

# The Press

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1902.

## *Authors and Critics*

Books bearing the Franklin imprint are rare enough at all times to excite the rivalry of collectors. A unique Franklin imprint is a treasure that hardly any Americanist would dare to dream of. Yet it is well within the bounds of possibility. There has just come into the possession of a dealer in this city a volume printed by Franklin in 1741, which is so rare that there is no record of a copy ever having been sold. This book is in two parts, each with a separate title page. The first few pages contain William Penn's charter to "the counties of New-Castle, Kent and Sussex, upon Delaware," which were known as "the Territories" of Pennsylvania. A name has been cut from the top of the title page to this part of the volume, but otherwise the whole book is in a remarkably good state of preservation, and is an extraordinarily fine specimen of early printing. The second part of the work, with a separate title page, contains the laws enacted for "New-Castle, Kent and Sussex, upon Delaware." The book is of folio size and bound in leather, but the back has been rudely repaired by pasting a slip of leather over it. Another curiosity which has come into the same hands is a copy of Isaac Watts' metrical version of the Psalms, with the autograph of

SCB

4700

T H E  
P S A L M S

*Thomas* OF *Paine*  
DAVID,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE  
*1801* OF THE *29 1801*  
NEW TESTAMENT,

AND APPLIED TO THE  
Christian State and Worship.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled  
which were written in---the Psalms con-  
cerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.---David, Samuel, and the  
Prophets. Ver. 40.---*That they without  
us should not be made perfect.*

B O S T O N :

FROM THE PRESS OF J. BUMSTEAD.  
FOR  
JOHN BOYLE, AND DAVID WEST,  
MARLBOROUGH-STREET.

M. DCC. XCII.





**A TABLE to find any PSALM, OR  
Part of a PSALM, by the first Line of it.**

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T H E

PSALMS OF *DAVID*,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE

O F T H E

NEW TESTAMENT.

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*P s a l m* I. Common Metre.

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place  
Where sinners love to meet ;  
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,  
And hates the scoffer's seat.
- 2 Who in the statutes of the Lord  
Has plac'd his chief delight !  
By day he reads, or hears the word,  
And meditates by night.
- 3 [He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,  
By living waters set,  
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,  
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair  
Shall his profession shine ;  
While fruits of holiness appear  
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust ;  
What vain designs they form !
- B

Their hopes are blown away like dust,  
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand  
Among the sons of grace,  
When Christ the Judge at his right hand  
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,  
His heart approves it well;  
But crooked ways of sinners lead  
Down to the gates of hell.

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P S A L M I. Short Metre.

*The saint happy, the sinner miserable.*

1 **T**HE man is ever blest  
Who shuns the sinner's ways,  
Among their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place.

2 Who makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labours of the day,  
And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root:  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;  
His works are heav'nly fruit.

4 But the ungodly race,  
Can no such blessings find:  
Their hopes will flee like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgment-seat,  
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand  
In full assembly meet?

6 He knows and he approves  
The way the righteous go;

But sinners and their works will meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

*The difference between the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet  
Shuns the broad way which sinners go,  
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,  
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves to pass his morning light  
Among the statutes of the Lord ;  
And spends the wakeful hours of night  
With pleasure, pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,  
Shall flourish in immortal green :  
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams  
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their councils crost ;  
As chaff before the tempest flies,  
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,  
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebels seek to stand  
In judgment, with the pious race ;  
The dreadful Judge with stern command  
Divides them to a different place.
- 6 " Straight is the way my saints have trod,  
" I blest'd the path and drew it plain ;  
" But you would choose the crooked road,  
" And down it leads to endless pain."

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern.

*Acts iv. 24, &c.*

*Christ dying, rising, interceding and reigning.*

- [1 **M**AKER and sov'reign Lord  
Of heav'n, and earth and seas ;

Thy providence confirms thy word,  
And answers thy decrees.

2 The things so long foretold  
By *David*, are fulfill'd,  
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join to slay  
Jesus, thine holy child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,  
And *Jews* with one accord,  
Bend all their councils to destroy  
'Th' Anointed of the Lord?

4 Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design;  
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,  
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne,  
He who hath rais'd him from the dead  
Hath own'd him for his Son.

P A U S E.

6 Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth;  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance;  
Far as the world's remotest ends  
His kingdom shall advance.

8 The nations that rebel,  
Must feel his iron rod;  
He'll vindicate those honours well,  
Which he receiv'd from God.

[9 Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne;  
With trembling joy, ye people bow  
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his wrath arise,  
 Ye perish on the place ;  
 Then blessed is the soul that flies ;  
 For refuge, to his grace.]

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P S A L M II. Common Metre.

- 1 **W**HY did the nations join to slay  
 The Lord's anointed Son ?  
 Why did they cast his laws away,  
 And tread his gospel down ?
- 2 The Lord who sits above the skies,  
 Derides their rage below ;  
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,  
 And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 " I call him my eternal Son,  
 " And raise him from the dead ;  
 " I make my holy hill his throne,  
 " And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy  
 " The utmost *Heathen* lands :  
 " Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
 " The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Bewise, ye rulers of the earth,  
 Obey th' anointed Lord,  
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,  
 And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne ;  
 For, if he frown, ye die :  
 Those are secure, and those alone,  
 Who on his grace rely.

---

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

*Christ's death, resurrection and ascension.*

- 1 **W**HY did the *Jews* proclaim their rage ?  
 The *Romans* why their swords employ ?

Against the Lord their pow'rs engage,  
His dear Anointed to destroy?

2 "Come let us break his bands, say they,  
"This man shall never give us laws,"  
And thus they cast his yoke away,  
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,  
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls;  
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,  
And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made  
"On *Zion's* everlasting hill;  
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,  
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."

5 [His wond'rous rising from the earth,  
Makes his eternal Godhead known;  
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,  
"This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,  
"There thou shalt ask and I'll bestow  
"The utmost bounds of *Heathen* lands;  
"To thee the *Northern* isles shall bow."}]

7 But nations that resist his grace  
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;  
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,  
As potter's earthen ware is broke.

P A U S E.

8 Now ye who sit on earthly thrones,  
Be wise, and serve the Lord the Lamb;  
Now to his feet submit your crowns,  
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,  
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;  
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,  
If ye provoke his jealousy.

- 10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell,  
 He is a God, and ye but dust,  
 Happy the souls that know him well;  
 And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppressed; or, GOD our defence  
 from sin and satan.*

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears!  
 How fast my foes increase!  
 Conspiring my eternal death,  
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade  
 There's no relief in heav'n;  
 And all my swelling sins appear  
 Too big to be forgiv'n.
- 3 But thou, my glory and my strength,  
 Shalt on the tempter tread,  
 Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
 And raise my drooping head.
- 4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill  
 He bow'd a list'ning ear;  
 I call'd my Father and my God,  
 And he subdu'd my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes;  
 In spite of all my foes;  
 I 'woke, and wonder'd at the grace  
 That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What though the hosts of death and hell  
 All arm'd against me stood,  
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
 My refuge is my God.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
 While I thy glory sing:

My GOD has broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death has lost his sting.

8. Salvation to the LORD belongs,  
His arm alone can save:  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

---

P S A L M III. Long Metre.

*A Morning Psalm.*

- 1 **O** Lord, how many are my foes  
In this weak state of flesh and blood!  
My peace they daily discompose,  
But my defence and hope is GOD.
- 2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,  
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:  
Thou heardst when I began to pray,  
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid,  
I laid me down and slept secure:  
Not death should make my heart afraid,  
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustain'd me all the night;  
Salvation doth to GOD belong:  
He rais'd my head to see the light,  
And make his praise my morning song.

---

P S A L M IV. Long Metre.

*Hearing of prayer; or, GOD our portion, and Christ  
our hope.*

- 1 **O** GOD of grace and righteousness,  
Hear and attend when I complain;  
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,  
Bow down a gracious ear again.
- 2 Ye sons of men, in vain you try  
To turn my glory into shame:

- How long will scoffers love to lie,  
 And dare reproach my Saviour's name ?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints  
 From all the tribes of men beside ;  
 He hears the cry of penitents  
 For the dear sake of Christ who dy'd.
- 4 When our obedient hands have done  
 A thousand works of righteousness,  
 We put our trust in God alone,  
 And glory in his pard'ning grace.
- 5 Let the unthinking many say,  
*Who will bestow some earthly good ?*  
 But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ;  
 Our souls desire this heav'nly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice,  
 At grace and favour so divine :  
 Nor will I change my happy choice  
 For all their corn and all their wine.

---

P S A L M IV. Common Metre.

*An Evening Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray ;  
 I am forever thine,  
 I fear before thee all the day,  
 Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head  
 From cares and business free,  
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed  
 With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this ev'ning sacrifice ;  
 And when my work is done,  
 Great God, my faith and hope relies.  
 Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace,  
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;

Thy hand in safety keeps my days,  
And will my slumbers keep.

---

P S A L M V. Common Metre.

*For the Lord's-day morning.*

- 1 **L** ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high:  
To thee will I direct my pray'r,  
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where *Christ* is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand:  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand,
- 4 But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make ev'ry path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

P A U S E.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my feet astray;  
They flatter with a base design,  
To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent into dust,  
And all his plots destroy;  
While those who in thy mercy trust,  
For ever shout for joy.

- 8 The men who love and fear thy name,  
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd ;  
 The mighty God will compass them  
 With favour, as a shield.

---

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.  
*Complaint in sickness ; or, diseases healed.*

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, rebuke me not,  
 Withdraw the dreadful storm ;  
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
 Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul bows down with heavy cares,  
 My flesh with pain oppress'd ;  
 My couch is witness to my tears,  
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days ;  
 I waste the night with cries,  
 Counting the minutes as they pass,  
 'Till the slow morning rise.
- 4 Shall I be still tormented more ?  
 Mine eyes consum'd with grief ?  
 How long, my God, how long before  
 Thine hand affords relief ?
- 5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
 He pities all our groans ;  
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word  
 Restores our fainting breath ;  
 But silent graves praise not the Lord,  
 Nor is he known in death.

---

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.  
*Temptations in sickness overcome.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,  
 When thou with kindness dost chastise ;

- But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,  
O let it not against me rise !
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,  
And ease the sorrows that I feel ;  
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,  
O let thy gentler touches heal !
- 3 See how I pass my weary days  
In sighs and groans : and when 'tis night,  
My bed is water'd with my tears,  
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the pow'rs of nature mourn !  
How long, Almighty God, how long ?  
When shall thine hour of grace return ?  
When shall I make thy grace my song ?
- 5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,  
My thoughts are tempted to despair ;  
But graves can never praise the Lord,  
For all is dust and silence there.
- 6 Depart ye tempters from my soul ;  
And all despairing thoughts depart ;  
My God, who hears my humble moan,  
Will ease my pain, and cheer my heart.

---

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

*God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.*

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heav'nly Friend,  
My hope in thee, my God ;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those who seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury, they  
My soul in pieces tear,  
As hungry lions rend the prey  
When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If I have e'er provok'd them first,  
Or once abus'd my foe,

- Then let him tread my life to dust,  
And lay mine honour low.
- 4 If there be malice found in me,  
I know thy piercing eyes;  
I should not dare appeal to thee,  
Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
Their pride and pow'r controul;  
Awake to judgment, and command  
Deliv'rance for my soul.

## P A U S E.

- 6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage  
Be humbled to the dust :  
Shall not the God of truth engage  
To vindicate the just ?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,  
He will defend th' upright :  
His sharpest arrows he ordains  
Against the sons of spite.
- 8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,  
But there themselves are cast ;  
My God makes all their mischief light  
On their own heads at last.]
- 9 That cruel persecuting race,  
Must feel his dreadful sword ;  
Awake my soul, and praise the grace  
And justice of the Lord.

## P S A L M VIII. Short Metre.

*God's sovereignty and goodness ; and man's dominion  
over the creatures.*

- 1 **O** Lord, our heav'nly King,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

- 2 When to thy works on high,  
I raise my wond'ring eyes,  
And see the moon, complete in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies.
- 3 When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms,  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so ?  
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,  
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,  
While beasts like slaves obey,  
And birds that cut the air with wings,  
And fish that cleave the sea.  
How rich thy bounties are !  
And wond'rous are thy ways :  
Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame  
A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouth of babes  
And sucklings thou canst draw  
Surprising honours to thy name !  
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
Thy name is all divine ;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

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P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*Christ's condescension and glorification ; or, God made man.*

- 1 **O** Lord, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name !  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.

- 2 When I behold thy works on high,  
The moon that rules the night,  
And stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so !
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form,  
Made lower than his angels are,  
To save a dying worm ?
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,  
And men would not adore,  
Th' obedient seas and fishes own  
His Godhead and his power.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;  
And fish at his command,  
Bring their large shoals to *Peter's* net,  
Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son  
Shone through the fleshly cloud ;  
Now we behold him on his throne,  
And men confess him God.]
- 8 Let him be crown'd with majesty  
Who bow'd his head to death ;  
And be his honours founded high,  
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great  
Is thine exalted name !  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.
-

P S A L M VIII. 1st Part. Long Metre.

Paraphrased.

*The Hofanna of the children; or Infants praising God.*

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,  
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,  
And thine eternal glories rise  
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young  
A monument of honour raise;  
And babes with uninstructed tongue,  
Declare the wonders of thy praise.
- 3 Thy pow'r assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.
- 4 Children amidst thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face;  
The Son of *David* is their song,  
And young *Hofannas* fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests  
In vain their impious cavils bring;  
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,  
Whilst *Jewish* babes proclaim their King.

P S A L M VIII. 2d Part. Long Metre.

Paraphrased.

*Adam and Christ, Lords of the old and new crea-  
tion.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,  
*Adam*, the offspring of the dust,  
That thou shouldst set him and his race,  
But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
And make him lord of all below;

- Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,  
 And lay the fishes at his feet ?
- 3 But O! what brighter glories wait  
 To crown the second *Adam's* state !  
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,  
 Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made !  
 See him in dust among the dead,  
 To save a ruin'd world from sin ;  
 But he shall reign with pow'r divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all  
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,  
 New made and glorious shall submit  
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

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P S A L M IX. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.*

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim,  
 Thou sovereign Judge of right and wrong,  
 Wilt put my foes to shame.
- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace ;  
 My God prepares his throne  
 To judge the world in righteousness,  
 And make his vengeance known.
- 3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove,  
 For all who are oppress'd ;  
 To save the people of his love,  
 And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men who know thy name will trust  
 In thy abundant grace ;  
 For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,  
 Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,  
 Who dwells on *Zion's* hill,

Who executes his threat'ning word,  
And doth his grace fulfil.

P S A L M IX. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The wisdom and equity of providence.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,  
Shall once inquire for blood ;  
The humble souls who mourn in dust,  
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 He from the dreadful gates of death  
Does his own children raise :  
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath  
They sing their father's praise..
- 3 His foes shall fall with heedless feet  
Into the pit they made ;  
And sinners perish in the net  
Which their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty GOD,  
Are thy deep counsels known :  
When men of mischief are destroy'd,  
The snare must be their own.

P A U S E.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;  
Thy wrath devour the lands  
That dare forget thee, or rebel  
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,  
And wait, and long complain,  
Their cries shall never be forgot,  
Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- 7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
To judge and save the poor ;  
Let nations tremble at thy feet,  
And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
And put their hearts to pain,

Make them confess that thou art GOD,  
And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X. Common Metre.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, pride, atheisms  
and oppression punished.*

For a humiliation day.

1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far?  
And why conceal his face,  
When great calamities appear,  
And times of deep distress?

2 Lord shall the wicked still deride  
Thy justice and thy pow'r?  
Shall they advance their heads in pride,  
And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,  
And then insult the poor;  
They boast in their exalted height,  
That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O Lord, lift up thine hand,  
Attend our humble cry;  
No enemy shall dare to stand  
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

Why do the men of malice rage,  
And say with foolish pride,  
*The God of heav'n will ne'er engage  
To fight on Zion's side.*

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;  
And pow'rful is thy hand,  
As when the *Heathens* felt thy sword,  
And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,  
And cause thine ear to hear,  
Hearken to what thy children say,  
And put the world in fear.

- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,  
 No more despise the just ;  
 And mighty sinners shall confess  
 They are but feeble dust.
- 

P S A L M XI. Long Metre.

*God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y refuge is the God of love ;  
 Why do my foes insult and cry,  
*Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,*  
*To distant woods or mountains fly ?*
- 2 If government be once destroy'd  
 (That firm foundation of our peace)  
 And violence makes justice void,  
 Where shall the righteous seek redress ?
- 3 The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,  
 His eye surveys the world below ;  
 To him all mortal things are known ;  
 His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his faints so far,  
 To prove their love and try their grace,  
 What may the bold transgressors fear !  
 His very soul abhors their ways.
- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain  
 Tempests of brimstone, fire and death,  
 Such as he kindled on the plain  
 Of *Sodom*, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls.  
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,  
 And with a gracious eye beholds  
 The men who his own image bear.
-

## P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The saint's safety and hope in evil times; or, sins of the tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy, falsehood, &c.*

- 1 **L** ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,  
Virtue and truth will fly away;  
A faithful man among us here  
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole discourse when neighbours meet  
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;  
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,  
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound,  
Shall not maintain their triumph long:  
The God of vengeance will confound  
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 *Yet shall our words be free, they cry:  
Our tongues shall be controul'd by none:  
Where is the Lord will ask us why?  
Or say, our lips are not our own?*
- 5 The Lord who sees the poor oppress'd,  
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,  
Will rise to give his children rest,  
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,  
Void of deceit shall still appear;  
Not silver sev'n times purify'd  
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour,  
Defend the holy soul from harm:  
Though when the vilest men have pow'r,  
On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, the promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.*

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,  
Religion loses ground!  
The sons of violence prevail,  
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they brake,  
Yet act the flatt'rer's part;  
With fair deceitful lips they speak,  
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie,  
How is their fury stirr'd!  
*Are not our lips our own, they cry,  
And who shall be our Lord?*
- 4 Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,  
Where a vile race of men  
Are rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,  
And bears the sword in vain.

P A U S E.

- 5 Lord, when iniquities abound,  
And blasphemy grows bold,  
When faith is hardly to be found,  
And love is waxing cold:
- 6 Is not thy chariot hastning on?  
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?  
May we not trust and live upon  
A promise so divine?
- 7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,  
" And make oppressors flee;  
" I shall appear to their surprise,  
" And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver sev'n times try'd,  
Thro' ages shall endure:

The men who in thy truth confide,  
Shall find thy promise sure.

---

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*Pleading with God under desertion; or, hope in  
darkness.*

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain  
Like one who seeks his God in vain?  
Can'st thou thy face for ever hide,  
And I still pray and be deny'd?
- 2 Shall I for ever be forgot,  
As one whom thou regardest not?  
Still shall my soul thy absence mourn?  
And still despair of thy return?
- 3 How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd?  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
- 4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief;  
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.
- 5 How will the pow'rs of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost!  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.
- 6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

---

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

*Complaint under temptations of the devil.*

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?  
**H** My God, how long delay?

- When shall I feel those heav'nly rays  
Which chase my fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring soul  
Wrestle and toil in vain ?  
Thy word can all my foes controul,  
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries  
All his malicious arts ;  
He spreads a mist around my eyes,  
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,  
My soul in safety keep ;  
Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd  
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud,  
If I become his prey !  
Behold the sons of hell grow proud  
At thy so long delay !
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,  
And Satan hide his head :  
He knows the terrors of thy look,  
And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace  
Where all my hopes have hung ;  
I shall employ my lips in praise,  
And vict'ry shall be fung.

---

P S A L M XIV. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*By nature all men are sinners.*

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,  
“ That all religion's vain ;  
“ There is no God who reigns on high,  
“ Or minds th' affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane,  
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;

And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord from his celestial throne,  
Look'd down on things below,  
To find the man who sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray ;  
Their practice all the same :  
There's none who fears his Maker's hand ;  
There's none who loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit ;  
Their flanders never cease ;  
How swift to mischief are their feet !  
Nor know the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In all our hearts are found ;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
'Till grace refine the ground.

---

P S A L M XIV. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The folly of persecutors.*

1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,  
That they thy saints devour ;  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful pow'r ?

2 Great God ! appear to their surprisè,  
Reveal thy dreadful name !  
Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just ?  
And yet our foes deride,  
That we should make thy name our trust :  
Great God ! confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come,  
To finish our distress !

When God shall bring his children home,  
Our songs shall never cease.

*P S A L M XV. Common Metre.*

*Characters of a saint ; or, a citizen of Zion ; or, the qualifications of a christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,  
O God of holiness ?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man who walks in pious ways,  
And works with righteous hands,  
Who trusts his Maker's promises,  
And follows his commands.
- 3 Who speaks the meaning of his heart,  
Nor slanders with his tongue ;  
Will not promote an ill report,  
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 Who wealthy sinners still contemns,  
Loves all who fear the Lord ;  
And though to his own hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his word.
- 5 Whose hands disdain a golden bribe,  
And never gripe the poor :  
This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
And find his heav'n secure.

*P S A L M XV. Long Metre.*

*Religion and justice, goodness and truth ; or, duties to God and man ; or, the qualifications of a christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heav'nly place,  
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?  
The man who minds religion now,  
And humbly walks with God below.
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;  
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

No flanders dwell upon his tongue ;  
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

- 3 [Who will not trust an ill report,  
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt :  
Sinners of state he can despise,  
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- 4 Firm to his word he ever stood,  
And always makes his promise good ;  
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,  
Whatever pain or iofs he bears.
- 5 [He never deals in bribing gold,  
And mourns that justice should be sold :  
While others gripe and grind the poor,  
Sweet charity attends his door.]
- 6 He loves his enemies, and prays  
For those who curse him to his face :  
And doth to all men still the same  
Which he would hope or wish from them.
- 7 Yet, when his holiest works are done,  
His soul depends on grace alone :  
This is the man thy face shall see,  
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

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P S A L M XVI. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company ; or, good works profit men, not God.*

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,  
For succour to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead ;  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess  
How empty and how poor I am ;  
My praise can never make thee blest,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.

- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do ;  
'These are the company I keep,  
'These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth,  
To give a relish to their wine,  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

---

*P S A L M XVI. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
Christ's all-sufficiency.*

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,  
Who haste to seek some idol god ;  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon ;  
He for my life has offered up  
*Jesus*, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast ;  
By day his counsels guide me right :  
And be his name for ever blest,  
He gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes ;  
At my right hand he stands prepar'd  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

---

*P S A L M XVI. 3d Part. Long Metre.  
Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HEN God is nigh, my faith is strong,  
His arm is my almighty prop ;  
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 Though in the dust I lay my head,

- Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
 My soul for ever with the dead,  
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
 Shake off the dust and rise on high;  
 Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way  
 Up to thy throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow,  
 And full discov'ries of thy grace,  
 Which we but tasted here below,  
 Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

---

P S A L M XVI. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*Support and counsel from GOD, without merit.*

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from ev'ry foe:  
 In thee my trust I place,  
 Though all the good which I can do,  
 Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,  
 The saints may profit by't;  
 The saints, the glory of the earth,  
 The men of my delight.
- 3 Let *Heathens* to their idols haste,  
 And worship wood or stone;  
 But my delightful lot is cast  
 Where the true God is known.
- 4 His hand provides my constant food,  
 He fills my daily cup:  
 Much am I pleas'd with present good,  
 But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy;  
 His counsels are my light;  
 He gives me sweet advice by day,  
 And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve  
 To his all-seeing eye;

Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move,  
 While such a Friend is nigh.

P S A L M XVI. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The death and resurrection of CHRIST.*

- 1 “ **I** SET the Lord before my face,  
 “ He bears my courage up;  
 “ My heart and tongue their joys express,  
 “ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave  
 “ Where souls departed are;  
 “ Nor quit my body to the grave,  
 “ To see corruption there.
- 3 “ Thou wilt reveal the path of life,  
 “ And raise me to thy throne;  
 “ Thy courts immortal pleasures give,  
 “ Thy presence joy unknown.”
- 4 [Thus in the name of *CHRIST*, the Lord,  
 The holy *David* sung,  
 And providence fulfils the word  
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 *JESUS*, whom ev’ry saint adores,  
 Was crucify’d and slain:  
 Behold the tomb its prey restores!  
 Behold he lives again!
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand  
 On heav’n’s eternal hills?  
 There sits the Son at God’s right hand,  
 And there the Father smiles.]

P S A L M XVII. Short Metre.

*Portion of saints and sinners; or, hope and despair in death.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,  
 And make the wicked flee;

They are but thy chastising rod  
To drive thy faints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,  
His haughty words are vain ;  
Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,  
And boast of all his store ;  
The Lord is my inheritance,  
My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face  
Of my forgiving God ;  
And stand complete in righteousness,  
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heav'n begun  
When I awake from death,  
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,  
And draw immortal breath.

---

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

*The sinner's portion and saint's hope ; or, the heaven  
of separate souls, and the resurrection.*

1 **L**ORD, I am thine : but thou wilt prove  
My faith, my patience, and my love ;  
When men of spite against me join,  
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lie below ;  
'Tis all the happiness they know,  
'Tis all they seek ; they take their shares,  
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine :  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go,

Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I 'wake and find me there ?

- 5 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 my soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,  
'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;  
Then burst the chains with sweet surprize,  
And in my Saviour's image rise.

---

*P S A L M XVIII. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*Deliverance from despair ; or, temptations overcome.*

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence ;  
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
For I have found salvation thence.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave  
Stood round me with their dismal shade ;  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the op'ning gates of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there,  
Which none but those who feel, can tell,  
While I was hurry'd to despair.
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,  
When I could scarce believe him mine :  
He bow'd his ear to my complaint :  
Then did his grace appear divine.
- 5 [With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a cherub's wing he rode ;  
Awful and bright, as lightning, shone  
The face of my deliv'rer God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
(The blast of his almighty breath ;)

He sent salvation from no high  
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

- 7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
Much was their strength, and more their rage;  
But *Christ*, my Lord, is Conqu'ror still,  
In all the wars which devils wage.
- 8 My song for ever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour;  
And give the glory to the Lord,  
Due to his mercy and his pow'r.

---

P S A L M XVIII. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
*Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

- 1 **L** ORD, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
Hast made thy truth and love appear;  
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,  
I've walk'd upright before thy face;  
Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas ever with a broken heart.
- 3 What fore temptations broke my rest!  
What wars and strugglings in my breast!  
But through thy grace which reigns within,  
I guard against my darling sin.
- 4 That sin which close besets me still,  
Which works and strives against my will;  
When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r  
Destroy it, that it rise no more.
- 5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord  
Deals out to mortals their reward:  
The kind and faithful soul shall find  
A God as faithful and as kind.]
- 6 The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just than they:

And men who love revenge shall know  
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

*P S A L M XVIII. 3d Part. Long Metre.*

*Rejoicing in God : or, salvation and triumph.*

- 1 **J**UST are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great Rock of my secure abode ;  
Who is a God beside the Lord ?  
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis he who girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield ;  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives (and blessed be my Rock)  
The God of my salvation lives ;  
The dark designs of hell are broke ;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.
- 4 Before the scoffers of the age  
I will exalt my Father's name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach and bear the shame.
- 5 To *David* and his royal seed,  
Thy grace for ever shall extend ;  
Thy love to saints in *Christ* their Head  
Knows not a limit nor an end.

*P S A L M XVIII. 1st Part. Common Metre.*

*Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.*

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,  
Now is thine arm reveal'd ;  
'Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,  
Our bulwark and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,  
And find a sure defence ;

- His holy name our lips invoke,  
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our Leader shines in arms,  
What mortal heart can bear  
The thunder of his loud alarms?  
The lightning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,  
And angels in array,  
In millions wait to know his mind,  
And swift as flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke  
Whole armies are dismay'd;  
His voice, his frown, his angry look,  
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'ral's for the field,  
With all their dreadful skill;  
Gives them his awful sword to wield,  
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 [He arms our captains for the fight,  
Though there his name's forgot;  
(He girded *Cyrus* with his might,  
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest  
For his own churches sake;  
The pow'rs which give his people rest,  
Shall of his care partake.]

---

P S A L M XVIII. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The conqueror's song.*

- 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 How have we chas'd them through the field,  
 And trod them to the ground,  
 While thy salvation was our shield,  
 But they no shelter found !
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry ;  
 They perish in their blood ;  
 Where is a rock so great, so high,  
 So pow'rful as our God ?
- 5 The Rock of *Isr'el* ever lives,  
 His name be ever blest ;  
 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,  
 And gives his people rest.
- 6 On kings who reign as *David* did,  
 He pours his blessings down ;  
 Secures their honours to their seed,  
 And well supports their crown.

---

P S A L M XIX. 1st Part. Short Metre,  
*The book of nature and scripture.*

For a Lord's-day morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky  
 Declares its Maker, God,  
 And all the starry works on high  
 Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light  
 Still keep their course the same ;  
 While night to day, and day to night,  
 Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry diff'rent land  
 Their gen'ral voice is known :  
 They shew the wonders of his hand,  
 And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye christian lands rejoice,  
 Here he reveals his word ;

We are not left to nature's voice.

To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands,  
Are set before our eyes,  
He puts his gospel in our hands,  
Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,  
His truth without deceit;  
His promises for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste.  
Affords so much delight,  
Nor gold which has the furnace pass'd,  
So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,  
Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God, my King,  
In my Redeemer's name.]

*P S A L M XIX. 2d. Part. Short Metre.*

*GOD'S word most excellent: or, sincerity and watchfulness.*

For a Lord's-day morning.

1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,  
It spreads diviner light,  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just,  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain  
 Are thy directions giv'n!  
 O may I never read in vain,  
 But find the path to heav'n.

P A U S E.

5 I hear thy word with love,  
 And I would feign obey;  
 Send thy good Spirit from above  
 To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find  
 The errors of his ways;  
 Yet with a bold presumptuous mind  
 I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,  
 Forgive my secret faults,  
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue  
 I spread thy praise abroad;  
 Accept the worship and the song,  
 My Saviour and my God.

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The books of nature and scripture compared; or, the  
 glory and success of the gospel.*

1 **T**HE heav'ns declare 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 The rolling sun, the changing light,  
 And nights and days thy pow'r confess;  
 But the blest volume thou hast writ  
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
 So when thy truth began its race,

It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
 'Till through the world thy truth has run ;  
 'Till *CHRIST* has all the nations blest,  
 Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 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.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,  
 In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n :  
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

*P S A L M XIX. Particular Metre.*

*The book of nature and scripture.*

- G**REAT GOD, the heav'n's well order'd frame  
 Declares the glories of thy name :  
 There thy rich works of wonder shine ;  
 A thousand starry beauties there,  
 A thousand radiant marks appear  
 Of boundless pow'r, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,  
 The dawning and the dying light,  
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;  
 With silent eloquence they raise  
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,  
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run  
 Far as the journies of the sun,  
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice :  
 The sun like some young bridegroom dress'd,  
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,  
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,  
 He smiles and speaks his Maker God ;

All nature joins to shew thy praise :  
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;  
 Fair is the book of nature's lines ;  
 But fairer is thy book of grace.

*P A U S E.*

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;  
 What light and joy these leaves afford  
 To souls benighted and distressed !  
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discov'ries of thy law  
 The perfect rules of life I draw ;  
 These are my study and delight :  
 Not honey so invites the taste,  
 Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,  
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings 'wake my slumb'ring eyes,  
 And warn me where my danger lies ;  
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,  
 Which makes my guilty conscience clean,  
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
 And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errours of his thoughts ?  
 My God forgive my secret faults,  
 And from presumptuous sins restrain :  
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
 That I have read thy book of grace,  
 And book of nature not in vain.

---

*P S A L M XX. Long Metre.*

*Prayer and hope of victory.*

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of pow'r and grace  
 Attend his people's humble cry !  
*Jehovah* hears when *Isr'el* prays,

- And brings deliv'rance from on high.
- 2 The name of *Jacob's* God defends  
Better than shields of brazen walls ;  
He from his sanctuary sends  
Succour and strength when *Zion* calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,  
His love exceeds our best deserts :  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
And in the name of *Isr'el's* God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts :  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 [O may the mem'ry of thy name  
Inspire our armies for the fight !  
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,  
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,  
'Till thy salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.

---

P S A L M XXI. Long Metre.

*Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his strength,  
Rais'd to the throne by special grace ;  
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,  
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great is the *Messiah's* joy  
In the salvation of thy hand !  
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,

- And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,  
Nor doth the least request withhold ;  
Blessings of love prevent him still,  
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine  
Around his sacred temples shine,  
Blest with the favour of thy face,  
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes,  
And as the fiery oven glows  
With raging heat and living coals,  
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

---

P S A L M XXII. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The sufferings and death of Christ.*

- 1 **W**HY has my God my soul forsook,  
Nor will a smile afford ?  
(Thus *David* once in anguish spoke,  
And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis my chief delight to dwell  
Among thy praising saints,  
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,  
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,  
And great deliv'rance found ;  
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,  
And trodden to the ground,
- 4 Shaking the head, they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn ;  
" In vain he trusts in God, they cry,  
" Neglected and forlorn."
- 5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh,  
By thine almighty word,  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord.

- 6 Why will my Father hide his face,  
When foes stand threat'ning round,  
In the dark hour of deep distress,  
And not an helper found ?
- P A U S E.
- 7 Behold thy Darling left among  
The cruel and the proud,  
As bulls of *Bashan*, fierce and strong,  
As lions roaring loud.
- 8 From earth and hell, my sorrows meet  
To multiply the smart ;  
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,  
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose  
The rage of earth and hell,  
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise  
The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,  
Withhold this bitter cup :  
But I resign my will to thee,  
And drink the sorrows up.
- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,  
In groans I waste my breath :  
Thy heavy hand hath brought me down  
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,  
And trust it in thy hand ;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,  
And rise at thy command.

---

P S A L M XXII. *2d Part.* Common Metre.  
*Christ's sufferings and kingdom.*

- 1 "N OW from the roaring lion's rage,  
" O Lord, protect thy Son,  
" Nor leave thy Darling to engage  
" The pow'rs of hell alone."

- 2 Thus did our suff'ring Saviour pray  
 With mighty cries and tears :  
 God heard him in that dreadful day,  
 And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
 His throne's exalted high :  
 And all the kindreds of the earth  
 Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A num'rous offspring must arise  
 From his expiring groans ;  
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes  
 For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see  
 His table richly spread ;  
 And all who seek the Lord shall be  
 With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness  
 Of our incarnate God,  
 And nations yet unborn profess  
 Salvation in his blood.

---

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

*Christ's sufferings and exaltation.*

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record  
 The dying sorrows of our Lord ;  
 When he complain'd in tears and blood,  
 As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The *Jews* beheld him thus forlorn,  
 And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn ;  
 " He rescu'd others from the grave,  
 " Now let him try himself to save.
- 3 " This is the man did once pretend  
 " God was his Father and his Friend ;  
 " If God the blessed lov'd him so,  
 " Why doth he fail to help him now ?"

- 4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!  
How they stood round like savage beasts;  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their pow'r.
- 3 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
'Till streams of blood each other meet;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.
- 6 But God, his Father heard his cry;  
Rais'd from the dead, he reigns on high;  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

---

*P s A L M XXIII. Long Metre.*

*God our Shepherd.*

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord:  
Now shall my wants be well supply'd;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.
- 2 In pastures where salvation grows,  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food divinely blest.
- 3 My wand'ring feet his ways mistake;  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.
- 4 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps,  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

- 6 The sons of earth, and sons of hell,  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well,  
With living bread, and cheerful wine.
- 7 {How I rejoice, when on my head  
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!  
'Tis a divine anointing shed,  
Like oil, of gladness at a feast.
- 8 Surely the mercies of the Lord  
Attend his household all their days:  
There will I dwell to hear his word,  
To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,  
*Jehovah* is his name; ...  
In pastures fresh he makes me feed,  
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back,  
When I forsake his ways,  
And leads me for his mercy's sake,  
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,  
Thy presence is my stay:  
A word of thy supporting breath  
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in spite of all my foes,  
Doth still my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God  
Attend me all my days;  
O may thy house be mine abode,  
And all my work be praise!
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,  
(While others go and come)

No more a stranger or a guest,  
But like a child at home.

---

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,  
I shall be well supply'd:  
Since he is mine, and I am his,  
What can I want beside?
- 2 He leads me to the place  
Where heav'nly pasture grows,  
Where living waters gently pass,  
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,  
He doth my soul reclaim,  
And guides me in his own right way,  
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,  
I cannot yield to fear;  
'Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,  
My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,  
Thou dost my table spread;  
My cup with blessings overflows,  
And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love  
Shall crown my foll'wing days;  
Nor from thy house will I remove,  
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

---

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

*Dwelling with God.*

1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With *Adam's* num'rous race:  
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.

- 2 But who among the sons of men  
 May visit thine abode?  
 He who has hands from mischief clean,  
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 This is the man may rise and take  
 The blessings of his grace :  
 This is the lot of those who seek  
 The God of *Jacob's* face.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,  
 To meet the Lord prepare,  
 Lift up their everlasting doors,  
 The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory, who can tell  
 The wonders of his might ?  
 He rules the nations ; but to dwell  
 With saints is his delight.

---

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

*Saints dwell in heaven ; or, CHRIST'S ascension.*

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,  
 And men, and worms, and beasts, and  
 He rais'd the building on the seas, [birds:  
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.
- 2 But there's a brighter place on high,  
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky :  
 Who shall ascend that blest abode,  
 And dwell so near his Maker God ?
- 3 He who abhors and fears to sin,  
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,  
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,  
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,  
 Who seek the God of *Jacob's* face ;  
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,  
 And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

- 3 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,  
Behold the King of glory nigh ;  
Who can this King of glory be ?  
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display  
To make the Lord our Saviour way ;  
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,  
The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead, he goes before,  
He opens heav'n's eternal door,  
To give his saints a blest abode  
Near their Redeemer and their God.

*P S A L M XXV. 1st Part. Short Metre.*

*Waiting for pardon and direction.*

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name ;  
Let not my foes who seek my blood,  
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,  
Persuade me to despair :  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light,  
'Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever longing eyes.
- 4 Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth ;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And ev'ry humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness sake  
 He saves my soul from shame ;  
 He pardons (though my guilt be great)  
 Through my Redeemer's name.

---

P S A L M XXV. 2d Part. Short Metre.

*Divine instruction.*

1 **W**HERE shall the man be found  
 Who fears t' offend his God,  
 Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,  
 And trembles at the rod ?

2 The Lord shall make him know  
 The secrets of his heart,  
 The wonders of his cov'nant show,  
 And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand  
 Are truth and mercy still,  
 With such as to his cov'nant stand,  
 And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease,  
 Before their Maker's face ;  
 Their seed shall taste the promises  
 In their extensive grace.

---

P S A L M XXV. 3d Part. Short Metre.

*Distress of soul ; or, backsliding and desertion.*

1 **M**INE eyes and my desire  
 Are ever to the Lord ;  
 I love to plead his promises,  
 And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
 Bring thy salvation near ;  
 When will thy hand release my feet  
 Out of the deadly snare ?

3 When shall the sov'reign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dang'rous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod !

4 The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe ;  
My spirit languishes, my heart  
Is desolate and low.

5 With ev'ry morning light  
My sorrow new begins ;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.

## P A U S E.

6 Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate !  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have plac'd my only trust  
In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again ;  
Of *Isr'el* it shall ne'er be said,  
He fought the Lord in vain.

## P S A L M XXVI. Long Metre.

*Self-examination ; or, evidences of grace.*

1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart ;  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit  
With men of vanity and lies :

- The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Among thy saints will I appear  
With hands well wash'd in innocence ;  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of *Christ* is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honours dwell ;  
There shall I hear thy holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have past  
Among the saints, and near my God.

*P* S A L M XXVII. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The church is our delight and safety.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too ;  
God 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 of joy and victory  
 Within thy temple sound.

P S A L M XXVII. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*Prayer and hope.*

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,  
 "Ye children seek my grace,"  
 My heart reply'd without delay,  
 "I'll seek my Father's face."
- 2 Let not thy face be hid from me,  
 Nor frown my soul away ;  
 God of my life, I fly to thee  
 In a distressing day.
- 3 Should friends and kindred near and dear,  
 Leave me to want or die,  
 My God would make my life his care ;  
 And all my need supply.
- 4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief  
 Had not my soul believ'd,  
 To see thy grace provide relief,  
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.
- 5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling faints,  
 And keep your courage up ;  
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
 And far exceed your hope.

P S A L M XXIX. Long Metre.

*Storm and thunder.*

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
 Give to the Lord, renown and pow'r,  
 Ascribe due honours to his name,  
 And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud,  
 Over the ocean and the land ;  
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,  
Lay the wide forest bare around ;  
The fearful hart and frighted hind,  
Leap at the terrour of the sound.
- 4 To *Lebanon* he turns his voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break ;  
'The mountains tremble at the noise,  
'The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord' sits Sov'reign on the flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King :  
And makes the church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts :  
Amid the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

---

P S A L M XXX. 1st Part. Long Metre.  
*Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.*

- 1 **I** WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,  
At thy command diseases fly ;  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave ?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye faints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is ;  
Let all your pow'rs rejoice and bless,  
While you record his holiness.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;  
His love is life and length of days ;  
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,  
The Morning-Star restores the joy.

---

P S A L M XXX. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
*Health, sickness and recovery.*

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night :

- Fondly I said within my heart,  
 "Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,  
 Which made my mountain stand so long :  
 Soon as thy face began to hide,  
 My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to thee my God !  
 "What canst thou profit by my blood ?  
 "Deep in the dust can I declare  
 "Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?
- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace ! I said,  
 "And bring me from among the dead :"  
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,  
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,  
 Are turn'd to joy and praises now ;  
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
 And ease and gladness gird me round.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name ;  
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n,  
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

P S A L M XXXI. 1<sup>st</sup> Part. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from death.*

- 1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,  
 My spirit I commit ;  
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 The passions of my hope and fear,  
 Maintain'd a double strife,  
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd  
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My time is in thy hand," I cry'd,  
 "Though I draw near the dust :"

Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.

- 4 O make thy reconciled face  
Upon thy servant shine,  
And save me for thy mercy's sake,  
For I'm intirely thine.

*P A U S E.*

- 5 ['Twas in my haste my spirit said,  
" I must despair and die,  
" I am cut off before thine eyes ;"  
But thou hast heard my cry.]

- 6 Thy goodness, how divinely free !  
How wond'rous is thy grace,  
To those who fear thy majesty,  
And trust thy promises !

- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,  
And sing his praises loud ;  
He'll lend his ear to your complaints,  
And recompence the proud.

---

*P S A L M XXXI. 2d Part. Common Metre.  
Deliverance from slander and reproach.*

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,  
My God, my help, my trust ;  
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,  
Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 " My life is spent with grief, I cry'd,  
" My years consum'd in groans,  
" My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,  
" And sorrow waites my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies, my name  
Was a mere proverb grown,  
While to my neighbours I became  
Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on ev'ry side  
Seiz'd and beset me round :

I to the throne of grace apply'd,  
And speedy rescue found.

*P A U S E.*

- 5 How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men!  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boasting vain!
- 6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,  
Shall thy pavillion hide,  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,  
Let me for ever dwell;  
No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,  
Secures a saint so well.

---

*P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.*

*Forgiveness of sins upon confession.*

- 1 **O** BLESSED souls are they  
Whose sins are cover'd o'er!  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives without deceit  
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,  
I felt a fest'ring wound,  
'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help in times of deep distress  
Is found in God alone.
-

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, confession and forgiveness.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin,  
But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,  
Hath made his garments clean!
- 2 Happy beyond expression, he  
Whose debts are thus discharg'd;  
And from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear.
- 4 While I my inward guilt suppress,  
No quiet could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And wrack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins reveal'd;  
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy love my pardon seal'd.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray,  
When like a raging flood,  
Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
Is a forgiving God.

---

P S A L M XXXII. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Repentance and free pardon; or, justification and sanctification.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, forever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,  
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,  
And cover'd with a Saviour's blood.

- 2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities ;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.
- 3 From guile his heart and lips are free ;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.
- 4 How glorious is that righteousness  
Which hides and cancels all his sins !  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

---

PSALM XXXII. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
*A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.*

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence and conceal  
My heavy guilt within my heart,  
What torment doth my conscience feel !  
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess ;  
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thy Holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall ev'ry humble soul,  
Make swift addresses to thy seat :  
When floods of huge temptations roll,  
There shall they find a blest retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark and storms appear ;  
And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

---

PSALM XXXIII. 1st Part. Common Metre.  
*Works of creation and providence.*

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you :

- Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness,  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread ;  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bade the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep ;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep.
- 5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand :  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.
- 6 He scorns the angry nation's rage,  
And breaks their vain designs ;  
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.

---

*P S A L M XXXIII. 2d Part. Common Metre:  
Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;  
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.
- 2 His eye, with infinite survey,  
Does the whole world behold ;  
He form'd us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mould.
- 3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force  
Of armies from the grave ;

Nor speed nor courage of an horse  
Can the bold rider save.

- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence ;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust,  
When plagues or famine spread ;  
His watchful eye secures the just,  
Among ten thousand dead.
- 6 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 XXXIII. 1st Part. Particular Metre.

*Works of creation and providence.*

- 1 **Y**E holy souls, in God rejoice,  
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice,  
Great is your theme, your songs be new ;  
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,  
His works of nature and of grace,  
How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Justice and truth he ever loves,  
And the whole earth his goodness proves,  
His word the heav'nly arches spread ;  
How wide they shine from north to south ;  
And by the spirit of his mouth  
Were all the starry armies made.
- 3 He gathers the wide flowing seas,  
Those wat'ry treasures know their place  
In the vast storehouse of the deep :  
He spake, and gave all nature birth,  
And fires, and seas, and heav'n and earth,  
His everlasting orders keep.

- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore  
 A God of such resistless pow'r,  
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage ;  
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands,  
 But his eternal counsel stands,  
 And rules the world from age to age.
- 

*P S A L M XXXIII. 2d Part. Particular Metre.  
 Creatures vain, and GOD all-sufficient.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord  
 Reveals the treasures of his word,  
 And builds his church, his earthly throne !  
 His eye the Heathen world surveys,  
 He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,  
 But God their Maker is unknown.
- 2 Let kings rely upon their host,  
 And of his strength the champion boast ;  
 In vain they boast, in vain rely ;  
 In vain we trust the brutal force,  
 Or speed, or courage of an horse,  
 To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,  
 Doth more secure defence afford,  
 When death, or dangers threat'ning stand :  
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,  
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,  
 When wars or famine waste the land.
- 4 In sickness or the bloody field,  
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,  
 Send us salvation from thy throne ;  
 We wait to see thy goodness shine ;  
 Let us rejoice in help divine,  
 For all our hope is God alone.
-

P S A L M XXXIV. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*God's care of the saints ; or, deliverance by prayer.*

- 1 **L**ORD I will blefs thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come let us all exalt his name ;  
I sought th' eternal God, and he  
Has not expos'd my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief.  
My secret groaning reach'd his ears ;  
He gave my inward pains relief,  
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine ;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men who serve the Lord :  
O fear and love him, all ye saints,  
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions pinch'd with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood ;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*Religious education ; or, instructions of piety.*

- 1 **C**HILDREN in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents hope, your parents joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.
- 2 If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,

- Restrain your feet from sinful ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.
- 3 The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries ;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence and lies,
- 4 To humble souls and broken hearts,  
God with his grace is ever nigh ;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.
- 5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death ;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath.

*P S A L M XXXIV. 1st Part. Common Metre.*

*Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.*

- 1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;  
How good are all his ways !  
Ye humble souls who use to pray,  
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,  
How a poor sinner cry'd,  
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,  
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,  
And endless fears arose,  
Like the loud billows of a flood,  
Redoubling all my woes.
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,  
With heavy groans and tears ;  
He gave my sharpest torments ease,  
And silenc'd all my fears,

- 5 [O sinners, come and taste his love,  
Come learn his pleasant ways,  
And let your own experience prove  
The sweetness of his grace.
- 6 He bids his angels pitch their tents  
Round where his children dwell ;  
What ills their heav'nly care prevents,  
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his ;  
His eye regards the just ;  
How richly blest their portion is  
Who make the Lord their trust !
- 8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger, roar,  
And famish in the wood ;  
But God supplies his holy poor,  
With ev'ry needful good.]

P S A L M XXXIV.. 2d Part.. Com. Metre.  
*Exhortations to peace and holiness.*

- 1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,  
And that your days be long,  
Let not a false or spiteful word  
Be found upon your tongue.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practice love;  
Pursue the works of peace :  
So shall the Lord your ways approve,  
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,  
His ears attend their cry :  
When broken spirits dwell in dust,  
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste  
Are sharp and tedious too ?  
The Lord who saves them all at last,  
Is their Supporter now.

- 5 Evil shall finite the wicked dead ;  
 But God secures his own :  
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,  
 Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood  
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,  
 Saints find a refuge in their God,  
 For he redeem'd their souls.

---

*P S A L M XXXV. 1st Part. Com. Metre.  
 Prayer and faith of persecuted saints : or, imprecations mixed with charity.*

- 1 **N**OW plead my cause, almighty God  
 With all the sons of strife ;  
 And fight against the men of blood,  
 Who fight against my life.
- 2 Draw out thy spear, and stop their way,  
 Lift thine avenging rod ;  
 But to my soul in mercy say,  
 “ I am thy Saviour God.”
- 3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
 And nets of mischief spread :  
 Plunge the destroyers in the pit  
 Which their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,  
 And slipp'ry be their ground ;  
 Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,  
 And all their rage confound.
- 5 They fly like chaff before the wind,  
 Before thine angry breath ;  
 The angel of the Lord behind,  
 Pursues them down to death.
- 6 They love the road that leads to hell ;  
 Then let the rebels die,  
 Whose malice is implacable  
 Against the Lord on high.

- 7 But if thou hast a chosen few  
 Among that impious race,  
 Divide them from the bloody crew,  
 By thy surprising grace.
- 8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice  
 To make thy wonders known !  
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,  
 And bless thee for my own.

---

P S A L M XXXV. 2d Part. Common Metre.  
*Love to enemies; or, the love of Christ to sinners*  
*typified in David.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the gen'rous love  
 Which holy *David* shows ;  
 Hark, how his sounding bowels move  
 To his afflicted foes !
- 2 When they are sick, his soul complains,  
 And seems to feel the smart ;  
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
 And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,  
 As for a brother dead !  
 And fasting mortify'd his soul,  
 While for their life he pray'd.
- 4 They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,  
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;  
 And double blessings on his head  
 The righteous God returns.
- 5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace !  
 Thus *Christ* the Lord appears ;  
 While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,  
 And pities them with tears.
- 6 He, the true *David*, *Isr'el's* King,  
 Blest and belov'd of God,  
 To save us rebels dead in sin,  
 Paid his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. Long Metre.

*The perfections and providence of GOD : or, general providence and special grace.*

- 1 **H**IGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;  
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,  
That veils and darkens thy designs,
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep ;  
Wise are the wonders of thine hands ;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share,  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;  
The sons of *Adam* in distress,  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.
- 5 From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast ;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our tastes.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promis'd in thy word.

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P S A L M XXXVI. Common Metre.

*Practical atheism exposed : or, the being and attributes of GOD asserted.*

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,  
And yet a God they own,  
My heart within me often says,  
“ Their thoughts believe there's none.”

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare  
 (Whate'er their lips profess)  
 God hath no wrath for them to fear,  
 Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes †  
 But there's a hast'ning hour,  
 When they shall see with sore surprise,  
 The terrors of thy pow'r.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,  
 Though mountains melt away ;  
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
 A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heav'ns' created rounds,  
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend ;  
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds  
 Where time and nature end.
- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,  
 Nor overlooks the beast ;  
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
 Thy children choose to rest.
- 7 [From thee when creature streams run low,  
 And mortal comforts die.  
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
 And raise our pleasures high.
- 8 Though all created light decay,  
 And death close up our eyes,  
 Thy presence makes eternal day,  
 Where clouds can never rise.]

P S A L M XXXVI. Short Metre.

*The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God : or,  
 practical atheism exposed.*

1 **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,  
 My heart within me cries,

- " He hath no faith of God within,  
 " Nor fear before his eyes."  
 2 [He walks a while conceal'd,  
 In a self-flatt'ring dream,  
 "Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,  
 Expose his hateful name.]  
 3 His heart is false and foul,  
 His words are smooth and fair;  
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,  
 And leaves no goodness there.  
 4 He plots upon his bed  
 New mischiefs to fulfil:  
 He fits his heart, his hands, and head  
 To practise all that's ill.  
 5 But there's a dreadful God,  
 Though men renounce his fear;  
 His justice hid behind a cloud,  
 Shall one great day appear.  
 6 His truth transcends the sky,  
 In heav'n his mercies dwell;  
 Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
 His anger burns to hell.  
 7 How excellent his love,  
 Whence all our safety springs!  
 O never let my soul remove  
 From underneath his wings!

P S A L M XXXVII. 1<sup>st</sup> Part. Com. Metre.

*The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or, the rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, the world's hatred, and the saint's patience.*

- 1 **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret  
 To see the wicked rise;  
 Or envy sinners waxing great  
 By violence and lies?

As flow'ry gra's cut down at noon,  
 Before the ev'ning fades,  
 So shall their glories vanish soon,  
 In everlasting shades.

Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
 And practise all that's good :  
 So shall I dwell among the just,  
 And he'll provide me food.

I to my God my ways commit,  
 And cheerful wait his will ;  
 Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet,  
 Shall my desires fulfil.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
 And make thy judgments known,  
 Fair as the light of dawning day,  
 And glorious as the noon.

The meek at last the earth possess,  
 And are the heirs of heav'n ;  
 True riches, with abundant peace,  
 To humble souls are giv'n.

*P A U S E.*

Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
 Nor let your anger rise,  
 Though providence should long delay  
 To punish haughty vice.

Let sinners join to break your peace,  
 And plot, and rage, and foam ;  
 The Lord derides them, for he sees  
 Their day of vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,  
 Have bent the murd'rous bow  
 To slay the men who fear the Lord,  
 And bring the righteous low.

My God shall break their bows, and burn  
 Their persecuting darts,

Shall their own swords against them turn ;  
And pain surprize their hearts.

*P s A L M XXXVII. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*

*Charity to the poor : or, religion in words and deeds.*

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold ?  
The meanest portion of the just,  
Exceeds the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay ;  
The faint is merciful, and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Among the sons of need ;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.
- 4 His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud ;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learn'd of God.
- 5 The law and gospel of the Lord,  
Deep in his heart abide ;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.
- 6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand  
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare ;  
They shall possess the promis'd land,  
And dwell for ever there.

*P s A L M XXXVII. 3d Part. Common Metre.*

*The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men  
Are order'd by thy will ;

Though they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves ;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home :  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
Nor fear when tyrants frown ;  
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

5 The haughty sinner I have seen,  
Not fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the ground,  
Destroy'd by hands unseen :  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,  
Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,  
His sev'ral steps attend ;  
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,  
And peaceful is his end.

---

P S A L M XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Guilt of conscience and relief: or, repentance and  
prayer for pardon and health.*

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

H

- 2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
My flesh is sorely prest ;  
Between the sorrow and the smart,  
My spirit finds no rest.
- 3 My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone ;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me t' atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea.  
My head still bending down :  
And I go mourning all the day  
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my pow'rs are whole ;  
The inward anguish makes me roar.  
The anguish of my soul,
- 6 All my desire to thee is known,  
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,  
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan  
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 7 Thou art my God, my only hope,  
My God will hear my cry,  
My God will bear my spirit up  
When *Satan* bids me die.
- 8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,  
My foes rejoice to see't ;  
They raise their pleasure and their pride,  
When they supplant my feet.
- 9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,  
And grieve for all my sin ;  
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be for ever nigh ;  
O Lord of my salvation haste,  
Before thy servant die.]

P S A L M XXXIX. 1st Part. Com. Metre.  
*Watchfulness over the tongue : or, prudence and zeal.*

- 1 **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord,  
 " Now will I watch my tongue,  
 " Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
 " Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay  
 With men of lives profane,  
 I'll set a double guard that day,  
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
 The pious thoughts I feel,  
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,  
 I'll not be over aw'd,  
 But let the scoffing sinners hear  
 That I can speak for God.

P S A L M XXXIX. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The vanity of man.*

- 1 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,  
 Thou Maker of my frame ;  
 I would survey life's narrow space,  
 And learn how frail I am.
- 2 A span is all that we can boast,  
 An inch or two of time ;  
 Man is but vanity and dust  
 In all his flow'r and prime.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move  
 Like shadows o'er the plain,  
 They rage and strive, desire and love,  
 But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,  
 Some dig for golden ore ;

- They toil for heirs they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then  
From creatures, earth and dust ?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recal ;  
I give my mortal int'rest up,  
And make my God my all.

---

P S A L M XXXIX. 3d Part. Com. Metre.  
*Sick-bed devotion : or, pleading without repining.*

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel ;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command ;  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word,  
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet may I plead with humble cries,  
Remove thy sharp rebukes :  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as the moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust ;  
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 [This mortal life decays apace,  
How soon the bubble's broke !  
ADAM and all his num'rous race  
Are vanity and smoke.]
- 6 I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were ;

- May I be well prepar'd to go,  
When I the summons hear.
- 7 But if my life be spar'd a while,  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,  
And I'll declare thy love.
- 

P S A L M XL. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*A song of deliverance from great distress.*

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,  
**I** He bow'd to hear my cry :  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds releas'd my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand  
In a new thankful song.
- 4 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.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love !  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great !  
We have not words nor hours enough  
Their numbers to repeat.
- 6 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart.
-

P S A L M XL. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The incarnation and sacrifice of CHRIST.*

**T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,  
 " Give your burnt off'rings o'er ;  
 " In dying goats and bullocks slain,  
 " My soul delights no more."

2. Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,  
 " My God, to do thy will ;  
 " Whate'er thy sacred books declare,  
 " Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 " Thy law is ever in my sight,  
 " I keep it near my heart ;  
 " Mine ears are open'd with delight  
 " To what thy lips impart."

4. And see, the blest Redeemer comes !  
 Th' eternal Son appears !  
 And at th' appointed time, assumes  
 The body God prepares !

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,  
 And much his truth he shew'd,  
 And preach'd the way of right'ousness,  
 Where great assemblies stood.

6 His father's honour touch'd his heart,  
 He pity'd sinners' cries,  
 And to fulfil a Saviour's part,  
 Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

7 No blood of beasts on altars shed,  
 Could wash the conscience clean,  
 But the rich sacrifice he paid,  
 Atones for all our sin.

8 Then was the great salvation spread,  
 And Satan's kingdom shook ;  
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed,  
 The serpent's head was broke.

## P S A L M XL. Long Metre.

*CHRIST our sacrifice.*

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought  
 Exceed our praise, surmount our  
 Should I attempt the long detail, [thought,  
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,  
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;  
 But thou hast set before our eyes,  
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo, thine eternal Son appears !  
 To thy demands he bows his ears ;  
 Assumes a body well prepar'd,  
 And well performs a work so hard.
- 4 “ Behold I come (the Saviour cries  
 With love and duty in his eyes)  
 “ I come to bear the heavy load  
 “ Offsins, and do thy will, my God.
- 5 “ ’Tis written in thy great decree,  
 “ ’Tis in thy book foretold of me,  
 “ I must fulfil the Saviour’s part ;  
 “ And lo ! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 “ I’ll magnify thy holy law,  
 “ And rebels to obedience draw,  
 “ When on my cross I’m lifted high,  
 “ Or on my throne above the sky.
- 7 “ The Spirit shall descend and show  
 “ What thou hast done, and what I do ;  
 “ The wond’ring world shall learn thy grace,  
 “ Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness.”

