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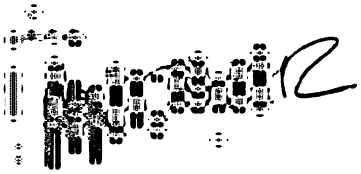
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of being.

1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the integrity of the financial system and for the ability to detect and prevent fraud.

2. The second part of the document outlines the specific requirements for record-keeping, including the need to maintain original documents and to keep copies of all transactions. It also discusses the importance of regular audits and the need to report any discrepancies immediately.

3. The third part of the document discusses the consequences of failing to maintain accurate records, including the potential for fines and penalties. It also discusses the importance of training staff on proper record-keeping procedures and the need to establish a strong culture of accountability.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of tax reporting. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the accuracy of tax returns and for the ability to defend against tax audits.

5. The fifth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of financial reporting. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the accuracy of financial statements and for the ability to provide reliable information to investors and other stakeholders.

6. The sixth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of legal compliance. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the ability to demonstrate compliance with applicable laws and regulations and for the ability to defend against legal claims.

7. The seventh part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of risk management. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the ability to identify and assess risks and for the ability to develop effective risk management strategies.

8. The eighth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of operational efficiency. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the ability to identify areas of inefficiency and for the ability to implement effective process improvements.

9. The ninth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of strategic planning. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the ability to analyze historical performance and for the ability to develop effective strategic plans.

10. The tenth part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records for the purpose of corporate governance. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for the ability to demonstrate transparency and accountability and for the ability to build trust with stakeholders.

THE ⁸⁸⁹⁴
PSALMS AND HYMNS

OF THE
REV. ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH
IMPROVED INDEXES,

AND
TABLES OF CONTENTS.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY THE
REV. G. BURDER.

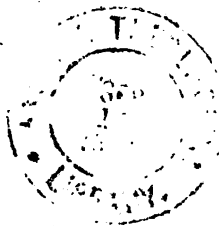
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Watts

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THE EDITOR of this Edition has taken considerable pains, both to prepare a correct copy, and revise the proofs.

By incorporating the Indexes and Tables of Contents, he conceives the task of finding a suitable Psalm or Hymn, will be greatly facilitated, without disturbing the order of the Work by any new arrangement: and the recollection will be farther assisted, by the Table of the first line of every verse throughout the whole volume.

G. B.

A

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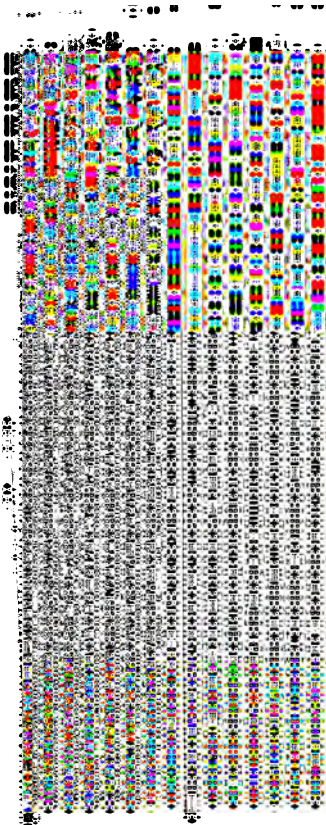
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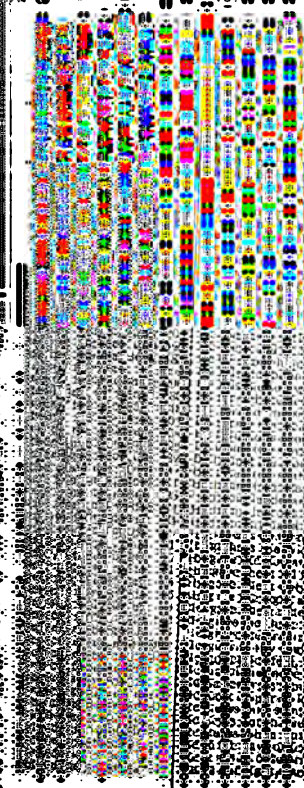
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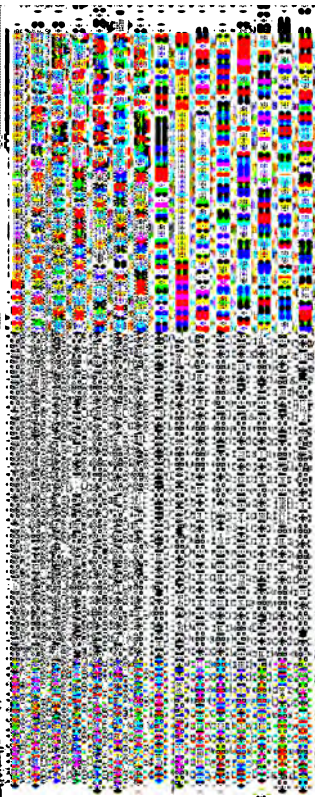
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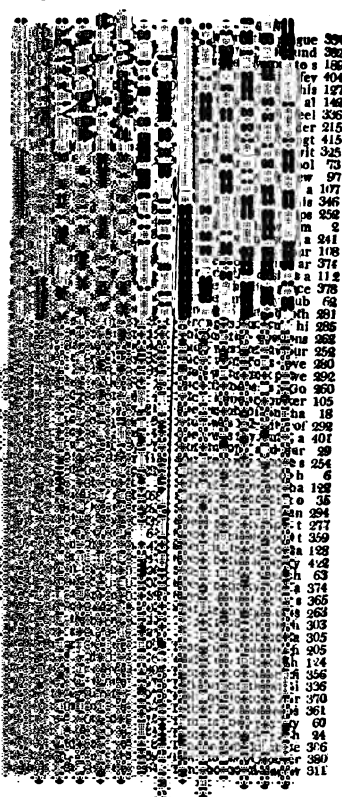
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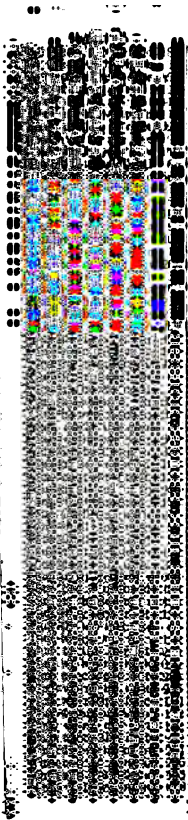
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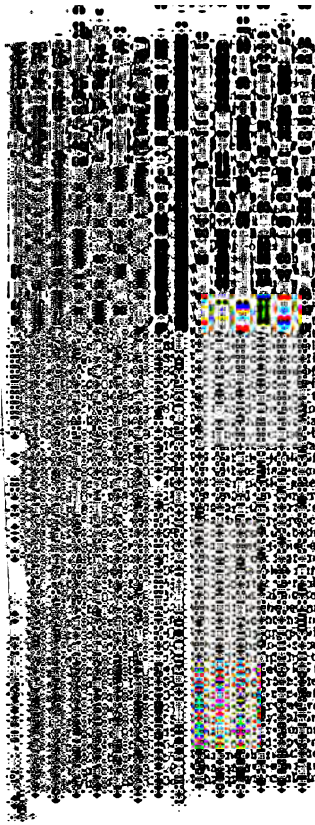
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THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM I. (Common Metre.)

*Way and End of the Righteous and
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 But 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 !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst 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.

PSALM I. (S. M.)

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

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

- 2 But 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 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find :
Their hopes shall 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 shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM I. (L. M.)

*The Difference between the Righteous and
the Wicked.*

- 1 **H**APPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves t'employ his morning light
Amongst 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 counsels 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 rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race ;
The dreadful judge with stern command
Divides him to a different place.
- 6 " Straight is the way my saints have trod,
" I blest the path, and drew it plain ;
" But you would choose the crooked road,
" And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM II. (S. M.)

*Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and
Reigning.*

- 1 [MAKER and sovereign 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'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
- 4 Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth;
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heavenly 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.]

PSALM II. *The same.* (C. M.)

- 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 that 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 Be wise, 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.

PSALM II. (L. M.)

Christ's Death, Resurrection, &c.

- 1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ?
Against the Lord their powers engage
His dear anointed to destroy?
- 2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,
"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 haunts 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 sovereign still."

- 5 [His wonderous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal godhead known;
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth:
 "This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand;
 "There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 "The utmost bounds of heathen land;
 "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 work is broke.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 Now, at 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.

PSALM III. (C. M.)

Doubts and Fears suppressed.

- 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 Heaven;
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too big to be forgiven.
- 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 tho' 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.

PSALM III. 1—5, 8. (L. M.)

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 my evening cry ;
Thou heard'st 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
Tho' 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 makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. (L. M.)

*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 ye try
To turn my glory into shame ;
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name ?

PSALMS.

- 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 that 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 powers rejoice,
At grace and favour so divine;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. (C. M.)

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever 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 evening 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.

PSALM V. (C. M.)

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 prayer,
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 every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

- 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 in the dust,
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout with joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd:
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield.

PSALM VI. (C. M.)

Complaint in Sickness.

- 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's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest;
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 eye consum'd with grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine hand afford relief?

PSALMS.

- 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 sovereign word
 Restores our fainting breath:
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

PSALM VI. (L. M.)

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 powers 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 flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM VII. (C. M.)

*God's Care of his People, and Punishment
 of Persecutors.*

- 1 **M**Y trust is in my heavenly friend,
 My hope in thee, my God;
 Rise, and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.

- 2 With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey,
When no deliverer's near.
- 3 If I had 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 hid 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 power controul;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

- 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.

PSALM VIII. (S. M.)

*God's Sovereignty and Goodness: and
Man's Dominion over the Creatures.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our heavenly 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 wondering 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 should'st 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.
- 6 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways:
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.
- 7 [Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.
- 8 O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.]

PSALM VIII. (C. M.)

*Christ's Condescension and Glorification;
or, God made Man.*

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly 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 should'st 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 thro' 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 sounded high,
By all things that have breath.
- 9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heavenly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

PSALM VIII. ver. 1, 2. Paraphrased.

First Part. (L. M.)

The Hosanna of the Children.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is
And thine eternal glories rise [spread,
O'er all the heavens 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 power 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 hosannahs 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.

PSALM VIII. ver. 3, &c. Paraphrased.

Second Part. (L. M.)

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and the New Creation.

- 1 **L**ORD, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou should'st set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

- 2 That thou should'st raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below ;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet !
- 3 But, O ! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made ;
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. First Part. (C. M.)

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 the poor oppress,
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.
- 4 The men that 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 threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that 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
That their own hands had 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.

PAUSE.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
Thy wrath devour the lauds
That dare forget thee, or rebel
Against thy known commands.
- 6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their cries shall not be still 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.]

PSALM X. (C. M.)

Prayers heard, and Saints saved.

- 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 power ?
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 God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
"The God of Heaven will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's side?"
- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine 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;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.
- 8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM XI. (L. M.)

*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 timorous trembling dove,
"To distant woods or mountains fly?"
- 2 If government be all destroy'd,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
His eyes survey the world below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints 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 that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. (L. M.)

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will flee away;
A faithful man amongst 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 flattery 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 flattering and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be control'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 opprest,
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, tho' often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, seven times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Tho' when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. (C. M.)

*Complaint of a general Corruption of
Manners.*

- 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 break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.
- 3 If we reprove some hateful lie
How is their fury stir'd!
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord!"

- 4 Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

- 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 hastening on?
Hast thou not giv'n this 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 seven times try'd,
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM XIII. (L. M.)

Pleading with God under Desertion.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst 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 thine 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 heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
5 How will the powers 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.

PSALM XIII. (C. M.)

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heavenly rays
 That 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 victory shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. First Part. (C. M.)

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their heart believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain,
 "There is no God that 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 that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.

- 4 By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There's none that loves his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace!
- 6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
In every heart are found:
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Folly of Persecutors.

- 1 **A**RE sinners now so senseless grown,
That they the saints devour?
And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful power?
- 2 Great God! appear to their surprise,
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.

PSALM XV. (L. M.)

Characters of a Saint.

- 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 that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promises,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor slanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe an ill-report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.

- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor;
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM XV. (L. M.)

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **W**HO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below :
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the things they mean :
No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he 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 loss 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 that curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same,
That 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 for ever, Lord, with thee.

PSALM XVI. First Part. (L. M.)

*Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the
best Company.*

- 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 confest
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 heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. (L. M.)

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 offerings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My god provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon ;
He, for my life, has offer'd 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,
Who 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.

PSALM XVI. Third Part. (L. M.)

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 Tho' 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 wondrous way
Up to thy throne above the sky.

- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow ;
 And full discoveries of thy grace
 (Which we but tasted here below)
 Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. First Part. (C. M.)

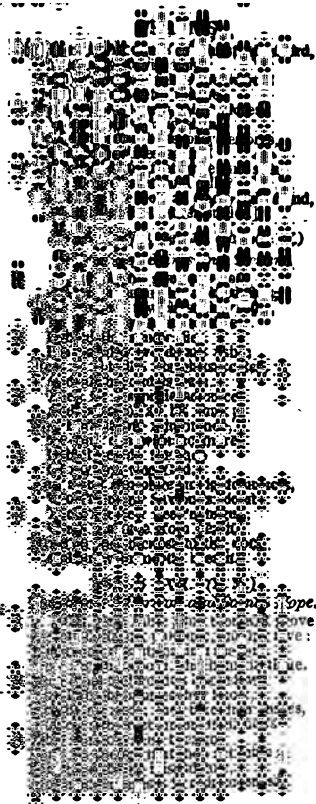
Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

- 1 **S**AVE me, O Lord, from every foe ;
 In thee my trust I place,
 Tho' all the good that 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.

PSALM XVI. Second Part. (C. M.)

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 pleasure give,
 " Thy presence joys unknown."



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

PSALM XVIII. 1—6, 15—18.

First Part. (L. M.)

Deliverance from Despair.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, 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 make my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried 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 deliverer, God.
- 6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath ;
He sent salvation from on 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 conqueror still
In all the wars that 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 power.

PSALM XVIII. ver. 20—26.

Second Part. (L. M.)

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 learnt thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin:
- 4 That sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?
- 5 [With an impartial hand the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls 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 that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 35, 46, &c.

Third Part. (L. M.)

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 that 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.

PSALM XVIII. First Part. (C. M.)
*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 heavenly tower,
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 generals 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 to the fight ;
(Tho' 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 church's sake ;
The powers that gave his people rest,
Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM XVIII. Second Part. (C. M.)
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 powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.

- 3 How have we chas'd them thro' 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,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?
- 5 The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.
- 6 On kings that reign as David did,
He pours his blessings down;
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports the crown.

PSALM XIX. First Part. (S. M.)

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power 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 every different land
Their general voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye British 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 that has the furnace past,
So much allures the sight.

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

PSALM XIX. Second Part. (S. M.)

God's Word most excellent.

For a Lord's-day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' 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 given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!
- PAUSE.
- 5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain 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 every 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.

PSALM XIX. (L. M.)

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every 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 power 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 begun its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly 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.

PSALM XIX. 6. 8's.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heavens 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 power, and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly 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 journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice:
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
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 every creature shines;
Fair are the book of nature's lives,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 I love the volumes of thy word ;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distress !
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.
- 6 From the discoveries 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 hath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threatnings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies ;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors 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.

PSALM XX. (L. M.)

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

- 1 **N**OW may the God of power and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry !
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls ;
 He, from his sanctuary, sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 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 Israel'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 heavenly hosts.

- 6 [O! may the memory 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 the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI. (C. M.)

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

- 1 **T**HE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.
2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
3 Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.
4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand:
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.
5 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.
6 Thus, Lord, thy wonderous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM XXI. 1—9. (L. M.)

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,
Fulfills 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 given 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.

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- 10 My God, if possible it be,
With-hold 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 has 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.

PSALM XXII. ver. 20, 27,—31.

Second Part. (C. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

- 1 "NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage
"The powers of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne 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 that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isle shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXII. (L. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

- 1 NOW 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 power.
- 5 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.

PSALM XXIII. (L. M.)

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 wandering 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 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
Where death and all its terrors are,
My heart and hope shall never fall,
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.]

PSALM XXIII. (C. M.)

- 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 wandering 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 thro' 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.

PSALM XXIII. (S. M.)

- 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 heavenly 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 following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

PSALM XXIV. (C. M.)

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth for ever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous 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 that 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 that seek
The God of Jacob's face.
- 4 Now let our souls' immortal power
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.

PSALM XXIV. (L. M.)

Saints dwellin 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 world on high,
Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his Maker, God?
- 3 He that 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
That seek the God of Jacob's face;
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

- 5 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 heavenly gates, your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way:
Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
The conqueror comes with God to dwell.
- 7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heaven's eternal door,
To give his saints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM XXV. 1—11. 1st Part. (S. M.)

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

- 1 **I** LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame.
- 2 Sin and the powers of hell
Persuade me to despair;
Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
That I may 'scape the snare.
- 3 From the first dawning light,
Till the dark evening 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 every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame:
He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. 2d Part. (S. M.)

Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
That fears t'offend his God,
That 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 covenant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant 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.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. 3d Part. (S. M.)

Distress of Soul.

- 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 sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wandering 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 every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.
- PAUSE.
- 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 Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI. (L. M.)

Self-Examination.

- 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 Amongst 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 thine 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.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 1—6. 1st Part. (C. M.)

The Church 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 enquire 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.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. 2d Part. (C. M.)

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 saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXIX. (L. M.)

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of faith,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forests bare around;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror 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 desarts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns for ever king;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language there, the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts;
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. First Part. (L. M.)

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 saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers 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.

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. Second Part. (L. M.)

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twou'd ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forget 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 can'st 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 pardoning 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 heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 5, 13—19, 22, 23.

First Part. (C. M.)

Deliverance from Death.

- 1 INTO thine hand, O God of truth,
I 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 doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
To take away my life.
- 3 " My times are in thine hand," I cry'd,
" Tho' 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 shiue,
And save me for thy mercy sake,
For I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

- 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 wonderous is thy grace,
To those that fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promises !
- 7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
And sing his praises loud ;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7—13, 18—21.

Second Part. (C. M.)

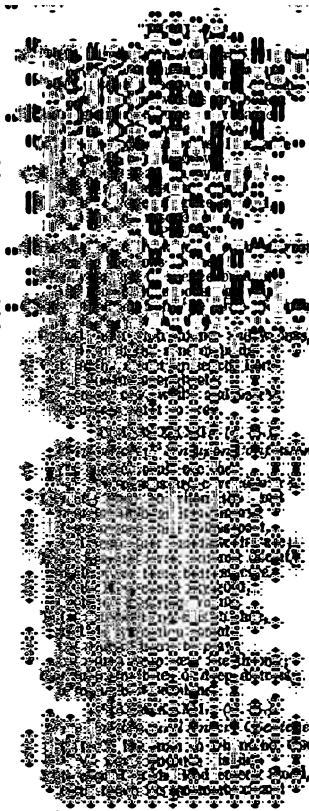
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
My God, my help, my trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

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- 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 rack'd my tortur'd mind.
- 5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace 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.

PSALM XXXII. First Part. (L. M.)

Repentance and Free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his 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
That hides and cancels all his sins!
While a bright evidence of grace
Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

PSALM XXXII. Second Part. (L. M.)

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

- 1 **W**HILE I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments 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 pardoning word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.
- 3 For this shall every 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 every snare.

PSALM XXXIII. First Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wonderful name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He bid 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 nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second Part. (C. M.)

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 heavenly 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 of famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just
Amongst 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.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

First Part.

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 to 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 heavenly-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 watry treasures know their place,
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth
His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble, and adore
A God of such resistless power,
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.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Second Part.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **O** HAPPY nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure 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 a horse,
To guard his rider, or to fly.
- 3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
Doth more secure defence afford,
When deaths or dangers threatening 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.

PSALM XXXIV. First Part. (L. M.)

God's Care of the Saints; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless 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 heavenly 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 that serve the Lord:
 O fear and love him, all his saints,
 Taste of his grace and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. 2d Part. (L. M.)

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 impious 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.

PSALM XXXIV. 1—10. First Part. (C. M.)

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 that use to pray,
 Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
 How a poor sufferer cry'd,
 Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
 Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
 And endless fears arose,
 Like the loud billows of a flood,
 Redoubling all my woes;

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PSALM XXXV. ver. 1—9. 1st Part. (C. M.)

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints.

- 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
That their own hands have made.
- 4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
And slippery 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
Amongst 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.

PSALM XXXV. 12, 13, 14 2d Part. (C. M.)

Love to Enemies.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the love, the generous love
That 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 heavenly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.
- 6 He the true David, Israel's king,
Blest and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 5—9. (L. M.)

The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy 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 taste.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

PSALM XXXVI. v. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. (C. M.)

Practical Atheism expos'd.

- 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-flattery blinds their eyes!
 But there's a hastening hour
 When they shall see with sore surprise
 The terrors of thy power.
- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Tho' mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.
- 5 Above these heavens 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 Tho' all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1—7. (S. M.)

*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-flattering 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 sets his heart, and hand, and head
 To practise all that's ill.

- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
 Tho' men renounce his fear;
 His justice hid behind the cloud
 Shall one great day appear.
- 6 His truth transcends the sky;
 In heaven 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!

PSALM XXXVII. 1—15. First Part. (C. M.)

The Cure of Envy and Unbelief.

- 1 **W**HŸ should I vex my soul, and fret
 To see the wicked rise?
 Or envy sinners waxing great
 By violence and lies?
- 2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
 Before the evening fades,
 So shall their glories vanish soon
 In everlasting shades.
- 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
 And practise all that's good;
 So shall I dwell amongst the just,
 And he'll provide me food.
- 4 I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
 Shall my desires fulfil.
- 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
 And make thy judgments known,
 Fair as the light of dawning day,
 And glorious as the noon.
- 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
 And are the heirs of heaven;
 True riches, with abundant peace,
 To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

- 7 Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
 Nor let your anger rise,
 Tho' providence should long delay
 To punish haughty vice.
- 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
 And plot, and rage, and foam;
 The Lord derides them, for he sees
 The day of vengeance come.

- 9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
- 10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. 2d Part. (C.M.)

Charity to the Poor.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
- 2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
But ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.
- 3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His memory 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 learnt 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 every snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. 3d Part. (C.M.)

The Way & End of the Righteous & Wicked.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Tho' they shall 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 heavenly heritage is their's,
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.

PAUSE.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor 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 several steps attend;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM XXXVIII. (C. M.)

Guilt of Conscience and Relief,

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 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 every tear,
And every sigh, and every 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.]

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. 1st Part. (C. M.)

Watchfulness over the Tongue.

- 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 we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 4—7. 2d Part. (C. M.)

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

- 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 flower 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 desire recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. 3d Part. (C. M.)

Sick-bed Devotion.

