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Letter.....

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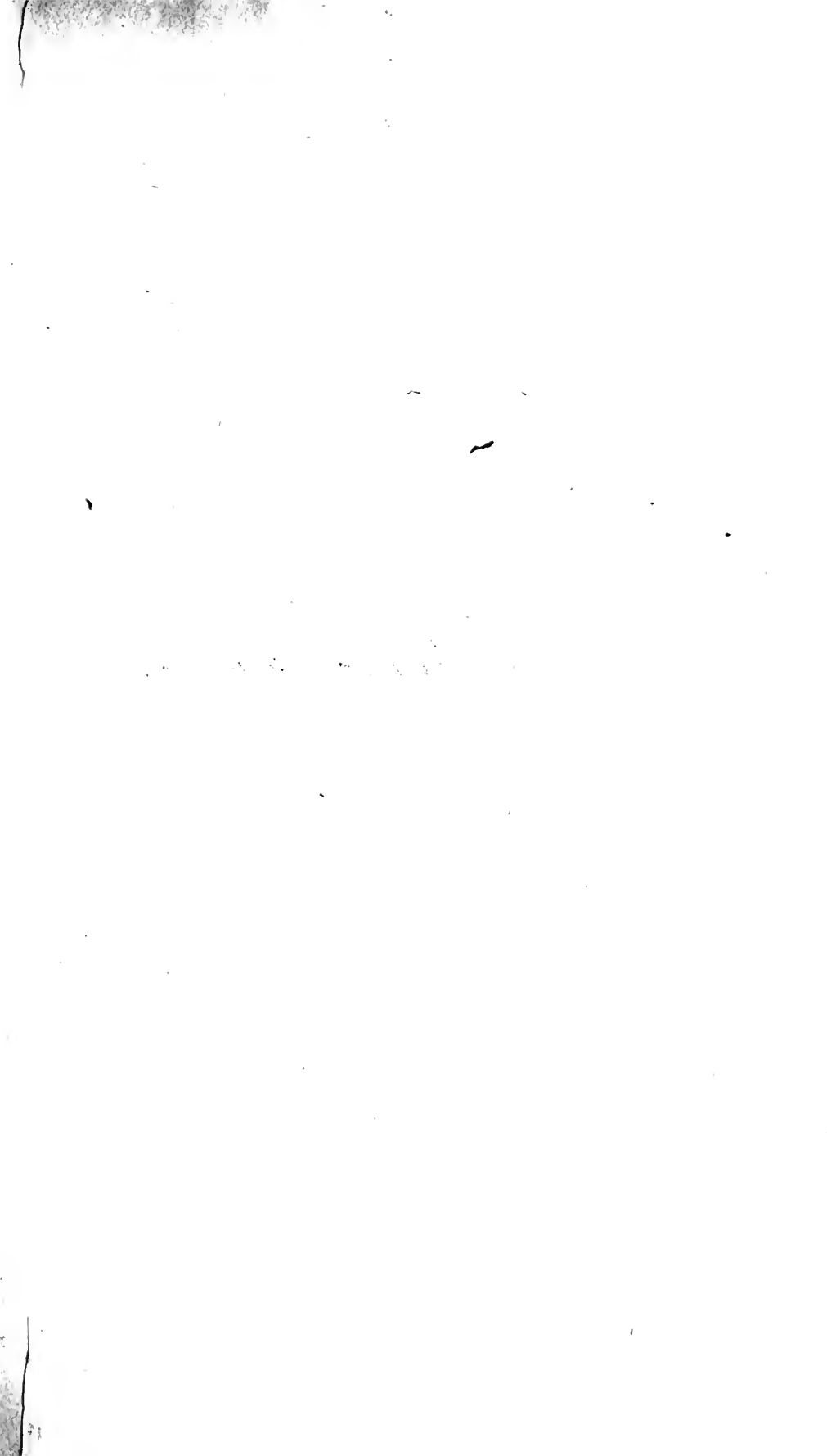
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T H E  
W O R K S

Of the late

Reverend and Learned

Mr. *Joseph Stennett.*

---

V O L. IV.

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Containing his POEMS, and LETTERS  
on various Subjects.

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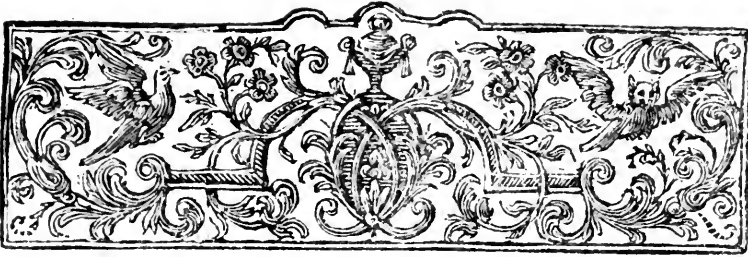


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L O N D O N :

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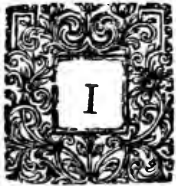


To the Reverend

*Mr. Joseph Stennett :*

*By* JOSEPH COLLET, *Esq;* *Governour* of Bencolen, *in the East-Indies.*

*York-Fort, Aug. 22, 1713.*



Early fought to join the muses  
train ;

And goose-like, gabbling, tho't my  
self a swan ;

Long idle hours to love of verse betray'd :

That love a little sooth'd, so strong impres-  
sion made,

That now advanc'd in years, by cares pos-  
sels'd,

And various kinds of urgent business press'd,  
I still the coy one court to be my guest.

In vain! From court, and camp, and mart  
 she flies,  
 To silent shades and sacred privacies.  
 Your city bard she visits in his coach :  
 But mine, tho willing, she could not approach ;  
 By guards furrounded and a numerous train,  
 As on the sands I drive, or o'er the plain.  
 When to the streams or shady groves I bend  
 My steps, the needful troublers still attend :  
 The desert's peopled ; and the gloomy shade,  
 By arms and colours is refulgent made.

I with regret, yet pleas'd, review the hours  
 To friendship sacred, and celestial pow'rs ;  
 When we far from the crowd retir'd have fate,  
 On things sublime engag'd in high debate.  
 My soul still feels the manly eloquence,  
 The piercing force of truth, the nervous sense,  
 With which you talk of virtue's charming  
 cause,  
 Religious bliss, and nature's perfect laws,  
 Of love divine, and of obedience pure,  
 And faith that will the fiery test endure.  
 The song begins : the praises we rehearse  
 Of God, and god-like men, in flowing verse :  
 Alternate verse the lofty theme sustains ;  
 The lofty theme supports th' alternate strains.

The muse grown warm exerts her utmost  
 force,  
 And strains and stretches in the higher course :  
 But gently sooth'd, I guide her to the plains :  
 She now begins her wanton rural strains.

My



My homely feat, built on a rising ground,  
The cocoa, orange, and the lime surround.  
The fragrant bloom and glowing fruit appear  
Thro' all the months, and crown the cir-  
cling year.

The verdant fields sustain the smiling sun  
Unparch'd, his rays directly pouring down.  
Moist dews by night supply the liquid store;  
And fountain nymphs around unwearied pour  
From unexhausted urns; their streams are seen  
On each side crown'd with everlasting green.  
To these my lowing kine returning home,  
With strutting udders ev'ry evening come:  
There slake their thirst; retreat thence with  
the light,

Quitting the plains where tygers range by  
night.

Then to my yard return the bleating dams,  
With all their wanton kids and sporting  
lambs;

A medly there of animals one sees:

Hens, capons, ducks and doves, eagles and  
geese,

Hogs, dogs and monkies, red-coats and great  
guns:

A scene unusual in your country towns.

These chaste delights relieve the active mind,  
Whom weighty cares would else too strictly  
bind:

Unbent she with fresh vigour can pursue  
Her daily task, and labours known renew.

But when, my friend! when will the day  
arise,  
Shall bless me with the sight of native skies?  
O when shall I repass the liquid main,  
With reputation blest and mod'rate gain?  
When see my offspring, or their destin'd race?  
Or when be lodg'd within thy strict embrace?

*Joseph Collet.*





*A POEM to the memory of  
the Reverend Mr. Joseph  
Stennett.*

*By JOHN QUINCY, M. D.*



O mourn the loss of a departed  
friend ;  
To others his example to com-  
mend ;

To raise those actions eminently bright ;  
And draw his virtues in a proper light ;  
That growing ages may the scene live o'er,  
And be that pattern he has been before :  
For this has STENNETT'S muse employ'd her  
art,  
With pious sorrow touch'd each generous  
heart ;  
'Till ev'ry breast with emulation swells,  
As the great loss, with decent grief, she tells.

By thee, oh STENNETT ! *Cruso* yet survives ;  
And *Taylor*, in thy verse instructive lives.  
Their bright examples still our bosoms warm ;  
And shew in every grace its proper charm.

Religion here appears a heavenly thing ;  
 And firmest joys from conscious virtue spring.  
 Thy country too, (such was thy tuneful skill)  
 In manly verse enjoys her N A S S A U still :  
 In him the soldier and the patriot views,  
 And thro' each scene his glorious life pursues.  
 Urg'd by th' ungrateful, who their harps  
     unstrung,  
 Thou could'st not see that glorious theme  
     unfung :  
 The strings were touch'd by thy harmonious  
     hand,  
 And airs divine arose at thy command.

But who with equal skill thy worth shall  
     raise,  
 Embalm thy name, and celebrate thy praise?  
 Who can with equal strength and charms  
     rehearfe  
 Thy matchless virtues, in becoming verse ;  
 Tell o'er a life so eminently great ;  
 Thy wond'rous worth and pious cares repeat ;  
 In proper order every action dress ;  
 And in each line some shining grace express?

Oh ! *Collet*, had not heaven for unknown  
     ends  
 Far call'd thee from thy country and thy  
     friends ;  
 Thy STENNETT's hearfe should ne'er go un-  
     adorn'd,  
 But with becoming solemn grief be mourn'd ;  
 Thy

Thy self would be harmonious in thy woe ;  
 Thy sorrow would in tuneful numbers flow ;  
 Such tuneful numbers as did thee inspire,  
 When first thy ravish'd soul hung on his lyre ;  
 And dwelling on this melancholy theme  
 Repay those numbers which were learn'd  
 from him.

If yet in burning climes and painful strife  
 Of dangerous toils, heaven still preserves thy  
 life ;

When first thou hear'st the mournful story  
 told,

Start not — but firmly keep thy hold  
 On that sure hope that makes the virtuous  
 bold.

As thou'rt a man, some silent tears will flow ;  
 A groaning breast thy bitter sorrow show :  
 But yet ! oh ! yet, be moderate in thy woe.

Think still thy country worthy thy return,  
 Worthy thy friends, who thy long absence  
 [mourn.

Where shall the muse begin her mournful  
 tale,

And STENNETT in harmonious tears bewail ?  
 How will she trace the faint in ev'ry line ?  
 And how the poet with the prophet join ?  
 How will she this advent'rous task pursue,  
 And in full lustre the bright image shew ?

In faithful lines his private virtues tell ;  
 Say how in every part he did excel,  
 Regardful always of a heavenly end,  
 The warmest christian, and the truest friend.

Tell o'er the parent in his pious care,  
Happy in filial love, and filial fear :  
The husband view thro' life's uneven way,  
His faith, his truth, his constancy display.

Mourn him, ye friends, to whom he did  
impart  
The free discoveries of an honest heart :  
Who with him oft in sweetest converse join'd,  
And from his clear ideas stor'd your mind.  
Lament your loss, depriv'd of him below ;  
And in your tears unfeigned sorrow show.

Ye tender relicts, weep around his urn :  
The best of friends, the best of fathers, mourn.  
Your sure support, snatch'd from your early  
years,  
Demands the tribute of your pious tears.

From hence pass o'er the too afflicting tale ;  
And in soft numbers next the bard bewail.  
Religion only could his muse inspire,  
And friendship's sacred warmth his bosom  
fire.

No pleasing flattery sooth'd the crimes of men,  
Nor Pagan deities defil'd his pen : -  
But to his God and conscience ever true,  
First justly thought, then did those thoughts  
pursue.

Oh ! how our souls have on his numbers  
hung,  
Unheeded, drawn by the enchanting song !  
How

How juſt his thoughts appear ; his turns how  
fine !

How bright his figures in deſcription ſhine !  
In eaſy ſtrokes the pleaſing image lies,  
And ſoft perſwaſions from his accents riſe.

But who can follow him with equal fire,  
When his REDEEMER does his thoughts  
inſpire ?

When he addreſſes his immortal king,  
What tuneful notes the praiſeful tribute  
bring ?

How does he on the pleaſing ſubject dwell,  
And what he's done for us in tranſport tell !  
Who can purſue him in the gloomy way,  
And trace his Saviour up to Golgotha ?

View all the horrors in his boſom met,  
While every pore diſcharg'd a bloody ſweat ;

*<sup>a</sup> Deſerted by his friends, by one betray'd,  
And with a treacherous kiſs a captive made !*

*See the rocks rend by his expiring groans,  
Whiſt the torn veil his ſacred prieſthood owns !*

What heart ſo hard but muſt relenting lie ;

What tears muſt flow from the diſſolving eye,

To ſee his God, to ſee his Saviour die ?

[voice ;

Such was the poet ; ſuch his charming  
And ſuch the ſubjects of his pious choice.

Such thoughts he lov'd ; ſuch ſacred notes he  
ſung ;

The ſoſteſt poet, with the ſweeteſt tongue.

<sup>a</sup> The lines in *Italic*, are borrow'd from Mr. STENNETT'S  
own works.





For such a loss how fast our sorrows grow ;  
What floods of tears on such occasion flow ?  
When such a man of God, a prophet dies,  
No vulgar grief should wait his obsequies :  
A common loss for common sorrow calls ;  
A nation trembles when a prophet falls.

Ye little flock, whom oft your preacher  
warm'd,  
(Whose souls exulted while his accents  
charm'd)  
Where is your father, where your pastor fled ?  
What sins have robb'd you of your reverend  
head ?  
What crime could prayer of all its force  
disarm,  
And deafen heaven to her all-conquering  
charm ;  
Whose cries have gates, and bars, and fetters  
broke,  
And Lazarus in his silent tomb awoke ?

Oh wond'rous man ! whom hast thou  
left behind ?  
And where shall we the prophet's mantle find ?  
Who has possession of thy humble heart ?  
To whom didst thou thy holy skill impart ?

Where is that goodly look, inviting mein,  
The just resemblance of his soul within ?  
Divine persuasions, with a heav'nly grace,  
Dwelt on his lips, and pity on his face.

No



Seiz'd in his strength of life, his work is done,  
Call'd from his labours to possess his crown.

Oh! *Piggott*, little did we think thine end  
Would soon be follow'd by thy dearest friend.  
Tho weighty cares employ'd his thoughtful  
breast,

And for thy loss with deepest grief oppress'd ;  
Yet this he conquer'd, and with pious dread  
Paid his last office to the reverend dead<sup>b</sup>.

How did thy *STENNETT* tell thy blest abode!  
How did he trace thee to the seat of God!

How charm our souls, and raise each strong  
desire,

And by his heav'n-born thoughts the mind  
inspire!

Oh how the audience on his accents hung,  
When thy bright memory employ'd his  
tongue !

In what transporting strains did he set forth  
Thy wond'rous goodness, and thy matchless  
worth !

But, oh ! what agonies transfix'd each soul,  
While down his cheeks the pious tears did  
roul,

When broken pauses had untun'd his breath,  
And interrupted accents spoke thy death !

Oh ! may thy name for ever have a part  
With thy dear friend in every grateful heart.  
Had heav'n his precious life but longer spar'd,  
For thee his tuneful notes he had prepar'd,

<sup>b</sup> *In his funeral sermon.*

For thee had poured out the best perfume,  
 And scatter'd choicest odours o'er thy tomb:  
 But heav'n thought fit the prophet to remove,  
 From mourning here with us, to sing with  
 thee above.

See how the muse avoids th' approaching  
 pain,  
 And shifts insensibly the mournful scene;  
 In day-light fain would longer draw her  
 breath,  
 And turns reluctant from the paths of death.  
 But 'tis decreed: and STENNETT now must fall  
 By that destructive hand that levels all.  
 Protracted ills weigh down the yielding frame,  
 And noxious vapours damp the vital flame:  
 Insensibly the constitution wears  
 With painful study, and assiduous cares:  
 The organs most employ'd, now first refuse  
 Their wonted task, and vital functions lose:  
 The lungs forget t'expire the stagnant air,  
 The spirits cease to run their swift career:  
 The heart irregular begins to beat,  
 Nor warms the purple streams with wonted  
 heat:  
 Relaxed muscles all the limbs unbrace;  
 And death erects his image in the face.

Ye solemn mourners, who his bed attend,  
 Take your last leave of your departing friend:  
 And as you weep, observe the awful strife,  
 The dying groan, and the last tugg of life;  
 How

How the decaying fire but faintly burns,  
 Now seems to disappear, and then returns ;  
 Streaks o'er the features with a flatt'ring red,  
 Then quite forsakes them, ghastly, pale, and  
 dead.

See how the soul struggles to make her way  
 From long confinement, to her native day :  
 The heavenly prospect opens to her sight,  
 And airy ministers sustain her flight.  
 To keep the prophet here we strove in vain,  
 His toils are finish'd, and dissolv'd his chain:  
 To all the cares below he bids farewell,  
 And mounts the regions where just spirits  
 dwell.

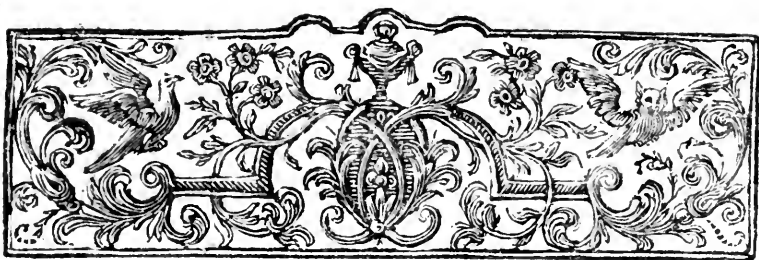
Bless'd man ! who conquer'd all the ills  
 below,  
 Bless'd in his God, shall lasting pleasures  
 know.  
 No more he grieves the churches mournful  
 state ;  
 But views the various turnings of her fate :  
 He sees how regular the winding turns,  
 Fir'd with th' approaching scene, in transport  
 burns.

Rest now, bless'd soul, secure from care  
 and grief,  
 Till the last trump shall wake a world to life.  
 Then all the good thy works have wrought  
 below,  
 In beauteous order God, thy God shall show ;  
 Thy

Thy pray'rs, thy tears, all for acceptance  
 pres ;  
 And not one virtue fail of wish'd success :  
 Then all whom thou to piety hast form'd,  
 Those souls, who first were by thy teaching  
 warm'd,  
 Whose hands were strengthned by thy pious  
 care,  
 And feet deliver'd from the tempter's snare,  
 Shall give thee joys beyond our reach sublime,  
 Joys only known by souls above the spheres  
 of time.

Stop here, my muse, a too impetuous flight,  
 Lest thou grow giddy with excessive height :  
 Too steep th' ascent for infant wings to fly,  
 The view too distant for a mortal eye,  
 To leave earth, clouds, and air, and trace  
 the starry sky. }  
 Oh ! who can point the place, who mark  
 the way  
 To those bright mansions of eternal day,  
 Where no rude scenes the perfect peace annoy,  
 But endless praise and love the mind employ ;  
 Where rich unmingled joys the soul will  
 know,  
 Which in one constant course, without ces-  
 sation flow.





*On the DEATH of the Reverend Mr. Joseph Stennett.*

*By JONATHAN BLENMAN Esq;  
Attorney-general of Barbadoes.*



Orgive, bleſſ'd ſaint, forgive th'  
aſpiring muſe,  
Whoſe ready will unequal paths  
purſues.

I, like the mournful lover, fly to verſe,  
And eaſe my mind, whiſt I thy charms re-  
hearſe.

But ah! what ſighs does the reflection bring;  
Not what thou art, but what thou waſt, I  
ſing.

The man who once ſuch wond'rous things  
cou'd ſay,  
Lies there, a dead unactive lump of clay!

He's gone ! and will no more the pulpit grace  
 With his melodious voice, and sweet address :  
 No more shall we, his hearers, wond'ring  
 stand,

And feel each passion mov'd at his command.  
 How did his gesture and his action show,  
 He first believ'd, what we were taught to  
 know !

Just were his thoughts, nervous and strong  
 his sense ;

But smooth his style, and full of eloquence.  
 His muse (the muse that sung great *Nassau's*  
 praise)

Will warble out no more her tuneful lays.  
 How sweet her notes on subjects all divine !  
 How bright the christian shone in ev'ry line !  
 'Tis hard to say (he both perform'd so well)  
 Whether in prose or verse he did excel.

When such a prophet, such a poet dies,  
 Who is there starts not with the sad sur-  
 prize,

Nor shews his virtue by his flowing eyes ?

His converse yielded something always new ;  
 Instructive his discourse, and pleasant too.

Whate'er he said was with a just allay ;  
 Tho' grave, not dull ; tho' chearful, yet not gay.  
 Smartly he rally'd, but without offence ;  
 None made more mirth with so much in-  
 nocence.

Tho' oft by sickness and by pains oppress'd,  
 When was his wit, or wanting, or misplac'd ?  
 So constant was his temper, and so mild ;  
 Tho' fortune often frown'd, he always smil'd.

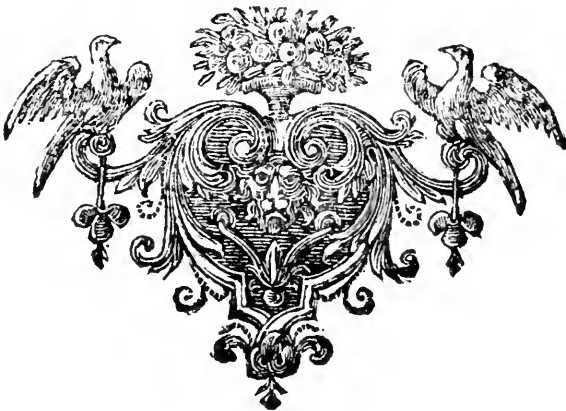
But



But hold ——— to paint a STENNETT's worth,  
will ask

A STENNETT's genius, nor transcend the  
task.

Then, infant muse, forbear: nor try in vain  
To sweep the surface of a boundless main.  
His living works to future ages shew,  
How much from this was to his merit  
due.





A

## Pindarique O D E ;

*To incite the Author to write on  
the Great Tempest in 1703.*



Heaven's dreadful voice so high,  
and your's so low!

Dear charming muse, why are  
you silent now?

You that the lofty lyra strung,

In notes as soft as ever poet sung :

You that the sacred choir can represent,  
And sung dear WILLIAM thro' the firmament :

'Tis you the lofty subject waits :

The lofty subject its own song creates.

Themes make the poets; and a thought so

Inspires the mass of poetry: [high

But still the artful hand performs the best,

And meaner musick's found among the rest.

Your



But me nor wit, nor art inspire,  
To raise my humbl'd fancy higher :  
I'm not a member of the sacred choir.  
I blush to sing my humble part,  
Barren of wit, barren of art :  
Among the tuneful tribe I claim no place ;  
And hardly reach to touch the base.

While you the sacred hymns of praise rehearse,  
And write sublimer thoughts in your immortal  
While you the fatal night record, [verse ;  
And sing the terrors of the Lord ;  
The noblest text improve, and show  
The cause of winds, the how, and why they  
Describe the fury of the element, [blow ;  
And all the dark disasters represent :  
I'll let my satirs loose upon the crimes,  
And scourge the people who debauch the  
[times :  
I'll draw the strange amazing scenes :  
Their crimes may tell them what the tempest  
[means.





THE  
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OF THE  
FOURTH VOLUME.



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A  
VERSION  
OF  
SOLOMON'S  
SONG of SONGS,  
TOGETHER WITH  
The XLVth PSALM.

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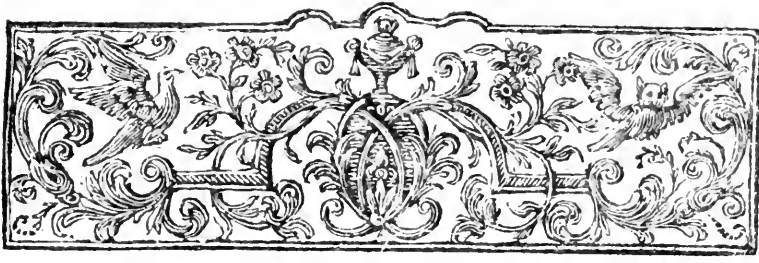
Isa. 54. 5. — *Thy Maker is thy Husband, the  
Lord of Hosts is his Name.* —

Eph. 5. 32. *This is a great Mystery: but I speak  
concerning Christ and the Church.*

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THE  
PREFACE.



*HO 'tis generally agreed that this poem was composed by Solomon ; yet some have denied that he wrote it by divine inspiration ; and make his design to be only that of celebrating his amours with Pharaoh's daughter, or some other person. This was formerly the opinion of Theodorus Mopsuestanus, and was condemned in the second council of Constantinople. And Grotius of late in his annotations on this Book declares himself to be <sup>a</sup> much of*

B 2 *the*

<sup>a</sup> [Hoc canticum] est *δαεισὺς* inter Solomonem & filiam regis Ægypti, interloquentibus etiam choris duobus, tum juvenum tum virginum, qui in proximis thalamo locis excubabant. Nup-

tiarum arcana sub honestis verborum involucris hic latent; quæ etiam causa est cur Hebræi veteres hunc librum legi noluerunt nisi à jam conjugio proximis. Creditur autem Solomon, quò magis

## The PREFACE.

*the same mind; tho to qualify the matter a little he tells us, " 'Tis thought that Solomon, the better to eternize this Book, composed it so artificially, that without much straining there might be allegories enough found in it to express the love of God to the Israelitish nation; which the Chaldee paraphrast perceived and declared, and Maimonides understood it no otherwise. And this love being a type of the love of Christ to his church, christians have laudably exercised their minds in applying the words of this poem to this purpose." But with how little reason any have presumed to deny the divine authority and spiritual design of this book, will appear when 'tis considered; that it has always been numbered among the canonical books of the old testament both by Jews and Christians. The title given it by the Chaldee paraphrast is, Songs and hymns, which Solomon the prophet, the king of Israel, uttered by the spirit of prophecy before the Lord, the Lord of*

magis perennaret hoc scriptum, eâ arte id composuisse, ut sine multa distortionem *ἀλληγορίαι* in eo inveniri possent, quæ Dei amorem adversus populum Israeliticum experimerent: quod & sensit & ostendit Chaldæus hic paraphrastes; nec aliter accepit

Maimonides. Ille autem amor typus cum fuerit amoris Christi erga ecclesiam, Christiani ingenia sua ad applicanda ad eam rem hujus carminis verba exercuerunt laudabili studio. *H. Grot. in Cant.*

all the world. *The extreme reverence the Jews had for it, as containing divine mysteries of the highest rank, was the reason of their prohibiting their children to read it (as well as the first chapter of Genesis, and both the beginning and end of the prophecy of Ezekiel) till they arrived at thirty years age. They call it the <sup>ב</sup> holy of holies; and say its divine authority was never so much as controverted among them by any but the profane. They say the name [Solomon] mentioned in this song is sacred, and to be ascribed to the Messiah, the prince of peace. And the most celebrated christian writers, both antient and modern, so generally agree in the divine original of this song, that it is as needless as it would be endless to name 'em.*

'Tis true, this poem treats of two lovers, sometimes under the character of a shepherd and shepherdess, and sometimes under that of a prince and princess. But does it thence follow that it has not a mystical sense, designing to set forth the mutual love of Christ and his church, when 'tis so usual a thing to find allegories in the divine writings? The forty-fifth Psalm celebrates the same mystical espousals, and very much in the same strain (a version of which I have therefore added at the end) and John the baptist <sup>John 3.</sup> gives <sup>29.</sup>

Rev. 19.  
7, 9.  
Eph. 5.  
22—33.  
2 Cor. 11.  
2.

*gives the character of bridegroom to our blessed Saviour, as well as John the apostle. The apostle Paul uses the same kind of language, when he alludes to marriage, in speaking of the mystical union of Christ and the church. Indeed it may be allow'd, that here are divers allusions to Solomon and his queen, their court and gardens, &c. and the rather, because Solomon was an eminent type of Christ: but longè majora canuntur, and a greater than Solomon is here; as is evident not only from what has been already said, but from the improbable things that will result from the contrary supposition. For instance, if Solomon were one of the principal subjects of this song, is it to be imagin'd that he would speak so largely in his own praise, and magnify his own beauty to so high a degree? On the other hand, is it likely he should one while so plainly set forth the defects and imperfections of his bride, and at another time extol her to the skies? Is it to be thought he would make her so amorous and importunate in her inquiries after him? or that he would represent his queen running unattended thro the streets of Jerusalem in the night to seek him; and so exposing herself to all manner of affronts and abuses, contrary to the rules of decency? This no way agrees with the modesty*



modesty and reservedness of her sex, (especially in those times, and in that place) nor with the greatness of her quality: for in this part of the song she is not considered as a shepherdess in a country-cottage, but as a princess in her city-palace. Now all this, and much more to the same purpose, which for brevity sake I forbear to mention, will very well bear a mystick sense, and may easily be accommodated to Christ and the Church. For 'tis no wonder if Solomon speaks highly in the praise of this heavenly bridegroom, and represents this bride sometimes veiled with blemishes and infirmities, and sometimes without any defect, shining with beauty and glory; because the various conditions and frames of the church of Christ make her appear very much to differ from herself, when view'd in different respects and at different times. 'Tis no trespass on her modesty, but an addition to her glory, to represent her love to Christ extremely fervent. Her diligent inquiry after him in the night, when withdrawn from her; after she refus'd him admission, her sorrows and afflictions in seeking him, her transports of joy when she finds him, all suite very well with what passes between our Saviour and his spouse, while she continues in this lower World.

Chap. 7.  
4.

*It is likewise worth observation, that the tower of Lebanon spoken of in this book, which, in all appearance, is the same with the house of the forest of Lebanon, mentioned 1 Kings 7. 2. was not built till a considerable time after the temple was finished: and yet Solomon was married to Pharaoh's daughter at least some time before the finishing of it; as appears by comparing 1 Kings 3. 1. with chap. 6. 38. and chap. 7. 1, 2. And therefore, if this song had been a kind of epithalamium made immediately on their marriage, this building in Lebanon would not have been alluded to in it.*

*As to the nature of this poem; 'tis a kind of pastoral, tho' some parts of it contain descriptions more agreeable to a prince's court than to a shepherd's cottage. This mixture of city and country, and sudden passing from simple and rustick to noble and magnificent descriptions, was no doubt highly esteemed in the Hebrew poesy (whatever account our moderns make of it) since we have such instances of it in this poem, which was composed by the wisest of men, and the choicest piece of a thousand and five, whereof he was the author; as appears by the title given it, of the song of songs, which signifies; the most excellent song; as the king of kings and lord of lords, denotes in scripture the supreme king and lord.*

Rev. 19:  
16.

*The*

The form of it is dramatick : the persons speaking and spoken to, are the bridegroom, the bride, the friends or companions of the bridegroom, and the companions of the bride, who are called the daughters of Jerusalem. As by the bridegroom Christ is represented, and the church in general by the bride ; so the companions of the bridegroom seem to signify the prophets, apostles, and other ministers of the word of God ; and the daughters of Jerusalem, young converts, or such as are inquiring after Christ and his religion.

If any are shocked at the style and manner of composure, as thinking the figures some of them too bold, and not natural, the transitions too abrupt, &c. let 'em consider that the gust of all ages and nations is not the same ; and that that is a very graceful expression in one language, which seems very mean in another. They that would judge accurately of the style of this poem, should be well acquainted with the language in which it was originally written, and with the genius and customs of the age and nation in which it was first published. These none can now pretend to be thoroughly versed in : therefore 'tis more modest and becoming to lay the fault on our own ignorance, if we don't see that beauty and  
elegancy

*elegancy, which the antient Hebrews did, in a piece composed by one, who, by the testimony of God himself, had the highest intellectual accomplishments of any man in the world, and who wrote it by the special inspiration of the Holy Spirit too: and instead of puzzling ourselves and others by too nicely criticizing on its external form, to seek a more useful and agreeable entertainment, in getting a solid and experimental knowledge and relish of those spiritual mysteries it contains.*

*I have attempted in the ensuing sheets to give a version of this divine drama: in which I have endeavoured to keep as close as I well could to the terms, or however to the sense; to be modest and sparing in paraphrasing; to leave passages capable of various probable interpretations, in such terms as might be differently applied. I have endeavoured carefully to pursue the ideas of the divine poet; yet not to tie myself only to his terms so scrupulously as quite to neglect the air of our english poetry. No body expects a translation in verse from any language can be performed verbatim, or as strictly as one in prose. I have consulted the original text, and various commentators on occasion, and taken the liberty to differ from our english translation in some places*

places where I thought it reasonable. For instance : chapter 1. 17. instead of [rafters of fir] I say [galleries of Brutine-tree.] Chapter 2. 7. chap. 3. 5. and chap. 8. 4 I take to be the words of the bridegroom, and that he charges the daughters of Jerusalem not to awake the bride till she pleases ; whereas our translators supposed the bride now speaking, and charging them not to awake the bridegroom till he pleases. And since I am speaking of these texts : it may not be amiss to advertise by the way, that the abjuration here made by the roes and hinds of the field, is not to be understood as if the party speaking swore by these creatures : for as God swears only by Heb. 6. himself because he can swear by no 13. greater, so it is unlawful for his crea- Deut. 6. tures to swear by any thing below him. 13. But these words may either signify, I Matt. 5. adjure you who are by [or among] the roes and hinds, &c. or else may be taken for a kind of obtestation, whereby these creatures are called to witness against the daughters of Jerusalem, if they should not observe the solemn charge given 'em : as heaven and earth are, by a *prosoPOPæia*, Deut. 30. called on by Moses to testify against the 19. Israelites ; and the stone that Joshua e- Josh. 24. rected, is termed a witness, and hearing 27. ascribed to it. Chapter 5. 10. the bride-  
groom

*groom in our English translation is said to be the chiefest of ten thousand : this I think might better be rendered<sup>c</sup> [carrying the banner over ten thousand men] I therefore turn it thus :*

Under his standard marshal'd are  
Ten thousand youths, but none so fair.

<sup>d</sup> חנן.

*What is called most fine gold in our Bible, I render [the finest gold, the gold of Fez :] for there is<sup>d</sup> another word just before פז that signifies fine gold ; therefore I take this to be the proper name of a part of Africa still called the kingdom of Fez : and perhaps because there was plenty of pure gold in this country, the Arabians term fine gold Fez, (for Mr. Amstworth in his annotations on this place, tells us, 'tis so called in the Arabick Tongue.) I have thro'out noted which party is speaking, according to the best judgment I could make. How I have succeeded in these matters, must be left to others to judge.*

*I have composed it in such a measure, and divided it into such parts, as might render it fit and easy to be sung in the worship of God. If any should scruple*

<sup>e</sup> דגול מרבבה Vexillum gerens, cui subsint decem hominum millia. *Ayant une enseigne de dix mille hommes.* Mercer, in loc.

so to use it, because the sense of it is (in many places at least) obscure and difficult; I desire them to consider that many of the Psalms are liable to the same objection (particularly the 45th, which treats of the same subject of divine love) and yet these are not laid aside as useless to this purpose, because dictated by the same Spirit with those that are more plain and easy to be understood. The obscurity that is found in this or other parts of the sacred writings, should excite us to the greater diligence in searching after the mind of the Holy Spirit, that we may improve both in grace and knowledge. And the providence of God has furnished various helps to this end, and some in our own language: the learned and judicious Mr. Ainsworth's annotations on this book very well deserve to be perused by such as aspire after the knowledge of those excellent things of which it treats.

What is represented to pass between Christ and the church in general in this song, is in a great measure applicable to the transactions between him and every particular christian. Here we may discern the pious soul convinced of Christ's loveliness and worth, inflamed with love towards him, and earnestly desiring and seeking intimate communion with him, tho' she meets with many difficulties in  
her

her way. We afterwards find her transported with joy upon the reception of many signal favours from him, and very ample demonstrations of his love, which are attended with the most grateful expressions of love on her part. After this, thro her negligence and the power of temptation, she grows cool and languid in her affection to him; upon which he, as it were, retires and hides himself from her; he withdraws the manifestation of his kindness, the want of which alarms and awakens her from her slothful frame, and seems to fill her with almost as much sorrow as his smiles gave her pleasure: her joyful raptures are now turn'd into sighs and complaints. However, she resolves to seek her absent lord, till she finds him: her zeal revives: she makes great protestations of the sincerity of her love, and resolutions of her future constancy: she diligently inquires after him, and at length, after having past thro many dangers and difficulties, she meets with him. Their renewed communion then furnishes them both with the sublimest and most endearing expressions of joy and love; and they take the greatest complacency in each other's society, by turns describing one another's beauty, till at last she seems impatient of longer delays, and to desire a yet fuller and more perfect enjoy-



enjoyment of her beloved Lord, by a translation from the kingdom of grace into that of glory. This seems to be the general plot and design of this divine poem.

And those gracious souls, who are truly converted to God, and have experienced the renewing Influences of the divine Spirit to maintain their spiritual life; who have a spiritual relish, or (to use our Saviour's phrase) favour the things that be of God (tho themselves are accounted the foolish things of this world) will easily find much intelligible and instructive matter in this holy song, while the wise men of the world are posed with mystery, and stumble at it. Not but that the wisest and most learned christian may find some difficulties in it (as well as in many other parts of the scripture) capable to exercise his pious industry.

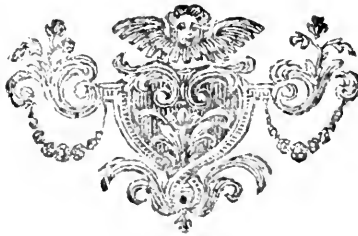
To conclude, if the whole scripture is <sup>2 Tim. 3. 16, 17.</sup> given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished to all good works: then this part of it is useful to these purposes: and we shall do well to attend to the apostle's exhortation, who says, let the word of <sup>Col. 3. 16.</sup> Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms

psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

*And if this small performance shall by the divine blessing any way contribute to the strength of those pious affections which devout souls bear to the blessed Jesus ; it will be the satisfaction and joy of him who esteems it the highest honour in the world to be a servant and friend to the heavenly bridegroom ; and heartily wishes* Grace may be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.  
*Amen.*

Eph. 6.  
24.

J. S.



T O



T O

Mr. JOSEPH STENNETT.

On his excellent Version of the  
Book of CANTICLES.

**L** *ET* untun'd souls poetic flights despise,  
Who to the heights of verse could ne-  
ver rise ;

*In sensible to all the charms of wit,  
And lofty sense, in flowing numbers writ :  
Whilst I (unskill'd to imitate) admire  
The Hebrew song of songs tun'd to an English  
lyre.*

*Sublime the theme ! this sacred poem treats  
Of love divine, with all its charming sweets.  
Under a king's and shepherd's name conceal'd :  
The love of Christ is to his church reveal'd :  
He, tho' the sovereign Lord, God over all  
Blessed for ever, condescends to call  
His church, collected from the wretched race  
Of sinful Adam (when adorn'd with grace)*

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His

*His royal bride; and as a bridegroom loves,  
 With soft endearments all her passions moves.  
 Her mighty joys she does in transport tell,  
 As on the subject she could ever dwell.  
 But ah! too soon forgetful of her bliss,  
 She grows secure; and then she grows remiss,  
 Till her provok'd yet constant lord withdraws,  
 And gives her time to mourn her fault and loss,  
 Then cares and fears possess her troubled soul,  
 And anxious doubts within her bosom roll.  
 No ease, no quiet can the fair one find,  
 Till his return restores her peaceful mind.*

*Th' inspired poet thus in mystic lays,  
 The church's duty sings, her Saviour's praise.  
 The prince and preacher both in one combine, }  
 And with strong reason courtly language join, }  
 To beautify a subject so divine.  
 But all these beauties were to us obscur'd  
 By distant time and place (yet just secur'd  
 Of the true sense in rough unpolish'd prose)  
 Till you (preacher and poet too) arose  
 To storm the heights of sacred poetry,  
 And boldly set the smiling captive free,  
 Tho in an English, yet a charming dress:  
 Great the attempt, and equal the success!*

**Jos. Collet.**



## C H A P. I.

### *Solomon's Song of Songs.*

#### P A R T I.

*Verse.]*

*The BRIDE.*

2



Let him seal his lips on mine,  
His kisses breathe a love di-  
vine :

No juice the generous Vine  
can bear,

May with thy sweeter love compare.

3 The precious ointments on thee shed,  
Around their liberal odors spread,  
And with their odors spread thy fame,  
Sweet, as rich oils diffus'd, thy name,  
Thy name the virgins hearts inspires  
With sacred love and pure desires.

4 Draw me by thy almighty charms;  
We'll run, we'll fly into thy arms.  
Me, happy me! the king of kings  
Into his bridal chambers brings !

*Solomon's song of songs.*

Joy fits upon our hearts and tongues ;  
 Joy tunes our thoughts, and tunes our  
 songs.

We'll think upon this love of thine,  
 More than full bowls of sparkling Wine:  
 For every soul that's good and just,  
 Loves thee, dear Lord, and love thee must.

## P A R T II.

- 5 O daughters of Jerufalem,  
 (Fair offspring of a noble ſtem)  
 Tho, I confeſs, my ſkin is brown,  
 My comely features you muſt own :  
 I'm black as tents of Kedar are ;  
 As Solomon's curtains bright and fair.
- 6 O do not with cenſorious eyes  
 Survey my face, and then deſpiſe :  
 The ſun has view'd me many days,  
 And ſcorch'd my beauty with his rays.  
 My mother's ſons againſt me fir'd  
 With an uncomely rage, conſpir'd  
 To make me keep and dreſs their Vines,  
 Thro winter-ſtorms and ſummer-ſhines ;  
 While that lov'd vineyard of my own  
 With weeds and thorns is all o'ergrown.
- 7 Dear object of my ſoul's deſire !  
 O tell me whither doſt retire  
 With thy lov'd flock, thy joy and care ?  
 Where doſt thou feed 'em ? tell me where.  
 Where giv'ſt 'em ſoft reſoſe at noon ?  
 For why ſhould I, as ſome have done,  
 To other paſtures turn aſide,  
 Where thy companions flocks abide ?

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 8 Fair one, who hast more charms ingroft  
Than all thy sex beside can boast!  
I'll be thy guide, if thou wouldst know  
How to my fields and folds to go.  
The footsteps of my flock you see:  
Follow them, as they follow me:  
Beside those shepherds tents repair;  
There feed thy kids, and fold 'em there.

P A R T III.