## P S A L M XLI. Long Metre.

*Charity to the poor : or, pity to the afflicted.*

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose bowels move,  
 And melt with pity to the poor,

- Whose soul by sympathizing love  
Feels what his fellow faints endure.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hands can do ;  
He in a time of gen'ral grief  
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,  
Around him multiply their dead.
- 4 Or, if he languish on his couch,  
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

---

P S A L M XLII. Common Metre.

*Desertion and hope : or, complaint of absence from  
public worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look ;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
And meet my God again ?  
So long an absence from thy face,  
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast ;  
The foe insults without controul,  
*And where's your God at last ?*
- 4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on ancient days ;  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.

- 5 But why my soul sunk down so far  
 Beneath this heavy load ?  
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
 And sin against my God ?
- 6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
 Can all my woes remove ;  
 For I shall yet before him stand,  
 And sing restoring love.

---

P S A L M XLII. Long Metre.

*Melancholy thoughts reproved: or, hope in affliction.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit sinks within me, Lord,  
 But I will call thy name to mind,  
 And times of deep distress record,  
 When I have found my God was kind.
- 2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise  
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread ;  
 Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,  
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.
- 3 Yet will the Lord command his love,  
 When I address his throne by day,  
 Nor in the night his grace remove ;  
 The night shall hear me when I pray.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,  
 And say, " My God, my heav'nly Rock,  
 " Why doth thy love so long forget  
 " The soul which groans beneath thy stroke ? "
- 5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,  
 Why should my soul indulge her grief,  
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too ;  
 He is my rest, my sure relief.
- 6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,  
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,  
 And lead me to thine holy hill,  
 My God, my most exceeding joy.

P S A L M XLIV. Common Metre.

*The church's complaint in persecution.*

- 1 **L** ORD, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of pow'r and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known ;  
Among them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,  
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n ;  
Nor have our steps declin'd the road  
Of duty thou hast giv'n.
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar  
With their destructive breath,  
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore  
Hard by the gates of death.

*P A U S E.*

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,  
As martyrs for thy cause,  
As sheep for slaughter bound, we lie,  
By sharp and bloody laws..
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?  
Why should we look like men abhorr'd,  
Or banish'd from thy face ?

- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,  
And still neglect our cries ?  
For ever hide thine heav'nly love  
From our afflicted eyes ?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,  
And dies upon the ground ;  
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
And all their pow'r confound,
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Saviour and our God ;  
We plead the honours of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.
- 

## P S A L M XLV. Short Metre.

*The glory of Christ ; the success of the gospel ; and  
the Gentile church.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,  
Thy beauties are divine ;  
Thy lips, with blessings overflow,  
And ev'ry grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,  
Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
And ride in majesty, to spread  
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t' obey,  
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,  
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right ;  
Thy throne shall ever stand ;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A sceptre in thine hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God,  
Hath, without measure, shed

- His Spirit like a joyful oil  
 T' anoint thy sacred head.
- 6 Behold, at thy right hand  
 The Gentile church is seen,  
 Like a fair bride in rich attire,  
 And princes guard the queen.
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,  
 Forget thy father's house ;  
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,  
 And pay the Lord thy vows.]
- 8 O let thy God and King  
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;  
 Thy children shall his honours sing  
 In palaces of joy.

---

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

*The personal glories and government of Christ.*

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King ;  
 His form divinely fair ;  
 None of the sons of mortal race  
 May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace  
 Upon thy lips is shed ;  
 Thy God with blessings infinite  
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,  
 Ride with majestic sway ;  
 Thy terrour shall strike through thy foes,  
 And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;  
 Thy word of grace shall prove  
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,  
 To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,  
 But mercy is thy choice ;

And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill  
With most peculiar joys.

---

P S A L M XLV. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*The glory of CHRIST, and power of the gospel.*

- 1 **N**OW be my heart inspir'd to sing  
The glories of my Saviour King,  
JESUS the Lord, 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 terrour 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 in thy hands;  
Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.
  - 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on my head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first born Son above the rest.
- 

P S A L M XLV. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*Christ and his church: or, the mystical marriage.*

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,  
Adorn'd with majesty and grace;

- He comes with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.
- 2 At his right hand, our eyes behold  
The queen array'd in purest gold:  
The world admires her heav'nly dress;  
Her robe of joy and righteousness!
- 3 He forms her beauties like his own,  
He calls and seats her near his throne;  
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.
- 4 So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee the fav'rite of his choice;  
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,  
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.
- 5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies,  
And all thy sons (a num'rous train)  
Each like a prince in glory reign.
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head;  
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;  
While we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescension of his love.

---

*P S A L M XLVI. 1st Part. Long Metre.  
The church's safety and triumph among national deso-  
lations.*

- 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 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd  
Down to the deep, and buried there;  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,

- While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 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.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all my raging fear controuls :  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 *Zion* enjoys her Monarch's love  
Secure against a threat'ning hour ;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M. XLVI. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*God fights for his church.*

- 1 **L**ET *Zion* in her King rejoice,  
Tho' tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise ;  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,  
And *Jacob's* God is still our aid :  
Behold the works his hands have wrought,  
What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, through all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease ;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame ;  
Keep silence all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God ;  
" I'll be exalted o'er the lands,

“ I will be known and fear'd abroad,  
 “ But still my throne in *Zion* stands.”

- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,  
 While we so near thy presence dwell,  
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing  
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

---

P S A L M XLVII. Common Metre.

*Christ ascending and reigning.*

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy  
 To God the sov'reign King !  
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,  
 And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high,  
 His heav'nly guards around,  
 Attend him rising through the sky,  
 With trumpets' joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,  
 Let mortals learn their strains :  
 Let all the earth his honours sing ;  
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound ;  
 Let knowledge lead the song ;  
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In *Isr'el* stood his ancient throne,  
 He lov'd that chosen race :  
 But now he calls the world his own,  
 And Heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,  
 There *Abra'm's* God is known,  
 While pow'rs and princes, shields and swords,  
 Submit before his throne.
-

P S A L M XLVIII. 1st Part. Short Metre.

*The church is the honour and safety of a nation.*

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,  
 And let his praise be great ;  
 He makes his churches his abode,  
 His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand !  
 The honours of our native place,  
 The bulwarks of our land.

3 In *Zion* God is known  
 A refuge in distress ;  
 How bright has his salvation shone  
 Through all her palaces.

4 When kings against her join'd,  
 And saw the Lord was there,  
 In wild confusion of the mind,  
 They fled with hasty fear.

5 When navies tall and proud  
 Attempt to spoil our peace,  
 He sends his tempests roaring loud,  
 And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

7 In ev'ry new distress  
 We'll to his house repair,  
 We'll think upon his wond'rous grace,  
 And seek deliv'rance there.

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P S A L M XLVIII. 2d Part. Short Metre.

*The beauty of the church: or, gospel-worship and order.*

1 FAR as thy name is known,  
 The world declares thy praise ;

- Thy faints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
 Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let *Judah* stand  
 On *Zion's* chosen hill,  
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
 And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk abroad  
 The city where we dwell,  
 Compass and view thine holy ground,  
 And mark the building well.
- 4 The orders of thy house,  
 The worship of thy court,  
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
 And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise ;  
 How glorious to behold !  
 Beyond the pomp which charms the eyes,  
 And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 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 XLIX.** *1st Part.* Common Metre.  
*Pride and death ; or, the vanity of life and riches.*

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow  
 To insolence and pride,  
 To see his wealth and honours flow  
 With ev'ry rising tide?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
 Made of the self-same clay,  
 And boast as though his flesh were born  
 Of better dust than they ?]
- 3 Not all his treasures can procure  
 His soul a short reprieve,

Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
Or make his brother live.

- 4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
The ransom is too high ?  
Justice will ne'er be brib'd wth gold,  
That man may never die.]
- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The tim'rous and the brave,  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
And hasten to the grave.
- 6 Yet, 'tis his inward thought and pride,  
" My house shall ever stand :  
" And that my name may long abide,  
" I'll give it to my land."
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
How soon his me m'ry dies !  
His name is written in the dust,  
Where his own carcase lies.

P A U S E .

- 8 This is the folly of their way ;  
And yet their sons as vain,  
Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.
- 9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,  
If honour raise them high,  
Live like a beast, a thoughtless race,  
And like a beast they die.
- 10 [Laid in the grave like filthy sheep,  
Death feeds upon them there,  
'Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,  
In terrour and despair.]

P S A L M XLIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.

*Death and the resurrection.*

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride who hate the just,  
And trample on the poor,

- When death has brought you down to dust,  
Your pomp shall rise no more.
- 2 The last great day shall change the scene ;  
When will that day appear ?  
When shall the just revive and reign  
O'er all who scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,  
When sep'rate from the flesh ;  
And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heav'n is my everlasting home,  
Th' inheritance is sure ;  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

---

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

*The rich sinner's death, and the saints resurrection.*

- 1 **W**HY do the proud insult the poor,  
And boast the large estates they have ?  
How vain are riches to secure  
Their haughty owners from the grave !
- 2 They can't redeem one hour from death,  
With all the wealth in which they trust !  
Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust,
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round :  
That flesh so delicately fed,  
Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
Laid in the grave for worms to eat !  
The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And find th' oppressor at their feet.
- 5 His honours perish in the dust,  
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood :

That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.

- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode ;  
My flesh and soul shall part no more :  
But dwell for ever near my God.
- 

P S A L M L. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The last judgment ; or, the saints rewarded.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
*Judgment will ne'er begin ;*  
No more abuse his long delay,  
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way,  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come :  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.
- 5 " But gather all my saints (he cries)  
" Who made their peace with God  
" By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
" Who seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 " Their faith and works brought forth to  
" Shall make the world confess [light,  
" My sentence of reward is right,  
" And heav'n adore my grace."
-

*P S A L M L. 2d Part. Common Metre.*

*Obedience is better than sacrifice.*

- T**HUS saith the Lord, “ The spacious fields,  
 “ And flocks and herds are mine,  
 “ O’er all the cattle of the hills,  
 “ I claim a right divine.
- 2 “ I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
 “ Nor bullocks burnt with fire ;  
 “ To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
 “ Is all that I require.
- 3 “ Call upon me when trouble’s near,  
 “ My hands shall set thee free ;  
 “ Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
 “ The honour due to me.
- 4 “ The man who offers humble praise,  
 “ He glorifies me best ;  
 “ And those who tread my holy ways,  
 “ Shall my salvation taste.”

*P S A L M L. 3d Part. Common Metre.*

*The judgment of hypocrites.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Christ* to judgment shall descend,  
 And saints surround their Lord,  
 He calls the nations to attend,  
 And hear his awful word.
- 2 “ Not for the want of bullocks slain,  
 “ Will I the world reprove ;  
 “ Altars and rites, and forms are vain,  
 “ Without the fire of love.
- 3 “ And what have hypocrites to do,  
 “ To bring their sacrifice ?  
 “ They call my statutes just and true,  
 “ But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 “ Could you expect to ’scape my sight,  
 “ And sin without controul ?

“ But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
 “ With anguish in your soul.”

- 4 Consider ye who slight the Lord,  
 Before his wrath appear ;  
 If once you fall beneath his sword,  
 There's no deliv'rer there.

---

P S A L M L. Long Metre.

*Hypocrisy exposed.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord the Judge his churches warns ;  
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,  
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms,  
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name  
 With lips of falshood and deceit ;  
 A friend or brother they defame,  
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,  
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;  
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,  
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,  
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;  
 By night they practise ev'ry sin,  
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,  
 They grow secure and sin the more ;  
 They think he sleeps as well as they,  
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
- 6 O dreadful hour when God draws near,  
 And sets their crimes before their eyes ;  
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,  
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.
-

*P S A L M L. 1st Part. Particular Metre.*

*The last judgment.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons forth,  
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;  
 From east to west the sounding orders spread  
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:  
 No more shall Athiests mock his long delay;  
 His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day!
- 2 Behold the Judge descends! his guards are nigh,  
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky;  
 Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near! let all things  
 come  
 To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom;  
 But gather first my faints (the Judge commands)  
 Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
- 3 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,  
 Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,  
 And sign'd with all their names; the *Greek,*  
 the *Jew,*  
 Who paid the ancient worship, or the new;  
 There's no distinction here; come, spread their  
 thrones,  
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
- 4 I their almighty Saviour, and their God,  
 I am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad  
 My just eternal sentence, and declare  
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear;  
 Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;  
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.
- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain  
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain  
 Without the flames of love: in vain the store  
 Of brutal offerings that were mine before;  
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,

Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where  
they feed.

- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food ?  
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's  
blood ?  
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,  
Thy solemn chatt'rings, and fantastick vows ?  
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,  
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?
- 7 Unthinking wretch ! how could'st thou hope  
to please  
A GOD, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?  
While with my grace and statutes on thy  
tongue,  
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ?  
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,  
Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,  
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er re-  
prove ?  
And cherish such an impious thought within,  
That God the righteous, would indulge thy sin ?  
Behold my terrors now ; my thunders roll,  
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
- 9 Sinners awake betimes ; ye fools be wise ;  
Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;  
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked  
works amend ;  
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your  
friend ;  
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear  
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

*P S A L M L. 2d Part. Particular Metre.*

*The last judgment.*

1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,

Calls the south nations, and awakes the north ;  
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,  
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.  
*The trumpet sounds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

2 No more shall Atheists mock his long delay ;  
His vengeance sleeps no more : behold the day !  
Behold the Judge descends ; his guards are nigh ;  
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.  
*When God appears, all nature shall adore him,  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

3 “ Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near : let all  
“ things come  
“ To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom ;  
“ But gather first my saints ; the Judge com-  
“ mands,  
“ Bring them ye angels, from their distant  
“ lands.”

*When CHRIST returns, wake ev'ry cheerful passion :  
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

4 “ Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,  
“ Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood—  
“ and sign'd with all their names ; the Greek  
“ [the Jew,  
“ Who paid the ancient worship or the new ;”  
*There's no distinction here, join all your voices,  
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heav'n rejoices:*

5 “ Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread  
their thrones.

“ And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons,  
“ Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd,  
“ Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.”

*When Christ returns, 'wake ev'ry cheerful passion :  
And shout ye saints, he comes for your salvation.*

*P A U S E* the first.

- 6 “ I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,  
“ I am the Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad  
“ My just eternal sentence, and declare  
“ Those awful truths, which sinners dread to  
“ hear.”

*When GOD appears, all nature shall adore him :  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him:*

- 7 “ Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and  
“ profane, [nings vain ;  
“ Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat-  
“ Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire;  
“ I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.”

*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heav'n rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices:*

- 8 “ Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,  
“ Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain  
“ Without the flames of love : in vain the store  
“ Of brutal offerings which were mine before.”

*Earth is the Lord's : all nature shall adore him ;  
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

- 9 “ If I werè hungry, would I ask thee food ?  
“ When did I thirst, or drink thy bullock's  
blood ?  
“ Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,  
“ Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where  
“ they feed.”

*All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation :  
Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.*

- 10 “ Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,  
“ Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows :  
“ Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to  
“ behold,

“ Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold !”

*God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

P A U S E the second.

11 “ Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou  
“ hope to please.

“ A GOD, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?

“ While with my grace and statutes on thy  
“ tongue, [wrong.”

“ Thou lov’st deceit, and dost thy brother  
*Judgment proceeds ; hell trembles ; heav’n rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

12 “ In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends ;

“ Thieves & adult’rers are thy chosen friends :

“ While the false flatt’rer at my altar waits,

“ His harden’d soul divine instruction hates.”

*God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises  
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

13 “ Silent I waited with long-suff’ring love,

“ But didst thou hope that I should ne’er  
reprove ?

“ And cherish such an impious tho’t within,

“ That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?”

*See God appears ; all nature join t’ adore him :*

*Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 “ Behold my terrours now ; my thunders roll,

“ And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul ;

“ Now, like a lion, shall my vengeance tear

“ Thy bleeding heart, and no deliv’rer near.”

*Judgment concludes ; hell trembles ; heav’n rejoices ;  
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

E P I P H O N E M A.

15 Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools be wise,

Awake before this dreadful morning rise :

Change your vain thoughts, your crooked  
works amend ;

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend :  
 Then join, ye saints ; 'wake ev'ry cheerful passion,  
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

P S A L M LI. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*A penitent pleading for pardon.*

- 1 **S**HEW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive ;  
 Let a repenting rebel live ;  
 Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
 May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass  
 The pow'r and glory of thy grace :  
 Great God thy nature hath no bound,  
 So let thy pard'ning love be found..
- 3 O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,  
 And make my guilty conscience clean :  
 Here on my heart the burden lies,  
 And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess.  
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
 I must pronounce thee just in death :  
 And if my soul were sent to hell,  
 Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 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.

P S A L M LI. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*Original and actual sin confessed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;  
 And born unholy and unclean ;

- Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.
2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- 3 [Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true ;  
O make me wise betimes, to spy  
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;  
My only refuge is thy grace :  
No outward forms can make me clean ;  
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 6 *Jesus*, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone ;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow,  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.
- 7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease ;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

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*P S A L M LI. 3d Part. Long Metre.*  
*The backslider restored : or, repentance and faith in*  
*the blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** THOU who 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 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin ;

- Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight ;  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore ;  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford :  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just ;  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save a soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;  
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace ;  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 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,

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*P S A L M LI. 1st Part. Common Metre.  
Original and actual sin, confessed and pardoned.*

- 1 **L**ORD, I would spread my sore distress  
And guilt before thine eyes !  
Against thy laws, against thy grace,  
How high my crimes arise !
- 2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,  
And crush my flesh to dust,

- Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,  
 And earth must own it just.
- 3 I from the stock of *Adam* came,  
 Unholy and unclean ;  
 All my original is shame,  
 And all my nature sin.
- 4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew  
 Contagion with my breath ;  
 And as my days advanc'd, I grew  
 A juster prey for death.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul  
 With thy forgiving love ;  
 O make my broken spirit whole,  
 And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,  
 Nor drive me from thy face ;  
 Create anew my vicious heart,  
 And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known  
 Before the sons of men ;  
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,  
 And turn to God again.

---

P S A L M LI. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy hear my call,  
 My load of guilt remove ;  
 Break down this separating wall,  
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,  
 Then my rejoicing tongue  
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,  
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,  
 For sin could e'er atone ;

The death of *Christ* shall still remain  
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,  
My God will ne'er despise:  
An humble groan, a broken heart,  
Is our best sacrifice.

---

P S A L M LIII. Common Metre.  
*Victory and deliverance from persecution.*

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of *Zion* fools,  
Who thus devour her saints?  
Do they not know her Saviour rules,  
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;  
For God's revenging arm  
Scatters the bones of those who rise  
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of *Satan* boast  
Of armies in array;  
When God has first despis'd their host,  
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from *Zion's* King,  
Her captives to restore!  
*Jacob* with all his tribes shall sing,  
And *Judah* weep no more.

---

P S A L M LV. Common Metre.  
*Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge! hear my cries,  
Behold my flowing tears,  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Their rage is level'd at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,  
To shake my hope in God.

- 3 With inward pain my heart-strings found,  
I groan with ev'ry breath :  
Horror and fear beset me round  
Among the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feather'd dove !  
And innocence had wings ;  
I'd fly and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home ;  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,  
To 'scape the rage of hell !  
The mighty God, on whom I call,  
Can save me here as well.

## P A U S E.

- 7 By morning-light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry ;  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,  
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear ;  
Or shield me when afraid :  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all ;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise ;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.
-

## P S A L M LV. Short Metre.

*Dangerous prosperity; or, daily devotion encouraged.*

- 1 **L**ET finners take their course,  
 And choose the road to death;  
 But in the worship of my God  
 I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne  
 When morning brings the light;  
 I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,  
 And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,  
 O my eternal God!  
 While finners perish in surprise,  
 Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,  
 And no sad changes feel,  
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,  
 Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,  
 Will lean upon the Lord;  
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,  
 And rest upon his word.
- 6 His arm shall well sustain  
 The children of his love;  
 The ground on which their safety stands,  
 No earthly pow'r can move.

## P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood: or, God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.*

- 1 **O** THOU, whose justice reigns on high,  
 And makes th' oppressor cease,  
 Behold how envious finners try  
 To vex and break my peace.

- 2 The sons of violence and lies,  
Join to devour me, Lord ;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.
- 3 In God 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 They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults ;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.
- 5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?  
Must their devices stand ?  
O cast the haughty sinner down,  
And let him know thy hand.
- P A U S E .*
- 6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
Their groans affect his ears ;  
Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
A bottle for my tears.
- 7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee ;  
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.
- 8 In 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.
- 9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
Thou shalt receive my praise ;  
I'll sing, " How faithful is thy word ;  
" How righteous all thy ways."
- 10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,  
O set a pris'ner free ?

That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for thee.

*P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.*

*Praise for protection, grace and truth.*

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
'Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform ;  
He sends his angels from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd ; my song shall raise  
Immortal honours to thy name ;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky ;  
His truth to endless years remain,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;  
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

*P S A L M LVIII. Particular Metre.*

*Warning to magistrates.*

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye dispise the righteous cause,  
When th' injur'd poor before you stands?

- Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
 While gold and greatness bribe your hands.
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew  
 That God will judge the judges too?  
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;  
 Yet you invade the rights of God,  
 And send your bold decrees abroad,  
 To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,  
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,  
 And death attends where'er it wounds:  
 You hear no counsels, cries nor tears;  
 So the deaf adder stops her ears  
 Against the pow'r of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,  
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;  
 And crush the serpents in the dust;  
 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,  
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,  
 So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,  
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,  
 Or snails that perish in their slime,  
 Or births that come before their time,  
 Vain births that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
 Safety and joy to saints afford;  
 And all who hear shall join and say,  
 "Sure there's a God who rules on high,  
 "A God who hears his children cry,  
 "And will their suff'rings well repay."

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

*On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.*

- 1 **L** ORD, hast thou cast the nation off,  
Must we for ever mourn?  
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?  
Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terrour of one frown of thine  
Melts all our strength away;  
Like men who totter, drunk with wine,  
We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Our *Zion* trembles at thy stroke,  
And dreads thy lifted hand!  
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,  
And save the sinking land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,  
For those who fear thy name;  
Save thy beloved with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Go with our armies to the fight,  
Like a confed'rate God;  
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite  
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand;  
'Tis God who treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand.

---

P S A L M LXI. Short Metre.

*Safety in God.*

- 1 **W** HEN overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies;  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 O lead me to the Rock  
That's high above my head,

And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide ;  
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot  
Of those who fear thy name ;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

---

P S A L M LXII. Long Metre.

*No trust in the creatures : or, faith in divine grace  
and power.*

- 1 **M**Y spirit looks to God alone ;  
My rock and refuge is his throne ;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face ;  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity ;  
Laid in the balance, both appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
" All power is his eternal due ;  
" He must be fear'd and trusted too."

- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,  
 Grace is a partner of the throne ;  
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
 Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The morning of a Lord's-day.*

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,  
 I haste to seek thy face ;  
 My thirsty spirit faints away  
 Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,  
 Beneath a burning sky,  
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
 And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r  
 Through all thy temple shine ;  
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
 That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast  
 Can please my soul so well,  
 As when thy richer grace I taste,  
 And in thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself with all its joys,  
 Can my best passions move ;  
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
 As thy forgiving love.
- 6 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. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*Midnight thoughts recollected.*

- 1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night  
 I thought upon thy pow'r,

- I kept thy lovely face in sight,  
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high ;  
*My God ! my life ! my hope, I said,*  
*Bring thy salvation nigh.*
- 3 My spirit labours up thine hill,  
And climbs the heav'nly road ;  
But thy right hand upholds me still,  
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings ;  
My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace  
Shall fret and rage in vain ;  
The tempter shall for ever cease,  
And all my sins be slain.
- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,  
And send them down to dwell  
In the dark caverns of the earth,  
Or to the depths of hell.

---

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after GOD : or, the love of GOD better than  
life.*

- 1 GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;  
The glories that compose thy name,  
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God ;  
And I am thine by sacred ties ;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 With early feet I love t' appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits, nor wines that tempt our taste,  
Nor all the joys our senses know,  
Could make me so divinely blest,  
Or raise my cheerful passion so.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love  
No taste of pleasure could afford;  
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight;  
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;  
This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

*P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.*

*Seeking God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, permit my tongue  
This joy to call thee mine;  
And let my early cries prevail  
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul  
Thy mercy does implore:  
Not travellers in desert lands  
Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,  
 I long to find my place,  
 Thy pow'r and glory to behold,  
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4 For life, without thy love  
 No relish can afford;  
 No joy can be compar'd with this,  
 To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I lift my hands,  
 And praise thee while I live;  
 Not the rich dainties of a feast  
 Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours of night,  
 I call my God to mind;  
 I think how wise thy counsels are,  
 And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,  
 To thee my spirit flies,  
 And on thy watchful providence  
 My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings  
 My soul in safety keeps:

[ I follow where my Father leads,  
 And he supports my steps.

---

P S A L M LXV. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Public prayer and praise.*

1 **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,  
 My God, and praise becomes thy house;  
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
 And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou whose mercy bends the skies,  
 To save when humble sinners pray,  
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
 And islands of the Northern sea.

- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain ;  
The blood of *Christ* will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.
- 4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to thee ;  
Give him a place within thy house,  
To taste thy love divinely free.

## P A U S E.

- 5 Let *Babel* fear when *Zion* prays ;  
*Babel* prepare for long distress,  
When *Zion's* God himself arrays  
In terrour and in righteoufness.
- 6 With dreadful glory, God fulfils  
What his afflicted faints request ;  
And with almighty wrath reveals  
His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run  
To *Zion's* hill, and own their Lord ;  
The rising and the setting sun,  
Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

## P S A L M LXV. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*Divine providence in air, earth and sea ; or, the  
God of nature and grace.*

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears  
The groans of *Zion* mix'd with tears,  
Yet when he comes with kind designs,  
Through all the way his terrour shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
Where the Creator's name is known,  
By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors who travel o'er the flood,  
Address their frightened souls to God:

- When tempests rage and billows roar,  
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempest cease,  
He calms the raging croud to peace ;  
When a tumultuous nation raves,  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.
- 5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form ;  
Mountains establish'd by his hand,  
Firm on their old foundation stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,  
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly ;  
The Heathen lands with sad surprize,  
From the bright horror turn their eyes.
- 7 At his command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day ;  
He guides the sun's declining wheels,  
Over the tops of western hills.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice,  
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,  
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flow'rs.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,  
He gives the thirsty ground supply ;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the vallies yield ;  
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array ;  
There lambs and larger cattle play ;  
The larger cattle and the lamb,  
Each in his language, speak thy name.

- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;  
 O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine ;  
 Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;  
 Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.
- 

*P S A L M LXV. 1st Part. Common Metre.  
 A prayer-bearing God, and the Gentiles called.*

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,  
 There shall our vows be paid ;  
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,  
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,  
 But pard'ning grace is thine,  
 And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill  
 To conquer ev'ry sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose,  
 To bring them near thy face,  
 Give them a dwelling in thine house,  
 To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,  
 Thy truth and terrour shine,  
 And works of dreadful righteousness  
 Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see  
 The Lord is good and just ;  
 And distant islands fly to thee,  
 And make thy name their trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,  
 When signs in heav'n appear ;  
 But they shall learn thy holy word,  
 And love as well as fear.
-

P S A L M LXV. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The providence of GOD, in air, earth and sea ; or,  
the blessing of rain.*

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,  
God of eternal pow'r!  
The sea grows calm at thy command,  
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light and ev'ning shade  
Successive comforts bring ;  
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,  
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,  
Heav'n, earth and air are thine ;  
When clouds distil their fruitful show'rs,  
The Author is divine.
- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,  
Borne by the winds around,  
With wat'ry treasures well supply  
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,  
And ranks of corn appear ;  
Thy ways abound with blessings still,  
Thy goodness crowns the year.

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P S A L M LXV. 3d Part. Com. Metre.

*The blessing of the spring : or, GOD gives rain.*

A Psalm for the husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth his care ;  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,  
Pour out, at thy command,

Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The vallies rich provision yield,  
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills, on ev'ry side,  
Rejoice at falling show'rs,  
The meadows dress'd in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods refresh'd with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop;  
'The parched grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,  
How bounteous are thy ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

P S A L M LXVI. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*Governing power and goodness; or, our grace tried  
by afflictions.*

- 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 which shakes the sky,  
"How terrible art thou!  
"Sinners before thy presence fly,  
"Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 [Come see the wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his ways!  
In *Moses'* hand he puts his rod,  
And cleaves the frightened seas.

- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,  
 While *Israel* pass'd the flood ;  
 There did the church begin their joy,  
 And triumph in their God.
- 5 He rules by his resistless might :  
 Will rebel mortals dare  
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
 And tempt that dreadful war ?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease,  
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise :  
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,  
 To make our graces shine ;  
 So silver bears the burning coals,  
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways,  
 We march at thy command,  
 Led to possess the promis'd place,  
 By thine unerring hand.

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P S A L M LXVI. 2d Part. Com. Metre.

*Praise to GOD for hearing prayer.*

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid  
 To that almighty pow'r,  
 Which heard the long requests I made  
 In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare  
 To make his mercies known ;  
 Come ye who fear my God, and hear  
 The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,  
 I sought his heav'nly aid ;  
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,  
 And death's eternal shade.

- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,  
 While pray'r employ'd my tongue,  
 The Lord had shewn me no regard,  
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 [But God, his name be ever blest,  
 Has set my spirit free;  
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,  
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.]

P S A L M LXVII. Common Metre.

*The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.*

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on "Zion" shine,  
 With beams of heav'nly grace;  
 Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,  
 And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our "realm" exalted high,  
 Do thou our glory stand,  
 And like a wall of guardian fire,  
 Surround the fav'rite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore,  
 Sound all the earth abroad,  
 And distant nations know and love  
 Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
 Sing loud with solemn voice;  
 "Let ev'ry" tongue exalt his praise,  
 And ev'ry heart rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,  
 Who sits enthron'd above,  
 Wisely commands the worlds he made,  
 In justice and in love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
 And yield a full increase;  
 Our God will crown his chosen "land"  
 With fruitfulness and peace.

- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favours here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Should see, adore, and fear.

*P S A L M LXVIII. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*The vengeance and compassion of God.*

- 1 **G**OD will arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight :  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies,  
Before the rising tempest flies.
- 2 [He comes array'd in burning flames,  
Justice and vengeance are his names ;  
Behold his fainting foes expire  
Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky,  
His name **J E H O V A H** sounds on high ;  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,  
Ye saints rejoice before his face.
- 4 The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress ;  
In him the poor and helpless find  
A judge that's just, a father kind.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And pris'ners see the light again ;  
But rebels who dispute his will,  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

*P A U S E.*

- 6 Kingdoms 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.
- 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;  
How terrible is God in arms ;  
In *Isr'el* are his mercies known,  
*Is'el* is his peculiar throne.

- 8 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.

*P S A L M LXVIII. 2d Part. Long Metre.*

*Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.*

- 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 to attend thy state.
- 2 Not *Sinai's* mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there ;  
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,  
Which thousand souls had captive 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.

*P S A L M LXVIII. 3d Part. Long Metre.*

*Praise for temporal blessings ; or, commen and spiritual mercies.*

- 1 **W**E blest 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 helps the weak and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the faint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love ;  
But the wide diff'rence that remains,  
Is endless joys, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, who bruis'd the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth or deeper seas ;  
And bring them to his courts above,  
There shall they taste his special love.

P S A L M LXIX. 1st Part. Com. Metre.

*The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.*

1. " **S**AVE me, O Lord, the swelling floods  
" Break in upon my soul :  
" I sink ; and sorrows o'er my head,  
" Like mighty waters roll.
2. " I cry 'till all my voice be gone,  
" In tears I waste the day :  
" My God, behold my longing eyes,  
" And shorten thy delay.
3. " They hate my soul without a cause,  
" And still their number grows  
" More than the hairs around my head,  
" And mighty are my foes.
4. " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
" Which men could never pay,  
" And gave those honours to thy law,  
" Which sinners took away."

- 5 Thus, in the great *Messiah's* name,  
The royal Prophet mourns ;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.
- 6 “ Now shall the faints rejoice and find  
“ Salvation in my name ;  
“ For I have borne their heavy load  
“ Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 “ Grief, like a garment, cloth'd me round,  
“ And sackcloth was my dress,  
“ While I procur'd for naked souls  
“ A robe of righteousness.
- 8 “ Among my brethren and the *Jews*,  
“ I like a stranger stood,  
“ And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
“ The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 “ I came, in sinful mortals' stead,  
“ To do my Father's will ;  
“ Yet when I cleans'd my Father's house,  
“ They scandaliz'd my zeal.
- 10 “ My fasting and my holy groans  
“ Were made the drunkard's song ;  
“ But God, from his celestial throne,  
“ Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 “ He sav'd me from the dreadful deep,  
“ Nor let my soul be drown'd ;  
“ He rais'd and fix'd my sinking feet  
“ On well establish'd ground.
- 12 “ 'Twas in a most accepted hour  
“ My prayer arose on high ;  
“ And for my sake, my God shall hear  
“ The dying sinners' cry.”
-

*P S A L M LXIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear  
And mournful pleasure sing  
The suff'rings of our Great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress ;  
How high the waters rise ;  
While to his heav'nly Father's ear  
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
" Nor hide thy shining face ;  
" Why should thy Fav'rite look like one  
" Forsaken of thy grace ?
- 4 With rage they persecute the man,  
" Who groans beneath thy wound,  
" While for a sacrifice, I pour  
" My life upon the ground.
- 5 " They tread my honour to the dust,  
" And laugh when I complain ;  
" Their sharp insulting slanders add  
" Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 " All my reproach is known to thee,  
" The scandal and the shame ;  
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
" And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain ;  
" My kindred are my grief,  
" I ask my friends for comfort round,  
" But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,  
" They give me gall for food ;  
" And sporting with my dying groans,  
" They triumph in my blood.

- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,  
 " Let thy compassion save ;  
 " And tho' my flesh sink down to death,  
 " Redeem 'it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,  
 " Shall reign in worlds unknown,  
 " And thy salvation, O my God,  
 " Shall seat me on thy throne."
- 

*P S A L M LXIX. 3d Part. Common Metre.*  
*Christ's obedience and death: or, GOD glorified,*  
*and sinners saved.*

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,  
 I bless my Saviour's name ;  
 He bought salvation for the poor,  
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,  
 His duty and his zeal,  
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,  
 And finish'd all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs  
 Shall better please my God,  
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
 Than goats or bullocks blood.
- 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,  
 And set their hearts at rest ;  
 They by his death draw near to thee,  
 And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heav'n and all who dwell on high,  
 To God their voices raise ;  
 While lands and seas assist the sky,  
 And join t'advance his praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;  
 Thy Son shall bless her gates :

And glory purchas'd by his blood,  
For thine own *Israel* waits.

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P S A L M LXIX. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Christ's passion, and sinners salvation.*

- 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 spends his breath,  
While hosts of hell and pow'rs of death,  
And all the sons of malice join  
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love  
Have made the curse a blessing prove;  
Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son  
Aton'd for sins which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord,  
The honours of thy law restor'd;  
His sorrows made thy justice known,  
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 O for his sake our guilt forgive,  
And let the mourning sinner live:  
The Lord will hear us in his name,  
Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

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P S A L M LXIX. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*Christ's sufferings and zeal.*

- 1 **'T**WAS for our sake, eternal God,  
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load  
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,  
And shame defil'd his sacred face.
- 2 The *Jews*, his brethren and his kins,  
Abus'd the man who check'd their sin:

While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,  
They hate him; but without a cause.

3 [“My Father’s house (said he) was made,  
“A place for worship, not for trade;”  
Then scatt’ring all their gold and brags,  
He scourg’d the merchants from the place,]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God  
Consum’d his life, expos’d his blood;  
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,  
He felt, and mourn’d them as his own.]

5 His friends forsook, his foll’wers fled,  
While foes and arms surround his head;  
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,  
And the false judge maintains the wrong,

6 His life they load with hateful lies,  
And charge his lips with blasphemies;  
They nail him to the shameful tree---  
There hung the man who dy’d for me.

7 [Wretches, with hearts as hard as stones,  
Insult his piety and groans;  
Gall was the food they gave him there,  
And mock’d his thirst with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld; and from his throne  
Marks out the men who hate his Son;  
The hand that rais’d him from the dead,  
Shall pour forth vengeance on their head.

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P S A L M LXXI. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The aged saint’s reflection and hope.*

1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthen’d all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion’d by thy pow’r,  
With all these limbs of mine;

- And from my mother's painful hour  
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated ev'ry year ;  
Behold my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise ;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies'
- 5 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.

*P S A L M LXXI. 2d Part. Common Metre.*

*Christ our strength and righteousness.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace !
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore !  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road ;  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King !

My soul, redeem'd from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Saviour and my God,  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drown'd them in his blood.

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs ;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.]

*P S A L M LXXI. 3d Part. Common Metre.*

*The aged christian's prayer and song : or, old age,  
death, and the resurrection.*

1 **G**OD of my childhood, and my youth,  
Thou guide of all my days,  
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age,  
And leave the favour of thy name,  
When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove ;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love !

*P A U S E.*

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable thy deeds :  
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all my praise exceeds.

N

- 6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
 And oft endur'd the grief :  
 But when thy hand has prest me fore,  
 Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known  
 Thy sov'reign pow'r to save ;  
 At thy command I venture down  
 Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lie bury'd deep in dust,  
 My flesh shall be thy care ;  
 These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,  
 To raise them strong and fair.

---

*P s A L M LXXII. 1st Part. Long Metre.*  
*The kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **G**REAT 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 distills  
 Like heav'ny 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 faints shall flourish in his days,  
Drest in the robes of joy and praise ;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

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*P s A L M LXXII. 2d Part. Long Metre.*  
*Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journies run ;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
'Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold the islands, with their kings,  
And *Europe* her best tribute brings ;  
From north to south the princes meet  
To pay their homage at his feet.
- 3 There *Persia*, glorious to behold,  
There *India* shines in Eastern gold ;  
And barbarous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]
- 4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head ;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.  
[Where he displays his healing pow'r,
- 7 Death and the curse are known no more :  
In him the tribes of *Adam* boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honours to our King :  
 Angels descend with songs again,  
 And earth repeat the long *Amen.*]
- 

P S A L M LXXIII. 1st Part. Com. Metre.  
*Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.*

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind  
 To men of heart sincere,  
 Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,  
 And border'd on despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,  
 And spoke with angry breath,  
 " How pleasant and profane they live !  
 " How peaceful is their death !
- 3 " With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes  
 " They lay their fears to sleep ;  
 " Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,  
 " While saints in silence weep.
- 4 " In vain I lift my hands to pray,  
 " And cleanse my heart in vain,  
 " For I am chasten'd all the day,  
 " The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,  
 I felt my heart reprove ;  
 " Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
 " and grieve the men I love.
- 6 But still I found my doubts too hard,  
 The conflict too severe,  
 'Till I retir'd to search thy word,  
 And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass  
 I saw the sinner's feet  
 High mounted on a slipp'ry place,  
 Above a fiery pit.

- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
 'Till at thy frown he fell ;  
 His honours like a dream were lost,  
 And he awakes in hell.
- 9 Lord, what an envious fool I was !  
 How like a thoughtless beast !  
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,  
 And think the wicked blest.
- 10 Yet I was kept from fell despair,  
 Upheld by pow'r unknown :  
 That blessed hand which broke the snare,  
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

*P S A L M LXXIII. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*

*God our portion here and hereafter.*

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,  
 My help for ever near :  
 Thine arm of mercy held me up  
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet.  
 Through this dark wilderness ;  
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
 To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Were I in heav'n without my God,  
 'Twould be no joy to me ;  
 And while this earth is my abode,  
 I long for none but thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,  
 And flesh and heart should faint,  
 God is my soul's eternal rock,  
 The strength of ev'ry saint.
- 5 Behold the sinners who remove  
 Far from thy presence, die ;  
 Not all the idol gods they love,  
 Can save them when they cry.

- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My tongue shall found thy works abroad,  
 And tell the world my joy.

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P S A L M LXXIII. Long Metre.

*The prosperity of sinners cursed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,  
 In pride and robes of honour shine !
- 2 But, O their end, their dreadful end,  
 Thy sanctuary taught me so :  
 On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
 And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now, let them boast how tall they rise,  
 I'll never envy them again ;  
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
 'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !  
 Just like a dream when man awakes :  
 Their songs of softest harmony  
 Are but a preface to their plagues.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine,  
 Too dear to purchase with my blood ;  
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
 My life, my portion, and my God.

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P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

*The mystery of providence unfolded.*

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,  
 Nor is religion vain ;  
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
 And men of grace complain.

- 2 I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools, with scornful eyes,  
In robes of honour shine,
- 3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,  
Their flesh looks full and fair ;  
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.
- 4 Free from the plagues and pains  
Which pious souls endure,  
Through all their life oppression reigns,  
And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme  
The everlasting God :  
Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
And spreads its lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears  
Indulg'd my doubts to rise ;  
“ Is there a God who sees or hears  
“ The things below the skies ?”]
- 7 The tumults of my thoughts  
Held me in hard suspense,  
'Till to thy house my feet were brought  
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word, with light and pow'r  
Did my mistakes amend ;  
I view'd the sinners lives before,  
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep  
The thoughtless wretches go !  
And O that dreadful fiery deep,  
Which waits their fall below !
- 10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine :  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my pow'rs are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV. Common Metre.

*The church pleading with God under sore persecution.*

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?  
His wrath for ever smoke  
Against the people of his love,  
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
With their Redeemer's blood;  
Nor let thy *Zion* be forgot,  
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste;  
Aloud our ruin calls:  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls!
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar;  
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,  
Sad tokens of their pow'r.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke!  
They tear thy buildings down,  
And he who deals the heaviest stroke,  
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy  
Thy children in their nest;  
"Come, let us burn at once (they cry)  
"The temple and the priest."
- 7 And still to heighten our distress,  
Thy presence is withdrawn;  
Thy wonted signs of pow'r and grace,  
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,  
But all the seers mourn;  
'There's not a soul among us knows  
The time of thy return.

P A U S E.

- 9 How long, eternal God, how long  
Shall men of pride blaspheme?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame?
- 10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear  
Thine holy name profan'd?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still withhold thine hand?
- 11 What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown  
In ages long before?  
And now no other God we own,  
No other God adore.
- 12 Thou didst divide the raging sea,  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wond'rous way,  
And then secure their flight.
- 13 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?
- 14 Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,  
And set the earth its bounds,  
With summer's heat and winter's frost,  
In their perpetual rounds?
- 15 And shall the sons of earth and dust  
That sacred pow'r blaspheme?  
Will not thy hand which form'd them first,  
Avenge thy injur'd name?
- 16 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.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
And make our hope their jest;

Plead thine own cause, almighty God,  
And give thy children rest.

*P S A L M LXXV. Long Metre.*

*Power and government from God alone.*

- 1 **T**O thee, Most Holy, and Most High,  
To thee we bring our thankful praise ;  
Thy works declare thy hand is nigh,  
Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 “ To slav’ry doom’d, thy chosen sons  
“ Beheld their foes triumphant rise ;  
“ And sore oppress’d by earthly thrones,  
“ They fought the Sov’reign of the skies.
- 3 “ ’Twas then, great God, with equal pow’r,  
“ Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,  
“ To scourge their legions from the shore,  
“ And save the remnant of thy race.”
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride ;  
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;  
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,  
And own the “ empire” God hath made.
- 5 Such honours never come by chance,  
Nor do the winds promotion blow ;  
’Tis God the Judge doth one advance ;  
’Tis God who lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth,  
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne ;  
God, the great Sov’reign of the earth,  
Will rise and make his justice known,
- 7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup  
Of vengeance, mix’d with various plagues,  
To make the wicked drink them up,  
Wring out, and taste the bitter dregs.
- 8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,  
And while he tramples on the proud,

And lays their glory in the dust,  
Our lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

P S A L M LXXVI. Common Metre.

*Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed : or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.*

- 1 **I**N *Judah* God of old was known,  
His name in *Israel* great ;  
In *Salem* stood his holy throne,  
And *Zion* was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,  
His dwelling there he chose ;  
There he receiv'd their just complaints  
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From *Zion* went his dreadful word,  
And broke the threat'ning spear ;  
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,  
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else,  
But mighty hills of prey ?  
The hill on which *Jehovah* dwells  
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas *Zion's* King who stopp'd the breath  
Of captains and their bands ;  
The men of might slept fast in death,  
And never found their hands.
- 6 At thy rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,  
Both horse and chariot fell :  
Who knows the terrour of thy rod !  
Thy vengeance who can tell ?
- 7 What pow'r can stand before thy fight,  
When once thy wrath appears ?  
When heav'n shines round with dreadful  
The earth lies still and fears. [light,

- 8 When God in his own sov'reign ways  
Comes down to save th' opprest,  
The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring ;  
Ye princes, fear his frown :  
His terrours shake the proudest king,  
And cuts an army down.
- 10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke,  
Our haughty foes shall feel :  
For *Jacob's* God hath not forsook,  
But dwells in *Zion* still.]

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*P S A L M LXXVII. 1st Part. Common Metre.  
Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.*

- 1 **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,  
In the sad day when troubles rose,  
And fill'd my heart with fear.
- 2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,  
My soul refus'd relief ;  
I thought on God the just and wise,  
But thoughts increas'd my grief.
- 3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,  
My heart began to break :  
My God, thy wrath forbids my rest,  
And kept mine eyes awake.
- 4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,  
'Till I could speak no more ;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And call'd thy judgments o'er.
- 5 I call'd back years and ancient times  
When I beheld thy face :  
My spirit search'd for secret crimes  
Which might withhold thy grace.

- 6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind,  
Which I enjoy'd before ;  
And will the Lord no more be kind ?  
His face appear no more ?
- 7 Will he for ever cast me off ?  
His promise ever fail ?  
Has he forgot his tender love ?  
Shall anger still prevail ?
- 8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,  
This dark, despairing frame,  
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;  
Thy hand is still the same.
- 9 I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er,  
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,  
When flesh could help no more.
- 10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne ;  
And men who love thy word  
Have in thy sanctuary known  
The counsels of the Lord.

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P S A L M LXXVII. 2d Part. Com. Metre.  
*Comfort derived from ancient providences : or, Israel  
delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.*

- 1 " **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod ;  
(May thine own children say)  
" The great, the wise, the dreadful God !  
" How holy is his way !"
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old ;  
The King who reigns above,  
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust his love.
- 3 Long did the house of *Joseph* lie  
With *Egypt's* yoke opprest ;  
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,  
Nor gave his people rest.

- 4 The sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd  
Abandon'd to their foes ;  
But his almighty arm redeem'd  
The nation which he chose.
- 5 *Israel*, his people and his sheep,  
Must follow where he calls !  
He bade them venture through the deep,  
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,  
The waters saw thee come ;  
Backward they fled, and frighted stood,  
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,  
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;  
Terrors attend the wond'rous way  
Which brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice, with terrour in the sound,  
Through clouds and darkness broke ;  
All heav'n in lightning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the sky were hurl'd,  
How glorious is the Lord !  
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,  
And his own saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock,  
And safe by *Moses*' hand  
Through a dry desert led his flock  
Home to the promis'd land.]

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P S A L M LXXVIII. 1st Part. Com. Metre.  
*Providences of GOD recorded ; or, pious education  
and instruction of children.*

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God perform'd of old ;  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

- 2 He bids us make his glories known ;  
 His works of pow'r and grace ;  
 And we'll convey his wonders down  
 Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
 And they again to theirs,  
 That generations yet unborn  
 May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone  
 Their hope securely stands,  
 That they may ne'er forget his works,  
 But prectise his commands.

*P S A L M LXXVIII. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*  
*Israel's rebellion and punishment : or, the sins and*  
*chastisements of GOD's people.*

- 1 **O** WHAT a stiff rebellious house  
 Was *Jacob's* ancient race !  
 False to their own most solemn vows,  
 And to their Maker's grace.
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,  
 And did his laws despise,  
 Forgot the works he wrought to prove  
 His pow'r before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on *Egypt* light,  
 From his avenging hand,  
 What dreadful tokens of his might  
 Spread o'er the stubborn land !
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,  
 And march'd in safety through,  
 With wat'ry walls to guard their way,  
 'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wond'rous pillar mark'd the road,  
 Compos'd of shade and light ;  
 By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,  
 A leading fire by night.

- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd ;  
 The gushing waters fell,  
 And ran in rivers by their side,  
 A constant miracle.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,  
 And dar'd distrust his hand :  
 " Can he with bread our host supply  
 " Amidst this desert land ? "
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,  
 And caus'd his wrath to flame ;  
 His terrours ever stand prepar'd  
 To vindicate his name.

*P S A L M LXXVIII. 3d Part. Com. Metre.*  
*The punishment of luxury and intemperance : or,*  
*chastisement and salvation.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Ifr'el* sins, the Lord reproveth,  
 And fills their hearts with dread ;  
 Yet he forgives the men he loves,  
 And sends them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,  
 And made his treasures known ;  
 He gave the midnight clouds command  
 To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning show'r,  
 Lay thick around their feet ;  
 The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,  
 As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murm'ring language said,  
 " Manna is all our feast ;  
 " We loathe this light, this airy bread ;  
 " We must have flesh to taste. "
- 5 " Ye shall have flesh to please your lust, "  
 'The Lord in wrath reply'd ;  
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,  
 Heap'd up from side to side.

- 6 He gave them all their own desire ;  
 And greedy as they fed,  
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,  
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,  
 And fought the Lord with tears ;  
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,  
 But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,  
 'Till by his gracious hand,  
 The nation he resolv'd to save,  
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

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P S A L M LXXVIII. Long Metre.

*Backsliding and forgiveness ; or, sin punished and  
 saints saved.*

- 1 GREAT God, how oft did *Israel* prove  
 By turns thine anger and thy love ?  
 There in a glass our hearts may see  
 How fickle and how false they be.
- 2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot  
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought !  
 Then they provoke him to his face,  
 Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,  
 And made their travels long and vain ;  
 A tedious march, through unknown ways,  
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,  
 They mourn'd and fought the Lord again :  
 Call'd him the Rock of their abode,  
 Their high Redeemer and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise  
 As flatt'ring words or solemn lies,  
 While their rebellious tempers prove  
 False to his cov'nant and his love.

- 6 Yet did his sov'reign grace forgive  
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live ;  
His anger oft away he turn'd,  
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,  
He saw temptations still prevail :  
'The God of *Abraham* lov'd them still,  
And led them to his holy hill.

P S A L M LXXX. Long Metre.

*The church's prayer under affliction : or, the vineyard  
of GOD wasted.*

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine *Israel*,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep.
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high and guide it through ;  
'Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return ?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn ?
- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed ;  
'Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in Heathen lands ?  
Did not thy pow'r defend it round,  
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground ?
- 6 How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit ?

But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

- 7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd ?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste ?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And ev'ry beast devours the vine.
- 8 Return, almighty God, return ;  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn :  
'Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E II.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in *Canaan* grew,  
Thou wast its strength and glory too !  
Attack'd in vain by all its foes,  
'Till the fair Branch of promise rose.
- 10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot  
From *David's* stock, from *Jacob's* root ;  
Himself a noble Vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the Tree.
- 11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand  
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;  
Thy first-born Son ador'd and blest  
With pow'r and grace above the rest.
- 12 O ! for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXXI. Short Metre.

*The warning of God to his people : or, spiritual  
blessings and punishments.*

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,  
And make a joyful noise ;  
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;  
Let *Isr'el* hear his voice.

- 2 “ From vile idolatry,  
 “ Preserve my worship clean ;  
 “ I am the Lord who set thee free  
 “ From slav’ry and from sin.
- 3 “ Stretch thy desires abroad,  
 “ And I’ll supply them well ;  
 “ But if ye will refuse your God,  
 “ If *Ifr’el* will rebel :
- 4 “ I’ll leave them, faith the Lord,  
 “ To their own lusts a prey,  
 “ And let them run the dang’rous road,  
 “ ’Tis their own chosen way.
- 5 “ Yet O! that all my saints  
 “ Would hearken to my voice ;  
 “ Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
 “ And bid their hearts rejoice.
- 6 “ While I destroy’d their foes,  
 “ I’d richly feed my flock,  
 “ And they should taste the stream that flows  
 “ From their eternal Rock.”

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P S A L M LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the supreme Governour : or, magistrates warned,

- 1 **A**MONG th’ assemblies of the great,  
 A greater Ruler takes his seat ;  
 The God of heav’n, as Judge, surveys  
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws ?  
 Or why support th’ unrighteous cause ?  
 When will ye once defend the poor,  
 That sinners vex the saints no more ?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,  
 Dark are the ways in which they go ;  
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
 For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
 Possess his universal throne,  
 And rule the nations with his rod,  
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII. Short Metre.

*A complaint against persecutors.*

- 1 **A**ND will the God of grace  
 Perpetual silence keep?  
 The God of justice hold his peace,  
 And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares  
 The men of mischief spread:  
 The men who hate thy faints, and thee,  
 Lift up their threat'ning head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones,  
 Their counsels they employ,  
 And malice, with her watchful eye,  
 Pursues them to destroy.
- 4 The noble and the base  
 Into thy pastures leap;  
 The lion and the stupid ass  
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.
- 5 "Come, let us join, they cry,  
 "To root them from the ground,  
 "'Till not the name of saints remain,  
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."
- 6 Awake, almighty God,  
 And call thy wrath to mind;  
 Give them like forests to the fire,  
 Or stubble to the wind.
- 7 Convince their madness, Lord,  
 And make them seek thy name:  
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,  
 That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know  
 That glorious, dreadful word ;  
 JEHOVAH !---is thy name alone,  
 And thou the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIV. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*The pleasure of public worship:*

- 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 My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
 My panting heart cries out for God ;  
 My God, my King, why should I be  
 So far from all my joys and thee ?
- 3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,  
 And for her young provides a nest ;  
 But will my God to sparrows grant  
 That pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 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.
- 5 Blest are the souls who find a place  
 Within the temple of thy grace ;  
 There they behold thy gentler rays,  
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
 To find the way to Zion's gate ;  
 God is their strength ; and thro' the road  
 They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
 'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length ;  
 'Till all before thy face appear,  
 And join in nobler worship there.

P S A L M LXXXIV. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*God and his church : or, grace and glory.*

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings,  
The joy that from thy presence springs:  
To spend one day with thee on earth,  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day :  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too !  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

P S A L M LXXXIV. Common Metre.

*Paraphrased.*

*Delight in ordinances of worship : or, God present in his churches.*

MY soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts !  
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,  
Though in his earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies  
His saving pow'r displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes,  
With kind and quick'ning rays.

- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove,  
Descends and fills the place,  
While *Christ* reveals his wond'rous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will;  
And still we seek thy mercies there,  
And sing thy praises still.
- P A U S E.
- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode;  
When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
My Saviour and my God?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
And suffers no remove;  
O make me, like the sparrow, blest,  
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 'To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity  
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait  
While *Jesus* is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.
- 9 Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

---

P S A L M LXXXIV. Particular Metre.  
*Longing for the house of God.*

- 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 The sparrow for her young,  
 With pleasure seeks a nest,  
 And wand'ring swallows long  
 To find their wonted rest:

My spirit faints,  
 With equal zeal,  
 To rise and dwell  
 Among thy faints.

3 O happy souls who pray,  
 Where God appoints to hear!

O happy men who pay  
 Their constant service there!

They praise thee still;  
 And happy they  
 Who love the way  
 To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,  
 Through this dark vale of tears,  
 'Till each arrives at length;  
 'Till each in heav'n appears.

O glorious seat,  
 When God our King  
 Shall thither bring  
 Our willing feet!

P A U S E.

5 To spend one sacred day,  
 Where God and faints abide,  
 Affords diviner joy

Than thousand days beside;  
 Where God resorts,

I love it more

To keep the door,  
Than shine in courts.

- 6 God is our sun and shield,  
Our light and our defence ;  
With gifts his hands are fill'd,  
We draw our blessings thence.  
He shall bestow  
On *Jacob's* race,  
Peculiar grace  
And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves :  
His hand no good withholds  
From those his heart approves,  
From pure and pious souls ;  
Thrice happy he,  
O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts  
Alone in thee.

---

P S A L M LXXXV. 1st Part. Long Metre.  
*Waiting for an answer to prayer : or, deliverance  
begun and completed.*

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,  
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ;  
So God forgave when *Isr'el* sinn'd,  
And brought his wand'ring captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,  
And make thy fiercest wrath abate :  
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,  
And thy salvation be complete.
- 3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice ;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word ;  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
- 4 We wait to hear what God will say ;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace :

But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

---

PSALM LXXXV. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
*Salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh  
To souls who fear and trust the Lord;  
And grace descending from on high,  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
- 2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since *Christ* the Lord came down from heav'n:  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground,  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before,  
To give us free access to God:  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps and keep the road.

---

PSALM LXXXVI. Common Metre.  
*A general song of praise to God.*

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath pow'r divine;  
Nor is there nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made, shall bring  
Their off'rings round thy throne;  
For thou alone dost wond'rous things,  
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;  
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,

And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite  
In God my Father's praise.

- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue  
Shall those sweet wonders tell,  
How by thy grace my sinking soul  
Rose from the deeps of hell.

---

PSALM LXXXVII. Long Metre.

*The church the birth-place of the saints: or. Jews  
and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:  
He likes the tents of *Jacob* well,  
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits ev'ry house  
That pay its night and morning vows;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were describ'd of old!  
What wonders are of *Zion* told!  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.
- 4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,  
Shall there begin their lives anew:  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.
- 5 When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honour to appear  
As one new-born, or nourish'd there.

---

PSALM LXXXIX. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*The covenant made with Christ: or, the true David.*

- 1 **F**OREVER shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord,

Mercy and truth for ever stand  
Like heav'n establish'd by his hand.

- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ;  
" In thee shall dying sinners live,  
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest ;  
" Thy children shall be ever blest ;  
" Thou art my chosen King, thy throne  
" Shall stand eternal, like my own.
- 4 " There's none of all my sons above.  
" So much my image or my love ;  
" Celestial pow'rs thy subjects are ;  
" Then what can earth to thee compare ?
- 5 " *David*, my servant, whom I chose,  
" To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
" And rais'd him to the Jewish throne,  
" Was but a shadow of my Son."
- 6 Now let the church rejoice and sing  
*Jesus* her Saviour and her King ;  
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,  
And saints declare his works below.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The faithfulness of God.*

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing songs shall show  
The mercies of the Lord ;  
And make succeeding ages know  
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce,  
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;  
And if he speak a promise once,  
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of *David* held  
The promis'd Jewish throne !

But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd  
To *David's* greater Son.

- 4 His seed for ever shall possess  
A throne above the skies ;  
The meanest subject of his grace  
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wond'rous ways  
Are sung by saints above ;  
And saints on earth their honours raise  
To thy unchanging love.

*P S A L M LXXXIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*  
*The power and majesty of GOD : or, reverential*  
*worship.*

- 1 **W**ITH rev'rence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord,  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word !
- 2 How terrible thy glories rise !  
How bright thy beauties shine !  
Where is the pow'r with thee that vies ?  
Or truth compar'd with 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 word the raging winds controul,  
And rule the boist'rous deep :  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,  
And the dark world of hell ;  
How diè thine arm in vengeance shine,  
When *Egypt* durst rebel !
- 6 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.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 3d Part. Com. Metre,  
*A blessed gospel.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the souls who hear and know  
 The gospel's joyful sound;  
 Peace shall attend the paths they go,  
 And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
 Through their Redeemer's name;  
 His righteousness exalts their hope,  
 Nor *Satan* dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,  
 Strength and salvation gives:  
*Isr'el* thy King forever reigns,  
 Thy God for ever lives.

