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METRICAL PARAPHRASES 1933

OF

SELECTED PORTIONS

OF THE

BOOK OF PSALMS:

GENERALLY

ADAPTED TO THE PURPOSES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP

OR PRIVATE DEVOTION.

BY THE REV. ✓✓

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TO

THE HONOURABLE AND VERY REVEREND

HENRY HOWARD, D.D.

DEAN OF LICHFIELD,

THESE METRES

ARE

(BY PERMISSION)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE chief object aimed at in the following Metres is, to show that we need not go far out of the Book of Psalms to find materials for a Psalmody suited to almost every occasion, where such comes to be required in Christian worship.

In making this attempt I have endeavoured to occupy a sort of *middle* ground, which seems to lie between the common Versions of the Psalms, and the generality of collections of Hymns, whether intended for public worship or private devotion.

The subject of improvement in our congregational Psalmody is one so much in agitation at the present

time, that an excuse will, I trust, be found for one who makes even such humble attempts as does the author of these Metres, in a field not yet closed up by the rulers of our Church having given their authoritative sanction to some one form of Psalmody.

As to the plan pursued in the Metres themselves, it has been—first, to select for their groundwork such portions of the Book of Psalms as seemed most suited, in their nature and spirit, to the devotional purposes of the Christian;—next, to give such unity of thought and design to each piece as its subject admitted of;—and, lastly, to include each within such limits as might adapt the collection generally to the purposes of congregational worship, as well as private devotion.

In their composition, simplicity of thought and of expression has been alone aimed at. Where a more directly *Christian* turn could be naturally

given to the piece in hand, I have not scrupled to do so, though forced to go out of the Psalm itself to look for it. In such cases I have been mostly guided, as everywhere much assisted, by Bishop Horne's much esteemed Commentary.

In some instances little more than a hint has been borrowed from the Psalm,—perhaps only from a few verses contained in it,—the spirit and turn of thought of which has been only dwelt upon, and expanded, in the piece. Some lines have come, almost unavoidably, to be the same, or nearly the same, as in former Versions or Paraphrases; — otherwise the present Metres are original.

Sheriffhales, near Shiffnal,

May 1st, 1839.

PSALMS

SUITED TO

PARTICULAR SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS.

Easter Sunday, 2. 16. 22. (2.) 110. 114. 118. (2.)

Whit-Sunday, 48. 68. 104. (1, 2.) 110. 145.

Christmas, and Advent, 19. (1, 2.) 45. 72. 81. 85. 89. 96. 110.

Epiphany, 98. 130.

Ash-Wednesday, and Lent, 5-6. 25. 32. 38. 51. 102. (1, 2.) 103.
106. 130. 143.

Good Friday, and Passion Week, 2. 13. 22. (1.) 31. 40. 54. 69. 88.
109. 118. (1.)

Ascension, 8. 15. 24. 47. 93. 108. 110.

Gunpowder Treason, &c. (Nov. 5.) 65. (1.) 124, 125.

King Charles the Martyr, 7. 9, 10, 11. 37. (1.) 79. 85. 94. (1.) 142.

The Restoration, 85. 118. (1.) 124. 126.

The Accession, 20-21.

PSALMS SUITED TO PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

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- Public Worship, and Lord's Day, in general*, 19. (1, 2.) 27. (1.) 28. 42, 43. 63. 65. (1.) 84. 86, 87. 92. 95, 96. 98, 99, 100. 108. 111. 118. (2.) 122. 132.
- Morning Prayer*, 5-6.
- Evening Prayer*, 141.
- Conclusion of Service*, 67.
- Lord's Supper*, 26. 43. 65. (1.) 103. 118. (2.) 133.
- Baptism*, 103. 139. (2.)
- Confirmation*, 23. 26. 91. 119. (1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8.) 141.
- Matrimony*, 67. 127-8.
- Churching*, 116. 127-8.
- Funeral*, 23. 39. 49. 90.
- New Year, and End of the Year*, 16. 39. 90. 106.
- Festival Day*, 81.
- Fast Day*. See *Ash-Wednesday*.
- Harvest*, 65. (2.) 136. 145.
- In Time of Sickness*, 16, 17. 23. 25. 27. (1, 2.) 31. 34. (1.) 38, 39. 71. 77. 86. 88. 90, 91. 94. (2.) 107. (2, 3.)
- In Time of Tumults*, 18. 61. 72. 83. 94. (1.)
- Schools and Christian Instruction*, 19. (2.) 119. (1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8.)
- Charities*, 41. 112, 113. 145.
- Friendly Societies*, 15. 41. 91. 127. 133.
- Propagation of the Gospel*, 14. 19. (1.) 45. 65. (1.) 67. 72. 96. 98. (1, 2.) 110. 135.
- The Jews*, 74. 79, 80. 102. (1.)
- Founding, or Re-opening, a Church*, 63. 65. 84. 87. 122. 132.

- Consecration of a Church*, 24. 48. 84. 87. 110. 132. 135.
Ordination, and Induction, 132. 135.
Assize, 72. 82.
Prisoners, 107. (2.)
The Army, and Soldiers, in Time of War, 3. 18. 20. 27. (1.) 44. 46
 91. 121. 125.
The Sea and Sailors, 29. 46. 66. 93. 107. (4.) 139. (1.)
Thanksgiving, after Sickness, 16. 30
 ————— *for Peace, and Prosperity*, 20. 72. 98. 107. (5.) 124.
 144
 ————— *after a Victory*, 41. 76. 98. 124.
 ————— *after a Storm*, 66. 107. (4.)
-

PROPHETIC PSALMS.

2. 16. 22. 40. 45. 54-5. 65. (1.) 68. 69. 72. 85. 87. 88. 89. 96. 98. 109,
 110. 118.

“The Psalms are an Epitome of the Bible, adapted to the purposes of Devotion.”

Bp. Horne.

“There is not a page of this Book of Psalms in which the pious reader will not find his Saviour, if he reads with a view of finding Him.”

Bp. Horsley.

ERRATUM.

Page 10, in the two last lines, *those* and *these* transposed.

PSALMS.

PSALM I.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

How blest is he, whose steps pursue
The path that's holy, just, and true ;
To whom God's Word holds forth the light
That guideth all his ways aright ;

Whose onward course ne'er turns aside,
Though sinners scoff, and fools deride ;
His heart and soul determined still
To know, and do, God's holy will.

Like yonder fair and fruitful tree,
Set by the water-side, is he ;
Fed from the fount of heavenly Love,
And nourish'd by the Lord above.

Not so th' Ungodly ;—on whose path
God's eye is ever bent in wrath :
Judgment alone remains for them,
And the Lord's sentence to condemn.

PSALM II.

Messiah's Kingdom and Sovereignty.

Good Friday, and Easter Sunday.

WHY rage the Heathen ?—Wherefore thus
 Do Kings and Rulers counsel take ?—
 “Come let us cast their cords from us,
 Their bonds asunder let us break.”

They speak against th' Almighty God,
 They rage 'gainst His Anointed Son ;
 Nor fear lest His avenging rod
 O'ertake them,—and their course be run.

But He in Heaven shall scorn them all,
 And high on Zion's hill make known
 A King,—before whose throne shall fall
 Earth's utmost nations, all His own.

To Him shall might and power belong,
 To vanquish each opposing foe ;
 His Sceptre shall confound the strong,
 His hand shall dash the mightiest low.

Ere, then, His wrath begin to burn,
 To Wisdom's warning voice give ear ;
 And to the Lord repentant turn,
 Striving to serve in godly fear.

PSALM III.

Security in God's Protection.

O LORD, how many are the foes
Combined to trouble my repose !
Who seek to shake my trust in Thee,
As though thou hadst forsaken me.

But can I ever doubt Thee, Lord ?
Or can I e'er forget Thy word,—
Thy gracious promise,—yet to raise
The trusting Soul that on Thee stays ?

Though countless hosts against me arm,
In Thee secure, I fear no harm ;
Thy hand upholds me, and Thy power
Will shield me in the darkest hour.

Then, thou, my Soul ! in peace repose,
While slumbers soft mine eyelids close ;
No foe can work thee aught of ill ;
The Lord is with thee : Peace ! Be still !

PSALM IV.

Man's Sinfulness.—Prayer the Remedy.

How long will men, to God untrue,
 The devious paths of sin pursue ?
 How long will Satan's snares beguile,
 Nor they perceive his arts the while ?

Oh, who will teach us good ?—they say ;
 Who Wisdom's rules and ways display ?
 Forgetful still to search within,
 And banish thence indwelling sin.

Lord, teach them on Thy name to call,
 And lowly at Thy footstool fall,
 To pray to Thee in their distress,
 Seeking Thy grace to help and bless.

Then may their troubled hearts repose,
 And rest secure from all their foes ;
 Thy mercy watching o'er their head,
 Thy Righteousness around them spread.

PSALMS V. & VI.

The Lord knows, and pities, His Servants' Sorrows.

Morning Prayer.

Soon as the Morning beams appear,
 Lord, Thou Thy servant's voice shalt hear,
 Upraised to Thee in humble prayer,
 The comforts of Thy grace to share.

In Thine own House Thy face I'll seek,
 And there my sins and sorrows speak ;
 Thy mercy and Thy love I'll crave,
 To help Thy servant, and to save.

Thine eye is still around my bed ;
 Thou markest, Lord, each tear I shed ;
 Each sorrow, weighing down my heart,
 In Thy remembrance hath a part.

To Thee mine inmost thought is known,
 My sins and failings every one ;
 Yet still Thy tender love I share,
 And find an answer to my Prayer.

PSALM VII.

Prayer for Help,—and in behalf of Enemies.

O LORD, in Thee I trust ;
 Do Thou Thy favour lend :
 Though foes may crush me in the dust,
 Yet wilt Thou prove my friend.

Arise, and let them know
 Thy Righteousness and power,
 Ere yet Thine arrows quit the bow,
 And vengeful on them shower.

Lord, let them yet return,
 And meekly seek Thy face ;
 Before Thine anger fiercely burn,
 Oh, may they sue for grace.

Thus shall Thy people rest,
 Released from all their woes ;
 Thus, in Thy love and favour blest,
 At length in peace repose.

PSALM VIII.

God's Glories and Goodness in His Works.

O LORD, how wondrous are Thy works !
How glorious is Thy name !
The Heavens on high show forth Thy praise,
And Earth repeats the same :

Sun, Moon, and every Star Thou mad'st,
That shines in light above ;
While Man, 'mid all Thy works below,
Declares Thy boundless love.

Him, last created, didst Thou bless,
In Thine own image made,
And o'er the creatures gav'st him sway,
As sov'reign Lord and head.

All Nature owns Thy goodness, Lord,
And Heaven and Earth proclaim
How great and wondrous are Thy works,
How glorious is Thy name !

PSALM IX.

Prayer for Help against Foes.

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me ;
 Oh, hear my fervent prayer ;
 Arise, and let the heathen see
 How just Thy judgments are :

That all Thy Name may fear, -
 And reverence Thy Word ;
 The voice of my petition hear ;
 Arise, and help me, Lord.

Thy Throne is fix'd on high ;
 There too Thy judgment-seat ;
 Thine ear is open to the cry
 Of suppliants at Thy feet.

Then, Lord, stretch forth Thine arm,
 To aid and help me speed ;
 And let Thy might defend from harm
 Thy servant in his need.

PSALM X.

Prayer of the Righteous against Persecutors.

ARISE, O Lord,—Thy servant hear,
 And with Thy favour bless ;
 In mercy and in love draw near ;
 His grievous wrongs redress.

For wicked men, who know Thee not,
 Against my peace unite ;
 Deeming Thou hast their sins forgot,
 Or never wilt requite.

The righteous still they persecute ;
 They snare the innocent ;
 Nor think Thine eye, from heaven on high,
 Is wrathful on them bent.

Then, Lord, arise ; Thy judgments show
 On those who thus oppress ;
 And raise, as Thou hast now brought low,
 The poor and fatherless.

PSALM XI.

The Lord's Care of the Righteous.—The Judgment.

My trust is all in Thee,
 My Saviour, and my Lord!
 To other refuge need I flee,
 Than Thine own gracious word?
 Thou art my Rock, for ever sure,
 Whose firm foundation stands secure.

Thy seat is set on high;
 Thy holy Temple there;
 And thence Thine all-surveying eye
 Beholds what mankind are:
 The just and righteous Thy delight,
 But sinners hateful in Thy sight.

And on that awful Day,
 When all for Judgment stand,
 Thy faithful Sheep placed on Thy right,
 The goats, on Thy left hand;
 Then *those* shall welcom'd be to Heav'n;
 While *these*—to Death and Hell are driv'n.

PSALM XII.

The Lord in Heaven our Friend.—The excellence of His Word
and Promises.

WHERE shall I comfort find ?
Where meet a heart sincere,
To truth and holiness inclined,
And fill'd with godly fear ?

From earth to Heaven I look,
And there behold a friend,—
One who His own hath ne'er forsook,
Or fail'd His aid to lend.

God's Word and Law are pure,
As silver seven times tried ;
His promises, for ever sure,
Have ne'er His truth belied.

The poor and the opprest
Are still His chiefest care ;
His mercy bids their sorrows rest ;
While all His goodness share.

PSALM XIII.

A Complaint, and Prayer for Spiritual Help.