- 9 Thy steps and port so graceful are,  
Thee, O my love, I may compare  
To a fair set of goodly steeds  
Of that fam'd race which Egypt breeds,  
To Pharaoh's pompous chariot ty'd,  
When he in solemn state does ride.
- 10 Thy cheeks with rows of jewels shine;  
(Jewels become such cheeks as thine)  
And chains of gold, fit to be worn  
On royal necks, do thine adorn.
- 11 We'll golden borders for thy sake,  
Pouder'd with studs of silver, make.

*The BRIDE.*

- 12 While the glad king at table sits  
Among his welcome favourites,  
My spikenard shall the board perfume,  
And breathe its sweets all round the  
room.
- 13 A heap of myrrh, for fragrancy,  
Is my beloved Lord to me:

*Solomon's song of songs.*

- Him in my arms I will embrace,  
 My bosom make his resting place.  
 14 My dearest love appears to me  
 A cluster from the camphire-tree,  
 Whose odorous gum in drops distill'd,  
 Engedi's fertile vineyards yield.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 15 How fair, my love, how wondrous fair  
 Art thou, beyond what others are!  
 Thy eyes, that flame with spotless loves,  
 Are chaste and bright, like those of doves.

*The BRIDE.*

- 16 How fair art thou! my only dear,  
 How amiable dost thou appear!  
 Come let us here securely rest,  
 Our Bed with pleasant greens is drest;  
 17 And all we have delightful seems:  
 Our house is built with cedar beams;  
 The galleries, contriv'd to be  
 For spacious walks, with brutine-tree.

## C H A P. II.

## P A R T I.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 1 **I** Am the rose of Sharon's field,  
 The lilly that the vallies yield;  
 Which paint the fields with white and red,  
 And far and near their odors spread.

2 Just



- 2 Just as the lilly, which adorns  
The vale beset around with thorns;  
So bright my love appears among  
The brightest of the virgin-throng.

*The BRIDE.*

- 3 Just as a tree with apples crown'd,  
Amidst wild shrubs encompass'd round;  
So fair my dear appears among  
The fairest of the youthful throng.  
To his cool shade I did retire,  
There sat me down with great desire  
To pluck his fruit, which gave delight  
Both to my taste, and to my sight.
- 4 He led me to the joyful place,  
Which splendid banquets us'd to grace:  
To entertain me there, he spread  
Love's conqu'ring banner o'er my head.
- 5 O cheer this fainting heart of mine  
With goblets crown'd with gen'rous wine!  
Treat me with apples; these will prove  
A cordial, now I'm sick of love.
- 6 May his left hand my head uphold,  
May his right arm me round enfold.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 7 O Daughters of Jerusalem,  
(Fair offspring of a noble stem)  
Since here my love now rests secure,  
I with a solemn charge adjure  
You, by the nimble roes and fawns,  
That run and skip along the lawns;

*Solomon's song of songs.*

Permit her soft repose to take,  
 And no indecent clamour make;  
 Nor jog her as she slumb'ring lies,  
 Till she herself is pleas'd to rise.

## P A R T II.

*The BRIDE.*

- 8 I hear the voice of him I love ;  
 And now I see him swiftly move :  
 O'er haughty mountains how he trips !  
 O'er hills and rocks how fast he skips !
- 9 My love is like a roe or fawn,  
 That runs and leaps along the lawn :  
 Now by the wall he stands I see,  
 Now thro the window looks at me :  
 His face now thro the lattice shows,  
 His beautys all their charms disclose.
- 10 Nor stands my dearest silent there ;  
 His voice, his charming voice I hear :  
 " Rise, rise, my love, make no delay,  
 " Rise, my fair one, and come away ;
- 11 " For see the frozen winter's gone,  
 " The rains abate, the spring comes on ;  
 " On the earth's bosom flowers arise,  
 " To please the scent, and please the eyes:  
 " The birds begin to chirp and sing,  
 " To welcome the returning spring :  
 " The turtle in our plains we hear  
 " Proclaiming the reviving year :  
 " The fig-tree her green fruit discloses,  
 " And to the warmer air exposes :  
 " The

“ The fruitful vine begins to bloom,  
“ Her tender buds the air perfume.  
“ Rise, rise, my love, make no delay ;  
“ Rise, my fair one, and come away.

P A R T III.

14 “ My dove, who in a rock dost hide,  
“ And in the secret cliffs reside,  
“ O let thy face to me appear !  
“ Nor let me fail thy voice to hear !  
“ That melting voice of thine is sweet ;  
“ And in thy face all graces meet.

15 “ The foxes, those young foxes take,  
“ Which in our vineyards ravage make :  
“ Strive to defeat their ill designs ;  
“ For tender grapes adorn our vines.

16 My love is mine, and I am his,  
His pasture 'mong the lillies is.

17 Until the welcome dawn of day,  
When gloomy shadows fly away,  
Turn, my beloved, turn again,  
Nor let me call and beg in vain :  
Be like a roe or nimble fawn,  
That runs and skips along the lawn ;  
Such as the hills of Bether breed,  
Such as the hills of Bether feed.

## C H A P. III.

## P A R T I.

- 1 **T**Was dark, as on my bed I lay,  
 My dreams and slumbers fled  
 away ;  
 Waking I miss'd my soul's delight,  
 I miss'd him in the shades of night :  
 I call'd aloud, and call'd again ;  
 I sought him, but I sought in vain.
- 2 I'll rise, said I, and search the town,  
 View every corner up and down ;  
 Search every lane, and every street,  
 Till I my soul's delight can meet.  
 For him I ask'd, and ask'd again :  
 I sought him, but I sought in vain.
- 3 I found not him, but I was found  
 By them that walk the city round,  
 The watch that guard the walls by night ;  
 Saw ye, said I, my soul's delight ?
- 4 From these not many steps I past,  
 And found my soul's delight at last :  
 Fast in my arms my dear I caught,  
 And to my mother's lodgings brought,  
 Into the joyful chamber, where  
 I drew at first my vital air.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 5 O daughters of Jerusalem,  
 (Fair offspring of a noble stem)

Since

Since here my love now rests secure,  
I with a solemn charge adjure  
You, by the nimble roes and fawns,  
That run and skip along the lawns;  
Permit her soft repose to take,  
And no indecent clamour make,  
Nor jog her as she slumbering lies,  
Till she herself is pleas'd to rise.

P A R T II.

*The FRIENDS of the bridegroom.*

- 6 Who's this that from the desert comes,  
Expiring aromattick gums,  
Sweet as the altar's fumes, that rise  
In pillars to propitious skies?  
Such sacred odors flow from her,  
Perfum'd with frankincense and myrrh;  
And all rich pouders of the store  
The merchant brings from th' eastern  
shore.
- 7 Behold great Solomon's bed of state,  
Where threescore mighty champions  
wait:  
All other champions these excel,  
That head the tribes of Israel;
- 8 All vers'd in arms, know how to wield  
The warlike sword, and warlike shield;  
Each on his thigh his weapon bears,  
To guard the court from nightly fears.
- 9 The chariot of king Solomon  
Was made of wood from Lebanon:  
10 The

- 10 The pillars silver finely wrought,  
 The bottom gold from Ophir brought,  
 With Tyrian purple lin'd above,  
 The middle pav'd with mystick love  
 For th' daughters of Jerufalem,  
 (The offspring of a noble stem.)
- 11 Come, Sion's daughters, bright and fair,  
 Like that blest stock that did you bear ;  
 See how king Solomon appears,  
 How bright the diadem he wears !  
 Crown'd by his mother's royal hand,  
 This smiling day the nuptial band  
 Him to his lovely bride has join'd,  
 And tides of joy o'erflow his mind.

## C H A P IV.

### P A R T I.

#### *The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 1 **H**OW fair, my love, how wondrous fair  
 Art thou beyond what others are !  
 Thy eyes that flame with spotless loves,  
 Are chaste and bright like those of doves.  
 They shine beneath thy curling locks,  
 Which seem like goats in num'rous flocks,  
 That on mount Gilead's brow appear,  
 Climbing to find sweet pasture there.
- 2 Within thy lovely mouth there grows  
 A set of teeth in even rows,  
 Like flocks of sheep of equal size,  
 Just as they from the water rise,

And

- And to be shorn from washing come,  
Bearing their snowy fleeces home ;  
Or like the pretty twins they bear,  
When none of 'em abortive are.
- 3 Thy lips, that wear a lively red,  
Are like a scarlet-colour'd thread :  
When with thy sweetest voice they move,  
Their graces still more charming prove.  
Thy temples, shaded with thy hair,  
And cheeks, like cut pomegranates are ;  
As those abound with purple veins,  
In these a blushing tincture reigns.
- 4 Such majesty and beauty shine  
In that illustrious neck of thine ;  
Like David's tower it seems to be,  
Built for a royal armory :  
Thy necklace, strung with glittering  
    gems,  
Like thousand shining bucklers seems,  
All shields by mighty captains born,  
Which that bright tower around adorn.
- 5 Thy breasts, which equal beauties share,  
Are like two fawns, an equal pair,  
The lovely twins o'th' fruitful roe,  
Feeding where snow-white lillies grow.
- 6 Until the welcome dawn of day,  
When gloomy shadows fly away,  
Toth' mount of my rh I'll get me hence,  
And to the hill of frankincense.

## P A R T II.

- 7 All beauties reign, my love, in thee :  
From every blemish thou art free.

8 From

*Solomon's song of songs.*

- 8 From Leb'non come with me, my bride;  
 From Leb'non come with me, thy guide.  
 From high Amana take thy view,  
 From Shenir's top, and Hermon's too;  
 From dens where lions do reside,  
 From hills where savage leopards hide.
- 9 My sister and my lovely bride,  
 (To me by many ties ally'd)  
 My heart is ravish'd with thy charms;  
 My heart is conquer'd by thy arms.  
 One glance of love shot from thy eye  
 Has won the easy victory :  
 One chain, wherewith thy neck's ar-  
     ray'd,  
 Has me a willing captive made.
- 10 My sister and my lovely bride,  
 (To me by many ties ally'd)  
 How pleasant is this love of thine!  
 How much more sweet than generous  
     wine!  
 How much thy precious oils in smell  
 The best of spices all excel!
- 11 Thy lips, my spouse, that move with  
     skill,  
 Drops like the hony-comb distil.  
 Hony and milk's beneath thy tongue,  
 Which feeds the weak as well as strong.  
 Thy garments with rich scents abound,  
 Such as in Lebanon are found.

## P A R T III.

- 12 My sister and my lovely bride,  
 (To me by many ties ally'd)



- Is like a garden round inclos'd,  
Not, as the common field, expos'd:  
A spring shut up, a fountain seal'd,  
And ne'er to vulgar eyes reveal'd.
- 13 Thy plants, all set in decent rows,  
A fruitful paradise compose:  
There trees, with fair pomegranates  
    crown'd,  
And all delicious fruits abound:  
There camphire drops, and spikenard  
    grows,
- 14 With spikenard fragrant saffron blows:  
Sweet cane, and cinnamon are there,  
With aloes, frankincense, and myrrh:  
And all choice spices there are found,  
Which fill the air with odors round.
- 15 From thee the gardens all derive  
The streams that keep their plants alive;  
From thee their spring and sacred well,  
Whose living waters all excel:  
From Lebanon these waters flow,  
And bless with fruit the vale below.
- 16 Awake, O north-wind, and at last  
Give thou, O south, a warmer blast;  
Upon my garden kindly blow,  
That all sweet spices there may flow.

*The* BRIDE.

To's garden let my love repair,  
Pluck his rare fruits, and eat 'em there.

## C H A P. V.

## P A R T I.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

1 **M**Y sifter and my lovely bride,  
 (To me by many ties ally'd)  
 I'm come into my garden, where  
 I please myself in gathering myrrh,  
 In gathering every spice, and gum:  
 I eat my Hony from the comb;  
 My wine and milk go sweetly down,  
 With plenty these my table crown.  
 Come eat with me, my welcome friends,  
 Eat of the gifts heaven kindly sends;  
 Drink, as our joys and wines abound;  
 Drink, dear companions, freely round.

## P A R T II.

*The BRIDE.*

2 I laid me down my rest to take;  
 I slept, yet was my heart awake:  
 A voice salutes my waking ear,  
 One knocking at the door I hear.  
 My love, it seems, was pleas'd to wait,  
 Calling and knocking at the gate:  
 " My sifter, loud he cry'd, my love,  
 " My fair, my chaste, my spotless dove;  
 " Be kind, as I to you have been,  
 " Unlock the door, and let me in:  
 " With

“ With trickling dew my head is fill'd,  
“ My locks with drops by night distill'd.

3 My garments I have laid aside,  
How shall I dress me? I reply'd :  
I've lately wash'd my feet, and how,  
My dear, shall I defile 'em now?  
4 Unkindly thus I let him stand,  
Till thro' the door he thrust his hand ;  
At last my heart began to move  
With all the tender thoughts of love.

5 I rose : ah that I rose so late !  
I had no sooner touch'd the gate,  
My hands with drops of myrrh were fill'd,  
My fingers sweetest myrrh distill'd ;  
The handles of the lock I found  
With dropping myrrh perfum'd around.

6 I open'd to my love the door,  
O that I'ad open'd it before !  
For now alas ! my love was gone,  
Was gone ! and I left all alone !  
My soul was ready to expire  
With fear, with sorrow, with desire.  
When his kind words I call'd to mind,  
I thought how I had been unkind !  
I sought him, but I sought in vain ;  
I call'd, but could no answer gain.

7 I found not him ; but I was found  
By guards that walk the city round :  
These treated me with wounds and blows,  
And aggravated all my woes :  
The watch that guard the walls by night,  
E'en took away my veil in spight.

- 8 O daughters of Jerusalem,  
 (Fair offspring of a noble stem)  
 You I most solemnly adjure,  
 Whene'er you find my love, be sure  
 With my complaints his pity move,  
 And tell him I am sick of love.

## P A R T III.

*The DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem.*

- 9 O thou, who hast more charms ingross'd,  
 Than all our sex beside can boast!  
 What charms in thy beloved dwell,  
 To make him other loves excel!  
 Describe his beauties, let us know,  
 Fair one, why thou adjur'st us so?

*The BRIDE.*

- 10 In my love's cheeks, pure white and red  
 In just degrees their mixture spread.  
 Under his standard marshal'd are  
 Ten thousand youths, but none so fair.
- 11 His head with finest gold is crown'd,  
 The gold of Fez so much renown'd:  
 His hair in decent curls appears,  
 Black as the plumes the raven wears.
- 12 His eyes, that flame with spotless loves,  
 Are pure and bright like those of doves,  
 When in clear streams their heads they  
 wet ;  
 They're wash'd in milk, and fitly set.
- 13 His cheeks a bed of spices are,  
 Or flowers, as sweet as they are fair.
- His

His lips with balmy myrrh do flow ;  
Within 'em snowy lillies grow.

14 His hands display their lovely white,  
Deck'd with gold rings and chrysolite.  
His breast of polish'd ivory made,  
And all with sapphirs overlaid.

15 His legs like marble pillars show,  
In golden sockets fixt below.  
His presence bears a noble air,  
As *Leb'non* and its cedars fair.

16 But O how sweet his mouth doth prove !  
He's all made up of charms and love !  
O daughters of Jerusalem,  
(Fair offspring of a noble stem)  
This is my dearest ! this is he  
Who loves, and is belov'd of me !

## C H A P. VI.

### P A R T I.

*The* DAUGHTERS of *Jerusalem.*

1 **O** Thou, who hast more charms in-  
grost,

Than all our sex beside can boast !

Whither is thy beloved gone ?

Tell, whither is thy love withdrawn ?

Which way he turn'd let us but know,

We'll all to seek him with thee go.

*The BRIDE.*

- 2 To's garden he's gone to retire,  
Where beds of spice their sweets expire.  
To's gardens, where he feeds, and where  
He gathers lillies sweet and fair.
- 3 My love is mine, and I am his;  
His pasture 'mong the lillies is.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 4 As Tirzah fair, my love, you seem,  
And comely as *Jerusalem*.  
Among thy milder graces now  
An awful dread reigns on thy brow;  
Like armies that for war prepare,  
And to the field their ensigns bear.
- 5 O turn from me those conquering eyes,  
Whose powerful charms my heart sur-  
prize!  
Thy hair, all curl'd in curious locks,  
Seem like those goats in numerous flocks,  
That on mount Gilead's brow appear,  
Climbing to find sweet pasture there.
- 6 Within thy lovely mouth there grows  
A set of teeth in even rows;  
Like flocks of sheep of equal size,  
Just as they from the waters rise,  
And to be shorn from washing come,  
Bearing their snowy fleeces home;  
Or like the pretty twins they bear,  
When none of them abortive are.
- 7 Thy temples shaded with thy hair,  
And cheeks, like cut pomegranates are:  
As

As those abound with purple-veins,  
In these a blushing tincture reigns.

P A R T II.

- 8 Not all the train of threescore queens,  
And fourscore beauteous concubines,  
Innumerable virgins too,  
May e'er compare, my love, with you.
- 9 My only dove, my spotless one  
Transcends 'em all herself alone ;  
The only one her mother bare,  
Her mother's tender joy and care.  
The virgins saw her, and confest  
None with such beauty e'er was blest :  
The queens and concubines admir'd,  
And in her praises all conspir'd.

*The DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem.*

- 10 Who's this so cheerful and so bright,  
Gay as the rising morning light ?  
Ne'er did the moon so fair appear ;  
Nor is the sun more bright and clear.  
Among her milder graces now  
An awful dread reigns on her brow ;  
Like armies that for war prepare,  
And to the field their ensigns bear.

P A R T III.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 1 To the nut-garden I went down,  
To see what fruits the valley crown ;
- D 3
- To

*Solomon's song of songs.*

To see how well the vines were grown,  
How the pomegranate-trees were  
blown.

- 12 Surpriz'd I know not how, I find  
Fervent desires transport my mind ;  
And raptures wing my wondrous soul,  
That nothing can my speed controul :  
So volunteers in chariots fly,  
Resolv'd to overcome or die.  
Return, return, O Shulamite,  
Thy presence will rejoice our fight :
- 13 Return, return, what shall we see,  
O fairest Shulamite, in thee ?  
In thee bright pomp and terror shine,  
As when two shouting armies join.

## C H A P. VII.

## P A R T I.

- 1 **I**N thee, O Prince's daughter, meet,  
Numberless charms from head to  
feet !

Those feet become the shoes they wear,  
Become the lovely weight they bear ;  
Two beauteous pillars they sustain,  
Whose joints the finest work contain ;  
Like precious gems, more precious still  
When cut and set with wondrous skill.

- 2 Thy navel's like a goblet round,  
Which does with vital juice abound :

Thy



- Thy belly promises a race,  
Heirs to thy honour, and thy grace.  
'Tis like a heap of wheat, when crown'd  
With snowy lillies all around.
- 3 Thy breasts, which equal beauties share,  
Are like two fawns, an equal pair,  
The lovely twins o'th' fruitful roe.
- 4 Above these hills of driven snow  
Stand that fair neck, which seems to be  
A tower of polish'd ivory.  
Those eyes, those sparkling eyes of thine,  
Like the clear pools in *Heshbon*, shine  
Just by Bath-rabbim-gate. Thy nose  
Methinks like some fair turret shows,  
Like that of Leb'non, which descries  
The plain where great Damascus lies.
- 5 Thy head's with many graces blest,  
(Thy head, whose beauty crowns the rest)  
It looks like Carmel's fields, and bears  
A lovely fleece of purple hairs.  
By these dear chains the king is bound,  
When in the galleries he's found.

P A R T II.

- 6 Thou lov'd, and lovely one; how fair,  
How charming all thy features are!  
How they inspire refin'd delight!
- 7 Thy stature's like the palm upright:  
Thy breasts like clusters of the vine,  
When ripe, and full of generous wine.
- 8 The stately palm I'll climb, said I,  
I'll reach its fruitful boughs on high;

*Solomon's song of songs.*

- Thy breasts, like clusters of the vine,  
 Shall now abound with generous wine.  
 Thy nostrils breathe a fragrant air,  
 Like apples, sweet as they are fair.
- 9 Thy mouth, the seat of eloquence,  
 Shews the right gust of truth and sense ;  
 Like sparkling wine, that briskly moves,  
 Such as my dearest love approves ;  
 Which can inspire the dull, and rouse  
 The silent lips of them that drowse.

*The BRIDE.*

- 10 I am my love's, I am his own ;  
 And his desire's to me alone.
- 11 Come, my beloved, let's repair  
 To th' open fields, and take the air ;  
 Into the country we'll retreat,  
 And there a quiet lodging get :
- 12 We'll rise up with the dawning day,  
 And thro' the smiling vineyards stray ;  
 See if the vine begins to shoot,  
 And promises good store of fruit ;  
 See if her tender grapes she shows ;  
 See how the fair pomegranate blows.  
 There will I give my loves to thee.
- 13 The mandrakes breathe their fragrancy:  
 Our gates with choicest fruits abound,  
 Fruits new and old with us are found.  
 This store, my love, I did provide  
 For thee, who hast my heart beside.

C H A P. VIII.

P A R T I.

- 1 **O** How I wish, that thou, my love,  
Wouldst to me as a brother prove!  
Fed by those breasts, born on that knee,  
Which suckled and supported me.  
With how much joy I should thee meet,  
Or in the field, or in the street!  
There I'd embrace thee, there I'd kiss;  
Nor should I be despis'd for this.
- 2 How gladly would I lead thee home!  
Whither thou wouldst as gladly come,  
To my dear mother's pleasant seat,  
Where thou shouldst many welcomes  
meet.  
Thy kind instructions all should find  
A listening ear, and pliant mind:  
Wine mix'd with spices I'd prepare,  
And thou shouldst freely drink it there.  
The fruit of my pomegranate-tree  
Should yield its grateful juice to thee.
- 3 His left hand should my head uphold,  
His right arm should me round enfold.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 4 O daughters of Jerusalem,  
(Fair offspring of a noble stem)  
Since here my love now rests secure,  
You I most solemnly adjure ;

Permit

*Solomon's song of songs.*

Permit her soft repose to take,  
 And no indecent clamour make;  
 Nor jog her as she slumbring lies,  
 Till she herself is pleas'd to rise.

## P A R T II.

*The DAUGHTERS of Jerusalem.*

5 Who's this that from the desert moves,  
 Leaning upon the arm she loves?

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

At first, my love, I rais'd up thee  
 Under the fruitful apple-tree;  
 There many a pang, and many a throw  
 Did thy fair mother undergo;  
 But after many pangs and throws,  
 Did her blest fruit at last disclose.

*The BRIDE.*

6 O let my name be deep imprest,  
 Like a fair signet, on thy breast!  
 Engrave it on thy arm, and wear  
 The precious seal for ever there:  
 For there's so great a power in love,  
 Not death itself so strong can prove;  
 The king of terrors in his pride  
 By fiercer jealousy's outvy'd:  
 Those darts shine with celestial fire,  
 Those darts a love divine inspire,  
 7 A love whose flame can never be  
 Extinguish'd by th' o'erflowing sea:

The

The swelling floods in vain conspire  
To quench so pure and bright a fire.  
He whose large stores do most abound,  
Too poor to purchase love is found ;  
His offers would successless prove,  
Should he give all his wealth for love ;  
Love at so high a rate is priz'd,  
His treasures would be all despis'd.

P A R T III.

*The* BRIDEGROOM.

- 8 A little sister, fair and young,  
Does to our family belong :  
Her breasts appear not yet, 'tis true ;  
What shall we for our sister do,  
When she begins to get a name,  
When growing beauties spread her fame ?
- 9 If, by the firmness of her mind,  
She seems a wall, for strength design'd ;  
A palace on that wall we'll found,  
Glittering with silver all around :  
If like a gate, built to defend  
From foes, and to admit a friend ;  
With cedar boards we'll fence her well,  
Of lasting strength and fragrant smell.

*The* BRIDE.

- 10 Such is the firmness of my mind,  
I am a wall for strength design'd ;  
My breasts are grown, and now appear  
Like two fair towers built for my dear.  
When thus I spake, his smiles I gain'd,  
With them his very heart obtain'd.

## P A R T IV:

- 11 King Solomon a field posselt,  
 Baal-hamon field with plenty blest:  
 With vines of noblest kind 'twas set  
 This vineyard he to keepers let;  
 These for the fruit agreed to bring  
 A thousand shekels to the king.
- 12 That fertile vineyard I possess,  
 I always keep, and fence, and dress:  
 A thousand silver shekels are,  
 O Solomon, thy rightful share;  
 And those two hundred which remain,  
 To them that keep the fruit pertain.

*The BRIDEGROOM.*

- 13 O thou who dweltst in gardens fair,  
 And art the fairest flower there!  
 Thy voice our glad companions hear,  
 Which melts the heart, and charms  
 the ear.  
 Give me the same delight, my dear;  
 Thy sweetest voice O let me hear.

*The BRIDE.*

- 14 Haste, my beloved, haste away,  
 Nor let me vainly beg and pray:  
 Flee like a roe or nimble fawn,  
 That runs and skips along the lawn;  
 Such as the spicy mountains breed,  
 Such as the spicy mountains feed.





# P S A L M XLV.


To the chief musician upon Shoshannim,  
for the sons of Korah, Maschil :

*A song of loves.*



## P A R T I.

*Verse.]*

1  Y heart a noble theme in-  
dites :

What I compose concerns  
the king :

My tongue the swiftest pen that writes  
Outvies, while I attempt to sing.

2 None among all the human race  
Like thee for loveliness appears :  
Thy lips, bedew'd with heavenly grace,  
Ravish each wondring soul that hears.

For

For God will ever from on high  
His constant blessings thee afford.

3 O mighty one, upon thy thigh  
Make haste to gird thy conquering sword.

4 Thy majesty and glory show :  
Along in prosperous grandeur ride :  
Let meekness, truth, and justice go  
In solemn triumph by thy side.

Thy right hand, vers'd in warlike arts,  
Thee terrible exploits shall teach :

5 O king, thy foes rebellious hearts  
Thy keenest darts shall surely reach :

The nations under thee shall fall.

6 Thy throne, O God, shall stand secure ;  
And, as its power extends o'er all,  
It shall for evermore endure.

The scepter of thy kingdom proves  
A scepter of impartial right :

7 Thy soul unspotted justice loves,  
And sin is odious in thy fight.

For God, thy God, in plenteous showers  
On thee the oil of gladness sheds :  
More of that holy ointment pours  
On thine, than thy companions heads.

8 Myrrh, aloes, cassia, rich perfumes  
Thy robes of glory more expire,  
When passing from the ivory rooms,  
Than all thy dearest friends attire.



- 9 Kings daughters there were waiting seen,  
And in the croud of virgins prest :  
On thy right-hand the brighter queen •  
Stood all in gold of Ophir drest.

## P A R T II.

- 10 O royal daughter, bow thy ear,  
Attend with serious thoughts to me :  
Forget thy people once so dear,  
Nor long thy father's house to see.
- 11 So the king's heart shall be thy own,  
He shall thy beauty still admire :  
For he's thy Lord, thy Lord alone,  
And does thy worship all require.
- 12 Tyre's stately daughter shall attend  
With costly presents at thy gate :  
The richest of the people bend,  
And for thy favour beg and wait.
- 13 The king's fair daughter's pious heart  
All inward glories does enfold : [art,  
Her outward garments wrought with  
Are made of threads of purest gold.
- 14 She shall be led in solemn state,  
In robes of fine embroidery :  
Her virgin friends that on her wait,  
Shall all be introduc'd to thee.
- 15 As to the palace they resort,  
Full joys in every heart shall reign,  
Till the bright gate o'th' royal court  
Receives the welcome nuptial train.

*Psalm XLV.*

- 16 Instead of fathers soon there springs  
A stock of sons, that owe their birth  
To thee: a noble race of kings,  
Whom thou shalt place o'er all the earth.
- 17 And I, O king, will make thy name  
To all successive times descend:  
All nations shall thy acts proclaim,  
And thy loud praises ne'er shall end.



H Y M N S



# H Y M N S

In Commemoration

Of the SUFFERINGS

O F

Our Blessed SAVIOUR

JESUS CHRIST,

COMPOSED

For the CELEBRATION of his

Holy SUPPER.

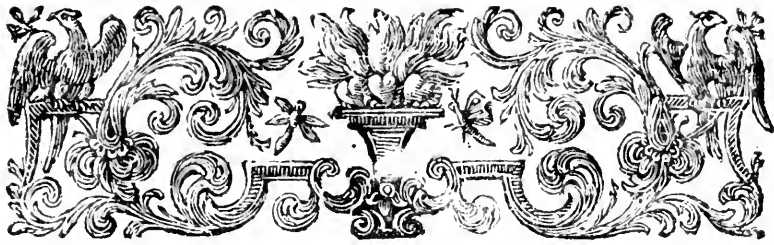
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*Mat. 26. 30. And when they had sung an hymn,  
they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

---








 Hereas our Saviour instituted the sacrament of his body and blood to be a perpetual memorial of his death, and concluded the same by singing an hymn together with his disciples ; his authority and example are sufficient to oblige us to do so likewise.

And that this duty may be performed with an humble reverence of the divine majesty, and a deep contrition for our numerous sins, with faith in the assistance of the Holy Spirit, and steady resolution of obedience to all the laws of Jesus Christ ; we recommend the following hymns, the design and performance of which render them very proper to raise such affections in us, as are suitable to so solemn an occasion.

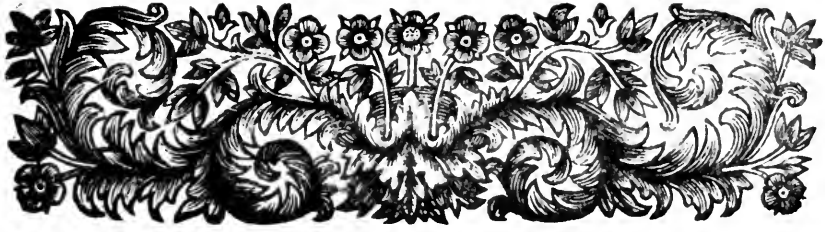
To which may be added the version of Solomon's song, by the same author ;

whereby we may arrive at a knowledge of the meaning of that divine poem, and which may serve to excite becoming affections in our minds on other occasions.

*Jos. Maisters,*  
*John Shower,*  
*Tho. Reynolds,*  
*Will. Harris,*  
*Jabez Earle,*  
*Sam. Rosewel,*  
*Tho. Bradbury,*  
*Benj. Stinton.*

*Dan. Williams,*  
*Rich. Allen,*  
*John Piggott,*  
*John Foxon,*  
*Benj. Grosvenor,*  
*Nat. Hodges,*  
*Eben. Wilson.*





A N  
 ADVERTISEMENT  
 TO THE  
 READER.



*Any of the following hymns were compos'd only for the use of the congregation under my peculiar charge; but by means of the copies taken by some persons who heard them dictated in publick, they were dispersed into many hands.*

*To hinder the propagation of those mistakes that slide into copies hastily written, and which are multiplied by being often transcribed from different hands; and to oblige those of my friends who desired perfect copies for themselves, and who endeavoured to persuade me they would be acceptable and useful to many*

other congregations, I consented to make them publick.

The two first impressions being gone off, and a third for some time desired; I thought meet to review them, that I might render them less imperfect, by correcting them in several places: which I have done, as well as added a few hymns not published before.

I have prescribed to myself, in the composition of them all, to keep the cross of Christ continually in view: seeing his *Gal. 3. 1.* holy supper is designed evidently to set him forth before our eyes, crucified among us. I have endeavoured to assist the devotion of those who communicate at his sacred table, by suggesting what I thought most proper to dispose them to humility and repentance, to faith and hope, to admiration and joy, to love and gratitude. And tho' the matter of them, as well as the expression, may seem very much diversified, so that some of them are much more directly adapted to excite this or that pious affection or christian virtue than others; yet they are generally so ordered as to have an obvious regard to them all.

I have cited those scriptures in the margin, from whence the thoughts, and frequently the very words, are taken: by which means the reader, if he is pleased  
to



to turn to the passages refered to, may easily explain to himself those phrases and allusions, which at the first glance appear somewhat hard and obscure.

I have chosen those measures which sute the tunes in most common use among us, tho they are not very favourable to a vein of poesy; it being impossible to express the sense so elegantly, when 'tis cramped and confined to very short lines, as when a larger scope is allow'd.

I have carefully avoided those very bold flights and those heathenish phrases which some have indulged even in divine poesy; for I cannot think them consistent with the gravity, purity, and perspicuity which ought to be preserv'd in hymns calculated for the immediate service of God, and for the common edification of christians.

And because some few words that are less common here and there occur, where some plainer words as expressive of the sense, or as grateful to the ear, did not present; lest these should amuse any reader, and render some passages difficult to him, I have subjoin'd a table at the end to explain those terms; that persons of a mean capacity, and not conversant with other writings besides those of the Bible, or some plain books of devotion, might be able to sing these hymns with understanding.

*They who reflect on what I have already said, will make considerable allowances for the defects they find in the poetry. And perhaps the imperfection of this essay may be an occasion of setting some better hand to work, to oblige the publick with politer compositions of this kind.*

*The love of truth, and a charitable regard to some very serious and pious christians, whose minds have been so perplexed with scruples about the lawfulness of singing in the service of God, that they wholly omit this so very useful and agreeable part of divine worship, mov'd me to desire a very worthy and ingenious friend to prefix to this book of hymns some arguments on that subject, with the substance of which he had before entertained me, in giving me an account how those prejudices against singing of psalms, &c. himself was formerly under, had been removed.*

*His friendship, and the hope I endeavoured to make him conceive that what had convinced him, might (by the blessing of God) have the same effect on some other persons under the like circumstances, made him willing not to refuse my request; tho he has not given me the liberty of mentioning his name.*

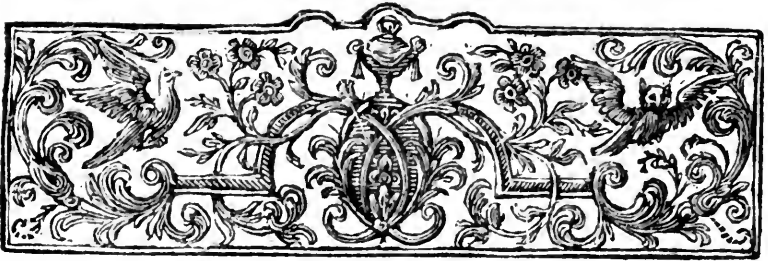
*To this edition I have also prefixed a short essay in verse by way of dedication to our BLESSED SAVIOUR; to whom these hymns of right belong, as being consecrated to the service of his holy table.*

*If any thing I have attempted shall redound to the glory of his sacred name, and to the spiritual advantage of any part of his church; as I shall account it an honour, so it will be an occasion of joy and satisfaction to me.*

J. S.



T H E



THE  
PREFACE:

By another hand.



*Have, at the request of the reverend author, prefix'd this brief discourse to the following hymns, in vindication of the practice of singing the praises of God, as a part of christian worship. And I the more readily complied, because I have myself laboured under the prejudices of education to the contrary; till convinced of what I now esteem my duty, by the highest authority, viz. that of Christ and his apostles.*

*I will not doubt of a becoming reception from those christians who have different sentiments. I shall only intreat the favour, not to say justice, of any such  
who*

who shall read this preface, to think it possible for them to have been mistaken, and to be equally willing to receive the truth, on which soever side of the question it shall appear to be.

One that reads over the new testament with any attention, must observe a frequent mention of singing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.

The evangelists <sup>a</sup> Matthew and Mark both inform us, that our blessed Saviour, together with his disciples, sung an hymn at the conclusion of the Lord's supper, then instituted a standing ordinance in the church.

St. Luke in his history of the acts of the apostles tells us, that Paul and Silas being in prison, and having been scourged on account of their ministry, at midnight <sup>Acts 16.</sup> prayed and sung praises to God, so that <sup>25.</sup> the prisoners heard them.

The apostle Paul reproving the Corinthians for a vain ostentation of their gifts, particularly that of speaking in foreign languages, tells <sup>b</sup> them, that they ought to sing with understanding; which could not be. whilst they were ignorant of the language sung, tho it might be un-

<sup>a</sup> Mat. 26. 30. and Mark 14. 26. And when they had sung an hymn, &c.

<sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. 14. 15. I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also.

derstood by the precentor, or person who dictated to the rest.

The same apostle exhorts both the <sup>c</sup> Ephesians and <sup>d</sup> Colossians to sing psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs.

The apostle <sup>e</sup> James also exhorts the scatter'd christians of the twelve tribes to whom he writes, to express their joy on all occasions by singing psalms of praise to God.

Now what is to be collected from all these examples, precepts, and regulations of this practice, but that singing the praises of God is a part of divine worship in the christian church? And certainly any one would make this conclusion from reading these passages, who had never heard of any controversy about it. It is indeed possible to raise objections against any thing. Grammatical criticisms may be pretended, and a forced construction may be put on the plainest words: but if

<sup>c</sup> Ephes. 5. 19, 20. Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things to God and the father, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

<sup>d</sup> Colos. 3. 16, 17. Let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one an-

other in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the father by him.

<sup>e</sup> James 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted? let him pray: is any merry? let him sing psalms.

*the same rules be allowed for the interpretation of scripture in general, as must be made use of to evade the force of the texts I have mentioned; the plainest precepts may be rendered doubtful, and the clearest doctrines overthrown. However, since there are some who still remain unconvinced of this duty, I shall endeavour, without stating them particularly, to obviate all their objections, and confirm the truth, by shewing,*

1. *That the singing mentioned in the several recited texts is proper.*

2. *That it was practised as a part of divine worship.*

3. *That it was perform'd by joint Voices.*

1. *That the singing mentioned in the several recited texts, must be understood in a proper, and not a metaphorical sense. To this there can no objection be made, but from some pretended criticism on the original: for every one that understands English, knows that to sing is to express words with a tuneable voice, according to the rules of musick; as proper speaking is to express words according to the rules of grammar: both being to be performed by imitation and practice, without an acquaintance with  
the*

*the theory of either; for they are equally natural, tho both reducible to artificial rules. Singing in English is taken in no other sense; nor can any bare English reader doubt whether this be the meaning.*

*As to the original: the word made use of by the <sup>f</sup> evangelists is deriv'd from a verb, whose primary signification is to sing an hymn or song of praise.*

*Sometimes indeed it is taken absolutely to praise, without determining the manner. But this is a certain rule in the interpretation of all writings; to take words in their first and most proper signification, unless some good reason be assigned why that sense cannot be admitted in the place in question. Now in the instances under consideration no such reason can be produced; and therefore it ought to be rendered, as in our translation, they sung an hymn or song of praise.*

*In the epistle to the <sup>e</sup> Corinthians, and that of <sup>h</sup> St. James, the word used in the original signifies properly to sing. It is also sometimes used for singing to or playing on a musical instrument; but when*

<sup>f</sup> Mat. 26. 30. ὕμνησαντες.		<sup>e</sup> 1 Cor. 14. 15. Ὑμᾶν πᾶν
Mark 14. 30. ὕμνησαντες.		πνεύματι, ψαλῶν ὅτι τὸ νότον.
Acts 16. 25. ὕμνον.		<sup>h</sup> James 5. 13. Ἐψαλμῶν
		τις; ψαλλέτω.

*applied*



applied to the voice, is never taken in any other sense than that of strictly singing. In the epistle to the <sup>i</sup> Colossians we find another word which also signifies properly to sing, but is sometimes used to express the writing a poem or copy of verses; which is a sense of the word that I suppose no body will contend for in this place, and besides which no other sense can be put on the word, but that of proper singing.

In the epistle to the <sup>k</sup> Ephesians both the words last mentioned are made use of. So that had St. Paul ever so much designed to speak of proper singing, it was impossible for him by words to have expressed himself more clearly and determinately.

All this, I think, amounts to a full proof, that our translation is in this matter every where just, and that proper singing is spoken of in all the instances given. As to the particular tunes in which the words are to be expressed, they are left as much at liberty as the tone or different elevation and accenting the voice in speaking. Decency is the only limitation: and as the tone of the voice ought not to be wanton and ludicrous, so neither should the musical tunes be light

<sup>i</sup> Colos. 3. 16. Ἀδούτες. | <sup>k</sup> Eph. 5. 19. Ἀδούτες καὶ ἄλλούτες.

and

*airy : both ought in divine worship to be grave and solemn, becoming our addresses to God.*

2. *That this singing mentioned in the several recited texts was performed and enjoined as a part of divine worship.*

*The eucharistical hymn performed by our Lord and his apostles, is acknowledged, even by those who deny that it was sung, to have been an act of praise and thanksgiving to God. For it is agreed on all sides, that hymning is praising, whether by song or without ; and to be sure God was the object with whom they were then conversant.*

*In the instance of Paul and Silas the words are express, they sung praises unto God.*

*To the Ephesians the apostle thus expresses it : speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs ; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. And to the Colossians he says, in almost the same words : let the word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs ; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord : and whatsoever you do in word or deed, do all*

all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the father by him. *In both which places we may observe the action, giving thanks or praise; the object, God, thro' the mediator; and the external mode, singing.*

*The apostle James has it, is any among* Jam. 5. *you afflicted, let him pray? is any mer-* 13. *ry, let him sing psalms? Which amounts to thus much: that as prayer is a proper manner of expressing our wants and griefs to God, so is singing a proper way of expressing our joy and gratitude. And indeed musick and poetry are both proper to express and move the passions. They heighten and improve the affections of love and joy, whilst they gently calm the uneasy sensations of grief and sorrow. Thus we find the royal psalmist singing one while lofty hymns of praise, anon a mournful penitential song, and again fervent prayers and supplications for needful blessings. So that nothing which is fit to be addressed to God, can be unfit to be sung before him.*

*What St. Paul says of this matter to the Corinthians; I will sing with the* I Cor. 14. *spirit, and I will sing with understanding* 15. *also; plainly appears to be spoken of the publick worship in the church, being joined with prayer: which had suffered the same abuse with singing, from the va-*

nity and affectation of some in the church, who had received the gift of tongues, and prided themselves in speaking before the people in an unknown language; whereas they ought both to pray and to sing the praises of God in such a tongue, as that all present might understand, and join in the same act of worship with a sincere devotion and a due knowledge.

Now from what has been said under this head it appears, that in all the recited places singing is spoken of as being performed to God as the immediate object: which is all that is necessary to constitute any action religious, or a part of divine worship.

3. I now come to shew that singing the praises of God was performed by the joint voices of several persons together. It is said of our Lord and his disciples, by both Matthew and Mark, that they sung an hymn [in the plural number] whereas Christ's blessing the bread, and giving thanks when he took the cup, are both expressed [in the singular number] as performed by Christ speaking singly, and the rest joining mentally only. And that they did so join with Christ in that action, I suppose nobody doubts; tho' it be said, he gave thanks and he blessed, that is, he in the name of them all, and on their behalf as well as for himself,

solely

solemnly pronounced their joint supplications and thanksgivings to God. But here the phrase is altered, and the evangelists tell us, that they sung an hymn; that is, with joint voices, as well as with united hearts. Which as it is the plain and obvious meaning of the expression, so there can no other reason be assigned for the variation of the phrase.