P S A L M LXXXIX. 4th Part. Com. Metre.  
*Christ's mediatorial kingdom: or, his divine and  
 human nature.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,  
 And made his mercy known:  
 "Sinners, behold, your help is laid  
 "On my almighty Son."
- 2 Behold the man my wisdom chose  
 Among your mortal race;  
 His head my holy oil o'erflows,  
 The Spirit of my grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on *David's* throne,  
 My people's better King;  
 My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
 And still new subjects bring.
- 4 My truth shall guard him in his way,  
 With mercy by his side,

- While in my name o'er earth and sea  
He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his Father and his God,  
He shall for ever own,  
Call me his rock, his high abode,  
And I'll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son, array'd in grace,  
At my right hand shall sit;  
Beneath him angels know their place,  
And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 My cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
My promises are strong;  
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long.

---

P S A L M LXXXIX. 5th Part. Com. Metre.  
*The covenant of grace unchangeable: or, affliction  
without rejection.*

- 1 **Y**ET (saith the Lord) if *David's* race,  
The children of my Son,  
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
And tempt mine anger down:
- 2 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,  
And make their folly smart;  
But I'll not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
But keep my grace in mind;  
And what eternal love hath spoke,  
Eternal truth shall bind.
- 4 Once have I sworn (I need no more)  
And pledg'd my holiness,  
To seal the sacred promise sure  
To *David* and his race.
- 5 The sun shall see his offspring rise,  
And spread from sea to sea,

Long as he travels round the skies,  
To give the nations day.

- 6 Sure as the moon which rules the night,  
His kingdom shall endure,  
'Till the fix'd laws of shade and light  
Shall be observ'd no more.

---

P S A L M LXXXIX. 2d Part. Long Metre.  
*Mortality and hope.*  
A funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life, how short the date!  
Where is the man who draws his breath  
Safe from disease, secure from death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
"Must death for ever rage and reign?  
"Or hast thou made mankind in vain?"
- 3 "Where is thy promise to the just?  
"Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of faints away,  
And clears the honour of thy word;  
Awake our souls and bless the Lord.

---

P S A L M LXXXIX. Particular Metre.  
*Life, death and the resurrection.*

- 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 bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
 " The race of man was only made  
 " For sickness, sorrow and the dust ?"  
 Are not thy servants day by day  
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay ?  
 Lord, where's 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 long reward,  
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain ;  
 Let all below, and all above,  
 Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,  
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

---

P S A L M XC. Long Metre.  
*Man mortal, and GOD eternal.*  
 A mournful song at a funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH ev'ry age, eternal God,  
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode :  
 High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,  
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,  
 Or dust was fashion'd to a man ;  
 And long thy kingdom shall endure,  
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,  
 Made up of guilt and vanity :  
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just—  
 " Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount  
 Scarce to a day in thine account,

Like yesterday's departed light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.]

*P A U S E.*

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;  
An empty tale ; a morning flow'r,  
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set :  
How short the term ! how frail the state !  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan, than live.
- 7 But O ! how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years !  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread :  
We fear the pow'r which strikes us dead.]
- 3 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man ;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
'Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.
- 

*P S A L M XC. 1st Part. Common Metre.*

*Man frail, and God eternal.*

- 1 **O**UR 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 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
 "Return, ye sons of men ;"  
 All nations rose from earth at first,  
 And turn to earth again.
- 5 A thousand ages in thy sight  
 Are like an ev'ning gone ;  
 Short as the watch which ends the night  
 Before the rising sun.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
 With all their lives and cares,  
 Are carry'd downwards by the flood,  
 And lost in foll'wing years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
 Bears all its sons away ;  
 They fly, forgotten as a dream  
 Dies at the op'ning day.
- 8 Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,  
 Pleas'd with the morning light :  
 The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,  
 Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]
- 9 Our God, our help in ages past,  
 Our hope for years to come,  
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
 And our eternal home.

---

*P S A L M XC. 2d Part. Common Metre.*  
*Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin ; or, life, old age, and preparation for death.*

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults,  
 And justice grow severe,  
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
 And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust :  
 By one offence to thee,  
*Adam* with all his sons have lost  
 Their immortality.

- 3 Life, like a vain amusement flies,  
A fable or a fong ;  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten ;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 [Our vitals with laborious strife  
Bear up the crazy load,  
And drag those poor remains of life  
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone ;  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art  
T' improve the hours we have,  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.

*P S A L M XC. 3d Part. Common Metre.  
Breathing after heaven.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, O God of love, return ;  
Earth is a tiresome place ;  
How long shall we thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease ;  
And in proportion to our tears,  
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work complete ;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne  
 In all thy beauty, Lord ;  
 And the poor service we have done,  
 Meet a divine reward.
- 

P S A L M XC. Short Metre.

*The frailty and shortness of life.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what a feeble piece  
 Is this our mortal frame !  
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,  
 Which scarce deserves the name !

- 2 Alas ! 'twas brittle clay  
 Which built our body first !  
 And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day  
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

- 3 Our moments fly apace,  
 Nor will our minutes stay ;  
 Just like a flood our hasty days  
 Are sweeping us away.

- 4 Well, if our days must fly,  
 We'll keep their end in sight ;  
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,  
 And let them speed their flight.

- 5 They'll waft us sooner o'er  
 This life's tempestuous sea :  
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore  
 Of blest eternity.
- 

P S A L M XCI. Long Metre.

*Safety in public diseases and dangers.*

- 1 **H**E who hath made his refuge, God,  
 Shall find a most secure abode ;  
 Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
 And there at night shall rest his head.

- 2 Then will I say, " My God, thy pow'r  
 " Shall be my fortrefs and my tow'r :  
 " I who am form'd of feeble dust,  
 " Make thine almighty arm my trust."
- 3 Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care  
 Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare !  
*Satan*, the fowler, who betrays  
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood  
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
 Under her feathers, so the Lord  
 Makes his own arm his people's guard.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire  
 To dart a pestilential fire,  
 God is their life, his wings are spread  
 To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours with malignant breath  
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
*Israel* is safe: the poison'd air  
 Grows pure, if *Israel's* God be there.
- P A U S E.
- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,  
 At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,  
 Thy God his chosen people saves,  
 Among the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down  
 To make his wrath in *Egypt* known,  
 And slew their sons, his careful eye  
 Past all the doors of *Jacob* by.
- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
 Receive commission from the Lord,  
 To strike his saints among the rest,  
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
 Shall but fulfil their best desire ;

From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

*P S A L M XCI. Common Metre.*

*Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.*

- 1 **Y**E fons of men, a feeble race,  
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,  
Come, make the Lord, your dwelling-place,  
And try, and trust his care.
- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;  
Or, if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
'Twill raise his saints on high.
- 3 He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways:  
To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall;  
And dash against the stones;  
Are they not servants at his call,  
And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;  
The tempter's wiles defeat;  
He who hath broke the serpent's head,  
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 " Because on me they set their love,  
" I'll save them (saith the Lord)  
" I'll bear their joyful souls above  
" Destruction and the sword.
- 7 " My grace shall answer when they call;  
" In trouble I'll be nigh;  
" My pow'r shall help them when they fall,  
" And raise them when they die.

- 8 “ Those who on earth my name have known,  
 “ I’ll honour them in heav’n :  
 “ There my salvation shall be shown,  
 “ And endless life be giv’n.”

---

P S A L M XCII. *1st Part.* Long Metre.  
 A Psalm for the LORD’S day.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
 To shew thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast :  
 O may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like *David’s* harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works, and bless his word ;  
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !  
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die,  
 Like grass they flourish, ’till thy breath  
 Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But 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.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor satan break my peace again.
- 7 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.

P S A L M XCII. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*The church is the garden of God.*

1. **L** ORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand ;  
Let me within thy courts be seen  
Like a young Cedar, fresh and green.
2. There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above ;  
Not *Lebanon* with all its trees  
Yields such a comely sight as these.
3. The plants of grace shall ever live :  
(Nature decays but grace must thrive)  
Time which doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
4. Laden with fruits of age, they shew  
The Lord is holy, just and true :  
None who attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

---

P S A L M XCIII. Long Metre.

*The eternal and sovereign God.*

1. **J** EHOVAH reigns ; he dwells in light ;  
Girded with majesty and might :  
The world created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.
2. But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundations laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.
3. Like floods the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies ;  
Vain floods which aim their rage so high,  
At thy rebuke the billows die.
4. For ever shall thy throne endure ;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;

And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

---

*P S A L M XCIII. 1st Part. Particular Metre.*

1. **T**HE Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high,

His robes of state are strength and majesty;  
This wide creation rose at his command,  
Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:  
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,  
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation;

2. God is th' eternal King! thy foes in vain  
Raise their rebellion to confound thy reign;  
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,  
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;  
Foaming at heav'n, they rage with wild  
commotion,  
But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling  
ocean.

3. Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still;  
And the mad world obedient to his will:  
Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;  
Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:  
See his own sons, when they appear before  
him,  
Bow at his foot-stool, and with fear adore  
him.

---

*P S A L M XCIII. 2d. Part. Particular Metre.*

1. **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
And royal state maintains,  
His head with awful glories crown'd;  
Array'd in robes of light,  
Begirt with sov'reign might,  
And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands,  
The world securely stands,  
And skies and stars obey thy word:  
Thy throne was fix'd on high,  
Before the starry sky :

Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord,

3 In vain the noisy crowd,  
Like billows fierce and loud,  
Against thine empire rage and roar ;  
In vain with angry spite  
The surly nations fight,  
And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,  
And all their pow'rs engage,  
Let swelling tides assault the sky :  
The terrours of thy frown,  
Shall beat their madness down :  
Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,  
Thy grace is ever new :  
There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove ;  
Thy saints with holy fear,  
Shall in thy courts appear,  
And sing thine everlasting love.

*Repeat the fourth stanza, if necessary.*

P S A L M XCIV. 1st Part. Com. Metre.

*Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed : or, instructive afflictions.*

1 **O** GOD, to whom revenge belongs,  
Proclaim thy wrath aloud ;  
Let sovereign pow'r redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, " The Lord nor sees nor hears ;"  
When will the fools be wise ?

- Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears ?  
Or blind, who made their eyes ?
- 3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his pow'r ;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,  
In some surprizing hour.
- 4 But if thy faints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod ;  
Thy providences and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.
- 5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw :  
Thy scourges make thy children wise,  
When they forget thy law.
- 6 But God will ne'er cast off his faints,  
Nor his own promise break ;  
He pardons his inheritance,  
For their Redeemer's sake.
- 

P S A L M XCIV. 2d Part. Com. Metre.

God our support and comfort : or, deliverance from  
temptation and persecution.

- 1 **W**HO will arise and plead my right,  
Against my num'rous foes ;  
While earth and hell their force unite,  
And all my hopes oppose.
- 2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
Sustain'd my fainting head,  
My life had now in silence dwelt,  
My soul among the dead.
- 3 " Alas, my sliding feet !" I cry'd,  
Thy promise was my prop ;  
Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
Thy Spirit bore me up.

- 4 When multitudes of mournful thoughts  
 Within my bosom roll,  
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,  
 And frame pernicious laws;  
 But God my refuge rules the skies,  
 He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud;  
 Let bold blasphemers scoff;  
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,  
 And cut the sinners off.

---

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

*A psalm before prayer.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
 And in his strength rejoice;  
 When his salvation is our theme,  
 Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,  
 And psalms of honour sing;  
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
 The whole creation's King.
- 3 Let Princes hear, let angels know,  
 How mean their natures seem,  
 Those gods on high, and gods below,  
 When once compar'd with him.
- 4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep,  
 Lies in his spacious hand;  
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,  
 And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,  
 Come kneel before his face;  
 O may the creatures of his pow'r  
 Be children of his grace.

- 6 Now is the time he bends his ear,  
 And waits for your request ;  
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear  
 “ Ye shall not see my rest.”

---

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

*A psalm before sermon.*

- 1 COME, sound his praise abroad,  
 And hymns of glory sing ;  
 Jehovah is the sov'reign God,  
 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 Come, worship at his throne,  
 Come, bow before the Lord ;  
 We are his works, 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.
- 5 But if your ears refuse  
 The language of his grace,  
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn *Jews*,  
 That unbelieving race :
- 6 The Lord in vengeance drest,  
 Will lift his hand and swear,  
 “ You who despis'd my promis'd rest,  
 Shall have no portion there.”

---

P S A L M XCV. Long Metre.

*Canaan lost through unbelief : or, a warning to de-  
 laying sinners.*

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise  
 A sacred song of solemn praise ;

God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse  
His honours in exalted verse.

- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,  
Who fram'd our natures with his word ;  
He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep,  
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,  
The counsels of his love obey ;  
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew  
'The sins and plagues which *Israel* knew.
- 4 *Israel*, who saw his works of grace,  
Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;  
A faithless unbelieving brood,  
'That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " how false they prove !  
" Forget my pow'r, abuse my love ;  
" Since they despise my rest, I swear  
" Their feet shall never enter there."
- 6 [Look back my soul with holy dread,  
And view those ancient rebels dead ;  
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,  
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 7 Sieze the kind promise while it waits,  
And march to *Zion's* heav'nly gates ;  
Believe and take the promis'd rest ;  
Obey and be for ever blest.]

---

P S A L M XCVI. Common Metre.

*Christ's first and second coming.*

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue ;  
His new discover'd grace demands  
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, *Jesus* reigns,  
God's own almighty Son ;

His pow'r the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

- 3 Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen ;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 Let an unusual joy surprize  
The islands of the sea ;  
Ye mountains sink, ye vallies rise,  
Prepare the Lord his way.
- 5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God ;  
To shew the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear !

---

P S A L M XCVI. Particular Metre.  
*The God of the Gentiles.*

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,  
To sing the choicest psalm of praise ;  
To sing and bless Jehovah's name ;  
His glory let the Heathens know,  
His wonders to the nations show,  
And all his saving works proclaim.
- 2 The Heathens know thy glory, Lord ;  
The wond'ring nations read thy word ;  
Among us is Jehovah known ;  
Our worship shall no more be paid  
To gods which mortal hands have made ;  
Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 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 !

- 4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,  
 When earth shall feel his saving pow'r,  
 And barb'rous nations fear his name ;  
 Then shall the race of men confess  
 The beauty of his holiness,  
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

*P S A L M XCVII. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*CHRIST reigning in heav'n, and coming to judgment.*

- 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 Deep are his counsels and unknown ;  
 But grace and truth support his throne :  
 Though gloomy clouds his way surround,  
 Justice is their eternal ground.
- 3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes !  
 Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs ;  
 Before him burns devouring fire,  
 The mountains melt, the seas retire.
- 4 His enemies with sore dismay,  
 Fly from the sight and shun the day ;  
 Then lift your heads, ye saints on high,  
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

*P S A L M XCVII. 2d Part. Long Metre.*

*CHRIST'S incarnation.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come, the heav'ns proclaim  
 His birth ; the nations learn his name ;  
 An unknown star directs the road  
 Of eastern sages to their God.

- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Saviour lies ;  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high and gods below.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound :  
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,  
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

---

P S A L M XCVII. 3d Part. Long Metre.  
*Grace and glory.*

- 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 who 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 ;  
None, but the soul who feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

---

P S A L M XCVII. Common Metre.  
*Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.*

- 1 **Y**E islands of the northern sea,  
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;  
His word like fire prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
And makes the vallies rise ;

- The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
 The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heav'n's his rightful pow'r proclaim ;  
 The idol gods around,  
 Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
 And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth  
 Made the Redeemer known ;  
 Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
 And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
 And hills and seas retire ;  
 His children take their unknown flight,  
 And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown  
 For saints in darkness here,  
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
 And a rich harvest bear.
- 

P S A L M XCVIII. 1st Part. Com. Metre.

*Praise for the gospel.*

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,  
 New honours he address ;  
 His great salvation shines abroad,  
 And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to *Abrah'm* first,  
 His truth fulfils his grace ;  
 The *Gentiles* make his name their trust,  
 And learn his righteousnes.
- 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.
-

PSALM XCVIII. 2d Part. Common Metre.  
*The Messiah's coming and kingdom.*

- 1 **J**OY to the world: the Lord is come;  
 Let earth receive her King:  
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,  
 And heav'n and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;  
 Let men their songs employ:  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 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.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

---

PSALM XCIX. 1st Part. Short Metre.  
*Christ's kingdom and majesty.*

- 1 **T**HE God JEHOVAH reigns,  
 Let all the nations fear:  
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
 And saints be humble there.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,  
 Let earth adore its Lord;  
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
 Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In *Zion* is his throne,  
 His honours are divine:  
 His church shall make his wonders known,  
 For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!  
 How terrible his praise!

Justice and truth, and judgment join:  
In all his works of grace.

*P S A L M XCIX. 2d Part. Short Metre.*

*A holy GOD worshipped with reverence.*

- 1 **E**XALT the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When *Israel* was his church,  
When *Aaron* was his priest,  
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,  
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

*P S A L M C. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*A plain translation.*

*Praise to our Creator.*

- 1 **Y**E nations of the earth rejoice  
Before the Lord your sov'reign King,  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.
- 2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give;  
We are his work, and not our own;  
The sheep which on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praise to his courts repair;

- And make it your divine employ,  
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 The Lord is good ; the Lord is kind ;  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;  
And the whole race of man ihall find  
His truth from age to age endure.
- 

*P s A L M C. 2d Part. Long Metre.*  
A Paraphrase.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice ;  
Let ev'ry land his name adore ;  
'The Northern isles shall fend the noise  
Across the ocean to the shore.
- 2 Nations attend before his throne  
With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;  
Know that the Lord is God alone :  
He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 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.
- 4 We are his people, we his care,  
Our souls and all our mortal frame :  
What lasting honours shall we rear,  
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 6 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. Long Metre.

*The magistrate's psalm.*

- 1 **M**ERCY and judgment are my song,  
And since they both to thee belong,  
My gracious God, my righteous King,  
To thee my songs and vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,  
I'll take my counsels from thy word ;  
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
And let my God with me reside ;  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage and strife,  
Shall be companions of my life ;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the land and raise the just  
To posts of honour, wealth and trust ;  
The men who work thy holy will,  
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious lies ;  
And while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender shan't be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, that factious band ;  
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land ;  
And all who break the public rest,  
Where I have pow'r, shall be supprest.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

*A psalm for the master of a family.*

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,  
And pay my God my vows ;

- Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,  
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God repair,  
And make thy servant wise ;  
I'll suffer nothing near me there,  
That shall offend thine eyes.
- 3 The man who doth his neighbour wrong,  
By falsehood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,  
I'll thrust them from my doors.
- 4 I'll seek the faithful and the just,  
And will their help enjoy ;  
These are the friends whom I shall trust,  
The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch who deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night :  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.
- 6 I'll purge my family around,  
And make the wicked flee ;  
So shall my house be ever found  
A dwelling fit for thee.
- 

P S A L M CII. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*A prayer of the afflicted.*

- 1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,  
But answer, lest I die :  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace,  
To hear when sinners cry.
- 2 My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air ;  
My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.
- 3 My spirits flag, like with'ring grass  
Burnt with excessive heat ;

- In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.
- 4 As on some lonely building's top,  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope,  
I sit and grieve alone.
- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl ;  
Where the sad raven finds her place,  
And there the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears,  
Dwell in my troubled breast ;  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast ;  
My daily bread like ashes grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls who feel thy frown ;  
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high ;  
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My locks like wither'd leaves appear ;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are,  
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God !  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his faints, he knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways

Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,  
And fills their tongues with praise.

*P S A L M CII. 2d Part. Common Metre.*

*Prayer heard, and Zion restored.*

- 1 **L**ET *Zion* and her sons rejoice,  
Behold the promis'd hour !  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes t' exalt his pow'r.
- 2 Her dust and ruins which remain,  
Are precious in our eyes ;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.
- 3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,  
And stand in glory there ;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.
- 4 He sits a Sov'reign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes :  
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,  
And when his faints complain,  
It shan't be said " that praying breath  
" Was ever spent in vain."
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record,  
That ages yet unborn may read  
And trust, and praise the Lord.

*P S A L M CII. Long Metre.*

*Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity : or, saints die, but Christ and the church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race ;

- Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,  
This thought our sorrow shall assuage ;  
“ Our Father and our Saviour live ;  
“ Christ is the same through ev’ry age.”
- 4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid ;  
Heav’n is the building of his hand ;  
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade,  
And all be chang’d at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments shall be laid aside ;  
But still thy throne stands firm and high ;  
Thy church for ever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign ;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be rais’d again.

---

*P S A L M CIII. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.*

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy tho’ts which rove abroad ;  
Let all the pow’rs within me join  
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace ;  
His favours claim thy highest praise ;  
Why should the wonders he has wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot ?
- 3 ’Tis he, my soul, who sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;

- He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains which nature feels,  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his pow'r repairs;  
His mercy crowns our growing years:  
He satisfies our mouths with good,  
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,  
And often gives the suff'ers rest;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His pow'r he shew'd by *Moses'* hands,  
And gave to *Isr'el* his commands;  
But sent his truth and mercy down  
To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his pow'r confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace:  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine.]

---

P S A L M CIII. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*GOD's gentle chastisement: or, his tender mercy to his people.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wond'rous are his ways!  
How firm his truth, how large his grace!  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his pow'r hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd

The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

- 4 How slowly doth his wrath arise !  
On swifter wings salvation flies :  
And if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn !
- 5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines ;  
His strokes are lighter than our sins,  
And while his rod corrects his faints,  
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,  
With gentle hands and melting eyes ;  
The children weep beneath the smart,  
And move the pity of their heart.

*P A U S E.*

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust ;  
And will no heavy loads impose  
Beyond the strength which he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies ;  
Like grafs we spring, and die as soon,  
As morning flow'rs which fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure  
To all the faints, and shall endure ;  
From age to age his truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.

---

*P S A L M CIII. 1st Part. Short Metre.*

*Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.*

- 1 **O** BLESS the Lord, my soul !  
Let all within me join,  
And aid my tongue to bless his name,  
Whose favours are divine.

- 2 O blefs the Lord, my foul,  
Nor let his mercies lie  
Forgotten in unthankfulnefs,  
And without praifes die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy fins;  
'Tis he relieves thy pain,  
'Tis he who heals thy ficknefses,  
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,  
When ransom'd from the grave ;  
He who redeem'd my foul from hell,  
Hath sov'reign pow'r to fave.
- 5 He fills the poor with good ;  
He gives the suff'ers reft ;  
The Lord hath judgment for the proud,  
And juftice for th' opprest.
- 6 His wond'rous works and ways,  
He made by *Moses* known ;  
But sent the world his truth and grace  
By his beloved Son.

---

P S A L M CIII. 2d Part. Short Metre.

*Abounding compassion of GOD : or, mercy in the midft  
of judgment.*

- 1 **M**Y foul, repeat his praife,  
Whose mercies are fo great ;  
Whose anger is fo flow to rife,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide ;  
And when his ftrokes are felt,  
His ftrokes are fewer than our crimes,  
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 High as the heav'ns are rais'd  
Above the ground we tread,

So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,  
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:  
His anger like a rising wind  
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,  
Or like the morning flow'r;  
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,  
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,  
To endless years endure;  
And children's children ever find  
Thy words of promise sure.

---

P S A L M CIII. 3d Part. Short Metre.

*God's universal dominion: or, angels praise the Lord.*

1 **T**HE Lord, the sov'reign King,  
Hath fix'd his throne on high,  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfill.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait  
The orders of their King,

And guard his churches when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wond'rous works  
Through his vast kingdom shew  
Their Maker's glory, thou my soul,  
Shalt sing his graces too.

P S A L M CIV.- Long Metre.

*The Glory of GOD in creation and providence.*

1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise;  
When cloth'd in his celestial rays,  
He in full majesty appears,  
And like a robe, his glory wears.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the two following lines to every stanza, viz.*

*Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame  
An equal honour to his name?*

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtain spread,  
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:  
Clouds are his chariots, when he flies  
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers are flaming fires;  
And swift as thought their armies move,  
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The world's foundations by his hand  
Are pois'd, and shall forever stand,  
He binds the ocean in his chain,  
Lest it should drown the world again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,  
Confin'd to its appointed bed.

- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,  
 And in their channels walk their round ;  
 Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,  
 They spring on hills, and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,  
 And cheer the vallies as they go ;  
 Tame heifers there their thirst allay,  
 And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
 The lark and linnet light to drink ;  
 Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
 And chide our silence in his praise.

## P A U S E I.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern pours  
 On the parch'd earth enriching show'rs :  
 The grove, the garden, and the field,  
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.
- 10 He makes the grassy food arise,  
 And gives the cattle large supplies ;  
 With herbs for man, of various pow'r,  
 To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruits the vines produce !  
 The olive yields a useful juice ;  
 Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,  
 With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O blefs his name, ye people, fed  
 With nature's chief supporter, bread :  
 While bread your vital strength imparts,  
 Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

## P A U S E II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedars stand  
 Rais'd in the forest by his hands ;  
 Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
 And build their nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat ;  
 And at the airy mountain's foot

- The feeble creatures make their cell ;  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He fits the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face ;  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And roaring ask their meat from God ;  
But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beasts to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes ;  
The night was made for his repose :  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !  
And ev'ry land thy riches fill :  
Thy wisdom round the world we see,  
This spacious earth is full of thee.
- 19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep,  
With wond'rous motions swift or slow,  
Still wand'ring in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide the wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play ;  
There dwells the huge leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

## P A U S E III.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stand,  
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
- 22 While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good ;  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

- 23 But when thy face is hid, they m<sup>o</sup>urn,  
 And dying to their dust return ;  
 Both man and beast their souls resign :  
 Life, breath, and spirit all are thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
 And fill the world with beasts and men ;  
 A word of thy creating breath  
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,  
 Are honour'd with his own delight :  
 How awful are his glorious ways !  
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise.
- 26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke ;  
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
 And tell their wants of sov'reign grace.
- 27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
 And make my meditations sweet ;  
 Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
 'Till it expire in endless joy.
- 28 While haughty sinners die accurst,  
 Their glory bury'd in the dust,  
 I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
 Immortal hallelujahs sing.

*P S A L M CV. Common Metre. Abridged.*

*God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,  
 And tell the world his grace ;  
 Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,  
 That all may seek his face.
- 2 His cov'nant, which he kept in mind  
 For num'rous ages past,  
 To num'rous ages yet behind,  
 In equal force shall last.

- 3 He sware to *Abrah'm* and his seed,  
And made the blessing sure : -  
Gentiles the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.
- 4 “ Thy seed shall make all nations blest,”  
(Said the almighty voice)  
“ And *Canaan's* land shall be their rest,  
“ The type of heav'nly joys.”
- 5 [How large the grant ! how rich the grace !  
To give them *Canaan's* land,  
When they were strangers in the place,  
A little feeble band !
- 6 Like pilgrims through the countries round,  
Securely they remov'd ;  
And haughty kings which on them frown'd,  
Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 “ Touch my Anointed, and my arm  
“ Shall soon avenge the wrong ;  
“ The man who does my prophet harm,  
“ Shall know their God is strong.”
- 8 *Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear :  
Ifr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.]*
- P A U S E I.
- 9 When *Pharaoh* dar'd to vex the saints,  
And thus provok'd their God,  
*Moses* was sent at their complaints,  
Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- 10 He call'd for darkness ; darkness came,  
Like an o'erwhelming flood ;  
He turn'd each lake and ev'ry stream  
To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies  
Through the whole country spread ;

And frogs in croaking armies rise  
About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,  
The tenfold vengeance flew;  
Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,  
And hail their cattle flew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke  
The flow'r of *Egypt* dy'd;  
The strength of ev'ry house was broke,  
Their glory and their pride,

14 *Now let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear;  
Ifr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
And beth' Almighty's care.*

P A U S E II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage bro't,  
And left the hated ground;  
Each some *Egyptian* spoils had got,  
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And mark'd their journies right;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock,  
In rich abundance flow,  
And following still the course they took,  
Ran all the desert through.

18 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type  
Of ever flowing grace!  
So Christ our rock maintains our life  
Through all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' almighty hand,  
The chosen tribe possess  
*Canaan*, the rich, the promis'd land,  
And there enjoy'd their rest.

- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage,  
The church renounce her fear ;  
Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.*

---

P S A L M CVI. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD : or, communion with saints.*

- 1 **T**O God the great, the ever blest,  
Let songs of honour be address'd ;  
His mercy firm forever stands ;  
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways !  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?  
Blest are the souls who fear thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did  
For *Jacob's* race, thy chosen seed ;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.
- 4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice !  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

---

P S A L M CVI. Short Metre.

*Israel punished and pardoned : or, GOD's unchangeable love.*

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways !  
And yet how oft did *Isr'el* prove  
Thy constancy of grace !
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,  
And then thy praise they sung ;  
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,  
And murmur'd with their tongue.

- 3 Now they believe his word,  
 While rocks with rivers flow;  
 Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
 And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,  
 He hearken'd to their groans,  
 Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,  
 And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,  
 He sav'd them from their foes:  
 Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook  
 The people whom he chose.
- 6 Let *Isr'el* bless the Lord,  
 Who lov'd their ancient race;  
 And *Christians* join the solemn word  
*Amen*, to all the praise.

---

P S A L M CVII. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Israel led to Canaan, and christians to heaven.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God; he reigns above;  
 Kind are his tho'ts, 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;  
*Isr'el* the nation whom he chose,  
 And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's almighty arm had broke  
 Their fetters and th' *Egyptian* yoke,  
 They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round  
 A wild and solitary ground!
- 4 There they could find no leading road,  
 Nor city for a fix'd abode;  
 Nor food nor fountain to assuage  
 Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.]

- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd ;  
 God was their Saviour and their guide ;  
 He led their march far wand'ring round ;  
 'Twas the right path to *Canaan's* ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain  
 From sin's old yoke, and *Satan's* chain,  
 We have this desert world to pass,  
 A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,  
 He guards us with a pow'rful hand,  
 And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 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.

*P S A L M CVII. 2d Part. Long Metre.*

*Correction for sin, and release by prayer.*

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name,  
 God and his grace are still the same ;  
 He fills the hungry soul with food,  
 And feeds the poor with ev'ry good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise  
 Against the God who rules the skies,  
 If they reject his heav'nly word,  
 And slight the counsels of the Lord :
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
 And no deliv'rance shall be found ;  
 Laden with grief they waste their breath  
 In darkness and the shades of death.
- 4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
 He makes the dawning light arise,  
 And scatters all that dismal shade  
 Which hung so heavy round their head.

- 5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
 And lets the smiling pris'ners through ;  
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
 And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord !  
 How great his works ! how kind his ways !  
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

---

P S A L M CVII. 3d Part. Long Metre.

*Intemperance punished and pardoned : or, a psalm for  
 the glutton and the drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN man on foolish pleasures bent,  
 Prepares for his own punishment ;  
 What pains, what loathsome maladies  
 From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste ;  
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste :  
 'Till all his active pow'rs are lost,  
 And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans, and loaths to eat,  
 His soul abhors delicious meat ;  
 Nature with heavy loads oppress'd,  
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frighted sinners fly  
 To God for help with earnest cry !  
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could effect the cure  
 So quick, so easy, or so sure :  
 The deadly sentence God repeals,  
 He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
 The wond'rous goodness of the Lord.

And let their thankful off'rings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love.

---

P S A L M CVII. 4th Part. Long Metre.  
*Deliverance from storms and ship-wreck: or, the  
seaman's song.*

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favour of the wind;  
'Till God commands and tempest rise,  
Which heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;  
What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hopes, to God they cry;  
His mercy hears their loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage;  
'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wish'd to be.
- 6 O may the sons of men record  
The wond'rous goodness of the Lord!  
Let them their private off'rings bring,  
And in the church his glory sing.

---

P S A L M CVII. Common Metre.

*The mariner's psalm.*

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,  
Thy wonders in the deeps,

- 'The sons of courage shall record,  
Who trade in floating ships.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,  
And swell the tow'ring waves;  
The men astonish'd, mount the skies,  
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the wat'ry hills,  
And plunge in deeps again;  
Each like a tott'ring drunkard reels,  
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempests roar,  
'They pant with flutt'ring breath,  
And hopeless of the distant shore,  
Expect immediate death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,  
He hears the loud request,  
And orders silence through the skies,  
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,  
And see the storm allay'd;  
Now to their eyes the port appears,  
There let their vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God who brings them safe to land;  
Let stupid mortals know  
That waves are under his command,  
And all the winds that blow.
- 8 O that the sons of men would praise  
The goodness of the Lord!  
And those who see thy wond'rous ways,  
Thy wond'rous love record.

---

*P S A L M CVII. Last Part. Long Metre.*  
*Colonies planted : or, nations blest and punished.*  
A Psalm for New-England.

**W**HEN God, provok'd with daring crimes,  
Scourges the madness of the times,

- He turns their fields to barren sand,  
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,  
And make the wither'd mountains green,  
Send show'ry blessings from the skies,  
And harvests in the desarts rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they ;  
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,  
And build them towns and cities there.
- 4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want :  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.
- 5 Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,  
He lets the heathen nations in,  
A savage crew invades their lands,  
Their children die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons expos'd to scorn,  
Wander unpity'd and forlorn ;  
The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,  
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet if the humble nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;  
Again he makes their cities thrive,  
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,  
Admire the works of providence ;  
And tongues of Atheists shall no more  
Blaspheme the God whom saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record  
These wond'rous dealings of the Lord !  
But wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M CIX. Common Metre.

*Love to enemies from the example of Christ.*

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,  
Thy glory is my song ;  
Though sinners speak against thy grace,  
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man,  
Thy son on earth was found,  
With cruel slanders false and vain,  
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion move,  
Their peace he still pursu'd ;  
They render hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,  
Yet with his dying breath,  
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,  
And blest his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes ?  
Give me a soul a-kin to thine,  
To love my enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,  
And in my Saviour's name  
I shall defeat their pride and rage,  
Who slander and condemn.

---

P S A L M CX. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*Christ exalted, and multitudes converted: or, the  
success of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HUS the eternal Father spake  
To *Christ* the Son, " Ascend and sit  
" At my right hand, 'till I shall make  
" Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

- 2 " From *Zion* shall thy word proceed,  
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
 " And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " That day shall shew thy power is great,  
 " When faints shall flock with willing minds,  
 " And sinners croud thy temple-gate,  
 " Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !  
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue !  
 And converts who thy grace obey,  
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

*P S A L M CX. 2d Part. Long Metre.*

*The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS the great Lord of earth and sea  
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore :  
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
 " And change from hand to hand no more.
- 2 " *Aaron* and all his sons must die :  
 " But everlasting life is thine,  
 " To save for ever those who fly  
 " For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 " By me *Melchisedek* was made  
 " On earth a king and priest at once ;  
 " And thou, my heav'nly Priest, shalt plead,  
 " And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
- 4 *Jesus* the priest ascends his throne,  
 While counsels of eternal peace,  
 Between the Father and the Son,  
 Proceed with honour and success.
- 5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,  
 And crush the powers which dare rebel ;  
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,  
 And send the guilty world to hell.

- 6 Though while he treads his glorious way,  
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood ;  
 'The suff'rings of that dreadful day  
 Shall but advance him near to God.

---

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

*Christ's kingdom and priesthood.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
 And near thy Father sit :  
 In *Zion* shall thy power be known,  
 And make thy foes submit.
- 2 What wonders shall thy gospel do !  
 Thy converts shall surpass  
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
- 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,  
 Nor changes what he swore ;  
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
 " When *Aaron* is no more.
- 4 " *Melchisedek*, that wond'rous priest,  
 " That king of high degree,  
 " That holy man whom *Abrab'm* blest,  
 " Was but a type of thee."  
*Jesus* our priest for ever lives  
 To plead for us above :  
*Jesus* our King for ever gives  
 The blessings of his love.
- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,  
 And his high throne maintain,  
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,  
 Who dare oppose his reign.

---

P S A L M CXI. 1st Part. Common Metre.

*The wisdom of GOD in his works.*

- 1 **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong  
 To my almighty God :

- He has my heart, and he my tongue,  
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought !  
How glorious in our sight !  
Good men in ev'ry age have fought  
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame !  
How wise th' eternal mind !  
His counsels never change the scheme  
Which his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,  
He fix'd his cov'nant sure :  
The orders that his lips pronounce,  
To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,  
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :  
What shall we do to make us wise,  
But learn to read thy name ?
- 6 To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,  
Is our divinest skill :  
And he's the wisest of our race  
Who best obeys thy will.

---

P S A L M CXI. 2d Part. Common Metre.  
*The perfections of God.*

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs ;  
Let his assembled faints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.
- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,  
He gives his children food ;  
And ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure :

Holy and rev'rend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

- 4 They who would grow divinely wise,  
Must with his fear begin;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating ev'ry sin.

P S A L M CXII. Particular Metre.

*The blessings of the liberal man.*

- 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 wealth, shall be  
An inexhausted treasury,  
And with successive honours crown'd.

- 2 His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends:  
A gen'rous pity fills his mind;  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs,  
And thus he's just to all mankind.

- 3 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.

- 4 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain 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.

P A U S E.

- 5 [Ill tidings never can surprise  
The heart, that fix'd on God relies,

- Though waves and tempest roar around :  
 Safe on a rock he sits, and sees  
 The shipwreck of his enemies,  
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked shall his triumph see,  
 And gnash their teeth in agony,  
 To find their expectations crost,  
 They and their envy, pride and spite,  
 Sink down to everlasting night,  
 And all their names in darkness lost.]
- 

## P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

*The blessings of the pious and charitable.*

- 1 **T**HREE happy man who fears the Lord,  
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;  
 Honour and peace his days attend,  
 And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,  
 To works of mercy still inclin'd :  
 He lends the poor some present aid,  
 Or gives them not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread,  
 That fill his neighbour round with dread,  
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,  
 For God with all his pow'r is there.
- 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,  
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word ;  
 Amidst the darkness, light shall rise,  
 To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
- 5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,  
 His works are still before his God ;  
 His name on earth shall long remain,  
 While envious sinners fret in vain.
-

## P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

*Liberality rewarded.*

- 1 **H**APPY is he who fears the Lord,  
 And follows his commands,  
 Who lends the poor without reward,  
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.
- 2 As pity dwells within his breast,  
 To all the sons of need :  
 So God shall answer his request,  
 With blessings on his seed.
- 3 No evil tidings shall surprise  
 His well establish'd mind ;  
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,  
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of general distress,  
 Some beams of light shall shine,  
 To shew the world his righteousness,  
 And give him peace divine.
- 5 His works of piety and love,  
 Remain before the Lord :  
 Honour on earth, and joys above,  
 Shall be his sure reward.

## P S A L M CXIII. Particular Metre.

*The majesty and condescension of GOD.*

- 1 **Y**E who delight to serve the Lord,  
 The honours of his name record,  
 His sacred name for ever blest :  
 Where'er the circling sun displays  
 His rising beams or setting rays,  
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;  
 The heav'ns are far below his height ;

- Let no created greatness dare  
 With our eternal God compare,  
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.
- 3 He bows his glorious head to view  
 What the bright host of angels do,  
 And bends his care to mortal things ;  
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,  
 He takes the needy from the door,  
 And makes them company for kings.
- 4 When childless families despair,  
 He sends the blessing of an heir  
 To rescue their expiring name ;  
 The mother, with a thankful voice,  
 Proclaims his praises and her joys :  
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

---

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre:  
*GOD sovereign and gracious.*

- 1 **Y**E servants of th' almighty King,  
 In ev'ry age his praises sing ;  
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,  
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,  
 Stands his high throne of majesty ;  
 Nor time, nor place his pow'r restrain,  
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of *Adam* dare,  
 Or angels with their God compare ?  
 His glories how divinely bright,  
 Who dwells in uncreated light !
- 4 Behold his love, he stoops to view  
 What saints above and angels do ;  
 And condescends yet more to know  
 The mean affairs of men below.
- 5 From dust and cottages obscure,  
 His grace exalts the humble poor ;

Gives them the honour of his sons,  
And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

- 6 [A word of his creating voice  
Can make the barren house rejoice:  
Though *Sarab's* ninety years were past,  
The promis'd seed is born at last.
- 7 With joy the mother views her son,  
And tells the wonders God has done:  
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs;  
If nature fails, the promise bears.]

P S A L M CXIV. Long Metre.

*Miracles attending Israel's journey.*

- 1 **W**HEN *Isr'el* 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 which *Sinai* feels?
- 5 Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of *Isr'el*; 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 CXV. Long Metre.*

*The true God our refuge: or, idolatry reprov'd.*

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due,  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise and true.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;  
Why should a Heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us, and to raise our shame,  
Say, *Where's the God you've serv'd so long?*
- 3 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 cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore,  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;  
At best a mass of glittering ore,  
A silver faint, or golden god.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head;  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind:  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray:  
Mortals who pay them fear or love,  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O *Isr'el*, make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest,  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
They dwell in silence in the grave;

But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

*P S A L M CXV. Particular Metre.*

*Papish idolatry reprov'd.*

- 1 **N**OT to our names thou only just and true,  
Not to our worthless names is glory due :  
Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice  
claim  
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name.  
Shine through the earth, from heav'n thy  
blest abode, [God?"]  
Nor let the Heathen say, " And where's your  
2 Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands  
thy throne,  
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :  
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns  
he spread, [made ;  
But fools adore the gods their hands have  
The kneeling croud, with looks devout, be-  
hold  
Their silver favours, and their saints of gold.  
3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and  
ears,  
The molten image neither sees nor hears ;  
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can  
move, [nor love !  
They have no speech, nor thought, nor pow'r,  
Yet foolish mortals make their long complaints.  
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.  
4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold ;  
The poor content with gods of coarser mould,  
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,  
Lopt from a tree, or broken from a rock ;  
People and priests drive on the solemn trade,  
And trust the gods that saws and hammers  
made.]

- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'tis hard to say  
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they:  
O *Ifr'el*, trust the Lord: he hears and sees,  
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:  
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,  
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.
6. In God we trust; our impious foes in vain  
Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign;  
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our  
days,  
And death and silence had forbid his praise:  
But we are sav'd, and live: let songs arise,  
And *Zion* bless the God who built the skies.

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P S A L M CXVI. 1st Part. Com. Metre.  
*Recovery from sickness.*

- 1 I LOVE the Lord: he heard my cries,  
And pity'd 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 griefs away;  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declin'd; my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead,  
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,  
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God, I cry'd, thy servant save,  
" Thou ever good and just;  
" Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave,  
" Thy pow'r is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,  
He bid my pains remove;  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest;  
For thou hast known his love.

- 6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,  
 And dry'd my falling tears :  
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
 And my remaining years.

*P S A L M CXVI. 2d Part. Com. Metre.  
 Vows made in trouble, paid in the church : or, public  
 thanks for private deliverance.*

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God,  
 For all his kindness shown !  
 My feet shall visit thine abode,  
 My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints who fill thy house,  
 My off'rings shall be paid ;  
 There shall my zeal perform the vows  
 My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How much is mercy thy delight,  
 Thou ever-blessed God !  
 How dear thy servants in thy fight !  
 How precious is their blood !
- 4 How happy all thy servants are !  
 How great thy grace to me !  
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
 Lord, I devote to thee.
- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
 Nor shall my purpose move ;  
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,  
 And bound me with thy love.
- 6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
 And thy rich grace record ;  
 Witness ye saints, who hear me now,  
 If I forsake the Lord.

*P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.  
 Praise to God from all nations.*

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,  
 Each with a diff'rent tongue ;

In ev'ry language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.

- 2 His mercy reigns through ev'ry land ;  
Proclaim his grace abroad ;  
For ever firm his truth shall stand ;  
Praise ye the faithful God.

---

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all who 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.

---

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,  
Shall sound through distant lands ;  
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,  
Thy truth for ever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honour spread,  
And long thy praise endure,  
'Till morning light and ev'ning shade  
Shall be exchange'd no more.

---

P S A L M CXVIII. 1st Part. Com. Metre.

*Deliverance from a tumult.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears my helper now,  
Nor is my faith afraid  
What all the sons of earth can do,  
Since heav'n affords its aid.

- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to trust in thee,  
And have my God my friend,

- Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,  
A large and angry swarm ;  
But I shall all their rage confound,  
By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him my lips rejoice ;  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice !
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round ;  
When God appears, they fly :  
So burning thorns with crackling sound,  
Make a fierce blaze, and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints, and peace belongs ;  
The Lord protects their ways :  
Let *Ifr'el* tune immortal songs,  
To his almighty grace.

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P S A L M CXVIII. 2d. Part. Com. Metre.

*Public praise for deliverance from death.*

- 1 **L** ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,  
And rescu'd from the grave ;  
Now shall he live : (and none can die,  
If God resolve to save.)
- 2 Thy praise more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath ;  
Thy hand which hath chastis'd him sore,  
Defends him still from death.
- 3 Open the gates of *Zion* now,  
For we shall worship there,  
The house where all the righteous go,  
Thy mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints,  
Our thankful voice we raise ;

There we have told thee our complaints,  
And there we speak thy praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. 3d Part. Common Metre.

*CHRIST the foundation of his church.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone;  
Which God in *Zion* lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore his name;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain;  
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood?  
Yet must this building rise;  
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wond'rous in our eyes.

P S A L M CXVIII. 4th Part. Com. Metre.

*Hosanna; the LORD's day: or, CHRIST's resurrection and our salvation.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To *David's* holy Son:

Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

- 4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. Short Metre.

*An Hosanna for the LORD's day : or, a new song of  
salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone  
The builders did refuse ;  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious *Jews*.
- 2 The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son ;  
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,  
As the chief Corner-Stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wond'rous in our eyes ;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did *Jesus* rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made ;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray ;  
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King  
Of *David's* royal blood ;  
Bless him ye saints : he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thy holy word,  
Which all this grace displays ;

And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Long Metre.

*An Hosanna for the LORD's day : or, a new song of salvation by Christ.*

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious Corner-Stone  
The *Jewish* builders did refuse :  
But God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envy and the *Jews*.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,  
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;  
This is the day which proves it thine,  
The day which saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and faints be glad ;  
Hosanna, let his name be blest :  
A thousand honours on his head,  
With peace and light, and glory rest.
- 4 In God's own name he comes to bring  
Salvation to our dying race ;  
Let the whole church address their King  
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

PSALM CXIX. 1st Part. Common Metre.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them: but the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connexion. In some places, among the words, law, commands, judgments, testimonies, I have used gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common language of Christians; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scriptures.]

*The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.*

Verse 1, 2, 3.

2 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean :  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Blest are the men who keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands ;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

3 Great is their peace who love thy law ;  
How firm their souls abide !  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,  
The proud shall die accurst ;  
The sons of falshood and deceit  
Are trodden to the dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are :  
And those who leave thy ways,  
Shall see salvation from afar,  
But never taste thy grace.

---

*P S A L M CXIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.*  
*Secret devotion, and spiritual-mindedness : or, constant*  
*converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

1 **T**O thee, before the dawning light,  
My gracious God, I pray ;

I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,  
Thy promise bears me up ;  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

3 Seven times a-day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee ;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind ;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. 3d Part. Com. Metre.  
*Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.*

Ver. 57, 60.

1 **T**HOU art my portion, O my God,  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

2 I chuse the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice :  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace,  
I set before mine eyes ;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

4 If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,

W

Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 114,

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord ;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,  
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil :  
And thus 'till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. 4th Part. Com. Metre.

*Instruction from scripture.*

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin ?  
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,  
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

- 2 When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,  
Which guides us all the day ;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 99, 100.

- 4 The men who keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

- 5 Thy precepts make me truly wise ;  
 I hate the sinner's road ;  
 I hate my own vain thoughts which rise,  
 But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

- 6 [The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,  
 The earth maintains her place ;  
 And these thy servants night and day  
 Thy skill and pow'r express.  
 7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
 Have lessons more divine :  
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth ;  
 How pure is ev'ry page !  
 That holy book shall guide our youth,  
 And well support our age.

P S A L M CXIX. 5th Part. Com. Metre.  
*Delight in scripture : or, the word of God dwelling  
 in us.*

Ver. 97.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law,  
 'Tis daily my delight ;  
 And thence my meditations draw  
 Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day  
 To meditate thy word ;  
 My soul with longing melts away,  
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

- 3 How doth thy word my heart engage !  
 How well employ my tongue !

And in my tiresome pilgrimage,  
 Yields me an heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home ?  
 'Tis my perpetual feast ;  
 Not honey dropping from the comb,  
 So much delights my taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;  
 Nor shall thy word be sold  
 For loads of silver well refin'd,  
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
 Thy promises of grace  
 Are pillars to support my hope,  
 And there I write thy praise.

*P S A L M CXIX. 6th Part. Common Metre.  
 Holiness and comfort from the word.*

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,  
 And all thy statutes just ;  
 Thence I maintain a constant fight  
 With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey :  
 I keep thy law in sight,  
 Through all the bus'ness of the day,  
 To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart in midnight silence cries,  
 " How sweet thy comforts be !"  
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
 And bring their thanks to thee :

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,  
 At some good word of thine,

Not mighty men who share the spoil,  
Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. 7th Part. Com. Metre.  
*Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.*  
Ver. 96, paraphras'd.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book,  
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,  
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave,  
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;  
But thine conduct to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call  
Perfection here below;  
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,  
And can no further go.
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,  
By works their hands have wrought;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. 8th Part. Common Metre.  
*The word of God is the saint's portion: or, the  
excellency and variety of scripture.*  
Ver. 111, paraphras'd.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;

- There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise :  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest ;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

*P S A L M CXIX. 9th Part. Common Metre.  
Desire of knowledge : or, the teaching of the Spirit  
with the word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,  
How good thy works appear !  
Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

- 2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,  
My service is thy due,  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

- 3 Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid,  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,  
Thou heardst my soul complain ;

Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his statutes shew,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work forever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

- 6 This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief;  
It made me learn thy word the more,  
And fly to that relief.

Ver. 51.

- 7 [In vain the proud deride me now;  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go,  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

- 8 When I have learnt my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways:  
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

P S A L M CXIX. 10th Part. Com. Metre.

*Pleading the promises.*

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,  
And promis'd quick'ning grace?  
Doth not my heart address thy throne?  
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail,  
 O bear thy servant up ;  
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,  
 Which dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord ?  
 Then let thy truth appear :  
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. 11th Part. Com. Metres.

*Breathing after holiness.*

Ver. 5, 33.

- 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 !

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write  
 Thy law upon my heart !  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes,  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires arise  
 Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere ;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My soul hath gone too far astray,  
 My feet too often slip ;

Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands ;  
'Tis a delightful road ;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.
- 

P S A L M C X I X. 12th Part. Com. Metre.

*Breathing after comfort and deliverance.*

Ver. 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause ;  
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,  
Which I so justly fear ;  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

- 3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress,  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 82.

- 4 Mine eyes with expectation fail,  
My heart within me cries,  
*When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
And make my comforts rise ?*

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
And shew thy grace the same,  
As thou art ever wont t' afford  
To those who love thy name.
-

P S A L M CXIX. 13th Part. Com. Metre.

*Holy fear and tenderness of conscience.*

Ver. 10.

1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy  
 O let me never stray [face,  
 From thy commands, O God of grace,  
 Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,  
 To keep my conscience clean,  
 And be an everlasting guard  
 From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a companion of the saints,  
 Who fear and love the Lord ;  
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
 When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While finners do thy gospel wrong,  
 My spirit stands in awe ;  
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
 But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My heart with sacred rev'ence hears  
 The threat'nings of thy word ;  
 My flesh with holy trembling fears  
 The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait  
 For thy salvation still ;  
 While thy whole law is my delight,  
 And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. 14th Part. Com. Metre.

*Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,  
 And thy deliv'rance send :

My soul for thy salvation faints ;  
When will my troubles end ?

Ver. 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod ;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

- 3 This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins :  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppress'd with sorrow's weight,  
Had sunk among the dead.

Ver. 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe ;  
The sharpest suff'rings I endure,  
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,  
My feet were apt to stray ;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. 15th Part. Com. Metre.

*Holy resolutions.*

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes ev'ry hour  
Might dwell upon my mind !  
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,  
 Shall be my sweet employ ;  
 My soul shalt ne'er forget thy word,  
 Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,  
 If thou my heart discharge  
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,  
 And fet my feet at large.

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare  
 Thy statutes and thy name ;  
 I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,  
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise  
 To rob me of my right,  
 Let pride and malice forge their lies,  
 Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,  
 Whose hands and hearts are ill ;  
 I love my God, I love his ways,  
 And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. 16th Part. Com. Metre.

*Prayer for quickening grace.*

Ver. 25, 37.

- 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 thy way,  
 Left I should loiter in my race,  
 Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When fore afflictions prefs me down,  
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs ;  
Thy word which I have rested on,  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 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 ?

Ver. 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face ?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enliv'ning grace !

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I 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.

---

P S A L M CXIX. 17th Part. Long Metre.  
*Courage and perseverance under persecution : or,  
grace shining in difficulties and trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **W**HEN pain and anguish seize me, Lord,  
All my support is from thy word ;  
My soul dissolves for heaviness ;  
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,  
They watch my feet with envious eyes,  
And tempt my soul to snares and sin ;  
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

- 3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
They hate to see me love thy laws ;

But I will trust and fear thy name,  
 'Till pride and malice die with shame.

---

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.* Long Metre.  
*Sanctified afflictions : or, delight in the word of*  
 GOD.

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand,  
 How kind was thy 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.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to bear the yoke,  
 For pride is apt to rise and swell ;  
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The law which issues from thy mouth,  
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
 Than all the treasures of the south,  
 Or western hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

5 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.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all who love and fear the Lord,  
 At my salvation shall rejoice :  
 For I have hop'd in thy word,  
 And made thy grace my only choice.

---

PSALM CXX. Common Metre.

*Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours : or, a devout wish for peace.*

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest,  
Pity my suff'ring state ;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From lips that love deceit ?
- 2 Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast  
Among the sons of strife,  
Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste  
My golden hours of life.
- 3 O might I fly to change my place,  
How would I chuse to dwell  
In some wide lonesome wilderness,  
And leave these gates of hell.
- 4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
How lovely are its charms !  
I am for peace ; but when I speak,  
They all declare for arms.
- 5 New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong,  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou devouring tongue !
- 6 Should burning arrows smite thee through,  
Strict justice would approve ;  
But I had rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

---

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

*Divine protection.*

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;  
Thence all her help my soul derives ;  
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives ; the everlasting God,  
Who built the world, who spread the flood ;

- The heav'ns with all their hosts he made ;  
 And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;  
 His morning smiles bless all the day ;  
 He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps  
 The silent hours while *Isr'el* sleeps.
- 4 *Isr'el*, a name divinely blest,  
 May rise secure, securely rest ;  
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
 Shall blast thy couch ; no baleful star  
 Dart his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
 Still thou shalt go, and still return  
 Safe in the Lord ! his heav'nly care  
 Defends thy life from ev'ry snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no pow'r ;  
 And in thy last departing hour,  
 Angels, who trace the airy road,  
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

---

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.  
*Preservation by day and night.*

- 1 **T**O heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,  
 There all my hopes are laid ;  
 The Lord who built the earth and skies,  
 Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet shall never slide to fall,  
 Whom he designs to keep :  
 His ear attends the softest call ;  
 His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest pow'rs,  
 With his almighty arm,

- And watch our most unguarded hours  
Against surprizing harm.
- 4 *Isr'el* rejoice, and rest secure,  
Thy keeper is the Lord ;  
His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r  
For thine eternal guard.
- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,  
Shall have his leave to smite ;  
He shields thy head from burning noon,  
From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,  
Where thickest dangers come ;  
Go and return, secure from death,  
'Till God commands thee home.

---

P S A L M CXXI. Particular Metre.

*GOD our Preserver.*

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,  
From God is all my aid ;  
The God who built the skies,  
And earth and nature made ;  
God is the tow'r  
To which I fly ;  
His grace is nigh  
In ev'ry hour.
- 2 My feet shall never slide,  
And fall in fatal snares,  
Since God my guard and guide,  
Defends me from my fears.  
Those wakeful eyes  
That never sleep,  
Shall *Isr'el* keep,  
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,  
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,

Shall take my health away,  
If God be with me there :

Thou art my sun,  
And thou my shade,  
To guard my head  
By night or noon.

- 4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word  
To save my soul from death?  
And I can trust my Lord  
To keep my mortal breath;  
I'll go and come,  
Nor fear to die,  
'Till from on high  
Thou call me home.

---

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

*Going to Church.*

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
" In Zion let us all appear,  
" And keep the solemn day !"
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;  
The church adorn'd with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts with joys unknown,  
The holy tribes repair ;  
'The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints ;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest ;  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,  
Be her attendants blest !

6 My soul shall pray for *Zion* still,  
 While life or breath remains,  
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
 There God my Saviour reigns.

---

P S A L M CXXII. Particular Metre.

*Going to Church.*

1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,  
 To hear the people cry,  
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day ;"  
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,  
 We haste to *Zion's* hill,  
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 *Zion*, thrice happy place,  
 Adorn'd with wond'rous grace,  
 And walls of strength embrace thee round,  
 In thee our tribes appear,  
 To pray, and praise, and hear  
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There *David's* greater Son  
 Has fix'd his royal throne,  
 He sits for grace and judgment there :  
 He bids the saints be glad,  
 And makes the sinner sad,  
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,  
 And joy within thee wait,  
 To bless the soul of ev'ry guest !  
 The man who seeks thy peace,  
 And wishes thine increase,  
 A thousand blessings on him rest !

5 My tongue repeats her vows,  
 "Peace to this sacred house !"  
 For here my friends and kindred dwell ;  
 And since my glorious God

Makes thee his blest abode,  
My soul shall ever love thee well.

*Repeat the 4th stanza, if necessary.*

---

*P s A L M* CXXIII. Common Metre.

*Pleading with submission.*

- 1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign  
Enthron'd above the skies,  
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their masters hand,  
And fear the angry stroke !  
Or maids before their mistress stand,  
And wait a peaceful look,
- 3 So for our sins we justly feel  
Thy discipline, O God ;  
Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
'Till thou remove thy rod.
- 4 Those who in wealth and pleasure live,  
Our daily groans deride,  
And thy delays of mercy give  
Fresh courage to their pride.
- 5 Our foes insult us, but our hope  
In thy compassion lies ;  
This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
That God will not despise.

---

*P s A L M* CXXIV. Long Metre.

*A song for deliverance.*

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may *Isr'el* say,  
Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,  
When men, to make our lives a prey,  
Rose like the swelling of the tide ;
- 2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,  
So fiercely did the waters roll,

- We had been swallow'd deep in death ;  
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.
- 3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
 Who just escap'd the fatal stroke ;  
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing,  
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.
- 4 For ever blessed be the Lord,  
 Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,  
 Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,  
 And made our lives and souls his care.
- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
 Who form'd the earth and built the skies ;  
 He who upholds that wond'rous frame,  
 Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

---

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

*The saint's trial and safety.*

- 1 U NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,  
 And firm as mountains be,  
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,  
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.
- 2 Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well  
 Old *Salem's* happy ground,  
 As those eternal arms of love  
 Which ev'ry saint surround.
- 3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge,  
 To drive them near to God,  
 Divine compassion does allay  
 The fury of the rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
 And lead them safely on  
 To the bright gates of paradise,  
 Where *Christ* their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those wicked ways  
 Which the old serpent drew,

The wrath which drove him first to hell,  
Shall smite his foll'wers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

*The saint's trial and safety: or, moderate afflictions.*

1 **F**IRM and unmov'd are they  
Who trust their souls on God;  
Firm as the mount where *David* dwelt,  
Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard  
The city's sacred ground,  
So God and his almighty love  
Embrace his saints around.

3 What though the Father's rod  
Drop a chastising stroke,  
Yet lest it wound their souls too deep,  
Its fury shall be broke.

3 Deal gently, Lord with those  
Whose faith and pious fear,  
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,  
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage  
Too long oppress the faint;  
The God of *Isr'el* will support  
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear  
Will chuse the road to hell,  
We must expect our portion there,  
Where bolder sinners dwell.

P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre.

*Surprising deliverance.*

1 **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,  
Joy was our song, & grace our theme;  
The grace beyond our hopes so great,  
That joy appear'd a painted dream.

- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays  
Unwilling honours to thy name ;  
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
- 3 When we review our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man who in his furrow'd field,  
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,  
Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

---

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

*The joy of a remarkable conversion : or, melancholy removed.*

- 1 **W**HEN God reveal'd his gracious name,  
And chang'd my mournful state,  
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,  
The grace appear'd so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,  
And did thy hand confess ;  
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,  
And sung surprising grace.
- 3 " Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,  
And own'd thy pow'r divine ;  
" Great is the work," my heart reply'd,  
" And be the glory thine."
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,  
Can give us day for night ;  
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise  
To rivers of delight.
- 5 Let those who sow in sadness, wait  
'Till the fair harvest come,  
They shall confess their sheaves are great,  
And shout the blessings home.

6 Though seed lie bury'd long in dust,  
 It shan't deceive their hope ;  
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,  
 For grace insures the crop.

---

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

*The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.*

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the cost  
 And pains to build the house are lost ;  
 If God the city will not keep,  
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the sun,  
 And work and toil when day is done,  
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
 To shun ~~that~~ poverty you dread ;
- 3 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath blest ;  
 He can make rich, yet give us rest :  
 Children and friends are blessings too,  
 If God our Sov'reign make them so.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends  
 Obedient children, faithful friends :  
 How sweet our daily comforts prove,  
 When they are season'd with his love !

---

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.

*God All in All.*

- 1 **I**F God to build the house deny,  
 The builders work in vain ;  
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,  
 An uselefs watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,  
 Your painful work renew,  
 And 'till the stars ascend the skies,  
 Your tiresome toil pursue :

- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare ;  
 In vain, 'till God has blest ;  
 But if his smiles attend your care,  
 You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,  
 Shall real blessings prove,  
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,  
 If sent without his love.

---

P S A L M CXXVIII. Common Metre.  
*Family blessings.*

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd  
 With zeal and rev'rend awe !  
 His lips to God their honours yield,  
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand  
 And ever guard thy head,  
 Shall on the labours of thy hand  
 Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine ;  
 Thy children round thy board,  
 Each like a plant of honour shine,  
 And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil  
 For months and years to come ;  
 The Lord who dwells on *Zion's* hill,  
 Shall send the blessings home.
- 5 This is the man whose happy eyes  
 Shall see his house increase,  
 Shall see the sinking church arise,  
 Then leave the world in peace.

---

P S A L M CXXIX. Common Metre.  
*Persecutors punished.*

- 1 **U**P from my youth may *Isr'el* say,  
 Have I been nurs'd in tears ;

- My griefs were constant as the day,  
And tedious as the years.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife ;  
Oft they assail'd my riper age,  
But not destroy'd my life.
- 3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh  
With furrows long and deep,  
Hourly they vex'd my wounds afresh,  
Nor let my sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,  
And with impartial eye,  
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,  
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surpris'd,  
To hear his thunders roll !  
And all the foes of *Zion* seiz'd  
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men who hate the faints,  
Be blasted from the sky ;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints,  
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,  
They have no root beneath ;  
Their growth shall perish in despair,  
And lie despis'd in death.]
- 8 [So corn which on the house-top stands,  
No hope of harvest gives ;  
The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.
- 9 It springs and withers on the place ;  
No traveller bestows  
A word of blessing on the grass,  
Nor minds it as he goes.]
-

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

*Pardoning grace.*

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
To draw us near to thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.]
- 5 [Just as the guards who keep the night,  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes:
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,  
And more intent than they  
Meets the first op'nings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let *Israel* trust,  
Let *Israel* seek his face;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous is his grace.
- 8 There's full redemption at his throne  
For sinners long enslav'd,  
The great Redeemer is his Son:  
And *Israel* shall be sav'd.
-

*P S A L M* CXXX. Long Metre.

*Pardoning grace.*

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thro'ts,  
To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries :  
If thou severely mark our faults,  
No flesh can stand before thine eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace  
Free to dispense thy pardons there,  
That sinners may approach thy face,  
And hope and love, as well as fear.
- 3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,  
And long and wish for breaking day,  
So waits my soul before thy gate :  
When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,  
Nor shall I trust thy word in vain ;  
Let mourning souls address the Lord,  
And find relief from all their pain.
- 5 Great is his love, and large his grace,  
Thro' the redemption of his Son :  
He turns our feet from sinful ways,  
And pardons what our hands have done.

---

*P S A L M* CXXXI. Common Metre.

*Humility and submission.*

- 1 **I**S there ambition in my heart ?  
Search, gracious God, and see ;  
Or do I act a haughty part ?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 I charge my thoughts be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my Father with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.
- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind  
Shall have a large reward :

Let faints in sorrow lie resign'd,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

P S A L M CXXXII. Long Metre.

*At the settlement of a church: or, the ordination of  
a minister.*

- 1 **W**HERE shall we go to seek and find  
An habitation for our God,  
A dwelling for th' eternal mind,  
Among the sons of flesh and blood?
- 2 The God of *Jacob* chose the hill  
Of *Zion* for his ancient rest;  
And *Zion* is his dwelling still,  
His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 "Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;  
Here shall my pow'r and love be known,  
And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread:  
Sinners who wait before my door,  
With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,  
My priests, my ministers shall shine:  
Not *Aaron* in his costly dress,  
Made an appearance so divine.
- 6 The faints, unable to contain  
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;  
The Son of *David* here shall reign,  
And *Zion* triumph in her king.
- 7 [*Jesus* shall see a num'rous seed  
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;  
His crown shall flourish on his head,  
While all his foes are cloth'd with shame."]

P S A L M CXXXII. Common Metre.

*A church established.*

- 1 [N O sleep nor slumber to his eyes  
Good *David* would afford,  
'Till he had found below the skies  
A dwelling for the Lord.
  - 2 The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his name,  
His ark was settled there :  
To *Zion* the whole nation came  
To worship thrice a year.
  - 3 But we have no such lengths to go,  
Nor wander far abroad :  
Where'er thy saints assemble now,  
There is a house for God.]
- P A U S E.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace, arise,  
And enter to thy rest,  
Lo ! thy church waits with longing eyes,  
Thus to be own'd and blest.
  - 5 Enter with all thy glorious train,  
Thy Spirit and thy word :  
All that the ark did once contain,  
Could no such grace afford.
  - 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,  
Here let thy praise be spread :  
Bless the provisions of thy house,  
And fill thy poor with bread.
  - 7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,  
Let God's Anointed shine ;  
Justice and truth his courts maintain,  
With love and pow'r divine.
  - 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne,  
And as his kingdom grows,  
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,  
And shame confound his foes.
-

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Brotherly love.*

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining view  
Are brethren who agree,  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts pursue  
The path to unity!
- 2 When streams of love from *Christ* the spring,  
Descend to ev'ry soul,  
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole:
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet  
On *Aaron's* rev'rend head,  
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews,  
Which fall on *Zion's* hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shews,  
And makes his grace distil.

---

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Communion of saints: or, love and worship in a family.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,  
Whose hearts and hopes are one,  
Whose kind designs to serve and please,  
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house  
Where zeal and friendship meet,  
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,  
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on *Aaron's* head  
They pour'd the rich perfume,  
The oil through all his raiment spread,  
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heav'nly hills,  
 The saints are blest above,  
 Where joy like morning dew distils,  
 And all the air is love.

---

PSALM CXXXIII. Particular Metre.

*The blessings of friendship.*

1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see  
 Kindred and friends agree,  
 Each in their proper station move,  
 And each fulfil their part  
 With sympathizing heart,  
 In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed  
 On *Aaron's* sacred head,  
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet!  
 The oil through all the room  
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,  
 Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful show'rs of rain,  
 Which water all the plain,  
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills;  
 Such streams of pleasure roll  
 Through ev'ry friendly soul,  
 Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

[Repeat the first stanza, if necessary.]

---

PSALM CXXXIV. Common Metre.

*Daily and nightly devotion.*

1 **Y**E who obey th' immortal King,  
 Attend his holy place,  
 Bow to the glories of his pow'r,  
 And bless his wond'rous grace.

2 Lift up your hands by morning light,  
 And send your souls on high;

Raise your admiring thoughts by night,  
Above the starry sky.

- 3 The God of *Zion* cheers our hearts,  
With rays of quick'ning grace ;  
The God who spread the heav'ns abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

---

P S A L M CXXXV. 1st Part. Long Metre.

*The church is GOD's house and care.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; exalt his name,  
While in his holy courts ye wait ;  
Ye saints who to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord ; the Lord is good :  
To praise his name is sweet employ ;  
*Isr'el* he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints :  
He treats his servants as his friends ;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod ;  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,  
People and priests exalt his name :  
Among his saints he ever dwells :  
His church is his *Jerusalem*.

---

P S A L M CXXXV. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of  
Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high  
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne :

- Whate'er he please in earth or sea,  
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,  
'The lightnings flash, the thunders roar ;  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind  
And tempest from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
O *Egypt* ! through thy stubborn land ;  
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,  
Fell dead by his avenging hand.
- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings  
He slew, and their whole country gave  
To *Ifr'el*, whom his hand redeem'd,  
No more to be proud *Pharaoh's* slave !
- 5 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,  
Who saves us from the host of hell ;  
And heav'n he gives us to possess,  
Whence those apostate angels fell.

---

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

*Praise due to GOD, not to idols.*

- 1 **A** WAKE ye saints to praise your King,  
Your sweetest passions raise,  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; and works unknown  
Are his divine employ ;  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heav'n, earth and sea, confess his hand ;  
He bids the vapours rise ;  
Lightning and storm at his command  
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r which gods or kings have claim'd,  
Is found in him alone ;

But Heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd  
Where our *JEHOVAH*'s known.

- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them show'rs of rain?  
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their godshave tongues which cannot talk,  
Such as their makers gave;  
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,  
Nor hands have pow'r to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray;  
Mortals who wait for their relief,  
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 Ye faints, adore the living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear;  
He makes the churches his abode,  
And claims your houours there.

---

P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

*GOD's wonders of creation, providence, redemption  
of Israel, and salvation of his people.*

- 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 struck the sons of *Egypt* dead ;  
 “ How mighty is his rod !”  
 And thence with joy his people led :  
 “ How gracious is our God !”
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two ;  
 “ His arm is great in might !”  
 And gave the tribes a passage through :  
 “ His pow’r and grace unite.”
- 6 But *Pharaoh’s* army there he drown’d ;  
 “ How glorious are his ways !”  
 And brought his saints thro’ desert ground ;  
 “ Eternal be his praise.”
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand :  
 “ Victorious is his sword :”  
 While *Israel* took the promis’d land :  
 “ And faithful is his word.”]
- 8 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 !”
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe ;  
 “ His goodness never fails :”  
 From death and hell, and ev’ry foe ;  
 “ And still his grace prevails.”
- 10 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. Particular Metre.

- GIVE thanks to God most high,  
 The universal Lord :  
 The sov’rign King of kings ;  
 And be his grace ador’d.  
 “ His pow’r and grace  
 “ Are still the same :

“ And let his name  
 “ Have endless praise.”

2 How mighty is his hand !  
 What wonders hath he done !  
 He form'd the earth and seas,  
 And spread the heav'ns alone.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
 “ Shall still endure :  
 “ And ever sure  
 “ Abides thy word.”

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun,  
 To crown the day with light ;  
 The moon and twinkling stars ;  
 To cheer the darksome night.

“ His pow'r and grace  
 “ Are still the same ;  
 “ And let his name  
 “ Have endless praise.”

4 [He smote the first-born sons,  
 The flow'r of *Egypt*, dead,  
 And thence his chosen tribes,  
 With joy and glory led.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
 “ Shall still endure ;  
 “ And ever sure  
 “ Abides thy word.”

5 His pow'r and lifted rod  
 Cleft the *Red-Sea* in two :  
 And for his people made  
 A wond'rous passage through.

“ His pow'r and grace  
 “ Are still the same ;  
 “ And let his name  
 “ Have endless praise.”

6 But cruel *Pharaoh* there,  
 With all his host he drown'd,

And brought his *Israel* safe  
Through a long defart ground.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
“ Shall still endure ;  
“ And ever sure  
“ Abides thy word.”

P A U S E .

7 The kings of *Canaan* fell  
Beneath his dreadful hand ;  
While his own servants took  
Possession of their land.

“ His pow’r and grace  
“ Are still the same ;  
“ And let his name  
“ Have endless praise.”]

8 He saw the nations lie  
All perishing in sin,  
And pity’d the sad state  
The ruin’d world was in,

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
“ Shall still endure ;  
“ And ever sure  
“ Abides thy word.”

9 He sent his only Son  
To save us from our woe,  
From Satan, sin and death,  
And ev’ry hurtful foe,

“ His pow’r and grace  
“ Are still the same ;  
“ And let his name  
“ Have endless praise.”

10 Give thanks aloud to God,  
To God the heav’nly King :  
And let the spacious earth  
His works and glories sing.

“ Thy mercy, Lord,  
 “ Shall still endure ;  
 “ And ever sure  
 “ Abides thy word.”

P S A L M CXXXVI. Long Metre.  
 Abridged.

- 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 Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
 The King of kings with glory crown ;  
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When lords and kings are known no more.”
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
 And fix'd the starry lights on high :  
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,  
 He bids the moon direct the night :  
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When suns and moons shall shine no more.”
- 5 The *Jews* he freed from *Pharaoh's* hand,  
 And brought them to the promis'd land ;  
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,  
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 6 He saw the *Gentiles* dead in sin,  
 And felt his pity work within :  
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,  
 “ When death and sin shall reign no more.”
- 7 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.”

- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,  
 And leads us to his heav'nly feat :  
 " His mercies ever shall endure,  
 " When this vain world shall be no more."

P S A L M CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

*Restoring and preserving grace.*

- 1 **W**ITH all my pow'rs of heart and tongue  
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;  
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,  
 Approve the song and join the praise.
- 2 [Angels who make the church their care,  
 Shall witness my devotion there,  
 While holy zeal directs my eyes  
 'To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,  
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;  
 Not all the works and names below,  
 So much thy pow'r and glory show.
- 4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose,  
 He heard me and subdu'd my foes ;  
 He did my rising fears controul,  
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.
- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,  
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great ;  
 But from his throne descends to see  
 The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amid a thousand snares I stand,  
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;  
 'Thy words my fainting soul revive,  
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,  
 To save from sorrows or from sins :  
 The work which wisdom undertakes,  
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. 1st Part. Long Metre.  
The all-seeing GOD.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me  
through :  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known ;  
He knows the words I mean to speak,  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling pow'r I stand ;  
On ev'ry side I find thy hand :  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !  
What large extent ! what lofty height !  
My soul with all the pow'rs I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 " O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;  
" Nor let my meaner passions dare  
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

## P A U S E I.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,  
Or from thy dreadful glory run ?
- 7 If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And *Satan* groans beneath his chains.
- 8 If mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 10 " O may these tho'ts possess my breast,  
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
" Nor let my meaner passions dare  
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

## P A U S E II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes :  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to thee ;  
Not death can hide what God will spy,  
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 " O may these tho'ts possess my breast,  
" Where'er I rove, where'er I rest !  
" Nor let my meaner passions dare  
" Consent to sin, for God is there."

## P S A L M CXXXIX. 2d Part. Long Metre.

*The wonderful formation of man.*

- 1 **T** Was from thy hand, my God, I came,  
A work of such a curious frame ;  
In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,  
And what thy sov'reign councils fram'd,  
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)  
Were copy'd with unerring art,

- 4 At last to shew my Maker's name,  
 God stamp'd his image on my frame,  
 And in some unknown moment join'd  
 The finish'd members to the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,  
 And all the passions of the man :  
 Great God, our infant nature pays  
 Immortal tribute to thy praise.

## P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age  
 I've acted on life's busy stage,  
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
 The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,  
 And count each sand that makes the shore,  
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
 The num'rous wonders of thy grace.
- 8 These on my heart are still impress'd,  
 With these I give my eyes to rest ;  
 And at my waking hour I find  
 God and his love possess my mind.

## P S A L M CXXXIX. 3d Part. Long Metre.

*Sincerity profess, and grace tried: or, the heart-  
 searching God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,  
 When impious men transgress thy will !  
 I mourn to hear their lips profane,  
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate  
 The sons of malice and deceit ?  
 Those who oppose thy laws and thee,  
 I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try ev'ry thought ;  
 Though my own heart accuse me not

Of walking in a false disguise,  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin?  
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
And lead me in thy perfect way.

*P S A L M CXXXIX. 1<sup>st</sup> Part. Com. Metre.  
GOD is every where.*

- 1 **I**N all my vast concerns with thee,  
In vain my soul would try  
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee  
The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys  
My rising and my rest;  
My public walks, my private ways,  
And secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,  
Before they're form'd within;  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide!  
Within thy circling arms I lie,  
Beset on ev'ry side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,  
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

*P A U S E.*

- 6 Lord where shall guilty souls retire,  
Forgotten and unknown?  
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,  
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath  
To 'scape the wrath divine,

Thy voice could break the bars of death,  
And make the grave resign.

8 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.

9 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.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee :  
O may I ne'er provoke that pow'r  
From which I cannot flee !

P S A L M CXXXIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.

*The wisdom of GOD in the formation of man.*

1 **W**HEN I with pleasing wonder stand,  
And all my frame survey,  
Lord, 'tis thy work : I own thy hand  
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess,  
Where unborn nature grew,  
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,  
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd  
The growth of ev'ry part,  
'Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid,  
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth and sea, and fire and wind,  
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;  
But I review myself and find  
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,  
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;

Lord, to thy works of nature join  
Thy miracles of grace.

*P S A L M CXXXIX. 3d Part. Com. Metre.*

*The mercies of GOD innumerable.*

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,  
They strike me with surprize ;  
Not all the sands which spread the shore,  
To equal numbers rise.
- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,  
The product of thy skill,  
And hourly blessings from thy hands,  
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep :  
How kind, how dear to me !  
O may the hour which ends my sleep,  
Still find my thoughts with thee.

*P S A L M CXLI. Long Metre.*

*Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.*

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in thy house,  
And let my nightly worship rise,  
Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From ev'ry rash and heedless word ;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty path where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous when I stray,  
Smite and reprove my wand'ring way !  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

- 4 When I behold them prest with grief,  
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

---

P S A L M CXLII. Common Metre.

*God is the hope of the helpless.*

- 1 **T**O God I made my sorrows known,  
From God I sought relief;  
In long complaints before his throne  
I pour'd out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, who all my burden knows,  
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On ev'ry side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone,  
While friends and strangers past me by,  
Neglected or unknown.
- 4 Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And call'd thy mercy near,  
"Thou art my portion when I die,  
"Be thou my refuge here."
- 5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes who vex me, know  
I've an almighty Friend.
- 6 From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name,  
And holy men shall join with me,  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

---

P S A L M CXLIII. Long Metre.

*Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.*

- 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 Let judgment not against me pass ;  
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace ;  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes which burden me ;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,  
My heart is desolate within ;  
My thoughts in musing silence trace  
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,  
To bear my sinking spirits up ;  
I stretch my hands to God again,  
And thirst like parched lands for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;  
When will thy smiling face return ?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove ?  
And God forever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,  
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave ;  
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye ;  
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,  
Distressing pains, distressing fears ;  
O might I hear thy morning voice,  
How would my weary'd pow'rs rejoice !
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,  
And lift my weary soul on high ;  
For thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show  
Which is the path my feet should go ;

- If snares and foes beset the road,  
I fly to hide me near my God.
- 1 Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;  
Let the good Spirit of thy love  
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 2 Then shall my soul no more complain,  
The tempter then shall rage in vain,  
And flesh which was my foe before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

---

P S A L M CXLIV. 1st Part. Com. Metre:  
*Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.*

- 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 me through the war.
- 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.

---

P S A L M CXLIV. 2d Part. Com. Metre:  
*The vanity of man and condescension of God.*

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,  
Born of the earth at first?  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hast'ning to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace!

- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,  
 Who shakes the worlds above,  
 And mountains tremble at his frown,  
 How wond'rous is his love.
- 

P S A L M CXLIV. Long Metre.

*Grace above riches : or, the happy nation.*

- 1 **H**APPY the city where their sons,  
 Like pillars round a palace set,  
 And daughters bright as polish'd stones  
 Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the country, where the sheep,  
 Cattle and corn, have large increase ;  
 Where men securely work or sleep,  
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,  
 But more divinely blest are those  
 On whom the all-sufficient God,  
 Himself with all his grace bestows.
- 

P S A L M CXLV. Long Metre.

*The greatness of God.*

- 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 and justice I'll proclaim ;  
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;  
 Thy mercy swift ; thine anger slow,  
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,  
 And speak thy majesty divine ;

- Let "ev'ry realm with joy" proclaim  
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise ;  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labour of their tongue.
- 6 But who can speak thy wond'rous deeds ?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

P S A L M CXLV. 1st Part. Com. Metre.

*The greatness of GOD.*

- 1 **L**ONG as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of love :  
My work and joy shall be the same,  
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,  
And let his praise be great :  
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue ;  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men who hear my sacred song,  
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways :  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall through the world be known :  
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,  
With public splendour shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,  
Thy saints are rul'd by love :

And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.

P S A L M CXLV. 2d Part. Common Metre.

*The goodness of God,*

- 1 **S**WEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his bounty 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 souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;  
But saints who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

P S A L M CXLV. 3d Part. Com. Metre.

*Mercy to sufferers : or, God hearing prayer.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor who fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressors frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

- 3 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
 And guides our giddy youth :  
 Holy and just are all his ways,  
 And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,  
 He hears his children cry ;  
 And their best wishes to fulfil,  
 His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never shall remove  
 From men of heart sincere ;  
 He saves the souls whose humble love  
 Is join'd with holy fear.
- 6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,  
 And pierce their hearts with pain ;  
 But none who serve the Lord, shall say  
 " They fought his aid in vain." ]
- 7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
 And spread his fame abroad ;  
 Let all the sons of *Adam* raise  
 The honours of their God.]

---

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

*Praise to GOD for his goodness and truth.*

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
 In work so pleasant, so divine :  
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,  
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,  
 While immortality endures ;  
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
 While life, and thought, and being last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?  
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;  
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,  
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On *Isr'el's* God : he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train,  
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 5 His truth for ever stands secure :  
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor ;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind :  
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

---

P S A L M CXLVI. Particular Metre.

*Praise to GOD for his goodness and truth.*

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my 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 *Isr'el's* God : he made the sky,  
And earth and seas, with all their train ;  
His truth for ever stands secure :

He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give 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 gives the pris'ner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell :  
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns :  
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,  
In this exalted work engage :  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 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. 1st Part. Long Metre.*

*The divine nature, providence and grace.*

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 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,  
And gathers nations to his name :  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 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,

- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his might ;  
 And all his glories infinite :  
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

P A U S E.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
 Who spreads his clouds all round the sky :  
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
- 6 He makes the grafs the hills adorn,  
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;  
 The beasts with food his hand supply,  
 And the young ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,  
 The sprightly man, the warlike horse,  
 The nimble wit, the active limb !  
 All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But fairs are lovely in his sight ;  
 He views his children with delight :  
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
 And looks and loves his image there.

---

P S A L M CXLVII. . 2d. Part. Long Metre.

*Summer and winter.*

- 1 " **L**ET Zion" praise the mighty God,  
 And make his honours known abroad ;  
 " For sweet the joy our songs to raise,  
 " And glorious is the work of praise."
- 2 Our children are secure and blest,  
 Our shores have peace, our cities rest ;  
 He feeds our sons with finest wheat,  
 And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,  
 The early and the latter rains :  
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
 And thus the springing corn defends.

- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground ;  
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound ;  
Where is the man so vainly bold,  
Who dares defy his dreadful cold ?
- 5 He bids the southern breezes blow ;  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow :  
But he hath nobler works and ways,  
To call his people to his praise.
- 6 To all our realm his laws are shown ;  
His gospel through the nation known ;  
He hath not thus reveal'd his word  
To ev'ry land : praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. Common Metre.

*The seasons of the year.*

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high ;  
Over the heav'ns he spreads the cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down  
To cheer the plains below ;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the ravens cry :  
But man, who tastes the finest wheat,  
Should raise his honours high.
- 4 His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year ;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground ;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high,  
 He pours the rattling hail,  
 The wretch who dares this God defy,  
 Shall find his courage fail.
- 7 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.
- 8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
 Obey his mighty word :  
 With songs and honours sounding loud,  
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.
- 

P S A L M CXLVIII. Particular Metre.

*Praise to God from all creatures.*

- 1 **Y**E tribes of *Adam* join  
 With heav'n, and earth and seas,  
 And offer notes divine  
 To your Creator's praise.  
 Ye holy throng  
 Of angels bright,  
 In worlds of light,  
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,  
 And moon which rules the night,  
 Shine to your Maker's praise,  
 With stars of twinkling light.  
 His pow'r declare,  
 Ye floods on high,  
 And clouds that fly  
 In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above,  
 In glorious order stand,  
 Or in swift courses move  
 By his supreme command.

He spake the word,  
 And all their frame  
 From nothing came  
 To praise the Lord.

- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels  
 In unknown ages past,  
 And each his word fulfils,  
 While time and nature last.  
 In diff'rent ways  
 His works proclaim  
 His wond'rous name,  
 And speak his praise.

*P A U S E.*

- 5 Let all the earth-born race,  
 And monsters of the deep,  
 The fish that cleave the seas,  
 Or in their bosom sleep,  
 From sea and shore  
 Their tribute pay,  
 And still display  
 Their Maker's pow'r.

- 6 Ye vapours, hail and snow,  
 Praise ye th' almighty Lord,  
 And stormy winds that blow  
 To execute his word.  
 When lightnings shine,  
 Or thunders roar,  
 Let earth adore  
 His hand divine.

- 7 Ye mountains near the skies,  
 With lofty cedars there,  
 And trees of humbler size,  
 Which fruit in plenty bear;  
 Beasts wild and tame,  
 Birds, flies, and worms,  
 In various forms,  
 Exalt his name.

- 8 Ye kings, and judges, fear,  
The Lord, the sov'reign King;  
And while you rule us here,  
His heav'nly honours sing:  
Nor let the dream  
Of pow'r and state,  
Make you forget  
His pow'r supreme.
- 9 Virgins and youth engage  
To sound his praise divine,  
While infancy and age  
Their feebler voices join:  
Wide as he reigns  
His name be sung  
By ev'ry tongue,  
In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear  
The God who rules above;  
He brings his people near,  
And makes them taste his love.  
While earth and sky,  
Attempt his praise,  
His saints shall raise  
His honours high.

---

P S A L M CXLVIII. Long Metre.  
Paraphrased.

*Universal praise to God.*

1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord  
From distant worlds where creatures  
Let heav'n begin the solemn word, [dwell;  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to a different metre, by adding the following lines to each stanza,*

*Each of his works his name displays,  
But they can ne'er fulfil his praise.*

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !  
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee ;  
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss ;  
Fly through the world, O sun, and tell  
How dark thy beams compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;  
And the sweet whisper of his name,  
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.
- 5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire,  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry plains proclaim his skill ;  
Vallies lie low before his eyes ;  
And let his praise from ev'ry hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches, and adore ;  
Praise him ye beasts, in diff'rent strains ;  
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,  
Nature demands a song from you :  
While the dumb fish that cut the stream  
Leap up and mean his praises too.
- 9 Mortals can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings ?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains and lofty kings.
- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies,  
Let the Creator's name be known ;

Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty to his throne.

11 JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word,  
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!  
But saints who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which *Gabriel* plays on ev'ry chord:  
From all below and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord.

---

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

*Universal praise.*

1 **L**ET ev'ry creature join  
To praise th' eternal God;  
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,  
And sound his name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,  
And moon with paler rays,  
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,  
Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,  
And fix'd their wond'rous frame:  
By his command they stand or move,  
And ever speak his name.

4 Ye vapours, when you rise,  
Or fall in show'rs of snow;  
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,  
His pow'r and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,  
Agree to praise the Lord,  
When ye in dreadful storms conspire  
To execute his word.

6 By all his works above,  
His honours be exprest:

But faints who taste his saving love,  
Should sing his praises best.

## P A U S E I.

7 Let earth and ocean know  
They owe their Maker praise ;  
Praise him ye wat'ry worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky,  
Let his high praise resound ;  
From humble shrubs and cedars high,  
And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,  
And tamer beasts which graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear ;  
Or sit on flow'ry boughs, and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,  
His various wisdom show,  
And flies, in all your shining swarms,  
Praise him who dress'd you so.

12 By all the earth-born race,  
His honours be express'd ;  
But faints who know his heav'nly grace,  
Should learn to praise him best.

## P A U S E II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,  
Praise ye th' eternal King ;  
Judges adore that sov'reign hand,  
Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vig'rous youth engage  
To sound his praises high :

While growing babes and with'ring age  
Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,  
His wond'rous fame to raise ;  
God is the Lord, his name alone  
Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,  
And all pronounce him blest,  
But saints who dwell so near his heart,  
Should sing his praises best.

---

P S A L M CXLIX. Common Metre.

*Praise God all his saints : or, the saints judging  
the world.*

- 1 **A**LL ye who love the Lord, rejoice,  
And let your songs be new ;  
Amidst the church with cheerful voice,  
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The *Jews*, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing ;  
And *Gentile* nations join the praise,  
While *Zion* owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
Whom sinners treat with scorn ;  
The meek who lie despis'd in dust,  
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King.  
Ev'n on a dying bed ;  
And like the souls in glory sing,  
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,  
Their hands shall wield the sword :  
And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
The vengeance of the Lord.

- 6 When *Christ* his judgment-seat ascends,  
 And bids the world appear,  
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,  
 Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod  
 Nations who dar'd rebel:  
 And join the sentence of their God,  
 On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal finners bound in chains,  
 New triumphs shall afford;  
 Such honour for the saints remain;  
 Praise ye and love the Lord.

---

P S A L M CL. Common Metre.

*A song of praise.*

1. **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,  
 His grace he there reveals;  
 To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
 For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move;  
 While you rehearse his deeds;  
 But the great work of saving love,  
 Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life and breath,  
 Proclaim your Maker blest;  
 Yet when my voice expires in death,  
 My soul shall praise him best.

---

[The greatest part of this Psalm suits not my chief design; I have therefore imitated only the two first verses and the last, in a short Doxology or song of praise. Yet, since the Christian Doxology is more used in Christian Assemblies, I have added that also.]

*The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.*

## Long Metre.

**T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, three in One,  
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n.  
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

---

## Common Metre.

**L**ET God the Father, and the Son;  
 And Spirit be ador'd  
 Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or fairs to love the Lord.

---

Common Metre, *where the tune includes two stanzas.*

**T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,  
 Who calls our souls from death,  
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,  
 And new-creating breath.  
 To praise the Father, and the Son,  
 And Spirit all divine,  
 The one in Three, and Three in One,  
 Let fairs and angels join.

---

## Short Metre.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
 And fairs who dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,  
 Aed bless the Spirit too.

---

## Particular Metre.

**N**OW to the great and sacred Three,  
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be

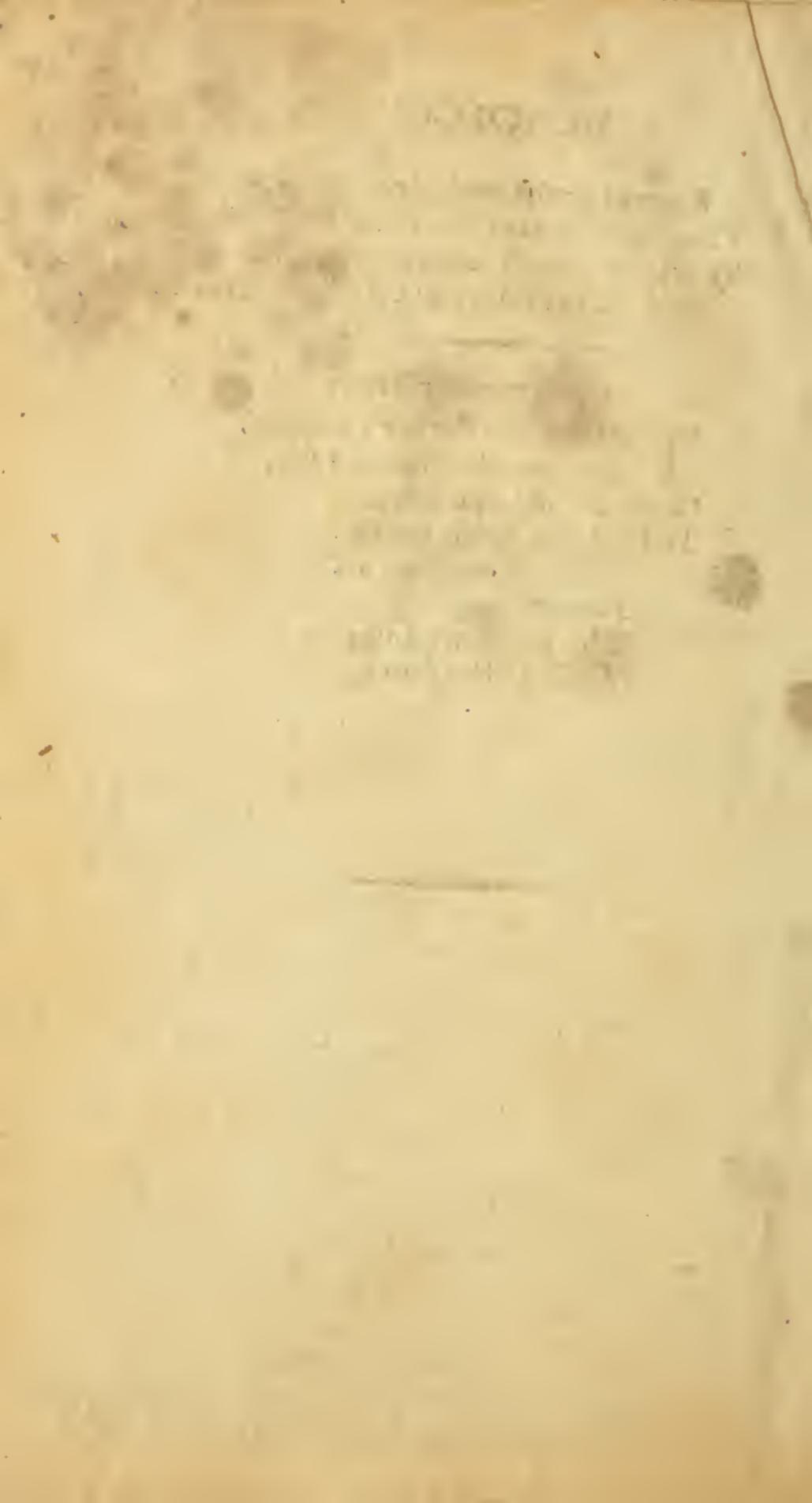
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,  
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,  
By all the angels near the throne,  
And all the faints in earth and heav'n.

---

## Particular Metre.

**T**O 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.

---



H Y M N S  
A N D  
SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

- I. Collected from the *Scriptures*.
- II. Composed on *Divine Subjects*.
- III. Prepared for the *LORD's Supper*.

By ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us, &c.--- Rev. v. 9.*  
Soliti essent [i. e. *Christiani*] convenire, carmenque, Christo quasi Deo dicere. Plin. in *Epist.*

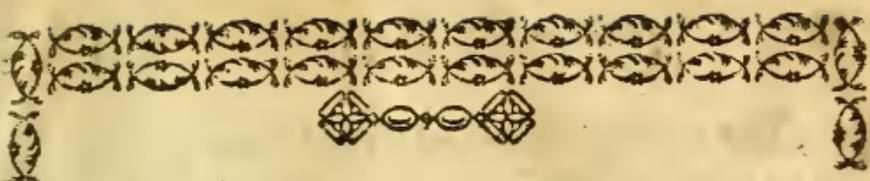
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IN SENATE  
January 15, 1888

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PASSED BY THE SENATE  
MAY 15, 1887

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1888



# H Y M N S

A N D

## SPIRITUAL SONGS.

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Book I.

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---

Collected from the *HOLY SCRIPTURES*.

---

*H Y M N* I. Common Metre.

*A new song to the LAMB that was slain.* Rev. v.

6, 8, 4, 10. 12.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne :  
Prepare new honours for his name,  
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around ;  
With vials full of odours sweet,  
And harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise :  
*Jesus* is kind to our complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.
- 4 [Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret will ?

- Who but the Son shall take that book,  
And open ev'ry seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfil thy great decrees,  
The Son deserves it well ;  
Lo, in his hand the sov'reign keys  
Of heav'n, of death, and hell !]
- 6 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,  
Be endless blessings paid :  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.
- 7 Thou hast redeem'd our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free,  
Hast made us kings and priests to God.  
And we shall reign with thee.
- 8 The worlds of nature and of grace,  
Are put beneath thy pow'r ;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promis'd hour.

---

*H Y M N* II. Long Metre.

*The Deity and humanity of Christ.* John i. 1, 3,  
14. Col. i. 16. Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word :  
With God he was ; the *WORD* was God,  
And must divinely be ador'd.
- 2 By his own pow'r were all things made,  
By him supported all things stand ;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars ;  
(Thy generation who can tell,  
Or count the number of thy years ?)

- 4 But lo, he leaves those heav'nly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms,  
Dress'd in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son ;  
How full of truth ! how full of grace !  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone !
- 6 Arch-angels leave their high abode,  
To learn new myst'ries here, and tell  
The love of our descending God !  
The glories of *Immanuel*.

---

H R M N III. Short Metre.

*The nativity of Christ.* Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii.  
10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the grace appears,  
The promise is fulfill'd ;  
*Mary*, the wond'rous virgin bears,  
And *Jesus* is the child.
- 2 [The Lord, the highest God,  
Calls him his only Son ;  
He bids him rule the lands abroad,  
And gives him *David's* throne.
- 3 O'er *Jacob* shall he reign  
With a peculiar sway ;  
The nations shall his grace obtain,  
His kingdom ne'er decay.]
- 4 To bring the glorious news,  
A heav'nly form appears ;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
And banishes their fears.
- 5 Go, *humble swains*, said he,  
To *David's city* fly,

*The promis'd infant, born to-day,  
Doth in a manger lie.*

6 *With looks and hearts serene,  
Go visit Christ your King ;  
And strait a flaming troop was seen ;  
The shepherds heard them sing.*

7 *Glory to GOD on high !  
And heav'nly peace on earth,  
Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
At the Redeemer's birth !*

8 [In worship so divine,  
Let saints employ their tongues,  
With the celestial host we join,  
And loud repeat their songs ;

9 *Glory to GOD on high !  
And heav'nly peace on earth,  
Good-will to men, to angels joy,  
At our Redeemer's birth !]*

*H Y M N IV. Referred to the 2d. Psalm.*

---

*H Y M N V. Common Metre.*

*Submission to afflictive providences. Job i. 21.*

1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favours borrow'd now,  
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave,  
He gives, and (blessed be his name !)  
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions then,  
Let each rebellious sigh

- Be silent at his sov'reign will,  
 And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 Its praises shall be spread,  
 And we'll adore the justice too,  
 Which strikes our comforts dead.
- 

*H Y M N VI. Common Metre.*

*Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.*

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,  
 And nature must decay ;  
 I yield my body to the dust,  
 To dwell with fellow-clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
 And trample on the tombs :  
 My *Jesus*, my Redeemer lives,  
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty Conqu'ror shall appear  
 High on a royal seat,  
 And death, the last of all his foes,  
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
 When God shall build my bones again,  
 He'll clothe them all afresh :
- 5 Then shall I see thy lovely face,  
 With strong immortal eyes,  
 And feast upon thy unknown grace,  
 With pleasure and surprise.
- 

*H Y M N VII. Common Metre.*

*The invitation of the gospel : or, spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
 And ev'ry heart rejoice,

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

H Y M N VIII. Common Metre.

*The safety and protection of the church.* Isa. xxvi.

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

- 1 **H**OW honourable is the place  
Where we adoring stand,  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
And beauty of the land !
- 2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend  
The city where we dwell ;  
The walls of strong salvation made,  
Defy th' assaults of hell.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,  
The doors wide open fling :  
Enter ye nations, who obey  
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
And live in perfect peace ;  
You who have known *Jehovah's* name,  
And ventur'd on his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
And banish all your fears :  
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,  
Eternal as his years.
- 6 What though the rebels dwell on high,  
His arm shall bring them low ;  
Low as the caverns of the grave,  
Their lofty heads shall bow.
- 7 On *Babylon* our feet shall tread,  
In that rejoicing hour ;  
The ruins of her walls shall spread  
A pavement for the poor.

## HYMN IX. Common Metre.

*The promises of the covenant of grace.* Isa. lv. 1, 2.  
Zec. xiii. 1. Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives,  
To gather empty wind ;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield,  
Will starve an hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat,  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will ev'ry want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace ;  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath,  
The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains,  
In the dear fountain which his Son  
Pour'd from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
Though black as hell before ;  
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
And shall be found no more.
- 6 And lest pollution should o'erspread  
Our inward pow'rs again,  
His Spirit shall bedew our souls  
Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty stubborn thing,  
Which terrors cannot move,  
Which fears no threatenings of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolv'd by love :
- 8 Or he can take the flint away,  
Which would not be refin'd,  
And from the treasures of his grace,  
Bestow a softer mind.

- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
 And deep engrave his law,  
 And ev'ry motion of our souls  
 To sweet obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,  
 And we shall render praise ;  
 We, the dear people of his love,  
 And he our God of grace.

---

H Y M N X. Short Metre.

*The blessedness of gospel-times : or, the revelation of  
 Christ to Jews and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7, 8, 9,  
 19. Matth. xiii. 16, 17.*

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

Let ev'ry nation now behold  
Their Saviour and their God.

---

H Y M N XI. Long Metre.

*The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled :  
or, the sovereignty of grace. Luke x. 21, 22.*

- 1 **T**HERE was an hour when *Christ* rejoic'd,  
And spoke his joy in words of praise ;  
" Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
" Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.
- 2 " I thank thy sov'reign pow'r and love,  
" Which crowns my doctrine with success ;  
" And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
" The heights, and breadths, and lengths of  
    grace.
- 3 " But all this glory lies conceal'd  
" From men of prudence and of might :  
" The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,  
" And their own pride resists the light.
- 4 " Father, 'tis thus, because thy will  
" Chose and ordain'd it should be so ;  
" 'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,  
" And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 " There's none can know the Father right,  
" But those who learn it from the Son,  
" Nor can the Son be well receiv'd  
" But where the Father makes him known."
- 6 Then let our souls adore our God,  
Who deals his graces as he please ;  
Nor gives to mortals an account,  
Or of his actions, or decrees:

---

H Y M N XII. Common Metre.

*Free grace revealing CHRIST. Luke x. 21.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,  
A mourner all his days ;

His spirit once rejoic'd aloud,  
And turn'd his joy to praise.

2 *Father, I thank thy wond'rous love,  
That hath reveal'd thy Son  
To men unlearned ; and to babes  
Has made thy gospel known.*

3 *The myst'ries of redeeming grace,  
Are hidden from the wise,  
While pride and carnal reas'ning join  
To swell and blind their eyes.*

4 Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth,  
His great decrees fulfil,  
And orders all his works of grace,  
By his own sov'reign will.

---

H Y M N XIII. Long Metre.

*The Son of GOD incarnate : or, the titles and king-  
dom of CHRIST. Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

1 **T**HE lands which long in darkness lay,  
Now have beheld a heav'nly light,  
Nations which sat in death's cold shade,  
Are blest with beams divinely bright.

2 The virgin's promis'd Son is born ;  
Behold th' expected Child appear :  
What shall his names or titles be ?  
*The Wonderful, the Counsellor.*

3 [This Infant is the Mighty God,  
Come to be suckled and ador'd ;  
Th' eternal Father, Prince of peace,  
The Son of *David*, and his Lord.]

4 The government of earth and seas  
Upon his shoulder shall be laid ;  
His wide dominions shall increase,  
And honours to his name be paid.

- 5 *Jesus*, the holy Child shall sit  
 High on his father *David's* throne,  
 Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,  
 And reign to ages yet unknown.
- 

H Y M N XIV. Long Metre.

*The triumph of faith: or, CHRIST's unchangeable  
 love. Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
 'Tis God who justifies their souls,  
 And mercy like a mighty stream,  
 O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
 'Tis *CHRIST* who suffer'd in their stead;  
 And the salvation to fulfil,  
 Behold him rising from the dead.
- 3 He lives! he lives! and sits above,  
 For ever interceding there:  
 Who shall divide us from his love?  
 Or what should tempt us to despair?
- 4 Shall persecution or distress?  
 Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
 He who hath lov'd us, bears us through,  
 And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming pow'r,  
 It triumphs in the dying hour:  
*Christ* is our life, our joy, our hope,  
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.
- 6 Not all that men on earth can do,  
 Nor pow'rs on high, nor pow'rs below,  
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
 Or wean our hearts from *Christ* our love.
-

## HYMN XV.. Long-Metre.

*Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.* 2 Cor.  
xii. 7, 9, 10.

- 1 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,  
*Strength shall be equal to the day:*  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.
- 2 I glory in infirmity,  
That *Christ's* own pow'r may rest on me ;  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and *Christ* my song.
- 3 I can do all things, or can bear  
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.
- 4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone ;  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.
- 5 So *Sampson*, when his hair was lost,  
Met the *Philistines* to his cost ;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.

## HYMN XVI. Common Metre.

*Hosanna to Christ.* Matth. xxi. 9. Luke xix.  
38, 40.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the royal Son  
Of *David's* ancient line !  
His natures two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.
- 2 The root of *David* here we find,  
And offspring is the same :  
Eternity and time are join'd  
In our Immanuel's name.

- 3 Bless'd He who comes to wretched men  
 With peaceful news from heav'n ;  
*Hosannas* of the highest strain,  
 To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
 Th' *Hosanna* on their tongues,  
 Lest rocks and stones should raise, and break  
 Their silence into songs.

---

H Y M N XVII. Common Metre.

*Victory over death.* 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 **O** FOR an overcoming faith  
 To cheer my dying hours,  
 'To triumph o'er the monster death,  
 And all his frighted pow'rs !
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,  
 My quiv'ring lip should sing,  
*Where is thy boasted vict'ry grave ?*  
*And where the monster's sting ?*
- 3 If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,  
 Death has no sting beside ;  
 The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;  
 But *Christ* my ransom dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory  
 Immortal thanks be paid,  
 Who makes us conqu'rors, while we die,  
 Through *Christ* our living head.

---

H Y M N XVIII. Common Metre.

*Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.* Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heav'n  
 For all the pious dead ; [proclaims  
 Sweet is the favour of their names,  
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in *Jesus*, and are bless'd ;  
 How kind their slumbers are !

From suff'rings and from fins releas'd,  
And freed from ev'ry snare.

- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord ;  
The labours of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

---

*H Y M N* XIX. Common Metre.

*The song of Simeon: or, death made desirable.*  
Luke i. 27, &c.

- 1 **L**ORD, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy *Simeon* came,  
And hope to meet our Saviour here ;  
O make our joys the same.
- 2 With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was fill'd,  
When fondly in his wither'd arms  
He clasp'd the Holy Child :
- 3 “ Now I can leave this world he cry'd,  
“ Behold thy servant dies ;  
“ I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
“ And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 “ This is the light prepar'd to shine  
“ Upon the Gentile lands,  
“ Thine *Israel's* glory, and their hope,  
“ To break their slavish bands.”
- 5 [*Jesus!* the vision of thy face  
Hath overpow'ring charms !  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If *Christ* be in my arms.
- 6 Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll !  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
But glory in my soul.]

## HYMN XX. Common Metre.

*Spiritual apparel, viz. the robe of righteousness and garments of salvation. Isa. lxi. 10.*

- 1 **A** WAKE my heart, arise my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice ;  
In God the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine ;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.
- 3 And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.
- 4 How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear !  
These ornaments how bright they shine !  
How white the garments are !
- 5 The Spirit wrought my faith and love,  
And hope and ev'ry grace ;  
But *Jesus* spent his life, to work  
The robe of righteousness.
- 6 Strangely, my soul, art thou array'd  
By the great sacred Three !  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy pow'rs agree.

## HYMN XXI. Common Metre.

*A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.*

*Rev. xxi. 1, 2, 3, 4.*

- 1 **L**O, what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes !  
The earth and seas are pass'd away,  
And the old rolling skies.

- 2 From the third heav'n where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The *New-Jerusalem* comes down  
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing,  
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
"Of your descending King.
- 4 "The God of glory down to men  
"Removes his blest abode ;  
"Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
"And he the loving God.
- 5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
"From ev'ry weeping eye,  
"And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
"And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O ! how long  
Shall this bright hour delay ?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

*Hymn XXII, & XXIII, Referred to Psalm 125.*

*H Y M N XXIV. Long Metre.*

*The rich sinner dying. Psal. xlix. 6, 9. Eccl. viii.  
8. Job iii. 14, 15.*

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,  
And heap their shining dust in vain,  
Look down and scorn the humble poor,  
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease  
Their pained hearts or aching heads,  
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,  
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The lingering, th' unwilling soul,  
The dismal summons must obey,

And bid a long, a sad farewell  
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,  
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones ;  
Their bones without distinction lie  
Among the heaps of meaner bones.

*The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.*

---

H Y M N XXV. Long Metre.

*A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6, 7, 8, 9.*

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities be gone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;  
Behold amid th' eternal throne  
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
Mark'd with the bloody death he bore :  
Sev'n are his eyes, and sev'n his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his pow'r.
- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book  
From him who sits upon the throne :  
*Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look*  
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around,  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
And in new songs of gospel sound,  
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony  
Flies o'er the everlasting hills ;  
*Worthy art thou alone, they cry,*  
*To read the book, to loose the seals.*
- 6 Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
Worthy the Lamb who once was slain,  
To be our teacher and our king.

- 7 His words of prophecy reveal  
 Eternal counsels, deep designs :  
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell  
 With thine invaluable blood ;  
 And wretches who did once rebel,  
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,  
 Who dy'd for treasons not his own,  
 By ev'ry tongue to be ador'd,  
 And dwell upon his Father's throne.

---

*H Y M N* XXVI. Common Metre.

*Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.* 1 Pet.

i. 3, 4, 5.

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

We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
'Till *Christ* shall call us home.

*H Y M N* XXVII. Common Metre.

*Affurance of heaven: or, a saint prepared to die.*  
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 17.

- 1 [ **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come?
- 2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.]
- 3 God has laid up in heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at that great day  
Will place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone;  
But all who love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.
- 5 *Jesus*, the Lord, shall guard me safe  
From ev'ry ill design;  
And to his heav'nly kingdom take  
This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid;  
And hell shall rage in vain;  
To him be highest glory paid,  
And endless praise. *Amen.*

*H Y M N* XXVIII. Common Metre.

*The triumph of Christ over the enemies of the church.*  
Isa. lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man, or mighty God,  
Comes travelling in state,

Along the *Idumean* road,  
 Away from *Bozrah's* gate?

- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim  
 'Tis some victorious King :  
 " 'Tis I the Just, th' Almighty One,  
 " That your salvation bring."
- 3 Why, mighty Lord, thy faints inquire,  
 Why thine apparel's red ?  
 And all thy vesture stain'd like those  
 Who in the wine-press tread ?
- 4 " I by myself have trod the press,  
 " And crush'd my foes alone ;  
 " My wrath has struck the rebels dead,  
 " My fury stamp'd them down.
- 5 " 'Tis *Edom's* blood that dyes my robes  
 " With joyful scarlet stains ;  
 " The triumph that my raiment wears  
 " Sprung from their bleeding veins.
- 6 " Thus shall the nations be destroy'd,  
 " That dare insult my faints ;  
 " I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
 " An ear for their complaints."

---

H Y M N XXIX. Common Metre.

*The triumph of Christ : or, the ruin of Antichrist.*

Ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 " **I** LIFT my banner, saith the Lord,  
 " Where *Antichrist* has stood ;  
 " The city of my gospel-foes  
 " Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 " My heart has studied just revenge,  
 " And now the day appears,  
 " The day of my redeem'd is come,  
 " To wipe away their tears.
- 3 " Quite weary is my patience grown,  
 " And bids my fury go :

- “ Swift as the lightning it shall move,  
 “ And be as fatal too.
- 4 “ I call for helpers, but in vain:  
 “ Then has my gospel none ?  
 “ Well, mine own arm has might enough,  
 “ To crush my foes alone.
- 5 “ Slaughter, and my devouring sword,  
 “ Shall walk the streets around,  
 “ *Babel* shall reel beneath my stroke,  
 “ And stagger to the ground.”
- 6 Thine honours, O victorious King,  
 Thine own right hand shall raise,  
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,  
 And our Deliv’rer praise.

---

HYMN XXX. Long Metre.

*Prayer for deliverance answered.* Isa. xxvi.

8-----20.

- 1 **I**N thine own ways, O God of love,  
 We wait the visits of thy grace ;  
 Our souls desire is to thy name,  
 And the remembrance of thy face.
- 2 My tho’ts are searching, Lord, for thee,  
 ’Mongst the black shades of lonesome night ;  
 My earnest cries salute the skies  
 Before the dawn restores the light.
- 3 Look how rebellious men deride  
 The tender patience of my God ;  
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark ! th’ Eternal rends the sky,  
 A mighty voice before him goes,  
 A voice of music to his friends,  
 But threat’ning thunder to his foes.

- 5 Come, children to your father's arms,  
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
 'Till the fierce storm be overblown,  
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
 While heav'nly peace around my flock,  
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

*Hymn XXXI. Referred to the 1st Psalm.*

*H Y M N XXXII. Common Metre.*

*Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27, 28, 29, 30.*

- 1 **W**Hence do our mournful thoughts arise?  
 And where's our courage fled?  
 Has restless sin, and raging hell,  
 Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' almighty name  
 Which form'd the earth and sea?  
 And can an all-creating arm  
 Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might  
 In our Jehovah dwell;  
 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
 And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
 And youthful vigour cease;  
 But we who wait upon the Lord,  
 Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagle's wings,  
 And taste the promis'd bliss,  
 'Till their unwearied feet arrive  
 Where perfect pleasure is.

*Hymn XXXIII, XXXIV, XXXV, XXXVI,  
 XXXVII, XXXVIII, Referred to Psalm 131,  
 134, 67, 73, 90, and 84.*

*H Y M N* XXXIX. Common Metre.

*God's tender care of his church.* Isa. xlix. 13,  
14, &c.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song ;  
Almighty love inspires' my heart,  
And pleasures tune my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty *Zion* hill,  
Some mercy-drops has thrown,  
And solemn vows have bound his love  
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions and complaints ?  
Is he a *God* ! and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints ?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb,  
And 'mong a thousand tender thoughts  
Her suckling have no room ?
- 5 Yet, saith the Lord, *should nature change,*  
*And mothers monsters prove,*  
*Zion still dwells upon the heart*  
*Of everlasting love.*
- 6 Deep on the palms of both my hands,  
I have engrav'd her name ;  
My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,  
And build her broken frame.

*H Y M N* XL. Long Metre.

*The business and blessedness of glorified saints.* Rev.  
vii. 13, 14, 15, &c.

- 1 **W**HAT happy men, or angels these,  
That all their robes are spotless white ?  
Whence did this glorious troop arrive  
At the pure realms of heav'nly light ?

From tort'ring racks, and burning fires,  
 Through seas of their own blood they came :  
 But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,  
 Flowing from *Christ* the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th' Almighty throne  
 With loud *Hosannas* night and day ;  
 Sweet anthems to the great *Three-One*,  
 Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls :  
 He bids their parching thirst be gone,  
 And spreads the shadow of his wings,  
 To skreen them from the scorching sun.

The Lamb, who fills the middle throne,  
 Shall shed around his milder beams ;  
 There shall they feast on his rich love,  
 And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew,  
 Thro' the vast round of endless years,  
 And the soft hand of sov'reign grace  
 Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

*H Y M N* XLI. Common Metre.

*The same : or, the martyrs glorified.* Rev. vii.

13, &c.

1 **T**HESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !  
 Whence all their white array ?

How came they to the happy seats  
 Of everlasting day ?

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys,  
 On fiery wheels they rode,  
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white  
 In *Jesus'* dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,  
 And bow before his throne ;  
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs,  
 Adore the Holy One.

- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face  
 Among his saints reside,  
 While the rich treasure of his grace  
 Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
 And hunger flee as fast ;  
 The fruit of life's immortal tree  
 Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
 Where living fountains rise,  
 And love divine shall wipe away  
 The sorrows of their eyes.

---

H Y M N XLII. Common Metre.

*Divine wrath and mercy. From Nahum i. 1, 2,  
 3, &c.*

- 1 **A**DORE and tremble, for our God  
 Is a *consuming fire* ;\*  
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,  
 And raise his vengeance higher.
- 2 Almighty vengeance how it burns !  
 How bright his fury glows !  
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms,  
 Lie treasur'd for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath by slow degrees  
 Are forc'd into a flame,  
 But kindled, Oh ! how fierce they blaze !  
 And rend all nature's frame.
- 4 At his approach the mountains flee,  
 And seek a wat'ry grave ;  
 The frighted sea makes hast away,  
 And shrinks up ev'ry wave.
- 5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks  
 Are swift as hailstones hurl'd :

\* *Heb. xii. 29.*

- Who dares engage the fi'ry rage,  
Which shakes the solid world ?
- 6 Yet, mighty God! thy sov'reign grace  
Sits regent on the throne,  
The refuge of thy chosen race,  
When wrath comes rushing down.
- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
A fi'ry tempest pour,  
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings,  
Thy just revenge adore.

*Hymn XLIII, Referred to the 100th Psalm.*

*Hymn XLIV, Referred to the 133d Psalm.*

*H Y M N XLV. Common Metre.*

*The last judgment. Rev. xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.*

- 1 **S**EE where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne,  
While from the skies his awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.
- 2 [“ I am the first, and I the last,  
“ Thro' endless years the same ;  
“ *I AM*---is my memorial still,  
“ And my eternal name.
- 3 “ Such favours as a God can give,  
“ My royal grace bestows ;  
“ Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams  
“ Where life and pleasure flows.]
- 4 [“ The faint who triumphs o'er his sins,  
“ I'll own him for a son ;  
“ The whole creation shall reward  
“ The conquests he has won.
- 5 “ But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,  
“ And all the lying race,  
“ The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
“ Who spurn at offer'd grace ;

6 “ They shall be taken from my sight,  
 “ Bound fast in iron chains,  
 “ And headlong plung’d into the lake,  
 “ Where fire and darkness reigns.”]

7 O may I stand before the Lamb  
 When earth and seas are fled!  
 And hear the judge pronounce my name,  
 With blessings on my head.

8 May I with those for ever dwell,  
 Who here were my delight,  
 While sinners banish’d down to hell,  
 No more offend my sight.

*Hymn XLVI, and XLVII, Referred to Psalm  
 148, and 3.*

*H Y M N XLVIII. Long Metre.*

*The christian race. Isa. xl. 28, 29, 30, 31.*

- 1 **A** WAKE our souls (away our fears,  
 Let ev’ry trembling thought be gone)  
 Awake and run the heav’nly race,  
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, ’tis a strait and thorny road,  
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
 But they forget the mighty God,  
 Who feeds the strength of ev’ry faint.
- 3 The mighty God, whose matchless pow’r,  
 Is ever new and ever young,  
 And firm endures, while endless years  
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,  
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
 While such as trust their native strength,  
 Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
 We’ll mount aloft to thine abode;

On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

---

H Y M N XLIX. Common Metre.

*The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. xv. 3.*

- 1 **H**OW strong thine arm is, mighty God !  
Who would not fear thy name ?  
*Jesus*, how sweet thy graces are !  
Who would not love the Lamb ?
- 2 He has done more than *Moses* did,  
Our Prophet and our King ;  
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the *Red-sea* by *Moses*' hand,  
Th' *Egyptian* host was drown'd ;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert *Israel* went,  
With manna they were fed ;  
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.
- 5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd land,  
Yet never reach'd the place ;  
But *Christ* shall bring his foll'wers home,  
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then shall our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame,  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

---

H Y M N L. Common Metre.

