

A
V E R S I O N
OF THE
B O O K O F P S A L M S,
SELECTED FROM
THE MOST APPROVED VERSIONS
NOW USED AMONG DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OF
CHRISTIANS.

APPROVED OF BY THE
PRESBYTERY OF CHARLESTON.

C H A R L E S T O N :
PRINTED BY J. MAC IVER, NO. 47, BAY.
MDCCXCVI.

P R E F A C E.

NO subject, one would imagine, is better fitted to call forth the noblest exertions of the human faculties, to kindle every latent spark of genius, and to fill the mind with various and sublime ideas, than the praise of our Creator and Redeemer. And yet it must be confessed that no species of poetical composition has been cultivated with less success, than that which may be called *devotional*. The exploits of heroes, conquerors, the revolutions of states and empires, the fatal effects of human passions and desires, have been sung in most affecting and sublime strains. But the wonderful works and tender mercies of our God, the glorious achievements and great deliverance wrought by the Captain of our Salvation, have been passed over in silence, or have been handled with coldness and indifference. There is a natural grandeur and sublimity in the subject, which mocks the vain essay of human ability; the sacred nature checks the boldness of the imagination, and, instead of that confidence which is requisite to successful exertion, produces timidity and despair.

These remarks are not applicable to those divinely inspired compositions, which were employed in the service of the Jewish sanctuary; the greater part of which were composed by King David, and which are now collected into the book of psalms. Independent of the authority which these possess from the infallibility of that spirit by whom they were dictated, considered merely as
a human

a human composition, they are, in sublimity, sentiment, variety of imagery, nice discrimination of character, and beauty of language, equal if not superior to any other poetical composition of the lyric kind, ancient or modern. They moreover breathe such a spirit of piety and devotion, and exhibit so faithful a delineation of the character of a good man, in every situation of life, that, though many of them are of a local nature and the greater part have a direct reference to certain events in the Jewish history, or to particular incidents in the psalmist's life, they have been universally adopted, by christian churches, as the model and ground work of their devotion.

But though we are thus blessed of a collection of devotional poems, in themselves excellent and unexceptionable, two difficulties remain to be surmounted,—the translation of them into our language in a manner which will convey the true spirit and beauty of the original,—and the addition of new subjects of praise, since the introduction of christianity, which were unknown or but imperfectly understood at the time when the psalms were composed.

Besides the disadvantages under which every translator labours, he who attempts a poetic version of the psalms, is farther subject to the restraint which is imposed by the laws of rhyme, and the necessary adherence to numbers of a particular construction. To this cause, probably, it is owing that notwithstanding the native charms of poetry, no translation in verse has yet equalled the simplicity, elegance and beauty of the prose translation,

The

The only complete translations of the whole Book of Psalms, into English verse, which have come to our knowledge, are those of Sternhold and Hopkins—Rouse—Tate and Brady—Watts—and Merrick. Besides these, we have many other translations and imitations of particular psalms or parts of psalms.

Sternhold and Hopkins's Version is now gone into disuse, and whatever may be its faults, we mean not to trespass against the old maxim, *De Mortuis nil nisi bonum*.

Rouse's Version, which is still used in the church of Scotland, ranks next to that of Sternhold and Hopkins, in point of demerit. That this version is retained by a body of men renowned for their learning and taste, who have given such admirable specimens of pulpit eloquence, is only a proof, that ancient prejudices and popular attachments may triumph even over the plainest dictates of the understanding. It possesses indeed the merit of fidelity to the original: but the versification, in most places, is such as must offend every reader of taste, and shock every ear in the least degree attentive to harmony. The few extracts from it, contained in this selection, are preserved, not so much from any high opinion we entertain of their merit, as from respect to the practice of our mother church, and in compliance with the advice of one of its greatest luminaries*, who, when informed of the design of the following publication,

* *Dr. Blair.*

publication, expressed himself in these words: *Your plan for improving the psalmody appears to be a good one; tho' I believe to execute it properly may not be easy. Some few of our own old versions, and parts and verses of several of them, I think, might be retained with advantage; as they have a venerable and dignified simplicity which is the proper style of worship.*

The Version of Tate and Brady is entitled to considerable praise. The language of it is, in general, easy and flowing, in some places elegant, and in others it rises to the sublime. Still it has not been supposed free from defects. There is a diffuse minuteness in it, which borders on prolixity, and enfeebles the thought. The authors of this version differ from the best commentators, and seem, in some places, to have mistaken the meaning of the psalmist. Where this is not the case, we perceive so strict an adherence to the original, as to fetter their exertions; to make them overlook the hidden and spiritual meaning which constitutes the great beauty and excellence of the psalms; and to prevent all accommodation of their language to the phrases and modes of gospel-times.

This latter defect appeared an important one to Dr. Watts, and induced him to *imitate*, as he himself expresses it, *the psalms of David in the language of the New Testament*. The attempt was laudable, and has produced some excellent compositions; more valuable, however, for their piety, than for their poetical merit. His devotional poetry, says Dr. Johnson, is, like that of others, unsatisfactory;

unsatisfactory; and it is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well. Besides, in the character of an imitator, he has used greater freedom with the original, than can be allowed to a translator—and introduced many sentiments foreign to the meaning of the psalmist. And though the language is professedly accommodated to the New Testament, yet, in one instance, contrary to what his preface leads us to expect, we perceive too much of the spirit of the old, in retaining those passages of which the enemies of religion have ever made a handle, and which, though in the original only prophetic denunciations of God's wrath against the wicked, are yet, in the present translation, represented as imprecations against the enemies of God and of good men.

Mr. Merrick's translation is undoubtedly entitled to high praise. In it we discern the hand of a scholar and a poet; and, in general, the beauty and spirit of the original are well preserved. Still there were objections to its adoption. It possesses rather that beauty which delights the imagination than that piety and devotion which warm the heart. We frequently meet with laboured expressions which render the meaning obscure and unintelligible to the unlearned reader. And the great variety of subjects treated of in the psalms would seem to require a greater variety of expression and measure than is to be found in this version.

All the different versions of the psalms being thus liable to objections, two courses only remained

mained to be pursued. The first was to compose a new and original version; a work of greater labour and time than was consistent with the pressing and immediate call for reformation in our psalmody, and requiring greater abilities than we have the presumption to claim. It was only an Addison or Steele, writing with the same fire and energy which the few specimens of their composition, contained in this selection, display, that could have attempted this with any prospect of success.

The other plan that occurred was, to select from the several versions before mentioned, those psalms which appeared best executed in each, and to add likewise, such as other poets had incidentally translated with success. This selection, if made with judgment, would give us as perfect a version of the psalms as, in the present state of things, could be obtained. And this has been attempted in the first part of the following publication. To each psalm, or part of a psalm, we have prefixed the name of the translator, unless where the author was anonymous, or the composition was ~~altered~~ altered or combined, as to render this impossible. The longer psalms have been divided, when the subject permitted it, into such parts as may conveniently be sung at one time. It is necessary farther to observe, that several psalms, and passages of others, have been wholly omitted, either, because they were nearly or altogether the same with some preceding ones; or, because they were of a local and temporary nature, confined solely to the Jewish dispensation;

dispensation; or, in short, because they contained sentiments less congenial to the spirit of the gospel, and which, without much comment and explanation, would have given offence to weak or prejudiced minds.

The second defect in our psalmody, while limited to the psalms of David, arose from this, that the gospel afforded new subjects of praise, and had introduced us to the knowledge of many truths which were unknown under the ancient dispensation. To remedy this defect is the object of the second part of this publication, namely, *The Collection of Hymns*, most of which are founded on passages of sacred writ, and versified by men of acknowledged genius and worth. With respect to this part of the work, we have only to observe that, in forming the collection, regard has been paid not only to poetical beauty, but also to simplicity of language, and to piety of sentiment. In arranging the hymns we have followed the order of the subjects; and though, to avoid prolixity and confusion, we have not published as many as are contained in some former collections, yet we believe there is no subject which can be handled in the pulpit, and no occasion either of a public or private nature, to which there may not be found a psalm or hymn directly or indirectly applicable.

Charleston, August 1st, 1796.

A GENERAL TABLE OF THE PSALMS,

CLASSED UNDER THEIR SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

I. PRAYERS.

1. **P**RAYERS for *Pardon of Sin*. Psalm 6, 25, 38, 51, 130. *Psalms styled Penitential*, 6, 32, 38, 51, 102, 130, 143.
2. *Prayers composed when the Psalmist was deprived of an opportunity of the public exercise of Religion*. Psalm 42, 43, 63, 84.
3. *Prayers wherein the Psalmist seems extremely dejected, though not totally deprived of consolation under his afflictions*. Psalm 13, 22, 69, 77, 88, 143.
4. *Prayers wherein the Psalmist asketh help of God, in consideration of his own integrity and the uprightness of his cause*. Psalm 7, 17, 26, 35.
5. *Prayers*

5. *Prayers composed when the people of God were under affliction or persecution. Psalm 44, 60, 74, 79, 80, 83, 89, 94, 102, 123, 137.*
6. *Prayers in time of trouble and affliction. Psalm 4, 5, 11, 28, 41, 55, 59, 64, 70, 109, 120, 140, 141, 142.*
7. *Prayers expressing the firmest trust and confidence in God under afflictions. Psalm 3, 16, 27, 31, 54, 56, 57, 61, 62, 71, 86.*
8. *Prayers of intercession. Psalm 20, 67, 122, 132, 144.*

II. PSALMS OF THANKSGIVING.

1. *Thanksgivings for mercies vouchsafed to particular persons. Psalm 9, 18, 22, 30, 34, 40, 75, 103, 108, 116, 118, 138, 144.*
2. *Thanksgivings for mercies vouchsafed to the people of God in general. Psalm 46, 48, 65, 66, 68, 76, 81, 85, 98, 105, 124, 126, 129, 135, 136, 149.*

III. PSALMS OF PRAISE AND ADORATION.

1. *General acknowledgments of God's goodness and mercy, and particularly his care and protection of good men. Psalm 23, 34, 36, 91, 100, 103, 107, 117, 121, 145, 146.*

2. *Psalms*

2. *Psalms displaying the power, majesty, glory, and other attributes of the Divine Being.* Psalm 8, 19, 24, 29, 33, 47, 50, 65, 66, 76, 77, 93, 95, 96, 97, 99, 104, 111, 113, 114, 115, 134, 139, 147, 148, 150.

IV. INSTRUCTIVE PSALMS.

1. *The different characters of good and bad men: the happiness of the one and the miseries of the other, are represented in the following Psalms,* 1, 5, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15, 17, 24, 25, 32, 34, 36, 37, 50, 52, 53, 58, 73, 75, 84, 91, 92, 94, 112, 119, 121, 125, 127, 128, 133.
2. *The excellence of God's law.* Psalm 19, 119.
3. *The vanity of human life.* Psalm 39, 49, 90.
4. *Advice to magistrates.* Psalm 82, 101.
5. *The virtue of humility.* Psalm 131.

V. PSALMS DIRECTLY PROPHETICAL.

Psalm 2, 16, 22, 40, 45, 68, 72, 87, 110, 118.

VI. HISTORICAL PSALMS.

Psalm 78, 105, 106.

P S A L M S.

P S A L M S.

P S A L M I. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **H**OW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk!
2. But makes the perfect law of God
His study and delight,
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3. Like some fair tree which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
4. Ungodly men, and their attempts
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.

5. In

5. In judgment therefore shall not stand,
 Such as ungodly are;
 Nor in th' assembly of the just
 Shall wicked men appear.

6. For God approves the just man's ways;
 To happiness they tend:
 But sinners, and the paths they tread,
 Shall both in ruin end.

~~Psalm II~~ P S A L M II. WATTS.

1. **W**HY did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews with one accord,
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' Anointed of the Lord?

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

3. The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne;
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
 Hath own'd him for his son.

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

5. The

5. The nations that rebel,
 Shall feel his iron rod;
 Those honours he will vindicate,
 Which he received from God.
6. Be wise, ye rulers, then,
 And worship at his throne,
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's exalted Son.
7. If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place;
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.

P S A L M III. MERRICK.

1. **T**HY fav'ring beams around me shine;
 Thou Lord from Sion's hallow'd shrine
 With kind regard shalt hear my cry,
 And instant grant the wish'd reply.
2. Oppress'd with toil I sought repose,
 I laid me down, I slept, I rose;
 For thou, my God, wert waking still,
 To guard my slumb'ring head from ill.
3. Though myriads leagu'd against me rise,
 My heart secure their pow'r defies:
 Thy aid, blest Lord! indulgent yield;
 Thou art my God, my only shield.

A 2.

4. 'Tis

4. 'Tis thine, great God, 'tis thine to save
 Thy servants from the expecting grave;
 'Tis thine to bless them from above,
 And crown them with eternal love.

~~Consider that~~ P S A L M IV. T. & B.

1. **O** LORD! that art my righteous judge,
 To my complaint give ear:
 Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

2. How long will ye, O sons of men,
 Such vain pursuits devise?
 How long my glory turn to shame?
 And follow after lies?

3. Consider that the righteous man
 Is God's peculiar choice;
 And when to him I make my pray'r,
 He always hears my voice.

4. Then stand in awe of his commands;
 Shun every thing that's ill;
 Commune in private with your hearts,
 And bend them to his will.

5. The place of other sacrifice,
 Let righteousness supply:
 And let your hope, securely fix'd,
 On God alone rely.

6. *O who will shew us any good ?*

Is that which many say ;
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord, lift on us alway.

7. Upon my heart thou hast bestow'd
More lasting joy and peace,
Than wicked men know, when their corn
And wine do most increase.

8. Then will I lay me down in peace
And quiet sleep will take ;
Because in safety me to dwell
The Lord alone doth make.

P S A L M V. WATTS.

1. **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2. Thou art a God, before whose sight,
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3. But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there ;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4. O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of righteousness;
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

5. My malicious enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design,
To make my soul their prey.

6. Lord, crush the wicked in the dust,
And all their plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust,
For ever shout for joy.

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

P S A L M VI. WATTS.

1. **L**ORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
When thou with kindness dost chastise;
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise.

2. Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thy heavy hand hath made,
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3. See

3. See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans: And in the night,
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.
4. See how the pow'rs of nature mourn!
How long, Almighty God, how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy love my song?
5. I feel my flesh so near the grave,
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.
6. Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart;
My God, who hears my humble moan,
Will ease my flesh, and chear my heart.

P S A L M VII. WATTS.

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

2. With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend their prey,
When no deliverer's near.

B

3. If

3. If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let them tread my life to dust,
And lay my honour low.

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

5. Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r controul;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

6. Let sinners, and their wicked rage,
Be humbled to the dust;
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7. He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright:
His sharpest arrows he ordains,
Against the sons of spite.

8. Tho' leagued in guile their malice spread
A snare before my way;
Their mischiefs on their impious head,
His vengeance shall repay.

9. That

9. That cruel persecuting race,
 Must feel his dreadful sword;
 Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
 And justice of the Lord.

P S A L M VIII. MERRICK.

1. **I**MMORTAL king! through earth's wide
 frame,
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!
 Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
 Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends.
2. When, wrapt in thought, with wakeful
 eye,
 We view the wonders of the sky,
 Whose frame, thy fingers, o'er our head
 In rich magnificence have spread,
3. Lord! what is man, that in thy care
 His humble lot should find a share?
 Or what the son of man, that thou
 Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
4. Subjected to his feet by thee,
 To him all nature bows the knee;
 The beasts in him their lord behold,
 The grazing herd, the bleating fold:

5. The

5. The fowls of various wing that fly
O'er the vast desert of the sky;
And all the wat'ry tribes that glide
Through paths to human sight deny'd.

6. Immortal king! through earth's wide
frame,
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

P S A L M IX. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**O celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works, declare.

2. The thought of them shall, to my soul,
Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High!
Triumphant praise I sing.

3. Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Their backs, in shameful flight:
Struck with thy presence, down they fell;
They perish'd at thy sight.

4. Against

4. Against insulting foes advanc'd,
Thou didst my cause maintain;
My right asserting from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.
5. The insolence of heathen pride,
Thou hast reduc'd to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,
And blotted out their name.
6. Mistaken foes! your haughty threats,
Are to a period come:
Our city stands, which you design'd
To make our common tomb.
7. The Lord for ever lives; he has
His righteous throne prepar'd,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish, or reward.
8. God is a constant sure defence
To saints in every age;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In their behalf engage.
9. All those who have his goodness prov'd,
Will in his truth confide;
His mercy ne'er forlook the man
Who on his help rely'd.

10. When

10. When he enquiry makes for blood,
He calls the poor to mind;
The injur'd humble man's complaint,
Relief from him shall find.

11. Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.



PART SECOND.

12. Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Which spiteful foes create;
Thou who so oft hast rescued me
From death's devouring gate.

13. In Sion, then, I'll sing thy praise
To all that love thy name;
And, with loud shouts of grateful joy,
Thy saving pow'r proclaim.

14. Deep in the pit they digg'd for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betray'd.

15. Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men, by their own plots,
Are shamefully o'erthrown.

16. No -

16. No single sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscur'd;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secur'd.
17. His suffering saints, when most distress'd,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Though for a time delay'd.
18. Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce
The guilty heathen's doom.
19. Strike terror through the nations round,
Till, by consenting fear,
They, to each other, and themselves,
But mortal men appear.

P S A L M X. WATTS.

1. **W**HY doth the Lord depart so far?
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear,
And times of deep distress?
2. Lord! shall the wicked still deride
Thy justice and thy laws?
Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And slight the righteous cause?
3. They

3. They cast thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor :
They boast, in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.
4. Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry ;
No enemy shall dare to stand,
When God ascends on high.
5. Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride,
The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Sion's side ?
6. But thou, for ever, art our Lord ;
And pow'rful is thy hand,
As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perisn'd from thy land.
7. Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear :
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy faints from fear.
8. Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just ;
And mighty finners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

P S A L M XI.

1. **S**INCE I have plac'd my trust in God,
A refuge always nigh;

Why speak ye thus, "Flee as a bird,
"Unto your mountain high?"

2. "Behold the wicked bend their bow,
"And ready fix their dart;

"Lurking in ambush, to destroy
"The man of upright heart.

3. "When once the ~~firm~~ assurance fails
"Which public faith imparts;

"'Tis time for innocence to fly,
"From such deceitful arts."

4. God in his holy temple is,
His throne is fix'd above,
Whence he beholds the sons of men,
And how their counsels move.

5. If God, the righteous whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the wicked of the earth,
Whom he abhors, expect?

6. Snares, fire and brimstone, furious storms,
On sinners he shall rain;
This, as the portion of their cup,
Doth unto them pertain.

B 2.

7. Because

7. Because the Lord, most righteous, doth
 In righteousness delight,
 And, with a smiling countenance,
 Beholdeth the upright.

P S A L M XII. ~~TATE AND BRADY.~~

1. **H**ELP, Lord, because the godly man
 Doth daily fade away;
 And from among the sons of men,
 The faithful do decay.

2. Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
 Doth boast, both false and vain;
 With lips of flattery they speak,
 Their hearts deceit contain.

3. But lips that with deceit abound,
 Can never prosper long;
 God's righteous vengeance will confound
 The proud blaspheming tongue.

4. Our God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
 And their oppression knows,
 Will soon arise, and give them rest,
 In spite of all their toes.

5. The word of God shall still abide,
 And void of falsehood be,
 As is the silver sev'n times try'd,
 From drossy mixture free.

6. Thy

6. Thy faints thou shalt preserve, O Lord,
 For ever from this race;
 On each side walk the wicked, when
 Vile men are high in place.

P S A L M XIII.

1. **H**OW long shall I repine?
 Lord, must I ever mourn?

Hast thou withdrawn from me?
 And wilt thou ne'er return?

2. How long shall anxious thoughts
 My heart with grief oppress?
 How long my foes insult,
 And I find no redress?

3. Oh! to my longing eyes,
 Restore thy wonted light;
 Make haste, or I shall sleep
 In everlasting night.

4. Restore me, lest they boast
 'Twas their own strength o'ercame:
 Lest those who vex my soul,
 Should triumph in my shame.

5. Since I my trust have plac'd
 Beneath thy mercy's wing;
 Thy help will come, and then
 My heart with joy shall sing.

6. Then

6. Then shall my song, inspired,
 To thee, my God, ascend,
 Who to my soul distress'd,
 Such bounty didst extend.

P S A L M XIV. WATTS.

1. **F**OOLS, in their heart, believe and say
 That all religion's vain;
 There is no God who reigns on high,
 Or minds th' affairs of men.

2. From thoughts so dreadful and profane,
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.

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

4. By nature, all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

5. Are sinners, then, so senseless grown?
 That they the saints devour;
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thy awful pow'r.

6. Great

6. Great God, appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.

7. O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our distress!
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **L**ORD! who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair?
 And while he bows before thy throne,
 Shall find acceptance there?

2. The man whose ev'ry thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.

3. Who never will a slander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Nor harken to a false report
 By malice whisper'd round.

4. Who vice, when drest in pomp and pow'r,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.

C

5. Who

5. Who, to his plighted vows and trust,
Hath ever firmly stood,
And, though he promise to his loss,
Still makes his promise good.
6. Who seeks not by oppressive ways
His wealth to multiply;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
7. The man who, by this steady course,
Hath happiness ensur'd;
When earth's foundations shake, shall stand
By Providence secur'd.

P S A L M XVI. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of
need;
For succour to thy throne I flee;
But have no merit there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
2. Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do:
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
3. How

3. How fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol god;
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
4. My God provides me nobler food;
His love is my perpetual feast;
By night and day he doth me guide,
And let his name be ever blest.
5. I set him still before my eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PART SECOND.

6. When God is nigh, my faith is strong,
His arm is my almighty prop:
Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.
7. Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My soul for ever with the dead;
Nor lose thy children in the grave.
8. My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
Up to the throne above the sky.

9. There

9. There streams of endless pleasure flow:
 And full discov'ries of thy grace
 (Which we but tasted here below)
 Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

P S A L M XVII.

PART FIRST. *T. 13.*

1. **T**O my just plea, and sad complaint,
 Attend, O righteous Lord,
 And to my pray'r, which is unfeign'd,
 A gracious ear afford.
2. As in thy fight I am approv'd,
 So let my sentence be:
 And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
 My upright dealing see.
3. For thou hast search'd and prov'd each
 part,
 And watch'd me day and night;
 And thou hast seen my tongue and heart
 Have aim'd at what was right.
4. Concerning all the works of men,
 Thou know'st, omniscient Lord,
 How true and faithful I have been
 According to thy word.

5. Since

5. Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'rs address'd;
O now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.
6. The wonders of thy truth and love,
In my defence engage,
Thou whose right hand preserves thy saints
From their oppressors rage.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

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

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

P S A L M XVIII. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **N**O change of times shall ever shake
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
2. Thou my deliverer art, O God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
3. To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.
4. By floods of wicked men distressed,
With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

5. To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PART SECOND.

T. + 13.

6. When God arose, my part to take,
The conscious earth was struck with fear;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

7. Thick clouds of smoke dispers'd abroad,
Ensigns of wrath before him came;
Devouring fire around him glow'd,
That coals were kindled at its flame.

8. He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heav'n bow'd down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread.

9. The chariot of the King of Kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness flew.

10. Black watry mists and clouds conspir'd
With thickest shades his face to veil;
But at his brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in show'rs of fire and hail.

11. Thro'

11. Thro' heav'n's wide arch a thund'ring peal,
 (God's angry voice) did loudly roar ;
 While earth's sad face with heaps of hail,
 And flakes of fire was cover'd o'er.

12. His sharpen'd arrows round he threw,
 Which made his scatter'd foes retreat,
 Like darts his nimble light'nings flew,
 And quickly finish'd their defeat.

13. The deep its secret stores disclos'd ;
 The world's foundations naked lay :
 By his avenging wrath expos'd,
 Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful day.

PART THIRD. *Ps. 13.*

14. The Lord did on my side engage,
 From heav'n, his throne, my cause upheld ;
 And snatch'd me from the furious rage
 Of threat'ning waves that proudly swell'd.

15. God his resistless pow'r employ'd
 My strongest foe's attempts to break ;
 Who else, with ease, had soon destroy'd
 The weak defence that I could make.

16. Their subtle rage had near prevail'd,
 When I distress'd and friendless lay ;
 But still, when other succours fail'd,
 God was my firm support and stay.

17. From

17. From dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That mov'd him to delight in me.

PART FOURTH.

T. + B.

18. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous rule,
To various paths of human kind;
The humble, meek and merciful,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

19. Thou to the just shalt justice show,
The pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

20. That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.

21. On his firm succour I rely'd,
And did o'er numerous foes prevail;
Nor fear'd whilst he was on my side,
The best defended walls to scale.

22. For God's designs shall still succeed;
His work shall bear the utmost test;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

23. Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 But God, on whom my hopes depend?
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,
 Can with resistless pow'r defend?

PART FIFTH. 7. 11.

24. 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
 And all my just designs fulfills;
 Through him my feet can swiftly run,
 And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

25. Lessons of war from him I take,
 And manly weapons learn to wield;
 Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
 Forc'd by my stronger arms to yield.

26. The buckler of his saving health,
 Protects me from assaulting foes;
 His hand sustains me still; my wealth
 And greatness from his bounty flows.

27. My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
 Till then to narrow paths confin'd;
 And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
 The method of my steps design'd.

28. Through him I num'rous hosts defeat
 And flying squadrons captive take;
 Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
 Till I a final conquest make.

29. Cover'd

29. Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
Again their vanquish'd heads to rear,
Spite of their boasted strength, they lie
Beneath my feet, and grovel there.

30. God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms ;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing arms.

31. Through him, the necks of prostrate foes
My conquering feet in triumph press ;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.

32. With loud complaints all friends they
try'd,
But none was able to defend :
At length to God for help they cry'd,
But God would no assistance lend.

33. Like flying dust, which winds pursue,
Their broken troops I scatter'd round ;
Their slaughter'd bodies forth I threw,
Like loathsome dirt that clogs the ground.

PART SIXTH. *Psalm 135*

34. The people oft at strife till now,
By God's appointment me obey ;
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
And unknown nations own my sway.

35. Remotest

35. Remotest realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charm'd with respect, or aw'd with fear.

36. All to my summons tamely yield,
Or soon in battle are dismay'd;
For stronger holds they quit the field,
And still in strongest holds afraid,

37. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The rock on whose defence I rest;
O'er highest heav'ns his name be rais'd,
Who me with his salvation blest.

38. 'Tis God that still supports my right,
His just revenge my foes pursues;
'Tis he that with resistless might,
Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.

39. My universal safeguard he!
From whom my lasting honours flow,
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless, bloody foe.

40. Therefore, to celebrate his fame,
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise.

41. "God

41. " God to his king deliv'rance sends,
" Shews his Anointed signal grace;
" His mercy evermore extends
" To David and his promis'd race."

P S A L M XIX.

PART FIRST. ADDISON.

1. **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
2. Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display:
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an almighty hand.
3. Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth.
4. While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

D

5. What

5. What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found;

6. In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

PART SECOND. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies;
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.

2. The statutes of the Lord are right
And do rejoice the heart:
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

3. Unspotted is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever:
The judgments of the Lord are true,
And righteous altogether.

4. They more than gold, yea much fine gold,
To be desired are:
Than honey dropping from the comb,
Their taste is sweeter far.

5. Moreover,

P S A L M XX. *Rome*

1. **J**EHOVAH hears thee in the day
When trouble forth he sends;
And still the name of Jacob's God,
Thee from all ill defends.
2. His mercy help sends from above,
To those that helpless be;
From Sion his own holy hill,
His arm gives strength to thee.
3. He well remembers all thy gifts,
Accepts thy sacrifice;
Grants thee what e'er thy heart desires,
Fulfills thy counsel wise.
4. In his salvation we will joy;
In our God's name we will
Display our banners; and the Lord
Our prayers will fulfill.
5. God his anointed king will save,
My heart is well assur'd;
He from his holy heav'n above
Will saving strength afford.
5. In chariots and in horses, some
Their confidence do place;
But we no stedfast hope can find,
But in Jehovah's grace.

P S A L M XXI.

WATTS.

1. **T**H E king, O Lord, with songs of
praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice ;
And blest with thy salvation raise
To heav'n his chearful voice.
2. For whatsoe'er his lips desir'd,
Thou kindly didst impart ;
And hast, with thy acceptance, blest'd
The wishes of his heart.
3. Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread his glorious name :
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.
4. Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely ;
His mercy shall support his throne,
And all our wants supply.
5. But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand ;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
Who hate thy mild command.
6. When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.
7. Thus

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous pow'r declare,
 And thus exalt thy fame;
 While we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thy Almighty name.

P S A L M XXII. *T. & P.*

PART FIRST.

1. **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
 When I in anguish call on thee?
 Why dost thou me neglect
 And my loud pray'r reject?
 All day, but all the day in vain,
 To thee, O Lord, do I complain;
 All night have I implor'd
 Thy help to be restor'd.

2. Yet thou, O Lord, art ever just,
 Relieving those who in thee trust:
 Therefore, shall Israel raise
 To thee continual praise:
 On thee our ancestors rely'd,
 And in thy strength their foes defy'd;
 To thee their pray'rs address'd,
 And with success were bless'd.

3. Thy sure deliv'rance, Lord, they found,
 When dangers gather'd thickest round;
 Thine ear their cries receiv'd,
 And they were soon reliev'd:

But

But I, like none of human birth,
Am made the scoffing rabble's mirth;
Ev'n like a reptile base,
They hold me in disgrace.

PART SECOND.

T. 13.

4. My agonies, the gazing crowd,
Survey with scorn and laughter loud;
They mock whilst I complain,
And thus my woes disdain:
“ He boasted he was heav'n's delight;
“ Let God relieve his favorite;
“ Let him assistance send
“ His servant to defend.”

5. But thou didst, from my mother's womb,
Make me a living offspring come;
Thy care thou didst extend,
And helpless me defend:
My youth thou didst from dangers shield,
And guardian like, protection yield;
In thee I will confide,
For thou art still my guide.

6. Withdraw not then, O God, most high!
Thy aid, when trouble is so nigh;
Do thou that help extend,
On which I still depend.

My

My enemies, a frowning throng,
 Like savage bulls, both fierce and strong,
 Prepare with growing rage,
 Against me to engage.

7. They gape on me, and to my fears,
 Each mouth a yawning grave appears;
 Wide open to devour
 My soul, when in their pow'r;
 The desert lion's savage roar
 Could not increase my horrors more:
 In compact close combin'd,
 They have my fall design'd.

PART THIRD. *T. 173.*

8. My joints are rack'd, and out of frame;
 My heart like wax before the flame
 Within my bosom glows;
 My blood like water flows;
 My strength is parch'd like potter's clay;
 My fault'ring tongue forgets to play;
 My soul all hope resigns,
 And to the grave declines.

9. Like blood-hounds, they assemble round;
 My harmless hands and feet they wound,
 And, through my constant pain,
 I languish and complain,

That

That all my bones may well be told ;
Yet this as pastime they behold ;
And still their pleasure show,
At each increase of woe.

10. As spoil, my garments they divide ;
By lots their portion they decide ;
Therefore, thy arm extend,
And kind protection send ;
From their sharp sword defend thou me,
And set my life from danger free ;
Nor leave my soul overpow'r'd,
By dogs to be devour'd.

11. To me, O God, assistance send ;
My life, from lion's fierce, defend ;
As once thy strength prevail'd,
When unicorns assail'd.
Then to my brethren I'll proclaim
The triumphs of thy holy name ;
And to the saints repair,
Thy glory to declare.

12. Praise ye the Lord in songs divine,
Ye num'rous race of Israel's line ;
To him with fervour pray,
And low obeisance pay ;
His people he hath ne'er disdain'd,
Or turn'd his face when they complain'd ;

But to their humble pray'r
Doth lend a gracious ear.

PART FOURTH.

T. & B.

13. Thus in thy courts, thy name I'll bless,
And in loud songs my thanks express,
And to thy saints declare;
Thy providential care.
The meek companions of my grief,
Shall at my table find relief,
And all who seek thy face,
Shall find refreshing grace.

14. Then shall the world their homage pay
To God, and his commands obey;
His pow'r they shall confess,
And pray'rs to him address.
From kings submission to receive,
Is his supreme prerogative
Who doth the world sustain,
And over all things reign.

15. The rich his bounty must confess;
The poor their gen'rous patron bless,
To him they all resort
For succour and support;
Then shall a race exalt his name,
And to their heirs his truth proclaim,
'Till heav'n and earth combin'd
Are all to God resign'd.

P S A L M XXIII. ADDISON.

1. **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horror overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

4. Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely steps I stray;
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

P S A L M XXIV. WATTS.

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

2. But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God.

3. This is the man who shall receive,
The blessings of his grace:
This is the lot of those who seek
The God of Jacob's face.

4. Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold to entertain
The king of glory: see he comes
With his celestial train.

5. Who is the king of glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renown'd;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes
Eternal victor crown'd.

P S A L M XXV.

PART FIRST. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **T**O God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
2. Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
3. To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help,
On thee I wait all day.
4. Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.
5. Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wond'rous goodness sake,
In mercy think on me.

Left my PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
2. Where shall the man be found,
Who fears t' offend his God,
Who loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
3. The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart;
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
4. The dealings of his hand
Are truth and mercy still:
With such as to his cov'nant stand,
And love to do his will.
5. Their soul shall dwell at ease
Before their maker's face;
Their feed shall taste the promises,
In their extensive grace.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

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

2. Turn

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

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

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

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

6. With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again.
Of Israel let it ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI. WATTS.

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

2. I

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

P S A L M XXVII.

PART FIRST. SCOTCH VERSION.

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

2. Against

2. Against me though an host encamp,
On my destruction bent,
I will not fear; for in the Lord
I still am confident.

3. One thing I of the Lord desir'd,
And will seek to obtain;
That while I live, within his courts
My feet may still remain;

4. That I the beauty of the Lord,
Beholding, may admire;
And in his holy place, his will
May rev'rently inquire.

5. For he, in his pavilion shall
Hide me in evil days,
Within his secret tent me keep,
And on a rock me raise.

6. Ev'n now my head is lifted high
Above my foes around:
Therefore shall joyful songs of praise
Within thy temple sound.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. Soon as I heard my father say,
Ye children seek my grace;
My heart replied without delay,
I'll seek my Father's face.

2. Lct

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away ;
God of my life, I'll fly to thee
When comes the evil day.

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

4. My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
That thy rich grace would send relief ;
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5. Wait on the Lord with patient faith :
He will inspire your breast
With inward strength ; do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

P S A L M XXVIII. MERRICK.

1. **G**OD, my strength, to thee I pray,
Turn not thou thine ear away ;
Gracious to my words attend,
While the suppliant knee I bend.

2. Let me not those judgments know,
Ne'er to feel that direful blow,
By thy just decrees assign'd
To the men of impious mind.

3. On

3. On thy long experienc'd aid,
See my hope for ever stay'd ;
While my heart, with joy possest,
Leaps within my throbbing breast.

4. Give me, Lord, thy love to share,
Feed me with a shepherd's care ;
Save thy people from distress,
And thy patrimony bless.

P S A L M XXIX. MERRICK.

1. **S**ING, ye sons of might, O sing
Praise to heav'n's eternal King ;
Pow'r and strength to him assign,
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.

2. Hark ! his voice in thunder breaks ;
Hush'd to silence, while he speaks,
Ocean's waves, from pole to pole,
Hear the awful accents roll.

3. See, as louder yet they rise,
Echoing through the vaulted skies ;
See, uplifted from its seat,
Lebanon itself retreat !

4. How the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid light'nings play !
Now the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear dismay'd th' approaching God.

5. Prostrate

5. Prostrate on the sacred floor,
Bow ye saints, his name adore ;
While his acts, to ev'ry tongue,
Yield it's argument of song.

6. He the swelling surge commands ;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands ;
He his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

PSALM XXX. TATE AND BRADY.

~~In my distress~~

PART FIRST.

1. **I**LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy pow'r employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foe's insulting joy.

2. In my distress I cry'd to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws,
My helpless life retrieve.

3. Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair ;
With me commemorate his truth
And providential care.

4. His wrath hath but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay ;
Your night of grief is recompens'd
With joy's returning day.

PART SECOND.

5. In prosp'rous ways my heart presum'd;
No sudden change I fear'd;
Whilst in my sunshine of success,
No low'ring cloud appear'd.

6. But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
My only certain trust;
When thou thy face didst hide, I saw
My honour laid in dust.

7. Then, as I vainly had presum'd,
My error I confess'd;
And thus with supplicating voice
Thy mercy's throne address'd:

8. "What profit is there in my blood,
"Congeal'd by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
"Thy wondrous truths recite?

9. "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear;
"Thy wonted aid extend:
"Send help, O thou on whom alone,
"I can for help depend."

10. My mourning voice, O Lord, thou hast
To joy and praises turn'd;
In robes of state invested me,
Who late in sackcloth mourn'd.

11. Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
 Thy praise, in grateful verse;
 And, as thy favours endless are,
 Thy endless praise rehearse.

P S A L M XXXI.

PART FIRST.

T. & B. 11. it.

1. **F**ROM shame and insult set me free,
 For still, O Lord! I trust in thee;
 Once more thy kind assistance lend,
 Once more thy servant's cause defend;
 As just and righteous is thy name,
 So let me now thy favour claim.

2. Bow down, O Lord, thy gracious ear,
 Do thou my steadfast rock appear;
 To me some speedy succour send,
 My soul from danger to defend:
 Hear thou my voice when I complain,
 And still my righteous cause maintain.

3. Since thou 'rt my rock, and foes oppress,
 Oh! lead me out of this distress;
 Thy wonted help, my God, impart,
 For thou my strength and fortress art;
 To thee alone I look for aid,
 To shun the snares my foes have laid.

