



M. Wallace

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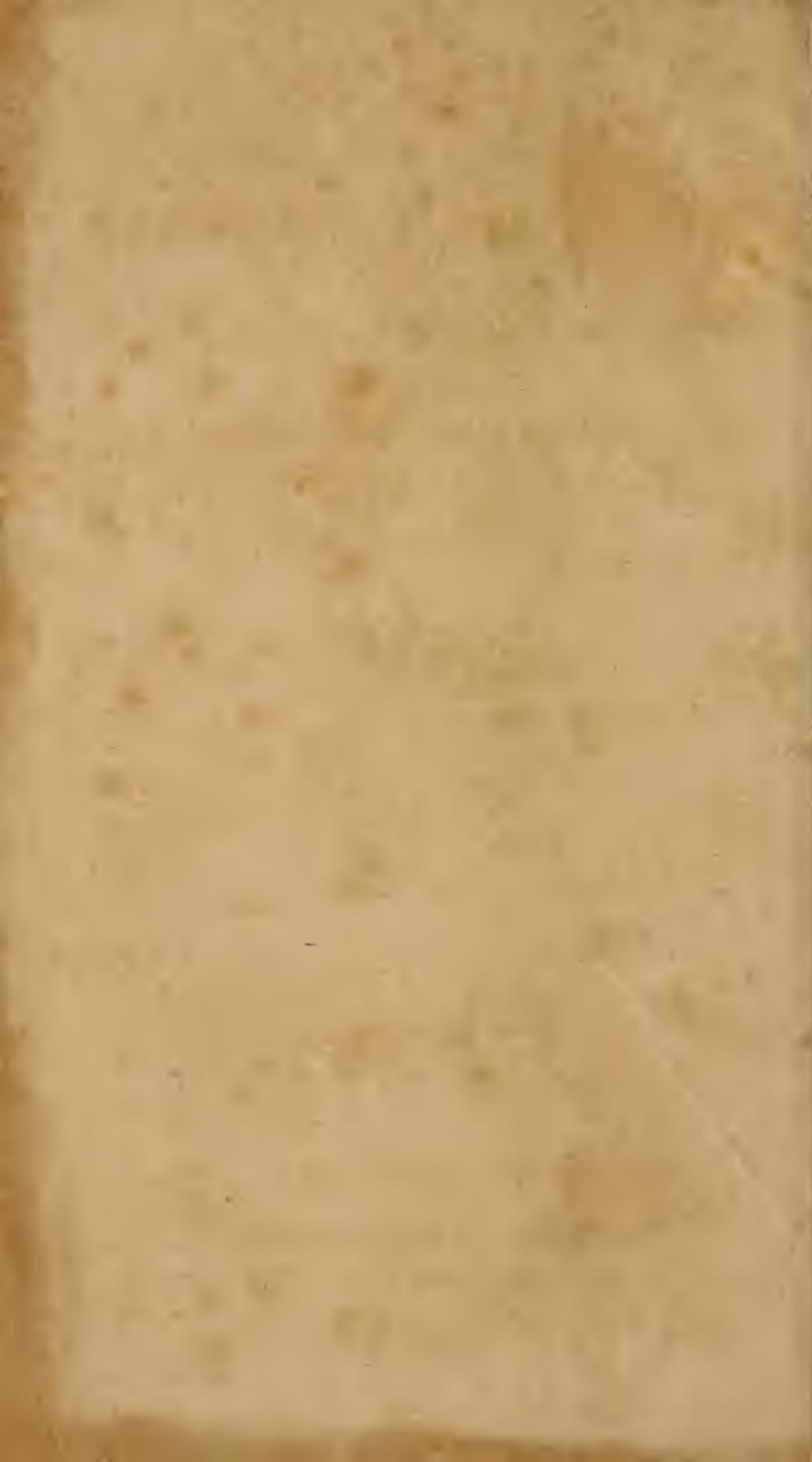
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1811

THE

MEMOIRS OF

THE

LIFE OF

THE

REV. JOHN WYLLIE

BY

JOHN WYLLIE

EDINBURGH

PRINTED BY

JOHN WYLLIE

1811

THE

MEMOIRS OF

THE

REV.

PSALMS,



CAREFULLY SUITED TO THE

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

BEING AN

IMPROVEMENT OF THE OLD VERSIONS

OF THE

Psalms of David.



All things written in the Laws of Moses, and the Prophets, and the Psalms, concerning Me, must be fulfilled.



A NEW EDITION, CORRECTED.

Isaac Watts



New-Brunswick :

PRINTED BY LEWIS DEARE,

For D. Fenton, Trenton.

1812.



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THE
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BY DR. JOHNSON.

FROM HIS LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inserted in the late collection: the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yealden.

ISAAC WATTS was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a shoe-maker. He appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Isaac, the eldest of nine children, was given to books from his infancy, and begun, we are told, to learn latin when he was four years old: I suppose at home. He was afterwards taught latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorn, a clergyman, master of the free-school at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his scholar afterwards inscribed a latin ode.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution to take his lot with the dissenters. Such he was, as every christian church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired, in 1690, to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-students, Mr. Hughes, the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards archbishop of Tuam. Some latin essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at this academy, shew a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study.

He was, as he hints in his miscellanies, a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty, and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to latin poetry. His verses to his brother in the *glyconic* measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed by the Pindaric folly then prevailing, and are written with such neglect of all metrical rules as is without example among the ancients; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has such copiousness and splendor as shews that he was but a very little distance from excellence.

His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them, to amplify one system with supplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor, Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.



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With the congregation of his tutor, Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness; and had the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartoep five years, as domestic tutor to his son; and in that time particularly devoted himself to the study of the holy scriptures; and being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the first time on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year; probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered on a new period of existence.

In about three years he succeeded Dr. Chauncey; but soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty till (1712) he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that, from the feebleness which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous state made the compassion of his friends necessary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house; where, with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this, a state in which the notions of patronage and dependance were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons' representation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes besides.

"Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind Providence which brought the Doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at least to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was an house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind and aid his restoration to health: to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this most happy event, he might as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public service, and even for profitable study; or perhaps might have sunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midst of his days; and thus the church and world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas

Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shews the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before, and most happily for him and great numbers besides; for, as her riches were great, her generosity and munificence were in full proportion; her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's; and thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be considered, that it comprises an account of six and thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive publications. The series of his works I am not able to deduce; their number, and their variety, shew the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

He was one of the first authors that taught the dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style. He shewed them, that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery, to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons; but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it.

At the conclusion of weighty sentences he gave time, by a short pause, for the proper impression.

To stated and public instruction he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation afforded of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of resentment; but by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year; and for children, he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that *orthodoxy* was united with *charity*.

Of his philosophical pieces, his logic has been received into the Universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered, that no man who undertakes merely to methodise or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphysical disquisitions, it was observed by the late learned Dr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *space* with that of *empty space*, and did not consider that though space might be without matter, yet matter being extended, could not be without space.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his treatises of theology as distinct from his other productions; but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works: under his direction it may be truly said *Theologiæ Philosophiæ ancillatur*, philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason, is on a sudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a doctor of divinity. Academical honours would have more value if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example; till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions, and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired, Nov. 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malebranche and Locke: he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined: he has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars.

PREFACE.

THE following is an extract from the preface given by Dr. Watts, and as it contains the plan he pursued in his version of the Psalms, may be found useful.

“ I come therefore to explain my own design, which is this, To accommodate the book of Psalms to christian worship. And in order to this, it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c. of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense and language of a christian.

“ Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted several whole psalms, and large pieces of many others; and have chosen out of all of them, such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusions to christian affairs. These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words, prepared for public worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

“ Where the psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavored to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, satan and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary christian: where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

“ Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense: there is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ, or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy scripture. Where the psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it. Where he speaks of the pardon of sin, through the mercies of God, I have added the merits of a Saviour. Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God. When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth. Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life,

I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament. And I am fully satisfied, that more honor is done to our blessed Saviour, by speaking his name, his graces, and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures."

OF CHOOSING OR FINDING THE PSALM.

By consulting the index at the end, any one may find hymns very proper for many occasions of the christian life and worship ; though no copy of David's psalter can provide for all :

Or, if he remembers the first line of any psalm, the table of the first lines will direct where to find it.

THE
PSALMS OF DAVID.

PSALM 1. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 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 generous 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
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well ;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1. S. M.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miserable.

- 1 **T**HE man is ever blest,
 Who shuns the sinners' ways,
 Among their councils 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 heavenly fruit.
- 4 Not so the 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 1. L. M.

The difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way where sinners go ;
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.
- 2 He loves to employ his morning light
 Among the statutes of the Lord ;
 And spends the wakeful hours of night,
 With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green ;

And heaven will shine with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

- 4 But sinners find their councils cross'd ;
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 bless'd the path and drew it plain ;
" But you would choose the crooked road ;
" And down it leads to endless pain."

PLALM 2. S. M.

Translated according to the divine pattern..

Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding and Reigning.

- 1 [**M**AKER and sovereign Lord
Of heaven, and earth and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
By David are fulfilled ;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine holy Child.]
- 3 Why did the gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Join all their counsels to destroy
The 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 raised him from the dead,
Hath owned him for his Son.

PAUSE.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
 To rule the subject earth ;
 The merit of his blood he pleads
 And pleads his heavenly birth.
- 7 Beneath his sovereign sway
 The Gentile nations bend ;
 Far as the world's remotest bounds,
 His kingdom shall extend.
- 8 The nations that rebel,
 Must feel his iron rod :
 He'll vindicate those honours well
 Which he received 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 2. C. M.

The same.

- 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 the anointed Lord ;

Adore the King of heavenly 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 2. L. M.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

1 **W**HY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
The Romans why their swords employ ?
Against the Lord their 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 nailed the Monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,

Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls :

He'll smite their hearts with inward pains,

And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 “ I will maintain the King I made

“ On Zion's everlasting hill,

“ My hand shall bring him from the dead,

“ And he shall stand your sovereign still.”

5 [His wondrous 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 lands ;

“ To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow.”]

- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod ;
 His arm shall crush the impious race
 That dare provoke the avenging God.

PAUSE.

- 8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb :
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry and ye die ;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky.
- 10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foe,
 And sink his honours in the dust :
 Happy the souls, their God that know,
 And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3. C. M.

Doubts and Fears suppress ; or, God our Defence from
 Sin and Satan.

- 1 **M**Y God, how many are my fears !
 How fast my foes increase !
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heaven,
 And all my growing sins appear
 Too great 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 cried, and from his holy hill
 He bowed a listening ear :
 I called my Father, and my God,
 And he subdued my fear.
- 5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
 In spite of all my foes ;

- I woke and wondered at the grace
That guarded my repose.]
- 6 What though the hosts of death and hell
All armed 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 5. v. 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 Tired with the burdens of the day,
To thee I raised an evening cry;
'Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh.
- 3 Supported by thine heavenly aid
I laid me down and slept secure,
Not death should make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.
- 4 But God sustained me all the night;
Salvation doth to God belong
He raised my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4. v. 1—3, 5—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 ?
- 3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside ;
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.
- 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 heavenly food.
- 6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
At grace divine and love so great ;
Nor will I change my happy choice
For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM 4. v. 3—5, 8. C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

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

PSALM 5. 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
 Forever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled ;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favour as a shield.

PSALM 6. C. M.

Complaint in Sickness ; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, do not chastise,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm ;

- Nor let thy awful wrath arise
Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain opprest ;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days ;
I waste the night with cries,
And count 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 ?
- 5 He hears his mourning children 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 6. 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 in sighs I pass my days,
And waste in groans the weary night :
My bed is watered 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 7. 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 e'er my pride provok'd them first
 Or once abus'd my foe,
 Then let him tread my life to dust,
 And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
 I know thy piercing eyes ;
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power control ;
 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 the upright :
 His sharpest arrows he ordains
 Against the sons of spite.
- 8 Though leagued in guile, their malice spread
 A snare before my way :
 Their mischiefs on their impious head
 His vengeance shall repay.
- 9 That cruel persecuting race
 Must feel his dreadful sword,
 Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
 And justice of the Lord.

PSALM 8. 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 heavens 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,
 A-kin 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 wondrous are thy ways :
 Of dust and worms thy power can frame
 A monument of praise.

- 7 [From mouths of feeble 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 8. 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 shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so ?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm !
- 5 [Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His Godhead and his power.
- 6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet ;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand.
- 7 These lesser glories of the Son,
Shone through the fleshly cloud ;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

- 8 Let him with majesty be crowned,
 Who bowed his head to death ;
 And his eternal honours sound
 From 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 8. v. 1, 2. Paraphrased.

First Part. L. M.

The Hosanna of the Children ; or, Infants praising God.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
 And thine eternal glories rise
 O'er all the heavens thy hands have made.
- 2 To thee the voices of the young
 Their sounding notes 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 loud hosannas fill the place.
- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
 In vain their impious evils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

PSALM 8. v. 3, &c. Paraphrased.

Second Part. L. M.

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

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

- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below ;
Make 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,
Behold him numbered with the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin ;
But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM 9. 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 opprest,
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,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9. v. 12. Second Part. C. M.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once enquire 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 destroyed,
 In snares that were their own.

PAUSE.

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

PSALM 10. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, Atheism,
and Oppression Punished.

For a Humiliation Day.

- 1 **W**HY doth the Lord depart 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 laws ?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight thy righteous cause ?
- 3 They cast 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 ;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from 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 11. 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 once destroyed,
 (That firm foundation of our peace),
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heaven has fixed his throne,
 His eye surveys 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
 Sulphureous flames of wasting 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 12. L. M.

The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times; or, Sins of the Tongue
 complained of; viz. Blasphemy, Falsehood, &c.

- 1 **A**Lmighty God, appear and save !
 For vice and vanity prevail :
 The godly perish in the grave,
 The just depart, the faithful fail.
- 2 The whole discourse, when crowds are met,
 Is filled 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 controled 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 the oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.
- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
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 from danger and surprise;
Though when the vilest men have power
On every side oppressors rise.

PSALM 12. C. M.

Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners; or, the
Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judgment.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.
- 2 Their oaths and promises they 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,
They scorn our faithful word!
"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 raised to seats of power and pride
And bear 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 given the sign?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so divine?
- 7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
 "And make the oppressors flee;
 "I shall appear to their surprise,
 "And set my servants free."
- 8 Thy word, like silver seven times tried,
 Through ages shall endure;
 The men that in thy truth confide
 Shall find thy promise sure.

PSALM 13. L. M.

Pleading with God under Desertion; or, Hope in Darkness.

- 1 **H**OW long, O Lord, shall I complain
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?
 Canst thou thy face forever hide?
 And I still pray and be denied.
- 2 Shall I forever 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 opprest?
 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 13. 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 labouring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy word can all my foes control,
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 sealed
In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud
Should I become his prey !
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy 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,
Whence all my comforts spring ;
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And thy salvation sing.

PSALM 14. First Part. C. M.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their hearts believe and say,
 “That all religion’s vain,
 “There is no God that reigns on high,
 “Or minds the 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,
 Looks 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 used 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 14. Second Part. C. M.

The Folly of Persecutors.

- 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 Oh ! that the joyful day was come
To finish our distress !
When God shall bring his children home,
Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15. C. M.

Character of a Saint, or a Citizen of Zion ; or, the
Qualifications of a Christian.

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness ?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace ?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands :
That trusts his Maker's promised grace,
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 though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor :
This man shall dwell with God on earth,
And find his heaven secure.

PSALM 15. L. M.

Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ; or, Duties to God and
Man ; or, the Qualifications of a Christian.

- 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 thing they mean ;

- No slanders dwell upon his tongue ;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
- 3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honoured 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 scorn and wrong 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 16. First Part. L. M.

Confession of our Poverty ; and Saints the best Company ;
or, Good Works profit Men, not God.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead :
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue 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 16. 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 offered up
 Jesus his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast:
 By day his counsels guide me right:
 And be his name forever blest,
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes;
 At my right hand he stands prepared
 To keep my soul from all surprise,
 And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16. 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 Though in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My soul forever 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 heavenly joys through all the place.

PSALM 16. 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,
 Though all the good that I can do
 Can ne'er deserve thy grace.
- 2 Yet, if my God prolong my breath,
 The saints may still rejoice ;
 The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The people of thy choice.
- 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 pleased 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 16. 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, my tongue their joy express,
 “ My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 “ My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 “ Where souls departed are :

- “Nor quit my body to the grave
 “To see corruption there.”
- 3 “Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 “And raise me to thy throne ;
 “Thy courts immortal pleasure give ;
 “Thy presence joys unknown.”
- 4 [Thus in the name of Christ the Lord
 The holy David sung,
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
 Was crucified and slain ;
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold, he lives again !
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heaven’s eternal hills ?
 There sits the Son at God’s right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM 17. v. 13, &c. S. M.

Portio . of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and Despair in
 Death.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee ;
 They are but thy chastising rod
 To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
 His haughty words are vain ;
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
 And boast of all his store ;
 The Lord is my inheritance,
 My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
 Of my forgiving God ;
 And stand complete in righteousness,
 Washed in my Saviour’s blood.

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

PSALM 17. L. M.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, the Heaven of
 separate Souls, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
 My faith, my patience, and my love ;
 When men of spite against me join,
 They are the sword, the hand is thine.
- 2 Their hope and portion lie below ;
 'Tis all the happiness they know ;
 'Tis all they seek, they take their shares,
 And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
 I shall behold thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 5 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near, and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 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 18. First Part. L. M.

Ver. 1—9, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair ; or, Temptations overcome.

- 1 **T**HREE 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 temptation rose,
 And made 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 bowed his ear to my complaint,
 And proved his saving grace 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 the proud can 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 18. v. 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 owned my righteous cause.
- 2 Since I have learned thy holy ways,
 I've walked upright before thy face :

- Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaimed my wandering heart.
- 3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through 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 And men that love revenge shall know,
God hath an arm of vengeance too:
The just and poor shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they.

PSALM 18. Third Part. L. M.

Ver. 30, 31, 34, 35—46, &c.

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 blessings crown his reign,
The God of my salvation lives;
The dark designs of hell are vain,
While heavenly 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 forever shall extend ;
 Thy love to saints in Christ their head,
 Knows not a limit nor an end.

PSALM 18. First Part. C. M.
 Victory and Triumph over temporal Enemies.

- 1 **W**E love thee, Lord, and we adore,
 Now is thine arm revealed ;
 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 dismayed ;
 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 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
 For his own church's sake ;
 The powers that give his people rest,
 Shall of his care partake.

PSALM 18. 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 thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united powers,
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their towers.
- 3 How have we chased them through the field,
And trod them to the ground;
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So powerful, as our God;
- 5 The God of Israel ever lives;
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

PSALM 19. 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 the 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 show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian land's rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit ;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 [Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight ;
Nor gold that has the furnace passed
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim ;
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19. Second Part. S. M.

God's word most excellent ; or, Sincerity and Watchfulness.

For a Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions 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 19. L. M.

The Book of Nature and of Scripture compared; or, the Glory
and Success of the Gospel.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy goodness 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 began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth hath 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 renewed and sins forgiven ;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19. To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**REAT God, the heaven's well-ordered 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 journies 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 show thy praise :
 Thus God in every creature shines :
 Fair is the book of nature's lines ;
 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 threatenings 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 20. 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,
 When bucklers fail and 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 will lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.

- 3 Some trust in horses trained 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 coward flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
 Till thy salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21. C. M.

National Blessings acknowledged.

- 1 **I**N thee, great God, with songs of praise
 Our favoured realms rejoice ;
 And blest with thy salvation, raise
 To heaven their cheerful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
 Hath spread our rising name,
 And all our feeble efforts crowned
 With freedom and with fame.
- 3 In deep distress our injured land
 Implored thy power to save ;
 For life we prayed ; thy bounteous hand
 The timely blessing gave.
- 4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Power,
 Opposed their deadly aim,
 In mercy swept them from our shore,
 And spread their sails with shame.
- 5 On thee, in want, in wo or pain,
 Our hearts alone rely ;
 Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
 And all our wants supply.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
 And still exalt thy fame ;
 While we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name.

PSALM 21. 1—9. L. M.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoiced in God his strength,
 Raised to the throne by special grace,
 But Christ, the son, appears at length,
 Fulfils the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great the blest Messiah's joy
 In the salvation of thy hand!
 Lord, thou hast raised 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.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine:
 Blest with the favour of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
 And as a fiery oven glows,
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22. 1—16. First Part. C. M.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

- 1 **W**HYY has my God my soul forsook,
 Nor will a smile afford;
 (Thus David once in anguish spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)
- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell,
 Among thy praising saints,
 Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
 And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliverance found;
 But I'm a worm, despised of men,
 And trodden to the ground.
- 4 With shaking head they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn;

In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
Neglected and forlorn.

5 But thou art he who formed my flesh
By thine almighty word :
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threatening round
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found.

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompassed fierce and strong
As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet,
To multiply the smart ;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well.

10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup ;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath ;
Thy heavy hand 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 22. 20, 21, 27—31. Second Part. C. M.
Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 **N**OW 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 chased 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 numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans ;
They shall be reckoned in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.

5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22. L. M.
Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complained in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews behold him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn ;
"He rescued 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 loved him so,
 “ Why doth he fail to help him now ?”

- 4 Oh savage people ! cruel priests !
 How they stood round like raging 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 died.
- 6 But God his Father heard his cry ;
 Raised from the dead he reigns on high ;
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23. L. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 **M**Y shepherd is the living Lord ;
 Now shall my wants be well supplied,
 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 Though I walk through the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

- 6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
 Gaze at thy goodness and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread and cheering 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 23. C. M.

The Same.

- 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 through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 One word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand in sight of all my foes
 Doth still my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thyne 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 23. S. M.

The same.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
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 ; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amid surrounding 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 24. C. M.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 **T**HE earth forever is the Lord's,
With Adam's numerous race ;
He raised 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 soul's immortal powers,
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 24. L. M.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

- 1 **T**HIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds:
He raised the building on the seas,
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 Raised from the dead in royal state,
 He opens heaven's eternal gate,
 To give his saints a blest abode,
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25. 1—11. First 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 gleams of dawning light
 Till evening shades arise,
 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 (though my guilt be great)
 Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25. 12—14. 10—13. Second Part. S. M.

Divine Instruction.

- 1 **W**HERE shall the man be found
 That fears to 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 power
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his covenant sure,
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 25. 15—22. Third Part. S. M.

Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promised grace
And rest upon his word.
- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near:
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape 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 wo;
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 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed 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 26. L. M.

Self-examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

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

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies ;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear
Arrayed in robes of innocence ;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be joined at last,
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God.

PSALM 27. v. 1—6. First Part. C. M.

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh grant me mine abode

Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM 27. v. 8, 9, 13, 14. Second Part. C. M.
Prayer and Hope.

1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
'Ye children, seek my grace;'
My heart replied 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 will make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believed,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceived.

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 28. L. M.

God the refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 **T**O thee, O Lord, I raise my cries ;
 My fervent prayer in mercy hear ;
 For ruin waits my trembling soul,
 If thou refuse a gracious ear.
- 2 When suppliant toward thy holy hill
 I lift my mournful hands to pray,
 Afford thy grace, nor drive me still,
 With impious hypocrites away.
- 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
 The works and wonders of thy reign,
 Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
 And sinks their souls to endless pain.
- 4 But ever blessed be the Lord,
 Whose mercy hears my mournful voice ;
 My heart, that trusted in his word,
 In his salvation shall rejoice.
- 5 Let every saint in sore distress,
 By faith approach his Saviour, God ;
 Then grant, O Lord, thy pard'ning grace,
 And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM 29. L. M.

Storm and Thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 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
 Through every ocean, every land ;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail and wind,
 Lay the wide forest bare around ;
 The fearful hart, and 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 deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The thunderer reigns forever king ;
But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts ;
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM 30. First Part. L. M.

Sickness healed, and Sorrows 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, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love ;
Let all your powers rejoice, and trace
The wondrous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days ;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

PSALM 30. v. 6. Second Part. L. M.

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 **F**IRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long ;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone my comforts died.
- 3 I cried aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood ?"