*The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist : or, light and salvation by Jesus Christ.*

Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

- 1 **N**OW be the God of *Israel* bless'd,  
Who makes his truth appear ;

- His mighty hand fulfils his word,  
And all the oaths he sware.
- 2 Now he bedews old *David's* root  
With blessings from the skies;  
He makes the branch of promise grow,  
The promis'd horn arise.
- 3 [*John* was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face,  
The herald which our Saviour God  
Sent to prepare his ways :
- 4 He makes the great salvation known,  
He speaks of pardon'd sins ;  
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,  
In its own glory shines.
- 5 " Behold the Lamb of God, he cries,  
" Who takes our guilt away :  
" I saw the Spirit o'er his head  
" On his baptizing day.]
- 6 " Be ev'ry vale exalted high,  
" Sink ev'ry mountain low ;  
" The proud must stoop, and humble souls  
" Shall his salvation know.
- 7 " The heathen realms, with *Israel's* land  
" Shall join in sweet accord :  
" And all that's born of man shall see  
" The glory of the Lord.
- 8 " Behold the Morning-Star arise,  
" Ye who in darkness sit :  
" He marks the path which leads to peace,  
" And guides our doubtful feet."

---

H Y M N LI. Short Metre.

*Preserving grace.* Jude 24, 25.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,  
Our Saviour and our King,

- Let all the saints below the skies,  
 Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls  
 Unblemish'd and complete,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all the chosen seed  
 Shall meet around the throne;  
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
 And make his wonders known.
- 5 To our Redeemer God  
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,  
 Immortal crowns of majesty,  
 And everlasting songs.

---

*H r m n* LII. Long Metre.

*Baptism.* Matth. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,  
*Go teach the nations, and baptize ;*  
 The nations have receiv'd the word  
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
 With grace and pardon in his hands,  
 And sends his cov'nant with the seals,  
 To bless the distant christian lands.
- 3 *Repent, and be baptiz'd* he saith,  
*For the remission of your sins ;*  
 And thus our sense assists our faith,  
 And shews us what his gospel means.
- 4 Our souls he washes in his blood,  
 As water makes the body clean ;

And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

- 5 Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord ;  
O may the great eternal Three  
In heav'n our solemn vows record.

---

*H Y M N* LIII. Long Metre.

*The holy scriptures.* Heb. i. 1. 2 Tim. iii. 15,  
16. Psal. cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent his own Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record,  
The bright inheritance of heav'n,  
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.
- 3 God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,  
Able to make us wise and bless'd ;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.
- 4 Ye people all who read his love  
In long epistles from above,  
(He hath not sent his sacred word  
To ev'ry land) praise ye the Lord.

---

*H Y M N* LIV. Long Metre.

*Electing grace : or, saints beloved in Christ.*  
Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;  
Thy God and ours are both the same ;  
What heav'nly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son !

- 2 Christ *be my first elect*, he said,  
Then chose our souls in *Christ* our Head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.
- 3 Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin ;  
Our characters were then decreed :  
*Blameless in love, an holy seed.*
- 4 Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once ;  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.
- 5 With *Christ* our Lord, we share a part  
In the affections of his heart ;  
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,  
'Till he forgets his first belov'd.

---

*H R M N* LV. Common Metre.

Hezekiah's song : or, *sickness and recovery.*

Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

- 1 **W**HEN we are rais'd from deep distress,  
Our God deserves a song ;  
We take the pattern of our praise,  
From *Hezekiah's* tongue.
- 2 The gates of the devouring grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If he who holds the keys of death,  
Commands them fast again.
- 3 Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Our minds with slavish fears ;  
*Our days are past, and we shall lose*  
*The remnant of our years.*
- 4 We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn,

With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.

- 5 Jehovah speaks the healing word ;  
And no disease withstands ;  
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.
- 6 If half the springs of life should break,  
He can our frame restore,  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

---

H Y M N LVI. Common Metre.

*The song of Moses and the Lamb : or, Babylon falling. Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19, and xvii. 6.*

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,  
We found thy dreadful name ;  
The christian church unites the songs  
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy works  
Of vengeance and of grace !  
Thou King of saints, almighty Lord,  
How just and true thy ways !
- 3 Who dares refuse to fear thy name,  
Or worship at thy throne !  
Thy judgments speak thine holiness  
Thro' all the nations known.
- 4 Great *Babylon*, which rules the earth,  
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,  
Her crimes shall speedily awake  
The fury of our God.
- 5 The cup of wrath is ready mix'd,  
And she must drink the dregs ;  
Strong is the Lord, her sov'reign Judge,  
And shall fulfil the plagues.
-

*H Y M N* LVII. Common Metre.

*Original sin: or, the first and second Adam.*

Rom. v. 12, &c. Psa. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

**B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look  
On our original;

How is our nature dash'd and broke

In our first father's fall!

To all that's good---averse, and blind,

But prone to all that's ill;

What dreadful darkness veils our mind!

How obstinate our will!

[Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state).

Before we draw our breath,

The first young pulse begins to beat

Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degen'rate blood

The old corruption reigns,

And mingling with the crooked flood,

Wanders through all our veins!]

[Wild and unwholsome as the root

Will all the branches be;

How can we hope for living fruit

From such a deadly tree?

What mortal pow'r from things unclean

Can pure productions bring?

Who can command a vital stream

From an infected spring?

Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love

Can make our nature clean,

While *Christ* and grace prevail above

The tempter, death and sin.

The second *Adam* shall restore

The ruins of the first;

*Hosanna* to that sov'reign pow'r

Which new-creates our dust!

## HYMN LVIII. Long Metre.

*The devil vanquished : or, Michael's war with the dragon.* Rev. xii. 7.

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing  
The wars of heav'n, when *Michael* stood  
Chief gen'ral of th' eternal King,  
And fought the battles of our God.
- 2 Against the dragon and his host  
The armies of the Lord prevail ;  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.
- 3 Down to the earth was *Satan* thrown,  
Down to the earth his legions fell :  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.
- 4 Now is the hour of darkness past,  
*Christ* has assum'd his reigning pow'r ;  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies, to rise no more.
- 5 'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the tempter down ;  
'Twas by thy word and pow'rful name  
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice ye heav'ns ; let ev'ry star  
Shine with new glories round the sky :  
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
Raise your deliv'rer's name on high.

## HYMN LIX. Long Metre.

*Babylon fallen.* Rev. xviii. 20, 21.

- 1 **I**N *Gabriel's* hand a mighty stone  
Lies, a fair type of *Babylon* ;  
*Prophets rejoice, and all ye saints,*  
*God shall avenge your long complaints.*

He said, and dreadful as he stood,  
 He sunk the millstone in the flood :  
*Thus terribly shall Bab'lon fall---*  
*Sink---and no more be found at all.*

---

H Y M N LX. Long Metre.

*The virgin Mary's song : or, the promised  
 Messiah born. Luke i. 46, &c.*

**O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,  
 In God the Saviour we rejoice ;  
 While we repeat the virgin's song,  
 May the same Spirit tune our voice.  
 [The Highest saw her low estate,  
 And mighty things his hand hath done ;  
 His overshadowing pow'r and grace  
 Makes her the mother of a Son.

Let ev'ry nation call her blest'd,  
 And endless years prolong her fame ;  
 But God alone must be ador'd ;  
 Holy and rev'rend is his name.]

To those who fear and trust the Lord,  
 His mercy stands for ever sure :  
 From age to age his promise lives,  
 And the performance is secure.

He spake to *Abrab'm* and his seed---  
*In thee shall all the earth be blest'd :*  
 The mem'ry of that ancient word  
 Lay long in his eternal breast.

But now no more shall *Israel* wait,  
 No more the Gentiles lie forlorn ;  
 Lo, the desire of nations comes ;  
 Behold the promis'd seed is born !

---

## HYMN LXI. Long Metre.

Christ our High Priest and King ; and Christ  
coming to judgment. Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord who makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honours paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he who cleans'd our foulest sins,  
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;  
'Tis he who makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To *Jesus* our anointing Priest,  
To *Jesus* our superior King,  
Be everlasting pow'r confest,  
And ev'ry tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold on flying clouds he comes,  
And ev'ry eye shall see him move ;  
Though with our sins we pierc'd him once ;  
Now he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day :  
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

## HYMN LXII. Common Metre.

Christ Jesus the Lamb of God, worshipped by all  
the creation. Rev. v. 11, 12, 13.

- 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 who dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus :  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.

- 3 *Jesus* is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine ;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all who dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to raise thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him who sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

---

H Y M N LXIII. Long Metre.

Christ's *humiliation and exaltation.* Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes which angels sing,  
Are far inferiour to thy name ?
- 2 Worthy is He who once was slain,  
The Prince of Life who groan'd and dy'd,  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Pow'r and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemn'd at *Pilate's* bar ;  
Wisdom belongs to *Jesus* too,  
Though he was charg'd with madness there.
- 4 All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustain'd amazing loss :  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.
- 5 Honour immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn ;

- While glory shines around his head,  
 And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 6 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,  
 Who bore the curse for wretched men :  
 Let angels sound his sacred name,  
 And ev'ry creature say, *Amen.*
- 

H Y M N LXIV. Short Metre.

*Adoption.* 1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. vi. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wond'rous grace,  
 The Father has bestow'd  
 On sinners of a mortal race,  
 To call them *sons of God!*
- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,  
 That we should be unknown:  
 The Jewish world knew not their King,  
 God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear  
 How great we must be made ;  
 But when we see our Saviour here,  
 We shall be like our Head.
- 4 A hope so much divine,  
 May trials well endure----  
 May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
 As *Christ* the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love,  
 I share a filial part,  
 Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
 To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie  
 Like slaves beneath the throne ;  
 Our faith shall Abba, Father cry,  
 And thou the kindred own.
-

## H Y M N LXV. Long Metre.

*The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of the LORD: or, the day of judgment.*---- Rev. xi. 15.

- 1 **L**ET the sev'nth angel sound on high,  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy pow'r assume,  
Who wast, and art, and art to come;  
*JESUS* the Lamb, who once was slain,  
For ever live, for ever reign.
- 3 The angry nations fret and roar,  
That they can slay the saints no more;  
On wings of vengeance flies our God,  
To pay the long arrears of blood.
- 4 Now must the rising dead appear;  
Now the decisive sentence hear;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

## H Y M N LXVI. Long Metre.

*CHRIST the King at his table.* Solomon's Song i.  
2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove  
Mine int'rest in his heav'nly love;  
The voice which tells me---*Thou art mine*---  
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,  
And spreads the favour of thy name;  
That oil of gladness and of grace,  
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.
- 3 *JESUS*, allure me by thy charms,  
My soul shall fly into thine arms!  
Our wand'ring feet thy favours bring  
To the fair chambers of the King.

- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tune our voice,  
To speak thy praises and our joys ;  
Our mem'ry keeps this love of thine  
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deform'd we are,  
And black as *Kedar's* tents appear,  
Yet when we put thy beauties on,  
Fair as the courts of *Solomon*.
- 6 [While at his table sits the King,  
He loves to see us smile and sing ;  
Our graces are our best perfume,  
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]
- 7 As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to me :  
And while he makes my soul his guest,  
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.
- 8 [No beams of cedar or of fir,  
Can with thy courts on earth compare :  
And here we wait until thy love  
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

H Y M N LXVII. Long Metre.

*Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.* Solomon's Song i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU, whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy, and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know  
Where do thy sweetest pastures grow ?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that Rock,  
Which from the sun defends thy flock ?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one  
Who turns aside to paths unknown ?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see ;  
Thy sweetest pastures here they be ;  
A wond'rous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, & groans, and tears.
- 5 His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood ;  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
'Till my Beloved lead me home.]

---

*H Y M N* LXVIII. Long Metre.

*The banquet of love.* Solomon's Song ii. 1, 2, 3,  
4, 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of *S Sharon* here,  
The Lilly which the vallies bear :  
Behold the Tree of Life, which gives  
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- 2 Among the thorns so lillies shine :  
Among wild gourds the noble vine ;  
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves,  
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.
- 3 Beneath his cooling shade I sat,  
To shield me from the burning heat ;  
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,  
To feed my eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place  
Where stood the banquet of his grace ;  
He saw me faint, and o'er my head  
The banner of his love he spread.
- 5 With living bread and gen'rous wine,  
He cheer'd this sinking heart of mine ;  
And op'ning his own heart to me,  
He shew'd his thoughts how kind they be.]
- 6 O never let my Lord depart,  
Lie down and rest upon my heart ;

I charge my sins not once to move,  
Disturb, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

---

H Y M N LXIX. Long Metre.

Christ *appearing to his church, and seeking her company.* Solomon's Song ii. 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my Beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds ;  
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now through the veil of flesh I see,  
With eyes of love he looks at me :  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass,  
He shows the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue ;  
" Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,  
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wint'ry state is gone,  
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,  
The sacred turtle-dove we hear  
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root,  
Blossoms and buds, and gives her fruit :"  
Lo, we are come to taste the wine ;  
Our souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
- 6 And when we hear our *Jesus* say---  
" Rise up, my love, make haste away !"  
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,  
And leave all earthly love behind.

---

H Y M N LXX. Long Metre.

Christ *inviting, and the church answering the invitation.* Solomon's Song ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 1 **[H]**ARK ! the Redeemer from on high,  
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh ;

- From caves of darknes and of doubt,  
He gently speaks and calls us out.
- 2 " My dove, who hidest in the rock,  
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,  
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,  
And let thy voice delight mine ear.
- 3 Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet ;  
My graces in thy count'nance meet ;  
Though the vain world thy face despise,  
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives  
The hope thine invitation gives ;  
To thee our joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of pray'r, and that of praise.]
- 5 [I am my Love's, and he is mine ;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join ;  
Nor let a motion, nor a word,  
Nor thought arise to grieve my Lord.
- 6 My soul to pastures fair he leads,  
Among the lillies where he feeds ;  
Among the saints (whose robes are white,  
Wash'd in his blood) is his delight.
- 7 'Till the day break, and shadows flee,  
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,  
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 8 Be like a hart on mountains green,  
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin ;  
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide  
My Love, my Saviour from my side.]

---

*H r M N* LXXI. Long Metre.

Christ *found in the street, and brought to the church.*

Solomon's Song, iii. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

- 1 **O**FTEN I seek my Lord by night,  
*Jesus, my love, my soul's delight ;*

- With warm desire and restless thought  
I seek him oft, but find him not.
- 2 Then I arise and search the street,  
'Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet ;  
I ask the watchmen of the night,  
“ Where did you see my soul's delight ?”
- 3 Sometimes I find him in my way,  
Directed by an heav'nly ray ;  
I leap for joy to see his face,  
And hold him fast in mine embrace.
- 4 [I bring him to my mother's home,  
Nor does my Lord refuse to come  
To *Zion's* sacred chambers, where  
My soul first drew the vital air.
- 5 He gives me there his bleeding heart,  
Pierc'd for my sake with deadly smart ;  
I give my soul to him, and there  
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]
- 6 I charge you all, ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys ;  
Nor sin, nor hell, come near my heart,  
To cause my Saviour to depart.

---

HYMN LXXII. Long Metre.

*The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church.*  
Solomon's Song iii. 2.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of *Zion*, come, behold  
The crown of honour and of gold,  
Which the glad church with joys unknown,  
Plac'd on the head of *Solomon*.
- 2 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring ;  
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let ev'ry act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;

Like the dear hour when from above  
We first receiv'd the pledge of love.

4 The gladness of that happy day !  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

5 O ! let each minute as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation-day !  
The King of grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

---

*H Y M N* LXXIII. Long Metre.

*The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.* Solo-  
mon's Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 8, 9.

1 **K**IND is the speech of *Christ* our Lord,  
Affection sounds in ev'ry word :  
"Lo, thou art fair, my love, he cries,  
Not the young doves have sweeter eyes,

2 [Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice  
Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;  
No spice so much delights the smell,  
Nor milk, nor honey tastes so well.]

3 Thou art all fair, my bride, to me ;  
I will behold no spot in thee :"  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
And puts a comeliness on worms !

4 Defil'd and loathsome as we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair ;  
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,  
His graces and his righteousness.

- 5 “ My sifter and my spouse, he cries,  
Bound to my heart by various ties,  
Thy pow’rful love my heart retains  
In strong delight, and pleasing chains.”
- 6 He calls them from the leopard’s den,  
From this wild world of beasts and men,  
‘To *Zion*, where his glories are ;  
Not *Lebanon* is half so fair.
- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flow’ry plains,  
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,  
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,  
When *Christ* invites my soul away.

---

H Y M N LXXIV. Long Metre.

*The church the garden of Christ. Solomon’s Song*  
iv. 12, 13, 15, and v. 1.

- 1 **W**E are a garden wall’d around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground ;  
A little spot ; inclos’d by grace,  
Out of the world’s wide wilderness.
- 2 Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father’s hand ;  
And all his springs in *Zion* flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heav’nly wind, and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume ;  
Spirit divine, descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.
- 4 Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Saviour God :  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And ev’ry grace be active here.
- 5 [Let my Beloved come, and taste  
His pleasant fruits at his own feast :----  
*I come, my spouse, I come, he cries,*  
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

- 6 Our Lord into his garden comes,  
Well pleas'd to smell our poor perfumes,  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk or wine.
- 7 *Eat of the tree of life, my friends,  
The blessings which my Father sends;  
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
And drink abundance of my love.*
- 8 *Jesus, we will frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord:  
But the rich food on which we live,  
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]*

H Y M N LXXV. Long Metre.

*The description of Christ the Beloved. Solomon's  
Song v. 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16.*

- 1 **T**HE wond'ring world inquire to know  
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:  
"What are his charms, say they, above  
The objects of a mortal love?"
- 2 Yes, my Beloved to my sight  
Shews a sweet mixture, red and white:  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my Beloved meet and shine.
- 3 White is his soul, from blemish free;  
Red with the blood he shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;  
A sun among ten thousand stars.
- 4 [His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory like a crown adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.
- 5 Compassions in his heart are found,  
Close by the signals of his wound:  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

- 6 [His hands are fairer to behold  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold ;  
Those heav'nly hands, which on the tree  
Were nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Tho' once he bow'd his feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command  
His legs like marble pillars stand.]
- 8 [His eyes are majesty and love---  
The eagle temper'd with the dove ;  
No more shall trickling sorrows roll  
Thro' those dear windows of his soul.]
- 9 His mouth which pour'd out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers his fainting fairs ;  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than *Lebanon* with all its trees.
- 10 All over glorious is my Lord,  
Must be belov'd, and yet ador'd ;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

---

HYMN LXXVI. Long Metre.

Christ *dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.*---

Solomon's Song vi. 1, 2, 3, 12.

- 1 **W**HEN strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Saviour dwell ;  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they might seek and love him too.
- 2 My best Beloved keeps his throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown ;  
But he descends and shows his face  
In the young gardens of his grace.
- 3 [In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand ;  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lillies show their spotless heads.

4 He has engross'd my warmest love,  
 No earthly charms my soul can move :  
 I have a mansion in his heart,  
 Nor death, nor hell, shall make us part.]

5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
 And shows me where his glories are ;  
 No chariot of *Aminadib*  
 The heav'nly rapture can describe.

6 O may my spirit daily rise  
 On wings of faith above the skies,  
 'Till death shall make my last remove,  
 To dwell for ever with my Love.

---

H Y M N LXXVII. Long Metre.

*The love of Christ to the church in his language to her, and provisions for her. Solomon's Song vii.  
 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.*

1 **N**OW in the gall'ries of his grace,  
 Appears the King, and thus he says,  
*How fair my saints are in my sight,  
 My love, how pleasant for delight !*

2 Kind is thy language, sov'reign Lord,  
 There's heav'nly grace in ev'ry word ;  
 From that dear mouth a stream divine  
 Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

3 Such wond'rous love awakes the lip  
 Of saints who were almost asleep,  
 To speak the praises of thy name,  
 And make our cold affections flame.

4 These are the joys he lets us know  
 In fields and villages below :  
 Gives us a relish of his love,  
 But keeps his noblest feast above.

5 In paradise, within the gates,  
 An higher entertainment waits ;

Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

---

H Y M N LXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The strength of Christ's love, and the soul's jealousy of her own.* Solomon's Song viii. 5, 6, 7, 13, 14.

- 1 [ **W**HO is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness?  
And press'd with sorrows and with sins,  
On her beloved Lord she leans.
  - 2 This is the spouse of *Christ* our God,  
Bought with the treasures of his blood:  
And her request, and her complaint,  
Is but the voice of ev'ry faint.]
  - 3 "O let my name engraven stand,  
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;  
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.
  - 4 Stronger than death thy love is known,  
Which floods of wrath could never drown;  
And hell and earth in vain combine  
To quench a fire so much divine.
  - 5 But I am jealous of my heart,  
Lest it should once from thee depart,  
Then let thy name be well impress'd  
As a fair signet on my breast.
  - 6 'Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Thy count'nance let me often see,  
And often thou shalt hear from me.
  - 7 Come, my Beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
Fly, like a youthful hart or roe,  
Over the hills where spices grow."
-

*H Y M N* LXXIX. Long Metre.

A Morning Hymn. Psalm xix. 5, 8. and  
lxxiii. 24, 25.

- 1 **G**OD of the morning, at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east,  
The circuit of his race begins---  
And without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.
- 3 Oh, like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heav'nly way.
- 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God my sun should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wide maze,  
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes ;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.
- 6 Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss ;  
All my desires and hopes beside,  
Are faint and cold compar'd to this.

*H Y M N* LXXX. Long Metre.

An Evening Hymn. Psalm iv. 8. and iii. 5, 6.  
and cxliii. 8.

- 1 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days,  
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home ;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head ;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things ;  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 5 [Faith in his name forbids my fear :  
O may thy presence ne'er depart,  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.
- 6 Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

---

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

A song for Morning and Evening. Lam. iii.  
23. Isa. xlv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God how endless is thy love !  
Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;  
And morning mercies from above,  
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,  
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;  
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.
- 3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days ;

Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

*H r M N* LXXXII. Long Metre.

*God far above creatures : or, man vain and mortal.*  
Job iv. 17, 21.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator, GOD ?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just, than he ?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne ;  
Their natures, when compar'd with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they  
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay !  
Touch'd by the finger of thy wrath,  
We faint and vanish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight ;  
Bury'd in dust whole nations lie,  
Like a forgotten vanity.
- 5 Almighty Pow'r, to thee we bow ;  
How frail are we ! how glorious thou !  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

*H r M N* LXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Afflictions and death under providence.* Job v. 6.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance ;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes ;  
A sad inheritance !
- 2 As sparks break out from burning coals ;  
And still are upwards borne ;

- So grief is rooted in our souls,  
 And man grows up to mourn.
- 3 Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
 And trust his promis'd grace ;  
 He rules me by his well-known laws  
 Of love and righteousness.
- 4 Not all the pains that e'er I bore,  
 Shall spoil my future peace---  
 For death and hell can do no more  
 Than what my Father please.

---

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.  
*Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.*  
 Isa. xiv. 21---25.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks---let *Israel* hear,  
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,  
 While God's eternal Son proclaims  
 His sov'reign honours, and his names.
- 2 " I am the last, and I the first,  
 " The Saviour God, and God the just ;  
 " There's none beside pretends to shew  
 " Such justice, and salvation too.
- 3 [ " Ye who in shades of darkness dwell,  
 " Just on the verge of death and hell---  
 " Look up to me from distant lands ;  
 " Light, life, and heav'n, are in my hands.
- 4 " I by my holy name have sworn,  
 " Nor shall the word in vain return ;  
 " To me shall all things bend the knee,  
 " And ev'ry tongue shall swear to me.]
- 5 " In me alone shall men confess  
 " Lies all their strength and righteousness :  
 " But such as dare despise my name,  
 " I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

- 6 " In me the Lord shall all the seed  
 " Of *Israel* from their sins be freed,  
 " And by their shining graces prove  
 " Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

---

H Y M N LXXXV. Short Metre.

The same.

1 **T**HE Lord on high proclaims  
 His Godhead from his throne ;  
*Mercy and justice are the names*  
*By which I will be known.*

2 *Ye dying souls who sit*  
*In darkness and distress,*  
*Look from the borders of the pit*  
*To my recov'ring grace.*

3 Sinners shall hear the sound ;  
 Their thankful tongues shall own,  
*Our righteousness and strength are found*  
*In thee, the Lord, alone.*

4 In thee shall *Israel* trust,  
 And see their guilt forgiv'n ;  
 God will pronounce the sinners just,  
 And take the saints to heav'n.

---

H Y M N LXXXVI. Common Metre.

*GOD* holy, just and sovereign. Job ix. 2---10.

1 **H**OW should the sons of *Adam's* race  
 Be pure before their God !  
 If he contend in righteousness,  
 We fall beneath his rod.

2 To vindicate my words and thoughts,  
 I'll make no more pretence ;  
 Not one of all my thousand faults  
 Can bear a just defence.

- 3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise ;  
 What vain prefumers dare  
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
 Or 'tempt th' unequal war ?
- 4 [Mountains by his almighty wrath  
 From their old seats are torn ;  
 He shakes the earth from south to north,  
 And all her pillars mourn.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
 'Th' obedient sun forbears ;  
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
 And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the stormy sea ;  
 Flies on the stormy wind ;  
 There's none can trace his wond'rous way,  
 Or his dark footsteps find.]

---

*H Y M N* LXXXVII. Long Metre.

*GOD dwells with the humble and penitent.*---

Isa. lvii. 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the high and lofty One,  
 " I sit upon my holy throne ;  
 My name is GOD, I dwell on high ;  
 Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below,  
 On earth I have a mansion too ;  
 The humble spirit and contrite,  
 Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive,  
 I bid the mourning sinner live ;  
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 [When I contend against their sin,  
 I make them know how vile they've been ;  
 But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
 Their souls would sink beneath my stroke.]

5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
 Lest we should faint, despair and die !  
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.]

---

*H r M N* LXXXVIII. Long Metre.

*Life the day of grace and hope.* Eccl. ix. 4, 5,  
 6, 10.

1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,  
 The time t' insure the great reward,  
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
 The vilest sinner may return.

2 [Life is the hour which God has giv'n  
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n ;  
 'The day of grace, when mortals may  
 Secure the blessings of the day.]

3 The living know that they must die,  
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;  
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

4 [Their hatred and their love are lost,  
 Their envy bury'd in the dust ;  
 They have no share in all that's done  
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

5 Then what my thoughts design to do,  
 My hands with all your might pursue,  
 Since no device nor work is found  
 Nor faith nor hope beneath the ground.

6 There are no acts of pardon past  
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;  
 But darkness, death, and long despair,  
 Reign in eternal silence there.

---

*H r M N* LXXXIX. Long Metre.

*Youth and judgment.* Eccl. xi. 9.

1 **Y**E sons of *Adam*, vain and young,  
 Indulge your eyes indulge your tongue,

- Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire.
- 2 Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,  
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know  
There is a day of judgment too.
- 3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
His book records your secret faults ;  
The works of darkness you have done,  
Must all appear before the sun.
- 4 The vengeance to your follies due,  
Should strike your hearts with terrour thro'  
How will you stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injur'd grace ?
- 5 Almighty God, turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities,  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

---

*H Y M N* XC. Common Metre.

The same.

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of *Adam* rise,  
And thro' all nature rove,  
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires ;  
But let the sinners know  
The strict account which God requires  
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,  
The frighted earth and seas  
Avoid the fury of his eye,  
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fi'ry test ?

I'd give all mortal joys away,  
To be forever blest.

---

*H Y M N* XCI. Long Metre.

*twice to youth : or, old age and death in an unconverted state.* Eccl. xii. 1, 7. Isa. lxxv. 20.

**N**OW in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator, God :  
Behold the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say---*my joys are gone.*

Behold the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.

The dust returns to dust again ;  
The soul in agonies of pain  
Ascends to God ; not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

Eternal King, I fear thy name,  
Teach me to know how frail I am ;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

---

*H Y M N* CXII. Long Metre.

*Christ the wisdom of God.* Prov. viii. 1, 22---32.

1 **S**HALL wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard ?  
The voice of God's eternal word,  
Deserves it no regard ?

2 " I was his chief delight,  
His everlasting Son,  
Before the first of all his works,  
Creation was begun.

3 [Before the flying clouds,  
Before the solid land,

Before the fields, before the floods,  
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When he adorn'd the skies,  
And built them, I was there,  
To order when the sun should rise,  
And marshal ev'ry star.

5 When he pour'd out the sea,  
And spread the flowing deep,  
I gave the flood a firm decree,  
In its own bounds to keep.

6 Upon the empty air  
The earth was balanc'd well :  
With joy I saw the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.

7 My busy thoughts at first  
On their salvation ran,  
Ere sin was born, or *Adam's* dust  
Was fashion'd to a man.

8 Then come, receive my grace,  
Ye children, and be wise ;  
Happy the man who keeps my ways ;  
The man who shuns them dies."

*H Y M N* XCIII. Long Metre.

*Wisdom obeyed or resisted.* Pro. viii.

34-----36.

1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,  
" Blest is the man who hears my word,  
Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
And at my feet for mercy waits.

2 The soul which seeks me shall obtain  
Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain ;  
Immortal life is his reward,  
Life and the favour of the Lord.

3 But the vile wretch who flies from me,  
Doth his own soul an injury ;  
Fools who against my grace rebel,  
Seek death and love the road to hell.

---

H Y M N XCIV. Common Metre.

*Justification by faith, not by works: or, the law condemns, grace justifies. Rom. iii. 19-----22.*

1 VAIN are the hopes, the sons of men  
On their own works have built ;  
Their hearts by nature are unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
Without a murm'ring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

3 In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now,  
Since---to convince, and to condemn---  
Is all the law can do.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace,  
When in thy name we trust !  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
Which makes the sinner just.

---

H Y M N XCV. Common Metre.

*Regeneration. John i. 13, and iii. 3, &c.*

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites which God has giv'n,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

2 The sov'reign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace ;  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new peculiar race.

- 3 The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quicken'd souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death ;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.
- 

*H Y M N* XCVI. Common Metre.

*Election excludes boasting.* 1 Cor. i. 26-----31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,  
But few of noble race,  
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,  
Almighty King of grace.
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name  
For sons and heirs of God ;  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool, and makes him know  
The myst'ries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature has all its glory lost,  
When brought before his throne ;  
No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
But in the Lord alone.
- 

*H Y M N* XCVII. Long Metre.

*Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c.* 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URY'D in shadows of the night,  
We lie 'till *Christ* restores the light ;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,  
 'Till his atoning blood appears :  
 Then we awake from deep distress,  
 And sing, *The Lord our Righteousness.*"
- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin ;  
 His Spirit makes our natures clean ;  
 Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 *Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,  
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains ;  
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
 The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness ;  
 Thou art our mighty All, and we  
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

---

H Y M N XCVIII. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night  
 Which hangs upon our eyes,  
 'Till *Christ* with his reviving light  
 Over our souls arise !
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread  
 To meet the wrath of heav'n ;  
 But in his righteousness array'd,  
 We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure  
 Are all our thoughts and ways,  
 His hands infected nature cure  
 With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree  
 To hold our souls in vain ;  
 He sets the sons of bondage free,  
 And breaks the cursed chain.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways,  
 To bring us near to God,  
 Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,  
 And thine atoning blood.

---

H Y M N XCIX. Common Metre.

*Stones made children of Abraham: or, grace not  
 conveyed by religious parents. Matth. iii. 9.*

- 1 VAIN are the hopes which rebels place  
 Upon their birth and blood,  
 Descended from a pious race,  
 (Their fathers now with God.)
- 2 He from the caves of earth and hell  
 Can take the hardest stones,  
 And fill the house of *Abrah'm* well,  
 With new created sons.
- 3 Such wond'rous pow'r he doth possess,  
 Who form'd our mortal frame,  
 Who call'd the world from emptiness:  
 The world obey'd, and came.

---

H Y M N C. Long Metre.

*Believe, and be saved. John iii. 16, 17, 18.*

- 1 NOT to condemn the sons of men,  
 Did *Christ* the Son of God appear:  
 No weapons in his hands are seen,  
 No flaming sword, nor thunder there.
- 2 Such was the pity of our God,  
 He lov'd the race of man so well,  
 He sent his Son to bear our load  
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,  
 Trust in his mighty name and live;  
 A thousand joys his lips afford,  
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse his grace ;  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.
- 

H Y M N CI. Long Metre.

*Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner.* Luke xv. 7, 10.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys which rise  
Through all the courts of paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love ;  
The son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he form'd anew,  
And saints and angels join to sing  
The growing empire of their King,
- 

H Y M N CII. Long Metre.

*The Beatitudes.* Matth. v. 2----12.

- 1 [ **B**LEST are the humble souls who see  
Their emptiness and poverty ;  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]
- 2 [Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;  
The blood of *Christ* divinely flows  
An healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war ;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.]

- 4 [Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness ;  
They shall be well supply'd and fed  
With living streams and living bread.]
- 5 [Blest are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love ;  
From *Christ* the Lord they shall obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Blest are the pure whose hearts are clear  
From the defiling pow'r of sin ;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife  
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Blest are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for *Jesus*' sake ;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and joy are their reward.]

---

*H Y M N* CIII. Common Metre.

*Not ashamed of the gospel.* 2 Tim. i. 12.

- 1 **I**'M not asham'd to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause,  
Maintain the honour of his word,  
The glory of his cross.
- 2 *Jesus*, my God ! I know his name ;  
His name is all my trust :  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands ;  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands,  
'Till the decisive hour.

- 4 Then will he own my worthless name  
 Before his Father's face,  
 And in the new *Jerusalem*  
 Appoint my soul a place.

---

*H Y M N* CIV. Common Metre.

*A state of nature and grace.* 1 Cor. vi. 10, 11.

- 1 **N**OT the malicious or profane,  
 The wanton or the proud,  
 Nor thieves, nor sland'ers shall obtain  
 The kingdom of our God.
- 2 Surprising grace! and such were we  
 By nature and by sin,  
 Heirs of immortal misery,  
 Unholy and unclean.
- 3 But we are wash'd in *Jesus'* blood,  
 We're pardon'd thro' his name;  
 And the good Spirit of our God,  
 Has sanctify'd our frame.
- 4 O for a persevering pow'r  
 To keep thy just commands!  
 We would defile our hearts no more,  
 No more pollute our hands.

---

*H Y M N* CV. Common Metre.

*Heaven invisible and holy.* 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10  
 Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
 Nor sense, nor reason known,  
 What joys the Father has prepar'd  
 For those who love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord  
 Reveals a heav'n to come:  
 The beams of glory in his word,  
 Allure and guide us home.

- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace ;  
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,  
Can see or taste the blifs.
- 4 Those holy gates forever bar  
Pollution, sin and shame ;  
None shall obtain admittance there,  
But foll'wers of the Lamb.
- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found ;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground.

---

H Y M N CVI. Short Metre.

*Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. vi. 1, 2, 6.*

- 1 **S**HALL we go on to sin,  
Because thy grace abounds ?  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds ?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God !  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we, whose sins are crucify'd,  
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,  
Since *Christ* has made us free,  
Has nail'd our tyrants to the cross,  
And bought our liberty.

---

H Y M N CVII. Long Metre.

*The fall and recovery of man : or Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. iii. 1, 15, 17. Gal. iv. 4. Col. ii. 15.*

- 1 **D**ECEIV'D by subtle snares of hell,  
*Adam* our head, our father, fell,  
When *Satan* in the serpent hid,  
Propos'd the fruit which God forbid.

- 2 Death was the threatening ; death began  
To take possession of the man :  
His unborn face receiv'd the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground.
- 3 But *Satan* found a worse reward ;  
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord,  
*Let everlasting hatred be  
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.*
- 4 *The woman's seed shall be my Son,  
He shall destroy what thou hast done :  
Shall break thy head, and only feel  
Thy malice raging at his heel.*
- 5 [He spake, and bid four thousand years  
Roll on ; at length his Son appears ;  
Angels with joy descend to earth,  
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.
- 6 Lo, by the sons of hell he dies ;  
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,  
He gave their prince a fatal blow.]  
And triumph'd o'er the pow'rs below.]

---

*H r M N* CVIII. Short Metre.

Christ *unseen and beloved.* r Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord,  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face ;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heav'n begins below.
-

## HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

*The value of Christ and his righteousness.* Phil.  
iii. 7, 8 9.

- 1 **N**O more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done ;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain, I count my loss ;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for *Jesus*' sake ;  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!
- 4 The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But faith can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

## HYMN CX. Common Metre.

*Death and immediate glory.* 2 Cor. v. 1, 5, 8.

- 1 **T**HERE is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high,  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
'Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall ;  
Then, O my soul, with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
Who form'd thee fit for heav'n ;  
And as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word ;

But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

- 6 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see,  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.
- 

*H r m n* CXI. Common Metre.

*Salvation by grace.* Titus iii. 3, 7.

- 1 [ **L** ORD; we confess our num'rous faults,  
How great our guilt has been!  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.]
- 3 ['Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
Abounding through his Son.]
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are wash'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.
- 6 Rais'd from the dead, we live anew;  
And justify'd by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.
-

## HYMN CXII. Common Metre.

*The brazen serpent : or, looking to Jesus.* John  
iii. 14-----16.

- 1 **S**O did the *Hebrew* prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high ;  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 Look upward in the dying hour,  
And live, the prophet cries ;  
But *Christ* performs a nobler cure,  
When faith lifts up our eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,  
High in the heav'ns he reigns :  
Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung,  
Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,  
A dying world revives ;  
The *Jew* beholds the glorious hope,  
Th' expiring *Gentile* lives.

## HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

*Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.* Gen. xvii. 7.  
Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine,  
To *Abrah'm* and his seed !  
*I'll be a God to thee and thine,*  
*Supplying all their need.*
- 2 The words of this extensive love  
From age to age endure ;  
The angel of the cov'nant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 *Jesus* the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers giv'n ;  
He takes young children to his arms,  
And calls them *heirs of heav'n.*

- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !  
 His love endures the same ;  
 Nor from the promise of his grace  
 Blots out the children's name.

---

*H Y M N* CXIV. Common Metre.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong  
 To the wild olive wood ;  
 Grace took us from the barren tree,  
 And grafts us in the good.
- 2 With the same blessings grace endows  
 The *Gentile* as the *Jew* ;  
 If pure and holy be the root,  
 Such are the branches too.
- 3 Then let the children of the saints  
 Be dedicate to God ;  
 Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
 And wash them in thy blood.
- 4 Thus to the parents and their seed  
 Shall thy salvation come,  
 And num'rous households meet at last  
 In one eternal home.

---

*H Y M N* CXV. Common Metre.

*Conviction of sin by the law.* Romans vii. 8, 9,  
 14, 24.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,  
 And felt no inward dread !  
 I was alive without the law,  
 And thought my sins were dead.
- 2 My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,  
 But since the precept came  
 With a convincing pow'r and light,  
 I find how vile I am.

- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,  
'Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.
- 3 Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins reviv'd again,  
I had provok'd a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,  
Under the pow'r of sin ;  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with ev'ry breath,  
For some kind pow'r to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

---

H Y M N CXVI. Long Metre.  
*Love to GOD and our neighbour.* Matth. xxii.

37-----40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,  
“ Let all thy inward pow'rs unite  
“ To love thy Maker and thy God,  
“ With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 “ Then shall thy neighbour next in place  
“ Share thine affection and esteem,  
“ And let thy kindness to thyself,  
“ Measure and rule thy love to him.”
- 3 This is the sense which *Moses* spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove ;  
For want of this the law is broke,  
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But O how base our passions are !  
How cold our charity and zeal !  
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.
-

*H Y M N* CXVII. Long Metre.

*Election sovereign and free.* Romans ix. 21, 22,

23, 24.

- 1 [ **B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please;  
Such is our God; and such are we,  
The subjects of his just decrees.
  - 2 Doth not the workman's power extend  
O'er all the mass, which part to chuse,  
And mould it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use.]
  - 3 May not the sov'reign Lord on high  
Dispense his favours as he will,  
Chuse some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?
  - 4 [What if to make his terrour known,  
He lets his patience long endure,  
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,  
And seal their own destruction sure?
  - 5 What if he means to show his grace,  
And his electing love employs  
To mark out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]
  - 6 Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?
  - 7 But, O my soul, if truth so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still his written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.
  - 8 Then he shall make his justice known,  
And the whole world, before his throne,  
With joy or terror shall confess  
The glory of his righteousness.
-

## HYMN CXVIII. Short Metre.

*Moses and Christ : or, sin against the law and gospel.* John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6, and x. 28, 29.

1. **T**HE law by *Moses* came,  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by *Christ*, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.
2. Amidst the house of God  
Their different works were done :  
*Moses* a faithful servant stood,  
But *Christ* a faithful Son.
3. Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid ;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The Sov'reign and the Head.
4. The man who durst despise  
The law which *Moses* brought,  
Behold how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault :
5. But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when *Jesus* calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

## HYMN CXIX. Common Metre.

*The different success of the gospel.* 1 Cor. i. 23, 24.  
2 Cor. ii. 15. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

1. **C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T and his cross are all our theme ;  
The myst'ries that we speak,  
Are scandal in the *Jew's* esteem,  
And folly to the *Greek* :
2. But souls enlighten'd from above,  
With joy receive the word ;  
They see what wisdom, pow'r and love  
Shine in their dying Lord.

- 3 The vital favour of his name  
Restores their fainting breath ;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair, and death.
- 4 'Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like show'rs of heav'nly rain,  
In vain *Apollos* sows the ground,  
And *Paul* may plant in vain.
- 

*H r M N* CXX. Common Metre.

*Faith of things unseen.* Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heav'nly light ;
- 2 It sets time past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.
- 3 By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word ;  
*Abrah'm* to unknown countries led,  
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He fought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands ;  
And faith assures us, tho' we die,  
That heav'nly building stands.
- 

*H r M N* CXXI. Common Metre.

*Children devoted to God.* Gen xvii. 7, 10.

Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practise Infant Baptism.)

- 1 **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,  
" I'll be a God to thee ;

“ I'll bless thy num'rous race---and they  
 “ Shall be a seed for me.”

- 2 *Abrab'm* believ'd the promis'd grace,  
 And gave his sons to God ;  
 But water seals the blessing now,  
 Which once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus, *Lydia* sanctify'd her house,  
 When she receiv'd the word ;  
 Thus the believing jaylor gave  
 His household to the Lord.
- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King,  
 Thine ancient truth embrace ;  
 To thee, their infant offspring bring,  
 And humbly claim the grace.

---

H Y M N CXXII. Long Metre.

*Believers buried with Christ in baptism.* Rom.  
 vi. 3, 4, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,  
 That we are bury'd with the Lord ;  
 Baptiz'd into his death, and then  
 Put off the body of our sin ?
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,  
 Rais'd from corruption, guilt and death :  
 So from the grave did *Christ* arise,  
 And lives to God above the skies.
- 3 No more let sin or *Satan* reign  
 Over our mortal flesh again ;  
 The various lusts we serv'd before,  
 Shall have dominion now no more.

---

H Y M N CXXIII. Common Metre.

*The repenting prodigal.* Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine  
 Has wasted his estate,

He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat.

2 “ I die with hunger here,” he cries,  
“ I starve in foreign lands ;  
“ My father’s house has large supplies,  
“ And bounteous are his hands.

3 “ I’ll go, and with a mournful tongue  
“ Fall down before his face ;  
“ Father, I’ve done thy justice wrong,  
“ Nor can deserve thy grace.”

4 He said, and hasten’d to his home,  
To seek his father’s love ;  
The father saw the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.

5 He ran and fell upon his neck,  
Embrac’d and kiss’d his son ;  
The rebel’s heart with sorrow brake  
For follies he had done.

6 “ Take off his clothes of shame and sin,  
(The father gives command)  
“ Dress him in garments white and clean,  
“ With rings adorn his hand.

7 “ A day of feasting I ordain,  
“ Let mirth and joy abound :  
“ My son was dead, and lives again,  
“ Was lost and now is found.”

---

*H Y M N* CXXIV. Long Metre.

*The first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12, &c.*

1 **D**EEP in the dust before thy throne,  
Our guilt and our disgrace we own ;  
Great God, we own th’ unhappy name  
Whence sprung our nature and our shame !

2 *Adam* the sinner : at his fall  
Death like a conqu’ror seiz’d us all ;

- A thousand new-born babes are dead  
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But while our spirits fill'd with awe,  
Behold the terrours of thy law,  
We sing the honours of thy grace,  
Which sent to save our ruin'd race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who join'd our nature to his own :  
*Adam* the second, from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man,  
Through all his seed the mischief ran ;  
And by one man's obedience now  
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,  
There have the sons of *Adam* found  
Abounding life ; there glorious grace  
Reigns thro' the Lord our righteousness.]

---

H Y M N CXXV. Common Metre.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted. Heb.  
iv. 15, 16. and v. 9. Matth. xii. 20.

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above :  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame ; -  
He knows what fore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While *Satan's* fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood,

- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh  
 Pour'd out his cries and tears,  
 And in his measure feels afresh  
 What ev'ry member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoaking flax,  
 But raise it to a flame :  
 The bruised reed he never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address  
 His mercy and his pow'r,  
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace,  
 In the distressing hour.

---

H Y M N CXXVI. Long Metre.

*Charity and uncharitableness.* Rom. xiv. 17, 19.  
 1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 **N**OT diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress  
 Compose the kingdom of our Lord ;  
 But peace and joy, and righteousness,  
 Faith, and obedience to his word.
- 2 When weaker Christians we despise,  
 We do the gospel mighty wrong ;  
 For God the gracious and the wise,  
 Receives the feeble with the strong.
- 3 Let pride and wrath be banish'd hence,  
 Meekness and love our souls pursue,  
 Nor shall our practice give offence  
 To saints, the *Gentile* or the *Jew*.

---

H Y M N CXXVII. Long Metre.

*Christ's invitation to sinners : or, humility and pride.*  
 Matth. xi. 28----30.

- 1 **C**OME hither all ye weary souls,  
 Ye heavy laden sinners come,  
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
 And raise you to my heav'nly home.

- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me,  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;  
My yoke is easy to his neck,  
My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 *Jesus*, we come at thy command,  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand,  
To mould and guide us at thy will.

H Y M N CXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The apostle's commission : or, the gospel attested by miracles. Mark xvi. 15. Mat. xxviii. 18, &c.*

- 1 " **G**O preach my gospel, faith the Lord,  
Bid the whole earth my grace receive,  
He shall be sav'd who trusts my word ;  
He shall be damn'd who won't believe.
- 2 [I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works which I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
Go cast out devils in my name ;  
Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
Tho' *Greeks* reproach, and *Jews* blaspheme.]
- 4 Teach all the nations my commands,  
I'm with you 'till the world shall end ;  
All pow'r is trusted in my hands,  
I can destroy, and I defend."
- 5 *He spake, and light shone round his head,*  
*On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode ;*

*They to the furthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.*

*H Y M N CXXIX. Long Metre.*

*Submission and deliverance : or, Abraham offering  
his son. Gen. xxii. 6, &c.*

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heav'nly Father's word,  
Give up your comforts to the Lord :  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So *Abrah'm* with obedient hand  
Led forth his son at God's command ;  
The wood, the fire, the knife he took,  
His arm prepar'd the dreadful stroke.
- 3 *Abrah'm, forbear, the angel cry'd,  
Thy faith is known, thy love is try'd ;  
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
Shall the whole earth be bless'd indeed.*
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays deliv'ring pow'r ;  
The mount of danger is the place,  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

*H Y M N CXXX. Long Metre.*

*Love and hatred. Philip. ii. 2. Eph. iv. 30, &c.*

- 1 **N**OW by the bowels of my God,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.
- 2 Clamour and wrath, and war be gone,  
Envy and spite for ever cease,  
Let bitter words no more be known  
Among the saints, the sons of peace.
- 3 The Spirit like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife ;

Why should we vex and grieve his love,  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life ?

- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,  
Thro' all our lives let mercy run :  
So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of *Christ* his Son.

*H Y M N* CXXXI. Long Metre.

*The Pharisee & Publican.* Luke xviii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD how sinners disagree,  
The Publican and Pharisee ;  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.
- 2 This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;  
That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.
- 3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,  
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
While on the proud his anger frowns.
- 4 Dear Father, let me never be  
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee,  
I have no merits of my own,  
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

*H Y M N* CXXXII. Long Metre.

*Holiness and grace.* Tit. ii. 10, 13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess ;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine *ALL DIVINE*.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honours of our Saviour God ;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride :  
 While justice, temp'rance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

*H Y M N* CXXXIII. Common Metre.

*Love and charity.* 1 Cor. xii. 2---7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET Pharisees of high esteem,  
 Their faith and zeal declare,  
 All their religion is a dream,  
 If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,  
 Nor is provok'd in haste,  
 She lets the present injury die,  
 And long forgets the past.
- 3 [Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
 She quenches with her tongue ;  
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,  
 Tho' she endures the wrong.]
- 4 [She ne'er desires nor seeks to know  
 The scandals of the time ;  
 Nor looks with pride on those below,  
 Nor envies those who climb.]
- 5 She lays her own advantage by,  
 To seek her neighbour's good :  
 So God's own Son came down to die,  
 And bought our lives with blood.
- 6 Love is the grace that keeps her pow'r  
 In all the realms above ;  
 There faith and hope are known no more,  
 But saints for ever love.

*H Y M N* CXXXIV. Long Metre.

*Religion vain without love.* 1 Cor. xiii. 1, 2, 3.

1 **H**AD I the tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,  
And nobler speech than angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell ;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name---

4 If love to God, and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fi'ry zeal,  
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

*H Y M N* CXXXV. Long Metre.

*The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.*---

Eph. iii. 16, &c.

1 **C**OME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,  
By faith and love in ev'ry breast ;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys which cannot be express'd.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, the breadth, and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose pow'r can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honours done  
By all the church through *Christ* his Son.

## HYMN CXXXVI. Common Metre.

*Sincerity and hypocrisy : or, formality in worship.*

John iv. 23. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.

- 1 **G**OD is a Spirit just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind ;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne,  
With honour can appear :  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground ;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere ;  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

## HYMN CXXXVII. Long Metre.

*Salvation by grace in Christ.* 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the pow'r of God supreme,  
Be everlasting honours giv'n,  
He saves from hell (we bless his name)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abundant grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doom'd to die ;  
He gave us grace in *Christ* his Son,  
Before he spread the starry sky.

- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
 And makes his Father's counsels known;  
 Declares the great transactions pass'd,  
 And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies! and in that dreadful night  
 Did all the pow'rs of hell destroy:  
 Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
 And took possession of the joy.

*H Y M N* CXXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Saints in the hands of Christ. John x. 28, 29.*

- 1 **F**IRM as the earth thy gospel stands,  
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
 If I am found in *Jesus*' hands,  
 My soul can ne'er be lost.
- 2 His honour is engag'd to save  
 The meanest of his sheep;  
 All that his heav'nly Father gave,  
 His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove  
 His fav'rites from his breast;  
 In the dear bosom of his love,  
 They must for ever rest.

*H Y M N* CXXXIX. Long Metre.

*Hope in the covenant: or, GOD's promise and truth  
 unchangeable. Heb. vi. 17---19.*

- 1 **H**OW oft have sin and *Satan* strove  
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!  
 But everlasting is thy love,  
 And *Jesus* seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord,  
 Join to confirm the wond'rous grace;  
 Eternal pow'r performs the word,  
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,  
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;  
Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,  
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up ;  
A faithful and unchanging God  
Lays the foundation for my hope,  
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

*H R M N* CXL. Common Metre.

*A living and a dead faith. Collected from several  
scriptures.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls ! who dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead :  
None but a living pow'r unites  
To *Christ*, the living Head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,  
'Tis faith that works by love ;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,  
By a celestial pow'r ;  
This is the grace which shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.
- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace ;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still,  
For his own holiness.
- 6 When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean,  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

- 7 His Spirit purifies our frame,  
 And seals our peace with God :  
*Jesus*, and his salvation came  
 By water and by blood.]

H Y M N CXLI. Short Metre.

*The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.* Isa. liii.,

1---5, 10---12.

- 1 **W**HO has believ'd thy word,  
 Or thy salvation known ?  
 Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,  
 And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The *Jews* esteem'd him here  
 Too mean for their belief ;  
 Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
 And his companion, grief.
- 3 They turn'd their eyes away,  
 And treated him with scorn ;  
 But 'twas their grief upon him lay,  
 Their sorrows he has borne.
- 4 'Twas for the stubborn *Jews*,  
 And *Gentiles* then unknown,  
 The God of justice pleas'd to bruise  
 His best-beloved Son.
- 5 " But I'll prolong his days,  
 And make his kingdom stand ;  
 My pleasure (saith the God of grace)  
 Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 [His joyful soul shall see  
 The purchase of his pain,  
 And by his knowledge, justify  
 The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 [Ten thousand captive slaves,  
 Releas'd from death and sin,  
 Shall quit their prisons and their graves,  
 And own his pow'r divine.]

8 [Heav'n shall advance my Son  
 To joys which earth deny'd ;  
 Who saw the follies men had done,  
 And bore their sins and dy'd." ]

*H Y M N* CXLII. Short Metre.

The same. Isa. liii. 6---9---12.

1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,  
 And broke the fold of God,  
 Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,  
 But all---the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour,  
 When God our wand'rings laid,  
 And did at once his vengeance pour  
 Upon the Shepherd's head !

3 How glorious was the grace,  
 When *Christ* sustain'd the stroke !  
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
 A ransom for the flock.

4 His honour and his breath  
 Were taken both away ;  
 Join'd with the wicked in his death,  
 And made as vile as they.

5 But God shall raise his head  
 O'er all the sons of men ;  
 And make him see a num'rous seed,  
 To recompense his pain.

6 " I'll give him, saith the Lord,  
 A portion with the strong ;  
 He shall possess a large reward,  
 And hold his honours long."

*H Y M N* CXLIII. Common Metre.

*Characters of the children of God.*

*From several scriptures.*

1 **A**S new born babes desire the breast,  
 To feed, and grow, and thrive ;

- So faints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves  
All which the word relates ;  
They love the men their father loves,  
And hate the work he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth,  
Can make them slaves to lust,  
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,  
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains which tyrants use,  
Can bind their souls to vice :  
Faith, like a conqu'ror, can produce  
A thousand victories.]
- 5 [Grace, like an uncorrupted seed,  
Abides and reigns within ;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.]
- 6 [Not by the terrours of a slave  
Do they perform his will,  
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,  
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at ev'ry hour,  
To God within the veil ;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning pow'r,  
And joys which never fail.
- 8 O happy souls ! O glorious state  
Of over-flowing grace !  
To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face !
- 9 Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne :  
Call me a child of thine ;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son,  
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest love abroad,  
And make my comforts strong ;

Then shall I say, *My Father, God,*  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

*H Y M N* CXLIV. Common Metre.

*The witnessing and sealing Spirit.* Rom. viii. 14.  
16. Eph. i. 13, 14.

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 the 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.

*H Y M N* CXLV. Common Metre.

*CHRIST and AARON.* From Heb. vii. 9.

1 **J**ESUS, in thee, our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more  
Than the rich gems and polish'd gold,  
The sons of *Aaron* wore.

2 They first their own burnt off'rings brought,  
To purge themselves from sin;  
*Thy life was pure without a spot,*  
*And all thy nature clean.*

3 [Fresh blood, as constant as the day,  
Was on their altar spilt;

*But thy one off'ring takes away  
For ever all our guilt.]*

- 4 [Their priesthood ran through sev'ral hands,  
For mortal was their race ;  
*Thy never-changing office stands,  
Eternal as thy days.]*
- 5 [Once, in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne.
- 6 *But Christ by his own pow'rful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And, in the presence of our God,  
Shows his own sacrifice.]*
- 7 *Jesus, the King of glory, reigns,  
On Zion's heav'nly hill ;  
Looks like a Lamb which has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.*
- 8 He ever lives to intercede  
Before his Father's face :  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt thy Father's grace.

---

H Y M N CXLVI. Long Metre.

*Characters of CHRIST, borrowed from inanimate  
things in scripture.*

- 1 **G**O, worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See, in his face what wonders meet !  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord ;  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compar'd to wine or bread ?  
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed :

That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

4 [Is he a tree? The world receives  
Salvation from his healing leaves :  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is *David's* root and offspring too.]

5 [Is he a rose? Not *Sharon* yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields :  
Or if the lilly he assume,  
The vallies blefs the rich perfume.]

6 [Is he a vine? His heav'nly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit :  
O let a lasting union-join  
My soul to *Christ* the living vine!]

7 [Is he the head? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital pow'rs he gives ;  
The saints below, and saints above,  
Join'd by his Spirit and his love.]

8 [Is he a fountain? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death :  
These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

9 [Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross :  
But the true gold sustains no loss ;  
Like a refiner shall he fit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

10 [Is he a rock? How firm he proves !  
The Rock of ages never moves :  
Yet the sweet streams which from him flow,  
Attend us all the desert through.]

11 [Is he a way? He leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood :  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
'Till I arrive at *Zion's* hill.]

12 [Is he a door? I'll enter in ;  
Behold, the pastures large and green ;

- A paradise divinely fair,  
None but the sheep have freedom there.]
- 13 [Is he design'd a corner-stone,  
For men to build their heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]
- 14 [Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and pow'r;  
And still to his most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]
- 15 [Is he a star? He breaks the night,  
Piercing the shades with dawning light!  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the Morning-Star.]
- 16 [Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness:  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]
- 17 [O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise;  
There he displays his pow'rs abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears:  
His beauties we can never trace,  
'Till we behold him face to face.

H Y M N CXLVII. Long Metre.

*The names and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.*

- 1 **'T**IS from the treasure of his word,  
I borrow titles for my Lord;  
Nor art nor nature can supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.
- 2 Bright image of his Father's face,  
Shining with undiminish'd rays;

Th' eternal God's eternal Son,  
The heir and partner of his throne.]

3 The King of kings, the Lord most high,  
Writes his own name upon his thigh,  
He wears a garment dipp'd in blood,  
And breaks the nations with his rod.

4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,  
The Lamb resents his injur'd love,  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
And *Judah's* lion tears the prey.

5 But when for works of peace he comes,  
What winning titles he assumes!  
*Light of the world, and life of men:*  
Nor bears those characters in vain.

6 With tender pity in his heart,  
He acts the Mediator's part;  
A friend and brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he wears.

7 At length the Judge his throne ascends,  
Divides the rebels from his friends,  
And *saluts* in full fruition prove  
His rich variety of love.

*H Y M N* CXLVIII. Particular Metre:

The same.

1 [ **W**ITTE cheerful voice I sing  
The titles of my Lord,  
And borrow all the names  
Of honour from his word:  
Nature and art  
Can ne'er supply  
Sufficient forms  
Of majesty.

2 In *Jesus* we behold  
His Father's glorious face,

Shining for ever bright  
 With mild and lovely rays :  
 Th' eternal God's  
 Eternal Son,  
 Inherits and  
 Partakes the throne.]

3 The sov'reign *King of kings,*  
*The Lord of lords* most high,  
 Writes his own name upon  
 His garment and his thigh :  
 His name is call'd  
*The Word of God,*  
 He rules the earth  
 With iron rod.

4 Where promises and grace  
 Can neither melt nor move,  
 The angry Lamb resents  
 Th' injuries of his love ;  
 Awakes his wrath  
 Without delay,  
 As lions roar,  
 And tear the prey.

5 But when for works of peace,  
 The great Redeemer comes,  
 What gentle characters,  
 What titles he assumes !  
*Light of the world,*  
*And life of men :*  
 Nor will he bear  
 Those names in vain.

6 Immense compassion reigns  
 In our *Immanuel's* heart,  
 When he descends to act  
 A Mediator's part.  
 He is a friend,  
 And brother too ;

Divinely kind,  
Divinely true.