Good Friday.

How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
 How long withdraw Thy face ?
 How long shall sorrow fill my heart,
 Deserted by Thy grace ?

Dark is my Soul ;—and there the Foe,
 Uncheck'd, exerts his power ;
 O Lord, my God, forsake me not,
 In this my trial's hour.

Let not mine Adversary say,—
 “ See, how my strength prevails ”—
 Oh, let him never triumph thus,
 Or deem Thy mercy fails.

For in Thee, Lord, Thy servant trusts ;
 He knows Thy goodness well ;
 He knows Thou yet wilt visit him,
 And every cloud dispel.

PSALMS XIV. & LIII.

The Unbelief and Wickedness of the Natural Man.

THAT there is not a God,
 Fools in their heart have said ;—
 That there is not a Heaven or Hell,
 Awaiting all the dead.

And 'mid the sons of men,
 Survey'd by God on high,
 Where is there one prepared to meet
 His Maker's searching eye ?

Corrupt and sinful all,
 In error's path they stray,
 And, heedless, still go on to sin,
 Crowding destruction's way.

Yet let them turn to Thee,
 And hearken to Thy Word ;
 Let Thy salvation visit them—
 Arise, and help them, Lord !

PSALM XV.

The Citizen of Zion described.

Ascension Day.

LORD, who is he whose Soul shall dwell
 For evermore with Thee,
 In heavenly mansions, ever blest
 And glorious ?—Who is he ?—

The man whose every word and deed
 Is upright, just, and true ;
 Whose lips a falsehood never breathed,
 Or tongue a slander threw.

Whom strong temptation ne'er could lead
 To change, or break his word ;
 And who his chiefest honour gave
 To them that fear the Lord ;

With heart from greedy avarice free,
 And hand that none oppress'd :
This, Lord, is he, whose Soul shall live,
 By Thy Salvation blest.

PSALM XVI.

Trust in God.—The Hope of the Resurrection.

Easter Sunday.

O God, my God, on Thee my heart,
 And all my hope relies ;
 In Thy blest heritage a part
 My every want supplies :
 Thy grace and boundless mercy still
 My cup with joy and gladness fill.

Thou, Lord, art with me ; and Thine arm
 Is ever nigh to save ;
 Death Thou wilt of his sting disarm,
 And triumph o'er the grave :
 Thy power shall raise Thine Holy One,
 Nor let Corruption's work be done.

With such a Saviour,—such a friend,—
 My heart with joy o'erflows,
 And, when I reach my journey's end,
 Shall still in hope repose ;
 Till, summon'd to a heavenly home,
 I leave the silence of the tomb.

PSALM XVII.

Prayer for Grace to help in time of need.

LORD, listen to my cry ;
An answer quickly send ;
Thine aid against mine enemy
In my affliction lend.

Thou knowest all my heart,
Thine eye beholds my ways ;
Oh, cleanse me in mine every part,
And strengthen by Thy grace.

If wicked men assail,
Or sinners tempt me, Lord,—
Then do not Thou Thy servant fail ;
Thy gracious help afford.

So shall this troubled soul
In peace and safety rest ;
Till, raised by Thee, at length I be
With Thine own presence blest.

PSALM XVIII.

Confidence in God's Protection.

THOU, Lord, my strength and Saviour art ;
 Protected by Thine arm,
 No fear can ever reach my heart,
 No foe can work me harm.

Though dangers press on every side,
 And Death and Hell combine,
 I rest secure,—their snares defied,—
 And Thy salvation mine.

Array'd in majesty and might,
 Who shall Thy power defy ?
 Or who shall tremble in the fight,
 While Thou to aid art nigh ?

Thy way is perfect, as Thy Word ;
 Thine every promise sure ;
 And, purified by Thee, O Lord,
 Thy servant's steps are pure.

Then ever bless'd be Thou, the Rock
 And Shield to which I fly ;
 On whom, secure from every shock,
 My hopes and trust rely.

PSALM XIX. (PART I. ver. 1—8.)

God's Glory in the Heavens.—The excellence of His Word.

THE Heavens declare Thy glory, Lord,
 Thy handywork on high,
 Stretch'd out by Thy creating Word,
 A wondrous canopy.

Resplendent there the glorious Sun,
 Like giant in his might,
 Rejoiceth, till his course be run,
 And day must yield to night.

To every land the tale he bears
 Of Him who bade him shine,
 And round the Universe declares
 His Maker's hand divine.

Thus, pure and genial as his rays
 Both light and heat impart,
 Thy heavenly Truth its light displays,
 To cleanse and warm the heart.

PSALM XIX. (PART II. ver. 7—14.)

The purity and perfections of God's Word.

How good and perfect is Thy Law !

Thy statutes, Lord, how pure !

Thy promises rejoice the heart,

And stand for ever sure.

More bright and precious is Thy Word

Than fine gold in mine eyes ;

And sweeter than the honey-comb

The food its store supplies.

Without its light to guide me, Lord,

How would my foot-steps stray !

Without its food to nourish me,

How would my strength decay !

Oh, still uphold me by Thy grace,

And cleanse mine inmost heart ;

Accept my pray'r ;—Thou who my strength,

And my Redeemer art !

PSALMS XX. & XXI.

God upholdeth Princes, and the rightful cause.

IN God the Lord let Princes trust,
With those of low degree ;
His hand can humble in the dust,
Or from all peril free.

Nor let them in their hosts confide,
To face th' opposing foe ;
For He can crush them in their pride,
And lay the mighty low.

God's own right hand will still maintain
Those who upon Him stay ;
And Kings shall stand, or cease to reign,
As they His will obey.

Upheld by Him the rightful cause
Shall lift its banner high ;
And they who honour all His laws
Shall win the Victory.

PSALM XXII. (PART I. ver. 1—21.)

A Complaint in sore Affliction.

Good Friday.

LORD, why hast Thou forsaken me,
 Whose trust repositeth in Thy power ?
 Still must my cry unheeded be,
 My God, in this my trial's hour ?

 Derided, scorn'd, despised of all,
 And compass'd by my foes I stand,—
 Yet still upon Thy name would call,
 To save from their relentless hand—

 Their bitter words of hatred hear,
 Responsive to my anguish'd cry,—
 “ Now let thy God to help appear,
 Now let His might to save draw nigh.”

 Pierced are my hands and feet ;—each bone
 Stands staring from my wasted frame ;
 While for my vesture lots are thrown,
 And words of strife my garment claim.

 My Lord ! my God !—from childhood's hour
 Ne'er have I known Thy mercy fail ;
 Nor will I now distrust Thy power,
 Though for a time the foe prevail.

PSALM XXII. (PART II. ver. 22—31.)

A Hymn of Praise.

Easter Sunday.

PRAISE to Thee, O God most glorious !
 Would my tongue in rapture sing,—
 O'er each foe, through Thee, victorious,
 Almighty, Everlasting King !

Now no more by Thee forsaken,
 Lord, send I forth my suppliant cry,
 But, raised in Thee, to life awaken,
 Ere long to join Thee up on high.

All the Earth, Thy praise resounding,
 To Thy blest presence yet shall haste ;
 And every land, in grace abounding,
 Shall of Thy fulness freely taste.

Then, praise be Thine, O God most glorious !
 All praise be Thine, Eternal King !—
 Through whom o'er Death and Hell victorious,
 Thy praise my soul would ever sing.

PSALM XXIII.

The Lord, the Shepherd of His people, in life and death

Funeral.

THE Lord is Shepherd of my soul,—
 No want I e'er can know ;
 In pastures green He leadeth me,
 Where gentle waters flow.

My every want His hand supplies,
 My every need His grace ;
 While in the paths of righteousness
 I walk before His face.

Yea, though I pass through Death's dark vale,
 No ill my soul can fear ;
 For Thou art with me, and Thy staff
 To guide and comfort near.

Thy love and mercy still through life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in Thine house for evermore
 My blest abode shall be.

PSALM XXIV.

The Citizen of Zion.

Ascension Day.

Who shall ascend to Zion's hill,
 To dwell an inmate there ?—
 Ev'n he whose hand and heart fulfil
 Whate'er his lips declare.

He, pure in thought, and word, and deed,
 Shall see the Lord on high ;
 And, from all sin and sorrow freed,
 Shall rest eternally.

The Earth is Thine ;—and Thine, O Lord,
 Whate'er the Earth contains ;
 All rose at Thy creating Word,
 And all that Word sustains.

Wide open, then, Ye heavenly gates !
 Your doors wide open fling ;
 The Lord, the King of glory, waits,
 With those whom He shall bring.

PSALM XXV.

Confession of Sin.—Trust in God's mercy.

Ash Wednesday.

LORD, unto Thee my soul I raise ;
 O teach and lead me in Thy ways ;
 Hear Thou Thy lowly servant's call,
 And baffle those who seek his fall.

Though sin hath laid me in the dust,
 In thee, my God and Lord, I trust,
 Whose loving-kindnesses endure,
 Whose tender love still works my cure.

To Thee my countless sins are known ;
 But Thou couldst for them all atone ;
 And Thou wilt turn my steps from ill,
 Imparting strength to do Thy will.

In all my straits to Thee I fly,
 On whom my heart and hopes rely,
 And still the blessed truth I prove
 That Judgment yields before Thy Love.

PSALM XXVI.

The approach of the faithful to God's presence.

LORD, try mine inmost heart,
Do Thou Thy servant prove ;
Search deep into each hidden part,
And see how much I love.

There view that Name engraved,
Which time can ne'er efface,—
The Name of Him who sinners saved,
Through Thine abundant grace.

Clothed in His righteousness,
Renouncing all our own,
To Thy blest Altar let us press,
And bow before Thy throne.

Thence will Thy favour shine,
And on Thy people fall,
To gladden with its light divine
Those whom Thy grace shall call.

PSALM XXVII. (PART I. ver. 1—6.)

Security in God's protection.

THE Lord, my Saviour and defence,
 In every strait is near ;
 His light to guide, His might to shield,—
 How can I ever fear ?

Though countless hosts against me rise,
 My heart feels no alarm ;
 And 'mid the battle's strife I stand,
 Supported by His arm.

In troublous times I rest secure,
 And safe from every shock ;
 For He in whom I trust is sure,
 And firm Salvation's Rock.

And still the dearest joy I know
 Is to proclaim His praise,
 And, where His faithful people meet,
 My grateful voice to raise.

PSALM XXVII. (PART II. ver. 7—14.)

God, our Heavenly Father, and Friend.

LORD, unto Thee I fly ;
 Oh, turn not Thou away ;
 Thy favour would Thy servant seek,
 Thy will he would obey.

Unconstant and untrue
 The friends of earth may prove ;
 The father may forsake his child,
 The mother cease to love.

But Thou, the Lord on high,
 Art Parent both and Friend ;
 And unto all who seek Thy face,
 Wilt Thy salvation send.

Then wait, mine anxious heart !
 God's leisure tarry still ;
 His favour yet will visit thee,
 His grace thy spirit fill.

PSALM XXVIII.

Prayer for Grace.

To Thee, my God, I cry ;
 Do Thou accept my prayer ;
 When I approach Thy Sanctuary,
 Oh, meet Thy servant there.

Ne'er be my footsteps found
 To walk with sinners, Lord ;
 Oh, may I never follow those
 Who disobey Thy Word.

A day is yet to come,
 A dread awak'ning hour,
 When Death and Judgment on them fall ;—
 Then shall they own Thy power.

But those who are Thine own,
 No foe shall e'er molest,
 Till, raised in Thee, with Thee they reign,
 In Thy Salvation blest.

PSALM XXIX.

God's Glory and Might celebrated.

GLORY and Might be to the Lord,
Give glory to His Name ;
Let Heaven above take up the word,
And Earth repeat the same.

Glory and Might to Him belong ;
The hills before Him quake ;
He rideth on the hurricane,
And loftiest forests shake.

His voice is in the thunder heard,
His bidding calms the wave ;
Glory and Might be to the Lord,
Whose Word alone can save.

All Nature owns Him Lord and King ;
The Earth, and Sea, and Sky,
Unite His glorious Name to sing,
And praise His Majesty.

PSALM XXX.

Thanksgiving after Sickness.

THANKS be to Thee and praise, O Lord,
For all Thy mercy shown to me ;
Thy goodness would my tongue record,
Though worthless its best tribute be.

Thou, Lord, art ever nigh to save ;
Through Thee restored, Thy servant lives ;
Thy hand hath snatch'd him from the grave,
And bounteous still its comfort gives.

Sickness and sorrow may endure
Throughout the long and wakeful night ;
But every wound Thy love doth cure,
And joy comes with the morning light.

Lord, ever merciful Thou art,
Whose word hath bid Thy servant live ;
While every joy that cheers the heart
Thy loving-kindness deigns to give.

PSALM XXXI.

Prayer for help,—in resignation to God's will.

Good Friday.

IN Thee, Lord, do I trust ;
 On Thee my hopes rely ;
 Thy hand, that humbles in the dust,
 Can raise me yet on high.

My spirit, Lord, is Thine ;
 Thine every breath I draw ;
 All to Thy keeping I consign,
 Obedient to Thy law.

Yet leave me not, my God,
 To ruthless foes a prey ;
 Uplift Thine arm to help me, Lord,
 And now Thy love display.