- “ Deep in the dust can I declare
 “ Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?”
- 4 “ Hear me, O God of grace, I said,
 “ And bring me from among the dead ;”
 Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pardoning love removed my guilt.
- 5 My groans, and tears, and forms of wo,
 Are turned 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 through earth and heaven,
 For sickness healed and sins forgiven.

PSALM 31. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. First Part. C. M.
 Deliverance from Death.

- 1 **T**O thee, O God of truth and love,
 My spirit I commit ;
 Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
 And saved me from the pit.
- 2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear,
 Maintained a doubtful strife ;
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
 To take away my life.
- 3 My time is in thy hand, I cried,
 Though I draw near the dust ;
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 O make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake.
 For I'm entirely 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 sweet thy smiling face
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promised grace !
- 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 31. 7—33, 11—21. Second Part. C. M.
 Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

- 1 **M**Y heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my heavenly trust ;
 Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 “ My life is spent with grief, I cried,
 “ My years consumed in groans ;
 “ My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
 “ And sorrow wastes my bones.”
- 3 Among mine enemies my name
 A proverb vile was grown,
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side
 Seized and beset me round,
 I to thy throne of grace applied,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

- 5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men !
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain.
- 6 Thy children from the strife of tongues
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs.
 And crush the sons of pride.
- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me forever dwell ;

No fenced city, walled and barred,
Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32. S. M.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

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

PSALM 32. C. M.

Free Pardon and sincere Obedience ; or, Confession
and Forgiveness.

- 1 **H**OW blest the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin,
But washed in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 And blest beyond expression he
Whose debts are thus discharged ;
While from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 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 racked my tortured mind.

- 5 Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins revealed ;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon sealed.
- 6 This shall invite thy saints to pray ;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

PSALM 32. First Part. L. M.

Repentance and Free Pardon ; or, Justification and
Sanctification.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man, forever blest,
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed
And covered with his Saviour's blood.
- 2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise ;
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
Through all his life appears and shines.

PSALM 32. 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 33. 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 wondrous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heavenly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heavens pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep ;
Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their 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 through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 53. Second Part. C. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

- 1 **B**LEST is the nation where the Lord
 Hath fixed 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 formed us all of equal clay,
 And knows our feeble mould.
- 4 Kings are not rescued by the force
 Of armies from the grave ;
 Nor speed nor courage of an horse
 Can his bold rider save.
- 4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
 Nor springs our safety thence ;
 But holy souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure defence.
- 5 God is their fear, and God their trust ;
 When plagues or famine spread,
 His watchful eye secures the just,
 Among ten thousand dead.
- 6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne ;
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM 53. 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 of his name, his word, his ways,
 His works of nature and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true !
- 2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends
 His goodness flows, his truth extends ;
 His power the heavenly arches spread ;

His word, with energy divine,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the circling heavens pervade.

3 His hand collects the flowing seas ;
 Those watery treasures know their place,
 And fill the store-house 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 33. As the 113th Psalm. Second Part.
 Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 **O**H 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 formed their hearts, he knows their ways,
 But God their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast,
 In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed or courage of an horse,
 To guard his rider or to fly.

3 The arm of our almighty 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,
 Our great physician and our shield,
 Shall send salvation from his throne ;

We wait to see thy goodness shine ;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34. 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,
 Let every heart exalt his name ;
 I sought the eternal God, and he
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reached his ears ;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calmed the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 With heavenly joy their faces shine,
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and love divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men that serve the Lord ;
 Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.
- 6 The wild young lions, pinched with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood :
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

PSALM 34. v. 11—22. Second Part. L. M.

Religious Education ; or, Instructions of Piety.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, in years or 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,
His praise employs their tuneful breath.

PSALM 34. 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 cried,
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.
- 3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes.
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

PAUSE.

- 5 [Oh sinners, come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell,
 What ills their heavenly care prevents,
 No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [Oh love the Lord, ye saints of his ;
 His eye regards the just :
 How richly blessed their portion is
 Who make the Lord their trust !

8 Young lions, pinched with hunger, roar
 And famish in the wood :
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With every needful good.]

PSALM 34. 11—22. Second Part. C. M.

Exhortation to Peace and Holiness.

1 **C**OME, children, learn to fear the Lord,
 And that your days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
 Pursue the works of peace ;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your soul at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry,
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead,
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeemed their souls.

PSALM 35. v. 12, 13, 14. C. M.

Love to Enemies ; or, the Love of Christ to
Sinners typified in David.

- 1 **B**EHOOLD the love, the generous love,
That holy David shews ;
Behold his kind compassion move
For 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 mortified his soul,
While for their life he prayed.
- 4 They groaned and cursed him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
And double blessings on his head,
The righteous God returns.
- 5 Oh 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,
Blessed and beloved of God,
To save us rebels, dead in sin,
Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36. 5—9. L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God ; or, general
Providence and special Grace.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through 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 my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

PSALM 36. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. C. M.

Practical Atheism exposed ; or, the Being and Attributes
of God asserted.

- 1 **W**HILE men grow bold in wicked ways,
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
“ Their thoughts believe there’s none.”
- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate’er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.
- 3 What strange self-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,
Though mountains melt away ;
Thy judgments are a world unknown ;
A deep, unfathomed 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 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36. 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 concealed
In a self-flattering dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once revealed,
Expose his hateful name.]
- 3 His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair ;
Wisdom is banished from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.
- 4 He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil ;
He sets his heart, his hand, and head,
To practice all that's ill.
- 5 But there's a dreadful God,
Though 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 !
 Oh never let my soul remove
 From underneath his wings.

PSALM 37. 1—15. First Part. C. M.

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or, the Rewards
 of the Righteous, and the Wicked; or, the World's
 Hatred, and the Saint's Patience.

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

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 practice all that's good :
 So shall I dwell among 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 innocense 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 given.

PAUSE.

- 7 Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise.
Though 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
Their 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 pierce their stubborn hearts.

PSALM 37. 16, 21, 26—31. Second Part. C. M.

Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words and
Deeds.

- 1 **W**HY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just
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 learned 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,
 Preserved from every snare ;
 They shall possess the promised land,
 And dwell forever there.

PSALM 37. 23—37. Third Part. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

- 1 **M**Y God, the steps of pious men
 Are ordered by thy will ;
 Though they should fall they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue he approves ;
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
 Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home ;
 He feasts 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,
 Not fearing man nor God,
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
 Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And lo, he vanished from the ground,
 Destroyed 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 through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38. C. M.

Guilt of Conscience and Relief ; or, Repentance, and
Prayer for Pardon and Health.

- 1 **A** MIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord ;
Nor let a father's 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 to atone.
- 4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea
That sinks my comforts down ;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
- 5 Lord, I am weakened and dismayed,
None of my powers are whole ;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.
- 6 All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed 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 foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail ;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

- 9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
 And grieve for all my sins ;
 I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be forever nigh ;
 O Lord of my salvation haste,
 Before thy servant die.

PSALM 39. 1, 2, 3. First Part. C. M.

Watchfulness over the Tongue ; or, Prudence and Zeal.

- 1 **T**HUS I resolved before the Lord,
 "Now will I watch my tongue,
 "Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 "Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 Whene'er constrained a while 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 the occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be over-awed,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That we can speak for God.

PSALM 39. 4, 5, 6, 7, Second 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 and 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 39. 9—13. Third Part. C. M.

Sick-bed devotion; or, pleading without repining.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a 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 Crushed 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 I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepared to go,
When I the summons hear.
- 6 But if my life be spared a while,
Before my last remove,

Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First Part. C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
He bowed to hear my cry;
He saw me resting on his word,
And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released 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 wo,
And bears me on his heart.

PSALM 40. 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 eyes are opened with delight
 “To what thy lips impart.”
- 4 And see the blest Redeemer comes,
 The eternal Son appears,
 And at the appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.
- 5 Much he revealed his Father’s grace,
 And much his truth he shewed,
 And preached the way of righteousness
 Where great assemblies stood.
- 6 His Father’s honour touched his heart,
 He pitied 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
 Attones for all our sin.
- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan’s kingdom shook ;
 Thus by the woman’s promised seed
 The serpent’s head was broke.

PSALM 40. 5—10. L. M.

Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 **T**HE wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceeds our praise, surmounts our thought ;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.
- 2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt ;
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.
- 3 Lo ! thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears ;

Assumes a body well prepared,
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,
"And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM 41. 1, 2, 3. L. M.

Charity to the poor ; or, pity to the afflicted.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor ;
Whose soul, by sympathizing 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 mercy too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and death,
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 42. 1—9. First Part. C. M.

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

- 1 **W**ITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look ;
So pants the hunted hart to find,
And taste the cooling brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
And meet my God again ?
So long an absence from thy face,
My heart endures with pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast ;
The foe insults without control,
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, sink down so far
Beneath this heavy load ?
My spirits, why 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 42. 6—11. Second Part. L. M.

Melancholy thoughts reprov'd ; or, hope in affliction.

- 1 **M**Y 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 ;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous 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 My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill.

PSALM 43. C. M.

Safety in divine protection.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O God, and plead my cause
Against a sinful race ;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.
- 2 On thee my steadfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn ?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return ?
- 3 Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear ;
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.
- 4 Then to thy altar, Oh my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant song shall praise
The God that rules the skies.
- 5 Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair ;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

PSALM 44. 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 They saw the beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run ;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples 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 seized 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 declined the road
Of duty thou hast given.
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruised us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.
- PAUSE.
- 7 We are exposed all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name ;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace ?
Why should we seem like men abhorred,
Or banished from thy face ?
- 9 Wilt thou forever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries ?

Forever hide thine heavenly love
From our afflicted eyes?

- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
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 45. S. M.

The Glory of Christ, the success of the gospel, and the
gentile church.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.
- 2 Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- 3 Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts 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 prove
A sceptre in thy hand.
- 5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His spirit, like a grateful oil
To anoint thy sacred head.]
- 6 [Behold at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- 7 Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;

Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay the Lord thy vows.

- 8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heavenly joy.

PSALM 45. C. M.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

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

PSALM 45. First Part. L. M.

The glory of Christ, and the power of his gospel.

- 1 **N**OW 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 far 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 on 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, forever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands :
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.
- 6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head ;
And with his sacred spirit blessed
His first-born Son above the rest.

PSALM 45. Second Part. L. M.

Christ and his church ; or, the mystical marriage..

- 1 **T**HE King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned 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 arrayed in purest gold ;
The world admires her heavenly dress ;
Her robes 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 favorite of his choice ;
Let him be loved and yet adored,
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 condescension of his love.

PSALM 46. 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 hurled
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,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

PSALM 46. Second Part. L. M.

God fights for his church.

- 1 **L**ET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though 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, through all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease ;
When from on high his thunder roars,
He awes the trembling world to peace.
- 4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame,
Let earth in silent wonder hear
The sound and glory of his name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
" I reign exalted o'er the lands,
" I will be known and feared abroad,
" But still my throne in Zion stands."
- 6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
While we so near thy presence dwell,
Our faith shall sit secure and sing,
Nor fear the raging powers of hell.

PSALM 47. C. M.

Christ 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 through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth his honours sing ;
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 4 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge guide the song ;

Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known ;
While powers and princes, shields and swords
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48. 1—8. First Part. L. M.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

- 1 **G**REAT 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 Zion God is known
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone !
How fair his heavenly grace !
- 4 When kings against her joined,
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 flocks have been.
- 7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,

Recal to mind his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM 48. 10—14. Second Part. S. M.

The beauty of the church ; or, gospel worship and order.

- 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 thy people stand
On Zion'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 adorned 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 49. 6—14. First Part. C. M.

Pride and death ; or, the vanity of life and riches.

- 1 **W**HY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide ?
- 2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,

And boast as though his flesh was 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 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high ;
Justice will ne'er be bribed 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 land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his memory dies !
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own body 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,
Though 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 triumphs o'er them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM 49. 14, 15. Second 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 scorned them here ?
- 3 God will my naked soul receive,
 Called from the world away,
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my mouldering clay.
- 4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
 The inheritance is sure ;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49. 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 an hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust ;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round ;
 That flesh, so delicately fed,
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 And leaves his glories in the tomb ;
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And hear the oppressor's awful doom.
- 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 forever near my God.

PSALM 50. v. 1—6. First 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 Throned 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 sealed 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 50. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second 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 “ Invoke my name 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,
 “ Declares my glory best ;
 “ And those that tread my holy ways,
 “ Shall my salvation taste.”

PSALM 50. 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 contröel ?
 “ 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 50. L. M.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of 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,
 Defiled with lust, defiled with blood ;
 By night they practice 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 Oh 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 50. To a new tune.

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 sovereign orders spread
 Through 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 forever good,
 Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
 And signed with all their names, the Greek, the
 Jew,

That paid the ancient worship or the new ;
 There's no distinction here, prepare their thrones,
 And near me seat my favorites and my sons.

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 hear ;
 Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire ;
 I doom thee, 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 flame of love ; in vain the store
 Of brutal offerings that were mine before ;
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they
 feed.

6 If I were hungry would I ask thee food ?
 When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood ?
 Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatterings and fantastic vows ?
 Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
 Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?

7 Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to
 please

A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ?
 While with my grace and statues on thy tongue
 Thou lovest deceit, and dost thy brother wrong ?
 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

- 8 Silent I waited with long-suffering love,
 But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
 And cherish such an impious thought within;
 That God, the righteous, would indulge thy sin?
 Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
 And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
 Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
 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 50. To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

- 1 **T**HE God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the
 north;
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead.
 The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.
- 2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
 His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day!
 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
 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 sinner's doom;
 'But gather first my saints, (the Judge com-
 mands,)
 'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.'
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.
- 4 'Behold my covenant stands forever good,
 'Sealed by the eternal sacrifice in blood,

‘And signed with all their names ; the Greek, the Jew,

‘That paid the ancient worship or the new.’

There’s no distinction here ; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

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

‘And near me seat my favorites and my sons ;

‘Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared

‘Ere time began, ’tis your divine reward.’

When Christ returns, wake ev’ry cheerful passion ;
And shout, ye saints, he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE the first.

6 ‘I am the Saviour, I the God,

‘The sovereign Judge ; ye heavens proclaim abroad

‘My just, eternal sentence, and declare

‘Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear !’

When God appears, all nature shall adore him ;

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 ‘Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,

‘Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings
vain ;

‘Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint’s attire,

‘I doom thee, painted hypocrite, to fire.’

Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoices ;

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

8 ‘Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain

‘Do I condemn thee ; bulls and goats are vain

‘Without the flame 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 bullock’s blood ?

‘Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,

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

All is the Lord’s ; he rules the wide creation ;

Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 ' Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
 ' Thy solemn chattering and fantastic vows ?
 ' Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
 ' Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold ?
 God is the judge of hearts ; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE the second.

11 ' Unthinking wretch ! how couldst thou hope to
 please
 ' A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these ;
 ' While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
 ' Thou lovest deceit, and dost thy brother wrong.'
 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 and adulterers are thy chosen friends ;
 ' While the false flatterer at thy altar waits,
 ' His hardened 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 ?
 ' And cherish such an impious thought within,
 ' That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin ?'
 See, God appears, all nations join 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 ;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

EPIPHONEMA.

15 ' Sinners, awake betimes ; ye fools, be wise ;
 ' Awake before this dreadful morning rise ;
 ' Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
 amend,
 ' Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.'

Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion ;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51. First Part. L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance sieze 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 light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

PSALM 51. Second Part. L. M.

Original and actual sin confessed.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived 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 defiled in every part.

- 3 [Great God, create my heart a-new,
And form my spirit pure and true ;
Oh make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is my grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hysop-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 heart rejoice.

PSALM 51. 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,
Though 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 banished from thy sight ;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

- 4 Though I have grieved thy spirit, Lord,
Thy 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 condemned 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 51. 3—13. First Part. C. M.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

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

- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 With thy forgiving love ;
 Oh make my broken spirit whole,
 And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy spirit e'er depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face ;
 Create a-new my vicious heart,
 And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
 Before the sons of men ;
 Backsiders shall address thy throne,
 And turn to God again.

PSALM 51. 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 the separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.
- 3 No blood of goats nor heifers slain,
 For sin could e'er atone ;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul opprest with sin's desert
 My God will ne'er despise ;
 A humble groan, a broken heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

PSALM 52. C. M.

The disappointment of the wicked.

- 1 **W**HY should the mighty make their boast,
 And heavenly grace despise ?
 In their own arm they put their trust,
 And fill their mouth with lies.

- 2 But God in vengeance shall destroy,
 And drive them from his face ;
 No more shall they his church annoy,
 Nor find on earth a place.
- 3 But like a cultured olive grove,
 Dressed in immortal green,
 Thy children, blooming in thy love,
 Amid thy courts are seen.
- 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
 Thy saints shall rest secure,
 And all who trust thy holy word
 Shall find salvation sure.

PSALM 52. L. M.

The folly of self-dependence.

- 1 **W**HY should the haughty hero boast
 His vengeful arm, his warlike host,
 While blood defiles his cruel hand,
 And desolation wastes the land ?
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
 The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh :
 And when the wearied sword would spare,
 His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
 And arms with rage his impious tongue ;
 With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
 And bids the trembling world adore.
- 4 But God beholds, and with a frown
 Casts to the dust his honours down ;
 The righteous freed, their hopes recal,
 And hail the proud oppressor's fall.
- 5 How low the insulting tyrant lies,
 Who dared the Eternal Power despise !
 And vainly deemed, with envious joy,
 His arm almighty to destroy.
- 6 We praise the Lord, who heard our cries,
 And sent salvation from the skies ;
 The saints who saw our mournful days,
 Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

PSALM 53. 4—6. C. M.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Zion fools
Who thus destroy her saints ?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints ?
- 2 They shall be seized with sad surprise ;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise,
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of satan boast
Of armies in array ;
When God has first despised their host,
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 Oh for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore !
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

PSALM 54. C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend ;
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For slaughtering foes insult us round ;
Oppressive, proud, and vain,
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
- 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice ;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.
- 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

PSALM 55. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 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 levelled at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 What inward pains my heart strings wound!
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 O were I like a feathered 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 saints shall never fall.

- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise ;
While cruel and deceitful men,
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. S. M.

- 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 56. C. M.

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

- 1 **O** THOU whose justice reigns on high,
And makes the 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 reposed 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 ;
For mischiefs all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown ?
Must their devices stand ?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand !

PAUSE.

6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears ;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all 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 reposed 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 secured my soul from death,
Oh set thy prisoner free,

That heart and hand, and life and breath
May be employed for thee.

PSALM 57. L. M.

Praise for protection ; grace and truth.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the 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 power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
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 58. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

- 1 **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When vile oppression wastes the land ?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand ?

- 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 poisoned arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
And death attends where'er it wounds ;
You hear no counsels, cries, or 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 dyed 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 The Almighty thunders from the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
Safety and joy to saints afford :
And all 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 59. S. M.

Prayer for national deliverance.

- 1 **F**ROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heaven defend,
Who braves the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Behold, from distant shores
And desert wilds they come,

- Combine for blood their barbarous force,
And through thy cities roam.
- 3 Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.
- 4 And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race
To riot in their reign ?
- 5 In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove ;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.
- 6 Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom ;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.
- 7 Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God ;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound the praise abroad.

PSALM 60. C. M.

Looking to God in the distress of war.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast scourged our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn ;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return.
- 2 Beneath the terrors of thine eye,
Earth's haughty towers decay ;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.
- 3 Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand,
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.
- 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;

From barbarous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God;
In vain shall numerous powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown;
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

PSALM 61. 1—6. S. M.

Safety in God.

1 **W**HEN overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 Oh 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,
Forever 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 62. 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 hearts on glittering dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?
- 5 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again my ears have heard,
“ All power is his eternal due !”
He must be feared 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 63. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. 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
Through 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 its joys,
Can my best passions move,

Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

- 6 Thus till my last expiring day
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63. 6—10. Second Part. C. M.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 **T**WAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
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 forever 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 in the deeps of hell.

PSALM 63. L. M.

Longing after God ; or the love of God better than life.

1 **G**REAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged 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 to 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,
No pleasures that to sense belong,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.
- 6 My life itself, without thy love,
No taste or pleasure could afford ;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banished 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 bless the remnant of my days.

PSALM 63. S. M.

Seeking God.

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

- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place ;
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quickening grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared 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 of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 8 The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps ;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

PSALM 64. L. M.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend to my complaint,
Nor let my drooping spirit faint :
When foes in secret spread the snare,
Let my salvation be thy care.
- 2 Shield me without, and guard within,
From treacherous foes and deadly sin :
May envy, lust, and pride depart,
And heavenly grace expand my heart.
- 3 Thy justice and thy power display,
And scatter far thy foes away ;
While listening nations learn thy word,
And saints triumphant bless the Lord.

- 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
 And all that love thy name rejoice ;
 By faith approach thine awful throne,
 And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM 65. 1—5. First Part. L. M.

Public prayer and praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,
 My God ; and praise becomes thy house ;
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
 To save when humble sinners pray ;
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
 And every yielding heart obey.
- 3 Against my will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away the 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 Zion prays ;
 Babel prepare for long distress,
 When Zion'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 Then shall the flocking nations run
 To Zion's hill, and own their Lord ;
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

L

PSALM 65. 5—13. Second Part. L. M.

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

- 1 **T**HE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Zion mixt with tears ;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Through 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 frightened souls to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempest cease ;
He calms the raging 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, established 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 drest 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 fruit the vallies yield ;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 The pastures smile in green array,
Their 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 ;
Through every month thy gifts appear :
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year !

PSALM 65. First Part. C. M.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

- 1 **P**RAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee,
There shall our vows be paid ;
Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
All flesh shall seek thine aid.
- 2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pardoning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer every sin.
- 3 Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.
- 4 In 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 65. Second Part. C. M.

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, the
blessings of rain.

- 1 **T**HIS 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,
Whose 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 65. 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 raised on high,
Pour out at his command
Their watery blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The softened ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;

The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor laborers sing.

- 4 The little hills on every side
Rejoice at falling showers ;
The meadows, dressed in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The barren elods, refreshed with rain,
Promise a joyful crop ;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways !
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66. First Part. C. M.

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

- 1 **S**ING, all the 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 formed 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 put the rod,
And clave the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Israel passed 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 the Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war ?

- 6 Oh 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 proved our suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine ;
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.
- 8 Through watery deeps and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promised place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66. 13—20. Second 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 low 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 the heavenly aid ;
 He saved my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay covered in my heart
 While prayer employed my tongue ;
 The Lord had shown me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest)
 Has set my spirit free ;
 Nor turned from him my poor request,
 Nor turned his heart from me.

PSALM 67. C. M.

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

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
 With beams of heavenly grace ;

- Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
And show thy smiling face.
- 2 [Amidst our realm, exalted high,
Do thou our glory stand,
And like a wall of guardian fire
Surround the favorite land.]
- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice ;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthroned above,
In wisdom rules the worlds he made,
And bids them taste his love.
- 6 Earth shall obey his high command,
And yield a full increase :
Our God will crown his chosen land
With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God, the Redeemer, scatters round
His choicest favours here,
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68. 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 arrayed 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 wondrous 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 68. 17, 18. Second Part. L. M.

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

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled 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 pronounced 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 Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22. Third Part. L. M.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, common and special mercies.

- 1 **W**E bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heavenly 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 bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread ;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite them 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 69. 1—14. First Part. C. M.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 1 " **S**AVE 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 about my head,
 "And mighty are my foes.
- 4 "'Twas then I paid the 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 thy name,
 "For I have borne their heavy load
 "Of sorrow, pain and shame.
- 7 "Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
 "And sackcloth was my dress,
 "While I procured 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 cleansed my Father's house,
 "They scandalized my zeal.
- 10 "My fastings and my holy groans
 "Were made the drunkard's song;
 "But God, from his celestial throne,
 "Heard my complaining tongue.

- 11 "He saved me from the dreadful deep,
 "Where fears beset me round ;
 "He raised and fixed my sinking feet
 "On well-established 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 69. 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 pleasures, 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 defiled my name.
- 7 "I looked for pity, but in vain ;
 "My kindred are my grief ;
 "I ask my friends for comfort round,
 "But meet with no relief.