4. Thou

4. Thou God of mercy, love and truth,
Who hast preserv'd me from my youth;
My life, my soul, and all that's mine,
To thee I willingly resign;
To thee my soul for succour flies,
For those I hate who trust in lies.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

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

2. My life is spent in grief, I cry'd,
My years consum'd in groans;
My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
And sorrow wastes my bones.

3. Among mine enemies, my name
A proverb vile was grown,
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4. Slander and fear, on ev'ry side,
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And speedy rescue found.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

~~into thy hand~~

1. My time is in thy hand, I cry'd,
Though I draw near the dust;
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.
2. O make thy reconciled face,
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.
3. How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought,
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boasting vain!
4. Thy goodness how divinely free!
How sweet thy smiling face,
To them who fear thy majesty,
And wait thy promis'd grace!
5. The children, from the strife of tongues,
Shall thy pavilion hide,
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
And crush the sons of pride.
6. 'Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
I must despair and die,
I am cut off before thine eyes;
But thou hast heard my cry.

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

P S A L M XXXII. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **H**E's blest whose sins have pardon
gain'd,
No more in judgement to appear;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
2. While I conceal'd my inward sore,
My bones consum'd without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar,
But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
3. Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd;
My vital moisture's wholly drain'd,
Like land with summer drought oppress'd.
4. No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within;
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

PSALM S.

PART SECOND.

[Not in 2.]

1. True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee while thou may'st be found;
They, from the common deluge free'd,
Shall see remorseless finners drown'd.
2. Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tow'r of refuge I will own;
My haughty foes thou shalt repress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.
3. To my instruction then confide,
You that would truth's safe path descry;
Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you with my wakeful eye.
4. Submit yourselves to wisdom rules,
Like men who reason have attain'd,
Not like th' ungovern'd horse or mule,
Whose fury must be curb'd and rein'd.
5. Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

PSALM XXXII.

PART FIRST.

1. **R**EJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
And praise him with delight;
For thankfulness becomes the lips
Of those who are upright.

2. For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound,
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.

3. By his almighty word at first,
The heav'nly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

4. Let all the tribes of human race,
The Lord their Maker fear;
Let all that dwell on earth's wide face,
This awful Lord revere.

5. For he but spake, and it was done,
He gave the great command;
This spacious world began to be,
And doth unshaken stand.

6. He scorns the angry nations rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

7. Blest nation who can in the Lord,
As in their God rejoice;
To whom he makes his glories known,
Who hear his heav'nly voice;
8. He all the nations of the earth,
From heav'n his throne survey'd;
He saw their works, and view'd their thoughts;
By him their hearts were made.
9. No king is sav'd by mighty hosts;
Their strength the strong deceives:
No manag'd horse by force or speed,
His warlike rider saves.
10. 'Tis God, who those that trust in him,
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their souls from death, their wants
In famine he supplies.
11. Our souls on God with patience wait:
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.
12. The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend:
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

P S A L M XXXIV.

PART FIRST. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life;
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

3. O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

4. Their dropping hearts were soon refresh'd,
 Who look'd to him for aid;
 Desir'd success in ev'ry face,
 A cheerful air display'd.

5. The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just:
 Deliv'rance he affords to all,
 Who in his succour trust.

6. O make but trial of his love;
 Experience will decide,
 How blest are they, and only they
 Who in his truth confide.

7. Fear

7. Fear him, ye faints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear:
 Make you his service your delight,
 Your wants shall be his care.

8. While hungry lions lack their prey,
 The Lord will food provide,
 For such as put their trust in him,
 And see their wants supply'd.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

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

10. Depart from mischief, practise love,
 Pursue the works of peace;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.

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

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

13. Evil

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

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

P S A L M XXXVI.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **W**HEN man grows bold in sin,
 My heart within me cries,
 He hath no faith of God within,
 Nor fear before his eyes.

2. He walks a while conceal'd,
 In a self-flattering dream,
 Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd,
 Expose his hateful name.

3. His heart is false and foul;
 His words are smooth and fair;
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
 And leaves no goodness there.

4. He plots upon his bed,
 New mischiefs to fulfill;
 He sets his heart, and hand and head,
 To practise all that's ill.

5. But

5. But there's a dreadful God,
 Tho' men renounce his fear;
 His justice hid behind the cloud
 Shall one great day appear.

PART SECOND. SCOTCH VERSION.

The wicked

1. Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heav'n's;
 Thy truth doth reach the clouds,
 Thy justice is like mountains great;
 Thy judgements deep as floods.
2. Lord, thou preservest man and beast:
 How precious is thy grace!
 Therefore, in shadow of thy wings
 Mens sons their trust shall place.
3. They with the riches of thy house
 Shall be well satisfy'd;
 From rivers of thy pleasures thou
 Wilt drink to them provide.
4. Because of life th' eternal spring,
 Remains alone with thee,
 And in that purest light of thine,
 We clearly light shall see.
5. Thy loving kindness unto them
 Continue, that thee know:
 And still on men upright in heart
 Thy righteousness bestow.

P S A L M XXXVII. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **W**HY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?
2. Soon is the grass cut down, and dies;
And beauteous flow'rs decay;
More swift the sinner's glory flies,
And sooner fades than they.
3. Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
4. Mine innocence he shall display,
And make his judgements known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
5. The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PART SECOND. *[not in MS.]*

6. Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay,
To punish haughty vice.
7. Let finners join to break your peace,
And plot and rage and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he knows
His day of wrath will come.
8. For they have drawn the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.
9. But God shall break their bow, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
With shame o'erwhelm their hearts.

with

PART THIRD.

10. Why do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
11. The wicked borrows of his friends,
And ne'er designs to pay;
The saint is merciful and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

12. His

12. His alms with liberal heart he gives,
Among the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

13. His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men,
What he has learn'd from God.

14. The law and gospel of the Lord,
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the word,
His feet shall never slide.

15. When finners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;
They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

Watts

PART FOURTH.

16. My God, the steps of pious men,
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

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

18. The

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

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

20. The haughty sinner have I seen,
 Not fearing man nor God,
 Like a tall tree grow fair and green,
 His branches spread abroad.

21. But lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
 Destroy'd by hands unseen;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
 Where all that pride had been.

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

P S A L M XXXVIII. WATTS.

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

2. Thy

2. Thy arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely prest;
Between the sorrow and the smart,
My spirit finds no rest.

3. My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone,
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

4. My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
That sinks my comforts down,
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my father's frown.

5. Lord I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my pow'rs are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish biced,
The anguish of my soul.

6. All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear;
And every sigh and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

7. Thou art my God, my only hope;
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up,
When Satan bids me die,

G

8. My

8. My foes rejoice, whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
It forms their pleasure and their pride,
Whene'er their wiles prevail.
9. But I'll confess my guilty ways,
And grieve for all my sin;
I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
And beg support divine.
10. My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord, to my salvation haste,
Before thy servant die.

P S A L M XXXIX. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**HUS I resolv'd before the Lord;
Now will I watch my tongue,
Lest I let slip one sinful word,
Or do my neighbour wrong.

2. Whene'er constrain'd awhile to stay
With men of lives profane;
I'll set a double guard that day,
Nor let my talk be vain.

3. I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
The pious thoughts I feel,
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
To mock my holy zeal.

4. Yet

4. Yet if some proper hour appear,
I'll not be over aw'd,
But let the scoffing sinners hear,
That we can speak for God.

Notes

PART SECOND.

5. Teach me the measure of my days,
Thou maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

6. A span is all that we can boast:
How short, how fleet our time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

7. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.

8. Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And strait are seen no more.

9. What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectation vain,
And disappoint our trust.

10. Now

10. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

Walt

PART THIRD.

11. God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

12. Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

13. Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust:
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

14. I'm but a stranger here below,
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I the summons hear.

15. But if my life be spar'd awhile;
Before I hence remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL.

P S A L M XL.

PART FIRST. MERRICK.

1. **W**ITH patient hope my God I fought,
 He far beyond my utmost thought
 His saving help apply'd;
 He from the dark and miry pit,
 High on a rock has rais'd my feet,
 Nor fear my steps to slide.

2. His praise inspires my grateful tongue,
 And dictates to my lips a song,
 In strains unheard before;
 Admiring crowds his works shall see,
 Their strength on him repose with me,
 With me his name adore.

3. Bless'd who in thee, great God, confide,
 Nor madly trust the arm of pride,
 And helps that but betray:
 Thy mercies, Lord, all praise surmount,
 No numbers can their sum recount,
 Nor words their worth display.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

Thy 2nd sth.
 1. No blood of beasts, on altar's spilt,
 Can cleanse the soul, O Lord, from guilt;
 But thou hast set before our eyes,
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

2. Lo!

2. Lo! thine eternal Son appears;
To thy designs he bows his ears;
Assumes a body well prepar'd,
And well performs a work so hard.

3. Behold I come (the Saviour cries,
With love and duty in his eyes,)
I come to bear the heavy load
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

4. 'Tis written in thy great decree,
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
I must fulfill the Saviour's part,
And lo! thy law is in my heart.

5. I'll magnify thy holy law,
And rebels to obedience draw,
When on my cross I'm lifted high,
Or to my crown above the sky.

6. The Spirit shall descend and show
What thou hast done, and what I do;
The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
And all creation tune thy praise.

~~Happy~~ P S A L M XLI. 1. 4. 10.

1. **H**E's blest'd whose tender care,
Relieves the poor distress'd;
When troubles gather round,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2. His

2. His life, with blessings crown'd,
The Lord shall sure prolong;
And check the will of those
Who seek to do him wrong.

3. If he, in low estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie,
The Lord will comfort send,
And inward strength supply.

4. Secure of this, to God
I thus my pray'r address'd:
"Lord, heal my wounded soul;
"For I have much transgress'd."

5. My foes, with stand'ring words,
Attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die," say they,
"And men forget his name?"

6. With whispers such as these,
To hurt me they devise:
"His doom at length is come,
"He's fall'n, no more to rise."

7. My own familiar friend,
On whom I most rely'd,
Hath he, whose guest he was,
With open scorn defy'd.

8. But

8. But thou my wretched state,
In mercy, Lord, regard;
And raise me up that they
May meet their just reward.

9. Thou suffer'st not my foes,
To triumph in my fall;
Therefore, I know thine ear,
Is open when I call.

10. My life thou dost secure,
From danger and disgrace;
And thou shalt set me still
Before thy glorious face.

11. Let, therefore, Israel's Lord
From age to age be blest,
And all the people's joy
With loud Amens exprest.

P S A L M XLII. MERRICK.

1. **A**S pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of Kings,
Thy face in near approach to see;
I thirst, great source of life, for thee;
When shall I reach thy blest abode?
When meet the presence of my God?

2. When up fair Zion's high ascent,
The tribes in long procession went,

And

And while thy praise in grateful songs,
 Resounded from a thousand tongues;
 I, rank'd among the festive train,
 Exulting trod the hallow'd fane.

3. Why now, my soul, with care oppress'd?
 And whence the woes that fill my breast?
 In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
 On God thy steadfast hope repose;
 To him my thanks shall still be paid,
 My sure defence, my constant aid.

4. Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes,
 Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise;
 To thee my soul ascends in pray'r,
 And in thy bosom pours it's care:
 Thy name to rapture prompts my tongue,
 My joy by day, by night my song.

P S A L M XLIII. TATE AND BRADY.

Let me not be left

1. **J**UST judge of heav'n, against my foes,
 Do thou assert my injur'd right;
 O set me free, my God, from those
 That in deceit and wrong delight.

2. Since thou art still my only stay,
 Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
 Why go I mourning all the day,
 While me insulting foes oppress?

G 2.

3. Let

3. Let me with light and truth be blest ;
Be these my guides to lead the way ;
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy ;
And well-tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
5. Why then cast down my soul ? and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care ?
On God, thy God for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

P S A L M XLIV. WATTS.

1. **L**ORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
Thy wonders of their days.
2. They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run ;
While light and glory from the skies,
Through all their temples shone.
3. In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
4. But

4. But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.

5. Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n.

6. We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter bound, we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.

7. Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face.

8. Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thy heav'nly love,
From our afflicted eyes?

9. Down to the dust our soul is bow'd;
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.

10. Redeem

10. Redeem us from perpetual shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

P S A L M XLV. WATTS.

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

6. Behold at thy right hand,
 The Gentile church is seen,
 Like a fair bride in rich attire,
 And princes guard the queen.
7. Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy father's house;
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
 And pay the Lord thy vows.
8. O let thy God and king,
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 Thy children shall his honour sing,
 In palaces of joy.

P S A L M XLVI. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **G**OD is our refuge and our strength,
 In straits a present aid:
 Therefore, although the earth remove,
 We will not be afraid.
2. Though hills amidst the sea be cast,
 Though waters roaring make,
 And troubled rise; yea, though the hills
 The swelling billows shake.
3. A river is, whose streams make glad
 The city of our God;
 The holy place, wherein the Lord
 Hath fix'd his firm abode.

H

4. God

4. God in the midst of her doth dwell;
Nothing shall her remove;
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.
5. In tumults did the heathen rage,
The kingdoms moved were;
The Lord God utter'd forth his voice,
The earth did shake for fear.
6. Come and behold what wond'rous works
Have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what judgments, by his hand,
Have on the earth been brought.
7. Unto the ends of all the earth,
War into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.
8. Ye people of the earth, be still,
And know that I am God;
Among the nations I'll be fear'd,
My praise be spread abroad.
9. The Lord of hosts upon our side
Doth constantly remain;
The God of Jacob's our refuge,
Us safely to maintain.

P S A L M XLVII. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **O** All ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty pow'r withstands,
Of God, the universal king.
2. He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.
3. God is gone up, our Lord and king,
With shouts of joy and trumpets sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song go round.
4. Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For him, who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er distant lands.
5. Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence,
To serve the God of Abram came,
Found him their constant sure defence:
How great and glorious is his name!

PSALM XLVIII.

P S A L M XLVIII. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **G**REAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful feat.

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

3. In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone!
How fair his heav'nly grace!

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

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

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

7. In

7. In ev'ry new distrefs,
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

Waltz PART SECOND.

8. Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise,
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.

9. With joy the people stand
On Sion's chosen hill;
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And councils of thy will.

10. Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the buildings well,

11. The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

12. How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

13. The

13. The God we worship now,
 Will guide us till we die;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And our's above the sky.

P S A L M XLIX. MERRICK.

PART FIRST.

1. **Y**E nations, hear; ye sons of earth,
 Of highest or obscurest birth;
 Ye who from wealth's full board are fed,
 And ye who eat with toil your bread:
2. My words with just attention weigh,
 And listen to the hallow'd lay;
 My lips shall wisdom's lessons yield;
 My heart with noblest science fill'd.
3. Cease, mortals, cease your pride; nor dream
 That riches shall from death redeem;
 Or from the all-disposing hand,
 A brother's forfeit life demand.
4. But, taught the soul's just price to know,
 At once the frantic thought forego;
 In vain would friendship's zeal essay,
 The full equivalent to pay.
5. In vain the fleeting breath to save,
 And plead exemption from the grave,
 Though envied Ophir's wealthiest mine
 Its treasures to the purchase join.

PART SECOND.

6. Behold the man in wisdom's school
Long tutor'd, like the untaught fool,
To death submit, and leave his heir
His heaps of gather'd wealth to share.

7. Art bids him build the dome sublime,
Proof to the rage of eating time,
While lands subjected to his claim,
Take from their haughty lord a name.

8. Yet man, with erring pride elate,
And high in pow'r, in honour great,
Shares with the brute an equal doom,
And sleeps forgotten in the tomb.

9. His hope thus vain, thus faithless found,
His sons assume: in endless round
Another and another race
Their father's wayward steps shall trace.

10. Together now behold them laid,
As sheep, when night extends her shade;
While death, within the vaulted rock,
Stern shepherd, guards the slumb'ring flock.

11. Corruption there it's work shall ply,
And, wrapt in darkness as they lie,
Each feature fair, each boasted grace,
With unrelenting hand efface,

12. Ye

12. Ye just, exulting lift your eyes:
Behold the promis'd morn arise,
That bids you, o'er each haughty foe,
Exalted, endless triumphs know.

13. My soul, amidst your happy train,
The wish'd redemption shall obtain,
By God adopted, death shall brave,
And mock the disappointed grave.

P S A L M L.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **T**HE Lord, the judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh;
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

2. No more shall bold blasphemers say,
Judgement will ne'er begin;
No more abuse the long delay,
To impudence and sin.

3. Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way,
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm
Lead on the dreadful day.

4. Heav'n

4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear,
 His justice and their doom.
5. But gather all my saints (he cries)
 That made their peace with God,
 By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 And seal'd it with his blood.
6. Their faith and works brought forth to
 light,
 Shall make the world confess,
 My sentence of reward is right,
 And heav'n adore my grace.

Watts

PART SECOND.

7. Thus faith the Lord, the spacious fields,
 And flocks and herds are mine;
 O'er all the cattle of the hills,
 I claim a right divine.
8. I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 Is all that I require.
9. Invoke my name when trouble's near,
 My hand shall set thee free;
 Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 The honour due to me.

H 2.

10. The

10. The man that offers humble praise,
Declares my glory best ;
And those that tread my holy ways,
Shall my salvation taste.

PART THIRD.

1. The righteous Lord his people warns ;
Let hypocrites attend and fear,
Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
But make not faith nor love their care.
2. They impiously rehearse his name,
With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
A friend or brother they defame,
And sooth and flatter those they hate.
3. They watch to do their neighbour wrong,
Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
But break his laws, abuse his grace.
4. To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
Defil'd with lust, and stain'd with blood ;
By night they practise ev'ry sin,
By day their mouths draw near to God.
5. And while his judgements long delay,
They grow secure and sin the more ;
They think he sleeps as well as they,
And put far off the dreadful hour.

6. Oh

6. Oh dreadful hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes;
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P S A L M LI. WATTS.

Shew p. 5

PART FIRST.

1. **O** GOD of grace! our sins forgive,
 And let repenting sinners live;
 Great God! thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pard'ning love be found.

2. Oh wash our souls from ev'ry stain,
 And make our guilty conscience clean;
 Guilt like a burden on us lies,
 And past offences pain our eyes.

3. Our lips with shame our sins confess,
 Against thy law, against thy grace;
 Lord, should thy judgement grow severe,
 We are condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 The law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.

5. Great God create our heart anew,
 And form our spirit pure and true;
 Oh make us wise by times to see
 Our danger and our remedy.

6. While

6. While guilt disturbs and breaks our peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;
Lord! let us hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make our broken heart rejoice.

14. All-

PART SECOND.

7. O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all our crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

8. Create our nature pure within,
And form our souls averse to sin;
Let thy good spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from our heart.

9. We cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight;
Thine holy joys, O God, restore:
Uphold us that we fall no more.

10. A broken heart, O God! our sing,
Is all the sacrifice we bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

11. Our soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

12. Then

12. Then shall thy love inspire our tongue,
Salvation shall be all our song;
And all our pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord our strength and righteousness.