My trust relies on Thee,
 By whom upheld I live ;
 Then save me from mine enemy,
 And Thine own comfort give.

PSALM XXXII.

The blessedness of Confession of Sin.

Ash Wednesday.

BLEST, oh doubly blest, is he,
 Whose sin is all forgiven,—
 His conscience from its burden free,
 His pardon seal'd in Heaven :
 He only thus in peace can rest,
 Who hath his sinfulness confest.

Long did my heart unmoved remain,
 My tongue in silence tied ;
 Long did I suffer grief and pain,
 Till to Thee, Lord, I cried ;—
 “ Do Thou my trespasses forgive,
 And teach me to Thyself to live.”

Thou art my Rock and Refuge sure ;
 When storms and tempests rise,
 In Thee confiding and secure,
 My soul their rage defies :
 With Thee to guide me to the shore,
 My sorrows and my fears are o'er.

PSALM XXXIII.

Praise to God the Creator; and the Former of Man's Heart.

COME, let us raise a joyful song,
To praise the Lord, our King ;
Let every voice the notes prolong,
His Name and power to sing.

By Him the Heavens were spread on high,
With all their bright array ;
The Waters moved obediently,
And in their channels lay.

By Him the Earth's foundations stand,
And all unmoved remain ;
The wondrous work His wisdom plann'd
His Word and Power sustain.

He too hath form'd the human Heart,
And moulds it at His will :
May He to ours His grace impart,
And with His presence fill !

PSALM XXXIV. (PART I. ver. 1—10.)

God protects His lowly servants.

IN my distress I sought the Lord,
 And call'd upon His name ;—
 I call'd, and straight my voice He heard,
 And to my rescue came.

Though poor and humble be my lot,
 Though lowly my degree,
 Yet ne'er hath He His word forgot,
 Or fail'd to comfort me.

Around the just, on every side,
 His Angels compass'd stand ;
 They for their every want provide,
 And feed them with their hand.

Oh, taste and see, how good the Lord
 To all who seek His face !
 How full of comfort is His Word,
 How precious is His grace !

PSALM XXXIV. (PART II. ver. 11—22.)

A plain lesson of Wisdom to the ignorant.

COME, ye uninstructed, come,
 And to my voice give ear ;
 Ye, who desire true length of days,
 True Wisdom's teaching hear !

Keep back thy tongue from idle words,
 And such as gender strife ;
 Pursue what's good, and shun the bad ;—
 Thus blest shall be thy life.

If trials come,—still trust the Lord,
 Nor doubt His promise sure,
 His faithful people to befriend,
 And all their paths secure.

For never doth His love forsake
 Those who obey His will ;
 His guardian arm around them spread
 Defends from every ill.

PSALM XXXVI.

God's forbearance towards the Wicked—His blessing on the
Just.

How wretched, Lord, the state of those,
Who still Thy Word and will oppose,
And nought but wickedness devise,—
No fear of Thee before their eyes !

Yet art Thou ever good and kind,
To love and mercy all inclined,
For still Thine hand forbears to smite,
And blot the sinner from Thy sight.

But ever blest of Thee are they,
Whose lives Thy Word and will obey :
O'er them Thy sheltering wings are thrown,
To shield and cherish as Thine own.

Thy grace both light and life supplies,
Dispelling darkness from their eyes ;
While from Thyself a fountain flows,
Whose waters give the soul repose.

PSALM XXXVII. (PART I.)

The Wicked shall not always prosper.

FRET not thyself, though wicked men
 To prosper long may seem ;
 For yet a little while, and then
 They waken from their dream.

A day shall come, though ling'ring now,
 A dread, awak'ning day,—
 When all before the Lord shall bow,
 And own His righteous sway.

Then shall the Just before Him stand,
 And joyful hear His voice,—
 Receive the blessing from His hand,
 And enter on their joys—

While, banish'd from the courts of heav'n,
 The Wicked shall retire,—
 By Him and His just sentence driv'n
 To everlasting fire.

PSALM XXXVII. (PART II.)

The prosperity of the Wicked, not to be envied.

OH, envy not the lot of those,
 Who God's commands and laws oppose ;
 Though rich and prosp'rous still they be,
 An awful change they yet shall see.

What though in wealth they flourish now,
 Like yonder bay-tree's verdant bough ;
 While wide possessions own them lord,
 Their pastures stock'd, their garner's stored ;—

Let pass a few short years away,—
 Then look for them,—and where are they ?
 Their bodies,—mould'ring in the grave ;
 Their souls,—no Saviour's blood to save.

On earth alone they put their trust ;
 And now they mingle with its dust ;—
 Like smoke, consumed before the wind,
 They 've pass'd,—nor left a trace behind !

PSALM XXXVII. (PART III.)

The blessedness of the Upright.

MARK the Upright, how he stands,
Unshaken, and secure,
Rev'rencing the Lord's commands,
His thoughts and actions pure !

Peace, the inmate of his heart,
And mercy dwelling there,—
These a heavenly joy impart
The wicked ne'er can share.

Though he slip,—yet soon restored,
Again he holds his place ;
And walking still before the Lord,
Is strengthen'd by His grace.

Blest himself, and blest by all,
He holds his onward way ;
Till, ready at his Maker's call,
He joyfully obey.

PSALM XXXVIII.

Confession of Sin—Confidence in God's grace and mercy.

Ash Wednesday.

Ev'N when Thine anger hottest glows,
 Lord, let Thy mercy interpose,
 To temper each afflictive dart,
 And soothe with heavenly love the smart.

No plea of innocence is mine ;
 Nor claim of righteousness, save Thine ;
 Thou, who alone the price couldst pay,
 To wash my deepest guilt away !

O'erwhelm'd and sunk in sin I lie,
 Yet wilt Thou listen to my cry ;
 And, when beneath my load I groan,
 Thy love will take it as Thine own.

Yes ! Thou wilt hear me, gracious Lord,
 For ever faithful to Thy word ;
 Thy grace shall aid, Thy mercy save,
 And snatch Thy servant from the grave.

PSALM XXXIX.

The shortness and vanity of Life.

Funeral.—New Year.

LORD, what is Life ?—And what is Man ?
 His days, how short and vain !
 Ev'n take them at their longest span,
 And what is all they gain ?

A few short years,—and we are gone,
 With all that was our pride,—
 Seen here to-day,—to-morrow flown,—
 Or sleeping by our side—

Then nothing but our guilt remains ;
 Yet Thou canst make us clean,—
 Canst cover all its deepest stains,
 And wash away our sin.

Oh, teach me so to know my days,
 And number every year,
 That, when Thy voice my soul shall raise,
 It spotless may appear !

PSALM XL.

The one sufficient Sacrifice.

Good Friday.

IN God I put my patient trust ;
 His ear hath heard my cry ;
 His hand hath raised me from the dust,
 To set me up on high.

How countless are Thy wondrous works !
 How fathomless Thy love !
 All, Lord, show forth Thy power divine,
 And all Thy goodness prove.

'Tis not the blood of victims shed
 Finds favour in Thine eyes ;
 But 'tis the blood of Him who bled,
 A willing sacrifice.

His meek obedience to Thy will
 The price accepted stands,
 For all, O God, who humbly strive
 To walk in Thy commands.

PSALM XLI.

The blessings of Charity.

BLESSED of the Lord are they,
 Who others' wants supply ;
 Whose face is never turn'd away
 From lowly poverty :
 God will bless them, and His power
 Will shield them in the evil hour.

A day of trouble comes to all,
 To all a time of need ;
 Sorrow visits great and small,
 As 'tis by Heaven decreed :
 Then happy they, whose tender heart
 Hath loved to soothe affliction's smart.

When they low in sickness lie,
 Stretch'd on a weary bed,
 A heavenly Comforter is by,
 To raise their drooping head :
 For never will the Lord forsake
 Those who Himself their pattern make.

PSALM XLII.

God's grace and Word,—an all-sufficient comfort.

As pants the hart for living streams,
 So thirsts my soul for Thee,—
 My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,—
 Longing Thy face to see.

Can I forget the joyful day,
 When first I felt Thy grace,
 When first I learnt to follow those
 Who sought Thy holy place?—

Sorrow and sickness since I've known,—
 But never known despair ;
 Thy promises have cheer'd my heart,
 And banish'd sadness there—

Then, wherefore thus cast down, my Soul !
 Why feel I thus forlorn ?—
 God's gracious Word to comfort me,
 And bid me cease to mourn !

PSALM XLIII.

Peace attends our approaches to God.

To Thy blest altar would I go,
 Unto Thy holy hill ;
 For there my soul shall rest secure
 From all approach of ill.

And there my voice would still to Thee
 Its joyful accents raise,
 And humbly offer at Thy feet
 The sacrifice of praise.

Lord, thither may Thy light and Truth
 My wand'ring footsteps guide !
 There shall Thy servant find repose,
 And there would still abide.

No anxious fear can enter there,
 No care disturb the breast ;
 But, crown'd with peace and heavenly joy,
 The wearied soul shall rest.

PSALM XLIV.

God, the refuge and shield of His people.

OUR ears have heard, our eyes have seen
The wonders of Thine arm,—
Thou, who hast Israel's refuge been,
Her shield from every harm :
The mighty acts Thy hand hath done
Have for Thine own the victory won.

In Thee we make our only boast ;
We trust Thy power alone ;
Nor fear the close embattled host,
Thine arm around us thrown :
Thou art our buckler and our spear ;
Nor foes can hurt, while Thou art near.

Lord, if to other Gods we fly,
Or trust to other aid,
Do Thou Thy gracious help deny,
And make our souls afraid ;
The mercies of Thine hand withhold,
And thus recall us to Thy fold.

PSALM XLV.

Messiah's conquering Kingdom—The Church His Bride.

Christmas Day.

BEHOLD ! the Son of man appears ;
 Nor yet an earthly semblance wears ;
 For, fair beyond the sons of earth,
 His features speak an heavenly birth.

See, He hath girded on His Sword,—
 The pure and everlasting Word,—
 Majestic riding ;—while His bow
 Is bent, to quell th' opposing foe.

Advancing like a Conqueror all,
 Before His feet the nations fall ;
 While, shining in her jewels' pride,
 Comes forth His own elected Bride.

And she whom once His love redeem'd,
 She who so oft hath faithless seem'd,
 Yet whom His heart could ne'er disown,
 Now shares the glories of His throne !

PSALM XLVI.

God, our sure Refuge.

God is our Refuge and our Rock,
In trouble still a present aid ;
Secure in Him, I fear no shock,
Though Earth be all in ruin laid.

Though roar the waters of the deep,
And round the mountains' summits roll,
O'er them resistless let them sweep,—
They may not, shall not, shake my soul.

From Zion's hill a stream descends,
That cheers and gladdens by its way ;
And thus God's gracious aid befriends
The trusting souls that on Him stay.

Fear not, saith He ;—and at His word
All doubts and terrors disappear ;
He on my side,—My God and Lord,—
I will not, for I cannot, fear.

PSALM XLVII.

Our Lord's Exaltation.

Ascension Day.

REJOICE,—let all rejoice ;
A song of triumph sing,
And praise with heart and voice
Our everlasting King :
The Lord, ascended up on high,
Now reigns a Sov'reign in the sky.

Let Angels sound His praise,
And still the note prolong ;
While earthly voices raise
To Him their joyous song ;
And, bending low before His throne,
In Him their Lord and Saviour own.

PSALM XLVIII.

The Glories of Zion.

Whit Sunday.

GREAT is the Lord,—and blest the place
 Where He hath fix'd His throne,
 Nor veils the brightness of His face,
 But makes its glories known.

On Zion's hill His Righteousness
 Is ever firmly set ;
 And thither shall the nations press,
 In joyous concourse met.

Mark well her bulwarks,—how they stand,
 For ever fast and sure,
 Upheld by His almighty hand ;
 Her dwellings blest and pure.

For there the Lord in Glory reigns,
 While Angels round Him sing ;
 And there His righteous rule maintains,
 Our great Eternal King.

PSALM XLIX.

The true Treasure, in Heaven.

Funeral.

COME, all who dwell on earth, give ear ;
 Both rich and poor, both high and low ;
 The words of heavenly Wisdom hear,
 Which from the lips of Knowledge flow.

It is not wealth, nor earthly power,
 That lasting happiness can give ;
 They fail us in the needful hour,
 And leave us, when we cease to live.

To other hands our riches go,
 Our honours then to others giv'n ;
 And they alone are wise who know
 To fix their treasure high in heav'n.

All die alike ;—but not for all
 The same eternal fate is stored :
 The wicked into Hell shall fall,—
 The righteous stand before the Lord.

PSALM L.

Obedience,—instead of Sacrifice.—The Judgment.

THE Lord spoke forth the word,—
 And Earth's foundations stood ;
 At once the mighty fabric rose ;
 His voice pronounced it " good."

And yet again that voice
 The trembling world shall hear,
 And, bowing lowly at His feet,
 Its nations shall appear.

Then shall the Judge declare
 What sacrifice He loved ;
 Not blood of bulls on altars shed,
 But Faith by Works approved.

And all,—His sentence giv'n,—
 Shall from before Him go ;
 These,—to the blessed courts of Heav'n,
 And those,—to endless woe.

PSALM LI.

Acknowledgment of, and Contrition for, Sin.

Ash Wednesday.

