraham's God and mine,—
 I join the heav'nly lays,—
 All might and majesty are thine,
 And endless praise.

HYMN LXXXVII. C.M.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heav'nly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest :
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 3 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

- 4 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN LXXXVIII. C.M.

- 1 COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,
 Thy pow'r to us make known ;
 Come by thy Spirit, and thy Word,
 And break these hearts of stone.
- 2 O that we all might now begin
 Our foolishness to mourn,
 And turn at once from ev'ry sin,
 And to our Saviour turn.
- 3 Give us ourselves and thee to know,
 In this our gracious day ;
 Repentance unto life bestow,
 And take our sins away.
- 4 That blessed sense of guilt impart ;
 Then, Lord, remove the load :
 Trouble, and wash the troubled heart
 In thine atoning blood.
- 5 Our desp'rate state through sin declare,
 And speak our sins forgiv'n :
 By faith, by holiness, prepare,
 And take us up to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXIX. P.M.

- 1 **S**EE, from Sion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow ;
God has open'd there a fountain
That supplies the world below :
They are blessed
Who its sov'reign virtues know.
- 2 Through ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way,
Life, and health, and joy bestowing,
Making all around look gay :
O ye nations,
Hail the long-expected day !
- 3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo ! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose ;
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.
- 4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around ;
All who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasure comes, and hopes abound :
Fair their portion,
Endless life with glory crown'd !

HYMN XC. C.M.

- 1 **H**APPY the heart renew'd by grace,
 And stedfast in its choice,
 To seek a tender Father's face,
 And listen to his voice.
- 2 He only knows what pleasure is
 Who seeks it in the Lord,
 Who finds what pure abiding bliss
 His presence can afford.
- 3 For him earth wears its loveliest form,
 And heav'n its richest dyes :
 Above each darkly-threat'ning storm
 He soars to purer skies.
- 4 He hears a Father's voice of love
 Amid the tempest's roar,
 And longs for pinions like a dove,
 To reach yon peaceful shore :
- 5 Nor longs in vain ; he soon shall stand
 In realms of endless day ;
 And joy to find a Father's hand
 Wipe the last tear away.

HYMN XCI. 8-7.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord ! ye heav'ns adore him ;
 Praise him, angels in the height ;
 Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
 Praise him, all ye stars of light.

- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
 Worlds his mighty voice obey'd ;
 Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance he has made.
- 3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God has made his saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
- 4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, his pow'r proclaim,
 Heav'n and earth, and all creation
 Laud and magnify his name.

HYMN XCII. C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my happiest days,
 And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear
 My dawning is begun ;
 Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
 And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
 And whispers I am his.

- 4 My soul would leave its house of clay
 At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way,
 To see my glorious Lord.

HYMN XCIII. 8-7.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heav'n, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesu, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art,
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into ev'ry troubled breast !
 All thy love we would inherit,
 Enter into all thy rest ;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy host above,
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish, then, thy new creation ;
 Pure and spotless let us be ;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restor'd in thee,
 Chang'd from glory into glory,
 Till in heav'n we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

HYMN XCIV. C.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 To a believer's ear ;
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubl'd breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Jesus, our Master, Shepherd, Friend,
 Our Prophet, Priest, and King,
 The Lord, the Life, the Way, the End,
 Accept the praise we bring.
- 4 Weak is the effort of our heart,
 And cold our warmest thought ;
 But when we see thee as thou art,
 We'll praise thee as we ought.
- 5 Till then we would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh our souls in death.

HYMN XCV. SEVENS.

- 1 **C**OME, Desire of nations, come,
 Fix in us thy humble home ;
 Rise, the woman's conqu'ring seed,
 Bruise in us the serpent's head :

- 2 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place ;
Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in thy love.

HYMN XCVI. 8-7.

- 1 **L**IGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all thy love revealing,
Dissipate the clouds beneath !
The new heav'n and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scatt'ring all the night of nature,
Pouring daylight on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thine appearing ;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Ev'ry sad benighted heart.
Come, and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race ;
Jesus, come, exalted Saviour,
Manifest thy heav'nly grace !

HYMN XCVII. P.M.

