

A
VERSION
OF THE
BOOK OF PSALMS,

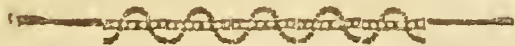
SELECTED FROM

THE MOST APPROVED VERSIONS

NOW USED AMONG DIFFERENT DENOMINATIONS OF
CHRISTIANS.

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PRESBYTERY OF CHARLESTON.



CHARLESTON: J.C.

PRINTED BY J. MAC IVER, NO. 47, BAY.

MDCXCVI.

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 and conquerors, the revolutions of states and empires, the fatal effects of human passions and desires, have been sung in the 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; its 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 of 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 possessed 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 poetical version of the psalms, is farther subject to that 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 it's 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 attuned 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 it's 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;

P R E F A C E. v

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 so 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. Psalms 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 acknowledgements 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 excellency 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.

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 th' expecting grave;
 'Tis thine to bless them from above,
 And crown them with eternal love.

P S A L M IV.

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

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 watchful 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 cheer 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 deliv'rer'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 should'st 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 heav'n's vast height transcends.

PSALM 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 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 reduced 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 ev'ry 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 forsook 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 obicur'd;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secur'd.
17. His suff'ring 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'ful is thy hand,
As when the heathen felt thy sword,
And perish'd from thy land.
7. Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear:
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy faints from fear.
8. Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

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

6. Thy

6. Thy saints 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 finners, 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 surprife,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despife,
 Nor turn our hope to fhame.
7. O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our diftreffs!
 When God fhall bring his children home,
 Our fongs fhall never ceafe.

P S A L M XV. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **L**ORD! who's the happy man that may
 To thy bleffed 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 difdains to fpeak
 The thing his heart difproves.
3. Who never will a flander forge,
 His neighbour's fame to wound;
 Nor harken to a falfe report
 By malice whifper'd round.
4. Who vice, when drest in pomp and pow'r,
 Can treat with juft neglect;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously refpect.

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 his 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 surprisè,
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 wond'rous 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.

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 sight 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,

. Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'rs address'd;
Now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.

. The wonders of thy truth and love,
In my defence engage,
Thou whose right hand preserves thy faints
From their oppressor's rage.

PART SECOND. WATTS.

. Arise, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy faints to thee.

. Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

. Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.

. 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 deliv'rer art, O God;
 My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
 Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
 At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

3. To thee I will address my pray'r,
 To whom all praise we justly owe;
 So shall I, by thy watchful care,
 Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

4. By floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound;

5. To

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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.

8. 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.

9. 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 it's 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.

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.

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

C 2.

23. Who

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.

24. 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
And all my just designs fulfill;
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 enlarged 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.

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 our 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,

5. Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame;
A great reward provided is
For such as keep the same.

PART THIRD. WATTS.

1. I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey:
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me lest I stray.
2. O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress.
3. Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
4. While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

P S A L M XX.

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.
6. In chariots and in horses, some
Their confidence do place;
But we no stedfast hope can find,
But in Jehovah's grace.

PSALM XXI.

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

7. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous 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.

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.

. 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 favourite;
Let him assistance send
His servant to defend."

. 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.

. 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 glowing 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.

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 potters 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 o'erpow'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;

D 2.

But

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

PART FOURTH.

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.

PSALM XXIII.

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.

PSALM XXIV.

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 the arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas.
2. But who among the fons of men
Can 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.

PSALM XXV.

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, recall 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.

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 seed 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 put 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 fought 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 fit,
 With men of vanity and lies;
 The scorner and the hypocrite
 Are the abhorrence of my eyes.
3. Among thy faints 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 faints, 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:
 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. Let

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 blest.

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,
Labanon itself retreat!

4. How the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings 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 long.

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.

P S A L M XXX. TATE AND BRADY.

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

PART SECOND.

5. In prosp'rous days my heart presum'd;
No sudden change I fear'd;
Whilst in my sunthine 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 mercies 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 wond'rous 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.

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.

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 those who fear thy majesty,
And trust thy promis'd grace!
5. Thy 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 faints,
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.

PART SECOND.

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. In 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 XXXIII.

P S A L M XXXIII.

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.

PART SECOND.

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 fav'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 distrest,
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 distrests to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
4. Their drooping 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.

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.

PSALM XXXVI.

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 finners 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.

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 sinners 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.

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.

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 finner 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 bleed,
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.

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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,
Left 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,
Left 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.

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.

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.

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.

P S A L M XLI.

1. **H**E's blest 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 slander 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,
Has me, 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 stedfast 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.

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?

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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
 The 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;
Forfake 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.

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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 wondrous 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 distress,
We'll to his house repair,
Recall to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

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 faints (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.

PART SECOND.

7. Thus saith the Lord, the spacious fields,
And flocks and herds are mine;
O'er all the cattle of the hills,
I claim a right divine.
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.

PART FIRST.

1. **O** GOD of grace! our sins forgive,
 And let repenting finners 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.

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 king,
 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.

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 jndge 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 surprize,
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 finners 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.

P S A L M 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 threat'ning 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 where'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 barb'rous 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.

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7. Then

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

PSALM 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 LXI.

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 those 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 faints 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 faints, 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 fovereign 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.

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4. Ev'n

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. Blest is the man whom thou dost chuse,
Aud mak'st 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.

10. 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 confes;
 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 tow'rd 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 bless 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 shown 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 sought 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'ns 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 Bashan'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.

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2. Not

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.

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 stedfast 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;
Forfake 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

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,¹
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. To

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 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 fight, 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 prosp'rous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme 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 bless'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 slanders rise,
 "While faints 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, how'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 finners that remove
 Far from thy presence, die;
 Those that presumptuous flight 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.

PSALM 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

10. Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,
And, on thy patient breast,

When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly lett'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 didst 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.

PSALM 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 foil;
 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'ence 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 hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and trembling seiz'd the world,
And all his fairs 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 ledest, 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.

M 2.

3. With

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. Se

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.

N

17. All

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.

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 feat 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 L M 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 finn'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 faints 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 blefs 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'ence 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.

N 2.

4. Egypt

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

5. When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born 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 deceas'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 wond'rous acts be known?
Thy justice in the gloomy land
Of dark oblivion?

11. But

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 fore bruised are, and shake
 With terrors sent from thee.

13. Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow;
 Thy threat'nings 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
The 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 g'ory 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.

1. With rev'ence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high commands with rev'ence 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.

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 univ'rsal 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

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 flow'r,
 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!
 And all beyond that short account
 Is 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 blifs 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 fortrefs 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 surprife 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 flay.
4. A thousand at thy fide 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

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 fairs in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon, with all its 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 sov'reign 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 surprizing hour.
4. But if thy faints 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 faints,
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'ns 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 soveraign 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. Darknes 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.

P S A L M 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 shown.

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.

PSALM CI.

P S A L M C I. 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 fav'rites 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 saints 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.

Q

3. All

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, bless ye the Lord;
Ye who obey what he commands,
And hearken to his word.
14. O bless the Lord, all ye his works,
Wherewith the world is stor'd,
In his dominions ev'ry where;
My soul, bless 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 wasting 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 refluent 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 bleſed 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?
 Bleſed 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 bless 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,
 Dispels the gloom of black despair,
 And breaks their stubborn bands.

5. O

5. 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.

6. That love which oft it's succour gives
 The captive's woes to heal,
 The gates of brass 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 bless his name,
 Whose 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 wo.

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 num'rous race behold;
Nor dares disease their herds annoy,
Or waste the peopled fold.

7. Anon, if sunk with heaviest woe,
They feel oppression's pow'r;
If civil rage, or conqu'ring 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.

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 threat'ning 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 Pharoah'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.

4. 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'nly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise:

2. Chosen

2. Chosen of God ; to sinners dear ;
 And faints 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 wond'rous 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 heav'ns in which he dwells,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

PART FIRST. TATE AND BRADY.

1. **H**OW blest'd are they who always keep
 The pure and perfect way!
 Who never from the sacred paths
 Of God's commandments stray!

2. How blest'd who to his righteous laws
 Have still obedient been!
 And have with humble fervent zeal
 His favour sought 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 blifs 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.

3. 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.
6. Depart from me ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

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 suff'rings 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;
 Left 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,
Whose 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.

P S A L M 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 surprizing 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 threat'ning 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 bless'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 all-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 opprefs ;
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 show'rs 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 num'rous 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.

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 o'erspread;
 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 fulfill's 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.

P S A L M 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 bless his holy name:
Thy people bless from Sion, Lord,
Who heav'n and earth didst frame.

P S A L M CXXXV.

PART FIRST.

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 bless his name,
Is a most delightful thing.
4. God

4. God his own peculiar choice
 Doth the fons 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

8. 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.

V 2.

6. Blind

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,

W

Let

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,

O'ertake 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 list'ning ear.
4. Behind

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 tow'ring 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 arm I lay
A slumb'rer in the womb.

13. Thee will I honour, for I stand
▲ 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 unsubstid,
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 C X L I. 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-rais'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 C X L I I. 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'ful 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.

W 2.

2. Descend.

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 saints who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PART THIRD.

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 distrest
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.

X

4. He

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 pow'rs :
 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' opprest, 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.

P S A L M 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.

7. Praise ye the Lord; O blissful 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

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 feebler 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

He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love ;
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His faints 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 faints 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 faints, 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.

X 2.

4. Then

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.

3. 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.

D O X O L O G I E S.

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'ns 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.

A

COLLECTION

OF

H Y M N S

FOR

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

APPROVED OF BY THE

PRESBYTERY OF CHARLESTON.



CHARLESTON:

PRINTED BY J. M'IVER, NO. 47, BAY.

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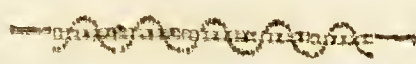
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- CIII. *The Fear of God.*
- CIV. *Love to Christ.*
- CV. *Christian Love.*
- CVI. *Christian Unity.*
- CVII. *Love to our Neighbour.*
- CVIII. *Forgiveness*

- Hymn.*
- CVIII. *Forgiveness of Injuries.*
- CIX. *Love to our Enemies.*
- CX. *Charity and Mercy.*
- CXI. *Sympathy with the Afflicted.*
- CXII. *Benevolence Rewarded.*
- CXIII. *Humility.*
- CXIV. *Sincerity.*
- CXV. *Charitable Judgment.*
- CXVI. *Liberty of Conscience.*
- CXVII. *Justice and Equity.*
- CXVIII. *True and False Zeal.*
- CXIX. *Prudence,*
- CXX. *Gravity and Decency.*
- CXXI. *Industry and Sloth contrasted.*
- CXXII. *Constancy in Religion.*
- CXXIII. *Preserving Grace.*
- CXXIV. *Holy Resolution.*
- CXXV. *Resisting Temptation.*
- CXXVI. *Glorying in the Name of Christ.*
- CXXVII. *Advantages of Religion.*
- CXXVIII. *Fervency in Devotion desired.*
- CXXIX. *Secret Devotion.*
- CXXX. *Family Devotion.*
- CXXXI. *Christ's Regard to Children.*
- CXXXII. *Early Piety.*
- CXXXIII. *The Consolations of Age.*
- CXXXIV. *Life the only Season for Preparation.*
- CXXXV. *Shortness and Troubles of Life.*
- CXXXVI. *Frailty of Life.*
- CXXXVII. *The End of the Wicked.*
- CXXXVIII. *The End of the Righteous.*
- CXXXIX. *The Thoughts of Judgment.*
- CXL. *The*

Hymn.