St. Luke tells us, that the prisoners heard Paul and Silas both performing their joint devotions to God. I suppose no body imagines they pronounced their prayers together. It must therefore be the praises which they sung jointly, and that with a voice so raised, as that their fellow prisoners heard them.

There is another passage in the history of the Acts, which, I think, if duly considered, is to this purpose. In the 4th chapter the 24th verse it is said, that they [*i. e.* the apostles that were then at Jerusalem, and the believers that consorted with them, being assembled together] lift up their voice to God with one accord, and said, &c. From the context it appears, that the worship then offered was a solemn thanksgiving (tho concluded with a petition) and that on a very eminent occasion, the deliverance of Peter and John from the rage of the Sanhedrim; by whom, after examination, they were

*dismissed without punishment, and this in accomplishment of David's prophecy, Psalm 2. 1. Now the matter being praise and thanksgiving, and that expressed with united voice as well as heart, I see no room to doubt but that it was performed as an hymn or sacred song: unless it should be thought that they pronounced a bare oration with united voices; which is a sense I believe none ever yet contended for. We no where read of a prayer being pronounced by joint voices, but of praises being sung by joint voices I have already given instances. And the action here being solemn praise offered up by joint voices, tho it be not said they sung, yet it is more than probable that they did sing; for tho all saying (which is the word used) be not singing, yet to be sure all singing is saying.*

*These instances, I think, are sufficient to prove, that singing by conjoined voices was practised in the christian church.*

*The sum of what has been said, is; that from divers texts of scripture, collected out of the new testament, it does appear, that the praises of God were sung by conjoint voices in the christian church, as a part of divine worship; and that this duty is on several occasions regulated, enjoined and recommended to the several churches to whom the apostles*

*files wrote their epistles. From all this it naturally follows, that it is now the duty of all christians to sing the praises of God, both in their publick assemblies, and in their more private religious exercises.*

*To this account from scripture, I shall add one foreign testimony, to prove that it was the constant practice of the primitive christians, in their religious assemblies, to sing with conjoint voices, hymns or songs of praise to Christ as God. And that is of Pliny the younger: who was governor of all Pontus, and Bithynia in Asia Minor, together with the city of Byzantium; not as an ordinary proconsul, but as the emperor's immediate lieutenant with extraordinary power. This great man had for some time, in obedience to his master's commands, exercised his authority in a vigorous prosecution of the christians: but finding that if he proceeded to punish all that acknowledged themselves christians, he must in a manner lay waste his provinces, he thought it necessary to write a letter to the emperor himself about this matter: wherein after having given a particular account of his procedure against the christians, and of their obstinacy in persisting to death, and of the great numbers that had embraced this*

*new superstition, as he calls it ; he relates what upon examination he had found to be the sum of the christian practice.*  
 “ \*They affirmed, says he, that the whole  
 “ sum of that offence or error lay in this :  
 “ that they were wont on a set day to  
 “ meet together before sun-rise, and to  
 “ sing together a hymn to Christ as a  
 “ God, and oblige themselves by a sacra-  
 “ ment, not to commit any wickedness,  
 “ but to abstain from theft, robbery,  
 “ adultery, to keep faith, and to restore  
 “ any pledge intrusted with them ; and  
 “ after that they retired, and met a-  
 “ gain at a common meal, in which was  
 “ nothing extraordinary or criminal.”  
 This epistle was written to Trajan then emperor, about seventy one years after the death of our blessed Saviour, A. D. 104. and in the seventh year of Trajan’s reign. By this unquestionable authority we see what account the christians of that time gave of their own practice : viz. that in their religious as-

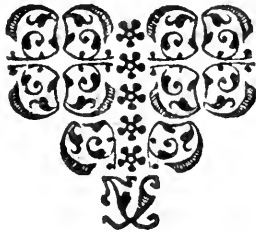
* Affirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel culpæ suæ, vel erroris ; quod essent soliti stato die ante lu- cem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem, seque sa- cramento, non in scelus ali- quod obstringere, sed ne fur- ta, ne latrocinia, ne adulte-	ria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum ap- pellari abnegarent : quibus peractis morem sibi disce- dendi fuisse, rursusque coe- undi ad capiendum cibum promiscuum tamen & in- noxium. <i>Plin. ep. lib. 10.</i> <i>ep. 97.</i>
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

*semblies*



*semblies they sung songs or hymns to Jesus Christ as God.*

*Concerning the following composures I shall only say, that the subjects are well chosen, and admirably adapted to the occasion, proper to excite becoming affections at that great feast of love, the Lord's supper, instituted in commemoration of that perfect sacrifice, by which alone we are delivered from everlasting destruction, and intitled to eternal blessedness. The poetry is chaste and polite, the expression clear and just, in every respect becoming the noble theme: as such I recommend it both to the publick and private use of those devout christians, whose breasts are warmed by a heavenly fire, and whose souls are transported with a lively sense of divine love.*



*A HYMN, written by the same hand,  
upon his being convinced that SINGING  
is a part of divine worship.*

**E**Ternal intellectual light,  
With pure illapse my mind inspire;  
And whilst I sing thee great and bright,  
Inflame my breast with heav'nly fire.

Tho long mistaken, I withheld  
Harmonious song divine, thy due;  
Yet better knowledge now instill'd,  
Thy tuneful praise my voice shall shew.

Substantial glory, from thy throne  
Around diffus'd, illumines heaven;  
With life and love fills ev'ry one,  
To whom those happy seats are given.

Nor there confin'd, thy beams divine  
Irradiate all thy church below:  
Thy chosen with thy brightness shine,  
And by their love, thy grace they show.

To every heart, by secret ways  
Convey'd, mysterious influence!  
The bright effusion of thy rays,  
Gives knowledge, truth and innocence.

When in deep trouble, and oppress'd,  
Thy consolating light sustains  
Thy drooping faints; tho sore distress,  
Calm peace and joy succeed their pains.

So the returning summer's sun  
Does with fresh vigor bright appear;  
The clouds dispell'd, the winter gon,  
Glad plenty crowns the smiling year.

THE



T H E

# DEDICATION.



Thou whom angels with their  
hymns address !

To whom all knees must bow,  
all tongues confess !

Sacred to thee, this sacrifice of praise  
A willing hand upon thy altar lays ;  
Encourag'd by that goodness which approves  
A poor man's gift, tho but a pair of doves.  
May I have one accepting smile from thee ;  
'Tis more than all the world's applause to  
me.

Happy ! if I a contrite spirit bring,  
And feel my breast warm'd with the love  
I sing ;

Happy ! if these my songs successful prove  
To make one sinner look on thee, and love ;  
To make one prodigal confess thy charms,  
And fly for pardon to thy dying arms ;

To fan their pious flame who thee adore,  
 And make the souls that love thee, love  
     thee more ;  
 Make 'em their praises and their vows re-  
     new,  
 And give their all to thee, to whom all  
     hearts are due.

Lord, what a train of woes attend thy way  
 From dark Gethsemane to Golgotha !  
 What gloomy terrors did conspire to roll  
 Thro' all th' apartments of thy inmost soul !  
 What troubles in thy lab'ring bosom met,  
 And flow'd in tears, flow'd in a bloody  
     sweat !  
 What clouds, with thunder charg'd, black  
     horror spread !  
 And broke with storms of vengeance on  
     thy head !  
 This dismal night a darker morn portends :  
 Seiz'd by thy foes, abandon'd by thy friends :  
 By one of them abjur'd, by one betray'd,  
 And with a treacherous kiss a pris'ner made :  
 From one tribunal to another led,  
 New pretexts sought thy sacred blood to  
     shed :  
 Charg'd with those crimes thy righteous  
     soul abhor'd,  
 And there condemn'd where thou shouldst  
     be ador'd.  
 Humble and meek the passive victim stands,  
 By vilest tongues blasphem'd, and struck  
     by rudest hands.

A prince to universal empire born,  
Scepters his hand, and crowns his head }  
had worn,  
Now holds a reed, and wears a wreath }  
of thorn.  
The savage croud the king of glory jeers, }  
With loud reproaches wound his patient }  
ears,  
And mix their foaming spittle with his }  
tears,

And now with slow and feeble pace I try  
To trace thy footsteps up mount Calvary:  
There see those hands, that made and }  
scatter'd bread,  
And thousands with the growing banquet }  
fed,  
Those hands that heal'd the sick, and }  
rais'd the dead;  
That oft returning sinners did embrace,  
And for them oft implor'd forgiving grace,  
With pious ardor lifted up to heaven,  
Now pierc'd with nails, amid their sinews  
driven:  
Thy sacred feet the same rude treatment  
know,  
And both in purple streams their torment  
show.  
I see that face which angels bow'd before,  
Clouded with sorrow, bath'd in sweat and  
gore:  
Those eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole  
The various woes of every human soul,  
And

*The dedication.*

And stain'd their lustre with their pious  
streams,  
In shades of death now quench their set-  
ting beams.

With cruel men the powers of hell below }  
The last efforts of active malice show, }  
And at thy breast their fiery arrows throw. }

Thy father, who, before the world, de-  
creed  
His only son for human kind shou'd bleed,  
His hand with thunder arms, his brow  
with dread,  
To strike thee to the regions of the dead :  
*My God, my God,* aloud the Saviour cries,  
*Why hast forsaken me?* then bows his head  
and dies.

His passion universal nature moves,  
Except ungrateful sinners whom he loves :  
The trembling earth her maker's sufferings  
feels,  
Her pillars shake, her low foundation reels :  
The rocks are torn by his expiring groans ;  
The rending vale his sacred priesthood  
owns :  
The sun ashamed withdraws his sickly light,  
And turns bright noon into substantial night,  
Afraid to view those ghastly wounds agen:  
Nothing relentless but the hearts of men !

Dear Lord ! I in thy cross such wonders see,  
Nothing besides has any charms for me ;  
Beneath

Beneath thy cross, O may I still reside ;  
View and review thy feet, thy hands, thy  
head, thy side !

O how thy sighs do from my heart rebound !  
And all thy dying pangs my bosom wound !

Nor is it pity only makes me weep :  
No single passion strikes the heart so deep :  
Hatred of sin, and love of thee combine, }  
With holy rage repenting sorrows join }  
To make thy torments intimately mine. }  
Since 'twas my sin for which my Saviour  
dy'd,

'Tis just I should with him be crucify'd :  
My sins procur'd the cross, the whip, the  
steel,

Made thee unutterable tortures feel :  
My sins ! O that they never had been mine !  
I hate them as my enemies and thine :

My sins ! O how their horror makes me }  
start, }  
While I behold their stains, and feel their }  
smart, }  
And see 'em pierce thy limbs, and break }  
thy heart ! }

(did slide,

But since the balm, that from thy wounds  
Could heal a sinner dying at thy side ;  
Thy smiles could calm frail Peter's guilty  
fears,

And thy blood cleanse the stain that he had  
soak'd in tears :

Since thou hast borne th' unsufferable weight  
Of a world's sins, both numberless and great ;  
Lord,

*The dedication.*

L O R D, hear a penitent that prostrate lies,  
 And at thy feet for pard'ning mercy cries;  
 To be reveng'd on sin implores thy aid,  
 Bathing with tears thy wounds, the wounds  
     his sins have made.

O let thy hands that bled, their balm }  
     apply ! }  
 Tho sin cries loud, thy blood does louder }  
     cry ; }  
 Thy smiles will make me live, thy frowns }  
     will make me die. }

But if I die, I'll perish at thy feet,  
 And waiting at thy cross thy sentence meet.  
 Sure he, who dy'd for sinners, won't despise  
 A sinner's broken heart and flowing eyes.  
 O LORD, resolve my doubts, dispel my fears,  
 Suppress my sighs, and wipe away my tears;  
 Or while thy charms my wondring thoughts  
     employ,  
 Turn floods of sorrow into tears of joy.

'Tis done — Thy groans and cries thy  
     love refund,  
 Writ with thy blood, engrav'd in ev'ry  
     wound:  
 The torture of thy cross my pain allays,  
 Changing my mournful sighs to hymns of  
     praise.

O J E S U S ! how divinely fair thou art!  
 Thy charms have reach'd the center of my  
     heart ;

Thy



Thy graces all excite refin'd desire ;  
How pure the flame fed by celestial fire !  
Strong are the bands that hearts in friend-  
ship join,  
But stronger ties have link'd my soul to  
thine.  
Had I ten thousand hearts, those hearts  
should be  
A voluntary sacrifice to thee ;  
To thee, whose every scar so fully proves  
Thy flame exceeds ten thousand other loves.  
O'ercome with love and wonder, I resign  
My captive heart, which now no more is  
mine :  
I yield my soul to thy victorious charms,  
And fly for grace to thy inviting arms :  
Life will be death, if I'm exil'd from thee ;  
Death will be life, if I thy face may see.

Thy loveliness is equal to thy love,  
And far out-shines angelick forms above.  
L O R D, if thy cross could ne'er thy beauties  
hide,  
How dost thou shine at thy great Father's  
side !  
Where the ambitious flames of glory now  
With emulous beams salute thy lightning  
brow ;  
Pointing, as in bright clouds they dart  
around,  
Where each rude thorn thy sacred head  
did wound.

While

While others thee and their own souls  
 abuse,  
 Debase their love, and prostitute their muse;  
 O thou to whom all love and praise belongs!  
 To thee I give my heart, to thee my songs.  
 Waters will rise as high as whence they  
 flow :  
 So minds, that came from heaven, to  
 heaven should go ;  
 With holy fervor to their author move,  
 Who gave 'em pow'r to think, and pow'r  
 to love.

Eternal beauty! I thy rays admire,  
 Kindling my flame at that immortal fire,  
 Where shining seraphs light and cherish  
 theirs :  
 Thou shalt my praises have, and thou my  
 prayers.

May all harmonious souls their numbers  
 join,  
 And each a pious offering add to mine ;  
 Make earth below resemble heav'n above,  
 Sing holy songs, and sing of holy love.  
 'Tis love does with eternal joys inspire  
 All the bright orders of the heav'nly choir :  
 Seraphick psalmists to this noble theme  
 Owe their sweet musick and poetick flame.  
 O may the listning faints on earth aspire  
 To reach the sound, and catch the holy  
 fire!

And

And in their turn with pure devotion sing  
The praises of their Saviour and their King;  
Till echo thro' heav'n's arches loud re-  
peats

The sound, inviting angels from their seats  
To hear the musick of the church below,  
While this from t'other heav'n they scarce  
can know :

Nor an eclipse of light and pleasure fear,  
Where they so much of grace, so much of  
glory hear.

*J. S.*





A

# T A B L E

To find any H Y M N, if one knows its Beginning.

	HYMN
<b>A</b> Ngels and men your songs renew,	xxiv.
Behold the king of glory sits,	iv.
Behold the Saviour of the world,	xliii.
Come let us all, who here have seen,	xxxiv.
Come let us go and die with him,	xxxix.
Come let us bless the glorious name,	xlii.
Descend, O king of saints, descend,	vi.
Eternal Father, how divine,	xxix.
From supper to Gethsemanè,	xxi.
Glory to God on high,	xx.
Gracious Redeemer, how divine,	xii.
Happy are they our Lord has chose,	xxxv.
Hast thou, my soul, thy Saviour view'd,	xxvi.
How many miracles of love,	xv.
How sweet, how charming is the place,	xvi.
How glorious is this holy place,	xlv.
Jehovah, we in hymns of praise,	i.
Immortal praise be given,	xi.
In grateful hymns, ye saints, display,	x.
2	Jesus !

<i>Jesus ! O word divinely sweet !</i>	xlvii.
<i>Let all who love our Saviour's name,</i>	xxxii.
<i>Let all who enter Sion's gate,</i>	xl.
<i>Lord, all thy works thy hand has form'd,</i>	xxv.
<i>Lord, thou hast treated us,</i>	xxxi.
<i>Lord, we approach thy throne,</i>	xxvii.
<i>My blessed Saviour, is thy love,</i>	xxii.
<i>My soul, let all thy nobler powers,</i>	viii.
<i>O Lord, how shall we frame a song,</i>	xviii.
<i>O Lord, thou dost a broken heart,</i>	xxviii.
<i>Others may tell of famous things,</i>	xxxvii.
<i>Our Lord a banquet has prepar'd,</i>	xxiii.
<i>Sing Hallelujah to our king,</i>	xix.
<i>That doleful night when our dear Lord,</i>	iii.
<i>The God of grace to human race,</i>	xiii.
<i>The sun of righteousness has shin'd,</i>	xli.
<i>Thou art all love, my dearest Lord,</i>	ii.
<i>Thou hast o'ercome : Lord, who can prove,</i>	xlviii.
<i>Thus we commemorate the day,</i>	l.
<i>'Tis finish'd, the redeemer crys,</i>	xlix.
<i>To us our God his love commends,</i>	v.
<i>What mighty conqu'ror do we see,</i>	xxxvi.
<i>What wondrous things we now behold,</i>	xxxii.
<i>When Christ, at Simon's table plac'd,</i>	xxxviii.
<i>When sin had brought death with a train,</i>	xiv.
<i>Wherewith shall I, a sinful worm,</i>	xvii.
<i>While thy love's pledges we receive,</i>	xliv.
<i>With humble boldness, trembling joy,</i>	ix.
<i>Ye happy guests, who meet around,</i>	xlvi.
<i>You that the holy Jesus love,</i>	xxx.
<i>You who our Lord's great banquet share,</i>	vii.

## The more difficult WORDS explained.

**A**Ntitype, *that which is represented by a type or figure.*

Assume, *receive.*

Attract, *draw.*

Commemorate, *bring to remembrance.*

Deplore, *bewail.*

Effusion, *pouring forth.*

Exil'd, *banished.*

Expiate, *make satisfaction for.*

Extinguish, *quench.*

Hero, *a man of a noble spirit.*

Imbibe, *drink up.*

Infernal, *hellish.*

Mystick, *secret, or obscure.*

Odor, *sweet smell.*

Prostrate, *with the face to the ground.*

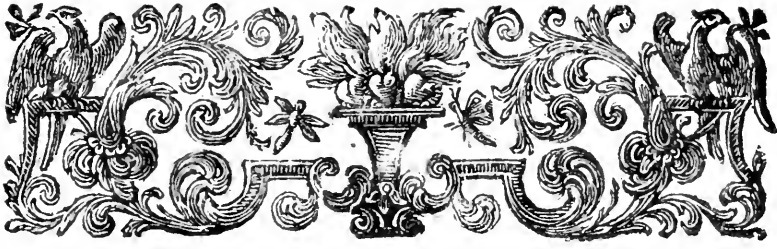
Revere, *respect or reverence.*

Satiate, *satisfy.*

Vital, *living.*

Victim, *sacrifice.*

Symbol, *a sign.*



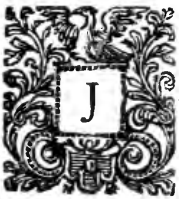
# H Y M N S

F O R T H E

## L O R D ' s S U P P E R .



### H Y M N I.



Ehovah, we in hymns of praise  
 Thy matchless grace adore,  
 That grace that gave thy only son: Rom. 8.  
 What couldst thou give us <sup>32</sup>.  
 (more?)

He's all in all: his saints in him  
 Divine perfection view:  
 'Tis of his fulness they receive  
 All grace and glory too.

Col. 3. 11.

Eph. 1. 23.

John 1. 16.

Pf. 84. 11.

1 Pet. 1. He freely gave his blood, the price  
18, 19. Of our eternal bliss :

Heb. 9. Since no less could atone for sin,  
22, 23. His love would give no less.

Lam. 1. He in the wine-press of thy wrath  
25. For guilty men was crusht ;

Phil. 2. 8. Humbled himself to die, and laid  
His honour in the dust.

That we might at his table sit,  
And be replenish'd there

1 Cor. 11. With these dear pledges of his grace,  
10. Till we his glory share.

## H Y M N II.

1 John 4. **T**Hou art all love, my dearest Lord,  
8, 16. Thou art all lovely too :  
Cant. 5. Thy love I at thy table taste,  
16. Thy loveliness I view.  
Ps. 27. 4.

Isa. 53. 2, 3. Thy divine beauty, veil'd with flesh,  
Thy enemies despise ;  
Thy mangled body they disdain,  
And turn from thee their eyes.

Cant. 5. But thou more lovely art to me  
9, &c. For all that thou hast borne :

John 13. Each cloud sets off thy lustre more ;  
31, 32. Thee all thy scars adorn.

Thy



Hymn 3. *Lord's supper.*

87

Thy garments tinctur'd with thy blood,  
The best and noblest dye,  
Out-shine the robes that princes wear;  
Thy thorns their gems out-vie.

Isa. 63.  
1, 2.  
Pf. 45. 2.

That I may be all love to thee,  
And lovely like thee too,  
O cleanse me with thy precious blood,  
And me thy beauty shew.

Pf. 73. 25.  
Cant. 1.  
15, 16.  
Zech. 13. 1.  
2 Cor. 3.  
18.

My former vows I now renew:  
O Lord, as thou art mine;  
I freely give my heart to thee,  
For ever I'll be thine.

Pf. 119.  
106.  
Cant. 2.  
16.

H Y M N III.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

**T**Hat doleful night, when our dear Lord Joh. 18. ▸  
Into the garden did retreat,  
To vent his grief in groans, and cries,  
In tears, and in a bloody sweat;

Luk. 22.  
44.

That ne'er to be forgotten night,  
When our redeemer was betray'd;  
Before his sufferings he took bread,  
Gave thanks to God, broke it, and said:

1 Cor. 11.  
23, 24, 25.

Take, eat; this is my body broke  
For you upon the cursed tree:  
*Perform this ord'nance as I do,  
And when you do't, remember me.*

Mat. 26.  
26, 27, 28.

He took the cup too, crown'd with wine,  
 Bless'd it, and to's disciples said,  
 'Tis the new test'ment in my blood,  
 For you and many others shed.

All you, my friends, must drink of this,  
 Your sin's remission here you see ;  
*Perform this ord'nance as I do,*  
*And when you do't, remember me.*

Cant. 1. 4. Yes, Lord, we will remember thee,  
 And thy love more than fragrant wine :

Rev. 5. 9, 10. How can we e'er thy cross forget,  
 Which made thee ours, and made us thine?

Pf. 137. 5, 6. Our right hand first shall lose its art,  
 Our tongue forget to speak or move,  
 Ere we'll prove thoughtless of thy wounds,  
 Those everlasting marks of love.

1 Cor. 11. 26. We'll thus commemorate thy death,  
 Till thou appear on earth again :  
 And, Lord, remember us, we pray ;

Rev. 11. 17. Make haste to take thy power, and reign.

## H Y M N I V.

Pf. 24. 7.  
 Cant. 1. 12. **B**Ehold the king of glory sits  
 At table with his guests :  
 Welcomes them all with gracious smiles,  
 Them all with dainties feasts.

No

Hymn 5. *Lord's supper.*

89

No common food he here presents,  
No common drink provides :  
For meat he gives his flesh ; for wine  
The spear his heart divides.

John 6.  
50—58.  
John 19. .  
34.

Lord, give us faith to raise our thoughts  
Beyond the views of sense :  
Teach us thy myst'ries to discern,  
And draw new joys from thence.

1 Cor. 11.  
28, 29.

Let's know thy wounded body fell  
An offering for our guilt ;  
Let's know, to wash us from our sins,  
Thy heart's pure blood was spilt.

Isa. 53. 5,  
6.

So shall our minds and voices join  
In sacred harmony,  
To celebrate thy grace, and sing  
Hallelujah to thee.

1 Cor. 14.  
15.

H Y M N V.

**T**O us our God his love commends,  
When by our sins undone ;  
That he might spare his enemies,  
He would not spare his son ;

Rom. 5.  
8.

Rom. 8.  
32.

His only son, on whom he plac'd  
All his delight and love,  
Before he form'd the earth below,  
Or spread the heavens above.

Prov. 8.  
22—30.

He

- John 3.  
16, 17. He charg'd the darling of his soul  
To veil his glorious face,  
To wear our mortal flesh, and feel  
The pains of human race ;
- Gal. 3. 13, 14. Our sorrows and our sins to bear,  
Our heavy cross sustain ;  
Upon a tree to bleed and die,  
That we might life obtain.
- Col. 3. 3, 4. This life is hid in God with him,  
Who fell a sacrifice,
- Heb. 2. 14. And dying conquer'd death for us,  
Phil. 3. 21. That we like him might rise :
- Acts 2.  
24. For he soon triumph'd o'er the grave,  
Acts 1. 9. And went to heaven again ;  
ver. 11. There intercedes, and thence will come :  
Rev. 20.  
4. Among his saints to reign.
- Heb. 10. His word assures he'll quickly come :  
37. Saints for his coming pray :  
Rom. 8. The whole creation for it groans,  
19—22. Lord Jesus, come away.  
Rev. 22.  
20.

## H Y M N. VI.

[As the 100 psalm.]

- John 14.  
18. **D**Escend, O king of saints, descend :  
Pf. 51. 12. By thy free spirit's vital heat  
Fresh joys to every soul extend,  
That at thy table finds a seat.

Hymn 6. *Lord's supper.*

91

O prince of peace, blefs thou this board  
With thofe fweet fmiles which angels chear. *Mat. 18.*  
O give us peace ; and tell us, Lord, *10.*  
We're pardon'd, and accepted here. *Luke 7.*  
*47, 48.*

As thou our hungry fouls haft fed,  
Our thirfty fouls fustain'd with wine ; *Mat. 5. 6.*  
Nourifh us with this heav'nly bread,  
And with this facred blood of thine. *John 6.*  
*55, 56.*

Teach us to wafh our garments clean  
In the pure fountain of thy blood ; *Rev. 7. 14.*  
Lord, purge our fouls from every ftain *Zech. 13.*  
I'th' ftreams of that all-cleansing flood. *1.*

Each fin of ours has been a thorn,  
A cruel nail, a whip, a fpear ; *Ifa. 53. 4,*  
By thefe thy facred flesh was torn, *5, 6.*  
Thefe did thy foul with horror tear.

Yet every wound of thine does yield  
A balfam for a contrite heart, *Luke 10.*  
Which, on the painful fore diftil'd, *34.*  
Heals and allays the tort'ring fmart.

Amazing love ! 'tis infinite ! *Eph. 3.*  
No thoughts its endless depth can found ; *18, 19.*  
It heaven's high arch exceeds for height, *Pf. 108. 4.*  
And for extent, the world's vaft round.

Lord, to advance thy praifes here, *Pf. 51. 15.*  
Increase our light, enlarge our love ;  
And by thy grace our fouls prepare *Rev. 5. 9.*  
For better fongs and tunes above.

H Y M N

## H Y M N VII.

(share,

**Y**OU who our Lord's great banquet  
 And welcome places find  
 His table round, his praises found  
 With well-tun'd voice and mind.

Mat. 26.  
30.

Remember all his acts of love,  
 His torments every one :

Whom angels fear'd, him mortals jeer'd,  
 Blasphem'd and spat upon.

Heb. 1. 6.  
Mat. 27.  
30.

See's head all torn with thorns, his face  
 (Divinely bright before)

Ver. 29.  
Cant. 5.  
10, 15.

Now mar'd more than the sons of men,  
 Reaking with sweat and gore.

Isa. 52.  
14.

See in his hands and feet the nails  
 Piercing the tender veins :  
 See how each wound the blushing ground  
 With precious tincture stains.

Pf. 22. 16.

See his side spout a stream of blood  
 And water thro' the wound ;  
 A stream wherein we're wash'd from sin,  
 And all our guilt is drown'd.

John 19.  
34.  
1 John 1.  
7.

But, oh ! what terrors wrack'd his soul  
 In that last agony,

When (ere he dy'd) *my God*, he cry'd,  
*Why hast forsaken me !*

Mat 27.  
46.

Thus

## Hymn 8. *Lord's supper.*

93

Thus groan'd and dy'd the son of God,  
That we might ever live  
There, where all blifs our souls can wish,  
Or can contain, he'll give.

John 10.  
10, 11.  
1 Cor. 2.  
9.

Mean while the myst'ries of his grace  
His table here displays ;  
O how his love our souls should move,  
And tongues to sing his praise !

1 Cor. 11.  
26.

## H Y M N VIII.

**M**Y soul, let all thy nobler powers,  
And faculties combine :  
Awake my tongue, and to my thoughts  
Thy tuneful numbers join.

Pf. 104. 1.

Pf. 578.

All that's within me, blest and praise  
My Saviour and my king :  
When he's the subject of the song,  
Who can forbear to sing ?

Pf. 103.  
1, 2.

Rev. 15.  
3, 4.

Holy and reverend is his name ;  
How glorious, and how sweet !  
All greatness, and all goodness too  
I'th' name of JESUS meet :

Pf. 111. 9.

A name vile men shall one day dread,  
As now the devils fear :  
A name the heavenly hosts adore,  
To pardon'd finners dear ;

Rev. 6. 15,  
16, 17.  
Jam. 2. 19.  
Mat. 8. 29.  
Rev. 5. 11,  
12.

Most

Cant. 1. 3. Most dear to them by strongest ties  
Of his redeeming love,  
Which by a thousand torments try'd,  
Did ever constant prove.

The death and hell unite their powers  
T' oppose his enterprize ;

John 10. The spotless lamb resolves to fall  
11. A willing sacrifice.

Heb. 2. So conquering sin, and death, and hell,  
14. In glory did arise,

Acts 1. 9. And in bright triumph soon ascend  
His throne above the skies.

Jude 14. Thence in due time he will return,

1 Thess. 4. With a celestial train,

16, 17. Of faints and angels, who shall sing  
The wonders of his reign.

## H Y M N IX.

Heb. 10. **W**ith humble boldness, trembling joy,  
19. With hope and awful fear,  
Ps. 2. 11. **L**ORD, we thy majesty address,  
Heb. 12. 28. And to thy seat draw near.  
Ver. 22.

Gen. 18. For thou, great judge of all the earth,  
25. Now on a throne of grace,  
Heb. 4. Between the wond'ring cherubs wings  
16. Reveal'st thy glorious face.  
Ps. 80. 1.



Hymn 10. *Lord's supper.*

95

At thy right-hand behold thy son,  
Who kindly intercedes:

Rom. 8.  
34.

His blood crys louder than our fins,  
And for our pardon pleads.

Heb. 12.  
24.

Ah cruel fins, how odious now,  
And how deform'd are they,  
While in that crimson fountain we  
Their monstrous hue survey!

Isa. 53. 5.

Deut. 9.  
26.

These with black horror fill'd his mind,  
Inrag'd his wounds with pain:

Mat. 26.  
38.

These rent with grief his lab'ring breast,  
Exhausted every vein.

Pf. 22. 14.

Tho these our crimes all testify  
Our crying guilt aloud;  
L O R D, veil no more thy shining face  
Within an angry cloud.

Jer. 14: 7.  
Gen. 18.  
21.  
Lam. 3.  
44.

Let thy love's rays attract from us  
A penitential dew;  
And while our vileness we lament,  
Thy pard'ning mercy shew:

Luke 7.  
38, 47.

Then tho our fins have numerous been  
Like sands upon the shore;  
Peace, like a river, floods our souls,  
And fins are seen no more.

Pf. 40. 12.

Isa. 48.  
18.

H Y M N

## H Y M N X.

[As the 100 psalm.]

Eph. 3. 18, 19.  
Rev. 5. 9. **I**N grateful hymns, ye saints, display  
JEHOVAH'S grace and boundless love ;  
A love, whose flame inspires the songs  
Of all the heav'nly host above.

Pf. 103. Tho we on earth can't sing like them,  
20, 21, 22. Let's praise him in a lower strain :  
1 Sam. 16. A fervent mind, that breathes his praise  
7. With stammering lips, he'll not disdain,

Eternal Father, we adore

Isa. 53. Thy love, that mov'd thee to expose  
10. The sacred body of thy son  
To bear the wounds due to thy foes.

1 Cor. 15. And thee, dear Saviour, we adore,  
56. Who didst endure th' invenom'd sting  
Gal. 3. 13. Of death, and every dreadful curse  
Justice provok'd by sin could bring.

While we behold thee on thy cross,  
In every wound thy love appears,

Pf. 63. 3. Dearer than life, more strong than death,  
Cant. 8. 6. Flowing in streams of blood and tears.

To

Hymn 11. *Lord's supper.*

97

To bathe our souls defil'd by sin,  
LORD, we approach this sacred flood :  
'To heal our broken hearts, we seek  
The sovereign balsam of thy blood.

Zech. 13.

1.

Luk. 10.

34.

'Tis from this living stream our souls,  
Our dying souls new life derive :  
This is the sacred oil of joy,  
That can desponding minds revive.

Isa. 55. 1.

Pf. 23. 5.

O king of glory, on us shine,  
Who thy own table now surround :  
Let not our sins eclipse thy face,  
Since thou hast such a ransom found.

Pf. 24. 7.

Isa. 59. 2.

Job 33.

24.

H Y M N XI.

[*As the 25 psalm.*]

**I**mmortal praise be given,  
And glory in the high't;  
To th' God of peace, who sent from heaven  
His own beloved Christ :

Luke 2.

14.

Pf. 2. 2.

Him a sin-offering made  
For Adam's guilty sons ;  
Our pressing crimes upon him laid,  
For which his blood atones.

Isa. 53.

10.

Ver. 6.

Heb. 9.

14.

Such torments he endur'd  
As none e'er felt before ;  
That joy and bliss might be secur'd  
To us for evermore.

Pf. 22. 1,

6, 14, 15.

Isa. 53. 3,

4.

Vol. IV.

H

Hurry'd

- Luke 23.  
 7, 11. &  
 22.63, 4  
 Luke 23.  
 11.  
 Mat. 27.  
 26.  
 His sweet and reverend face  
 With spittle all profan'd ;  
 That visage, full of heav'nly grace,  
 With his own blood distain'd.
- Mat. 27.  
 29, 30.  
 Stretch'd on the cruel tree,  
 He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd ;  
 And in a mortal agony  
 Languish'd a while, and dy'd.
- Heb. 2.14.  
 Gen. 3.15.  
 But dying left a wound  
 On the old serpent's head,  
 For which no cure can e'er be found ;  
 And soon rose from the dead :
- Mat. 28.  
 1, 6.  
 A&ts 1. 9,  
 10.  
 Joh. 14. 2.  
 1 Cor. 13.  
 8.  
 Rev. 21.  
 4.  
 Then did to heaven ascend,  
 That we might thither go,  
 Where love and praises have no end,  
 Where joys no changes know.

## H Y M N XII.

**G**Racious redeemer, how divine,  
 How wond'rous is thy love !  
 The subject of th' eternal songs  
 Of blessed spirits above.

Join



## H Y M N XIII.

Rom. 5.  
8. **T**HE God of grace to human race  
Does terms of peace propose ;  
Rom. 5.  
10. He gives his Son, his only One,  
A ransom for his foes.

John 10.  
11, 15. Christ, to fulfil his Father's will,  
Himself as freely gave,  
1 Pet. 2.  
24. An offering whole, body and soul,  
Isa. 53.10. A guilty world to save.

The Spirit divine, for this design,  
Mat. 3. 16. Lights on him like a dove :  
1 John 5.  
7. The sacred Three in one agree,  
In this great act of love.

Pf. 85. 10. Justice and grace like friends embrace,  
With equal splendor shine :  
No gift could be so rich, so free,  
So glorious, so divine.

Blest Saviour, why should we deny  
To thee, at thy desire,  
Rom. 12.  
1, 2. An offering whole, body and soul,  
As reason does require ?

Since thou for us hast borne a cross,  
1 John 4.  
19. Tho free from every crime ;  
How great should be our love to thee,  
Rev. 5.  
12. Our praises how sublime !

H Y M N

## H Y M N XIV.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

(train

**W**hen sin had brought death, with a Rom. 6.  
 Of miseries on the guilty world; 23.  
 And wretched man was doom'd to be Rom. 3.  
 Into eternal darknes's hurl'd; 19.  
2 Pet. 2.  
17.  
 Where the tormenting worm, that gnaws Mark 9.  
 The festering conscience, ne'er expires; 44, 46, 48.  
 Where tort'ring brimstone always feeds Rev. 20.  
 The ne'er-to-be-extinguish'd fires; 10, 15.  
 When justice wav'd the flaming sword Gen. 3. 24.  
 Of vengeance o'er the finner's head; 1 Tim. 2.  
 The son of God stept in, and stay'd 5.  
 The mortal stroke, and thus he said:  
 Tho' all the offerings men can bring Pf. 40. 6.  
 Can't for one single crime atone; Ver. 7.  
 O God, I come to do thy will, Heb. 10.  
 I'll bear their numerous sins alone, 4—10.  
 A mortal nature I'll assume, Heb. 2.  
 Human infirmities I'll wear; 16.  
 Hunger, and thirst, and weariness, Mat. 4. 2.  
 Sorrows and pains I'll freely bear. John 4. 6,  
7.  
Heb. 4. 15.  
 Reproaches, tho' they'll break my heart, Pf. 69. 20.  
 I am resolv'd to undergo: Isa. 53.  
 I'll suffer all that's on me laid 10.  
 By God above, or men below. Pf. 22.  
12—18.

Mat. 4. 1. Tho all th' infernal powers conspire  
 Luke 22. 53. My great design to overthrow ;  
 Eph. 6. 16. Thro showers of fiery darts from hell,  
 Pl. 23. 4. And thro death's horrid vale I'll go.

Thus said, the Father soon reply'd :

Job 33. 24. Content, I have a ransom found ;  
 Dear son, to save a ruin'd world,  
 Isa. 53. 10. Ev'n thee I with delight shall wound.

Go execute thy brave resolves,  
 Ver. 11, Thy sufferings shall rewarded be ;  
 12. Many thou shalt redeem, the rest  
 Acts 17. 31. Shall all at last be judg'd by thee.

Pl. 139. 17, 18. How precious are these thoughts of thine,  
 How glorious, L O R D, these acts of love !  
 For these we sing thy praise below,  
 Rev. 5. 11, 12. For these thou'rt better prais'd above.

## H Y M N X V.

Col. 1. 36, 27. **H**OW many miracles of love,  
 What mysteries of grace  
 Has th' ever-blessed Jesus shown  
 To Adam's sinful race !

That he should humbly condescend  
 Rom. 8. 3. Our mortal flesh to wear ;  
 Mat. 8. 17. Our sicknesses, our sorrows all,  
 And numerous sins to bear !

Was't



Hymn 16. *Lord's supper.*

103

Was't not enough, thou holy ONE,  
To lay aside thy crown,  
And, in a servant's form on earth  
To wander up and down?

Phil. 2. 7.

Was't not enough with sighs and tears  
Our miseries to deplore,  
To teach us by thy blameless life?  
But wouldst thou still do more?

John 11.  
33.  
& ver. 35.  
Mat. 11.  
29, 30.

Whence is this unexampled love  
To wretched human kind?  
What to attract thy heart couldst thou  
In loathsome sinners find?

Ezek. 16.  
5, 6.

Yet loaded with our sins and pains,  
Thou thro' death's vale wouldst go;  
That we made innocent and free,  
The way of life might know.

Isa. 53. 4,  
5.  
Pſ. 23. 4.  
Pſ. 16. 11.  
Mat. 7. 14.

Worthy art thou, O lamb of God,  
Among thy saints to reign,  
Who to redeem them by thy blood,  
Wast once an offering slain.

Rev. 5.  
12.

H Y M N XVI.

**H**OW sweet, how charming is the place, Pſ. 84. 1,  
With God's bright presence crown'd!<sup>2</sup>  
Happy his children, who his board Pſ. 128. 3.  
As olive-plants surround.

H 4

Eat

- Cant. 5. Eat of this feast, says he, my friends,  
1. Who to my courts repair ;  
Prov. 9. 5. Come, dearest children, freely drink  
The wine which I prepare.

L O R D, we accept thy bounteous treat,  
With wonder, joy, and love :

- Pf. 27. 4. O may we in thy house have place,  
And never thence remove!

Here may our faith still on thee feed,

- John 6. The only food divine ;  
50, &c. To faith thy flesh is meat indeed,  
Thy blood the noblest wine ;

- John 1. Thy blood, that purifying juice,  
7. To cleanse our souls design'd ;  
Luke 10. To heal a sinner's bleeding heart,  
34. And cheer his drooping mind,

- 1 Cor. 13. Here we are glad to view thy love,  
12. Thro figures, and in part ;  
But how much greater joy will't be  
1 John 3. To see thee as thou art !  
2.

## H Y M N XVII.

[As the 100 psalm.]

- Mic. 6. 6. **W**Herewith shall I a sinful worm  
Jehovah's holy place draw nigh ?  
With what oblations shall I bow  
Before the throne of God most high ?

Shall

Hymn 17. *Lord's supper.*

105

Shall I burnt-offerings to him bring,  
Calves taken from their tender dams?  
Will God be pleas'd, if I should slay  
A thousand and a thousand rams?

Mic. 6. 7.

Shall I upon his altar pour  
Rivers of oil ten thousand times;  
Or my first-born an offering make,  
To expiate my odious crimes?

No ——— God is so incens'd by sin,  
Such offerings all would be in vain;  
Too mean to save the guilty soul,  
And purge it from so foul a stain.

Pf. 40. 6.

Pf. 51. 16.

With broken heart and fervent cries,  
Dear J E S U S, to thy cross I fly;  
Tho' other refuge fail, on thee  
My soul with safety can rely.

Heb. 6.

18.

Heb. 7.

25.

The blood descending from thy wounds,  
Becomes both oil and wine to ours;  
No ease, till thy kind hand this balm  
Into the wounded conscience pours.

Luke 10.

34.

Job 34.

29.

As at thy table we behold  
Thy all-sufficient sacrifice,  
Let's feel the virtue of thy blood,  
Which heals, and cheers, and purifies.

Isa. 53. 5.

Joh. 6. 54.

1 Job. 1. 7.

So while thy sacred courts we tread,  
To thee, O God, our life and joy,  
We'll bring the sacrifice of praise,  
In praise our hearts and tongues employ.

Pf. 43. 4.

Pf. 116.

17.

Pf. 103. 1.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XVIII.

Job 37.  
19, 20.

**O** LORD, how shall we frame a song  
To celebrate thy fame!  
Our highest flights are all too low  
To reach thy loftier name.

Yet should the objects of thy love  
Thy praises cease to shout,  
To censure such ingratitude,  
The stones would soon cry out.

Luke 19.  
40.

Pf. 144. 3. What was there, LORD, in sinful man  
That could thy pity move,  
To draw him from the gates of hell  
With charming bands of love!

Hof. 11:  
4.

A love, by many sorrows try'd,  
And many a painful wound;  
Whose flame could not be quench'd by death,  
Could by no floods be drown'd;

Cant. 8.  
6, 7.

No not by all those streams of blood  
Which on thy cross did meet,  
From thy pierc'd heart, and bleeding head,  
And wounded hands and feet.