- 1 **L**ET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind ;
T' adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

- 2 Jesus ! harmonious name !
 It charms the hosts above ;
 They evermore proclaim,
 And wonder at his love :
 'Tis all their bliss to sing his grace ;
 'Tis heav'n to see Immanuel's face.
- 3 His name the sinner hears,
 And is from sin set free ;
 'Tis music in his ears,
 'Tis life and victory :
 New songs do now his lips employ,
 And dances his glad heart for joy.

HYMN XCVIII. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **J**ESU, thy boundless love to me
 No thought can reach, no tongue declare ;
 O knit my thankful heart to thee,
 And reign without a rival there.
 Thine wholly, thine alone I live ;
 Thyself to me, my Saviour, give.
- 2 O Lord, how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies !
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Jesu, nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire, or seek but thee !
- 3 In suff'ring, be thy love my peace !
 In weakness, be thy love my pow'r !

And when the storms of life shall cease,
 Saviour, in that important hour,
 In death, as life, be thou my guide,
 And save me, who for me hast died.

HYMN XCIX. L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU Lord of life and light divine,
 The source of mighty, boundless love,
 In whom the Father's glories shine,
 Through earth beneath and heav'n above!
- 2 Jesus, the wand'rer's guide and rest,
 Give me thy easy yoke to bear,
 With stedfast patience arm my breast,
 With faith, and love, and humble fear.
- 3 Affliction's cup I'll take from thee,
 In meek submission to thy will ;
 Though bitter to the taste it be,
 My soul shall find it precious still.
- 4 Be thou, my strength and solace, nigh,
 So shall each murm'ring thought be gone,
 And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
 As clouds before the mid-day sun.

HYMN C. S.M.

- 1 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify,
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky ;

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil:
O may it all my pow'rs engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care
As in thy sight to live;
And O thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thy help rely;
Assur'd, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN CI. C.M.

- 1 **W**ORD of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son,
Without thee how could earth be trod,
Or heav'n itself be won?
- 2 Lamp of our feet, whereby we trace
Our path, when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'nly grace;
Brook by the trav'ler's way;
- 3 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide, our chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

- 4 Thy bounty, Lord, to sons of earth
 This precious boon has giv'n ;
Thy grace must teach its hidden worth,
 And guide our souls to heav'n.
- 5 O may we all with meekness learn
 Whate'er thy word imparts,
And to its heav'nly lessons turn
 With simple, childlike hearts !

HYMN CII. L.M.

- 1 **G**OD, in the gospel of his Son,
 Makes his eternal counsels known ;
Where love in all its glory shines,
 And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, of an humble frame,
 May taste his grace, and learn his name ;
May read, in characters of blood,
 The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God..
- 3 The pris'ner here may break his chains ;
 The weary rest from all his pains ;
The captive feel his bondage cease ;
 The mourner find the way of peace.
- 4 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
 A brighter world beyond the skies ;
Here shines the light which guides our way
 From earth to realms of endless day.

- 5 O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
 To read and mark thy holy word;
 Its truths with meekness to receive,
 And by its holy precepts live.

HYMN CIII. S.M.D.

- 1 **S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armour on,
 Strong in the strength which God supplies,
 Through his eternal Son;
 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
 And in his mighty pow'r:
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
 Is more than conqueror.
- 2 Stand, then, in his great might,
 With all his strength endued;
 But take, to arm you for the fight,
 The panoply of God:
 That, having all things done,
 And all your conflicts past,
 Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
 And stand entire at last.

HYMN CIV. C.M.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of pow'r and might, behold
 A world by sin destroy'd!
 Creator, Spirit, as of old,
 Move on the formless void.

- 2 Give thou the word, that healing sound
 Shall quell the deadly strife ;
And earth again, like Eden crown'd,
 Produce the Tree of Life.
- 3 If sang the morning stars for joy
 When nature rose to view,
What strains will angel-harps employ
 When thou shalt all renew !
- 4 And if the sons of God rejoice
 To hear a Saviour's name,
How will the ransom'd raise their voice
 To whom that Saviour came !
- 5 Lo, ev'ry kindred, tongue, and tribe,
 Assembling round the throne,
Thy new creation shall ascribe
 To sov'reign love alone.