- 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 murmuring word
 Against thy chastening hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
 Remove thy sharp rebukes;
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
 Through thy repeated strokes.
- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust;
 Our feeble powers 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 numerous 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 awhile,
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17.

First Part. (C. M.)

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

- 1 **I** Waited patient for the Lord,
 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.

PSALM XL. 6—9. Second Part. (C. M.)
The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
" Give your burnt-offerings 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 with delight
" To what thy lips impart."
- 4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes;
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assumes
The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness,
Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd sinners' cries,
And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

- 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.

PSALM XL. ver. 5—10. (L. M.)

Christ, our Sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fall.
- 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 designs 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
 "Of sins, 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 to my crown above the sky.
- 7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
 "What thou hast done, and what I do;
 "The wondering world shall learn thy grace,
 "Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

PSALM XLI. v. 1, 2, 3. (L. M.)

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 sympathising love,
 Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

- 2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has bowels 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 forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

PSALM XLII. v. 1—5. First Part. (C. M.)
Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from public Worship.

- 1 WITH 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 thy woes remove:
For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLII. 6—11. 2d Part. (L. M.)
Melancholy Thoughts reproved; or Hope in Afflictions.

- 1 MY spirit sinks within me, Lord,
But I will call thy name to mind,
And times of past 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 sing and pray.
- 4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, "My God, my heavenly rock,
"Why doth thy love so long forget
"The soul that 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 heavenly hill,
My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM XLIV. v. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26. (C. M.)

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of power 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;
Amongst 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 heaven,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast given.
- 6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

- 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 heavenly 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 powers confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. (S. M.)

The Glory of Christ and the Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every 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 thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts to obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth
Attend thy glorious way.
- 4 Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed,
His Spirit, like a joyful oil
To anoint thy sacred head.]
- 6 [Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princess-guard the queen.]

- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy Father's house;
Forsake thy gods, thy idol-gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- 8 O let thy God and king
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy.

PSALM XLV. (C. M.)

The personal Glories & 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 heavenly 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 terrors shall strike thro' 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 the 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.

PSALM XLV. First Part. (L. M.)

The Glory of Christ & Power of his Gospel.

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

- 5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre 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 thy head,
 And with his sacred Spirit blest
 His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM XLV. Second Part. (L. M.)

*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 heavenly 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 favourite 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 numerous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign!
- 6 Let endless honours crown his head;
 Let every age his praises spread;
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

PSALM XLVI. First Part. (L. M.)

*The Church's Safety and Triumph among
 national Desolations.*

- 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 every nation, every 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 watering our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controuls :
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
 And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hor ;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

PSALM XLVI. Second Part. (L. M.)

God fights for his Church.

- 1 **L**ET Sion 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 hand has wrought,
 What desolations he has made.
- 3 From sea to sea, thro' 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 heavenly 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 Sion 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.

PSALM XLVII. (C. M.)

Christ's ascending and reigning.

- 1 **O** FOR a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sovereign king !
 Let every land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.

- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their king,
Let mortals leary 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 Israel 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 British islands are the Lord's;
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers, and princes, shields, & swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. First Part. (S. M.)

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,
And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 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 tempest 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 every new distress
 We'll to his house repair,
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. Second Part. (S. M.)

The Beauty of the Church.

- 1 **F**AR as thy name is known
 The world declares thy praise ;
 Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
 Their songs of honour raise.
- 2 With joy let Judah stand
 On Sion's chosen hill ;
 Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
 And counsels of thy will.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
 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 that 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.

PSALM XLIX. v: 6—14. First Part. (C. M.)

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 every rising tide ?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
 Made of the self-same clay,
 And boast as tho' 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 with gold,
 That man may never die.]

- 5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous 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 hand.”
- 7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies !
His name is written in the dust
Where his own carcass lies.

PAUSE.

- 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 the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die.
- 10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet break their sleep
In terror and despair.

PSALM XLIX. v. 14, 15, 2d Part. (C. M.)

Death and the Resurrection.

- 1 **Y**E sons of pride, that 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 hour appear ?
When shall the just revive, and reign
O'er all that scorn'd them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
When separate from the flesh ;
And break the prison of the grave,
To raise my bones afresh.
- 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
Th' inheritance is sure ;
Let men of pride their rage resume,
But I'll repine no more.

PSALM XLIX. (L. M.)

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's 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;
- 3 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.

PSALM 1—6. 1st Part. (C. M.)

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 Heaven 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)
 " That made their peace with God,
 " By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 " And seal'd it with his blood.
- 6 " Their faith and works brought forth to light,
 " Shall make the world confess
 " My sentence of reward is right,
 " And heaven adore my grace."

PSALM L. v. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.

First Part. (C. M.)

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

- 1 **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 hand shall set thee free;
 " Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 " The honour due to me.
- 4 " The man that offers humble praise,
 " He glorifies me best;
 " And those that tread my holy ways
 " Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM L. v. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.

Third Part. (C. M.)

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."

- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliverer there.

PSALM L. Third Part. (L. M.)

Hypocrisy expos'd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the judge, his churches warns;
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of falsehood 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 covenant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
 By night they practise every 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 deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM L.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign, 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 atheists 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:
 Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all things come
 To hear his justice and the sinner's doom:
 "But gather first my saints, (the Judge commands.)
 "Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

- 3 "Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
 "Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
 "And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
 the Jew,
 "That pay'd the ancient worship or the new.
 "There's no distinction here: come, spread
 their thrones, [sons.
 "And near me seat my favourites and my
- 4 "I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
 "I am their judge: ye heavens proclaim abroad
 "My just eternal sentence, and declare
 "Those awful truths that sinners dread to
 "Sinners in Zion tremble and retire; [hear:
 "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 didst thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood?
 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 "Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic 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, [wrong
 "Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother
 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 "Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.
- 8 "Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
 "But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er re-
 prove?
 "And cherish such an impious thought within,
 "That God the righteous wou'd 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
 words amend,
 Fly to the Saviour, make the judge your friend;
 Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
 Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The Last Judgment.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Callsthesouth nations, andawakesth north;
 From east to west the sovereign order's spread,
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
 The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven
 rejoices; [voices.
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful
- 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;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him.
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
- 3 "Heaven, earth, and hell draw near; let all
 things come
 "To hear my justice and the sinners doom:
 "But gather first my saints, (the judge com-
 mands) [lands."
 "Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful pas-
 sion,
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.
- 4 "Behold my covenant stands for ever good,
 "Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
 "And sign'd with all their names; the Greek,
 the Jew,
 "That pay'd the ancient worship or the new."
 There's no distinction here: join all your voices,
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven re-
 joices.
- 5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels spread their
 thrones,
 "And near me seat my favourites and my sons.
 "Come, myredeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
 "E'er time began; 'Tis your divine reward."
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.
- PAUSE THE FIRST.
- 6 "I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
 "I am the judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
 "My just eternal sentence, and declare
 "Those awful truths that sinners dread tohear."
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.
- 7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and pro-
 fane, [ings vain:
 "Now feel my wrath, nor call my threaten-
 "Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,
 "I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."

Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices; [voices.]

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful

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 that were mine before:"

Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?

"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' 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 chattering 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 heart: no fair disguises

Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "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, [wrong.]

"Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother

Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices:

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,

"Thieves & adulterers are thy chosen friends;

"While the false flatterer 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-suffering love;

"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove? [in,

"And cherish such an impious thought with-

"That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"

See, God appears! all nature joins to adore him;

Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors 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 deliverer near."

Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices; [voices.]

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise :
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked
 works amend, [friend :
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your
 Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion,
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM LI. First Part. (L. M.)

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

- 1 SHEW 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 not surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace ;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean ;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 O y 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 hovering round thy word,
 Would fight on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

PSALM LI. Second Part. (L. M.)

Original and actual Sin confess'd.

- 1 LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;
 And born unholy and unclean ;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the 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 every part.

- 3 [Great God, create my heart a-new,
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 power 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 pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. Third Part. (L. M.)

*The Backslider restored; or, Repentance
and Faith in the Blood of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU, that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory 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 Tho' 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 the soul condemn'd to die.

- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

PSALM LI. 3—13. First Part. (C. M.)

Original & actual Sin confessed & pardoned.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will spread my sore distress
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 Should'st thou condemn my soul to hell,
And crush my flesh to dust,
Heaven 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.

PSALM LI. 14—17. Second Part. (C. M.)

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy! hear my call,
My loads 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 heifer 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;
A humble groan, a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6. (C. M.)

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour's rules,
And pities her complaints?
- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that 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 Sion's King
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 22. (C. M.)

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 levell'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 sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst 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.

PAUSE.

- 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 saults 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.

PSALM LV. v. 15, 10, 22. (S. M.)

Dangerous Prosperity.

- 1 **L**ET sinners 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 every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 While sinners 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 power can move.

PSALM LVI. (C. M.)

Deliverance from Oppression & Falsehood.

- 1 O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppressor cease,
Behold how envious sinners 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 flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults ;
Mischief doth all their councils 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 !
- PAUSE.
- 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 thy pris'ner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. (L. M.)

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

- 1 **MY** 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 heavens I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy powers 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 fame.
- 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 heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise 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 heavens 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-e'er it wounds:
You hear no counsels, cries nor tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears
Against the power 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 smelts 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 that hear shall join and say,
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 " A God that hears his children cry,
 " And will their sufferings well repay.

PSALM LX. 1, 5, 10, 12. (C. M.)

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 indur'd immortal wrath?
 Shall mercy ne'er return?
- 2 The terrors of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away;
 Like men that totter, drunk with wine,
 We tremble in dismay.
- 3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
 And dreads thy threatening hand;
 O heal the island thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wavering land.
- 4 Lift up a banner in the field,
 For those that 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 confederate God;
 In vain confederate powers unite
 Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
 By thine assisting hand;
 'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
 And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1-6. (S. M.)

Safety in God.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven 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 tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII. 5-12. (L. M.)

*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 saints, 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 heart on glittering 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 sovereign power reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1—5. First Part. (C. M.)

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 power
Thro' all thy temple shine;
My God repeat that heavenly 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 her 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.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. Second Part. (C. M.)

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 heavenly 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 deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. (L. M.)

Longing after God.

- 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 power of sovereign 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 passions 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.

PSALM LXIII. (S. M.)

Seeking God.

- 1 **MY** 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 doth implore ;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening 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'll 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 at 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.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)

Public Prayer and Praise.

- 1 **THE** praise of Sion 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 alas 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.

PAUSE.

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

PSALM LXV. 5—13. 2d Part. (L. M.)

The God of Nature and Grace.

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror 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, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frighted souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roat
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd 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 foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise;
From the bright horrors 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 evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dress'd in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his watery 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 speaks thy name.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine ;
O'er every field thy glories shine,
Thro' every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God! thy goodness crown's the year.

PSALM LXV. First Part. (C. M.) :

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 PRAISE 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 pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Bless'd 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 answering what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.
- 5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
The Lord is good and just :
And distant islands fly to thee,
And make thy name their trust.

- 6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
When signs in heaven appear;
But they shall learn thy holy word,
And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Providence of God; or, the Blessing of Rain.

- 1 **T**IS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.
- 4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
Borne by the winds around,
With watery 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.

PSALM LXV. Third Part. (C. M.)

The Blessings of the Spring; or, God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord, the heavenly king,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures every spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their watry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The valleys rich provision yield,
And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.

- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The parching 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.

PSALM LXVI. First Part. (C. M.)

Governing Power and Goodness.

- 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 power that 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 frighted 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 suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine ;
 So silver bears the burning coals
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Thro' watery deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20. 2d Part. (C. M.)

Praise to God for hearing Prayer.

- 1 **N**OW shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty power,
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.

- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
While prayer 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.

PSALM LXVII. (C. M.)

*The Nation's Prosperity and the Church's
Increase.*

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian-fire
Surround the favourite 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;
While British tongues exalt his praise,
And British hearts rejoice.
- 5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judge;
That 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 isle
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. ver. 1—6, 32—35.

First Part. (L. M.)

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

- 1 **L**ET God 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 Jehovah 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 prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wonderous names and powers rehearse;
His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known,
Israel 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 every saint.

PSALM LXVIII. 2d Part. v. 17, 18. (L. M.)

Christ's Ascension, & the Gift of the Spirit.

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM LXVIII. 3d. Part. v. 19—22. (L. M.)

Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, Common and Special Mercies.

- 1 **WE** bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
 He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death:
 Safety and health to God belong;
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide difference that remains
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that 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.

PSALM LXIX. 1—14. First Part: (C. M.)

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

- 1 " **SAVE** me, O God, the swelling floods
 " Break in upon my soul:
 " I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
 " Like mighty waters roll.
- 2 " I cry till all my voice be gone,
 " In tears I waste the day:
 " My God, behold my longing eyes,
 " And shorten thy delay.

- 3 " They hate my soul without a cause,
 " And still their number grows
 " More than the hairs around my head,
 " And mighty are my foes.
- 4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 " That 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 saints 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 " Amongst my brethren and the Jews
 " I like a stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile reproach, to bring
 " The Gentiles near to God.
- 9 " I came, in sinful 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 sinner's cry."

PSALM LXIX. ver. 14—21, 26, 29, 32.
 Second Part. (C. M.)

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips with holy fear,
 And mournful pleasure, sing
 The sufferings 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 heavenly Father's ear
He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining face;
" Why should thy favourite look like one
" Forsaken of thy grace?
- 4 " With rage they persecute the man
" That groans beneath thy wound;
" While, for a sacrifice, I pour
" My life upon the ground.
- 5 " They tread my honour to the dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting slanders add
" Fresh anguish to my pain.
- 6 " All my reproach is known to thee,
" The scandal and the shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,
" And lies defil'd my name.
- 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain;
" My kindred are my grief:
" I ask my friends for comfort round,
" But meet with no relief.
- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst;
" They give me gall for food:
" And sporting with my dying groans,
" They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
" Let thy compassions save;
" And though my flesh sink down to death,
" Redeem it from the grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
" Shall reign in worlds unknown;
" And thy salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM LXIX. Third Part. (C. M.)

Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified and Sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wonderous grace,
I bless my Saviour's name,
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinners 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 followers see,
And set their hearts at rest ;
They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest.
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high
To God their voices raise,
While lauds and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance the praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God ;
Thy Son shall bless her gates :
And glory purchas'd by his blood
For thy own Israel waits.

PSALM LXIX. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ's Passion, and Sinner's 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 powers of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curst design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove ;
Those dreadful sufferings 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.

PSALM LXIX. ver. 7, &c. 2d Part. (L. M.)

Christ's Suffering and Zeal.

- 1 **T**WAS for thy 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 kin,
Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
While he fulfil'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 scattering all their gold and brass,
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 followers 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 that 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 that hate his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM LXXI. v. 5—9. First Part. (C. M.)

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 power,
With all those limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen,
Repeated every 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 glories shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.

- 5 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM LXXI. 14—16, 22—24. 2d Part. (C. M.)

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.
When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell
Shall thy salvation sing.
- 6 [My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drown'd them in his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.]

PSALM LXXI. ver. 17—21. 3d Part. (C. M.)

The aged Christian's Prayer and Song.

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
And told thy wondrous 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 power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age,
 And leave a savour 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!

PAUSE.

- 5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.
- 6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief:
 But when thy hand has prest me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.
- 7 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
- 8 When I lay buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care:
 These withering limbs with thee I trust.
 To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM LXXII. First Part. (L. M.)
The Kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heaven submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.
- 3 With power he vindicates the just,
 And treads the oppressor in the dust;
 His worship and his fear shall last
 Till hours and years and time be past.
- 4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
 So shall he send his influence down;
 His grace on fainting souls distils
 Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
 The shades of overspreading death,
 Revive at his first dawning light,
 And deserts blossom at the sight.

- 6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM LXXII. Second Part. (L. M.)
Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.

- 1 JESUS 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 prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 5 People and realms of every 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 prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 7 [Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 8 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long *Amen*.]

PSALM LXXIII. 1st Part. (C. M.)

Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

- 1 NOW 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 heavens 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 slippery place
Besides a fiery pit.
- 8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honours in 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 full despair,
Upheld by power unknown;
That blessed hand that broke the snare,
Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. v. 23—28. Second Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst 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 every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that 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 sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

PSALM LXXIII. v. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. (L. M.)

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 slippery 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.

PSALM LXXIII. (S. M.)

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain,
 Tho' 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
That pious souls endure,
Thro' 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 their lies abroad.
- 6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]
- 7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.
- 8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes amend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That 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 powers are thine.

PSALM LXXIV. (C. M.)

*The Church pleading with God under sore
Persecutions.*

- 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 ensigus hang,
 Sad tokens of their power.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke!
 They tear the buildings down,
 And he that 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," thy cry,
 "The temple and the priest."
- 7 And still to heighten our distress
 Thy presence is withdrawn;
 Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
 Thy power and grace are gone.
- 8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
 But all the seers mourn;
 There's not a soul amongst us knows
 The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

- 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 deliverance 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 wonderous way,
 And then secure their flight.
- 13 Is not the world of nature thine,
 Thy darkness and the day?
 Didst not thou bid the morning shine,
 And mark the sun his way?
- 14 Hath not thy power form'd every 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 power blaspheme?
 Will not thy hand that form'd them first
 Avenge thine injur'd name?

- 16 Think on the covenant 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 thy own cause, Almighty God,
 And give thy children rest.

PSALM LXXV. (L. M.)

Power and Government from God alone.

Applied to the Glorious Revolution by King
 William, or the happy Accession of King
 George to the Throne.

- 1 **T**O thee, most Holy, and most High,
 To thee we bring our thankful praise ;
 Thy works declare thy Name is nigh,
 Thy works of wonder and of grace.
- 2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
 Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great ;
 When God a new supporter gave
 To bear the pillars of the state.
- 3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
 And sware to rule by wholesome laws ;
 His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
 His arm defend the righteous cause.
- 4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
 Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
 But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
 And own the king that 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 that lays another low.
- 6 No vain pretence to royal birth
 Shall fix a tyrant on the throne :
 God the great Sovereign 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,
 My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI. (C. M.)

Israel sav'd, and the Assyrians destroy'd.

- 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 threatening 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 thar they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's king that 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 terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?
- 7 What power can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
The earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sovereign 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 terror shakes 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.

PSALM LXXVII. First Part. (C. M.)

Melancholy assaulting, & 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 the night 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 oppress,
My heart began to break;
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
And kept my 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
That 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 recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
- 10 Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. Second Part. (C. M.)

Comfort derived from ancient Providences.

- 1 " **H**OW awful is thy chastening 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 that 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 nations that he chose.
- 5 Israel his people, and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture thro' 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 wonderous way
That brings thy mercies down.
- 8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
Through clouds and darkness broke:
All heaven in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies 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.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First Part. (C. M.)

*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 power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Thro' every 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 practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, the
 Sins and Chastisements of God's People.*

- 1 **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 covenant of his love,
 And did his laws despise,
 Forgot the works he wrought to prove
 His power before their eyes.
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light
 From his revenging 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 watery walls to guard their way,
 Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wonderous pillar mark'd the road,
 Compos'd of shade and light;
 By day it prov'd a sheltering 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 terrors ever stand prepar'd
 To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third Part. (C. M.)

Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance.

- 1 **WHEN** Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
 And fills their hearts with dread;
 Yet he forgives the men he loves,
 And sends them heavenly bread.

- 2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning shower
Lay thick around their feet;
The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring 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 sought 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.

PSALM LXXVIII. v. 32, &c. 4th Part. (L. M.)

Backsliding and Forgiveness.

- 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 power, 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 sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

- 5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
 As flattering words or solemn lies,
 While their rebellious tempers prove
 False to his covenant and his love.
 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
 The men who not 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 temptation still prevail;
 The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
 And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM LXXX. (L. M.)

The Church's Prayer under Affliction.

- 1 GREAT shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe thro' the desert and the deep:
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
 Shine from on high and guide us through;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God, whom heavenly 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.

PAUSE I.

- 5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
 A lovely vine in heathen lands?
 Did not thy power defend it round,
 And heavenly 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 every 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 sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

- 9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wert 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, adorn'd and blest
With power 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 sav'd and algh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. ver. 1, 8—16. (S. M.)

The Warnings of God to his People.

- 1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise :
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 " From vile idolatry
" Preserve my worship clean ;
" I am the Lord who set thee free
" From slavery and sin.
- 3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Israel will rebel ;
- 4 " I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dangerous 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 their foes,
" I'd richly feed my flock,
" And they should taste the stream that flows
" From their eternal rock."

PSALM LXXXII. (L. M.)

God the Supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

- 1 **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat;
The God of heaven, 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.

PSALM LXXXIII. (S. M.)

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 that hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening 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 memory 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 sovereign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. First Part. (L. M.)

The Pleasure of Public Worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit fain
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 chooses where to rest,
And for her young provides her 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 that 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 Sion's gate;
God is their strength, and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length:
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

PSALM LXXXIV. Second Part. (L. M.)

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

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- 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.

PSALM LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

- 1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy 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 wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints,
With equal zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy saints.
- 3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That 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 heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

- 5 To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints 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.

PSALM LXXXV. v. 1—8. 1st. Part. (L. M.)

*Waiting for an Answer to Prayer; or, De-
liverance begun and completed.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wandering captives home.
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made 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. v. 9, &c. 2d Part. (L. M.)

Salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**ALVATION is for ever nigh
The souls that 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 heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.
- 3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.
- 4 His righteousness is gone before
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. v. 3—13. (C. M.)

A general Song of Praise to God.

- 1 **A**MONG the princes, earthly gods,
There's none hath power divine;
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their works like thine.
- 2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
Their offerings round thy throne;
For thou alone dost wonderful things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heavenly 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. (L. M.)

The Church the Birth-place of the Saints.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their 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. First Part. (L. M.)

The Covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

- 1 **F**OR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord;
Mercy and truth for ever stand
Like heaven establish'd by his hand.
- 2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
"With thee my covenant 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 powers 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 heavenly wonders show,
And saints declare his works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. First Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven 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 covenant 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 wonderous ways
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. 2d Part. (C. M.)

The Power and Majesty of God, or, Reverential Worship.

- 1 **W**ITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord,
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd to thine?
- 3 The northern pole and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging wind controul,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell:
How did thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel! •

- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wonderful is thy grace:
 While truth and mercy join'd in one
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. 3d Part. (C. M.)

A Blessed Gospel.

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

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. 4th Part. (C. M.)

Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom.

- 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 thro' 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 covenant stands for ever fast,
 " My promises are strong;
 " Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
 " His seed endure as long."

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. 5th Part. (C. M.)

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.

- 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 off-spring rise
 " And spread from sea to sea,
 " Long as he travels round the skies
 " To give the nations day.
 6 " Sure as the moon that rules the night
 " His kingdom shall endure,
 " Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
 " Shall be observ'd no more."