- 8 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
 " They give me gall for food ;
 " And sporting with my dying groans,
 " They triumph in my blood.
- 9 " Shine into my distressed soul,
 " Let thy compassion save ;
 " And 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 69. Third Part. C. M.

Christ's obedience and death ; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I sing thy wondrous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name ;
 He bought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
- 2 His deep distress has raised us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
 And finished all thy will.
- 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.
- 4 This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest ;
 They by his death draw near to thee,
 And live forever blest.
- 5 Let heaven, and all that dwell on high,
 To God their voices raise,
 While lands and seas assist the sky,
 And join to advance his praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates ;
 And glory purchased by his blood
 For thine own Israel waits.

PSALM 69. 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
Atoned for crimes which we had done.
- 4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honours of thy law restored ;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.
- 5 Oh 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 turned to shame.

PSALM 69. v. 7, &c. Second Part. L. M.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

- 1 **'T**WAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
While shame defiled his sacred face.
- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the man that checked their sin ;
While he fulfilled 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 scourged the merchants from the place.]

- 4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood ;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown,
He felt and mourned 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 died for me.
- 7 But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son ;
The hand that raised him from the dead
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM 70. C. M.

Protection against personal enemies.

- 1 **I**N haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain ;
Oh let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.
- 2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray,
Then let them fall, with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.
- 3 While all that love thy name, rejoice
And glory in thy word,
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.
- 4 O thou, my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay ;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

PSALM 71. 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 strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated 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 glory 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 71. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. Second 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 spake thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father, God.
- 4 When I am filled 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, redeemed 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 saved me by his blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.]

PSALM 71. 17—21. Third Part. C. M.

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

- 1 **G**OD of my childhood and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declared 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
 Before the rising 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;
 Oh 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 endured 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 lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These withered limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72. First Part. L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 **G**REAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his 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 72. Second Part. L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the gentiles.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
'Till moon shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 [Behold the nations with their kings ;
There 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,
And India shines in eastern gold ;
While western empires own their Lord ;
And savage tribes attend his word.]
- 4 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises 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 joyful prisoner bursts 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 deseend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM 73. First Part. C. M.

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

- 1 **N**OW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere ;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.
- 2 I grieved 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 chastened all the day,
"The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulged 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 retired to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinner sit
High mounted on a slippery place
Beside 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 promised 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 73. 23—28. Second Part. C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter and my hope,
 My help forever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life's bewildered race ;
 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 73. 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 placed on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shine !

- 2 But, oh! 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 fancied joys how fast they flee!
 Like dreams as fleeting and as vain;
 Their songs of softest harmony
 Are but a prelude to their pain.
- 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 73. S. M.

The mystery of providence unfolded.

- 1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain;
 Though men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.
- 2 I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes,
 In robes of honour shine.
- 3 [Pampered 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,
 Through all their life oppression reigns,
 And racks the humble poor.
- 5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
 The everlasting God:
 Their malice blasts the good man's name,
 And spreads their lies abroad.

- 6 But I, with flowing tears,
Indulged my doubts to rise ;
“ Is there a God that sees or hears
“ ‘The things below the skies ?’”]
- 7 The tumult 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 mistake amend ;
I viewed the sinners’ life before,
But here I leart their end.
- 9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go !
And oh ! 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 74. C. M.

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

- 1 **W**ILL God forever cast us off ?
His wrath forever 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 prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage ;
Amid thy gates their ensigus hang,
And there their hosts engage.

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 rest ;
 “ Come let us burn at once, they cry,
 “ The temple and the priest.”

7 And still to heighten our distress,
 Thy presence is withdrawn ;
 Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
 Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
 But all in silence mourn ;
 Nor know the times of our relief,
 The hour 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 forever sit and hear
 Thine holy name profaned ?
 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 wondrous way,
 And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
 The darkness and the day ?
 Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
 And mark the sun his way ?

- 14 Hath not thy power formed 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 formed them first,
 Avenge thine injured 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 trembling dove.
- 17 Our foes will triumph in our blood,
 And make our hope their jest;
 Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
 And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75. L. M.

Praise to God for the return of peace.

- 1 **T**O thee, most high and holy God,
 To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
 Thy works declare thy name abroad,
 Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slavery doomed, thy chosen sons
 Beheld their foes triumphant rise;
 And sore opprest by earthly thrones,
 They sought the sovereign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power,
 Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
 To scourge their legions from the shore,
 And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand, that formed the restless main
 And reared the mountain's awful head,
 Bade raging seas their course restrain,
 And desert wilds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
 Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
 'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
 'Tis God that lays another low.

- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head ;
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

PSALM 76. C. M.

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

- 1 **I**N Judah God of old was known :
His name in Israel great ;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.
- 2 Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose ;
There he received their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.
- 3 From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threatening spear ;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crushed the Assyrian war.
- 4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey ?
The hill on which Jehovah dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath
Of captains and their bands :
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quells their warlike 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 adores and fears.
- 8 When God, in his own sovereign ways,
Comes down to save the opprest,

The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vows to the Lord and tribute bring,
Ye princes, fear his frown :
His terrors shake the proudest king,
And smite his armies 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 77. First Part. C. M.

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 **T**O God I cried with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad hour when trouble rose,
And filled my heart with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
My soul refused relief ;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increased my grief.

3 Still I complained, and still opprest,
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 called thy judgments o'er.

5 I called back years and ancient times
When I beheld thy face ;
My spirit searched for secret crimes
That might withhold thy grace.

6 I called thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before ;
And will the Lord no more be kind ?
His face appear no more ?

7 Will he forever 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,
 Remembering 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 77. Second Part. C. M.

Comfort derived from ancient providence ; or, Israel delivered
 from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

- 1 “ **H**OW awful is thy chastening rod !
 “ (May thy own children say)
 “ The great, the wise, the dreadful God !
 “ How holy is his way !”
- 2 I'll meditate his works of old,
 Who reigns in heaven above,
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.
- 3 He saw the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke opprest ;
 Long he delayed to hear their cry,
 Nor gave his people rest.
- 4 The sons of pious Jacob seemed :
 Abandoned to their foes ;
 But his almighty arm redeemed
 The nation whom he chose.
- 5 From slavish chains he sets them free,
 They follow where he calls ;
 He bade them venture through the sea,
 And made the waves their walls.

- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown ;
Terrors attend the wondrous 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 hurled,
How glorious is the Lord !
Surprise and trembling seized the world,
And all his saints adored.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock ;
And safe, by Moses' hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock,
To Canaan's promised land.]

PSALM 78. First Part. C. M.

Providence of God recorded ; or, pious education, and
instruction of children.

- 1 **L**ET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed 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
Through 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 practice his commands.

PSALM 78. Second Part. C. M.

Israel's rebellion and punishment ; or, the sins and chastisements of God's people.

- 1 **O**H 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 avenging hand :
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land !
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched with safety through,
With watery walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light ;
By day it proved a sheltering cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supplied ;
The gushing waters flowed,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
- 7 Yet they provoked the Lord most high,
And dared distrust his hand ;
" Can he with bread our hosts supply,
" Amidst this barren land ?"
- 8 The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame :
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78. Third Part. C. M.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance ; or, chastisement and salvation.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel sinned the Lord reproved,
And filled their hearts with dread ;
Yet he forgave the men he loved,
And sent 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 food of heaven, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels meat.
- 4 But they in murmuring language said,
“ Is manna all our feast ?
“ We loath this light, this airy bread ;
“ We must have flesh to taste.”
- 5 “ Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,”
The Lord in wrath replied,
And sent them quails, like sand or dust,
Heaped up on every 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 returned,
And sought the Lord with tears ;
Under the rod they feared and mourned,
But soon forgot their fears.
- 8 Oft he chastised, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious hand
The nations he resolved to save
Possessed the promised land.

PSALM 78. 32, &c. Fourth Part. L. M.

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

- 1 **G**REAT 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 consumed 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 mourned, and sought the Lord again;
Called 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.
- 6 Yet could his sovereign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserved to live;
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abraham loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 79. L. M.

For the distress of war.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O God, what cruel foes
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defiled,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.

- 2 Wide o'er the vallies, drenched in blood,
 Thy people fallen in death remain ;
 The fowls of heaven their flesh devour ;
 And savage beasts divide the slain.
- 3 The insulting foes, with impious rage,
 Reproach thy children to their face ;
 " Where is your God of boasted power,
 " And where the promise of his grace ?"
- 4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
 Oh hear the mournful captive sigh,
 And let thy sovereign power relieve
 'The trembling souls condemned to die.
- 5 Let those who dared to insult thy reign,
 Return dismayed with endless shame,
 While heathens, who thy grace despise,
 Shall from thy vengeance learn thy name.
- 6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
 Eternal songs of honour raise,
 And every future age shall tell
 'Thy sovereign power and pardoning grace.

PSALM 80. L. M.

The church's prayer under affliction ; or, the vineyard
 of God wasted.

- 1 **G**REAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep :
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now,
 Shine from on high, and guide us through ;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be saved 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 saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE the first.

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 her beauty thus defaced?
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 saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE the second.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too,
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair branch of promise rose.

10 Fair branch, ordained 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, adorned and blest
With power and grace above the rest.

12 Oh! for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die:
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81. 1, 8—16. S. M.

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

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Israel hear his voice.
- 2 “ From idols false and vain,
“ Preserve my rites divine ;
“ I am the Lord who broke thy chain.
“ Of slavery and of 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 oh ! 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'll richly feed my flock,
“ And they shall taste the stream that flows
“ From their eternal Rock.”

PSALM 82. L. M.

God the supreme Governor ; or, magistrates warned.

- 1 **A**MONG the 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 frame oppressive laws ?
Or why support the unrighteous cause ?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That foes may 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 83. 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 “ Come let us join (they cry),
 “ To root them from the ground,
 “ Till not the name of saints remain,
 “ Nor memory shall be found.”
- 5 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind ;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.
- 6 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name ;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.
- 7 Then shall the nations know
 Thy glorious, dreadful word ;
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84. First Part. L. M.

The pleasure of public worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
HO Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet the 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
 The pleasure which his children want ?
- 4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne above the sky ;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Blest are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace ;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Zion's gate :
 God is their strength ; and 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 84. Second Part. L. M.

God and his church ; or, grace and glory.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs :
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,

Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

- 3 God is our sun, he makes our day ;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin ;
From foes without and foes within.
- 4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too :
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.
- 5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious host of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee ;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84. 1, 2, 3—10. Paraphrased in C. M.

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

- 1 **M**Y soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quickening rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heavenly dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will :
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;

O

- When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God ?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove ;
Oh make me like the sparrows blest,
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employed in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state
Among the 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 84. 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.

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 our hands are filled ;
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 85. 1—8. First Part. L. M.

Waiting for an answer to prayer ; or, deliverance begun
and completed.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom :
So God forgave when Israel sinned,
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 turned to thee,
And our 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 85. 9, &c. Second 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 pleased 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 gentler 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 86. 8—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 wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.
- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet,
Teach me thine heavenly ways,
And all my wandering 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 87. L. M.

The church the birth-place of the saints ; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the christian church.

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his 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 described of old !
What wonders are in Zion told !
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall their begin there lives a new :
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 and nourished there.

PSALM 88. As the 113th Psalm.

Loss of friends and absence of divine grace.

- 1 **O** GOD of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath ;
My soul declining to the grave,
Implores thy sovereign power to save
From dark despair and lasting death.
- 2 Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom :
My friends, beloved in happier days,
'The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
- 3 As, lost in lonely grief, I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some thronged assembly go ;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing wo.
- 5 And why will God neglect my call ?
Or who shall profit by my fall ?
When life departs and love expires,
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ?
Or wake or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly quires ?
- 6 Yet through each melancholy day
I've prayed to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return :
But oh ! my friends, my comfort's fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recal my wandering thoughts to mourn.

PSALM 89. First Part. L. M.

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

- 1 **F**OREVER shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;
 Mercy and truth forever stand
 Like heaven, established 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 raised 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 89. First Part. C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing song 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,
 The eternal grace is sure.

- 3 How long the race of David held
The promised Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler covenant sealed
To David's greater Son.
- 4 His seed forever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above:
And saints on earth their honours raise
To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89. 7. &c. Second 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 rise!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the power with thee that vies,
Or truth compared with thine.
- 3 The northern pole and southern rest
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy word the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
'They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel.
- 6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wondrous is thy grace!

While truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89. 15. &c. Third Part. C. M.

A blessed gospel.

- 1 **B**LESSED are the souls who 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
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King, forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

PSALM 89. 19, &c. Fourth Part. C. M.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom ; or, his divine and human nature.

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies 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,
" With full supplies of grace.
- 3 " High shall he reign on David's throne,
" My people's better king :
" My arm shall beat his rivals down,
" And still new subjects bring.
- 4 " My truth shall guard him in his way,
" With mercy by his side :
" While in my name, o'er earth and sea,
" He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 " Me for his Father and his God,
" He shall forever own,

- “Call me his rock, his high abode,
 “And I’ll support my Son.
- 6 “My first-born Son, arrayed in grace,
 “At my right hand shall sit ;
 “Beneath him angels know their place,
 “And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 “My covenant stands forever fast,
 “My promises are strong ;
 “Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
 “His seed endure as long.”

PSALM 89. 30, &c. Fifth Part. C. M.

The covenant of grace unchangeable ; or, affliction without rejection.

- 1 “**Y**ET (saith the Lord) if David’s race,
 “The children of my Son,
 “Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 “And tempt mine anger down ;
- 2 “Their sins I’ll visit with the rod,
 “And make their folly smart ;
 “But I’ll not cease to be their God,
 “Nor from my truth depart.
- 3 “My covenant 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 pledged my holiness,
 “To seal the sacred promise sure
 “To David and his race.
- 5 “The sun shall see his offspring rise
 “And spread from sea to sea,
 “Long as he travels round the skies
 “To give the nations day.
- 6 “Sure as the moon that rules the night
 “His kingdom shall endure,
 “Till the fixed laws of shade and light
 “Shall be observed no more.”

PSALM 89. 47, &c. Sixth Part. L. M.

Morality 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?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
“Must death forever rage and reign?”
“Or hast thou made mankind in vain?”
- 3 “Where is thy promise to the just?
“Are not thy servants turned 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 89. 47, &c. Last Part. As the 113th.

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 turned to clay?
Lord, where’s thy kindness to the just?
- 3 Hast thou not promised to thy Son,
And all his seed, a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair:
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

- 4 Forever 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 wondrous love,
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM 90. L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

- 1 **T**HROUGH 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 reigned ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned into man ;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure
 When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity ;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."
- 4 [A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account ;
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
 An empty tale ; a morning flower,
 Cut down and withered in an hour.
- 6 [Our age to seventy years is set ;
 How short the time ! how frail the state !
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7 But oh 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 the span,
 'Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90. 1—5. First Part. C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 **O**UR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come ;
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And my defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received 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 dawn.
- 6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by the flood,
 And lost in following years.
- 7 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.
- 8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
 Pleased 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 90. 8, 11, 2, 10, 12. Second Part. C. M.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin ; or, life, old age,
and preparation for death.

- 1 **L**ORD, if thine eyes survey our faults
And justice grows 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 three-score 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 these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]

- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
Oh 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 90. 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 90. 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,
 Our feeble powers decay,
 Swift as a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.
- 4 Yet 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 91. 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 fortress and my tower ;
 “ I that am formed 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 ;
 From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
 Unguarded souls a thousand ways.
- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
 From birds of prey that seek their blood,
 The Lord his faithful saints shall guard,
 And endless life be their reward.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential fire ;
 God is their life, his wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 If vapours, with malignant breath,
 Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe ; the poisoned air
 Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.
- PAUSE.
- 7 What though a thousand at thy side,
 Around thy path ten thousand died,
 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
Past all the doors of Jacob by.

- 9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire
Shall but fulfil their best desire ;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

PSALM 91. 9—16. Second Part. C. M.

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

- 1 **Y**E sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed 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 the 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 to attend his sons ?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread ;
The tempter's wiles defeat ;
He that hath bruised 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 power 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 92. First Part. L. M.

A Psalm for the Lord’s Day.

- 1 **S**WEET is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name give thanks and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;
 Oh may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David’s harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My 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
 Blasts them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,
 When grace hath well refined 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 desired, or wished below ;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92. 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 thy 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 show
 The Lord is holy, just, and true ;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93. First Metre. As the 100th Psalm.

The eternal and the 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 foundation 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 Forever shall thy throne endure ;
 Thy promise stands forever sure ;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of thy graee.

PSALM 93. 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 'stablished by his hand :
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.
- 2 God is the 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 commo-
 tion,
 But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.
- 3 Ye tempests rage no more ; ye floods be still,
 And thou, 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 93. Third Metre. As the old 122d Psalm.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned ;
 Arrayed 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 fixt on high
 Ere stars adorned the 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 sturdy nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their power engage ;
Let swelling tides assault the sky :
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down ;
Thy throne forever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new ;
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove ;
Thy saints with holy fear
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.
[Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.]

PSALM 94. 1, 2, 7—14. First Part. C. M.

Saints chastised and sinners destroyed ; or, instructive
afflictions.

- 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 vain be wise ?
Can he be deaf who formed 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 providence, thy sacred 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 94. 16—23. Second Part. C. M.

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

- 1 **W**HO 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,
 Sustained my fainting head,
 My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul amongst the dead.
- 3 Alas ! my sliding feet ! I cried,
 Thy promise bore me up ;
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 And raised my sinking hope.
- 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 95. 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 compared with him.
- 4 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face :
Oh 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 95. 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 formed 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 formed 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 promised rest
“ Shall have no portion there.”

PSALM 95. 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 honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who framed 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 hardened 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 tired 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 offered grace to day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.
- 7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates ;
Believe, and take the promised rest ;
Obey, and be forever blest.]

PSALM 96. 2, 10, &c. C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue ;
His new discovered 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 through the earth be seen,
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.
- 4 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display ;
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 show the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.
- 6 His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near ;
But how will guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear !

Q

PSALM 96. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the gentiles.

- 1 **L**ET all the earth their voices raise,
 To sing their 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,
 But here Jehovah's name is known ;
 Nor shall our worship ere be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made ;
 Our Maker is our God alone.
- 3 He framed the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there :
 His beams are majesty and light :
 His beauties, how divinely bright !
 His temple, how divinely fair !
- 4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving 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 97. 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 :
 Though 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 nigh.

PSALM 97. 6—9. Second 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 Zion still his glories sing,
And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97. Third Part. L. M.
Grace and glory.

- 1 **T**HE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate 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 97. 3, 5—7, 11. C. M.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

- 1 **L**ET earth, with every isle and 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 flight,
And leave the world on fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98. First Part. C. M.

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 **T**O our almighty Maker, God,
New honours he addressed ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 To Abraham first he spoke the word,
And taught his numerous race ;

The gentiles own him sovereign Lord,
And learn to trust his grace.

- Let the whole earth his love proclaim
With all her different tongues,
And spread the honours of his name
In melody and songs.

PSALM 98. 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 sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world, with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

PSALM 99. 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 stands 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 99. 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 cried, when Samuel prayed,
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 abused 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 100. 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 100. Second Metre. A paraphrase.

- 1 **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care ;
Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 2 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise ;
And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 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 101. L. M.

The magistrates' 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 raised to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel 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 favorites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies ;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.
- 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 101. 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 falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue
I'll banish 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 102. 1—13, 20, 21. First 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 dried, 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 ;
 Where the sad raven finds her place,
 And where 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 advanced me high,
 Thy hand hath cast me down.
- 9 My looks like withered leaves appear ;
 And life's declining light
 Grows faint as evening shadows are,
 That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou forever art the same,
 O my eternal God !
 Ages to come shall know thy name,
 And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay
 Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
 That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
 And by mysterious ways
 Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102. 13—21. Second Part. C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 **L**ET Zion and her sons rejoice,
 Behold the promised hour ;
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes to 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 condemned 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 102. 23—28. Third Part. L. M.

Man's mortality and Christ's eternity ; or, saints die, but
 Christ and the church live.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
 Weakens our strength amidst the race ;
 Disease and death at his command
 Arrest us and cut short our days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
 Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
 Thy years are one eternal day,
 And must thy children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of death and grief,
 This thought our sorrow shall assuage,
 "Our Father and our Saviour live ;
 "Christ is the same through every age."
- 4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid ;
 Heaven is the building of his hand ;
 This earth grows old, these heavens shall fade,
 And all be changed at his command.
- 5 The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments, shall be laid aside ;
 But still thy throne stands firm and high ;
 Thy church forever must abide.
- 6 Before thy face thy church shall live,
 And on thy throne thy children reign ;
 This dying world shall they survive,
 And the dead saints be raised again.

PSALM 103. 1—7. First Part. L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home my 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 the 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 lives from threatening graves.
- 5 Our youth decayed his power repairs ;
 His mercy crowns our growing years :
 He fills our store with every good,
 And feeds our souls with heavenly food.
- 6 He sees the oppressor and the opprest,
 And often gives the sufferers rest ;
 But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.
- 7 [His power he showed 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 103. Second Part. L. M.

God's gentle chastisement ; or, his tender mercy to his people.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, how wondrous 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 placed
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slow his awful wrath to rise !
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 hands 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.

R

PSALM 103. 1—7. First Part. S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 **O**H bless the Lord, my soul,
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Oh 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 ransomed from the grave;
He that redeemed 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 the opprest.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103. 8—18. Second Part. S. M.

Abounding Compassion of God; or, mercy in the midst
of judgment.

- 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.

- 5 High as the heavens are raised,
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,
Scattered 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 Eut thy compassions, Lord,
'To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
'Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103. 19—22. Third Part. S. M.

God's universal dominion ; or, angels praise the
Lord.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the sovereign King,
Hath fixed 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 wondrous works
Through his vast kingdom show
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

- 1 **M**Y soul, thy great Creator praise ;
When clothed 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 ;
The unfathomed 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 foundation by his hand
Is poised, and shall forever stand :
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round ;
Yet thence conveyed 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 ;
 There gentle herds 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 the first.

- 9 God from his cloudy cistern pours
 On the parched earth enriching showers ;
 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 pleasing juice ;
 Our hearts are cheered with generous wine,
 His gifts proclaim his love divine.
- 12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
 He fills our cheerful stores with bread ;
 While food our vital strength imparts,
 Let daily praise inspire our hearts.

PAUSE the second.

- 13 Behold the stately cedar stands
 Raised 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 there to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
 Appoints the moon to change her face ;

And when thiek darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And, roaring, ask their meat from God ;
But when the morning-beams arise,
The savage beasts to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes ;
The night was made for his repose :
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works ! how great thy skill !
While 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 wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the path below.
- 20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of sealy monsters play ;
There huge leviathan resides,
And fearless sports amid the tides.

PAUSE the third.

- 21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
All nature rests upon thy word ;
And the whole race of creatures stand
Waiting their portion from thy hand.
- 22 While each receives his 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 are thine.
- 24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men ;

- A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.
- 25 His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honoured 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 buried with their dust,
I to my God, my heavenly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM 105. 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 through the world 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 small and feeble band !

6 Like pilgrims through the countries round
 Securely they removed ;
 And haughty kings, that on them frowned,
 Severely he reprov'd.

7 " Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
 " Shall soon avenge 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 through every age,
 And be the almighty's care.]

PAUSE the first.

9 When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Armed with his dreadful rod.

10 He called for darkness ; darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming flood ;
 He turned each lake and every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread ;
 And frogs in baleful armies rise
 About the monarch's bed.

12 Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The ten-fold vengeance flew ;
 Locusts in swarms devoured their trees ;
 And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke
 The flower of Egypt died ;
 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 through every age,
 And be the Almighty's care.

PAUSE the second.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
 And left the hated ground ;
 Rich with Egyptian spoils they fled,
 Nor was one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
 And marked their journies right,
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst, and waters from the rock
 In rich abundance flow,
 And following still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert through.

18 O wondrous stream ! O blessed type
 Of ever-flowing grace !
 So Christ our rock maintains our life,
 And aids our wandering race.