John 19.  
2.  
Ver. 34.  
Pf. 22. 16.

Eph. 3. 18. A love whose wonders far transcend  
Exod. 25. The reach of human view;  
19, 20. Whose myst'ries the inquiring crowd  
Eph. 3. 10. Of cherubs look into.  
1 Pet. 1.  
12.

Hymn 19. *Lord's supper.*

107

O happy men who taste this grace,  
Which angels so admire ;  
And feel the shines of that bright face,  
Which they to see desire !

1 Pet. 2.  
3.  
2 Cor. 4.  
18.

But when all mystick truth shall be  
Plac'd in a clearer light ;  
What joy ! Christ face to face to see  
With full and endless fight !

1 Cor. 13.  
12.

H Y M N XIX.

**S**ing hallelujah to our king,  
Who nobly entertains  
His friends with bread of life, and wine  
That flow'd from all his veins.

John 6.  
35.  
Ver. 50,  
&c.

His body pierc'd with numerous wounds,  
Did as a victim bleed ;  
That we might drink his sacred blood,  
And on his flesh might feed.

John 6.  
53.

Wormwood and gall was once his meat,  
His cup with terror fill'd,  
That we might taste the heav'nly sweet  
His royal banquets yield.

Pf. 69. 21.  
Luke 22.  
42.

When our redeemer dy'd, he was  
Both sacrifice and priest :  
And now he lives, he is become  
Th' inviter, and the feast.

Heb. 9.  
26.  
Luke 22.  
19, 20.

We

Rev. 3. We feed on Christ, and sup with him ;  
 20. At table he presides  
 Cant. 1. As ruler of the feast, his share  
 12. To every guest divides.

Cant. 2. 4. While he love's banner here displays  
 O'er our triumphant heads,

Cant. 1. Sin dies, each grace revives, and soon  
 12. Its precious odor spreads,

Nor are our pleasures bounded here,  
 For he's gone to prepare

John 14. Mansions, where heavenly manna shall  
 2. Be our eternal fare.  
 Rev. 2. 17.

## H Y M N XX.

[*As the 25th psalm.*]

Luke 2.  
 14.

**G**lory to God on high,  
 Good will to men below :

If thus the friendly angels cry,  
 What joy should mortals show !

Heb. 9.  
 14.  
 Ver. 22.

Those angels free from sin,  
 No bloody offering need :  
 'Twas for the guilty sons of men  
 Our Saviour came to bleed.

Luke 2.  
 13.  
 2 Pet. 2.  
 4.  
 Heb. 2.  
 16.

Yet the kind heav'nly host  
 With shouting rend the sky,  
 Glad that the thrones, their fellows lost,  
 Redeem'd men shall supply.

What

What good, what welcome news!  
 What wond'rous love is here!  
 That God his only son should bruise,  
 So lovely, and so dear!

Luke 2.  
 10.  
 Rom. 5. 8.  
 Isa. 53. 10.

That poor apostate man  
 In heav'n might ever dwell,  
 Who with wild fury headlong ran  
 The way that leads to hell!

John 14.  
 2, 3.  
 Mat. 7. 13.

Dear LORD, with what surprize  
 Do we thy sufferings trace;  
 And mark thy wounds, thy groans, thy cries,  
 Thy sorrows, and disgrace!

Eph. 3. 18,  
 19.

For all this hast thou borne  
 To expiate our guilt:  
 Thy flesh to heal our sores was torn,  
 Thy blood to cleanse us spilt.

Isa. 53.  
 4, 5.

Thy shame deserves renown,  
 Thy cross a princely throne;  
 That head becomes a royal crown,  
 Which wore a thorny one.

Phil. 2.  
 8—11.  
 Heb. 2. 9.  
 Mat. 27.  
 29.

And one day thou our king  
 In glory wilt appear,  
 And troops of saints and angels bring  
 T' attend thy triumph here.

2 Thes. 1.  
 7.  
 Jude 14.

*Glory to God on high,  
 Good will to men below:*  
 If thus the friendly angels cry,  
 What joy should mortals show!

Luke 2.  
 14.

## H Y M N XXI.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

Mat. 26.  
36. **F**rom supper to Gethsemane  
Away our blessed LORD does haste;  
Thither let's follow him, and see  
How he begins of death to taste.

Pf. 40. 12. He saw of sins an endless scroul,  
Isa. 1. 18. Millions of sins of crimson red,  
Isa. 53. 6. All meeting on his spotless soul,  
While he stood charg'd in sinners stead.

2 Cor. 5. He knew the terrors of the LORD,  
11.  
Rom. 6. The censures of his righteous law;  
23. Naked the bright avenging sword,  
Gen. 3. And brandish'd o'er his head he saw.  
24.

Mat. 26. Horror and anguish on him seize,  
38.  
His soul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal fears;  
Heb. 5. 7. He groans, and as his pangs increase,  
Luke 22. Sweats drops of blood, weeps floods of tears.  
44.

Gal. 3. But who can tell how much he felt  
13. On that curs'd tree whereon he dy'd?  
Pfal. 22. While's heart like flowing wax did melt,  
14, 15. His strength was like a potsherd dry'd.

Luke 22. There, as his panting body hung,  
53. The powers of darkness all combin'd,  
Eph. 6. Their flaming arrows at him flung,  
16. To fill with thousand wounds his mind.  
Heb. 2. 18.

Men,



## Hymn 22. *Lord's supper.*

Men, by whose cruel hands he bled,  
Ungrateful men, for whom he dy'd,  
As void of pity as of dread,  
BlaspHEME him, and his pains deride.

His very friends, like timorous sheep,  
Are scatter'd from their shepherd now:  
His father's anger wounds him deep,  
Down to the dust this makes him bow.

No pains, no cost our God would spare,  
Revolted finners to regain;  
That they might robes of glory wear,  
And with him in his kingdom reign.

Praise him ye angels round his throne,  
Who us in thought and might excel;  
Praise him, his servants every one,  
Who in these lower regions dwell.

111

Acts 2.  
23.  
Ver. 39.  
Mat. 27.  
39—43.

Mat. 26.  
31.  
Ver. 56.  
Mat. 27.  
46.

1 Pet. 1.  
18.  
Rev. 7. 9.  
Ver. 14.  
Rev. 5.  
10.

Psal. 103.  
20.  
Psal. 134.  
1.

## H Y M N XXII.

**M**Y blessed Saviour, is thy love  
So great, so full, so free?  
Behold I give my love, my heart,  
My life, my all, to thee.

I love thee for the glorious worth  
In thy great self I see:  
I love thee for that shameful cross  
Thou hast endur'd for me.

Eph. 3.18,  
19.  
Cant. 6,  
3.

Cant. 5,  
9, &c.  
1 John 4.  
19.

No

- John 15. No man of greater love can boast  
13. Than for his friend to die :
- Rom. 5. But for thy enemies thou wast slain :  
10. What love with thine can vie !
- Phil. 2. 6. Tho in the very form of God,  
Heb. 1. 3. With heavenly glory crown'd,  
John 1. Thou wouldst partake of human flesh,  
14. Beset with troubles round,  
Heb. 4. 15.
- Rom. 8. Thou wouldst like wretched man be made  
3. In every thing but sin ;  
Heb. 4. That we as like thee might become,  
15. As we unlike have been :
- Phil. 2. 5. Like thee in faith, in meekness, love,  
In every beautiful grace ;  
From glory thus to glory chang'd,  
2 Cor. 3. 18. As we behold thy face.
- Cant. 1. O LORD, I'll treasure in my soul  
3. 4. The mem'ry of thy love :  
And thy dear name shall still to me  
A grateful odor prove.
- Pf. 16. 3. Thy friends, the excellent on earth,  
Shall be my chief delight :  
Pf. 1. 2. And when alone, I'll make thy law  
Pf. 119. 97. My study day and night.
- Pf. 84. 1. Where thou dost pitch thy tent, and where  
Psal. 26. 8. Thy honour deigns to dwell,  
Psal. 29. 9. There I'll fix mine, and there reside,  
There thy love's wonders tell.

Hymn 23. *Lord's supper.*

113

The pledges of thy love shall there  
Revive this heart of mine ;  
Thy love, more fragrant and more sweet  
Than bowls of generous wine.

Cant. 2. 5.  
Cant. 1. 2.

H Y M N XXIII.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

OUR LORD a banquet has prepar'd, Isa. 55. 1,  
And every hungry soul invites ; 2.  
Among his friends at table sits, Cant. 1.  
To bless 'em with refin'd delights. 12.

The grape's pure blood, and flower of Deut. 32.  
Are proper symbols to describe (wheat 14.  
The heavenly bread believers eat, John 6.  
The sacred wine which they imbibe. 53—58.

*Salem's* great prince, *Melchisedeck*,  
Priest of an order most divine, Gen. 14.  
The conquering patriarch met, and fed 18.  
His weary troops with bread and wine. Ps. 110. 4.

Of the same order Christ our Priest,  
The other's antitype, and Lord, Heb. 5.  
For bread his broken body gives, 10.  
And does for wine his blood afford. Ch. 6. 10.

JESUS the king of righteousness,  
And prince of peace, to entertain Heb. 7. 1,  
Victorious saints who bear his arms, 2.  
Was willing to be bruis'd and slain. Rom. 8.  
37.  
Joh. 6. 51.

Col. 3. 4. *From thee alone, O Lord of life,*  
 John 6. *Our souls their life of grace derive :*  
 32, 33.  
 Gal. 2. 20. *By thee, the true and living bread,*  
*We're daily fed and kept alive.*

2 Cor. 5. *To thee, Lord, we resolve to live,*  
 15.  
 1 Thef. 4. *To thee who dost our life sustain ;*  
 16, 17. *And with thee hope to live at last,*  
*With thee eternally to reign.*

## H Y M N XXIV.

Pf. 96. 1. **A** Ngels and Men your songs renew,  
 Sing all with pious mirth ;  
 Pf. 96. 11. Rejoice and shout, ye heavens above,  
 And be thou glad, O earth.

Rom. 8. His son the God of grace sent down  
 3. With sinful men to dwell,  
 John 8. The wretched captives to redeem  
 34, 36. From the wide jaws of hell.

Heb. 9. So heinous were our crimes, so great  
 9—12. Our guilt ; that nothing less  
 1 Pet. 1. Than the effusion of his blood  
 18, 19. Could purchase our release.  
 Heb. 10. 19.

1 Thef. 1. His blood his father's wrath atones,  
 10. Quenches infernal fire,  
 1 Cor. 15. Disarms Death of its poison'd sting,  
 55, 56, 57. Makes hell's black troops retire.  
 Heb. 2. 14.

He

Hymn 24. *Lord's supper.*

115

He gain'd this victory alone,  
We in the triumph share ;  
He wore our thorns, that we with him  
Might crowns of glory wear.

1Co. 63. 3.

Rev. 7. 9.  
& 2. 10.

Thy love, O Lord *our righteousness*,  
Our highest thoughts transcends ;  
Divinely free, and knows no bounds ;  
Constant, and never ends.

Jer. 23. 6.

Eph. 2.

18.

Psal. 136.

1, &c.

O may that Joy thy favor brings,  
In all our souls abound !  
So while our king at table sits,  
Our tongues his praise shall sound.

Phil. 4. 7.

Cant. 1. 12.

ver. 4.

Of the sweet fruits of paradise,  
Thou giv'st us here a tast ;  
Wisely reserving for thy friends  
The best wine to the last ;

Ephes. 1.

13, 14.

Joh. 2. 10.

To that bright endless day, when we  
Shall hidden manna eat  
Amid the heav'nly *Eden*, where  
Our bliss shall be complete.

Rev. 2. 17.

ver. 7.

## H Y M N XXV.

Pfal. 8. **L**ord, all the works thy hand has form'd  
In earth and heaven above,

Pf. 107. 8, And all thy tracks of providence

15, 21, Shew thee a God of *love*.

31.

1 John 4. But thy surprizing acts of grace,

10. To *Adam's* guilty seed,

Loudly proclaim to all the world,

& 4 8, That *God is* love indeed.

16.

To objects who deserve thy wrath

Rom. 5. Thy boundless *love* extends ;

8, 10. Thou'rt kinder to thy enemies

John 15. Than men are to their friends.

13.

Eph. 1. 4, *Love* drew the model of our bliss

5, 6, 7. In the decrees divine ;

Conducts the work, and will at length

John. 13. 1. Complete the vast design.

*Love* brought heav'n's heir down from his

Mat. 1. Into a virgin's womb ; (throne

23. Fasten'd him to a curst tree,

Job. 19. 41. And laid him in a tomb.

In his words, deeds, and sufferings all,

Prov. 31. The law of kindness reign'd :

26. *Love* open'd all his ghastly wounds,

1 John 4. Thro which his life was drain'd.

10.

His

Hymn 26. *Lord's supper.*

117

His *love* as freely tenders now  
That meritorious blood,  
That broken body, to our souls  
The best and sweetest food.

John 6.  
51, &c.

*Love* carry'd him up to his throne,  
There to prepare us room ;  
And *love* will bring him down again  
At last, to lead us home.

John 16.  
17.  
Heb. 9.  
28.  
1 Thef. 4.  
17.

H Y M N XXVI.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

**H**Ast thou, my soul, thy Saviour view'd AAs 5.  
As on the cross he hung and bled ? 30.  
Hast seen his bruises, wounds, and tears, Heb. 5. 7.  
Seen him bow down his dying head ? 8.

Hast heard how rudely he was jeer'd Mat. 27.  
By those that made him groan and die ? 39—43.  
Hast heard him amid their cruel scoffs,  
Ev'n rend the heavens with his cry,

Mat. 27.  
46.

That doleful cry, *my God, my God,*  
*O why hast thou thy son forsok !*  
Hast mark'd the anguish of his words,  
The mortal horror of his look ?

ver. 50.

All this is much, yet 'tis not all ;  
But thou no proper terms canst find  
To paint the torments of his soul,  
The inward bruises of his mind.

I sa. 53.  
10.

All this and more than thou, my soul,  
 Isa. 53. 6. Canst tell or think, he did endure,  
 To skreen thee from his father's wrath,  
 And thy eternal bliss secure.

Look back once more, and view his head,  
 Isa. 52. His back, his hands, his feet, his side :  
 14. And tell if any sight like this  
 Is found in all the world beside.

Phil. 3. 8. No, all to me is dung and dross,  
 But my dear Jesus crucify'd :  
 Cant. 2. 3. Under the shadow of his cross  
 I'll sit me down, and there abide.

John 15. His wounds, the noblest proofs of love,  
 13. His beauty too I there shall see,  
 Cant. 5. Darting thro his reproachful veil  
 16. Its sweet and powerful beams on me.  
 Ezck. 16. Its sweet and powerful beams on me.  
 14.

## H Y M N XXVII.

[As the 25 psalm.]

Heb. 4. **L**ord, we approach thy throne,  
 16. To thee thank-offerings bring ;  
 Heb. 13. For in thy temple every one  
 15. Should of thy glory sing.  
 Psa. 29. 2.

Psa. 68. 16. There thou art pleas'd to dwell,  
 Psa. 27. 4. And there thy beauty shines ;  
 There to thy fav'rites thou dost tell  
 Ps. 25. 14. Thy great, thy good designs.

Thy



Hymn 27. *Lord's supper.*

119

Thy table they draw near,  
To which thy calls invite ;  
They find the best of dainties there,  
And there to dwell delight.

Cant. 5. 1.

Thy flesh is meat indeed,  
Thy blood the richest wine ;  
How blest are they who often feed  
On this repast of thine !

John 6.  
55.

While by our sins to thee  
We fill'd a bitter cup,  
Thou mad'st this noble treat, that we  
Might at thy table sup.

Mat. 26.  
39.

May joy, with humble fear,  
A true devotion raise  
In all who are assembled here,  
To celebrate thy praise.

Psa. 2. 11.

So while thy courts resound  
With songs, we shall confess  
That no such pleasure's to be found  
I'th' tents of wickedness.

Pf. 84 10.

And if such feasts as this  
Yield so much sweet below,  
What joys swim in those floods of bliss,  
Which at thy right hand flow ?

Psal. 36.  
7, 8.  
Pf. 16. 11.

## H Y M N XXVIII.

Pf. 51. 17. **O** Lord, thou dost a broken heart  
 And contrite mind approve,  
 Wilt humble penitents receive  
 With pity, joy, and love.

Pfal. 2. 11. Teach us o'er all our sins to weep,  
 And in thy grace rejoice ;  
 Pf. 130. 4. To mix confessions of our guilt  
 With a thanksgiving voice.

Joh. 16. 8. O let thy spirit's convincing power  
 9, 10, 11. Dispose us to repent ;  
 1 John 2. That holy oil will soften rocks,  
 20.  
 Acts 2. 37. Make flinty hearts relent.

John 14. Let that reviving comforter  
 16. Seal to us pard'ning grace ;  
 Eph. 1. 13. Nor let the sins we loath, eclipse  
 1sa. 59. 2. The lustre of thy face.

1 Joh. 2. 1. Behold our glorious advocate  
 At thy right hand inthron'd,  
 Heb. 9. 26. Who by the offering of his blood  
 Has for them all aton'd.

He for our great and numerous sins  
 1sa. 53. 3, Once numerous torments bore ;  
 4. For them the scourges, thorns, and nails,  
 His flesh so rudely tore.

Rivers

## Hymn 29. *Lord's supper.*

121

Rivers of blood ran from his wounds,  
His eyes wept briny show'rs ;  
And all this pain and grief he felt  
For crimes intirely ours.

Pf. 22. 14.  
Heb. 5. 7.

Lord, since our pardon cost so dear,  
Yet comes to us so free,  
Whence is it that our narrow souls  
Shew no more love to thee ?

Iſa. 53. 5,  
6.

I Pet. 1.  
18. 19.

May this endearing love of thine,  
By thousand torments prov'd,  
Increase our love and zeal to thee,  
Who us so much haſt lov'd.

Luke 7.  
47.

I Cor. 6.  
20.

## H Y M N XXIX.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

**E**Ternal father, how divine,  
How noble is this gift of thine !  
That thou should'ſt ſend thy only ſon,  
That holy, lov'd, and lovely one ;

Rom. 8.  
32.  
Mat. 3. 17.

The nobleſt object of thy love,  
To leave his throne and crown above,  
To dwell with mortals here below,  
And death for them to undergo !

Prov. 8.  
31.  
Phil. 2. 6,  
7, 8.

And thou, bleſt favour, who didſt come  
So freely from thy heav'nly home,  
To make thyſelf a ſacrifice  
For criminals and enemies :

Prov. 8.  
31.  
Pſal. 46.  
6, 7, 8.

How

How full of wonder is that love  
 Joh. 17. 5. That could determine thee to move  
 From thy illustrious palace, where  
 The heav'nly host did thee revere !

Isa. 6. Where flaming *Seraphs* bow'd before  
 compar'd Thy awful scepter, to adore  
 with John Thy *holy, holy, holy* name,  
 12. 37—  
 42. And thy perfections to proclaim !

Love made thee all this glory leave,  
 Heb. 10. A veil of human flesh receive,  
 20. To live in grief and misery,  
 Isa. 53. And after all to bleed and die !

To die a death the most accurst,  
 Gal. 3. 13. And of all deaths the very worst ;  
 Phil. 2. 8. To be with lingring torments slain,  
 Mat. 27.  
 28.—31. Abus'd with scoffs and vile disdain !

All this thou hast endur'd, that we  
 1 Cor. 1. Holy and happy too might be ;  
 30. And with thee in thy kingdom reign,  
 Rev. 20.  
 6. When thou, dear Lord, shalt come again.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XXX.

**Y**OU that the holy Jesus love,  
Give honour to his name;  
The great achievements of his grace  
In thankful verse proclaim.

Cant. 1. 4.

Tho what your highest thoughts surmounts  
Can never be exprest;  
Yet something of it you may tell,  
And wonder out the rest.

Eph. 3. 18,  
19.

Remember all his mighty deeds,  
His sorrows all review;  
How he abas'd his glorious self,  
To bleed and die for you.

Phil. 2. 6,  
7, 8.

Remember all the shame and scorn,  
The vinegar and gall,  
The gaping wounds thro which he pour'd  
His vital juices all.

Psal. 69.  
21.  
Mat. 27.

His sorrows, as his virtues, were  
Innumerable found;  
Troubles from earth, from heaven and hell,  
His spotless soul surround.

Cant. 5.  
9, &c.  
Isa. 53. 3.

Crucify'd by the worst of men,  
Forfaken by the best;  
With th' endless number of our sins,  
Sin's mighty weight oppress'd.

Acts 3. 13,  
14, 15.  
Mat. 26.  
56.  
Psal. 40. 12.

He

Gal. 3. 13. He felt the curses of the law,  
 Mat. 27. His father's wrath sustain'd ;  
 45.  
 Luke 22. Endur'd the cruel shock of all  
 53. The powers of hell unchain'd.

Acts 1. 9, But after all victoribus prov'd,  
 20. In triumph did ascend,  
 2 Tim. 4. And now prepares us crowns and thrones,  
 8.  
 Rev. 3. 21. And joys that ne'er shall end.

## H Y M N XXXI.

[As the 25 psalm.]

Joh. 6. 32, **L**ord, thou hast treated us  
 33, 34. With true and living bread ;  
 Thy body, as upon the cross,  
 The painful cross, it bled.

Mat. 26. Thy blood's a precious wine,  
 27, 28. The heart of God it chears ;  
 Judg. 9. With heav'nly sweets, and joys divine,  
 12.  
 Rom. 8. It calms our guilty fears.  
 33, 34.

A living spring thy side,  
 John 19. Thy pierc'd side did impart,  
 34. Thro which a vital juice did glide  
 Pl. 22. 14. Down from thy melting heart.

Pl. 22. 16. This crimson stream, with those  
 Thy hands and feet did yield,  
 Zech. 13. A bath for finners does compose,  
 1. In which they're cleans'd and heal'd.

Such

Hymn 32. *Lord's supper.*

125

Such blessings, Lord, in thee,  
If at thy cross we meet,  
What joys will in thy kingdom be,  
Joys how divinely sweet !

Mat. 26.  
29.

When thou with glory crown'd,  
Thy faints on thrones wilt place,  
And satiate all thy guests around  
With th' vision of thy face.

Rev. 3:  
21.

From that blest paradise  
None e'er shall be exil'd ;  
None by a serpent's tempting voice,  
Of joy and life beguil'd.

Rev. 22.  
3. & 20.  
10, 14.

The tree of life shall chase  
Death thence, and all its fears :  
Rivers of pleasure there have place,  
And there are none of tears.

Rev. 22.  
2.  
22. 1:  
& 21. 4.

H Y M N XXXII.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

**L** Et all who love our Saviour's name, Cant. 1.  
That name so full of heav'nly grace, 3, 4  
In songs of triumph spread his fame  
Thro ev'ry age, and ev'ry place.

He kindly laid aside his crown,  
And robes of awful majesty ;  
And in a servant's form came down  
To bear a cross, and on it die.

Phil. 2. 6,  
7, 8.

Heb. 5. 7. With tears, and sweat, and blood imbru'd,  
 Luke 22. 44. This holy lamb was sacrific'd ;  
 Isa. 53. 7. Jeer'd by the barbarous multitude,  
 Mat. 27. 40—44. And by profaner priests despis'd.

1 Cor. 15. 54—57. But dying thus, he pluck'd the sting  
 From death ; and rising from the grave,  
 John 18. 14. He triumph'd o'er the mighty *king*  
 Heb. 2. 14. *Of terrors*, as a captive slave.

Acts 1. 9, 10. Then to his heav'nly throne was rais'd,  
 Whence he'll descend again, to be  
 Phil. 2. 9, 10, 11. Thro the whole world ador'd and prais'd  
 By every tongue, and every knee.

The tears, and blood, and spittle here  
 Clouded, profan'd and marr'd his face,  
 Rev. 1. 16. The mid-day sun is not so clear,  
 Now 'tis adorn'd with heavenly grace.

Rev. 5. 9, &c. Angelick songs his beauties praise,  
 Mat. 17. 2. While, clad in glorious robes of light,  
 He darts innumerable rays  
 1 Tim. 6. 16. Around, for mortal eyes too bright.

Ezek. 16. 3—15. This glory *Adam's* sons partake,  
 Who once deform'd and odious were ;  
 1 John 1. 7. For that pure blood he shed, can make  
 A leprous sinner clean and fair.

2 Cor. 5. 4. Our bodies too he will refine ;  
 Phil. 3. 21. Vile bodies, under which we groan,  
 Shall with immortal beauty shine,  
 Render'd all lovely like his own.



## H Y M N    X X X I I I .

**W**Hat wond'rous things we now behold 1 Tim. 3.  
16.  
 At this mysterious board ! Gal. 3. 1.  
 What copious matter for a song Mat. 26.  
30.  
 Of praises they afford !

Extended on a cross we see  
 The Lord whom we adore,  
 Both giving and receiving wounds, Col. 2. 15.  
 Bath'd in triumphant gore.

No victor's robe so rich a dye  
 Before did ever stain,  
 No champion such a victory Isa. 63. 1.  
Heb. 2.  
14, 15.  
 Before did ever gain.

Glory and strength his torments add  
 To all his mighty deeds ; Heb. 2.  
10.  
 His enemies fly, and fall the more,  
 The more he groans and bleeds.

Tho the law's curse lights on his head,  
 While Satan wounds his heel,  
 His body's bruis'd by men, his heart Gal. 3. 13.  
Gen. 3.  
15.  
1 Cor. 15.  
56.  
 Death's cruel sting does feel ;

Yet with firm courage he o'er all  
 Bears up his conqu'ring head,  
 Till on their captive necks his feet Col. 2. 14,  
15.  
 In solemn triumph tread.

This

- Isa. 63. 3. This shock our Lord sustain'd alone,  
 Heb. 10. But makes us share the spoils;  
 12, 13,  
 14. He felt his father's dreadful frowns,  
 Mat. 27. That we might have his smiles.  
 46.  
 Rom. 8. To cure our wounds and putrid sores,  
 35. Was pierc'd in every limb;  
 Isa. 1. 6. His cross, our tree of life, became  
 & 53. 5.  
 Gal. 3. 13. A tree of death to him.  
 & 4. 4, 5.  
 Rev. 1. But tho once dead, he's now alive,  
 18. And lives for evermore:  
 2 Tim. 3. Then let his saints, whose life is hid  
 12. In Christ, his name adore.

## H Y M N XXXIV.

[As the 100 psalm.]

- I Pet. 2. **C**OME let us all, who here have seen,  
 3. And tasted of our Saviour's grace,  
 From his blest table to his cross,  
 In thought, his weary footsteps trace.  
 Luke 23. Let's trace him up to *Calvary*,  
 33 Not leave him as his followers did,  
 Mat. 26. Who having at his table sup'd,  
 56. Forsook their suffering Lord, and fled.  
 Joh. 18. 1. Into the garden first he goes,  
 Mat. 26. Where mortal fears beset him round;  
 38. Sin's pressing weight o'erwhelms his soul,  
 Mark 14. And sinks his body to the ground.  
 35.

Here,

Hymn 34. *Lord's supper.*

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Here, prostrate as he lies, he groans,  
Pouring out pray'rs with fervent cries,  
Till he sweats drops of blood, to mix  
With floods that issue from his eyes.

Luke 22.  
44.  
Heb. 5. 7.

Yet are his sorrows but begun ;  
By one disciple he's betray'd,  
Another him with oaths denies,  
The rest all run like sheep afraid.

Mat. 26.  
48.  
Ver. 69,  
70.  
Ver. 31,  
56.

Falsly accus'd, he's doom'd to die ;  
Loaded with blasphemy and scorn,  
He's rudely buffeted and bound,  
His sacred flesh with scourges torn.

Ver. 59,  
60.  
Ver. 66,  
67, 68.  
Mat. 27. 2.  
Ver. 25.

His temples wear a wreath of thorns,  
Spittle his reverend face profanes ;  
His weary shoulders bear a cross,  
On which he suffers mortal pains.

Ver. 29,  
John 19.  
17, 18.

Between two thieves he lingring dies,  
While thousand tortures on him meet ;  
His heart's dissolv'd within, his blood  
Flows out in streams from hands and feet.

Mat. 27.  
38.  
Psal. 22.  
14, 15, 16.

These streams, join'd with that other flood  
That gush'd out from his wounded side,  
Compose a sovereign bath, wherein  
The leprous Soul is purify'd.

John 19.  
34.  
Zech. 13.  
1.

## H Y M N XXXV.

Pfal. 65. 4. **H**Appy are they our Lord has chose  
 In his blest courts to dwell ;  
 His praises still their thoughts employ,  
 Their tongues his glory tell.

Pf. 29. 9.  
 Pf. 27. 4. There he his loveliness makes known  
 To all who love his name ;  
 Iſa. 28. 5. To them he is a glorious crown,  
 And beauteous diadem.

Pf. 23. 5. With a celestial banquet there  
 His table's richly ſpread ;  
 Luke 22. 19, 20. The wine's the tincture of his veins,  
 His body is the bread.

Cant. 5. 1. To entertain his happy friends,  
 Pfal. 23. 5. He oft repeats his call ;  
 Mat. 22. 11, 12. Pours fragrant oil upon their heads,  
 Gives robes to clothe 'em all.

Iſa. 57. 15. Nay, every contrite mind to him  
 Pf. 51. 17. A holy temple proves :  
 For humble ſouls are his delight,  
 And he dwells where he loves.

He at the door of every heart  
 Does friendly calls renew ;  
 Rev. 3. 20. " Open to me, and you ſhall ſup  
 " With me, and I with you.

And

Hymn 36. *Lord's supper.*

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And will the high and lofty one  
Vouchsafe to dwell with men?  
*Open, eternal doors, and let  
The king of glory in.*

Isa. 57. 15.

Psal. 24.  
7, &c.

This entertainment, Lord, of thine,  
So gen'rous and so free,  
Cost many a pang, and many a groan,  
And many a wound to thee.

1 Pet. 1.  
18, 19.

Eternal praise to thy great name,  
By all the host of heaven,  
By every nation, every tongue,  
And every heart be given.

Rev. 5.  
9, &c.

H Y M N XXXVI.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

WHAT mighty conqueror do we see  
Whose garments are distain'd with  
(blood,

Isa. 63. 1.

Whose rich apparel seems to be  
All tinctur'd in a crimson flood?

Like one who has the wine-press trod,  
Whose clothes the grape has purpl'd o'er?  
'Tis the eternal Son of God,  
All full of wounds, all stain'd with gore.

Ver. 2.

Isa. 53. 5.

A mighty conqueror indeed,  
Who conquers by receiving blows;  
To give wounds, is content to bleed;  
And by his death subdues his foes.

Heb. 2. 14;  
15.

He treads 'em down, tho all alone,

Isa. 63. 3. And with their blood his vesture's stain'd;  
But first is all bath'd in his own,  
His own by many a wound is drain'd.

Col. 2. 15. His blood hell's subtle powers confounds,  
To them a mortal liquor proves;

Luke 10. 34. But is a balm to heal our wounds,  
A wine to cheer the souls he loves.

Joh. 19. 34. The vessels that contain'd this juice,  
& 20. 25. A spear and ruder nails did broach;  
And while his flesh they pierce and bruise,  
Pf. 69. 20. His heart is broken with reproach.

Isa. 53. 5. But bruis'd, and broke, and mangled thus,  
This sacrifice our pardon gain'd;  
Mat. 26. 26, 27. And thus prepar'd, is food to us,  
By which we live, and are sustain'd.

Pf. 78. 24. Thrice happy they, whose tents around  
Pf. 116. 13. Such heavenly blessings still are spread!  
John 6. 31, 32, 33. Whose cup is with salvation crown'd,  
Their board with true and living bread!

Rom. 5. 20. Praise him whose mercies know no end,  
But to a vaster sum arise  
2 Chron. 28. 9. Than sins themselves; for these extend  
Pf. 108. 4. To heaven, but those above the skies.

## HYMN XXXVII.

[As the 100 psalm.]

Others may tell of famous things  
 Done by their heroes and their kings;  
 The LORD we serve, them all exceeds  
 For mighty sufferings, mighty deeds. Rom. 5.  
7, 8.

The torments he has undergone,  
 The glorious trophies he has won,  
 Armies of wondring angels cause  
 To fill the heavens with loud applause. 1 Pet. 1.  
12.  
Rev. 5.  
11, 12.

Deep in our breasts let us record  
 The story of our dying Lord:  
 As we his kind memorials view,  
 Our wonder, and our songs renew. 1 Cor. 11.  
24, 25, 26.  
Mat. 26.  
30.

From heaven the LORD of glory came,  
 On earth to bear reproach and shame;  
 The son of God his face to veil,  
 Assumes a body weak and frail. Jam. 2. 1.  
Isa. 50. 6.  
John 1. 14.

The king of kings a crown adorns,  
 Instead of gems, all set with thorns:  
 He whom the angels prais'd and blest,  
 Is made the rabble's scorn and jest. Rev. 19.  
16.  
Isa. 6. 3.  
*compar'd*  
*with John*  
12. 41.

The meek, the just, the holy one  
 Under the weight of sin does groan.  
 The prince of life would learn to die,  
 And be as low as he was high. Mat. 21. 5.  
Acts 3. 14,  
15.  
Phil. 2. 6,  
7, 8.

1 Tim. 4. He that distributes crowns and thrones,  
 8.  
 Rev. 3. 21. Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans :  
 Act. 10. 39. He on a cross resigns his breath,  
 Rev. 1. 18. Who keeps the keys of hell and death.

'Twas thus, because he'd have it so,  
 John 10. That we his wondrous love might know :  
 11.  
 Mat. 26. To rescue us, he was betray'd ;  
 48, 49, 50. To make us free, a pris'ner made ;

Pf. 22. 15. To raise us, in the dust did roll ;  
 Isa. 53. 4. Bore many wounds, to make us whole :  
 5.  
 Rom. 6. To give us pleasure, felt our pain ;  
 23. And dy'd, that we might life obtain.

1 Cor. 15. Thus sin, death, and the powers of hell,  
 54—57.  
 Col. 2. 15. Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell.  
 Eph. 4. 8. He mounted then his throne above,  
 2 Cor. 5. And conquers sinners by his love.  
 20.

L O R D, since our pardon, and our bliss,  
 1 Cor. 6. Were bought at such a price as this ;  
 20.  
 1 Cor. 7. As thou art ours, we're thine alone ;  
 22, 23. Thine will we be, and not our own.



## H Y M N X X X V I I I .

**W**hen Christ, at Simon's table plac'd, Luke 7.  
36, 37, 38.  
His sacred doctrine taught ;  
A penitent behind him stood,  
Whom love had thither brought.

She with devotion kiss'd his feet,  
Bath'd 'em with flowing eyes ;  
Then dries 'em with her spreading locks,  
And fragrant oil applies.

'Twas love these funeral tears prepar'd Ver. 47.  
Mat. 26.  
12.  
Before her Lord was dead ;  
Officious love supply'd the balm  
Before his wounds had bled.

Her faith the virtue of his blood  
Apply'd, before 'twas spilt ;  
To wash her soul from every stain,  
And expiate her guilt. 1 John 1:  
7.

The Saviour's sympathizing heart  
Her pious sorrow feels ;  
Commends her faith, her love applauds, Ver. 47,  
50.  
His pard'ning grace reveals.

Thus every soul succeeds, that bows  
At the redeemer's feet ;  
Those who repent, believe and love,  
Christ at his table meet.

Rom. 5.  
20, 21. The motions of thy sovereign grace,  
Lord, let no sin controul ;  
Forgiving glances from thy eyes  
Will ravish every soul.

These faithful pledges of thy love  
Declare thee still the same :

Luk. 22.  
19. For these memorials of thy cross  
We praise thy sacred name.

## H Y M N XXXIX.

[As the 100 psalm.]

Gal. 2. 20. **C**OME, let us go and die with him,  
Who was content to die for us ;  
Isa. 53, 5, Let's wound and crucify those sins  
6. That nail'd our Saviour to his cross.

2 Cor. 7.  
11. May holy indignation raise  
A just revenge in every breast !  
Ps. 97. 10. May every soul, that JESUS loves,  
'The very thoughts of sin detest !

Rom 2.  
8, 9. Hence all ye viprous brood of vice,  
That bring a train of endless woes ;  
O how I loath and hate you now,  
As mine, and as my Saviour's foes !

Acts 2.  
23. Yours are the bloody hands that seiz'd,  
That bound, that buffeted, that slew  
Ch. 3. 14. The Lord of life, and on the cross  
15. Your poison'd arrows at him threw.

You

Hymn 39. *Lord's supper.*

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You are the barb'rous enemies,  
Who still refuse that Christ should reign ;  
Justice demands you should be drag'd  
Without the camp, and there be slain.

Luke 19.  
14.  
Ver. 27.  
Numb. 15.  
35.  
Heb. 13.  
11, 12, 13.  
Heb. 3. 13.

Hence all your vain deluding arts,  
Which the unwary soul beguile ;  
These have no charms for one that sees  
Redeeming mercy on him smile.

Gal. 6. 4.

My robes, when wash'd in sacred blood,  
Shall I again with blots deface ?  
My soul, by grace advanc'd to heav'n,  
Shall I again to hell debase ?

Rev. 7. 13.  
14.  
Ch. 3. 4.  
Luke 10:  
15.

Prevent me, O almighty grace !  
Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,  
To crucify my Lord afresh,  
And render hate for all his love !

Heb. 6. 6.  
Pfal. 109.  
4, 5.

His life the model be of mine ;  
His word the rule to guide my ways ;  
His cross the death of all my crimes ;  
His love the subject of my praise.

1 Pet. 2.  
21, 22.  
Col. 3. 16.  
Rom. 6. 6.  
Rev. 5. 8.

H Y M N

## H Y M N XL.

- Heb. 12.  
 22. **L**ET all, who enter Sion's gate,  
 Pſal. 100. And in God's ſacred courts attend,  
 4. Praise him before his holy ſeat,  
 Heb 4. 16. Whose mercy knows no bounds or end.  
 Eph. 3.  
 18, 19.  
 Pſa. 103. 1. To the ſoul's inward harmony  
 Pſa. 100. 1. Join the ſweet muſick of the tongue ;  
 1 Cor. 14. No jarring thought admitted be,  
 15.  
 Col. 3. 16. No mind untun'd, no heart unſtrung,  
 Rom. 8.  
 32. Praise him, who did not ſpare to ſend  
 Heb. 10. From heaven his own eternal ſon,  
 20. To veil himſelf in fleſh, and end  
 Iſa. 53. 2, 3. That life in blood which tears begun.
- Joh. 1. 18. Praise that redeemer, who forſook  
 Phil. 2. 6,  
 7, 8. The boſom of his father's love ;  
 2 Cor. 5. The guilt of finners on him took,  
 21.  
 Iſa. 53. 5, 6. The pain without the crime to prove.
- Mat. 3. 16. And praise that bright immortal dove,  
 Pf. 14. 3.  
 Rom. 5. 5. Who contrite hearts with joy inſpires,  
 And ſheds abroad redeeming love,  
 To warm our breſts with holy fires.
- 1 John 5. O praise the ſacred *three* in *one*,  
 7. To whose love, wiſdom, Pow'r, we owe  
 2 Tim. 1. That bliſs which is in time begun,  
 10. But ſhall with time no period know.

## H Y M N X L I.

**T**He fun of righteousness has shin'd, Mal. 4. 2.  
Luke 1.  
 And God's new cov'nant has reveal'd; 78.  
 Christ's hand the sacred bond has sign'd, Heb. 8. 6.  
Pl. 40. 6. 7.  
 His blood the sacred bond has seal'd. Luke 22.  
20.

His numerous promises assure  
 Salvation on his father's part : 2 Cor. 1.  
20.  
 Salvation can't but be secure, Heb. 9.  
 When purchas'd with his bleeding heart. 13, 14, 15.

The kind testator freely dies, ver. 16,  
17.  
 To ratify this testament :  
 The sacred dove from glory flies, Mat. 3. 16:  
John 16.  
 To gain the sinners free consent. 7 — 16.

The table of the Lord displays  
 The dear memorials of his love : Luke 22.  
19.  
 The church below applauds his grace, Rev. 7.  
 In concert with the church above. 9 — 15.

Lord, when we gave ourselves to thee, 2 Cor. 8.  
5.  
 Drawn by the charming bands of love, Hof. 11.  
4.  
 We vow'd for ever thine to be, 1 Pet. 3.  
21;  
 And by thy grace will constant prove.

Thee we have always gracious found, Pfal. 36.  
5 — 8.  
 Thy promises are firm and true : Pfal. 119:  
106.  
 The ties wherewith our souls are bound,  
 We now most solemnly renew.

Command,

Acts 9. 6. Command, and we'll obey thy call ;  
 Mark 8. We'll take our cross, and follow thee  
 34, 35.  
 John 18. To prison, to the judgment-hall,  
 15. Without the gate to *Calvary*.

Ch. 19.  
 26, 27.  
 Cant. 2. Since thou art ours, may we retain  
 16. Thy sacred image which we bear :  
 Col. 3. 10.  
 Psa. 119. Since we are thine, may we remain  
 38. Ever devoted to thy fear.

1 Chr. 29. Ourselves to thee, Lord, we resign,  
 10—18. All we possess to thee belongs ;  
 Psa. 56. Thou hast our vows, our hearts are thine,  
 12. And thou shalt ever have our songs.

## H Y M N XLII.

[As the 100 psalm.]

Mat. 1. **C**OME, let us bless the glorious name  
 22, 23. Of our great prince *Immanuel* ;  
 Psa. 86. Who from heav'n's highest regions came,  
 13. To save us from the lowest hell.

Acts 3. 15. Nor did this prince of life disdain  
 1 Tim. 3. A mortal body to assume ;  
 16. To live in sorrow, die in pain,  
 3, 4. And be interr'd within a tomb.  
 Mat. 27.  
 60.  
 Rom. 5. That men, by guilt of life bereav'd,  
 21. Might have their num'rous crimes forgiven ;  
 Rom. 5. 10. Rebels might be to grace receiv'd,  
 Heb. 12. T' enlarge the family of heaven.  
 22, 23.

Th'an-

Hymn 43. *Lord's supper.*

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Th' angelick host this grace admire,  
Which reconciles apostate man ;  
To found that mystick deep desire,  
Contriv'd before the world began.

1 Pet. 1.  
12.

Heb. 9. 5.  
Eph. 1. 4,  
5.

They with soft musick fill'd the air,  
When first our Saviour drew his breath :  
They chear'd his mind opprest with care,  
When tempted, and approaching death.

Luke 2.  
13, 14.  
Mat. 4 11.  
Luke 22.  
43.

They now around his throne above  
To heav'nly ayres their voices raise ;  
With humble joy that grace approve  
Which yields 'em endless songs of praise.

Rev. 5. 11,  
12.  
Rev. 7.  
11, 12.

While they loud *Hallelujah's* sing  
Above our notes, our thoughts above ;  
In glad *Hosanna's* to our king  
We'll sing of reconciling love.