CXL. *The Hope of Heaven makes Death easy.*

CXLI. *The Grave.*

CXLII. *Victory over Death and the Grave.*

CXLIII. *The Resurrection of the Just.*

CXLIV. *The Vegetable Creation an Emblem of our
Death and Resurrection.*

CXLV. *The Dissolution of the World.*

CXLVI. *The Last Judgment.*

CXLVII. *Different Fates of the Righteous and
Wicked.*

CXLVIII. *The New Jerusalem.*

CXLIX. *The Joys of Heaven.*

CL. *The Happiness of the Just.*

PART IV.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

CLI. *Morning.*

CLII. *Morning.*

CLIII. *Noon.*

CLIV. *Evening.*

CLV. *Evening.*

CLVI. *Spring.*

CLVII. *A Year of Drought,*

CLVIII. *A Year of Rain.*

CLIX. *Summer.*

CLX. *Autumn.*

CLXI. *Winter.*

CLXII. *New-Year's Day.*

CLXIII. *New-Year's Day.*

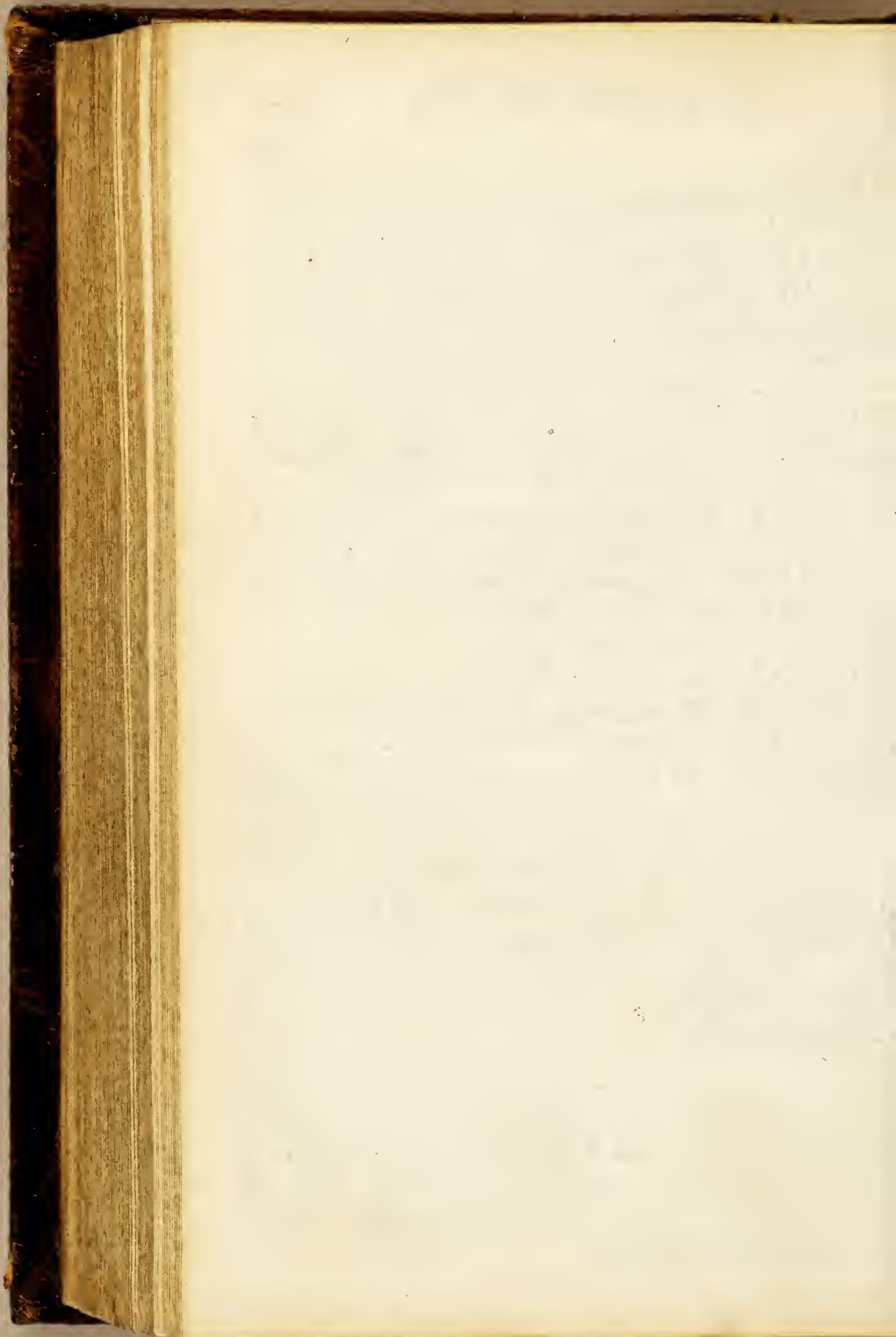
CLXIV. *Sabbath Morning.*

CLXV. *Sabbath Evening.*

CLXVI. *Baptism.*

Hymn.

- CLXVI. *Baptism.*
 CLXVII. *Infant Baptism.*
 CLXVIII. *Marriage.*
 CLXIX. *Funeral.*
 CLXX. *Funeral.*
 CLXXI. *Funeral.*
 CLXXII. *Funeral.*
 CLXXIII. *Funeral.*
 CLXXIV. *At the Funeral of a Young Person.*
 CLXXV. *Institution of the Lord's Supper.*
 CLXXVI. *Before the Communion.*
 CLXXVII. *Sacramental Hymn.*
 CLXXVIII. *Sacramental Hymn.*
 CLXXIX. *Sacramental Hymn.*
 CLXXX. *For a Public Fast.*
 CLXXXI. *For a Public Fast.*
 CLXXXII. *Thanksgiving for Victory.*
 CLXXXIII. *A General Thanksgiving.*
 CLXXXIV. *To be sung by Children,*
 CLXXXV. *For a Charitable Occasion.*
 CLXXXVI. *For a Masonic Festival.*
 CLXXXVII. *For a Masonic Festival.*
 CLXXXVIII. *At the Ordination of a Minister.*
 CLXXXIX. *At the Opening of a New Place of
 Worship.*
 CXC. *Dismission.*
 DOXOLOGIES.





H Y M N S.

H Y M N I.

Te Deum, or, A General Hymn of Praise.

1. **O** GOD! we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art;
By all the earth ador'd.
2. To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the pow'rs on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry.
3. O holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom heav'nly hosts obey;
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.
4. Th' apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
5. The

5. The holy church throughout the world,
 O Lord, confesses thee;
 That thou, eternal Father, art
 Of boundless majesty.
6. Thy honour'd true and only Son,
 And Holy Ghost, the spring
 Of never-ceasing joy; O Christ!
 Of glory thou art king.

H Y M N II.

God the proper Object of Praise.

1. **Y**E sons of men, in sacred lays,
 Attempt your great Creator's praise:
 But O what tongue can speak his fame?
 What mortal verse can reach the theme?
2. Enthron'd amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory like a garment wears;
 His boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace,
 Command our awe, invite our praise.
3. To God all nature owes it's birth;
 He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
 He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
 And measur'd out the azure sky.
4. In all our Maker's vast designs,
 Omnipotence with wisdom shines;

His

His works, through all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

5. Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
Our souls his high perfection sing:
O let his praise employ our tongue,
And list'ning worlds approve the song.

H Y M N III.

The Perfections of God.

1. **G**REAT God! thy glories shall employ
Our holy fear, our humble joy;
Our lips, in songs of honour, bring
Their tribute to th' eternal king.
2. The earth and stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.
3. His sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows?
If he commands, who dares oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.
4. Who shall pretend to teach him skill?
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.

B

5. The

5. The beamings of his piercing sight,
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncover'd to his eye.

6. Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

7. Each of his words demand our faith;
Our souls may rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.

8. O tell us with a gentle voice,
Thou art our God, and we'll rejoice;
Fill'd with thy love, we dare proclaim
The brightest honours of thy name.

H Y M N IV.

The Unity of God.

1. **E**TERNAL God! almighty cause
Of earth and seas and worlds unknown,
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.

2. Thy glorious being singly stands
Of all within itself possest;

Controll'd

Centroll'd by none are thy commands;
Thou from thyself alone art blest.

3. To thee alone ourselves we owe;
Let heav'n and earth due homage pay;
All other God's we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

4. Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands,
Their idol deities dethrone;
Reduce the world to thy command;
And reign, as thou art, God alone.

H Y M N V.

The Spirituality of God.

1. **T**HOU art, O God! a spirit pure,
Invisible to mortal eyes;
Th' immortal, and th' eternal king,
The great, the good, the only wise.

2. Whilst nature changes, and her works
Corrupt, decay, dissolve and die,
Thy essence pure no change shall see,
Secure of immortality.

3. Thou great Invisible! what hand
Can draw thy image, spotless fair?
To what in heav'n, to what on earth,
Can men th' immortal king compare?

4. Let

4. Let stupid heathens frame their gods
Of gold and silver, wood and stone;
Ours is the God that made the heav'ns,
Jehovah he, and God alone.

5. My soul, thy purest homage pay;
In truth and spirit him adore;
More shall this please than sacrifice,
Than outward forms delight him more.

H Y M N VI.

The Eternity of God.

1. **T**HOU didst, O mighty God, exist
Ere time began it's race,
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.

2. Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd.

3. Ere men ador'd, or angels knew
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy blifs, O sacred spring of life!
And glory were the same.

4. And when the pillars of the world,
With sudden ruin, break,

And

And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

5. When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back;
While all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

6. For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

H Y M N VII.

The Immutability of God.

ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who dost o'er all-creation reign;
Thou wert, and art, and art to come,
Thro' all eternity the same.

2. Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.

3. Fountain of being, source of good,
Immutable thou dost remain;
Nor can the shadow of a change,
Obscure the glories of thy reign.

4. Sooner

4. Sooner may nature's laws reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round,
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn with rich plenty crown'd.

5. Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark.
Amid the world his devious track.

6. Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great creator's will:
But thou for ever art the same,
I AM is thy memorial still.

H Y M N VIII.

The Universal Dominion of God.

1. **W**HO can resist th' Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?

2. From him no cov'ring veils our crimes;
Hell opens to his sight;
And all destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclos'd in light.

3. Firm on the boundless void of space
He poiz'd the steady pole,

And

And in the circle of his clouds
Bade secret waters roll.

4. While nature's universal frame
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne remote from mortal eyes
An awful cloud conceals.

5. From where the rising day ascends,
To where he sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.

6. The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke ;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth
As though its centre shook.

7. He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdoms of the proud
Without the hand of foes.

8. With bright inhabitants above,
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before him stand.

9. Few of his works can we survey ;
These few our skill transcend ;
But the full thunder of his pow'r,
What heart can comprehend ?

HYMN IX.

H Y M N IX.

The Power of God.

1. **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If he contends with us in wrath,
We sink beneath his rod.
2. Strong is his arm, his heart is wise,
Who dares with him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?
3. He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
And their old seats forsake:
The trembling earth deserts her place,
And all her pillars shake.
4. He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
5. He walks upon the raging sea;
Flies on the stormy wind;
None can explore his wond'rous way,
Nor his dark footsteps find.

HYMN X.

H Y M N X.

The Holiness of God.

1. **H**OLY and rev'rend is the name
Of our eternal king;
Thrice holy Lord! the angels cry,
Thrice holy let us sing.
2. Heav'ns brightest lamps with him compar'd,
How mean they look, and dim!
The fairest angels have their spots,
When once compar'd with him.
3. Holy is he in all his works,
And truth is his delight;
But sinners and their wicked ways,
Shall perish from his sight.
4. The deepest rev'rence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul! to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.
5. With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.
6. Thou, holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

H Y M N XI.

The Justice of God.

1. **E**TERNAL king! the greatest, best;
 For ever glorious, ever blest;
 The great I AM, Jehovah, Lord,
 By seraphim and saints ador'd.
2. Exalted in perfections bright,
 Too dazzling far for mortal sight,
 Thou reign'st supreme o'er those who dwell
 In heav'n above, or earth, or hell.
3. Though cloth'd with majesty and might,
 The judge of all the world does right,
 In equal balance holds the scale,
 Where truth and equity prevail.
4. Justice the firm foundation lays
 Of all thy laws, thy works and ways;
 Obedient souls will ever find
 A God that's faithful, loving, kind.

H Y M N XII.

The Goodness of God.

1. **H**OUSE of our God, with cheerful an-
 thems ring,
 While all our lips and hearts his goodness
 sing;

With

With sacred joy his wond'rous deeds proclaim ;

Let every tongue be vocal with his name :
The Lord is good ; his mercy never-ending,
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

2. The heav'n of heav'ns he with his bounty fills ;

Ye seraphs bright, on ever-blooming hills,
His honours sound ; you to whom good alone,
Unmingled, ever-growing has been known,
Through your immortal life, with love increas-

ing,
Proclaim your Maker's goodness never ceas-

3. Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Pregnant with grafs, and corn, and oil, and wine,

Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,

And lay themselves at his paternal feet ;
With grateful love that lib'ral hand confess-

ing,
Which thro' each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

4. His goodness never ends ; the dawn, the shade,

Still see new beauties through new scenes display'd ;

Succeeding.

Succeeding ages blest this sure abode,
 And children lean upon their father's God:
 The deathless soul through it's immense du-
 ration,
 Drinks, from this source, immortal conso-
 lation.