- 7 At length the Lord, the *Judge*,  
His awful throne ascends,  
And drives the rebels far  
From favourites and friends.  
Then shall the saints  
Completely prove  
The heights and depths  
Of all his love.

---

H Y M N CXLIX. Long Metre.

*The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.*

- 1 **J** OIN all the names of love and pow'r,  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set *Immanuel's* glory forth.
- 2 But O what condescending ways,  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace!  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The *Angel of the cov'nant* stands  
With his commission in his hands,  
Sent from his Father's milder throne,  
To make the great salvation known.]
- 4 [Great *Prophet!* let me bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful tydings came  
Of wrath appeas'd, and sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heav'n.]
- 5 [My bright *example*, and my *guide*,  
I would be walking near thy side;  
O let me never run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden way!]
- 6 I love my *Shepherd*, he shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;

He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
And in his bosom bears the lambs.

7 [My *Surety*, undertakes my cause,  
Answ'ring his Father's broken laws :  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My *Surety* paid the dreadful debt.]

8 [*Jesus*, my great *High Priest*, has dy'd,  
I seek no sacrifice beside :  
His blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]

9 [My *Advocate* appears on high,  
'The Father lays his thunder by ;  
Not all that earth or hell can say,  
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

10 [My *Lord*, my *Conqu'ror*, and my *King*,  
Thy sceptre, and thy sword I sing ;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I fit  
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

11 [Aspiré, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
*The Captain of salvation* leads :  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

12 [Should death and hell, and pow'rs unknown  
Put all their forms of mischief on ;  
I shall be safe ; for *Christ* displays  
Salvation in more sov'reign ways.]

---

H Y M N    C L.    Particular Metre.  
The same.

1 **J** O I N all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
Which ever mortals knew,  
Which angels ever bore :  
All are too mean  
To speak his worth,  
Too mean to set  
My Saviour forth.

- 2 But, O what gentle terms,  
 What condescending ways,  
 Doth our Redeemer use,  
 To teach his heav'nly grace !  
 My eyes with joy  
 And wonder see  
 What forms of love  
 He bears for me.
- 3 Array'd in mortal flesh,  
 He, like an angel stands,  
 And holds the promises,  
 And pardons in his hands.  
 Commission'd from  
 His Father's throne ;  
 To make his grace  
 To mortals known.
- 4 Great *Prophet* of my God,  
 My tongue would bless thy name ;  
 By thee the joyful news  
 Of our salvation came ;  
 The joyful news  
 Of sins forgiv'n,  
 Of hell subdu'd,  
 And peace with heav'n.
- 5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,  
 My *Pattern* and my *Guide* ;  
 And through this desert land  
 Still keep me near thy side.  
 O let my feet  
 Ne'er run astray,  
 Nor rove nor seek  
 The crooked way !
- 6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice,  
 His watchful eyes shall keep  
 My wand'ring soul among  
 The thousands of his sheep :

He feeds his flock,  
 He calls their names,  
 His bosom bears  
 The tender lambs.

7 To this dear *Surety's* hand,  
 Will I commit my cause ;  
 He answers and fulfils  
 His Father's broken laws.  
 Behold my soul  
 At freedom set !  
 My *Surety* paid  
 The dreadful debt.

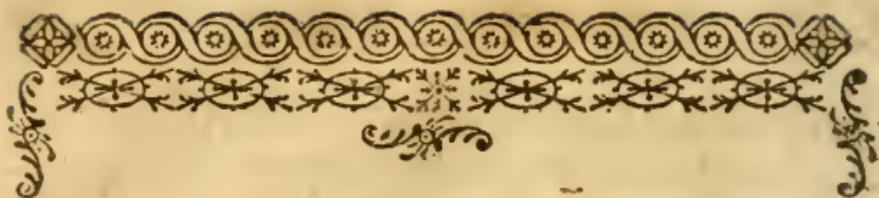
8 *Jesus*, my great *High Priest*,  
 Offer'd his blood and dy'd ;  
 My guilty conscience seeks,  
 No sacrifice beside.  
 His pow'ful blood  
 Did once atone ;  
 And now it pleads  
 Before the throne.

9 My *Advocate* appears  
 For my defence on high ;  
 The Father bows his ears,  
 And lays his thunder by.  
 Not all which hell  
 Or sin can say,  
 Shall turn his heart,  
 His love away.

10 My dear Almighty *Lord*,  
 My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,  
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
 Thy reigning grace I sing.  
 Thine is the pow'r ;  
 Behold I sit  
 In willing bonds  
 Beneath thy feet.

- 11 Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down :  
My *Captain* leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown.  
A feeble faint  
Shall win the day,  
Though death and hell  
Obstruct the way.
- 12 Should all the hosts of death,  
And pow'rs of hell unknown,  
Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on ;  
I shall be safe,  
For *Christ* displays  
Superiour pow'r,  
And guardian grace.

*END of the FIRST BOOK.*



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Book II.

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Composed on *DIVINE SUBJECTS.*

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*H Y M N* I. Long Metre.

*A song of praise to God.*

- 1 **N**ATURE with all her pow'rs, shall sing  
God the Creator, and the King ;  
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,  
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 [Begin to make his glories known,  
Ye seraphs who sit near his throne ;  
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound  
To the creation's utmost bound.]
- 3 [All mortal things of meaner frame,  
Exert your force, and own his name ;  
While with our souls, and with our voice,  
We sing his honours and our joys.]
- 4 [To him be sacred all we have,  
From the young cradle to the grave :  
Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,  
And ev'ry word a miracle.]
- 3 [Thesewestern shores, our native land,  
Lie safe in the Almighty's hand ;  
Our foes of viét'ry dream in vain,  
And wear the captivating chain.]

- 6 Raise monumental praises high  
To him who thunders through the sky,  
And with an awful nod or frown,  
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 7 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim  
The triumphs of th' eternal name ;  
While trembling nations read from far,  
The honours of *the God of war.*]
- 8 Thus let our flaming zeal employ  
Our loftiest thoughts, and loudest songs ;  
Let there be sung with warmest joy  
*Hosannas* from ten thousand tongues.
- 9 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame  
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;  
The strongest notes which angels raise,  
Faint in the worship and the praise.

---

*H Y M N* II. Common Metre.

*The death of a sinner.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead ;  
What horrors seize the guilty soul  
Upon a dying bed !
- 2 Ling'ring about these mortal shores,  
She makes a long delay,  
'Till like a flood with rapid force,  
Death sweeps the wretch away.
- 3 Then swift and dreadful she descends.  
Down to the fiery coast,  
Among abominable fiends,  
Herself a frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crouds of sinners lie,  
And darkness makes their chains :  
Tortur'd with keen despair they cry,  
Yet wait for fiercer pains.

- 5 Not all their anguish and their blood  
 For their old guilt atones,  
 Nor the compassion of a God  
 Shall hearken to their groans.
- 6 Amazing grace that kept my breath,  
 Nor bid my soul remove,  
 'Till I had learn'd my Saviour's death,  
 And well infur'd his love!

---

*H Y M N* III. Common Metre.

*The death and burial of a saint.*

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?  
 Or shake at death's alarms?  
 'Tis but the voice that *Jesus* sends  
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too  
 As fast as time can move?  
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow  
 To keep us from our Love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey  
 Their bodies to the tomb?  
 There the dear flesh of *Jesus* lay,  
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all the saints he bless'd,  
 And soften'd every bed:  
 Where should the dying members rest,  
 But with the dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,  
 And shew'd our feet the way:  
 Up to the Lord our souls shall fly,  
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,  
 And bid our kindred rise;  
 Awake, ye nations under ground,  
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.
-

## HYMN IV. Long Metre.

*Salvation in the cross.*

- 1 **H**ERE at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
*Jesus*, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 2 Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.
- 3 Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie ;  
Resolv'd (for that's my last defence)  
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear ;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade ?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor *Satan* dare my soul invade.
- 5 Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim ;  
Hosanna to my dying God,  
And my best honours to his name.

## HYMN V. Long Metre.

*Longing to praise Christ better.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when my tho'ts with wonder roll  
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,  
And read my Maker's broken laws,  
Repair'd and honour'd by the cross :
- 2 When I behold death, hell, and sin,  
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,  
And see the man who groan'd and dy'd,  
Sit glorious by his Father's side :
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,  
I'm wing'd with faith, and fir'd with love :

Fain would I reach eternal things,  
And learn the notes which *Gabriel* sings.

- 4 But my heart fails, my tongue complains  
For want of their immortal strains;  
And in such humble notes as these,  
Must fall below thy victories.
- 5 Well, the kind minute must appear,  
When we shall leave these bodies here ;  
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,  
To join the songs above the sky.

---

H Y M N VI. Common Metre.

A Morning Song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day  
Salutes thy waking eyes :  
Once more, my voice thy tribute pay  
To him who rolls the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,  
The day renews the sound,  
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits  
To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame,  
My tongue shall speak his praise ;  
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,  
And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 [On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread,  
And I could ne'er withstand ;  
Thy justice might have crush'd me dead,  
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled  
Since the last setting sun,  
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,  
And yet my moments run.]
- 6 Dear God, let all my hours be thine,  
While I enjoy the light ;

Then shall my sun in smiles decline,  
And bring a pleasant night.

---

*H Y M N* VII. Common Metre.

An Evening Song.

- 1 **D**READ Sov'reign, let my evening song  
Like holy incense rise :  
Assist the off'rings of my tongue,  
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day,  
Thy hand was still my guard ;  
And still to drive my wants away,  
Thy mercy stood prepar'd.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above  
Incompass me around ;  
But O, how few returns of love,  
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 What have I done for him who dy'd ;  
To save my wretched soul ?  
How are my follies multiply'd,  
Fast as my minutes roll ?
- 5 Lord, with this guilty heart of mine  
To thy dear cross I flee,  
And to thy grace my soul resign,  
To be renew'd by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,  
I lay me down to rest,  
As in th'embraces of my God,  
Or on my Saviour's breast.

---

*H Y M N* VIII. Common Metre.

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,  
To God's upholding hand !

M m

- Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing pow'r,  
Which rais'd us with a word ;  
And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour,  
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The ev'ning rests our weary head,  
And angels guard the room ;  
We wake, and we admire the bed  
Which was not made our tomb.
- 4 The rising morning can't assure  
That we shall end the day ;  
For death stands ready at the door,  
To seize our lives away.
- 5 Our breath is forfeited by sin  
To God's revenging law ;  
We own thy grace, immortal King,  
In ev'ry gasp we draw.
- 6 God is our sun, whose daily light  
Our joy and safety brings ;  
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night  
Beneath his shady wings.

---

H Y M N IX. Common Metre.

*Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.*

- 1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed !  
And did my Sov'reign die ?  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 [Thy body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,  
And bath'd in its own blood,  
While all expos'd to wrath divine,  
The glorious suff'rer stood !]
- 3 Was it for crimes which I had done,  
He groan'd upon the tree ?

- Amazing pity ! grace unknown !  
And love beyond degree !
- 4 Well might the sun in darkness hide;  
And shut his glories in,  
When God the mighty Maker dy'd .  
For man, the creature's sin.
- 5 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
While his dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes in tears.
- 6 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe ;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.

---

*H Y M N X. Common Metre.*

*Parting with carnal joys.*

- 1 **M**Y soul forsakes her vain delight,  
And bids the world farewell ;  
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,  
And mischievous as hell.
- 2 No longer will I ask your love,  
Nor seek your friendship more ;  
The happiness that I approve,  
Lies not within your pow'r.
- 3 There's nothing round this spacious earth,  
That suits my large desire ;  
To boundless joy, and solid mirth,  
My nobler thoughts aspire.
- 4 [Where pleasure rolls its living flood,  
From sin and dross refin'd,  
Still springing from the throne of God,  
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 Th' Almighty Ruler of the spheres,  
The glorious and the great,

Brings his own All-sufficiency there,  
To make our bliss complete.]

- 6 Had I the pinions of a dove,  
I'd climb the heav'nly road ;  
There sits my Saviour drest in love,  
And there my smiling God.

---

H Y M N XI. Long Metre.  
The same.

- 1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;  
Away, ye tempters of the mind,  
False as the smooth deceitful sea,  
And empty as the whistling wind.
- 2 Your streams were floating me along,  
Down to the gulf of black despair,  
And while I listen'd to your song,  
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,  
Which warn'd me of that dark abyss ;  
Which drew me from those treach'rous seas,  
And bid me seek superiour bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above,  
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes :  
O for the pinions of a dove,  
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There from the bosom of my God,  
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;  
There would I fix my last abode,  
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

---

H Y M N XII. Common Metre.

*Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.*

- 1 THE true *Messiah* now appears,  
The types are all withdrawn ;  
So fly the shadows and the stars  
Before the rising dawn.

- 2 No smoaking sweets; nor bleeding lambs,  
Nor kid nor bullock slain :  
Incense and spice of costly names  
Would all be burnt in vain.
- 3 *Aaron* must lay his robes away,  
His mitre and his vest,  
When God himself comes down to be  
The offering and the priest.
- 4 He took our mortal flesh to show  
The wonders of his love ;  
For us he paid his life below,  
And prays for us above.
- 5 *Father*, he cries, *forgive their sins,*  
*For I myself have dy'd ;*  
And then he shows his open'd veins,  
And pleads his wounded side.

---

*H Y M N* XIII. Long Metre.

*The creation, preservation, dissolution and restoration  
of this world.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, who built the skies,  
The Lord who rear'd this stately frame ;  
Let all the nations sound his praise,  
And lands unknown repeat his name.
- 2 He form'd the seas, and form'd the hills,  
Made ev'ry drop, and ev'ry dust,  
Nature and time, with all their wheels,  
And put them into motion first.
- 3 Now from his high imperial throne,  
He looks far down upon the spheres,  
He bids the shining orbs roll on,  
And round he turns the hasty years.
- 4 Thus shall this moving engine last  
'Till all his saints are gather'd in,

Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,  
To shake it all to dust again.

- 5 Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,  
And light'ning burn the globe below,  
Saints you may lift your joyful eyes,  
There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

---

H Y M N XIV. Short Metre.

*The Lord's day: or, delight in ordinances.*

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise;  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes!
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his faints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God has been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

---

H Y M N XV. Long Metre.

*The enjoyment of Christ: or, delight in worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my tho'ts, vain world be gone,  
Let my religious hours alone:  
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see,  
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fires,  
And kindles with a pure desire:

- Come, my dear *Jesus*, from above,  
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand  
 In beauteous rows at thy right hand,  
 And in sweet murmurs by their side,  
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.
- 4 Haste then, but with a smiling face,  
 And spread the table of thy grace :  
 Bring down a taste of truth divine,  
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]
- 5 Bless'd *Jesus*, what delicious fare,  
 How sweet thy entertainments are !  
 Never did angels taste above,  
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.
- 6 Hail, great *Immanuel*, all divine !  
 In thee thy Father's glories shine :  
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,  
 Which eyes have seen, or angels known.

---

*H R M N* XVI. Long Metre.  
 Part the second.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heav'n of saving grace,  
 Shines thro' the beauties of thy face,  
 And lights our passions to a flame !  
 Lord, how we love thy charming name.
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,  
 When I can feel thy glories shine,  
 I tread the world beneath my feet,  
 And all the earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a scene of sacred joys,  
 Our raptur'd eyes and souls employs,  
 Here we could sit and gaze away,  
 A long, an everlasting day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the night,  
 To the fair coasts of perfect light ;

Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.

- 5 [There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees!  
And now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heav'n on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land;  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

---

H Y M N XVII. Common Metre.

*God's eternity.*

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,  
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,  
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound  
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,  
Jehovah fill'd his throne;  
Ere *Adam* form'd, or angels made,  
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 His boundless years can ne'er decrease,  
But still maintain their prime;  
*ETERNITY's* his dwelling-place,  
And *EVER* is his time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,  
The present and the past,  
He fills his own immortal *NOW*,  
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,  
And vast destruction come;  
The creatures, look! how old they grow,  
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,  
And flame melt down the skies,

My God shall live an endless day,  
When old creation dies.

---

*H Y M N XVIII. Long Metre.*

*The ministry of angels.*

- 1 **H**IGH on a hill of dazzling light,  
The King of glory spreads his seat,  
And troops of angels, stretch'd for flight,  
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
  - 2 Go, saith the Lord, *my* Gabriel, go,  
*Salute the virgin's fruitful womb ;*  
*Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,*  
*Sing and proclaim the Saviour's come.*
  - 3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,  
And thick around *Elisha* stands ;  
Anon an heav'nly soldier flies,  
And breaks the chains from *Peter's* hands.
  - 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,  
Wait on thy wand'ring church below ;  
Here we are failing to thy coasts,  
Let angels be our convoy too.
  - 5 Are they not all thy servants, Lord ?  
At thy command they go and come ;  
With cheerful haste obey thy word,  
And guard thy children to their home.
- 

*H Y M N XIX. Common Metre.*

*Our frail bodies, and GOD our Preserver.*

- 1 **L**ET others boast how strong they be,  
Nor death nor danger fear ;  
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,  
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,  
And flourish bright and gay ;

- Ablasting wind sweeps o'er the land,  
And fades the grafs away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,  
And dies if one be gone :  
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune fo long.
- 4 But 'tis our God fupports our frame,  
The God who built us firft ;  
Salvation to th' Almighty name  
That rear'd us from the duft.
- 5 [He fpake, and ftrait our hearts and brains,  
In all their motions rofe ;  
Let blood, faid he, flow round the veins ;  
And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath to ufe our tongues,  
Our Maker we'll adore ;  
His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,  
Or they would breathe no more.]
- 

*H Y M N* XX. Common Metre.

*Backfidings and returns : or, the inconfancy of our love.*

- 1 **W**HY is my heart fo far from thee,  
My God, my chief delight ?  
Why are my thoughts no more by day  
With thee, no more by night ?
- 2 [Why fhould my foolifh paffions rove ;  
Where can fuch fweetnefs be,  
As I have tafted in thy love,  
As I have found in thee ?]
- 3 When my forgetful foul renews  
The favour of thy grace,  
My heart prefumes I cannot lofe  
The relifh all my days.

- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,  
The flatt'ring world employs  
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,  
And to pollute my joys.
- 5 [Trifles of nature, or of art,  
With fair deceitful charms,  
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,  
And thrust me from thine arms.]
- 6 Then I repent and vex my soul,  
That I should leave thee so;  
Where will those wild affections roll,  
That let a Saviour go?
- 7 [Sin's promis'd joys are turn'd to pain,  
And I am drown'd in grief;  
But my dear Lord returns again,  
He flies to my relief:
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprize,  
He draws with loving bands;  
Divine compassion in his eyes,  
And pardon in his hands.]
- 9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus,  
In chase of false delight;  
Let me be fasten'd to thy cross,  
Rather than lose thy sight.]
- 10 [Make haste my days to reach the goal,  
And bring my heart to rest  
On the dear centre of my soul,  
My God, my Saviour's breast.]

---

*H r M N XXI. Long Metre.*

*A song of praise to GOD the Redeemer.*

- 1 **L**ET the old heathens tune their song  
Of great *Diana* and of *Jove*;  
But the sweet theme which moves my tongue,  
Is my Redeemer and his love.

- 2 Behold a God descends and dies,  
To save my soul from gaping hell ;  
How the black gulph where *Satan* lies,  
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell !
- 3 How justice frown'd, and vengeance stood,  
To drive me down to endless pain !  
But the great Son propos'd his blood,  
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite Lover, gracious Lord,  
To thee be endless honours giv'n ;  
Thy wond'rous name shall be ador'd,  
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

---

H Y M N XXII. Long Metre.

*With God is terrible majesty.*

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, who reign'st on high,  
How awful is thy thund'ring hand !  
Thy fiery bolts how fierce they fly !  
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.
- 2 This the old rebel angels knew,  
And *Satan* fell beneath thy frown :  
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,  
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.
- 3 This *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,  
And roars beneath th' eternal load :  
*With endless burnings who can dwell,*  
*Or bear the fury of a God ?*
- 4 Tremble ye sinners and submit,  
Throw down your arms before his throne,  
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,  
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.
- 5 And ye, blest saints, who love him too,  
With rev'rence bow before his name ;  
Thus all the heav'nly servants do :  
God is a bright and burning flame.
-

## HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

*The sight of God and Christ in heaven.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings;  
And mount, and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferiour things ;
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll,  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasant sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne !  
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,  
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall,  
The God shines gracious thro' the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King !
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow among 'em there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love ?

## HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

*The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and in men.*

- 1 **W**HEN the great Builder arch'd the skies,  
And form'd all nature with a word,  
The joyful cherubs tun'd his praise,  
And ev'ry bending throne ador'd.

- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,  
*Satan*, a tall archangel sat,  
 Among the morning stars he sung,  
 'Till sin destroy'd his heav'nly state.
- 3 ['Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne,  
 Grov'ling in fire the rebel lies ;  
*How art thou sunk in darkness down,*  
*Son of the morning, from the skies !*
- 4 And thus our two first parents stood,  
 'Till sin defil'd the happy place ;  
 They lost their garden and their God,  
 And ruin'd all their unborn race.]
- 5 [So sprung the plague from *Adam's* bow'r,  
 And spread destruction all abroad,  
 Sin, the curs'd name ! which in one hour,  
 Spoil'd six days labour of a God.]
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,  
 That such a foe should seize thy breast ;  
 Fly to thy Lord for quick relief ;  
 Oh ! may he slay this treach'rous guest.
- 7 Then to thy throne, victorious King,  
 Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise,  
 Thine everlasting arm we sing,  
 For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

---

*H Y M N* XXV. Common Metre.

*Complaining of spiritual sloth.*

- 2 **M**Y drowsy pow'rs, why sleep ye so ?  
 Awake my sluggish soul !  
 Nothing has half thy work to do,  
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The little ants for one poor grain  
 Labour, and tug, and strive ;  
 Yet we who have a heav'n to obtain,  
 How negligent we live !

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,  
 And stars their courses move,  
 We, for whose guard the angel bands  
 Come flying from above.
- 4 We, for whom God the Son came down,  
 And labour'd for our good :  
 How careless to secure that crown  
 He purchas'd with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,  
 And never act our parts ?  
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,  
 And sit, and warm our hearts.
- 6 Then shall our active spirits move,  
 Upward our souls shall rise :  
 With hands of faith, and wings of love,  
 We'll fly and take the prize.

---

*H Y M N* XXVI. Long Metre.

*God invisible.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, poor mortals, blind,  
 We can't behold thy bright abode ;  
 O'tis beyond a creature-mind,  
 To glance a thought half way to God.
- 2 Infinite leagues beyond the sky,  
 The great Eternal reigns alone,  
 Where neither wings nor souls can fly,  
 Nor angels climb the topless throne.
- 3 The Lord of glory builds his seat  
 Of gems incomparably bright,  
 And lays beneath his sacred feet  
 Substantial beams of gloomy night.
- 4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes  
 Look through and cheer us from above :  
 Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,  
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.
-

## HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

*Praise ye him all his angels.* Psalm cxlviii. 2.

- 1 **G**OD ! th' eternal, awful name,  
Which the whole heav'nly army fears,  
Which shakes the wide creation's frame,  
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.
- 2 Like flames of fire his servants are,  
And light surrounds his dwelling-place ;  
But, O ye fiery flames, declare  
The brighter glories of his face.
- 3 'Tis not for such poor worms as we,  
To speak so infinite a thing ;  
But your immortal eyes survey  
The beauties of your sov'reign King.
- 4 Tell how he shews his smiling face,  
And clothes all heav'n in bright array :  
Triumph and joy run through the place,  
And songs eternal as the day.
- 5 Speak, for you feel his burning love,  
What zeal it spreads through all your frame ;  
That sacred fire dwells all above,  
For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 [Sing of his pow'r and justice too,  
That infinite right hand of his,  
Which vanquish'd *Satan* and his crew,  
When thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 What mighty storms of poison'd darts,  
Were hurl'd upon the rebels there !  
What deadly jav'lins nail'd their hearts  
Fast to the racks of long despair !]
- 8 [Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host ;  
Ye who beheld the sinking foe ;  
Firmly ye stood when they were lost ;  
Praise the rich grace which kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,  
Let ev'ry distant nation hear :

And while you found his lofty praise,  
Let humble mortals bow and fear.

---

*H Y M N XXVIII. Common Metre.*

*Death and eternity.*

- 1 **S**TOOP down my tho'ts which us'd to rise,  
Converse a while with death:  
Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
And pants away his breath.
  - 2 His quiv'ring lips hangs feebly down,  
His pulses faint and few,  
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan,  
He bids the world *adieu*.
  - 3 But Oh, the soul, which never dies!  
At once it leaves the clay!  
Ye thoughts pursue it where it flies,  
And track its wond'rous way!
  - 4 Up to the courts, where angels dwell,  
It mounts triumphant there;  
Or devils plunge it down to hell,  
In infinite despair!
  - 5 And must my body faint and die?  
And must this soul remove?  
Oh, for some guardian angel nigh  
To bear it safe above!
  - 6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful hand,  
My naked soul I trust;  
And my flesh waits for thy command,  
To drop into my dust.
- 

*H Y M N XXIX. Common Metre.*

*Redemption by price and power.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, with all thy saints above,  
My tongue would bear her part,

- Would sound aloud thy saving love,  
And sing thy bleeding heart.
- 2 Bless'd be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,  
Who bought me with his blood,  
And quench'd his Father's flaming sword,  
In his own vital flood.
- 3 The Lamb who freed my captive soul,  
From *Satan's* heavy chains,  
And sent the lion down to howl,  
Where hell and horror reigns.
- 4 All glory to the dying Lamb,  
And never-ceasing praise,  
While angels live to know his name,  
Or saints to feel his grace.

---

*H Y M N* XXX. Short Metre.

*Heavenly joy on earth.*

- 1 [COME, we who love the Lord,  
And let our joys be known;  
Join in a song of sweet accord,  
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind,  
Be banish'd from the place!  
Religion never was design'd  
To make our pleasures less.]
- 3 Let those refuse to sing,  
Who never knew our God,  
But fav'rites of the heav'nly King,  
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God who rules on high,  
And thunders when he please,  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas:]
- 5 This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love,

He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs,  
To carry us above.

6 There we shall see his face,  
And never, never sin ;

'There from the rivers of his grace  
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise  
To that immortal state,

The thoughts of such amazing bliss  
Should constant joys create.

8 [The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below,  
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
From faith and hope may grow.]

4 [The hill of *Zion* yields  
A thousand sacred sweets,  
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,  
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,  
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're marching through *Immanuel's* ground,  
To fairer worlds on high.]

---

*H Y M N XXXI. Long Metre.*

*Christ's presence makes death easy.*

1 **W**HY should we start, and fear to die?  
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife  
Fright our approaching souls away ;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,

Fly fearless thro' death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrours as she pass'd.

- 4 *Jesus* can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

---

*H Y M N* XXXII. Common Metre.

*Frailty and folly.*

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life!  
How vast our souls' affairs!  
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive  
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along,  
Without a moment's stay;  
Just like a story, or a song,  
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home!  
But we march heedless on,  
And ever hast'ning to the tomb,  
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,  
Who slight the joy above!  
What chains of vengeance should we feel,  
Who break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sov'reign grace,  
And lift our thoughts on high,  
That we may end this mortal race,  
And see salvation nigh.

---

*H Y M N* XXXIII. Common Metre.

*The blessed society in heaven.*

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up and run  
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And say---there's naught below the sun,  
That's worthy of thy feet.

- 2 [Thus will we mount on sacred wings,  
And tread the courts above :  
Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,  
Shall tempt our meanest love.]
- 3 There on a high majestic throne,  
Th' almighty Father reigns,  
And sheds his glorious goodness down  
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like the sun, the Saviour sits,  
And spreads eternal noon ;  
No ev'nings there, nor gloomy nights,  
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidst those ever-shining skies,  
Behold the sacred Dove,  
While banish'd sin and sorrow flies  
From all the realms of love.
- 6 The glorious tenants of the place,  
Stand bending round the throne :  
And saints and seraphs sing and praise  
The infinite *THREE-ONE*.
- 7 [But, O what beams of heav'nly grace  
Transport them all the while ;  
Ten thousand smiles from *Jesus'* face,  
And love in ev'ry smile !]
- 8 *Jesus*, and when shall that dear day,  
That joyful hour appear,  
When I shall leave this house of clay,  
To dwell among 'em there ?

---

*H Y M N XXXIV. Common Metre.*

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit : or, fervency of  
devotion desired.*

- 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 Look, how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these trifling toys :  
Our souls can neither fly nor go  
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
*Hosannas* languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate ?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
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.

---

*H Y M N* XXXV. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD for creation and redemption.*

- 1 **L**ET those neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace ;  
But our loud song shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.
- 2 We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne ;  
All glory to th' *UNITED THREE*,  
The undivided *ONE*.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
Who form'd us by a word ;  
'Tis he restor'd our ruin'd frame :  
Salvation to the Lord !
- 4 *Hosanna* ! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound ;  
Rocks, hills, and vales reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.
-

*H Y M N* XXXVI. Short Metre.

*Christ's intercession.*

- 1 **W**ELL, the Redeemer's gone  
T' appear before a God,  
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne  
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,  
No burning wrath comes down;  
If justice calls for sinners' blood,  
The Saviour shews his own.
- 3 Before his Father's eye,  
Our humble suit he moves;  
The Father lays his thunder by,  
And looks, and smiles, and loves.
- 4 Now may our joyful tongues  
Our Maker's honours sing,  
*Jesus* the priest, receives our songs,  
And bears them to the King.
- 5 [We bow before his face,  
And sound his glories high,  
"Hosanna to the God of grace,  
Who lays his thunder by.]
- 6 On earth thy mercy reigns,  
And triumphs all above:"  
But, Lord, how weak our mortal strains  
To speak immortal love!
- 7 [How jarring and how low  
Are all the notes we sing!  
Sweet Saviour, tune our songs anew,  
And they shall please the King.]

*H Y M N* XXXVII. Common Metre.

The same.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat  
Where your Redeemer stays:

Kind Intercessor, there he fits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

e 'Twas well, my soul, he dy'd for thee,  
And shed his vital blood,  
Appeas'd stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now and praise may rise,  
And saints their off'rings bring,  
The Priest with his own sacrifice,  
Presents them to the King.

4 [Let Papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast ;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

5 [*Jesus* alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne:  
He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens ev'ry groan.

6 Ten thousand praises to the King,  
Hofanna in the highest ;  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God, and to his *Christ*.]

---

H Y M N XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Love to God.*

1 **H**APPY the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast :  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear :  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love which makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;

The devils know and tremble too,  
But *Satan* cannot love.

4. This is the grace which lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease ;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
Let wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

*H Y M N* XXXIX. Common Metre.

*The shortness and misery of life.*

1 **O**UR days, alas ! our mortal days  
Are short and wretched too ;  
*Evil and few*, the patriarch says,  
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound,  
Which heav'n allows to men ;  
And pains, and sins, run through the round  
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,  
Run on my days in haste ;  
Moments of sin, and months of woe,  
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,  
And call her to the skies,  
Where years of long salvation roll,  
And glory never dies.

*H Y M N* XL. Common Metre.

*Our comfort in the covenant made with CHRIST.*

1 **O**UR God, how firm his promise stands,  
Ev'n when he hides his face !

- He trusts in our Redeemer's hands,  
His glory and his grace.
- 2 Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,  
Since *Christ* and we are one?  
Thy God is faithful to his saints,  
Is faithful to his Son.
- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart has liv'd,  
And part of heav'n possess'd;  
I praise his name for grace receiv'd,  
And trust him for the rest.

---

*H Y M N* XLI. Long Metre.

*A sight of GOD mortifies us to the world.*

- 1 [U]P to the fields where angels lie,  
And living waters gently roll,  
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,  
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.
- 2 Thy wond'rous blood, dear dying *Christ*,  
Can make this world of guilt remove;  
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,  
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.
- 3 O might I once mount up and see  
The glories of th' eternal skies,  
What little things these worlds would be!  
How despicable to my eyes.]
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,  
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;  
Vanish, as though I saw them not,  
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,  
I should perceive the noise no more  
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,  
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great ALL-in ALL, eternal King,  
Let me but view thy lovely face,

And all my pow'rs shall bow and sing  
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

---

H R M N XLII. Common Metre.

*Delight in God.*

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell  
Above, at thy right hand !  
Thy courts below, how amiable,  
Where all thy graces stand !
- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,  
And chirps a cheerful note ;  
The lark mounts upward tow'rd the skies,  
And tunes her warbling throat.
- 3 And we, when in thy presence, Lord,  
We shout with joyful tongues ;  
Or sitting round our Father's board,  
We crown the feast with songs.
- 4 While *Jesus* shines with quick'ning grace,  
We sing and mount on high ;  
But if a frown becloud his face,  
We faint, and tire, and die.
- 5 Just as we see the lonesome dove  
Bemoan her widow'd state,  
Wand'ring she flies through all the grove,  
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing,  
In restless circles rove ;  
Just so we droop and hang the wing,  
When *Jesus* hides his love.

---

H R M N XLIII. Long Metre.

*Christ's sufferings and glory.*

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son !

- Awake, my voice in heav'nly lays,  
Tell the loud wonders he has done.
- 2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above ;  
How swift and joyful was his flight  
On wings of everlasting love.
- 3 [Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
He came to raise our nature high ;  
He came t' atone almighty wrath,  
*Jesus* the God was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roar'd around,  
His precious blood the monsters spilt ;  
While weighty sorrows press'd him down,  
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]
- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,  
Th' almighty captive Pris'ner lay ;  
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.
- 6 Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace ;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face.
- 7 Among a thousand harps and songs,  
*Jesus*, the God, exalted reigns,  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heav'nly plains !

---

*H Y M N* XLIV. Long Metre.

*Hell : or, the vengeance of God.*

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,  
The dreadful God our souls adore,  
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue  
Which speaks the terrours of his pow'r.
- 2 Far in the deep, where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,

Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

- 3 [Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks, and fi'ry coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,  
Dy'd in the blood of damned souls.
- 4 There *Satan*, the first sinner lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands ;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crush'd with the weight of both thy hands.]
- 5 There guilty ghosts of *Adam's* race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod ;  
Once they could scorn a Saviour's grace,  
And so incens'd a dreadful God.
- 6 Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son ;  
Sinner, obey thy Saviour's call ;  
Else your damnation hastens on,  
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

---

*H Y M N XLV. Long Metre.*

*GOD's condescension to our worship.*

- 1 **T**HY favours, Lord, surprise our souls :-  
Will the Eternal dwell with us ?  
What canst thou find beneath the poles,  
To tempt thy chariot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,  
And please his ears with *Gabriel's* songs ;  
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,  
And bows to hearken to our tongues !
- 3 Great God ! what poor returns we pay  
For love so infinite as thine :  
Words are but air, and tongues but clay,  
But thy compassion's all divine.

*H Y M N XLVI. Long Metre.*

*God's condescension to human affairs.*

- 1 **U**P to the Lord who reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are!
- 2 [He who can shake the worlds he made,  
Or with his word, or with his rod,  
His goodness, how amazing great!  
And what a condescending God!
- 3 God, who must stoop to view the skies,  
And bow to see what angels do,  
Down to the earth he casts his eyes,  
And bends his footsteps downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs:  
On humble souls the King of kings,  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God:  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps to bear the heavy load.
- 6 In vain might lofty princes try  
Such condescension to perform;  
For worms were never rais'd so high,  
Above their meanest fellow-worm.
- 7 Oh! could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to thy grace,  
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

*H Y M N XLVII. Long Metre.*

*Glory and grace in the person of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!  
Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;

*Hofanna* to th' eternal name,  
And all his boundless love proclaim.

- 2 See where it shines in *Jesus*' face,  
The brightest image of his grace ;  
God, in the person of his Son,  
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood,  
Proclaim the wise and pow'rful God,  
And thy rich glories from afar  
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star :
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,  
The noblest labour of thy hands :  
The pleasing lustre of his eyes,  
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace ! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme ;  
My thoughts rejoice at *Jesus*' name !  
Ye angels dwell upon the sound !  
Ye heav'ns reflect it to the ground !
- 6 Oh, may I live to reach the place  
Where he unveils his lovely face !  
Where all his beauties you behold,  
And sing his name to harps of gold !

---

*H Y M N XLVIII. Common Metre.*

*Love to the creatures is dangerous.*

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !  
How false, and yet how fair !  
Each pleasure hath its poison too ;  
And ev'ry sweet---a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky  
Give but a flatt'ring light ;  
We should suspect some danger nigh,  
Where we possess delight.
- 3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,  
The partners of our blood,

- How they divide our wav'ring minds,  
And leave but half for God !
- 4 The fondness of a creature's love  
How strong it strikes the sense !  
Thither the warm affections move,  
Nor can we call 'em thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be  
My soul's eternal food ;  
And grace command my heart away  
From all created good.
- 

*H Y M N* XLIX. Common Metre.

*Moses dying in the embraces of God.*

- 1 **D**EATH cannot make our souls afraid,  
If God be with us there ;  
We may walk through the darkest shade,  
And never yield to fear.
- 2 I could renounce my all below,  
If my Creator bid ;  
And run, if I were call'd to go,  
And die as *Moses* did.
- 3 Might I but climb to *Pisgab's* top,  
And view the promis'd land,  
My flesh itself should long to drop,  
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasp'd in my heav'nly Father's arms,  
I would forget my breath,  
And lose my life among the charms  
Of so divine a death.
- 

*H Y M N* L. Long Metre.

*Comforts under sorrows and pains.*

- 1 **N**OW let the Lord my Saviour smile,  
And shew my name upon his heart ;

- I would forget my pains a while,  
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 But Oh! it swells my sorrows high,  
To see my blessed *Jesus* frown:  
My spirits sink, my comforts die,  
And all the springs of life are down.
- 3 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?  
Still while he frowns his bowels move;  
Still on his heart he bears his saints,  
And feels their sorrows, and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast;  
His book of life contains my name,  
I'd rather have it there impress'd,  
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,  
Those letters shall securely stand,  
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,  
Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now let my minutes smoothly run,  
While here I wait my Father's will;  
My rising and my setting sun  
Roll gently up and down the hill.

---

*H Y M N* LI. Long Metre.

*God the Son equal with the Father.*

- 1 **B**RIGHT King of glory, dreadful God!  
Our spirits bow before thy seat;  
To thee we lift an humble thought,  
And worship at thine awful feet.
- 2 [Thy pow'r hath form'd, thy wisdom sways  
All nature with a sov'reign word:  
And the bright world of stars obeys  
The will of their superiour Lord.]
- 3 [Mercy and truth unite in one,  
And smiling sit at thy right hand;

Eternal justice guards thy throne,  
And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright,  
Stand round the glorious Deity ;  
But who among the sons of light,  
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,  
*Jesus* array'd in flesh and blood,  
Thinks it no robbery to claim  
A full equality with God.
- 6 Their glory shines with equal beams ;  
Their essence is for ever one ;  
Tho' they are known by diff'rent names,  
The Father God, and God the Son.
- 7 Then let the name of *Christ* our King  
With equal honours be ador'd ;  
His praise let ev'ry angel sing,  
And all the nations own the Lord..

---

*H Y M N* LII. Common Metre..

*Death dreadful, or delightful.*

- 1 **D**EATH, 'tis a melancholy day  
To those who have no God,  
When the poor soul is forc'd away  
To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes :  
For guilt, a heavy chain,  
Still drags her downward from the skies,  
To darkness, fire, and pain.
- 3 Awake, and mourn, ye heirs of hell,  
Let stubborn sinners fear ;  
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell  
A long *FOREVER* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,  
And flashes in your face ;

And thou, my soul, look downwards too,  
And sing recov'ring grace.

5 He is a God of sov'reign love,  
Who promis'd heav'n to me,  
And taught my soul to soar above,  
Where happy spirits be.

6 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,  
Then come the joyful day ;  
Come death, and some celestial band,  
To bear my soul away.

---

H Y M N LIII. Common Metre.

*The pilgrimage of the saints : or, earth and heaven.*

1 **L**ORD! what a wretched land is this,  
Which yields us no supply ;  
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,  
Nor streams of living joy !

2 But pricking thorns thro' all the ground,  
And mortal poisons grow,  
And all the rivers that are found,  
With dang'rous waters flow.

3 Yet the dear path to thine abode  
Lies thro' this horrid land :  
Lord ! we would keep the heav'nly road,  
And run at thy command.

4 Our souls shall tread the desert thro'  
With undiverted feet ;  
And faith and flaming zeal subdue  
The terrours which we meet.

5 [A thousand savage beasts of prey,  
Around the forest roam :  
But *Judah's* Lion guards the way,  
And guides the strangers home.]

- 6 [Long nights and darkness dwell below,  
With scarce a twinkling ray ;  
But the bright world to which we go,  
Is everlasting day.]
- 7 By glimm'ring hopes, and gloomy fears,  
We trace the sacred road ;  
Thro' dismal deeps, and dang'rous snares,  
We make our way to God.
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,  
But we march upwards still ;  
Forget these troubles of the ways,  
And reach at *Zion's* hill.
- 9 [See the kind angels at the gates,  
Inviting us to come !  
There *Jesus* the Forerunner waits  
To welcome trav'lers home.]
- 10 [There, on a green and flow'ry mount,  
Our weary souls shall sit,  
And with transporting joys, recount  
The labours of our feet.
- 11 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,  
Nor trifles vex our ear ;  
Infinite grace shall fill our song,  
And God rejoice to hear.
- 12 Eternal glories to the King  
Who brought us safely through ;  
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,  
And endless praise renew.]

---

*H Y M N* LIV. Common Metre.

*God's presence is light in darkness.*

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,  
The life of my delights,  
The glory of my brightest days,  
And comfort of my nights.

- 2 In darkeſt ſhades if he appear,  
My dawning is begun!  
He is my ſoul's ſweet morning-ſtar,  
And he my riſing ſun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me ſhine  
With beams of ſacred bliſs,  
While *Jeſus* ſhews his heart is mine,  
And whiſpers---*I am his*.
- 4 My ſoul would leave this heavy clay  
At that transporting word,  
Run up with joy the ſhining way,  
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.
- 5 Fearleſs of hell and ghafly death,  
I'd break through ev'ry foe;  
The wings of love, and arms of faith,  
Should bear me conqu'ror through.

*Hymn LV. Common Metre.*

*Frail life and ſucceeding eternity.*

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee,  
How feeble is our mortal frame;  
What dying worms are we!
- 2 [Our waſting lives grow ſhorter ſtill,  
As months and days increaſe;  
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,  
Leaves but the number leſs.
- 3 The year rolls round, and ſteals away  
The breath which firſt it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're trav'ling to the grave.]
- 4 Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the ground,  
To push us to the tomb;  
And fierce diſeaſes wait around,  
To hurry mortals home.

- 5 Good God ! on what a slender thread  
 Hang everlasting things !  
 Th' eternal states of all the dead  
 Upon life's feeble strings !
- 6 Infinite joy or endless woe  
 Attends on ev'ry breath ;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the brink of death.
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense  
 To walk this dang'rous road ;  
 And if our souls are hurry'd hence,  
 May they be found with God.

---

H Y M N LVI. Common Metre.

*The misery of being without GOD in this world : or,  
 vain prosperity.*

- 1 **N**O, I shall envy them no more  
 Who grow profanely great,  
 Though they increase their golden store,  
 And rise to wond'rous height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys which grow  
 Upon this earthly clod !  
 Well, they may search the creature through,  
 For they have ne'er a God :
- 3 Shake off the thoughts of dying too,  
 And think your life your own ;  
 But death comes hast'ning on to you,  
 To mow your glory down.
- 4 Yes, you must bow your stately head,  
 Away your spirit flies,  
 And no kind angel near your bed,  
 To bear it to the skies.
- 5 Go now and boast of all your stores,  
 And tell how bright they shine ;

Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,  
And my Redeemer's mine.

*H Y M N* LVII. Long Metre.

*The pleasures of a good conscience.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they  
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!  
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,  
Their minds have heav'n and peace within.
- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,  
Made up of innocence and love:  
And soft and silent as the shades,  
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 [Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,  
But fly not half so fast away;  
Their souls are ever bright as noon,  
And calm as summer ev'nings be.
- 4 How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,  
Where groves of living pleasures grow,  
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles  
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.]
- 5 They scorn to seek our golden toys,  
But spend the day and share the night  
In numb'ring o'er the richer joys  
Which heav'n prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,  
Lie grov'ling in the dust below;  
Almighty grace, renew our souls,  
And we'll aspire to glory too.

*H Y M N* LVIII. Common Metre.

*The shortness of life, and the goodness of GOD.*

- 1 **T**IME! what an empty vapour 'tis!  
And days how swift they are!  
Swift as an Indian arrow flies,  
Or like a shooting star.

- 2 [The present moments just appear,  
Then fly away in haste,  
That we can never say--*they're here,*  
But only say---*they're past.*
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,  
And death is ever nigh ;  
The moment when our lives begin,  
We all begin to die.]
- 4 Yet, mighty God ! our fleeting days  
Thy lasting favours share,  
Yet with the bounties of thy grace  
Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sov'reign mercy finds us food,  
And we are cloth'd with love ?  
While grace stands pointing out the road,  
Which leads our souls above.
- 6 His goodness runs an endless round ;  
All glory to the Lord !  
His mercy never knows a bound ;  
And be his name ador'd !
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song :  
And when we close our eyes,  
Let the next age thy praise prolong  
'Till time and nature dies.

---

H Y M N LIX. Common Metre.

*Paradise on earth.*

- 1 G LORY to God who walks the sky,  
And sends his blessings through ;  
Who tells his saints of joy on high,  
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God who stoops his throne,  
That dust and worms may see't,  
And brings a glimpse of glory down  
Around his sacred feet.

- 3 When *Christ*, with all his graces crown'd,  
Sheds his kind beams abroad,  
'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,  
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy  
In this wild desert springs,  
And ev'ry sense I strait employ  
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lillies all around appear,  
And each his glory shows;  
The Rose of *S Sharon* blossoms here,  
The fairest flow'r that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,  
And bring the pleasures down---  
Pleasures which blow hard by the foot  
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay,  
How soon my sins arise,  
And snatch the heav'nly scene away  
From these lamenting eyes!
- 8 When shall the time, dear *Jesus*, when  
The shining day appear,  
That I shall leave those clouds of sin,  
And guilt and darkness here?
- 9 Up to the fields above the skies,  
My hasty feet would go,  
There everlasting flow'rs arise,  
And joys unwith'ring grow.

---

H R M N LX. Long Metre.

*The truth of God the Promiser: or, the promises are  
our security.*

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid  
To him who earth's foundations laid;  
Praise to the God, whose strong decrees  
Sway the creation as he please.

- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,  
Who rules his people by his word,  
And there as strong as his decrees,  
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,  
Sweet words on which his children live ;  
Each of them is the voice of God,  
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them pow'rful as that sound,  
Which bid the new-made world go round ;  
And stronger than the solid poles,  
On which the wheels of nature rolls.]
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise ?  
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes ?  
Slowly, alas ! our mind receives  
The comforts which our Maker gives.
- 6 Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith,  
To credit what th' Almighty saith !  
T' embrace the message of his Son,  
And call the joys of heav'n our own.
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,  
And all the wheels of nature break ;  
Our steady souls shall fear no more  
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise  
Above the ruinable skies,  
Where the eternal Builder reigns,  
And his own courts his pow'r sustains.

---

H Y M N LXI. Common Metre.

*A thought of death and glory.*

- 2 **M**Y soul come meditate the day,  
And think how near it stands,  
When thou must quit this house of clay,  
And fly to unknown lands.

- 2 [And you, mine eyes, look down and view  
The hollow gaping tomb :  
This gloomy prison waits for you,  
Whene'er the summons come.]
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those who die,  
And place us in their stead ;  
Then would our spirits learn to fly,  
And converse with the dead :
- 4 Then should we see the saints above,  
In their own glorious forms,  
And wonder why our souls should love  
To dwell with mortal worms.
- 5 [How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,  
These fetters, and this load,  
And long for ev'ning to undress,  
That we may rest with God.]
- 6 We should almost forsake our clay  
Before the summons come,  
And pray and wish our souls away  
To their eternal home.

---

*H Y M N* LXII. Common Metre.

*GOD the Thunderer : or, the last judgment and bell.\**

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,  
And thou, O earth, adore :  
Let death and hell, through all their coasts,  
Stand trembling at his pow'r:
- 2 His sounding chariot shakes the sky,  
He makes the clouds his throne ;  
There all his stores of lightning lie,  
'Till vengeance darts them down.
- 3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams,  
And from his awful tongue

---

\* *Made in a sudden great storm of thunder,  
August the 20th, 1697.*

- A sov'reign voice divides the flames,  
And thunder roars along.
- 4 Think, O my soul, the dreadful day  
When this incensed God  
Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,  
And fling his wrath abroad !
- 5 What shall the wretch, the sinner do ?  
He once defy'd the Lord ;  
But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,  
And sink beneath his word.
- 6 Tempests of angry fire shall roll,  
To blast the rebel worm,  
And beat upon his naked soul  
In one eternal storm.
- 

H Y M N LXIII. Common Metre.

*A funeral thought.*

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry,  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your tow'rs ;  
The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head,  
Must lie as low as ours.”
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure !  
Still walking downwards to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more !
- 4 Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.
-

*H Y M N* LXIV. Long Metre.

*God the glory and defence of Zion.*

- 1 **H**APPY the church, thou sacred place,  
The seat of thy Creator's grace ;  
Thine holy courts are his abode :  
Thou earthly palace of our God.
- 2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gate  
A guard of heav'nly warriors wait ;  
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,  
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.
- 3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,  
Against his throne in vain they rage ;  
Like rising waves with angry roar,  
Which dash and die upon the shore.
- 4 Then let our souls in *Zion* dwell,  
Nor fear the wrath of *Rome*, and hell ;  
His arms embrace this happy ground,  
Like brazen bulwarks built around.
- 5 God is our shield, and God our sun ;  
Swift as the fleeting moments run,  
On us he sheds new beams of grace,  
And we reflect his brightest praise.

*H Y M N* LXV. Common Metre.

*The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.*

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd,  
Then I can smile at *Satan's* rage,  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;

- May I but safely reach my home,  
 My God, my heav'n, my all:
4. There shall I bathe my weary soul  
 In seas of heav'nly rest,  
 And not a wave of trouble roll  
 Across my peaceful breast.
- 

H Y M N LXVI. Common Metre.

*A prospect of heav'n makes death easy.*

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 tim'rous mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow sea,  
 And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,  
 Thro' fear to launch away.]
5. Oh, could we make our doubts remove,  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With unclouded eyes!
6. 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.
-

*H Y M N* LXVII. Common Metre.

*God's eternal dominion.*

**G**REAT God ! how infinite art thou !  
What worthless worms are we !

Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Ere seas or stars were made :

Thou art the ever-living God,  
Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie

To thine immense survey,  
From the formation of the sky,  
To the great burning-day.

Eternity ! with all its years,

Stands present in thy view ;  
To thee, there's nothing old appears ;  
Great GOD ! there's nothing new.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,  
And vex'd with trifling cares,

While thine eternal thoughts move on  
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

Great GOD ! how infinite art thou !

What worthless worms are we !  
Let the whole race of creatures bow,  
And pay their praise to thee.

---

*H Y M N* LXVIII. Common Metre.

*The humble worship of heaven.*

**F**AATHER, I long, I faint to see

The place of thine abode ;  
I'd leave thy earthly courts, and flee  
Up to thy seat, my God !

Here I behold thy distant face,  
And 'tis a pleasing sight ;

But, to abide in thine embrace,  
Is infinite delight.

- 3 I'd part with all the joys of sense,  
To gaze upon thy throne ;  
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,  
Unspeakable, unknown.
- 4 [There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,  
In shining ranks they move,  
And drink immortal vigour in,  
With wonder, and with love.
- 5 Then at thy feet with awful fear,  
Th' adoring armies fall :  
With joy they shrink to *nothing* there,  
Before th' eternal *ALL*.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host,  
In duty and in bliss ;  
While *less than nothing* I could boast,  
And *vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie ;  
Thus while I sink, my joy shall rise  
Unmeasurably high.

---

H Y M N LXIX. Common Metre.

*The faithfulness of God in the promises.*

- 1 [ **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,  
And speak some boundless thing,  
The mighty works, or mightier name  
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wond'rous faithfulness,  
And sound his pow'r abroad,  
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,  
And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation, from the Lord,  
For wretched dying men ;

His hand has writ the sacred word  
With an immortal pen.

- 4 Engrav'd, as in eternal brass,  
The mighty promise shines ;  
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze  
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He who can dash whole worlds to death,  
And make them when he please,  
But speaks, and that almighty breath  
Fulfils his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong  
As that which built the skies ;  
The voice which rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, *let the wide heav'n be spread,*  
And heav'n was stretch'd abroad ;  
*Abrah'm, I'll be thy God,* he said,  
And he was *Abrah'm's God.*
- 8 Oh, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue  
But whisper, *thou art mine!*  
Those gentle words should raise my song,  
To notes almost divine.
- 9 How would my leaping heart rejoice,  
And think my heav'n secure !  
I'd trust the all-creating voice,  
And faith desires no more.]

---

H Y M N LXX. Long Metre.

*God's dominion over the sea.* Psal. cvii. 23, &c.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thund'ring voice  
Makes all the roaring waves rejoice !  
And one soft word of thy command  
Can sink them silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a *Moses* wave thy rod,  
The sea divides, and owns its God ;

- The stormy floods their Maker knew,  
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly shoals amidst the sea  
To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay ;  
The meanest fish that swims the flood,  
Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
- 4 [The larger monsters of the deep,  
On thy commands attendance keep ;  
By thy permission, sport and play,  
And cleave along their foaming way.
- 5 If God his voice of tempest rears,  
*Leviathan* lies still, and fears ;  
Anon he lifts his nostrils high,  
And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
- 6 How is thy glorious pow'r ador'd,  
Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord !  
Yet the bold men who trace the seas,  
Bold men refuse their Maker's praise.
- 7 [What scenes of miracles they see,  
And never tune a song to thee !  
While on the flood they safely ride,  
They curse the hand which smooths the tide;
- 8 Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,  
And some drink death among the waves ;  
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,  
Nor own the God who rescu'd them.]
- 9 Oh, for some signal of thy hand !  
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land ;  
Great Judge, descend, lest men deny  
That there's a God who rules the sky.

---

*H Y M N* LXXI. Common Metre.

*Praise to GOD from all creatures.*

- 1 **T**HE glories of my Maker, God,  
My joyful voice shall sing,

- And call the nations to adore  
Their Former and their King.
- 2 'Twas his right hand which shap'd our clay,  
And wrought this human frame ;  
But from his own immediate breath,  
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal pow'rs to God,  
And worship with our tongues ;  
We claim some kindred with the skies,  
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let grov'ling beasts of ev'ry shape,  
And fowls of ev'ry wing,  
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,  
Their various tribute bring.
- 5 Ye planets to his honour shine,  
And wheels of nature roll,  
Praise him in your unweary'd course  
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name  
The wide creation fills,  
And his unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heav'nly hills.

---

*H Y M N* LXXII. Common Metre.

*The LORD's day : or, the resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**lest morning, whose young dawning rays  
Beheld our rising God ;  
Which saw him triumph o'er the dust,  
And leave his last abode.
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb  
The dead Redeemer lay,  
'Till the revolving skies had brought  
The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave unite their force  
To hold our God in vain ;

The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 To thy great name, almighty Lord,  
These sacred hours we pay,  
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.
- 5 [Salvation and immortal praise  
To our victorious King;  
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and seas,  
With glad *Hosannas* ring.]

---

*H R M N* LXXIII. Common Metre.

*Doubts scattered : or, spiritual joys restored.*

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul sad tho'ts be gone  
And leave me to my joys ;  
My tongue shall triumph in my God,  
And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darknes and doubts had veil'd my mind,  
And drown'd my head in tears,  
'Till sov'reign grace with shining rays,  
Dispel'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 Oh, what immortal joys I felt,  
And raptures all-divine,  
When *Jesus* told me---*I was his,*  
*And my Beloved mine !*
- 4 In vain the tempter frights my soul,  
And breaks my peace in vain ;  
One glimpse dear Saviour of thy face  
Revives my joys again.

---

*H R M N* LXXIV. Short Metre.

*Repentance from a sense of divine goodness : or, a  
complaint of ingratitude.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,  
And these the thanks we owe,

- Thus to abuse eternal love,  
 Whence all our blessings flow !
- 2 To what a stubborn frame  
 Has sin reduc'd our mind !  
 What strange rebellious wretches we,  
 And God as strangely kind !
- 3 [On us he bids the sun  
 Shed his reviving rays ;  
 For us the skies their circles run,  
 To lengthen out our days.
- 4 The brutes obey their God,  
 And bow their necks to men ;  
 But we more base, more brutish things,  
 Reject his easy reign.]
- 5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,  
 And mould our souls afresh ;  
 Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of stone,  
 And give us hearts of flesh.
- 6 Let old ingratitude  
 Provoke our weeping eyes,  
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,  
 Let hourly thanks arise.

---

*H Y M N* LXXV. Common Metre.

*Spiritual and eternal joy : or, the beatific sight of Christ.*

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,  
 And run eternal rounds,  
 Beyond the limits of the skies,  
 And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul  
 Shall death itself out-brave,  
 Leave dull mortality behind,  
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There where my blessed *Jesus* reigns  
 In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,

- I'll spend a long eternity,  
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes  
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,  
 And endless ages I'll adore  
 The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet *Jesus*, ev'ry smile of thine  
 Shall fresh endearments bring,  
 And thousand tastes of new delights  
 From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul  
 Up to thy blest'd abode;  
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see  
 My Saviour and my God.

---

*H Y M N* LXXVI. Common Metre.

*The resurrection and ascension of Christ.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,  
 Who cloth'd himself in clay;  
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,  
 And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,  
 Since our *Immanuel* rose;  
 He took the tyrant's sting away,  
 And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,  
 And to his Father flies,  
 With scars of honour in his flesh,  
 And triumph in his eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,  
 And scatters blessings down;  
 Our *Jesus* fills the middle seat  
 Of the celestial throne.
- 5 [Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,  
 To reach this blest abode,

Sweet be the accents of your songs  
To our incarnate God.

- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,  
Your sweetest voices raise;  
Let heav'n, and all created things,  
Sound our *Immanuel's* praise.]

---

*H R M N* LXXVII. Long Metre.

*The christian warfare.*

- 1 [S]Tand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armour on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where thy great Captain, Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,  
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;  
Thy *Jesus* nail'd them to the cross,  
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 [What tho' the prince of darkness rage,  
And waste the fury of his spite?  
Eternal chains confine him down  
To fiery deeps, and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel?  
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;  
The weapons of victorious grace  
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.
- 5 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
Press forward to the heav'nly gate,  
There peace and joy eternal reign,  
And glitt'ring robes for conqu'rors wait.
- 6 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
And triumph in almighty grace,  
While all the armies of the skies  
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.
-

*H Y M N* LXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Redemption by Christ.*

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race  
Rebell'd and lost their God,  
And the infection of their sin  
Had tainted all our blood :
- 2 Infinite pity touch'd the heart  
Of the eternal Son,  
Descending from the heav'nly court,  
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw  
His most divine array,  
And wrap'd his Godhead in a veil  
Of our inferiour clay.
- 4 His living pow'r, and dying love,  
Redeem'd unhappy men ;  
And rais'd the ruins of our race  
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul  
We joyfully resign ;  
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,  
For we are doubly thine.
- 6 Thine honour shall for ever be  
The business of our days,  
For ever shall our thankful tongues  
Speak thy deserved praise.

---

*H Y M N* LXXIX. Common Metre.

*Praise to the Redeemer.*

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;

He saw, and (O amazing love !)  
He ran to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 He spoil'd the pow'rs of darkness thus,  
And brake our iron chains ;  
*Jesus* has freed our captive souls  
From everlasting pains.
- 5 [In vain the baffled prince of hell  
His cursed projects tries ;  
We who were doom'd his endless slaves,  
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 7 [Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,  
Our souls are all on flame ;  
*Hosanna* round the spacious earth  
To thine adored name.
- 8 Angels, assist our mighty joys,  
Strike all your harps of gold !  
But when you raise your highest notes,  
His love can ne'er be told.]