12. P S A L M LIV. PARAPHRASED.

1. **B**EHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend;
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.

2. For slaught'ring foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud and vain;
They cast our temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.

3. Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy pow'r rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.

4. Be thou with those whose friendly hand,
Upheld us in distress;
Extend thy truth through ev'ry land,
And still thy people bless.

P S A L M LV.

PART FIRST. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **G**IVE ear thou judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.
2. My heart is rack'd with pain, my soul
With fears of death distress'd;
With dread and trembling compass'd round,
With horror quite oppress'd.
3. How often have I wish'd that I
The doves swift wings could get,
That I might take my speedy flight,
And make a safe retreat.
4. Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
'Till all this furious storm be spent,
This tempest pass'd away.

PART SECOND.

1. Destroy, O Lord, the sinner's hopes,
Their counsels quick divide:
For through the city my griev'd eyes
Have strife and rapine spy'd.

2. By

2. By day and night on every wall,
They walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength,
Are grief and mischief found.
3. Nor was it any open foe
That false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
The bitter things he said.
4. 'Twas none who hatred had profess'd,
That did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
From his malicious eyes.
5. But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend
Whom tend'rest love did join,
Whose sweet advice I valu'd most,
Whose pray'rs were mix'd with mine.
6. Sure vengeance equal to their crimes,
Such traitors must surprise,
And sudden death requite those ills,
They wickedly devise.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

1. Let finners take their course,
And chuse the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

2. My

2. My thoughts address his throne,
 When morning brings the light;
 I seek his blessings ev'ry noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3. Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 While sinners perish in surprize,
 Beneath thine angry rod.

4. Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.

5. But I, with all my cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burden on his arm,
 And rest upon his word.

6. His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands,
 No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M LVI. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

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

2. The

2. The sons of mischief and of lies,
Join to devour me, Lord!
But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.
3. In God most holy, just and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
The offspring of the dust.
4. They wrest my words against me still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
With mischief all their counsels fill,
With malice all their thoughts.
5. Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
O cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him feel thy hand.

PART SECOND.

6. God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears;
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.
7. When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8. In

8. In thee most holy, just and true,
 I have repos'd my trust;
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

9. Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord!
 Thou shalt receive my praise;
 I'll sing, how faithful is thy word,
 How righteous all thy ways.

10. Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
 O set thy pris'ner free;
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,
 May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII. WATTS.

1. **O**UR God! in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love, and unknown
 grace,

Hide us beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till these calamities o'erpass.

2. Up to the heav'n we send our cry;
 The Lord will our desires perform;
 He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves us from the threatening storm.

3. Our hearts are fix'd; our songs shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name,
 Awake our tongues, to sound his praise,
 Our tongues, the glory of our frame.

4. High

4. High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

5. Be thou exalted, O our God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. WATTS.

1. **J**UDGES, who rule the world by laws,
Will ye despise the righteous cause,
When th' injur'd poor before you stand?
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
While gold and greatness bribe your hand?

2. Have you forgot, or never knew,
That God will judge the judges too?
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns:
Yet you invade the rights of God,
And send your bold decrees abroad
To bind the conscience in your chains.

3. A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,

Death

Death follows close wherc'er it wounds;
You hear no counsels, cries or tears;
So the deaf adder stops her ears,
Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4. Break out their teeth, eternal God:
Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
And crush the serpents in the dust:
As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
Before the sweeping tempest flies,
So let their names and hopes be lost.

5. Th' Almighty thunders through the sky,
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
As hills of snow dissolve and run,
Or snails that perish in their slime,
Or births that come before their time,
Vain births, that never see the sun.

6. Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord,
Safety and joy to saints afford;
And all that hear shall join and say,
"Sure there's a God who rules on high,
"A God that hears his children cry,
"And will their suff'rings well repay."

P S A L M LIX. *Abridged.* ANON.

1. **F**ROM foes that round us rise,
O God of heav'n defend,
Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
And with thy saints contend.
2. Behold from distant shores,
And deserts wild they come,
Combine for blood their barbarous force,
And through thy cities roam.
3. Beneath the silent shade,
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.
4. And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit secure that impious race,
To riot in their reign?
5. In vain their secret guile,
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil;
His hand their strength remove.
6. Yet save them, Lord, from death,
Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them with thine angry breath,
Thro' distant lands to roam.

7. Then shall our grateful voice,
 Proclaim our guardian God;
 The nations round the earth rejoice,
 And sound thy praise abroad.

P S A L M LX. MERRICK.

1. **R**EPULS'D, dispers'd, chastis'd by thee,
 O grant us, Lord, thy face to see,
 And let the people, once thy care,
 Again thy fav'ring presence share.

2. How trembles this divided land,
 Beneath the terrors of thy hand!
 O thou the God whom we adore,
 It's breaches heal, it's peace restore.

3. Our hope, on man repos'd in vain,
 O let thy strength, great God, sustain;
 Thus arm'd, each adverse pow'r we dare,
 And dauntless meet the rushing war.

4 Behold! thy hands a standard rear;
 Beneath it each, who owns thy fear,
 Engag'd in truth's neglected cause,
 His sword, secure of conquest, draws.

5. Such objects of thy tend'rest love,
 Defend propitious from above;
 Let us with them thy mercy share,
 And hear, O hear our ceaseless prayer.

PSALM LXL

P S A L M LXI.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes;

2. O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head;
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

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

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

PART SECOND.

1. My soul of thy protection sure,
Against her foes shall rest secure;
For thou, O God, hast heard my vows,
And brought me joyful to thy house.

2. With

2. With all thy saints I'll strive to sing
The glories of my heav'nly King;
Whom thou in mercy didst ordain
Should o'er thy chosen people reign.

3. This King shall live for ever blest,
And give his chosen people rest;
His years shall last, and God shall own,
His righteous sceptre and his throne.

4. O let thy truth prepare the way,
In mercy, Lord, extend his sway;
Thus we'll devote our future days,
To pay our vows and sing thy praise.

P S A L M LXII. WATTS.

1. **M**Y Spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2. Trust him ye saints, in all your ways,
To him your suppliant voices raise;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.

3. False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance, both appear
Light as a breath of empty air.

4. Make

4. Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting shade,
And not believe what God has said ?

5. Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
“ All power is his eternal due,
“ He must be fear'd and trusted too.”

6. For sovereign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne :
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall both appoint our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **L**ORD, thee my God I'll early seek,
My soul doth thirst for thee ;
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
Wherein no waters be.

2. That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore,
Within thy holy place.

3. Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give ;
I in thy name will lift my hands,
And bless thee while I live.

4. Ev'n as with marrow and with fat,
My soul shall filled be;
Then shall my mouth, with joyful lips,
Sing praises unto thee.

5. When I do thee, upon my bed,
Remember with delight;
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.

6. In shadow of thy wings I'll joy,
For thou my help hast been:
My soul cleaves fast to thee, and me
Thy right hand doth sustain.

P S A L M LXV.

PART FIRST.

1. **P**RAISE waits for thee in Sion, Lord;
To thee vows paid shall be;
O thou that hearer art of pray'r,
All flesh shall come to thee.

2. Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3. Eleft is the man whom thou dost chuse,
Aud mak'ft approach to thee;
That he within thy courts, O Lord!
May still a dweller be.

4. He

4. He surely shall be satisfy'd
With thine abundant grace,
And with the goodness of thy house,
Ev'n of thy holy place.
5. By wonders wrought in our defence,
Thou dost thy pow'r display;
O God, who art the confidence
Of the whole earth and sea.

PART SECOND.

6. 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal pow'r;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
7. Thy morning light, and ev'ning shade,
Successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad;
Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.
8. The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
9. Lo! thou the year most liberally
Dost with thy goodness crown;
And all thy paths abundantly,
On us drop plenty down.

Ac. With

10. With flocks the pastures clothed are,
 The vales with corn are clad;
 And now they shout and sing to thee,
 For thou hast made them glad.

P S A L M LXVI.

PART FIRST. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **A**LL lands to God in joyful sounds,
 Aloft your voices raise;
 Sing forth the honour of his name,
 And glorious make his praise.
2. Say unto him, how dreadful, Lord,
 In all thy works art thou?
 Through thy great pow'r, to thee thy foes
 Shall be constrain'd to bow.
3. Through all the earth, the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess;
 And with glad hymns their holy dread
 Of thy great name express.
4. Come, and the works which God hath
 wrought,
 With admiration see;
 His dealings towards the sons of men,
 How glorious they be!

5. He

5. He by his pow'r for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey:
Let not presumptuous men rebel
Against his sov'reign sway.

6. O all ye nations blefs our God,
And loudly speak his praise;
Our souls in life who safe upholds,
Our feet from sliding stays.

7. Now let the Lord's most glorious name,
For ever praised be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
Nor yet his grace from me.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. Now shall my solemn vows be paid
To that Almighty pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made,
In my distressful hour.

2. My lips and cheerful heart prepare,
To make his mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.

3. When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought his heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.

4. If

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

P S A L M LXVII. MERRICK.

1. **M**AY God his favouring ear incline,
 And bid his face on Sion shine;
 That all, thy counsels, Lord, may know,
 Where earth extends, or oceans flow.
2. To thee, of life th' eternal spring;
 Invisible, all potent King;
 One chorus let all nations raise,
 One shout of universal praise.
3. Exult each tribe, exult each land;
 Heav'n's mighty Lord, with equal hand,
 The balance holds, and earth's domain
 Shall own to latest age his reign.
4. Warm'd by his genial sun, the field
 With full increase it's fruits shall yield;
 And God, thy God, O Sion! shed
 His choicest blessings on thy head.
5. Great

5. Great God! on us thy blessings show'r;
Let man's whole race revere thy pow'r;
And, thankful, to their wond'ring eyes
Behold thy wish'd salvation rise.

P S A L M -LXVIII.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **L**ET God arise in all his might,
And put his enemies to flight;
As smoke that fought to cloud the skies,
Before the rising tempest flies.
2. He rides and thunders through the sky;
His name Jehovah sounds on high;
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace,
Ye saints rejoice before his face.
3. The widow and the fatherless,
Fly to his aid in sore distress;
In him the poor and helpless find
A judge most just, a father-kind.
4. He breaks the captives galling chain,
And prisoners see the light again;
But rebels that dispute his will,
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PART

PART SECOND. TATE AND BRADY.

1. When thou, O Lord, of old didst lead,
In person, Israel's armies forth,
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd earth.
2. The breaking clouds did rain distil,
And heav'n's high arches shook with fear;
How then should Sinai's humble hill,
Of Israel's God the presence bear?
3. Thy hand at famish'd earth's complaint,
Reliev'd her from celestial stores;
And when thy heritage was faint,
Assaug'd the drought with plenteous
show'rs.
4. Where savages had rang'd before,
At ease thou mad'st their tribes reside;
And, in the desert, for the poor
Thy gen'rous bounty did provide.

PART THIRD.

1. When God his gracious word sent forth,
To make his chosen glad;
Numbers from east, south, west and north,
The joyful tidings spread.
2. Great

2. Great kings of armies fled apace,
And met a fatal foil;
While those that staid at home, with ease
And pleasure shar'd the spoil.
3. Though ye among the pots have lain,
Like doves ye shall appear,
With silver wings and gold divine,
From dross and mixture clear.
4. When God the potent kings expell'd
From Canaan, at his will;
The whiteness of his robes excell'd
The snow on Salmon's hill.
5. The hill of God, his chosen seat,
On Zion's mount is found;
Not Basan's hill can boast such state,
Nor all the hills around.
6. Ye lofty hills, why leap ye so?
This is the hill of God:
Here he hath chose to dwell, and lo!
Here is his fix'd abode.

PART FOURTH. WATTS.

1. Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2. Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious, when the Lord was there;
When he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3. How bright the triumph, none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4. Rais'd by his father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

PART FIFTH. WATTS.

1. We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our heart with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

2. 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong,
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

3. His own right hand his saints shall raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his court above,
'There they shall taste his special love.

PART SIXTH. TATE AND BRADY.

1. For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily his great name ador'd;
Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.
2. Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of Ancient Heav'n, sublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
3. Ascribe ye pow'r to God most high;
Of humble Israel he takes care;
Whose strength from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors through the air.
4. How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly throne;
His strength our feeble arms supports;
To God give praise, and him alone.

P S A L M LXIX. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **S**AVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul;
With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

2. With

2. With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint,
My sight decays with tedious pain,
While for my God I wait in vain.

3. My hairs, though num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate, grown now of might,
To execute their lawless spite.

4. For zeal to thy lov'd house and name
Consumes me, like devouring flame;
Concern'd at their affronts to thee,
More than at slanders cast on me.

5. But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble timely pray'r;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store;
Display thy truth's preserving pow'r.

6. Control the deluge ere it spread,
And roll it's waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's yawning pit,
To close her jaws on me permit.

7. Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part,
To pity, or relieve my pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

8. With

8. With hunger pin'd, for food I call;
Instead of food they give me gall;
And, when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

9. But still, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong right hand shall me restore;
Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

10. Our God shall this more highly prize,
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice:
This humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

11. For God regards the poor's complaint,
Sets pris'ners free from close restraint:
Let heav'n, earth, sea their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

12. For God will Zion's walls erect;
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect;
'Till all her scatter'd sons repair
To undisturb'd possessions there.

13. This blessing they shall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath;
And they to endless ages more
Of such as his blest name adore.

~~132~~ P S A L M LXX.

1. **I**N haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

2. When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul astray;
Then let them fall with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.

3. While all that love thy name rejoice,
And glory in thy word;
In thy salvation raise their voice,
And magnify the Lord.

4. O thou my help in time of need,
Behold my sore dismay;
In pity hasten to my aid,
Nor let thy grace delay.

P S A L M LXXI. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **I**N thee I put my steadfast trust,
Defend me, Lord, from shame:
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
For righteous is thy name.

2. Be

2. Be thou my strong abiding place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my rock and fort.
3. From cruel and ungodly men,
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.
4. Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
To sing thy constant praise.
5. Though men on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise
My mouth shall always fill.
6. Reject not then thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay;
For sake me not, when worn with years,
My vigour fades away.
7. My foes against my fame and me
With crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
And mutual counsel take.

8. His God, say they, forsakes him now;
On whom he did rely;
Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
Of timely aid is nigh.

9. But thou, my God, withdraw not far;
For speedy help I call:
To shame and ruin bring my foes,
That seek to work my fall.

10. But as for me my steadfast hope
Shall on thy pow'r depend,
And I, in grateful songs of praise,
My time to come will spend.

PART SECOND.

11. Thy righteous acts and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summ'd with utmost care.

12. While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on,
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention him alone.

13. How high thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wond'rous are
The mighty works which thou hast done!
Who may with thee compare?

14. Me

14. Me whom thy hand has forely prefs'd,
Thy grace shall yet relieve;
And from the lowest depth of woe,
With tender care retrieve.
15. Through thee my time to come shall be
With pow'r and greatness crown'd,
And me, who dismal years have pass'd,
Thy comforts shall surround.
16. Therefore, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord! I'll praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.
17. Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my chearful voice:
My grateful soul, by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

P S A L M LXXII. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **L**ORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.
2. So shall he still thy people judge,
With pure and upright mind;
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just protector find.

3. Then

3. Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace;
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness.

4. While he the poor and needy race,
Shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble neck shall take
Th' oppressive yoke away.

5. In ev'ry heart thy awful fear,
Shall then be rooted fast;
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

6. He shall descend, like rain that cheers
The meadow's second birth,
Or like warm show'rs, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

7. In his blest'd days, the just and good,
Shall be with favour crown'd;
The happy land shall ev'ry where
With endless peace abound.

8. His uncontroll'd dominion shall
From sea to sea extend;
Begin at proud Euphrates' stream,
At nature's limits end.

9. Tc.

9. To him the savage nations round,
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquish'd foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquests spreads.
10. The kings of Tarshish, and the isles
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.
11. To him shall ev'ry king ^{aim.} on earth,
His humble homage pay,
And diff'ring nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.
12. For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

PART SECOND.

13. His providence, for needy souls,
Shall due supplies prepare;
And over their defenceless lives
Shall watch with tender care.
14. He shall preserve and keep their souls
From fraud and rapine free;
And in his sight, their guiltless blood
Of mighty price shall be.
15. Therefore

15. Therefore shall God his life and reign,
To many years extend;
While eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.

16. For him shall constant pray'rs be made,
Through all his prosperous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting name of praise.

17. Of useful grain through all the land
Great plenty shall appear;
A handful sown on mountain tops,
A mighty crop shall bear.

18. It's fruit, like cedars shook by winds,
A rattling noise shall yield:
The city too shall thrive, and vie,
For plenty, with the field.

19. The mem'ry of his glorious name,
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

20. In him the nations of the world,
Shall be completely blest'd;
And his unbounded happiness
By ev'ry tongue confess'd.

21. Then

21. Then blest'd be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears;
Who only wond'rous in his works,
Beyond compare appears.

22. Let earth be with his glory fill'd;
For ever blest his name;
While to his praise the list'ning world
Their glad assent proclaim.

P S A L M LXXIII.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **N**OW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind,
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on despair.

2. I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath;
“How pleasant and profane they live!
“How peaceful is their death!

3. “With hearts corrupt and haughty eyes,
“They lay their fears to sleep;
“Against the heav'ns their flanders rise,
“While saints in silence weep.

4. “In vain I lift my hands to pray,
“And cleanse my heart in vain;
“For I am chasten'd all the day,
“The night renews the pain.”

L 2.

5. Yet

5. Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I felt my heart reprove :
" Sure I shall thus offend the saints,
" And grieve the men I love."
6. But still I found my doubts too hard,
The conflict too severe,
'Till I retir'd to search thy word,
And learn thy secrets there.
7. Sure wicked men, howe'er advanc'd,
On slipp'ry places stand;
Quick desolation them awaits,
From God's avenging hand.

PART SECOND. SCOTCH VERSION.

8. O Lord, thou art our strong support,
Our help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held us up,
When sinking in despair.
9. Thou with thy counsel, while we live,
Wilt us conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterwards
Receive us to abide.
10. Whom have we in the heav'n's high,
But thee, O Lord! alone?
And in the earth, whom we desire
Before thee, there is none.

11. Our

11. Our flesh and heart do faint and fail;
 But God doth fail us never;
 For of our heart he is the strength,
 And portion sure for ever.

12. Behold the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence, die;
 Those that presumptuous slight thy love,
 Thy justice shall destroy.

13. But surely it is good for us,
 That we draw near to God;
 In God we trust, that all thy works
 We may declare abroad.

P S A L M LXXIV. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **W**HY hast thou cast us off? O God,
 Wilt thou no more return?
 Oh! why against thy chosen flock
 Does thy fierce anger burn?

2. Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord;
 The land that is thy own,
 By thee redeem'd; and Sion's mount,
 Where once thy glory shone.

3. O! come and view our ruin'd state,
 How long our troubles last!
 See how the foe, with wicked rage,
 Has laid thy temple waste.