5. Burst into praise, my soul; all nature,
 join;
 Angels and men in harmony combine,
 While human years are measur'd by the sun,
 And while eternity it's course shall run:
 His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
 Exalt in songs and raptures never-ending,

H Y M N XIII.

The Condescension of God.

1. **E**TERNAL pow'r, almighty God!
 Who can approach thy throne?
 Accessless light is thy abode,
 To angel eyes unknown.

2. Before the radiance of thine eye,
 The heav'ns no longer shine,
 And all the glories of the sky
 Are but the shade of thine.

3. Great God! and wilt thou condescend
 To cast a look below?

To

To this vile world thy notice bend,
These seats of sin and woe?

4. But oh! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near;
Amazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!

5. How strange! how awful is thy love!
With trembling we adore;
Not all th' exalted minds above
It's wonders can explore.

6. While golden harps and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays;
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise, and mean thy praise.

H Y M N XIV.

The Condescension of God.

1. **T**HUS speaks the high and lofty One;
Ye tribes of earth give ear;
The words of your almighty king,
With sacred rev'ence hear.

2. Amid the majesty of heav'n
My throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
The praises of the sky.

C

3. Yet

3. Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell ;
And with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell :
4. The down-cast spirit to revive,
The sad in foul to cheer ;
And, from the bed of dust, the man
Of heart contrite to rear.
5. With me dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race :
The souls which I have form'd shall find
A refuge in my grace.

H Y M N XV.

The Divine Love.

1. **Y**E heav'ns, send forth your song of
praise,
Earth! raise your voice below ;
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.
2. Behold! how gracious is our God:
Hear the consoling strains
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
And mitigates our pains.
3. Cease

3. Cease ye, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
Forfaken or forlorn.
4. Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can it's plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?
5. She may forget; nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Sion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.
6. Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands shall build her ruin'd walls,
And raise her broken frame.

H Y M N XVI.

The Mercy and Compassion of God.

1. **O** THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace,
Revive the fainting soul.
2. Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?

Or

Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?

3. Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts
And dissipates our fears.

4. New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest, best lov'd attribute
To pity and forgive.

5. From that blest source, propitious hope
Appears serenely bright,
And sheds her soft diffusive beam
O'er sorrow's dismal night.

6. Our griefs confess her vital pow'r,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the rising morn
Of everlasting day.

H Y M N XVII.

The Decrees of God.

1. **K** EEP silence, all created things,
K And wait your Maker's nod:
Listen with rev'rence, while we sing
The honours of our God.

2. Life

2. Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown,
 Hang on his firm decree;
 He sits on no precarious throne,
 Nor borrows leave to be.
3. Chain'd to his throne, a volume lies,
 With all the fates of men;
 With ev'ry angel's form and size,
 Drawn by th' eternal pen.
4. His providence unfolds the book,
 And makes his counsels shine,
 Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke
 Fulfills some deep design.
5. Here, he exalts neglected worms
 To sceptres and a crown;
 And there, the following page he turns,
 And casts the monarch down.
6. In that fair book of life and grace,
 O may we find our name!
 Recorded in some humble place,
 Beneath our Lord the Lamb.

H Y M N XVIII.

The Divinity of the Son.

1. **E**RE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd
 abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word;
 With

With God he was ; the Word was God,
And must divinely be ador'd.

2. By his own pow'r all things were made,
By him supported all things stand ;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

3. Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
He led the host of morning stars ;
His generation who can tell,
Or count the number of his years ?

4. Mortals with joy beheld his face,
The eternal Father's only Son :
How full of truth ! how full of grace !
When through his flesh the godhead shone.

H Y M N XIX.

The Trinity.

1. **F**ATHER of glory, to thy name
Immortal praise we give,
Who dost an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us sinners live.

2. Immortal honour to the Son,
Who makes thine anger cease ;
Our lives he ransom'd with his own,
And dy'd to make our peace.

3. To

3. To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whose influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.
4. Let men with their united voice,
Adore th' eternal God,
And spread his honours and their joys,
Through nations far abroad.
5. Let faith and love and duty join
One general song to raise;
Let saints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praise.

H Y M N XX.

Creation and Providence.

1. **L**ORD when our raptur'd thought sur-
veys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.
2. Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.
3. The

3. The living tribes, of countless forms,
In earth, and sea and air ;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms
Almighty pow'r declare.
4. Thy wisdom, pow'r and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear,
And oh let man thy praise record ;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.
5. From thee the breath of life he drew,
That breath thy pow'r maintains ;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.
6. Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelations brightest rays
Still more divinely blest.
7. Thy providence, his constant guard
When threatening woes impend,
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.
8. On us that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays ;
O let our lips and lives make known
Thy goodness and thy praise.

H Y M N XXI.

The Glory of God in his Works.

1. **H**AIL! King Supreme! all wise and
good,
To thee our thoughts we raise;
While nature's lovely charms display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.
2. At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;
And as we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.
3. Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the rising face of morn,
With rays of cheerful light.
4. Th' aspiring hill, the verdant lawn,
With thousand beauties shine:
The vocal grove and cooling shade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
5. From tree to tree, a constant hymn
Employs the feather'd throng;
To thee their cheerful notes they swell,
And chant their grateful song.

6. Great nature's God! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage;
 Still may our wond'ring eyes peruse
 Thy works' instructive page.

H Y M N XXII.

Providence.

1. **T**HE earth and all the heav'nly frame;
 Their great creator's love proclaim;
 He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
 And sheds the soft refreshing show'r.
2. The ground with plenty blooms again,
 And yields her various fruits to men;
 To men who, from thy bounteous hand,
 Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
3. Nor to the human race alone
 Is his paternal goodness shown;
 The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
 Enjoy his universal care.
4. Not e'en a sparrow yields his breath,
 Till God permits the stroke of death:
 He hears the ravens when they call,
 The father and the friend of all.

HYMN XXIII.

H Y M N XXIII.

Divine Protection in Danger.

1. **H**OW are thy servants blest'd, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

2. In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care ;
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3. When, by the dreadful tempest borne,
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4. The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5. In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6. Our life, while thou preserv'st our life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

H Y M N XXIV.

H Y M N XXIV.

Praise to God for his Mercies.

1. **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
2. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
3. When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
5. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more;
Our ever grateful hearts, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore.
6. Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song we'll raise;
But oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XXV.

H Y M N XXV.

Acceptable Worship.

1. **T**HUS speaks the heathen; how shall man
The pow'r supreme adore?
With what accepted offerings come
His mercy to adore.
2. Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed?
3. Does justice nobler blood demand
To save the sinner's life?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side
The father plunge his knife?
4. No: God rejects the bloody rites,
Which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The message brought to man.
5. He what is good, hath clearly shewn
O favor'd race! to thee:
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to him the knee?
6. Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
Thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
Resign to him thy will.

D HYMN XXVI.

H Y M N XXVI.

The Universal Prayer.

PART FIRST.

1. **F**ATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By faint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
2. Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
 Who all my sense confin'd
 To know but this—that thou art good,
 And that myself am blind:
3. Yet gave me in this dark estate
 To know the good from ill;
 And, binding nature fast in fate,
 Left free the human will.
4. What conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do;
 This teach me more than hell to shun,
 That more than heav'n pursue.
5. What blessings thy free bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when man receives,
 T' enjoy, is to obey.
6. Yet not to earth's contracted span,
 Thy goodness let me bound;

Or

Or think thee Lord alone of man,
While thousand worlds are round.

PART SECOND.

7. Let not this weak unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw;
Nor deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

8. If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh! teach my heart
To find that better way.

9. Save me alike from foolish pride,
And impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

10. Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy shew to me.

PART THIRD.

11. Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy grace,
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

12. This

12. This day be bread and peace my lot;
 All else beneath the sun,
 Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
 And let thy will be done.

13. To thee whose temple is all space;
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;
 One chorus let all beings raise,
 All nature's incense rise.

H Y M N XXVII.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. **F**ATHER of all! we bow to thee
 Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
 But present still through all thy works,
 The universal Lord.

2. For ever hallow'd be thy name
 By all beneath the skies;
 And may thy kingdom still advance,
 'Till grace to glory rise.

3. A grateful homage may we yield,
 With hearts resign'd to thee;
 And as in heav'n thy will is done,
 On earth so let it be.

4. From day to day we humbly own
 The hand that feeds us still;

Give

- Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
5. Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg of heav'n.
6. Still let thy grace our life direct;
From evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
7. For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

H Y M N XXVIII.

Prayer for Divine Protection.

1. **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people once were fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
2. Our vows, our pray'rs we now present
Before thy throne of grace:
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their succeeding race.
3. Through

3. Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4. O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
'Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

5. Such blessings from thy gracious hand,
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion ever more.



PART II.

Our Lord JESUS CHRIST and the GOSPEL.



H Y M N XXIX.

The Messiah's Reign, or, The Gospel Age.

1. **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
2. To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
3. The beam that shines from Sion's hill,
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;

The

The king who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
Shall all the world command.

4. Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And quell the finner's pride.

5. No strife shall rage, nor hostile feuds
Disturb those peaceful years;
To plough-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning hooks their spears.

6. No longer hosts encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

7. Come, then, O house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine:
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

H Y M N XXX.

The Jubilee.

1. **B**LLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,

The

The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2. Exalt the Son of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
To all the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3. Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above;
Come, take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

4. The gospel trumpet sounds,
Let all the nations hear;
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

H Y M N XXXI.

The Messiah Foretold.

1. **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.

D d

2. To

2. To us a child of hope is born;
 To us a son is giv'n;
 Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
 And all the hosts of heav'n.

3. His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
 For evermore ador'd,
 The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
 The great and mighty Lord.

4. His pow'r increasing still shall spread;
 His reign no end shall know;
 Justice shall guard his throne above,
 And peace abound below.

H Y M N XXXII.

The Saviour's Advent.

1. **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour
 comes!
 The Saviour promis'd long;
 Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
 And ev'ry voice be song!

2. On him the spirit largely shed,
 Exerts it's sacred fire;
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
 His holy breast inspire.

3. He comes! the pris'ners to release,
 In Satan's bondage held;

The

The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4. He comes! from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.

5. He comes! the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.

6. The sacred year has now revolv'd,
Accepted of the Lord;
When heav'n's high promise is fulfill'd
And Israel is restor'd.

7. Our glad hofannahs, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

H Y M N XXXIII.

Christ's Incarnation.

1. **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song
To our incarnate Lord;
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

2. That

2. That awful Word, that sov'reign pow'r
By whom the worlds were made,
(O happy morn! illustrious hour!)
Was once in flesh array'd!
3. Then shone almighty pow'r and love,
In all their glorious forms;
When Jesus left his throne above,
To dwell with sinful worms.
4. To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies:
And sunk to wretchedness and wo,
That worthless man might rise.
5. Adoring angels tun'd their songs
To hail the joyful day:
With rapture, then, let mortal tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

H Y M N XXXIV.

Mary's Gratitude.

1. **M**Y soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,
My God and Saviour praise;
Whose goodness did from poor estate
His humble hand maid raise.
2. Me bless'd of God, the God of might,
All ages shall proclaim;

From

From age to age his mercy lasts,
And holy is his name.

3. Strength with his arm th' Almighty shew'd;
The proud his looks abas'd;
He cast the mighty to the ground,
The meek to honour rais'd.

4. The hungry with good things were fill'd;
The rich with hunger pin'd:
He sent his servant Israel help,
And call'd his love to mind;

5. Which to our father's ancient race
His promise did ensure,
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,
For ever to endure.

H Y M N XXXV.

Christ's Nativity.

1. **W**HILE humble shepherds watch'd
their flocks,
In Bethleh'ms plains by night,
An angel of the Lord appear'd,
And fill'd the plains with light.

2. "Fear not," he said; (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubl'd mind;)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you, and all mankind.

E

3. "To

3. " To you, in David's town, this day
 " Is born, of David's line,
 " The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
 " And this shall be the sign:
4. " The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 " To human view display'd,
 " All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
 " And in a manger laid."
5. Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
 Appear'd a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God; and thus
 Address'd their joyful song:
6. *All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will is shewn by heav'n to men,
 And never more shall cease.*

H Y M N XXXVI.

Simeon's Song.

1. **W**HEN Jesus, to the temple brought
 By Mary's pious care,
 As heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
 To God was offer'd there;
2. Simeon into those sacred courts
 A heav'nly impulse drew;

He

He saw the virgin hold her son,
And straight his Lord he knew.