Rev. 19.  
1.

Mat. 21.  
9.

H Y M N XLIII.

**B**Ehold the Saviour of the world  
Embru'd with sweat and gore,  
Expiring on that shameful cross,  
Where he our sorrows bore !

Mat. 27.

Compassion for lost human race  
Brought down heav'n's only son,  
To veil in flesh his radiant face,  
And for their sins atone.

Heb. 2.  
14, 15,  
16, &c.  
Heb. 1. 3;

Who

- Who can to love his name forbear,  
 That of his sufferings hears,  
 And finds the ransom of his soul  
 Was blood as well as tears ?
- Thy sacred blood, O son of God !  
 Which ran from many a wound ;  
 When earth's and hell's malicious pow'rs  
 All compass'd thee around :
- Till death's pale ensigns o'er thy cheeks  
 And trembling lips were spread ;  
 Till light forsook thy dying eyes,  
 And life thy drooping head.
- Joy for thy torments we receive,  
 Life in thy death have found ;  
 For the reproaches of thy cross  
 Shall be with glory crown'd.
- May we a grateful sense retain  
 Of thy redeeming love !  
 And live below like those that hope  
 To live with thee above !

## H Y M N XLIV.

- While thy love's pledges we receive  
 In this blest supper, Lord, we see  
 What grateful tribute, what returns  
 Of love and praise we owe to thee.

O may



Hymn 44. *Lord's supper.*

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O may thy altar's holy fire  
Inflame our hearts, refine our tongues !  
May love divine our breasts inspire  
With heav'nly thoughts, and heav'nly  
(songs!

Isa. 6. 5,  
6, 7.  
Cant. 1.  
3, 4.

Tho to extol thy wondrous grace  
Our thoughts and words too low will prove ;  
Thou, Lord, wilt ne'er refuse a song  
From any heart that's tun'd with love.

Eph. 3.  
18, 19.  
Job. 37.  
19, 20.

While to thy cross we turn our eyes,  
And there thy agonies review ;  
What we deserv'd, but thou hast born,  
Thy wounds, thy groans, thy torments  
(shew.

Isa. 53. 4,  
5, 6.

While terror o'er thy soul was spread,  
Thy cruel foes reviling stood ;  
While clouds of wrath burst on thy head.  
They bath'd their hands in sacred blood.

Mat. 27.  
39.  
Isa. 53.  
10.

The sun astonish'd hid his face,  
The heavens a sable garment wore ;  
The frighted earth's foundations shook,  
And solid rocks afunder tore :

Mat. 27.  
45.  
ver. 51.

The temple's veil was rent, to shew  
Heav'n's throne unveil'd to our high-priest ;  
The opening graves and rising faints,  
The virtue of his death confess.

Heb. 9. 7 ;  
8.  
Mat. 27.  
52.

Thou,

Acts 3. 15. Thou, Lord of life, didst soon revive ;  
 Ch. 2. 24. Nor could thy tomb thee long retain,  
 John 10. 18. Who to lay down thy life hadst pow'r,  
 And pow'r to take it up again.

Isa. 52. 14. Thy body, once with wounds deform'd,  
 Rev. I. 13—18. Does now with heav'nly glory shine,  
 Adorn'd, and made a temple fit  
 For such a beauteous soul as thine.

Gal. 2. 20. As once upon the curf'd tree  
 Phil. 3. 21. Our fins, with thee our Saviour, dy'd :  
 Rev. 7. 9, 10, &c. So, Lord, we hope to rife like thee,  
 And fing thy triumphs at thy fide.

## H Y M N XLV.

Pf. 84. 1. **H**ow glorious is this holy place,  
 Joh. 6. 48. Where bread of life is giv'n !  
 Gen. 28. 16, 17. This furely is the houfe of God !  
 This is the gate of heav'n !

Jefus, the mafter of the feaft,  
 Vouchsafes his prefence here ;  
 I Cor. 10. 16. The cup of bleffing paffes round,  
 The pious guefts to chear.

Cant. 1. 2. Dainties that royal tables bear,  
 Pf. 5. 6. 7. And bowls of ruddy wine,  
 Can't with this nobler board compare,  
 Crown'd with a feaft divine.



## H Y M N XLVI.

**Y**E happy guests, who meet around  
 This table, your oblations bring :  
 Here every one's a priest, who has  
 A heart to love, and tongue to sing.

Our Saviour's bleeding sacrifice  
 His boundless love and grace displays :  
 As a just homage, he demands  
 Our sacrifice of love and praise.

'Twas love expos'd him to reproach,  
 To unexampled grief and pain :  
 Less power than that of love divine,  
 Nor would nor could his cross sustain.

See him abandon'd by his friends ;  
 By a perfidious kiss betray'd ;  
 Sold as a despiscable slave ;  
 With swords and staves a pris'ner made.

See him to the tribunal led ;  
 There charg'd with crimes by men suborn'd ;  
 By princes and by priests condemn'd,  
 And by the vilest wretches scorn'd.

That awful face, which low respect  
 From prostrate angels did command,  
 Spat on by men of servile state,  
 And struck by each rude soldier's hand.

Bearing

Hymn 47. *Lord's supper.*

147

Bearing his cross to Golgotha,  
With labouring steps behold him go ;  
And from his wounds, when open'd there,  
O see what crimson rivers flow !

John 19.  
16, 17.  
Pf. 22 16;  
John 19.  
34.

Plung'd in these streams, our guilty souls  
Purg'd from their numerous sins shall be :  
Justice and mercy, tho' provok'd  
By us, O Lord, are pleas'd with thee.

1 John 1.  
7.  
Rom. 3.  
26.  
Mat. 3. 17.

O lamb of God ! who bor'st our guilt,  
To thee immortal praise belongs :  
While we thy love and suffering sing,  
Angels shall hear, and join their songs :

Joh. 1. 29.  
Rev. 7.  
11, 12.  
Luke 23  
13, 14.

H Y M N XLVII.

**J**esus ! O word divinely sweet !  
How charming is the sound !  
What joyful news ! what heavenly sense  
In that dear name is found !

Mat. 1.  
21.  
Isa. 52. 7,  
8, 9.

Our souls were guilty, and condemn'd  
In hopeless fetters lay ;  
Our souls with numerous sins depriv'd,  
To death and hell a prey.

Rom. 3.  
23.  
Eph. 2.  
12.  
Rom. 3.  
10—19.

Jesus, to purge away this guilt,  
A willing victim fell ;  
And on his cross triumphant broke  
The bands of death and hell.

Col. 1. 14.  
Col. 2.  
14, 15.

- Heb. 2. Our foes were mighty to destroy :  
 14, 15. He mightier was to save :  
 Acts 2. He dy'd : but could not long be held  
 24—28. A pris'ner in the grave.
- Heb. 7. Jesus ! who mighty art to save,  
 25. Still push thy conquests on :  
 Extend the triumphs of thy cross  
 Mal. 1. Where'er the sun has shone.  
 11.
- Heb 2. O captain of salvation ! make  
 10. Thy power and mercy known :  
 Psal. 110. That crouds of willing converts may  
 1, 2, 3. Worship before thy throne.

## H Y M N XLVIII.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

- (prove  
 2 Cor. 5. **T**Hou hast o'ercome : Lord, who can  
 14, 15. Invincible to heav'nly love ?  
 Pf. 45. 2. My conquer'd soul I must resign  
 3, 4, 5. To that victorious arm of thine.
- Acts 2. Thy grace, whose wond'rous pow'r imparts  
 37. The tend'rest sense to flinty hearts,  
 I John 4. My inmost soul with love inspires,  
 9, 10. And mixes joy with pure desires.

For

Hymn 48. *Lord's supper.*

149.

For who, my Lord, can love like thee? Eph. 3.  
Whose love was e'er so great, so free? 18. 19.  
Angels may well admire the flame: 1 Pet. 2.  
But they have never felt the same: 3.

Nor men whom nature has ally'd, Rom. 5.  
Or strictest bonds of friendship ty'd. 6, 7, 8.  
Who ever did his life expose,  
To ransom his ungrateful foes? Ver. 10.

But thou, O Son of God, didst take  
Frail human nature for our sake; Phil. 2. 7.  
The griefs of human life didst try, Isa. 53. 4.  
And on a cross for rebels die.

This offering well deserves that we  
Should sacrifice ourselves to thee; Rom. 12.  
And where we owe so vast a debt, 1.  
To pay our homage ne'er forget. Ch. 14. 7,  
8, 9.

To thee, in whom we live and move,  
We give our praise, we give our love: Acts 17.  
To thee, on whom our sins were laid, 28.  
Whose blood was for our pardon paid. Gal. 2.  
20.  
Isa. 53. 6.  
Eph 1. 7.

To thee, who mak'st us priests and kings; Rev. 1. 6.  
Priests to attend on holy things,  
And kings to reign with thee above, 1 Pet. 2.  
In realms of bliss and endless love. 5.  
& ver. 9.

## H Y M N XLIX.

[As the 100 psalm.]

John 19. 30. **T**Is finish'd, the redeemer crys ;  
Then lowly bows his fainting head ;  
And soon th' expiring sacrifice  
Sinks to the regions of the dead.

'Tis done—the mighty work is done !  
For men or angels much too great ;  
Heb 1. Which none, but God's eternal son,  
Or would attempt, or could complete.

'Tis done,—his tears, his groans, and wounds,  
His sweat and blood, his pains and toils,  
Heb. 2. 9. Vict'ry with deathless glory crowns,  
Col. 2. 14, 15. With trophies, and triumphant spoils.  
Heb. 2. 14, 15. Hell's broken troops find no defence :  
1 Cor. 15. Sin dies, and death itself is slain :  
54, 55, 56, 57. Hope, peace, love, joy and innocence  
Gal. 5. 22. Return to dwell on earth again.

Pf. 40. 6. The conqueror falls a sacrifice,  
7. Heav'n's just resentments to appease :  
Pf. 85. 10. Justice with mercy now complys,  
Rom. 3. 26. Both with the sinner's pardon pleas'd.

Heb. 8. 13. 'Tis done,—old things are past away,  
2 Cor. 5. 17. And a new state of things begun ;  
Heb. 2. 5, 6, &c. A world whose age feels no decay,  
Luke 1. 33. But shall out-last the circling sun.



A new account of time begins,  
 When our dear Lord resign'd his breath, Mat. 26.  
28.  
 Charg'd with our sorrows and our sins, Mat. 20.  
28.  
 Our lives to ransom by his death.

Once he was dead ; now lives and reigns Rev. 1.  
18.  
 Where angels his great deeds proclaim : Rev. 5.  
8—14.  
 Let's tell our joys in pious strains,  
 And spread the glory of his name.

## H Y M N L.

[*As the 100 psalm.*]

**T**HUS we commemorate the day Mat. 26.  
26, 27, 28.  
 On which our dearest Lord was slain ;  
 Thus we our pious homage pay,  
 Till he appears on earth again. 1 Cor. 11.  
26.

Come, dear Lord Jesus, quickly come, Rev. 22.  
20.  
 Why stay thy chariot-wheels so long ?  
 Thy church below, thy other home, 15. 3, 4.  
Chap. 19.  
4—9.  
 Shall welcome thee with many a song.

Come, great redeemer, open wide Rev. 20.  
11.  
 The curtains of the parting sky : Rev. 1. 7.  
Psal. 18.  
9, 10.  
 On a bright cloud in triumph ride,  
 And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

Come, king of kings, with thy bright train, Rev. 19.  
16.  
 Cherubs and seraphs, heavenly hosts : Mat. 25.  
31.  
 Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign Phil. 2. 9,  
10, 11.  
 As far as earth extends her coasts.

Phl. 2. 7. Come, Lord, disdain not to come down  
 And rule, where thou wast scorn'd before :  
 Rev. 5. 9. How well that head becomes a crown,  
 Which cruel thorns so meekly bore !

(stood,  
 Rev. 11. Come, Lord, and where thy cross once  
 8. There plant thy banner, fix thy throne ;  
 Rev 19. And stain the ground with rebels blood,  
 12, 13, Which once was purpled with thy own.  
 14, 15

Mat. 27. Come, Lord, what thy weak reed began,  
 Psal. 2. 9. Complete by thy strong iron rod :  
 Rev. 2. Once thou wer't seen a dying man,  
 27. Now shew thyself the living God.  
 Heb 2. 14. Rev. 7. 2.





# H Y M N S

Compos'd for the

## CELEBRATION

O F T H E

## Holy Ordinance

O F

# B A P T I S M.

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Luke 15. 10. — *I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth.*

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# H Y M N S

F O R

## B A P T I S M.



### H Y M N I.



OUR Lord, when cloth'd with  
mortal flesh,

Tho free from every sinful stain, 1 Tim. 3.

Wou'd be baptiz'd, that men to 16.  
trace Heb. 7.26.

His sacred steps might not disdain.

Mat. 3.15.

Nay more—he was all plung'd in tears,  
And bath'd in bloody sufferings too :

Heb. 5. 7.

What fountain was requir'd to wash

Our guilty souls, his wounds will shew ! Heb.9.22.

Thy

1 Joh. 1.7. Thy blood, dear Lord, can cleanse from  
This in our baptism we confess; (sin :  
Pfal. 51. 2. 'Tis for its cleansing virtue we  
Our prayers and vows to thee address.

Rom. 6. Bury'd with great solemnity  
3, 4, 5. In thy baptismal sepulchre,  
We are reviv'd, and rais'd again,  
Rev. 19.8. White robes of righteousness to wear.

And, as thy sacred word declares,  
At the great resurrection-day

Phil. 3. 21. Our bodies shall be rais'd and chang'd,  
Rev. 7. 9. And be adorn'd with bright array.

## H Y M N II.

THE sacred body of our Lord,  
Which on the cross had bled,  
Mat. 20. Three days lay bury'd in the grave,  
19. And then rose from the dead,  
Mat 12. 40.

Luke 24. His presence the desponding hearts  
31. Of his disciples cheers :  
John 20. His voice they hear, his scars survey,  
20—23 Which banish doubts and fears.

Luke 24. Explaining oracles divine,  
32. Their ears and souls he charms ;  
His order to convert the world,  
Their drooping courage warms.

Hymn 2. *Baptism.*

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For thus the mediator spoke,

“ All power in earth and heav’n

Mat. 28.  
18.

“ To me, triumphant o’er the grave,

“ Is by my father giv’n.

“ Go therefore teach the nations all

Ver. 19.

“ What you have learn’d of me;

Mark 15.

“ Baptize ’em in the awful name

15, 16.

“ Of the eternal Three.

“ Teach ’em whatever I command;

Ver. 20.

“ My presence I assure,

“ To crown your labours with success,

“ While heaven and earth endure.

Lord! we thy wondrous grace adore,

Thy awful word revere:

Thy death and thy revival both

Our baptism makes appear.

Col. 2. 12.

Rom. 6.

3, 4.

The promise of thy presence now

Does glad expectation raise:

Mat. 18.

20.

Hope of thy second coming fills

Joh. 14. 18.

Heb. 9.

Our souls with joy and praise:

28.

Luke 21.

28.

’Tis then the dead thy voice shall hear,

Joh. 5. 25.

The dead thy voice obey;

Thy saints, who sleep in dust, awake

Dan. 12.

2, 3.

To joy’s eternal day.

1 Thess. 4.

14, 15, 16.

H Y M N

## H Y M N III.

Mat. 11.  
28.  
Ch. 5. 4.  
Rev. 1. 5.  
Acts 22.  
16.  
**C**OME, lowly souls, that mourn,  
Depress'd with guilt and shame :  
Wash'd in your Saviour's sacred blood,  
Now call upon his name.

Isa. 57.  
15.  
Ch. 66. 2.  
Tit. 3. 5.  
Mat. 3. 13,  
14.  
Rejoice, ye contrite hearts,  
That tremble at his word,  
In the baptismal laver plung'd,  
As was your humble Lord.

Bath'd in repenting tears,  
The sins which you deplore,  
Dead in your Saviour's grave shall lie,  
And shall be seen no more.  
1 Cor. 15.  
55. 56, 57.  
Gal. 5. 24.

Rev. 19. 8.  
Ch. 3. 4.  
Ps. 66. 16.  
Come, pious candidates,  
Of grace and glory too :  
Praise your Redeemer's love ; and tell  
What he has done for you.

Eph. 5.  
26, 27.  
Isa. 61.  
2, 3.  
Unspotted robes you wear ;  
Your sighs to songs are turn'd ;  
Garments of praise adorn you now,  
Who late in ashes mourn'd.

Col. 3. 1, 2.  
Joh. 17.  
22, 23, 24.  
Rev. 22. 5.  
Your Lord and you are risen,  
Aspire to things above :  
Where he resides, there you shall dwell  
In realms of light and love.

H Y M N



## H Y M N I V.

WHEN th' antient world God's pa- Gen. 6. 5,  
 tience try'd, 6, 7.

And long his threatning vengeance dar'd, 1 Pet. 3.  
 The righteous Noah favour found, 19, 20.

His family alone was spar'd. Gen. 6. 8,  
 9.

In secrect chambers of the ark Ch. 7.  
 They all secure from danger lie, 11—24.

When th' ocean's banks were broke, and  
 floods

Burst thro' the windows of the sky.

Proud waters o'er the mountains roll, Ver. 19:

And common ruin widely spread ;

Yet the blest'd patriarch's house survives, Ver. 23:

When all mankind beside were dead.

At the Almighty's awful word Ch. 8.

Th' obsequious floods retire again ;

And Noah from his mystick tomb

Peoples the ruin'd earth with men. Ch. 9. i.

So to restore a world o'erwhelm'd 1 Pet. 3.

With guilt and mis'ry, dead in sins, 21.

Our Saviour rising from the grave, Eph. 2. 1, 2.

Another race of men begins : Rom. 5.

24.

Col. 3. 10.

New creatures of a heavenly form, 2 Cor. 5.

Whose souls his sacred image bear ; 17.

While Ch. 3. 18.

Rom. 6. While dead to sin they live to God,  
 11, 12.  
 Rev. 3. 5. And spotless in white robes appear.

Rom. 6. 3. Bury'd in their redeemer's grave,  
 1 Joh. 5. With him they live, with him they rise ;  
 12.  
 Ver. 19. While the lost race of human kind  
 Mat. 24. Delug'd with sin and ruin lies.  
 28, 29.

Philip. 3. O happy souls, whom grace revives !  
 20, 21. Their bodies too their Lord will raise,  
 Refin'd and fit for holy souls,  
 1 Joh. 3. 2. To see his face and sing his praise.  
 Rev. 5. 9,  
 10.

## H Y M N V.

Mat. 3. 13. **T**HUS was the great Redeemer plung'd  
 In Jordan's swelling flood ;  
 Heb. 5. 7. To shew he'd one day be baptiz'd  
 Luk. 22. In tears, in sweat, and blood.  
 44.

Thus was his sacred body laid  
 Beneath the yielding wave :  
 Col. 2. 12. Thus was his sacred body rais'd  
 Out of the liquid grave.

When lo ! from realms of light and bliss  
 Mat. 3. 16. The heavenly dove comes down,  
 Lights on his venerable head,  
 Which rays of glory crown.

While his eternal father's voice  
 Ver. 17. An awful joy excites ;

† This

“ This is my well-beloved son,  
 “ In whom my soul delights.

The mystick rite his death describ'd,  
 His burial did foreshew  
 The quickening of his sacred flesh,  
 His resurrection too.

Rom. 6 3,  
 4, &c.

Lord, thy own precept we obey,  
 In thy own footsteps tread,  
 We die, are bury'd, rise with thee  
 From regions of the dead.

Mat. 28.  
 19.  
 Mat. 3. 15,  
 Col. 3. 1,  
 2.

O may the spirit of truth and love  
 His power on us display,  
 Approve our vows, and seal our souls  
 To the redemption-day !

John 14.  
 17.  
 Eph. 4. 30.

## H Y M N VI.

**O** Bless'd Redeemer ! in thy side  
 Upon the cross was made a wound,  
 The bath where we are purg'd from sin,  
 And where our guilt's intirely drown'd.

Joh. 19.  
 34, 35.  
 1 Joh. 1.7.  
 Micah 7.  
 19.

Water and blood hence freely ran,  
 And on the trembling earth were spilt ;  
 Water to sanctify and cleanse,  
 Blood to atone for crimson guilt.

1 Joh. 5.6.  
 Mat. 27.  
 51.  
 Tit. 3. 5.  
 Heb. 9.22.

This wondrous grace to represent  
 Baptifmal waters were design'd,

Açts 22.  
 16.

Mark 1. 9. In which thou, Lord, wast bury'd too,  
 Mat. 3. 15, 16. To thy great father's will resign'd.

Thus penitents who die to sin,  
 With thee are bury'd in thy grave ;  
 Col. 2. 12. Thus quicken'd to a life divine,  
 Rom. 6 4, 5, &c. Their souls a resurrection have.

And tho their bodies turn to dust,  
 This holy symbol does assure,  
 Luk. 14. The resurrection of the just  
 14. Shall render them all bright and pure.  
 1 Cor. 15. 42, 43, 44.

Phil. 3. 21. Made like his body ours shall be,  
 Col. 3. 4. When Christ, who is our life, appears ;  
 Luk. 12. 50. Who to procure us life, was once  
 Mark 10. 38. Baptiz'd in his own blood and tears.

## H Y M N VII.

Exod. 14. **W**HEN from Egyptian slavery  
 The Hebrews were redeem'd  
 The parted seas and covering cloud  
 A grave to Israel seem'd :

But soon the joyful tribes emerge,  
 And stand upon the shore,  
 Exod. 15. With grateful hearts and tuneful tongues  
 Their saviour's name adore.

Exod. 14. 16. He made th' obsequious waves retire,  
 His favourite tribes to save ;

Made

Hymn 8. *Baptism.*

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Made them a way to liberty,  
Where Egypt found a grave.

Ver. 26,  
27, 28,  
&c.

Thus Jacob's fons baptiz'd of old  
To Moses in the sea,  
Sav'd by God's arm, themselves devote  
His statutes to obey.

1 Cor. 10.  
1, 2.

Exod. 20.  
2.  
Ch. 19.

So from the bondage of our sins,  
Redeem'd by sovereign grace,  
We thro' his watry sepulchre  
Our saviour's footsteps trace,

4—9.  
Rom. 6.  
11—18.

Mat. 3, 13,  
14.

Our sins, the worst of enemies,  
Are bury'd there and drown'd ;  
To a new life our souls are rais'd,  
With tender mercy crown'd.

Col. 3. 5.  
Gal. 2. 20.  
Col. 2. 13.

To thee, O Jesus, may we live,  
Devoted to thy fear :  
Thee will we love, thee will we praise,  
And all thy laws revere.

Rom. 14.  
7, 8, 9.

1 John 5.  
1, 2, 3.

H Y M N VIII.

**T**HE great Redeemer we adore,  
Who came the lost to seek and save ; Luk. 19.  
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore, 10.  
To find a tomb beneath a wave. Mat. 3. 13.

“ Thus it becomes us to fulfil  
“ All righteousness, he meekly said :

Ver. 15.

M 2

Why

Why shou'd we then to do his will,  
Or be asham'd, or be afraid ?

With thee into thy watry tomb,  
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend ;

Rom. 6. 'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room  
3, 4, &c. To lie inter'd by such a friend !

But a much more tempestuous flood

Heb. 5. 7. O'erwhelm'd thy body and thy soul :

Luke 22. That's plung'd in tears, and sweat, and  
44. blood,

Mat. 26. And over this black terrors roll.  
38.  
Ch. 27. 46.

Yet as the yielding waves give way,

To let us see the light again :

So on thy resurrection-day

Acts 2. 24. The bands of death prov'd weak and vain.

1 Cor. 15. Thus when thou shalt again appear,

52, 53. The gates of death shall open wide ;

Joh. 5. 25. Our dust thy powerful voice shall hear,  
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.

These now vile bodies then shall wear

Mat. 17. 2. A glorious form resembling thine :

Rev. 20. To be dissolv'd no more shall fear,

14. But with immortal beauty shine.  
Ch. 22. 3,  
4.

## H Y M N IX.

**W**hen fam'd Bethesda's waters flow'd, Joh. 5. 2,  
 By a descending angel mov'd ; 3, 4  
 The wondrous pool a soveraign bath  
 For every pain and sickness prov'd.

Hither distemper'd crouds repair,  
 Hither the feeble, lame and blind ;  
 The first who steps into the spring,  
 Leaves his disease and pains behind.

That languishing and dying souls  
 A nobler cure might freely meet,  
 The son of God came down and stirr'd  
 Baptismal waters with his feet.

Mat. 3. 13,  
14.

Lord, 'tis but just we follow thee,  
 Who didst not scorn to lead the way,  
 Where we just see the vale of death,  
 Then view the resurrection-day.

1 Pet. 2.  
21.

Rom. 6.  
3, 4, &c.

Happy! who haste into the flood  
 Where healing virtues ever flow,  
 Where filthy lepers clean are made,  
 The blind to see, the lame to go :

John 5. 7.

Isa. 53. 4.  
Mat. 8. 16,  
17.

Where contrite spirits heal their wounds,  
 And broken hearts assuage their pain ;  
 The dead themselves new life inspires,  
 They breathe, they move, and rise again.

Isa. 61. 1.

Ch. 57. 15.

Joh. 5. 25.

Col. 3. 1.

With lowly minds, and lofty songs,  
Let all admire the Saviour's grace,

3 Joh. 3.2. Till the great rising-day reveal  
Rev. 1. 16. Th' immortal glory of his face.

## H Y M N X.

Mat. 3. 13. **I**N such a grave as this  
The meek Redeemer lay,  
Luke 19. 10. When he, our souls to seek and save,  
Learn'd humbly to obey.

1 Pet. 1. 19. See how the spotless lamb  
Descends into the stream!  
Mat. 3. 15. And teaches finners not to scorn  
What him so well became.

Rom. 6. 3, 4, 5. His body sanctifies  
The salutary flood,  
Acts 2. 2. 16. And teaches us to plunge our souls  
Rev. 7. 14. I'th' fountain of his blood.

Oh! finners, wash away  
Isa. 1. 18. Your sins of crimson dye;  
Col. 2. 12. Bury'd with him, your sins shall all  
In dark oblivion lie.

Col. 3. 1, 2. Rise, and ascend with him,  
A heavenly life to lead,  
Heb. 2. 14, 15. Who came to rescue guilty men  
From regions of the dead.

Lord,



Hymn 11. *Baptism.*

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Lord, see the sinner's tears,  
Hear his repenting cry ;  
Speak, and his contrite soul shall live ;  
Speak, and his sins shall die :

Isa. 38. 5.

Isa. 57.

15.  
Gal. 5. 24.

Speak with that mighty voice,  
Which one day wide shall spread  
Its summons thro' the earth and sea,  
To wake and raise the dead.

Joh. 5. 25.

Rev. 20.

13.

H Y M N XI.

SEE in what grave our Saviour lay,  
Before he shed his precious blood ;  
How he mark'd out the humble way  
To sinners thro the mystick flood.

Col. 2. 12.

Mat. 3.

13, 14.

The sun of righteousness his beams,  
Tho so divinely fair and bright,  
Immers'd in Jordan's swelling streams,  
Submitting to this holy rite.

Mal. 4. 2.

O Jordan! honour'd oft before!  
What greater glory would'st thou have,  
Than Christ descending from thy shore,  
To find in thee a liquid grave?

Thy streams retir'd on either side,  
To th' holy ark once form'd a way ;  
A prophet's mantle could divide  
Thy willing streams, taught to obey.

Josh. 3.

2 Kings 2.  
8.

M 4

Plung'd

Plung'd by the holy baptist's hand,  
Buried in thee our Saviour lies :

Pfal. 114. Did not thy waters wondring stand,  
5. To see him die, and see him rise ?

Blest sepulchre ! where Jesus lay,  
Which Jesus for us sanctifies !

Acts 22. Blest flood ! to wash our sins away,  
16.  
Ch. 2. 38. And sink 'em so as ne'er to rise.

## H Y M N XII.

**W**Hene'er one sinner turns to God,  
With contrite heart and flowing  
eyes,

Luke 1. The happy news makes angels smile,  
57. And tell their joys above the skies.  
V. 10.

Well may the church below rejoice,  
And eccho back the heavenly sound :

Luke 15. " This soul was dead, but now's alive ;  
32. " This sheep was lost, but now is found.

Mat. 15. See how the willing converts trace  
3. The path their great Redeemer trod ;  
And follow thro' his liquid grave,

Mat. 11. The meek, the lowly son of God.  
29.

Tit. 3. 5. Here in the holy laver plung'd,  
Their souls are cleans'd from every stain ;  
Gal 2. 19. They die, descend into the tomb,  
Col. 3. 1. By grace they live, and rise again.

Here

Hymn 12.            *Baptism.*

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Here they renounce their former deeds,  
And to a heavenly life aspire :  
Their rags for glorious robes exchange'd,  
They shine in clean and white attire.

Acts 19.  
18  
Rom. 6. 3.  
Zech. 3. 3.  
Rev. 3. 5.  
Ch. 19. 8.

O sacred rite ! by this the name  
Of Jesus we to own begin ;  
This is our resurrection's pledge,  
And seals the pardon of our sin.

Acts 19. 5.  
1 Pet. 3.  
21.  
Acts 2. 38.

Glory to God on high be giv'n,  
Who shews this grace to sinful men :  
Let saints on earth, and hosts of heav'n,  
In concert join their loud *amen*.

Luke 2.  
14.  
Rev. 7.  
9—12.







A

P O E M

To the MEMORY of

Mr. *Timothy Cruso*,

Late MINISTER of the GOSPEL;

Who departed this Life *Novemb. 26, 1697.*

---

——— *Quis talia fando*  
*Temperet à Lachrymis?* ———

Virgil.

---







A

# POEM, &c.



O all the poets then supinely doze?  
Will none a funeral-verse for thee  
compose?

For thee, blest CRUSO, whose  
surviving fame

Calls for a genius worthy such a theme?

Shall only heroes live in elegies?

None weep in poems when a prophet dies?

Shall scriblers, void of reverence and shame,

With nonsense blur thy venerable name?

Strow weeds instead of flow'rs upon thy  
herse?

And wrong thy silent dust with barbarous  
verse?

And can thy pious friends look coldly on?

And is there none so just? so faithful none,

Thy bed of clay with odors to perfume,  
And shed harmonious sorrows round thy  
tomb?

Where nature seems the talent to refuse,  
Or art ne'er touch'd the yet unpolish'd muse,  
Ev'n indignation might a verse produce:  
Can such neglect e'er find a just excuse?  
Yet would we rather think the dreadful blow  
Which in thy death they felt, has stunn'd  
'em so,

That, scarce recover'd from the sad surprize,  
They think not what they owe thy exequies.

O may that heav'nly muse, that did in-  
spire

The royal prophet's soul with sacred fire,  
And taught him how to tune his mournful  
lyre,

And mournful voice to sorrow's melting  
strains,

When he of Israel's princes death complains;  
When he his Jonathan's lov'd name com-  
mends,

Dear Jonathan, the best of men, the best of  
friends:

O may that heavenly muse my bosom fill!  
Diffuse thro' all my soul her wond'rous skill!  
While in soft numbers I attempt to tell  
The grief that wounds our English Israel;  
Who miss a beauteous star, that did appear  
With noted splendor in the church's sphere.  
Just had it climb'd to its meridian height,  
Then disappear'd, and veil'd its useful light.

We



We hop'd, ah vainly hop'd ! 'twould long  
dispense

Extensive lustre, and sweet influence.

But soon it vanish'd : for the powers divine  
Bid it retire, that first had bid it shine.

Alas ! how soon's the short-liv'd glory fled !  
CRUSO is number'd too among the dead !

Oft has the milky road of late been trac'd  
By heav'n's returning envoys: who have grac'd  
With shining steps the high ethereal way ;  
While we in vain have begg'd their longer  
stay.

The reverend ANNESLY, VINCENT,  
MATHER, COLE,

Whose glorious names shine in life's sacred  
roll,

'Mong the triumphant followers of the lamb,  
But lately to the realms of glory came :

And CRUSO now, another man of God,  
To the same bliss the same bright path has  
trod.

O happy souls ! we envy not your gain,  
Who on celestial thrones securely reign ;  
There reap the fruit of all your toil and pain :  
Yet 'tis but just we of our loss complain.

So when the ser to heav'nly mansions flew,  
And flaming steeds his lightning chariot  
drew,

His lonely servant struck with deep surprize,  
Pursu'd the radiant track with wond'ring  
eyes :

*My*

*My father, loud he cry'd, my father's fled,  
In Israel's chariot unto glory led.*

Ah could we but Elisha's portion find,  
Our prophets sacred mantles left behind,  
Their spirit doubled on their hopeful sons,  
We should have reason to restrain our moans.

O London! with what grace hast thou been  
crown'd!

Long hast thou heard the jubil-trumpet's  
sound;

Our British Sion thou, the blest abode  
Of Israel's prophets, and of Israel's God.

To thee our priests, to thee our tribes repair,  
In numerous crowds to offer praise and pray'r:  
Heav'n smiles on thee with such indulgent  
rays,

*Thy walls salvation, and thy gates are praise.*

But fear lest judgments fill up mercy's place,  
And days of vengeance follow years of grace:  
No longer heav'n provoke by daring crimes,  
To cloud with threatning storms thy hal-  
cyon times.

By tears prevent the judgments that impend:  
Mark well the signs that gloomy scenes por-  
tend;

How fast thy prophets have to heav'n retir'd;  
With what litigious heats are others fir'd!

The messengers of peace themselves con-  
tend

Their master's seamless coat unkindly rend,  
Ah! where will these uncomely discords  
end.

Can no kind hands the widening breach  
 repair,  
 By sage advice, by softning tears and pray'r?  
*No balm in Gilead? no physician there?*

But tell me you, who blessed CRUSO  
 knew,  
 And catch'd the drops of that celestial dew  
 His words distill'd, who the sweet manna  
 found,  
 That food of angels he dispers'd around ;  
 Tell me what art, what colours can express  
 That sweet, that humble, and that grave ad-  
 dress,  
 That graceful voice, that unaffected air  
 Of piety his countenance did wear.  
 How sound his Judgment ! how mature his  
 thought !  
 His notions to what just perfection brought !  
 No flaunting rhetorick in a swelling style  
 His hearers did with empty noise beguile !  
 Such weighty sense in his discourses reign'd,  
 The learned and the wise improvement  
 gain'd :  
 Yet in such easy language he would preach,  
 That truths sublime stoop'd down to vulgar  
 reach.  
 His speech polite, nervous his eloquence ;  
 Not big with airy words, but big with sense :  
 For bright ideas, rang'd with curious skill,  
 His mind with light, his heart with warmth  
 did fill,

*A poem to the memory of*

And from his mouth in decent order flow'd ;  
 While ev'ry soul that heard, with pious ar-  
 dor glow'd.

Zeal mix'd with knowledge, tun'd his  
 charming tongue,

And on his lips Suadela's graces hung.

Now he prophetick oracles unseal'd,

Mysterious symbols and dark types unveil'd ;

Obscurer truths, in parables involv'd,

Expos'd to light, and dubious texts resolv'd.

Now he would sin's deformity expose,

And all the terrors of the law disclose :

Mount Sinai seem'd again to flash and quake,  
 Clouds deeply charg'd with awful thunder  
 brake ;

Men dead in sins would at his voice a-  
 wake :

Sear'd consciences his powerful words have  
 felt,

And flinty hearts would often rend and melt.

Now into bleeding souls, with art divine,

He'd pour both healing oil, and cleansing  
 wine :

Now shew the glories of redeeming love,

Describe the Saviour's cross below, and  
 throne above.

O how he touch'd each movement of the mind !

Could various passions gently loose or bind !

Raise mild affections, ruffling thoughts  
 appease !

He knew both how to profit and to please :

Could

Could all the soul's internal springs employ ;  
 Drown us in tears, dissolve us all in joy.  
 In pray'r how full of fervor, how resign'd !  
 How lowly the prostrations of his mind !  
 To what sweet raptures pious minds he'd raise,  
 When to his God he breath'd his soul in praise !  
 His tow'ring soul to heav'n would take her  
     flight,  
 And dip her plumes in boundless floods of  
     light,  
 Praising, as if her faith were turn'd to fight. }  
 Kind angels, who are always hovering o'er  
 Assembled saints, while they their God adore,  
 Applauding, clap'd their silver wings for joy,  
 To find our heav'n below so like their heav'n  
     on high.

Once all these graces that in CRUSO  
     shone,  
 Could make us glad : but now they make us }  
     groan,  
 And groan the more that all this glory's gone, }  
 Before declining age presum'd to spread  
 Her threatening snow upon his reverend head.  
 Who with like grace shall now supply his  
     room,  
 Since he has chang'd his pulpit for a tomb ?  
 Pity ! such jewels should be laid in dust :  
 But we unworthy are ; and heav'n is just.  
 Ah ! that his tongue should now in silence  
     dwell,  
 That spake such wondrous things, and spake  
     so well !

That those blest lips which mystick truths  
 reveal'd,  
 Should now with mortal sleep be shut and  
 seal'd!

Infatiate death! how oft dost thou devour  
 Long years of study in one fatal hour!  
 So have we sometimes seen a goodly tree,  
 Improv'd by time to full maturity,  
 Array'd with leaves, with fruit profusely  
 crown'd,

Its shady arms expanded widely round,  
 Above its fellows rear its head on high;  
 When lo a furious storm rolls up the sky,  
 Rends all the boughs, and strows the fruit  
 around,  
 Tears up the roots, and throws it to the  
 ground.

Yet when, blest saint, the prince of }  
 terrors spread }  
 His dusky shades o'er thy expiring head, }  
 And crowding horrors hover'd round thy }  
 bed ; }  
 Thy conscience calm, thy thoughts were }  
 all serene, }  
 Thou knew'st thy heart, and hands, and }  
 robes were clean, }  
 Wash'd in thy Saviour's blood from every }  
 stain ; }  
 And could'st with joy look justice in the face,  
 Seated upon a smiling throne of grace.

And

And tho thy mould'ring body lies in dust,  
Thy nobler soul's inthron'd among the just ;  
Weary of this low world, she's fled away  
To the bright regions of eternal day :  
In that immortal light she gilds her wings,  
Always admires, and praises, loves and sings ;  
There seraphs teach her their celestial airs,  
To sing with such a voice and grace as theirs.

Nor shall thy body always sleeping lie,  
But know what 'tis to rise, as well as die.  
The parted atoms shall again rejoin,  
In a new mould be cast by hands divine :  
Thy clay refin'd, a heavenly form shall wear,  
Bright as the mid-day sun, as angels fair ;  
Again be join'd to thy expecting mind,  
In close embraces ne'er to be untwin'd.  
No *asthma* shall oppress thy labouring breath,  
But thou shalt triumph o'er imperious death ;  
Shalt fear no danger, feel no torturing pain ;  
Thy eyes shall know no tears, thy soul no stain :  
Thy joys be always ripe, yet always bloom,  
No clouds eclipse, nor time thy joys consume ;  
But tides of bliss deluge thy wond'ring soul,  
And deathless pleasures in eternal circles roll.



A N  
E P I T A P H.

**A** *Preacher pious, learned, humble, wise,  
Who knew with wond'rous art how to  
dispense  
Paul's doctrine in Apollo's eloquence,  
Under this stone in easy slumbers lies;  
Till God shall of his dust a structure frame,  
Immortal as his soul, and as his name.*







A

P O E M

To the MEMORY of

*Mr. Nathanael Taylor,*

Late MINISTER of the GOSPEL.

---

*Lachrymas lachrymis miscere juvat.*  
Senec. Tragœd. Agam.

---



N 4





A

# P O E M

To the MEMORY of

*Mr. Nathanael Taylor, &c.*



TEMPT, O muse, the pious  
task; and shed  
Melodious sorrows on the reve-  
rend dead.

No vulgar loss can make thee  
weakly groan,

To urge another's tears, or feign thy own:  
But when a man of God in Sion dies,  
No equal judge will blame thy mournful  
cries;

A cause so great, great sorrow justifies:

*A poem to the memory of*

Religion will indulge such sighs as these,  
 That justly wail a holy man's decease.  
 Jesus himself, the practice to commend,  
 Wept o'er the grave of his departed friend.  
 May every pious soul in concert join,  
 And mix their sighs, and mix their tears  
 with thine.

Descend into the reverend TAYLOR's  
 tomb,  
 Survey the limits of that dusky room,  
 Where he resides in mansions of the dead,  
 Where he in silent shades reclines his head:  
 Visit a while those realms of gloomy night,  
 And thence emerge again to welcome light:  
 Life from his death thy genius shall de-  
 rive ;  
 A prophet's bones, when touch'd, have made  
 the dead revive.

Vain state of man! press'd with succeeding  
 woes,  
 As wave on wave i'th' rolling ocean flows,  
 Our calms and storms rule with unequal sway;  
 A long dark night veils a short smiling day:  
 Our joys soon die, our sorrows long survive,  
 And like Job's fatal messengers arrive:  
 Before one has his dismal news declar'd  
 A second with like tidings comes prepar'd;  
 And ere this has his tragic story told,  
 New scenes of trouble make the former old.

How.

How chang'd our Sion's countenance ap-  
pears

In the short space of few revolving years!  
How many radiant stars extinct and gone,  
That in our sphere of late so brightly shone!  
Indulgent heaven's embassadors of grace  
From an ungrateful world retire apace:  
The louder and the softer voices cease  
The sons of thunder, and the sons of peace:  
The charming BATES, and the awakening  
MEDD,

Go down to the apartments of the dead;  
No more are seen on earth, are heard no  
more,

While we our guilt less than our loss deplore.  
Many besides the silent tombs immure,  
Whose names are fragrant all, and not ob-  
scure,

Who fill'd the breach our crimes so often  
made,

So oft o'ercame th' Almighty when they  
pray'd;

Stop'd the rais'd thunder he prepar'd to throw;  
And warded off the fierce impending blow.

Yet might we less regret their flight to  
heaven,

Less accent might to our complaints be given,  
If none were seen to quit the church below,  
But heads adorn'd with venerable snow;  
Whose long hard labours for cessation call,  
Who like ripe fruit into earth's bosom fall,

As

*A poem to the memory of*

As flocks of corn into the barn are stor'd :  
 Their age might make their exit lefs deplor'd.  
 But when they fall, or in their verdant prime,  
 Or juft matur'd, nor yet decay'd by time ;  
 To fee our faireft flowers not fully blown,  
 Or nobleft plants to their juft ftature grown,  
 When we hop'd long t' enjoy their fcent and  
     shade,  
 To fee them and our hopes decline and fade ;  
 To fee them drop, and moulder into duft,  
 Raifes a grief as great as it is juft.