HAVE mercy, Lord, for Thou art kind ;
 Have mercy, Lord, on me ;
 Oh, let my soul forgiveness find,
 Wash'd from its guilt by Thee.

In sin was I at first conceived ;
 And ever since hath sin,
 Prevailing still, Thy Spirit grieved,
 And drawn me deeper in.

But what avails each bitter tear,
 Each penitential groan ?
 These ne'er can wash the conscience clear,
 Or for past sins atone.

Yet cast me not, O God, away,
 Nor hide from me Thy face ;
 Do Thou Thy righteousness display,
 And draw me by Thy grace.

The broken and the contrite heart,
 Thou, God, wilt not despise ;
 But there Thy Spirit wilt impart,
 Nor scorn such sacrifice.

PSALM LII.

The Punishment of the Wicked.—The Blessedness of the Just.

HEAR, how the wicked boast,
 Yet deem themselves secure ;
 Unmindful of a day to come,
 That brings their sentence sure.

O Thou deceitful tongue,
 To lies and malice prone,—
 How bitter then shall be thy pains,
 Thy falsehoods all made known !

But for the just and true
 God's blessing is in store ;
 When life and all its cares are past,
 And foes can vex no more.

Like some fair olive-tree,
 Clad in the garb of spring,
 So shall they stand before the Lord,
 And still His praises sing.

PSALMS LIV. & LV.

A Complaint in Affliction.—Confidence in God.

Good Friday.

SAVE me, O Lord, for Thy Name's sake,
 Give ear unto my prayer ;
 Oh, let me still Thy love partake,
 Thy mercy let me share :
 Then shall this weary soul repose,
 Released at length from all its woes.
 Oppress'd by anxious cares and fears,
 Thy servant lies forlorn ;
 No hand to help, or dry his tears,
 His heart by anguish torn :
 Like yonder dove that seeks her nest,
 Oh, could I fly away to rest !
 Ev'n he,—mine own familiar friend,
 He whom I once so loved,
 On whom my heart could all depend,—
 Ev'n he hath faithless proved,
 And left me here alone to die,—
 No ear but Thine to hear my cry.
 Yet in Thee, Lord, I put my trust ;
 To Thee I lift my prayer ;
 Though foes may crush me low in dust,
 Yet ne'er can I despair :—
 The righteous Thou wilt not forsake,
 But on Thyselves their burden take.

PSALMS LVI. & LVII.

Trust in God.—Prayer for Help.

BE merciful, O Lord, to me,
 Whose hope and trust repose in Thee ;
 Beneath the shelter of Thine arm,
 Oh, let my soul feel no alarm.

Though countless foes against me rage,
 Thy hand can all their hate assuage,
 And, though their fury fiercely burn,
 Against themselves their rancour turn.

I may not fear what man can do ;
 For Thou, my God, art just and true,
 And still Thy promised aid wilt lend
 To all who seek Thee as their friend.

Be Thou exalted, then, on high ;
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,
 So may our earthly voices raise
 Their joyous notes to sing Thy praise.

PSALMS LXI. & LXII.

Confidence in God.—Prayer for Help against Foes.

LORD, hearken to my cry,
 Give ear unto my Prayer,
 Be Thou my fortress ever nigh,
 My refuge from despair :
 For unto Thee my soul would cling,
 And seek for shelter 'neath Thy wing.

Thou only art my Rock,
 For ever firm and sure ;
 Upheld by Thee, I fear no shock,
 From every foe secure :
 On Thee, my God, my soul relies,
 And thus their enmity defies.

Oh, vain their efforts all,
 My confidence to shake ;
 Beneath Thy mighty arm they fall,
 Their hearts before Thee quake :
 Thou wilt their evil deeds requite,
 And blot the sinner from Thy sight.

PSALM LXIII.

God's Blessing present in His House.

O LORD, Thou only art my God,
And I would seek Thy face ;
My longing spirit thirsts for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

More precious than the breath of life
Is it to know Thy love ;
And they who seek Thee in Thine House
Shall still Thy goodness prove.

Lord, I will bless Thee while I live ;
And Thou my voice shalt hear
At early morn ; and in the night
My prayer shall meet Thine ear.

Thus, with Thy praises on my tongue,
Thy love within mine heart,
Thy grace the more abundantly
Will light and life impart.

PSALM LXV. (PART I. ver. 1—8.)

The Extension of Christ's Kingdom.

O THOU, who hearest Prayer,
 All flesh shall come to Thee ;
 Though bound in sin Thy creatures are,
 Thou, Lord, wilt set them free :
 If unto Thee they rightly come,
 Thy mercy takes the wand'ers home.

Thy wondrous acts made known
 To Earth's remotest shore,
 The nations shall Thy goodness own ;
 And, though their tumult roar,
 Thy voice will still each raging wave,
 Thy Righteousness Thy people save.

Then praise be ever Thine ;
 Let all draw nigh to Thee ;
 Lord, let Thy favour on them shine,
 Thy glory let them see ;
 Till every land in grace abound,
 And Earth and Seas Thy Name resound.

PSALM LXV. (PART II. ver. 8—13.)

God's Goodness in the Seasons.

Harvest.

LORD, wheresoe'er the Sun doth shine,
 Thy creatures taste Thy love divine ;
 And still throughout the varied year,
 Thou mak'st Thy bounteous hand appear.

Thy breath calls forth the flowers of Spring,
 While round the hills and woodlands sing ;
 Thy mercy sends each genial shower,
 To temper Summer's sultry hour.

The herds rejoice,—the valley's pride,—
 And flocks that crop the mountain's side,
 Till Autumn's joyous face appear,
 To crown with plenty all the year.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow,
 Lord, teach our hearts Thy love to know ;
 And may Thy grace support us still,
 Thine hand defend from every ill !

PSALM LXVI.

The Lord ruleth the waves.

Thanksgiving after a Storm.

RAISE high the joyous song ;
 Let all our voices join,
 And still the gladsome notes prolong,
 That sing the Lord divine—
 Thy mercy, Lord, hath deign'd to save,
 And snatch'd Thy servants from the grave.

The waters round us closed,
 The winds in fury blew ;—
 Secure in Thee our souls reposed,—
 Thy boundless love they knew :
 The tempest harmless o'er us pass'd,
 And Thou hast still'd its every blast.

Thou ridest on the wind ;
 The waves obey Thy voice ;
 Again on us Thy face hath shined,
 Again our hearts rejoice :
 Thy Word hath made the tempests cease,
 And bids our souls repose in peace.

PSALM LXVII.

Praise and Prayer for Salvation

God, unto us be merciful,
 And with Thy presence bless,
 Till all, obedient to Thy rule,
 Thy saving health confess :
 Thus shall each heart be fill'd with joy,
 And praises every tongue employ.

Let all the people praise Thee, Lord,
 And magnify Thy Name ;
 Let thankful hearts and tongues record
 From Whom each mercy came ;
 Till every land Thy might shall own,
 Thy righteous acts and judgments known.

PSALM LXVIII.

Jehovah's Might and Mercies celebrated.

Whit Sunday.

UP, Lord, arise ;—and let Thine every foe
 Be from before Thy blessed presence driv'n ;
 But let the righteous still Thy favour know,
 And own Thee mighty King of Earth and Heav'n.

What though Thy dwelling-place be in the sky ;
 What though no mortal eye Thy glory see ;
 Still to Thine own in trouble Thou art nigh,
 Who once couldst captive lead captivity.

The Orphan's stay, the Widow's help, art Thou ;
 Thy hand the prisoner and the captive frees ;
 Before Thy voice the lofty mountains bow,
 Thy presence ruling over earth and seas.

When 'mid the thunders of the Mount it spake,
 Earth trembled all, and lightnings flash'd around ;
 The guilty felt their hearts in terror quake,
 But to Thy people peace was in the sound.

Thy Word they knew, and own'd Jehovah's Name ;
 And still the same Eternal Word would bless ;
 Thou, who in Heaven and Earth art still the same,
 Thy people praise Thee, Lord of Righteousness !

PSALM LXIX.

A Complaint in Affliction.

Good Friday.

SAVE me, O Lord, in mercy save,
 Nor let affliction's swelling wave
 O'erwhelm my sinking soul ;
 Though sins, a heavy burden, press,
 Yet canst Thou lend Thy righteousness,
 And bear away the whole.

Hear me, my God ; for Thou art kind,
 To mercy and to love inclined,
 Ev'n when Thy judgments fall ;
 Behold, how foes enclose me round,
 Within their hearts no pity found,
 No heed to sorrow's call.

See, how they wound me in their hate !
 Hear, how they mock my low estate,
 Exulting in my pains :
 Gall is the food their hand supplies,
 Nor Vinegar, as drink, denies,
 Whene'er my voice complains.

Ah, little think they of their doom ;
 Unmindful of a day to come,
 When Judgment shall appear,
 And on themselves in vengeance fall :
 Then they, like me, in vain shall call,
 But none to help draw near.

PSALM LXXI.

The Lord, the Comforter and Support of His Servants.

IN sorrow and in grief
 Behold Thy servant laid ;
 In mercy, Lord, vouchsafe relief,
 And yet uplift his head :
 Be Thou his Rock and fortress still,
 To shield and save from every ill.
 Thou art mine only trust,
 My only hope and stay,—
 Whose hand can raise me from the dust
 And wipe each tear away :
 Thine ear will hear me when I groan,
 And Thou wilt make my griefs Thine own.

Lord, who is like to Thee
 In righteousness and power ?
 And dear Thy name hath been to me
 Since early childhood's hour ;
 Then leave me not, when age assails,
 When all my strength and spirit fails.

I may not fear, while Thou
 Art nigh to help and save ;
 The hand that falls upon me now
 Can raise me from the grave ;
 And yet my tongue Thy praise shall tell,
 Thou Holy One of Israel !

PSALM LXXII.

Messiah's Reign of Peace and Righteousness.

THE righteous King shall reign,
 And judge His people all ;
 Nor shall the injured plead in vain,
 Or vainly on Him call :
 The poor man's cause He will defend,
 And to the friendless prove a friend.
 Blest peace shall then abound,
 And wars and tumults cease ;
 The very hills the name shall sound,
 The mountains echo " Peace !"
 Then shall the just at length repose,
 And rest, released from all their foes.
 The wicked rage no more,—
 Their day for ever by ;
 Their fury and their strife is o'er,
 Their sentence seal'd on high :
 For them the Judgment now remains,
 And Hell prepared, with endless pains.
 Oh, blest shall be that time,
 Which ling'ring now appears,
 When Righteousness in every clime
 Shall wipe away all tears ;
 When all the Earth shall know the Lord,
 And yield obedience to His Word !

PSALM LXXIII.

God will befriend the Righteous,—but overthrow the Wicked.

WHOM have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee,
 On whom I may depend ?
 Or who upon the earth is he,
 Can prove so firm a friend ?

Though wicked men may prosper still,
 'Twill not be always so ;
 For them Thine hand a cup will fill,
 And charge it deep with woe.

They deem Thine eye is blind to see,
 Thine ear is deaf to hear ;
 But sad will their awakening be,
 When Judgment shall appear.

Then blessed they who fear Thee, Lord,
 And, taught in time by Thee,
 Now yield obedience to Thy Word :—
 Thy glory they shall see.

PSALM LXXIV.

Prayer for Israel.

HAST Thou cast off thine own ?
 Is Israel's fallen race,
 On whom so long Thy favour shone,
 No more to see Thy face ?

Shall they, estranged from Thee,
 And wand'ers from Thy fold,
 No more a happy people be,
 Among Thy sons enroll'd ?

Must Zion still remain
 To ruthless foes a prey ?
 Oh, let Thy favour shine again,
 And wash her guilt away.

Call back Thy wand'ring sheep,
 In mercy, gracious Lord,—
 Till they once more Thy statutes keep,
 Believers in Thy Word.

PSALM LXXVI.

A Song of Praise and Triumph.

GREAT in Judah is Thy name,
Glorious is Thy might ;
Thou hast put the foe to shame,
And vanquish'd in the fight ;
Thou hast broke the sword and bow,
Thou hast laid the mighty low.

This Thine hand alone hath done,
Lord of heaven on high !
For Thine own the victory won,
And crush'd the enemy :
Who so great a God as Thou,
At whose throne we lowly bow !

Loud in heaven Thy voice was heard,
Judgment mark'd Thy path,
When came forth Thine awful Word,
Herald of Thy wrath :
Before Thee horse and rider fell,
And victory crown'd Thine Israel.

PSALM LXXVII.

Meditation on God's Power and Goodness.

IN deep distress aloud I cried,—
 Is God no longer kind ?
 No longer just and gracious He,
 To pity still inclined ?

Hath He forgotten all He did
 For Israel's sons of old,—
 Recall'd their steps, when back they slid,
 And kept them in His fold ?

Hath He forgotten how His hand
 His wand'ring children led,—
 Bid waters flow at His command,
 And with His manna fed ?

All this I oft in thought recall,
 At lonely midnight's hour ;
 And then before my God I fall,
 To venerate His power.

PSALM LXXVIII.

God's love and care of the Israelites.

LORD, I would learn, and sing Thy praise ;
 My tongue would speak Thy wondrous ways,
 And tell of all that erst befell
 The wand'ring sons of Israel.