3. With holy joy upon his face,
The good old father smil'd;
Then fondly, in his wither'd arms,
He clasp'd the promis'd child;

4. And while he held the heav'n-born babe,
Ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
Exulting, yet resign'd:

5. Now, Lord! according to thy word,
Let me in peace depart;
My eyes have thy salvation seen,
And gladness fills my heart.

6. At length my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease:
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace.

7. This great salvation, long prepar'd,
And now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
And promises were true.

8. That sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase;
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around thy chosen race.

HYMN XXXVII.

H Y M N XXXVII.

Christ's Character and Ministry.

1. **B**EHOLD my servant! see him rise
 Exalted in my might!
 Him have I chosen, and in him
 I place supreme delight.
2. On him, in rich effusion pour'd,
 My spirit shall descend;
 My truths and judgments he shall shew
 To earth's remotest end.
3. Gentle and still shall be his voice,
 No threats from him proceed;
 The smoking flax he shall not quench,
 Nor break the bruised reed.
4. The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
 The weak will not despise;
 Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
 And make the fallen rise.
5. The progress of his zeal and pow'r
 Shall never know decline;
 'Till foreign lands, and distant isles
 Receive the law divine.

HYMN XXXVIII.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

Christ Despised and Rejected of Men.

1. **H**OW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings which we bring!
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal king!
2. The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
To draw the carnal eye.
3. Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows;
So slighted by a rebel race,
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
4. Rejected and despised of men,
Behold a man of wo!
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.
5. Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.
6. We held him as condemn'd by heav'n,
An outcast from his God,

While

While for our sins he groan'd, he bled
Beneath his Father's rod.

7. His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes hath heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our souls again.

H Y M N XXXIX.

The Saviour's Sufferings and Reward.

1. **W**E all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road;
On Christ were our transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.
2. Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he
In patient silence stood!
Mute, as a peaceful harmless lamb,
When brought to shed it's blood.
3. 'Midst sinners low in dust he lay;
The rich a grave supply'd;
Unspotted was his blameless life;
Unstain'd by sin, he dy'd.
4. Yet God shall raise his head on high,
Though thus he brought him low:
His sacred off'ring, when complete,
Shall terminate his wo.

5. For,

5. For, faith the Lord, my pleasure then
 Shall prosper in his hand;
 His shall a num'rous offspring be,
 And still his honours stand.

6. His soul rejoicing shall behold
 The purchase of his pain;
 And all the guilty whom he fav'd
 Shall bless Messiah's reign.

H Y M N XL.

Christ Comforting his Disciples.

1. **L**ET not your hearts with anxious
 thoughts,
 Be troubled or dismay'd;
 But trust in providence divine,
 And trust my gracious aid.

2. I to my Father's house return;
 There num'rous mansions stand,
 And glory manifold abounds
 Through all the happy land.

3. I go your entrance to secure,
 And your abode prepare;
 Regions unknown are safe to you,
 When I, your friend, am there.

4. Thence shall I come, when ages come,
 To take you home with me;

There

There we shall meet to part no more,
And still together be.

5. I am the way, the truth, the life :
No son of human race,
But such as I conduct and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

H Y M N XLI.

The Comforter Promised.

1. **Y**OU now must hear my voice no more ;
My Father calls me home ;
But soon, from heav'n, the Holy Ghost
Your comforter shall come.

2. That heav'nly teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire ;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.

3. Peace is the gift I leave with you,
My peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

4. I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain ;
Nor cares, nor fears shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

HYMN XLII.

H Y M N XLII.

Christ lifted up on the Cross.

1. **A**S when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
The people ceas'd to die:
2. So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is sav'd from endless woes.
3. For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
4. Not to condemn the sons of men.
The Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard.
5. He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy seat,
And bids us fear no more.
6. But vengeance just for ever lies
On all the rebel-race,
Who God's eternal Son despise,
And scorn his offer'd grace.

E e

HYMN XLIII.

H Y M N XLIII.

Christ's Death.

1. **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of wo!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow.
2. 'Till death pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
'Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.
3. 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.
4. 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies.
For sins—but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
5. 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, his toils
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.
6. 'Tis finish'd—legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

HYMN XLIV.

H Y M N XLIV.

Christ's Sufferings, Death and Resurrection.

1. **H**E dies! the friend of finners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
 A solemn darkness veils the skies!
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
 Come, faints, and drop a tear or two,
 For him who groan'd beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

2. Here's love and grief beyond degree!
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus the dead revives again!
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.

3. Break off your tears, ye faints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains.
 Say, *live for ever, wond'rous King,*
Born to redeem, and strong to save;
 Then ask the monster, *where's thy sting?*
And where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

HYMN XLV.

H Y M N XLV.

Christ's Resurrection.

1. **B**LEST morning! whose first dawning
 rays
 Beheld the Son of God
 Arise triumphant from the grave,
 And leave his dark abode.
2. Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,
 The great Redeemer lay,
 'Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.
3. Hell and the grave combin'd their force
 To hold our Lord, in vain;
 Sudden the conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.
4. To thy great name, almighty Lord!
 We sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.
5. Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King!
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas
 With glad hosannahs ring.

HYMN XLVI.

H Y M N XLVI.

Christ's Resurrection.

1. **J**ESUS CHRIST is ris'n to day, *Hallelujah!*
 Our triumphant holiday, *Hallelujah!*
 Who so lately on the cross, *Hallelujah!*
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss. *Hallelujah!*
2. Hymns of praises let us sing, *Hallelujah!*
 Unto Christ our heav'nly king, *Hallelujah!*
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, *Hallelujah!*
 Sinners to redeem and save. *Hallelujah!*
3. But the pains which he endur'd, *Hallelujah!*
 Our salvation hath procur'd; *Hallelujah!*
 Now he reigns above the sky, *Hallelujah!*
 Where the angels ever cry *Hallelujah!*

H Y M N XLVII.

Christ's Resurrection and Ascension.

1. **H**OSANNA to the Prince of Light,
 Who cloth'd himself in clay;
 Enter'd the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.
2. Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose;

F

He

He took the tyrant's sling away,
And vanquish'd all our foes.

3. See how the conqu'ror mounts on high,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4. There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And sends his blessings down;
Our Saviour fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

5. Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode;
Sweet be the accents of your songs
To our incarnate God.

6. Bright angels, strike your loudest strings
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heav'n and all created things
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

H Y M N XLVIII.

Christ's Exaltation.

1. **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strain
And join the blisful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.

2. While

2. While seraphs tune th' immortal song,
O may we feel the sacred flame;
And ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.

3. Jesus, who once upon the tree
In agonizing pains expir'd;
Who dy'd for rebels—yes, 'tis he!
How bright! how lovely! how admir'd!

4. Jesus! who dy'd that we might live,
Dy'd in the wretched sinner's place;
O what returns can mortals give
For such immeasurable grace.

5. Were universal nature ours,
And art with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their pow'rs,
Would still confess the off'rer poor.

6. Yet, though for bounty so divine
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim thy praise.

H Y M N XLIX.

Christ's Kingdom.

1. **R**EJOICE, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
2. His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heav'n,
The keys of death and hell,
Are to our Saviour giv'n:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
3. He all his foes shall quell,
Shall all our sins destroy;
And ev'ry bosom swell
With pure seraphic joy:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice,
Rejoice aloud, ye saints, rejoice.
4. Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear th' archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound *Rejoice.*

HYMN L.

H Y M N L.

Christ's Intercession.

1. **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple
stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great high-priest our nature wears ;
The guardian of mankind appears.
2. He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n the mighty plan ;
The Saviour and the friend of man.
3. Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye ;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
4. Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears and agonies and cries.
5. In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6. With

6. With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
 Let us make all our sorrows known;
 And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
 To help us in the evil hour.

H Y M N LI.

Christ's Glory in Heaven.

1. **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amidst his Father's throne;
 Prepare new honours for his name,
 And songs before unknown.
2. Lo! elders worship at his feet;
 The church adores around,
 With vials full of odours rich,
 And harps of sweetest sound.
3. These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
 These sounds the hymns they raise;
 God bends his ear to their requests,
 He loves to hear their praise.
4. Who shall the Father's record search,
 And hidden things reveal?
 Behold the Son that record takes,
 And opens ev'ry seal.

H Y M N LII.

Christ Worshipped by the Heavenly Host.

1. **H**ARK! how th' adoring hosts above,
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their hearts are one.

2. Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For he was slain for us.

3. To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
And endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
For ever on his head.

4. Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
And set the pris'ners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

5. From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
Thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
The treasures of thy grace.

6. Let all that dwell above the sky,
Or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores,
To thee their homage show.

7. To

7. To him who sits upon the throne,
 The God whom we adore,
 And to the Lamb that once was slain,
 Be glory evermore.

H Y M N LIII.

Christ's Second Appearance.

1. **B**EHOLD the Son of God appears,
 And in his flesh our sins he bears;
 The victim at God's altar stood,
 T' atone for guilt by groans and blood.

2. But lo! a second time he comes
 To shake the earth and rend the tombs;
 These heav'ns before him melt away,
 And sun and stars in smoke decay.

3. Yet, 'midst this gen'ral wreck and dread,
 Ye faints with triumph lift the head;
 With glad surprise your Saviour meet,
 Who comes to make your blifs complete.

4. My soul, an happiness so great,
 With pleasing expectation wait;
 And, while I dwell upon the thought,
 Be earth and all its toys forgot.

5. My

5. My Saviour God, what grace is thine
 Which gives a prospect so divine!
 Come, blessed day, and teach our tongues
 How angels warble out their songs.

H Y M N LIV.

Praise to the Redeemer and Judge.

1. **T**O him that lov'd the souls of men,
 And wash'd us in his blood,
 To royal honours rais'd our head,
 And made us priests to God;
2. To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
 And ev'ry heart be love!
 All grateful honours paid on earth,
 And nobler songs above!
3. Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
 His saints shall bless the day;
 While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
 In anguish and dismay.
4. I am the first, and I the last;
 Time centres all in me,
 Th' Almighty God, who was, and is
 And evermore shall be.

H Y M N LV.

Christ Seen of Angels.

1. **O** YE immortal throng
Of angels round the throne,
Join with our feeble song,
To make the Saviour known:
On earth ye knew
His wond'rous grace;
His beauteous face
In heav'n ye view.
2. Ye saw the heav'n-born child
In human flesh array'd,
Benevolent and mild
While in the manger laid;
And praise to God,
And peace on earth,
For such a birth,
Proclaim'd aloud.
3. Ye, in the wilderness,
Beheld the tempter spoil'd,
Well known in ev'ry dress,
In ev'ry combat foil'd;
And joy'd to crown
The victor's head,
When Satan fled
Before his frown.

4. Around

4. Around the bloody tree,
Ye press'd with strong desire;
The wond'rous sight to see,
The Lord of life expire;
And, could your eyes
Have known a tear,
Had dropp'd it there
In sad surprise.

5. Around his sacred tomb.
A willing watch ye keep;
'Till the blest moment come
To rouse him from his sleep;
Then roll'd the stone,
And all ador'd
Your rising Lord,
With joy unknown.

6. When all array'd in light,
The shining conqu'ror rode,
Ye hail'd his rapturous flight
Up to the throne of God;
And wav'd around
Your golden wings,
And struck your strings
Of sweetest sound.

7. The warbling notes pursue,
And louder anthems raise;

While

While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise;
 And thou, my heart,
 With equal flame
 And joy the same,
 Perform thy part.

H Y M N LVI.

The Offices of Christ.

1. **W**E bless the Prophet of the Lord,
 Who comes with truth and grace
 Jesus, thy spirit and thy word
 Shall lead us in thy ways.
2. We rev'rence our High-Priest above,
 Who offer'd up his blood,
 And lives to carry on his love,
 By pleading with our God.
3. We honour our exalted King;
 How sweet are his commands!
 He guards our souls from hell and sin
 By his Almighty hands.
4. Hosannah to his glorious name,
 Who saves by diff'rent ways:
 His mercies have a sov'reign claim
 To our immortal praise.

HYMN LVII.

H Y M N LVII.

The Titles of Christ.

1. **W**ITH cheerful voice we sing
 The titles of our Lord,
 and borrow all the names
 Of honour from his word:
 Nature nor art
 Can e'er supply
 Sufficient forms
 Of majesty.

2. In Jesus we behold
 His Father's glorious face,
 Shining for ever bright,
 With mild and lovely rays:
 The eternal God's
 ETERNAL SON
 Inherits and
 Partakes the throne.