19 Thus guarded by the Almighty hand,
 The chosen tribes possess
 Canaan the rich, the promised land,
 And there enjoyed their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
 The church renounce her fear ;
 Israel must live through every age,
 And be the Almighty's care.

PSALM 106. 1—5. First Part. L. M.

Praise to God ; or, communion with saints.

1 **T**O God the great, the ever blessed,
 Let songs of honour be addressed ;
 His mercy firm forever stands ;
 Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways ?
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise ?

Blessed 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
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106. 7, 8, 12—14, 43—48. Second Part.
Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable
love.

- 1 **G**OD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways !
And yet how oft did 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 murmured with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow !
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduced them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourned their faults,
He hearkened to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And called them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
He saved them from their foes ;
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who loved their ancient race ;
And christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM 107. First Part. L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and 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 rescued from their mighty foes.
- 3 [When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from the Egyptian yoke,
They traced the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fixed abode ;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cried ;
God was their saviour and their guide ;
He led their wandering march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus when our first release we gain
From Sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A 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 107. Second Part. L. M.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name,
God and his grace are still the same ;

- He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.
- 2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies ;
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight 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 cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners through ;
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the laboring soul relief.
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
How great his works ! how kind his ways !
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107. Third Part. L. M.

Intemperance punished and pardoned ; or, a psalm for the
glutton and the drunkard.

- 1 **V**AIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment ;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise !
- 2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste ;
Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.
- 3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,
His soul abhors delicious meat ;
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,
Would yield to death to be relased.

- 5 Then how the frightened sinners fly
 To God for help, with earnest cry!
 He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
 And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No medicines could effect the cure
 So quick, so easy, or so sure;
 The deadly sentence God repeals,
 He sends his sovereign word, and heals:
- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 And let their thankful offering prove
 How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM 107. Fourth Part. L. M.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, the seaman's
 song.

- 1 **W**OULD you behold the works of God,
 His wonders in the world abroad?
 With the bold mariner survey
 The unknown regions of the sea.
- 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 amain,
 Now 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,
 And stormy tempests cease to rage;
 The gladsome train their fears give o'er,
 And hail with joy their native shore.

- 6 Oh may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord !
Let them their private offerings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

PSALM 107. Fifth Part. C. M.

The mariner's psalm.

- 1 **T**HY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dangerous way.
- 2 At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the towering waves ?
The men, astonished, 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 through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
And see the storm allayed ;
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 Oh that the sons of men would praise
The goodness of the Lord !
And those that see thy wondrous ways,
Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107. Last Part.

Colonies planted ; or nations blest and punished.

- 1 **W**HEN God, provoked 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 withered 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 the 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, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn ;
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
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 wondrous dealings of the Lord !
But wise observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

PSALM 108. C. M.

A song of praise.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
Awake my harp to sing ;
Join all my powers the song to raise
And morning incense bring.
- 2 Among the people of his care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there his name resound.
- 3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry train ;
Diffuse thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world thy reign.
- 4 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng thy courts above ;
While sinners hear thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

PSALM 109. 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 ;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.
- 2 When in the form of mortal man
Thy Son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders false and vain,
They compassed him around.
- 3 Their miseries his compassion move,
Their peace he still pursued ;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice raged without a cause ;
Yet with his dying breath
He prayed for murderers on his cross,
And blessed 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 mine 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 110. First Part. L. M.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, the success
of the gospel.

- 1 **T**HUS God 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 110. 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 forever 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 Through 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 Though while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
 The sufferings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110. 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 pronounced a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;
 “Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 “When Aaron is no more.
- 4 “Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
 “That king of high degree,
 “That holy man, who Abram blest,
 “Was but a type of thee.”
- 5 Jesus our priest forever lives
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our king forever 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 111. 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 fair and beauteous nature's frame,
 How wise the eternal mind !
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts designed.
- 4 When he redeemed his chosen sons,
 He fixed 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 111. Second Part. C. M.

The perfections of God.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord ; his works of might
 Demands 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 cov'nant sure ;
 Holy and rev'rend 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 ev'ry sin.

PSALM 112. As the 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

- 1 **T**HAT man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
 His seed on earth shall be renowned :
 His house the seat of wealth shall be,
 An unexhausted treasury,
 And with successive honours crowned.
- 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 bestowed,
 His glory's future harvest sowed :
 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 ;
 Unmoved shall he maintain his ground ;
 His conscience holds his courage up ;
 The soul that's filled 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 fixed on God relies,
 Though waves and tempests roar around :
 Safe on a rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drowned.
- 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 112. L. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 **T**HRICE 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 inclined :
 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 armed against the fear,
 For God with all his power is there.
- 4 His spirit, fixed 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 dispersed his arms abroad,
 His works are still before his God ;
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners rage in vain.

PSALM 112. C. M.

Liberality rewarded.

- 1 **H**APPY is he that fears the Lord,
He 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 established mind ;
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.
- 4 In times of danger and distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To show 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 113. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

- 1 **Y**E that delight to serve the Lord,
Ye '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 land 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,
 Armed with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright host of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And seats them on the thrones of kings.

4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings 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 113. L. M.

God sovereign and gracious.

1 **Y**E servants of the almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing :
 Where'er the sun shall rest or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 His throne of glory stands on high ;
 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 ;
 Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promised seed is born at last.

- 7 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God hath done ;
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
 If nature fails, the promise bears.]

PSALM 114. Second Part. L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

- 1 **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay,
 The deep divides to make them way ;
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of 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 dread that Sinai feels ?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
 Retire and know the approaching God,
 The King of Israel : see him here ;
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
 The rock to standing pools he turns ;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

PSALM 115. First Metre.

The true God our refuge ; or idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due,
 Eternal God, thou only just.
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

- 2 Display to earth thy dreadful name ;
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
 Say " Where's the God you've served so long ?"
- 3 The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies ;
 Through all the earth his will is done,
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.
- 4 But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood :
 At best a mass of glittering ore,
 A silver saint, or golden God.
- 5 [With eyes and ears they carve the head ;
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind ;
 In vain are costly off'rings made,
 And vows are scattered in the wind.
- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
 Nor hands to save when mortals pray ;
 Mortals that pay them fear or love,
 Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]
- 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
 Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest ;
 The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
 And bless the people and the priest.
- 8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
 They dwell in silence in the grave ;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115. Second Metre.

As the new tune of the 50th psalm.

Idolatry reprov'd.

- 1 **N**OT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due ;
 Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
 Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name :
 Shine thro' the earth, from heaven, thy blest abode,
 Nor let the heathens say, " Where is your God ?"

- 2 Heaven is thine higher court : there stands thy throne,
 And through the lower worlds thy will is done :
 God framed the earth, the starry heavens he spread,
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
 Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
- 3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears—
 The molten image neither sees nor hears :
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
 They have no speech, nor tho't, nor power, nor love ;
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.
- 4 The rich have statues well adorned with gold ;
 The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
 Lopt from a tree or broken from a rock :
 People and priests drive on the solemn trade,
 And trust the gods their saws and hammers made.]
- 5 Be heaven and earth amazed ! 'tis hard to say
 Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they ;
 O Israel, trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace ;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield—
 He is thy help, and he thine heavenly shield.
- 6 In God we trust : our impious foes in vain
 Attempt our ruin, and oppose his reign ;
 Had they prevailed, darkness had closed our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise :
 But we are saved, and live ;—let songs arise,
 And Zion bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116. First Part. C. M.

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 I LOVE the Lord ; he heard my cries,
 And pityed every groan ;

Long as I live when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

- 2 I love the Lord ; he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away :
Oh let my heart no more despair,
When I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs and fears of hell
Perplexed my wakeful head.
- 4 "My God," I cried, "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 bade my pains remove ;
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.
- 6 My God hath saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears ;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
And my remaining years.

PSALM 116. 12. &c. Second Part. C. M.

Thanks for private deliverance.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
- 2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
My offering 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 has loosed 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 117. 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 through every land ;
 Proclaim his grace abroad :
 Forever firm his truth shall stand :
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117. L. M.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise :
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through 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 set and rise no more.

PSALM 117. S. M.

- 1 **T**HY name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands ;
 Great is thy grace and sure thy word :
 Thy truth forever stands.

- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

PSALM 118. 6—15. First Part. C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 **T**HE Lord appears thy 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,
Than trust in men of high degree,
And on their truth depend.
- 3 'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,
In him my lips rejoice ;
While his salvation is my song,
How cheerful is my voice !
- 4 Like angry bees they girt me round ;
When God appears they fly :
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 5 Joy to the saints and peace belongs ;
The Lord protects their days :
Let Israel tune immortal songs
To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118. 17—21. Second Part. C. M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescued 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 chastised 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 the assemblies of thy saints,
 Our thankful voice we raise :
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

PSALM 118. 22, 23. Third Part. C. M.

Christ the foundation of the 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 thy name ;
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain ;
 Firm on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise :
 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118. 24, 25, 26. Fourth 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 the anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Blest is 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 118. 22—27. S. M.

An hosanna for the Lord's day ; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.

- 1 **S**EE what a living Stone
The builders did refuse ;
Yet God hath built his church thereon :
In spite of envious Jews.
- 2 The scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son :
Yet on this rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner-stone.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous 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 118. 22—27. L. M.

An hosanna for the Lord's day ; or, a new song of salvation by Christ.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse ;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.
- 2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes ;
This is the day 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 honors 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 119. First Part. C. M.

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a Divine Song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, &c.* as more agreeable to the New-Testament and the common language of Christians ; and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scriptures.]

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Verse 1, 2, 3.

- 1 **B**LEST are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean ;
Who never from thy 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 21, 118.

5. But haughty sinners God will hate,
 The proud shall die accurst :
 The sons of falsehood and deceit
 Are trodden to the dust.

Verse 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 119. Second Part.

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness ; or constant converse with God.

Verse 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.

Verse 81.

2. My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up ;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Verse 164.

3. Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee ;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Verse 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 119. Third Part.

Profession of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Verse 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.

Verse 31, 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.

Verse 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.

Verse 94, 112.

- 5 Now I am thine, forever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord !
Thou art my shield, my hiding place,
My hope is in thy word.

Verse 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;

And thus till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119. Fourth Part.

Instructions from Scripture.

Verse 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.

Verse 150.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Verse 105.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Verse 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.

Verse 104, 113.

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God,

Verse 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.]

Verse 190, 140, 9, 119.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM 119. Fifth Part.

Delight in scripture ; or, the word of God dwelling in us.

Verse 97.

- 1 **O** HOW I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight :
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Verse 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word :
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Verse 3, 13, 54.

- 3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heavenly song.

Verse 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.

Verse 72. 127

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind ;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver, well refined,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Verse 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace

Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119. Sixth Part.
Holiness and comfort from the word.

Verse 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just ;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flattering lust.

Verse 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey ;
I keep thy law in sight
Through all the business of the day,
To form my actions right.

Verse 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.

Verse 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill,
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compared to mine.

PSALM 119. Seventh Part.
Imperfection of nature and perfection of scripture.

Verse 96. Paraphrased.

- 1 **L**ET all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book ;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look.
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiven,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave ;
But thine conduct to heaven.

- 3 I've seen an end to 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 119. Eighth Part.

The excellency and variety of scripture.

Verse 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 through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise ;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest ;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119. Ninth Part.

Desire of knowledge.

Verse 64, 68, 18.

1 **T**HY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
 How good thy works appear !
 Open my eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.

Verse 73, 125.

2 My heart was fashioned by thy hand,
 My service is thy due ;
 Oh make thy servant understand
 The duties I must do.

Verse 19.

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Thy path O do not hide,
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

Verse 26.

4 When I confessed my wandering ways,
 Thou heard'st my soul complain ;
 Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
 Or I shall stray again.

Verse 33, 34.

5 If God to me his statutes show,
 And heavenly truth impart,
 His work forever I'll pursue,
 His law shall rule my heart.

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 27, 171.

- 3 When I have learned my Father's will,
 I'll teach the world his ways ;
 My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
 Shall sing aloud his praise.]

PSALM 119. Tenth Part.

Pleading the promises.

Verse 38, 49.

- 1 **B**EHOLD thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear ;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Verse 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promised quickening grace ?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne ?
 And yet thy love delays.

Verse 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail ;
 Oh bear thy servant up ;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Verse 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 119. Eleventh Part.

Breathing after holiness.

Verse 5, 33.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still !
 Oh that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will !

Verse 29.

- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart,
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Verse 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Verse 133.

- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere ;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

Verse 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.

Verse 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 119. Twelfth Part.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Verse 153.

- 1 **M**Y God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause,
 Though I have sinned against thy grace,
 I ne'er forget thy laws.

Verse 39, 116.

- 2 Forbid, forbid, the sharp reproach
 Which I so justly fear ;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hope,
 Nor let my shame appear.

Verse 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.

Verse 82.

- 4 My eyes with expectation fail :
My heart within me cries,
' When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
' And bid my comforts rise.'

Verse 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same :
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119. Thirteenth Part.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Verse 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 sinner's way.

Verse 11.

- 2 Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 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 119. Fourteenth Part.

Benefits of affliction, and support under them.

Verse 153, 81, 82.

- 1 **C**ONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send ;
 My soul for thy salvation faints ;
 When will my troubles end ?

Verse 71.

- 2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod ;
 Afflictions made me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.

Verse 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.

Verse 92.

- 4 Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul opprest with sorrow's weight,
 Had sunk amongst the dead.

Verse 75.

- 5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe ;

The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Verse 67.

- 6 Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

PSALM 119. Fifteenth Part.

Holy resolutions.

Verse 93.

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

Verse 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.

Verse 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!

Verse 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word though kings shall hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Verse 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.

Verse 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 119. Sixteenth Part.

Prayer for quickening grace.

Verse 25, 37.

- 1 **M**Y soul lies cleaving to the dust ;
 Lord, give me life divine ;
 From 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.

Verse 107.

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

Verse 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 ?

Verse 159, 40.

- 5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face ?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace !

Verse 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 119. Seventeenth Part. L. M.

Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Verse 143, 28.

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

Verse 51, 69, 110.

- 2 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 They tempt my soul to snares and sin ;
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Verse 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 119. Last Part.

Sanctified afflictions ; or, delight in the word of God.

Verse 67, 59.

- 1 **F**ATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
 How kind was thy chastizing rod,
 That forced 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.

Verse 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.

Verse 72

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more

Than all the treasures of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

Verse 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit formed my soul within ;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Verse 74.

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

PSALM 120. Common Metre.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours ; or, a devout
wish for peace.

- 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 ?
Hard lot of mine ! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
Whose never-ceasing quarrels 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 would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

- 1 **U**P to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives ;
There my almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood ;
The heavens, with all their host he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles adorn 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 baneful 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 121. Common Metre.

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 steadfast feet shall never 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 its 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 121. 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 122. 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 the gates, I love the road ;
 The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
 To show his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy 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 my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM 122. Proper tune.

Going to church.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest was I,
 To hear the people cry,
 'Come let us seek our God to-day !'
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with 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 saints be glad,
 He makes the sinners 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 on him rest !
- 5 My tongue repeats her vows,
 'Peace to this sacred house !'
 For here my friends and kindred dwell :
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 123. C. M.

Pleading with submission.

- 1 **O** THOU whose grace and justice reign
 Enthroned above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.
- 2 As servants watch their master's 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 the 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 124. C. M.

God gives victory.

- 1 **H**AD not the God of truth and love,
 When hosts against us rose,
 Displayed his vengeance from above,
 And crushed the conquering foes.
- 2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
 Had swept the guardless land,
 Destroyed on earth his blest abode,
 And whelmed our feeble band.
- 3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
 His sons securely rest,
 Defy the dangers of the field,
 And bear the fearless breast.
- 4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
 Who broke the deadly snare :

Who saved us from the murdering sword,
And made our lives his care.

- 5 Our help is in Jehovah's name,
Who formed the heavens above ;
He that supports their wondrous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

PSALM 125. C. M.

The saints' trial and safety.

- 1 **U**NSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains stand,
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
That trusts the almighty hand.
- 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 will assuage
The fury of the Lord.
- 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 125. S. M.

The saint's trial and safety ; or, moderate afflictions.

- 1 **F**IRM and unmoved 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 though the Father's rod
Drop a chastising stroke,
Yet least 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 126. L. M.

Surprising deliverance.

- 1 **W**HEN God restored our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our theme ;
The grace beyond our hope so great,
That joy appeared a pleasing dream.
- 2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honors 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'll vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.
- 4 The man that in his furrowed field,
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126. C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion ; or, melancholy removed.

- 1 **W**HEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.
- 2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess ;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung suprising grace.
- 3 Great is the work, my neighbors cried,
And owned thy power divine ;
Great is the work, my heart replied,
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.
- 6 Though seed lie buried in the dust,
It sha'n't deceive their hope ;
The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
For grace ensures the crop.

PSALM 127. L. M.

The blessing of God on the business and comfort 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 though we rise before the sun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and sparing eat our bread,
To shun that poverty we dread ;

- 3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest ;
 On God our sovereign, still depends
 Our joy in children and in friends.
- 4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends !
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are seasoned with his love !

PSALM 127. C. M.

God all in all.

- 1 **I**F God to build a 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 fare,
 In vain till God has blest ;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

PSALM 128. C. M.

Family blessings.

- 1 **O** HAPPY man, whose soul is filled
 With zeal and reverend awe !
 His lips to God their honors yield,
 His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labors 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 honor 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 129. C. M.

Persecutors punished.

- 1 **U**P from my youth, may Israel say,
 Have I been nursed 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 assailed my riper age,
 But God preserved my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart,
 Its painful wounds impressed ;
 Hourly they vexed my fainting heart,
 Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
 And with impartial eye,
 Measured the mischiefs they had done,
 Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was their insolence surprised
 To hear his thunders roll !
 And all the foes of Zion seized
 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 prospects die.

- 7 [What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;
Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despised 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.]

PSALM 130. 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 in his grace.

- 8 There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslaved ;
 The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Israel shall be saved.

PSALM 130. L. M.

Pardoning grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep distress, and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I raised 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 look and wish for breaking day ;
 So waits my soul before thy gate ;
 When will my God his face display ?
- 4 My trust is fixed 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,
 Through the redemption of his Son,
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

PSALM 131. 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 peaceful as a child.

- 3 The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward ;
 Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132. 5, 13—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 the eternal mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood ?
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
 And Zion is his dwelling still ;
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 “ Here I will 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 “ Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 “ And fill their souls with living bread ;
 “ Sinners that wait before my door,
 “ With sweet provision shall be fed.
- 5 “ Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
 “ My priest, my ministers shall shine ;
 “ Not Aaron in his costly dress
 “ Appears so glorious and divine.
- 6 “ The saints, unable to contain
 “ Their inward joy, shall shout and sing :
 “ The Son of David here shall reign,
 “ And Zion triumph in her King.”
- 7 Jesus shall see a numerous seed
 Born here to uphold his glorious name ;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are clothed with shame.

PSALM 132. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15, 17. C. M.

A church established.

- 1 **N**O sleep nor slumber to his eyes
 Good David would afford,
 'Till he had found below the skies
 A dwelling for the Lord.
- 2 The Lord in Zion placed his name,
 His ark was settled there ;
 And there the assembled nation came
 To worship thrice a year.
- 3 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
 Nor wander far abroad ;
 Where'er thy people meet for praise,
 [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 owned 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 power 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 133. C. M.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite,
Of harmony and love!
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133. S. M.

Communion of saints; or, love and worship in a family.

- 1 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They poured the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure filled the room.
- 4 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

PSALM 133. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree,
 Each in his proper station move;
 And each fulfil his part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love.
- 2 'Tis like an ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes and blessed his feet.
- 3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighbouring hills;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love, like heavenly dew, distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

PSALM 134. C. M.

Daily and nightly devotions.

- 1 **Y**E that obey the 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 135. 1—4, 11, 19—21. First Part. L. M.

The Church is God's house and care.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly 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 :
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints ;
He treats his servants as his friends ;
And when he hears their sore complaints,
Repents the sorrows that he sends.
- 4 Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod ;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known the 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 135. 5—12. Second Part. L. M.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and
destruction of enemies.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers, on every throne,
Whate'er he please in earth and 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 tempests from his airy store.
- 3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

- 4 What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and thro' whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeemed,
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 135. C. M.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

- 1 **A** WAKE, ye saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
- 3 Heaven, earth and sea confess his hand;
- He bids the vapours rise!
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.
- 4 All power that gods or kings have claimed,
Is found with him alone;
But heathen gods shall ne'er be named,
Where our Jehovah's known.
- 5 Which of the stocks and stones they trust,
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glittering dust,
And pray to God in vain.
- 6 [Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were never formed to move,
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.]

- 3 Ye nations know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear ;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

PSALM 136. C. M.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and
salvation of his people.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God, the sovereign Lord ;
‘ His mercies still endure :’
And be the King of kings adored ;
‘ His truth is ever sure.’
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done !
‘ How mighty is his hand !’
Heaven, earth and sea he framed alone ;
‘ How wide is his command !’
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light,
‘ How bright his councils 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 power and grace unite.’
- 6 But Pharaoh's army there he drowned,
‘ How glorious are his ways !’
And brought his saints through desert ground ;
‘ Eternal be his praise.’
- 7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;
‘ Victorious is his sword :’
While Israel took the promised land ;
‘ And faithful is his word.’

- 8 He saw the nations dead in sin :
 ‘ He felt his pity move :’
 How sad the state the world was in !
 ‘ How boundless was his love !’
- 9 He sent to save us from our woe ;
 ‘ His goodness never fails ;’
 From death and hell, and every 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 136. As the 148th Psalm.

- 1 **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;
 The sovereign King of kings :
 And be his grace adored.
 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 formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.
- 3 His wisdom framed the sun
 To crown the day with light,
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To cheer the darksome night.
 His power and grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

- 4 [He smote the first-born sons,
The flower 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 drowned ;
And brought his Israel safe
Through 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 the land.
His power and grace
Are still the same ;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]
- 8 He saw the nations lie,
All perishing in sin,
And pitied the sad state
The ruined 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 every 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 136. 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 fixed the starry lights on high :
 ' Wonders of grace to God belong,
 ' Repeat his mercies in your song.'

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night :
 ' His mercies ever shall endure,
 ' When suns and moons shall shine no more.'

- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promised 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 move 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 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat :
' His mercie ever shall endure,
' When this vain world shall be no more.'

PSALM 137.

The Babylonian captivity.

- 1 **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.
- 3 The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim ;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
- 4 But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise ;
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise :
- 5 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame :
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

- 6 Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes, with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

PSALM 138. 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 devotion there,
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.]
- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.
- 4 To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through 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 bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.
- 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 139. First Part. L. M.

The all seeing God.

- 1 **L**ORD thou hast searched and seen me through,
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 ' Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE the first.

- 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 dwellest enthroned 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 would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the spreading vale of night,

One glance of thine, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.

- 10 ' Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PAUSE the second.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes ;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee ;
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 ' Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
' Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
' Nor let my weaker passions dare
' Consent to sin, for God is there.'

PSALM 139. 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 proclaim thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes could all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay ;
Thou sawest the daily growth they took,
Formed by the model of thy book.
- 3 By thee my growing parts were named,
And what thy sovereign counsels framed,
The breathing lungs, the beating heart,
Was copied with unerring art.
- 4 At last, to show my Maker's name,
God stamped his image on my frame ;
And in some unknown moment, joined
The finished members of 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 the sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace,
 The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still imprest,
 With these I give my eyes to rest ;
 And at my waking hour I find,
 God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139. Third Part. L. M.

Sincerity professed and grace tried ; or the heart searching God.

1 **M**Y God, what inward grief I feel,
 When inapious men transgress thy will !
 I mourn to hear their lips prophane,
 Take thy tremendous name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest their hate,
 The sons of malice and deceit ?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
 I count for enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought ;
 Though my own heart accuse me not
 Of walking in a false disguise,
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin ?
 Oh turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM 139. 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.
- 2 Thine 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 formed within ;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.
- 4 Oh wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
 Where can a creature hide ?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Enclosed on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured 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, winged 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,

The flaming eyes that guard thy law,
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee :

Oh may I ne'er provoke that power,
From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139. 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 possessed,
Where unborn nature grew ;
Thy wisdom all my features traced,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
The growth of every part ;
Till the whole scheme my thoughts had laid,
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth and sea, and fire and wind,
Show me thy wondrous 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 139. 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 stand,
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 !
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep,
Still find my thoughts with thee !