4. Thy

4. Thy foes blaspheme thy name, where late
 Thy zealous servants pray'd;
 The heathen, there, with haughty pomp,
 Their banners have display'd.
5. Those curious carvings, which did once
 Advance the artist's fame,
 With axe and hammer they destroy,
 Like works of vulgar frame.
6. The holy temple they have burnt;
 And what escap'd the flame,
 Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
 Though sacred to thy name.
7. Thy worship wholly to destroy,
 Maliciously they aim'd;
 And all the sacred places burnt,
 Where we thy praise proclaim'd.
8. Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
 No tender signs to send;
 We have no prophet now that knows,
 When this sad state shall end.

PART SECOND.

9. But, Lord! how long wilt thou permit,
 Th' insulting foe to boast?
 Shall all the honour of thy name,
 For evermore be lost?

10. Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,

And, on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly let'st it rest?

11. Thou heretofore, with kingly pow'r,
In our defence hast fought:

For us, throughout the wond'ring world,
Hast great salvation wrought.

12. 'Twas thou, O God, that did'st the sea,
By thine own strength, divide;

Thou brak'st the wat'ry monsters head;
The waves o'er-whelm'd their pride.

13. Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
The waters largely flow;

Again thou mad'st, through parting streams
Thy wond'ring people go.

14. Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The dark return of night:

Thou hast prepar'd the glorious sun,
And every feeble light.

15. By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand:

The summer's warmth, and winter's cold
Attend on thy command.

PART THIRD.

16. Remember, Lord, how haughty foes
Have daily urg'd our shame;
And how the foolish people have
Blasphem'd thy holy name.

17. O free thy mourning turtle dove,
By sinful crouds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor,
For evermore forget.

18. Thy ancient cov'nant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land,
Is fill'd with men of blood.

19. Oh! let not the oppress'd return
With sorrow cloth'd, and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy name.

P S A L M LXXV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **T**O thee, O God, we render praise,
To thee with thanks repair;
For, that thy name to us is nigh,
Thy wond'rous works declare.

2. That

2. That high advancement which to gain,
Men's vain ambition strives,
Neither from east, nor west, not yet
From southern climes arrives.
3. But God the great disposer is,
And sov'reign judge alone;
Who casts the proud to earth and lifts
The humble to a throne.
4. His hand holds forth a dreadful cup,
With purple wine 'tis crown'd;
The deadly mixture, which his wrath
Deals out to nations round.
5. Of this his saints may sometimes taste,
But wicked men shall squeeze
The very dregs, and be condemn'd
To drink the very lees.

P S A L M LXXVI. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **I**N Judah the Almighty's known;
Almighty there, by wonders shown;
His name in Jacob does excell;
His holy place in Salem stands:
The Majesty, that heav'n commands,
In Sion condescends to dwell.
2. He brake the bow, and arrows there,
The shield, the temper'd sword and spear;
There

There slain the mighty army lay;
Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

3. Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil;
Themselves met there a shameful soil;
Securely down to sleep they lay,
But wak'd no more: their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst Him that did their legions slay.

4. When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers o'er thrown,
Together slept in endless night:
When thou, whom heav'n and earth revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal pow'r can stand thy fight?

5. Pronounc'd from heav'n, earth heard its
doom,
Grew hush'd with fear, when thou didst come,
The meek with justice to restore;
The wrath of man shall yield thee praise,
It's last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of Almighty pow'r.

6. Vow to the Lord; ye nations, bring
Vow'd presents to the eternal king:

Thus

Thus to his name due rev'rence pay,
Who proudest potentates can quell;
To earthly kings more terrible,
Than to their trembling subjects they.

P S A L M LXXVII. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**O God I cry'd with mournful voice,
I sought his gracious ear,
In the sad day, when troubles rose,
And fill'd the night with fear.

2. Sad were my days, -and dark my nights,
My soul refus'd relief;
I thought on God the just and wise,
But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3. I call'd back years and ancient times;
When I beheld thy face:
My spirit search'd for secret crimes,
That might with-hold thy grace.

4. I call'd thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoy'd before;
And will the Lord no more be kind,
His face appear no more?

5. Will he for ever cast me off?
His promise ever fail?
Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

6. But

6. But I'll forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark, despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand has wrought;
Thy hand is still the same.
7. I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er,
Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,
When flesh could hope no more.
8. Grace dwelt with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word,
Have in thy holy temple known
The counsels of the Lord.

PART SECOND.

1. I'll meditate his works of old,
The king that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.
2. Long did the house of Jacob lie,
With Egypt's yoke oppress'd;
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.
3. The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes:
But his Almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.
4. Israel

4. Israel, his people and his sheep,
Must follow when he calls ;
He bade them venture through the deep,
And made the waves their walls.
5. The waters saw thee, mighty God ;
The waters saw thee come ;
Backward they fled, and frighten'd stood,
To make thine armies room.
6. Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke,
All heav'n in light'ning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
7. Thine arrows thro' the skies were hur'd ;
How glorious is the Lord !
Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world, ♣
And all his saints ador'd.
8. He gave them water from the rock ;
And safe by Moses hand,
Through a dry desert led his flock,
To Canaan's promis'd land.

P S A L M LXXVIII.

1. **H**EAR, O my people ; to my law
Your most devout attention lend ;
Let the instructions of my mouth,
Deep in your faithful hearts descend ;
My

My tongue shall parables unfold,
And bring to light dark things of old,

2. Which our forefather's pious care,
From ancient times, has handed down;
Nor will we hide them from our sons,
But to our offspring make them known;
That they the praises may be taught,
Of God who hath such wonders wrought.

3. For Jacob he this law ordain'd,
This solemn league for Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, with care convey'd,
To be transmitted to their heirs,
Which they again might give to theirs.

4. That they might God's commands obey,
And in his strength their safety place;
And not like their forefathers prove
A stubborn and rebellious race,
Who still the paths of error trod,
Nor put their steadfast hope in God.

P S A L M LXXX. MILTON.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**HOU shepherd, that dost Israel keep!
Give ear in time of need;
Who leadest, like a flock of sheep,
Thy loved Joseph's seed.

2. That

2. That sit'st between the cherubs bright,
Between their wings outspread;
Shine forth; and from thy cloud give light,
And on our foes, thy dread.
3. In Ephraim's view, and Benjamin's,
And in Manasseh's fight,
Awake thy strength; come and be seen
To save us by thy might.
4. Lord God of hosts! how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath, and angry brow
Against thy people's pray'r?
5. Turn us again; thy grace divine,
To us, O God, vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And so we shall be safe.

PART SECOND.

6. A vine from Egypt thou hast brought;
Thy free love made it thine;
And drov'st the haughty nations out,
To plant this lovely vine.
7. Thou didst prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and fast;
That it began to grow apace,
And fill'd the land at last.

8. With her green shade that cover'd all,
The hills were overspread;
Her boughs, as high as cedars tall,
Advanc'd their lofty head.

9. Her branches, on the western side,
Down to the sea she sent;
And upward to the river wide,
Her other branches went.

10. Why hast thou laid her hedges low,
And broken down her fence,
That all may pluck her as they go,
With rudest violence?

11. The tusked boar out of the wood,
Up turns it by the roots;
Wild beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her grapes and tender shoots.

12. Return, O God of Hosts! look down
From heav'n, thy seat divine:
Behold us, but without a frown,
And visit this thy vine.

13. Upon the Man of thy right hand,
Let thy good hand be laid;
Upon the Son of man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made.

14. So

14. So shall we not go back from thee,
To ways of sin and shame;
O quicken us; then gladly we
Shall call upon thy name.

15. Turn us again; thy grace divine,
Lord God of hosts! vouchsafe;
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

P S A L M LXXXI. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**O God our never failing strength,
With loud applauses sing;
And jointly make a cheerful noise,
To Jacob's awful king.

2. Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let timbrels, psalteries and harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3. Let trumpets, at the great new moon,
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4. For this a statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be observ'd with pious care
By Israel's chosen seed.

5. This

5. This he, for a memorial, fix'd,
 When, freed from Egypt's land,
 Strange nations' barb'rous speech we heard,
 But could not understand.

6. Your burden'd shoulders I reliev'd,
 (This seem'd our God to say)
 Your servile hands by me were freed
 From lab'ring in the clay.

7. Your ancestors, with wrongs oppress'd,
 To me for aid did call;
 With pity I their suff'rings saw,
 And set them free from all.

8. They fought for me, and from the clouds,
 In thunder, I reply'd;
 At Meribah's contentious stream,
 Their faith and duty try'd.

★ PART SECOND.

9. While I my solemn will declare,
 My chosen people, hear;
 If thou, O Israel, to my words
 Wilt lend a list'ning ear;

10. Then shall no God, besides myself,
 Within thy coasts be found;
 Nor shalt thou worship any God
 Of all the nations round.

11. I am the Lord thy God, who thee
Brought'st forth from Egypt's land;
'Tis I that all thy just desires,
Supply with lib'ral hand.

12. But they, my chosen race, refus'd
To hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
Make me their happy choice.

13. So I, provok'd, resign'd them up
To ev'ry lust a prey;
And, in their own perverse designs,
Permitted them to stray.

14. O that my people would be wise!
And my commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

15. Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose;
And my avenging hand be turn'd
Against their num'rous foes.

16. Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.

17. All parts with plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their field;
The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

P S A L M LXXXII. WATTS.

1. **A**MONG th' assemblies of the great,
A greater ruler takes his seat:
The God of heav'n as judge surveys
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

2. Why will ye then frame wicked laws,
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the just no more?

3. They know not, Lord, nor will they know;
Dark are the ways in which they go:
Their name of earthly gods is vain,
For they shall fall and die like men.

4. Rise, mightiest king, to judgment rise,
Th' oppress'd redeem, the proud chastise;
'Till man's whole offspring, thee alone,
Their Lord and just possessor, own.

PSALM LXXXIV.

P S A L M LXXXIV. WATTS.

1. **L**ORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires
With warm desires
To see my God.

2. O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the way
To Zion's hill!

3. They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears;
O glorious feat,
When God our king
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

4. To

4. To spend one sacred day,
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside :
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than dwell in courts.

5. God is our sun and shield,
Our light and our defence ;
With gifts his hands are fill'd ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow,
On Jacob's race,
Peculiar grace
And glory too.

6. The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good with-holds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of hosts !
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV.

P S A L M LXXXIV. MERRICK.

1. **H**OW sweet thy dwellings, Lord! how fair!

What peace, what bliss inhabit there!
With ardent hope, with strong desire,
My heart, my flesh to thee aspire.

2. Eternal king, within thy dome,
The sparrow finds her peaceful home;
With her the dove, a licens'd guest,
Assiduous tends her infant nest.

2. Blest, who like these, from day to day,
Within thy house permitted stay;
Whose joyous tongue thy mercies raise,
To hymns of gratitude and praise.

4. Blest, who their strength on thee reclin'd,
Thy seat explore with constant mind,
And, Salem's distant tow'rs in view,
With active zeal their way pursue.

5. Secure the thirsty vale they tread,
While, call'd from out their sandy bed,
The copious springs their step's beguile,
And bid the cheerless desert smile.

6. From stage to stage advancing still,
Behold them reach fair Sion's hill,
And, prostrate at her hallow'd shrine,
Adore the majesty divine.

PSALM LXXXV.

P S A I LXXXV. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **L**ORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to
mind;
Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
And brought his wand'ring captives home.
2. Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
And thy salvation be complete.
3. Revive our dying graces, Lord,
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
Make known thy truth, fulfill thy word;
We wait for praise to tune our voice.
4. We wait to hear what God will say;
He'll speak, and give his people peace;
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning wrath increase.

PART SECOND.

5. Salvation is for ever nigh
To those that fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.
6. Mercy

6. Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.

7. Now truth and honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heav'nly influence blest the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

8. His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

PSALM LXXXVI. TATE AND BRADY.

PART FIRST.

1. **D**O thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

2. To him, who daily thee invokes,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

3. Thou, Lord, art good: not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who to thy mercy sue.

4. To

4. To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be ;
When troubled, I on thee will call,
For thou wilt answer me.
5. Among the Gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine ;
To thee as much inferior they,
As are their works to thine.
6. Therefore their great creator thee,
The nations shall adore ;
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise,
To thy blest'd name restore.
7. All shall confess thee great ; and great
The wonders thou hast done ;
Confess thee God—the God supreme ;
Confess thee God alone.

PART SECOND.

8. Teach me thy ways, O Lord, and I
From truth will ne'er depart ;
In rev'rence to thy sacred name,
Devoutly fix my heart.
9. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God :
Praise thee with heart sincere ;
And to thy everlasting name
Eternal trophies rear.

10. Thy

10. Thy boundless mercy shewn to me,
Transcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my soul
From lowest depths of hell.

11. Lord, thou thy constant goodness dost
To my assistance bring,
Of patience, mercy and of truth
Thou everlasting spring.

12. O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me thy servant show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me
Thy servant's son bestow.

P S A L M LXXXVII. WATTS.

1. **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heav'nly praise;
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Sion loves to dwell.

2. His mercy visits ev'ry house,
That pay their night and morning vows,
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3. What glories were display'd of old!
What wonders are of Sion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4. Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew:
Angels and men shall join to sing
The bill where living waters spring.

5. When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

P S A L M LXXXVIII. MILTON.

1. **O** LORD! who dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry;
And all night long before thee weep,
Before thee prostrate lie.

2. Into thy presence let my pray'r
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cries, that ceaseless are,
Thine ear with favour bend.

3. With num'rous woes, and troubles fore,
O'er-whelm'd my soul doth lie;
My life at death's uncheerful door
Unto the grave draws nigh.

4. Reckon'd I am with them that pass
Down to the dismal pit:
A man I am, but weak, alas!
And for that name unfit,

5. From

5. From life discharg'd, and parted quite,
Among the dead to sleep,
And like the slain in bloody fight
That in the grave lie deep.

6. Thou in the lowest pit profound,
Hast left me all forlorn,
Where thickest darkness hovers round,
In horrid deeps to mourn.

7. Through sorrow and afflictions great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead;
Lord, all the day I'll thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.

8. Wilt thou do wonders on the dead?
Shall the decess'd arise,
And praise thee from their loathsome bed,
With pale and hollow eyes?

9. Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave hath hold?
Or they, who in perdition dwell,
Thy faithfulness unfold?

10. In darkness can thy mighty hand,
Or wondrous acts be known?
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

11. But I to thee. O Lord, will cry,
 Ere yet my life be spent;
 And up to thee my pray'r each day
 Will rise, and thee prevent.

12. Why wilt thou, Lord, my soul forsake,
 And hide thy face from me?
 My bones sore bruised are, and shake
 With terrors sent from thee.

13. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
 Thy threatnings pierce me through;
 All day they round about me go,
 Like waves they me pursue.

14. Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
 And sever'd from me far;
 They fly me now, whom I have lov'd,
 And as in darkness are.

P S A L M LXXXIX. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **O**UR never ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord,
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2. The sacred truth his lips pronounce,
 Shall firm as heav'n endure;
 And, if he speak a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

3. How

3. How long the race of David held
he promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater Son.
4. His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.
5. Lord God of Hosts! thy wond'rous ways,
Are sung by saints above;
And saints on earth their honours raise,
To thy unchanging love.

PART SECOND.

Watts

1. With rev'rence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his word.
2. How terrible thy glories be!
How bright thine armies shine!
Where is the pow'r that vies with thee?
Or truth compar'd with thine?
3. The northern pole and southern rest,
On thy supporting hand;
Darkness and day, from east to west,
Move round at thy command.
- O 4. Thy

4. Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boist'rous deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
5. Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
And the dark world of hell;
How can thine arm in terror shine,
When mortals dare rebel!
6. Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy grace:
While truth and mercy, join'd in one,
Invite us near thy face.

PART THIRD.

Walt

1. Blest are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
2. Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His wond'rous grace exalts their hope;
Let all his grace proclaim.
3. The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel! thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PART FOURTH.

1. Hear what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known;
“ Sinners, behold your help is laid
“ On my belov'd Son.
2. “ Behold the man my wisdom chose,
“ Among your mortal race;
“ His head my holy oil o'erflows,
“ The spirit of my grace.
3. “ High shall he reign on David's throne,
“ My people's better king;
“ My arm shall beat his rivals down,
“ And still new subjects bring.
4. “ My truth shall guard him in his way,
“ With mercy by his side,
“ While in my name through earth and sea,
“ He shall in triumph ride.
5. “ Me for his father, and his God
“ He shall for ever own;
“ Call me his rock, his high abode;
“ And I'll support my Son.
6. “ My first-born Son, array'd in grace,
“ At my right hand shall sit;
“ Beneath him angels know their place,
“ And kings are at his feet.
7. “ My

7. " My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
 " My promises are strong;
 " Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
 " His seed endure as long.

PART FIFTH.

1. Think, mighty God, on feeble man;
 How few his hours! how short his span!

Short from the cradle to the grave:
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or pow'r to save?

2. Lord! shall it be for ever said,
 The race of man was only made
 For sickness, sorrow and the dust?
 Are not thy servants, day by day,
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3. Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heav'nly crown?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair:
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

4. For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a large reward,

For

For all their toil, reproach and pain :
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

P S A L M XC.

PART FIRST. BURNS.

1. **O** THOU the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!
2. Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand;
Before this pond'rous globe itself
Arose at thy command;
3. That pow'r which rais'd, and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time,
Was ever still the same.
4. Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight,
Than yesterday that's past.
5. Thou giv'st the word; thy creature, man
Is to existence brought :
Again, thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
"Return ye into nought."

6. Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep :
As with a flood thou tak'st them off,
With over-whelming sweep.
7. They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd ;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. Lord, if thine eyes survey our faults,
And justice grows severe ;
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
2. Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam. with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.
3. Life like a vain amusement flies,
A fable or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
4. How few there are, whose days amount
To three-score years and ten !
I all beyond that short account
In sorrow, toil and pain.

5. Almighty

5. Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone ;
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
6. Our souls would learn the heav'nly art,
T' improve the hours we have ;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

PART THIRD. MERRICK.

1. Return, O God of love, return,
O let us not thy absence mourn,
Thee, Lord, their refuge, thee alone,
From earliest age thy people own.
2. Author of good, thy work mature ;
In thee the righteous are secure ;
O may the majesty divine,
On us its mildest beams incline !
3. And, while new scenes of hope to view
Disclos'd, our labour we pursue ;
Thy fav'ring hand with full success,
That hope confirm, that labour bless !
4. Thy mercy, to our souls reveal'd,
A full reward of bliss shall yield ;
And, while thy breath our life prolongs,
With grateful mirth inspire our songs.

PSALM XCI.

P S A L M XCI. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **H**E that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under his Almighty shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide:
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.
2. His tender love and watchful care,
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:
He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
3. No terrors that surprise by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright;
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day:
Nor plague of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness; nor infectious ills
That in the hottest season slay.
4. A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains;
Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's fore calamity,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
5. Because

5. Because, with well plac'd confidence,
'Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the Highest dost rely;
Therefore, no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.