3. The sov'reign KING of KINGS,
 The LORD of LORDS most high,
 Writes his own name upon
 His garment and his thigh:
 His name is call'd
 The WORD of GOD;
 He rules the earth
 With iron rod.

G

4. Where

4. Where promises and grace
Can neither melt nor move,
The angry LAMB repents
Th' insults to his love :
Awakes his wrath
Without delay,
As lions roar
And tear the prey.
5. But when for works of peace
The great REDEEMER comes ;
What gentle characters,
What titles he assumes !
LIGHT of the WORLD
And LIFE of MEN,
Nor will he bear
Those names in vain.
6. Immense compassion reigns
In our IMMANUEL'S heart,
When he descends to act
A MEDIATOR'S part :
He is a FRIEND
And BROTHER too,
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.
7. At length the Lord the JUDGE,
His awful throne ascends,

And

And foes he quick divides
 From those who are his friends:
 Then shall the saints
 Completely prove
 The heights and depths
 Of all his love.

H Y M N LVIII.

The Example of Christ.

1. **W**HEN-E'ER the angry passions rise,
 And tempt our thoughts or tongues
 to strife;
 To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
 Bright pattern of the christian life.
2. O how benevolent and kind,
 How mild! how ready to forgive!
 Be this the temper of our mind,
 And these the rules by which we live.
3. To do his heav'nly Father's will,
 Was his employment and delight;
 Humility and holy zeal
 Shone through his life divinely bright.
4. Dispensing good where'er he came,
 The labours of his life were love;
 Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
 By his example let us move.
5. But

5. But ah! how blind, how weak we are!
 How frail, how apt to turn aside!
 Lord, we depend upon thy care,
 We ask thy spirit for our guide.

6. Thy fair example may we trace,
 To teach us what we ought to be;
 Make us, by thy transforming grace,
 O Saviour daily more like thee.

H Y M N LIX.

The Gospel Published.

1. **G**REAT was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

2. What gifts! what miracles he gave!
 And pow'r to kill, and pow'r to save!
 Furnish'd their tongues with wond'rous words,
 Instead of shields and spears and swords.

3. Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
 From east to west, from south to north;
 "Go, and assert your Saviour's cause,
 "Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross."

4. These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what Almighty force they are,

To

To make our stubborn passions bow,
And lay the proudest rebel low!

5. Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

6. Great King of Grace! my heart subdue,
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

H Y M N LX.

The Gospel attested by Miracles.

1. **B**EHOLD, the blind their sight receive!

Behold, the dead awake and live!
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap like the hart, and blefs his name.

2. Thus doth th' Eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3. He dies; the heav'ns in mourning stood;
He rises, and appears a God:
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die!

4. Hence

4. Hence and for ever from my heart
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

H Y M N LXI.

Prophecy and Inspiration.

1. 'T WAS by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his
word ;

His spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heav'nly fire.

2. The works and wonders which they
wrought,

Confirm'd the messages they brought ;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

3. Great God ! mine eyes with pleasure look
On the fair volume of thy book ;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who dy'd for me.

4. Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost and vanish in the wind ;
Here I can fix my hope secure ;
This is thy word, and must endure.

H Y M N LXII.

H Y M N LXII.

Excellency of the Scriptures.

1. **F**ATHER of Mercies in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For the celestial lines.
2. Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, beyond what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
3. Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.
5. Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heav'nly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
5. O may these heav'nly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.
6. Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near,
Teach me to love thy sacred word
And view my Saviour there.

H Y M N LXIII.

H Y M N LXIII.

The Blessedness of the Gospel Times.

1. **H**OW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Sion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
2. How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Sion! behold thy Saviour king,
He reigns and triumphs here.
3. How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found.
4. How blessed are our eyes!
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But dy'd without the fight.
5. The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his arm,
Through all the earth abroad;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

H Y M N LXIV.

H Y M N · LXIV.

Christ's Kingdom Extended.

1. **G**REAT God, whose univerfal sway,
The known and unknown worlds
obey,
Now make the Saviour's glory known;
Extend his pow'r, exalt his throne.
2. Thy ſceptre well becomes his hands,
Let all ſubmit to his commands;
His juſtice ſhall redreſs the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.
3. With pow'r he vindicates the juſt,
And treads the oppreſſor in the duſt:
His worſhip and his fear ſhall laſt
Till hours and years and time be paſt.
4. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The ſhades of overſpreading death,
Revive at his firſt dawning light,
And deſerts bloſſom at the ſight.
5. The ſaints ſhall flouriſh in his days
Dreſt in the robes of joy and praiſe;
Peace, like a river from his throne,
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.



PART III.

M A N.



H Y M N LXV.

The Fall of Man.

1. **T**HE fed'ral head of all mankind
In paradise was plac'd;
In his creator's image made,
With strength and wisdom grac'd.
2. Bless'd with the joys of innocence,
Firm and secure he stood,
'Till he debas'd his soul to sense,
And ate th' unlawful food.
3. Now back with humble shame we loo
To our first happy state;

Soon

Soon as we're born, our lives with sin
And mis'ry are beset.

4. 'Tis Jesus only can restore
The ruins of our fall:
Hofanna to that sov'reign pow'r
That new creates the soul.

H Y M N LXVI.

The Natural Depravity of Man.

1. **T**O all that's good, averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill;
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!
2. Conceiv'd in sin, (O wretched state!)
Before we draw our breath,
The first young pulse begins to beat
Depravity and death.
3. Wild and unwholesome as the fruit
Will all the branches be:
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a lifeless tree?
4. What mortal pow'r from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?
5. Yet,

5. Yet, mighty God, thy wond'rous love
 Can make our nature clean :
 While Christ and grace prevail above
 The tempter, death and sin.

H Y M N LXVII.

The Necessity of a Saviour.

1. **E**NSLAV'D by sin and bound in chains
 Beneath it's dreadful tyrant sway,
 And doom'd to everlasting pains,
 We wretched guilty captives lay.

2. Nor can our arm procure our peace,
 Nor will the world's collected store
 Suffice to purchase our release ;
 A thousand worlds were all too poor.

3. A Saviour—man, and also God—
 A glorious ransom must procure :
 Justice divine demands his blood,
 And nothing less can life ensure.

4. Jesus, both man and mighty God,
 An all-sufficient ransom paid :
 The Mediator's precious blood,
 For wretched sinners has been shed.

5. Amazing

5. Amazing justice! love divine!
 O may our grateful hearts adore
 The matchless grace; nor yield to sin,
 Nor wear it's cruel fetters more.

H Y M N LXVIII.

Redemption by Christ.

1. **P** LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair,
 We wretched finners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
2. With pitying eye the Prince of Life
 Beheld our helpless grief;
 He saw; and, O surprising love!
 He ran to our relief.
3. Down, from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled,
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
4. O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

H

5. Angels

5. Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But, tho' you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

H Y M N LXIX.

Acceptance through Christ.

1. **H**OW shall I dare approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne?
Or how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone?
2. Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God, my friend?
3. Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these his favour buy?
Or oil, that should for holy fire
Ten thousand streams supply?
4. With trembling hands, and bleeding heart,
Should I my offspring slay?
Would this a cheerful hope impart,
Or purge my guilt away?
5. Ah! no, my soul, 'twere fruitless all;
Such victims bleed in vain;

No

No fatlings, from the field or stall,
Such favour can obtain.

6. None but a dying Saviour's blood
Can all thy guilt remove;
This plead, my soul, before thy God,
And sing redeeming love.

H Y M N LXX.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners.

1. **C**OME unto me, all ye who groan
With guilt and fears oppress'd;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
2. Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
3. For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impose,
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before
Beneath a load of woes.

HYMN LXXI.

H Y M N LXXI.

The Gospel Invitation.

1. **H**O! ye that thirst, approach the spring
Where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.
2. How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles light as air?
3. My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give:
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.
4. With you a cov'nant I will make
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.
5. Behold! he comes, your leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd;
A witness, who shall spread my name
To earth's remotest bound.
6. See! nations hasten to his call
From ev'ry distant shore;
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to him,
And Israel's God adore.

HYMN LXXII.

H Y M N LXXII.

Pardon Offered to Returning Sinners.

1. **S**EEK ye the Lord, while yet his ear
Is open to your call ;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
Before his footstool fall.

2. Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego ;
And God, when they return to him,
Returning grace will shew.

3. He pardons with o'erflowing love:
For hear the voice divine,
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

4. But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

5. And as the rains from heav'n distill,
Nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all it's tribes sustain ;

6. So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.

7. With

7. With joy and peace shall then be led
The glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
The forests clap their hands.

8. Where briars grew, 'midst barren wild
Shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature through it's utmost bounds,
Eternal praises sing.

H Y M N LXXIII.

The Penitent Encouraged.

1. **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.

2. His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'Tis also strong to save.

3. Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd;
The dawn shall give us light:
God shall appear, and we shall rise
With gladness in his sight.

4. Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him, and rejoice;

His

His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.

5. As dew upon the tender herb
Diffusing fragrance round;
As flow'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:

6. So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

H Y M N LXXIV.

The Goodness of God leading to Repentance.

1. **U**NGRATEFUL sinners! whence this
scorn
Of God's long suff'ring grace?
And whence this madness that insults
Th' Almighty to his face?

2. Is it because his patience waits,
And pitying bowels move,
You multiply transactions more,
And scorn his offer'd love?

3. Dost thou not know, self-blinded man,
His goodness is design'd
To wake repentance in thy soul,
And melt thy harden'd mind?

4. And

4. And wilt thou rather choose to meet
Th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treasure up his wrath in store
Against the day of wo?
5. Soon shall that fatal day approach,
That must thy sentence seal,
And righteous judgments now unknown,
In awful pomp reveal:
6. While they who full of holy deeds
To glory seek to rise,
Continuing patient to the end,
Shall gain th' immortal prize.

H Y M N LXXV.

The Prodigal Restored.

1. **T**HE wretched prodigal behold
In mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had sunk from high estate,
And plung'd in want and wo.
2. While I despis'd and scorn'd, he cries,
Starve in a foreign land,
The meanest in my father's house
Is fed with bounteous hand.
3. I'll go, and with a mourning voice
Fall down before his face,
Father

Father, I've sinn'd 'gainst heav'n and thee,
Nor can deserve thy grace.

4. He said, and hasten'd to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father sees him from afar,
And all his bowels move.

5. He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embrac'd and kiss'd his son:
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
The follies he had done.

6. No more, my father, can I hope
To find paternal grace;
My utmost wish is to obtain
A humble servant's place.

7. Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
The joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shown,
And ev'ry honour paid.

8. A day of feasting I ordain;
Let mirth and joy abound:
My son was dead, and lives again!
Was lost, and now is found.

9. Thus joy abounds in paradise,
Among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
Repents, and is forgiv'n.

H Y M N LXXVI.

Renewing Grace.

1. **H**OW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of it's load!
The heart, unchang'd, can never rise
To happiness and God.
2. The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason, debas'd, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.
3. Can ought beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.
4. 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise,
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.
5. To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live!
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.
6. O change these wretched hearts of our
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN LXXVII.

H Y M N LXXVII.

Regeneration.

1. **N**OT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God hath giv'n,
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise one soul to heav'n.
2. The sov'reign will of God alone
Creates us heirs of grace;
Born in the image of his Son,
A new peculiar race.
3. The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh,
New models all the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.
4. Our quicken'd souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heav'nly scenes we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

Conviction of Sin.

1. **L**ORD, how secure my conscience was,
And felt no inward dread!
I was alive without the law,
And thought my sins were dead.

2. My

2. My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright
But since the precept came
With a convincing pow'r and light,
I find how vile I am.
3. My guilt appear'd but small before,
'Till terrify'd I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure
Is thine eternal law.
4. Then felt my soul the heavy load,
My sins reviv'd again;
I had provok'd a holy God,
And all my hopes are vain.
5. My God, what pow'r shall I invoke,
With my last lab'ring breath,
To rid me of this wretched yoke,
These bonds of sin and death.
6. In Jesus I behold thy face,
Thy mercy there I see;
Thro' him I trust thy boundless grace
To set the pris'ner free.

H Y M N LXXIX.

No Justification by the Law.

1. **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.
2. Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confess their guilt,
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
3. No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law that shews the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.
4. Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
Which makes the sinner just.

H Y M N LXXX.

*No Condemnation to those who are in Christ
Jesus.*

1. **L**ET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and wo;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove our foe?