PSALM 140. C. M.

1 **P**ROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm :
Behold our rising woes ;
We trust alone thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

2 Their tongue is like a poisoned dart,
Their thoughts are full of guile ;
While rage and carnage swell their heart,
They wear a peaceful smile.

3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
When foes without invade,
Or spread within a deeper snare,
Supplies our constant aid.

4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
Thy heavenly truth extend,
All nations taste thy heavenly grace,
And all delusion end.

5 With daily bread the poor supply,
The cause of justice plead ;
And be thy church exalted high,
With Christ, the glorious head.

PSALM 141. 2—5. L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly love.

A morning or evening psalm.

1 **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 Oh 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 142. 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 poured out all my grief.
- 2 My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burdens knows,
Beholds 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 called 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 143. L. M.

Complaints of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succour from thy throne ;
Oh 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 burthen me ;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within :
My thoughts in musing silence, trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope,
To bear my sinking spirits up ;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain :
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling face return ?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God forever hide his love ?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy 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, distracting fears ;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice !
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my weary soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which 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, and sin, my foes before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144. 1, 2. First Part. C. M.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care ;
Instructs me in the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144. 3, 4, 5, 6. Second Part. C. M.

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first ?
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.
- 2 Oh what is feeble dying man,
Or all his sinful 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,
 What terrors wait his awful frown?
 How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144. 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 polished stones,
 Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the land in culture dressed,
 Whose flocks and corn have large increase;
 Whose men securely work or rest,
 Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endowed,
 But more divinely blest are those
 On whom the all-sufficient God,
 Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 145. 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 every realm with joy proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

PSALM 145. 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 thy sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is managed by thy hand,
Thy saints are ruled by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145. 7, &c. 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 ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through 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 145. 14, 17. &c. Third 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 givest the mourners rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our sinking 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 joined 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 146. L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest 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 the oppressed, he feeds the poor ;
He sends the laboring conscience peace,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 6 The Lord to sight restores the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.
- 7 He loves the saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell ;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 147. 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 the oppressed, 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 laboring 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 147. First Part. L. M.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise :
 His nature and his works invite,
 To make this duty our delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name :
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.
- 3 He formed the stars those heavenly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names ;
 His sovereign wisdom knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned,
- 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 clouds around 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 feeds the ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force ?
 The vigorous man, the warlike horse,
 The sprightly wit, the active limb,
 Are all 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 finds and loves his image there.

PSALM 147. Second Part. L. M.

Summer and winter.

- 1 **L**ET Zion praise the mighty God,
 And make his honours known abroad :
 For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
 And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest ;
 Our shores have peace, our cities rest ;
 He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessing to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,
 The early and the latter rains ;
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground,
 His hail descends with dreadful sound ;
 His icy bands the rivers hold,
 And terror arms his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow,
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow ;
 But he hath nobler works and ways,
 To call his people to his praise.
- 6 Through all our realm his laws are shown ;
 His gospel through the nations known :
 He hath not thus revealed his word
 To every land—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147. 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 vallies 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 councils change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 6 When from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his 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 148. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

1. **Y**E 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 moved 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 the 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 148. Paraphrased in Long Metre.

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 112th, or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every Stanza, viz.

“ Each of his works his name displays,
 “ But they can ne’er complete the praise.”

Otherwise it may 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 through the world, O sun, and tell
 How dark thy beams compared to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
 In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;
 Let 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 flowery plains proclaim his skill,
 Ye vallies sink before his eye ;
 And let his praise from every hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighboring 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 Ye birds his praise must be your theme,
 Who formed to song your tuneful voice ;
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream,
 In his protecting care rejoice.
- 9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,
 When nature all around you sings ?
 Oh 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 !
 Oh 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 148. S. M.

Universal praise.

- 1 **L**ET every creature join
 To praise the 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 fixed their wondrous 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 flaming fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.
- 6 By all his works above,
 His honours be expressed ;
 But saints, that taste his saving love,
 Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE the first.

- 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 cedars 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 reptile myriads, join
To exalt his glorious name,
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wondrous skill proclaim.
- 12 By all the earth-born race,
His honours be expressed ;
But saints, that know his heavenly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE the second.

- 13 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye the eternal King ;
Judges adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.
- 14 Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high ;
Where growing babes with withering age,
Their feeble voices try.
- 15 United zeal be shown
His wondrous 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 149. 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 lie despised in dust,
 Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints shall be joyful in their King,
 E'en 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 hand 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 prepared for all his friends,
 Who humbly loved him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
 Nations that dared rebel ;
 And join the sentence of their God,
 On tyrants doomed to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
 New triumphs shall afford :
 Such honour for the saints remains ;
 Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM 150. 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 adored,
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 adored,
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.
 Through 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.

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1840

THE STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE

January 15, 1840

REPORT

OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE

IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION

PASSED BY THE SENATE

1840

ALBANY

HYMNS

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.

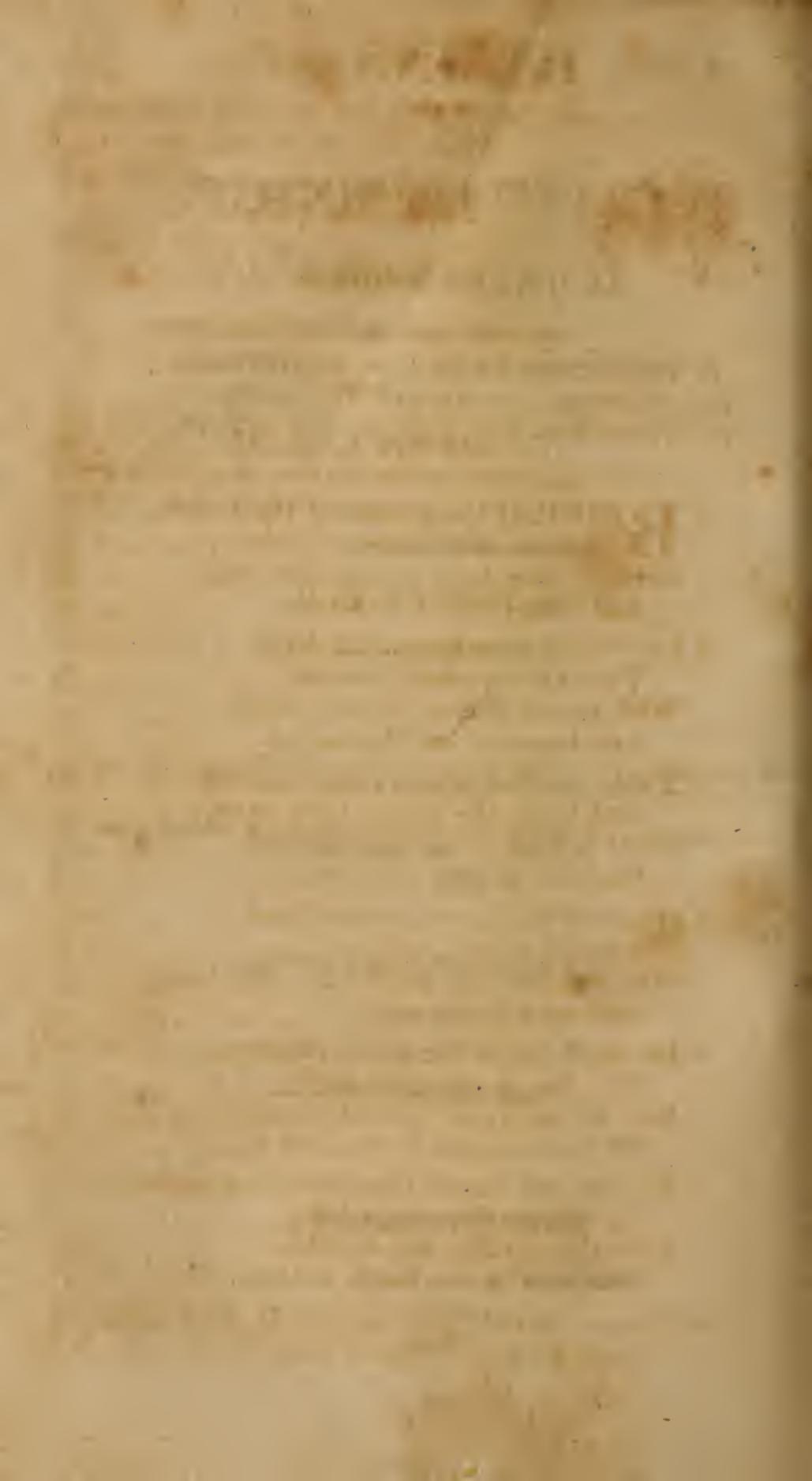
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1812.



HYMNS.

BOOK I.

COLLECTED FROM THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. C. M.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. v. 6. 8. 9-12.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
Amidst his Father's throne ;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With phials 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 every seal ?
- 5 He shall fulfill thy great decrees,
The Son deserves it well ;
Lo ! in his hand, the sovereign keys
Of heaven, 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 redeemed 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 power :
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 2. L. M.

The deity and humanity of Christ. John i. 1, 3, 14; and Col. i. 16;
and Eph. iii. 9, 10.

- 1 **E**RE the blue heavens were stretched abroad,
From everlasting was the word ;
With God he was ; the word was God,
And must divinely be adored.
- 2 By his own power all things were made ;
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.
- 3 Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars :
(Thy generation who can tell,
Or count the number of thy years ?)
- 4 But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms :
The word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may converse hold with worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.
- 5 Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son :
How full of truth, how full of grace,
When through 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 3. S. M.

The nativity of Christ. Luke i. 30, &c. Luke ii. 10, &c.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, the grace appears,
The promise is fulfilled ;

Mary, the wondrous 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 promised infant, born to-day,
'Doth in a manger lie.

6 'With looks and heart serene,
'Go visit Christ your King ;'
And straight 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 hosts 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 4. Referred to the second psalm.

HYMN 5. 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 borrowed 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 sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.
- 5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread ;
 And we'll adore the justice too,
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6. C. M.

Triumph over death. Job xix. 25, 26, 27.

- 1 **G**REAT God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay ;
 I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.
- 2 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs ;
 My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
 My God, my Saviour comes.
- 3 The mighty conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.

- 3 Though 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 thine unknown grace,
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7. C. M.

The invitation of the gospel; or, spiritual food and clothing. Isa. lv. 1. &c

- 1 **L**ET 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 toils
 To fill an empty mind:
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared,
 A soul reviving feast,
 And bid your longing appetites,
 The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,
 Here you may quench your raging thirst,
 With springs that never dry.
- 5 Rivers of love and mercy here,
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.
- 6 [Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain,
 To weave a garment of your own,
 That will not hide your sin;
- 7 Come naked and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,

Wrought by the labours of his son,
And dyed in his own blood]

8 Dear God! the treasures of thy love
Are everlasting mines

Deep as our helpless miseries are,
And boundless as our sins!

9 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day;

Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8. C. M.

The safety and protection of the church. Isa. xxvi. 1—6.

1 **H**OW honourable is the place
Where we adoring stand,
None, the glory of the earth,
And beauty of the land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
The city where we dwell;
The walls of strong salvation made,
Defy the assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations that obey
The statutes of your King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
And live in perfect peace;
You that have known Jehovah's name,
And ventured on his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all your fears:
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
Eternal as his years.

6 What though the rebels dwell on high,
His arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
Their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread
 In that rejoicing hour ;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.

HYMN 9. C. M.

The promises of the covenant of grace. Isa. lv. 1, 2. Zech. xii. 1
 Mic. vii. 19. Ezek. xxxvi. 25, &c.

- 1 **I**N vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind ;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.
- 2 Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
 With more substantial meat ;
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.
- 3 Our God will every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace :
 He gives by covenant and by oath
 The riches of his grace.
- 4 Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains
 In the dear fountain that his Son
 Poured from his dying veins.
- 5 [Our guilt shall vanish all away,
 Though black as hell before ;
 Our sin shall sink beneath the sea,
 And shall be found no more.
- 6 And, lest pollution should o'erspread
 Our inward powers again,
 His spirit shall bedew our souls
 Like purifying rain.]
- 7 Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
 That terrors cannot move,
 That fears no threatenings of his wrath,
 Shall be dissolved by love.
- 8 Or he can take the flint away,
 That would not be refined,

And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

9 There shall his sacred spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law ;
And every 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 10. S. M.

The blessedness of gospel times ; or, the revelation of Christ to Jews
and Gentiles. Isa. v. 2, 7—10. Matt. 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 their 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 desired it long,
But died 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
Through all the earth abroad !
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 11. 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 rejoiced,
 And spoke his joy in words of praise;
 ‘Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
 ‘Lord of the earth, and heavens, and seas.
- 2 ‘I thank thy sovereign power 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 concealed
 ‘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 ordained it should be so;
 ‘’Tis thy delight to abase the proud
 ‘And lay the haughty scorner low.
- 5 ‘There’s none can know the Father right,
 ‘But those that learn it from the Son;
 ‘Nor can the Son be well received,
 ‘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 12. C. M.

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke x. 21.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days;
 His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
 And turned his joy to praise.
- 2 ‘Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
 ‘That hath revealed thy Son
 ‘To men unlearned; and to babes
 ‘Has made thy gospel known.

- 3 'The mysteries of redeeming grace
 'Are hidden from the wise ;
 'While pride and carnal reasoning 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 13. L. M.

The Son of God incarnate ; or, the titles and the kingdom of Christ.
 Isa. ix. 2, 6, 7.

- 1 **T**HE lands that long in darkness lay
 Now have beheld a heavenly light ;
 Nations that sat in deaths cold shade,
 Are blest with beams divinely bright.
- 2 The virgin's promised Son is born ;
 Behold the expected child appear !
 What shall his name or titles be ?
 'The Wonderful, the Counsellor !'
- 3 [This infant is the mighty God
 Come to be suckled and adored,
 The 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 unknown.

HYMN 14. L. M.

The triumph of faith ; or, Christ's unchangeable 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 suffered 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 loved 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,
 Nor powers on high nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 15. 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 thy 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 16. C. M.

Hosanna to Christ. Mat. xxi. 9. Luke xix. 39, 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 joined
In our Immanuel's name.
- 3 Blessed he that comes to wretched men
With peaceful news from heaven !
Hosannas of the highest strain
To Christ the Lord be given !
- 4 Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
The hosanna on their tongues,
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17. 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 ?"
- 3 If sin be pardoned, I'm secure :
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning power ;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

- 4 Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 18. C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. xiv. 3.

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

HYMN 19. C. M.

The song of Simeon ; or, death made desirable. 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 filled,
 When fondly in his withered arms
 He clasped the holy child !
- 3 " Now I can leave this world, he cried,
 " Behold thy servant dies ;
 " I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 " And close my peaceful eyes.
- 4 " This is the light prepared to shine
 " Upon the gentle lands ;
 " Thine Israel's glory and their hope,
 " To break their slavish bands."
- 5 [Jesus ! the vision of thy face
 Hath overpowering charms !

Scarcely 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 20. 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.
- 3 'Tis he adorned 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 arrayed
By the great sacred Three !
In sweetest harmony of praise
Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 21. 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 passed away,
And the old rolling skies ;
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
“ Mortals behold the sacred seat
“ Of our descending King !
- 4 “ The God of glory down to men
“ Removes his blessed abode ;
“ Men, the dear objects of his grace,
“ And he the loving God.
- 5 “ His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
“ From every 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 swiftly round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22 and 23. Referred to the 125th Psalm.

HYMN 24. L. M.

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

- 1 **I**N vain the wealthy mortals toil,
And heap their shining dust in vain ;
Look down and scorn the humble poor,
And boast their lofty hills of gain.
- 2 Their golden cordials cannot ease
Their pained hearts, or aching heads ;
Nor fright, nor bribe approaching death,
From 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
Among the heap of meaner bones.

The rest referred to the 49th Psalm.

HYMN 25. L. M.

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. v. 6—9.

- 1 **A**LL mortal vanities, begone,
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears ;
Behold amidst the eternal throne
A vision of the Lamb appears.
- 2 [Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
Marked with the bloody death he bore ;
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
To speak his wisdom and his power.
- 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 redeemed 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 died for treasons not his own,
By every tongue to be adored,
And dwell upon his Father's throne.

HYMN 26. C. M.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. i. 3-5

- 1 **B**LESSED be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord ;
Be his abounding mercy praised,
His majesty adored.

- 2 When from the dead he raised his Son,
And called him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

- 3 What though our inbred sins require
Our flesh to see the dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

- 4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserved against that day ;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
And cannot fade 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 27. C. M.

Assurance of heaven ; or, a saint prepared to die.
2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

- 1 **D**EATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home :
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?

- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battle of the Lord,

Finished 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
 The appearance of his Son.
- 5 Jesus, the Lord shall guard me safe
 From every ill design ;
 And to his heavenly kingdom take
 This feeble soul of mine.
- 6 God is my everlasting aid,
 And hell shall rage in vain ;
 To him be highest glory paid,
 And endless praise—*Amen.*

HYMN 28. C. M.

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his Church.

Isa. lxiii. 1, 3, &c..

- 1 **W**HAT mighty man or mighty God,
 Comes travelling in state,
 Along the Idumean road,
 Away from Bozrah's gate.
- 2 The glory of his robes proclaim
 'Tis some victorious king :
 "Tis I, the just, the almighty One,
 "That your salvation bring."
- 3 "Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,
 "Why thine apparel red ;
 "And all thy vesture stained like those
 "Who in the wine-press tread ?"
- 4 "I by myself have trod the press,
 "And crushed my foes alone ;
 "My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
 "My fury stamped them down.

- 5 “ ’Tis Edom’s blood that dyes my robes
 “ With joyful scarlet stains :
 “ The triumph that my raiment wears
 “ Sprung from my bleeding veins.
- 6 “ Thus shall the nations be destroyed
 “ That dare insult my saints :
 “ I have an arm to avenge their wrongs,
 “ An ear for their complaints.”

HYMN 29. C. M.

The second part ; or the ruin of antichrist. Isa. lxiii. 4—7.

- 1 “ **L**IFT my banner,” saith the Lord,
 “ Where antichrist has stood,
 “ The city of my gospel foes
 “ Shall be a field of blood.
- 2 “ My heart hath studied just revenge,
 “ And now the day appears,
 “ The day of my redeemed is come,
 “ To wipe away their tears.
- 3 “ Quite weary is my patience grown,
 “ And bids my fury go ;
 “ Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 “ And be as fatal too.
- 4 “ I called 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 thine awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliverer praise.

HYMN 30. L. M.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. xxvi. 8—12, 20, 21.

- 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 restores the light.
- 3 Look, how rebellious men deride
The tender patience of my God;
But they shall see thy lifted hand,
And feel the scourges of thy rod.
- 4 Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
A mighty voice before him goes,
A voice of 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 31. Referred to the first Psalm.

HYMN 32. C. M.

Strength from heaven. Isa. xl. 27—31.

- 1 **W**HENCE do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Has restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead.
- 2 Have we forgot the almighty name
That formed 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 promised bliss,
 Till their unwearied feet arrive
 Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38. Referred to Psalms 67, 73 84, 90,
 131, and 134.

HYMN 39. C. M.

God's tender care of his church. Isa. xlix. 13, &c.

- N**OW shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song ;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Sion-hill
 Some mercy drops has thrown,
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions and complaints ?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints ?
- 4 Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb,
 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 engraved her name :
 " My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
 " And build her broken frame."

HYMN 40. L. M.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 “**W**HAT happy men, or angels these,
 “That all their robes are spotless white?
 “Whence did this glorious troop arrive
 “At the pure realms of heavenly light?”
- 2 From torturing racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood they came;
 But nobler blood has washed their robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying lamb.
- 3 Now they approach the almighty throne,
 With loud hosannas night and day,
 Sweet anthems to the great Three-One,
 Measure their blessed eternity.
- 4 No more shall hunger pain their souls;
 He bids their parching thirst be gone,
 And spreads the shadow of his wings,
 To screen 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
 Through the vast round of endless years;
 And the soft hand of sovereign grace,
 Heals all their wounds, and wipes their tears.

HYMN 41. C. M.

The same; or the martyrs glorified. Rev. vii. 13, &c.

- 1 “**T**HESSE glorious minds, how bright they
 “Whence all their white array? [shine!
 “How came they to the happy seats
 “Of everlasting day?”
- 2 From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely washed 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 unveiled glories of his face
Amongst his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied
- 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 42. C. M.

Divine wrath and mercy. Nahum i. 2, &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 treasured for his foes.
- 3 Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
Are forced 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 frightened sea makes haste away,
And shrinks up every wave.
- 5 Through the wild air the weighty rocks
Are swift as hail-stones hurled;
Who dares engage his fiery rage,
That shakes the solid world?

Heb. xii. 20.

- 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.

HYMNS 43 and 44, referred to Psalms 100 and 133.

HYMN 45. C. M.

The lasting 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,
 “Through 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 offered grace ;
- 6 “They shall be taken from my sight,
 “Bound fast in iron chains,
 “And headlong plunged 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 forever dwell,
Who here were my delight,
While sinners, banished down to hell,
No more offend my sight.

HYMN 46 and 47. Referred to Psalms 3 and 148.

HYMN 48. L. M.

The christian race. Isa. xl. 21—31.

- 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 power:
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our soul shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 49. 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,
The Egyptian host was drowned :
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel went,
With manna they were fed ;
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.
- 5 Moses beheld the promised land
Yet never reached the place :
But Christ shall bring his followers home,
To see his Father's face.
- 6 Then will our love and joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50. C. M.

The song of Zacharias, and the message of John the Baptist ; or, light
and salvation by Jesus Christ. Luke i. 68, &c. John i. 29, 32.

- 1 **N**OW be the God of Israel blessed,
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 promised 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 pardoned 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 baptising day.]
- 6 “Be every vale exalted high,
 “Sink every 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 51. S. M.

Persevering grace. Jude, ver. 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,
 Unblemished 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 52. L. M.

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

- 1 **T**WAS the commission of our Lord,
 “Go teach the nations, and baptize ;”
 The nations have received the word,
 Since he ascended to the skies.
- 2 He sits upon the eternal hills,
 With grace and pardon in his hands,
 And sends his covenant with the seals,
 To bless the distant christian lands.
- 3 “Repent and be baptized,” 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 53. L. M.

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

- 1 **G**OD, who in various methods told
 His mind and will to saints of old,
 Sent his own Son with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 Our nation reads the written word,
 That book of life, that sure record :
 The bright inheritance of heaven
 Is by the sweet conveyance given.
- 3 God’s kindest thoughts are here expressed,
 Able to make us wise and blessed ;
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.

4 Ye christian isles who read his love
 In long epistles from above,
 (He hath not sent his sacred word
 To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54. L. M.

Electing grace ; or, saints beloved in Christ. Eph. i. 3, &c.

1 **J**ESUS, we bless thy Father's name ;
 Thy God and ours are both the same ;
 What heavenly blessings from his throne
 Flow down to sinners through his Son !

2 " Christ be my first elect," he said,
 Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
 Before he gave the mountains birth,
 Or laid foundations for the earth.

3 Thus did eternal love begin
 To raise us up from death and sin ;
 Our characters were then decreed,
 " Blameless in love, 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 removed,
 Till he forgets his first beloved.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Hezekiah's song ; or, sickness and recovery. Isa. xxxviii. 9, &c.

1 **W**HEN we are raised 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 opened wide in vain.
 If he who holds the keys of death
 Commands them fast again.

3 Pains of the flesh are wont to 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 56. C. M.

The song of Moses and the Lamb ; or Babylon falling.
 Rev. xv. 3. xvi. 19. and xvii. 6.