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. 6th Part. (L. M.)

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 that draws his breath
 Safe from disease, secure from death?
 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 saints away,
And clears the honour of thy word:
Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. Last Part.

As the 113th Psalm.

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 power 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 heavenly 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 wonderful love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

PSALM XC. (L. M.)

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

- 1 **T**HRO' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
High was thy throne ere heaven 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 departing light,
Or the last watch of ending night.
PAUSE.
- 5 Death like an overflowing stream
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower
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 power that strikes us dead.]
- 8 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.

PSALM XC. v. 1—5. First Part. (C. M.)

Man Frail, and God Eternal.

- 1 OUR 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 evening gone;
Short as the watch that 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 following years.

- 7 Time like an ever-rolling stream
 Bears all its sins away;
 They fly forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
 Pleas'd with the morning light;
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering 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.

PSALM XC. v. 8—12. Second Part. (C. M.)

Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin.

- 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 song;
 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 heavenly art
 To improve the hours we have,
 That we may act the wiser part,
 And live beyond the grave.

PSALM XC. v. 13, &c. Third Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven 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.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. (S. M.)

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,
 That scarce deserves the name!
- 2 Alas the brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And every month and every day
 'Tis mouldering 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.

PSALM XCI. v. 1—7. First Part. (L. M.)

Safety in public Diseases and Dangers.

- 1 **H**E that 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 power
 " Shall be my fortreas and my tower:
 " I that 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 the 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 an 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.

PAUSE.

- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,
 At thy right-hand ten thousand dy'd,
 Thy God his chosen people saves
 Amongst 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
 Pass'd 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.

PSALM XCI. v. 9—16. Second Part. (C. M.)

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels,
 Victory and Deliverance.*

- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
 Expos'd to every 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 that 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 that on earth my name have known,
" I'll honour them in heaven ;
" There my salvation shall be shown,
" And endless life be given."

PSALM XCII. First Part. (L. M.)

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 bath 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 every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCII. v. 12, &c. Second Part. (L.M.)

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, that 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 that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM XCIII. First Metre.

As the 100th Psalm.

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, that 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.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre.

As the Old 50th Psalm.

- 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 e'er he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
And roar, and toss their waves against the skies;
Foaming at heaven they rage with wild com-
motion, [ocean.
But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling
- 3 Ye tempests rage no more; ye floods be still,
And the mad world submissive 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 footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre.

As the Old 122d Psalm.

- 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 sovereign 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 powers engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors 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 4th stanza to complete the Tune.]

PSALM XCIV. 1, 2, 7—14. 1st Part. (C. M.)

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroyed.

- 1 O GOD to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign power 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 power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
In some surprising hour.
- 4 But if thy saints 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 saints,
Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
For their Redeemer's sake.

PSALM XCIV. ver. 16—23. 2d Part. (C. M.)

God our Support and Comfort.

- 1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my numerous 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 amongst 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 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers 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.

PSALM XCV. (C. M.)

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 power
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."

PSALM XCV. (S. M.)

A Psalm before Sermon.

- 1 **C**OME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery 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 that despise my promis'd rest,
"Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11. (L. M.)

Canaan lost through Unbelief; or a Warning to delaying Sinners.

- 1 **C**OME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign 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 that Israel knew.
- 4 Israel, that saw his works of grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
A faithless unbelieving brood,
That tir'd the patience of their God.

- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "How false they prove
 " Forget my power, abuse my love;
 " Since they despise my rest, I swear,
 " Their feet shall never enter there."
 6 [Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead;
 Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
 Nor lose the blessings by delay.
 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
 And march to Sion's heavenly gates;
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest:
 Obey, and be for ever blest.

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. (C. M.)
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 power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.
 3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.
 4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 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?

PSALM XCVI. As the 113th Psalm.
The God of the Gentiles.

- 1 LET 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 wondering nations read thy word,
In Britain 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 bow divinely bright!
His temple how divinely fair!
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name!
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII. 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)
Christ reigning in Heaven, 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:
Tho' gloomy clouds his ways 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 sigh.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. 2d Part. (L. M.)
Christ's Incarnation.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 All ye bright armies of the skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and kings before him bow,
Those gods on high and gods below.

- 3 Let idols totter to the ground,
And their own worshippers confound:
But Judah shout, but Sion sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM XCVII. Third Part. (L. M.)

Grace and Glory.

- 1 **T**H' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every 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 that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5-7, 11. (C. M.)

Christ's Incarnation & 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 heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make 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 fight,
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.

PSALM XCVIII. First Part. (C. M.)

Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
 New honours be address'd;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
 His truth fulfils the grace:
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her different tongues;
 And spread the honours of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

- 1 **J**OY to the world; the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her king;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven 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 sorrow 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. First Part. (S. M.)

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.

PSALM XCIX. Second Part. (S. M.)

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.

PSALM C. First Metre. A plain Translation.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 **Y**E nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign 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 that on his pastures live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises 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 shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre.

A Paraphrase.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord with joyful voice;
Let every land his name adore;
The British isles shall send 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 sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering 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 crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens 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.

PSALM CI. (L. M.)

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 heavenly 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 that work thy holy will,
 Shall be my friends and favourites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flattering 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 that break the public rest,
 Where I have power shall be suppress.

PSALM CI. (C. M.)

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows;
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly 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 that doth his neighbour wrong
 By falshood or by force;
 The scornful eye, the slanderous 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 that I shall trust,
 The servants I'll employ.
- 5 The wretch, that 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.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. 1st Part (C. M.)

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 withering 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;
There 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 that feel thy frown:
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening 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 saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM CII. 13—21. Second Part. (C. M.)

Prayer heard, and Zion restor'd.

- 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 power.

- 2 Her dust and ruins that 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 sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying prisoners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
And when his saints 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.

PSALM CII. v. 23—28. Third Part. (L. M.)
Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity.

- 1 IT 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 thro' every age.
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundations laid;
Heaven is the building of his hand:
This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
And all be chang'd at his command.
- 5 The stary 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.

PSALM CIII. v. 1—7. First Part. (L. M.)

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul & Body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers 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 hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that 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 that nature feels;
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
 His mercy crowns our growing years;
 He satisfies our mouth with good,
 And fills our hopes with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees th' oppressor and th' oppress'd,
 And often gives the sufferers rest:
 But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His power he show'd by Moses' hands,
 And gave to Israel his commands;
 But sent his truth and mercy down
 To all the nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
 Let the whole earth adore his grace;
 The Gentile with the Jew shall join
 In work and worship so divine.]

PSALM CIII. v. 8—18. Second Part. (L. M.)

God's Gent'le Chastisement.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wonderous 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 power hath spread
 The starry heavens 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 saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.
- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise
With gentle hand and melting eyes:
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

- 7 The mighty God, the wise and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure
To all the saints, and shall endure:
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. v. 1—7. First Part. (S. M.)

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 bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the sufferers rest;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

- 6 His wonderful works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace,
By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. v. 8—18. Second Part. (S. M.)

Abounding Compassion of God.

- 1 **M**Y soul, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt,
- 3 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 4 His power 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 that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 6 He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
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.

PSALM CIII. v. 19—22. Third Part. (S. M.)

God's Universal Dominion.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high;
O'er all the heavenly 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 fulfil.
- 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 wonderous works
Thro' his vast kingdoms shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV. (L. M.)

The Glory of God in Creation & Providence.

- 1 MY 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 the Tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza, viz.

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
An equal honour to his name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

- 2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed:
Clouds are his chariot, 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 for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth 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 betters 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.

PAUSE 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 power,
To nourish nature, or to cure.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.
- 12 O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread:
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands
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 feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets 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 beast 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 every 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 wonderous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.
- PAUSE III.
- 21 Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stands
Waiting their portion from thy hands.
- 22 While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.
- 23 But when thy face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all is 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 to sovereign 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 with their dust,
I, to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV. Abridged. (C. M.)

*God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of
Egypt.*

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

- 2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
 For numerous ages past,
 To numerous ages yet behind,
 In equal force shall last.
- 3 He sware to Abraham 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 heavenly 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 thro' the countries round
 Securely they remov'd;
 And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
 Severely he reprov'd.
- 7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
 "Shall soon revenge the wrong;
 "The man that does my prophets harm,
 "Shall know their God is strong."
- 8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear:
 Israel must live thro' every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE 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 every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.
- 11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Thro' the whole country spread;
 And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
 About the monarch's bed.
- 12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold vengeance flew;
 Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle slew.
- 13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
 The flower of Egypt dy'd;
 The strength of every house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

- 14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

- 15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
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 thro'.
- 18 O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ our rock maintains our life
Thro' all this wilderness.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
The chosen tribes 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;
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. First Part. (L. M.)

Praise to God; or, Communion with Saints.

- 1 **T**O God, the great, the ever-blest,
Let songs of honour be address:
His mercy firm for ever 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 that 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.

PSALM CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48.
Second Part. (S. M.)

Israel punished and pardoned.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power 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 covenant 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 that he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM CVII. First Part. (L. M.)

Israel led to Canaan & Christians to Heaven.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the 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, wandering 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 wandering round,
 'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
 From sins' old yoke, and Satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dangerous 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 powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly 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 every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. Second Part. (L. M.)

Correction for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

- 1 FROM 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 every good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
 Against the God that rules the skies,
 If they reject his heavenly word,
 And alight the counsels of the Lord;
- 3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
 And no deliverer 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,
 That hung so heavy round their head.
- 5 He outs the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling prisoners thro':
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the labouring soul relief.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
 The wonderful goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM CVII. Third Part. (L. M.)

Intemperance punished & pardoned; or, a Psalm for the Glutton & the Drunkard.

- 1 VAIN 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 powers 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 opprest,
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 sovereign word, and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wonderous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. (L. M.)

Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck.

- 1 **WOULD** 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 command, and tempests rise
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heavens they mount again,
New sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a staggering drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, 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 wonderous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM CVII. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

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 towering waves;
The men astonish'd mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
And finds his courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with fluttering 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 thro' 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 that 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 that see thy wonderous ways,
Thy wonderous love record!

PSALM CVII. Last Part. (L. M.)

*Colonies planted; or, Nations bless'd and
punish'd.*

A Psalm for New England.

- 1 **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 showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.
- 3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they;
He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
And builds 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 princes die by barbarous 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 humbled 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 that saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious care record
These wonderous dealings of the Lord?
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1—5, 31. (C. M.)

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Tho' 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 miseries 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 murderers on his cross,
 And bless'd 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.

PSALM CX. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ exalted and Multitudes converted.

- 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 show thy power is great,
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 "And sinners crowd thy temple-gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed power! O glorious day!
 What a large victory shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM CX. Second Part. (L. M.)

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 that fly
 "For refuge from the wrath divine.
- 3 "By me Melchisedeck was made
 "On earth a king and priest at once;
 "And thou my heavenly 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 that dare rebel;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
- 6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
 The sufferings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM CX. (C. M.)

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 numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign 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 "Melchisedeck, that wonderous priest,
 "That king of high degree,
 "That holy man who Abra'm blest,
 "Was but a type of thee."
- 5 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 powers and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI. First Part. (C. M.)

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!
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.

- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons,
 He fix'd his covenant sure:
 The orders that his lips pronounce,
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name?
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race
 That best obeys thy will.

PSALM CXI. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Perfections of God.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
 Demand our noblest songs;
 Let his assembled saints 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 covenant sure:
 Holy and reverend is his name,
 His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
 Must with his fear begin:
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating every sin.

PSALM CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the Liberal Man.

- 1 THAT 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 liberal favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends;
 A generous 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 threatening 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.

PAUSE.

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

PSALM CXII. (L. M.)

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 neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His soul well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heavenly 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.

PSALM CXII. (C. M.)

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his commands,
Who lends the poor without reward,
Or gives with liberal 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.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Let lands and seas his power confess.
- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominion bounds,
The heavens 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 hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things;
His sovereign 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 every age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. (L. M.)

God Sovereign and Gracious.

- 1 **YE** servants of th' Almighty King,
 In every 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 power 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 heavenly thrones.
- 6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice:
 Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promise'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.]

PSALM CXIV. (L. M.)

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

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

PSALM CXVI. First Part. (C. M.)

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every 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 power can rescue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,
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.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. 2d Part. (C. M.)

Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church.

- 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 that fill thine house,
My offerings 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 sight!
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.

PSALM CXVII. (C. M.)

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **O** ALL ye nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different tongue;
In every language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.
- 2 His mercy reigns thro' every land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand,
Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM CXVII. (L. M.)

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

PSALM CXVII. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' 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 evening shade
Shall be exchange'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 6—15. 1st. Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven affords its aid.

- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
And have my God my friend,
Thou 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 thro' 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 days :
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 17—21. 2d Part. (C. M.)

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, that 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.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 22, 23. 3d Part. (C. M.)

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heavenly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the 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 tho' the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise:
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wonderous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 24—26. 4th Part. (C. M.)

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 heaven 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 triumph 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 heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 22—27. (S. M.)

An Hosanna for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**EE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
Spite of envious Jews.

- 2 The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this rock shalt Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wonderous in our eyes;
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.
- 4 This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the king
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
- 6 We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 22—27. (L. M.)

The same.

- 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 that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.
- 3 Sinners rejoice, and saints 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. First Part. (C. M.)

The Blessedness of Saints & Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefiled in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from the law depart,
But fly from every sin.

- 2 Blest are the men that 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 that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

PSALM CXIX. Second Part. (C. M.)
Secret Devotion and Spiritual Mindedness.

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.

PSALM CXIX. Third Part. (C. M.)

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 choose the path of heavenly 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 my 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,
 Then turn thy feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pardoning 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.

PSALM CXIX. Fourth Part. (C. M.)

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

- 1 **H**OW shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules 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 heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
Ver. 99, 100.
- 4 The men that 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 sinners road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.
Ver. 89, 90, 91.
- 6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these thy servants night and day
Thy skill and power 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 every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. Fifth Part. (C. M.)

Delight in Scripture..

Ver. 97.

- 1 ○ 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 a heavenly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the 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, 115.

- 6 When nature sinks and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM CXIX. Sixth Part. (C. M.)

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flattering lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey;
 I keep thy law in sight,
 Thro' all the business 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 that share the spoil
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. Seventh Part. (C. M.)

Imperfection of Nature and Perfection of Scripture.

Ver. 96. paraphrased.

- 1 LET 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 forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heaven.
- 3 I've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go:
- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every 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 every grace
 Fall far below thy word;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth Part. (C. M.)

The Word of God is the Saints Portion.

Ver. 111. paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage:
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While thro' 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.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth Part. (C. M.)

*Desire of Knowledge; or, the Teachings of
 the Spirit with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 13.

- 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 wandering ways,
Thou heard'st 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 heavenly truth impart,
His work for ever 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 learn'd my father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM CXIX. Tenth Part. (C. M.)

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 writ salvation down,
And promis'd quickening grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fall;
 O bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who 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.

PSALM CXIX. Eleventh Part. (C. M.)

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 wandering sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. Twelfth Part. (C. M.)

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

- 1 MY God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause;
 Tho' 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 My 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 that love thy name.

PSALM CXIX. Thirteenth Part. (C. M.)

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

Ver. 10.

- 1 **W**ITH my whole heart I've sought thy face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners' way.

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every 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 sinners 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 reverence hears
The threatenings 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.

PSALM CXIX. Fourteenth Part. (C. M.)

Benefit of Afflictions, & Support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And my deliverance 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 amongst the dead.
Ver. 75.
- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.
Ver. 67.
- 6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM CXIX. Fifteenth Part. (C. M.)

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

- 1 **O** THAT thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quickening power,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall 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 set 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 shall 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.

PSALM CXIX. Sixteenth Part. (C. M.)

Prayer for Quickening Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust:
Lord, give me life divine;
For vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

- 3 When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

- 4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly 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 enlightening grace!

Ver. 93.

- 6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Seventeenth Part. (L. M.)
Courage & Perseverance under Persecution.

Ver. 143, 28.

- 1 **WHEN** pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
All my support is from thy word:
My soul dissolves for heaviness,
Uphold me with thy strengthening 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.

PSALM CXIX. Last Part. (L. M.)
Sanctified Afflictions.

Ver. 67, 59.

- 1 **FATHER**, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering 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 wear 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 that 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 wonderous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice ;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM CXX. (C. M.)

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours.

- 1 **T**HOU God of love, thou ever-blest
Pity my suffering 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 choose 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. (L. M.)

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,
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens 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 evening-veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.
- 4 Israel, 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 heavenly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

PSALM CXXI. (C. M.)

Preservation by Day and Night.

- 1 **T**O heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that 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 powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
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.

PSALM CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our Preserver.

- 1 **U**PWARD I lift mine eyes,
From God is all my aid;
The God that built the skies,
And earth and nature made;
God is the tower
To which I fly;
His grace is nigh
In every 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 Israel keep
When dangers rise.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening-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 given 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.

PSALM CXXII. (C. M.)

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 ador'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 heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!
6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There may best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. Proper Tune.

Going to Church.

- 1 HOW 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 wondrous 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 saint be glad,
He 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 every guest!
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings send him rest?
5 My tongue repeats thy vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For there 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 to complete the Tune.

PSALM CXXIII. (C. M.)

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 that 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.

PSALM CXXIV. (L. M.)

A Song for the Fifth of November.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel 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 theowler's cursed snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering 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 that upholds that wonderous frame,
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM CXXV. (C. M.)

The Saints Trial and Safety.

- 1 **UNSHAKEN** 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
That every 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 crooked ways
That the old serpent drew,
The wrath that drove him first to hell
Shall smite his followers too.

PSALM CXXV. (S. M.)

The Saints Trial and Safety.

- 1 **FIRM** and unmov'd are they
That rest 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 tho' the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope, and love, and every grace
Proclaim their hearts sincere.
- 5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
Too long oppress the saint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

- 6 But if our slavish fear
Will choose the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there
Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. (L. M.)

Surprising Deliverance.

- 1 **WHEN** God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
The grace beyond our hope 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 that 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.

PSALM CXXVI. (C. M.)

The Joy of a remarkable Conversion.

- 1 **WHEN** 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 the power 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 that sow in sadness wait
Till the fair harvest come,
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

- Tho' seed be bury'd long in dust,
It shan't deceive their hope,
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

PSALM CXXVII. (L. M.)

*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 sovereign 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!

PSALM CXXVII. (C. M.)

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 useless 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 face;
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.

PSALM CXXVIII. (C. M.)

Family Blessings.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and reverend 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 thee 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.

PSALM CXXIX. (C. M.)

Persecutors punished.

- 1 UP from my youth, may Israel 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 Sion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their projects die.
- 7 [What tho' 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 that 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.]

PSALM CXXX. (C. M.)

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 that 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 openings 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.]

PSALM CXXX. (L. M.)

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress and troubled thoughts,
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.

PSALM CXXXI. (C. M.)

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 saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. ver. 5, 12—18. (L. M.)

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,
Amongst 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 power and love be known,
" And blessings shall attend my word.

- 4 "Hese will I meet the hungry poor,
 "And fill their souls with living bread:
 "Summers that 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 saints, 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."

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. (C. M.)

A Church established.

- 1 [NO 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.]

PAUSE.

- 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 court 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.

PSALM CXXXIII. (C. M.)

Brotherly Love.

- 1 **L**O, what an entertaining sight,
 Are brethren that agree;
 Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!
- 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 dew
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

PSALM CXXXIII. (S. M.)

*Communion of Saints; or, Love and Wor-
 ship in a Family.*

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one;
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Thro' 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 thro' 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. As the 122d Psalm.
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 sympathising heart,
 In all the cares of life and love!

- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
 Ou Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet:
 The oil thro' all the room
 Diffus'd a choice perfume,
 Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighb'ring hills;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
 Where love like heav'nly dew distils.
- Repeat the first Stanza to complete the Tunes.*

PSALM CXXXIV. (C. M.)

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

- 1 YE that obey th' immortal King,
 Attend his holy place;
 Bow to the glories of his power,
 And bless his wondrous 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 quickening grace;
 The God that spreads the heavens abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM CXXXV. ver. 1-4, 14, 19-21.

First Part. (L. M.)

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 that 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 shall judge his saints;
 He treats his servants as his friends;
 And when he hears their sore complaints,
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry age the Lord declares,
 His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod:
 He gives his suffering servants rest,
 And will be known th' Almighty God.

- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love:
 People and priests exalt his name:
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
 His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM CXXXV. 5--12. Second Part. (L. M.)
The Works of Creation, Providence, &c.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
 Above all powers, and every throne;
 Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
 Or heaven, 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! thro' 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 own country gave
 To Israel; whom his hand redeem'd,
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
- 5 His power the same, the same his grace!
 That saves us from the hosts of hell:
 And heaven he gives us to possess,
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. (C. M.)

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

- 1 AWAKE, 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 Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
 He bids the vapours rise:
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.
- 4 All pow'r that gods or kings have claim'd,
 Is found with him alone;
 But heathen gods shall ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known.

- 5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to gold in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave:
Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray:
Mortals that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O Britain, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes thy churches his abode,
And claims thine honours there.

PSALM CXXXVI. (C. M.)

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, &c.

- 1 GIVE 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 dreadful 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 Isr'el 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 a 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 heavenly King ;
 " His mercies still endure :"
 Let the whole earth his praises sing ;
 " His truth is ever sure."

PSALM CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most High,
 The universal Lord ;
 The sovereign King of kings ;
 And be his grace ador'd.
 " His power 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 heavens 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 power and lifted rod
 Cleft the Red Sea in two,
 And for his people made
 A wondrous passage through.

“ His power 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 Isr'el safe
 Thro' a long desert ground.
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,
 “ Shall still endure ;
 “ And ever sure
 “ Abides thy word.”

PAUSE.

- 7 The kings of Canaan fell
 Beneath his dreadful hand :
 While his own servants took
 Possession of their land.
 “ His power and grace
 “ Are still the same ;
 “ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”
- 8 He saw the nations he
 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 power and grace
 “ Are still the same ;
 “ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”
- 10 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly King ;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,
 “ Shall still endure ;
 “ And ever sure
 “ Abides thy word.”

PSALM CXXXVI. Abridged. (L. M.)

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 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 sun and moon 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 power 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 heavenly seat :
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

PSALM CXXXVIII. (L. M.) .

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

- 1 [**W**ITH all my powers 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 that make thy church their care
Shall witness my devotions 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 thy works and names below
So much thy power 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 thro' all my soul.
- 5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great
But from his throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.
- 6 Amidst 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 that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. (L. M.)

The All-seeing God.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 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 opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every 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 powers I boast
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast
"Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE 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 heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

- 8 If mounted on a morning-ray
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand wou'd 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,
Wou'd kindle darkness into day.
- 10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' 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 thoughts possess my breast,
"Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. (L. M.)