---

*H Y M N* LXXX. Short Metre.

*God's awful power and goodness.*

- 1 **O**H! the almighty Lord !  
How matchless is his pow'r !  
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,  
While all the heav'ns adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings  
Bow low before his throne !

Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,  
Or he will tread you down.

3 Above the skies he reigns,  
And with amazing blows  
He deals insufferable pains  
On his rebellious foes.

4 Yet everlasting God,  
We love to speak thy praise ;  
Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,  
The sceptre of thy grace.

5 The arms of mighty love  
Defend our *Zion* well,  
And heav'nly mercy walls us round  
From *Babylon* and hell.

6 Salvation to the King  
Who sits enthron'd above :  
Thus we adore the God of might,  
And bless the God of love.

*H Y M N* LXXXI. Common Metre.

*Our sin the cause of Christ's death.*

- r **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see :  
Oh, the curs'd deeds my sins have done !  
What murd'rous things they be !
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
Which thy fair body tore ?  
Monsters, that stain'd those heav'nly limbs  
With floods of purple gore ?
- 3 Was it for crimes which I had done,  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seiz'd God's only Son,  
And put his soul to pain ?
- 4 Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,  
I'll wound my God no more :

Hence from my heart, ye sins, be gone,  
For *Jesus* I adore.

- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms,  
From grace's magazine,  
And I'll proclaim eternal war  
with ev'ry darling sin.
- 

*H Y M N* LXXXII. Common Metre.

*Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.*

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful pow'rs,  
And triumph in my God ;  
Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim  
His glorious grace abroad.

- 2 He rais'd me from the deeps of sin,  
The gates of gaping hell,  
And fix'd my standing more secure  
Than 'twas before I fell.

- 3 The arms of everlasting love,  
Beneath my soul he plac'd,  
And on the Rock of ages set  
My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

- 4 The city of my blest abode  
Is wall'd around with grace ;  
Salvation for a bulwark stands,  
To shield the sacred place.

- 5 *Satan* may vent his sharpest spite,  
And all his legions roar ;  
Almighty mercy guards my life,  
And bounds his raging pow'r.

- 6 Arise, my soul, awake my voice,  
And tunes of pleasure sing ;  
Loud *Hallelujahs* shall address  
My Saviour and my King.
-

*H Y M N* LXXXIII. Common Metre.

*The passion and exaltation of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Ruler of the skies,  
*Awake, my dreadful sword ;*  
*Awake, my wrath, and smite the Man,*  
*My Fellow, saith the Lord.*
- 2 Vengeance receiv'd the dread command,  
 And armed, down she flies :  
*Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,*  
 And bows his head, and dies.
- 3 But Oh! the wisdom and the grace  
 That join'd with vengeance now!  
 Hedes to save our guilty race,  
 And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he,  
 Who yielded to be slain,  
 That he could give his soul away,  
 And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,  
 Let ev'ry nation sing,  
 And angels sound with endless joy,  
 The Saviour and the King.

---

*H Y M N* LXXXIV. Short Metre.

The same.

- 1 **C**OME, all harmonious tongues,  
 Your noblest music bring ;  
 'Tis *Christ* the everlasting God,  
 And *Christ* the Man we sing.
- 2 Tell how he took our flesh,  
 To take away our guilt ;  
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood  
 Which hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear  
 Went deep into his side,

And the rich flood of purple gore  
Their murd'rous weapons dy'd.]

4 [The waves of swelling grief  
Did o'er his bosom roll,  
And mountains of almighty wrath  
Lay heavy on his soul.]

5 Down to the shades of death  
He bow'd his awful head ;  
Yet he arose to live and reign  
When death itself is dead.

6 No more the bloody spear,  
The cross and nails no more ;  
For hell itself shakes at his name,  
And all the heav'ns adore.

7 There the Redeemer sits  
High on his Father's throne ;  
The Father lays his vengeance by,  
And smiles upon his Son.

8 There his full glories shine  
With uncreated rays,  
And bless his saints and angels eyes  
To everlasting days.

---

*H Y M N* LXXXV. Common Metre.

*Sufficiency of pardon.*

1 **W**HY does your face, ye humble souls,  
Those mournful colours wear ?  
What doubts are these that waste your faith,  
And nourish your despair ?

2 What though your num'rous sins exceed  
The stars which fill the skies,  
And aiming at th' eternal throne,  
Like pointed mountains rise ?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond  
The wide creation swell,

R r

And has its curst foundation laid  
Low as the deeps of hell ?

- 4 See here an endless ocean flows  
Of never-failing grace ;  
Behold a dying Saviour's veins  
The sacred flood increase.
- 5 It rises high, and drowns the hills,  
Has neither shore nor bound :  
Now if we search to find our sins,  
Our sins can ne'er be found.
- 6 Awake our hearts, adore the grace  
That buries all our faults,  
And pard'ning blood, which swells above  
Our follies and our thoughts.

---

*H Y M N* LXXXVI. Common Metre.

*Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.*

- 1 **O**UR sins, alas ! how strong they be !  
And like a violent sea,  
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,  
And hurry us away.
- 2 The waves of trouble, how they rise !  
How loud the tempests roar !  
But death shall land our weary souls  
Safe on the heav'nly shore.
- 3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,  
Our speedy feet shall move ;  
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,  
Or cool our burning love.
- 4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell  
The wonders of his grace,  
'Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,  
And smile in ev'ry face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name  
Shall dwell upon our tongue,

And *Jesus* and *salvation* be  
The close of ev'ry song.

---

*H Y M N* LXXXVII. Common Metre.

*The divine glories above our reason.*

- 1 **H**OW wond'rous great ! how glorious  
Must our Creator be, [bright  
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light  
Of vast infinity !
  - 2 Our soaring spirits upward rise  
Tow'rd the celestial throne :  
Fain would we see the blessed *THREE*,  
And the almighty *ONE*.
  - 3 Our reason stretches all its wings,  
And climbs above the skies ;  
But still how far beneath thy feet  
Our grov'ling reason lies !
  - 4 [Lord, here we bend our humble souls,  
And awfully adore :  
For the weak pinions of our mind,  
Can stretch a thought no more.]
  - 5 Thy glories infinitely rise  
Above our lab'ring tongue ;  
In vain the highest seraph tries  
To form an equal song.
  - 6 [In humble notes our faith adores  
The great mysterious King,  
While angels strain their nobler pow'rs,  
And sweep th' immortal string.]
- 

*H Y M N* LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Salvation.*

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! Oh the joyful sound !  
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;

A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Bury'd in sorrow and in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay ;  
But we arise, by grace divine,  
To see an heav'nly day.

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

---

*H Y M N* LXXXIX. Common Metre.

*Christ's victory over Satan.*

1 **H**OSANNA to our conqu'ring King !  
The prince of darkness flies,  
His troops rush headlong down to hell,  
Like lightning from the skies.

2 There bound in chains the lions roar,  
And fright the rescu'd sheep ;  
But heavy bars confine their pow'r,  
And malice to the deep.

3 *Hosanna* to our conqu'ring King,  
All hail, incarnate love !  
'Ten thousand songs and glories wait  
To crown thy head above.

4 Thy vi&'ries and thy deathless fame  
Through the wide world shall run ;  
And everlasting ages sing  
The triumphs thou hast won.

---

*H Y M N* XC. Common Metre.

*Faith in Christ, for pardon and sanctification.*

1 **H**OW sad our state by nature is !  
Our sin, how deep it stains !

- And *Satan* binds our captive minds  
Fast in his slavish chains.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from the sacred word :  
*Ho! ye despairing sinners come,*  
*And trust upon the Lord.*
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,  
And runs to this relief ;  
I would believe thy promise, Lord,  
Oh ! help my unbelief.
- 4 [To the dear fountain of thy blood,  
Incarnate God, I fly ;  
Here let me wash my spotted soul  
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,  
My reigning sins subdue ;  
Drive the old dragon from his seat,  
With all his hellish crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On thy kind arms I fall :  
Be thou my strength and righteousness,  
My *Jesus*, and my All.

---

H R M N XCI. Common Metre.

*The glory of Christ in heaven.*

- 1 **O**H, the delights, the heav'nly joys,  
The glories of the place,  
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest beams  
Of his o'erflowing grace !
- 2 Sweet majesty, and awful love  
Sit smiling on his brow ;  
And all the glorious ranks above,  
At humble distance bow.
- 3 [Princes to his imperial name  
Bend their bright sceptres down :

Dominions, thrones, and pow'rs rejoice  
To see him wear the crown.

- 4 Arch-angels sound his lofty praise  
Through ev'ry heav'nly street,  
And lay their highest honours down  
Submissive at his feet.]
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his,  
Which once rude iron tore,  
High on a throne of light they stand,  
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head,  
Which cruel thorns did wound,  
See what immortal glories shine,  
And circle it around !
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man,  
Whom we, unseen, adore ;  
But when our eyes behold his face,  
Our hearts shall love him more.
- 8 [Lord, how our souls are all on fire  
To see thy blest'd abode !  
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise,  
To our incarnate God !]
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this fight,  
We long to leave our clay ;  
And wish thy fi'ry chariots, Lord,  
To fetch our souls away.

---

*H Y M N* XCII. Common Metre.

*The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.*

- 1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let your joys  
Through all the nations run ;  
Ye western isles, resound the noise  
Beyond the rising sun.
- 2 Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,  
Thee, our glad voices sing,

- And join with the celestial choir,  
To praise th' eternal King.
- 3 Thy pow'r the whole creation rules,  
And on the starry skies  
Sits smiling at the weak designs  
Thine envious foes devise.
- 4 Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,  
And with an awful frown,  
Flings vast confusion on their plots,  
And shakes their *Babel* down.
- 5 [Their secret fires in caverns lay,  
And we the sacrifice ;  
But gloomy caverns strove in vain  
To 'scape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all reveal'd,  
Their treasons all betray'd ;  
Praise to the Lord, who broke the snare  
Their cursed hands had laid.]
- 7 In vain the busy sons of hell  
Still new rebellions try,  
Their souls shall pine with envious rage,  
And vex away, and die.
- 8 Almighty grace defends our land  
From their malicious pow'r ;  
Then let us with united songs,  
Almighty grace adore.

---

*H r M N* XCIII. Short Metre.

*God all, and in all.* Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call ;  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthy ball.
- 2 [Thy shining grace can cheer  
This dungeon where I dwell ;

- 'Tis paradise when thou art here ;  
If thou depart, 'tis hell.]
- 3 [The smilings of thy face,  
How amiable they are !  
'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,  
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,  
The angels owe their blifs ;  
They sit around thy gracious throne,  
And dwell where *Jesus* is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above  
Can make a heav'nly place,  
If God his residence remove,  
Or but conceal his face.]
- 6 Nor earth, nor all the sky,  
Can one delight afford ;  
No, not a drop of real joy,  
Without thy presence, Lord.
- 7 Thou art the sea of love,  
Where all my pleasures roll ;  
The circle where my passions move,  
And centre of my soul.
- 8 [To thee my spirits fly  
With infinite desire :  
And yet how far from thee I lie !  
Dear *Jesus*, raise me high'r.]

---

*H Y M N* XCIV. Common Metre.

*God my only happiness.* Psa. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,  
My everlasting *ALL*,  
I've none but thee in heav'n above,  
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,  
And this inferiour clod !

There's nothing here deserves my joys,  
 'There's nothing like my God.]

- 3 [In vain the bright, the burning sun  
 Scatters his feeble light :  
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon ;  
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.
- 4 And while upon my restless bed  
 Among the shades I roll,  
 If my Redeemer shews his head,  
 'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,  
 And health and safe abode :  
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things,  
 But they are not my God.
- 6 How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,  
 If once compar'd to thee ?  
 Or what's my safety, or my health,  
 Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,  
 And call'd the stars my own ;  
 Without thy graces, and thyself,  
 I were a wretch undone :
- 8 Let others stretch their arms like seas,  
 And grasp in all the shore,  
 Grant me the visits of thy face,  
 And I desire no more.

---

*H Y M N* XCV. Common Metre.

*Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief ! amazing woe !  
 Behold my bleeding Lord :  
 Hell and the *Jews* conspir'd his death,  
 And us'd the *Roman* sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,  
 My dear Redeemer bore,

- When knotty whips, and ragged thorns,  
His sacred body tore.
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,  
In vain do I accuse ;  
In vain I blame the *Roman* bands,  
And the more spiteful *Jews*.
- 4 'Twere you my sins, my cruel sins  
His chief tormentors were :  
Each of my crimes became a nail,  
And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance down  
Upon his guiltless head :  
Break, break, my heart, Oh burst my eyes,  
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,  
'Till melting waters flow,  
And deep repentance drown my eyes  
In undissembled woe.

---

H Y M N XCVI. Common Metre.

*Distinguishing love : or, angels punished, and man  
saved.*

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies  
The rebel angels fell,  
And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath  
Pursu'd them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss,  
Rebellious man was hurl'd ;  
And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the grave,  
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 Oh, love of infinite degree !  
Unmeasurable grace !  
Must heav'n's eternal *DARLING* die,  
To save a trait'rous race ?
- 4 Must angels sink for ever down,  
And burn in quenchless fire,

While God forsakes his shining throne,  
To raise us wretches higher ?

5 Oh, for this love, let earth and skies  
With *Hallelujahs* ring,  
And the full choir of human tongues  
All *Hallelujahs* sing.

---

*H r m n* XCVII. Long Metre.

The same.

1 **F**ROM heav'n the sinning angels fell,  
And wrath & darkness chain'd them down;  
But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,  
And mercy lifts him to a crown.

2 Amazing work of sov'reign grace,  
Which could distinguish rebels so !  
Our guilty treasons call'd aloud  
For everlasting fetters too.

3 To thee, to thee, almighty love,  
Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay ;  
Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise  
On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

---

*H r m n* XCVIII. Common Metre.

*Hardness of heart complained of.*

1 **M**Y heart, how dreadful hard it is !  
How heavy here it lies !  
Heavy and cold with in my breast,  
Just like a rock of ice.

2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits  
Upon this flinty throne,  
And ev'ry grace lies bury'd deep  
Beneath this heart of stone.

3 How seldom do I rise to God,  
Or taste the joys above !

- This mountain presses down my faith,  
And chills my flaming love.
- 4 When smiling mercy courts my soul  
With all its heav'nly charms,  
'This stubborn, this relentless thing,  
Would thrust it from my arms.
- 5 Against the thunders of thy word,  
Rebellious I have stood ;  
My heart, it shakes not at the wrath,  
And terrors of a God.
- 6 Dear Saviour, steep this rock of mine  
In thine own crimson sea !  
None but a bath of blood divine,  
Can melt the flint away.

---

*H Y M N* XCIX. Common Metre.

*The book of God's decrees.*

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie  
Abas'd before their God ;  
Whate'er his sov'reign voice has form'd ;  
He governs with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages ere the skies  
Were into motion brought ;  
All the long years and worlds to come  
Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,  
But's found in his decrees ;  
He raises monarchs to their thrones,  
And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,  
'Tis he provides those rays ;  
And 'tis his hand which hides my sun,  
If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,  
Nor vainly long to see

In volumes of his deep decrees,  
What months are writ for me.

- 6 When he reveals the book of life,  
Oh, may I read my name  
Among the chosen of his love,  
The foll'wers of the Lamb.

*H Y M N* C. Long Metre.

*The presence of Christ the life of the soul.*

- 1 **H**OW full of anguish is the thought,  
How it distracts and tears my heart,  
If God at last, my sov'reign Judge,  
Should frown, and bid my soul *Depart!*
- 2 Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,  
Where shall I fly but to thy breast?  
For I have sought no other home:  
For I have learn'd no other rest.
- 3 I cannot live contented here,  
Without some glimpses of thy face;  
And heav'n without thy presence there,  
Would be a dark and tiresome place.
- 4 When earthly cares engross the day,  
And hold my thoughts aside from thee,  
The shining hours of cheerful light  
Are long and tedious years to me.
- 5 And if no ev'ning visits paid  
Between my Saviour and my soul,  
How dull the night! how sad the shade!  
How mournfully the minutes roll!
- 6 This flesh of mine might learn as soon  
To live, yet part with all my blood;  
To breathe, when vital air is gone,  
Or thrive and grow without my food.
- 7 [*Christ* is my light, my life, my care,  
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;

- Dearer than all my passions are,  
 My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 8 The strings which twine about my heart,  
 Tortures and racks may tear them off;  
 But they can never, never part  
 With their dear hold of *Christ*, my love.]
- 9 [My God! and can a humble child  
 Who loves thee with a flame so high,  
 Be ever from thy face exil'd,  
 Without the pity of thine eye?
- 10 Impossible!----For thine own hands  
 Have ty'd my heart so fast to thee,  
 And in thy book the promise stands,  
 That where thou art, thy friends must be.]

---

H Y M N C I. Common Metre.

*The world's three chief temptations.*

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine,  
 We look on things below,  
 Honour and gold, and sensual joy,  
 How vain and dang'rous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;  
 Yet men expose their blood,  
 And venture everlasting death,  
 To gain that airy good.
- 3 While others starve the nobler mind,  
 And feed on shining dust,  
 They rob the serpent of his food,  
 T' indulge a fordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense  
 Are dang'rous snares to souls;  
 There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,  
 And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is my all-sufficient good,  
 My portion and my choice,

In him my vast desires are fill'd,  
And all my pow'rs réjoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,  
And tempts my heart anew ;  
I cannot buy your blifs so dear,  
Nor part with heav'n for you.

---

*H r M N* CII. Long Metre.

*A happy resurrection.*

- 1 **N**O, I'll repine at death no more,  
But with a cheerful gasp resign  
To the cold dungeon of the grave  
These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.
- 2 Let worms devour my wasting flesh,  
And crumble all my bones to dust,  
My God shall raise my frame anew,  
At the revival of the just.
- 3 Break, sacred morning, thro' the skies,  
Bring that delightful, sacred day,  
Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,  
Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay !
- 4 [Our weary spirits faint to see  
The light of thy returning face,  
And hear the language of those lips,  
Where God has shed his richest grace.]
- 5 [Haste then upon the wings of love,  
Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,  
That we may join in heav'nly joys,  
And sing the triumph of the day.]

---

*H r M N* CIII. Long Metre.

*Christ's commission.* John iii. 16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God,  
With new melodious songs ;  
Come, tender to almighty grace,  
The tribute of your tongues.

- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love  
Which pity'd dying men,  
The Father sent his equal Son  
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands, dear *Jesus*, were not arm'd  
With a revenging rod,  
No hard commition to perform  
The vengeance of a God ;
- 4 But all was mercy, all was mild,  
And wrath forsook the throne,  
When *Christ* on the kind errand came,  
And brought salvation down.
- 5 Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,  
And wipe your sorrows dry ;  
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,  
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing souls  
Accept thine offer'd grace ;  
We bless the great Redeemer's love,  
And give the Father praise.

---

H Y M N CIV. Short Metre.  
The same.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs  
To an immortal tune,  
Let the wide earth resound the deeds  
Celestial grace has done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love,  
Its chief Beloved chose,  
And bid him raise our wretched race  
From their abyfs of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,  
Nor terrour clothes his brow ;  
No bolts to drive our guilty souls  
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,  
 And wrath stood silent by,  
 When *Christ* was sent with pardons down  
 To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now finners dry your tears,  
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;  
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,  
 And take the offer'd peace.

6 Lord, we obey thy call ;  
 We lay an humble claim  
 To the salvation thou hast brought,  
 And love and praise thy name.

---

*H Y M N* CV. Common Metre.

*Repentance flowing from the patience of God.*

- 1 **A**ND are we wretches yet alive ?  
 And do we yet rebel ?  
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love  
 That bears us up from hell !
- 2 The burden of our weighty guilt  
 Would sink us down to flames,  
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,  
 To crush our feeble frames,
- 3 Almighty goodness cries----*Forbear !*  
 And strait the thunder stays :  
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,  
 And weary out his grace ?
- 4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy love,  
 Too long indulg'd our sin,  
 Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see  
 What rebels we have been.
- 5 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,  
 No more will we obey ;  
 Stretch out, O God, thy conqu'ring hands,  
 And drive thy foes away.

*H R M N* CVI. Common Metre.

*Repentance at the cross.*

- 1 **O**H, if my soul were form'd for woe,  
How would I vent my sighs!  
Repentance should like rivers flow  
From both my streaming eyes.
- 2 'Twas for my sins, my dearest Lord  
Hung on the cursed tree,  
And groan'd away a dying life,  
For *thee*, my soul, for *thee*.
- 3 Oh, how I hate those lusts of mine,  
Which crucify'd my God,  
Those sins which pierc'd and nail'd his flesh  
Fast to the fatal wood.
- 4 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,  
My heart has so decreed;  
Nor will I spare the guilty things  
Which made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 While with a melting broken heart,  
My murder'd Lord I view,  
I'll raise revenge against my sins,  
And slay the murd'ers too.

---

*H R M N* CVII. Common Metre.

*The everlasting absence of God intolerable.*

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,  
Th' appointed hour makes haste,  
When I must stand before my Judge,  
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely chief of all my joys,  
Thou sov'reign of my heart,  
How could I bear to hear thy voice  
Pronounce the sound, *Depart!*
- 3 [The thunder of that dismal word  
Would so torment my ear,

- 'Twould tear my soul afunder; Lord,  
With most tormenting fear.]
- 4 [What! to be banish'd for my life,  
And yet forbid to die?  
To linger in eternal pain,  
Yet death for ever fly?]
- 5 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,  
To see my God remove,  
And fix my doleful station where  
I must not taste his love!
- 6 *Jesus*, I throw my arms around  
And hang upon thy breast;  
Without a gracious smile from thee,  
My spirit cannot rest.
- 7 Oh! tell me that my worthless name  
Is graven on thy hands,  
Shew me some promise in thy book,  
Where my salvation stands.
- 8 [Give me one kind, assuring word,  
To sink my fears again,  
And cheerfully my soul shall wait  
Her threescore years and ten.]

---

*H Y M N* CVIII. Common Metre.

*Access to the throne of grace by a Mediator.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see our Father there  
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,  
And shot devouring flame;  
Our God appear'd consuming fire,  
And vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of *Jesus*' blood,  
Which calm'd his frowning face,

- Which sprinkled o'er the burning throne,  
And turn'd the wrath to grace.
- 4 Now we may bow before his feet,  
And venture near the Lord ;  
No fi'ry cherub guards his seat,  
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss  
Are open'd by the Son ;  
High let us raise our notes of praise,  
And reach th' almighty throne.
- 6 To thee, ten thousand thanks we bring,  
Great Advocate on high :  
And glory to th' eternal King  
Who lays his fury by.
- 

*H Y M N* CIX. Long Metre.

*The darkness of Providence.*

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,  
Th' obscure abyfs of providence,  
Too deep to found with mortal lines,  
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'ft thine awful face.  
In angry frowns, without a smile :  
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,  
Secure of thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress-  
We sail by faith, and not by sight,  
Faith guides us in the wilderness,  
Through all the terrors of the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod  
Resolve to scourge us here below,  
Still let us lean upon our God ;  
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.
-

## HYMN CX. Short Metre.

*Triumph over death, in hope of the resurrection.*

- 1 **A**ND must this body die?  
 This mortal frame decay?  
 And must these active limbs of mine  
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms  
 Shall but refine this flesh,  
 'Till my triumphant spirit comes  
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God my Redeemer lives,  
 And often from the skies  
 Looks down and watches all my dust,  
 'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace,  
 Shall these vile bodies shine;  
 And ev'ry shape, and ev'ry face  
 Look heav'nly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe  
 To *Jesus*' dying love;  
 We would adore his grace below,  
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise  
 Of these our humble songs,  
 'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
 With our immortal tongues.

## HYMN CXI. Common Metre.

*Thanksgiving for victory: or, GOD'S dominion and our deliverance.*

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and *Judah* sing,  
 The Lord assumes his throne;  
 Come, let us own the heav'nly King,  
 And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked, and the proud,  
 From their high seats are hurl'd;

- Jehovah* rides upon a cloud,  
 And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon th' eternal hills,  
 Distributes mortal crowns ;  
 Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,  
 And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies, which rule the ocean wide,  
 Are vanquish'd by his breath,  
 And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,  
 Descend to wat'ry death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence  
 To vex our happy land ;  
*Jehovah's* name is our defence ;  
 Our buckler is his hand.

---

*H Y M N* CXII. Long Metre.

*Angels ministering to Christ and saints.*

- 1 **G**REAT God ! to what a glorious height  
 Hast thou advanc'd the Lord, thy Son !  
 Angels, in all their robes of light,  
 Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet thine armies wait,  
 And swift as flames of fire they move,  
 To manage his affairs of state,  
 In works of vengeance and of love.
- 3 His orders run through all the hosts,  
 Legions descend at his command,  
 To shield and guard our native coasts,  
 When foreign rage invades our land.
- 4 Now they are sent to guide our feet  
 Up to the gates of thine abode,  
 Through all the dangers which we meet  
 In traveling the heav'nly road.
- 5 Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,  
 And thou shalt bid me rise, and come,

Send a beloved angel down,  
Safe to conduct my spirit home.

*H Y M N* CXIII. Common Metre.

The same.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of *Solomon*,  
How glorious to behold !  
The servants waiting round his throne,  
The iv'ry and the gold !
- 2 But, mighty God ! thy palace shines  
With far superiour beams !  
Thine angel-guards are swift as winds,  
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made  
His entrance on the earth,  
A shining army downward fled,  
To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And, when oppress'd with pains and fears,  
On the cold ground he lies,  
Behold a heav'nly form appears,  
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of *Christ* our King,  
Are all their legions giv'n ;  
They wait upon his saints, and bring  
His chosen heirs to heav'n.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run thro' their host,  
To see a sinner turn ;  
That *Satan* has a captive lost,  
And *Christ* a subject born.
- 7 But there's an hour of brighter joy,  
When he his angels sends  
Obstinate rebels to destroy,  
And gather in his friends.
- 8 Oh ! could I say without a doubt, -  
There shall my soul be found,

Then let the great archangel shout,  
And the last trumpet sound.

---

*H Y M N* CXIV. Common Metre.

*Christ's death, victory and dominion.*

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wond'rous death ;  
He conquer'd when he fell :  
'Tis finish'd ! said his dying breath,  
And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 'Tis finish'd ! our Immanuel cries,  
*The dreadful work is done ;*  
Hence shall his sov'reign throne arise,  
His kingdom is begun.
- 3 His cross a sure foundation laid  
For glory and renown,  
When through the regions of the dead  
He pass'd to reach the crown.
- 4 Exalted at his Father's side,  
Sits our victorious Lord ;  
To heav'n and hell his hands divide  
The vengeance or reward.
- 5 The saints from his propitious eye,  
Await their sev'ral crowns,  
And all the sons of darkness fly  
The terrour of his frowns.

---

*H Y M N* CXV. Common Metre.

*GOD the avenger of his saints : or, his kingdom supreme.*

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns above the ground,  
Reigns the Creator, GOD !  
Wide as the whole creation's bound,  
Extends his awful rod.
- 2 Let princes of exalted state,  
To him ascribe their crown,  
Render their homage at his feet,  
And cast their glories down.

- 3 Know that his kingdom is supreme,  
Your lofty thoughts are vain ;  
He calls you *Gods*, that awful name,  
But ye must die like *men*.
- 4 Then let the sov'reigns of the globe  
Not dare to vex the just ;  
He puts on vengeance like a robe,  
And treads the worms to dust.
- 5 Ye judges of the earth be wise,  
And think of heav'n with fear ;  
The meanest faint whom you despise,  
Has an avenger there.

---

*H Y M N* CXVI. Common Metre.  
*Mercies and thanks.*

- 1 **H**OW can I sink with such a prop  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heav'ns abroad ?
- 2 How can I die while *Jesus* lives,  
Who rose and left the dead ?  
Pardon and grace my soul receives  
From my exalted Head.
- 3 All that I am, and all I have,  
Shall be for ever thine !  
Whate'er my duty bids me give,  
My cheerful hands resign.
- 4 Yet if I might make some reserve,  
And duty did not call,  
I love my God with zeal so great,  
That I should give him all.

---

*H Y M N* CXVII. Long Metre.  
*Living and dying with God present.*

- 1 **I** CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord,  
My life expires if thou depart ;

- Be thou, my heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my heart.
- 2 I was not born for earth or sin,  
Nor can I live on things so vile;  
Yet I will stay my Father's time,  
And hope and wait for heav'n a while.
- 3 Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace,  
Let me resign my fleeting breath,  
And with a smile upon my face,  
Pass the important hour of death.

---

H Y M N CXVIII. Long Metre.  
*The priesthood of Christ.*

- 1 **B**LOOD has a voice to pierce the skies,  
*Revenge!* the blood of *Abel* cries:  
But the dear stream, when *Christ* was slain,  
Spoke *peace* as loud from ev'ry vein.
- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high;  
Behold, he lays his vengeance by;  
And rebels who deserve his sword,  
Become the fav'rites of the Lord.
- 3 To *Jesus* let our praises rise,  
Who gave his life a sacrifice:  
Now he appears before his God,  
And for our pardon pleads his blood.

---

H Y M N CXIX. Common Metre.  
*The holy scriptures.*

- 1 **L**ADEN with guilt, and full of fears,  
I fly to thee, my Lord,  
And not a glimpse of hope appears,  
But in thy written word.
- 2 The volume of my Father's grace  
Does all my grief assuage:  
Here I behold my Saviour's face  
Almost in ev'ry page.

- 3 [This is the field where hidden lies  
The Pearl of price unknown ;  
That merchant is divinely wise,  
Who makes the Pearl his own.]
- 4 Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench my thirst of sin :  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
No danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the Judge who ends the strife,  
Where wit and reason fail ;  
My guide to everlasting life,  
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 Oh ! may thy counsels, mighty God,  
My roving feet command ;  
Nor I forsake the happy road  
Which leads to thy right hand.

---

*H Y M N* CXX. Short Metre.

*The law and gospel joined in scripture.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord declares his will,  
And keeps the world in awe ;  
Amidst the smoke on *Sinai's* hill,  
Breaks out his fi'ry law.
- 2 The Lord reveals his face,  
And, smiling from above,  
Sends down the gospel of his grace,  
Th' epistles of his love.
- 3 These sacred words impart  
Our Maker's just commands ;  
The pity of his melting heart,  
And vengeance of his hands.
- 4 [Hence we awake our fear,  
We draw our comfort hence :  
The arms of grace are treasur'd here,  
Our armour of defence.

5 We learn *Christ* crucify'd,  
 And here behold his blood ;  
 All arts and knowledges beside,  
 Will do us little good.]

6 We read the heav'nly word,  
 We taste the offer'd grace,  
 Obey the statutes of the Lord,  
 And trust his promises.

7 In vain shall *Satan* rage  
 Against a book divine,  
 Where wrath and lightning guard the page,  
 Where beams of mercy shine.

---

H Y M N CXXI. Long Metre.

*The law and gospel distinguished.*

1 **T**HE law commands, and makes us know  
 What duties to our God we owe ;  
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal  
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

2 The law discovers guilt and sin,  
 And shews how vile our hearts have been ;  
 Only the gospel can express  
 Forgiving love, and cleansing grace.

3 What curses doth the law denounce  
 Against the man who fails but once ?  
 But in the gospel, *Christ* appears,  
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

4 My soul no more attempt to draw  
 Thy life and comforts from the law ;  
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives :  
 The man who trusts the promise, lives.

---

H Y M N CXXII. Long Metre.

*Retirement and meditation.*

1 **M**Y God permit me not to be  
 A stranger to myself and thee ;

Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heav'nly birth ?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,  
One sov'reign word can draw me thence ;  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferiour joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;  
Let noise and vanity be gone :  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

---

*H r M N* CXXIII. Long Metre.

*The benefit of public ordinances.*

- 1 **A**WAY from ev'ry mortal care,  
Away from earth, our souls retreat ;  
We leave this worthless world afar,  
And wait and worship near thy seat.
- 2 Lord, in the temple of thy grace  
We see thy feet, and we adore ;  
We gaze upon thy lovely face,  
And learn the wonders of thy pow'r.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,  
United groans ascend on high ;  
And pray'rs produce a quick return  
Of blessings in variety.
- 4 [If *Satan* rage, and sin grow strong,  
Here we receive some cheering word ;  
We gird the gospel armour on,  
To fight the battles of the Lord.
- 5 Or if our spirit faints and dies,  
(Our conscience gall'd with inward stings)

Here doth the righteous Sun arise,  
With healing beams beneath his wings.]

- 6 Father! my soul would still abide  
Within thy temple near thy side:  
But if my feet must hence depart,  
Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

---

H Y M N CXXIV. Common Metre.  
Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 1 'TIS not the law of ten commands,  
On holy *Sinai* giv'n,  
Or sent to men by *Moses*' hands,  
Can bring us safe to heav'n.
- 2 'Tis not the blood which *Aaron* spilt,  
Nor smoke of sweetest smell,  
Can buy a pardon for our guilt,  
Or save our souls from hell.
- 3 *Aaron* the priest resigns his breath,  
At God's immediate will,  
And in the desert yields to death,  
Upon th' appointed hill.
- 4 And thus on *Jordan*'s yonder side  
The tribes of *Israel* stand,  
While *Moses* bow'd his head and dy'd  
Short of the promis'd land.
- 5 *Israel* rejoice, now *Joshua* \* leads,  
He'll bring your tribes to rest;  
So far the Saviour's name exceeds  
The ruler and the priest.

---

H Y M N CXXV. Long Metre.  
*Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.*

- 1 LIFE and immortal joys are giv'n [done;  
To souls who mourn the sins they've

---

\* *Joshua* the same with *Jesus*, and signifies a Saviour.

- Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n,  
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch who never felt  
The inward pangs of pious grief,  
But adds to all his crying guilt  
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,  
Under the wrath of God he lies :  
He seals the curse on his own head,  
And with a double vengeance dies.
- 

*H Y M N* CXXVI. Common Metre.

*God glorified in the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, descending from above,  
Invites his children near ;  
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love  
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in the gospel's wond'rous frame,  
Fresh wisdom we may view ;  
A thousand angels learn thy name,  
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,  
Thy wonders here we trace ;  
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,  
It shines in *Jesus'* face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes  
To our incarnate God ;  
And thy revenging justice shows  
It honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace  
Our warmer thoughts employ,  
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,  
And more exalts our joy.
-

*H Y M N* CXXVII. Long Metre.

*Circumcision and Baptism.*

*(Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.)*

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of *Abrah'm* pass  
Under the bloody seal of grace ;  
The young disciples bore the yoke,  
'Till *Christ* the painful bondage broke.
- 2 By milder ways doth *Jesus* prove  
His Father's cov'nant and his love ;  
He seals to faints his glorious grace,  
Nor does forbid their infant race.
- 3 Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,  
Their children set apart for God ;  
His Spirit on their offspring shed,  
Like water pour'd upon the head.
- 4 Let ev'ry faint with cheerful voice  
In this large covenant rejoice ;  
Young children in their early days,  
Shall give the God of *Abrah'm* praise.

*H Y M N* CXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Corrupt nature from Adam.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D with the joys of innocence,  
*Adam* our father stood,  
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,  
And ate th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,  
To sinful joys inclin'd ;  
Reason has lost its native place,  
And flesh inflaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh or sense, or passion reigns,  
Sin is the sweetest good :  
We fancy music in our chains,  
And so forget the load.

- 4 Great God! renew our ruin'd frame,  
 Our broken pow'rs restore,  
 Inspire us with an heav'nly flame,  
 And flesh shall reign no more.
- 3 Eternal Spirit! write thy law  
 Upon our inward parts,  
 And let the second *Adam* draw  
 His image on our hearts..

---

*H Y M N* CXXIX. Long Metre.

*We walk by faith, not by sight.*

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come,  
 We walk thro' deserts dark as night,  
 'Till we arrive at heav'n our home,  
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies,  
 She makes the pearly gates appear:  
 Far into distant worlds she pries,  
 And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,  
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray,  
 Though lions roar and tempests blow,  
 And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So *Abrab'm* by divine command,  
 Left his own house to walk with God;  
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,  
 And fir'd his zeal along the road.

---

*H Y M N* CXXX. Common Metre.

*The new creation.*

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son  
 Doth his own glory shew;  
 "Behold I sit upon my throne,  
 Creating all things new.
- 2 Nature and sin are pass'd away,  
 And the old *Adam* dies;

- My hands a new foundation lay---  
 See the new world arise !
- 3 I'll be a Sun of righteousness  
 To the new heav'ns I make ;  
 None but the new-born heirs of grace  
 My glories shall partake."
- 4 Mighty Redeemer ! set me free  
 From my old state of sin ;  
 Oh, make my soul alive to thee,  
 Create new pow'rs within :
- 5 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,  
 And mould my heart afresh ;  
 Give me new passions, joys and fears,  
 And turn the stone to flesh.
- 6 Far from the regions of the dead,  
 From sin, and earth, and hell ;  
 In the new world which grace has made,  
 I would forever dwell.

---

*H y M N* CXXXI. Long Metre.

*The excellency of the christian religion.*

- 2 **L**ET everlasting glories crown  
 Thy head, my Saviour, and my Lord,  
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,  
 And writ the blessings in thy word.
- 2 [What if we trace the globe around,  
 And search from *Britain* to *Japan*,  
 There shall be no religion found  
 So just to God, so safe for man.]
- 3 In vain the trembling conscience seeks  
 Some solid ground to rest upon ;  
 With long despair the spirit breaks,  
 'Till we apply to *Christ* alone.
- 4 How well thy blessed truths agree !  
 How wise and holy thy commands !

Thy promises, how strong they be!  
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

5 [Not the feign'd fields of heath'nish bliss  
Could raise such pleasures in the mind;  
Nor does the *Turkish* paradise  
Pretend to joys so well refin'd.]

6 Should all the forms which men devise  
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,  
I'd call them vanity and lies,  
And bind the gospel to my heart.

---

H Y M N CXXXII. Common Metre.

*The offices of Christ.*

1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,  
Who comes with truth and grace;  
*Jesus*, thy Spirit and thy word,  
Shall lead us in thy ways.

2 We rev'rence our High Priest above,  
Who offer'd up his blood;  
And lives to carry on his love,  
By pleading with our God.

3 We honour our exalted King;  
How sweet are his commands!  
He guards our souls from hell and sin,  
By his almighty hands.

4 *Hosanna* to his glorious name,  
Who saves by diff'rent ways,  
His mercy lays a sov'reign claim  
To our immortal praise.

---

H Y M N CXXXIII. Long Metre.

*The operations of the Holy Spirit.*

1 **E**TERNAL Spirit, we confess  
And sing the wonders of thy grace;  
Thy pow'r conveys our blessings down  
From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlighten'd by thy heav'nly ray,  
Our shades and darkness turn to day ;  
Thine inward teachings make us know  
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy pow'r and glory works within,  
And breaks the chains of reigning sin ;  
Doth our impetuous lusts subdue,  
And forms our wretched hearts anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice,  
Thy cheering words awake our joys ;  
Thy words allay the stormy wind,  
And calm the surges of the mind.

---

H Y M N CXXXIV. Common Metre.  
*Circumcision abolished.*

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,  
Extensive was the grace ;  
" I will the God of *Abrah'm* be,  
And of his num'rous race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal  
Confirm'd the words he spoke ;  
Long did the sons of *Abrah'm* feel  
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 'Till God's own Son descending low,  
Gave his own flesh to bleed ;  
And *Gentiles* taste the blessings now,  
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of *Abrah'm* claims our praise,  
His promises endure ;  
And *Christ* the Lord in gentler ways,  
Makes the salvation sure.

---

H Y M N CXXXV. Long Metre.  
*Types and prophecies of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !  
Behold the great *Messiah* come !

- Behold the prophets all agreed  
 To give him the superiour room !
- 2 *Abrah'm*, the saint, rejoic'd of old,  
 When visions of the Lord he saw ;  
*Moses*, the man of God, foretold  
 This great fulfiller of his law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,  
 Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd ;  
 The incense, and the bleeding lamb,  
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,  
 To join their blessings on his head :  
*Jesus*, we worship at thy feet,  
 And nations own the promis'd seed.

---

*H R M N* CXXXVI. Long Metre.

*Miracles at the birth of Christ.*

- 1 **T**HE King of glory sends his Son  
 To make his entrance on this earth ;  
 Behold the midnight bright as noon,  
 And heav'nly hosts declare his birth !
- 2 About the young Redeemer's head,  
 What wonders and what glories meet !  
 An unknown star arose and led  
 The eastern sages to his feet.
- 3 *Simcon* and *Anna* both conspire  
 The infant *Saviour* to proclaim ;  
 Inward they felt the sacred fire,  
 And bless'd the babe, and own'd his name.  
 Though *Jews* and *Greeks* blaspheme aloud,  
 And treat the holy child with scorn ;  
 Our souls adore th' eternal God  
 Who condescended to be born.

## HYMN CXXXVII. Short Metre.

*Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD the blind their sight receive !  
Behold, the dead awake, and live ;  
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame  
Leap like the hart, and blefs his name !
- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own  
And seal the miffion of the Son ;  
The Father vindicates his caufe,  
While he hangs bleeding on the crofs.
- 3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning flood ;  
He rifes, and appears a God !  
Behold the Lord ascending high,  
No more to bleed, no more to die.
- 4 Hence and for ever from my heart  
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;  
And to thofe hands my foul resign,  
Which bear credentials fo divine.

## HYMN CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

*The power of the gospel.*

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,  
Sent to the nations from above ;  
*Jehovah* here refolves to fhew  
What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wifdom find,  
To heal difeafes of the mind ;  
This fov'reign balm, whose virtues can  
Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 This gospel bids the dead revive,  
Sinners obey the voice, and live :  
Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afrefh,  
And hearts of ftone are turn'd to flefth.
- 4 [Where *Satan* reign'd in fhades of night,  
The gospel ftrikes a heav'nly light ;

Our lusts its wond'rous pow'r controuls,  
And calms the rage of angry souls.

5 Lions and beasts of savage name  
Put on the nature of the lamb ;  
While the wide world esteems it strange,  
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

6 May but this grace my soul renew,  
Let sinners gaze and hate me too :  
The word which saves me does engage  
A sure defence from all their rage.

---

*H Y M N* CXXXIX. Long Metre.

*The example of Christ.*

1 **M**Y dear Redeemer, and my Lord,  
I read my duty in thy word :  
But in thy life the law appears,  
Drawn out in living characters:

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,  
Such defence to thy Father's will,  
Such love, and meekness so divine,  
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,  
Witness'd the fervour of thy pray'r ;  
The desert thy temptations knew,  
Thy conflict, and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern ; make me bear  
More of thy gracious image here ;  
Then God, the Judge shall own my name  
Among the foll'wers of the Lamb.

---

*H Y M N* CXL. Common Metre.

*The examples of Christ and the saints.*

1 **G**IVE me the wings of faith to rise  
Within the veil, and see  
The saints above, how great their joys!  
How bright their glories be !

- 2 Once they were mourning here below,  
And wet their couch with tears :  
They wrestled hard as we do now,  
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I ask them, whence their vict'ry came ?  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb ;  
Their triumph, to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps which he trod,  
(His zeal inspir'd their breast :)  
And, following their incarnate God,  
Possess'd the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,  
For his own pattern giv'n,  
While the long cloud of witnesses  
Shew the same path to heav'n.

---

H Y M N C X L I. Common Metre.

*Faith assisted by sense : or, preaching, baptism, and  
the LORD'S supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince  
Reigns far above the skies ;  
But brings his graces down to sense,  
And helps my faith to rise.
- 2 My eyes and ears shall bless his name,  
They read and hear his word :  
My touch and taste shall do the same,  
When they receive the Lord.
- 3 Baptismal water is design'd  
To seal his cleansing grace,  
While at his feast of bread and wine  
He gives his saints a place :
- 4 But not the waters of a flood  
Can make my flesh so clean  
As by his Spirit and his blood  
He'll wash my soul from sin.

- 5 Not choicest meats, nor noblest wines,  
 So much my heart refresh,  
 As when my faith goes through the signs,  
 And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low,  
 To give his word a seal :  
 But the rich grace his hands bestow,  
 Exceeds the figures still.

---

*H Y M N* CXLII. Short Metre.  
*Faith in Christ our sacrifice.*

- 1 **N**OT all the blood of beasts,  
 On *Jewish* altars slain,  
 Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
 Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But *Christ*, the heav'nly Lamb,  
 Takes all our sins away ;  
 A sacrifice of nobler name,  
 And richer blood than they.
- 3 My faith would lay her hand  
 On that dear head of thine,  
 While like a penitent I stand,  
 And there confess my sin.
- 4 My soul looks back to see  
 The burdens thou didst bear,  
 When hanging on the cursed tree,  
 And hopes her guilt was there.
- 5 Believing we rejoice  
 To see the curse remove ;  
 We bless the lamb with cheerful voice,  
 And sing his bleeding love.

---

*H Y M N* CXLIII. Common Metre.  
*Flesh and Spirit.*

- 1 **W**HAT diff'rent pow'rs of grace and *sin*  
 Attend our mortal state !  
 U u z

- I hate the thoughts which work within,  
And do the works I hate.
- 2 Now I complain, and groan, and die,  
While sin and *Satan* reign ;  
Now raise my songs of triumph high,  
For grace prevails again.
- 3 So darkness struggles with the light,  
'Till perfect day arise ;  
Water and fire maintain the fight  
Until the weaker dies.
- 4 Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,  
And vex and break my peace ;  
But I shall quit this mortal life,  
And sin for ever cease.

---

*H Y M N* CXLIV. Common Metre.

*The effusion of the Spirit : or, the success of the gospel.*

- 1 GREAT was the day, the joy was great,  
When the divine disciples met ;  
Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,  
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.
- 2 What gifts, what miracles he gave !  
And pow'r to give, and pow'r to save ;  
Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,  
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth,  
From *east to west*, from *south to north* ;  
Go, and assert your Saviour's cause ;  
Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.
- 4 These weapons of the holy war,  
Of what almighty force they are,  
To make our stubborn passions bow,  
And lay the proudest rebel low !
- 5 Nations, the learned and the rude,  
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd :

While *Satan* rages at his loss,  
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

- 6 Great King of grace, my heart subdued,  
I would be led in triumph too,  
A willing captive to my Lord,  
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

---

*H r M N* CXLV. Common Metre.  
*Sight through a glass, and face to face.*

- 1 **I** LOVE the windows of thy grace,  
Through which my Lord is seen;  
And long to meet my Saviour's face,  
Without a glass between.
- 2 Oh, that the happy hour were come,  
To change my faith to sight!  
I should behold my Lord at home,  
In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my Beloved, and remove  
These interposing days;  
Then shall my passions all be love,  
And all my pow'rs be praise.

---

*H r M N* CXLVI. Long Metre.

*The vanity of creatures : or, no rest on earth.*

- 1 **M**AN has a soul of vast desires,  
He burns within with restless fires;  
Toft to and fro, his passions fly  
From vanity to vanity.
- 2 In vain on earth we hope to find  
Some solid good to fill the mind:  
We try new pleasures; but we feel  
The inward thirst and torment still.
- 3 So when a raging fever burns,  
We shift from side to side by turns;  
And 'tis a poor relief we gain,  
To change the place, but keep the pain,

- 4 Great God ! subdue this vicious thirst,  
 This love to vanity and dust ;  
 Cure this vile fever of the mind,  
 And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

---

*H Y M N* CXLVII. Common Metre.

*The creation of the world. Gen. i.*

- 1 *NOW* let a spacious world arise,  
 Said the Creator Lord :  
 At once th' obedient earth and skies  
 Rose at his sov'reign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep ; the waters lay  
 Confus'd, and drown'd the land ;  
 He call'd the light ; the new-born day  
 Attends on his command.
- 3 He bids the clouds ascend on high ;  
 The clouds ascend and bear  
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
 And float on softer air.
- 4 The liquid element below,  
 Was gather'd by his hand :  
 The rolling seas together flow,  
 And leave the solid land.
- 5 With herbs and plants, a flow'ry birth,  
 The naked globe he crown'd,  
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,  
 Or sun to warm the ground.
- 6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies ;  
 Behold the sun appears :  
 The moon and stars in order rise,  
 To mark out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep th' almighty King  
 Did vital beings frame,  
 The painted fowls of ev'ry wing,  
 And fish of ev'ry name.

- 8 He gave the lion and the worm  
At once their wond'rous birth ;  
And grazing beasts of ev'ry form,  
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 *Adam* was fram'd of equal clay,  
Though sov'reign of the rest,  
Design'd for nobler ends than they ;  
With God's own image blest.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye  
The young creation stood ;  
He saw the building from on high,  
His word pronounc'd it good.
- 11 Lord, while the frame of nature stands,  
Thy praise shall fill my tongue :  
But the new world of grace demands  
A more exalted song.

---

*H Y M N* CXLVIII. Common Metre.

*God reconciled in Christ.*

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above ;  
My *Jesus*, and my God ;  
Who can resist thy heav'nly love,  
Or trifle with thy blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the merits of thy death  
The Father smiles again ;  
'Tis by thine interceding breath  
The Spirit dwells with men.
- 3 'Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find ;  
The holy, just, and sacred *Three*  
Are terrors to my mind.
- 4 But if *Immanuel's* face appear,  
My hope, my joy begins ;  
His name forbids my slavish fear,  
His grace removes my sins.

- 5 While *Jews* on their own law rely,  
 And *Greeks* of wisdom boast,  
 I love th' incarnate mystery,  
 And there I fix my trust.

---

H Y M N CXLIX. Common Metre.

*Honour to magistrates : or, government from God*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sov'reign of the sky,  
 And Lord of all below,  
 We mortals to thy majesty  
 Our first obedience owe.
- 2 Our souls adore thy throne supreme,  
 And bless thy providence,  
 For magistrates of meaner name,  
 Our glory and defence.
- 3 [The rulers of those States shall shine  
 With rays above the rest,  
 Where laws and liberties combine  
 To make the nation blest.]
- 4 Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,  
 While virtue finds reward ;  
 And sinners perish from the land,  
 By justice and the sword.
- 5 Let *Cæsar's* due be ever paid  
 To *Cæsar* and his throne ;  
 But consciences and souls were made  
 To be the Lord's alone.

---

H Y M N CL. Common Metre.

*The deceitfulness of sin.*

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treach'rous arts  
 To practise on the mind ;  
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,  
 But leaves a sting behind.
- 2 With names of virtue she deceives  
 The aged and the young :

And while the heedless wretch believes,  
 She makes his fetters strong.  
 She pleads for all the joy she brings,  
 And gives a fair pretence ;  
 But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,  
 And chains it down to sense.  
 So on a tree divinely fair,  
 Grew the forbidden food ;  
 Our mother took the poison there,  
 And tainted all her blood.

---

*H Y M N* CLI. Long Metre.  
*Prophecy and inspiration.*

**T**WAS by an order from the Lord,  
 The ancient prophets spoke his word ;  
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
 And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire,  
 The works and wonders which they wro't,  
 Confirm'd the messages they brought ;  
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
 To save the holy words from death.  
 Great God ! my eyes with pleasure look  
 On the dear volume of thy book ;  
 There my Redeemer's face I see,  
 And read his name who dy'd for me.  
 Let the false raptures of the mind  
 Be lost and vanish'd in the wind :  
 Here I can fix my hope secure ;  
 This is thy word and must endure.

---

*H Y M N* CLII. Common Metre.  
*Sinai and Zion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.*

**N**OT to the terrours of the Lord,  
 The tempest, fire, and smoke ;  
 Not to the thunder of that word  
 Which God on *Sinai* spoke ;

- 2 But we are come to *Zion's* hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels cloth'd in light !  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turn'd to fight !
- 4 Behold the blest assembly there,  
Whose names are writ in heav'n !  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The faints on earth, and all the dead,  
But one communion make ;  
All join in *Christ*, their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this,  
My weary soul would rest :  
The man who dwells where *Jesus* is,  
Must be for ever blest.

---

H Y M N CLIII. Common Metre.

*The distemper, folly, and madness of sin.*

- 1 **S**IN, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood :  
The only balm is sov'reign grace,  
And the physician, God.
- 2 Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death ;  
But *Christ* the Lord recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath.
- 3 Madness, by nature, reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
'Till God's own Son with skill divine  
The inward fire assuage.

- 4 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise :  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
'Till *Jesus* makes us wise.]
- 5 We give our souls the wounds they feel,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell ;  
But heav'n prevents the fall.
- 6 [The man possess'd among the tombs,  
Cuts his own flesh and cries :  
He foams and raves, 'till *Jesus* comes,  
And the foul spirit flies.]

---

*H Y M N* CLIV. Long Metre.

*Self-righteousness insufficient.*

“ **W**HERE are the mourners,” faith  
the Lord,  
“ Who wait and tremble at my word,  
Who walk in darkness all the day ?  
Come, make my name your trust and stay.  
[No works nor duties of your own,  
Can for the smallest sin atone ;  
The robes which nature may provide,  
Will not your least pollutions hide.  
The softest couch which nature knows,  
Can give the conscience no repose :  
Look to my righteousness and live ;  
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]  
Ye sons of pride who kindle coals  
With your own hands, to warm your souls,  
Walk in the light of your own fire,  
Enjoy the sparks which ye desire :  
This is your portion at my hands,  
Hell waits you with her iron bands ;

Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,  
In death, in darkness, and despair."

---

H Y M N CLV. Common Metre.  
*Christ our passover.*

- 1 **L**O, the destroying angel flies  
To *Pharaoh's* stubborn land!  
The pride and flow'r of *Egypt* dies  
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He pass'd the tents of *Jacob* o'er,  
Nor pour'd the wrath divine;  
He saw the blood on ev'ry door,  
And blest the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,  
To break th' *Egyptian* yoke;  
Thus *Isr'el* is from bondage freed,  
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too  
With blood so rich as thine,  
Justice no longer would pursue  
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 *Jesus* our passover was slain,  
And has at once procur'd,  
Freedom from *Satan's* heavy chain,  
And God's avenging sword.

---

H Y M N CLVI. Common Metre.  
*Presumption and despair : or Satan's various temptations.*

- 1 **I**HATE the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms,  
To cheat our souls to death.
- 2 He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear;

- And holds us still in wide extremes,  
 Presumption or despair.
- 3 Now he persuades, how easy 'tis  
 To walk the road to heav'n ;  
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries  
 They cannot be forgiv'n.
- 4 He bids young sinners *yet* forbear  
 To think of God or death ;  
 " For prayer and devotion are  
 " But melancholy breath."
- 5 He tells the aged, they *must* die,  
 " And 'tis too late to pray,  
 " In vain for mercy now they cry,  
 " For they have lost their day."
- 6 Thus he supports his cruel throne,  
 By mischief and deceit,  
 And drags the sons of *Adam* down  
 To darkness and the pit.
- 7 Almighty God, cut short his pow'r,  
 Let him in darkness dwell ;  
 And, that he vex the earth no more,  
 Confine him down to hell.

---

HYMN CLVII. Com. Metre. The same.

- N**OW *Satan* comes with dreadful roar,  
 And threatens to destroy ;  
 He worries whom he can't devour,  
 With a malicious joy.
- 2 Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,  
 Resist, and he'll be gone ;  
 Thus did our dearest Lord engage,  
 And vanquish him alone.
- 3 Now he appears almost divine !  
 Like innocence and love ;  
 But the old serpent lurks within,  
 When he assumes the dove.

- 4 Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,  
 Ye sons of *Adam*, fly!  
 Our parents found the snare too strong,  
 Nor should the children try.

---

H Y M N CLVIII. Long Metre.

*Few saved: or, the almost christian, the hypocrite,  
 and apostate.*

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road which leads to death,  
 And thousands walk together there;  
 But wisdom shews a narrower path,  
 With here and there a traveller.
- 2 *Deny thyself, and take thy cross,*  
 Is the Redeemer's great command!  
 Nature must count her gold but dross,  
 If she would gain this heav'nly land.
- 3 The fearful soul, who tires and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteem'd *almost* a saint,  
 And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,  
 Create my heart intirely new;  
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
 Which false apostates never knew.

---

H Y M N CLIX. Common Metre.

*An unconverted state: or, converting grace.*

- 1 **G**REAT King of glory and of grace!  
 We own with humble shame  
 How vile is our degen'rate race,  
 And our first father's name.
- 2 From *Adam* flows our tainted blood,  
 The poison reigns within,  
 Makes us averse to all that's good,  
 And willing slaves to sin.

- 3 [Daily we break thy holy laws,  
And then reject thy grace;  
Engag'd in the old serpent's cause,  
Against our Maker's face.]
- 4 We live estrang'd afar from God,  
And love the distance well;  
With haste we run the dang'rous road  
Which leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd!  
Such natures made divine!  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this pow'r of thine.
- 6 We raise our Father's name on high,  
Who his own Spirit sends  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends:

---

*Hymn* CLX. Long Metre.

*Custom in sin.*

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood  
Put off the spots which nature gives,  
Then may the wicked turn to God,  
And change their tempers, and their lives.
- 2 As well might *Ethiopian* slaves  
Wash out the darkness of their skin;  
The dead as well may leave their graves,  
As old transgressors cease to sin.
- 3 Where vice has held its empire long,  
'Twill not endure the least controul;  
None but a pow'r divinely strong,  
Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy pow'r divine,  
Which soon can change this heart of mine;  
I would be form'd anew, and bless  
The wonders of creating grace.

## HYMN CLXI. Common Metre.

*Christian virtues: or, the difficulty of conversion.*

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is straits,  
Which leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few who find the gate,  
While crowds mistake, and die.
- 2 Beloved *self* must be deny'd,  
The mind and will renew'd,  
Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,  
And vain desires subdu'd.
- 3 Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,  
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banish'd hence,  
(That vile idolatry)  
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,  
In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly pow'r  
Requires a strong restraint:  
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,  
And pray, but never faint.
- 6 Lord! can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

## HYMN CLXII. Common Metre.

*Meditation of heaven: or, the joy of faith.*

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.
- 2 There I behold with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in One;

And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.

- 3 His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart ;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.
- 4 Light are the pains which nature brings,  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things,  
The present we compare !
- 5 I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell,  
Near my Redeemer's face.

---

*H Y M N* CLXIII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of desertion and temptations.*

- 1 **D**EAR Lord ! behold our sore distress ;  
Our sins attempt to reign ;  
Stretch out thine arm of conqu'ring grace,  
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar,  
Affrights thy feeble sheep :  
Reveal the glory of thy pow'r,  
And chain him to the deep.
- 3 Must we indulge a long despair ?  
Shall our petitions die ?  
Our mournings never reach thine ear,  
Nor tears affect thine eye ?]
- 4 If thou despise a mortal groan,  
Yet hear a Saviour's blood ;  
An Advocate so near the throne,  
Pleads and prevails with God.
- 5 He brought the Spirit's pow'rful sword,  
To slay our deadly foes:

Our sins shall die beneath thy word,  
And hell in vain oppose.

- 6 How boundless is our Father's grace,  
In height, and depth, and length !  
He made his Son our righteousness,  
His Spirit is our strength.

---

H Y M N CLXIV. Common Metre.  
*The end of the world.*

- 1 **W**HY should this earth delight us so ?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares;  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his pow'r.
- 3 Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Saviour's face.
- 4 When will that glorious morning rise ?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground ?

---

H Y M N CLXV. Common Metre.  
*Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.*

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord ;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain ;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My mem'ry can retain !

- 3 [My dear Almighty, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne.]
- 4 [How cold and feeble is my love !  
How negligent my fear !  
How low my hope of joys above !  
How few affections there !]
- 5 Great God ! thy sov'reign pow'r impart,  
To give thy word success :  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way  
Which leads to joys on high ;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.]

---

*H R M N* CLXVI. Common Metre.