- 1 **W**E sing the glories of thy love,
 We sound thy dreadful name :
 The christian church unites the songs
 Of Moses and the Lamb.
- 2 Great God, how wondrous 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 thy holiness
 Through 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 mixed,
 And she must drink the dregs ;
 Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
 And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57. C. M.

Original sin ; or, the first and second Adam. Rom. v. 12.

Psalm li. 5. Job. xiv. 4.

- 1 **B**ACKWARD with humble shame we look
 On our original ;
 How is our nature dashed 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 [Conceived 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 power
 That new-creates our dust !

HYMN 58. 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 the 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 hath assumed his reigning power ;
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 gained the battle and renown.
- 6 Rejoice, ye heavens ; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky ;
Saints, while ye sing the heavenly war,
Raise your deliverer's name on high.

HYMN 59. 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 mill-stone in the flood :
" Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
" Thus and no more be found at all,"

HYMN 60. 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 blessed,
 And endless years prolong her fame:
 But God alone must be adored;
 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 Abram and his seed,
 "In thee shall all the earth be blessed:"
 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 promised seed is born!

HYMN 61. L. M.

Christ our high-priest and king; and Christ coming to judgment.
 Rev. i. 5, 6, 7.

- 1 **N**OW to the Lord that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed 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 confessed,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move;
 'Though with our sins we pierced 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 62. C. M.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation.
 Rev. v. 11—13.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus:"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and 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 who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63. L. M.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. v. 12.

- 1 **W**HAT equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
When all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name !
- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of peace that groaned and died,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At his almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar :
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Though he was charged with madness here.
- 4 All riches are his native right,
Yet he sustained 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 forever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men ;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, *Amen.*

HYMN 64. S. M.

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

- 1 **B**EHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
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 65. 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 through 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 66. L. M.

Christ the King at his table. Cant. i. 2—5, 12, 13, 17.

- 1 **L**ET him embrace my soul and prove
 My interest in his heavenly love :
 The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
 Exceeds the blessings of the vine.
- 2 On thee the 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 favour bring
 To the fair chambers of the King.
- 4 [Wonder and pleasure tunes our voices
 To speak thy praises and our joys ;
 Our memory keeps this love of thine
 Beyond the taste of richest wine.]
- 5 Though in ourselves deformed 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 67. L. M.

Seeking the pastures of Christ the shepherd. Cant. i. 7.

- 1 **T**HOU 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 wondrous ^{no} thy love prepares,
Bought with ^{the} 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 68. L. M.

The banquet of love. Cant. ii. 1—4, 6, 7.

- 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 lilies 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 my 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.

- 3 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 69. L. M.

Christ appearing to his church and seeking her company.
 Cant. ii. 1—13.

- 1 **T**HE voice of my beloved sounds
 Over the rocks and rising grounds ;
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.
- 2 Now, through the veil of flesh, I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me ;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass
 He 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 wintry state is gone,
 " The mists are fled, the spring comes on ;
 " The sacred turtle dove we hear
 " Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 " The 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 70. L. M.

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation.
Cant. ii. 14, 16, 17.

- 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;
"Though the vain world thy face despise,
" 'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."
- 4 Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of 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
Washed 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-wārd 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 71. L. M.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church.
Cant. 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 my 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,
Pierced 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 72. L. M.

The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the Church.
Cant. iii. 2.

- 1 **D**AUGHTERS of Sion, come, behold
The crown of honour and of gold,
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Placed on the head of Solomon.
- 2 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;
Accept the well deserved 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 received 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 raised 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 73. L. M.

The Church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. Cant. iv. 1, 10,
11, 7, 9, 8.

- 1 **K**IND is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word ;
"Lo ! thou art fair, my love," he cries,
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes.
- 2 ["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
"Salutes mine ear with secret joys ;
"No spice so much delights the smell,
"Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]
- 3 "Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
"I will behold no spot in thee :"
What mighty wonders love performs,
And puts a comeliness on worms !
- 4 Defiled 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,
"Bound 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 74. L. M.

The church the garden of Christ. Cant. iv. 12, 14, 15, and v. 1.

- 1 **W**E are a garden walled around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground
 A little spot enclosed 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 pleased 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 tongues can give.

HYMN 75. L. M.

The description of Christ the beloved. Cant. v. 9—12, 14, 15, 16.

- 1 **T**HE wondering world inquires 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,
 Near to 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 nailed, and torn, and bled for me.
- 7 Though once he bowed 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 tempered with the dove,
No more shall trickling sorrows roll
Through those dear windows of his soul.
- 9 His mouth, that poured 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 beloved and yet adored ;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 76. L. M.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth. Cant. vi. 1, 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 and 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 show their spotless heads.
- 4 He hath engrossed my warmest love,
No earthly charms my soul can move ;
I have a mansion in his heart,
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]
- 5 [He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
And shows me where his glories are ;
No chariot of Amminadab
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 77. L. M.

The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her, and provisions for her. Cant. vii. 5, 6, 9, 12, 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 wondrous 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 78. L. M.

The strength of Christ’s love, and the soul’s jealousy of her own.
Cant. viii. 5, 7, 13, 14.

- 1 [**W**HO is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness,
And pressed with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans ?
- 2 This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood ;
And her request, and her complaint,
Is but the voice of every saint.]
- 3 “O let my name engraven stand,
“Both on thy heart and on thy hand ;
“Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
“That pledge of love 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 impressed,
 “ 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 79. 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 through the skies ;
- 2 From the fair chambers of the east
 The circuit of his race begins,
 And without weariness or rest,
 Round the whole earth he flies and shines :
- 3 Oh like the sun may I fulfil
 The 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, should disappear,
 And leave me in this 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 counsels for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold compared with this.

HYMN 80. 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 81. 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 82. L. M.

God far above all creatures ; or, man vain and mortal.
Job iv. 17—21.

- 1 **S**HALL the vile race of flesh and blood
Contend with their creator, God ?
Shall mortal worms presume to be
More holy, wise, or just than he ?
- 2 Behold he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round his throne :
Their natures, when compared with his,
Are neither holy, just, or wise.
- 3 But how much meaner things are they
Who spring from dust and dwell in clay !
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
We faint and perish like the moth.
- 4 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight ;
Buried 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 83. C. M.

Afflictions and death under providence. Job v. 6, 8.

- 1 **N**OT from the dust affliction grows,
Nor troubles rise by chance ;
Yet we are born to care 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 promised 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 more
 Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84. 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 show
 " 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 85. 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 heaven.

HYMN 86. 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 the 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 ;
 The 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 87. 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 88. L. M.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. ix. 4—6, 10.

- 1 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to ensure the great reward ;

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

2 [Life is the hour that God hath 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 buried 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 89. L. M.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. xi. 9.

1 **Y**E sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue ;
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire :

2 Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine,
Enjoy the day of mirth ; but know
There is a day of judgment too.

3 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults ;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

- 4 The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your thoughts with terror through :
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured 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 90. C. M.

The same.

- 1 **L**O, the young tribes of Adam rise,
And through all nature rove,
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.
- 2 They give a loose to wild desires ;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.
- 3 The Judge prepares his throne on high ;
The frightened 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'd give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blest.

HYMN 91. L. M.

Advice to youth ; or, old age and death in an unconverted state
Eccl. 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 92. 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 adorned the skies,
 " And built them, I was there,
 " To order when the sun should rise,
 " And marshal every star.

5 " When he poured 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 balanced well :
 " With joy I saw the mansion where
 " The sons of men should dwell.

7 " My busy thoughts at first
 " On their salvation ran,

“ Ere sin was born, or Adam’s dust
 “ Was fashioned 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 93. L. M.

Christ, or wisdom, obeyed or resisted. Prov. viii. 34—36.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the wisdom of the Lord,
 “ Blessed 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 94. 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 murmuring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.
- 3 In vain we ask God’s righteous law
 To justify us now,
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.
- 4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace !
 When in thy name we trust.

Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95. C. M.

Regeneration. John i. 13. and iii. 3, &c.

- 1 **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.
- 2 The sovereign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace :
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
- 3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
- 4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death ;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96. C. M.

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. i. 26—31.

- 1 **B**UT few among the carnal wise,
But few of noble race,
Obtain the favour of thine eyes,
Almighty King of grace !
- 2 He takes the men of meanest name
For sons and heirs of God :
And thus he pours abundant shame
On honourable blood.
- 3 He calls the fool and makes him know
The mysteries of his grace,
To bring aspiring wisdom low,
And all its pride abase.
- 4 Nature hath all its glories lost
When brought before his throne ;

No flesh shall in his presence boast,
But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97. L. M.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, &c. 1 Cor. i. 30.

- 1 **B**URIED in shadows of the night,
We lie till Christ restores the light ;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drowned in tears,
Till his atoning blood appears :
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing "the Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Our very frame is mixed 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 98. 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 arrayed,
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 99. C. M.

Stones made the 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 wondrous power doth he possess,
Who formed our mortal frame :
Who called the world from emptiness :
The world obeyed and came.

HYMN 100. L. M.

Believe and be saved. John iii. 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 loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
- 3 Sinners believe the Saviour's word,
Trust in his mighty name and live ;

A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

- 4 But vengeance and damnation lies
On rebels who refuse the grace ;
Who God's eternal Son despise,
The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101. L. M.

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke xv. 7, 10.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102. L. M.

The beatitudes. Matt. v. 3—12.

- 1 [**B**LESSED are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty :
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.]
- 2 [Blessed 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 [Blessed 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 [Blessed are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;

- They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.]
- 5 [Blessed 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 [Blessed are the pure whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.]
- 7 [Blessed are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.]
- 8 [Blessed are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesu's sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 103. C. M.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. i. 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 104. C. M.

A state of nature and of 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 washed in Jesus' blood
We're pardoned through his name ;
And the good Spirit of our God
Hath sanctified 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 105. C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. Rev. xxi. 27.

- 1 **N**OR eye hath seen nor ear hath heard
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his 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 106. 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 crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ hath made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross
And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107. 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**ECEIVED by subtle snares of hell,
Adam our head, our father fell,
When Satan in the serpent hid
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.
- 2 Death was the threatening—death began
To take possession of the man ;
His unborn race received 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 triumphed o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108. S. M.

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. i. 8.

- 1 **N**OT with our mortal eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heaven begins below.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The value of Christ and his righteousness. Phil. iii. 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 110. 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 dissolved 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 111. C. M.

Salvation by grace. Tit. iii. 3—7.

- 1 [**L**ORD, 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 saved by sovereign grace,
Abounding through his Son.]

- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin:
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are washed 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 Raised from the dead, we live anew:
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112. C. M.

The brazen serpent ; or, looking to Jesus. John iii. 14—15.

- 1 **S**O did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.
- 2 “Look upward in the dying hour,
“And live,” the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.
- 3 High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns ;
Here sinners by the old serpent stung
Look and forget their pains.
- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives,
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
The expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113. C. M.

Abraham's blessings on the Gentiles. Gen. xvii. 7. Rom. xv. 8.
Mark x. 14.

- 1 **H**OW large the promise ! how divine !
To Abraham 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 his childrens’ name.

HYMN 114. C. M.

The same. Rom. xi. 16, 17.

- 1 **G**ENTILES by nature, we belong
To the wild olive-wood ;
Grace takes 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 115. 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 !

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- 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 appeared 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 revived again ;
 I had provoked 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 116. 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 fulfilled by love.

- 4 But O 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 117. L. M.

Election sovereign and free. Rom. ix. 21—24.

- 1 [**B**EHOLD the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please ;
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his 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 ;
 Choose 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 form 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 truths 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 118. 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 **T**HE law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ (a nobler name)
 Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
 Their different works were done;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid:
 O'er all his Father's house he stands
 The 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 119. C. M.

The different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. i. 23, 24.
 2 Cor. ii. 16. 1 Cor. iii. 6, 7.

- 1 **C**HRI^ST and his cross is all our theme:
 The mysteries 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,
 Shine 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.

- ‡ Till God diffuse his graces down,
 Like showers of heavenly rain,
 In vain Apollos sows the ground,
 And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120. C. M.

Faith of things unseen. Heb. xi. 1, 3, 8, 10.

- 1 **F**AITH is the brightest evidence
 Of things beyond our sight,
 Breaks through 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 ;
 Abraham, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.
- ‡ He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by the eternal hands ;
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heavenly building stands.

HYMN 121. C. M.

Children devoted to God. Gen. xvii. 7, 10. Acts xvii.
 14, 15, 33.

(For those who practice 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 Abraham believed the promised grace,
 And gave his sons to God ;
 But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was sealed with blood.
- 3 Thus Lydia sanctified her house
 When she received the word ;

Thus the believing jailor gave
His household to the Lord.

- 4 Thus later saints, eternal King,
Thine ancient truths embrace :
To thee their infant offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy grace.

HYMN 122. L. M.

Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. vi. 3, &c.

- 1 **D**O we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord :
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin.
- 2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised 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 served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123. 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 among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat.
- 2 " I die with hunger here," he cries,
" I starve in foreign lands ;
" My father's house hath 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 hastened 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,
Embraced and kissed 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 124. 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 the unhappy name,
Whence sprang our nature and our shame.
- 2 Adam, the sinner : at his fall
Death like a conqueror seized us all ;
A thousand new-born babes are dead
By fatal union to their head.
- 3 But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
Behold the terrors of thy law,
We sing the honours of thy grace,
That sent to save our ruined race.
- 4 We sing thine everlasting Son,
Who joined our nature to his own,
Adam the second, from the dust
Raises the ruins of the first.
- 5 [By the rebellion of one man
Through all his seed the mischief ran ;
And by one man's obedience now
Are all his seed made righteous too.
- 6 Where sin did reign, and death abound,
There have the sons of Adam found

Abounding life ; there glorious grace
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 125. C. M.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted. 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 Touched 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 resists to blood.
- 4 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured 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 power ;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126. L. M.

Charity and uncharitableness. Rom. xiv. 17, 19. 1 Cor. x. 32.

- 1 **N**OT different food, nor 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.

- 3 Let pride and wrath be banished hence,
Meekness and love our souls pursue ;
Nor shall our practice give offence
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127. L. M.

Christ's invitation to sinners ; or, humility and pride.
Matt. xi. 28—30.

- 1 " **C**OME hither, all ye weary souls,
" Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
" I'll give you rest from all your toils,
" And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 " They shall find rest that learn of me :
" I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
" But passion rages like the sea,
" And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 " Blest is the man whose shoulders take
" My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
" My yoke is easy to his neck,
" My grace shall make the burden light."
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128. L. M.

The apostle's commission ; or, the gospel attested by miracles.
Mark xvi. 15, &c. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- 1 " **G**O preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
" Bid the whole earth my grace receive ;
" He shall be saved that trusts my word :
" He shall be damned, that won't believe.
- 2 " [I'll make your great commission known,
" And ye shall prove my gospel true,
" By all the works that I have done,
" By all the wonders ye shall do.
- 3 " Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
" Go cast out devils in my name ;

“ Nor let my prophets be afraid
 “ Tho’ Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme. }

- 4 “ Teach all the nations my commands ;
 “ I’m with you till the world shall end ;
 “ All power is trusted in my hands,
 “ I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head ;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode ;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129. L. M.

Submission and deliverance ; or, Abraham offering his son.
 Gen xxii. 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 Abraham with obedient hand,
 Led forth his son at God’s command ;
 The wood, the fire, the knife he took,
 His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.
- 3 “ Abraham, forbear,” the angel cried,
 “ Thy faith is known, thy love is tried,
 “ Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
 “ Shall the whole earth be blest indeed.”
- 4 Just in the last distressing hour
 The Lord displays delivering power ;
 The mount of danger is the place
 Where we shall see surprisng grace.

HYMN 130. 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 131. L. M.

The pharisee and the 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 hath 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
Joined with the boasting pharisee ;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 132. L. M.

Holiness and grace. Titus ii. 10—13.

- 1 **S**O let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God :

When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While 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 133. C. M.

Love and charity. 1 Cor. xiii. 2—7, 13.

- 1 **L**ET pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked 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,
Though she endures 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 134. L. M.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. xiii. 1—5.

- 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 inspired 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 135. L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. iii. 16, &c.

- 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 expressed.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.
- 3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136. 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 ;

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- In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor 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 137. L. M.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. i. 9, 10.

- 1 **N**OW to the power of God supreme
Be everlasting honors 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 doomed 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 138. 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 honor is engaged 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 139. 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 everlast'g is thy love,
And Jesus seals it with his blood.
- 2 The oath and promise of the Lord
Join to confirm the wondrous grace ;
Eternal power performs the word,
And fills all heaven with endless praise.
- 3 Amidst temptations sharp and long,
My soul to this dear refuge flies ;
Hope is my anchor firm and strong,
While tempests blow, and billows rise.
- 4 The gospel bears my spirits up ;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation for my hope,
In oaths and promises and blood.

HYMN 140. 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 141. S. M.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. liii. 1—5, 10—12.

- 1 **W**HO hath believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known ?
Reveal thine arm, almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.
- 2 The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief :
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion grief.

- 3 They turned 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 pleased to bruise
His best beloved Son.
- 5 "But I'll prolong his days,
"And make his kingdom stand ;
"My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
"Shall prosper in his hand.
- 6 "[His joyful soul shall see
"The purchase of his pain,
"And by his knowledge justify
"The guilty sons of men.]
- 7 "[Ten thousand captive slaves,
"Released 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 denied ;
"Who saw the follies men had done,
"And bore their sins, and died.]"

HYMN 142. S. M.

The same. Isa. liii. 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 sustained the stroke !

- His life and blood the Shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honor and his breath
 Were taken both away ;
 Joined 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 honors long."

HYMN 143. C. M.

Characters of the children of God. From several scriptures.

- 1 **A**S new-born babes desire the breast,
 To feed, and grow, and thrive ;
 So 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 144. 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 145. 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 polished 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 altars 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 [But 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 146. L. M.

Characters of Christ. Borrowed from inanimate things in scripture.

- 1 **G**O worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet ;
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 [The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord :
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.]
- 3 [Is he compared 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 a head ? Each member lives,
And owns the vital powers he gives !
The saints below and saints above,
Joined 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 designed a 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
The indwelling majesty and power;
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I'll 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 the 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 147. L. M.

The name and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.

- 1 [**T**IS 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 undiminished rays ;
The 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 dipped in blood,
And breaks the nations with his rod.
- 4 Where grace can neither melt nor move,
The Lamb resents his injured 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 148. As the 148th 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.
The eternal God's
Eternal Son
Inherits and
Partakes the throne.
- 3 The sovereign King of kings,
The Lord of lords most high,
Writes his own name upon
His garment and his thigh.
His name is called
"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 favourites and friends :
 Then shall the saints
 Completely prove
 The heights and depths
 Of all his love.

HYMN 149. L. M.

The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.

- 1 **J** 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 appeased, of sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.]
- 5 My bright example and my guide,
 I would be walking near thy side ;
 O let me never run astray,
 Ner follow the forbidden way !

- 6 [I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wandering soul amongst 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 died,
I seek no sacrifice beside ;
His blood did once for me 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,
Though 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 150. 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 [Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands.
Commissioned 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 subdued,
And peace with heaven.]

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,
Offered his blood and died ;
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 power ;
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,
Though 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.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

H Y M N S.

BOOK II.

COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

HYMN 1. L. M.

A song of 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 through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.
- 8 [Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of the 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 2. 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 Linger 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 frightened ghost.
- 4 There endless crowds of sinners lie,
And darkness makes their chains ;
Tortured 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 compassions of a God
Shall hearken to their groans.

- 6 Amazing grace, that kept my breath,
Nor bid my soul remove,
Till I had learned my Saviour's death,
And well insured his love.

HYMN 3. 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 blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And shewed 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 4. 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 :
Resolved (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 5. 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,
Repaired and honoured by thy cross ;
- 2 When I behold death, hell and sin,
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine,
And see the man that groaned and died,
Sit glorious by his Father's side ;
- 3 My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith, and fired 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 6. C. M.

A morning song.

- 1 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes :
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him 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 crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
Since the last setting sun,
And yet thou lengthenest 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 7. C. M.

An evening song.

- 1 [**D**READ Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the offerings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard,

And still to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stood prepared.]

- 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 died
To save my wretched soul?
How are my follies multiplied,
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 renewed by thee.
- 6 Sprinkled afresh with pardoning blood,
I lay me down to rest,
As in the embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's breast.

HYMN 8. L. M.

An hymn for morning or 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 raised 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 take our lives away.

5 Our breath is forfeited by sin,
 To God's avenging law ;
 We own thy grace, immortal King,
 In every gasp we draw.

6 God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings :
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
 Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9. C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

1 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
 And did my Sovereign die ?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

2 [Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
 And bathed in its own blood,
 While all exposed to wrath divine,
 The glorious sufferer stood.]

3 Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !

4 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When God the mighty Maker died
 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 10. 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 refined,
Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind.
- 5 The 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 dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11. 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 gulph of black despair ;
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.
- 3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned 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 12. C. M.

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

- 1 **T**HE 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 died ;"
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13. L. M.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord that built the skies,
 The Lord that reared this stately frame ;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.

- 2 He formed the seas and formed the hills,
 Made every drop and every dust,
 Nature and time with all their wheels,
 And pushed 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 gathered 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 14. S. M.

The Lord's day ; or, delight in ordinances.

- 1 **W**ELCOME sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise ;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his 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 15. 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 fragrant 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 Blessed 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 16. L. M.

Part the second.

- 7 **L**ORD, what a heaven of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame !
 Lord ! how we love thy charming name !
- 8 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.

- 9 While such a scene of sacred joys
 Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long and everlasting day.
- 10 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.
- 11 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.
- 11 Send comforts down from thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land,
 And in thy temple let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17. C. M.

God's eternity.

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground ;
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
 And rouse up every tuneful sound
 To praise the eternal God.
- 2 Long e'er the lofty skies were spread,
 Jehovah filled his throne,
 Or Adam formed, or angels made,
 The Maker lived 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 the fiery doom.

- 6 Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies !
My God shall live an endless day,
When the old creation dies.

HYMN 18. 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 stretched for flight,
Stand waiting round his awful feet.
- 2 “Go,” saith the Lord, “my Gabriel, go,
“Salute the virgin’s fruitless 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 heavenly soldier flies,
And breaks the chain 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 19. 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.

* Luke i. 26. † Luke ii. 13. ‡ 2 Kings vi. 17. || Acts xii. 7.
§ Heb. i. 14.

- 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 the almighty name
 That reared 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 veins ;"
 And round the veins it flows.
- 6 While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore ;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20. 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 promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief ;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief :
- 8 Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands ;
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]
- 9 [Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight !
Let me be fastened 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 21. 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 gulf where Satan lies
Yawned to receive me when I fell !

- 3 How justice frowned, and vengeance stood,
To drive me down to endless pain !
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heavenly wrath grew mild again.
- 4 Infinite lover ! gracious Lord !
To thee be endless honours given ;
Thy wondrous name shall be adored
Round the wide earth, and wider heaven.

HYMN 22. 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 the 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, blessed 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 23. 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 !
Ther sits our Saviour, crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall ;
The God shines gracious through 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 24. L. M.

The evil of sin visible in the fall of aagels and men.

- 1 **W**HEN the great builder arched the skies,
And formed all nature with a word,
The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.
- 2 High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat,
Amongst the morning stars* he sung,
Till sin destroyed his heavenly state.
- 3 [’Twas sin that hurled him from his throne,
Groveling 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 defiled the happy place ;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruined all their unborn race.

* Job xxxviii. 7. † Isaiah xiv. 12.

- 5 [So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad ;
Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour
Spoiled six days' labor 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 ;
O ! 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 25. 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 laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood !
- 5 Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our parts ?
Come, holy Dove, from the 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 26. 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 27. L. M.

Praise ye him all his angels. Psalm 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 sovereign King.
- 4 Tell how he shows 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 this burning love)
What zeal it spreads through all your frame ;

That sacred fire dwells all above,
For we on earth have lost the name.

6 [Sing of his power and justice too,
'That infinite right hand of his,
That vanquished Satan and his crew,
And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

7 [What mighty storms of poisoned darts
Were hurled upon the rebels there!
What dreadful javelins nailed their hearts
Fast to the racks of long despair.]