6. For he, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

7. Dragons and asps that thirst for blood,
And lions roaring for their food,
Beneath thy conquering feet shall lie.

"Because he lov'd and honour'd me,
"Therefore," says God, "I'll set him free,
"And fix his glorious throne on high.

8. "His pray'r I'll answer when he calls,
"And rescue him when ill befalls;

"Increase his honour and his wealth;
"And when, with undisturb'd content,
"His long and happy life is spent,
"His end I'll crown with saving health."

P S A L M XCII. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **S**WEET is the work, O God, our king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize our breast;
Our noblest pow'rs shall join to raise
A tribute of immortal praise.

3. Our heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels! how divine!

4. Thus we shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd our heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer our head.

5. Then shall we see and hear and know,
All we desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

✕
PART SECOND.

6. Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In gardens planted by thy hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.

7. There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Blest with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all it's trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.

8. The plants of grace shall ever live;
Nature decays; but grace must thrive;
Time that does all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

9. Laden with fruits of age, they shew
The Lord is holy, just and true;
None that attend his gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M XCIII. STEELE.

1. **T**HE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

2. Ere

2. Ere rolling years began to move,
Or ere the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above:
From everlasting thou art God.
3. The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.
4. The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.
5. Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
How should thy people, Lord! be pure!
And in thy blest resemblance shine!

P S A L M XCIV. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **O** God, to whom revenge belongs,
Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
Let sovereign pow'r redress our wrongs,
Let justice smite the proud.
2. They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears"—
When will the vain be wise?
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
Or blind, who made their eyes?
3. He

3. He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
And they shall feel his pow'r;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain,
In some surprising hour.
4. But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
Thou hast a gentle rod:
Thy providence, thy sacred book,
Shall make them know their God.
5. Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise,
When they forget thy law.
6. But God will not cast off his saints,
Nor his own promise break:
He pardons his inheritance,
For their Redeemer's sake.

PART SECOND.

7. Who will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.
8. Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustain'd my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul among the dead.

P

9. *Alas!*

9. *Alas! my sliding feet! I cry'd;*
 Thy promise bore me up;
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 And rais'd my sinking hope.
10. While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll;
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.
11. Pow'rs of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws;
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies;
 He will defend my cause.
12. Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff;
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **O** COME, let us sing to the Lord;
 Come, let us every one
 A joyful noise make to the rock
 Of our salvation.
2. Let us before his presence come,
 With praise and thankful voice;
 Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
 And make a joyful noise.

3. For

3. For God a great God, and great king
 Above all gods he is :
 Depths of the earth are in his hand,
 The strength of hills is his.
4. To him the spacious sea belongs,
 For he the same did make ;
 The dry land also from his hand,
 It's form at first did take.
5. O come and let us worship him ;
 Let us bow down withal ;
 And on our knees, before the Lord
 Our Maker, let us fall.

P S A L M XCVI. SCOTCH VERSION.

PART FIRST.

1. **O** SING a new song to the Lord ;
 Sing all the earth to God ;
 Among the heathen nations shew
 His saving health abroad.
2. For great's the Lord, and greatly he
 Is to be magnify'd ;
 Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
 Above all gods beside.
3. For all the gods are idols dumb,
 Which blinded nations fear ;
 But our God is the Lord, by whom
 The heav'n's created were.

4. Great

4. Great honour is before his face,
And majesty divine ;
Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.

5. Do you ascribe unto the Lord,
Of people ev'ry tribe,
Glory do you unto the Lord
And mighty pow'r ascribe.

 PART SECOND.

6. Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to his name is due :
Come ye into his courts and bring
An offering with you.

7. In beauty of his holiness,
This sov'reign Lord adore ;
Let all the earth his name confess,
And dread his glorious pow'r.

8. Let heav'ns be glad before the Lord,
And let the earth rejoice ;
Let seas and all that is therein,
Cry out and make a noise.

9. Let fields rejoice, and ev'ry thing
That springeth of the earth ;
Then woods, and ev'ry tree shall sing
With gladness and with mirth.

10. Before

10. Adore the Lord, because he comes;
To judge the earth comes he;
He'll judge the world with righteousness,
The people faithfully.

P S A L M XCVII.

1. **J**EHOVAH reigns, let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2. Darkness and clouds of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fix'd by his pavilion wait.

3. Above earth's potentates enthron'd,
Jehovah dwells exalted high;
Supreme by other gods is own'd
And reigns unrivall'd in the sky.

4. The sov'reign king loves upright souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men who his own image bear.

5. The seeds of endless life are sown,
A glorious harvest for the just;
To them his favours shall be shewn;
He'll recompense their pious trust.

6. Rejoice

6. Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 In songs of praise your joy express;
 Deep in your thankful hearts record
 Memorials of his holiness.

PSALM XCVIII. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **O** SING a new song to the Lord,
 For wonders he hath done;
 His right hand, and his holy arm
 Him victory have won.
2. The mighty Lord, his saving pow'r
 Hath caused to be known;
 His justice in the heather's fight
 He openly hath shewn.
3. He mindful of his grace and truth
 To Israel's house hath been;
 And the salvation of our God
 Earth's utmost ends have seen.
4. To celebrate Jehovah's praise,
 Let men their tongues employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

P S A L M XCIX.

1. **J**EHOVAH reigns ; let all
The guilty nations quake ;
On cherubs wings he sits ;
Let earth's foundations shake :
In Sion he is great,
Above all people high ;
O praise his holy name
Who dwells above the sky
In awful majesty.

2. For truth and justice still
Of strength and pow'r take place ;
His righteous judgments are
Dispens'd to Jacob's race :
Therefore exalt the Lord,
Before his footstool fall
In adoration low ;
And with his pow'r, let all
His holiness extoll.

3. Moses and Aaron thus,
Among his priests, ador'd ;
Samuel his prophet too
He heard—when they implor'd.
Before the camp, their guide
The cloudy pillar mov'd ;
They kept his laws, and they
Obedient servants prov'd ;
His ordinance they lov'd.

4. He

4. He heard, and oft forgave,
 Nor would destroy their race;
 But oft his wrath was known,
 When they abus'd his grace:
 Then in his sacred courts,
 Due praise to him afford;
 For he who holy is
 Alone should be ador'd:
 Ye saints, praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M C. WATTS.

1. **B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
 Ye nations! bow with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and can destroy.
2. His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
3. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
4. Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love,
 Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

P S A L M CI. WATTS.

1. **M**ERCY and judgment are my song,
And since they both to thee belong,
My gracious God, my righteous king,
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2. If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word:
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3. Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4. No sons of slander, rage and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my door shall ne'er abide.

5. I'll search the land and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth and trust;
The men that work thy holy will,
Shall be my friends and favourites still.

6. In vain shall sinners hope to rise,
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.

7. The impious crew, the factious band
 Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
 And all that break the public rest,
 Where I have pow'r shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M CII.

PART FIRST. WATTS.

1. **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer, lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace,
 To hear when sinners cry?
2. My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air;
 My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair.
3. My spirits flag, like with'ring grass,
 Burnt with excessive heat:
 In secret groans my minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.
4. As, on some lonely building's top,
 The sparrow tells her moan,
 Far from the tents of joy and hope,
 I sit and grieve alone.
5. My soul is like a wilderness,
 Where beasts of midnight howl,
 Where the sad raven finds her place,
 And where the screaming owl.

6. Dark

6. Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirits rest.

7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast:
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.

8. Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord! 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.

9. My looks like wither'd leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as ev'ning shadows are
That vanish into night.

10. But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.

PART SECOND. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. Thou shalt arise, and mercy yet
Thou to Mount Sion shalt extend;
Thy time for favour which was set,
Behold, is now come to an end.

2. Thy

2. Thy faints take pleasure in her stones;
Her very dust to them is dear;
All heathen lands, and kingly thrones
On earth, thy glorious name shall fear.

3. God in his glory shall appear,
When Sion he builds and repairs:
He shall regard and lend an ear
Unto the needy's humble pray'rs.

4. Th' afflicted's pray'r he will not scorn:
This shall be ever on record;
That generations yet unborn
May praise and magnify the Lord.

5. He from his holy place look'd down;
The earth he view'd from heav'n on high,
To hear the pris'ners mourning groan,
And free them that are doom'd to die.

6. That Sion and Jerusalem too,
His name and praise may still record;
When people and the kingdoms do
Assemble all to praise the Lord.

PART THIRD. TATE AND BRADY.

1. Through endless years thou art the same,
O thou eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad,

2. The

2. The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.
3. Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'ful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.
4. But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
Thy wisdom, pow'r and truth and grace
From age to age shall last.
5. Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting comfort give;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

P S A L M CIII. SCOTCH VERSION.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, blest God the Lord;
And all that in me is,
Be stirred up, his holy name
To magnify and blest.
2. Blest, O my soul, the Lord thy God;
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestow'd on thee.

3. All thy iniquities he doth
Most graciously forgive;
He thy diseases and thy pains
Doth heal and thee relieve.

4. He doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down ;
He thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

5. He with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth,
So that, ev'n as the eagle's age,
Renewed is thy youth.

6. God will not chide continually ;
Nor keep his anger still ;
With us he dealt not as we sinned,
Nor did requite our ill.

7. For, as the heav'n in it's height
The earth surmounteth far ;
So great to those, who do him fear,
His tender mercies are.

8. As far as east is distant from
The west ; so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
All our iniquity.

9. Such

9. Such pity as a father shews
Unto his children dear;
Such pity shews the Lord to such
As worship him in fear.
10. For he remembers we are dust,
And he our frame well knows :
Frail man ! his days are like the grass,
As flow'r in field he grows.
11. But unto them that do him fear,
God's mercy never ends;
And to their children's children still
His righteousness extends.
12. The Lord prepared hath his throne,
In heav'n firm to stand ;
And ev'ry thing that being hath
His kingdom doth command.
13. O ye his angels, that excel
In strength, blest ye the Lord ;
Ye who obey what he commands,
And hearken to his word.
14. O blest the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stor'd,
In his dominions ev'ry where ;
My soul, blest thou the Lord.

P S A L M CIV. MERRICK.

1. **A** WAKE, my soul, to hymns of praise;
To God the song of triumph raise;
And let consenting nations join,
To bless with me the name divine.

2. O cloth'd with majesty divine!
What pomp, what glory, Lord, are thine!
Light forms thy robe, and round thy head,
The heav'n's their ample curtain spread.

3. Thou know'st, amid the fluid space,
The strong-compacted beams to place,
That proof to waiting ages lie,
And prop the chambers of the sky.

4. Behold, aloft the King of kings,
Borne on the winds expanded wings,
(His chariot by the clouds supply'd)
Thro' heav'n's wide realms triumphant ride.

5. Around him, rang'd in awful state,
Th' assembled storms expectant wait,
And flames, attentive to fulfill
The dictates of his mighty will.

6. On firmest base uprear'd, the earth
To him ascribes her wond'rous birth;
He spake; and o'er each mountain's head
The deep it's wat'ry mantle spread.

7. He

7. He spake; and from the whelming flood
Again their tops emergent stood,
And fast adown their bending side,
With reflux stream their currents glide.

8. Aw'd by his stern rebuke they fly,
While peals of thunder rend the sky,
In mingled tumult upward borne,
Now to the mountains height return;

9. Now, lodg'd within their peaceful bed,
Along the winding vale are led,
And, taught their destin'd bounds to know,
No more th' affrighted earth o'erflow;

10. But obvious to her use (their course
By nature's ever copious source
Supply'd) refresh the hilly plain,
And life in all it's forms sustain.

11. Here, stooping o'er the river's brink,
The herds and flocks promiscuous drink;
There, 'mid the barren desert nurs'd,
The wild ass cools his burning thirst.

12. While fast beside the murm'ring spring,
The feather'd minstrels sit and sing,
And, shelter'd in the branches, shun
The fervours of the mid-day sun.

13. His show'rs with verdure crown the hills;
The earth with various fruits he fills:

Preventive

Preventive of their wants, his aid
Yields to the brute the springing blade.

14. For man, chief object of his care,
His hands the foodful herb prepare,
The gladning wine, refreshing oil,
And bread that strings his nerves for toil.

15. By him, with genial moisture fed,
The trees their shade luxuriant spread;
And weave their social boughs, design'd
A refuge for th' aerial kind:

16. While on the fir-tree's spiry top,
The vagrant stork is seen to stop,
Where, cradled in their waving nest,
Her infant brood in safety rest.

17. See from the hills the goats depend,
Or bounding from the cliff descend:
The lesser tribes, in furry pride
Array'd, the rock's dark caverns hide.

18. Her way by God prescrib'd, the moon
Our seasons marks, and knows her own;
And taught by him, the orb of day
Slopes in the west his parting ray.

19. Now night from ocean's bed ascends,
And o'er the earth her wings extends;
While favour'd by the friendly gloom,
The sylvan race licentious roam.

20. The

20. The lions chief, with hideous roar,
From God their needful food implore,
And eager for their wonted prey
Along the echoing desert stray.

21. Till now, as morn approaches nigh,
Back to their cavern'd haunts they fly,
Where satiate with the nightly feast,
The lordly savage sinks to rest.

22. His care sufficient to the day,
Man to his labour takes his way,
His task at earliest dawn begun,
And ended with the setting sun.

23. Eternal ruler of the skies,
How various are thy works! how wise!
How great thou art! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to thy name?

24. Not earth alone beholds her shores
Enrich'd from God's exhaustless stores;
Alike, throughout their liquid reign,
Th' extended seas his gifts contain.

25. Beneath, unnumber'd reptiles swarm,
Of different size, of different form;
Above, the ships enormous glide,
Incumbent on the burthen'd tide.

26. And oft the rolling waves between,
The huge leviathan is seen,

There

There privileg'd by Him to stray,
And wanton o'er the wat'ry way.

27. Thy care, great God, sustains them all;
As, urg'd by hunger's furious call,
Expectant of the known supply,
To thee they lift the asking eye,

28. And reap from thy extended hand
What e'er their various wants demand:
How good thou art! what tongue can frame
An equal honour to thy name?

29. By thee, O Lord, all creatures live,
And from thy hand all good receive;
But if thy face thou turn'st away,
Their troubled looks their grief betray.

30. If thou the vital air deny,
Behold them sicken, faint and die;
Dust to it's kindred dust returns,
And earth her ruin'd offspring mourns.

31. But soon thy breath her loss supplies,
She sees a new-born race arise,
And, o'er her regions scatter'd wide,
The blessings of thy hand divide.

32. Thy glory, fearless of decline,
Thy glory, Lord, shall ever shine.
Thy works in changeless order lie,
And glad their great Creator's eye.

33. Earth

33. Earth at thy look shall trembling stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand;
 And, touch'd by thee, Almighty Sire,
 The cloud topt hills in smoke aspire.

34. To God in ceaseless strains, my tongue,
 Shall meditate the grateful song;
 And long as breath informs my frame,
 The wonders of his love proclaim;

35. Afsur'd that his paternal ear
 With full regard my voice will hear;
 His acts it's unexhausted theme,
 His favour my delight supreme.

36. Awake, my soul, to hymns of praise;
 To God the song of triumph raise;
 And let consenting nations join
 To bless with me the name divine.

PSALM CV. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **G**IVE thanks to God, call on his name;
 To men his deeds make known;
 Sing ye to him; sing psalms; proclaim
 The wonders he hath done.

2. See that ye in his holy name
 Glory with one accord;
 And let the heart of ev'ry one
 Rejoice that seeks the Lord.

Q 2.

3. The

3. The Lord Almighty and his strength
 With stedfast hearts seek ye;
 His blessed and his gracious face,
 Seek ye continually.

4. Think on the works that God hath done,
 Which admiration breed;
 His wonders, and the judgments all
 Which from his mouth proceed.

P S A L M CVI. SCOTCH VERSION.

1. **G**IVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,
 For bountiful is he;
 His tender mercy doth endure
 Unto eternity.

2. God's mighty works who can express?
 Or shew forth all his praise?
 Blessed are they, that judgment keep,
 And justly do always.

3. Remember us, Lord, with that love
 Which thou to thine dost bear;
 With thy salvation, O our God,
 To visit us draw near;

4. That we thy chosen's good may see,
 And in their joy rejoice,
 And may, like thine inheritance,
 Triumph with cheerful voice.

PSALM CVII.

P S A L M CVII. MERRICK.

PART FIRST.

1. **T**O God above, from all below
Let hymns of praise ascend;
Whose blessings unexhausted flow,
Whose mercy knows no end.
2. But chief by those his name be blest,
To whom his aid he gave;
Whom he beheld by foes oppress'd,
And reach'd his arm to save.
3. To east, to west, to south, to north,
Condemn'd awhile to roam,
His hand in pity brought them forth,
And call'd the wand'ers home.
4. Behold them o'er the desert stray,
A helpless, hopeless train;
Some city, where their steps to stay,
They seek, but seek in vain.
5. Ah! what shall cheer their fainting mind,
Or what their woes assuage,
To thirst's afflictive pain consign'd,
And famine's fiercest rage?
6. Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
He guides their wand'ring feet;
And, safe in his protecting care,
They reach their destin'd seat.

7. O then, that all would biefs his name,
 Whose mercy thus they prove,
 And pleas'd, from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love.
8. That love whose gifts, with thankful breast,
 The sons of want divide,
 And find their ev'ry grief redress'd,
 Their ev'ry wish supply'd.

PART SECOND.

1. How just the doom to those assign'd,
 Who frantic durst withstand
 The counsels of th' Almighty mind,
 And spurn his just command.
2. These erst he bade th' avenger's hand
 In death's dark shades detain;
 And added to the iron band
 Affliction's heavier chain.
3. O'erwhelm'd with deepest woe they lie,
 And sinking to the grave:
 No pitying ear attends their cry;
 No hand is nigh to save.
4. Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
 He instant near them stands,
 Disperses the gloom of black despair,
 And breaks their stubborn bands.

5. O then that all would blefs his name,
 Whose mercy thus they prove,
 And pleas'd from age to age proclaim
 The wonders of his love.
6. That love which oft it's succour gives
 The captive's woes to heal,
 The gates of brafs in sunder cleaves,
 And bursts the bars of steel.

PART THIRD.

1. Beneath his terrors bid to groan,
 Behold th' intemperate band
 The fruits of folly reap, and own
 The justice of his hand.
2. Estrang'd from food, their languid soul
 The needful meal foregoes;
 Life feels it's current faintly roll,
 And hastens to it's close.
3. Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r,
 And nature joyous sees
 His word her ruin'd strength repair,
 Her fiercest tortures ease.
4. O then that all would blefs his name,
 Whole mercy thus they prove,
 And pleas'd from age to age proclaim,
 The wonders of his love;

R

5. That

5. That realms of various tongue would
sing
His acts in frequent lays,
And yield to heav'n's eternal king
The sacrifice of praise.

PART FOURTH.