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 sovereign counsels fram'd,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
Was 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.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power 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 numerous 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.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third Part. (L. M.)

Sincerity professed, and Grace tri'd.

- 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 that oppose thy laws and thee,
I count them enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
Tho' 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 when-e'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. First Part. (C. M.)

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.
- 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 wonderful knowledge, deep and high
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire
Forgotten and unknown!
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.
- 7 Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would 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
Won'd 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 power
From which I cannot flee!

PSALM CXXXIX. Second Part. (C. M.)

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 every part;
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thy art.
- 4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind
Shew me thy wonderful 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.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18.

Third Part. (C. M.)

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

- 1 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands that 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 that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXLI. ver. 2, 3, 4, 5. (L. M.)

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

- M**Y God, accept my early vows,
Like morning-incense in thine house,
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every 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 wandering 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 heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. (C. M.)

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 burdens knows,
He knows the way I take.
- 3 On every 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.

PSALM CXLII. (L. M.)

Complaint of heavy Afflictions.

- 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 that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd 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 for ever hide his love?

- 7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner 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 powers rejoice!
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy 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 flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 1, 2. First Part. (C. M.)

Assistance & 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 heavenly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM CXLIV. 3, 4, 5, 6.

Second Part. (C. M.)

The Vanity of Man, & 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 hasting 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 wonderous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. 12—15. Third Part. (L. M.)

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 the 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.

PSALM CXLV. (L. M.)

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 every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every 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 sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores 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 wonderous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1—7, 11—13.

First Part. (C. M.)

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 power 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 that 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 thro' the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. Second Part. (C. M.)

The Goodness of God.

- 1 **S**WEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy liberal 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 pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

- 5 Creatures with all their endless race
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. 3d Part. (C. M.)

Mercy to Sufferers; or, God hearing Prayer.

- 1 **L**ET every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distrest
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pains 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 that serve the Lord shall say,
 "They sought 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.]]

PSALM CXLVI. (L. M.)

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In works so pleasant, so divine,
 Now while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers
 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 power
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour.

- 4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel'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' opprest, he feeds the poor:
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner 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.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

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 powers:
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 power
And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' opprest, 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 labouring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner 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 every tongue, let every 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 powers :
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. First Part. (L. M.)

The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.

- 1 PRAISE 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 heavenly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names :
 His wisdom 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.

PAUSE.

- 5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his cloud all round the sky ;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.
 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn ;
 The beasts with food his hands 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 saints 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.

PSALM CXLVII. Second Part. (L. M.)

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

- 1 O BRITAIN, praise thy mighty God,
 And make his honours known abroad ;
 He bid the ocean round thee flow ;
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

- 2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest:
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 Thy changing seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later 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 clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
That 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 the Britons to his praise.
- 6 To all the isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXLVII. 7—9. 13—18. (C. M.)

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **W**ITH songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
He hears the ravens cry;
But man, who tastes his 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 wintery 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 that 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 sovereign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, 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 that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise,
With stars of twinkling light:
His power 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 different ways
His works proclaim
His wondrous name,
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

- 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 power.
- 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,
That 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 sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly honours sing:
Nor let the dream
Of power and state
Make you forget
His power supreme.
- 9 Virgins and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By every tongue
In endless strains.
- 10 Let all the nations fear
The God that 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.

PSALM CXLVIII. Paraphrased. (L. M.)

Universal Praise to God.

- 1 **L** OUD hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures
dwell:

Let heaven begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the tune of
the old cxiith or cxxvith Psalm, if these
two lines be added to every stanza. (viz)*

Each of his works his name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes
of the Long Metre.*

- 2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!

Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,

An awful throne of shining bliss:
Fly thro' 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 every 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 eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

- 7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,

Bend your high branches and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in different 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 'round you sings?
O for a shout from old and young,
From humble swains, and lofty kings!

- 10 Wide as his vast dominion lies
 Make the Creator's name be known;
 Loud as his thunder, shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.
- 11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
 O may it dwell on every 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 every chord:
 From all below and all above,
 Loud Hallelujahs to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. (S. M.)

Universal Praise.

- 1 **I** ET every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heavenly 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 wonderous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers, or snow,
 Ye thunders murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.
- 5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agrée 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 saints, that taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

- 7 Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise;
 Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
 And monsters of the seas.
- 8 From mountains near the sky
 Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs and cettars high,
 And vales and fields around.

- 9 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that 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 flowery 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 that drest you so.
- 12 By all the earth-born race
His honours be exprest,
But saints that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that sovereign hand
Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown,
His wonderous 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 that dwell so near his heart,
Should sing his praises best.

PSALM CXLIX. (C. M.)

*Praise God, all his Saints; or, The Saints
judging the World.*

- 1 **A**LL ye that 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 that he 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 that dar'd rebel;
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners bound in chains,
New triumphs shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remain:
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6. (C. M.)

A Song of Praise.

- 1 **I**N God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven 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
CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre.

Where the Tune includes two Stanzas.

- 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.

Short Metre.

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit be
Eternal praise and glory given,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near the throne,
And all the saints in earth and heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

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

THE END.

H Y M N S

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

IN THREE BOOKS.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

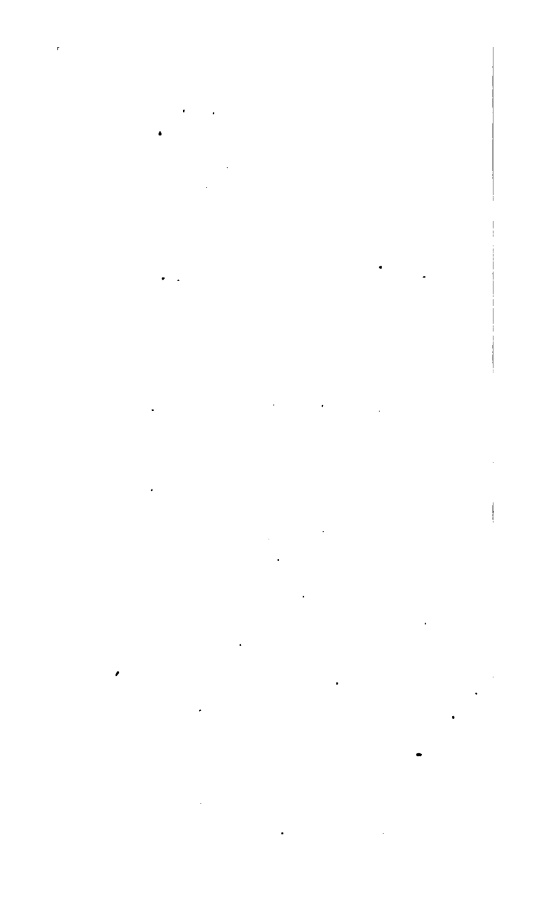
II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S-SUPPER.

BY I. 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. Plinius in Epist.



THE
PREFACE.

WHILE we sing the praises of our God in his Church, we are employed in that part of worship which of all others is the nearest a-kin to heaven; and it is pity that this, of all others, should be performed the worst upon earth. The Gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly state than all the former dispensations of God amongst men: and in these last days of the Gospel, we are brought almost within sight of the kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the songs of the New Jerusalem, and unpractised in the work of praise. To see the dull indifference, the negligent and the thoughtless air, that sits upon the faces of a whole assembly, while the psalm is on their lips, might tempt even a charitable observer to suspect the fervency of inward religion; and it is much to be feared, that the minds of most of the worshippers are absent or unconcerned. Perhaps the modes of preaching, in the best churches, still want some degrees of reformation; nor are the methods of prayer so perfect, as to stand in need of no correction or improvement: but of all our religious solemnities, Psalmody is the most unhappily managed. That very action, which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine sensations, doth not only flatten our devotion, but too often awaken our regret, and touches all the springs of uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinced, that one great occasion of this evil arises from the matter and words to which we confine all our songs. Some of them are almost opposite to the spirit of the Gospel: many of them foreign to the state of the New Testament, and widely different from the present circumstances of christians. Hence it comes to pass, that when spiritual affections are excited within us, and our souls are raised

a little above this earth in the beginning of a psalm, we are checked on a sudden in our ascent toward heaven, by some expressions that are most suited to the days of carnal ordinances, and fit only to be sung in the worldly sanctuary. When we are just entered into an evangelic frame, by some of the glories of the Gospel presented in the brightest figures of Judaism, yet the very next line perhaps which the clerk parcels out unto us, hath something in it so extremely Jewish and cloudy, that darkens our sight of God the Saviour. Thus, by keeping too close to David in the House of God, the veil of Moses is thrown over our hearts. While we are kindling into divine love, by the meditations of the loving kindness of God, and the multitude of his tender mercies, within a few verses some dreadful curse against men is proposed to our lips: that God would add iniquity unto their iniquity, nor let them come into his righteousness, but blot them out of the book of the living, Psal. lxxix. 26, 27, 28; which is so contrary to the new commandment of loving our enemies; and even under the Old Testament is best accounted for, by referring it to the spirit of prophetic vengeance. Some sentences of the Psalmist, that are expressive of the temper of our own hearts, and the circumstances of our lives, may compose our spirits to seriousness, and allure us to a sweet retirement within ourselves; but we meet with a following line, which so peculiarly belongs but to one action or hour of the life of David or of Asaph, that breaks off our song in the midst: our consciences are affrighted, lest we should speak a falshood unto God: thus the powers of our souls are shocked on a sudden, and our spirits ruffled, before we have time to reflect that this may be sung only as a history of ancient saints; and, perhaps, in some instances, that salvo is hardly sufficient neither: besides, it almost always spoils the devotion, by breaking the uniform thread of it: for while our lips and our hearts run on sweetly together, applying the words to our own case, there is something of divine delight in it; but at once we are forced to turn off the application abruptly, and our lips speak nothing but the heart of David. Thus our own hearts are as it were forbid

the pursuit of the song, and then the harmony and the worship grow dull of mere necessity.

Many ministers, and many private christians, have long groaned under this inconvenience, and have wished, rather than attempted a reformation : at their importunate, and repeated requests, I have for some years past, devoted many hours of leisure to this service. Far be it from my thoughts to lay aside the book of psalms in public worship ; few can pretend so great a value for them as myself : it is the most artful, most devotional, and divine collection of poesy ; and nothing can be supposed more proper to raise a pious soul to heaven, than some parts of that book ; never was a piece of experimental divinity so nobly written, and so justly revered and admired : but it must be acknowledged still, that there are a thousand lines in it which were not made for a church in our days, to assume as its own : there are also many deficiencies of light and glory, which our Lord Jesus and his apostles have supplied in the writings of the New Testament ; and with this advantage I have composed these spiritual Songs, which are now presented to the world. Nor is the attempt vain-glorious, or presuming ; for in respect of clear evangelical knowledge, the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than all the Jewish prophets, Matt. xi. 11.

Now let me give a short account of the following composures.

The greatest part of them are suited to the general state of the Gospel, and the most common affairs of christians : I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be used in a religious assembly, and not one of them but may well be adapted to some seasons, either of private, or of public worship. The most frequent tempers and changes of our spirit, and conditions of our life, are here copied, and the breathings of our piety expressed according to the variety of our passions, our love, our fear, our hope, our desire, our sorrow, our wonder, and our joy, as they are refined into devotion, and act under the influence and conduct of the Blessed Spirit ; all conversing with God the Father, by the new and living way of access to the throne, even the person and the mediation of our Lord Jesus Christ. To him

also, even to the Lamb that was slain, and now lives, I have addressed many a song; for thus doth the holy scripture instruct and teach us to worship, in the various short patterns of christian psalmody described in the Revelations. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted points of christianity, that we might all obey the direction of the word of God, and sing his praises with understanding, Psal. xlvii. 7. The contentious and distinguishing words of sects and parties are secluded, that whole assemblies might assist at the harmony, and different churches join in the same worship without offence.

If any expressions occur to the reader, that savour of an opinion different from his own, yet he may observe, these are generally such as are capable of an extensive sense, and may be used with a charitable latitude. I think it is most agreeable, that what is provided for public singing, should give to sincere consciences, as little disturbance as possible. However, where any displeasing word is found, he that leads the worship may substitute a better; for (blessed be God) we are not confined to the words of any man in our public solemnities.

The whole book is written in four sorts of metre, and fitted to the most common tunes. I have seldom permitted a stop in the middle of a line, and seldom left the end of a line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy mixture of reading and singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The metaphors are generally sunk to the level of vulgar capacities. I have aimed at ease of numbers and smoothness of sound, and endeavoured to make the sense plain and obvious. If the verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the censure of feebleness, I may honestly affirm, that sometimes it cost me labour to make it so: some of the beauties of poesy are neglected, and some wilfully defaced: I have thrown out the lines that were too sonorous, and have given an allay to the verse, lest a more exalted turn of thought or language should darken or disturb the devotion of the weakest souls. But hence it comes to pass, that I have been forced to lay aside many hymns after they were finished, and utterly exclude them from this volume, because

of the bolder figures of speech that crowded themselves into the verse, and a more unconfined variety of number, which I could not easily restrain.

These, with many other divine and moral compositions, are now printed in a second edition of the poems entitled, *Horæ Lyricæ*; for as in that book I have endeavoured to please and profit the politer part of mankind, without offending the plainer sort of christians, so in this it has been my labour to promote the pious entertainments of souls truly serious, even of the meanest capacity, and at the same time (if possible) not to give disgust to persons of richer sense, and nicer education; and I hope, in the present volume, this end will appear to be pursued with much greater happiness than in the first impression of it, though the world assures me the former has not much reason to complain.

The whole is divided into three books.

In the first, I have borrowed the sense and much of the form of the song from some particular portions of Scripture, and have paraphrased most of the doxologies in the New Testament that contain any thing in them peculiarly evangelical; and many parts of the Old Testament also, that have a reference to the times of the Messiah. In these I expect to be often censured for a too religious observance of the words of Scripture, whereby the verse is weakened and debased according to the judgment of the critics: but as my whole design was to aid the devotion of christians, so more especially in this part: and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two ends, (*viz.*) assist the worship of all serious minds, to whom the expressions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful, and gratify the taste and inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God, but the translations of his own word. Yet you will always find in this paraphrase dark expressions enlightened, and the Levitical ceremonies and Hebrew forms of speech changed into the worship of the Gospel, and explained in the language of our time and na-

tion; and what would not bear such an alteration, is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the Book of Psalms fitted for the use of our churches, and David converted into a Christian: but because I cannot persuade others to attempt this glorious work, I have suffered myself to be persuaded to begin it, and have, through divine goodness, already proceeded half way through.

The second part consists of Hymns, whose form is of mere human composure; but I hope the sense and materials will always appear divine. I might have brought some text or other, and applied it to the margin of every verse, if this method had been as useful as it was easy. If there be any poems in the book that are capable of giving delight to persons of a more refined taste and polite education, perhaps they may be found in this part; but except they lay aside the humour of criticism, and enter into a devout frame, every ode here already despairs of pleasing. I confess myself to have been too often tempted away from the more spiritual designs I proposed, by some gay and flowery expressions that gratified the fancy; the bright images too often prevailed above the fire of divine affection; and the light exceeded the heat: yet, I hope, in many of them the reader will find, that devotion dictated the song, and the head and hand were nothing but interpreters and secretaries to the heart: nor is the magnificence or boldness of the figures comparable to that divine licence which is found in the eighteenth and sixty-eighth Psalms, several chapters of Job, and other poetical parts of Scripture: and in this respect I may hope to escape the reproof of those who pay a sacred reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepared the third part only for the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that, in imitation of our Blessed Saviour, we might sing an Hymn after we have partaken of the bread and wine. Here you will find some paraphrases of Scripture, and some other compositions. There are above an hundred Hymns in the two former parts, that may very properly be used in this ordinance; and sometimes perhaps appear more suitable than any of these last: but there

are expressions generally used in these, which confine them only to the Table of the Lord; and therefore I have distinguished and set them by themselves.

If the Lord, who inhabits the praises of Israel, shall refuse to smile upon this attempt for the reformation of psalmody among the churches, yet I humbly hope that his Blessed Spirit will make these composures useful to private christians; and if they may but attain the honour of being esteemed pious meditations, to assist the devout and the retired soul in the exercises of love, faith, and joy, it will be a valuable compensation of my labours; my heart shall rejoice at the notice of it, and my God shall receive the glory. This was my hope and vow in the first publication; and it is now my duty to acknowledge to him with thankfulness, how useful he has made these compositions already, to the comfort and edification of societies, and of private persons: and upon the same grounds I have a better prospect, and a bigger hope of much more service to the church, by the large improvements of this edition, if the Lord who dwells in Zion shall favour it with his continued blessing.

Note. In all the longer hymns, and in some of the shorter, there are several stanzas included in crotchets thus, []; which stanzas may be left out in singing, without disturbing the sense.

In the early copies of these Hymns there were several founded on passages in the *Psalms*. When the author published his *Imitation of the Psalms of David*, he extracted these from his Hymn-book, and inserted them in their proper places in that volume. This occasioned several vacancies, as it was judged expedient to retain the original numbers of the remaining Hymns, in the subsequent editions, for the convenience of those who were possessed of the former ones. The vacancies referred to are in *Book I.* No. 4, 22, 23, 31, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 43, 44, 46, 47. All of which are in this edition supplied, by the in-

section of Hymns composed by the same author, printed at the end of his *Sermons on various subjects, divine and moral*. It is presumed this undertaking (which had often been suggested) will be generally received as a valuable improvement, especially as there was an evident want of Hymns on the more practical subjects of christianity, to which the principal of these relate. They are distinguished by this mark *.

H Y M N S.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN I. (C. M.)

A New Song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. v. 6, 8, 9, 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 sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of 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 sovereign keys
Of heav'n, and 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 prisoners 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.

HYMN II. (L. M.)

*The Deity and Humanity of Christ, John 1.
1, &c. 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 power were all things made;
By him supported all things stand;
He is the whole creatiou'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 heavenly 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 thro' his eyes the godhead shone
- 6 Archangels leave their high abode.
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN III. (S. M.)

*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 wonderous 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 heavenly 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 heavenly 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 heavenly peace on earth,
 "Good-will to men, to angels joy,
 "At our Redeemer's birth!"]

* HYMN IV. First Part. (C. M.)

The Nativity of Christ, Luke ii. 10, &c.

- 1 "SHEPHERDS! rejoice, lift up your eyes,
 "And send your fears away;
 "News from the regions of the skies,
 "Salvation's born to-day.
- 2 "Jesus the God whom angels fear
 "Comes down to dwell with you;
 "To day he makes his entrance here,
 "But not as monarchs do.
- 3 "No gold nor purple swadling bands,
 "Nor royal shining things;
 "A manger for his cradle stands,
 "And holds the King of kings.
- 4 "Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 "And see his humble throne;
 "With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 "Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."
- 5 Thus Gabriel sang, and strait around
 The heavenly armies throng,
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song.
- 6 "Glory to God that reigns above,
 "Let peace surround the earth;
 "Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 "At their Redeemer's birth."

- 7 Lord, and shall angels have their songs
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose our useless tongues
When they forget to praise.
- 8 Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn,
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

• HYMN IV. Second Part. (L. M.)

The inward Witness to Christianity.

1 John v. 10.

- 1 **Q**UESTIONS and doubts be heard no more,
Let Christ and joy be all our theme:
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,
To every soul that trusts in him.
- 2 Jesus thy witness speaks within:
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from sense and sin,
And stamps its own celestial seal.
- 3 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew:
Blasphemers can no more withstand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.
- 4 The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood,
Finds peace and pardon at the cross:
The sinful soul, averse to God,
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.
- 5 Learning and wit may cease their strife,
When miracles with glory shine:
The voice that calls the dead to life
Must be almighty, and divine.

HYMN V. (C. M.)

Submission to Afflictive Providence, 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 that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave,
He gives, and (blessed be his name!)
He takes but what he gave.

- 4 Peace, all our angry passions then,
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sov'reign will,
 And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread,
 And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN VI. (C. M.)

Triumph over Death, Job xix. 25—27.

- 1 GREAT 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 conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquish'd at his feet.
- 4 Tho' greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He clothes 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.

HYMN VII. (C. M.)

The Invitation of the Gospel: or, Spiritual Food and Clothing, Isa. lv. 1, 2, &c.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice,
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry starving souls,
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind;
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.

- 9 There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave his law,
 And ev'ry motion of our souls
 To swift obedience draw.
- 10 Thus will he pour salvation down,
 And we shall render praise;
 We the dear people of his love,
 And he our God of grace.

HYMN X. (S. M.)

*The Blessedness of Gospel Times: or, The
 Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles,*
 Isa. lii. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Mat. 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,
 That see this heavenly 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 deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
 Thro' all the earth abroad;
 Let ev'ry nation now behold
 Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN XI. (L. M.)

*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 sovereign pow'r and love,
 "That 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 wit ;
 " 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'abuse 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,
 That deals his graces as he please ;
 Nor gives to mortals an account
 Or of his actions, or decrees.

HYMN XII. (C. M.)

Free Grace in revealing Christ, Luke x. 21.

- 1 JESUS, 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 wonderful love,
 " That hath reveal'd thy Son
 " To men unlearned, and to babes
 " Hast made thy gospel known.
- 3 " The mysteries of redeeming grace
 " Are hidden from the wise,
 " While pride and carnal reasonings join
 " To swell and blind their eyes."
- 4 Thus doth the Lord of heaven and earth
 His great decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his works of grace
 By his own sovereign will.

HYMN XIII. (L. M.)

*The Son of God incarnate: or, The Titles
 and the Kingdom of Christ, Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.*

- 1 THE lands that long in darkness lay,
 Now have beheld a heavenly light ;
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
 Are bless'd 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 ?
 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 shoulders 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 unkuown.

HYMN XIV. (L. M.)

*The Triumph of Faith: or, Christ's un-
changable Love, Rom. viii. 33, &c.*

- 1 **W**HO shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.
- 2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their stead;
And 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 that hath lov'd us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.
- 5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
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,
Not powers on high, nor powers below
Shall cause his mercy to remove;
'Or wean our hearts from Christ, our love.

HYMN XV. (L. M.)

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 power 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. (C. M.)

Hosanna to Christ,
Matt. 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 be that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven!
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 rise, and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN XVII. (C. M.)

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 frightful powers!
- 2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted victory grave?
And where the monster's sting?

- sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gives sin its damning power;
 But Christ my ransom dy'd.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

HYMN XVIII. (C. M.)

Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord,
 Rev. xiv. 13.

- 1 **H**EAR what the voice from heaven pro-
 For all the pious dead, [claims
 Sweet is the savour of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.
- 2 They die in Jesus, and are bless'd;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
 And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toll and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labours of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

HYMN XIX. (C. M.)

*The Song of Simeon: or, Death made desir-
 able, Luke ii. 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 overpowering 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,
 And glory in my soul.]