I

2. He

2. He who his son, most dear and lov'd,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
That goodness can supply?
3. Behold the best, the greatest gift
Of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above!
4. Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God has justify'd?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour dy'd?
5. The Saviour dy'd, but rose again,
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.

H Y M N LXXXI.

Union between Christ and Believers inseparable.

1. **W**HAT pow'r can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love?
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n above?
2. Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall;

Through

Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.

3. Nor death, nor life, nor earth, nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.

4. Each future period it will bless,
As it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time;
He loves us to the last.

H Y M N LXXXII.

Adoption.

1. **B**EHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God.

2. Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown;
A world that knew not when he came,
Ev'n God's eternal Son.

3. High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be,
Is hid from mortal eyes.

4. Our

4. Our souls, we know, when he appears,
 Shall bear his image bright;
 For all his glory full disclos'd
 Shall open to our sight.

5. A hope so great, and so divine,
 May trials well endure;
 And purge the soul from sense and sin
 As Christ himself is pure.

H Y M N LXXXIII.

Sanctification.

1. **H**OW wretched was our former state,
 When, slaves to Satan's sway,
 With hearts disorder'd and impure,
 O'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!

2. But, O my soul! for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
 Of folly, sin and shame.

3. Vain and presumptuous is the trust
 Which in our works we place;
 Salvation from a higher source
 Flows to the human race.

4. 'Tis from the mercies of our God
 That all our hopes begin;

His

His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.

5. His spirit, through the Saviour shed,
It's sacred fire inparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts.

6. Then rais'd from death, we live anew;
And, justify'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

7. Let all who hold his faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

H Y M N LXXXIV.

The Christian's Obligation to Holiness.

1. **A**ND shall we then go on to sin
That grace may more abound?
Great God! forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found!

2. When to the sacred fount we came,
Did not the rite proclaim,
That, wash'd from sin and all it's stains,
New creatures we became?

3. With

3. With Christ the Lord we dy'd to sin;
 With him to life we rise,
 To life, which now begun on earth
 Is perfect in the skies.
4. Too long enthrall'd to Satan's sway,
 We now are slaves no more;
 For Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin,
 Our freedom to restore.

H Y M N LXXXV.

Aspiring after Perfection.

1. **F**ATHER of peace and God of love
 We own thy pow'r to save,
 That pow'r by which our shepherd rose
 Triumphant from the grave.
2. Him from the dead thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for ever-more
 Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
3. O may thy spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still.

4. That

4. That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do
 Be pleasing in thine eyes.

H Y M N LXXXVI.

The Influences of the Spirit desired.

1. **C**OME, gracious Spirit, heav'nly dove!
 With light and comfort from above;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er ev'ry thought and step preside.
2. Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From ev'ry sin and hurtful snare;
 Lead to thy word, which rules will give,
 And teach us lessons how to live.
3. The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way:
 Plant holy fear in ev'ry heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.
4. Lead us to holiness, the road
 That we must take to dwell with God;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way,
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.
5. Lead

5. Lead us to God, our final rest,
 In his enjoyment to be blest:
 Lead us to heav'n, the seat of bliss,
 Where pleasure in perfection is.

H Y M N LXXXVII.

The Influences of the Spirit experienced.

1. **D**EAR Lord, and shall thy spirit rest
 In such a wretched heart as mine!
 Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
 Favour astonishing, divine!

2. When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
 And hope almost expires in night,
 Lord can thy spirit then be here,
 Great spring of comfort, life and light.

3. Sure the blest comforter is nigh,
 'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
 Else would my hopes for ever die,
 And ev'ry cheering ray depart.

4. When some kind promise glads my soul,
 Do I not find his healing voice
 The tempest of my fears control,
 And bid my drooping pow'rs rejoice?

5. When-e'er to call the Saviour mine,
 With ardent wish my heart aspires;

Can

Can it be less than pow'r divine,
Which animates these strong desires?

6. What less than thy Almighty word
Can raise my heart from dust and earth,
And bid me cleave to thee my Lord,
My life, my treasure and my trust?

7. And when my cheerful hope can say
I love my God and taste his grace;
Lord, is it not thy blisful ray,
Which brings this dawn of sacred peace?

8. Let thy kind spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heav'nly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

H Y M N LXXXVIII.

Faith in Christ.

1. **F**AITH—'tis a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestow'd!
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2. Jesus it owns a king,
An all-atoning priest,
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

I i

3. To

3. To him it leads the soul,
When fill'd with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4. Since 'tis thy work alone,
And that divinely free,
Lord, send the spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

H Y M N LXXXIX.

Faith the Evidence of Things not seen.

1. **F**AITH leads to joys beyond the sky;
Why then is this weak mind
Afraid to raise a cheerful eye,
To more than sense can find?

2. Sense can but furnish scenes of wo;
In this low vale of tears,
No groves of heav'nly pleasures grow,
No paradise appears.

3. Ah! why should this mistaken mind
Still rove with restless pain?
Delight on earth expect to find,
Yet still expect in vain?

4. Faith, rising upward, points her view
To regions in the skies;

There

There lovelier scenes than Eden knew
In bright perspective rise.

5. Oh! if this heav'n-born grace were mine,
Would not my spirit soar,
Transported gaze on joys divine,
And cleave to earth no more?

6. If in my heart true faith appears,
How weak the sacred ray!
Feebly aspiring, press'd with fears,
Almost it dies away.

7. O thou, from whose Almighty breath,
It first began to rise,
Purge off these mists, these dregs of earth,
And bid it reach the skies.

8. Let this weak, erring mind no more
On earth bewilder'd rove;
But with celestial ardour soar
To endless joys above.

H Y M N XC.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

1. **M**ISTAKEN souls! that dream of
heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
While they are slaves to lust.

2. Vain

2. Vain are our fancies—airy flights—
If faith be cold and dead ;
None but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living head.
3. 'Tis faith that purifies the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love,
That bids our sinful joys depart,
And lifts our thoughts above.
4. 'Tis faith, that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial pow'r ;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

H Y M N XCI.

Trust in God.

1. **W**HY pour'st thou forth thine anxious
 plaint,
 Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
And did not heed thy grief?
2. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard
 That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of him
 Who fram'd the earth and sky?
3. Art thou afraid his pow'r shall fail
 When comes the evil day?

And

And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary, or decay?

4. Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r,
The rock of ages stands;
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hand.

5. He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.

6. Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

7. They with unweary'd feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8. On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

H Y M N XCII.

Rejoicing in God.

1. **W**HAT though no buds the fig-tree
bear,
Though vines their fruit deny;
The labour of the olive fail,
And fields no food supply?
2. Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flock cut off I see;
Though famine pines in empty stalls
Where herds were wont to be?
3. Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
Of my salvation prove.
4. He to my tardy feet shall lend
The swiftness of the roe;
'Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
Beyond the reach of wo.
5. God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy;
A joy which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

HYMN XCIII.

H Y M N XCIII.

Hope.

1. **O** GOD, my sun, thy blifsful rays
Can warm, rejoice and guide my
heart :

How dark, how mournful are my days,
If thy enliv'ning beams depart.

2. Scarce through the cloud, a glimpse of day
Appears to these desiring eyes:
But shall my drooping spirit say,
The cheerful morn will never rise ?

3. O let me not despairing mourn,
Though gloomy darkness spreads the sky ;
My glorious sun will yet return,
And night with all its horrors fly.

4. O for the bright, the joyful day,
When hope shall in fruition die !
So tapers lose their feeble ray
Beneath the sun's refulgent eye.

H Y M N XCIV.

Resignation.

1. **I**F heav'n on me affliction send,
O! learn me how to bear ;
Submissive teach my soul to bend,
But keep me from despair.

2. The

2. The pow'r that knows my inmost thoughts,
Must sure be good and wise;
And he who best perceives my faults,
Is fittest to chastise.
3. Heav'n's awful word is surely just,
Then let me kiss the rod;
Nor, worn with wo, at all distrust
The goodness of my God.
4. Then, 'till life's latest sand be run,
O teach me, pow'r divine,
To cry, my God, thy will be done,
What-e'er becomes of mine.

H Y M N XCV.

Resignation.

1. **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
2. What e'er we fondly call our own,
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day,
Are soon to be restor'd.
3. 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;

He

He gives; and, when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

4. Then, ever blessed be his name!
His goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resumes it's own;
'Tis ours still to adore.

H Y M N XCVI.

Submission to Fatherly Chastisements.

1. **M**Y son, faith God, with patient mind
Endure the chast'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction try'd,
That thou art lov'd by God.
2. His children thus most dear to him,
Their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
Of sorrows and of pains.
3. We know he owns us for his sons,
When we correction share;
Nor wander as a bastard race,
Without our Father's care.
4. A Father's voice with rev'ence we
On earth have often heard;
The Father of our spirits now
Demands the same regard.

5. Parents

5. Parents may err, but he is wise,
Nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
By salutary pain.

6. Affliction, when it spreads around,
May seem a field of wo:
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow.

7. Then, let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

H Y M N XCVII.

Patience.

1. **P**ATIENCE! thou grace divinely fair,
Sent from the God of pow'r and love,
To teach submission to his hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.

2. By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state,
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.

3. Though we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds which God ordains,
We

We smile amid our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

4. O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
'Till life's tumultuous sea we pass,
And reach the shores of endless rest.

5. Faith into vision shall resign,
Hope shall in full fruition die;
And patience in possession end,
In the bright worlds of bliss on high.

H Y M N XCVIII.

Joy and Gratitude.

1. **E**TERNAL love! how large the sum
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow and be' blest,
Is thy supreme command.

2. Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The sunshine of the soul;
The best return that we can make
To him who plans the whole.

3. Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss,
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

4. Give

4. Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

5. Let the blest hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend ;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

H Y M N XCIX.

Contentment.

1. **I**F solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam :
The world hath nothing to bestow ;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And peace begins at home.

2. We'll therefore relish with content,
Whate'er kind providence hath sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r :
And, if our store be very small,
With thankful hearts enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

3. We'll be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are deny'd,
Grateful

Grateful for blessings giv'n:
 This is the wise, the virtuous part,
 This is that incense of the heart,
 Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.

4. While conscience, like a faithful friend,
 Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
 And cheer our dying breath;
 Shall, when all other comforts cease,
 Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
 And smooth the bed of death.

H Y M N C.

Retirement.

1. **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
 From strife and tumult far;
 From scenes where Satan wages still
 His most successful war.

2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
 With pray'r and praise agree;
 And seem by thy sweet bounty made
 For those who follow thee.

3. There if thy spirit touch the soul,
 And grace her mean abode;
 O with what peace and joy and love,
 She communes with her God!

K k

4. There

4. There. like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5. Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour! thou art mine.

6. What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

H Y M N C I.

Self Examination.

1. **W**HAT strange perplexities arise!
What anxious fears and jealousies!
What crowds in doubtful light appear!
How few, alas! approv'd and clear!

2. And what am I?—my soul, awake,
And an impartial survey take:
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

3. What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus form'd and living there?

Say,

Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought and word and action shine?

4. Searcher of hearts, O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God, and my own conscience clear.

5. Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And to myself, *myself* display.

6. May I at that bless'd world arrive,
Where Christ through all my soul shall live,
And give full proof that he is there,
Without one gloomy doubt or fear.

H Y M N CII.

Love to God.

1. **H**APPY the mind where graces reign,
And love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2. Knowledge! alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear:
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,
When mix'd with heav'nly love.
4. Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
And leave this dark abode,
On wings of love we'll soar away
To see our Father—God.
5. This is the grace which lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In realms of endless peace.

H Y M N CIII.

The Fear of God.

1. **H**APPY beyond description he,
Who fears the Lord his God;
Who hears his threats with holy awe,
And trembles at his word.
- 2, Fear, sacred passion, ever dwells
With it's fair partner love;
Blending their beauties, both proclaim
Their source is from above.
3. Let terrors fright th' unwilling slave;
The child with joy appears;
Cheerful

Cheerful he does his father's will,
And loves as much as fears.

4. Let fear and love, most holy God,
Possess this soul of mine;
Then shall I worship thee aright,
And taste thy joys divine.

H Y M N CIV.

Love to Christ.

1. **D**O I not love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

2. Thy lovely name's melodious still
To my enraptur'd ear:
My quick'ning pulse with pleasure beats
My Saviour's voice to hear.

3. There's not a lamb in all thy flock
I would disdain to feed;
Nor yet a foe, before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead.