1. Who on the waves, from shore to shore,
The gifts of commerce bear,
The wonders of the deep explore,
And own that God is there;
2. By these his works are seen; his ways
By these are understood;
He speaks the word; the storm obeys,
And rising lifts the flood.
3. Now high as heav'n the bark ascends,
Now seeks the depth below;
Each heart beneath the terror bends,
And melts with inward woe.
4. Like drunken men, in wild amaze,
They reel from side to side:
Nor hope survives, their soul to raise,
Nor reason wakes to guide.
5. Distress'd, to God they make their pray'r;
Obedient to his will,
The storms that rag'd, their rage forbear,
The seas that roar'd are still.

6. Each

6. Each grief, each fear at once resign'd,
They see their labour o'er;
Then, led by him, their haven find,
And reach the wish'd for shore.
7. O then that all would bless his name,
Whose mercy thus they prove,
And pleas'd from age to age proclaim,
The wonders of his love.
8. That Salem, in her sacred shrine,
His praise, with thankful tongue,
Would utter; while her elders join
To swell the festal song.

PART FIFTH.

1. God bids: and lo! a burning waste
Where roll'd the floods before;
And, touch'd by the descending blast,
The springs are seen no more.
2. Sad witness of some dire offence,
Behold the fertile soil
No more it's wonted gifts dispense,
But mock the tiller's toil.
3. He bids; and o'er the desert wide
The liquid lake is spread;
New springs the thirsty earth divide,
And murm'ring lift the head.
4. There

4. There thousands, late with hunger wan,
By him assembled meet;
There pleas'd the future city plan,
And fix their sure retreat.

5. And now they sow the foodful grain;
The tender vine they rear;
Now waves the harvest o'er the plain,
And plenty crowns the year.

6. Blest in His care, the flocks with joy
A numerous race behold;
Nor dares disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

7. Anon, if sunk with heaviest yoke,
They feel oppression's pow'r;
If civil rage, or conquering foe,
Their boasted strength devour;

8. His hand affords the wish'd release;
Collects their scatter'd train;
And bids them like the flocks increase,
That fill the verdant plain.

9. Such truths his servants shall attest,
And joyful wake the song;
While shame the impious shall invest,
And chain their speechless tongue.

10. His

10. His works attentive while it sees,
The heav'n-instructed mind
Shall own how equal his decrees,
His providence how kind.

P S A L M CIX. WATTS.

1. **G**OD of my mercy and my praise,
Thy glory is my song;
Though sinners speak against thy grace
With a blaspheming tongue.

2. When in the form of mortal man,
Thy son on earth was found,
With cruel slanders, false and vain,
They compass'd him around.

3. Their mis'ries his compassion move;
Their peace he still pursu'd;
They render hatred for his love,
And evil for his good.

4. Their malice rag'd without a cause;
Yet, with his dying breath,
He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
And blest his foes in death.

5. Let not his bright example shine
In vain before our eyes;
May we, like him, to peace incline,
And love our enemies.

PSALM CX.

P S A L M CX. WATTS.

1. **J**ESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy father sit;
In Sion shall thy pow'r be known,
And make thy foes submit.
2. What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy converts shall surpass
The num'rous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sov'reign grace.
3. God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore;
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
"When Aaron is no more."
4. Melchisedec, that wond'rous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man whom Abram blest,
Was but a type of thee.
5. Jesus, our priest, for ever lives,
To plead for us above;
Jesus, our king, for ever gives
The blessings of his love.
6. God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain,
Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM CXI.

P S A L M CXI. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **S**ONGS of immortal praise belong
To our Almighty God ;
He has our heart, and he our tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
2. How great the works his hand has wrought!
How glorious in our fight!
And men in ev'ry age have fought
His wonders with delight.
3. How most exact is nature's frame!
How wise th' eternal mind!
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.
4. Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heav'nly skill proclaim:
What shall we do to make us wise
But learn to read thy name?
5. To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill;
And he's the wisest of our race,
Who best obeys thy will.

PART SECOND.

1. Great is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.
2. Great is the mercy of the Lord ;
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
3. His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure :
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
4. They who would grow divinely wise
Must with his fear begin ;
Our fairest proof of wisdom lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

PSALM CXII. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **T**HAT man is blest'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
His seed on earth shall be renown'd
And with successive honours crown'd.
2. His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An unexhausted treasury :

His

His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

3. The man that's fill'd with virtue's light
Shines brightest in afflictions night;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well all just to all mankind.

4. His lib'ral favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

5. Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

6. His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd;
His works of piety and love
Are known on earth, and own'd above.

P S A L M CXIII. WATTS.

1. **Y**E who delight to serve the Lord,
The honours of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless:
Where e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

R 2,

2. Nor

2. Nor time, nor nature's narrow rounds
Can give his vast dominions bounds ;

The heav'ns are far below his height :
Let no created greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3. He bows his glorious head to view
What the bright hosts of angels do,
And bends his care to mortal things ;
His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
He takes the needy from the door,
And makes them company for kings.

P S A L M CXIV. WATTS

1. **W**HEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's
hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their king, and Judah was his throne.

2. Across the deep their journey lay ;
The deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.

3. The mountains shook like trembling sheep,
Like lambs the little hills did leap ;
Not Sinai on its base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.

4. What

4. What pow'r could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5. Let ev'ry mountain, ev'ry flood,
 Retire and know th' approaching God,
 The king of Israel: see him here;
 Tremble thou earth, adore and fear.

6. He thunders, and all nature mourns;
 The rock to standing pools he turns;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M CXV. WATTS.

1. **N**OT to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due;
 But to thy name, thou only just,
 Thou only gracious, wise and true.

2. Shine forth in all thy glorious name;
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and to raise our shame,
 Say, *where's the God you've serv'd so long?*

3. The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies:
 Through all the earth his will is done;
 He knows our pains, he hears our cries.

1. But

4. But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
A silver faint, or golden god.

5. With eyes and ears they carve their head,
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd to the wind.

6. Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray:
Mortals who pay them fear and love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.

7. O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8. The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy pow'r to save.

P S A L M CXVI. WATTS.

1. **W**HAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2. Among

2. Among the saints who fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3. How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy fight!
How precious is their blood!
4. How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.
5. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
6. Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness ye saints who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. WATTS.

1. **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

S

2. Eternal

2. Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVIII.

PART FIRST. MERRICK.

1. **L**IFT up your voice, and thankful sing
 Praises to your heav'nly king;
 For his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

2. Israel, thy Creator blest,
 And with joyous tongue confests,
 That his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

3. Ye who make his will your care,
 With assenting voice declare
 That his mercies far extend,
 And his bounty knows no end.

4. Oh! how safe the man whose mind
 Rests on Jacob's God reclin'd!
 Safer far than they who trust
 On the help of breathing dust.

5. Thee, the God inthron'd above,
 Thee, my lips shall sing, whose love
 To my voice attention gave,
 Prompt to hear, and strong to save.

6. Safe

6. Safe in Israel's Lord confide;
He is God, and none beside:
Thee, my God, in lengthen'd lays,
Thee, my raptur'd lips shall praise.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
And rescu'd from the grave;
Now shall he live; (and none can die
If God resolve to save.)
2. Thy praise more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily breath;
Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from death.
3. Open the gates of Sion now,
For we shall worship there,
The house where all the righteous go
Thy mercy to declare.
4. Among th' assemblies of thy saints,
Our thankful voice we'll raise;
There we will tell thee our complaints,
And there we'll speak thy praise.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

1. Behold the sure foundation stone
Which God in Sion lays,
To build our heav'n, hopes upon,
And his eternal praise:

2. Chosen

2. Chosen of God ; to finners dear ;
And saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
3. The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest
And envy rage in vain.
4. What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thy own work, Almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PART FOURTH. WATTS.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.
2. To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread
And all his wonders tell.
3. Hosanna to th' Anointed king,
To David's holy son ;
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4. Blest

4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's name,
 To save our sinful race.

5. Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens in which he dwells,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

PART FIRST. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **H**OW bless'd are they who always keep
 The pure and perfect way!
 Who never from the sacred paths
 Of God's commandments stray!

2. How bless'd who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been!
 And have with humble fervent zeal
 His favour fought to win!

3. Such men their utmost caution use
 To shun each wicked deed;
 But in the path which he directs,
 With constant care proceed.

4. Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
 To learn thy sacred will,
 And all our diligence employ
 Thy statutes to fulfill,

5. O

5. O then, that thy most holy will
Might o'er our ways preside ;
And we the course of all our life,
By thy direction guide !

6. Then with assurance should we walk,
From all confusion free,
Convinc'd, with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

PART SECOND. DODDRIDGE.

1. Indulgent God, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey ;
And see how youthful sinners sport
In a destructive way.

2. In pleasure's flowery path they tread,
On future years presume ;
Altho' ten thousand snares are spread
To snatch them to the tomb.

3. Reduce, O Lord, their wandering mind,
Amus'd with airy dreams,
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.

4. With holy caution may they walk
And make thy word their guide ;
Till each, the danger safely past,
On Sion's hill abide.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

1. Thou art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word
And suffers no delay.
2. I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me so rejoice.
3. The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
4. If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.
4. If thou incline this wandering heart,
Thy precepts to fulfill ;
Then till my mortal life shall end
I shall perform thy will.

PART FOURTH. WATTS.

1. Thy word is like a heavenly light,
Which guides us all the day ;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

2. When

2. When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
3. The starry heavens thy rule obey,
The earth preserves her place;
In nature's volume night and day,
Thy power and skill we trace.
4. But in thy law and gospel, Lord,
Are lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.
5. Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is every page;
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PART FIFTH. DODDRIDGE.

1. Arise, my tender thoughts, arise;
Let torrents drown my weeping eyes;
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2. See human beings sunk in shame;
See scandals pour'd on Jesus' name;
See God insulted through his son;
The world abus'd; the soul undone.

3. My

3. My heart with reverence hears thy word,
And trembles at thy threatnings, Lord ;
I know the wretched, dreadful end
To which their careless steps descend.

4. My God, the mournful scene I view,
With horror and with pity too ;
O could my sympathy reclaim,
The wretches from destructive flame.

5. But feeble my compassion proves,
It can but weep, where most it loves ;
Thy own all-saving grace employ,
And turn these drops of grief to joy.

PART SIXTH. WATTS.

1. O how I love thy holy law !
'Tis daily my delight ;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

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

3. When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy words to mind ;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And God's acceptance find.

S 2.

4. How

4. How doth thy word my heart engage?
 How well employ my tongue!
 It cheers my tiresome pilgrimage,
 And yields a heav'nly song!
5. Am I a stranger or at home,
 'Tis my continual feast,
 Nor honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.
6. No treasures so enrich the mind,
 Nor shall thy word be sold,
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of shining gold.
7. When nature sinks and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And elevate my praise.

PART SEVENTH. WATTS.

1. Lord I have made thy word my choice;
 Thy statutes all are just;
 They make my noblest powers rejoice,
 And mortify my lust.
2. Thy precepts often I survey,
 And keep thy laws in sight;
 Thro' all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right,

3. And

3. And when my spirit takes her fill,
From fountains so divine,
No mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joy compar'd to mine.
4. I read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy grace in sight;
Whilst through the promises I rove,
With ever new delight.
5. 'Tis like a land of wealth unknown,
Where living springs arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
6. The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PART EIGHTH. WATTS.

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

3. I've

3. I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection, here below ;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.
4. But thy commands, O righteous Lord,
Pervade the heart within ;
Thy perfect law, exceeding broad
Detects the secret sin.
5. In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
6. Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word ;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PART NINTH. WATTS.

1. Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord !
How great thy works appear !
Open my eyes to read thy word
And see thy wonders there.
2. My flesh by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and skill ;
O make me learn thy just commands,
That I may them fulfill.

2. Since

3. Since I'm a stranger here below,
Be thou my constant guide ;
Direct the way my feet should go,
Nor let me turn aside.
4. If thou to me thy statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart ;
Thy work for ever I'll pursue ;
Thy law shall rule my heart.
5. From those vain objects turn my sight,
Which this false world displays ;
But give me heav'nly power and light,
To tread thy righteous ways.

PART TENTH. WATTS.

1. O that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still ;
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.
2. Send thy good spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
3. From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise,
Within this soul of mine.

T

4. Order

4. Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
5. My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slide;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide.
6. Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart or hands
Offend against my God.

PART ELEVENTH. WATTS.

1. O that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind !
Thence I derive a quick'ning power
And daily comfort find.
2. Thy word shall dwell upon my heart,
To keep me pure within ;
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.
3. To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ,
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

4. How

4. How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin's deceit and folly's bands,
And set my feet at large!
5. My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word though tyrants hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.
5. Depart from me ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

PART TWELFTH. WATTS. .

1. Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation waits,
When will my troubles end!
2. Yet I have found 'tis good for me,
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn the law,
And reverence my God.
3. This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins;
I read thy word, I run thy ways,
And hate my former sins,
4. Had

4. Had not thy word been my delight,
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
 Had sunk among the dead.
5. I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 In all the sufferings I endure,
 Thy grace and love appear.
6. Before I knew thy chast'ning rod,
 My feet were apt to stray;
 But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

PART THIRTEENTH.

1. My soul lies cleaving to the dust,
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
 Turn off these eyes of mine.
2. I need the influence of thy grace,
 To speed me in my way;
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.
3. When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quick'ning powers;
 Thy word that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heaviest hours.

4. Are

4. Are not thy mercies sov'reign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal,
To run thy heav'nly road?
5. Does not my heart thy precepts love?
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace!
6. Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word;
When I have felt it's quick'ning power
To draw me near the Lord.

PART FOURTEENTH. WATTS.

1. Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!
2. Foolish and vain I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.
3. 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.
4. The

4. The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

5. Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to love thy holy name,
And guard me safe from ev'ry sin.

6. Then those who love and fear the Lord,
In my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And make thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX. WATTS.

1. **T**HOU God of love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;
When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
From lips that love deceit?

2. Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
Among the sons of strife,
While never-ceasing quarrels waste
My golden hours of life.

3. Oh! might I fly to change my place,
How would I chuse to dwell
In some wide lonesome wilderness,
And leave these gates of hell!

4. Peace

4. Peace is the blessing that I seek,
How lovely are it's charms!
I am for peace; but when I speak,
They all declare for arms.

5. New passions still their soul engage,
And keep their malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy rage,
O thou devouring tongue!

6. Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
Strict justice would approve;
But I would rather spare my foe,
And melt his heart with love.

PSALM CXXI. WATTS.

1. **T**O God we lift our waiting eyes;
On him our hopes depend;
The Lord who built the earth and skies,
Is our almighty friend.

2. Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he vouchsafes to keep;
His ears attend our humble call;
His eyes can never sleep.

3. He will sustain our weakest pow'rs,
By his almighty arm;
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.

4. Our

4. Our souls rejoice and rest secure,
 Our keeper is the Lord :
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For our eternal guard.
5. Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Without his leave can smite ;
 He shields our head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
6. He guards our lives, he keeps our breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 We stand secure from threatening death,
 Till God commands us home.

P S A L M CXXII. MERRICK.

1. **T**HE joyful morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,
 Thy presence to adore :
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.
2. Hither from Judah's utmost end,
 The heav'n-protected tribes ascend ;
 Their offerings hither bring :
 Here, eager to attest their joy,
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
 And hail th' immortal king.

3. Be

3. Be peace implor'd on each by thee
 O Sion! while with bended knee
 To Jacob's God we pray;
 How blest'd who calls himself thy friend!
 Success his labour shall attend,
 And safety guard his way.

4. O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
 Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
 Nor war's wide wastes deplore:
 May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
 And in thy courts with lavish hand,
 Distribute all her store.

5. Seat of my friends and brethren, hail!
 How can my tongue, O Sion! fail
 To bless thy lov'd abode?
 How cease the zeal that in me glows,
 Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
 The mansions of my God?

PSALM CXXIII. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **O**N thee who dwell'st above the skies,
 For mercy wait my longing eyes:
 As servants watch their master's hand,
 And maids their mistresses command.

2. O then have mercy on us, Lord!
 Thy gracious aid to us afford;
 To us whom cruel foes oppress,
 Grown rich and proud by our distress.

T 2. PSALM CXXIV.

P S A L M CXXIV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **H**AD not the Lord, may Israel say,
 Been pleas'd to interpose;
 Had not the Lord espous'd our cause,
 When men against us rose :
2. Their wrath had swallow'd us alive,
 And rag'd without controul;
 Their pride, like an impetuous stream,
 Had quite o'erwhelm'd our soul.
3. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
 Who rescu'd us that day,
 Nor to their savage jaws gave up
 Our threat'ned lives a prey.
4. Our soul is like a bird escap'd
 From out the fowler's net;
 The snare is broke, their hopes are cross'd,
 And we at freedom set.
5. Our sure and ail-sufficient help
 Is in Jehovah's name:
 His name who did the heav'ns create
 And who the earth did frame.

P S A L M CXXV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **W**HO place in Sion's God their trust,
 Like Sion's hill shall stand:
 Like her immoveable be fix'd,
 By his almighty hand,

2. As

2. As lofty hills on ev'ry side,
Old Salem did inclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.
3. The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress;
Nor force him, by despair, to seek
Base means for his redress.
4. Do good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains,
Let innocence protect.
5. Who turn aside to crooked paths,
The Lord will them destroy;
Cut off th' unjust; but crown his saints
With lasting peace and joy.

P S A L M CXXVI. WATTS.

1. **W**HEN God restor'd our captive state,
Joy was our song, and grace our
theme;
The grace beyond our hopes so great,
That joy appear'd an airy dream.
2. The scoffer owns thy hand and pays
Unwilling homage to thy name:
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.
3. To

3. To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of those who captive still remain;
On them thy grace abundant pour
Like large refreshing showers of rain.

4. The man that in his furrow'd field
His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the harvest yield
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

P S A L M CXXVII.

1. **W**E build with fruitless toil and cost,
Unless the Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keeps,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2. In vain we rise before the dawn,
In vain we late to rest repair;
Allow no respite to our toil,
And daily eat the bread of care:

3. The Lord, on his beloved saints,
Of good a rich supply bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with peace and soft repose.

4. Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the bounteous Lord,
He gives a numerous race of heirs,
Of piety the sweet reward.

5. As

5. As arrows in a strong man's hand,
When marching forth, equipp'd for war,
Ev'n so the sprightly sons of youth,
Their parents hopeful safeguard are.

6. Happy the man whose quivers are
Replete with these prevailing arms ;
He shall not fear to meet his foes,
In strifes of law or war's alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **B**LEST is the man who fears the Lord,
And walketh in his ways ;
Of his own labour he shall eat,
And happy be always.

2. His wife, like a fair fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring ;
His children like young olive plants,
About his table spring.

3. Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus ;
Him Sion's God shall bless ;
And grant him all his days to see
Jerusalem's success.

4. He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase ;
Much bless'd in his own prosp'rous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

V. PSALM CXXX.

P S A L M CXXX. STEELE.