Thine hand could from oppression free,
 And guide Thy children through the Sea ;
 Nor Manna from the skies denied,
 While fountains gush'd from Horeb's side.

Thy Glory led them night and day,
 And cheer'd them on their onward way ;
 The very thunders of Thy voice
 But bade Thy children's hearts rejoice.

Their foes o'ercome, their wand'rings o'er,
 At length they mourn and stray no more ;
 But, blest by Thine almighty hand,
 Repose secure in Canaan's land.

And there Thy glory still remains,
 And in Thy chosen Zion reigns ;
 While in Thine House Thy people tell,
 How good the Lord to Israel.

PSALM LXXIX.

Prayer for Israel.

How long, Lord, shall Thine anger burn
 Against Thy chosen race ?
 How long shall they refuse to turn,
 And meekly seek Thy face ?

How long shall other masters hold
 Thy Judah's favor'd land ;
 While they, the wand'ers from Thy fold,
 Roam on a foreign strand ?

Oh, let Thy mercy shine again
 On those,—once so beloved ;—
 No longer may their hearts remain
 By all their woes unmoved.

Do Thou their former guilt forget,
 And Israel's sons restore ;
 Till, yet again in Zion met,
 They sigh, and sin no more.

PSALM LXXX.

The Vine of Israel.

SHEPHERD of Israel ! bow Thine ear,
 And let Thy glory bright appear ;
 In mercy on Thy people shine,
 And bless again Thy chosen Vine.

Brought from a foreign land by Thee,
 Thine hand hath rear'd, and nurs'd the tree,
 Hath firmly fix'd its spreading root,
 And taught its every bough to shoot.

But now it droops, neglected all ;
 Its wither'd leaves around it fall ;
 Its glory and its freshness o'er,—
 We trace Thine Israel's Vine no more.

Yet canst Thou, Lord, its life renew,
 And water with Thine heavenly dew,
 Till, tended by Thy fost'ring hand,
 Again it bloom, to bless the land.

PSALM LXXXI.

A Song of Praise.

Festival Day.

SING praises loud to Jacob's God,
 Exalt His glorious name,
 Bring forth the joyous harp and lute,
 And all His might proclaim :

For He himself demands our Song,
 On this our festive day ;
 And we, with willing hearts and voice,
 Would joyfully obey.

He is the Lord, and none but He,
 The mighty God to save,—
 Who Israel's chosen sons redeem'd,
 And rescued from the grave.

And, though rebellious oft they prove,
 Yet ne'er His mercy fails ;
 He still upholds them, in His love,
 Whene'er a foe assails.

PSALMS LXXXII. & CI.

God's Justice, a Guide for earthly Judges and Rulers.

ARISE, Thou Judge of all the earth,
 Thy Righteousness make known,
 Till earthly Rulers timely learn
 To make Thy ways their own.

The widow's, and the orphan's cause
 Thou ever dost defend ;
 And to the poor and desolate
 Wilt prove a constant friend.

The lying or the sland'ring tongue,
 The proud or guileful heart,—
 Such never in Thine heritage
 Shall hold a blessed part.

Thy sentence shall condemn them all,
 And banish from Thy sight ;
 While those who reverence Thy laws
 Thy blessing shall requite.

PSALM LXXXIII.

The Church in Persecution.

No longer silence keep,
 But let Thy voice be heard,
 Denouncing wrath against Thy foes,
 And Judgment, gracious Lord !

In crafty plots they join
 Thy people to o'erthrow ;
 " Come, let us cut them off," say they,
 " That none their name may know."

What malice in their hearts !
 What rancour on their tongue !
 Yet will Thy wrath o'ertake them, Lord,
 And scatter them ere long.

Thine hand their rage shall quell,
 And put them all to shame ;
 While we shall of Thy goodness tell,
 And bless Jehovah's name.

PSALM LXXXIV.

The blessedness of Church Attendance.

How pleasant, Lord, in Thine own House
 Our joyous songs to raise,
 And, while our hearts renew our vows,
 To celebrate Thy praise !

There hath the swallow fix'd her nest,
 And rears her tender young ;
 And there my soul would seek to rest,
 Thy praises on my tongue.

Within Thy courts more precious far
 One day,—one short hour,—spent,
 Than years of sinful pleasure are,
 'Mid noise and merriment.

And blest are they, supremely blest,
 Thus waiting, Lord, on Thee,
 Who of Thy goodness largely taste,
 And here Thy glory see.

PSALM LXXXV.

God's Righteousness made known in Christ.

Christmas.

LORD, who did'st set Thy people free,
 And ledd'st them back to Judah's land,
 Again Thy saving might we see,
 And taste the goodness of Thine hand :
 When hopeless most our bondage seem'd,
 Thy love Thine Israel hath redeem'd.

Unnumber'd sins upon us lay,
 A grievous burden, unforgiv'n,—
 Till Mercy took the load away,
 And Grace display'd the road to heav'n ;
 The way of Righteousness made known
 Through Him who made our sins His own.

Then Truth and Mercy, met in one,
 And Righteousness from heav'n above,
 With Peace in holy unison,
 Made up a company of love ;
 Whose blessings, Lord, oh, may we share,
 And for the gift our hearts prepare !

PSALM LXXXVI.

Prayer for Grace and Help.

Bow down Thine ear in mercy, Lord,
 And listen to my cry ;
 Oh, graciously Thine aid afford,
 And in Thy love draw nigh.

For Thou art God, and Thou alone,
 The merciful and good,
 And high in heaven Thy glorious throne
 Hath still securely stood :

Nor ever hath Thy pitying ear
 Been turn'd from those away,
 Who to Thy hallow'd shrine draw near,
 And there devoutly pray.

Then, Lord, in mercy look on me,
 And quicken by Thy grace,
 That I may yet Thy glory see,
 And stand before Thy face.

PSALM LXXXVII.

The Glories of Zion.—Jerusalem, the Mother of us all.

FOUNDED on Zion's holy hill
 God's Temple ever stands ;
 And there He executes His will,
 And numbers all His bands :
 There, seated lofty on His throne,
 He counts and registers His own.

Blest city of the living God,
 How bright Thy glories shine !
 Where He hath fix'd His sure abode,
 And shows His face divine :
 Thou art the joy of all the Earth,
 And all from Thee would claim their birth.

To Thee the tribes and nations all,
 To prove their lineage, haste ;
 On Thee as mother would they call,
 And of Thy fulness taste :
 But they alone Thy love shall share,
 Whose names in Life's blest Book appear.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

A Complaint in Affliction.

Good Friday.

LORD of salvation,—hear my cry ;
 Oh, listen to Thy servant's prayer ;
 Be Thou to aid and comfort nigh,
 Nor let me sink into despair.

To Thee mine every grief is known ;
 The cloud that gathers o'er my soul,
 Each tear, each agonizing groan,
 Thou know'st,—and canst relieve the whole.

Yet darker, deeper, grows the gloom,
 Yet keener woes around me spread,—
 The pangs of death,—the lonely tomb,—
 The body number'd with the dead !

My God, my Lord,—though every friend
 Forsake me in this bitter hour ;
 Yet will Thy Spirit comfort lend,
 And still sustain me by Thy power.

PSALM LXXXIX.

God's Promises to His People sure.

Christmas.

LORD, I would of Thy mercies sing,
 Thou great and everlasting King !
 Till all Thy might and goodness own,
 And worship lowly at Thy throne.

Who 'mong the gods is like to Thee ?
 Or who can such a Saviour be ?
 As oft Thy servant David knew,
 And proved Thine every promise true.

Thy Wisdom at the first decreed
 To bless him in a promised Seed,
 His throne for ever to maintain,
 And bid his race through ages reign.

And still Thy Covenant stands secure,
 Thy Word and Truth for ever sure ;
 While Israel's sons before Thy throne
 Thy goodness and Thy mercy own.

PSALM XC.

God's Eternity.—Man's frail Life.

New Year.—Funeral.

LORD, Thou our trust hast ever been,
 Our firm and sure abode ;
 Who, ere the heavens or earth were seen,
 Still wert, as Thou art, God.

Through every age Thy power endures,
 Thy will the only law,—
 Whose Providence alone secures
 Each breath of life we draw.

For man,—his days are like the grass,
 Or flow'ret of the field ;
 Swift as a sleep or dream they pass,
 Till death his eyes hath seal'd.

To number ours so teach us, Lord,
 That, when their term shall close,
 Our Souls, confiding in Thy Word,
 May blest in Thee repose.

PSALM XCI.

God, by His Angels, protects the Godly.

HE who hath Thee his refuge made,
 Whose soul on Thee is ever stay'd,
 Thine arm, O Lord, shall shield from ill,
 Thy guardian wing protect him still.

In Thee secure from every foe,
 His heart shall rest and comfort know ;
 Nor terrors hath the darkest hour
 For him who trusts Thy love and power.

The pestilence shall pass him by,
 The arrow harmless o'er him fly ;
 A thousand shall around him fall,
 And he unscathed among them all.

To Angel powers is given command,
 To shield and guard him with their hand,
 And, when at last his hour is come,
 To welcome to an heavenly home.

PSALM XCII.

Praise and Thanksgiving.—The Just and the Wicked.

OH, 'tis a good and pleasant thing
 Our thankful hearts to raise
 To Thee, our Lord and heavenly King,
 And utter forth Thy praise.

How sweet before the dawn of light
 Thy mercies to proclaim ;
 Nor cease, before the shades of night,
 To magnify Thy name !

For Thou hast made mine heart rejoice,
 And all that meets my view
 Declares Thee ever just and wise,
 Thine every promise true.

Like yonder stately cedar tree,
 So stands the just secure ;
 His hope and trust reposed on Thee,
 Whose Word is firm and sure.

But, wither'd like the early grass,
 The wicked soon shall fall ;
 Thy wrathful hand shall o'er them pass,
 And crush the sinners all.

PSALM XCIII.

The Lord's Kingdom, Power, and Glory.

Ascension Day.

THE Lord for ever reigns,
 In majesty array'd,
 A robe of strength around Him girt,
 The crown upon His head :
 The everlasting King is He,
 And reigns from all eternity.

Loud though the waters roar,
 And toss their waves on high,—
 Above them all His voice is heard,
 Who ruleth in the sky :
 The mightiest floods obey His word,
 And sink to rest before the Lord.

For ever firmly fix'd,
 His throne is set above,
 Where all around is Holiness,
 Truth, Mercy, Peace, and Love ;
 His Word and testimonies sure ;
 His dwelling ever blest and pure.

PSALM XCIV. (PART I. ver. 1—11.)

The Wicked shall not always prosper.

How long shall sinners prosper, Lord,
 How long go on to sin,—
 Rebellious to Thy will and word,—
 Ere Judgment's work begin ?

See, how they triumph o'er the just,
 And still the good oppress ;
 The poor they trample in the dust,
 Nor spare the fatherless.

They think not He who form'd the eye,
 And skilful set the ear,
 Can e'er be quick their deeds to spy,
 Their bitter words to hear.

Ah, fools !—How sad shall be your doom,
 In that awakening hour,
 When He, th' avenging Judge, shall come,
 Array'd in all His power !

PSALM XCIV. (PART II. ver. 12.—18.)

God's Mercy and Goodness in chastising His Servants.

BLEST is the man on whom Thine hand
 In chastisement is laid ;
 He yet before Thy face shall stand,
 Nor feel his heart afraid.

Thy judgments spring from mercy all,
 And all to mercy tend ;
 Nor shall the righteous vainly call
 On Thee, their Lord and friend.

How could this sinful heart of mine
 E'er doubt Thy goodness, Lord ?
 How could it murmur or repine,
 Forgetful of Thy word ?

Oh, teach me from Thy holy Book
 The blessed truth to know,
 That Thou hast ne'er the just forsook,
 Or fail'd them in their woe.

PSALM XCV.

Exhortation to seek God, and His Salvation.

COME, let us make a joyful noise,
 And praise, with thankful heart and voice,
 Our great eternal King ;
 Till all the earth resound the song,
 And every tongue the notes prolong,
 Salvation's Rock that sing.

He is the Lord of heaven and earth ;
 To Him at first they owed their birth ;
 And all His will obey,
 Save those,—rebellious to His law,
 Who from their Shepherd's care withdraw,
 And from His pasture stray.

Yet still the warning voice is heard ;—
 “ Ah, wherefore thus forsake the Lord,
 As did your sires of old ?
 Lest, if ye still refuse to turn,
 At length His wrathful anger burn,
 And drive you from His fold.”

Then let us come, and joyous all
 Before His awful presence fall,
 A faithful, willing, flock ;
 For He, the Lord our God, is sure,
 His every promise stands secure,
 And firm Salvation's Rock.

PSALM XCVI.

Praise for Salvation.

SING to the Lord a new made song,
Sing praises to His name ;
Throughout the earth His glories tell,
His saving might proclaim.

To His blest courts your off'ring bring,
The voice of praise and prayer ;
Such sacrifice He best approves,
When duly offer'd there.

Let heaven rejoice, and earth be glad,
To hear Salvation's sound ;
While every valley, wood, and hill
Re-echoes all around.

Array'd in might Messiah comes,
To judge the nations all,
In justice, truth, and righteousness ;
While at His feet they fall.

PSALM XCVII.

The Majesty of God's Power.