4. How does my ardent spirit vie
With angels round thy throne,
To execute thy sacred will,
And make thy glory known!

L

5. My

5. My heart would pour it's warmest blood
 In honour of thy name;
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp th' immortal flame.

6. Thou know'st I love thee, O my Lord;
 But still I long to soar
 Above the sphere of mortal joys,
 Where I shall love thee more.

H Y M N CV.

Christian Love.

1. **L**OVE suffers long; love envies not;
 But love is ever kind;
 She never boasteth of herself,
 Nor proudly lifts the mind.

2. Love harbours no suspicious thought,
 Is patient to the bad;
 Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes,
 And in the truth is glad.

3. Love no unseemly carriage shows,
 Nor selfishly confin'd;
 She glows with social tenderness,
 And feels for all mankind.

4. Love beareth much, much she believes
 And still she hopes the best;

Love

Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though fore with hardship press'd.

5. Love still shall hold an endless reign
In earth and heav'n above,
When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,
And ev'ry gift but love.

H Y M N C V I.

Christian Unity.

1. **L**ET party names no more
The christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2. Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3. Let envy, child of hell,
Be banish'd far away;
Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4. Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.

HYMN CVII.

H Y M N CVII.

Love to our Neighbour.

1. **F**ATHER of mercies! send thy grace,
All pow'ful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
2. O may our sympathizing breasts
That gen'rous pleasure know,
Kindly to share another's joy,
And weep for other's wo.
3. When the dejected sons of grief
In low distress are laid;
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
4. So Jesus look'd on helpless man,
When seated in the skies;
Amid the glories of that world
He felt compassion rise.
5. On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground:
And shed his rich and precious blood
A balm for ev'ry wound.

HYMN CVIII.

H Y M N CVIII.

Forgiveness of Injuries.

1. **S**HALL not my wrath relent,
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, *I repent,*
Nor will offend again?
2. If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God! and how present the pray'r
For thy forgiving grace?
3. They who forgive shall find
Remission in that day,
When all the merciful and kind
Thy pity shall repay.
4. But those who here below
Mercy refuse to grant,
Shall judgment without mercy know,
When mercy most they want.

H Y M N CIX.

Love to our Enemies.

1. **A**LOUD we sing the wond'rous grace
Christ to his murd'ers bare,
Which made the racking cross it's throne,
And hung it's trophies there.

2. *Father*

2. *Father, forgive, his mercy cry'd,*
 With his expiring breath,
 And drew eternal blessings down
 On those who wrought his death.
3. Jesus, this wond'rous love we sing,
 And, while we sing, admire;
 Breathe on our souls, and kindle there
 The same celestial fire.
4. Sway'd by thy pure example, we
 For enemies will pray;
 With love, their hatred; and their curse
 With blessing will repay.

H Y M N CX.

Charity and Mercy.

1. **L**ET such as feel oppressions rod,
 Thy tender pity share;
 And let the helpless, homeless poor
 Be thy peculiar care.
2. Go bid the hungry orphan be
 With thine abundance blest;
 Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
 And spread the couch of rest.
3. Let him who pines with piercing cold
 By thee be warm'd and clad;

Be

Be thine the blisful task, to make
The downcast mourner glad.

4. Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
In peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
Shall shine on all thy ways.

H Y M N CXI.

Sympathy with the Afflicted.

1. **W**HILE others crowd the house of
mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with wisdom dwell,
Frequent the house of wo.
2. Better to weep with those that weep,
And share the afflicted's smart,
Than mix with fools in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart.
3. When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And waisted to the sky.
4. The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell;
The thoughtless, still, with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

5. The

5. The noisy laughter of the fool
 Is like the crackling found
 Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
 In ashes to the ground.

H Y M N CXII.

Benevolence Rewarded.

1. **B**LEST is the man whose tender heart
 Feels all another's pain;
 To whom the supplicating eye
 Was never rais'd in vain.
2. Whose breast expands with gen'rous
 warmth
 A stranger's wo to feel;
 And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
 He wants the pow'r to heal.
3. He spreads his kind supporting arms
 To every child of grief;
 His secret bounty largely flows,
 And brings unask'd relief.
4. To gentle offices of love
 His feet are never slow;
 He views through mercy's melting eye
 A brother in his foe.
5. Peace, from the bosom of his God,
 Peace shall to him be giv'n;

His

His soul shall rest secure on earth,
And find it's native heav'n.

6. To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfill
The perfect law of love.

H Y M N CXIII.

Humility.

1. **L**ORD, if thou thy grace impart,
L Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
As my master, I shall be
Rooted in humility.

2. Simple, teachable and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3. Father, fix my soul on thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath, above,
Happy in thy precious love.

4. O that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus join'd!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore.

H Y M N CXIV.

Sincerity.

1. **L**ET those who bear the christian name
Their promises fulfill;
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.
2. True to the solemn oaths they take,
Though to their hurt they swear;
Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.
3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through ev'ry false disguise.
4. They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears;
And God has promis'd when they die
Eternal life is theirs.
5. Lo, from afar the judge descends,
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his saints, his faithful friends,
Rise and possess the crown.

HYMN CXV.

H Y M N CXV.

Charitable Judgment.

1. **O**MNISCIENT God! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions
flow;

To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2. Who, among men, high Lord of all,
Thy servants to his bar may call?
Decide of heresy, and shake
A brother o'er the flaming lake?

3. Who, with another's eye can read?
Or worship with another's creed?
Revering thy command alone
We humbly seek and use our own.

4. If wrong, forgive; accept, if right,
Whilst faithful we obey our light;
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still
To follow as to learn thy will.

5. When shall our happy eyes behold
The people fashion'd in thy mould?
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

HYMN CXVI.

H Y M N CXVI.

Liberty of Conscience.

1. **A**BSURD and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame.
2. Bold arrogance to snatch from heav'n
Dominion not to mortals giv'n!
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
3. Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself, thy doctrine wields
No arms, but what persuasion yields.
4. By proofs divine and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence which heav'n inspires.

H Y M N CXVII.

Justice and Equity.

1. **B**LESSED Redeemer! how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worse
"Than we would have them deal with us."
2. This

2. This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives nor the mind, nor mem'ry pain;
And ev'ry conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3. 'Tis written in each mortal breast
Where all our tenderest wishes rest;
We draw it from our inmost veins,
Where love to self resides and reigns.

4. Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause:
Let our own fondest passions shew
How we should treat our neighbour too.

5. How bless'd would ev'ry nation prove,
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

H Y M N CXVIII.

True and False Zeal.

1. **Z**EAL is that pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name,
Is self, but in disguise.

2. True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;

M

The

The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and fire.

3. While zeal for truth the christian warm
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
It's party to increase.

4. Zeal has attain'd it's highest aim,
It's end is satisfy'd,
If finners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it ought beside.

5. Self may its own reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause shall gain
When Jesus shall appear.

H Y M N CXIX.

Prudence.

1. **H**OW fair and lovely to behold
A man of prudent heart!
Whose thoughts and lips and life agree
To act an useful part.

2. When envy, strife and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in
And quench the kindling coals.

3. Their

3. Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
4. Their lives are prudence mix'd with love,
Good works employ their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
5. Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursu'd;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

H Y M N CXX.

Gravity and Decency.

1. **B**EHOLD the sons, the heirs of God,
So dearly bought with Jesus blood;
Are they not born to heav'nly joys?
And shall they stoop to earthly toys?
2. Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were spirits of celestial kind
Made for a jest, for sport and play,
To wear out time, and waste the day?
3. Doth vain discourse, or empty mirth,
Well suit the honours of their birth?
Shall

Shall they be fond of gay attire,
Which children love, and fools admire?

4. What if we wear the richest vest?
Insects and flow'rs are better drest;
This flesh, with all it's gaudy forms,
Must drop to dust and feed the worms.

5. Lord, may thy grace our hearts inspire,
And fill our souls with sacred fire:
Then, with a heav'n-directed eye,
We'll pass these glitt'ring trifles by.

6. We'll look on all the toys below
With such disdain as angels do;
And wait the call that bids us rise
To mansions promis'd in the skies.

H Y M N CXXI.

Industry and Sloth contrasted.

1. **Y**E indolent and slothful, rise,
View the ant's labours and be wise;
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay.

2. Yet see with what incessant cares,
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.

3. But

3. But when will slothful man arise?
 How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
 Sloth more indulgence still demands;
 Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.

4. But mark the end: want shall assail,
 When all your strength and vigour fail;
 Want, like an armed man, shall rush
 The hoary head of age to crush.

H Y M N CXXII.

Constancy in Religion.

1. **P**ERPETUAL source of light and grace,
 We bless thy sacred name;
 Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
 Thy goodness is the same.

2. Inconstant service we repay,
 And treach'rous vows renew;
 False as the morning's scatt'ring cloud,
 And transient as the dew.

3. In flowing tears our guilt we mourn,
 And loud implore thy grace
 To bear our feeble footsteps on
 In all thy righteous ways.

4. Arm'd with thine energy divine,
 Our souls shall stedfast move,

And

And with increasing transport prefs
On to thy courts above.

5. So, by thy pow'r, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way,
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

H Y M N CXXIII.

Preserving Grace.

1. **W**ITH all our pow'rs of heart and
tongue,
We'll praise our Maker in a song;
Angels shall hear the notes we raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.
2. We'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
We'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.
3. Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words our fainting souls revive,
And keep our dying faith alive.
4. Grace will complete, what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

H Y M N CXXIV.

H Y M N CXXIV.

Holy Resolution.

1. **A** H! wretched souls! who strive in vain!
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
2. I would resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart
Whose service is a rich reward.
3. O be his service all my joy,
Around let my example shine;
'Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.
4. Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice;
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.
5. O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways;
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

HYMN CXXV.

H Y M N CXXV.

Resisting Temptation.

1. **A** LAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
2. How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!
3. O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch and pray and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
4. Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
5. When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
My God, thy pow'rful aid impart,
My guardian, and my guide.
6. Still keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN CXXVI.

H Y M N CXXVI.

Glorying in the Name of Christ.

1. **I**'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cauſe,
Maintain the glory of his croſs,
And honour all his laws.
2. Jeſus! my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my boaſt;
Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame,
Nor let my hope be loſt.
3. I know that ſafe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his truſt,
'Till the deciſive hour.
4. Then will he own his ſervant's name,
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jeruſalem
Appoint my ſoul a place.

H Y M N CXXVII.

Advantages of Religion.

1. **O** HAPPY is the man who hears
Inſtruction's warning voice,
And who celeftial wiſdom makes
His early, only choice.

M. m.

2. For

2. For she hath treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold,
And her rewards more precious are,
Than all their stores of gold.
3. In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Are what her left displays.
4. She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
5. According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

H Y M N CXXVIII.

Fervency in Devotion desired.

1. **E**TERNAL Spirit, source of light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat,
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit, come.

2. In

2. In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame, which seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Nor 'ie benumb'd and stupid still:
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

3. Whatever guilt and madness dare,
We would not quench the heav'nly fire;
Our hearts, as fuel we prepare,
Though in the flame we should expire:
Our breasts expand to make thee room,
Come, purifying Spirit, come.

4. Let pure devotion's fervours rise!
Let ev'ry pious passion glow!
O let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

H Y M N CXXIX.

Secret Devotion.

1. **F**ATHER divine, thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

2. There shall that piercing eye survey
Our humble worship paid,

With

With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade.

3. We'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee our minds shall soar;
With grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.

4. So shall the sun in smiles arise;
The day shall close in peace;
So wilt thou train us for the skies,
Where joy shall never cease.

H Y M N CXXX.

Family Devotion.

1. **F**ATHER of men, thy care we bless,
Which crowns our family with peace
From thee we spring, and by thy hand
From day to day supported stand.

2. To thee, most worthy to be prais'd,
Be our domestic altars rais'd,
Who, Lord of heav'n, scorn'st not to dwell
With saints in their obscurest cell.

3. To thee let each united house,
Morning and night, present it's vows;
Our servants there, and rising race,
Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

4. O may each future age proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name;
While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
To join thy family above.

H Y M N CXXXI.

Christ's Regard to Children.

1. **S**EE Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms!
Hark how he calls the tender lambs,
And takes them in his arms!
2. Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
It was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.
3. We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
And yield them up to thee;
Happy that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.
4. Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.
5. If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That thought shall heal our bleeding hearts,
When weeping o'er their dust.

N HYMN CXXXII.

H Y M N CXXXII.

Early Piety.