HYMN XX. (C. M.)

*Spiritual Apparel, namely, 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 heavenly 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 every 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 powers agree.

HYMN XXI. (C. M.)

*A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among
 Men, Rev. xxi. 1-4.*

- 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 heaven 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 bless'd 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. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ the Eternal Life, Rom. ix. 5.

- 1 JESUS our Saviour and our God,
Array'd in majesty and blood,
Thou art our life; our souls in thee
Possess a full felicity.
- 2 All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our surety and our head;
Thy cross, thy cradle and thy throne
Are big with glories yet unknown.
- 3 Let Atheists scoff and Jews blaspheme
Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;
A word of thy almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.
- 4 But let my soul for ever lie
Beneath the blessings of thine eye:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above
To see thy face and taste thy love.

• HYMN XXII. Second Part. (C. M.)

Flesh and Spirit, Rom. viii. 1.

- 1 WHAT vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierc'd my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.
- 2 How have I wander'd from my God!
And, following sin, and shame,
In this vile world of flesh, and blood,
Deild my nobler frame!

3. For ever blessed be thy grace,
That form'd my soul anew,
And made it of an heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.
- 4 My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.
- 5 Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with ev'ry lust;
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise
To leave them in the dust.
- 6 My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting pow'rs no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone!

• HYMN XXIII. First Part. (L. M.)

*Absent from the Body and present with the
Lord, 2 Cor. v. 8.*

- 1 **A**BSENT from flesh! O blissful thought,
What unknown joys this moment brings,
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains and fears and all their springs.
- 2 Absent from flesh! illustrious day,
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.
- 3 Absent from flesh! then rise my soul
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heavens, where planets roll
Measuring the cares and joys of time.
- 4 I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day,
My all that's mortal, I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

• HYMN XXIII. Second Part. (L. M.)

*A hopeful Youth falling short of Heaven,
Mark x. 21.*

- 1 **M**UST all the charms of nature then
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heaven condemn
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?
- 2 The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
(A modest, sober, lovely youth)
And thought he wanted nothing new.

- 3 But mark the change! thus spake the Lord,
 "Come part with earth for heav'n to-day."
 The youth, astonish'd at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.
- 4 Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure;
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure!
- 5 Ah foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear?
 Are life and heaven so cheaply sold?
- 6 In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion govern me:
 Transform my soul, O love divine!
 And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN XXIV. (L. M.)

*The rich Sinner dying, Psalm xlix. 6, 9.
 Eccl. viii. 8. Job iii. 14, 15.*

- 1 IN 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 glittering roofs and downy beds.
- 3 The lingering, the unwilling soul
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay.
- 4 Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
 Their bones without distinction lie
 Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

HYMN XXV. (C. M.)

A Vision of the Lamb, Rev. v. 6—9.

- 1 ALL mortal vanities begone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
 Behold amidst th' eternal throne
 A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
 Mark'd with the bloody death he bore:
 Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
 To speak his wisdom and his power.

- 3 Lo, he receives a sealed book
From him that sits upon the throne ;
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark decrees, and things unknown.]
- 4 All the assembling saints around
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
And in new songs of gospel-sound
Address their honours to his name.
- 5 [The joy, the shout, the harmony,
Flies o'er the everlasting hills ;
" Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
" To read the book, to loose the seals."]
- 6 Our voices join the heavenly strain,
And with transporting pleasure sing,
" Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
" To be our teacher and our king!"
- 7 His words of prophecy reveal
Eternal counsels, deep designs ;
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful lines:
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd our souls from hell
With thine invaluable blood ;
And wretches that did once rebel,
Are now made favorites of their God.
- 9 Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

HYMN XXVI. (C. M.)

*Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of
Christ, 1 Peter i. 3—5.*

- 1 BLESS'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 tho' our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.
- 4 There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waste away.

- 5 Saints by the power of God are kept,
 'Till the salvation come;
 We walk by faith, as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XXVII. (C. M.)

Assurance of Heaven; or, a Saint prepared to die, 2 Tim. iv. 6—8, 18.

- 1 [DEATH may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home;
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 Nor my salvation come?
 2 With heavenly 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 heaven for me
 A crown which cannot fade;
 The righteous judge at that great day
 Shall place it on my head.
 4 Nor hath the king of grace decreed
 This prize for me alone;
 But all that love, and long to see,
 Th' appearance of his Son.
 5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard me safe
 From ev'ry ill design;
 And to his heavenly kingdom keep
 This feeble soul of mine.
 6 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise—Amen.

HYMN XXVIII. (C. M.)

The Triumph of Christ over the Enemies of his Church, Isaiah lxiii. 1, 2, 3, &c.

- 1 WHAT mighty man, or mighty God,
 Comes travelling in state
 Along the Idumean road,
 Away from Bozrah's gate?
 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
 'Tis some victorious king;
 " 'Tis I, the just, th' Almighty One,
 " That your salvation bring."
 3 " Why mighty Lord," thy saints enquire,
 " Why thine apparel'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 saints;
 " I have an arm t'avenge their wrongs,
 " An ear for their complaints."

HYMN XXIX. (C. M.)

The Second Part: or, The Ruin of Antichrist, ver. 4-7.

- 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 light'ning 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 Thy honours, O victorious King!
 Thine own right-hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliverer praise.

HYMN XXX. (L. M.)

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 thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee,
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
 My earnest cries salute the skies
 Before the dawn restore the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God;
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
 A mighty voice before him goes,
 A voice of music to his friends,
 But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 5 Come, children, to your father's arms,
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 Till the fierce storms be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.
- 6 My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,
 While heavenly peace around my flock
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

• HYMN XXXI. First Part. (C. M.)

Condescending Grace, Psalm cxxxviii. 6.

- 1 **W**HEN the eternal bows the skies
 To visit earthly things,
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes
 From towers of haughty kings.
- 2 He bids his awful chariot roll
 Far downward from the skies,
 To visit every humble soul
 With pleasure in his eyes.
- 3 Why should the Lord that reigns above
 Disdain so lofty kings!
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love,
 Upon such worthless things!
- 4 Mortals, be dumb; what Creature dares
 Dispute his awful will!
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.
- 5 Just like his nature is his grace,
 All sovereign and all free:
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
 How deep thy judgments be!

• HYMN XXXI. Second Part. (C. M.)

The hidden Life of a Christian, Col. iii. 3.

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

- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While peace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.
- 3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.
- 4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.
- 5 He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raise his figure here:
Content and pleas'd to live unknown,
Till Christ his life appear.
- 6 He looks to heaven's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day:
But patient waits his Saviour's will
To fetch his soul away.

HYMN XXXII. (C. M.)

Strength from Heaven, Isa. xl. 27-30.

1. **WHENCE** do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?
- 2 Have we forgot th' Almighty name,
That form'd the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 3 Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak,
And treads their foes to hell.
- 4 Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigour cease;
But we, that wait upon the Lord,
Shall feel our strength increase.
- 5 The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promis'd bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

* HYMN XXXIII. (C. M.)

*A rational Defence of the Gospel, Rom. i.
16. 1 Cor. i. 27, 28.*

- 1 **SHALL** atheists dare insult the cross
Of our redeemer, God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

- 2 What if he choose mysterious ways
To cleanse us from our faults?
May not the works of sovereign grace
Transcend our feeble thoughts?
- 3 What if his gospel bids us fight
With flesh, and self, and sin;
The prize is most divinely bright
That we are call'd to win.
- 4 What if the foolish, and the poor
His glorious grace partake;
This but confirms his truth the more,
For so the prophets spake.
- 5 Do some that own his sacred name
Indulge their souls in sin?
Jesus should never bear the blame,
His laws are pure and clean.
- 6 Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
Our lips profess his word;
Nor blush nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

• HYMN XXXIV. First Part. (L. M.)
The Gospel and Power of God to Salvation,
Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **W**HAT shall the dying sinner do
That seeks relief for all his woe?
Where shall the guilty conscience find
Ease for the torment of the mind?
- 2 How shall we get our crimes forgiven
Or form our natures fit for heaven;
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin,
Make their own powers and passions clean?
- 3 In vain we search, in vain we try,
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;
'Tis there such power and glory dwell,
As saves rebellious souls from hell.
- 4 This is the pillar of our hope,
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.
- 5 Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where natures golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.
- 6 Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain;
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

• HYMN XXXIV. Second Part. (C. M.)

None excluded from Hope, Rom. i. 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak :
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.
- 2 Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow :
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.
- 3 While grace is offer'd to the prince,
The poor may take their share :
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.
- 4 Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers :
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.
- 5 Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew :
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.
- 6 His doctrine is almighty love :
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

• HYMN XXXV. First Part. (L. M.)

Faith the Way to Salvation, Rom. i. 16.

Eph. ii. 8, 9.

- 1 **N**OT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's sons arrive at heaven ;
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient sins forgiven.
- 2 Not the best deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conscience whole ;
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Christ and saves the soul.
- 3 Lord, I believe thy heavenly word,
Fain would I have my soul renew'd ;
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
To have it pardon'd and subdu'd.
- 4 O may thy grace its power display,
Let guilt and death no longer reign ;
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

• HYMN XXXV. Second Part. (C. M.)

Truth, Sincerity, &c. Phil. iv. 8.

- 1 **L**ET those who bear the Christian name
 Their holy vows fulfil:
 The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
 Are men of honour still.
- 2 True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Tho' to their hurt they swear:
 Constant and just to all they speak,
 For God and angels hear.
- 3 Still with their lips their hearts agree,
 Nor flattering words devise:
 They know the God of truth can see
 Thro' every false disguise.
- 4 They hate th' appearance of a lie
 In all the shapes it wears:
 They live in truth; and when they die,
 Eternal life is theirs.
- 5 While hypocrites and liars fly
 Before the Judge's frown,
 His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
 Receive th' immortal crown.

• HYMN XXXVI. (C. M.)

A lovely Carriage.

- 1 **O**'TIS a lovely thing to see
 A man of prudent heart,
 Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree,
 To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and wars begin
 In little angry souls,
 Mark how the sons of peace come in,
 And quench the kindling coals.
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
 Not let their fury rise;
 Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
 Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
 Good works fulfil their day:
 They join the serpent with the dove,
 But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind;
 Such pleasures he pursu'd;
 His flesh and blood were all refin'd,
 His soul divinely good.
- 6 Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
 In such a heart as mine?
 Thy grace my nature can renew,
 And make my soul like thine.

* HYMN XXXVII. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ's Humiliation, Exaltation, and Triumph, Phil. ii. 8, 9. Mark xv. 20, 21, 29. Col. ii. 15.

- 1 **T**HE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brightest monument of praise,
That e'er the God of love design'd,
Employs and fills my labouring mind.
- 2 Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A burden for an angel's tongue,
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
He tunes and summons all his strings.
- 3 Proclaim inimitable love,
Jesus the Lord of worlds above
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And veils the God in mortal clay.
- 4 What black reproach defil'd his name
When with our sins he took our shame!
He whom adoring angels blest
Is made the impious rebel's jest.
- 5 He that distributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans,
The prince of life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death.
- 6 But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And, while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.
- 7 Thus were the hosts of death subdu'd,
And sin was drown'd in Jesus' blood;
Thus he arose and reigns above,
And conquers sinners by his love.
- 8 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue;
How low, how vain, are mortal strains,
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs.

* HYMN XXXVII. Second Part. (C. M.)

Zeal and Fortitude.

- 1 **D**O I believe what Jesus saith,
And think his gospel true?
Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
And practise virtue too.

- 2 Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
Arm me with heavenly zeal,
That I may make thy power appear,
And works of praise fulfil.
- 3 If men shall see my virtue shine,
And spread my name abroad,
Thine is the pow'r, the praise is thine,
My Saviour and my God.
- 4 Thus when the saints in glory meet,
Their lips proclaim thy grace:
They cast their honours at thy feet,
And own their borrow'd rays.

PAUSE.

- 5 Are we the soldiers of the cross?
The follow'rs of the Lamb?
And shall we fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 6 Now must we fight if we should reign:
Increase our courage, Lord!
We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 7 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, tho' they're slain;
They see the triumph from afar,
And shall with Jesus reign.
- 8 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

* HYMN XXXVIII. First Part. (C. M.)

The Atonement of Christ, Rom. iii. 25.

- 1 **H**OW is our nature spoil'd by sin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conscience clean,
Or heal the painful wound.
- 2 In vain we seek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.
- 3 The threatenings of thy broken law
Impress our souls with dread;
If God his sword of vengeance draw,
It strikes our spirits dead.
- 4 But thine illustrious sacrifice
Hath answer'd these demands;
And peace and pardon from the skies,
Come down by Jesus' hands.

- 5 Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the lamb;
And prophets in their visions see
Salvation thro' his name.
- 6 'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord;
'Tis on thy cross we rest:
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever blest.

* HYMN XXXVIII. Second Part. (L. M.)

The Universal Law of Equity, Matt. viii. 12.

- 1 BLESSED Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"To do to all men just the same
"As we expect or wish from them."
- 2 This golden lesson short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.
- 3 How blest would every nation be,
Thus rul'd by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.
- 4 Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

HYMN XXXIX. (C. M.)

God's tender Care of his Church, ...
Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

- 1 NOW shall my inward joys arise,
And burst into a song;
Almighty love inspires my heart,
And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
Some mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To shower 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 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
Her suckling have no room?

- 5 "Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
 " And mothers monsters prove,
 " Sion still dwells upon the heart
 " Of everlasting love.
- 6 " Deep on the palms of both my hands
 " I have engrav'd her name ;
 " My hands shall raise her ruin'd walls,
 " And build her broken frame."

HYMN XL. (L. M.)

The Business and Blessedness of glorified Saints, Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 "WHAT happy men, or angels, these,
 " That all their robes are spotless white?
 " Whence did this glorious troop arrive
 " At the pure realms of heavenly light?"
- 2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood they came :
 But nobler blood has wash'd their robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.
- 3 Now they approach th' Almighty throne
 With loud Hosannas night and day,
 Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
 Measure their bless'd eternity.
- 4 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.
- 5 The Lamb that 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.
- 6 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.

HYMN XLI. (C. M.):

*The same: or, The Martyrs glorified,
 Rev. vii. 13, &c.*

- 1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they
 " shine!
 " Whence all their white array?
 " How came they to the happy seats
 " Of everlasting day?"
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely wash'd their raiment white,
 In Jesus' dying blood,

- 3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.
- 4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supply'd.
- 5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 6 The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN XLII. (C. M.)

Divine Wrath and Mercy, Nahum i. 1. &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 watery grave;
The frighted sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Thro' the wide air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurl'd;
Who dares engage his fiery rage
That shakes the solid world?
- 6 Yet mighty God, thy sovereign grace
Sits regent on the throne,
The refuge of thy chosen race
When wrath comes rushing down.

- 7 Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
 A fiery tempest pour,
 While we, beneath thy sheltering wings,
 Thy just revenge adore.

• HYMN XLIII. First Part. (L. M.)

Jesus our Surety and Saviour, 1 Peter i. 18.
 Gal. iii. 13. Rom. iv. 25.

- 1 **A** DAM, our Father and our head,
 Transgress'd, and justice doom'd us dead,
 The fiery law speaks all despair;
 There's no reprieve nor pardon there.
- 2 But O unutterable grace,
 The Son of God takes Adam's place,
 Down to our world the Saviour flies,
 Stretches his arms, and bleeds and dies.
- 3 Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
 And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood:
 What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
 Then rose; the law could ask no more.
- 4 Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your eyes:
 Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
 And bow to this mysterious love.
- 5 Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
 And sing the glories he hath won,
 Sing how he broke our iron chains,
 How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.
- 6 Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
 By all the flaming hosts ador'd;
 And say, dear conqueror, say how long,
 Ere we shall rise to join their song.
- 7 Send down a chariot from above,
 With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
 Raise us beyond th' etherial blue,
 To sing and love as angels do.

• HYMN XLIII. Second Part. (L. M.)

The Christian's Treasure, 1 Cor. iii. 21.

- 1 **H**OW vast the treasure we possess!
 How rich thy bounty, king of grace!
 This world is ours, and works to come:
 Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

- 2 All things are ours; the gifts of God:
The purchase of a Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to improve them too.
- 3 If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise:
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.
- 4 I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.
- 5 Father I wait thy daily will:
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

* HYMN XLIV. First Part. (L. M.)

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning,
Luke xxiii. 27, 29, 44—46. Matt. xxvii. 50, 57.
xxviii. 6, &c.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo Salem's daughters weep around,
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.
- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus the dead revives again!
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb!
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.
- 5 Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the monster death in chains.
- 6 Say 'Live for ever, wond'rous king!
'Born to redeem, and strong to save.'
Then ask the monster, 'Where's thy sting,'
And, 'where's thy victory, boasting grave.'

* HYMN XLIV. Second Part. (C. M.)

The true Improvement of Life.

- 1 **A**ND is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons given?
O let me then prepare to be
A fitter heir of heaven.
- 2 In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord, I accept thine offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.
- 3 Now cleanse my soul from every sin
By my Redeemer's blood:
Now let my flesh and soul begin
The honours of my God.
- 4 Let me no more my soul beguile
With sin's deceitful toys:
Let cheerful hope increasing still
Approach to heavenly joys.
- 5 My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praise,
And spread the savour of thy name
Where'er I spend my days.
- 6 On earth let my example shine,
And when I leave this state,
May heaven receive this soul of mine
To bliss supremely great.

HYMN XLV. (C. M.)

The last Judgment, Rev. xxi. 5-8.

- 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 saint that 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,
 " That 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. First Part. (C. M.)

God glorious and Sinners saved. Rom. i. 30.
 Chap. v. 8, 9. 1 Pet. iii. 22.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glories shine!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill.
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.
- 3 But when we view thy strange design :
 To save rebellious worms,
 Our souls are fill'd with awe divine
 To see what God performs.
- 4 When sinners break the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones ;
 Oh the dear mysteries of his cross,
 The triumph of his groans.
- 5 Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heavenly plains ;
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.
- 6 O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song ;
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

• HYMN XLVI. Second Part. (L. M.)

The Privileges of the Living above the Dead.

- 1 **A**WAKE my zeal, awake my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.
- 2 Awake my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor :
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.
- 3 Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins controul,
And be thy victories ever new.
- 4 The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t' encounter there:
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.
- 5 Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown ;
And when my life and labours cease
May I possess the promis'd crown!

• HYMN XLVII. (C. M.)

Death of Kindred improved.

- 1 **M**UST friends and kindred drop and die
And helpers be withdrawn ?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God
Our helper and our friend :
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led !
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.
- 4 Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN XLVIII. (L. M.)

The Christian Race, Isa. xl. 28, &c.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone:
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.—
- 3 Thee, 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 drop, 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 heavenly road.

HYMN XLIX. (C. M.)

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 thro' 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 followers 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.

HYMN L. (C. M.)

*The Song of Zecharias, and the Message of
John the Baptist: or, Light and Salva-
tion 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 heavenly love,
In its own glory shines.
- 5 "Behold the Lamb of God," he cries,
"That takes our guilt away;
"I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
"On his baptizing day.] -
- 6 "Be every 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 that in darkness sit;
"He marks the path that leads to peace,
"And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN LI. (S. M.)

Persevering 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 every 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 power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN LII. (L. M.)

Baptism, Matt. xxviii. 19. Acts ii. 38.

- 1 'TWAS 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 covenant, with the seals,
To bless the distant British 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 covenant with the Lord;
O may the Great Eternal Three,
In heaven our solemn vows record!

HYMN LIII. (L. M.)

The Holy Scriptures, Heb. i. 1, 2. Tim. iii.
15, 16. Psalm cxlvii. 19, 20.

- 1 GOD, 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 heaven,
Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 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 British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To ev'ry land) Praise ye the Lord.

HYMN LIV. (L. M.)

Electing Grace: or, Saints beloved in Christ,
Eph. i. 3, &c.

- 1 JESUS, we bless thy Father's name;
Thy God and ours are both the same.
What heavenly blessings from his throne
Flow down to sinners thro' 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, a 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 our part
In the affections of his heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence remov'd,
Till he forgets his first-belov'd.

HYMN LV. (C. M.)

Hezekiah's Song; or, Sickness and Recovery,
Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

- 1 WHEN 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 that 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 strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore:
He casts our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

HYMN LVI. (C. M.)

The Song of Moses and the Lamb: or, Babylon falling, Rev. xv. 3. & xvi. 19. & xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
We sound thy dreadful name;
The Christian church unites the songs
Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wonderful 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, that 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 sovereign judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN LVII. (C. M.)

Original Sin: or, The first and second Adam,
Rom. v. 12, &c. Psal. li. 5. Job xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dash'd and broke
In our first father's fall!
- 2 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!
- 3 [Conceiv'd in sin (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath;
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.
- 4 How strong in our degenerate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins!]
- 5 [Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?
- 6 What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]
- 7 Yet, mighty God, thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.
- 8 The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosanna to that sovereign pow'r,
That new creates our dust!

HYMN LVIII. (L. M.)

*The Devil vanquished: or, Michael's War
with the Dragon, Rev. xii. 7.*

- 1 **L**ET mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heaven, when Michael stood
Chief general 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 powerful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heavens; let ev'ry star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your deliverer's name on high.

HYMN LIX. (L. M.)

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."
- 2 He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
"Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN LX. (L. M.)

*The Virgin Mary's Song: or, The promised
Messiah born*, Luke i. 46, &c.

- 1 **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!
- 2 [The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His over-shadowing power and grace,
Makes her the mother of his Son.
- 3 Let every nation call her bless'd,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd;
Holy and reverend is his name.]

- 4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.
- 5 He spake to Abra'm and his seed,
"In thee shall all the earth be bless'd :"
The memory of that ancient word,
Lay long in his eternal breast.
- 6 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. (L. M.)

*Christ our High-Priest and King ; and
Christ coming to Judgment, Rev. 1. 5—7.*

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
And wash'd us in his richest blood ;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning priest,
To Jesus, our superior king,
Be everlasting power confess'd,
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him move ;
Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
Then he displays his pardoning 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. (C. M.)

*Christ Jesus the Lamb of God, worshipped
by all the Creation, Rev. v. 11, &c.*

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"To be exalted thus :"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN LXIII. (L. M.)

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation,
Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **WHAT** equal honour shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy name?
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who 'stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 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 every creature say, Amen.

HYMN LXIV. (S. M.)

Adoption, 1 John iii. 1. Gal. iv. 6.

- 1 **BEHOLD** what wonderful grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

- 2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King;
God's everlasting Son.
- 3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.
- 4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.
- 5 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.
- 6 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN LXV. (L. M.)

*The Kingdoms of the World become the
Kingdoms of the Lord: or, The Day of
Judgment, Rev. xi. 15-18.*

- 1 **L**ET the seventh angel sound on high,
Let shouts be heard thro' all the sky;
Kings of the earth, with glad accord
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.
- 2 Almighty God, thy power 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.