THE Lord in glory reigns ;
 Let all the earth rejoice ;
 Let every Isle, howe'er remote,
 Uplift its gladsome voice :
 The Lord is King ;—and round His throne
 Angelic hosts His glories own.

His hand the lightning wields,
 To launch against His foes ;
 He speaketh in the thunder's peal,
 And might before Him goes :
 The mountains at His bidding quake,
 And inmost earth's foundations shake.

Above all gods is He,
 And all His might confess ;
 But most the righteous own His power,
 And still His name would bless :
 The seed of life within them sown,
 He keeps and guards them as His own.

PSALM XCVIII. (1.)

God's Might and Righteousness made known in Christ.

O SING a new and glorious song
 To Heaven's eternal King ;
 Let all the Earth the notes prolong,
 And with His praises ring :
 Great things and wondrous hath He done,
 And to Himself the victory won.

His mercy, truth, and righteousness
 Throughout the world He proves ;
 Nor Israel's sons alone confess
 How tenderly He loves :
 His great Salvation now made known,
 All tribes and tongues the blessing own.

Yet higher raise the joyous song ;
 Let earth, and sea, and sky
 Bear the exulting strain along,
 And swell the triumph high :
 The Lord His Righteousness hath shewn
 In Christ, His own Anointed Son.

PSALM XCVIII. (2.)

God's Might and Righteousness—The Lord our Judge and
Saviour.

O SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders He hath done ;
His own right hand, and holy arm,
The victory have won :

His truth and righteousness display'd
Before the Heathen's sight,
The nations all, whom darkness veil'd,
Behold Salvation's light.

Sing praises, then, with loud acclaim,
To Him, our Lord and King ;
Let earth, and sea, and floods, and sky,
With glad Hosannas ring.

He comes ! The Lord in glory comes,
As Judge and Saviour too !
To bless the righteous,—but condemn
Those whom He never knew.

PSALM XCIX.

A Song of Praise.—God's presence in His Sanctuary.

WE sing a Song of praise to Him,
 Who sitteth 'twixt the Cherubim ;
 Upon His holy Name we call,
 And lowly at His footstool fall.

Bow down, and hear us, gracious Lord !
 As once Thine ear Thy Moses heard,
 Or as when Aaron's step drew nigh,
 Or Samuel's, to Thy Sanctuary.

All glorious, and all good, art Thou ;
 Let every knee before Thee bow,
 While grateful hearts and tongues confess
 Thy Mercy, Truth, and Holiness.

For surely fix'd on Zion's hill
 Thy Majesty abideth still ;
 While Israel's sons implore Thy grace,
 And worship in Thine Holy place.

PSALM C.

Exhortation to praise God.

COME, loud praises let us sing
 To the great Eternal King ;
 Joyful let us seek His face,
 And lowly supplicate His grace.

He is God, and none but He ;
 And His sheep and people we ;
 Form'd by Him, His tender care
 Still His faithful servants are.

All His works His goodness prove ;
 All show forth His power and love ;
 While His Word is ever sure,
 And His promises secure.

Enter, then, His courts with joy ;
 Let His praise each tongue employ ;
 While our hearts devoutly rise,
 And seek His presence in the skies.

PSALM CII. (PART I. ver. 1—16.)

God will comfort His Israel.

Ash-Wednesday.

LORD, from Thy holy dwelling-place
 Look down with pitying eye ;
 Oh, turn not Thou away Thy face,
 But listen to my cry.

Unnumber'd sorrows weigh me down,
 And press upon my soul ;
 My days are like a shadow flown,
 While grief consumes the whole.

But, though my cup be bitter now,
 Yet brighter days will shine,
 When every knee to Thee shall bow,
 And worship at Thy shrine.

Thy Zion Thou wilt yet rebuild,
 And wipe away her tears :
 Then shall my heart with joy be fill'd,
 When all Thy might appears.

PSALM CII. (PART II. ver. 17—28.)

God's Promises and Covenant sure.

OH, never, Lord, to Thee in vain
 Ascends Thy people's cry ;
 Thine hand relieves their every pain,
 And soothes their misery.

For ever fast Thy Covenant stands,
 Thine every promise sure,
 To those who still obey Thy Word,
 In heart and actions pure.

Thy power the Earth's foundations laid,
 And stretch'd the Heavens on high :
 They all shall pass,—but Thou remain,
 The same eternally.

And they Thy constant love shall share
 Who strive to do Thy will :
 Then, Lord, regard Thy servants' prayer,
 And thus Thy Word fulfil.

PSALM CIII.

The praise of God's mercy.

BLESS God, my Soul !—bless God the Lord,
 And may mine inmost part
 Unite to praise His holy name,
 And bless Him with the heart.

Through every age, to every land,
 His righteousness extends ;
 While mercy, flowing from His hand,
 Both hope and safety lends.

Oh, who can tell His wondrous love
 To all who seek His face !
 The veriest sinner yet may prove
 The riches of His grace.

For, as a Father pity hath
 On a repentant child,
 So He will put away His wrath,
 And soon be reconciled.

Then praise, O God, be ever Thine ;
 Thine too, eternal Word !
 Where'er Thy light and Spirit shine,
 Thy people bless Thee, Lord !

PSALM CIV. (1.)

God's glory, and goodness in Creation.

Whitsunday.

O THOU, my Soul, bless God the Lord,
And magnify th' Eternal Word,
To whom all things their being owe,
In Heaven above, or Earth below.

Lord, in Thy glorious majesty,
Thou sitt'st, array'd in light, on high ;
Around Thy throne the lightnings play,
While Angel hosts Thy will obey.

'Twas Thou who bad'st Creation rise,
Ere nature was, or earth or skies ;
And still Thine all-pervading hand
Directs the worlds Thy wisdom plann'd.

Thy creatures all declare Thy love ;
In Thee they are, and live, and move ;
Then let them join, with one accord,
To bless and magnify Thee, Lord !

PSALM CIV. (2.)

God's Power and Goodness in Creation.

Whitsunday.

O LORD, how wondrous are the works
 Thy Word and Power have made !
 How great the Wisdom and the Love
 Throughout the world display'd !

Thy hand stretch'd out the vault of heav'n,
 And deck'd the starry sky ;
 The Sun and Moon Thy bidding heard,
 With every Light on high.

Thou bad'st the waters of the deep
 Roll round the solid land ;
 The Ocean's waves their limits keep,
 Or rise, at Thy command.

And Earth, and Earth's inhabitants,
 Were form'd, and bless'd by Thee :
 O Lord, how great the power and love
 In all Thy works I see !

PSALM CV.

God's care of His faithful Servants.

GIVE thanks to God : His mercies tell
Among the nations all ;
Give glory to His holy Name,
His wondrous acts recall.

Tell how to Abraham once He spake,
And made His Covenant sure ;
How Isaac and how Jacob proved
His promises secure.

Of Moses and of Israel tell,
Whom still His arm could save,
And lead them on their weary way,
Till Canaan's land He gave.

Nor will His favour e'er forsake
Those who obey His will ;
But He will shield them with His might,
And with His mercies fill.

PSALM CVI.

Confession of Sin.—Prayer for renewed Favour.

How shall Thy people praise Thee, Lord,
 Or how Thy goodness own ?
 How shall they fitly render thanks
 For every mercy shown ?

They, like their fathers, all have sinn'd,
 Thy grace have long defied,
 Have wander'd from their Shepherd's fold,
 And on themselves relied.

Yet hath Thy kindness never fail'd,
 Nor hast Thou shut Thine ear
 Against Thy people's lowly prayer,
 But still hast deign'd to hear.

Lord, yet again Thy favour lend,
 And in Thy love draw nigh ;
 Thine Israel in her need befriend,
 And hearken to her cry.

PSALM CVII. (PART I. ver. 1—9.)

God's Goodness to His People.

OH, that the hearts of men would feel
 The boundless gratitude they owe
 To God the Lord ; whose acts reveal
 The fount of Love from whence they flow.

Though Israel, in the days of old,
 Oft from their Shepherd's care withdrew,
 His hand recall'd them to His fold,
 And crown'd them with His love anew.

He led them through the Wilderness,
 A fire by night, a cloud by day ;
 In hunger, thirst, and weariness,
 His presence cheer'd them on their way.

When foes approach'd, He heard their call,
 And saved them with His own right hand ;
 Till sorrows, fears, and sufferings all
 Were soon forgot in Canaan's land.

PSALM CVII. (PART II. ver. 10—16.)

God relieveth the Prisoner and Captive.

WHEN trials on His servants press,
And sorrows, weighing down their hearts,
The Lord beholds their wretchedness,
And gracious still His aid imparts.

The lonely Prisoner in his cell,
The Captive bound with iron chain,
They know His Spirit's comfort well,
That bids their hopes revive again.

Though sin hath laid them where they lie,
And caused each bitter pang they feel,
The Lord in mercy hears their cry,
And hastes their bleeding wounds to heal.

Let but their hearts to Him draw near,
And He will meet them on their way,
Make His own righteousness appear,
And lead them forth to endless day.

PSALM CVII. (PART III. ver. 17—22.)

God's Love and Mercy to the Sick.

WHEN, on the bed of sickness laid,
 The sufferer lifts his feeble voice,
 The Lord sustains the drooping head,
 And bids the inmost heart rejoice.

'Mid all our anguish He is by,
 To soothe each sorrow,—dry each tear ;
 His pitying ear receives our cry,
 His Comforter He sends to cheer.

A Father's love in all is seen,
 A Parent's dealings with his child ;
 And, though the chastisement be keen,
 'Tis own'd as merciful and mild.

Thus, when by sorest suffering tried,
 The Christian's confidence remains ;
 Till, Death itself at last defied,
 He rests,—released from all his pains.

PSALMS CVII. (PART IV. ver. 23—29.)

God's power in the Deep.

Thanksgiving after a Storm.

MIGHTY wonders in the Deep
 Meet the Seaman's eyes,—
 While the tempests round him sweep,
 And the billows rise ;

Now bearing high the giddy bark,
 Then hurrying downward low,—
 While all around the heavens are dark,
 Save where the lightnings glow.

'Tis the Lord directs the Storm ;
 Winds and waves obey ;
 Rise,—His bidding to perform,—
 Or sink, and die away.

His voice the tempest can assuage,
 Who raised it at His will ;
 And He who made the Ocean rage,
 Can bid its waves be still !

PSALM CVII. (PART V. ver. 32—43.)

God's universal Goodness and Mercies.

LORD, who Thy mercies shall recount,
 Or ever number their amount ?
 Long ere my tongue could tell the tale,
 Thy servant's life and breath would fail.

Thou bidd'st the bounteous Earth supply
 Whate'er supports, or charms the eye ;
 The fruitful trees their burdens yield,
 And plenty smiles in every field.

Through Thee our Cities flourish all,
 Nor ever taste a Conqueror's thrall ;
 Their walls and towers upheld by Thee,
 Their blest inhabitants are free.

Thou mak'st the mourner's heart rejoice,
 The wilderness lift up her voice,
 And Earth with Heaven in concert sing
 Thy Love and Praise, Eternal King !

PSALM CVIII.

A Song of Praise.

Ascension Day.

BENT is my soul to sing Thy praise ;
 Great God, accept the strain I raise ;
 While heart and voice at once unite,
 To tell Thy glories and Thy might.

The early morn shall hear my song ;
 The day shall still the notes prolong ;
 Nor shall my hymn of triumph close,
 Till night shall call me to repose.

Be Thou exalted, Lord, on high,
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,
 So be Thy will on earth obey'd,
 And there Thy righteousness display'd.

For who is like to Thee in love ?
 Or who can such a Saviour prove,
 As Thou, the Lord of Earth and Heaven ?
 To whom be praise for ever given.

PSALM CIX.

Christ in suffering.—Judas, the Traitor.

Good Friday.

HELP me, save me, gracious Lord,
 In this my time of need ;
 In mercy now Thine aid afford,
 And to my rescue speed.

See Thy servant lowly laid,
 Slander'd, bruised, opprest ;
 Yet on Thee his hope is stay'd—
 Thou canst give him rest.

Thou wilt yet confound the foe,
 And Thine own defend ;
 Thou wilt lay the Traitor low,
 And Thy judgments send.

Woes unnumber'd on his head
 From Thine hand shall fall ;
 While another, in his stead,
 Thy will and Word shall call.

PSALM CX.

Christ's Exaltation, Kingdom, and Priesthood.

Christmas—Easter—Ascension—Whitsunday.

TH' Almighty Lord hath said,
 And to our Lord declared,—
 “On My right hand Thy seat be fix'd,
 Where 'tis for Thee prepared.

There shall Thy sceptre rule :
 Like morning dew Thy grace
 Shall thence upon Thy people fall,
 With Thee before My face.

And willing hearts shall come,
 Presenting incense there ;
 For Thou, their everlasting Priest,
 Wilt offer up their Prayer.

With Thee on My right hand,
 No foe shall work them ill ;
 Thy fulness thence shall nourish them,
 Thy grace uphold them still.”

PSALM CXI.

God's goodness to all who seek Him.

My heart shall ever bless the Lord,
 My tongue His praise proclaim,
 With those who meet to hear His Word,
 And celebrate His Name.

How great is He !—and oh, how good
 To all who seek His face !
 To hungry souls He giveth food,
 And fills them with His grace.

They only are the truly wise
 Who seek His will to know—
 On them His gifts He multiplies,
 On them His blessings flow.