HYMN CV. C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when we bend before thy throne,
 And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
 And hate what we deplore.
- 2 When we disclose our wants in pray'r
 May we our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share,
 That is not wholly thine.

- 3 Let faith each meek petition fill,
 And waft it to the skies ;
 And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
 That grants it or denies.

HYMN CVI. L.M.

- 1 **T**HOU only Sov'reign of my heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend,
 And can my soul from thee depart,
 On whom alone my hopes depend ?
- 2 Whither, ah, whither should I go,
 A wretched wand'rer from my Lord ?
 Can this dark world of sin and woe
 One gleam of happiness afford ?
- 3 Eternal life thy words impart ;
 On these my fainting spirit lives ;
 Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
 Than all the round of nature gives.
- 4 Low at thy feet my soul would lie ;
 Here safety dwells, and peace divine ;
 Still let me live beneath thine eye,
 For life, eternal life, is thine.

HYMN CVII. C.M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God of truth and love,
 In me thy pow'r exert ;
 The mountain from my soul remove,
 The hardness of my heart.

- 2 I want a principle within
 Of jealous godly fear,
 A tender sense of rising sin,
 A pain to feel it near.
- 3 I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride or vain desire ;
 To catch the wand'rings of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.
- 4 From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the holy heart,
 The tender conscience give.
- 5 O may the least omission pain
 My well-instructed soul,
 And drive me to thy blood again.
 Which makes the wounded whole.

HYMN CVIII. C.M.

- 1 **H**EAR, gracious God, my humble moan !
 To thee, I breathe my sighs :
 When will the mournful night be gone ?
 And when my joys arise ?
- 2 My God ! O could I make the claim—
 My Father, and my Friend—
 And call thee mine, by ev'ry name
 On which thy saints depend.

- 3 By ev'ry name of pow'r and love
 I would thy grace entreat :
 Nor should my humble hopes remove,
 Nor leave thy sacred seat.
- 4 Speak, Lord, and bid celestial peace
 Relieve my aching heart ;
 O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
 And all the gloom depart !
- 5 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
 And bless thy healing rays,
 And change these deep complaining sighs
 For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN CIX. C.M.

- 1 **I**NCARNATE God, the soul that knows
 Thy name's mysterious pow'r
 May dwell in undisturb'd repose,
 Nor fear the trying hour.
- 2 Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
 To feeble, helpless worms,
 A buckler and a refuge prove
 From enemies and storms.
- 3 Angels unseen attend the saints,
 And bear them in their arms,
 To cheer the spirit when it faints,
 And guard their life from harms.

- 4 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
 To them that love his name ;
 Ready to save them when they cry,
 And put their foes to shame.
- 5 Trials and changes are their lot,
 Long as they sojourn here ;
 But since their Saviour changes not,
 What have the saints to fear ?

HYMN CX. C.M.

- 1 **O**UR Father dwells in heav'n above—
 O what a cheering thought !
 From that pure source of light and love
 Are all our blessings brought.
- 2 Why should we murmur or despair
 In sorrow's darkest hour,
 When, to a gracious Father's care,
 Is join'd a Monarch's pow'r ?
- 3 Lord, when thy children suffer pain
 Thou pitiest their distress ;
 When human confidence proves vain
 Thy aid insures success.
- 4 Long as we run this earthly race
 O teach us to depend
 On the unfailing strength and grace
 Of an almighty Friend !

HYMN CXI. C.M.

- 1 **O**H! happy they who know the Lord,
 With whom he deigns to dwell!
 He feeds and cheers them by his word,
 His arm supports them well.
- 2 To them in each distressing hour
 His throne of grace is near;
 And when they plead his love and pow'r
 He bends a list'ning ear.
- 3 His presence sweetens all their cares,
 And makes their burdens light;
 A word from him dispels their fears,
 And gilds the gloom of night.
- 4 Oft in his house his glory shines
 Before their wond'ring eyes;
 They wish not then for golden mines,
 Or aught beneath the skies.
- 5 May we, O Lord, enjoy and prize
 These tokens of thy love,
 Till thou shalt bid our spirits rise
 To worship thee above.

HYMN CXII. L.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
 Amid the wonders of thy love,
 The view revives my drooping heart,
 And bids invading fears depart.