HYMN LXVI. (L. M.)

*Christ the King at his Table,
Sol. Song i. 2, &c.*

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul, and prove
Mine interest in his heavenly love:
The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

- 2 On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
And spreads the savour 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 wandering feet thy favours bring
To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tunes our voice
To speak thy praises and our joys;
Our memory keeps this love of thine,
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Tho' 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.]

HYMN LXVII. (L. M.)

Seeking the Pastures of Christ, the Shepherd,
Sol. Song i. 7.

- 1 THOU whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy, and earthly love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?
- 2 Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.
- 3 Why should thy bride appear like one
That turns aside to paths unknown?
My constant feet would never rove,
Would never seek another love.

- 4 [The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wonderful feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and 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.]

HYMN LXVIII. (L. M.)

The Banquet of Love, Sol. Song ii. 1-5.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the vallies bear;
Behold the Tree of life, that gives
Refreshing fruit, and healing leaves.
- 2 Amongst the thorns so flies shine;
Amongst 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 heavenly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed mine eyes, and please my taste.
- 4 [Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands 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 generous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And opening his own heart to me,
He shews 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,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

HYMN LXIX. (L. M.)

Christ appearing to his Church, and seeking her Company, Sol. Song ii. 8, &c.

- 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 thro' the veil of flesh I see,
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass
He shews 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 wintery 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 heavenly 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 out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN LXX. (L. M.)

*Christ inviting, and the Church answering
the Invitation, Sol. Song ii. 14, &c.*

- 1 [HARK! the Redeemer from on high
Sweetly invites his favorites nigh;
From caves of darkness 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 countenance meet;
"Tho' 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 prayer, and 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,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds;
Amongst 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.]

HYMN LXXI. (L. M.)

*Christ found in the Street, and brought to
 the Church, Sol. Song iii. 1—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 a heavenly 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 Sion'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,
 Nor cause my Saviour to depart.

HYMN LXXII. (L. M.)

*The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals
 of the Church, Sol. Song iii. 2.*

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
 The crown of honour and of gold,
 Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
 Plac'd on the head of Solomon.

- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- 3 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy 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 Each following minute as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
'Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.
- 6 O that the months would roll away,
And bring that coronation-day!
The king of grace shall fill the throne,
With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN LXXIII. (L. M.)

The Church's Beauty in the Eyes of Christ,
Sol. Song iv. 1, 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

- 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 taste 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 heavenly dress,
His graces and his righteousness.
- 5 "My sister and my spouse," he cries,
"Round to my heart by various ties,
"Thy powerful love my heart detains
"In strong delight and pleasing chains."
- 6 He calls me from the leopard's den,
From this wild world of beasts and men,
To Sion, where his glories are;
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

- 7 Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN LXXIV. (L. M.)

The Church the Garden of Christ,
Sol. Song iv. 12—15. and v. 1.

- 1 **WE** 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 Sion flow
To make the young plantation grow.
- 3 Awake, O heavenly 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 every 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 that 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 tongue can give.]

HYMN LXXV. (L. M.)

The Description of Christ the Beloved,
Sol. Song v. 9—16.

- 1 **THE** wondering world enquires 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 amongst 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,
Hard 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 heavenly hands that 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 that pour'd out long complaints,
Now smiles, and cheers his fainting saints:
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. (L. M.)

Christ dwells in Heaven, but visits on Earth.
Sol. 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 may seek and love him too.

- 2 My best beloved keeps his throne,
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
But he descends, and shews 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 lilies shew 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 e'er I'm aware,
And shews me where his glories are;
No chariot of Amminadib
The heavenly 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.]

HYMN LXXVII. (L. M.)

The Love of Christ to the Church in his Language and Provisions, Sol. Song vii. 5—13.

- 1 **N**OW in the galleries 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, sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows, sweeter than the choicest wine.
- 3 Such wonderous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes 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.

HYMN LXXVIII. (L. M.)

*The Strength of Christ's Love, and the
Soul's Jealousy of her own, Sol. Song viii.
5-7, &c.*

- 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 saint.]
- 3 "O let my name engraven stand,
"Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
"Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
"That pledge of love 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 imprest,
"As a fair signet on my breast.
- 6 "Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
"Where fears and doubts can never come,
"Thy countenance let me often see,
"And often thou shalt hear from me.
- 7 "Come, my beloved, haste away,
"Cut short the hours of thy delay;
"Fly like a youthful hart or roe,
"Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN LXXIX. (L. M.)

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 thro' 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 O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will,
March on and keep my heavenly way.

- 4 [But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God my sun shall disappear,
And leave me in the world's wild maze,
To follow every wandering star.]
- 5 Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings 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 with this.

HYMN LXXX. (L. M.)

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 power prolongs my days,
And every evening 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. (L. M.)

A Song for Morning or Evening,

Lam. iii. 23. Isa. xlv. 7.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN LXXXII. (L. M.)

*God far above Creatures; or, Man vain
and mortal, Job iv. 17—21.*

- 1 SHALL 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 power, to thee we bow:
How frail are we, how glorious thou!
No more the sons of earth shall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN LXXXIII. (C. M.)

*Afflictions and Death, under Providence,
Job v. 6—8.*

- 1 NOT 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. (L. M.)

*Salvation, Righteousness, and Strength in
 Christ, Isa. xlv. 21—25.*

- 1 **J**EHOVAH speaks, let Israel hear,
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims
 His sovereign 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 that in shades of darkness dwell,
 "Just on the verge of death and hell,
 "Look up to me from distant lands,
 "Light, life, and heaven, 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 every 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 interest in my pardoning love."

HYMN LXXXV. (S. M.)

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 that sit
 "In darkness and distress,
 "Look from the borders of the pit
 "To my recovering grace."
- 3 Sinners shall hear the sound;
 Their thankful tongues shall own,
 "Our righteousness and strength is found
 "In thee, the Lord, alone."
- 4 In thee shall Israel trust,
 And see their guilt forgiven;
 God will pronounce the sinners just,
 And take the saints to heav'n.

HYMN LXXXVI. (C. M.)

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 presumers 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 wondrous way,
 Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN LXXXVII. (L. M.)

*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 pardoning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair and die!
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chastening love.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. (L. M.)

Life the Day of Grace and Hope,
 Eccles. ix. 4, &c.

- 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 that God has given
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.]
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 [Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy bury'd in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon past
 In the cold grave to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair
 Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN LXXXIX. (L. M.)

Youth and Judgment, Eccles. 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 terror through:
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.

HYMN XC. (C. M.)

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 that God requires
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.
- 4 How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away
To be for ever blest.

HYMN XCI. (L. M.)

*Advice to Youth: or, Old Age and Death
in an unconverted State, Eccles. xii. 1, 7.
Isa. lxv. 20.*

- 1 **N**OW in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God:
Behold, the months come hastening on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"
- 2 Behold, the aged sinner goes
Laden with guilt and heavy woes
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.

HYMN XCII. (S. M.)

*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 every 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,
 " E'er 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 that keeps my ways;
 " The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN XCIII. (L. M.)

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted,
 Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 " Bless'd is the man that hears my word;
 " Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 " And at my feet for mercy waits.
- 2 " The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 " Immortal wealth and heavenly gain;
 " Immortal life is his reward,
 " Life, and the favour of the Lord.
- 3 " But the vile wretch that flies from me
 " Doth his own soul an injury;
 " Fools that against my grace rebel
 " Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN XCIV. (C. M.)

*Justification by Faith, not by Works: or,
 The Law condemns, Grace justifies, Rom.*
 iii. 19—22.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.
- 2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
 Without a murmur'ing word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

i. 3, &c.
in earth,
in,
at birth,

me

wind

in,

to rise

; eyes,
path.

(Or. i. 26—31.)

wise,

eyes,

at name

shame

him know

throne :
boast,

(I. M.)

ousness, &c.

the night,
the light;
the blind,
the mind.
in tears,
bars ;
distress,
righteousness.

- 3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin,
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
At once to cleanse and pardon too.
- 4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN XCVIII. (S. M.) *The same.*

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Over our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven,
But, in his righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers 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 sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

HYMN XCIX. (C. M.)

*Stones made Children of Abraham: or,
Grace not conveyed by religious Parents,
Matt. iii. 9.*

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes that 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 Abraham well
With new-created sons.

- 3 Such wonderful power doth he possess
Who form'd our mortal frame,
Who call'd the world from emptiness,
The world obey'd and came.

HYMN C. (L. M.)

Believe and be saved, John iiii. 16—18.

- 1 **N**OT 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 sin, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.
- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace;
Who God's eternal Son despise
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN CI. (L. M.)

*Joys in Heaven for a repenting Sinner,
Luke xv. 7, 10.*

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Thro' 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.

HYMN CII. (L. M.)

The Beatitudes, Matt. v. 2—12.

- 1 [**B**LESS'D are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

- 2 [Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.]
- 3 [Bless'd 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 [Bless'd are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supply'd, and fed,
With living streams and living bread].
- 5 [Bless'd are the men whose bowels move
And melt with sympathy and love;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.]
- 6 [Bless'd are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling powers of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Bless'd 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 [Bless'd are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN CIII. (C. M.)

Not ashamed of the Gospel, 2 Tim. 1. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust,
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN CIV. (C. M.)

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 slanderers, 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 power
To keep thy just commands!
We would defile our hearts no more,
No more pollute our hands.

HYMN CV. (C. M.)

Heaven invisible and holy, 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10.
Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen, nor ear has heard,
Nor sense, nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepar'd
For those that love the Son.
- 2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.
- 3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.
- 4 Those holy gates for ever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
None shall obtain admittance there
But followers 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 heavenly ground.

HYMN CVI. (S. M.)

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 his cross,
And bought our liberty.

HYMN CVII. (L. M.)

*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 that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threatening: death began
To take possession of the man;
His unborn race 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 powers below.]

HYMN CVIII. (S. M.)

Christ unscen and beloved, 1 Pet. 1. 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 heaven begins below.

HYMN CIX. (L. M.)

*The Value of Christ, and his Righteousness,
Phil. lii. 7-9.*

- 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. (C. M.)

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 heavenly Father's call.

- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.
- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN CXI. (C. M.)

Salvation by Grace, Titus iii. 3—7.

- 1 [LORD, we confess our numerous 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 dangerous 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 sovereign grace
Abounding thro' 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 through 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. (C. M.)

*The Brazen Serpent : or, Looking to Jesus,
John iii. 14—16.*

- 1 SO 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 her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
 High in the heavens he reigns:
 Here sinners, by th' old serpent stung
 Look, and forget their pains.
- 4 Then God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives,
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN CXIII. (C. M.)

Abraham's Blessing on the Gentiles,
 Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8. Mark x. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise! how divine,
 To Abra'm, and his seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 "Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure;
 The angel of the covenant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms
 To our great fathers given;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heaven.
- 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.

HYMN CXIV. (L. M.)

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 and 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 numerous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

HYMN CXV. (C. M.)

Conviction of Sin by the Law, Rom. 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 heaven were firm and bright
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.
- 3 [My guilt appear'd but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.
- 4 Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 My sins reviv'd again,
 I had provok'd a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.]
- 5 I'm like a helpless captive sold,
 Under the power of sin;
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.
- 6 My God, I cry with every breath
 For some kind power to save,
 To break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN CXVI. (L. M.)

Love to God and our Neighbour,
 Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the first, the great command,
 "Let all thy inward powers unite
 "To love thy Maker and thy God,
 "With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 "Then shall thy neighbour next in place,
 "Share thine affections and esteem,
 "And let thy kindness to thyself
 "Measure and rule thy love to him."
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke.
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

- 4 But Oh! how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN CXVII. (L. M.)

Election Sovereign and Free, Rom. ix. 21—24.

- 1 [BEHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please:
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.
- 2 Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to choose
 And mould it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]
- 3 May not the sovereign 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 terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suffering vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?
- 5 What if he means to shew his grace,
 And his electing love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And forms them fit for heavenly 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 shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world, before his throne,
 With joy, or terror shall confess,
 The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN CXVIII. (S. M.)

*Moses and Christ: or, Sins against the Law
 and Gospel, John i. 17. Heb. iii. 3, 5, 6.
 and x. 28, 29.*

- 1 THE 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 sovereign and the head.
- 4 The man that durst despise
The law that Moses brought;
Behold! how terribly he dies
For his presumptuous fault.
- 5 But sorer vengeance falls
On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN CXIX. (C. M.)

*The different Success of the Gospel, 1 Cor. i.
23, 24. 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.*

- 1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jews esteem,
And folly to the Greek.
- 2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shines in their dying Lord.
- 3 The vital savour 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 showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN CXX. (C. M.)

Faith of Things unseen, Heb. xi. 1, &c.

- 1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks thro' the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.
- 2 It sets times 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;
Abra'm to unknown countries led,
By faith obey'd the Lord.
- 4 He sought a city fair and high,
Built by th' eternal hands;
And faith assures us, tho' we die,
That heavenly building stands.

HYMN CXXI. (C. M.)

*Children devoted to God, Gen. xvii. 7, 10.
Acts xvi. 14, 15, 33.
(For those who practise infant Baptism.)*

- 1 **T**HUS saith the mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
"I'll bless thy numerous race, and they
"Shall be a seed for me."
- 2 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd grace,
And gave his sons to God;
But water seals the blessing now,
That once was seal'd with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctify'd her house,
When she receiv'd the word;
Thus the believing jailer 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.

HYMN CXXII. (L. M.)

*Believers buried with Christ in Baptism,
Rom. vi. 3, 4, &c.*

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried 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.

HYMN CXXIII. (C. M.)

The Repenting Prodigal, Luke xv. 13, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine
 Had wasted his estate,
 He begs a share amongst 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."

HYMN CXXIV. (L. M.)

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 conqueror seiz'd us all;
 A thousand new-born babes are dead
 By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits fill'd with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honours of thy grace,
 That 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
Thro' 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.]

HYMN CXXV. (C. M.)

*Christ's Compassion to the Weak and Tempt-
ed, Heb. iv. 15, 16. and v. 7. Matt. xii. 20.*

- 1 **W**ITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.
- 3 But spotless, innocent and pure
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 5 [He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.]
- 6 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his pow'r,
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN CXXVI. (L. M.)

*Charity and Uncharitableness, Rom. xiv.
17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.*

- 1 **N**OT different food, or different 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.

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HYMN CXXIX. (L. M.)

Submission and Deliverance: or, Abraham offering his Son, Gen. xxi. 6, &c.

- 1 **S**AINTS, at your heavenly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.
- 2 So Abra'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 "Abra'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 delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN CXXX. (L. M.)

Love and Hatred, Phil. 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
Amongst 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 heavenly life?
- 4 Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run:
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN CXXXI. (L. M.)

*The Pharisee and 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 different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst 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 sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN CXXXII. (L. M.)

Holiness and Grace, Tit. ii. 10-13

- 1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN CXXXIII. (C. M.)

Love and Charity, 1 Cor. xiii. 2-7, 13.

- 1 LET 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 eyes
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 endure the wrong.]

- 4 [She nor desires nor seeks to know
The scandals of the time ;
Nor looks with pride on those below,
Nor envies those that 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 power,
In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
But saints for ever love.

HYMN CXXXIV. (L. M.)

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 heaven and hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor,
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name,
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN CXXXV. (L. M.)

*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 every breast ;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the heighth, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do,
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the church, thro' Christ his Son.

HYMN CXXXVI. (C. M.)

*Sincerity and Hypocrisy: or, Formality in
Worship, John iv. 24. Psalm cxxxix. 23, 24.*

- 1 **G**OD is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind;
In vain to heaven 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. (L. M.)

Salvation by Grace in Christ, 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honours given,
He saves from hell (we bless his name)
He calls our wandering feet to heaven.
- 2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.
- 3 'Twas his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son
Before he spread the starry sky.
- 4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known;
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.
- 5 He dies; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy:
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

HYMN CXXXVIII. (C. M.)

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 heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.
- 3 Nor death, nor hell, shall e'er remove
His favorites from his breast;
In the dear bosom of his love,
They must for ever rest.

HYMN CXXXIX. (L. M.)

*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 wonderful grace;
Eternal power 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 spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN CKL. (C. M.)

*A Living and a dead Faith, collected from
several Scriptures.*

- 1 **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead,
None but a living power 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 power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

- 5 [Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pardoning 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.]

HYMN CXLI. (S. M.)

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ,
Isa. lxi. 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:
Sorrrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his compassion, 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 bridle
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 power divine.]
- 8 ["Heaven shall advance my Son
"To joys that earth deny'd;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins, and dy'd."]

HYMN CXLII. (S. M.)

The same, Isa. lili. 6—9—12.

- 1 **L**IKE sheep, we went astray,
And broke the fold of God,
Each wandering in a different way,
But all the downward road.
- 2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wanderings 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 numerous 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."

HYMN CXLIII. (C. M.)

Characters of the Children of God, from several Scriptures.

- 1 **S**O new-born babes desire the breast
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste;
And by the gospel live.
- 2 [With inward gust their heart approves
All that the Word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]
- 3 [Not all the flattering baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heavenly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.
- 4 Not all the chains that tyrants use,
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, 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 terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But, with the noblest powers they have,
His sweet commands fulfil.]
- 7 They find access at every hour
To God within the veil!
Hence they derive a quickening power,
And joys that never fail.
- 8 O happy souls! O glorious state
Of overflowing grace!
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his lovely face!
- 9 Lord, I address thy heavenly throne;
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.
- 10 There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God,"
With an unwavering tongue.

HYMN CXLIV. (C. M.)

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 heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial dove,
Will safe convey me home.

HYMN CXLV. (C. M.)

*Christ and Aaron, taken from Heb. vii.
and ix.*

- 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-offerings 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 offering takes away
For ever all our guilt.]
- 4 [Their priesthood ran through several 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 ut Christ, by his own powerful blood
Ascends above the skies,
And, in the presence of our God
Shews his own sacrifice.]
- 7 Jesus, the king of glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly hill;
Looks like a lamb that 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 the Father's grace.

HYMN CXLVI. (L. M.)

*Characters of Christ, borrowed from inant-
imate 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 heavenly 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 lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.]
- 6 [Is he a vine? His heavenly 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 powers 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 sit,
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 that 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 Sion'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 the corner-stone,
For men to build their heaven 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 power;
And still to this 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 powers abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]
- 18 Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN CXLVII. (L. M.)

The Names and Titles of Christ, from several Scriptures.

- 1 [TIS from the treasures of his word
I borrow titles for my Lord;
Nor art, nor nature, can supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.]
- 2 Bright image of the 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 saints in full fruition prove
His rich variety of love.

HYMN CXLVIII.

As the cxlviiith Psalm. The same.

- 1 [**W**ITH 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
The 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 favorites and friends:
Then shall the saints completely prove,
The heights and depths of all his love.

HYMN CXLIX. (L. M.)

The Offices of Christ, from several Scriptures.

- 1 JOIN all the names of love and power
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 heavenly grace!
My eyes with joy and wonder see,
What forms of love he bears for me.
- 3 [The angel of the covenant 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 tidings came,
Of wrath appeas'd, of 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 wandering 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,
Answering 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 conqueror, and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;
Thine is the victory, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

- 11 [Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The captain of salvation leads:
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 [Should death and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

HYMN CL.

As the 148th Psalm. The same.

- 1 **J**OIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That 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 heavenly grace!
Mine 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 forgiven,
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 wandering 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 powerful 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 that hell or sin can say,
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]
- 10 [My dear Almighty Lord,
My conqueror 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 saint shall win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.]
- 12 Should all the hosts of death,
And powers of hell unknown,
Put their most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior power, and guardian grace.

The End of the First Book.

H Y M N S.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN I. (L. M.)

A Song in Praise to God from Great Britain.

- 1 **N**ATURE with all her powers 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 that 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:
Whilst 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 every word a miracle.]
- 5 [This northern isle, our native land,
Lies safe in the Almighty's hand:
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.
- 6 He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]
- 7 Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders thro' the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far,
The honours of the God of war.]

- 9 Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain pronounce with warmest joy
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.
- 10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN II. (C. M.)

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 Lingered 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,
Amongst abominable fiends,
Herself a frightful ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds 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 insur'd his love!

HYMN III. (C. M.)

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 his saints he bless'd,
And soften'd ev'ry bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shew'd our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh 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. (L. M.)

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 dares 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. (L. M.)

Longing to praise Christ better.

- 1 **L**ORD, when my thoughts with wonder roll
O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
And read my Maker's broken laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy cross;

- 2 When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that 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 that 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.

HYMN VI. (C. M.)

A Morning Song.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes,
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heaven 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 power 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
Whilst I enjoy the light,
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a pleasant night.

HYMN VII. (C. M.)

An Evening Song.

- 1 **D**READ sov'reign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Thro' 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
Encompass me around,
But O how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found!
- 4 What have I done for him that 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 pardoning blood
I lay me down to rest,
As in th' embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN VIII. (C. M.)

A Hymn for Morning and Evening.

- 1 **H**OSANNA, with a cheerful sound,
To God's upholding hand,
Ten thousand snares attend us round,
And yet secure we stand.
- 2 That was a most amazing power
That rais'd us with a word,
And every day and every hour
We lean upon the Lord.
- 3 The evening rests our weary head,
And angels guard the room;
We wake, and we admire the bed
That 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 daffy light
Our joy and safety brings;
Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN IX. (C. M.)

*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 sufferer stood!]
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 4 We'll 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 to 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.

HYMN X. (C. M.)

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
Is not within your power.

- 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 sphere,
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 heavenly road;
There sits my Saviour dress'd in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN XI. (L. M.)

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 whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.
- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine 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 pleasures roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN XII. (C. M.)

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 smoking 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.

HYMN XIII. (L. M.)

*The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution,
and Restoration of this World.*

- 1 SING to the Lord that built the skies,
The Lord that 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 every drop, and every dust,
Nature and time, with all their wheels,
And push'd 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 lightning burn the globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
There's a new heaven and earth for you.

HYMN XIV. (S. M.)

*The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordina-
nces.*

- 1 WELCOME 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 saints 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 hath 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.

HYMN XV. (L. M.)

*The Enjoyment of Christ: or, Delight in
Worship.*

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, 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 fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 [The trees of life immortal stand
In flourishing 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,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

HYMN XVI. (L. M.) Second Part.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a heaven 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 that 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 heavenly trees;
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
A drop of heaven on worms below.
- 6 Send comforts down from thy right-hand,
While we pass thro' this barren land,
And in thy temple let us see
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN XVII. (C. M.)

God's Eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all my thoughts abroad,
And rouse up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Or 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 th' old creation dies.

HYMN XVIII. (L. M.)

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 come."
- 3 Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands;
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.
- 4 Thy winged troops, O God of hosts,
Wait on thy wandering church below;
Here we are sailing 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.

HYMN XIX. (C. M.)