While ever fast His Covenant stands,
 And His Salvation sure,
 For those who honour His Commands,
 And so His love secure.

PSALM CXII.

God's Promises extend to this Life,—as well as the next.

How blest are they who fear the Lord,
 And who His will obey,
 Their lives directed by His Word ;
 In all things blest are they.

Not through eternity alone
 God's promises extend ;—
 In this life too the righteous own
 The Lord their constant friend.

Blest in their children shall they be,
 Blest in their house and store ;
 With hearts from worldly cares set free,
 They honour God the more.

Nor ever turn they from the poor,
 But still their wants supply ;
 And thus a blest reward secure
 In favour from on high.

PSALM CXIII.

God's care of the Poor and Humble.

PRAISE be to Thee, O Lord,
 Eternal praise be Thine ;
 Thy goodness would my tongue record,
 Where'er the Sun doth shine.

Supreme in heaven above
 Thy throne is placed for aye ;
 Yet thence in mercy and in love
 Thou dost the earth survey.

The poor are still Thy care,
 The humble and opprest ;
 Thine ear is open to their prayer,
 Thy mercy gives them rest.

Oh ! who is like to Thee ?
 Who such a friend can prove,
 Thy people from all care to free,
 And bless them in Thy love !

PSALM CXIV.

God's care of His People Israel.

Easter Sunday.

WHEN Israel went from Egypt's land,
 The house of bondage where they pined,
 The Lord stretch'd forth His mighty hand,
 And to their cry His ear inclined.

Why leaves the Sea its ancient bed,—
 O'er horse and rider yet to flow ?
 Thy waters, Jordan, wherefore fled ?
 And why, ye mountains, shake ye so ?

'Tis Jacob's God,—th' Almighty Lord,
 Who with His chosen people dwells ;
 In love to them He gives the word,
 And every doubt and fear dispels.

His bounteous hand their wants supplies ;
 He strikes the Rock, and fountains flow ;
 Their food He sends them from the skies,
 And tends His flock, where'er they go.

PSALM CXV.

God, the only true Support of His People.

ALL glory be to Thee,
Who dwellest high in heaven ;
Not to a feeble child of clay
Be praise or worship given :
Thy hand the mightiest can o'erthrow,
And dash their every idol low.

All glory, Lord, be Thine,
Our fortress and our shield ;
Whose arm upholds Thine Israel,
And strengthens for the field :
In Thee Thy faithful people trust,
And lay the proudest in the dust.

Blest by Thy favour, Lord,
No foe can work us ill ;
Supported by Thy gracious Word,
We feel Thee present still ;
And, ev'n in Death and in the Grave,
Shall own Thy power to help and save.

PSALM CXVI.

Thanksgiving for Help and Relief.

THE Lord hath heard my cry,
 His ear received my prayer,
 His hand relieved mine agony,
 And raised me from despair.

Ah, faithless heart of mine !
 Unmindful of His word,—
 That so in sorrow could repine,
 Or ever doubt Thee, Lord !

What shall I render now,
 My gratitude to prove ?
 If thanks, and praise, and lowly vow,
 Can testify my love ;—

Fain would I offer these,
 To Thee, my Lord and King ;
 Nor doubt the sacrifice will please,—
 As all that I can bring.

PSALM CXVIII. (PART I. ver. 1—23.)

The Rock and Corner-stone of Salvation.

THE Lord is on my side ;
 No foe can work me ill ;
 Their deadliest hate I may not fear ;
 His hand upholds me still.

He only is my strength,
 My Rock of refuge sure,
 On whose foundation firmly fix'd,
 My soul can rest secure.

Let sinners slight His Word,
 Nor own how much He loved ;
 The stone their enmity rejects
 My corner-stone hath proved.

On Him securely built,
 My Hope unshaken stands ;
 My grateful soul accepts His gift,—
 Salvation,—from His hands.

PSALM CXVIII. (PART II. ver. 19—29.)

The true sacrifice, and High Priest.

Lord's Day.—Easter.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
 In it we will rejoice ;
 And, in His own appointed House,
 Lift up our gladsome voice.

Within the gates of righteousness
 Let all devoutly throng,
 And to their Lord and Saviour's name
 Raise high the joyous song.

The heartfelt sacrifice of praise,
 The lowly voice of prayer,
 Sweeter than whole burnt-off'rings is,
 Or blood of victims rare.

And while our Prayers as incense rise
 Before the heavenly throne,
 Our great High Priest receives them there,
 And offers as His own.

PSALM CXIX. (PART I. ver. 1—16.)

Prayer for Grace to teach.

How blest and happy, Lord, are they,
 Who all Thy Word and will obey,
 Their every thought and action pure ;
 To them Thy promises are sure.

Oh, may Thy grace so lead me, Lord,
 And so its precious aids afford,
 That, guided by Thy precepts still,
 I thus may all Thy Law fulfil.

For how shall hot and hee !less youth
 Be kept in purity and truth,
 Or how shall riper years be taught
 True Wisdom's ways,—that Law forgot ?

Then, ever present in my heart,
 May Thy blest Word its light impart,
 My every word and deed controul,
 And cleanse, and sanctify my soul !

PSALM CXIX. (PART II. ver. 17—40.)

Prayer for Grace, and renewal of Heart.

GRACIOUS Lord, Thine aid impart ;
 Cleanse and purify mine heart ;
 May the light Thy Word supplies
 Ever beam before mine eyes.

Still my soul cleaves to the dust ;
 But in Thee, my God, I trust :
 Ever to Thy promise true,
 Thou wilt yet my heart renew.

Turn mine eyes from what is vain ;
 Each presumptuous thought restrain ;
 Mould my temper to Thy will,
 And guide me by Thy precepts still.

Thus, its nature all subdued,
 And through Thee, by grace, renew'd,
 Shall my heart to good incline,
 And Salvation's gift be mine.

PSALM CXIX. (PART III. ver. 41—56.)

For Boldness to declare the Truth.

HASTE in mercy, gracious Lord,
 And in me fulfil Thy word ;
 Lend Thy strength'ning grace to aid,
 Nor let Thy servant be afraid.

Though before the great and proud,
 Let him raise his voice aloud,
 Boldly all Thy Truth declare,
 And tell how just Thy judgments are.

Strengthen'd, quicken'd, Lord, by Thee,
 Can his heart mistrustful be ?
 Can his sinking spirit fail,
 Or a doubt or fear assail ?

No ;—for Thou art ever by,
 All his weakness to supply,
 All Thy promised aid to lend,—
 Father, Saviour, Lord, and Friend !

PSALM CXIX. (PART IV. ver. 57—72.)

The Benefit of Affliction.

THOU, O Lord, my portion art,
 Ever dwelling next my heart ;
 And to know and do Thy will
 Is my joy and study still.

Till I tasted of Thy grace,
 Till I learnt to seek Thy face,
 Cold and cheerless was my Soul ;
 Sin and folly fill'd the whole.

But Thy hand upon me fell ;—
 Sorrows came,—and all was well ;
 Then Thy mercy first I knew,
 Then received Thy Word as true.

Blest and precious is that Word ;
 Oh, may I ever keep it, Lord !
 Nor e'er again misguided stray
 From Thee, and heavenly Wisdom's way !

PSALM CXIX. (PART V. ver. 73—88.)

Our Bodies, the Temple of the Spirit.

FORM'D and fashion'd, Lord, by Thee,
 May this frame Thy Temple be,
 A sanctified and holy place,
 To welcome, and to keep, Thy grace !

May Thy Spirit, entering there,
 So Thy dwelling-place prepare,
 That, cleansed and purified from ill,
 Each part may strive to do Thy will.

There be kept Thy law enshrined,
 Deeply rooted in my mind ;
 May it there its light impart,
 And shed its influence on my heart.

Thus, in trouble's darkest hour,
 Shall I feel Thy love and power ;
 Thus, in Death and in the Grave,
 Own Thee Omnipotent to save.

PSALM CXIX. (PART VI. ver. 89—104.)

God's Word unchangeable.—Heavenly Teaching.

ETERNAL Lord, for ever sure
 Thy Word and promises endure ;
 For ever fix'd, and seal'd by Thee,
 They stand from all eternity.

Thou, Lord, art faithful, just, and true ;
 No change Thy counsels ever knew ;
 The heavens and earth aloud proclaim,
 Thou art immutably the same.

And, oh, how precious is Thy Law,
 Thy grace how sweet my soul to draw,
 And, with a radiancy divine,
 On heart and understanding shine !

Enlighten'd thus, and taught by Thee,
 Thy Wisdom and Thy love I see ;
 A truer knowledge in me wrought,
 Than earthly Sages ever taught.

PSALM CXIX. (PART VII. ver. 97—120.)

God's Word and Grace guide and comfort.

LORD, Thy Word affords the light
That guideth all my steps aright ;
Led by that beacon's heavenly ray,
No more my devious footsteps stray.

And still the treasure next my heart
Is in Thine heritage a part ;
The joy and comfort of my soul,
To know, and keep Thy statutes whole.

Then leave me not a prey to foes,
Conspired to trouble my repose ;
Be Thou my Refuge and my Shield,
And arm Thy servant for the field.

Hold Thou me up, Almighty Lord ;
And, strengthen'd by Thy grace and Word,
My soul shall all their hate defy,
With Thee, my God and Saviour, nigh.

PSALM CXIX. (PART VIII. ver. 121—144.)

God teacheth the Simple.

LORD, than gold more precious far
 All Thy testimonies are ;
 Thy Law and precepts far outshine
 The purest produce of the mine.

And, oh, how wondrous is Thy Word,
 True light and knowledge to afford ;
 Darkness from the soul to chase,
 And fill with Thy refreshing grace !

Nor is it to the learn'd or wise,
 That most that Word its light supplies,
 But, entering into simple hearts,
 There its brightest beams imparts.

Then, oh, be mine a heart to know
 All that Thy love can thus bestow ;
 This light of heavenly knowledge give ;
 Lord, teach me thus, and I shall live.

PSALM CXIX. (PART IX. ver. 145—176.)

Meditation on God's Law and ways.

BEFORE the early dawn of light,
 And 'mid the watches of the night,
 My soul is turn'd to thoughts of Thee,
 And all that Thou hast done for me.

I meditate upon Thy Word,—
 Upon Thy Law and statutes, Lord,
 But most, upon the wondrous plan
 Thy Love devised to rescue man.

But ne'er my heart can comprehend
 How far Thy mercies all extend,
 How just Thy statutes are, and pure,
 And all Thy promises how sure.

Almighty Shepherd of my soul !
 Still may Thy grace my steps controul,
 Nor ever let me erring stray
 From Thee, and from Salvation's way !

PSALM CXXI.

God the Defender of His Servants.

To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence I look for aid ;
My hope upon the Lord relies,
Who heaven and earth hath made.

Firm and unmoved all those He keeps
Who trust on Him alone ;
Nor slumbers Israel's God, nor sleeps,
For such as are His own.

Beneath the shadow of His arm
My soul can fear no ill ;
His guardian hand defends from harm
Those who obey His will.

He careth for me ;—and His love
Shall all my steps attend,
Till, welcom'd to His courts above,
My cares and sorrows end.

PSALM CXXII.

God's Blessing rests upon His House.

GLAD and joyful was my heart,
 When the call I heard,—
 "Come, let us all draw nigh to God,
 And listen to His Word."

In the House He calls His own
 Let us seek His face,
 Lowly bow before His throne,
 And meekly sue for grace.

Thither let His people throng,
 And praise Him as they go,
 Raising high the joyous song,
 Their grateful hearts to show.

Peace and comfort still are found
 Within these sacred walls ;
 And while God's praises they resound,
 His blessing on them falls.

PSALM CXXIV.

God the Deliverer of His People.

O THOU, whose dwelling is on high,
Amid the glories of the sky,
To Thee my grateful voice I raise,
Thy mercies and Thy might to praise.

Hadst Thou, Lord, fail'd us in our need,
Hadst Thou refrain'd our steps to lead,
The foe had proved victorious all,
And Hell had triumph'd in our fall.

But,—ever blessed be Thy Name,—
Thou gav'st us power to shun the shame,
And 'scape the snares around us spread,
To draw Thy vengeance on our head.

Lord, hadst not Thou been on our side,
Hadst Thou thine Israel fail'd to guide,
The foe had proved victorious all,
And Hell had triumph'd in our fall.

PSALM CXXV.

God defends His People.

BEHOLD, as Zion's hill
 Is ever firm and sure,
 So they who trust the Lord shall still
 Be fearless and secure :
 The mountains round about her stand,
 And God shall bless them with His hand.

Nor shall th' ungodly harm
 Those who obey the Lord ;
 He will their deadliest hate disarm,
 And, vanquish'd by His Word,
 No foe shall hurt, nor harm befall
 Those who upon His Name shall call.

With Him upon our side,
 Our souls may fearless rest ;
 Ne'er shall the wicked in their pride
 His faithful flock molest :
 The Lord among His own shall dwell.
 And peace be with His Israel.

PSALM CXXVI.

The Benefit of Affliction.—Israel's return from Captivity.

WHEN captive Israel knew Thy hand,
Which led them back to Judah's land,
The change so like a vision seem'd,
Thy children thought they had but dream'd.