- 2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
 On thy atoning blood rely,
 And on thy righteousness depend,
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.
- 3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
 Devoted to thy single praise ;
 And let my glad obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love.

HYMN CXIII. C.M.

- 1 **I**NFINITE Pow'r, Eternal Lord,
 How sov'reign is thy hand !
 All nature rose before thy word,
 And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the shining sun
 Keeps his appointed way ;
 And all the hours obedient run
 The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah ! how wide my spirit flies,
 And wanders from her God !
 My soul forgets her heav'nly prize,
 And treads the downward road.
- 4 Tumultuous passions rage within,
 Nor thy commands obey ;
 And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
 Draw my best thoughts away.

- 5 Great God, thy saving grace bestow,
 Conform my heart to thine ;
 Melt down my will, and let it flow,
 And take the mould divine !

HYMN CXIV. L.M.

- 1 **A**S through this wilderness I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no evil need I fear,
 If thou, my Lord, my God, art near.
- 2 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
 Saviour, thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 3 Teach me, where'er thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untir'd, to follow thee ;
 O let thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

HYMN CXV. C.M.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glory of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

- 2 Light in thy light O may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove,
 Reviv'd, and comforted by thee,
 The God of pard'ning love.
- 3 Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Godhead reconcil'd.
- 4 Thy peace, with holiness, bestow
 On me, through grace forgiv'n ;
 My wish, to serve thee here below,
 Then reign with thee in heav'n.

HYMN CXVI. L.M.

- 1 **B**ESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
 In life's uncertain path I stand ;
 Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
 To guide my doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this erring treach'rous heart
 To choose in thee the better part,
 To scorn the trifles of a day,
 For joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
 Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
 No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my treasures with me bear.

- 4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and joyful die ;
 Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN CXVII. L.M.

- 1 **W**HEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
 That I shall find my all in thee,
 The fulness of thy promise prove,
 The seal of thine eternal love ?
- 2 Erring and blind, I wander here,
 If haply I may feel thee near ;
 Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
 And cast the world and sin behind.
- 3 Lord, I am sick, my sickness cure ;
 I want, do thou enrich the poor ;
 Under thy mighty hand I stoop,
 O lift the abject sinner up !
- 4 Lord, I am blind, be thou my sight ;
 Lord, I am weak, be thou my might ;
 A helper of the helpless be,
 And let me find my all in thee.

HYMN CXVIII. C.M.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies
 I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
 And dry my weeping eyes.

- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like raging billows come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!
- 4 There shall repose my weary soul
Safe in its port of rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN CXIX. C.M.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With pray'r and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh ! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !

- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
 Her solitary lays,
 Nor asks a witness of her song,
 Nor thirsts for human praise.
- 5 Author and Guardian of my life,
 Blest source of light divine,
 And (all harmonious names in one)
 My Saviour, thou art mine !
- 6 What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
 A boundless, endless store,
 Shall echo through the realms above,
 When time shall be no more !

HYMN CXX. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 **W**HEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
 The morning light salutes my eyes,
 O Sun of righteousness divine,
 On me with beams of mercy shine ;
 Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
 And turn my darkness into day !
- 2 When to heav'n's great and glorious King
 My morning sacrifice I bring,
 And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
 Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
 Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
 And be my Advocate with God !
- 3 As ev'ry day thy mercy spares
 Will bring its trials and its cares,

O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my Counsellor and Friend !
Teach me thy precepts all divine,
And be thy great example mine.

HYMN CXXI. L.M.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
And faith, rekindling all its pow'r,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 A beam from heav'n is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near
To bear him to their bright abode.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless ;
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness ?
- 5 O Lord, that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, thy face to see,
Impress thine image on our heart,
And teach us now to walk with thee.

HYMN CXXII. C.M.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But dark'ning mists and shades arise,
And still our hopes remove ;
And doubts and fears veil from our eyes
The Canaan that we love.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN CXXIII. C.M.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

- 2 There pain and sickness never come,
 And grief no more complains,
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And endless pleasure reigns.
- 3 No clouds those blissful regions know,
 Realms ever bright and fair ;
 For sin, the source of mortal woe,
 Can never enter there.
- 4 The King Eternal there displays
 His beams of wondrous grace ;
 His happy subjects sing his praise,
 And bow before his face.
- 5 O may the heav'nly prospect fire
 Our hearts with ardent love,
 Till wings of faith and strong desire
 Bear ev'ry thought above !