*The divine perfections.*

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise th' eternal GOD,  
That Infinite Unknown ?  
Who can ascend his high abode,  
Or venture near his throne ?
- 2 [The great *INVISIBLE* ! he dwells  
Conceal'd in dazzling light ;  
But his all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes which never sleep,  
Survey the world around ;  
His wisdom is a boundless deep,  
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.]
- 4 [Speak we of strength ? His arm is strong  
To save, or to destroy ;  
Infinite years his life prolong,  
And endless is his joy.]

- 5 [He knows no shadow of a change,  
Nor alters his decrees ;  
Firm as a rock his truth remains,  
To guard his promises.]
- 6 Sinners before his presence die :  
How holy is his name !  
His anger and his jealousy  
Burn like devouring flame.
- 7 Justice upon a dreadful throne  
Maintains the rights of God,  
While mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Saviour's blood.
- 8 Now to my soul, immortal King,  
Speak some forgiving word ;  
Then 'twill be double joy to sing  
The glories of my Lord.

---

*H Y M N* CLXVII. Long Metre.

*The divine perfections.*

- 1 **G**REAT God ! thy glories shall employ  
My holy fear, my humble joy ;  
My lips, in songs of honour, bring  
Their tribute to th' eternal King.
- 2 [Earth and the stars, and worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his throne ;  
All nature hangs upon his word,  
And grace and glory own their Lord.
- 3 His sov'reign pow'r, what mortal knows ?  
If he command, who dare oppose ?  
With strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the rebels to the ground.
- 4 Who shall pretend to teach him skill,  
Or guide the counsels of his will ?  
His wisdom, like a sea divine,  
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

- 5 His name is holy, and his eye  
Burns with immortal jealousy ;  
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds  
His fiery vengeance on their heads.
- 6 The beamings of his piercing sight  
Bring dark hypocrisy to light ;  
Death and destruction naked lie,  
And hell uncover'd to his eye.
- 7 Th' eternal law before him stands ;  
His justice, with impartial hands,  
Divides to all their due reward,  
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.
- 8 His mercy like a boundless sea,  
Washes our loads of guilt away :  
While his own Son came down and dy'd,  
T' engage his justice on our side.
- 9 Each of his words demand my faith,  
My soul can rest on all he saith ;  
His truth inviolably keeps  
The largest promise of his lips.]
- 10 Oh, tell me with a gentle voice,  
*Thou art my God*, and I'll rejoice ;  
Fill'd with thy love, I dare proclaim  
The brightest honours of thy name.

---

*H r M N* CLXVIII. Long Metre.  
The same.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty ;  
His glories shine with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrours keep the world in awe,  
His justice guards his holy law,  
His love reveals a smiling face,  
His truth and promise seals the grace.

- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
 And baffles *Satan's* deep designs;  
 His pow'r is sov'reign to fulfil  
 The noblest counsels of his will.
- 4 And will this glorious Lord descend  
 To be my Father and my Friend?  
 Then let my songs with angels join;  
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

---

H Y M N CLXIX. Particular Metre.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,  
 His throne is built on high;  
 The garments he assumes,  
 Are light and majesty;  
 His glories shine  
 With beams so bright,  
 No mortal eye  
 Can bear the sight.
- 2 The thunders of his hand,  
 Keep the wide world in awe;  
 His wrath and justice stand  
 To guard his holy law;  
 And where his love  
 Resolves to bless,  
 His truth confirms  
 And seals the grace.
- 3 Through all his ancient works,  
 Surprising wisdom shines,  
 Confounds the pow'rs of hell,  
 And breaks their curs'd designs;  
 Strong is his arm,  
 And shall fulfil  
 His great decrees,  
 His sov'reign will.
- 4 And can this mighty King  
 Of glory condescend?

And will he write his name,  
*My Father, and my Friend?*

I love his name,  
 I love his word ;  
 Join all my pow'rs,  
 And praise the Lord.

*H R M N* CLXX. Long Metre.

*God incomprehensible and sovereign.*

[**C**AN creatures, to perfection, find  
 Th' eternal, uncreated mind ?  
 Or can the largest stretch of thought  
 Measure and search his nature out ?  
 'Tis high as heav'n ! 'tis deep as hell !  
 And what can mortals know or tell ?  
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
 And all the shining worlds on high.  
 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,  
 Born, like a wild young colt, he flies  
 Thro' all the follies of his mind,  
 And smells and snuffs the empty wind.]

God is a King of pow'r unknown,  
 Firm are the orders of his throne ;  
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,  
 Or ask him why, or what he does ?  
 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole ;

He calms the tempest of the soul ;  
 When he shuts up in long despair,  
 Who can remove the heavy bar ?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,  
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;  
 The pillars of heav'n's starry roof,  
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
 The crooked serpent and the worm,

He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.

8 These are a portion of his ways ;  
But who shall dare describe his face ?  
Who can endure his light, or stand  
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

*END of the SECOND BOOK.*

BOOK III.

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the  
LORD'S SUPPER.

H Y M N I. Long Metre.

*The LORD's supper instituted.* 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c.

- 1 **T** Was on that dark, that doleful night,  
When pow'rs of earth and hell arose  
Against the Son of God's delight,  
And friends betray'd him to his foes ;
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the bread, and bless'd and brake ;  
What love through all his actions ran !  
What wond'rous words of grace he spake !
- 3 *This is my body broke for sin,  
Receive, and eat the living food :*  
Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,  
*'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.*
- 4 [For us his flesh with nails was torn,  
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn ;  
And justice pour'd upon his head  
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.
- 5 For us his vital blood was spilt,  
To buy the pardon of our guilt,  
When for black crimes of biggest size,  
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

- 6 *Do this, he cry'd, 'till time shall end,  
In mem'ry of your dying Friend :  
Meet at my table, and record  
The love of your departed Lord.*
- 7 [*Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,  
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,  
'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
The marriage-supper of the Lamb.*]

---

H Y M N II. Short Metre.

*Communion with CHRIST, and with saints.*  
I Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 [*JESUS* invites his saints  
To meet around his board ;  
Here pardon'd rebels fit and hold  
Communion with their Lord.
- 2 For food he gives his flesh ;  
He bids us drink his blood :  
Amazing favour ! matchless grace  
Of our descending God !]
- 3 This holy bread and wine,  
Maintain our fainting breath,  
By union with our living Lord,  
And int'rest in his death.
- 4 Our heav'nly Father calls  
*Christ* and his members one ;  
We the young children of his love,  
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but sev'ral parts  
Of the same broken bread ;  
One body, with its sev'ral limbs,  
But *Jesus* is the head.
- 6 Let all our pow'rs be join'd,  
His glorious name to raise a

Pleasure and love fill ev'ry mind;  
And ev'ry voice be praise.

---

*H Y M N* III. Common Metre.

*The New Testament in the blood of Christ: or, the  
new covenant sealed.*

- 1 " **T**HE promise of my Father's love  
" Shall stand for ever good:"  
He said---and gave his soul to death,  
And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear cov'nant of thy word,  
I set my worthless name;  
I seal th' engagement with my Lord,  
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,  
And glory shall be mine;  
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,  
And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own,  
Which *Jesus* did bequeath;  
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan;  
And ratify'd in death.
- 5 Sweet is the mem'ry of his name,  
Who bless'd us in his will,  
And to his testament of love,  
Made his own life the seal.

---

*H Y M N* IV. Common Metre.

*Christ's dying love: or our pardon bought at a dear  
price.*

- 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 [When justice by our sins provok'd,  
Drew forth its dreadful sword,

- He gave his soul up to the stroke,  
Without a murm'ring word.]
- 3 He sunk beneath our heavy woes,  
To raise us to his throne :  
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,  
But cost his heart a groan.]
- 4 This was compassion like a God,  
That when the Saviour knew  
The price of pardon was his blood,  
His pity ne'er withdrew.
- 5 Now though he reigns exalted high,  
His love is still as great :  
Well he remembers *Calvary*,  
Nor let his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll  
As kind as when he dy'd,  
And see the sorrows of his soul  
Bleed through his wounded side.
- 7 Here we receive repeated seals  
Of *Jesus*' dying love :  
Hard is the wretch who never feels  
One soft affection move.]
- 8 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.

---

H Y M N V. Common Metre.

Christ *the bread of life*. John vi. 31, 35, 39,

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,  
'Tis he our souls has fed :  
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,  
And thou th' immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,  
But *Jesus* from above,

Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,  
And rivers flow with love.

- 3 The *Jews*, the fathers, dy'd at last,  
Who ate that heav'nly bread ;  
But these provisions which we taste,  
Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Blest be the Lord, who gives his flesh  
To nourish dying men ;  
And often spreads his table fresh,  
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,  
While *Jesus* finds supplies ;  
Nor shall our graces sink to death,  
For *Jesus* never dies.
- 6 Daily our mortal flesh decays,  
But *Christ* our life shall come ;  
His unresisted pow'r shall raise  
Our bodies from the tomb.]

---

H R M N VI. Long Metre.

*The memorial of our absent Lord.* John xvi. 16.

Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,  
Where our weak senses reach him not ;  
And carnal objects court our eyes,  
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,  
Apt to forget his lovely face ;  
And to refresh our minds, he gave  
These kind memorials of his grace.
- 3 The Lord of life this table spread  
With his own flesh and dying blood,  
We on the rich provision feed,  
And taste the wine and bless our God.

- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,  
And earth grow less in our esteem;  
*Christ* and his love fill ev'ry thought,  
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
- 5 While he is absent from our sight,  
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,  
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,  
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upward to the hills  
Whence our returning Lord shall come;  
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,  
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

---

H Y M N VII. Long Metre.

*Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ.*

Gal. vi. 14.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
On which the Prince of glory dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of *Christ*, my God:  
All the vain things which charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 [His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small:.

Love, so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

*H Y M N* VIII. Common Metre.

*The Tree of life.*

COME, let us join a joyful tune  
To our exalted Lord,  
Ye saints on high around his throne,  
And we around his board.  
While once upon this lower ground  
Weary and faint ye stood,  
What dear refreshment here you found  
From this immortal food !  
The tree of life which near the throne,  
In heav'n's high garden grows,  
Laden with grace, bends gently down  
Its ever smiling boughs.  
[Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands  
The sweet celestial Dove,  
And *Jesus* on the branches hangs  
The banner of his love.]  
['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight,  
While in his shade we sit ;  
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,  
And to the taste as sweet.  
New life it spreads through dying hearts,  
And cheers the drooping mind :  
Vigour and joy the juice imparts,  
Without a sting behind.]  
Now let the flaming weapon stand,  
And guard all *Eden's* trees :  
There's ne'er a plant in all that land,  
Which bears such fruit as these.  
Infinite grace our souls adore,  
Whose wond'rous hand has made

This living branch of sov'reign pow'r,  
To raise and heal the dead.

H Y M N IX. Short Metre.

*The Spirit, the water, and the blood.* 1 John v. 6

1 [ **L** ET all our tongues be one,  
To praise our God on high,  
Who from his bosom sent his Son,  
To fetch us strangers nigh.

2 Nor let our voices cease  
To sing the Saviour's name ;  
*Jesus*, th' Ambassador of peace,  
How cheerfully he came !

3 It cost him cries and tears,  
To bring us near to God ;  
Great was our debt, and he appears  
To make the payment good.]

4 [My Saviour's pierced side  
Pour'd out a double flood ;  
By water we are purify'd,  
And pardon'd by the blood.]

5 Infinite was our guilt,  
But he, our priest, atones ;  
On the cold ground his life was spilt,  
And offer'd with his groans.]

6 Look up, my soul, to him  
Whose death was thy desert,  
And humbly view the living stream  
Flow from his breaking heart.

7 There, on the cursed tree,  
In dying pangs he lies,  
Fulfils his Father's great decree,  
And all our want supplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came,  
By water and by blood :

And when the Spirit speaks the same,  
We feel his witness good.

9 While the eternal *THREE*  
Bear their record above,  
Then I believe he dy'd for me,  
And seal my Saviour's love.

10 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,  
Nor let thy grace depart ;  
Great Comforter ! abide within,  
And witness to my heart.]

---

*H R M N* X. Long Mètre.

*Christ crucified : the wisdom and power of GOD.*

**N**ATURE with open volume stands,  
To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;  
And ev'ry labour of his hands,  
Shews something worthy of a God :  
But in the grace which rescu'd man,  
His brightest form of glory shines,  
Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn  
In precious blood, and crimson lines.

[Here his whole name appears complete ;  
Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,  
Which of the letters best is writ,  
The pow'r, the wisdom, or the love.]

Here I behold his inmost heart,  
Where grace and vengeance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,  
To make the purchas'd pleasures mine.

O ! the sweet wonders of that cross  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd !  
Her noblest life, my spirit draws  
From his dear wounds, and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak his name  
In sounds to mortal ears unknown,

With angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worhip at his Father's throne.

---

*H Y M N* XI. Common Metre.

*Pardon brought to our senses.*

- 1 **L**ORD, how divine thy comforts are!  
How heav'nly is the place  
Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred feast  
Of his redeeming grace!
  - 2 Here the rich bounties of our God,  
And sweetest glories shine;  
Here *Jesus* says that I am his,  
And my Beloved's mine.
  - 3 Here (says the kind redeeming Lord,  
And shews his wounded side)  
See here the spring of all your joys,  
Which open'd when I dy'd!
  - 4 [He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,  
And tells of all his pain:  
All this (says he) I bore for thee,  
And then he smiles again.]
  - 5 What shall we pay our heav'nly King  
For grace so vast as this?  
He brings our pardon to our eyes,  
And seals it with a kiss.
  - 6 [Let such amazing loves as these  
Be founded all abroad;  
Such favours are beyond degrees,  
And worthy of a God.]
  - 7 [To him who wash'd us in his blood,  
Be everlasting praise,  
Salvation, honour, glory, pow'r,  
Eternal as his days.]
-

*H Y M N XII. Long Metre.*

*The gospel-feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.*

- 1 [ **H**OW rich are thy provisions, Lord!  
Thy table furnish'd from above,  
The fruits of life o'erspread the board,  
The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.
- 2 Thine ancient family, the *Jews*  
Were first invited to the feast:  
We humbly take what they refuse,  
And *Gentiles* thy salvation taste.
- 3 We are the poor, the blind, the lame,  
And help was far, and death was nigh!  
But at the gospel-call we came,  
And ev'ry want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway which leads to hell,  
From paths of darkness and despair,  
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,  
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]
- 5 [What shall we pay th' eternal Son,  
Who left the heav'n of his abode,  
And to this wretched earth came down,  
To bring us wand'ers back to God.
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives;  
To buy our souls, it cost his own;  
And all the unknown joys he gives,  
Were bought with agonies unknown.
- 7 Our everlasting love is due  
To him who ransom'd sinners lost;  
And pity'd rebels, when he knew  
The vast expense his love would cost.]

*H Y M N XIII. Common Metre.*

*Divine love making a feast, and calling in the guests.*

*Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.*

- 1 **H**OW sweet and awful is the place,  
With *Christ* within the doors,

- While everlasting love displays  
The choicest of her stores !
- 2 Here, ev'ry bowel of our God  
With soft compassion rolls ;  
Here, peace and pardon bought with blood,  
Is food for dying souls.
- 3 [While all our hearts, and all our songs,  
Join to admire the feast,  
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,  
“ Lord, why was I a guest ?
- 4 “ Why was I made to hear thy voice,  
“ And enter while there's room ;  
“ When thousands make a wretched choice,  
“ And rather starve than come ?”]
- 5 'Twas the same love which spread the feast,  
That sweetly forc'd us in ;  
Else we had still refus'd to taste,  
And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations, O our God,  
Constrain the earth to come ;  
Send thy victorious word abroad,  
And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,  
That all the chosen race  
May with one voice, one heart, one soul,  
Sing thy redeeming grace.]

---

H Y M N XIV. Long Metre:

*The song of Simeon : Luke ii. 28. or, a sight of  
Christ makes death easy.*

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embrac'd our God,  
We would forget all earthly charms,  
And wish to die as *Simeon* would,  
With his young Saviour in his arms.
- 2 Our lips should learn that joyful song,  
Were but our hearts prepar'd like his :

- “ Our souls still waiting to be gone,  
And at thy word depart in peace.
- 3 Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,  
And view'd salvation with our eyes,  
Tasted and felt the living word,  
The bread descending from the skies.
- 4 Thou hast prepar'd this dying Lamb,  
Hast set his blood before our face,  
To teach the terrors of thy name,  
And shew the wonders of thy grace.
- 5 He is our light, our morning star  
Shall shine on nations yet unknown ;  
The glory of thine *Isr'el* here,  
And joy of spirits near thy throne.”

---

*H Y M N XV. Common Metre.*

*Our Lord Jesus at his own table.*

- 1 **T**HE mem'ry of our dying Lord  
Awakes a thankful tongue :  
How rich he spread his royal board,  
And blest the food and fung!
- 2 Happy the men who eat this bread,  
But doubly blest was he  
Who gently bow'd his loving head,  
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste  
As that great fav'rite did,  
And sit and lean on *Jesus'* breast,  
And take the heav'nly bread.
- 4 Down from the palace of the skies,  
Hither the King descends ;  
“ Come, my beloved, eat (he cries)  
And drink salvation, friends.
- 5 [My flesh is food and physic too,  
A balm for all your pains :

And the red streams of pardon flow  
From these my pierced veins."

- 6 Hosanna to his bounteous love,  
For such a feast below!  
And yet he feeds his saints above  
With nobler blessings too.
- 7 Come, the dear day, the glorious hour,  
Which brings our souls to rest!  
Then we shall need these types no more,  
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

---

*H Y M N* XVI. Common Metre.  
*The agonies of Christ.*

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,  
Our hearts no more repine;  
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,  
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see  
The bleeding Prince of Love;  
Each of us hope he dy'd for me,  
And then our griefs remove.
- 3 [Our humble faith here takes her rise,  
While sitting round his board;  
And back to *Calvary* she flies,  
To view her groaning Lord.
- 4 His soul, what agonies it felt,  
When his own God withdrew!  
And the large load of all our guilt,  
Lay heavy on him too.
- 5 But the divinity within,  
Supported him to bear:  
Dying he conquer'd hell and sin;  
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought  
The wonders of that day:

No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,  
Can equal thanks repay.

- 7 Our hymns should sound like those above,  
Could we our voices raise :  
Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,  
And all our lives be praise.

*H Y M N* XVII. Short Metre.

*Incomparable food : or, the flesh and blood of Christ.*

- 1 **W**E sing th' amazing deeds  
Which grace divine performs ;  
Th' eternal God comes down, and bleeds,  
To nourish dying worms.
- 2 This soul reviving wine,  
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy blood !  
We thank that sacred flesh of thine,  
For this immortal food.
- 3 The banquet which we eat,  
Is made of heav'nly things :  
Earth has no dainties half so sweet  
As our Redeemer brings.
- 4 In vain had *Adam* sought,  
And search'd his garden round,  
For there was no such blessed fruit  
In all the happy ground.
- 5 Th' angelic host above  
Can never taste this food ;  
They feast upon their Maker's love,  
But not a Saviour's blood.
- 6 On us th' almighty Lord  
Bestows this matchless grace,  
And meets us with some cheering word,  
With pleasure in his face.
- 7 Come, all ye drooping saints,  
And banquet with the King ;

This wine will drown your sad complaints,  
And tune your voice to sing.

8 Salvation to the name

Of our adored *Christ* :

Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,  
His glory in the high't.

*H Y M N XVIII.* Long Metre.

The same.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we bow before thy feet,  
Thy table is divinely stor'd ;  
Thy sacred flesh our souls have ate,  
'Tis living bread ; we thank thee, Lord.
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood :  
We thank thee, Lord ; 'tis gen'rous wine,  
Mingled with love the fountain flow'd  
From that dear bleeding heart of thine.
- 3 On earth is no such sweetness found,  
For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food :  
In vain we search the globe around  
For bread so fine, or wine so good.
- 4 Carnal provisions can at best  
But cheer the heart, or warm the head ;  
But the rich cordial which we taste,  
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Praise to the Master of the feast,  
His name our souls for ever blefs ;  
To God the King, and God the Priest,  
A loud Hosanna round the place.

*H Y M N XIX.* Long Metre.

*Glory in the cross : or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.*

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,  
Here we attend thy dying feast ;  
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,  
And thy own flesh feeds ev'ry guest.

- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,  
And trusts for life in one who dy'd ;  
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,  
From a Redeemer crucify'd.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,  
And fling their scandals on the cause ;  
We come to boast our Saviour's name,  
And make our triumphs in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,  
He who was dead has left his tomb,  
He lives above their utmost rage,  
And we are waiting 'till he come.

---

*H Y M N* XX. Common Metre.

*The provisions for the table of our Lord : or, the tree  
of life, and river of love.*

- 1 **L**ORD we adore thy bounteous hand,  
And sing the solemn feast,  
Where sweet celestial dainties stand,  
For ev'ry willing guest.
- 2 [The tree of life adorns the board  
With rich immortal fruit,  
And ne'er an angry flaming sword  
To guard the passage to't.
- 3 The cup stands crown'd with living juice,  
The fountain flows above,  
And runs down streaming, for our use,  
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepar'd by heav'nly art,  
The pleasure's well refin'd ;  
They spread new life through ev'ry heart,  
And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,  
Ye saints who taste his wine ;  
Join with your kindred saints above,  
In loud Hosannas join.

6. A thousand glories to the God  
 Who gives such joy as this ;  
 Hosanna ! let it sound abroad,  
 And reach where *Jesus* is.

*H Y M N* XXI. Common Metre.

*The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin,  
 death, and hell.*

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,  
 High as our joys arise,  
 And join the songs above the sky,  
 Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 [*Jesus*, the God, who fought and bled,  
 And conquer'd when he fell ;  
 Who rose, and at his chariot-wheels  
 Dragg'd all the pow'rs of hell.
- 3 *Jesus*, the God, invites us here  
 To this triumphal feast,  
 And brings immortal blessings down  
 For each redeemed guest.]
- 4 The Lord ! how glorious is his face !  
 How kind his smiles appear !  
 And, O ! what melting words he says  
 To ev'ry humble ear.
- 5 " For you, the children of my love,  
 It was for you I dy'd ;  
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,  
 And look into my side.
- 6 These are the wounds for you I bore,  
 The tokens of my pains,  
 When I came down to free your souls  
 From misery and chains.
- 7 [Justice unsheath'd its fi'ry sword,  
 And plung'd it in my heart ;  
 Infinite pangs for you I bore,  
 And most tormenting smart.

- 8 When hell and all its spiteful pow'rs,  
 Stood dreadful in my way,  
 To rescue those dear lives of yours,  
 I gave my own away.
- 9 But while I bled, and groan'd, and dy'd,  
 I ruin'd *Satan's* throne ;  
 High on my cross I hung, and spy'd  
 The monster tumbling down.
- 10 Now you must triumph at my feast,  
 And taste my flesh, my blood,  
 And live eternal ages blest'd,  
 For 'tis immortal food."
- 11 Victorious GOD! what can we pay  
 For favours so divine?  
 We would devote our hearts away,  
 To be for ever thine.]
- 12 We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,  
 The tribute of our tongues ;  
 But themes so infinite as these,  
 Exceed our noblest songs.

---

*H Y M N* XXII. Long Metre.

*The compassion of a dying Christ.*

- 1 **O**UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb ;  
 Oh, that our feeble lips could move  
 In strains immortal as his name,  
 And melting as his dying love !
- 2 Was ever equal pity found ?  
 The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,  
 And pours his life out on the ground,  
 To ransom guilty worms from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;  
 He from the threat'ning sets us free,  
 Bore the full vengeance on his cross,  
 And nail'd the curses to the tree.]

- 4 [The law proclaims no terrour now,  
And *Sinai's* thunder roars no more ;  
From all his wounds new blessings flow,  
A sea of joy without a shore.
- 5 Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,  
And heal'd our wounds with heav'nly blood ;  
Bless'd fountain ! springing from the veins  
Of *Jesus*, our incarnate God.]
- 6 In vain our mortal voices strive  
To speak compassion so divine :  
Had we a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be thine.

---

H Y M N XXIII. Common Metre.

*Grace and glory by the death of Christ.*

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,  
We raise our tuneful breath ;  
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,  
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of *Jesus* shed,  
Whence all our pardons rise ;  
The sinner views th' atonement made,  
And loves the sacrifice.
- 3 Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,  
Procure us heav'nly crowns :  
Our highest gain springs from thy loss ;  
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 Oh ! 'tis impossible that we  
Who dwell in humble clay,  
Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,  
Or equal thanks repay.

---

H Y M N XXIV. Common Metre.

*Pardon and strength from Christ.*

- 1 FATHER, we wait to feel thy grace,  
To see thy glories shine,

The Lord will his own table bless,  
And make the feast divine.

2 We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,  
We drink the sacred cup :  
With outward forms our sense is fed,  
Our souls rejoice in hope.

3 We shall appear before the throne  
Of our forgiving God,  
Dress'd in the garments of his Son,  
And sprinkled with his blood.

4 We shall be strong to run the race,  
And climb the upper sky ;  
*Christ* will provide our souls with grace,  
He bought a large supply.

5 Let us indulge a cheerful frame,  
For joy becomes a feast ;  
We love the mem'ry of his name,  
More than the wine we taste.

---

*H r M N* XXV. Common Metre.

*Divine glories and graces.*

1 **H**OW are thy glories here display'd,  
Great God ! how bright they shine !  
While at thy word we break the bread,  
And pour the flowing wine !

2 Here thy revenging justice stands,  
And pleads its dreadful cause ;  
Here saving mercy spreads her hands  
Like *Jesus* on the cross.

3 Thy saints attend with ev'ry grace  
On this great sacrifice ;  
And love appears with cheerful face,  
And faith with fixed eyes.

Our hope in waiting posture sits,  
To heav'n directs her sight ;

- Here ev'ry warmer passion meets,  
 And strongest pow'rs unite.
- 5 Zeal and revenge perform their part,  
 And rising sin destroy ;  
 Repentance comes with aching heart,  
 Yet not forbids the joy.
- 6 Dear Saviour, change our faith to sight ;  
 Let sin for ever die ;  
 Then shall our souls be all delight,  
 And ev'ry tear be dry.
- 

A Song of Praise to the ever-blessed TRINITY,  
 GOD the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT.

*HYMN XXVI. 1<sup>st</sup> Long Metre.*

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the Father and his love,  
 To whose celestial source we owe  
 Rivers of endless joy above,  
 And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
 From whose dear 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,  
 Makes living springs of grace arise,  
 And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit we adore,  
 That sea of life and love unknown,  
 Without a bottom or a shore.
- 

*HYMN XXVII. 1<sup>st</sup> Common Metre.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,  
 Who from our sinful race,  
 Chose out his fav'rites to proclaim  
 The honours of his grace.

- 2 Glory to God the Son be paid,  
Who dwelt in humble clay,  
And to redeem us from the dead,  
Gave his own life away.
- 3 Glory to God the Spirit give,  
From whose almighty pow'r,  
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,  
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God who reigns above,  
Th' eternal Three in One,  
Who by the wonders of his love,  
Has made his nature known.

---

*H Y M N* XXVIII. *1<sup>st</sup>* Short Metre.

- 1 **L**ET God the Father live  
For ever on our tongues ;  
Sinners from his first love derive  
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye faints employ your breath,  
In honour to the Son,  
Who brought your souls from hell and death,  
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise  
Of an immortal strain,  
Whose light, and pow'r, and grace conveys  
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter,  
Reveals our pardon'd sin,  
O may the blood and water bear  
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three,  
Who seal this grace in heav'n,  
The Father, Son, and Spirit be  
Eternal glory giv'n.

*H Y M N XXIX. 2d Long Metre.*

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,  
 Whose name has mysteries unknown ;  
 In essence One, in persons Three ;  
 A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are join'd,  
 The honours of thy name to raise ;  
 Thy glories over-match our mind,  
 And angels faint beneath the praise.
- 

*H Y M N XXX. 2d Common Metre.*

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be ador'd,  
 Who calls our souls from death,  
 Who saves by his REDEEMING WORD,  
 And new-creating breath.
- 2 To praise the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit all divine,  
 The One in Three, and Three in One,  
 Let saints and angels join.
- 

*H Y M N XXXI. 2d Short Metre.*

- 1 **L**ET God the Maker's name,  
 Have honour, love, and fear ;  
 To God the Saviour pay the same,  
 And God the Comforter.
- 2 Father of lights above,  
 Thy mercy we adore,  
 The Son of thy eternal love,  
 And Spirit of thy pow'r.
- 

*H Y M N XXXII. 3d Long Metre.*

- T**O God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,  
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.
-

*H Y M N XXXIII.* Or thus :

**A**LL glory to thy wond'rous name,  
 Father of mercy, God of love ;  
 Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,  
 And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

*H Y M N XXXIV.* 3<sup>d</sup> Common Metre.

**N**OW let the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,  
 Where there are works to make him known;  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

*H Y M N XXXV.* Or thus :

**H**ONOUR to the almighty Three,  
 And everlasting One ;  
 All glory to the Father be,  
 The Spirit and the Son.

*H Y M N XXXVI.* 3<sup>d</sup> Short Metre.

**Y**E angels round the throne,  
 And saints who dwell below,  
 Worship the Father, love the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

*H Y M N XXXVII.* Or thus :

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

*H Y M N XXXVIII.* 1<sup>st</sup> Particular Metre.

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.

**I** GIVE immortal praise  
 To God the Father's love,  
 For all my comforts here,  
 And better hopes above :

He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for sins  
Which man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe :  
And now he lives,  
And now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit  
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name,  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating pow'r  
Makes the dead sinner live :  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God ! to thee  
Be endless honour done,  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One :  
Where reason fails  
With all her pow'rs,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

---

*H Y M N* XXXIX. 2d Particular Metre.

1 **T**O him who chose us first,  
Before the world began ;  
'To him who bore the curse,  
To save rebellious man ;  
To him who forms  
Our hearts anew,

Is endless praise  
And glory due.

2. The Father's love shall run  
Through our immortal songs :  
We bring to God the Son,  
Hofannas on our tongues :  
Our lips address  
The Spirit's name,  
With equal praise,  
And zeal the fame.

3. Let ev'ry saint above,  
And angel round the throne,  
For ever blest and love  
The sacred Three in One ;  
Thus heav'n shall raise  
His honours high,  
When earth and time  
Grow old and die.

---

*H Y M N XL. 3d Particular Metre.*

**T**O God the Father's throne,  
Perpetual honours raise ;  
Glory to God the Son,  
To God the Spirit praise :  
And while our lips  
Their tribute bring,  
Our faith adores  
The name we sing.

---

*H Y M N. XLI. Or thus :*

**T**O our eternal God,  
The Father and the Son,  
And Spirit all divine,  
Three mysteries in one,  
Salvation, pow'r,  
And praise be giv'n,

By all on earth,  
And all in heav'n.

---

*H Y M N* XLII. Long Metre.

The HOSANNA: or, SALVATION ascribed  
to CHRIST.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to King *David's* Son,  
Who reigns on a superiour throne;  
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,  
Who brings salvation down to earth.
  - 2 Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,  
In this delightful work engage:  
Old men and babes in *Zion* sing  
The growing glories of her King.
- 

*H Y M N* XLIII. Common Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace.  
*Zion*, behold thy King;  
Proclaim the Son of *David's* race,  
And teach the babes to sing.
  - 2 Hosanna to th' incarnate Word,  
Who from the Father came;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,  
With blessings on his name.
- 

*H Y M N* XLIV. Short Metre.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Son  
Of *David* and of God,  
Who brought the news of pardon down,  
And bought it with his blood.
  - 2 To *Christ* th' anointed King,  
Be endless blessings giv'n;  
Let the whole earth his glory sing,  
Who made our peace with heav'n.
-

*H Y M N XLV. Particular Metre.*

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the King  
Of *David's* ancient blood ;  
Behold he comes to bring  
Forgiving grace from God :  
Let old and young  
Attend his way,  
And at his feet  
Their honours lay.
- 2 Glory to God on high,  
Salvation to the Lamb ;  
Let earth, and sea, and sky,  
His wond'rous love proclaim ;  
Upon his head  
Shall honours rest,  
And ev'ry age  
Pronounce him blest'd.

THE *END.*

**A TABLE to find any HYMN, or  
Part of a HYMN, by the first Line of it.**

*Note,* The Letters a, b, c, denote the First, Second, and Third Book; the Figures direct to the HYMN.

<i>A</i>		<i>B. H.</i>
<i>ADORE and tremble; for our God</i>	a	42
<i>Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.</i>	b	9
<i>All mortal vanities be gone</i>	a	25
<i>And are we wretches yet alive</i>	b	105
<i>And must this body die</i>	b	110
<i>And now the scales have left my eyes</i>	b	81
<i>Arise, my soul, my joyful pow'rs</i>	b	82
<i>At thy command, our dearest Lord</i>	c	19
<i>Attend while God's exalted Son</i>	b	130
<i>Awake my heart, arise my tongue</i>	a	20
<i>Awake, our souls, away our fears</i>	a	48
<i>Away from ev'ry mortal care</i>	b	123
<i>B</i>		
<i>BACKWARD with humble, &amp;c.</i>	a	57
<i>Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly, &amp;c.</i>	b	69
<i>Behold how sinners disagree</i>	a	131
<i>Behold the blind their sight receive</i>	b	137
<i>Behold the glories of the Lamb</i>	a	1
<i>Behold the grace appears</i>	a	3
<i>Behold the potter and the clay</i>	a	117
<i>Behold the rose of Sharon here</i>	a	68
<i>Behold the woman's promis'd seed</i>	b	135
<i>Behold the wretch whose lust and wine</i>	a	123
<i>Behold what wond'rous grace</i>	a	64
<i>Bless'd are the humble souls who see</i>	a	102
<i>Bless'd be the everlasting God</i>	a	26
<i>Bless'd be the Father and his love</i>	c	26
<i>Bless'd is the man whose cautious feet</i>	a	31
<i>Bless'd morning! whose young, &amp;c.</i>	b	72

T. A B L E.

573

B. H.

<i>Bless'd with the joys of innocence</i>	b	128
<i>Blood has a voice to pierce the skies</i>	b	118
<i>Bright King of glory, dreadful God</i>	b	51
<i>Broad is the road which leads to death</i>	b	158
<i>Bury'd in shadows of the night</i>	a	97
<i>But few among the carnal wise</i>	a	96

C

<i>CAN creatures to perfection find</i>	b	170
<i>Christ and his cross is all our theme</i>	a	119
<i>Come, all harmonious tongues</i>	b	84
<i>Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell</i>	a	135
<i>Come, happy souls, approach your God</i>	b	103
<i>Come hither, all ye weary souls</i>	a	127
<i>Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove</i>	b	34
<i>Come, let us join a joyful tune</i>	c	8
<i>Come, let us join our cheerful songs</i>	a	62
<i>Come, let us lift our joyful eyes</i>	b	108
<i>Come, let us lift our voices high</i>	c	21
<i>Come, we who love the Lord</i>	b	30

D

<i>DAUGHTERS of Zion, come, &amp;c.</i>	a	72
<i>Dear Lord, behold our sore distress</i>	b	163
<i>Dearest of all the names above</i>	b	148
<i>Death cannot make our souls afraid</i>	b	49
<i>Death may dissolve my body now</i>	a	27
<i>Death! 'tis a melancholy day</i>	b	52
<i>Deceiv'd by subtle snares of hell</i>	a	107
<i>Deep in the dust before thy throne</i>	a	124
<i>Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove</i>	b	23
<i>Do we not know that solemn word</i>	a	122
<i>Down headlong from their native skies</i>	b	96
<i>Dread Sov'reign, let my ev'ning song</i>	b	7

E

<i>ERE the blue heav'ns were, &amp;c.</i>	a	2
<i>Eternal Sov'reign of the sky</i>	b	149

	<i>B. H.</i>
<i>Eternal Spirit, we confess</i>	b 133
<i>F</i>	
<i>FAITH is the brightest evidence</i>	a 120
<i>Far from my thoughts, vain, &amp;c.</i>	b 15
<i>Father, I long, I faint to see</i>	b 68
<i>Father, we wait to feel thy grace</i>	c 24
<i>Firm and unmov'd are they</i>	a 23
<i>Firm as the earth the gospel stands</i>	a 138
<i>From heav'n the sinning angels fell</i>	b 97
<i>From thee, my God, my joys shall rise</i>	b 75
<i>G</i>	
<i>GENTILES by nature we belong</i>	a 114
<i>Give me the wings of faith to rise</i>	b 140
<i>Glory to God the Trinity</i>	c 29
<i>Glory to God who walks the sky</i>	b 59
<i>Glory to God the Father's name</i>	c 27
<i>God is a Spirit just and wise</i>	a 136.
<i>God of the morning, at whose voice</i>	a 79
<i>God of the seas, thy thund'ring voice</i>	b 70.
<i>God! the eternal, awful name</i>	b 27.
<i>God, who in various methods told</i>	a 59
<i>Go preach my gospel, saith the Lord</i>	a 128.
<i>Go worship at Immanuel's feet</i>	a 146.
<i>Great God, how infinite art thou</i>	b 67
<i>Great God, I own thy sentence just</i>	a 6
<i>Great God, thy glory shall employ</i>	b 167.
<i>Great God, to what a glorious height.</i>	b 112.
<i>Great King of glory and of grace</i>	b 159.
<i>Great was the day, the joy was great</i>	b 144
<i>H</i>	
<i>HAD I the tongues of Greeks, &amp;c.</i>	a 134
<i>Happy the church, thou sacred, &amp;c.</i>	b 64
<i>Happy the heart where graces reign</i>	b 38
<i>Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound</i>	b 63

T A B L E.

575

B. H.

<i>Hark! the Redeemer from on high</i>	a	70
<i>Hear what the voice from heav'n, &amp;c.</i>	a	18
<i>Hence from my soul sad thoughts, &amp;c.</i>	b	73
<i>Here at thy cross, my dying God</i>	b	4
<i>High as the heav'ns above the ground</i>	b	115
<i>High on a hill of dazzling light</i>	b	18
<i>Hosanna, &amp;c.</i> -	c	42 to 45
<i>Hosanna to our conqu'ring King</i>	b	89
<i>Hosanna to the Prince of light</i>	b	76
<i>Hosanna to the royal Son</i>	a	16
<i>Hosanna with a cheerful sound</i>	b	8
<i>How are thy glories here display'd</i>	c	25
<i>How beauteous are their feet</i>	a	10
<i>How can I sink with such a prop</i>	b	116
<i>How condescending and how kind</i>	c	4
<i>How full of anguish is the thought</i>	b	100
<i>How heavy is the night</i>	a	98
<i>How honourable is the place</i>	a	8
<i>How large the promise, how divine</i>	a	113
<i>How oft have sin and Satan strove</i>	a	139
<i>How rich are thy provisions, Lord</i>	c	12
<i>How sad our state by nature is</i>	b	90
<i>How shall I praise th' eternal God</i>	b	166
<i>How short and hasty is our life</i>	b	32
<i>How should the sons of Adam's race</i>	a	86
<i>How strong thine arm is, mighty God</i>	a	49
<i>How sweet and awful is the place</i>	c	13
<i>How vain are all things here below</i>	b	48
<i>How wond'rous great, how glorious bright</i>	b	87
I 7		
<i>I CANNOT bear thine absence, Lord</i>	b	117
<i>I give immortal praise</i>	c	38
<i>I hate the tempter and his charms</i>	b	156
<i>I lift my banner, saith the Lord</i>	a	29

	<i>B . H.</i>
<i>I love the windows of thy grace</i>	b 145
<i>I'm not asham'd to own my Lord</i>	a 103
<i>I send the joys of earth away</i>	b 11
<i>I sing my Saviour's wond'rous death</i>	b 114
<i>Jehovah speaks, let Isr'el hear</i>	a 84
<i>Jehovah reigns, his throne is high</i>	b 168
<i>Jesus, in thee our eyes behold</i>	a 145
<i>Jesus invites his saints</i>	c 2
<i>Jesus is gone above the skies</i>	c 6
<i>Jesus, the man of constant grief</i>	a 12
<i>Jesus, we bless thy Father's name</i>	a 54
<i>Jesus, we bow before thy feet</i>	c 18
<i>Jesus, with all thy saints above</i>	b 29
<i>In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone</i>	a 59
<i>In thine own ways, O God of love</i>	a 30
<i>In vain the wealthy mortals toil</i>	a 24
<i>In vain we lavish out our lives</i>	a 9
<i>Infinite grief! amazing woe</i>	b 95
<i>Join all the glorious names</i>	a 105
<i>Join all the names of love and pow'r</i>	a 149
<i>Is this the kind return</i>	b 74

## K

<i>KIND is the speech of Christ our Lord</i>	a 73
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## L

<i>LADEN with guilt, and full of tears</i>	b 119
<i>Let all our tongues be one</i>	c 9
<i>Let everlasting glories crown</i>	b 131
<i>Let ev'ry mortal ear attend</i>	a 7
<i>Let God the Father live</i>	c 28
<i>Let God the Maker's name</i>	c 31
<i>Let him embrace my soul and live</i>	a 66
<i>Let me but hear my Saviour say</i>	a 15
<i>Let mortal tongues attempt to sing</i>	a 58
<i>Let others boast how strong they be</i>	b 19

T A B L E.

577

B. H.

<i>Let Pharisees of high esteem</i>	a	133
<i>Let the old Heathens tune their songs</i>	b	21
<i>Let the sev'nth angel sound on high</i>	a	65
<i>Let the whole race of creatures lie</i>	b	99
<i>Let the wild leopards of the wood</i>	b	160
<i>Let them neglect thy glory, Lord</i>	b	35
<i>Let us adore th' eternal Word</i>	c	5
<i>Life and immortal joys are giv'n</i>	b	125
<i>Life is the time to serve the Lord</i>	a	88
<i>Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seat</i>	b	37
<i>Like sheep we went astray</i>	a	142
<i>Lo, the young tribes of Adam rise</i>	a	90
<i>Lo, what a glorious sight appears</i>	a	21
<i>Lo, what an entertaining sight</i>	a	44
<i>Lo, the destroying angel flies</i>	b	55
<i>Long have I sat beneath the sound</i>	b	165
<i>Look, gracious God, how num'rous they</i>	a	47
<i>Lord, at thy temple we appear</i>	a	19
<i>Lord, how divine thy comforts are</i>	c	11
<i>Lord, how secure and blest are they</i>	b	57
<i>Lord, how secure my conscience was</i>	a	115
<i>Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand</i>	c	20
<i>Lord, we adore thy vast designs</i>	b	109
<i>Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind</i>	b	26
<i>Lord, we confess our num'rous faults</i>	a	111
<i>Lord, what a feeble piece</i> -	a	37
<i>Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace</i>	b	16
<i>Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I</i>	a	36
<i>Lord, what a wretched land is this</i>	b	53
<i>Lord, when my tho'ts with wonder roll</i>	b	5
<i>Loud hallelujahs to the Lord</i> -	a	46

M

<i>MAN has a soul of vast desires</i>	b	146
<i>Mistaken souls who dream of heav'n</i>	a	140

B. H.

<i>My dear Redeemer and my Lord</i>	b	139
<i>My drowsy pow'rs why sleep ye so</i>	b	25
<i>My God, how endless is thy love</i>	a	81
<i>My God, my life, my love</i>	b	93
<i>My God, my portion, and my love</i>	b	94
<i>My God, permit me not to be</i>	b	122
<i>My God, the spring of all my joys</i>	b	54
<i>My God what endless pleasures dwell</i>	b	42
<i>My heart how dreadful hard it is</i>	b	98
<i>My Saviour God, my sov'reign Prince</i>	b	144
<i>My soul, come, meditate the day</i>	b	61
<i>My soul forsakes her vain delight</i>	b	10
<i>My thoughts on awful subjects roll</i>	b	2
<i>My thoughts surmount these lower skies</i>	b	162

## N

<b>N</b> <i>AKED as from the earth we came</i>	a	5
<i>Nature with all her pow'rs shall sing</i>	b	1
<i>Nature with open volume stands</i>	c	10
<i>No, I'll repine at death no more</i>	b	102
<i>No, I shall envy them no more</i>	b	56
<i>No more, my God, I boast no more</i>	a	109
<i>Nor eye has seen, nor ear has heard</i>	a	105
<i>Not all the blood of beasts</i>	b	142
<i>Not all the outward forms on earth</i>	a	95
<i>Not diff'rent food, nor diff'rent dress</i>	a	126
<i>Not from the dust affliction grows</i>	a	83
<i>Not the malicious or profane</i>	a	104
<i>Not to condemn the sons of men</i>	a	100
<i>Not to the terrours of the Lord</i>	b	152
<i>Not with our mortal eyes</i>	a	108
<i>Now be the God of Isr'el blest</i>	a	50
<i>Now by the bowels of my God</i>	a	130
<i>Now for a tune of lofty praise</i>	b	43
<i>Now have our hearts embrac'd our God</i>	c	14

T A B L E.

579

B. H.

<i>Now in the gall'ries of his grace</i>	a	77
<i>Now in the heat of youthful blood</i>	a	91
<i>Now let a spacious world arise</i>	b	147
<i>Now let our pains be all forgot</i>	c	16
<i>Now let the Lord my Saviour smile</i>	b	50
<i>Now Satan comes with dreadful roar</i>	b	157
<i>Now shall my inward joys arise</i>	a	39
<i>Now to the Lord a noble song</i>	b	47
<i>Now to the Lord who makes us know</i>	a	61
<i>Now to the pow'r of God supreme</i>	a	137

O

<b>O</b> <i>FOR an overcoming faith</i>	a	17
<i>Oh! if my soul were form'd for woe</i>	b	106
<i>Oh! the almighty Lord</i>	b	80
<i>Oh! the delights, the heav'nly joys</i>	b	91
<i>Often I seek my Lord by night</i>	a	71
<i>Once more my soul the rising day</i>	b	6
<i>Our days, alas, our mortal days</i>	b	39
<i>Our God, how firm his promise stands</i>	b	40
<i>Our sins, alas! how strong they be</i>	b	86
<i>Our souls shall magnify the Lord</i>	a	60
<i>Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb</i>	c	22

P

<b>P</b> <i>PLUNG'D in a gulf of dark despair</i>	b	79
<i>Praise, everlasting praise, be prid</i>	b	60

R

<b>R</b> <i>RAISE thee, my soul, fly up and run</i>	b	33
<i>Raise your triumphant songs</i>	b	104
<i>Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground</i>	b	17

S

<b>S</b> <i>SAINTS, at your heav'nly, &amp;c.</i>	a	129
<i>Salvation! Oh the joyful sound</i>	b	88
<i>See where the great incarnate God</i>	a	45
<i>Shall the vile race of flesh and blood</i>	a	82
<i>Shall we go on to sin</i>	a	106

	B.	H.
<i>Shall wisdom cry aloud</i>	a	92
<i>Shout to the Lord, and let our joys</i>	b	92
<i>Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts</i>	b	150
<i>Sin, like a venomous disease</i>	b	153
<i>Sing to the Lord who built the skies</i>	b	13
<i>Sing to the Lord with joyful voice</i>	a	43
<i>Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts</i>	b	62
<i>Sitting around our Father's board</i>	c	23
<i>So did the Hebrew prophet raise</i>	a	112
<i>So let our lips and lives express</i>	a	132
<i>So new-born babes desire the breast</i>	a	143
<i>Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears</i>	b	77
<i>Stoop down my tho'ts that use to rise</i>	b	28
<i>Strait is the way, the door is strait</i>	b	161

## T

<i>TERRIBLE God, who reign'st, &amp;c.</i>	b	22
<i>That awful day will surely come</i>	b	107
<i>Thee we adore, eternal name</i>	b	55
<i>The glories of my Maker, God</i>	b	71
<i>The God of mercy be ador'd</i>	c	30
<i>The King of glory sends his Son</i>	b	136
<i>The lands which long in darkness lay</i>	a	13
<i>The law by Moses came</i>	a	118
<i>The law commands and makes us know</i>	b	121
<i>The Lord declares his will</i>	b	120
<i>The Lord descending from above</i>	b	126
<i>The Lord Jehovah reigns</i>	b	160
<i>The Lord on high proclaims</i>	b	85
<i>The majesty of Solomon</i>	b	113
<i>The mem'ry of our dying Lord</i>	c	15
<i>The promise of my Father's love</i>	c	3
<i>The promise was divinely free</i>	b	134
<i>The true Messiah now appears</i>	b	12
<i>The voice of my beloved sounds</i>	a	69
<i>The wond'ring world enquires to know</i>	a	75

T A B L E.

581  
B. H.

<i>There is a house not made with hands</i>	a	110
<i>There is a land of pure delight</i>	b	66
<i>There's no ambition swells my heart</i>	a	33
<i>There was an hour when Christ rejoic'd</i>	a	11
<i>These glorious minds, how bright, &amp;c.</i>	a	41
<i>This is the word of truth and love</i>	b	138
<i>Thou, whom my soul admires above</i>	a	67
<i>Thus did the sons of Abrah'm pass</i>	b	127
<i>Thus far the Lord has led me on</i>	a	80
<i>Thus saith the first, the great command</i>	a	116
<i>Thus saith the high and lofty One</i>	a	87
<i>Thus saith the Ruler of the skies</i>	b	83
<i>Thus saith the mercy of the Lord</i>	a	121
<i>Thus saith the wisdom of the Lord</i>	a	93
<i>Thy favours, Lord, surprise our souls</i>	b	45
<i>Time, what an empty vapour 'tis</i>	b	58
<i>'Tis by the faith of joys to come</i>	b	129
<i>'Tis from the treasures of his word</i>	a	147
<i>'Tis not the law of ten commands</i>	b	124
<i>To God the only wise</i>	a	51
<i>To him who chose us first</i>	c	39
<i>'Twas by an order from the Lord</i>	b	151
<i>'Twas on that dark, that doleful night</i>	c	1
<i>'Twas the commission of our Lord</i>	c	52

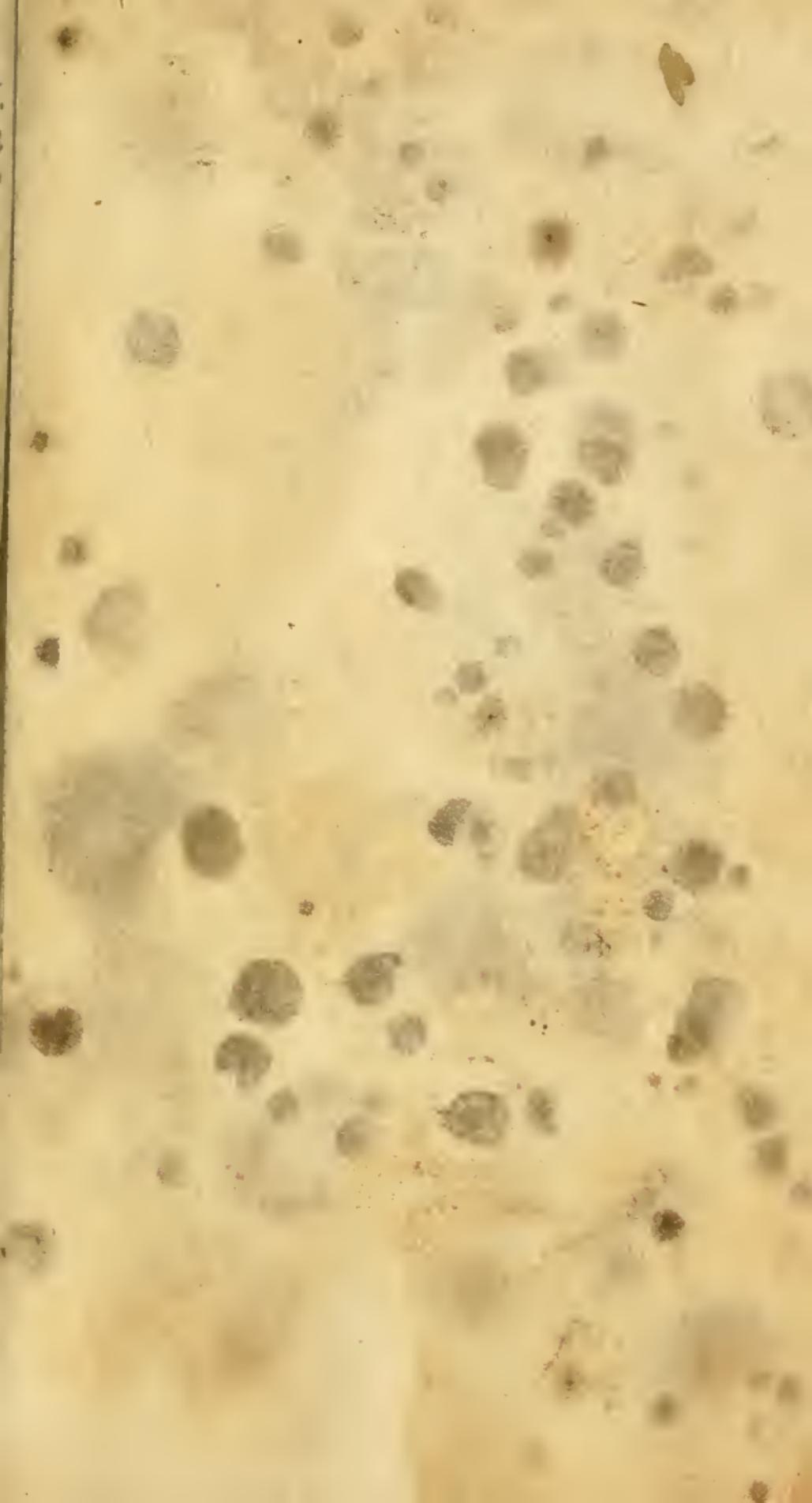
V & U

<i>VAIN are the hopes the sons of men</i>	a	94
<i>Vain are the hopes which rebels place</i>	a	99
<i>Unshaken as the sacred hill</i>	a	22
<i>Up to the fields where angels lie</i>	b	41
<i>Up to the Lord who reigns on high</i>	b	46

W

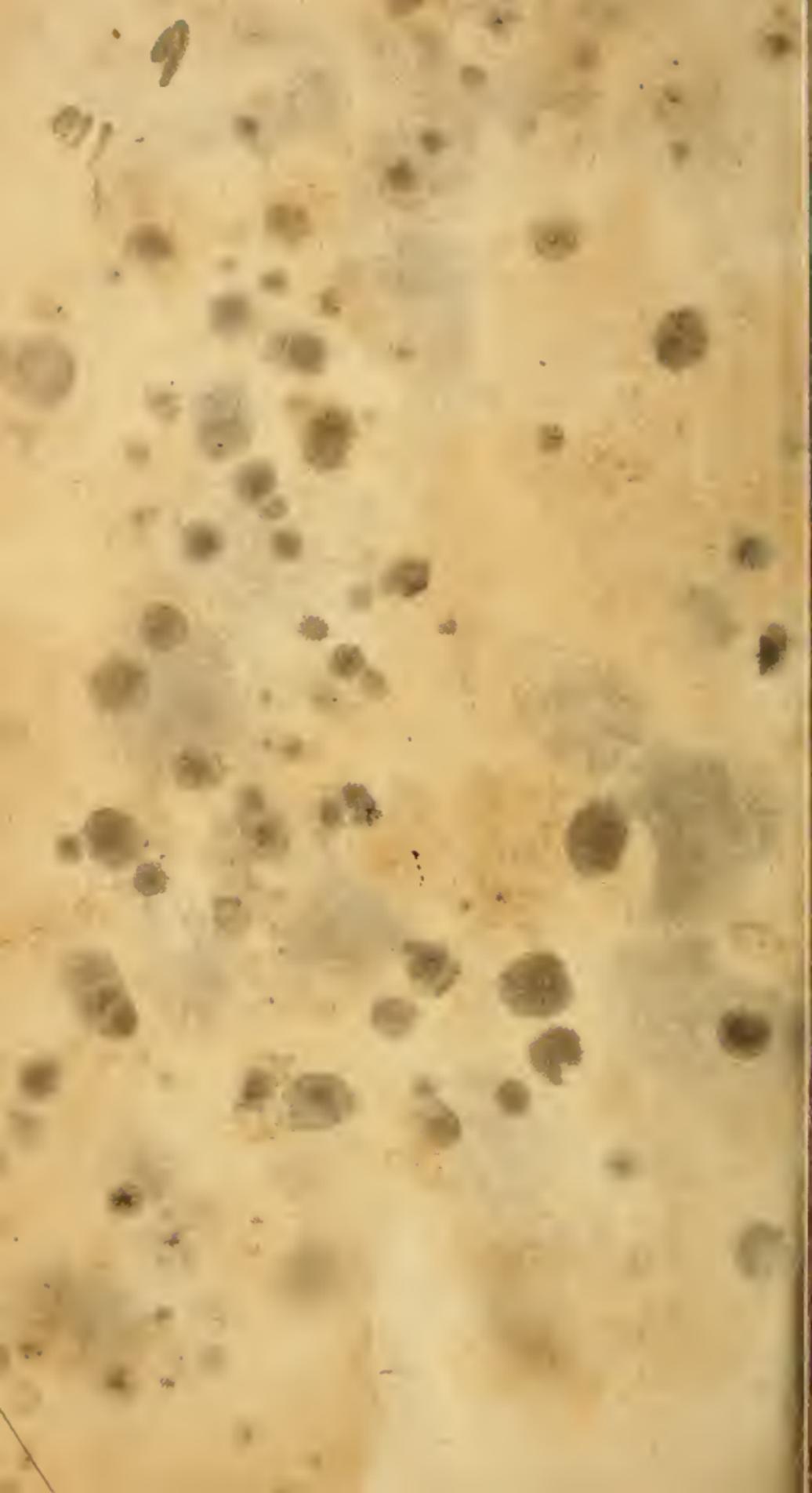
<i>WE are a garden wall'd around</i>	a	74
<i>We bless the prophet of the Lord</i>	b	132
<i>We sing th' amazing deeds</i>	c	17
<i>We sing the glories of thy love</i>	a	56

	B.	H.
<i>Welcome sweet day of rest</i>	b	14
<i>Well, the Redeemer's gone</i>	b	36
<i>What diff'rent pow'rs of grace and sin</i>	b	143
<i>What equal honours shall we bring</i>	a	63
<i>What happy men, or angels these</i>	a	40
<i>What mighty Man, or mighty God</i>	a	28
<i>Whence do our mournful thoughts arise</i>	a	32
<i>When I can read my title clear</i>	b	65
<i>When in the light of faith divine</i>	b	101
<i>When I survey the wond'rous cross</i>	c	7
<i>When we are rais'd from deep distress</i>	a	55
<i>When strangers stand and hear me tell</i>	a	76
<i>When the first parents of our race</i>	b	78
<i>When the great Builder arch'd the skies</i>	b	24
<i>Where are the mourners, saith the Lord</i>	b	154
<i>Who can describe the joys that rise</i>	a	101
<i>Who has believ'd thy word</i>	a	141
<i>Who is this fair one in distress</i>	a	78
<i>Who shall the Lord's elect condemn</i>	a	14
<i>Why did the Jews proclaim their rage</i>	a	4
<i>Why does your face, ye humble souls</i>	b	85
<i>Why do we mourn, departing friends</i>	b	3
<i>Why is my heart so far from thee</i>	b	20
<i>Why should the children of a King</i>	a	144
<i>Why should this earth delight us so</i>	b	164
<i>Why should we start and fear to die</i>	b	31
<i>With cheerful voice I sing</i>	a	148
<i>With holy fear and humble song</i>	b	44
<i>With joy we meditate the grace</i>	a	125
Y		
<i>YE saints, how lovely is the place</i>	a	38
<i>Ye sons of Adam, vain and young</i>	a	89
<i>Ye who obey th' immortal King</i>	a	34
Z		
<i>ZION rejoice, and Judah sing</i>	b	III



9

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[F 3] The Psalms of David Imitated, &c. Boston : From the  
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16mo.

(The Worcester text of Watts, without the Appendix of  
Barlow's additions. The make up of the book, like the  
title, is in the usual (not the Worcester) form. There are  
also 1794 and 1795 Bunnstead imprints, perhaps of the same  
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