1. **F**ROM the dark borders of despair,
To thee, my God! I cry;
O wilt thou pitying hear my pray'r,
And ev'ry plaintive sigh.
2. Lord! should'st thou call me to thy face,
And mark, with eye severe,
My numerous faults, what hope of grace
My mournful thoughts could cheer?
3. But sov'reign mercy dwells with thee;
Hope dawns amid my fears;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stay my flowing tears.
4. On God alone my soul would wait,
His sacred word my stay;
His sacred word can light create,
And turn my night to day.
5. As those who wait with longing eyes,
To see the cheerful morn;
So shall my ardent wishes rise,
Till thou my God return.
6. Let fainting Israel on the Lord,
With cheerful hope recline;
For pow'r and mercy in his word
With boundless glory shine.
7. Unnumber'd

7. Unnumber'd though their sins appear,
 And fill their hearts with pain;
 His saving love dispels their fear,
 And cleanses every stain.

P S A L M CXXXI. WATTS.

1. **I**S there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.
2. I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild;
 Content, my father, with thy will,
 And peaceful as a child.
3. The patient soul, the lowly mind,
 Shall have a large reward;
 Let saints in sorrow be resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

P S A L M CXXXII. TATE AND BRADY.

Psalm CXXXII. PART FIRST.

1. **L**ET David, Lord, a constant place
 In thy rememb'rance find;
 Let all the sorrows he endur'd
 Be ever in thy mind.

2. Remember

2. Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
Whom Jacob's sons adore.
3. I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend;
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eyelids bend,
4. Till for the Lord's design'd abode
I mark the destin'd ground;
Till I a decent place of rest,
For Jacob's God have found.
5. Th' appointed place with shouts of joy,
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighb'ring fields,
Our glad applause resound.
6. O with due rev'rence let us then
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fall'n,
Pour out our humble pray'r.

PART SECOND.

7. Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;
Be that not only with thine ark,
But with thy presence blest.

8. Clothe

8. Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
And make thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thine Anointed's voice.

9. God swear to David in his truth,
(Nor shall his oath be vain,)
One of thy offspring after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign.

10. And if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit,
Their children too upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.

PART THIRD.

11. Bless'd Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excell:
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

12. Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.

13. There David's pow'r shall long remain
In his successive line,
And mine anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.

14. The

14. The faces of his vanquish'd foes,
 Confusion shall overspread;
 While, with confirm'd success, his crown
 Shall flourish on his head.

P S A L M CXXXIII. WATTS.

1. **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please,
 Through all their actions run.

2. Blest is the pious house,
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Where songs of praise, and mingl'd vows
 Make their communion sweet;

3. Where love, from heav'nly springs,
 Descends to ev'ry soul;
 And sacred peace with balmy wings,
 Shades and bedews the whole.

4. All in their stations move,
 And each fulfills his part,
 In ev'ry care of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.

5. Thus, on the heav'nly hills
 The saints are blest above,
 Where joy like morning dew distils,
 And all the air is love.

PSALM CXXXIV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **B**LESS God, ye servants that attend
 Upon his solemn state;
 That in his temple, day by day,
 With humble rev'rence wait.

2. Within his house lift up your hands,
 And blest his holy name:
 Thy people blest from Sion, Lord,
 Who heav'n and earth didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

PART FIRST. *T. T. B.*

1. **P**RAISE the Lord with one consent,
 Magnify his holy name;
 Let the servants of the Lord
 Still his worthy praise proclaim.

2. Praise him, ye that in his house
 Wait with never ceasing care;
 Praise him, ye that to his courts
 With religious zeal repair.

3. This our truest int'rest is,
 Joyful hymns of praise to sing;
 With loud songs to blest his name,
 Is a most delightful thing.

4. God

4. God his own peculiar choice
Doth the sons of Jacob make;
Israel's num'rous offspring too,
For his treasure he doth take.

5. That he's great, we often have
By our glad experience found;
We have seen that he, with pow'r,
Far above all gods is crown'd.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

1. Great is the Lord, exalted high
Above all pow'rs and ev'ry throne;
What pleases him in earth and sea,
Or heav'n or hell his hand hath done.

2. At his command the vapours rise,
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

3. 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent
Throughout Egypt's stubborn land,
When all the first-born, beasts and men,
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4. What mighty nations, mighty kings
He slew, and their whole country gave
To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud Pharoah's slave!

5. His

g. His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
That saves us from the hosts of hell;
And heav'n he gives us to possess,
Whence the apostate angels fell.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

1. Awake, ye saints, to praise your king,
Your noblest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with your praise.
2. Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.
3. Heav'n, earth and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapours rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.
4. All pow'r that kings or gods have claim'd,
Is found in him alone:
Let idol-gods no more be nam'd,
Where our Jehovah's known.
5. Tongues have they, but they cannot speak;
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have pow'r to save.

6. Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
 Nor hear when mortals pray :
 Mortals that wait for their relief,
 Are blind and deaf as they.

7. Ye righteous, praise the living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear ;
 He makes his churches his abode,
 And claims your homage there.

P S A L M CXXXVI. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **G**IVE thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sov'reign King of kings,
 And be his grace ador'd :
 His pow'r and grace
 Are still the same,
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

2. How mighty is his hand !
 What wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heav'ns alone :
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure,
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word :

3. His

3. His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night;
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

4. He doth the food supply
On which all creatures live;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal praises give;
For God does prove
Our constant friend,
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PART SECOND.

5. Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd:
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise;

6. He

6. He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin;
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in:
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

7. He sent his only son,
To save us from our wo;
From Satan, sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe:
His pow'r and grace
Are still the same,
And let his name
Have endless praise.

8. Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heav'nly king;
And let the spacious earth
His work and glories sing:
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

P S A L M CXXXVII. BARLOW.

1. **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current flows,
Our captive bands in sad despondence stray'd;
While Sion's fall in sad rememb'rance rose,
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.
2. The tuneless harps, that once with joy we strung,
When praise employ'd, and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung;
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.
3. Insulting tyrants, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Sion claim;
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.
4. But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Sion raise?
O hapless Salem! God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise!
5. If e'er my mem'ry lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,

Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame,
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

6. Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Sion
calls,

Overtake her foes with terror and dismay,
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

1. **T**O magnify the Lord, our souls
Your best affections raise;
In joyful hymns, whilst angels hear,
We sing thy matchless praise.

2. Within thy church, thy constant truth
And goodness we proclaim;
These raise our wonder, and display
The glories of thy name.

3. In our distress to thee we cry'd,
And thou our pray'r didst hear,
Thou didst support us with thy strength,
And with thy comforts cheer.

4. Kings shall to thee glad homage pay,
When they thy word shall hear;
In thy blest ways shall joyful go,
For great thy glories are.

5. The

5. The Lord, though he's enthron'd on high,
The lowly doth respect;
The proud, far off, his searching eye
Beholds with just neglect.
6. Thy former kindness shall prevent
Our fears, when in distress;
Thy hand will save us from our foes,
Thy pow'r their wrath repress.
7. The Lord, whose mercies ever last,
Shall fix our happy state;
And mindful of his favours past,
Shall his own work complete.

PSALM CXXXIX. BLACKLOCK.

PART FIRST.

1. **L**ORD, thou, with an unerring beam,
Surveyest all my pow'rs;
My rising steps are watch'd by thee,
By thee, my resting hours.
2. My thoughts, scarce struggling into birth,
Great God, are known to thee:
Abroad, at home, still I'm inclos'd
With thine immensity.
3. To thee the labyrinths of life
In open view appear;
Nor steals a whisper from my lips,
Without thy listening ear.

4. Behind I glance, but thou art there;
Before me shines thy name;
And 'tis thy strong almighty hand
Sustains my feeble frame.
5. Such knowledge mocks the vain essay
Of my astonish'd mind,
Nor can my reason's soaring eye
His towering summit find.

PART SECOND.

6. Where from thy spirit shall I stretch
The pinions of my flight?
Or where, through nature's spacious range,
Shall I elude thy fight?
7. Scal'd I the skies? the blaze divine
Would overwhelm my soul:
Plung'd I to hell? there I should hear
Thine awful thunders roll.
8. If, on the morning's darting ray,
With matchless speed I rode,
And flew to the wild lonely shore
That bounds the ocean's flood;
9. Thither thine hand, all-present God,
Must guide the wond'rous way;
And thine omnipotence support
The fabric of my clay.

10. Should

10. Should I involve myself around
With clouds of tenfold night,
The clouds would shine like blazing noon,
Before thy piercing sight.
11. The darkness scatters at thine eye,
And sparkles into day,
And light and shade alike appear
To thy resplendent ray.

PART THIRD.

12. Lord, thy pervading knowledge strikes
Through nature's inmost gloom:
And in thy circling n i lay
A slumb'rer in the womb.
13. Thee will I honour, for I stand
A volume of thy skill;
Stupendous are thy works, and they
My contemplations fill.
14. Thine eye beheld me when the speck
Of being first began,
And o'er my form, in darkness fram'd,
Thy rich embroid'ry ran.
15. Th' unfashion'd mass was seen by thee;
My structure in thy book
Was plann'd, before the curious mould
The future embryo took.

16. How

16. How precious are the streaming joys
That from thy love descend!

Would I rehearse their numbers o'er,
Where would their numbers end?

17. Not ocean's countless sands exceed
The blessings of the skies;

With night's descending shades they fall,
With morning splendours rise.

18. Survey me, Lord, explore my heart,
Disclose each latent cause;

And weigh the motives of my soul
By thine impartial laws.

19. And if the transports of my zeal,
From selfish springs e'er flow'd,

Detect the guilt, and guide my steps
In thine eternal road.

P S A L M CXL. MERRICK.

THE tongue to wisdom unsubdu'd,
From bliss it's owner shall exclude:
Destruction follows fast behind
The feet to wickedness inclin'd.

2. My heart has known thee, Lord, prepar'd
The helpless and the poor to guard,
To save them from oppression's jaws,
And vindicate their injur'd cause.

3. The

3. The souls subjected to thy fear,
To thee the thankful voice shall rear,
And, studious of thy just command,
Within thy sight accepted stand.

P S A L M CXLI. DENHAM.

1. **L**ORD, when I cry, make haste to hear,
And to my voice incline thine ear :
So shall my pray'r like incense rise,
My high-rai's'd hands as sacrifice.

2. Lord, set upon my mouth a guard,
And let it's double door be barr'd :
Let not my heart to sin incline,
Nor let my hand in mischief join.

3. The sinner's pleasures I'll not share ;
The just man's strokes I'll meekly bear :
Though sharply he my sins reprove,
I'll take it as a mark of love.

4. This, like a precious ointment shed,
Will never bruise, but heal my head :
And if I find him in distress,
To thee I'll pray for his release.

P S A L M CXLII. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **T**O God with mournful voice,
In deep distress I pray'd ;
Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.

2. Thou

2. Thou didst my steps direct,
 When my griev'd soul despair'd;
 For, where I thought to walk secure,
 They had their traps prepar'd.

3. I look'd, but found no friend
 To own me in distress;
 All refuge fail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
 His pity and redress.

4. To God at last I pray'd;
 Thou, Lord, my refuge art;
 My portion in the land of life,
 Till life itself depart.

5. Reduc'd to greatest straits,
 To thee I make my moan;
 O save me from oppressing foes,
 For me too pow'rful grown.

6. That I may praise thy name,
 My soul from prison bring;
 Whilst of thy kind regard to me
 Assembl'd saints shall sing.

P S A L M CXLIII. STEELE.

1. **H**EAR, O my God, with pity hear
 My humble supplicating moan;
 In mercy answer all my pray'r,
 And make thy truth and goodness known.

2. And

2. And O let mercy still be nigh;
Should awful justice frown severe,
Before the terrors of thine eye,
What trembling mortal can appear?

3. I call to mind the former days;
Thy ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodness and thy grace;
And these, O Lord, are still the same.

4. To thee I stretch my suppliant hands,
To thee my longing soul aspires;
As cheering show'rs to thirsty lands,
Come, Lord, and fill these strong desires.

5. Speak to my heart; the gloomy night
Shall vanish, and sweet morning break;
In thee I trust, my guide, my light;
Teach me the way my feet should take.

6. Teach me to do thy sacred will;
Thou art my God, my hope, my stay;
Let thy good spirit lead me still,
And point the safe, the upright way.

P S A L M CXLIV. STEELE.

1. **B**LEST be the Lord, our strength, our
shield,
Amid the dangers of the field;
'Tis he instructs us for the fight,
And arms us with resistless might.

2. Descend from heav'n, almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word;
The smoking hills with conscious fear,
Shall own their awful Maker near.

3. While thy keen-pointed lightnings fly,
Like flaming arrows through the sky,
Our foes dispers'd shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy pow'r.

4. O let thy potent arm controul
The threat'ning waves that round us roll,
These sons of vanity that rise
With fraudulent hands, and impious lies.

5. Then shall thy name new songs inspire,
And wake to joy the sounding lyre;
And ev'ry tuneful string shall raise
In various notes our grateful praise.

6. 'Tis pow'r divine, 'tis God alone,
Whom kings, preserv'd in dangers, own;
Who saves in war's tumultuous strife,
From raging swords his servants life.

7. O Lord, thy saving pow'r oppose
To these invading threat'ning foes;
All strangers to thy sacred laws,
Whose boast is vain, and false their cause.

8. Then shall our sons, beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair;

Our

Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
Where royal buildings charm the eyes.

9. Then plenty shall our stores increase;
Plenty, the lovely child of peace;
The fold its fleecy wealth shall yield,
And pour its thousands o'er the field.

10. The well-fed ox shall then afford
His cheerful labours to his lord;
No more shall cruel plunder reign,
Nor want nor misery complain.

11. O happy people, favour'd state,
Whom such peculiar blessings wait;
Happy, who on the Lord depend,
Their God, their guardian and their friend.

P S A L M CXLV. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **L**ONG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My king, my God of love;
My work, and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

2. Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

3. Thy

3. Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
And while my lips rejoice,
The men who hear my sacred song,
Shall join their cheerful voice.
4. Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
5. Thy glorious deeds of ancient date,
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendour shown.
6. The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PART SECOND.

1. Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
2. God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines;
And ev'ry want supplies.

3. With

3. With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;

Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouth with good.

4. How kind are thy compassions, Lord !
How slow thine anger moves !

But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

5. Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;

But faints who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PART THIRD. *W. A. Ta*

1. Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all ;

Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2. When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed

Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner's rest.

3. The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
And guides our giddy youth ;

Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.

4. He knows the pains his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry ;
 And their best wishes to fulfill
 His grace is ever nigh.
5. His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere ;
 He saves the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.
6. Our lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad ;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.

P S A L M CXLVI. WATTS.

1. **I**LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.
3. The

3. The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

4. He loves his saints, he knows them well,
His love their joyful lips shall tell;
Thy God, O Sion! ever reigns:
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

5. I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

PSALM CXLVII. STEELE.

PART FIRST.

1. **S**ING to the Lord, let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.

2. He

2. He counts the hosts of starry flames,
Knows all their natures, and their names:
Great is our God! his wond'rous pow'r
And boundless wisdom we adore.

3. He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs;
On earth he plenteous blessings pours;
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.

4. His bounteous hand (great spring of good)
Provides the brute creation food:
He feeds the ravens when they cry;
All nature lives beneath his eye.

5. In nature what can him delight
Most lovely in it's Maker's sight?
Not active strength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he best approves.

6. Dear to the Lord, for ever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear:
The souls who on his grace rely,
These, these are lovely in his eye.



PART SECOND.

Psalm

7. Praise ye the Lord; O blisful theme
To sing the honours of his name!
'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight.

8. He

8. He speaks! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.

9. Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw:
Now glitt'ring frost, o'er all the plains
Extends it's universal chains.

10. At his fierce storms of icy hail,
The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
Before his cold what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand?

11. He speaks! the ice and snow obey,
And nature's fetters melt away:
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

12. But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word;
To Jacob's happy sons alone
He makes his sacred precepts known.

13. Such bliss no other nation shares,
The laws of heav'n are only theirs;
Ye favour'd tribes your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

PSALM CXLVIII. WATTS.

PART FIRST.

1. **Y**E tribes of Adam, join
With heav'n and earth and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your creator's praise.
Ye holy throng
Of angels bright,
In realms of light,
Begin the song.
2. Thou sun with dazzling rays,
And moon that rules the night,
Shine to your Maker's praise;
With stars of twinkling light.
His pow'r declare,
Ye floods on high,
And clouds that fly
In empty air.
3. The shining worlds above
In beauteous order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command:
He spake the word
And all their frame
From nothing came
To praise the Lord.

4. He

4. He mov'd their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past;
And each his word fulfills
While time and nature last.
In diff'rent ways
His works proclaim
His wond'rous name,
And speak his praise.

PART SECOND.

5. Let all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

6. Ye vapours, hail and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
When lightnings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

7. Ye mountains near the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
And trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies and worms
In various forms,
Exalt his name.
8. Ye kings and judges, fear
The Lord, the sov'reign king;
And while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.
9. Virgins and youths engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join;
Wide as he reigns,
His name be sung
By every tongue,
In endless strains.
10. Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;

He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

P S A L M CXLIX.

1. **O** PRAISE ye the Lord; prepare a new
song,
And let all his saints in full concert join;
With voices united, the anthem prolong;
And shew forth his honours in music divine.
2. Let praise to the God who made us ascend;
Let each grateful heart exult in it's king;
For God whom we worship our songs will
attend,
And view with complacence the off'ring we
bring.
3. Be joyful, ye saints, sustain'd by his
might,
And let your glad songs awake with each
morn;
For those who obey him are still his delight;
His hand with salvation the meek will
adorn,

4. Then praise ye the Lord; prepare a new
 song,
 And let all his saints in full concert join;
 With voices united, the anthem prolong;
 And shew forth his honours in music divine.

P S A L M CL. STEELE.

1. **P**RAISE ye the Lord; let praise employ
 In his own courts, your songs of joy;
 The spacious firmament around,
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2. Recount his works in strains divine,
 His wondrous works, how bright they shine!
 Praise him for his almighty deeds,
 Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

5. Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
 To spread your sacred pleasures round;
 While sweeter music tunes the lute,
 The warbling harp, and breathing flute.

4. Let the loud cymbal, sounding high,
 To softer, deeper notes reply;
 Harmonious let the concert rise,
 And bear the rapture to the skies.

5. Let all whom life and breath inspire,
 Attend and join the joyful choir;
 But chiefly you, who know his word,
 Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

DOXOLOGIES.

DOXOLOGIES.

COMMON METRE.

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

LONG METRE.

I.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

SHORT METRE.

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

FOUR SEVENS.

Sing we to our God above,
 Praise eternal as his love;
 Praise him, all ye heav'nly host,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

AS THE 113th PSALM.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
 And suff'ring saints on earth adore,
 Be glory, as in ages past,
 As now it is, and so shall last,
 When time itself shall be no more.

AS THE 148th PSALM.

To God, the Father, Son
 And Spirit ever blest'd.
 Eternal three in one,
 All worship be address'd,
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore. -

*The Collection of Hymns & Songs
 bound with this is a separate
 acquisition and was removed
 from the library.*