HYMN CXXIV. SIX EIGHTS.

- 1 SAVIOUR, I see thy mansions fair,
 And angels bright and saints are there ;
 But I far off sojourn below,
 Companion meet of sin and woe ;
 Weary my steps, my trespass great,
 My heart within me desolate.
- 2 Faith sees th' unseen, the past renews,
 The distant future clearly views ;
 By faith the sinner, sore distress,
 Flees to thy cross, and is at rest.
 Then give me faith, thy grace display,
 And kindle darkness into day.

HYMN CXXV. 8-7.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken,—
 “O my people, faint and few,
 Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
 Fair abodes I build for you.
 Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
 Shall no more perplex your ways ;
 You shall name your walls ‘ Salvation,’
 And your gates shall all be ‘ Praise.’”
- 2 “Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moon’s no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs for ever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and shining o’er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.”

HYMN CXXVI. C.M.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM, my happy home,
 Name ever dear to me,
 When shall my labours have an end
 In joy, and peace, and thee ?
- 2 When shall these eyes thy heav’n-built walls
 And gates of pearl behold,
 Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
 And streets of shining gold ?

- 3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
 Around the Saviour stand ;
 And soon my friends in Christ below
 Shall join that glorious band.
- 4 Jerusalem, my happy home,
 My soul still pants for thee ;
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When I thy joys shall see.

HYMN CXXVII. P.M.

- 1 **H**HEAD of the church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee ;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy members here
 Shall sing like those in glory.
 We lift our hearts and voices
 With bless'd anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The praise of our salvation.
- 2 Thou dost conduct thy people
 Through torrents of temptation ;
 Nor will we fear,
 While thou art near,
 The fire of tribulation :
 The world, with sin and Satan,
 In vain our march opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break through them all,
 Ere death our conflict closes.

- 3 By faith we see the glory
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The world despise
 For that high prize
 Which thou hast set before us :
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, as dying Stephen,
 Shall see thee stand
 At God's right hand,
 To take us up to heav'n.

HYMN CXXVIII. C.M.

- 1 **L**ET saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King
 In heav'n and earth are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
 And part are crossing now.
- 4 Saviour, be thou our constant guide ;
 Then, when the word is giv'n,
 Bid Jordan's narrow streams divide,
 And land us safe in heav'n.

HYMN CXXIX. SEVENS.

- 1 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light,
 Far above these lower skies,
 Fair and exquisitely bright,
 Heav'n's unfading mansions rise.
- 2 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid th' angelic lyres above,
 Hark! how songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesu's love.
- 3 Happy spirits! ye are fled
 Where no grief can entrance find;
 Lull'd to rest the aching head;
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind.
- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturb'd repose;
 There no cloud can intervene;
 There no angry tempest blows.
- 5 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow, in eternal rest.

HYMN CXXX. C.M.

- 1 **T**HE Son of God goes forth to war,
 A kingly crown to gain;
 His blood-red banner streams afar:
 Who follows in his train?

- 2 Who best can drink his cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
 Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in his train.
- 3 The martyr, first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave,
 Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on him to save.
- 4 A glorious band, the chosen few,
 On whom the Spirit came,
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.
- 5 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
 In robes of light array'd.
- 6 They climb'd the steep ascent of heav'n
 Through peril, toil, and pain :
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n
 To follow in their train !

HYMN CXXXI. SEVENS D.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song ?
 " Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
 Blessing, honour, glory, pow'r,
 Wisdom, riches to obtain,
 New dominion ev'ry hour."

- 2 These through fiery trials trod,
 These from great affliction came,
 Now, before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And for ever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

HYMN CXXXII. SEVENS D.

- 1 **S**EE the ransom'd millions stand,
 Palms of conquest in their hand ;
 This before the throne their strain,
 " Hell is vanquish'd—death is slain ;
 Blessing, honour, glory, might,
 Are the Conqu'ror's native right ;
 Thrones and pow'rs before him fall,
 Lamb of God, and Lord of all !"
- 2 Hasten, Lord, the promis'd hour,
 Come in glory and in pow'r :
 Still thy foes are unsubdu'd,
 Nature sighs to be renew'd ;

Time has nearly reach'd its sum,
 All things with thy bride say, Come.
 Jesus, whom all worlds adore,
 Come, and reign for evermore.