8 [Shout to your King, ye 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 28. C. M.

Death and eternity.

1 **S**TOOP down, my thoughts, that used to rise,
Converse awhile 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 triumphant there :
Or devils plunge it down to hell,
In infinite despair.

- 5 And must my body faint and die ?
 And must this soul remove ?
 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 29. 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 Blessed be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
 Who bought me with his blood,
 And quenched 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 30. 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 banished from this place :
 Religion never was designed
 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 powers
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 run dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.]

HYMN 31. 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 through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- 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 32. C. M.

Frailty and folly.

- 1 **H**OW short and hasty is our life !
 How vast our soul's 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,
 Stoop downwards as we run.
- 4 How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight the joys above !
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 That break such cords of love !
- 5 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33. C. M.

The blessed society in heaven.

- 1 **R**AISE thee, my soul, fly up, and run
Through 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
The almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious goodness down
On all the blissful plains.
- 4 Bright, like a sun, our 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 ! O when shall that dear day,
That joyful hour appear,
When I shall leave this house of clay
To dwell amongst them there ?

HYMN 34. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, fervency of devotion
desired.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit, gentle 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,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!
- 5 Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35. C. M.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

- 1 **L**ET 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 the united Three,
The undivided One.
- 3 'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
That formed us by a word;
'Tis he restores our ruined frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

1 Hosanna ! let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound ;
 Rocks, hills and vales reflect the voice
 In one eternal round.

HYMN 36. S. M.

Christ's intercession.

1 **W**ELL, 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 calls for sinners' blood.
 The Saviour shows 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 are 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 37. C. M.

The same.

- 1 **L**IFT up your eyes to the heavenly seats
 Where your Redeemer stays ;
 Kind intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.
- 2 'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
 And shed his vital blood,
 Appeased 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 the heavenly host.]
- 5 Jesus alone shall bear my cries
 Up to his Father's throne :
 He, dearest Lord, perfumes my sighs
 And sweetens every 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 38. 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.

- 1 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.
- 3 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39. 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 through the round
Of three score years and ten.
- 3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste ;
Moments of sin, and months of wo,
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 40. C. M.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

- 1 **O**UR God ! how firm his promise stands !
Even 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 ?

*Gen. xlvii. 9.

Thy God is faithful to his saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

- 3 Beneath his smiles my heart hath lived,
And part of heaven possessed ;
I praise his name for grace received,
And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41. 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 wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove ;
And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
On thy kind wings celestial Dove.
- 3 O might I once mount up and see
The glories of the eternal skies !
What little things these worlds would be !
How despicable to my eyes !
- 4 Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon ;
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
As a dim candle dies at noon.
- 5 Then they might fight, and rage, and rave ;
I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.
- 6 Great All in All ! eternal King !
Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow and sing
Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42. C. M.

Delight in God.

- 1 **M**Y God, what endless pleasures dwell
Above, at thy right hand !
Thy courts below, how amiable,
Where all thy graces stand !

- 2 The swallow near thy temple lies,
And chirps a cheerful note ;
The lark mounts upwards 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 widowed state,
Wandering, she flies through all the grove,
And mourns her loving mate.
- 6 Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
In restless circles rove ;
Just so we droop and hang the wing,
When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43. 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 to atone almighty wrath ;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]
- 4 [Hell and its lions roared around ;
His precious blood the monster spilt !
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

- 5 Deep in the shades of gloomy death,
The almighty captive prisoner lay ;
The 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 through the heavenly plains !

HYMN 44. 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 become the tongue
That speaks the terrors of his power.
- 2 Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,
Justice hath built a dismal hell,
And laid her stores of vengeance there.
- 3 Eternal plagues and heavy chains,
Tormenting racks and fiery coals,
And darts to inflict immortal pains,
Dyed 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,
Crushed 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 incensed 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 45. 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 charriot downward thus ?
- 2 Still might he fill his starry throne,
 And please his ears with Gabriel's songs ;
 But the 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 46. 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 downward too.]
- 4 He over-rules all mortal things,
 And manages our mean affairs,
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows his counsels and his cares.
- 5 Our sorrows and our tears we pour
 Into the bosom of our God ;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy load.

- 6 In vain might lofty princes try
Such condescension to perform !
For worms were never raised 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 47. 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 the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise the 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 Oh may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 48. C. M.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

- 1 **H**OW vain are all things here below !
How false and yet how fair !

HYMN 56. 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,
Though they increase their golden store,
And rise to wondrous 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 they shine:
Your heaps of glittering dust are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57. L. M.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

- 1 **L**ORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned 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 the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasures grow !
And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
Sit undisturbed 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 grovelling in the dust below :
Almighty grace renew our souls !
And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58. 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 loadest the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
And we are clothed 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 adored !

- Eternal justice guards thy throne
And vengeance waits thy dread command.
- 4 A thousand seraphs strong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity ;
But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee ?
- 5 Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed 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 ;
Though 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 adored :
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.]

HYMN 52. C. M.

Death dreadful or delightful.

- 1 **D**EATH ! 'tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced 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 driven 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 downward too,
And sing recovering grace.

- 5 He is a God of sovereign love,
That promised 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 53. 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 through 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 through 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 :

Through 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 fore-runner, 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 be 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 54. 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 comforts 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 through every foe ;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55. C. M.

Frail life and succeeding eternity.

- 1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal name !
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we !
- 2 [Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase ;
And 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 through 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
Hangs everlasting things !
The eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death !
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God,

- 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 49. 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 called to go,
And die as Moses did.
- 3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And pray for the command.
- 4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And loose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50. 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 loose the smart.
- 2 But 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 Yet why, my soul, why these complaints ?
Still while he frowns his bowels move ;
Still on his heart he bears his saints,
And feels their sorrows and his love.
- 4 My name is printed on his breast ;
His book of life contains my name ;
I'd rather have it there impressed,
Than in the bright records of fame.
- 5 When the last fire burns all things here,
Those letters shall securely stand,
And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
Writ by the eternal Father's hand.
- 6 Now 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 51. 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 formed, 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 ;

- 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 59. 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 it,
 And brings a glimpse of glory down,
 Around his sacred feet.
- 3 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,
 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 straight 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 these 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 60. L. M.

The truth of God the promiser ; or, the promises are our security.

- 1 **P**RAISE, everlasting praise be paid
To him that earth's foundations laid ;
Praise to the God whose strong decrees
Sway the creation as he please.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
Who rules his people by his word,
And there, as strong as his decrees,
He sets his kindest promises.
- 3 [Firm are the words his prophets give,
Sweet words on which his children live ;
Each of them is the voice of God,
Who spoke and spread the skies abroad.
- 4 Each of them 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 comforts that our Maker gives.
- 6 O for a strong, a lasting faith !
To credit what the Almighty saith !
To 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 the eternal builder reigns,
 And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN 61. C. M.

A thought of death and glory.

- 1 **M**Y soul, come, meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.
- 2 And you mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow gaping tomb ;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.
- 3 Oh ! could we die with those 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 62. C. M.

God the thunderer ; or, the last judgment and hell.*

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts ;
 And thou, O earth, adore :

* Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20, 1697.

- Let death and hell through 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 defied 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 63. 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 downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more !

- 3 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
 To fit our souls to fly ;
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64. L. M.

God the glory and defence of Sion.

- 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,
 Fixed 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 his 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 65. C. M.

The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 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 66. 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 drest in living green :
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled 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 streams, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67. C. M.

God's eternal dominion.

- 1 **G**REAT God! how infinite art thou;
G 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 vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed 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 68. C. M.

The humble worship of heaven.

- 1 **F**ATHER, 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;
 ut 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
 The adoring armies fall ;
 With joy they shrink to nothing there,
 Before the eternal all.
- 6 There I would vie with all the host
 In duty and in bliss ;
 While less than nothing I could boast,
 And vanity* confess.]
- 7 The more thy glories strike mine eyes,
 The humbler I shall lie ;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69. C. M.

The faithfulness of God in his 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 Engraved as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines :

* Isaiah xl. 17.

- 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
Fulfil 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 heaven be spread,"
And heaven was stretched abroad ;
" Abram, I'll be thy God," he said,
And he was Abram's God.
- 8 O might I hear thy 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 70. L. M.

God's dominion over the sea. Psalm 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 silent in the sand.
- 2 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
The sea divides and owns its God ;
The stormy floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen armies through.
- 3 The scaly 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 adored,
Amidst those 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 plunge in watery graves,
And some drink death among the waves :
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued 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.

From the 70th to the 108th Hymn, I hope the reader will forgive the neglect of rhyme in the first and third lines of the stanza.

HYMN 71. 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 shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame ;
But from his own immediate breath
Our noble spirits came.
- 3 We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues ;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join the angelic songs.

- 4 Let grovelling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every 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 72. C. M.

The Lord's day ; or, the resurrection of Christ.

- 1 **B**LESS'D morning, whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God ;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode !
- 2 In the cold prison of a tomb
The dear Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, the 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 73. 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 veiled my mind,
And drowned my head in tears,
Till sovereign grace, with shining rays,
Dispelled 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 74. 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 reduced 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 past ingratitude
 Provoke our weeping eyes,
 And hourly, as new mercies fall,
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75. C. M.

Spiritual and eternal joy ; or, the beatific sight of Christ.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joy 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 unmeasured space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wandering eyes
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of thy love.
- 5 [Sweet Jesus ! every 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 blessed abode !
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Saviour and my God.]

HYMN 76. C. M.

The resurrection and ascension of Christ.

- 1 **H**OSANNA to the Prince of light,
 That clothed himself in clay ;
 Entered 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 spoiled our hellish 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 blessed 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 77. L. M.

The christian warfare.

- 1 [STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.
- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.]
- 3 What though the prince of darkness rage,
And waste the fury of his spite;
Eternal chains confine him down
To fiery deeps and endless night.
- 4 What though thine inward lusts rebel;
'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins and end thy 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 leaders praise.

HYMN 78. C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

- 1 **W**HEN the first parents of our race
Rebelled and lost their God,
And the infection of their sin
Had tainted all our blood ;
- 2 Infinite pity touched 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 wrapt his Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.
- 4 His living power and dying love,
Redeemed unhappy man,
And raised the ruins of our race
To life and God again.
- 5 To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
We joyfully resign ;
Blessed 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 79. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 **P**LUNGED 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 spoiled the powers 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 project tries ;
We that were doomed his endless slaves,
Are raised 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 note
His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80. S. M.

God's awful power and goodness.

- 1 **O**H ! 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 as 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 enthroned above ;
Thus we adore the God of might,
And bless th God of love.

HYMN 81. 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 cursed deeds my sins have done !
What murderous things they be.
- 2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore ?
Monsters, that stained those heavenly limbs,
With floods of purple gore.
- 3 Was it for crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When justice seized 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 begone,
For Jesus I adore.

- 5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly arms,
 From grace's magazine,
 And I'll proclaim eternal war
 With every darling sin.

HYMN 82. 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 raised me from the depths of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fixed my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.
- 3 The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul he placed,
 And on the rock of ages set
 My slippery footsteps fast.
- 4 The city of my blest abode
 Is walled 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 83. 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 received the dread command,
And armed, down she flies ;
Jesus submits to 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 84. 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 dyed.]
- 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 bowed 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 85. 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 though your numerous sins exceed
The stars that fill the skies,
And, aiming at the eternal throne,
Like pointed mountains rise ?

3 What though your mighty guilt beyond
The wide creation swell,
And hath its cursed 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—
Has neither shores nor bound :
Nor, 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 86. 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 swift 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 87. C. M.

The Divine glories above our reason.

- 1 **H**OW wondrous great, how glorious bright
Must our Creator be,
Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
Of vast infinity.
- 2 Our soaring spirits upwards rise
Toward 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 the immortal string.]

HYMN 88. C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! O. the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buryed 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 89. C. M.

Christ's victory over Satan.

- 1 **H**OSANNA 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 rescued 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
Through the wide world shall run,
And everlasting ages sing
The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90. 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 the 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 sin 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 91. C. M.

The glory of Christ in heaven.

- 1 **O**H, 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
Through 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, the 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 blessed 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 92. C. M.

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

Composed the 5th of November, 1694.

- 1 **S**HOUT to the Lord, and let our joys
Through the whole nation run ;
Ye christian 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 the 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 escape all-searching eyes.
- 6 Their dark designs were all revealed,
Their treasons all betrayed ;
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 christians with united songs
Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93. S. M.

God all, and in all. Psalm 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 aimiable 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 conceai 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 94. C. M.

God my only happiness. Psalm lxiii. 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 compared to thee ?
Or what's my safety or my health,
Or all my friends to me ?
- 7 Were I possessor of the earth,
And called 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 95. C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

- 1 **I**NFINITE grief! amazing woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord!
Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
And used 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 tormentors were ;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pulled 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 96. C. M.

Distinguishing love ; or, angels punished and men saved.

- 1 **D**OWN headlong from their native skies
 The rebel angels fell,
 And thunder-bolts of flaming wrath
 Pursued them deep to hell.
- 2 Down from the top of earthly bliss
 Rebellious man was hurled ;
 And Jesus stooped 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 this love let earth and skies
With hallelujahs ring,
And the full choir of human tongues
All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97. L. M.

The same.

- 1 **F**ROM heaven the sinning angels fell,
And wrath and darkness chained 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 called 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 98. C. M.

Hardness of heart complained of.

- 1 **M**Y 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 buried 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 99. C. M.

The book of God's decrees.

- 1 **L**ET the whole race of creatures, lie
 Abased before their God :
 What'e'r his sovereign voice hath formed
 He goveras with a nod.
- 2 [Ten thousand ages e'er the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to his thought.
- 3 There's not a sparrow or a worm
 But's found in his decrees :
 He raises monarchs to their thrones
 And sinks them as he please.]
- 4 If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays ;
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness cloud my days.
- 5 Yet I would not be much concerned,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volume 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 100. 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 sovereign 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 learned 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 an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,

Be ever from thy face exiled
Without the pity of thine eye ?

- 10 Impossible !—For thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee,
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art, thy friends must be.

HYMN 101. C. M.

The world's three chief temptations.

- 1 **W**HEN in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honour, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and 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,
To 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 dashed with bitter bowls.
- 5 God is mine all-sufficient good,
My portion and my choice ;
In him my vast desires are filled,
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 heaven for you.

HYMN 102. 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 through 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 hath 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 103. C. M.

Christ's commission. John iii. 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 pitied dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them life again.
- 3 Thy hands Dear Jesus, were not armed
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 offered grace ;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104. 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,
 No terror clothes his brow,
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now sinners dry your tears.
 Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered 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 105. 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 straight the thunder stays ;
And dare we now provoke his wrath,
And weary out his grace.
- 4 Lord we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin ;
Our aching hearts even 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 106. C. M.

Repentanœ at the cross.

- 1 **O**H, if my soul was formed 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 groaned away a dying life,
For thee, my soul, for thee.
- 3 O how I hate those lusts of mine
That crucified my God ;
Those sins that pierced and nailed 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 murdered Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murderers too.

HYMN 107. C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.

- 1 **T**HAT awful day will surely come,
 The 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 banished from 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 108. C. M.

Access to the throne of grace by a mediator.

- 1 **C**OME let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.
- 2 Once 'twas the seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame :
Our God appeared consuming fire,
And Vengeance was his name.
- 3 Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
That calmed his frowning face,
That sprinkled over the burning throne,
And turned 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 opened by the Son ;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.
- 6 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high ;
And glory to the eternal King
That lays his fury by.

HYMN 109. L. M.

The darkness of providence.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy vast designs
The obscure abyss of Providence
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.
- 2 Now thou arrayest 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 110. 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 Arrayed 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 sing his power above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise,
Of these our humble songs,
Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111. 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 christians own their heavenly King,
And make his glories known.
- 2 The great, the wicked and the proud
From their high seats are hurled ;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.
- 3 He reigns upon the eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns ;
Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
And totter at his frowns.
- 4 Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquished by his breath ;
And legions armed with power and pride
Descend to wattery 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 his word :
And all the honours he can give
Be offered to the Lord.]

HYMN 112. L. M.

Angels ministering to Christ and to saints.

- 1 **G**REAT God, to what a glorious height
Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son !
Angels, in all their robes of light,
Are made the servants of his throne.
- 2 Before his feet their armies wait,
And swift as flames of fire they move,
To manage his affairs of state,
In works of vengeance or of love.
- 3 His orders run through all their hosts,
Legions descend at his command,
To shield and guard the christian 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 113. 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 the earth,
 A shining army downward fled
 To celebrate his birth.
- 4 And when oppressed with pains and fears,
 On the cold ground he lies,
 Behold a heavenly form appears,
 To 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.

- 8 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 114. C. M.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.

- 1 **I** SING my Saviour's wondrous death ;
 He conquered when he fell ;
 " 'Tis finished," said his dying breath
 And shook the gates of hell.
- 2 " 'Tis finished," our Immanuel cries,
 That 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 passed 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 terrors of his frowns.

HYMN 115. C. M.

God the avenger of his saints ; or, his kingdom supreme.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heaven's 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 116. 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 thine 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 117. 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 or 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 118. 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 favourites 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 119. 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 grief 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 120. 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,
 The 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 treasured here,
 And armour of defence.
- 5 We learn Christ crucified,
 And here behold his blood ;
 All arts and knowledges beside
 Will do us little good.]
- 6 We read the heavenly word,
 We take the offered 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 121. 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 shows 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 122. 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 123. 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 feet.
- 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 grows 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 galled 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 124. 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 the appointed hill.
- 4 And thus, on Jordan's yonder side
The tribes of Israel stand,
While Moses bowed his head and died,
Short of the promised 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 125. 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 who never felt
The inward pangs of pious grief,
But adds to all his crying guilt,
The stubborn sin of unbelief.
- 3 The law condemns the rebel dead,
Under the wrath of God he lies ;
He seals the curse on his own head,
And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126. 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 wondrous frame,
Fresh wisdom we peruse ;

*Joshua the same with Jesus, which signifies Saviour.

- A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.
- 3 Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
The 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 127. L. M.

Circumcision and Baptism.

Written only for those who practice infant baptism.

- 1 **T**HUS did the sons of Abram 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 poured upon the head.
- 4 Let every saint with cheerful voice
In this large covenant rejoice :
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abram praise.

HYMN 128. C. M.

Corrupt nature from Adam.

- 1 **B**LESSED with the joys of innocence
Adam our father stood,

- Till he debased his soul to sense,
And eat the unlawful food.
- 2 Now we are born a sensual race,
To sinful joys inclined ;
Reason hath 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 ruined 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 in our hearts.

HYMN 129. 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 Abram by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God ;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130. 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 passed 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 **M**ighty 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 hath made
I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131. 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 relig on found
So just to God, so safe for men.
- 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 feigned fields of heathenish bliss
Could raise such pleasures in the mind ;
Nor doth the Turkish Paradise
Pretend to joys so well refined.]
- 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 132. 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 offered 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 133. L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Spirit ! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace ;

R

Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

- 2 Enlightened 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 134. C. M.

Circumcision abolished.

- 1 **T**HE promise was divinely free ;
Extensive was the grace ;
"I will the God of Abraham be,
"And of his numerous race."
- 2 He said, and with a bloody seal
Confirmed the words he spoke ;
Long did the sons of Abraham feel
The sharp and painful yoke.
- 3 Till God's own Son, descending low,
Gave his own flesh to bleed :
And Gentiles taste the blessing now,
From the hard bondage freed.
- 4 The God of Abraham claims our praise ;
His promises endure ;
And Christ the Lord in gentler ways
Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135. L. M.

Types and prophecies of Christ.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the woman's promised seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !

Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room.

2 Abraham, the saint, rejoiced 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,
Obtained their chief design, and ceased :
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 promised seed.

HYMN 136. 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 blessed the babe, and owned his name.

4 Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
And treat the holy child with scorn ;
Our souls adore the eternal God,
Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137. 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 the 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 138. 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 show
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 ruined creature, man.
- 3 The gospel bids the dead revive ;
Sinners obey the voice, and live :
Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.
- 4 [Where Satan reigned 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 ;
Whilst the wide world esteems it strange,
Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]
- 6 May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze, and hate me too ;

The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139. 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 zeal,
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
Witnessed the fervour 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 140. 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 marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breath :)

And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

- 5 Our glorious leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given,
While the long clouds of witnesses
Shew the same path to heaven.

HYMN 141. 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 designed
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 through the signs,
And feeds upon his flesh.
- 6 I love the Lord, who stoops so low
To give his word a seal :
But the rich grace his hands bestow
Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142. 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 143. 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 144. 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,
Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.
- 3 Thus armed, he sent the champions forth,
From east to west, from south to north ;
“ Go, and assert your Saviour’s cause :
“ Go, spread the mystery at 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 subdued ;
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 145. 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 146. L. M.

The vanity of creatures; or, no rest on earth.

- 1 **M**AN hath 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 refined.

HYMN 147. C. M.

The creation of the world. Gen. i.

- 1 “**N**OW let a spacious world arise,”
Said the Creator-Lord;
At once the obedient earth and skies
Rose at his sovereign word.
- 2 [Dark was the deep; the waters lay
Confused, and drowned the land:
He called 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 gathered 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 crowned,
Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
Or sun to warm the ground.
- Then he adorned the upper skies :
Behold the sun appears,
The moon and stars in order rise,
To make out months and years.
- 7 Out of the deep the almighty King
Did vital beings frame,
The painted fowls of every wing,
And fish of every name.]
- 8 He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,
And grazing beasts of various form,
Rose from the teeming earth.
- 9 Adam was formed of equal clay,
Though sovereign of the rest ;
Designed for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.
- 10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
The young creation stood ;
He saw the building from on high,
His word pronounced 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 148. 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 the incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149. 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 righteous princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blessed.
- 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 150. C. M.

The deceitfulness of sin.

- 1 **S**IN hath a thousand treacherous arts
To practise on the mind ;
With flattering looks she tempts our heart
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 151. L. M.

Prophecy and inspiration.

- 1 **T**WAS by an order from the Lord,
The ancient prophets spoke his word
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm their hearts with heavenly fire
- 2 The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirmed 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 died 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 152. 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 the innumerable host,
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turned to sight !
- 4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven !
And God, the judge of all, declare
Their vilest sins forgiven.
- 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 blest.

HYMN 153. C. M.

The distemper, folly and madness of sin.

- 1 **S**IN, 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.
- 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 possessed among the tombs
 Cuts his own flesh and cries :
 He foams and raves till Jesus comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154. L. M.

Self-righteousness insufficient.

- 1 “**W**HERE are the mourners,”* saith the Lord
 “That wait and tremble at my word ?
 “That walk in darkness all the day ?
 “Come, make my name your trust and stay.
- 2 No works nor duties of your own
 “Can for the smallest 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 ;

*Isaiah 1. 10, 11.

†Isaiah xxviii. 26

“Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
“In death, in darkness, and despair.”

HYMN 155. C. M.

Christ our passover.

- 1 **L**O! the destroying angel flies
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
The pride and flower of Egypt dies
By his vindictive hand.
- 2 He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
Nor poured the wrath divine;
He saw the blood on every door,
And blessed the peaceful sign.
- 3 Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
To break the Egyptian yoke;
Thus Israel is from bondage freed,
And escapes the angel's stroke.
- 4 Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
With blood so rich as thine,
Justice no longer would pursue
This guilty soul of mine.
- 5 Jesus our passover was slain,
And has at once procured
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156. 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.
- 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 157. 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 deceivers tongue,
 Ye sons of Adam, fly :
 Our parents found the snare too strong,
 Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158. 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 shows 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 esteemed 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 never attain ;
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159. 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 :
Engaged in the old serpent’s cause,
Against our Maker’s face.]
- 4 We live estranged 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 restored !
 Such natures 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 160. 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 Ethiopean slaves
 Wash out the darkness of their skin ;
 The dead as well might 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 formed anew and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161. 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 denied,
 The mind and will renewed,
 Passion suppressed and patience tryed,
 And vain desires subdued.

- 3 [Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules,
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased ;
Lest they destroy our souls.
- 4 The love of gold be banished hence,
(That vile adolatry)
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 prey 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 162. C. M.

The meditation of Heaven ; or, the joy of faith.