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;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And fades the grass 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 so long.
- 4 But 'tis our God supports our frame,
The God that built us first;
Salvation to th' almighty name
That rear'd us from the dust.
- 5 [He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
In all their motions rose;
"Let blood," said he, "flow round the yeins,"
And round the veins it flows.

- 6 While we have breath to use our tongues
Our Maker we'll adore;
His spirit moves our heaving lungs,
Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN XX. (C. M.)

Backslidings and Returns: or, The Inconstancy of our Love.

- 1 **W**HY is my heart so far from thee,
My God, my chief delight?
Why are my thoughts no more by day
With thee, no more by night?
- 2 [Why should my foolish passions rove?
Where can such sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy love,
As I have found in thee?]
- 3 When my forgetful soul renews
The savour of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.
- 4 But ere one fleeting hour is past,
The flattering 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 thee from my 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 surprise,
He draws with loving hands;
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.]

HYMN XXI. (L. M.)

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 that 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 heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite lover, gracious Lord,
To thee be endless honours given;
Thy wonderous name shall be ador'd,
Round the wide earth, and wider heav'n.

HYMN XXII. (L. M.)

With God is terrible Majesty.

- 1 **T**ERRIBLE God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thundering 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, bless'd saints, that love him too,
With reverence bow before his name;
Thus all his heavenly servants do:
God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN XXIII. (L. M.)

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heaven, immortal dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior 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 pleasing 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 powers 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 every heavenly 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 amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love!

HYMN XXIV. (L. M.)

*The Evil of Sin visible in the Fall of Angels
and 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 every bending throne ador'd.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat!
Amongst the morning stars he sang,
Till sin destroy'd his heavenly state.
- 3 [Twas sin that hurl'd him from his throne;
Gro'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 bower,
And spread destruction all abroad:
Sin, the curs'd name, that 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 treacherous 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.

HYMN XXV. (C. M.)

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

- 1 **M**Y drowsy powers, 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 heaven 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 procure that crown
He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts!
Come, holy dove, from th' heavenly 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.

HYMN XXVI. (L. M.)

God Invisible.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are blind, we 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 insufferably 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. (L. M.)

Praise ye him, all his Angels. Ps. cxlviii. 2.

- 1 **G**OD! the eternal awful name
 That the whole heavenly army fears,
 That 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 heaven 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 thro' all your frame;
 That sacred fire dwells all above,
 For we on earth have lost the name.
- 6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
 That infinite right-hand of his
 That vanquish'd Satan and his crew,
 And thunder drove them down from bliss.]
- 7 [What mighty storms of poison'd darts,
 Were hurl'd upon the rebels there!
 What deadly javelins nail'd their hearts
 Fast to the racks of long despair!]
- 8 [Shout to your King, you heavenly host;
 You that beheld the sinking foe;
 Firmly ye stood when they were lost;
 Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]
- 9 Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
 Let every distant nation hear;
 And while you sound his lofty praise,
 Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN XXVIII. (C. M.)

Death and Eternity.

- 1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
Converse a while with death:
Think how a gasping mortal lies,
And pants away his breath.
- 2 His quivering lip hangs feebly down,
His pulses faint and few;
Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
He bids the world adieu.
- 3 But, O the soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the clay!
Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous way.
- 4 Up to the courts where angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there,
Or devil dunge it down to hell
In infinite despair.
- 5 And must my body faint and die?
And must this soul remove?
O 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.

HYMN XXIX. (C. M.)

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 that 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.

HYMN XXX. (S. M.)

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

- 1 **C**OME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with 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
That never knew our God,
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 [The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas ;]
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love,
He shall send down his heavenly pow'rs
'To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we 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.]
- 9 [The hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 10 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN XXXI. (L. M.)

Christ's Presence makes Death easy.

- 1 **W**HY should we start and fear to die?
 What timorous 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 O, 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 terrors 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.

HYMN XXXII. (C. M.)

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 hastening to the tomb,
 Stop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell
 That slight the joys above!
 What chains of vengeance should we feel
 That break such cords of love!
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN XXXIII. (C. M.)

The blessed Society in Heaven.

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up and run
 Thro' every heavenly street,
 And say, there's nought 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 a ſun, the Saviour ſits,
And ſpreads eternal noon,
No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
To want the feeble moon.
- 5 Amidſt thoſe ever-ſhining ſkies
Behold the ſacred dove,
While baniſhed 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 heavenly grace
Transport them all the while!
Ten thouſand ſmiles from Jeſus' face,
And love in every ſmile!]
- 8 Jeſus, and when ſhall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I ſhall leave this houſe of clay
To dwell amongſt them there?

HYMN XXXIV. (C. M.)

*Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Per-
vency of Devotion deſired.*

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
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;
Morannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love to faint, so cold to thee?
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXV. (C. M.)

Praise to God for Creation and Redemption.

- 1 LET them neglect thy glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy grace,
But our loud songs 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)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis he restores 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.

HYMN XXXVI. (S. M.)

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 WELL, the Redeemer's gone
To appear before our God,
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With his atoning blood.
- 2 No fiery vengeance now,
No burning wrath comes down;
If justice call 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 honour 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
"That 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.]

HYMN XXXVII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 '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 offerings 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,
Hosanna in the highest;
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.]

HYMN XXXVIII. (C. M.)

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 that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move,
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease,
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN XXXIX. (C. M.)

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
That heaven allows to men,
And pains and sins run thro' 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 heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

HYMN XL. (C. M.)

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 heaven possess'd ;
 I praise his name for grace receiv'd,
 And trust him for the rest.

HYMN XLI. (L. M.)

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 wonderous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this load 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 tho' 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 powers shall bow and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN XLII. (C. M.)

Delight in God.

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above at thy right-hand!
 The 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 to thy 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 quickening 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,
 Wandering she flies thro' 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.]

HYMN XLIII. (L. M.)

Christ's Sufferings and Glory.

- 1 **N**OW for a tune of lofty praise,
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays,
 Tell the loud wonders he hath 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 prisoner 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 Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus the God exalted reigns,
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes thro' the heavenly plains.

HYMN XLIV. (L. M.)

Hell: or, The Vengeance of God.

- 1 **W**ITH holy fear and humble song,
The dreadful God our souls adore;
Reverence and awe becomes the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 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 fiery 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,
But they 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.

HYMN XLV. (L. M.)

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' heavenly 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.

HYMN XLVI. (L. M.)

God's Condescension to Human Affairs.

- 1 **U**P to the Lord that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

- 2 [He that 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 that must stoop to view the skies,
And bow to see what angels do,
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
And bends his footsteps downwards 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 us 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 O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heaven our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. (L. M.)

Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

- 6 O. may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold.
And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN XLVIII. (C. M.)

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 every sweet a snare.
- 2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering 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 wavering 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 them thence.
- 5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good,

HYMN XLIX. (C. M.)

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 her 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 Pisgah'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 heavenly Father's arms
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN L. (L. M.)

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 awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.
- 2 **B**UT O, 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 **Y**ET 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 **M**y 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 **W**hen 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 **N**ow shall my minutes smoothly run,
Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
My rising and my setting sun
Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN LI. (L. M.)

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 power hath form'd, thy wisdom sways
All nature with a sovereign word;
And the bright world of stars obeys
The will of their superior 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 scraps strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who, amongst the sons of light,
Pretends comparison with thee?

- 5 Yet there is one of human⁷ 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 different 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 every angel sing,
 And all the nations own their Lord.

HYMN LII. (C. M.)

Death dreadful, or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH! 'tis a melancholy day
 To those that have no God,
 When the poor soul is forc'd away
 To seek her last abode.
- 2 In vain to heaven she lifts her eyes,
 But 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 *for ever* there.
- 4 See how the pit gapes wide for you,
 And flashes in your face,
 And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
 And sing recovering grace.
- 5 He is a God of sovereign love
 That promis'd heaven to me,
 And taught my thoughts 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.

HYMN LIII. (C. M.)

The Pilgrimage of the Saints: or, Earth and Heaven.

- 1 **L**ORD! what a wretched land is this
 That 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 dangerous waters flow.
- 3 Yet the dear path to thine abode,
 Lies thro' this horrid land;
 Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
 And run at thy command.
- 4 [Our souls shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet,
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that 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 glimmering hopes and gloomy fears
 We trace the sacred road,
 Thro' dismal deeps and dangerous snares
 We make our way to God.]
- 8 Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward 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 travellers home!]
- 10 There on a green and flowery 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
 That brought us safely through;
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

HYMN LIV. (C. M.)

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 opening heavens 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
To embrace my dearest Lord.
- 5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death
I'd break thro' every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN LV. (C. M.)

Frail Life, and succeeding Eternity.

- 1 **T**HREE 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 every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling 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 every breath,
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurry'd hence
May they be found with God.

HYMN LVI. (C. M.)

*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,
Tho' they increase their golden store,
And rise to wonderful height.
- 2 They taste of all the joys that 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 hastening 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 you shine;
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN LVII. (L. M.)

The Pleasures of a good Conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and bless'd are they
Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin!
Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

- 2 The day glides swiftly 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 swift away;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.]
- 4 How oft they look to th' heavenly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure 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 numbering o'er the richer joys
 That heaven prepares for their delight.
- 6 While wretched we, like worms and moles,
 Lie groveling in the dust below:
 Almighty grace renew our souls,
 And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN LVIII. (C. M.)

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 slide 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
 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are cloth'd with love;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That 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.

HYMN LIX. (C. M.)

Paradise on Earth.

- 1 **G**LORY to God that walks the sky,
And sends his blessings through,
That tells his saints of joys on high,
And gives a taste below.
- 2 [Glory to God that 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 heaven on earthly ground,
And glory in the bud.
- 4 A blooming paradise of joy
In this wild desert springs;
And every sense I strait employ
On sweet celestial things.
- 5 White lilies all around appear,
And each his glory shows;
The rose of Sharon blossoms here,
The fairest flower that blows.
- 6 Cheerful I feast on heavenly fruit,
And drink the pleasures down;
Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
Of the eternal throne.]
- 7 But ah! how soon my joys decay!
How soon my sins arise,
And snatch the heavenly 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 flowers arise,
And joys unwithering grow.

HYMN LX. (L. M.)

The Truth of God the Promiser; or, The Promises our Security.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundation 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 powerful as that sound
That bid the new-made world go round;
And stronger than the solid poles
On which the wheel of nature rolls.]
- 5 Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
Slowly, alas, our mind receives
The comfort that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong a lasting faith,
To credit what th' Almighty saith!
T' embrace the message of his Son,
And call the joys of heaven our own.
- 7 Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
And all the wheels of nature break,
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.
- 8 Our everlasting hopes arise
Above the ruinable skies,
Where th' eternal Builder reigns,
And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN LXI. (C. M.)

A Thought of Death and Glory.

- 1 MY 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 O could we die with those that 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 evening 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.

HYMN LXII. (C. M.)

God the Thunderer: or, The Last Judgment, and Hell. Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder, August 20, 1697.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts,
And thou, O earth, adore;
Let death and hell thro' all their coasts
Stand trembling at his power.
- 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
A sovereign 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 Thunderer 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.

HYMN LXIII. (C. M.)

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 towers;
 "The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 "Must lie as low as ours."
- 3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?
- 4 Grant us the powers of quickening grace
 To fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN LXIV. (L. M.)

God the Glory and the 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 gates
 A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
 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,
 That 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.

HYMN LXV. (C. M.)

*The Hopes 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 every 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 heaven, my all:
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN LXVI. (C. M.)

A Prospect of Heaven 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 withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly 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 timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.]
- 5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unobscured 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.

HYMN LXVII. (C. M.)

God's Eternal Dominion.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years
 Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears;
 Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN LXVIII. (C. M.)

The Humble Worship of Heaven.

- 1 FATHER, 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!
- 2 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 heavenly 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 be;
Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
Unmeasurably high.

HYMN LXIX. (C. M.)

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing,
The mighty works, or mightier name
Of our eternal King.
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power 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 powers of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.]
- 5 [He that can dash whole worlds to death,
And make them when he please,
He speaks, and that almighty breath
Fulfills his great decrees.
- 6 His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies,
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.
- 7 He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
And heaven was stretch'd abroad;
"Abrah'm, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abrah'm's God.

- 8 O, might I hear thine heavenly 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 heaven secure!
 I trust the all creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.]

HYMN LXX. (L. M.)

God's Dominion over the Sea, Ps. cvii. 23, &c.

- 1 **G**OD of the seas, thy thundering voice
 Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them sistent 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 flocks 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 power ador'd
 Amidst these watery nations, Lord!
 Yet the bold men that 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 that smooths the tide.
- 8 Anon they plange in watery graves,
 And some drink death among the waves:
 Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
 Nor own the God that rescu'd them.]
- 9 O for some signal of thine hand!
 Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land,
 Great Judge, descend, lest men deny
 That there's a God that rules the sky.

HYMN LXXI. (C. M.)

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 that shap'd our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.
- 4 Let groveling beasts of every 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 unwearied course
Around the steady pole.
- 6 The brightness of our Maker's name
The wide creation fills,
And his unbounded grandeur flies
Beyond the heavenly hills.

HYMN LXXII. (C. M.)

The Lord's Day: or, the Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning
Beheld our rising God, [rays
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark 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 heaven, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannas ring.]

HYMN LXXIII. (C. M.)

Doubts scattered : or, spiritual Joy restored.

- 1 **H**ENCE from my soul, sad thoughts be gone,
 And leave me to my joys,
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.
- 2 Darkness and doubts had veil'd my mind,
 And drown'd my head in tears,
 Till sovereign grace with shining rays
 Dispell'd my gloomy fears.
- 3 O, 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.

HYMN LXXIV. (S. M.)

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, sovereign 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.

HYMN LXXV. (C. M.)

Spiritual and Eternal Joy : or, The beautiful Sight of Christ.

- 1 FROM 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 heaven's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wondering 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 delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode ;
Fly, for my spirit longs to see,
My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN LXXVI. (C. M.)

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA to the prince of light
That 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 bellish foes.
- 3 See how the conqueror 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 his bless'd abode,
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.
- 6 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise;
 Let heaven, and all created things,
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN LXXVII. (L. M.)

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 [STAND up my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel-armour on,
 March to the gate 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 sang 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 tho' 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 heavenly gate,
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors 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.

HYMN LXXVIII. (C. M.)

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 heavenly court
He left his Father's throne.
- 3 Aside the prince of glory threw
His most divine array,
And wrapp'd his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power, 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,
Bless'd 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.

HYMN LXXIX. (C. M.)

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering 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,
Entered 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 that were doom'd his endless slaves,
Are rais'd above the skies.]
- 6 O 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.]

HYMN LXXX. (S. M.)

God's awful Power and Goodness.

- 1 O! The almighty Lord!
How matchless is his power!
Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
While all the heavens adore.
- 2 Let proud imperious kings
Bow low before his throne,
Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
Or he shall 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 Sion well,
And heavenly mercy walls us round
From Babylon and hell.
- 6 Salvation to the king
That sits enthron'd above:
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless the God of love.

HYMN LXXXI. (C. M.)

Our Sin the Cause of Christ's Death.

- 1 **A**ND now the scales have left mine eyes,
Now I begin to see:
O, the curs'd deeds my sins have done!
What murderous things they be!
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?
- 3 Was it for crimes that 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 heavenly arms
From grace's magazine,
And I'll proclaim eternal war
With ev'ry darling sin.

HYMN LXXXII. (C. M.)

Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, my joyful powers,
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 slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my bless'd 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 power.
- 6 Arise, my soul, awake, my voice,
And tunes of pleasure sing,
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

HYMN LXXXIII. (C. M.)

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 O! the wisdom and the grace
That join with vengeance now!
He dies to save our guilty race,
And yet he rises too.
- 4 A person so divine was he
Who yielded to be slain,
That he could give his soul away,
And take his life again.
- 5 Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every nation sing,
And angels sound, with endless joy
The Saviour and the King.

HYMN LXXXIV. (S. M.)

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
That hellish monsters spilt.
- 3 [Alas! the cruel spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich flood of purple gore
Their murderous 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 heavens adore.
- 7 There the Redeemer sits
High on the 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.

HYMN LXXXV. (C. M.)

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 tho' your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And aiming at th' eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise?
- 3 What tho' your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And has its curs'd foundations 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,
'T 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 pardoning blood that swells above
Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN LXXXVI. (C. M.)

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 heavenly 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 heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.
- 5 For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and Salvation be
 The close of every song.

HYMN LXXXVII. (C. M.)

The Divine Glories above our Reason.

- 1 **H**OW wonderful great, how glorious bright,
 Must our Creator be,
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
 Of vast infinity!
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards 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 grovelling 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 labouring 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 powers,
 And sweep th' immortal string.]

HYMN LXXXVIII. (C. M.)

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
 'Tis pleasure to our ears;
 A sovereign balm for every 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 a heavenly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN LXXXIX. (C. M.)

Christ's Victory over Satan.

- 1 HOSANNA to our conquering 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 power
 And malice to the deep.
- 3 Hosanna to our conquering king,
 All hail, incarnate love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.
- 4 Thy victories and thy deathless fame
 Thro' the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN XC. (C. M.)

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 sovereign 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,
O ! 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.

HYMN XCI. (C. M.)

The Glory of Christ in Heaven.

- 1 **O** THE delights, the heavenly 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 powers, rejoice
To see him wear the crown.

- 4 Archangels sound his lofty praise
Thro' every heavenly street,
And lay their highest honours down
Submissive at his feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed feet of his
That once rude iron tore,
High on a throne of light they stand,
And all the saints adore.
- 6 His head, the dear majestic head
That 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 bless'd abode,
Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
To our incarnate God!
- 9 And while our faith enjoys this sight,
We long to leave our clay,
And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN XCII. (C. M.)

The Church saved, and her Enemies disappointed.

Composed the 5th of Nov. 1694.

- 1 SHOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Thro' the whole nation run;
Ye British skies 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 power 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 that 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 power;
Let Britain with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN XCIII. (S. M.)

God all, and in all. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 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 heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And no where else but there.]
- 4 [To thee, and thee alone,
The angels owe their bliss;
They sit around thy gracious throne,
And dwell where Jesus is.]
- 5 [Not all the harps above
Can make a heavenly 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 higher.]

HYMN XCIV. (C. M.)

God my only Happiness. Ps. lxxiii. 25.

- 1 **M**Y God, my portion, and my love,
My everlasting all,
I've none but thee in heaven above,
Or on this earthly ball.
- 2 [What empty things are all the skies,
And this inferior 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 whilst upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll,
If my Redeemer shew his head,
'Tis morning with my soul.]
- 5 To thee we owe our 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 glittering 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.

HYMN XCV. (C. M.)

Look on him whom they pierced, & 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 O, 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 tormenters 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, O, burst mine eyes,
And let my sorrows bleed.
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul
Till melting waters flow,
And deep repentance drown mine eyes
In undissembled woe.

HYMN XCVI. (C. M.)

*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 hur'd;
And Jesus stoop'd beneath the grave
To reach a sinking world.
- 3 O love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save a traitorous 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 O for his love let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN XCVII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 FROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darkness chain'd them
 down ;
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.
- 2 Amazing work of sovereign grace
 That 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 heavenly day.

HYMN XCVIII. (C. M.)

Hardness of Heart complained of.

- 1 MY heart, how dreadful hard it is
 How heavy here it lies,
 Heavy and cold within my breast
 Just like a rock of ice!
- 2 Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon this flinty throne,
 And every 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 heavenly 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.

HYMN XCIX. (C. M.)

The Book of God's Decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures lie
 Abas'd before their God:
 Whate'er his sovereign 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 throne,
 And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays,
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concern'd,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volumes of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.
- 6 When he reveals the book of life,
 O may I read my name
 Amongst the chosen of his love,
 The followers of the Lamb!

HYMN C. (L. M.)

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my 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 heaven 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 evening visit's 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 heavenly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
- 8 The strings that 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,
That 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.]

HYMN C]. (C. M.)

The World's three chief Temptations.

- 1 **WHEN** in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!
- 2 [Honour's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.
- 3 Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food
T' indulge a sordid lust.]
- 4 The pleasures that allure our sense
Are dangerous snares to souls;
There's but a drop of flattering sweet,
And dash'd with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice;
In him my vast desires are fill'd,
And all my powers rejoice.

- 6 In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN CII. (L. M.)

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 withering 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, dreadful day,
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come,
 Thy lingering 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 heavenly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN CIII. (C. M.)

Christ's Commission, John iii. ver. 16, 17.

- 1 **C**OME, happy souls, approach your God;
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, render to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the love
 That 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 commission 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.

HYMN CIV. (S. M.)

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 abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
Nor terror 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, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows 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.

HYMN CV. (C. M.)

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 threatening 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 conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

HYMN CVI. (C. M.)

Repentance at the Cross.

- 1 O, If my soul was 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 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God,
Those sins that 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
That made my Saviour bleed.
- 5 Whilst with a melting broken heart
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise revenge against my sins,
And slay the murderers too.

HYMN CVII. (C. M.)

The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.

- 1 THAT 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 sovereign 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 asunder, 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 O 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 O! 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.]

HYMN CVIII. (C. M.)

Access to the Throne of Grace by a Media

- 1 COME 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
That calm'd his frowning face,
That 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 fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.
- 5 The peaceful gates of heavenly 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,
That lays his fury by.

HYMN CIX. (L. M.)

The Darkness of Providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence,
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou array'st 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 briars and the night.
- 4 Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN CX. (S. M.)

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 mouldering 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 every shape and every face,
Look heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below
And sin his power above.

- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
Till times of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN CXI. (C. M.)

Thanksgiving for Victory: or, God's Dominion and our Deliverance.

- 1 **Z**ION rejoice, and Judah sing;
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Britain own the heavenly 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.
Navies that rule the ocean wide
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions arm'd with power and pride
Descend to watery death.
- 5 Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.
- 6 [Long may the king, our sovereign live,
To rule us by thy word;
And all the honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.]

HYMN CXII. (L. M.)

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 their hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the British 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 that we meet
In travelling the heavenly 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.

HYMN CXIII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **T**HE majesty of Solomon!
How glorious to behold
The servants waiting round his throne,
The ivory and the gold!
- 2 But, mighty God! thy palace shines
With far superior beams;
Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
Thy ministers are flames.
- 3 [Soon as thine only Son had made
His entrance on this 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 heavenly form appears
T' allay his agonies.]
- 5 Now to the hands of Christ our king
Are all their legions given;
They wait upon his saints, and bring
His chosen heirs to heaven.
- 6 Pleasure and praise run through their host
To see a sinner turn;
Then 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.

- B** O! could I say without a doubt,
 There shall my soul be found,
 Then let the great archangel shout,
 And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN CXIV. (C. M.)

Christ's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

- 1** I SING my Saviour's wonderful 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 sovereign 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 heaven and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.
- 5** The saints, from his propitious eye,
 Await their several crowns,
 And all the sons of darkness fly
 The terror of his frowns.