HYMN CXXXIII. 8-8-6.

- 1 **I**N hope look up, and onward press,
 Companions through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel ;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 Assembl'd round his throne :
 To patient faith the prize is sure,
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross, shall wear the crown.
- 3 O blessed bliss-inspiring hope !
 It lifts the fainting spirits up ;
 It brings to life the dead :
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And ev'ry saint ascend at last
 Triumphant with our Head !
- 4 Him, bless'd mysterious Deity,
 We soon with open face shall see ;
 The beatific sight
 Shall fill heav'n's courts with sounding praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light !

HYMN CXXXIV. C.M.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,
 In everlasting day ;
 Through flood and flames the passage lies,
 But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood, and raging flame
 Hear and obey his word ;
 Then let us triumph in his name,
 Our Saviour is the Lord.

HYMN CXXXV. C.M.

- 1 **S**ING we the song of those who stand
 Around th' eternal throne,
 Of ev'ry kindred, clime, and land,—
 A multitude unknown.
- 2 Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
 To day the young, the old,
 Our Saviour and his flock, appear
 One Shepherd and one fold.
- 3 Toil, trial, suff'ring, still await
 On earth the pilgrim throng,
 Yet learn we in our low estate,
 The church triumphant's song.
- 4 Worthy the Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Cry the redeem'd above,
 Blessing and honour to obtain,
 And everlasting love.

- 5 Worthy the Lamb, on earth we sing,
 Who died our souls to save !
 Henceforth, O death ! where is thy sting ?
 Thy victory, O grave ?
- 6 Then, hallelujah ! pow'r and praise
 To God in Christ be giv'n !
 May all who now this anthem raise,
 Renew the strain in heav'n !

HYMN CXXXVI. 8-7.

- 1 **V**ISIT, Lord, thy habitation !
 Breathe thy peace on all therein ;
 Peace, the foretaste of salvation ;
 Peace, the seal of pardon'd sin.
- 2 Prince of Peace, be ever near us !
 Fix in ev'ry heart thy home :
 In this sweet communion cheer us ;
 Quickly let thy kingdom come.

HYMN CXXXVII. L.M.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Father, bless the word
 Which through thy grace we now have heard ;
 O may the precious seed take root,
 Spring up, and bear abundant fruit !
- 2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
 Thus in thy courts to seek thy face ;
 Grant, Lord, that we who worship here,
 May all at length in heav'n appear.

HYMN CXXXVIII. P.M.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in ev'ry heart,
Heav'nward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below ;
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

HYMN CXXXIX. L.M.D.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend ;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

THE END.

I N D E X

TO THE

A P P E N D I X.

A.

	PAGE
A CHARGE to keep I have	74
All hail the great Immanuel's name.....	22
Almighty Father, bless the word	101
Almighty God ! before thy throne	52
Almighty God of truth and love	79
And am I born to die	7
Angels, from the realms of glory	10
Arm of the Lord, awake, awake	48
As through this wilderness I stray	85
Awake, and sing the song.....	23

B.

Baptiz'd into the Saviour's death.....	37
Beset with snares on ev'ry hand	86
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	47
Bread of heav'n ! on thee I feed	40
Bright and joyful is the morn	10
Bright was the guiding star that led	15

C.

	PAGE
Christ is our corner-stone.....	61
Come, desire of nations, come.....	71
Come, gracious Spirit, heav'nly Dove.....	29
Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire.....	28
Come, O thou all-victorious Lord.....	66
Come, thou long-expected Jesus.....	9
Come, ye that love the Saviour's name.....	63
Command thy blessing from above.....	62

D.

Day of judgment, day of wonders.....	6
--------------------------------------	---

E.

Ere another sabbath's close.....	44
Eternal Pow'r, whose high abode.....	33
Eternal Sun of righteousness.....	85

F.

Far from these narrow scenes of night.....	91
Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.....	88
Father, in whom we live.....	36
From Greenland's icy mountains.....	45
Forth from the dark and stormy sky.....	40
Fountain of mercy, God of love.....	56

G.