- 1 **M**Y thoughts surmount those 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 never 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 163. C. M.

Complaint of desertion and temptations.

- 1 **D**EAR 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 bought 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 height, and depth, and length!
He made his Son our righteousness.
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164. 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 dissolved 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 165. C. M.

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

- 1 **L**ONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My 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 thy grace.
- 6 [Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
'There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166. C. M.

The divine perfections.

- 1 **H**OW shall I praise the eternal God,
'That infinite' unknown !
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne !

- 2 [The great invisible ! he dwells
 Concealed 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 drowned.]
- 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 167. L. M.

The divine perfections.

- 1 **G**REAT God ! thy glories shall employ
 My holy fear, my humble joy ;
 My lips in songs of honour bring
 Their tribute to the 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 commands, 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 above 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 uncovered to his eye.]
- 7 [The eternal law before him stands :
 His justice with impartial hands
 Divides to all their due reward,
 Or by the sceptre, or the sword.]
- 8 [His mercy like a boundless sea,
 Washes our loads of guilt away ;
 While his own Son came down and died,
 To 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 O, tell me with a gentle voice,
 "Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice !
 Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
 The brightest honours of thy name.

HYMN 168. 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 keeps 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 169. 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 power of hell,
 And breaks their cursed 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 170. L. M.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

- 1 **C**AN creatures to perfection find*
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?
- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 But man, vain man, would fain be wise ;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of the mind,
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.
- 4 God is a King, of power unknown ;
Firm are the orders of his throne :
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does ?
- 5 He wounds the heart, and he makes whole :
He calms the tempest of the soul :
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar ?
- 6 † He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon :
‡ The pillars of 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 ?

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

H Y M N S.

BOOK III.

PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 1. 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 betrayed him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin :
" Receive and eat the living food ;"
Then took the cup and blessed the wine :
" 'Tis the new covenant in my blood."
- 4 For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn :
And justice poured 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 gavé his soul a sacrifice.
- 6 " Do this (he cried) 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 show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat,
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2. S. M.

Communion with Christ, and with saints. 1 Cor. x. 16, 17.

- 1 [JESUS invites his saints
 To meet around his board ;
 Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

- 2 For food he gave 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 head ;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.

- 6 Let all our powers be joined,
 His glorious name to raise :
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3. C. M.

The new testament in the blood of Christ ; or, the new covenant sealed.

- 1 “THE promise of my Father’s love
 “ Shall stand for ever good :”

- He said, and gave his soul to death,
And sealed the grace with blood.
- 2 To this dear covenant of thy word
I set my worthless name ;
I seal the engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble claim.
- 3 The 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 purchased with a dying groan,
And ratified in death.
- 5 Sweet is the memory of his name
Who blessed us in his will,
And to his testament of love
Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4. 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 reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.
- 2 [When justice, by our sins provoked,
Drew forth his 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,
Tis pity ne'er withdrew.

- 5 Now though he reigns exalted high,
 His love is still as great :
 Well he remembers Calvary,
 Nor lets his saints forget.
- 6 [Here we behold his bowels roll,
 As kind as when he died,
 And see the sorrows of his soul
 Bleed through his wounded side.]
- 7 [Here we receive repeated seals
 Of Jesus' dying love ;
 Hard is the wretch 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 pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

HYMN 5. C. M.

Christ the bread of life. John vi. 31, 35, 39.

- 1 **L**ET us adore the eternal word,
 'Tis he our souls hath fed :
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And thou the immortal bread.
- 2 [The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.
- 3 The Jews, the fathers died at last,
 Who eat that heavenly bread,
 But these provisions which we taste
 Can raise us from the dead.
- 4 Blessed 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
 While Jesus finds supplies :
 Nor shall our graces sink to death,
 For Jesus never dies.

- 6 [Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come ;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.

HYMN 6. L. M.

The memorial of our absent Lord. John xvi. 16. Luke xxii. 19.
John xvi. 3.

- 1 **J**ESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
- 2 He knows what wandering thoughts 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 fixed 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,
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,
To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7. L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ Gal. vi. 14.

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

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the 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 8. C. M.

The tree of life.

- 1 [COME, 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,
 Weary and faint ye stood,
 What dear refreshments 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 young 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 it spreads through dying hearts,
 And cheers 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 fruits 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 9. S. M.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John v. 6.

- 1 **L**ET all our tongues be one
 To praise our God on high,
 Who from his bosom sent his Son
 To fetch us strangers nigh.
- 2 Nor let our voices cease
 To sing the Saviour's name :
 Jesus, the 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
 Poured out a double flood :
 By water we are purified,
 And pardoned by the blood.
- 5 Infinite was our guilt,
 But he, our Priest, atones ;
 On the cold ground his life was spilt,
 And offered with his groans.
- 6 Look up my soul to him
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream,
 Flow from his breaking heart.

- 7 There on the cursed tree
 In dying pangs he lies,
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,
 And all our 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 died for me,
 And seal my Saviour's love.]
- 10 [Lord cleanse my soul, from sin,
 Nor let thy grace depart ;
 Great Comforter, abide within,
 And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10. L. M.

Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.

- 1 **N**ATURE with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad ;
 And every labour of his hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.
- 2 But in the grace that rescued 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,
 When grace and vengeance strangely join,
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
 To make the purchased pleasure mine.
- 5 O ! the sweet wonders of that cross
 Where God the Saviour loved and died !

Here 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 11. 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 !
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 shows his wounded side,
" See here the spring of all your joys,
" That opened 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 washed us in his blood
Be everlasting praise ;
Salvation, honour, glory, power,
Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12. L. M.

The gospel feast. Luke xiv. 16, &c.

- 1 **H**OW rich are thy provisions Lord?
 Thy table furnished from above!
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows 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 received supply.
- 4 From the high way 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 the 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 ransomed sinners lost;
 And pitied rebels when he knew
 The vast expense his love would cost.]

HYMN 13. C. M.

Divine love making a feast and calling in the guests.

Luke xiv. 17, 22, 23.

HOW 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 forced us in :
 Else we had still refused to taste,
 And perished 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 14. L. M.

The song of Simeon, Luke ii, 28 ; or, a sight of Christ makes death easy.

- 1 **N**OW have our hearts embraced 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 prepared 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 viewed salvation with our eyes,

Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.

4 Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
Hast set his blood before our face,
To teach the terrors of thy name,
And show 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 thy throne.

HYMN 15. 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 blessed the food, and sung !

2 Happy the men that eat this bread :
But doubly blest was he
That gently bowed his loving head,
And leaned 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 physie 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 the heavenly feast.]

HYMN 16. C. M.

The agonies of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine ;
Our sufferings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compared with thine.
- 2 In lively figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of love ;
Each of us hopes he died 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 conquered hell and sin,
And made his triumph there.]
- 6 Grace, wisdom, justice joined, 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 17. S. M.

Incomparable food ; or, the flesh and blood of Christ.

- 1 [**W**E sing the amazing deeds
That grace divine performs ;
The 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 searched his garden round ;
For there was no such blessed fruit
In all that happy ground.
- 5 The 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 ;
Through the wide earth his grace proclaim
His glory in the highest.

HYMN 18. L. M.

The same.

- 1 **J**ESUS! we bow before thy feet!
'Thy table is divinely stored ;

- 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 flowed
 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 and 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 19. L. M.

Glory in the cross ; or, not ashamed of Christ crucified.

- 1 **A**T thy command, our dearest Lord,
 Here we attend thy dying feast ;
 Thy blood, like wine, adorns thy board,
 And thine own flesh feeds every guest.
- 2 Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
 And trusts for life in one that died ;
 We hope for heavenly crowns above,
 From a Redeemer crucified.
- 3 Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
 And sling their scandals on thy cause ;
 We come to boast our Saviour's name,
 And make our triumph in his cross.
- 4 With joy we tell the scoffing age,
 He that was dead hath left his tomb,
 He lives above their utmost rage,
 And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20.

The provisions for the table of our Lord; or, the tree of life, and river of love.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous hand,
And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For 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 it.
- 3 The cup stands crowned with living juice;
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]
- 4 The food's prepared by heavenly art,
The pleasures well refined;
They spread new life through 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 21. C. M.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.

- 1 **C**OME, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.
- 2 Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell;
'That rose, and at his chariot wheels
Dragged 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 is 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 died ;
“ 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 unsheathed its fiery sword,
“ And plunged 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 groaned, and died,
I ruined Satan’s throne ;
“ High on my cross I hung and spied
“ The monster tumbling down.
- 10 “ Now you must triumph at my feast,
“ And taste my flesh, my blood !
“ And live eternal ages blessed,
“ 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 22. L. M.

The compassion of a dying Christ.

- 1 **O**UR spirits join to 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 souls from death.
- 3 [Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws ;
He from the threatenings set us free,
Bore the full vengeance on his cross
And nailed 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 washed our deepest stains,
And healed our wounds with heavenly blood ;
Blessed 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 23. C. M.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

- 1 [**S**ITTING around our Father's board
We raise our tuneful breath ;
Our faith beholds our dying Lord,
And dooms our sins to death.]
- 2 We see the blood of Jesus shed,
Whence all our pardons rise ;

The sinner views the atonement made,
And loves the sacrifice.

- 3 Thy cruel thorns, 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 24. C. M.

Pardon and strength from Christ.

- 1 **F**ATHER, 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 feed,
Our souls rejoice in hope.
- 3 We shall appear before the throne
Of our forgiving God,
Dressed 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 25. C. M.

Divine glories and our graces.

- 1 **H**OW are thy glories here displayed ?
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 heaven 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 unto *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* hath so clearly revealed unto men and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone, or at the conclusion of another *Hymn*. I have added, also, a few hosannas, or ascriptions of salvation to *Christ* in the same manner, and for the same end.

DOXOLOGIES.

HYMN. 26. 1st L. M.

A song of praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

- 1 **B**LESSED be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
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 ;
'The sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27. 1st. C. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favorites 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,
The eternal Three and One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28. 1st. 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 brought 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 convey
 Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the comforter
 Reveals our pardoned 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 given.

HYMN 29. 2d L. M.

- 1 **G**LORY to God the Trinity,
 Whose name hath mysteries unknown ;
 In essence One, in person Three ;
 A social nature, yet alone.
- 2 When all our noblest powers are joined
 The honours of thy name to raise,
 Thy glories over-match our mind,
 And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30. 2d C. M.

- 1 **T**HE God of mercy be adored,
 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 31. 2d 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 thine eternal love,
And spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32. 3d 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 33. L. M. Or thus:

ALL glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heavenly Dove.

HYMN 34. 3d C. M.

- 1 **N**OW let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35. C. M. Or thus.

HONOUR to thee, Almighty Three,
And everlasting One,
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit and the Son.

HYMN 36. 3d C. M.

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

HYMN 37. S. M. Or thus.

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

HYMN 38.

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 si
 That man had done.
- 2 To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too.
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting wo :
 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 39.

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 formed
 Our hearts anew,
 Is endless praise
 And glory due.
- 2 The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs ;
 We bring to God the Son
 Hosannas on our tongues :
 Our lips address
 The Spirit's name
 With equal praise,
 And zeal the same.
- 3 Let 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 40.

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 41. As the 148th Psalm. 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 42. 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.
- 2 Let every nation, every age,
 In this delightful work engage,
 Old men and babes in Sion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43. 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 the incarnate Word,
 Who from the Father came ;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44. 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 45. 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.

END OF THE THIRD EDGE.



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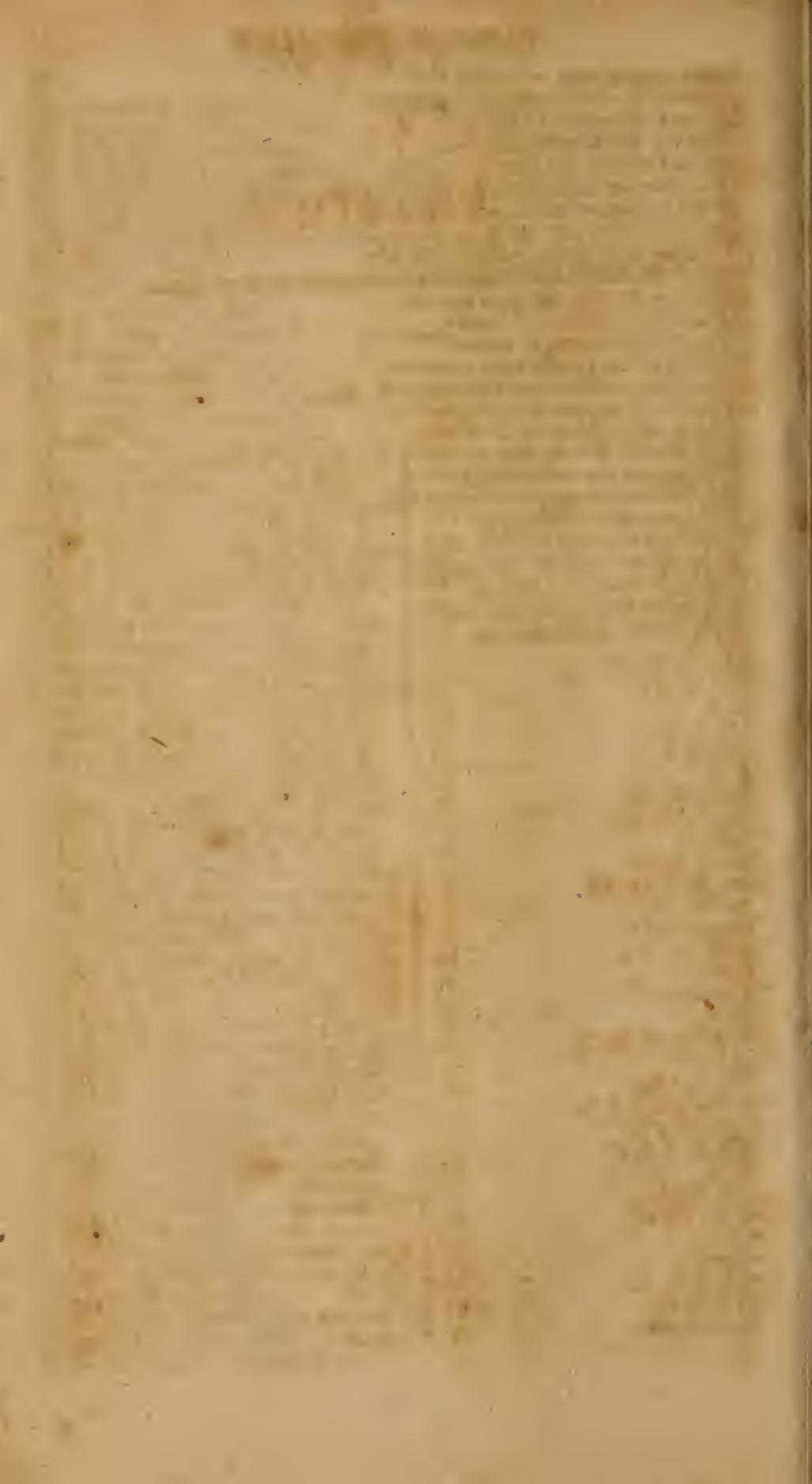
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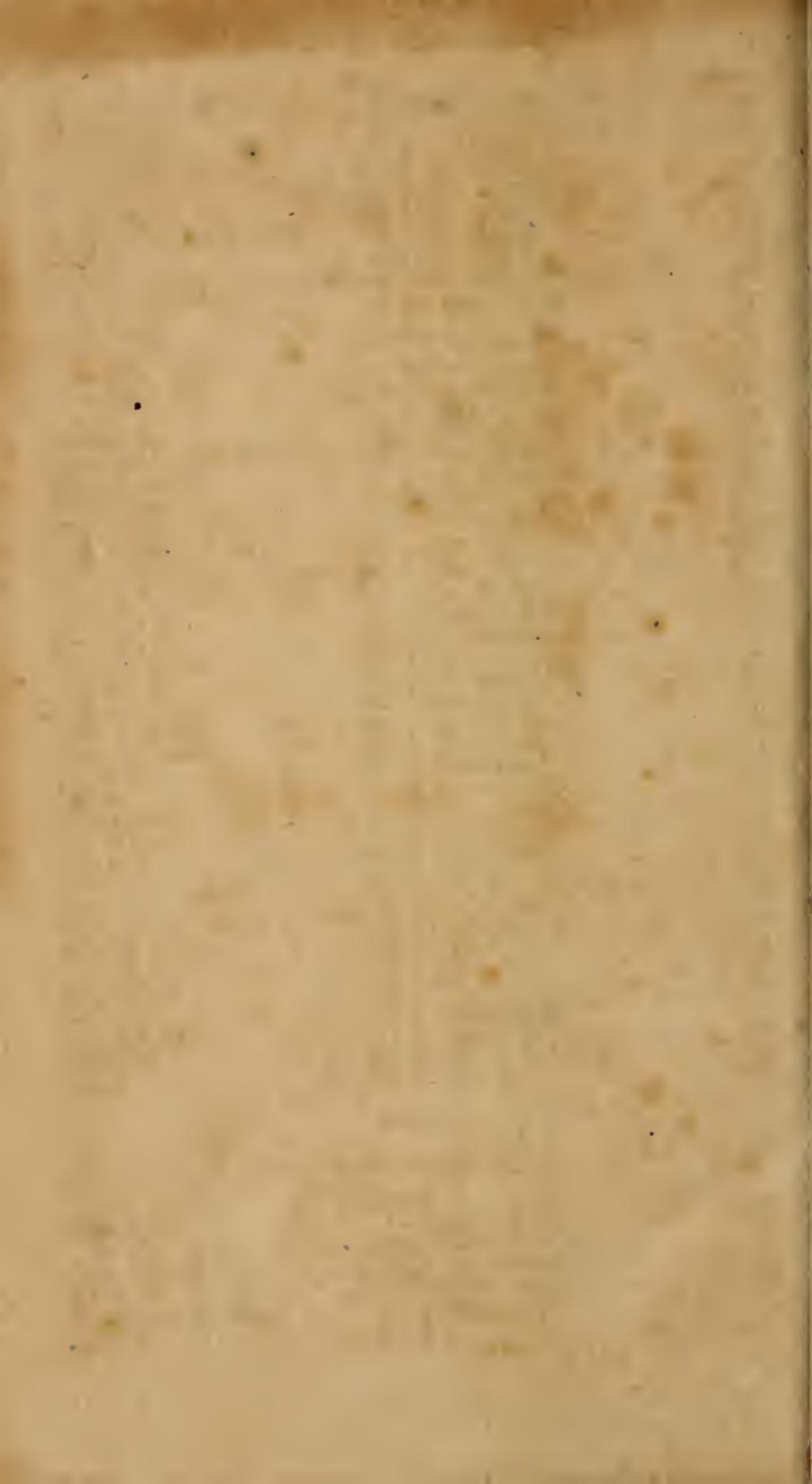
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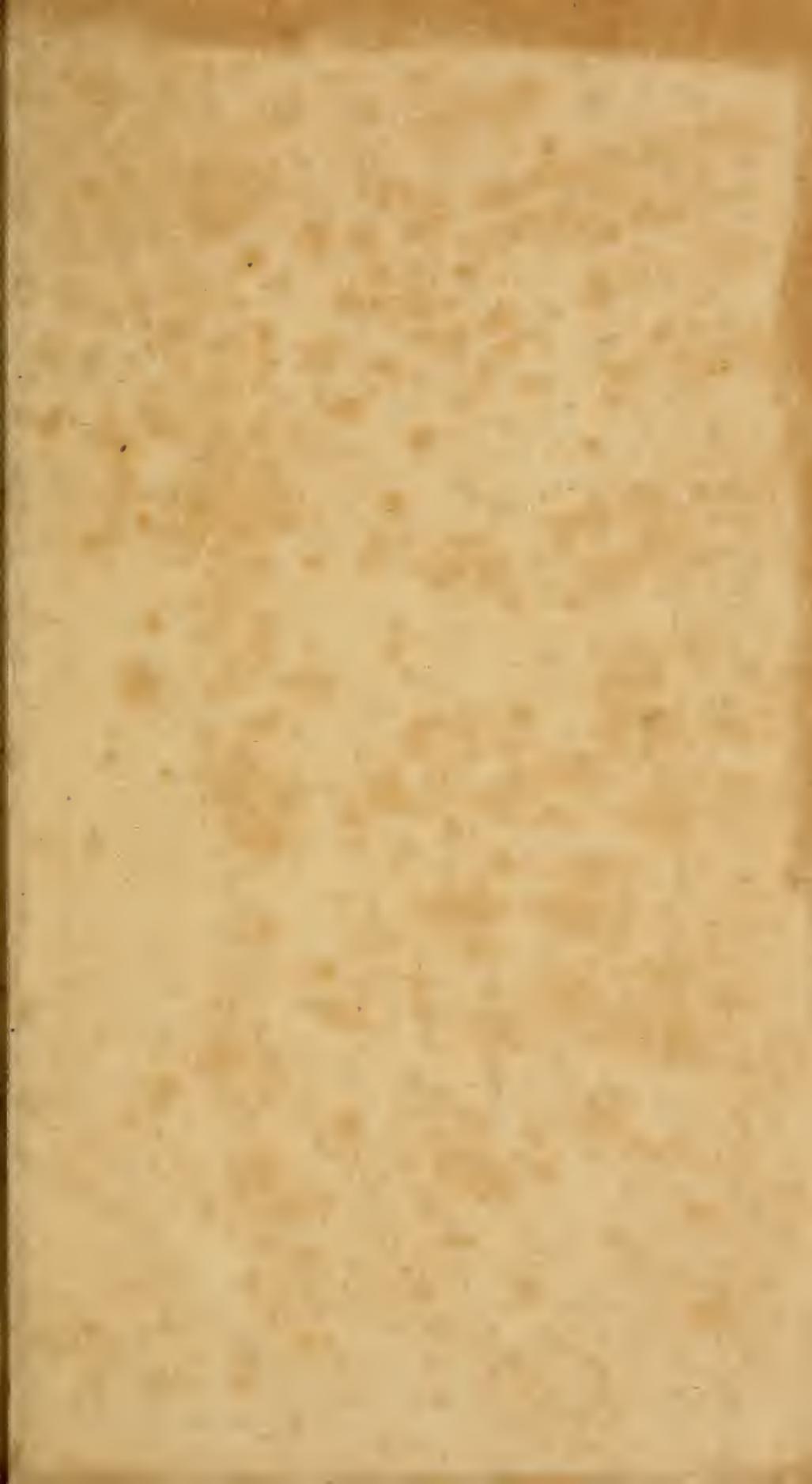
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<i>The same.</i>	12	i. 13, 14.	144
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2 Cor. ii. 16.	119	xvii. 6.	56
v. 1, 5, 8.	110	xviii. 20, 21.	59
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Gal. iv. 4.	107	xxi. 5, 6, 7, 8.	45
iv. 6.	64	xxi. 27.	105

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In the third Book.

	<i>Hymn</i>		<i>Hymn</i>
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xiv. 16.	12	1 Cor. x. 16, 17.	2
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xxii. 19.	6	Gal. vi. 14.	7
John vi. 31, 35, 39.	5	1 John v. 6.	9
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(4) THE "CORRECTED" EDITIONS.

A final series of editions of Barlow's revision needs mention. These begin as early as 1812, and consist in each case of the Psalms and Hymns bound in one volume, each with its own title, and each described thereon as "corrected." This constitutes the only variance in the title and there appears to be little variance in the text. The corrections are rather in the line of restorations of verses or even whole versions of Psalms as given by Watts, but which Barlow had chosen to omit. In some editions a brief "Life of Watts" is included. The following are the Examples at hand:—

[E 1] Psalms carefully suited, &c. A new edition, corrected. New Brunswick. Printed by Lewis Deare, for D. Fenton, Trenton, 1812. 12mo.

[E 2] [Same Title] N. Y., Tiebout & Sons, 1817. 12mo.

[E 3] [Same Title] N. Y., Danl. D. Smith, 1824. 12mo.

[E 4] [Same Title] Princeton, N. J., D. A. Bossenstein, 1827. 12mo.

[E 5] [Same Title] Same printer, 1828. 12mo.