Then joy and mirth was on our tongue ;
Thy praises, Lord, we grateful sung ;
And glad and joyous was the strain,
“ The Lord hath brought us home again.”

Thus may the wand'ers from Thy fold
Be yet among Thy sheep enroll'd,
If, in Affliction's saddening hour,
They turn to Thee, and own Thy power.

And thus Misfortune's bitter dart
Can soften and renew the heart ;
And they, whose seed in tears was set,
May bring their sheaves in gladness yet.

PSALMS CXXVII, & CXXVIII.

God's Blessing alone can give Prosperity.

OH, vain each labour of our hand,
 Unless the Lord the work approve ;
 In vain the city's bulwarks stand,
 Unless He guard them with His love.

Or though from early morning's light
 We toil, till evening's shades descend,
 No plenty shall our pains requite,
 No blessing on our toils attend.

'Tis God alone can joy afford,
 And bid our eyes delighted see
 A smiling offspring round our board,
 Like boughs upon a fruitful tree.

Nor doth a good on earth befall,
 From Heaven's o'erflowing fountain shed,
 Without His will, who giveth all,
 And pours it on the righteous head.

PSALM CXXX.

Confession of Sin.—The Hope of Israel.

Ash Wednesday.

LORD, from the deep to Thee I cried,
 And breathed mine earnest pray'r ;
 Thy voice in mercy straight replied,
 And raised me from despair.

Wert Thou to judgment strict inclined,
 Oh, who could meet Thine eye ?
 Who could for sin atonement find,
 Or 'scape the penalty ?

But with Thyself the ransom lies,
 Which Thou wilt freely pay ;
 For Thine own Love a stream supplies
 To wash our guilt away—

And welcome as the morning light
 First meets the watchers' eye,
 So yet shall break upon our sight
 The Day-spring from on high.

PSALM CXXXI.

Prayer against Pride, and for Humility.

LORD, teach me from mine inmost heart
 To banish Pride, if lurking there ;
 The blessing of Thy grace impart,
 That I may shun the secret snare.

Let no high thoughts my mind possess ;
 No vain and sinful wish be mine,
 My neighbour's merits to depress,
 That mine may so the brighter shine.

Give me a spirit meek and mild,
 A temper teachable and low,
 The spirit of a weaned child,
 That I may all my weakness know.

Thus only can I hope to win
 The great, the everlasting prize ;
 Thus, freed from each presumptuous sin,
 At length to join Thee in the skies.

PSALM CXXXII.

God's blessing present in His House.

UNTO Thy holy dwelling, Lord,
 Thy people joyous haste,
 Meekly there to hear Thy Word,
 And of Thy love to taste.

There Thy glory still abides ;
 Thence Thy mercies flow ;
 There Thy flock, whate'er betides,
 Rest and comfort know.

There Salvation's gladsome sound
 Welcome meets the ear ;
 There Thy Love and Grace abound,
 Banishing each fear.

Blest abode of joy and peace !
 Within these sacred walls
 All our cares and sorrows cease ;
 For here God's blessing falls.

PSALM CXXXIII.

The blessedness of Unity.—The Communion of Saints.

How fair and seemly is the sight,
 How pleasant to behold,
 When tender bonds of love unite
 The brethren of one fold :
 The Lord, the Pastor of the sheep,
 From every harm their souls will keep.

Mild as the dews on Hermon's hill,
 Or Zion's Mount, descend,
 So heavenly grace their hearts shall fill,
 Their Saviour still their friend :
 The Lord shall bless them, and His power
 His choicest gifts upon them shower.

For like the ointment on the head
 Of holy Aaron pour'd,
 So is the oil of gladness shed
 On those who fear the Lord,
 And, join'd in Him, their God on high,
 Together dwell in unity.

PSALM CXXXV.

Praise to God.—The blindness of the Heathen.

OH, praise the Lord, ye people all,

Sing praises to His Name ;

Before His footstool lowly fall,

His glorious might proclaim ;

For He, our God, is great alone ;

Then let us worship at His throne.

Ye too, who in His Temple dwell,

Loud uplift your voice ;

Still let your tongues His goodness tell,

In whom our hearts rejoice :

To Him be praise and glory giv'n,

Who ruleth over Earth and Heav'n.

All Nature owns the mighty Lord,—

Earth and Sea and Sky,—

All yield obedience to His Word,

Whose throne is set on high ;

Whose Name for ever shall endure,

His every promise seal'd and sure.

Before the Gods their hands have made,

Let heathen nations fall ;

To wood and stone their worship paid

Is vile and worthless all :

Themselves are, like their idols, blind ;

Their prayers are scatter'd to the wind.

PSALM CXXXVI.

A Song of Praise and Thanksgiving.

THANKS and praise to Him be paid,
 Who stretch'd the Heavens on high,
 Whose Word the Earth's foundations laid,
 And deck'd the starry sky :
 Oh, praise the Lord, for He is kind,
 To love and mercy still inclined.

Thanks and praise be His alone,
 Who bade the Light arise ;
 Whose arm is still around His own,
 Whose hand their wants supplies :
 Oh, praise the Lord, &c.

Thanks and praise to Him are due,
 Who Israel's children led,
 Whose mighty arm each foe o'erthrew,
 Whose hand His people fed :
 Oh, praise the Lord, &c.

And equal thanks and praise be His,
 Who bought us with His blood ;
 He who our Lord and Saviour is,
 All-gracious and all-good :
 Oh, praise the Lord, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

Israel in Captivity.

By Babel's streams, in sorrow seated,
 Israel's hapless children see !
 Hear their notes of woe repeated,
 Bewailing their captivity ;
 Their harps hung silent on each willow-tree,
 Untouch'd by hands that are no longer free.

“ Mirth our haughty foes requiring,
 Bid us songs of Zion sing ;
 But can we, at their desiring,
 Raise the note, or wake the string,—
 The thought of all we have been back to bring,—
 Our Temple's glories, and our Zion's King ?

“ Jerusalem !—if I forget Thee,
 Loved City of our joy and pride !
 If those, who once in hate beset Thee,
 Those, who our sorrows now deride,
 Mine art shall seek to please,—be skill denied
 'This faithless hand,—this tongue in death be tied !”

PSALM CXXXVIII.

God's goodness, and favour to the Humble.

How shall I praise Thee, gracious Lord,
 Or how Thy tender love record,
 Whose ear was open to my pray'r,
 Whose hand hath raised me from despair !

Lord, ever merciful and kind,
 Ne'er can I words sufficient find
 My heartfelt gratitude to shew,
 Or speak the boundless debt I owe.

Thine eye discerns the proud afar,
 And turns to where the lowly are ;
 With them 'tis Thy delight to dwell,
 And they Thy goodness best can tell.

In every trouble Thou art nigh,
 Thy grace and comfort to supply ;
 Nor shall the work imperfect be
 Thy love hath once begun for me.

PSALM CXXXIX. (1.)

God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.

LORD, Thou hast form'd mine every part ;
 Mine inmost thought is known to Thee ;
 Each word, each feeling of my heart,
 Thine ear doth hear, Thine eye can see.

Though I should seek the shades of night,
 And hide myself in guilty fear,
 To Thee the darkness seems as light,
 The midnight as the noon-day clear.

The heavens, the earth, the sea, the sky,
 All own Thee ever present there ;
 Where'er I turn, Thou still art nigh,
 Thy Spirit dwelling everywhere.

Oh, may that Spirit, ever blest,
 Upon my soul in radiance shine,
 Till, welcomed to eternal rest,
 I taste Thy presence, Lord, divine !

PSALM CXXXIX. (2.) ver. 13—16.

Prayer for Regeneration.

Baptism.

O LORD, how marvellous the work,
 How wondrous is the plan,
 Thy Wisdom and Thy Power devised,
 In making,—saving,—Man !

Thine hand first form'd him from the dust ;
 Thine eye his substance knew,
 Before he left his mother's womb,
 Ere yet a breath he drew.

His members then were seen by Thee,
 And fashion'd by Thy skill ;
 And, as the curious texture grew,
 Its form obey'd Thy will.

Lord, yet again exert Thy power,
 Nor fashion us from earth ;—
 Implant a nature better far,
 And give an heavenly birth.

PSALM CXLI.

Prayer for Grace to help.

Evening Prayer.

SWEET as the sacrifice of eve,
 Lord, may my prayer before Thee rise ;
 That incense of my heart receive,
 And send Thy blessing from the skies.

So let Thy favour on me shine,
 Till pure in thought, and deed, and word,
 Mine every part to good incline,
 And strive to serve Thee, gracious Lord.

From all that wicked men devise
 Do Thou preserve Thy servant free,—
 His heart from guile, his tongue from lies,
 His steps from all iniquity.

Within the nets my foes have laid,
 Grant, Lord, that they themselves may fall ;
 While I, on Thee for ever stay'd,
 Escape their malice, harmless all.

PSALM CXLII.

God the Lord, a sure refuge in trouble.

WHEN evils threaten'd all around,
And sorrows press'd on every side,
With Thee, my God, I refuge found,
Nor was Thy gracious help denied.

On every hand a foe appear'd,
With none to pity,—none to aid,—
No Comforter my spirit cheer'd,
Amid the snares around me laid.

On Thee I call'd,—nor call'd in vain ;
Thy pitying ear received my pray'r,
Restored my spirit back again,
And raised Thy servant from despair.

Lord, Thou my strength and Saviour art ;
In life and death my portion sure ;
With Thee to aid, and cheer my heart,
I rest, confiding and secure.

PSALM CXLIII.

Acknowledgement of guilt—Satan's snares.

Ash Wednesday.

LORD, who before Thine eye could stand,
 His life and actions all display'd ?
 Who find forgiveness at Thine hand,
 His countless sins before Thee laid ?

This hath the Adversary done,—
 His subtle snares around us spread ;
 Too oft hath He the victory won,
 And call'd Thy vengeance on our head.

Yet canst Thou shield us from his power,
 And bid us all his arts defy,
 Canst save us in our trial's hour,
 And make the Foe before us fly.

Be Thou our leader and our guide,
 Whene'er the Tempter may assail,
 And, in the strength by Thee supplied,
 No longer shall our courage fail.

PSALM CXLIV.

The blessedness of God's people.

BLEST be the Lord, my fortress sure,
 In whom my soul can rest secure,
 Who arms His servant for the fight,
 And ever shields him with His might.

Lord, what is Man?—and what am I,—
 The child of sin and misery?—
 Whom yet Thy love vouchsafes to aid,
 Thy shelt'ring wings around me spread.

By Thee and Thy protection blest,
 Each wearied soul at peace shall rest ;
 Our garners and our pastures stored,
 And plenty smiling round our board.

Oh, happy they, thus blest by Thee,
 From every care and danger free ;
 Their sons shall with their fathers sing
 Thy praises, Lord, our heavenly king !

PSALM CXLV.

Praise to God, for His goodness and mercies.

Whitsunday.

LORD, I would ever bless Thy Name,
 My tongue would sing Thy praise,
 Thy goodness and Thy might proclaim
 In all thy wondrous ways.

All gracious and all good art Thou ;
 In Thee Thy creatures live ;
 To Thee they every blessing owe
 Thy bounty deigns to give.

Thy love their daily bread supplies,
 And feeds them with Thy grace ;
 Nor any real good denies
 To those who seek Thy face.

Then blest for ever be Thy name,
 Thy love let all record,
 And through eternity proclaim
 Thy praises, gracious Lord !

PSALM CXLVI.

The blessedness of trust in God.

HAPPY is he whose trust relies
 On Him who made both earth and skies,
 Not on a feeble child of earth,
 How great soe'er, or high in birth.

Earth's mightiest monarchs all must die,
 But never He who rules on high ;
 Whose reign for ever shall endure,
 His Word and promises secure.

His creatures all His mercy share ;
 But most the righteous are His care ;
 On them His eye is ever bent,
 To them His choicest favour lent.

The widow and the fatherless
 He visits,—in His love to bless ;
 The hungry He supplies with food,
 Nor ever fails the just and good.

PSALM CXLVII.

Praise and Thanksgiving for God's mercies.

How pleasant, Lord, to hymn Thy praise,
And high the song of thanks to raise,
Thy Name and glorious might to bless,
And tell of Thine own righteousness !

The heavens on high confess Thy power,
While still on earth Thy mercies shower ;
Thy spirit cheers the broken heart,
And soothes the keenest sorrow's smart.

The wicked and the proud, through Thee,
Give place to those of low degree ;
Nor can an humble sparrow fall,
Without Thy will to order all.

Then, let us still Thy praises sing,
Almighty and eternal King !
Thy glorious might let all confess,
Thy Name and Word for ever bless.

PSALMS CXLVIII. & CL.

Exhortation to Universal praise of God.

PRAISE the Lord, ye Heavens above,
 Tell of all His wondrous love,
 Sun, and Moon, and every Star,
 Brightly twinkling from afar ;
 And ye, who dwell in endless light,
 Blest for ever in His sight ;—
 Lowly bow before His throne,
 And all His might and goodness own.

Bless the Lord, ye sons of earth ;
 Kings,—and all of lowly birth ;
 Young and old, and children too,
 Sing of all He did for you ;
 Creatures, whom He made and bless'd,
 Be His Name by all confess'd ;
 Till Heaven and Earth Thy praises ring,
 Great and Everlasting King !

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