Glorious was that primeval light.....	8
Glory be to God on high.....	34
God, in the gospel of his Son.....	76
God of our lives, thy various praise.....	12
Go to dark Gethsemane.....	16
Gracious Spirit, Love divine.....	29
Great God, as seasons disappear.....	57
Great God, to thee our song we raise.....	57

	PAGE
Great God ! whose awful mystery	35

H.

Hail the day that saw him rise	27
Happy the heart renew'd by grace	68
Hark, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes	3
Head of the church triumphant	94
Hear, gracious God, my humble moan	80
Hear what God the Lord hath spoken	93
High in yonder realms of light	96
Holy, holy, holy, Lord	36
Holy Spirit, from on high	30
How bless'd the righteous when he dies	53
How many kindred souls are fled	12
How sweet the hour of closing day	90
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds	71

I.

Incarnate God, the soul that knows	81
Infinite Pow'r, Eternal Lord	84
In hope look up, and onward press	99
In Israel's fane, by silent night	58
In thy presence we appear	42

J.

Jerusalem, my happy home	93
Jesu, Redeemer, Lamb of God	20
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness	7
Jesu, thy boundless love to me	73
Jesu, thy church with longing eyes	4
Jesu, we lift our souls to thee	38

L.

Lamb of God, whose dying love	41
Let earth and heav'n agree	72

	PAGE
Let saints below in concert sing	95
Light of those whose dreary dwelling	72
Lord! look on all assembled here	53
Lord of hosts, to thee we raise.....	60
Lord, when my thoughts delighted rove	83
Lord, when we bend before thy throne	78
Love divine, all love excelling	70

M.

Mark'd as the purpose of the skies	47
Master, Lord, to thee we cry	27
Meet and right it is to sing	35
My God, the spring of all my joys	69

N.

Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal	13
Now let us join with hearts and tongues.....	21
Now may the Spirit's holy fire.....	41

O.

O for a closer walk with God	65
O for a heart to praise my God	64
Oh! happy they who know the Lord.....	83
O house of Jacob, come	50
Oh! why should Israel's sons, once blest	50
O joyful sound! O glorious hour!.....	25
O Lord, another day is flown	45
O Lord of our salvation, take	38
On the mountain top appearing	51
O Saviour, thine unfading pow'r	59
O Saviour, whom this holy morn.....	11
O Spirit of the living God	49
O that the Comforter would come	33
Our Father dwells in heav'n above	82

P.

	PAGE
Praise the Lord ! ye heav'ns adore him	68
Praise to God, immortal praise	55

R.

Rock of ages, cleft for me	20
--------------------------------------	----

S.

Saviour, I see thy mansions fair	92
See, from Sion's sacred mountain	67
See the ransom'd millions stand	98
Sing we the song of those who stand	100
Sinners, obey the gospel word	39
Soldiers of Christ, arise	77
Some sweet savour of thy favour	102
Spirit of pow'r and might, behold	77
Spirit of truth, on this thy day	32
Stand th' omnipotent decree	4
Stay, thou insulted Spirit, stay	31

T.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day	6
The God of Abraham praise	64
The God who once to Israel spoke	18
The happy morn is come	25
There is a fountain fill'd with blood	19
There is a land of pure delight	91
The Saviour lives, no more to die	24
The Son of God goes forth to war	96
This God is the God we adore	102
Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee	54
Thou great Redeemer, dying Lamb	17
Thou Lord of life and light divine	74
Thou only Sov'reign of my heart	79

V.

	PAGE
Visit, Lord, thy habitation	101

W.

Welcome the day, of days the best	43
Welcome the day of rest	43
We seek a rest beyond the skies	100
What are these in bright array	97
When, gracious Lord, when shall it be	87
When I can read my title clear	87
When Jesus left his Father's throne	60
When, marshall'd on the nightly plain	15
When, streaming from the eastern skies	89
Where high the heav'nly temple stands	26
While, with ceaseless course, the sun	14
Why droops my soul with guilt opprest	22
Why should the children of a king	31
Word of the ever-living God	75

BAT 11
LIBRARY
NEW HAMPSHIRE