How ufeul, how improv'd, and how  
     defir'd  
 Was TAYLOR, when his righteous foul  
     expir'd !  
 We faw him enter'd on life's middle ftage,  
 Paft greener youth, nor wither'd yet with age :  
 Bright images, his notions ftill array'd,  
 And manly judgment youthful heat allay'd.  
 Study and pray'r increas'd his facred ftore,  
 Much he produc'd, and ftill he promis'd more.  
 Such was he — Ah that fuch he is not ftill !  
 How many years to come we thought he had  
     to fill !  
 O cruel death ! too eager in thy chafe,  
 To ftop him fhort i'th' middle of his race :  
 How is our flattering expectation croft !  
 How fair a portion of his time is loft !  
 Quite loft to us thofe bright expected years !  
 Hence flow thefe fighs, hence flow thefe  
     ftreams of tears.

Who

Who now shall trace his steps with equal  
pace,  
Who shall with equal lustre fill his place :  
So well the gospel-trumpet he could blow,  
Angels were pleas'd above, and men were  
charm'd below.

His pious labours with success were crown'd,  
Returning sinners oft obey'd the sound,  
And made the joy from earth to heaven }  
rebound. }

The sacred oracles he could dispense  
With moving language, and convincing sense.  
His criticks true, and his remarks were fine ;  
Bright figures made his just descriptions shine.  
Abstracted truths in proper garments drest,  
Their beauties to each wondering eye confest.  
Attentive minds in easy terms were taught  
The notions he attain'd by lab'ring thought.  
An awful majesty his periods led,  
And soft persuasion follow'd what he said.  
Blaspheming wits designing to deride,  
Laid all their weak artillery aside ;  
Forgot their impious jests, and serious grown,  
Trembled to hear the sacred trumpet blown ;  
Their souls so pierc'd by every dreadful blast,  
That every moment seem'd to be their last,  
While he unveil'd a sinner's dying bed,  
And open'd flaming heaven o'er his head.  
He made 'em feel what he describ'd so well,  
The pains of death, and greater pains of hell.  
His voice was thunder, and his eyes were flame ;  
His words like flashing darts of lightning came,  
Cleft

Cleft hearts of stone, and melted breasts of  
steel;

Then made 'em all those tender passions feel  
With which religion contrite souls inspires;  
Suppressing vile; and kindling pure desires:  
So led the sinner to the cleansing flood,  
'To bathe his conscience in redeeming blood;  
The doubting penitent to hope inclin'd,  
Still'd the vibrations of his trembling mind;  
Appeas'd the waves that once did fiercely roll,  
And spread a calm o'er his admiring soul.  
O heav'nly science! truly sacred art,  
To wound a hard, and heal a broken heart!

But we no more that powerful voice shall  
hear,  
That taught men how to hope, and how to  
fear.  
Tho' \* Goldsmith's curious art strives to  
retrieve  
His form, and seems again to make him live;  
Who can, to paint his voice, the secret find?  
What mold express the features of his mind?  
O that such talents should on earth be shown,  
And then into the dust so soon be thrown!  
So beauteous flow'rs, tender as they are fair,  
Feel rude impressions from the blasting air:  
So lofty pines and cedars often prove  
The thundering fury of black storms above;  
The fury of the ax beneath 'em feel;  
While shrubs avoid the winds, and 'scape the  
steel.

\* *Who has made Mr. Taylor's effigies curiously in wax-work.*



Lament, O London, who wast lately blest  
With such a prophet's voice; and tremble for  
the rest.

Churches have cause to mourn, and cities  
weep,

When † *angels* die, and *watchmen* fall asleep.  
Attend long-suffering heaven's repeated calls,  
Attend the joyful sound that echoes round  
thy walls :

Rouze from thy stupid ease, and thoughtless  
sleep,

Weep o'er thy sins, o'er thy dead prophets  
weep :

Nor let surviving preachers spend in vain  
Their strength, and of remorseless hearts  
complain ;

Left guilty of their blood, as of your own,  
You make 'em die, as now you make 'em groan.  
Their souls in secret mourn your harden'd  
pride,

While some their message slight, and some  
deride.

When shall true zeal your frozen bosoms  
warm ;

Teach you to weep, and weeping to reform ?  
Repent your crimes, to God and man ingrate,  
Lest hastning vengeance make slow tears too  
late.

O God of grace, suspend the threatenng doom,  
Nor still go on to call thy envoys home :

† *Ministers are so call'd in the Revelation, chap. 2, & 3.*

O not so oft repeat the dreadful stroke,  
To which our frequent sins thy righteous  
arm provoke.

That arm surpriz'd blest TAYLOR's soul  
away,

Nor gave us time for such a life to pray :  
No sons of art can stay his fleeting breath,  
Nor gain an hour to parle with hasty death :  
The virtue of their med'cines can't be try'd ;  
No time's allow'd to have 'em once apply'd.

Happy indeed for him ! whose towering  
mind

So soon unfetter'd was, so soon refin'd.  
His God who oft had heard him meekly  
groan

Under the racking pains of gout and stone,  
Mov'd with compassion, kindly did ordain  
An easy death should close a life of pain.  
His *other half* so lately gone before,  
Made earth the less, and heav'n desir'd the  
more.

His soul was from his body disengag'd,  
As his prophetic wish long since presag'd ;  
“ O may my house, said he, in order be,  
“ My soul dress'd ready for eternity !  
“ Then let her quit her tottering frame of  
“ clay,  
“ And in a moment speed her flight away :  
“ O may I soon resign my willing breath,  
“ Without a formal siege of lingering  
death !

“ Not

“ Not worn with age, or spent with tedious  
“ groans,  
“ As long, long dropping wears away the  
“ stones ;  
“ But let me start from earth, and mount  
“ above,  
“ Where endless pleasure reigns with endless  
“ love :  
“ One sigh’s enough, or one aspiring groan,  
“ To raise me from my pulpit to my throne.

Heav’n heard his sighs, nor disapprov’d  
his prayer :

Descending angels to his bed repair,  
With charming whispers lure his soul away,  
And to the skies with speedy wings convey.  
This evening in our streets we see him tread ;  
A few soft hours repose him on his bed ;  
Th’ensuing morn, so fast his soul refines,  
He on celestial Salem’s golden pavement  
shines.

To him th’ uncommon privilege was given  
To fall asleep on earth, and wake in heaven :  
No tedious agonies need to untie  
A soul that’s ready to ascend on high, }  
And mourns her exile from her native sky. }

Sure some bright vision charm’d him in  
the night,  
Ravish’d his soul away with fierce delight :  
She, eager to pursue the glorious theme,  
Springs out, and drops her body in the dream ;

*A poem to the memory of*

On rapid wings of joy and love ascends,  
 Without a formal taking leave of friends :  
 At glory's brink, loth to return again,  
 Throws off her clothes, and tries th' æthereal  
     main ;  
 Plunges into that ocean of delight,  
 Where hope enjoyment turns, and faith re-  
     fines to fight ;  
 Soon reaches heav'nly Salem's shining  
     towers,  
 Soon visits heav'nly Eden's smiling bowers,  
 Crown'd with delicious fruits, and odorous  
     flowers ;  
 Drinks at those streams which make the an-  
     gels live,  
 And with eternal life, eternal pleasure give.  
 'There fain'ts more joys than here we sorrows  
     know,  
 'Their songs more constant than our sighs  
     below.

There he receives his Saviour's loud ap-  
     plause,  
 For lab'ring to \* assert his righteous cause  
 Against those impious fools, whose blasphe-  
     mies  
 Make the earth groan, and dare the patient  
     skies ;  
 While the bright host of heav'n with loud  
     acclaim  
 Are glad to hear, and glad to spread his fame.

\* *In his preservative against Deism, and his treatise of the necessity of jai. h.*

There, happy soul, with glad expectance  
wait  
The glory of the resurrection-state :  
When the shrill trumpet shall command  
aloud  
Earth to restore a vast immortal croud :  
When the archangel shall unbar the graves,  
Unlock the jaws of the devouring waves.  
This wither'd flower shall then be freshly  
blown,  
Shall rise in strength, tho now in weakness  
fown.  
Thy body then shall in a form appear  
More bright than that which angels us'd to  
wear,  
When they made visits to a prophet's tent,  
Or were to loose some holy prisoner sent.  
Thy dust shall be immortal as thy mind,  
The texture elegant, the mould refin'd :  
A heav'nly air thy countenance adorn,  
Bright as the noon-tide sun, sweet as the  
rising morn.  
So J E S U S on the shining mount appear'd,  
Where wondring Peter would three tents  
have rear'd,  
Charm'd with the splendor of his Saviour's  
face,  
And two bright friends, that spoke with such  
a grace,  
So dazzling glorious, and so heavenly fair,  
Such were his looks, and such his garments  
were.

No lesser pain, no torturing gout or stone  
 A softer sigh shall raise, or deeper groan ;  
 No grating news shall e'er displease thy ear,  
 Or give thee cause to drop one single tear ;  
 No sad idea to thy mind be brought,  
 To check one folly, or untune a thought.  
 Thou nor thyself, nor others shalt deplore,  
 For time and trouble then shall be no more :  
 But shalt sublimest joys for ever prove,  
 And in a sphere of constant glory move,  
 In one eternal round of purest life and love. }

Muse, rein thy fancy's too impetuous flight,  
 Left thou grow blind with so excessive light :  
 Too high a stretch may burn thy daring  
 wings,

Too bold a stroke may break thy tuneful  
 strings.

Canst thou the walks of paradise explore?  
 And furnish proper colours from thy store,  
 To paint the glories of the heavenly state?  
 Alas! thy talent is too small, the theme too  
 great.

No turns of thought have we, no terms  
 below,

To shew what joys they taste above, what  
 truths they know :

One single moment there presents to view  
 What here an age of study cannot shew.

He that would sing of heav'n with heav'nly  
 grace,

Must die, to learn the language of the place ;

To learn the airs with which a seraph sings  
Unutterable words, unutterable things.  
To reach their songs 'tis worth the while to  
die,  
Nor can one stoop too low, to take a flight  
so high.









A  
P O E M  
TO THE  
M E M O R Y  
O F  
His late M A J E S T Y  
*W I L L I A M* III.

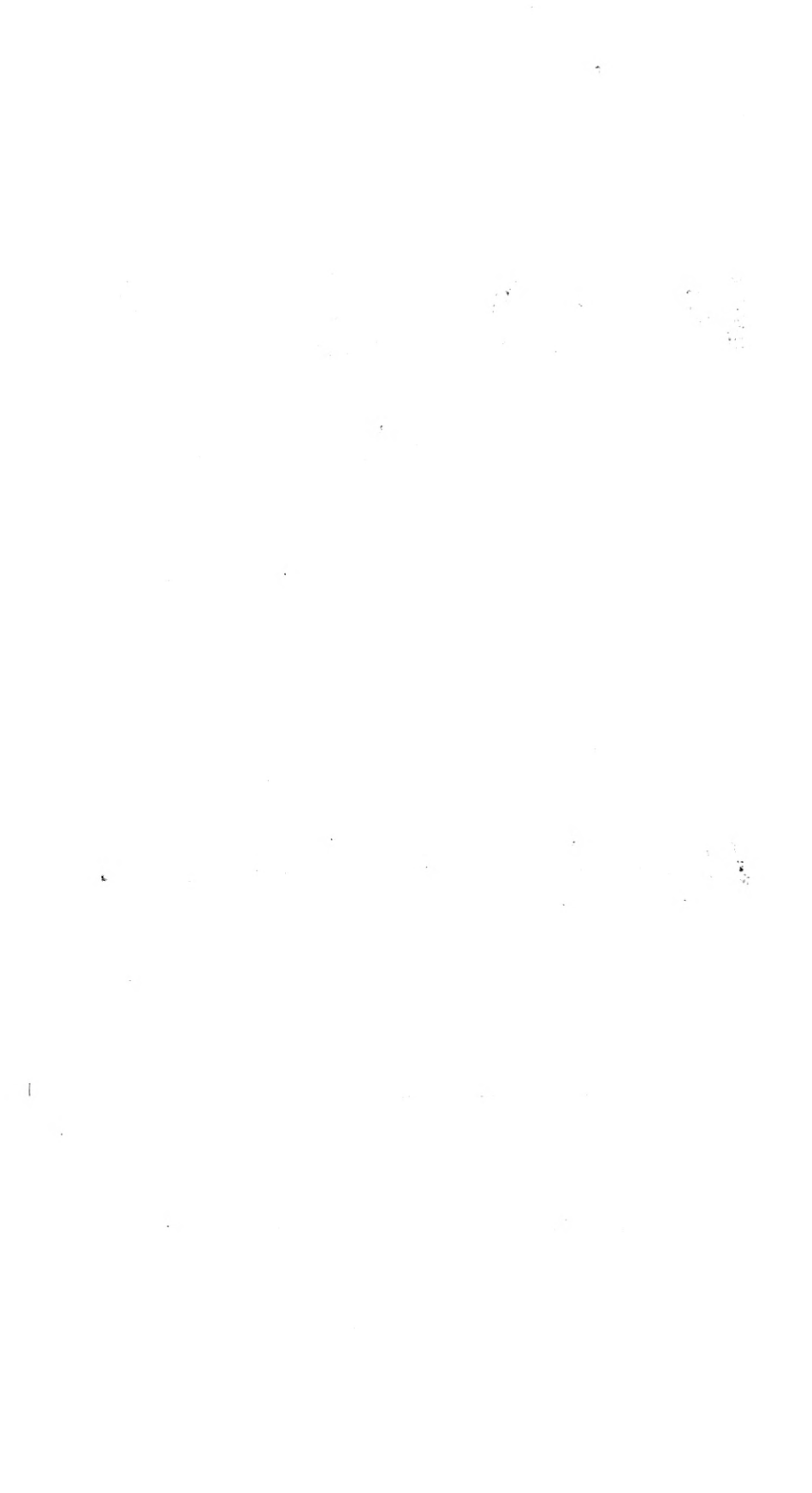
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*Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori.*

Horat.

---







T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

*W I L L I A M,*

Lord Marquifs of *Hartington,*

The following

P O E M

Is moft humbly dedicated,

By the A U T H O R





A

# P O E M

To the MEMORY of

*K. WILLIAM III.*



HERE is the tuneful tribe that  
sang so well

The British hero's acts before he  
fell?

That in no vulgar rhimes so  
well could show,

What Britain and the world to WILLIAM  
owe?

Thro' fields and floods his shining path could  
trace,

Their verse with his immortal trophies grace?  
Did

Did the harmonious nine with him expire,  
 And all soft airs to native spheres retire?  
 Sure when great souls to realms of glory go,  
 Poets are left to spread their fame below.  
 When Israel's pious king Josiah dies,  
 The weeping prophet mourns his obsequies.  
 Smooth numbers first were form'd for noble  
 themes,

To paint great deeds, and sing illustrious  
 names.

Can you, who by his royal hand were fed,  
 Who prais'd him living, now neglect him dead?  
 Ev'n stones will speak, if you forbear to sing  
 So good a master, and so great a king;  
 Great in himself, and bountiful to you,  
 Who found in Cæsar a Mæcenæus too.

Is it your pressing grief, or conscious thought,  
 That you can never praise him as you ought,  
 That makes you stand amaz'd?—

Make an essay, your gratitude to prove;  
 And if you shew less art, yet shew more love.  
 Speak, sons of harmony—Mean while excuse  
 The weak endeavours of a timorous muse,  
 That has with awful silence waited long  
 To hear the sighs of your politer song.

Take up your lyres, and touch the charming  
 strings,

To weep the exit of the best of kings.

Tell the sad world, what they already know,  
 Tell 'em Britannia's tears so largely flow,  
 Because the great, the good king WILLIAM'S  
 gone :

Britannia's tears shall be your Helicon.

Tell 'em what earth has lost, what heaven  
 has gain'd ;  
 How he shines there, who here so brightly  
 reign'd.  
 With his own laurels dress his mournful herse,  
 And deck his marble with more lasting verse.  
 Let distant shores with his atchievements ring,  
 While there are pens to write, or tongues to sing.  
 No longer this so noble task refuse,  
 Urg'd by th' adventure of a humbler muse ;  
 Who if she does less honour to his name,  
 Yours is the guilt, may yours be all the shame.  
 Propitious heav'n accepts a pair of doves  
 From willing hands, and from a heart that  
 loves.

Can time, or other thoughts, e'er wipe away  
 The deep remembrance of that gloomy day,  
 When the sad whisper thro' our streets was  
 spread,  
 Usher'd by tears, *The good king WILLIAM's  
 dead?*  
 So great a soul, so dear a life resign'd!  
 O how his glories fresh occur'd to mind!  
 What he had done, and what he had design'd!  
 How every brow with heavy clouds was dress'd,  
 And they lamented most who knew him best:  
 What was their joy, 'tis now their grief to  
 know ;  
 What rais'd their pleasure once, augments  
 their woe.  
 True sorrow in her pomp at court appears,  
 The city joins her undissembled tears.

To

To every temple weeping crowds repair,  
 Hoping to vent their sorrows in their prayer,  
 United sighs express the common woe,  
 Confederate tears to a vast deluge flow.  
 The priests to heaven turn their complain-  
     ing eyes,  
 And interrupt their pray'rs with ardent sighs :  
 Their looks, their gesture, and their voice is  
     chang'd ;  
 Their thoughts no more in wonted order  
     rang'd :  
 Sobs break their periods to give sorrow vent ;  
 Their words confus'd and slow, but tears are  
     eloquent.  
 The doleful news thro' all the nation flies,  
 Strikes every English heart with deep sur-  
     prize :  
 The general grief, the general loss express,  
 And floods of tears the common father's  
     death confess.

Grief sits triumphant in the soldiers face,  
 And in his generous breast now finds a place.  
 Never did death to them so dreadful show  
 In foreign fields, as in this one domestick blow.  
 Their warlike trumpets make a dismal moan,  
 Their ensigns droop, and drums their trou-  
     ble groan :  
 O how unlike the fame that us'd to go  
 Shouting where WILLIAM led, to meet  
     the foe !

Those



Those whom the grace of his indulgent  
reign

Had long attempted to oblige in vain,  
Touch'd with remorse, deplore his hasty fate,  
And weep that their repentance is so late :  
Ungrateful murmurs into praises turn,  
Grudg'd him a crown, but now revere his  
urn :

Conscious of long neglect in former years,  
What they in duty owe now pay in tears.  
So factious tribes unworthily complain  
Of their deliverer's meek and gentle reign ;  
The deeds of Moses, and of God forget,  
Look back on Egypt's shore with fond re-  
gret,

Slight angel's fare, and fruits of Palestine,  
And for Egyptian leeks and onions pine ;  
The servile task of treading clay prefer  
To freedom with the glorious toils of war ;  
Chuse to make bricks on Zoan's slavish coasts,  
Rather than lodg in tents to serve the Lord  
of hosts.

But when the prophet to the sky retires,  
The wondrous loss a wondrous grief inspires ;  
Thro' the sad camp a general sorrow reigns,  
And sighs, for murmurs, now fill Moab's  
plains.

Those confessors, those candidates for  
heaven,  
Whom persecuting rage had hither driven  
From

From native shores, to find a kind afyle  
 In the warm bosom of the British isle ;  
 Guilty of nothing but adoring God  
 In bold defiance to a tyrant's nod,  
 Who racks mens limbs to put their minds in  
     frame,  
 Burns 'em to guide their conscience by the  
     flame,  
 To save their souls devoutly cuts their throats,  
 And to this pious work dragoons devotes,  
 While reverend priests their approbation  
     show,  
 And glut their bloody eyes with scenes of woe :  
 Those confessors whom blows could ne'er  
     convince  
 That true religion governs such a prince,  
 Mourn for a king that made 'em doubly free,  
 With civil and religious liberty ;  
 Whose liberal hands dispens'd his royal store,  
 To feed their prophets, and supply their poor.

The Belgic lion, touch'd with anguish,  
     roars,  
 And sends the frightful sound to distant  
     shores.  
 Th' imperial eagle flags his drooping wings,  
 Condoling with confederate states and kings.  
 Nassau, they cry, the glory of the age,  
 Nassau is gone, the scourge of Gallic rage ;  
 Able to counsel, conquer and command,  
 And hold the ballance in his stedy hand.

Stupendous

Stupendous grief! that smote us by sur-  
prize,  
And snatch'd away the pleasure of our eyes!

Oft when a nation's numerous crimes have  
try'd  
God's patience long, and long for vengeance  
cry'd;  
When pregnant storms come lowering from  
afar

To threaten famine, plague, intestine war;  
When heaven its just artillery prepares;  
Some signal the impending stroke declares:  
Earth in her entrails strange convulsions feels;  
Shock'd with ill-boding fears, she quakes and  
reels;

The sun his radiant head in sables veils;  
Or dreadful comets spread their fiery tails;  
Loud peals of thunder tear the lightening air,  
And falling meteors shake their flaming hair.  
But no such frightful signs presag'd our woe,  
To give us warning of the coming blow.  
Secure we lay, nor dreaded future harms,  
Under the shade of Nassau's conquering arms.  
Now thoughts on triumphs past our joys re-  
new,

And now fresh laurels seem to be in view.  
Europe had fix'd her eye on him, to be  
The guardian of her common liberty.  
Lewis observ'd his growing interest spread,  
With hate and envy equal to his dread.

But O the fickle state of human things!  
 How frail the life! how vain the pomp of  
 kings!

How are we shipwreck'd in the view of shore,  
 Our hopes are dash'd ; for WILLIAM is  
 no more :

In every soul grief joins with conscious dread,  
 In every face they both their pallid ensigns  
 spread.

What triumphs did our hero's youth pre-  
 sage

To crown the toil of his maturer age ?

Early he rais'd his country's sinking state,

For doing good he knew was being great :

His courage foreign foes could overcome,

His patience civil factions quell at home.

Where noxious weeds with deadly juice a-  
 bound,

There antidotes oft bless the neighbouring  
 ground :

While Lewis frights the world with pride  
 and rage,

WILLIAM stands up to prop the drooping  
 age :

One age our danger and deliverance brings,

The worst of tyrants, and the best of kings.

When Albion's cries his generous aid im-  
 plor'd,

He soon our dying liberties restor'd :

Religion blest th' assertor of her cause,

And justice smil'd to see reviving laws :

And

And to inhanse the value of the good,  
'Twas done without expence of English  
blood.

The idol-priests his awful presence shun,  
And fly like scatter'd mists before the sun.  
Thus by desert rais'd to the crown he wore,  
He's call'd to rule those he had fav'd before;  
While nations round applaud Britannia's  
choice,  
And own the voice of God was in the peo-  
ples voice.

Nor does he less regard Hibernia's cries,  
But thro' rough seas wing'd with deliv'rance  
flies;

In wonted danger wonted honour gains,  
Conquers her foes, and breaks her slavish  
chains.

O Boyne! the world shall WILLIAM's valour  
know,

While thy clear streams, or time it self shall  
flow.

Fame keeps the roll of various places  
more;

Known by his conquests on the Irish shore.

To Namur; when the common safety calls  
To plant his ensigns on those haughty walls,  
With daring troops the conquering hero  
speeds,

While numerous foes bear witness to his  
deeds.

With new successes, and with fresh laurels  
 crown'd,  
 He still proceeds to gather trophies round,  
 Till the proud Gaul a humble friendship  
 feign'd,  
 And own'd the title WILLIAM'S merit  
 gain'd.

The Macedonian hero's virtues he,  
 And more possess'd, from all his vices free ;  
 Himself as well as others could subdue ;  
 While he rul'd men, rul'd his own passions  
 too ;  
 For Europe's freedom generously fought,  
 Thro' glorious hazards common safety  
 fought ;  
 Inur'd to clashing arms and roaring waves,  
 To humble tyrants, and unfetter slaves ;  
 Plung'd into storms of fire and seas of blood,  
 Not for proud triumph, but for publick  
 good ;  
 Scorning the downy pleasures of a throne,  
 Secur'd our lives, regardless of his own ;  
 Scarce thought a glorious action hard to do ;  
 Scarce thought it great when done, and others  
 were in view :  
 Equally vers'd in arts of war and peace ;  
 Laurels and palms he wore with equal grace ;  
 Rather endur'd than e'er enjoy'd a crown,  
 And more deserv'd than e'er desir'd renown.  
 His grace his very foes would reconcile,  
 And melt 'em down with a forgiving smile.  
 He

He bid them live who had deserv'd to die,  
And if he err'd, 'twas still in clemency.  
No patriot's guiltless blood distain'd his  
    throne,  
To please another's humour, or his own,  
Nor would he make a tender conscience  
    groan.  
No force but that of reason could approve,  
To sway the judgment, and the passions move  
To pure religion, which is truth and love.

How oft his words the wondering senate  
    charm'd,  
And every loyal breast with ardor warm'd!  
For all he said, like all he did, was great;  
And when he could command, he would in-  
    treat.

His speech, the lively image of his mind,  
Majestick, prudent, gracious, and refin'd,  
Had won'drous force, and never-failing  
    charms,  
Bright as his fame, victorious as his arms.  
Abroad 'twas but to see, and overcome;  
'Twas but to speak, and overcome at home:  
Nothing was wanting in his finish'd sense,  
Nothing redundant in his eloquence.  
Such was the product of his ripen'd thought,  
He spoke nor more nor less than what he  
    ought.

Still nervous reason every sentence strung,  
And still his generous heart kept measure with  
    his tongue.

What crimson sins, what aggravated crimes,  
Have heav'n provok'd, and stain'd our guilty  
times !

Could none but such a killing stroke suffice,  
To break our rocky hearts, and thaw our  
frozen eyes !

O Britons ! see, too late, what you have lost !  
O Britons ! see what your lov'd sins have cost !  
These have your king, these have your cap-  
tain slain,  
And forc'd his heaven-born soul to heaven a-  
gain.

How oft have you refus'd to be reform'd,  
When pious zeal his sacred bosom warm'd ;  
And from the throne inspir'd him to declare  
Against your vices a religious war ?

How oft he call'd to fast, to weep, and pray,  
While you supinely slept your hours away !  
He saw great judgments would great sins  
pursue ;

He saw and said it, unbeliev'd by you.

Who now shall head your armies in the  
field ?

Who wave his sword, and who shall bear his  
shield ?

Who shall your troops with generous cou-  
rage fire,

And all around him martial rage inspire ?

Who thro' your squadrons swift as lightning  
fly,

To give fresh vigour with his sparkling eye,  
Leading the way to constant victory ?

His



His army was the body, he the soul,  
T' inform, direct, and animate the whole :  
In dreadful order firm battalions mov'd,  
To conquer or to die with him they lov'd ;  
So brave a chief, so great a witness near,  
They knew not how to fly, or how to fear.  
Surprize itself cou'd no weak passion find,  
To disconcert the texture of his mind :  
When he approach'd the confines of the dead,  
In fields of war, or in a dying bed ;  
Patient in pain, and calm in every storm,  
Fearless he seem'd of death in every form ;  
In doubtful battel, or on foaming seas,  
In treacherous plots, or languishing disease.

When the faint lamp of life was burning  
low,  
And now the tremulous flame was hovering  
to and fro ;  
Feeling the bonds of nature disunite,  
His parting soul prepares her wings for flight.  
Britain and heav'n now share his thoughts  
and cares ;  
Britain his counsels has, and heaven his pray'rs.  
Thee, fair Britannia, how he long'd to see  
From civil feuds and foreign dangers free !  
And tho in view of paradise, could be  
Almost content to live again for thee.

But 'tis decreed; the fatal moment's near,  
No pray'rs or vows can hold him longer here.  
Our fainting heads no hopeful omen rears ;  
Just heaven rejects our cries, rejects our tears.

*A poem to the memory of*

Calmly expecting death, the hero lies,  
 Till beck'ning angels call him to the skies.  
 His life was glorious, and serene his death;  
 His soul the same, firm to his latest breath,  
 Presence of mind in this dark veil retain'd,  
 And no reluctant agony sustain'd.  
 So Moses on mount Nebo smiling lay,  
 When the almighty kiss'd his soul away.

Great Nassau's dawn was like the orient  
 sun,  
 His wond'rous race of glory soon was run.  
 No clouds of envy could his lustre shroud,  
 And when he set, he set without a cloud,  
 Ah! that so bright a sun should set at noon,  
 A life so useful fly away so soon!  
 Does heaven such gifts as these bestow on  
 men,  
 So soon, alas! to call them back agen!

From this low world his willing soul retires,  
 And swiftly to its native heaven aspires.  
 No anxious thought restrains his soaring mind,  
 His royal cares are left with royal dust behind.  
 A guard of angels for his convoy fly  
 Through the vast regions of the parting sky:  
 Charm'd with seraphick musick as they go,  
 He scorns the pageant pomp of thrones below.  
 Æthereal plains convey the sound along,  
 Æthereal hills all echo back the song,  
 'Till heaven's wide gates receive the wel-  
 come throng.

The

The spacious arches of the palace ring,  
With tidings of th' arrival of a king.  
Armies of cherubs with kind speed resort  
From distant mansions to th' imperial court;  
Their charming skill in heavenly sounds display,  
To grace the triumph of this solemn day,  
While troops of saints line all the shining  
way.

The son of Jesh touches his harp, and sings  
In consort with a choir of pious kings;  
The happy few who govern'd well below,  
And for their labours deathless pleasures know.

And O! the joy to meet Maria there,  
The former partner of his crown and care!  
What ambient glories deck the happy pair,  
Who bliss unknown to earthly monarchs share.  
On Eden's flowery banks they safe reside,  
Where crystal streams from vital fountains  
glide;  
No ruffling storms of war, or faction know,  
And pity them that feel the weight of crowns  
below:  
There reign, blest pair, while your distinguish'd  
name  
Shall glitter in the brightest rolls of fame:  
Blest by this age, and late posterity,  
While there are Britons wife, or just, or free.  
There reign; expecting that reviving day,  
That will refine and raise your slumbering  
clay;

Give

Give it a heavenly form and godlike grace,  
Fit for such souls, and for so bright a place.

But, muse, restrain thy too adventurous  
flight:

Glories so disproportion'd to thy sight,  
O'erwhelm thee with unsufferable light.  
Stoop to the lower regions of the skies,  
And with less dazzling light refresh thy eyes.  
See how the morning spreads her growing  
light,

And drives away the dusky shades of night.  
See Britain's clouds begin to scatter too,  
And scenes of coming glory are in view.

ANNA the British scepter mildly sways,  
And gives vast hopes of yet auspicious days:  
ANNA, whom parents frowns could never  
move

From her religion, and her country's love.  
O tyrants! boast no more that WILLIAM'S  
dead,

Since ANNA'S reign shall give you equal  
dread.

Again the trumpet's clangor war declares,  
Join'd with our acclamations and our prayers:  
Associate nations echo back the sound,  
And fleets and armies make the fierce alarm  
rebound.

As great ELIZA crush'd ambitious Spain,  
And sunk their floating castles in the main;  
May

May both those tyrants, that forge Europe's  
chains,  
Be humbled, now illustrious ANNA reigns.  
May she a Deb'rah to our Israel prove,  
Dread of her foes, her people's joy and love:  
On tyrants haughty necks in triumph tread,  
Assisted by the NOBLE CONSORT of her  
bed.





To my friend Mr. ——— on his  
philosophical dream.



O good the sense, so noble is the  
theme,  
My friend, they wou'd become a  
prophet's dream.

Here's so much reason and religion taught,  
By just degrees link'd in one chain of thought;  
In thy pure mind such heavenly notions shine,  
When bound with heavy sleep thy body lies  
supine:

Thro' the thick veil truth darts her piercing  
beams,  
And leaden slumbers yield thee golden dreams.  
So fair their form, and of so good allay,  
They well can bear the strictest test of day.

Those truths thy active soul by day explores,  
Fancy, to charm thee, in the night restores:  
And to reward the labours of the day,  
Thy guardian angel marks the glorious way  
That leads to bliss; and entertains thy mind  
With pleasures only known to souls refin'd.  
The pilgrim patriarch thus at *Bethel* lay,  
When wearied by the journey of the day;  
While in his view officious angels tread  
The steps that to celestial mansions led.

How

How few, awake, have thoughts so just  
and bright,  
As thou, asleep, amidst the shades of night?  
But since thy dreams of so much truth partake,  
What clear ideas fill thy mind awake!  
Then write again; nor quit the useful text:  
Tell us thy waking thoughts of virtue next.

J. S.



T O

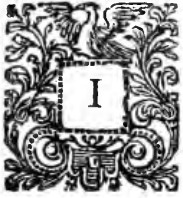


T O

Mr. W I L L I A M M A S O N,

O N H I S

Excellent Short-Hand.



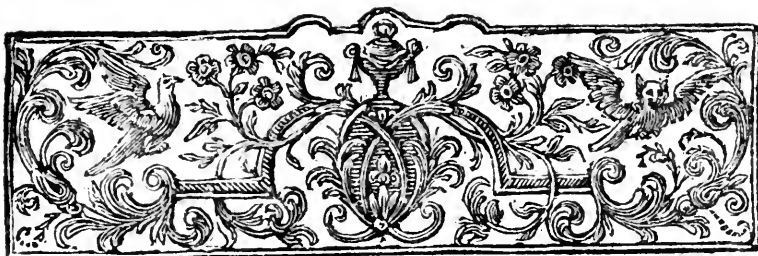
I N a smooth train thy mystick figures flow,  
 And swiftest gales of eastern winds  
 out-go.

Thy pen our words paints with the  
 nicest care,  
 Before the fleeting voice dissolves in air:  
 Flying it draws the image of the mind,  
 Nor one idea wandring leaves behind.  
 Faithful as echo thy rare art is found,  
 Preserves the sense as it returns the sound.

J. S.

T o





To the Reverend

Mr. *SAMUEL WESLEY*,

On his ingenous P O E M

Intituled

*The life of Christ, &c.*

Published Anno 1693.



Y friend, in what a just but sweet  
amaze  
Do I upon thy poems beauties  
gaze!

Thro' ev'ry page a thousand graces

shine

Sparkling with decent pomp in every line.

I traverse thy great work with longing eyes,  
While new, and still new pleasing scenes arise:  
Such lively colours there I find displaid,  
With so much art and so much nature laid;

So

So long, and yet so just a chain of thought,  
 Such lofty sense couch'd in a strain so soft;  
 So smooth and free thy well-tun'd numbers  
 roll;

They raise a noble ferment in my soul.  
 A train of bright ideas strait I find  
 Spring up in the apartments of my mind:  
 Light to my wakened judgment they impart,  
 And breath a gen'rous warmth into my heart.  
 By your magnetic verse a captive made,  
 Methinks what e'er you say was done or said,  
 I see and hear and feel you've learn'd to give  
 To words such warmth as makes 'em breathe  
 and live.

One while I think I'm with the shepherd-  
 swains,  
 And hear the echoing hills strike thro' the  
 plains:  
 The numerous seraphs voices heavenly sound,  
 While ambient glories lighten all around.  
 Glory to God on high, I hear 'em sing,  
 And peace on earth, from Sion's peaceful king.

To that blest mount sometimes I follow  
 thee ;  
 Where with sweet awe, and mild solemnity,  
 Immanuel dictates his great father's will,  
 The dews of grace his balmy lips distil,  
 From them the laws of kindness sweetly  
 flow,  
 Scattering vast blessings on the crowd below.  
 Such

Such mighty sense each weighty clause con-  
 tains,  
 Urg'd with such force, yet in such melting  
 strains;  
 Each awful word with so much love impress'd;  
 Methinks I feel him grave it in my breast.

When to bright Tabor you transport my  
 thought,  
 My body too, methinks, is thither brought.  
 I see two prophets clad in bright array  
 Fly from the regions of eternal day;  
 Glad with their God incarnate to converse,  
 His sufferings and his glories to rehearse.  
 With the amaz'd disciples I draw near,  
 Unutterable mystic words to hear,  
 Surpris'd with trembling joy, and awful fear. }  
 I see th' ambitious flames of glory now  
 With light'ning rays salute his sacred brow.  
 These subtile beams, shot from aetherial light,  
 Dazzle my fancy, and confound my sight.

But when I trace him up mount Calvary,  
 What a sad scene of sorrow do I see?  
 His head with thorns instead of jewels  
 crown'd,  
 While cruel hands by many a barb'rous  
 wound  
 With crimson tincture stain the blushing  
 ground. }  
 When to deaf heaven I hear him groan and  
 cry,  
 And see him bow his fainting head and die;

Pity and sorrow, love and strong desire,  
 With generous rage first set my breast on  
 fire.

A troop of horrors then my soul surrounds  
 And every pain he feels, my bosom wounds.

Such are the charms of verse, such verse  
 as thine,  
 Such beauties in each moving period shine,  
 So bright thy thoughts, the subject so divine!  
 They ne'er insipid prove; still entertain  
 My ravish'd mind; I read and read again;  
 Still find new charms, still fresh delights  
 obtain.

Go on, and make the wondering world  
 confess  
 The noblest theme deserves the loftiest verse.  
 From oracles divine more songs derive,  
 And Israel's royal poet's strains revive:  
 With the blest few that in his steps have trod,  
 Thy muse devote unto thy Saviour God.  
 Beat these now unfrequented milky ways:  
 Follow the lofty Milton's great essays:  
 Renew th' immortal Cowley's sacred lays:  
 And share with them the bright Urania's  
 praise.  
 Make youthful breasts with true devotion  
 burn,  
 And flights of wit into divine oblations turn.



A N

H Y M N.

I.



Wake my mind ; awake my song ;  
Awake my heart ; awake my  
tongue ;  
Join with the grateful praising  
throng,

In offerings to our common Lord.  
Wherever fleeting winds can blow,  
Wherever swelling waves can flow,  
Where beasts can rové, or plants can grow,  
All creatures praise his name with one  
accord.

II.

Whate'er the circling sun can spy  
In earth below, in heaven on high ;  
Whate'er can run, creep, swim or fly ;  
The glories of his name display.

Q 2

The

The humble vales and mountains steep,  
 Offer their herds and flocks of sheep,  
 Mines yield their ore, her fish the deep,  
 Their thankful homage to their God to  
 pay.

## III.

Each spring that starts from rocks or hills,  
 And forms the little purling rills,  
 Or larger channels largely fills,  
 Murmurs, as if to frame a song ;  
 While every whisper of a breeze,  
 That waves the corn and fans the trees,  
 And louder storms on land and seas,  
 Declare their maker's praise without a  
 tongue.

## IV.

Sun, moon, and stars, with glories bright,  
 That rule by day, or rule by night,  
 Tho with unequal power and light,  
 Praise him from pole to pole.  
 Flowers in bright colours which they wear,  
 Bring incense, which perfumes the air ;  
 While trees their fruits and blossoms bear,  
 And praise without a voice, without a  
 soul.

## V.

Fields gladly yield their golden crops,  
Obsequious cedars bow their tops,  
Clouds freely give their fertile drops,  
And their creator's bounty show.

His thunders with their awful sound  
And flashes, blazing all around,  
Proclaim his power on earth renown'd :  
But gentler mercy paints the smiling  
brow.

## VI.

Each little bird an hymn can bring,  
Thro' groves and plains can chirp and sing,  
With quavering throat and hovering wing  
His maker's praises far and near.

Sing then, my soul, who art design'd  
For service of a nobler kind :  
The breathings of a pious mind  
Are sweetest musick in th' Almighty's ear.

## VII.

The happy spirits that dwell above,  
O how their thoughts and joys improve !  
O how they sing ! O how they love !  
O how their love their songs inspires !  
And is it not, my soul, thy blame,  
And is it not, my soul, thy shame,  
That still so languid is thy flame,  
Tho fed and cherish'd by so many fires ?

## VIII.

That I may sing without controul,  
 To touch my lip, to touch my soul,  
 Lord, from the altar send a coal,  
     On which my dear redeemer bled.

The flame of so divine a love,  
 Too firm for life or death to move,  
 Will the best light and motive prove,  
     To warm my heart, and to inform my  
     head.

## IX.

So shall my thoughts, so shall my songs,  
 In concert with seraphic throngs,  
 Rehearse what praise to thee belongs,  
     With highest love and purest joy:  
 Till soaring far from mortal eye,  
 I quit this earth and pierce the sky;  
 Then to thy radiant throne draw nigh,  
     And all eternity in praise employ.





ON THE  
SABBATH.

I.



Nother six-days-work is done ;  
Another sabbath is begun :  
Return, my soul, unto thy rest ;  
Revere the day thy God has blest.

II.

But weep that thou hast done no more  
In this, and many weeks before,  
For him whom thou art bound to praise  
On working and on resting days.

III.

If common actions ought to tend,  
To praise him as their common end ;  
How should his glory be design'd  
In every thing of sacred kind ?

## IV.

For fervile work six days are given;  
 For sacred use but one in seven :  
 When for my work God gives such time  
 Shall I begrudge a day to him ?

## V.

Lord, one in seven's too much for me,  
 And six too little seems for thee :  
 My time, my all besides, is thine ;  
 Nothing, no not myself, is mine.

## VI.

Nothing I properly could claim,  
 As truly mine, but sin and shame :  
 This guilt thou hast remov'd ; and given  
 Thyself, thy son, thy grace, thy heaven.

## VII.

My soul with grateful ardor burns,  
 My God, to make thee some returns :  
 Well may I render thee thy own ;  
 Well mayst thou reap where thou hast sown.

## VIII.

## VIII.

This grateful soul by thee redeem'd,  
This holy time by thee esteem'd,  
And what I am or have beside,  
What I can give or thou provide,

## IX.

I offer all, my God, to thee:  
If thou accept both mine and me,  
I'll praise thy grace, thy name adore,  
And wish to offer I had more.

## X.

O that my thoughts and words may rise  
As incense to propitious skies;  
And fetch from heaven that sweet repose  
Which none but he that feels it knows.

## XI.

This heavenly calm within my breast  
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,  
Which for the church of God remains;  
The end of cares, the end of pains.

## XII.

## XII.

With joy God's wondrous works I view,  
In various scenes both old and new:  
With praise I think on mercies past;  
With hope, of future pleasures taste.

## XIII.

In holy duties thus the day,  
In holy pleasures melts away.  
How sweet, a sabbath thus to spend  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

## XIV.

Till I am so divinely blest  
I'll love this weekly day of rest;  
And still when days of work begin  
Remember there's no time for sin.





ON THE  
Profane liberty of P O E T S,  
IN THEIR  
*LOVE VERSES.*



F Aaron's sons, who so profanely  
came

Up to the altar with unhallowed  
flame,

Were justly by avenging fire con-  
sum'd,

Who with strange fire to tempt their God  
presum'd;

What flames are due to their more daring  
crimes,

Who rob his altar to enrich their rhimes?

Steal holy fire, then to an idol turn,

And incense to it most profanely burn;

Offer love's noblest flame, by heaven inspir'd,

By heaven alone deserv'd, by heaven desir'd,

To some vile heap of flesh and blood, that  
must

In a few moments turn to worms and dust!

The

The language of the temple is employ'd  
 To flatter female vanity and pride.  
 His life, his soul, his all, the fool devotes  
 To a frail deity in petticoats ;  
 Himself a prostrate victim humbly bows  
 At her insulting feet with prayers and vows ;  
 His brightest fancies in her praises spends,  
 And yet all's but her beauty's foil, pretends,  
 Swearing his bliss on her, on her alone de-  
     pends ;  
 Boasts of his painted flames and bloodless scars,  
 And blows the empty bubble to the stars.