HYMN CXV. (C. M.)

God the Avenger of his Saints: or, His Kingdom Supreme.

- 1** HIGH as the heavens 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 sovereigns 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 heaven with fear;
The meanest saint that you despise,
Has an avenger there.

HYMN CXVI. (C. M.)

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 heavens abroad?
- 2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine 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.

HYMN CXVII. (L. M.)

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 and sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I will stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heaven awhile.
- 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.

HYMN CXVIII. (L. M.)

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
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

- 2 Pardon and peace from God on high,
Behold he lays his vengeance by,
And rebels that deserve his sword,
Become the favorites 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.

HYMN CXIX. (C. M.)

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 griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
Almost in every 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,
Nor danger dwells therein.]
- 5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life
Through all this gloomy vale.
- 6 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN CXX. (S. M.)

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 fiery 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,
And 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 heavenly word,
We take 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.

HYMN CXXI. (L. M.)

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 that fails but once!
But in the gospel Christ appears
Pardoning the guilt of numerous years.
- 4 My soul, no more attempt to draw
Thy life and comfort from the law,
Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN CXXII. (L. M.)

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 heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

HYMN CXXIII. (L. M.)

The Benefit of public Ordinances.

- 1 **A**WAY from every 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 power.
- 3 While here our various wants we mourn,
United groans ascend on high;
And prayer bears 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.

HYMN CXXIV. (C. M.)

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

- 1 **T**IS not the law of ten commands
On holy Sinai given,
Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
Can bring us safe to heaven.

- 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.

HYMN CXXV. (L. M.)

Faith and Repentance, Unbelief and Impenitence.

- 1 **L**IFE and immortal joys are given
To souls that mourn the sins they've done
Children of wrath made heirs of heaven
By faith in God's eternal Son.
- 2 Woe to the wretch that 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.

HYMN CXXVI. (C. M.)

God glorified in the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE Lord descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power and truth and boundless love
Display their glories here.
- 2 Here, in thy gospel's wonderful frame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name
Beyond whate'er they knew.

* Joshua the same with Jesus, and signifies a Saviour.

- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the mystery shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.
- 4 The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honours in his blood.
- 5 But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN CXXVII. (L. M.)

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 covenant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids 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 saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children in their early days
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

HYMN CXXVIII. (C. M.)

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 eat th' unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclin'd;
Reason has lost its native place,
And flesh enslaves the mind.
- 3 While flesh and sense and 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 powers restore,
Inspire us with a heavenly flame,
And flesh shall reign no more.
- 5 Eternal Spirit! write thy law
Upon our inward parts,
And let the second Adam draw
His image on our hearts.

HYMN CXXIX. (L. M.)

We walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 **T**IS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven 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 heavenly ray.
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.
- 4 So Abrah'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.

HYMN CXXX. (C. M.)

The New Creation.

- 1 **A**TTEND, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories 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 heavens 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;
O, make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within:

- 5 Renew mine eyes, and form mine 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 that grace has made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN CXXXI. (L. M.)

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

- 1 **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 firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!
- 5 [Not the feign'd fields of heathenish 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 that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies.
And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN CXXXII. (C. M.)

The Offices of Christ.

- 1 **W**E bless the prophet of the Lord,
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.
- 2 We reverence 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 different ways;
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN CXXXIII. (L. M.)

The Operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit! we confess,
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.
- 2 Enlighten'd by thine heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.
- 3 Thy power and glory works within,
And breaks the chains of reigning sin,
Doth our imperious 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.

HYMN CXXXIV. (C. M.)

Circumcision abolished.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free,
Extensive was the grace;
"I will the God of Abrah'm be,
"And of his numerous 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.

HYMN CXXXV. (L. M.)

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 superior 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.

HYMN CXXXVI. (L. M.)

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 heavenly 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 Simeon 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.
- 4 Let 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. (L. M.)

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 bless his name.

- 2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.
- 3 He dies; the heavens in mourning stood;
 He rises, 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 those hands my soul resign
 Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN CXXXVIII. (L. M.)

The Power of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HIS is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above;
 Jehovah here resolves to shew
 What his almighty grace can do.
- 2 This remedy did wisdom find
 To heal diseases of the mind;
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice, and live;
 Dry bones are rais'd, and cloth'd afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turn'd to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reign'd in shades of night
 The gospel strikes a heavenly light;
 Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.]
- 5 [Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb;
 While the wild 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 that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN CXXXIX. (L. M.)

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 seal,
Such deference 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 fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN CXL. (C. M.)

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 victory came
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast:)
And, following their incarnate God
Possess the promis'd rest.
- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long cloud of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

HYMN CXLI. (C. M.)

*Faith assisted by Sense: or, Preaching,
Baptism, and the Lord's Supper.*

- 1 **M**Y Saviour-God, my Sovereign-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, or noblest wines
So much my heart refresh,
As when my faith goes thro' the signs
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord that stoops so low
To give his word a seal;
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN CXLII. (S. M.)

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 heavenly 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,

HYMN CXLIII. (C. M.)

Flesh and Spirit.

- 1 **W**HAT different powers of grace and sin
Attend our mortal state?
I hate the thoughts that 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.

HYMN CXLIV. (L. M.)

*The Effusion of the Spirit; or, The Success
of the Gospel.*

- 1 **G**REAT 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 power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wondrous 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 mystery 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 heavenly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.
- 6 Great King of Grace! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the victories of his word.

HYMN CXLV. (C. M.)

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 O that the happy hour were come
To change my faith to sight!
I shall 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 powers be praise.

HYMN CXLVI. (L. M.)

The Vanity of Creatures: or, No Rest on Earth.

- 1 MAN has a soul of vast desires,
He burns within with restless fires,
Tost 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 the vile fever of the mind,
And feed our souls with joys refin'd.

HYMN CXLVII. (C. M.)

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 sovereign 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 watery 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 flowery 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 every wing,
And fish of ev'ry name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wonderous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was fram'd of equal clay,
Tho' sovereign of the rest,
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image bless'd.
- 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.

HYMN CXLVIII. (C. M.)

God reconciled in Christ.

- 1 **D**EAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus, and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly 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.

HYMN CXLIX. (C. M.)

*Honour to Magistrates: or, Government
from God.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Sovereign 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 crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation bless'd.]
- 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.

HYMN CL. (C. M.)

The Deceitfulness of Sin.

- 1 **S**IN has a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind;
With flattering 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.
- 3 She pleads for all the joys she brings,
And gives a fair pretence;
But cheats the soul of heavenly things,
And chains it down to sense.
- 4 So on a tree divinely fair
Grew the forbidden food;
Our mother took the poison there,
And tainted all her blood.

HYMN CLI. (L. M.)

Prophecy and Inspiration.

- 1 'TWAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath
To save the holy words from death.
- 3 Great God, mine 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.
- 4 Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure,
This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN CLII. (C. M.)

Sinai and Sion. Heb. xii. 18, &c.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!

- 4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven;
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
- 5 The saints on earth and all the dead
But one communion make;
All join in Christ their living head,
And of his grace partake.
- 6 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever bless'd.

HYMN CLIII. (C. M.)

The Distemper, Folly, and Madness of Sin.

- 1 SIN like a venomous disease
Infects our vital blood;
The only balm is sovereign 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 poisonous gall,
And rush with fury down to hell;
But heaven prevents the fall.]
- 6 [The man possess'd, amongst the tombs
Cuts his own flesh, and cries:
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN CLIV. (L. M.)

Self-Righteousness insufficient.

- 1 " * WHERE are the mourners" saith the
Lord,
" That wait and tremble at my word,
" That walk in darkness all the day?
" Come, make my name your trust and stay.

* Isa. l. 10, 11.

- 2 " No works nor duties of your own
 " Can for the smallest sin atone;
 " † The robes that nature may provide
 " Will not your least pollutions hide.
- 3 " The softest couch that nature knows
 " Can give the conscience no repose:
 " Look to my righteousness, and live;
 " Comfort and peace are mine to give.]
- 4 " Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
 " With your own hands, to warm your souls,
 " Walk in the light of your own fire,
 " Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:
- 5 " This is your portion at my hands;
 " Hell waits you with her iron bands,
 " Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 " In death, in darkness, and despair."

HYMN CLV. (C. M.)

Christ our Passover.

- 1 **I** O the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
 The pride and flower 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 every door,
 And bless'd the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus th' appointed Lamb must bleed
 To break th' Egyptian yoke;
 Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes th' 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.

HYMN CLVI. (C. M.)

Presumption and Despair; or, Satan's various Temptations.

- 1 **I** HATE the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flattering breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms
 To cheat our souls to death.

† Isa. xxviii. 20.

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 heaven;"
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
"They cannot be forgiven."
- 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 power,
Let him in darkness dwell;
And, that he vex the earth no more,
Confine him down to hell.

HYMN CLVII. (C. M.)

The same.

- 1 **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.

HYMN CLVIII. (L. M.)

Few saved: or, The almost Christian, the Hypocrite, and Apostate.

- 1 **B**ROAD is the road that 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 heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that 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 entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CLIX. (C. M.)

An Unconverted State: or, Converting Grace.

- 1 [**G**REAT King of glory and of grace,
We own, with humble shame,
How vile is our degenerate 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 dangerous road
That leads to death and hell.
- 5 And can such rebels be restor'd!
Such nature made divine!
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
And feel this power 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. (L. M.)

Custom in Sin.

- 1 **L**ET the wild leopards of the wood
 Put off the spots that 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 control ;
 None but a power divinely strong
 Can turn the current of the soul.
- 4 Great God! I own thy power divine,
 That works to change this heart of mine ;
 I would be form'd anew, and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN CLXI. (C. M.)

Christian Virtues: or, The Difficulty of Conversion.

- 1 **S**TRAIT is the way, the door is strait
 That leads to joys on high ;
 'Tis but a few that 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 dangerous 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 every member, every sense
 In sweet subjection lie.
- 5 The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint ;
 We must be watchful every 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. (C. M.)

Meditation of Heaven ; or, The Joy of Faith.

- 1 MY 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 that 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.

HYMN CLXIII. (C. M.)

Complaint of Desertion and Temptations.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! behold our sore distress ;
Our sins attempt to reign ;
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
And let thy foes be slain.
- 2 [The lion with his dreadful roar
Affrights thy feeble sheep :
Reveal the glory of thy power,
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 powerful 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 heighth, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN CLXIV. (C. M.)

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 every pleasure dies?
- 2 While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.
- 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?

HYMN CLXV. (C. M.)

*Unfruitfulness, Ignorance, and un sancti-
fied 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 memory 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 sovereign power impart
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn the grace.
- 6 [Shew my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high:
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN CLXVI. (C. M.)

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 that 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.

HYMN CLXVII. (L. M.)

The Divine Perfections.

- 1 GREAT 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 sovereign power 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 load of guilt away;
 While his own Son came down and dy'd
 T' engage his justice on our side.]
- 9 [Each of his words demands 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.

HYMN CLXVIII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, his throne is high,
 His robes are light and majesty;
 His glory shines with beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the sight.
- 2 His terrors keep the world in awe,
 His justice guards his holy law,
 His love reveals a smiling face,
 His truth and promise seal the grace.
- 3 Through all his works his wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep designs;
 His power is sovereign 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;
 Heaven is secure if God be mine.

HYMN CLXIX. (S. M.)

The same, as the 148th Psalm.

- 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 powers of hell,
 And breaks their curs'd designs:
 Strong is his arm,
 And shall fulfil
 His great decrees,
 His sovereign 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 powers
 And praise the Lord.

HYMN CLXX. (L. M.)

God Incomprehensible and Sovereign.

- 1 [* CAN creatures to perfection find
 Th' eternal, uncreated mind?
 Or can the largest stretch of thought
 Measure and search his nature out?
- 2 'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
 And what can mortals know or tell?
 His glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise,
 Born like a wild young colt he flies
 Thro' all the follies of his mind,
 And swells and snuffs the empty wind.]
- 4 God is a King of power unknown,
 Firm as the orders of his throne;
 If he resolve, who dare oppose,
 Or ask him why, or what he does?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
 He calms the tempest of the soul;
 When he shuts up in long despair,
 Who can remove the heavy bar?
- 6 † He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
 The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
 ‡ The pillars of heaven's starry roof
 Tremble and start at his reproof.

* Job xi. 7, &c.

† Job xxv. 5.

‡ Job xxvi. 11, &c.

- 7 He gave the vaulted heaven 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 ?

The End of the Second Book.

•

H Y M N S.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE HOLY ORDINANCE OF
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN I. (L. M.)

*The Lord's Supper Instituted, 1 Cor. xi. 23,
&c.*

- 1 **T** WAS on that dark that doleful night
When powers 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 thro' all his actions ran!
What wonderous 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 memory 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.]

HYMN II. (S. M.)

Communion with Christ, and with Saints,
1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 **J**ESUS invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardon'd rebels sit 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
Maintains our fainting breath,
By union with our living Lord,
And interest in his death.
- 4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one;
We the young children of his love,
And he the first-born Son.
- 5 We are but several parts
Of the same broken bread;
One body hath its several limbs,
But Jesus is the head.
- 6 Let all our powers be join'd,
His glorious name to raise;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

HYMN III. (C. M.)

*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 covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name:
I seal'd th' engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy light and strength, and pardoning grace,
And glory shall be mine;
My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
And all my powers are thine.
- 4 I call that legacy my own
Which Jesus did bequeath:
'Twas purchas'd with a dying groan,
And rais'd in death.

- 5 Sweet is the memory of his name
 Who bless'd us in his will,
 And to his testament of love
 Made his own life the seal.

HYMN IV. (C. M.)

*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 misery reach'd his heavenly 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 murmuring 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 tho' 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 thro' his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesus' dying love:
 Hard is the wretch that 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.

HYMN V. (C. M.)

Christ the Bread of Life, John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 **L**ET us adore th' eternal Word,
 'Tis he our souls hath fed;
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And thou th' immortal bread.

- 2 [The mauna 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 eat that heavenly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;
And often spreads his table fresh
Lest we should faint again.
- 5 Our souls shall draw their heavenly breath
Whilst 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 power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN VI. (L. M.)

*The Memorial of our absent Lord, John xvi.
16. Luke xxii. 19. John xiv. 3.*

- 1 JESUS 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 wandering 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 the God.
- 4 Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem;
Christ and his love fill every 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 heavenly light,
And live for ever near his face.
- 6 [Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
To wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN VII. (L. M.)

*Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of
Christ, Gal. vi. 14.*

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wonderous cross
On which the prince of glory dy'd,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!
- 4 [His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN VIII. (C. M.)

The Tree of Life.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.
- 2 While once upon this lower ground
Wearied and faint ye stood,
What dear refreshment here ye found
From this immortal food!
- 3 The tree of life that near the throne
In heaven's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever smiling boughs.
- 4 [Hovering amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]
- 5 [Tis a yoting heaven of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

- 6 New life is spread thro' dying hearts,
And cheer the drooping mind;
Vigour and joy the juice imparts
Without a sting behind]
- 7 Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees:
There's ne'er a plant in all that land,
That bears such fruit as these.
- 8 Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

.) HYMN IX. (S. M.)

The Spirit, the Water, and the Blood,
] John v. 6.

- 1 [] 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,
Fulfills his Father's great decrees,
And all our wants 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,
 Here I believe he dy'd for me,
 And seal my Saviour's love.
- 10 V Lord, cleanse my soul from sin,
 Nor let thy grace depart;
 Great comforter! abide within,
 And witness to my heart.]

HYMN X. (L. M.)

Christ crucified; the Wisdom and Power of God.

- 1 NATURE with open volume stands
 To spread her Maker's praises abroad;
 And every labour of his hands
 Shews something worthy of a God:
- 2 But in the grace that rescu'd man
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn
 In precious blood and crimson lines.
- 3 [Here his whole name appears complete;
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove
 Which of the letters best is writ.
 The power, the wisdom, or the love.]
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 I would for ever speak his name
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown,
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN XI. (C. M.)

Pardon brought to our Senses.

- 1 L ORD, how divine thy comforts are!
 How heavenly is the place
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace!
- 2 There the rich bounties of our God,
 And sweetest glories shine;
 There 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,
"That open'd when I died."
- 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 heavenly 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 sounded all abroad ;
Such favours are beyond degrees,
And worthy of a God]
- 7 [To him that wash'd us in his blood
Be everlasting praise,
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days]

HYMN XII. (L. M.)

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. ver. 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'er-flows with heavenly 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 every want receiv'd supply.
- 4 From the highway that 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
That left the heaven of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wanderers back to God!
- 6 It cost him death to save our lives,
To buy our souls it cost his own ;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

- 7 Our everlasting love is due
 To him that ransom'd sinners lost;
 And pity'd rebels when he knew
 The vast expence his love would cost.]

HYMN XIII. (C. M.)

*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 every 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 that spread the feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our sin.
- 6 [Pity the nations. O our God,
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.
- 7 We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice and heart and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN XIV. (L. M.)

*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 willing 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 Israel here,
 And joy of spirits near the throne.

HYMN XV. (C. M.)

Our Lord Jesus at his own Table.

- 1 [THE memory of our dying Lord
 Awakes a thankful tongue;
 How rich he spread his royal board,
 And bless'd the food, and sung.
- 2 Happy the men that eat this bread,
 But double bless'd was he
 That gently bow'd his loving head,
 And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.
- 3 By faith the same delights we taste
 As that great favourite did,
 And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
 And take the heavenly 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
 That brings our souls to rest!
 Then we shall need these types no more,
 But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

HYMN XVI. (C. M.)

The Agonics of Christ.

- 1 NOW let our pains be all forgot,
 Our heart no more repine,
 Our sufferings 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.

HYMN XVII. (C. M.)

*Incomparable Food: or, The Flesh and
Blood of Christ.*

- 1 [WE sing th' amazing deeds
That 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 that we eat
Is made of heavenly things,
Earth hath 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 the 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:
Thro' the wide earth his grace proclaim,
His glory in the highest.

HYMN XVIII. (L. M.)

The same.

- 1 JESUS, we bow before thy feet,
Thy table is divinely stor'd:
Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!
- 2 And here we drink our Saviour's blood;
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous 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 heavenly 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 that we taste,
Gives life eternal to the dead.
- 5 Joy to the master of the feast,
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King and God the priest,
A loud hosanna round the place.

HYMN XIX. (L. M.)

*Glory in the Cross: or, Not ashamed of
Christ crucified.*

- 1 AT thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that dy'd;
We hope for heavenly crowns above
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
 And fling their scandals on thy 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 that was dead has left his tomb,
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN XX. (C. M.)

*The Provisions for the Table of our Lord:
 or, The Tree of Life, and River of Love.*

- 1 [ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
 And sing the solemn feast
 Where sweet celestial dainties stand
 For every 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 fool's prepar'd by heavenly art,
 The pleasures well refin'd,
 They spread new life thro' every heart,
 And cheer the drooping mind.
- 5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's love,
 Ye saints that taste his wine,
 Join with your kindred saints above,
 In loud hosannas join.
- 6 A thousand glories to the God
 That gives such joy as this;
 Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN XXI. (C. M.)

*The Triumphant Feast for Christ's Victory
 over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

- 1 [COME, 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 that fought and bled,
 And conquer'd when he fell,
 That rose, and, at his chariot wheels
 Dragg'd all the powers 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 in his face!
How kind his smiles appear!
And O what melting words he says
To every 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 it's airy 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 powers
"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 and blood;
"And live eternal ages bless'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.

HYMN XXII. (L. M.)

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

- 1 O UR spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O 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 heaven 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 threatenings sets us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
And mild the curses to the tree.]
- 4 [The law proclaims no terror 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 heavenly 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.

HYMN XXIII. (C. M.)

Grace and Glory by the Death of Christ.

- 1 [SITTING around our Father's board,
We raise our tuneful breath;
Our faith beholds her 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 thorus, thy shameful cross,
Procure us heavenly crowns;
Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
Our healing from thy wounds.
- 4 O 'tis impossible that we
Who dwell in feeble clay,
Should equal sufferings bear for thee,
Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN XXIV. (C. M.)

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 heavenly 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 memory of his name
 More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN XXV. (C. M.)

Divine Glories and Graces.

- 1 **N**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 every grace
 On this great sacrifice:
 And love appears with cheerful face,
 And faith with fixed eyes.
- 4 Our hope in waiting posture sits,
 To heav'n directs her sight;
 Here every warmer passion meets,
 And warmer powers 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 every tear be dry.

I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns, till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman Church; and though there may be some excesses of superstitious

honour paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the divine nature, that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of Christian worship. I have added also a few Hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN XXVI. First (L. M.)

*A Song of Praise to the Ever-blessed Trinity,
God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

- 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. First (C. M.)

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race,
Chose out his favourites 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 power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.
- 4 Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN XXVIII. First (S. M.)

- 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 saints employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light and power 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
That seal this grace in heaven,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN XXIX. Second (L. M.)

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence One, in person 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.

HYMN XXX. Second (C. M.)

- 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.

HYMN XXXI. Second (S. M.)

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 power.

HYMN XXXII. Third (L. M.)

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

HYMN XXXIII.

Or thus :

ALL glory to thy wonderful name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN XXXIV. Third (C. M.)

NOW 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.

HYMN XXXV.

Or thus :

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN XXXVI. Third. (S. M.)

YE angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN XXXVII.

Or thus:

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

HYMN XXXVIII.

*A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity.
The First as the 148th Psalm.*

- 1 **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
That 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 power
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 honours done,
The undivided Three.
And the mysterious one:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

HYMN XXXIX.

The Second as the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **T**O Him that chose us first
Before the world began,
To Him that bore the curse,
To save rebellious man,

To Him that form'd
Our hearts anew,
Is endless praise
And glory due.

- 2 The Father's love shall run
Thro' our immortal songs,
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our tongues ;
Our lips address
The Spirit's name
With equal praise,
And zeal the same.
- 3 Let every saint above,
And angel round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One :
Thus heaven shall raise
His honours high,
When earth and time
Grow old and die.

HYMN XL.

The Third as the 148th Psalm.

TO 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.

HYMN XLI.

Or thus :

TO our eternal God,
The Father, and the Son,
And Spirit all divine,
Three mysteries in One,
Salvation, power,
And praise be given
By all on earth,
And all in heaven.

HYMN XLII. (L. M.)

The Hosanna ; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne ;
We bless the prince of heavenly birth
Who brings salvation down to earth.

Let every nation, every age,
 In this delightful work engage:
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

HYMN XLIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of grace,
 Sion 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.

HYMN XLIV. (S. M.)

- 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 the anointed King
 Be endless blessings given,
 Let the whole earth his glory sing,
 Who made our peace with heaven.

HYMN XLV..

As the 148th Psalm.

- 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 wondrous love proclaim;
 Upon his head
 Shall honours rest,
 And every age
 Pronounce him blest.

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