He may be witty ; but he can't be wise,  
 Who cheats himself, and has a soul to sell,  
 To buy another a fool's paradise,  
 And purchase nothing for himself but hell.



*Perfection.*



*Perfection.*

I.



Ow my joys are mix'd with tears,  
And my comforts join'd with fears,  
Songs with sighs divide my breath,  
And my life's attack'd by death:

II.

Now my light's confus'd with error,  
My Lord's smiles partake of terror,  
My smooth walks are spread with snares,  
My bright days o'ercast with cares.

III.

Now vain thoughts attend devotion,  
Heavy sloth retards my motion,  
Cold indifference checks my flame,  
And my glory's foil'd with shame.

IV.

## IV.

Thus my voy'ge to heaven begins,  
 Wet with tears and stain'd with sins ;  
 I begin to live and move,  
 I begin to praise and love.

## V.

O happy day,  
 That brings the pilgrim home!  
 When partial mixtures shall be done away,  
 And bright perfection come.

## VI.

Then my joys shall know no tears,  
 And my comforts see no fears ;  
 Songs, not sighs, employ my breath,  
 And my life triumph o'er death.

## VII.

Then my light shall banish error,  
 My Lord's smiles be free from terror,  
 My smooth walks be void of snares,  
 My bright days be clear from cares.



VIII.

No vain thoughts shall cramp devotion,  
Nor dull sloth retard my motion,  
Nor indifference check my flame,  
Nor my glory turn to shame.

IX.

Thus my perfect bliss begins,  
Free from cares and free from sins ;  
Ever thus to live and move,  
Ever thus to praise and love.

X.

O happy day,  
That brings the pilgrim home !  
When partial mixtures shall be done away ;  
And bright perfection come.





A N  
 E P I T A P H  
 O N

*Mordecai Abbot Esq;*



U S T, prudent, pious, generous  
 Abbot's dust

Has found a sleeping place be-  
 neath this stone.

Earth, in thy bosom hide the pre-  
 cious trust,

Till his departed spirit claim its own.  
 How that returning soul will joy to see  
 Her body as immortal and as blest as she !





A N

H Y M N.

I.



Ord, all these works of thine  
Become thy hand divine,  
And pious thoughts inspire :  
While all thy greatness prove,  
Thee I admire and love,  
Love and admire.

II.

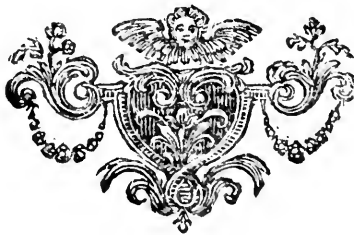
The world's a temple, where  
Thy creatures all appear  
To offer praise and prayer :  
The rocks, and hills and trees,  
On earth, in air, in seas,  
Thy altars are.

## III.

The scaly troops that sweep  
Thro' regions of the deep,  
The beasts that feed and stray  
Thro' mountains woods and plains,  
Confess Jehovah reigns;  
And homage pay.

## IV.

The feather'd tribe that swims  
In air, with various hymns  
Sound thro' the groves thy name ;  
While impious men alone  
Thy name, thy truth, thy throne  
Dare to blaspheme.





A N  
E P I T A P H

On the Reverend

Mr. — *W E L L S*,

Minister of the gospel.



Ere lies a flower which death has  
cropt,  
Alas before twas fully blown ;  
Into earth's easy lap 'tis dropt,  
And there the precious seed is  
sown.

His fragrant scent is left behind,  
And in the spring it will appear ;  
A nobler form it then shall find,  
And brighter colours shall for ever wear.



O N T H E  
D E A T H

O F

My little B E N J. an infant.



While softer nature prompted me  
 to weep  
 O'er a sweet babe that death had  
 lull'd asleep,  
 Set each internal spring to work, that moves  
 A parent's bowels to the child he loves,  
 And taught me, by experimental smart,  
 What 'tis to have a tender father's heart ;  
 Severer reason, striving to controul  
 The strong emotions of my troubled soul,  
 Convinc'd me 'twas my weakness and my  
 shame,  
 To yield to passion's so impetuous stream.  
 I gave attention when I heard her speak,  
 Her arguments were strong, but she was weak ;  
 I found her wise, but too infirm a guide,  
 That could not give me strength to stem the  
 tide.

My

My sorrow bore me down, till faith stept in,  
And told me truths dim reason ne'er had seen.  
Her powerful words she thus to me addrest,  
Which spread an heavenly calm within my  
breast.

Why all these sighs, why all these flowing  
tears ?

What cause for such reluctance appears ?

What, tho the curious frame thou doat'st on  
must

Be laid in earth, and crumbled into dust,  
Extend beyond the grave thy piercing view,  
To that bright day when 't shall be form'd  
anew :

This infant-dust shall then revive, and be  
Ripen'd and rais'd to full maturity :

This withered flower shall then be freshly  
blown,

Shall rise in strength tho now in weakness  
sown :

These feeble legs that had not learn'd to go,  
To tread the milky path of heaven shall know :

Seraphic zeal these pretty hands shall raise

In acts of worship to Jehovah's praise :

That tongue, while here untaught a word to  
frame,

Shall speak, and sing the glory of his name:

And tho his body lies among the dead,

His happy soul to realms of glory's fled ;

And every moment there is taught to know

What we can't learn in num'rous years below.

O what surprizing raptures seize his mind,

To such a bright assembly to be join'd !

O happy babe ! so early fled away  
 From this vile earth to realms of endless day !  
 What wondrous change, dear infant ! hast  
     thou known,  
 Leaving thy cradle to ascend a throne !  
 Thy infant fancies turn'd to manly thought,  
 Strength out of weakness, life from darkness  
     brought !  
 Leaving thy mother's songs for angels hymns,  
 Thou learn'st thyself to sing with seraphims ;  
 Hast left thy cries for joys, thy pains for rest ;  
 For Abraham's bosom left thy mother's breast.



*Simeon's Words paraphrased.*



OW let thy servant, Lord, depart  
     in peace ;  
 Give my aspiring soul a kind re-  
     lease.

What thro' the mystic glass of  
     prophecy  
 The patriarchs distant saw, to me is nigh :  
 These languid eyes behold my Saviour's face,  
 These withered arms the heavenly babe im-  
     brace.

Since I at last my blest Redeemer see,  
 No other fight below has charms for me:

Now



Now close these aged eyes: for after this  
Nothing's worth viewing but immortal bliss.



A

## TRANSLATION

O F

Mr. C——'s latin verses, with additions, on the death of the Earl of Rochester's child: Presented to the Countess of Rochester, by Mr. C——

I.



YOUNG Cupid's fall'n, his mother's  
joy and pride:

Here lies his ivory bow uncharg'd,  
unstrung;

And there his shaftless quiver by  
his side,

That late upon his snowy shoulder hung.  
Venus inconsolable now appears;  
And sets no time, no measure to her tears.

R 4

II

## II.

Since the lov'd boy's imprison'd in his urn,  
 His mother has forgot her charming smiles;  
 Where joy once reign'd grief takes its mourn-  
 ful turn,

And native graces from her brow exiles:  
 Since her own Cupid does a mortal prove,  
 Beauty herself would take the fate of love.

## III.

But while her charming son in marble sleeps,  
 Why to herself should Venus cruel prove?  
 Well may we fear if longer thus she weeps,  
 Love's mother will become as blind as love.  
 Fair one, consult your glafs, and tears re-  
 strain;  
 Nor quench those shining lamps with endless  
 rain.

## IV.

If you resist the counsel of your friends,  
 And disregard a tender husband's care,  
 Think on your eyes, think how their lustre  
 spends,  
 And now at least their dying beauty spare.  
 Spare those twin stars, nor be to them unkind,  
 Least grief that makes you deaf should strike  
 you blind.

## V.

If lesser reasons leave you still unmov'd,  
Nor can support beneath so great a loss,  
Think how her son the blessed virgin lov'd,  
And yet beheld him bleeding on a cross;  
How every wound of his transfix'd her mind,  
And yet how patient she, and how resign'd?

## VI.

Th' Almighty's sceptre claims a sovereign  
sway,  
His awful thunder must be still rever'd.  
If meekly you the will of Christ obey,  
Your mighty loss shall more than be re-  
pair'd.  
He for your son will give himself : and you  
Shall be his mother and his sister too.

## VII.

Ah ! while with him the happy infant lives,  
Whose heaven-born soul has trod the  
milky way,  
How vainly here his tender mother grieves,  
As if her tears could animate his clay;  
Which slumbers, till the awful trumpet  
spread  
Life thro' the gloomy regions of the dead.

## VIII.

## VIII.

This phosphorus the world no sooner chear'd,  
 And flatter'd with a long expected light,  
 But sunk in darkness ere the day appear'd,  
 And left us in the horror of the night.  
 Thus our vain minds with ebbing passions  
 move ;  
 What's now our grief was late our hope and  
 love.

## IX.

To Pallas the young hero was ally'd :  
 Pallas the noble infant's fate deplores ;  
 Lov'd for his charms, and for the name of  
 Hyde,  
 Whose glory fame has spread to distant  
 shores.  
 The beauteous nymphs, that grace the palace,  
 all  
 Lament the lovely boy's untimely fall.

## X.

His tender genius show'd his soul refin'd,  
 With various charms of all the muses drest :  
 His outward form becoming such a mind,  
 The beauty of the goddesses exprest :  
 We see his genius in his fire survive,  
 And in his mother's wit and beauty he's  
 alive.



O N

PROVERBS XIV. 9.

*Fools make a mock of sin.*

I.



HO laughs at sin, laughs at his  
maker's frowns;

Laughs at the sword of vengeance  
o'er his head;

Laughs at the great redeemer's  
tears and wounds,

Who but for sin had never wept or bled.

II.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at the numerous  
woes,

That have the guilty world so oft beset;

Laughs at the whole creation's groans and  
throws,

At all the spoils of death, and pains of hell.

III.

## III.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own disease,  
Welcomes approaching torments with his  
smiles,  
Dares at his soul's expence his fancy please,  
Affronts his God, himself of blifs beguiles.

## IV.

Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt  
and shame,  
Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind:  
For so absurd a fool there wants a name  
Expressive of a folly so refin'd.





O N A

MARBLE PIECE

Representing

*Christ bound to a pillar.*

Translated from the Italian, but  
somewhat altered.



Marble the pillar ; marble he that's  
bound ;

Marble the officers that guard  
him round :

Marble by nature that ; by patience he ;  
And these by unrelenting cruelty.

Spectator, melt in tears : or at this view,  
Wonder will turn thee into marble too.



P S A L M



## PSALM cxlviii.

### I.



RAISE the great name of Jah,  
 O praise Jehovah's name!  
 Praise him from heaven, I say,  
 On high his praise proclaim.  
 His throne surround

Angelic hosts,  
 Thro' heavens wide coasts  
 His praise resound.

### II.

Praise him, thou glorious sun,  
 Thou moon, ye stars of light,  
 Which either stand or run;  
 Ye heavens of heavens so bright,  
 His praise display.  
 Waters that move  
 Thro' skies above,  
 Your tribute pay.



## III.

Works of his mighty hand,  
Extol Jehovah's name ;  
Which when he gave command,  
Forth into being came.

For ever he  
Has fix'd their place,  
That none can pass  
His firm decree.

## IV.

O praise Jehovah's name,  
From earth: from deeps below  
Ye whales: ye lightning-flame,  
Hail-stones and fleecy snow,  
Mists that distill,  
Fierce winds that blow,  
And always know  
And do his will.

## V.

All hills and mountains high,  
Trees that with fruit are crown'd,  
Cedars that touch the sky,  
Wild beasts that range around ;  
And cattle tame,  
Things low or high,  
That creep or fly,  
Repeat his fame.

## VI.

## VI.

Kings who on earth preside,  
 And all of meaner birth ;  
 Princes who nations guide,  
 And judges of the earth ;  
     The youthful throng,  
     And virgins fair,  
     Heads with gray hair,  
     And infants young.

## VII.

Let all Jehovah's name,  
 With praises celebrate :  
 His name alone proclaim  
 As excellent and great.  
     His glories bright,  
     Transcendent rise,  
     ' Bove earth and skies,  
     To boundless height.

## VIII.

And he on high does raise,  
 His people's horn of might ;  
 And thus inspires with praise  
 His saints, his soul's delight.  
     Blest Israel's race,  
     A people near,  
     And to him dear,  
     Jehovah praise !



A N

H Y M N

O N

*Recovery from sickness.*

I.



OD of my life; who hast redeem'd  
Thy servant from th' expecting  
grave,  
When death's attacks so fatal  
seem'd,  
No other arm but thine could save.

II.

All my diseases thou dost heal,  
And all my numerous sins forgive;  
Love to my fainting soul reveal,  
And make my dying body live.

## III.

Who in the heavens above resides,  
Whom I should love and praise like thee!  
Whom have I, Lord, on earth besides,  
So worthy to be lov'd by me!

## IV.

But what wilt thou, my soul, return  
To him who is above thy praise?  
That thou canst sing no better, mourn;  
And all thy powers to bless him raise.

## V.

For since my God in mercy joins  
Some future moments to the past,  
His grace my willing soul inclines  
To praise him while these moments last.

## VI.

And when this little stream of time  
Is lost in vast eternity,  
For angels hymns I'll change my rhyme,  
And sing in seraph's company.





*Ecclesiastes xi. 9, 10. and  
xii. 1. paraphrased.*



O, heedless youth, pursue the  
gay delights

To which the world thy eager  
taste invites ;

The flowry paths thy heart af-  
fects, explore ;

Fantoms that charm thy wandring eyes,  
adore ;

Dissolve in downy joys thy sensual mind :

But know, the day of vengeance is behind ;

When every deed, each word, and secret  
thought,

Before God's own tribunal shall be brought.

O rather fly these treacherous sweets betimes ;

Abandon childish follies, youthful crimes.

Devote thy blooming youth, thy verdant  
days,

A pious offering to thy maker's praise ;

Ere time thy beauty blasts, thy verdure  
mows ;

Ere age arrives with a long train of woes :

Left then, too late, thou of thy sins complain,  
And wish to live thy days all o'er again ;  
But find'st thy wishes and complaints are  
vain ;

When youthful sins torment thy aged bones,  
And guilt cries loud in thy despairing groans ;  
When sad reflections press thy labouring soul.  
And wildest terrors in thy conscience roul ;  
Past vitious pleasures wreck thy thoughtful  
mind ;

Their gust all gone, their guilt all left be-  
hind.





MAN *changeable*, but GOD *al-*  
*ways the same.*

## I.



When first I broke my league with  
sin,  
And to my God was reconcil'd ;  
My breast was always calm with-  
in,

Because my God upon me smil'd :  
With joy I in his house appear'd ;  
And when I pray'd, he always heard.

## II.

Now tho' I've serv'd him many years,  
And for his sake reproach have born,  
My joys are turn'd to sighs and tears,  
While I his absent favours mourn :  
He shuts out my petitions now,  
And with fierce terror arms his brow.

## III.

Shall I suppose he loves me less  
 Of late, than e'er he did before;  
 Or pleasure takes in my distress,  
 While I his wonted grace implore?  
 Can truth itself inconstant prove?  
 And love itself forget to love?

## IV.

Earth from its center may be tost,  
 The spacious heavens together furl'd,  
 Their order in confusion lost,  
 And time dissolve the tottering world;  
 But God's firm cov'nant never moves,  
 And whom he once, he always, loves.

## V.

Since there no change in God can be,  
 My trouble to myself I owe;  
 The guilty change is all in me,  
 Tho' not enough my guilt I know.  
 I'll search my heart for that inroaching  
 sin,  
 That makes him frown; and then he'll smile  
 again.





T O T H E

Illustrious Prince of *Orange*

O N H I S

Expedition into *ENGLAND*,

Anno 1688.

I.



Ighty hero ! born to be  
Heaven's delight and Europe's  
wonder ;  
Born for easy victory,  
Born to trample tyrants under !

II.

How the pressing trophies crowd,  
To adorn your triumphs round !  
Fame the while your praise aloud  
To th' amazed world does found.

## III.

You our guardian angel are,  
Deckt with ambient rays of light ;  
And Ignatian furies scare,  
By the terror of your fight.

## IV.

As the Perfians to adore  
Haste to meet the rising sun ;  
So to reach the western shore  
Did our willing nobles run.

## V.

You the patron there they meet,  
Of the best and noblest cause ;  
You the true defender greet,  
Of our faith, our lives, and laws.

## VI.

In true honor's sphere you move,  
What's right and good, count great and  
high ;  
Prudence and strict virtue prove  
Your rule to measure glory by.

## VII.

## VII.

Just and generous your design,  
To support a falling state ;  
Therefore have the powers divine  
Smil'd upon your arms of late.

## VIII.

Welcome arms ! that are not brought,  
For our ruin, but our good :  
Welcome peace ! that is not bought  
With the costly price of blood.

## IX.

Happy victory ! design'd  
T' heal a bleeding kingdom's veins :  
Happy triumph ! not to bind,  
But to set us free from chains.

## X.

Ready too to fall away,  
France, methinks, does yielding stand  
To commit her scepter's sway  
To your juster, milder hand.

## XI.

## XI.

Vast exploits that you have done,  
Make her haughty tyrant bow ;  
And the lawrels he has won,  
Wait to grace your nobler brow.

## XII.

Mighty hero ! may your glory  
To its full meridian climb ;  
And remain, in deathless story,  
The pride and wonder of our time.





O N T H E

## S A B B A T H.



W H E N the creator of the world  
had given  
Last touches to the frame of earth  
and heaven ;

Peopled both sea and land, and worlds sublime,  
I' th' first six days that ever measur'd time ;  
With vast delight the fabrick he survey'd,  
And, smiling, thus th' almighty father said :  
I'll add another day, the rest to crown ;  
Sacred to me, peculiarly my own :  
Thus time in perfect numbers shall revolve,  
Till heaven's high arches crack and earth  
dissolve.

The sun that decks the smiling day with light,  
The moon and stars that glitter in the night,  
To teach mankind to measure weeks shall  
shine,

To measure years in a successive line.  
With what delight this day my works I view ;  
Works which my wisdom, power, and good-  
ness shew !

O happy day ! be thou for ever blest,  
The great memorial of my joy and rest.

Shine

Shine in time's annals princefs of the days,  
 No found be heard in thee but that of pray'r  
 and praise :

Let every breaft with pious zeal be warm'd,  
 Aw'd by my precept, by my pattern charm'd,  
 Behold thefe works which I with pleasure  
 fee,

And take delight to fabbathize with me.  
 I know that rebel fiend, who late was hurl'd  
 From the high tow'rs of the celeftial world,  
 Who all thofe legions of th' apoftate crew,  
 Into that common guilt and ruin drew,  
 Envies mankind the joys that will arife  
 From this day's reft and facred exercife ;  
 And envies me the honors of the day,  
 In which my creatures fhall their homage  
 pay.

Their peace in time he'll labour to deftroy,  
 And to prevent their everlafting joy.  
 But how will fatan rage when he fhall fee  
 All the great things perform'd which I decree ?





O N T H E

S A B B A T H.



LEST day! ordain'd by God, and  
therefore blest,  
The pledge and type of everlasting  
rest.

Indulgent heaven, to make our worship rise  
With the more pure devotion to the skies,  
To make our prayers uninterrupted climb,  
Made thee the sacred quintessence of time.  
With what impatient wishes do I meet thee!  
With what indearing welcomes do I greet  
thee!


Glad that the six preceding days are run,  
And with their toil their vanity is gone.

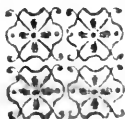


*Religion.*



## Religion.


 Product of reason and of faith combin'd,  
 The life, the health, the beauty  
 of the mind ;  
 God's image on an human soul imprest,  
 The source of joy, and glory of the blest ;  
 That makes 'em lovely, and that makes 'em  
 love,  
 Brings heaven to earth, and forms their  
 heaven above :  
 O how I do thy god-like charms admire !  
 O how I to thy god-like joys aspire !







## Love to a crucified J E S U S.



Own I love; 'tis no uncomely fire  
That kindles in my breast in-  
tense desire :

I hate myself that yet I love no  
more ;

And yet I more than love ; for I adore.

'Tis not just features, sparkling eyes, or air,  
That makes the object I admire so fair :

'Tis one exploded for deformity

By others, has ten thousand charms for me.

'Tis not the lilly damask'd with the rose,  
That does these bonds upon my soul impose :

Whom others in the vilest terms deride,

I lovelier think than all the world beside.

Myriads of hearts, should they to love con-  
spire,

Can ne'er enough this lovely one admire.

Whoever has an heart to give, is free ;

Our happy loves shall fear no jealousy.

The more this perfect beauty shall pursue,

The more is paid to whom all hearts are due.

But would you know to whom I make these  
vows,

To whose victorious charms my spirit bows ?

O turn your eyes to Calvary, and see  
 A bleeding Saviour on a cursed tree :  
 That languid countenance, those dying eyes,  
 Those trembling lips that utter doleful cries ;  
 That fainting head with thorns incircled  
     round,  
 With streams of blood for wreaths of jewels  
     crown'd ;  
 Those sacred hands that always grace implor'd ;  
 Those tender feet with rugged irons bor'd ;  
 That sacred body bruis'd, and cover'd o'er  
 With dying sweats, purpled with native gore ;  
 That soul that bore th' unsufferable weight  
 Of a world's sins both numberless and great  
 See crimson streams flow from his wounded  
     side,  
 To wash those very hands by which he di'd.  
 Behold my dying Lord, and disapprove  
 My choice ; say, who has charms like him I  
     love ?





O N T H E

# French Persecution.



O O R France, the scene of anti-  
christian rage,  
Th' amazing horror of the trem-  
bling age :

The nations stand around with wondrous eyes,  
As if t' attend thy fatal exequies.

The world's amaz'd to see thy glory fade,  
And set in blood behind the western shade;

He who thy nursing father ought to be  
Becomes thy foe, and aims his rage at thee.

Tho' out of human reach, just heaven will  
shew

What wonders a divine revenge can do :

Avenging heaven will find a day to quell

The tyrants rage, and send his guilty soul  
to hell.







A N

## E P I T A P H,

O N H I S

F A T H E R and M O T H E R,

Mr. *Edward* and Mrs. *Mary*  
*Stennett.*

 E R E lies an holy, and an happy  
 pair :  
 H As once in grace, they now in  
 glory share :

They dar'd to suffer, but they fear'd to sin ;  
 And meekly bore the cross, the crown to win :  
 So liv'd, as not to be afraid to die ;  
 So dy'd, as heirs of immortality.

Reader, attend : tho dead, they speak to  
 thee ;  
 Tread the same path, the same thine end  
 shall be:

A N



A N

E P I T A P H,

O N

*Mr.* WILLIAM MORTON,

O F

*Knaphill in Buckinghamshire.*



F piety and charity, refin'd  
By all the graces of an humble  
mind,  
Can saints on earth for joys of  
heaven prepare ;

Then MORTON'S holy soul inhabits there  
Earth, in thy bosom keep his precious dust ;  
Till the last trumpet raise to life the just.





## MARY MAGDALEN.



Less'd day to me ! my Lord's come  
hither ;  
And he and I shall sup together.

But how shall I  
Dare cast an eye,  
Or boldly look him in the face,  
Who all my secret sins does trace ?

When to adore him,  
Angels before him  
About his throne in myriads hover,  
Their faces with respect they cover.

If I appear,  
He will, I fear,  
With sparkling eyes severely just,  
Blast my poor carcase into dust.

Mine eyes have been  
The baits of sin,  
Whose glances turn'd to amorous smiles  
Have charm'd th' unwary to my wiles.

How shall I dare  
Then to appear

Before those eyes which cannot see,  
Without disdain unworthy me,

Ah who can shew  
What I may do!

I'll stoop and creep,  
And sigh and weep ;

For tho I fear him  
I must draw near him.

Fear checks me : but my soul shall soon remove  
All the dividing bars by a resolved love.





## *The Hypocrite.*



It's the reverse of all he seems to  
be,  
And still pursues whate'er he seems  
to flee.

So Satan's self seems beautiful when  
drest

In Samuel's mantle, or a cherub's vest.  
His vice is real, but his virtue paint ;  
Within a devil, and without a saint.  
While heavenly calms dwell on his pious face,  
And while his charming tongue is tip'd with  
grace ;  
His soul by hellish legions is possess'd,  
And furious passions revel in his breast.  
While bright devotion triumphs in his eyes,  
His heart is fill'd with fraud, his lips with lies :  
None seems more truly pious, none more just,  
Yet has no God to worship but his lust.  
He loves the gust of sin, but loaths the shame,  
And is a devil in all things but the name ;  
Condemns the sins of others, hugs his own,  
And loves religion as a mask alone.  
His treach'rous soul veil'd with a fawning  
smile  
Covers with heavenly air infernal guile.

Loudly



Loudly he tones his penitential psalms,  
And blows a trumpet to proclaim his alms ;  
God's altar does of costly offerings rob,  
But tithes his mint, to gain th' applauses of  
the mob ;

Equally courts vice and a virtuous fame,  
Not to deserve but to obtain a name.

His closet's never conscious to his pray'r,  
Unless he knows some witnesss are near :

But in the church he makes a fair parade ;  
There all his vows are offer'd, there are paid.

He hates the substance, loves the shew of  
grace,

And banters the Almighty to his face :

The worst of men and yet appears the best ;

He sins in earnest, but he prays in jest.

Made up of fraud his ev'ry gesture lies ;

Lies with his tongue, and with his hands and  
eyes.

Last on himself his treachery he completes ;

And of his soul himself devoutly cheats.





## *Ænigma on Writing.*



TELL me what genius did the  
 art invent,  
 The lively image of a voice to  
 paint?  
 Who first the secret how to co-  
 lour found,  
 And to give shape to reason wisely found?  
 With bodies how to clothe ideas taught,  
 And how to draw the picture of a thought?  
 Who taught the hand to speak, the eye to  
 hear,  
 A silent language roving far and near;  
 Whose softest notes outstrip loud thunder's  
 found,  
 And spread their accents through the world's  
 vast round;  
 Yet with kind secrecy securely roll  
 Whispers of absent friends from pole to pole!  
 A speech heard by the deaf, spoke by the dumb,  
 Whose echo reaches long long time to come;  
 Which dead men speak as well as those alive;  
 Tell me what genius did this art contrive?



ON THE  
ACCESSION  
OF  
King *WILLIAM*  
AND  
Queen *MARY*.

I.



**W**HAT great, what good, what  
unexpected change,  
Beyond our thoughts, and hopes,  
beyond compare,  
Makes shouting echoes thro' our  
island range,

And teaches us to breathe a freer air?  
Say! is *Astrea* come to dwell with men,  
To bless the world with happy times again?

II.

## II.

'Tis great Nassau inspires this unknown joy,  
 Chose by mankind, chose by the pow'rs  
 above,

To be Britannia's sov'reign, heaven's vice-roy,  
 To reign o'er willing hearts with awful  
 love :

Whom worth, not chance, entitles to renown,  
 Deserving first, before he wears a crown.

## III.

Fav'rite of heaven, and glory of the age !

In whom all virtues, fit for rule, conspire ;  
 Courage untainted with tyrannic rage,

Justice that breathes a truly noble fire :

These, mixt with pity, heat your generous  
 breast

To humble tyrants, and relieve th' oppress'd.

## IV.

Wisdom and goodness, add an air divine

That makes your crown flame with im-  
 mortal rays,

While with yourself, your royal heroine

Shares your illustrious virtues, and your  
 praise :

Both glory seek by glorious deeds alone,

And by just steps mount fair Britannia's  
 throne.

On a famous vote of the house  
of Peers, relating to king  
WILLIAM.

*Quam meruit virtus crescit post funera laurus.*



IN vain at William's fame the  
furies rave,  
His deathless laurels flourish in  
the grave:

The hissing monsters do but urge  
their doom,

And furnish out new trophies for his tomb.  
Who shall our greatest admiration draw,  
The great Alcides, or the great Nassau!  
Each stifled envious serpents in his turn,  
One in his cradle, t'other in his urn.

Illustrious peers! worthy of William's reign!

So to revere the hero's injur'd dust;

To clear his memory of so vile a stain,

Proclaims you prudent as it speaks you just.

Guarding his honour, you your own record,

So generous virtue brings it's own reward.



O N

# MARTYRDOM.

Written 1685.

I.



O minds terrene, that never drew  
 Celestial air, nor ever flew  
 Above these foggy regions,  
 Their dearest blood profusely  
 waste,  
 Their lives away as trifles cast  
 Amidst the furious legions ?

II.

While proud ambition's fatal fires  
 In flame their breasts with fond desires  
 Of an illustrious name ;  
 Do they with shoutings welcome death,  
 And generously bequeath their breath  
 Unto the cheeks of fame ?

III.

## III.

How then can souls of heavenly race,  
Who by regenerating grace  
                                Acquire a mind divine,  
Shun to imbrace triumphant flames,  
Knowing that their immortal names  
                                In glory's sphere shall shine ?

## IV.

A christian sure, with eager strife,  
Shou'd be e'en prodigal of life,  
                                And covetous of pain ;  
And, with th' heroick martyr cry,  
Can I but once for Jesus dye ?  
                                Is glory's way so plain ?

## V.

With transport does the hero ride  
Through horrid plains, while every side  
                                Lightens with clashing arms ;  
While shouting soldiers tear the ground,  
And war-like drums and trumpets sound  
                                Bellona's fierce alarms ?

## VI.











PSAL. xviii. v. 1---15.

1 **T** H E E will I love with all my  
 soul,  
 2 O Lord, my strength, my  
 rock, my fort :  
 Thou art my Saviour and my God,  
 The castle whither I resort.

To thee, with hope, I still retire;  
 'Thou shield, that guards my innocence :  
 The horn of my salvation thou,  
 'The lofty tower of my defence:

3 My refuge <sup>a</sup>, my deliverer-God ;  
 Thou sav'ft me from approaching wrongs;  
 JEHOVAH'S name I did invoke,  
 To whom the highest praise belongs.

4 'Tis he who sav'd me from my foes,  
 When pangs of death inclos'd me round ;  
 By raging floods of impious men  
 I fear'd to be o'erwhelm'd and drown'd.

<sup>a</sup> See 2 Sam. xxii. 3. where this is added.

- 5 When mortal woes did raise my fears,  
 And snares of death my soul surprize ;  
 6 In this my straight to heaven I pray'd,  
 And to my God address'd my cries.

He from his sacred palace soon  
 To my complaining voice attends :  
 My piercing cries before him come ;  
 And soon an ear of grace he lends.

- 7 The earth his fierce resentment felt,  
 And trembled at his angry look ;  
 The hills with their foundations melt,  
 And at his wrath with terror shook.

- 8 Black clouds of smoke that blot the sky,  
 Th' almighty's kindling anger shew :  
 Devouring fire his breath appear'd,  
 And burning coals around him flew.

- 9 He bow'd the heav'ns, and down he came:  
 His feet on gloomy darkness trod :  
 10 He on a cherub's pinions flew,  
 The chariot this on which he rode.

- High on a whirl-wind's rapid wings,  
 How swift he cut his airy way !  
 11 The shades of darkness were his veil,  
 To hide his awful face from day.

Thick mists and clouds that shade the skies  
Were spread, for his pavilion, round :  
12 But mists and clouds were veils too thin  
For his all-piercing glory found.

The dazzling brightness of his face  
Did soon the frighted shades dispel ;  
Impetuous showers of rattling hail,  
And storms of fire, before him fell.

[roar'd :  
13 Thro' heaven's wide arch his thunder  
The clouds obey'd their maker's call :  
Impetuous showers of rattling hail,  
And storms of fire before him fall.

14 At foes his burning arrows flew,  
Broke and dispers'd their troops around ;  
He forked lightnings at them threw,  
Struck them with terror to the ground.

15 Deep beds of rivers then were seen :  
The world's foundations open lay :  
At thy rebuke, Lord, at the blast,  
Thy anger breath'd that wondrous day.





*Part of PSALM XXVII.  
and LXXXIV.*



ONE thing, but 'tis a mighty wish,  
One thing of thee, Lord, I desire :  
O may I never be deny'd  
The boon to which I so aspire !

'Tis in thy temple to reside,  
To see thy face, to hear thy voice :  
Sure thou wilt not despise my pray'r,  
Nor disapprove my holy choice.

There let me find a welcome seat ;  
Be thy lov'd house my constant home :  
What place therein, I don't prescribe ;  
But, Lord, I beg, assign me some.

Some mansion there, tho ne'er so mean,  
I should esteem beyond a throne ;  
Honour'd enough, if thou, my God,  
Me for thy servant wilt but own.


There as a porter should I stand,  
Attending at thy sacred gate :  
Scepters and crowns I could despise,  
Compar'd with my more blissful state.

PSALM



## PSALM CIII.

*A psalm of David.*

- 1  Bless thou JEHOVAH, O my soul,  
 Who all thy inmost powers  
 did frame :  
 Let all those inmost powers  
 conspire  
 To bless their author's holy name.
- 2 Bless thou, JEHOVAH, O my soul,  
 Nor thoughtless of his favours prove ;
- 3 Who does thy every sin forgive,  
 Who does thy every pain remove :
- 4 Who from destruction thee redeems,  
 Thy threaten'd life in mercy spares ;  
 Who crowns thee with his grace and love,  
 And with the tenderest of his cares :
- 5 Who thy returning appetite  
 With every needful good supplies ;  
 So is thy blooming youth renew'd,  
 And with the vigorous eagle's vies.

- 6 The LORD his righteous judgment shews,  
To succour all who are oppress'd :
- 7 Thus Moses knew and taught his ways,  
And Israel's sons his acts confess.
- 8 J E H O V A H's merciful and kind :  
His wrath is slow, his mercy sure :
- 9 He will not always frown and chide,  
Nor shall his anger long endure.
- 10 He treats us sinners, not as we  
Deserve by our enormous deeds ;  
Nor our demerit makes the rule  
By which his chastening hand proceeds.
- 11 As heaven's high frame is rais'd above  
This humble earth on which we dwell ;  
So does his grace, to all that fear  
His name, all human praise excel.
- 12 As far as the vast space extends  
From utmost east to utmost west,  
So far has he remov'd the sins  
Which late our guilty souls oppress'd.
- 13 Just as a tender father's heart  
With pity to his children moves,  
So those who fear J E H O V A H's name  
He with compassion always loves.




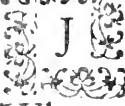
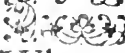
- 14 He knows our frame, remembers well  
We are but animated clay ;
- 15 And man, frail man, like withering grafs,  
Has but a short uncertain day.
- Like some fair flower that paints the field,  
He flourishes and beauteous shows :
- 16 One blast of wind nips all his pride,  
The place no more its owner knows.
- 17 But still J E H O V A H's mercy flows  
On those who him with fear adore ;  
From everlasting still the same,  
The same when time shall be no more.
- His righteousness and truth shall be  
To childrens children ever shown,
- 18 Who keep his cov'nant, nor forget  
T'obey the precepts which they own.
- 19 J E H O V A H, in the heavens above,  
Of old prepar'd his glorious throne :  
He o'er the universe extends  
His boundless reign, and he alone.
- 20 O blefs J E H O V A H's sacred name,  
His angels who excel in might ;  
Who his commands with care observe,  
And to obey his voice delight.

- 21 O blefs J E H O V A H's facred name,  
Ye heavenly hofts; who to fulfil  
His pleasure, with respect attend,  
And are employ'd to do his will.
- 22 O blefs J E H O V A H, all his works,  
O'er which he reigns without controul,  
Thro' his immense dominions all :  
Blefs thou J E H O V A H, O my foul.



## P S A L M CXXXIV.

*A Song of degrees.*

- 1  E H O V A H's servants all attend ;  
 J E H O V A H's praises still repeat ;  
 You who the nights in watching  
Where he has fix'd his holy feat. [spend,
- 2 There raise your hands with pious mirth ;  
J E H O V A H's praises still recount :
- 3 " J E H O V A H, Lord of heaven and earth,  
" Blefs you from Zion's holy mount,





# PARAPHRASE

## On PROV. IX.



Wisdom has rais'd a pile with art  
divine ;

A stately palace, where she keeps  
her court :

Seven polish'd columns in bright order shine,  
And beautify the fabrick they support.

To make a splendid banquet she designs :  
For which her flocks and herds have freely  
bled.

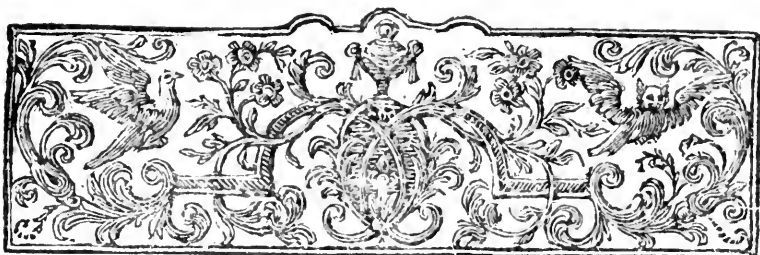
She has prepar'd and mix'd the richest wines :  
'Thus nobly is her sacred table spread.

The maids of honour who attend her throne,  
On generous errands round the streets she sends:  
To their repeated calls she adds her own ;  
'T' invite her guests her charming voice ex-  
tends.

“ To

- “ To you, O men, I give the solemn call ;  
 “ To you, O fons of men, my grace proclaim.  
 “ Come to my banquet : come, and wel-  
     “ come all,  
 “ Whose folly has deserv'd eternal shame.
- “ Come, prodigals, who long on husks have  
     “ fed,  
 “ Why should your dying souls with famine  
     “ pine ?  
 “ My table is with royal dainties spred ;  
 “ My table's crown'd with bowls of generous  
     “ wine.
- “ Forsake the company of fools ; and tread  
 “ The happy path that to my palace tends.  
 “ Their ways lead to the chambers of the  
     “ dead ;  
 “ But mine conducts to life that never ends.
- “ Who take my counsel, shall have endless  
     “ joy :  
 “ Who hug their folly, and my calls despise,  
 “ With barbarous hands their precious souls  
     “ destroy ;  
 “ And rather will be ruin'd than be wise.





Part of a POEM design'd by the Author,

O N T H E

D E A T H

O F T H E

Reverend Mr. JOHN PIGGOTT.



Less'd soul ! when thou wast vi-  
gorous and strong,  
How oft' I faintly drag'd my  
shell along ;

Thinking the heavenly regions to explore  
Long before thou shouldst touch the blissful  
shore.

But thou hast got the start : thy heavenly  
mind

Could bear no longer to be here confin'd.





*The first Inventors of POESY,*

Describ'd in a

*Military Metaphor.*

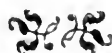


A N

E P I G R A M.



HO made rough thoughts in polish'd armour shine,  
 And taught rude words poetick discipline;  
 Marshal'd in number'd ranks to march their rounds,  
 And led up conquering sense with charming sounds?



LET-



# LETTERS

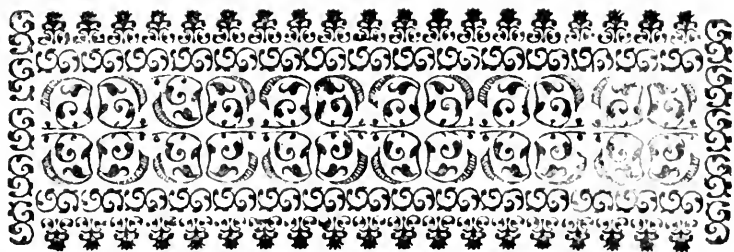
U P O N

Various Subjects.









# LETTER I.

S I R,



THE honour you have done me in desiring a conference with me by writing, may, I fear, make my so long silence seem scarce excusable. I have this to say in my defence; that, not forgetfulness, but want of opportunity made me defer my purpose of returning you a speedy answer. Nor have I time now to enlarge so much as I design'd; but must treat of the matter you have been pleas'd to propose, with as much brevity as it will admit.

As for the controversy I was some time since engaged in, concerning the law about meats clean and unclean; I am incapable of recollecting what was argued, so as

to give you a tolerable account of it, time has worn it so much off my memory: besides, it wou'd take up several sheets of paper. Nor do you, I suppose, so much desire a particular relation of that, as an answer to the more general question you stated; *viz.*

Whether the gospel of Christ, the doctrine of the New Testament, doth declare an abolishment of the law of Moses in any one particular to the Jews?

To which I answer affirmatively: and for the proof of what I hold, shall alledge some few plain texts of scripture out of the epistle to the Hebrews; that so I may give a full and punctual answer to the question; because, that what is there wrote has reference to the Jews, is so plain, that it will admit of no exception.

Heb. vii. 12. *For the priest-hood being changed, there is made of necessity a change also of the law.*

This text, I think, plainly informs us, that the Levitical priesthood is chang'd; and therefore by a necessary consequence the law that related to that priesthood, as such, is chang'd. That the apostle speaks here of the Levitical priesthood, appears by the context. What those particular laws are, which related to that priesthood

as such, is not our business now to examine: 'tis sufficient for our purpose, that this scripture proves a change of the law belonging to the Levitical priesthood.

Chap. x. 1, 2. *For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For then would they not have ceased to have been offered? because that the worshippers once purged, shou'd have had no more conscience of sins.*

Hence it appears,

1. That those sacrifices of the Levitical priesthood are ceas'd; and that, because they were not perfect to purge sinners, and take away the conscience of sin: and their ceasing was to make way for that most perfect sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, as may be further seen in the context.

2. That as the offering of Christ's body was made by reason of the imperfection of the Levitical sacrifices; which, if they had been perfect, would not have ceas'd, nor mankind needed any other: so these sacrifices cannot survive that of Christ Jesus; because it is perfect, and consequently mankind needs no other. If the Levitical sacrifices had been perfect, there would have been no need of the sacrifice of Christ; but being imperfect they

ceased, when his actually took place : now the sacrifice of Christ being absolutely perfect, there can be no need of any other ; for where there is perfection, there needs no addition or supplement.

Ver. 8, 9. *Above, when he said, sacrifice and offering, and burnt-offerings, and offering for sin, thou wouldst not, neither hadst pleasure therein, which are offered by the law: then, said he, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second.*

This scripture, compar'd with the above-mentioned, informs us, that the Levitical offerings being imperfect, were taken away, or abolished, that Christ's perfect sacrifice might be establish'd : it was necessary that those should be abrogated, that this might be ratified ; if the first was taken away to establish the second ; to continue the first, would be to derogate from the dignity and perfection of the second.

Ver. 10. *By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Christ once for all.*

Ver. 12. *But this man after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.*

Ver. 14. *For by one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.*

From these passages 'tis evident, that the sacrifice of Christ was perfect, and there-

therefore the virtue of it permanent ; so that there needs no other sacrifice for sin. That offering of his once for all doth for ever perfect those that are sanctified, and excludes all the Levitical and Typical sacrifices.

There are many more passages in this epistle, as well as in other parts of scripture, that might be produced to back what has been said ; but, I think, these few inferences from the scriptures here cited are so evident, and so naturally deduced from them, that it is not necessary to multiply quotations.

Sir, I very well approve of the expedient you propose, to make the controversy we are entering on easy, by confining ourselves to two sides of a sheet.

My sincere wish is, we may be led into all truth by the Spirit of God, and be as ready to embrace and yield to what truths we may not yet know, when convinced of them, as to maintain and plead for what we think we have ground from the word of God to believe to be so ; and, I question not, but your desire is the same. I am,

S I R,

*Your most humble servant,*

Jo. Stennett.



## LETTER II.

London, Octob. 4, 1687.

*Honoured Sir,*



Have been much troubled that I have been so long prevented of my desire of giving you a reply. Be pleas'd to assure yourself, that not a will to serve you, but opportunity of doing it, has been wanting to me.

I cannot hope, Sir, in the compass of half a sheet, to give a complete answer to your last: and therefore, because I did but cursorily give my sense on some few scriptures last time, shall now content myself to elucidate and confirm the inferences and arguments I then brought from those several passages in the epistle to the Hebrews, which may in part obviate what is objected, and facilitate my way to a more direct answer to your objections hereafter.

My

My method shall be to lay down several reasons that persuade me to believe the abolishment of the law relating to the Levitical priesthood.

1. Because the scripture seems to inform us, that Christ's exercise of his priestly office, under the gospel dispensation, and the continuation of the Aaronical priesthood, are incompatible. Which I conclude, first, from the word μετατιθεμένης. used *Heb. vii. 12.* which signifies *translated: the priesthood being translated there is also a translation of the law.* Now, I conceive, the term of *translating* comprehends an exclusion of one thing to introduce another. If a kingdom be translated from one family to another, both families do not remain in exercise of dominion. Secondly, This further appears, in that the law forbids that there should any supply the priestly office, who were not of the tribe of Levi, and of the family of Aaron; and *curst is he, saith the scripture, that doth not all the words of this law.* But Christ, by taking upon him the priestly office, made a change, or *translation*, of that office from the tribe of Levi to the tribe of Judah; and from the family of Aaron to that of David: and consequently made a change, or *translation*, of the law thereunto appertaining.

*Heb. x. 9. He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second.*

2. This *change of the priesthood* being from an imperfect to a perfect state, and from a temporary state to an eternal; the necessity and use of the Levitical priesthood is thereby excluded. For, first, where there is a perfect offering once made, there needs no other for the expiation of sin. Heb. x. 1, 2. *For the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things, can never with those sacrifices which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. For then would they not have ceased to be offered? because the worshippers once purged, should have had no more conscience of sins.* I find some copies read it ἐπεὶ ἂν ἐπαύσαντο προσφερόμεναι, *sure then they would have ceased:* and if we take it according to others, εἰ ἂν ἐπαύσαντο, by placing a note of interrogation after it, it speaks the same sense, *would they not then have ceased?* for such an interrogation among the Hebrews, you know, Sir, has the force of a strong affirmation. If then the reason of the repetition of sacrifices under the law was their imperfection, because they could not make a perfect expiation; the sacrifice of Christ's body on the cross excludes any other offering, because itself is perfect, and doth intirely expiate. There would have been a cessation of those legal offerings, if any one of them had been sufficient to expiate  
for



for sin: therefore the sacrifice of Christ's body being all-sufficient, must needs put a period to all other sacrifices of the law, and render them useles. Secondly, This change of the priesthood is from temporary to *eternal*. Therefore, *Heb. vii. 21.* 'tis said, *Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedeck.* And ver. 23, 24. *They were many priests, because they were not suffered to continue by reason of death; but this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood.* Ver. 27. *Who needeth not daily, as those high-priests, to offer up sacrifice, first for his own sins, and then for the people's; for this he did once when he offer'd up himself.* It appears from hence, that the reason of the priests succession under the law, was their mortality; but Christ being immortal, his priesthood is thereby render'd immutable and eternal; and therefore excludes the use and necessity of any other. *Heb. x. 10.* *By the which will we are sanctified, through the offering of the body of Christ once for all.* Ver. 12. *But this man, after he had offered one sacrifice for sins, for ever sat down on the right hand of God.* Ver. 14. *For by one offering he hath for ever perfected them that be sanctified.*

3. The Levitical priesthod, I think, cannot be suppos'd immutable; because it takes date too late, to be thought an institution moral and durable. The pa-

triarchs were without it, and the exercise of the sacerdotal function was committed to the eldest of every family, till the giving of the law in the wilderness. Since therefore this priesthood, and the law appertaining to it, was not instituted from the beginning, it cannot be a moral and unchangeable law ; but, on the contrary, must be suppos'd to be alterable, as the fore-mention'd scriptures intimate : for if that form of worship was not morally necessary in the days of the patriarchs, when the manifestation of Christ was so far distant ; how much less can it be thought morally necessary to be continued since the manifestation of Christ in the flesh, whom it typically prefigur'd, and in whom it receiv'd its accomplishment ?

4. I cannot think, that in the primitive and glorious plantation of the christian church, this priesthood would not have been establish'd in its greatest splendor, if Christ had design'd its continuance ; and the apostles would certainly have preach'd up so necessary a part of worship, wherever they went ; and not contrarily have spoken of the abolition of it, as the apostle Paul does in the above-mention'd texts, and elsewhere in others of his epistles. For tho he did at first indulge the Jews who were newly converted, in their opinion for the observation of the Levitical law, and that in some things,

things, even by his own practice, as a tender father humours a peevish child, that is recovering out of a fit of sickness: yet he fails not in other instances to declaim against the opinion of having that law continued, as, I think appears above. God was, by his providence, then demolishing that form of worship, which, if it were to have continued, would, in probability, have been intirely restor'd and ratify'd by the providence of God, in that most pure and shining age of the church, which was founded by Christ and his apostles: that nothing might have been wanting to perfect and embellish that spiritual building.

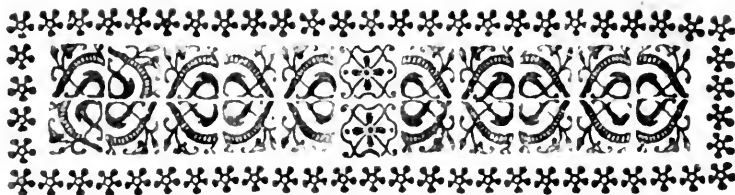
Sir, I at present recommend these reasons to your consideration; which, tho they do not directly answer all you object, yet may seem to have some general influence on your last paper, and tend to clear up my meaning in my last. Be pleas'd to dispense with the method I have taken, tho it seem a little indirect. I hope hereafter to come particularly to answer your objections: but now I am constrain'd to conclude, in assuring you that I am,

S I R,

*Your most humble servant,*

Jo. Stennett.

L E T-



## LETTER III.

To Mr. *W. K.* jun<sup>r</sup>.

*Bednal-green, May 9, 1692.*

*Dear Sir,*



Y own inclination to serve you, and the obligations I have receiv'd from your honoured parents, and the hope of having a letter from you the sooner, for which I have your promise already, make me very willing to begin a correspondency with you by writing. And how pressing soever my affairs are, I can no longer forbear to tell you, that I share in the joy of your worthy relations, while they inform me that you are extremely pleased with the place of your present residence,

idence, and with your company, but especially with your study, and with your reverend tutor : who, it seems, intends first to instruct you in the mathematicks; a study that must needs be very agreeable to you, because you are to take nothing for granted therein but what is demonstrable, and past doubt. This will lay a good foundation in your mind, and make it habitual to you to examine things well before you receive them for truth. When you come to engage in other studies, this will extend, as it were, the capacity of your mind, and render it attentive : in a word, it will prepare you for all other sciences.

I presume, Sir, you love your book so well, that there's no need for me to excite you to diligence. Besides, the counsels and wishes and kindneses of your dearest friends, would win upon so tractable a disposition as yours, to aspire to learning purely to oblige them, without the bias of your own inclination to study. But this, conspiring with those other motives so strong and endearing, must needs make the studious employment very pleasing to you. And tho' the pious and frequent instructions of your dearest relations, and of the worthy gentleman under whose tuition you live, may render whatever advice I can give superfluous ; yet I can't per-

persuade myself to omit giving you some testimony of the respect I bear you, by putting you in mind of that which ought to be the chief scope and end of your study, and that which alone can render it truly advantageous to you.

I desire you, above all things, to consider to whom you owe the faculties of your mind and the temper of your body, and all the advantages you have, that give your friends so large hopes of your proficiency in learning. Remember that *every good and perfect gift comes from God*: and, if your prayers daily accompany your studies, and you design 'em to his glory, that you may know him the more, and serve him the better; the hopes of your friends will still increase together with their joy.

To conclude: that you may not only have all the true accomplishments of a gentleman, but the more ornamental graces of a christian; that you may be as useful in your generation as yourself can wish to be honourable therein; that your riper years may perform the large promises of your hopeful youth; and that your honoured parents may reap with joy the fruit of their many prayers, their cares, their admonitions, and their hopes, concerning you; and you enjoy the happy consequences of a good education well improved:

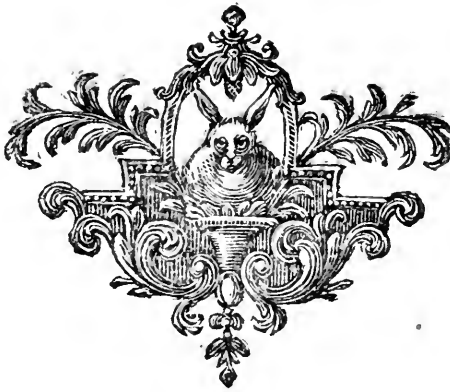
improved: in a word, that you may grow in grace as well as in knowledge; is the hearty desire of,

S I R,

*Your sincere friend,*

*and humble servant,*

Jo. Stennett.



REMARKS



# REMARKS

UPON A

# LETTER

SENT TO

*Mr.* CHARLSLEY of Ag-  
mondesham.

S I R,



Since you have been pleas'd to desire my thoughts on *Mr. Ball's* letter to *Mr. Charlsley*, which you lately communicated to me; I am not willing to deny you; especially since I am inform'd that the author of that letter and his admirers make  
it.



it a mighty occasion of triumph, that no person has yet thought meet to answer it, and therefore conclude it unanswerable; whereas they ought to consider, that 'tis possible for a writer to owe his security from animadversions to the meanness of his performance, rather than to the strength of his arguments. Whether Mr. C.'s antagonist is so formidable a champion, as some of his friends seem by their boasting to imagine, will soon appear to any one who shall impartially examine his letter and the following reflections upon it.

I shall consider the two things by which Mr. B. pretends to prove that Mr. C. deserves not to be call'd reverend. First, says he, "I'll shew that  
" you have no ordinary vocation in the  
" ministry: secondly, that you have no  
" extraordinary one."

To prove that Mr. C. has no ordinary vocation in the ministry, as he is pleas'd to express it, he endeavours to shew, that Christ in his commission, *Matt. xxviii. 19, 20. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them, &c.* respects not only the apostles to whom it was immediately given, but all the true ministers to the end of the world: which, I presume, Mr. C. would have readily granted, without putting him to the trouble of formally proving it. He then states this question; how  
must

must such persons come by their authority? To which, he says, he answers categorically; "that this power was transmitted from Christ to his apostles, and alone by the apostles on those whom they approv'd as worthy and capable of discharging this province." This he confirms by *Matt. xxviii. 18. All power is given to me in heaven, &c.* which he first quotes in Greek; not that he has any remark to make on the original text, to elucidate the English translation; but because he thinks it very edifying to adorn his letter with a little Greek, as he does afterwards with a scrap or two of Latin, his philosophical axioms, and his syllogisms, when he writes to one who is "almost ignorant of his primer," as he in his letter is pleas'd to say of Mr. C. If he thinks Mr. C. understands these learned languages and sciences; why does he say he is almost ignorant of his primer? If he believes he does not understand them; to what purpose does he use all this learning in a letter to an illiterate man?

But to return to his argument. He brings the matter to this result: that if Mr. C. has a right of administering the word and sacraments, he must prove his mission from apostolical succession, or a continu'd succession of ministry from the apostles: and concludes, that Mr. C. has had no continu'd succession of ministry  
from

from the apostles, and therefore he has no right of administering, &c.

But Mr. *B.* is not aware, that if this argument proves any thing, it proves too much; and will shake the authority of the ministers of the church of England, and indeed of all other churches, as well as that of Mr. *C.* For I desire Mr. *B.* would produce one minister who is able clearly to prove the successive derivation of his ministry from hand to hand without interruption from the apostles. What minister who is ordain'd, can be certain that the person who ordains him has by an uninterrupted succession deriv'd his authority from the apostles? And how can the people be satisfied that they have any lawful Ministry at all; unless they could know that the line of their succession has never been broken since the apostolick times? which is impossible for them to know without examining the history of the church for above 1600 years. Nor indeed if they were capable of such an examination, could they arrive at a certainty in this matter; because some records that are necessary to this purpose are lost, and others that are extant contradict each other; some have the characters of a spurious original, some have been interpolated, and most of 'em leave us under great uncertainty, especially in such particularities as these; so that the

greatest criticks would find insuperable difficulties in such a re-search. It must needs therefore be a work utterly impracticable by the common people: and yet according to Mr. *B.* no minister's authority can be prov'd without it. If he is himself in orders, I should be glad to see him prove his authority by an uninterrupted succession from the apostles: or else for want of this proof he may, according to his own account, be "look'd upon no better than a murderer, must be highly criminal for robbing God of his honour;" for these are the severe terms which Mr. *B.* uses on this occasion, that he may vent his anger against Mr. *C.* not considering that his hypothesis involves the ministers of his own church in the same guilt, and makes them worse than murderers, &c. unless they can prove their succession in an uninterrupted line from the apostles.

Nor is this gentleman better founded in what he says afterwards; namely, that Mr. *C.* can't have such a succession, because "the names and tenets of the Anabaptists were not heard of till the middle of the third century:" for suppose an Anabaptist was not heard of till that time, that does not hinder but the first Anabaptist minister might derive his ministry from the apostles as well as others, and might transmit it by succession down

to following ages as well as they. If he urge that the ministry so transmitted would cease to be lawful, when deriv'd from the hand of an Anabaptist; he ought to prove it. If he pretends anabaptism is heresy, and therefore deprives him that holds it of his ministerial authority *ipso facto*; then who knows how many of the church of England, and other churches, have deriv'd orders immediately from hereticks, or from those who have receiv'd orders from hereticks in some age or other since the apostles? And how can any man that is ordain'd, be sure that he who ordains him is not an heretick, unless he were capable of perfectly knowing his heart, which is the incommunicable prerogative of the Almighty? And seeing the ministers of the church of England deriv'd their orders before the reformation, from the church of Rome; their orders must be void, if the Romish bishops were guilty of heresy, as I believe 'tis no hard matter to prove they were; and of idolatry too, which is as bad: I am sure their errors were much worse than what is call'd Anabaptism, supposing that were an error. At this rate what will become of Mr. B.'s fine discourse of a ministerial succession without interruption? and into what a labyrinth has his way of reasoning brought him? I should think therefore, those who are competently qualified for the mi-

nisterial office, and are regularly chosen by the people over whom they are to preside, and then ordain'd by the imposition of the hands of such elders or ministers as were allow'd to be invested with that office before 'em, may be satisfied with their call to the ministry; and the people under their charge satisfied with their administration, without attempting to trace a succession without any flaw from the apostolick times.

But all this while I can by no means grant, that the Anabaptists, as Mr. *B.* is pleas'd to call 'em, are of so late a date as he pretends. As for those he mentions in the third century, he acknowledges them to be so call'd, because they were for rebaptizing those that were baptiz'd by hereticks; for which he says they were condemn'd as heretical by the church, and that these are not such as Mr. *C.* "But," says he, the sect who deny that infants have a right to baptism, &c. had no existence till about the year 1524. in Germany; where the principal leaders in this faction play'd such pranks, as you would be very unwilling to hear of. And this is a very shrewd argument to prove you have no church, because, mushroom-like, you sprung from the earth in a night's space, and as soon disappear'd again, &c."

Whether

Whether Mr. C. and those of his profession are in the right to deny baptism to infants, will best appear by the reasons some of them have publish'd to the world against this practice of infant-baptism. If Mr. B. will answer their difficulties, and shew 'em a divine precept for infant-baptism, they will be very much oblig'd to him. But he betrays his great ignorance of ecclesiastick history, in pretending that those who denied infant-baptism had no being till the year 1524: for 'tis evident many of the antient Vaudois and Albigeois, divers ages before the time this gentleman speaks of, were against infant-baptism; as I have clearly prov'd in my answer to Ruffen, pag. 81, 82, 83, 84. And Tertullian, who liv'd in the second century, speaks expressly against infant-baptism: whose words I have cited in the 69th page of the book above-mention'd.

Nay, unless Mr. B. can prove infant-baptism to have been the apostolick practice, he'll find it of later date than the opinion of those whom he calls Anabaptists. For 'tis certain that the practice of baptizing adult persons is apostolical, and has a divine institution; but I presume he will find it difficult to produce one proof that infant-baptism was practis'd in the christian church, till near two hundred years after the birth of Christ.

Again, what can be the meaning of the pleasant turn he gives this matter, in saying to Mr. C. " You, mushroom-like, sprung from the earth in a night's space, and as soon disappear'd again ?" for if Mr. C. and those of his opinion sprung up as suddenly and as lately as he pretends, yet 'tis certain they have not disappear'd again; nay, they appear to be abundantly increas'd since the time he speaks of. Now to make any tolerable sense of this passage seems very difficult. If the Anabaptists are all vanish'd, what need had this gentleman to trouble his head about them and their ministry? If they still appear in the world, and their number is much increas'd since the time he mentions, why does he affirm that they soon disappear'd again after they sprung up? So that his inference is ill-founded, that the Anabaptists can't be of the true *church* of Christ against whom he promis'd *the gates of hell should not prevail*, because of their sudden disappearing in the world; since they still subsist, and are likely so to do, unless convinc'd or confuted by better arguments than those he is pleas'd to produce against 'em.

As to the pranks some German Anabaptists play'd, and which he says Mr. C. would be unwilling to hear of; they are no worse than have been often play'd by the Pædo-baptists of different  
na-



nations : and it would be easy to recriminate particularly, if it were necessary. If you please, Sir, to lend Mr. *B.* my answer to Mr. Ruffen, he will find by reading the 11th chapter of that book, that he has no reason to charge on the Anabaptists in England the mad pranks of some enthusiastick people of diversè opinions in Germany.

Mr. *B.* concludes this head in insulting Mr. *C.* after the following manner. “ But, says he, if still you will be laying  
“ hold on something to sustain yourself,  
“ and keep your ordinary vocation in  
“ the ministry from sinking ; you must  
“ no longer pretend to be authoriz’d by  
“ apostolical succession, but have recourse  
“ to the sag-end, and bestow the power  
“ of conferring ordination on the people.  
“ But here you will be at as great a loss  
“ as you were before ; because you cannot  
“ produce one instance either from scrip-  
“ ture or antiquity that will be service-  
“ able to your doctrine. You may in-  
“ deed from scripture track the presence  
“ and approbation of the people at ordi-  
“ nations. But this is so far from pro-  
“ ving that they had such a power, that  
“ you may as well say, that I have right  
“ to make a justice of the peace, a baro-  
“ net, or a peer of the realm, because I  
“ stood by at the solemnity, and approv’d

“ of those persons, whom the supreme  
 “ power dignify'd with these titles and  
 “ preferments, &c.”

But I have shown already, that there is no need for Mr. C. to bestow the power of ordination upon the people, as Mr. B. expresses it; seeing there may be good and regular ordination by the hands of ministers, according to the divine rule, without the necessity of proving an uninterrupted succession of ordination from the apostles: and tho' the people cannot ordain, they have a right to chuse officers in the church, as is evident from their choice of deacons, *Acts* vi. 5. and from the choice of persons to travel with the apostles, *2 Cor.* viii. 19. In both which places the Greek word signifies, *a choice by holding up the hands*: which signifies more than the bare presence or approbation, as Mr. B. suggests, when he would have Mr. C. think that the choice of the people mention'd in scripture, signifies no more right of election “ than he has to make a justice  
 “ of the peace, a baronet, or a peer of  
 “ the realm, because he stands by at the  
 “ solemnity, and approves of those per-  
 “ sons whom the supreme power dignifies  
 “ with these titles and preferments.”

Mr. B. now dismisses the first and main point he undertook, which was to disprove M. C.'s ordinary call to the ministry: this he presumes is sufficiently done,  
 and

and therefore proceeds to disprove his extraordinary vocation.

And here he presumes that Mr. C. and those with him pretend to “ immediate inspiration, or else they would not pretend, considering their want of learning, to preach to the people.” I must observe to this gentleman, that it does not follow, that because a man who wants human learning preaches, therefore he pretends to immediate inspiration. For Mr. B. for instance, may instruct the people in what he knows, by reading the scripture, meditating on it, and making use of various annotations and other writings, to explain it, that are extant in the English tongue, without leading them swiftly into destruction, as he uncharitably represents, and without any pretence to immediate revelation. Nay, a man of good sense, with such helps as I have mention’d, and the application of his mind to the study of the scripture, especially if his conversation be exemplary, may be much more capable of edifying his neighbours, than a man of more learning, who has less sense, and improves not the talent he has, in applying himself to that strict study of the word of God, nor exemplifies the doctrine of Christ in the conduct of his life. And if at the beginning of the reformation in England, none but men of learning had been allow’d

to

to preach, few parishes had been supplied with ministers, nor would there have been a necessity to compose for them a book of homilies, to read to the people, because few of them knew how to preach. Sure Mr. *B.* will hardly censure those unlearned ministers, or such as now want learning in the church of England, “ as “ carrying all that depend upon their “ conduct, swiftly to the abyss of de- “ struction.” For 'tis no hard matter to find clergymen in the church of England, who have a very poor stock of learning. I confess it were to be wish'd, that the ministers of all churches had much more learning than they generally are possess'd of. In the mean time, it would more become Mr. *B.* to improve what learning he has, than to despise his neighbours for having wanted a liberal education, tho they have the better qualities of piety and charity; and, on that account, are very worthy of his imitation.

But when Mr. *B.* affirms that Mr. *C.* and most of the teachers of the Anabaptists, are almost ignorant of their primer, he would certainly be thought to know them very well; else how could he take so exact a measure of their knowledge? And yet the judgment he makes is a plain proof that he is unacquainted with them, since they are far from being so despicably ignorant as he pretends. There is no  
party

party of christians but have some ignorant people among them, who are unreasonably conceited of their abilities to instruct others; but if the folly of some should be imputed to all, all parties would on this account be liable to equal censure.

Mr. B. might have spar'd the pains he takes in proving that Mr. C. and the rest of the Anabaptists are not immediately inspir'd, till they pretend to an extraordinary mission: for they will readily grant that such a mission is not to be allow'd without the extraordinary proof he mentions. And as to what he says concerning the pretence of the chief of Mr. C.'s faction, that is, I suppose, of the Anabaptists, to this extraordinary mission; 'tis boldly asserted, but he is not pleas'd to attempt the proof of it, no doubt for a very good reason. What he says of Spittlehouse, and of some others, whose names he thinks not fit to mention, who, he tells us, were mistaken in their predictions about the millennium, will by no means prove, that the chief of the Anabaptists pretend to immediate inspiration and an extraordinary mission, any more than the false predictions of the late Mr. Mason of Northamptonshire, about the coming of Christ and the millennium, and the whimsies of other Enthusiasts of the church of England, prove that the chief of that party pretend to immediate inspiration, &c:  
For

For Mr. *B.* can't make it appear, that Mr. Spittlehouse and those other nameless persons to whom he refers, were the chief of the Anabaptists.

When he says the predecessors of the Anabaptists ought to have suffer'd death, he but too plainly intimates what treatment he would give their successors, if it were in his power. But, thanks be to God, our governors have more wisdom and charity, than to persecute the poor Anabaptists for conscience sake, however the effusion of their blood might gratify some men.

What he says of John of Leyden and his colleagues, affects the Anabaptists no more than the enthusiasm and wickedness, some of those of the church Mr. *B.* belongs to have been guilty of, concerns that whole body.

But lest the charge of false prophecy and blasphemy should not render the Anabaptists infamous enough, and make some of them, at least, thought worthy of capital punishment, Mr. *B.* is pleas'd to charge them with treason: for, I suppose, 'tis not merely Mr. *C.* but the Anabaptists in general, that he attacks in the following terms, *viz.* " It is plain you preach  
 " up doctrine that is contrary to the word  
 " of God, as the disobedience to, and ex-  
 " tirpation of, kings, &c.

One would think by this account, that the British government were in great danger by the Anabaptists, and that there were a great number of nonjurors among them; whereas I believe 'twill be hard for Mr. B. to find one of that character in the whole party; while he knows, there are many of the church of England, who refuse to swear to the present government. So that if we may judge of mens principles by their practices, there is a considerable number of the church Mr. B. relates to, who are ill affected to the present government; while Mr. B. can find no disaffected party, nor perhaps one disloyal person among the Anabaptists. Let any one judge then, what justice there appears in this man's accusation. 'Tis no hard matter to guess what punishment this gentleman would award to those whom he accuses of such crimes as these, besides the levelling principle of asserting, "that none ought to be greater than other; and that christians ought to enjoy all things in common;" of railing and backbiting, and of evil surmises, and of speaking evil of things which they understand not at all; "which, he says, are number'd among the works of darknes." But 'tis certain, this accusation will deserve to be number'd among the works of darknes too, till the truth of it be set in a clear light.

light. And as Mr. B. concludes, in recommending to Mr. C. and other Anabaptists, the serious consideration of the 11th verse of the epistle of Jude, *Wo unto them, for they have gone in the way of Cain, and ran greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, and perished in the gain-saying of Corah*; so I wish he had explain'd his meaning. Do the Anabaptists go in the way of Cain, by envying and persecuting their brethren, because more righteous than themselves? do they run greedily after the error of Balaam for reward, in tempting others to lewdness and idolatry? or do they presumptuously oppose divine revelation, like those that perish'd in the gain-saying of Corah? 'Tis strange that Mr. B. should give himself the liberty of censuring innocent men in a manner so gross, and without any proof or tolerable appearance of reason. Mr. B. would do well to beware lest himself fall under the guilt of any of those crimes, with which he so liberally bespatters his neighbours. The spirit of persecution he breathes in this letter, seems too much to resemble the temper of Cain, and calls for Mr. B.'s serious consideration and repentance.

It were easy, Sir, to add to these reflections many others that would not be impertinent: but I think I have sufficiently insisted on the most material things in  
Mr.



Mr. B.'s letter. I give you leave to communicate this to whom you think fit: but in a particular manner I desire Mr. B. may see it, in hopes it may disengage him from his prejudices, and induce him to think more humbly of himself, and more charitably of his honest neighbours and other innocent people, whom he has egregiously abus'd. I conclude, in offering my hearty prayers to almighty God to make him sensible of his error, and of his unaccountable fury; to pardon his rashness, and want of charity; and to give him a better temper of mind. I am,

S I R,

*Your very humble servant,*

Jos. Stennett.







O F

Occasional Conformity

. T O T H E

*Church of England.*

I N A

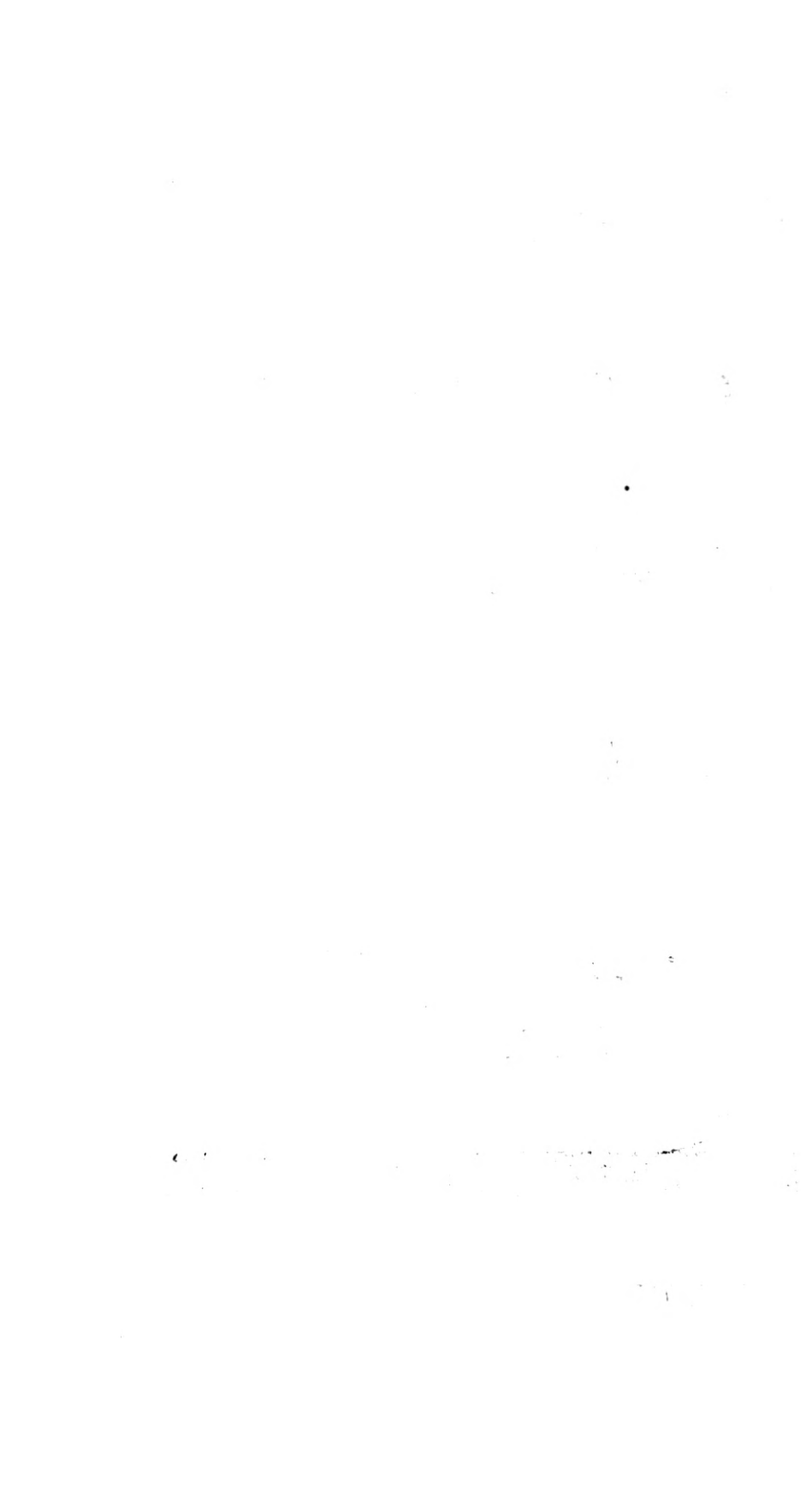
L E T T E R

T O

Mr. *J*— — *B*— — .

*Novemb. 27, 1710.*







O F

# *Occasional Conformity*

T O T H E

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND, &c.

*Cheapside, Nov. 27, 1710.*

S I R,



According to your desire, and my promise, I here send you some of the principal reasons, why I think the members of our congregations ought not to receive the Lord's supper in the communion of the church of England.

(I.) The first reason I offer against this practice, is founded on the great difference there is between the constitution of

Z 2

our

our churches, and that of the church of England.

We hold, that a church of Christ consists of such a number of persons as are capable of meeting together in one place, to celebrate all the ordinances of social worship which Christ has ordained: that men are qualified for this privilege, by making a credible profession of their faith in Jesus Christ, and of their obedience to him; without which they ought not to be admitted into any christian church: and that such a church as this, which, for distinction sake, we call congregational, is independent on all other churches; and having within itself sufficient power, when duly organiz'd with proper officers, for the administration of all ordinances, and the due exercise of discipline, is not under the jurisdiction or authority of any other Church whatsoever; which, however, does not hinder its charitable regard to other particular churches, and a becoming deference to their advice, if found to be consistent with the obedience they owe to their common Lord: whereas the church of England consists of the people of England in common; and is therefore of a national form and constitution: 'tis divided into provincial churches; these into diocesan, and these last are subdivided into parochial.

I need not tell you, Sir, how little regard is had to a credible profession of faith in Christ, and of obedience to him in the admission of members into this church; since, you know, the generality of 'em are admitted into it when they are uncapable of such a profession, and are suffer'd to continue in it, tho' the far greatest part of 'em are either extremely ignorant, or scandalously vitious.

And indeed 'tis impossible that the discipline Christ has ordain'd, should be well observed in a church of this constitution; because the rules he has set, are calculated for churches of a different form, such as I described before.

The church of England has the king or queen of Great Britain for its head; a multitude of officers, whose names and distinct functions are foreign to the word of God, owe their origine to superstition, and their establishment and authority only to the law of the land.

Now the members of our churches are supposed to believe as they profess: namely, that these churches being formed according to the direction of the word of God, and the pattern of the first and purest churches of Christ, are founded on divine authority: and consequently, that the constitution of the church of England, which is so opposite to the other, can't derive its being from the divine

word, but owes its frame to human authority.

'Tis therefore evident, that they ought not to receive the Lord's supper in the church of England, unless they can believe it reasonable to communicate with a church whose constitution and form is contrary to what the word of God prescribes. For if it be unlawful to constitute a christian church, after a manner contrary to the rules Christ has given us, then 'tis unlawful to communicate with such a church ; because this is to approve, or at least to give countenance to, the transgression of the laws of Christ ; nay, to concur with them in this transgression, by becoming a part of a body so irregularly constituted.

For the act of receiving the Lord's supper in any church, is taken for a plain declaration of the receivers, that they are members of that church, at least *pro tempore* ; and this not only in the opinion of the vulgar, but also in the sense of the law of the land. This act is therefore interpreted as an acknowledgment that they are members of this church ; and consequently, either that this church is founded on the divine authority directly, or that 'tis left to the legislature of the nation to constitute a church after what manner they please ; either of which concessions would be  
contrary



contrary to their own avow'd principles, which have been stated before. *Happy is he who condemns not himself in the thing which he allows,* Rom. xiv. 22.

(2.) Another thing which, in my opinion, renders the above-mention'd practice unwarrantable, is, that those who communicate with the church of England, are necessitated in so doing to comply with such ceremonies and modes, at the administration of the Lord's-supper, as are no where prescrib'd in the holy scripture to be used on that occasion.

I shall, at present, only instance in the ceremony of kneeling ; which is imposed on those who receive this sacrament in the church of England.

This gesture, tho different from that which our Saviour and his disciples used at the institution of this ordinance, is yet made necessary to the reception of it in the church. Whereas, without entering into any dispute about the lawfulness, or fitness of this posture on this occasion, should we suppose it a matter indifferent in its own nature ; for that very reason it ought not to be made necessary. For I would fain know, what right and power any church can fairly pretend to have, to alter the nature of things. It seems reasonable that the order of things necessary, and that of things in-

indifferent, should not be confounded; but each left in its proper rank. Therefore what God has made necessary, let not Men make indifferent: and what he has left indifferent, let not men make necessary.

Now, since the church of England makes the gesture of kneeling at the Lord's-supper necessary, so that without this the best and devoutest christian is not admitted to her communion; what is this but to render this ceremony essential to the ordinance of the holy supper; and to make an institution of men, of equal authority with the command of God? since kneeling at this sacrament is made as necessary as the reception of the bread and wine.

If it be said, in answer to this, that this ceremony is in itself very innocent: the reply is easy; that this can by no means justify the imposition of it. The ceremony of washing of hands practised among the Jews immediately before eating, was as harmless in itself as any thing can be supposed to be: but when men presumed to make a religious rite of this indifferent thing, and to establish it as a necessary ceremony, our Saviour censured 'em for it after the severest manner: *Well hath Esaias prophesied, saith he, of you hypocrites, as it is written, This people honours me with their lips, but their heart*  
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*is far from me. Howbeit, in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men, Mark vii. 6, 7.*

Nay, to refuse the Lord's-supper to those who are qualified for it according to the rules Christ and his apostles have left us, merely because they think themselves bound in conscience to imitate, as near as they can, the gesture of our Saviour and his disciples at the institution of it, and therefore scruple kneeling on this occasion; is to make an institution, merely humane, not only of equal authority with the commands of God, but in some respects superior to 'em: since it is pretended to have force and efficacy sufficient to vacate the command of Christ, which directs that such conscientious persons (*Rom. xiv. 1.*) *should be received* to his ordinances, even when supposed to be *weak in the faith*: for the church of England refuses to admit them to the Lord's-supper, tho Christ has given them a right to it. Now to refuse it to persons qualified for it, to such as Christ himself allows and commands to be received to this privilege, is to be guilty of unjustly offending those *for whom Christ died*, *Rom. xiii. 15. 1 Cor. viii. 11.*

It seems therefore highly reasonable to refuse to communicate with that church, which not only makes those things necessary

cessary to communion which are not authoriz'd by him; but, by these impositions, sets aside the authority of some of his express commands.

(3.) Again; the perversion of the ordinance of the Lord's-supper in the church of England, by making it a civil test, is another thing that renders it unwarrantable for the members of our churches to communicate with them. For this is so great a prostitution of this ordinance to sinister ends, and so contrary to the original design of it; that many of the members of that church are themselves not a little ashamed of it, and look upon it as a profanation of the holy supper.

However 'tis well known, that 'tis very frequently administer'd and received, to qualify men for civil and military employments. And persons of very profligate lives are admitted to it for this end, tho' they approach it with reluctance; being convicted in their own consciences that they are guilty of presumption in receiving it; yet are afraid to decline it, because of the pecuniary penalty the law imposes on those who exercise certain offices without this qualification. This has very much scandaliz'd a great number of good men of different persuasions: and as this practice is unlawful in itself;

so I take it to be one just reason for refusing to have communion with that church which has so perverted this sacred institution; and that so generally, that every minister is obliged to give the sacrament to this end, when an occasion offers.

The end and design of this sacred symbol is the principal thing to be regarded in it. This is, 1 Cor. xi. 29. *the discerning the Lord's body* by faith, in order to excite repentance, love to God, hope, thankfulness, &c. in our souls. Now if another design be added to this, which is of a secular nature, and which many of the communicants have principally in view; *viz.* that of qualifying them for offices in the state; I think it so great an abuse, that this alone would justify refusal to communicate with that church that orders it to be administered and received to such a purpose.

It was a perversion of the design of the Lord's supper, in the church of *Corinth*, and a disorderly reception of it by persons unprepared for that solemnity, that drew down the judgments of God upon them, and render'd it dangerous for them to approach the holy table again without deep repentance and other sentiments concerning that ordinance than those they had before.

(4.) Again ; let it be considered that every man ought to propose some good end to himself, even in the common actions of life, much more in the sacred exercises of religion. Now I can't see any good end those of our communion can propose to themselves, in communicating with the church of England ; while they have the privilege of enjoying this ordinance of the Lord's-supper in such churches as they believe are rightly constituted, and administered after such a manner as is agreeable to their own sentiments.

The urgency of a case of necessity can't be pleaded, while they can enjoy this ordinance in churches of the primitive form, and celebrated according to the institution of Christ.

Nor can the design of promoting charity be reasonably pretended in this case ; since it is notorious that the practice of occasional conformity, in this respect, has scandaliz'd a great part of the members of the church of England to a very great degree ; and has given them occasion to represent the dissenters as hypocrites, and as men capable of sacrificing their consciences to their temporal interest. And it is as evident that this practice has given great offence also to a great number of the dissenters, especially those of the independent

dependent form, and particularly to those of our communion ; since 'tis utterly inconsistent with our principles, as has been made appear before. So that instead of promoting charity, this practice is an occasion of scandal on both sides.

(5.) Considering the great difference there is between the principles of our congregations, and those of the church of England, in the points above-mention'd, and many other things ; if our people should communicate with them at the Lord's supper after this manner, it is obvious that this would naturally tend to make them indifferent in matters of religion, and regardless of the commands of God in things relating to his worship. For if men may be allowed to join in the strictest acts of communion with a church whose very constitution is contrary to the appointment of our Saviour ; this will easily open a way for the imposition of new innovations, and a servile compliance with them : whereas God has strictly prohibited both an addition to, and diminution from his institutions, *Deut. xii. ult.*

The consequence of this would be, to put an effectual bar to all reformation for the future, and to dissolve those churches that are formed after the primitive pattern : since, if it be lawful to

communicate with the church of England in the ordinance of the Lord's-supper, which is one of the strictest acts of communion, as we have observed before; it will easily be infer'd, that that church may be complied with in lesser matters; especially when a man is prompted to it by his secular interest, which generally lies on the side of the establish'd church.

Now since the purity of divine worship and discipline are in the holy scripture represented to us as matters of the greatest moment, and worthy our strictest care; and no church has power to hinder us from worshipping God after such a manner as we think most agreeable to his will: it is evident, that we ought to employ our interest, and whatever talents God has given us, to promote the honour of his name in his worship, and to dispose the minds of men to reform that as well as other things, according to the rule of his word; and, consequently, to do what in us lies, to support those societies of christians, who most strictly adhere to the divine institutions, and refuse to stoop to the arbitrary impositions of men in matters of religion.

If these arguments had not that degree of evidence I presume they have, but should only come into the rank of those that are termed probable; I think they might



might well determine the practice of those of our communion, as to the matter in debate.

For certainly, it is much better for them to communicate with those whose constitution they are perfectly satisfied is of divine appointment, than to venture to join themselves, tho' but occasionally, to a church which they believe to be only of human institution, and the form of which is not to be found in the holy scripture; especially when the natural consequences of this, which have been specified above, are duly considered.

Nay, if all that has been said should amount to no more than only to make it doubtful, whether the practice under consideration is lawful or not; yet even this were sufficient to decide the question: since it is plain, that a man ought, in religious matters especially, to chuse the safest side; rather to receive the Lord's supper, for instance, in a communion with which he is intirely satisfied, than to go with a mind perplexed with doubts and scruples, to communicate with a church whose constitution he believes to rely merely on human authority; whose ceremonies are the inventions of men, and the imposition of them directly contrary to the word of God, and to christian liberty. I say, if a man only doubts of the lawfulness of communicating with such a  
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church, this doubt ought to determine him to forbear it: for in such cases, according to the apostle, *whatsoever is not of faith is sin*, Rom. xiv. ult.

To conclude, Sir, if by endeavouring brevity in these papers, I have happen'd in any thing to be obscure, I shall be willing to explain myself more fully when I have the honour to see you. In the mean time, I heartily recommend you, and all the hopeful branches of your family, to the divine grace and protection. I am,

S I R,

*Your sincere friend,*

*and obliged humble servant,*

J. S.

F I N I S.