1. **I**N life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest forms
Which beauty can disclose;
2. Deep on thy soul, before it's pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be thy creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.
3. For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.
4. Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

H Y M N CXXXIII.

The Consolations of Age.

1. **E**TERNAL God, enthron'd on high
Whom angel hosts adore;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh,
Thy presence we implore.

2. O

2. O guide us down the steep of age,
And keep our passions cool;
Teach us to scan the sacred page,
And practise ev'ry rule.
3. Our flying years time urges on,
Our strength must soon decay;
Our friends, our youth's companions gone,
Can we expect to stay?
4. Can we exemption plead, when death
Projects his awful dart?
Can med'cines then prolong our breath,
Or cordials shield our heart?
5. But thou canst cheer our mortal hour,
On thee our hope depends;
Support us by Almighty pow'r,
While dust to dust descends.
6. Then shall our soul, O gracious God,
Ascend to realms of day;
And in that sacred blest abode,
It's endless anthems pay.

H Y M N CXXXIV.

Life the only Season for Preparation.

1. **A**S long as life it's term extends,
Hope's blest dominion never ends;
For while the lamp holds on to burn,
The greatest sinner may return.

2. Life

2. Life is the season God has giv'n
To fly from hell, and rise to heav'n;
That day of grace fleets fast away,
And none it's rapid course can stay.

3. The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

4. Their hatred and their love is lost,
Their envy bury'd in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

5. Then, what thy thoughts design to do
Still let thy hands with might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wisdom, underneath the ground.

6. In the cold grave to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

H Y M N CXXXV.

Frailty of Life.

1. **L**ORD, what a feeble frame is ours!
L How vain a thing is man!
How frail are all our boasted pow'rs!
And short at best our span!

2. Swift

2. Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding air ;
Or as a kindling meteor dies,
Ere it can well appear ;
3. So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on it's race :
In vain we ask a moment's stay,
Nor will it slack it's pace.
4. But, Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath !
For soon this dying life will end
In endless life or death.
5. O make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are ;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare ;
6. May think of death, and learn to die
To all inferior things ;
While our glad souls still soaring fly
Tow'rds life's eternal springs.
7. Then may we bid our years roll on,
And time make haste away ;
The sooner will our souls be gone
To endless life and day.

H Y M N CXXXVI.

Shortness and Troubles of Life.

1. **F**EW are thy days and full of wo,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, *Dust thou art,*
And shalt to dust return.
2. Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.
3. Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?
4. Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
5. Great God, afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN CXXXVII.

H Y M N CXXXVII.

The End of the Wicked.

1. **T**HE rush may rise where waters flow,
 And flags beside the stream;
 But soon their verdure fades and dies,
 Before the scorching beam.

2. So is the finner's hope cut off;
 Or, if it transient rise,
 'Tis like the spider's airy web,
 From ev'ry breath that flies.

3. Fix'd on his house he leans; his house
 And all it's props decay;
 He holds it fast; but, while he holds,
 The tottering frame gives way.

4. Fair, in his garden, to the sun
 His boughs with verdure smile;
 And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
 Unshaken stand a while.

5. But forth the sentence flies from heav'n,
 That sweeps him from his place;
 Which then denies him for it's lord,
 Nor owns it knew his face.

6. Lo! this the joy of wicked men
 Who heav'n's high laws despise:
 They quickly fall; and in their room
 As quickly others rise.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

H Y M N CXXXVIII.

The End of the Righteous.

1. **M**Y race is run, my warfare's o'er;
The solemn hour is nigh;
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
Shall wing it's flight on high.
2. With heav'nly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
Depending on his word.
3. Henceforth there is laid up for me
A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
4. Nor hath the sov'reign Lord decreed
This prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
Th' appearance of his Son.

H Y M N CXXXIX.

The Thoughts of Judgment.

1. **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?

2. If

2. If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;
3. When thou, O God! shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?
4. But thou hast told the troubled mind
Who doth her sins lament,
That timely grief for errors past
Shall future wo prevent.
5. Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.
6. For never shall my soul despair
Of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
Thy justice to atone.

H Y M N CXL.

The Hope of Heaven makes Death easy.

1. **S**OON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
In death and ruins lie;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the sky.

N n.

2. An

2. An house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison walls have fall'n,
By which 'tis now confin'd.
3. Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free,
And brings us home to God.
4. We know that, when the soul uncloth'd
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.
5. Such are the hopes that cheer the just;
These hopes their God hath giv'n;
His spirit is the earnest now,
And seals their souls for heav'n.
6. We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word;
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.
7. What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with thee.

H Y M N C X L I.

The Grave.

1. **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave!
 Where, life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house, by heav'ns decree,
 Receives us all at last.

2. The wicked there from troubling cease,
 Their passions rage no more;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.

3. There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
 From slav'ry's sad abode;
 No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.

4. There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose;
 And there in peace the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.

5. All, levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb;
 'Till God in judgment call them forth
 To meet their final doom.

H Y M N CXLII.

Victory over Death and the Grave.

1. **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake,
The op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake.
2. Those bodies, that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise;
And mortal forms shall spring to life
Immortal in the skies.
3. Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,
Is now at last fulfill'd,
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And vanquish'd quit the field.
4. Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing:
O grave! where is thy triumph now?
O death! where is thy sting?
5. Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin it's strength, and force
To pierce the sinner's heart.
6. But God, whose name be ever blest!
Disarms that foe we dread,

And

And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.

7. Then stedfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound.

8. Afsur'd that, though we labour now,
We labour not in vain;
But through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

H Y M N CXLIII.

The Resurrection of the Just.

1. **T**HE time draws nigh, when from the
clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'n and earth shall rend.

2. Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

3. The saints of God from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

O

4. Together

4. Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go;
 And dwell for ever with the Lord
 Beyond the reach of wo.

H Y M N CXLIV.

*The Vegetable Creation an Emblem of our
 Death and Resurrection.*

1. **A**LL nature dies, and lives again:
 The flow'rs that paint the field,
 The trees that crown the mountains brow,
 And boughs and blossoms yield,
2. Resign the honours of their form
 At winter's stormy blast,
 And leave the naked leafless plain
 A desolated waste.
3. Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
 Anew shall deck the plain;
 The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
 And flourish green again.
4. So man, when laid in lonesome grave,
 Shall sleep in death's dark gloom,
 Until th' eternal morning wake
 The slumbers of the tomb.
5. O may the grave become to me
 The bed of peaceful rest,

Whence

Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest

6. Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait heav'n's high decree,
'Till the appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

H Y M N CXLV.

The Dissolution of the World.

1. "WHERE is the promise deem'd so
true,

" That spoke the Saviour near?

" E'er since our Fathers slept in dust,

" No change has reach'd our ear.

2. " Years roll'd on years successive glide,

" Since first the world began,

" And on the tide of time still floats,

" Secure, the bark of man."

3. Thus speaks the scoffer; but his words

Conceal the truth he knows,

That from the water's dark abyss

The earth at first arose;

4. But when the sons of men began

With one consent to stray,

At heav'n's command a deluge swept

The godless race away.

5. A

5. A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
For nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
In one devouring flame.
6. For, as the night-wrapt thief, who lurks
To seize th' expected prize,
Thus steals the hour, when Christ shall come,
And thunder rend the skies.
7. Then, at the loud, the solemn peal,
The heav'n's shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame,
At nature's final day.
8. Since all this frame of things must end,
As heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
And watch o'er ev'ry deed!
9. Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
When, nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin is known no more.

H Y M N CXLVI.

The Last Judgment.

1.66 **H**E comes, he comes, to judge the
world,"
Aloud th' archangel cries:

While

- While thunders roll from pole to pole,
And lightning cleaves the skies.
2. Th' affrighted nations hear the sound,
And upward lift their eyes;
The slumb'ring tenants of the ground
In living armies rise.
3. Amid the shouts of num'rous friends,
Of hosts divinely bright,
The judge in solemn pomp descends,
Array'd in robes of light.
4. His head and hairs are white as snow,
His eyes a fiery flame,
A radiant crown adorns his brow,
And Jesus is his name.
5. Lo, he ascends the judgment seat,
And, at his dread command,
Myriads of creatures round his feet
In solemn silence stand.
6. Princes and peasants here expect
Their last, their righteous doom;
The men who dar'd his grace reject,
And they who dar'd presume.
7. "Depart ye sons of vice and sin,"
The injur'd Jesus cries,
While the long-kindling wrath within,
Flashes from both his eyes.
8. And

8. And now, in words divinely sweet,
 With rapture in his face,
 Aloud his sacred lips repeat
 The sentence of his grace.

9. " Well done, my good and faithful sons,
 " The children of my love,
 " Receive the sceptres, crowns and thrones
 " Prepar'd for you above."

H Y M N CXLVII.

*Different Fates of the Righteous and the
 Wicked.*

1. **B**EHOLD, I change all human things!
 Saith he, whose words are true;
 Lo! what was old is pass'd away,
 And all things are made new.
2. I am the first, and I the last,
 Through endless years the same;
 I AM is my memorial still,
 And my eternal name.
3. Ho! ye that thirst! to you my grace
 Shall hidden streams disclose,
 And open full the sacred spring
 Whence life for ever flows.
4. Bless'd is the man that over-comes;
 I'll own him for a son;

A rich

A rich inheritance rewards
The conquests he hath won.

5. But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
And all the lying race,
The faithless, and the scoffing crew,
Who spurn'd at offer'd grace;

6. They, seized by justice, shall be doom'd
In dark abyss to lie,
And, in the fiery burning lake,
The second death shall die.

7. O may we stand before the Lamb,
When earth and seas are fled;
And hear the judge pronounce our name
With blessings on our head.

H Y M N CXLVIII.

The New Jerusalem.

1. **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.

2. From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of it's Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd.

3. Attending

3. Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending king.

4. The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
He dwells with men; his people they
And he his people's God.

5. His gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears
And death itself shall die.

H Y M N CXLIX.

The Joys of Heaven.

1. **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid
heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2. Sorrow and pain and ev'ry care
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3. The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn it's pow'r no more;

But,

But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

4. There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs;
 And endless honours to his name,
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

5. Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire;
 Till, in thy blisful courts above,
 We join th' angelic choir.

H Y M N C L.

The Happiness of the Just.

1. **H**OW bright these glorious spirits
 shine!

Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the blisful seats
 Of everlasting day?

2. Lo! these are they, from suff'rings great,
 Who came to realms of light,
 And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 Those robes which shine so bright.

3. Now, with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amid
 The glories of the sky.

O o

4. His

4. His presence fills each heart with joy,
Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad hosannas ring.
5. Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor sun with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.
6. The Lamb which dwells amid the throne
Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.
7. 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord, from ev'ry eye
Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

PART IV.

HYMNS FOR PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

H Y M N CLI.

Morning.

1. **W**ITH thee, great God, the stores of
light,
And stores of darkness lie;
Thou form'st the sable robe of night,
And spread'st it round the sky.
2. And when, with welcome slumbers press'd,
We close our weary eyes;
Thy pow'r. unseen, secures our rest,
And makes us joyous rise.
3. Numbers, this night, great God, have met
Their long eternal doom;

And

And lost the joys of morning light
In death's tremendous gloom.

4. Numbers on restless beds still lie,
And still their woes bewail;
While we by thy kind hand uprais'd,
A thousand pleasures feel.

5. To thee, great God, in thank ful songs
Our morning thoughts arise:
Propitious in thy Son, accept
The willing sacrifice.

H Y M N CLII.

Morning.

1. **S**EE how the mounting sun
Pursues his shining way;
And wide proclaims his maker's praise
With ev'ry bright'ning ray!

2. Thus would my rising soul
It's heav'nly parent sing;
And to it's great original
The humble tribute bring.

3. Serene, I laid me down
Beneath his guardian care;
I slept, and I awoke, and found
My kind preserver near.

4. My

4. My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

H Y M N CLIII.

Noon.

1. **T**HE sun is swiftly mounted high;
It glitters in the southern sky;
It's beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
2. O Father, also with thy fire,
Warm thou the cold, the dead desire;
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
3. O let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in it's lustre find a shade.
4. O let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin
That drive when gusts of passions rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
5. My God, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.

P

HYMN CLIV.

H Y M N CLIV.

Evening.

1. **S**OFT season of repose,
Thy sable curtain spread;
Come, downy sleep, and stretch thy wings
Around my weary head.
2. But oh! the lawless range
With which my thoughts have stray'd,
Through mazy paths of sense and sin
From morn to ev'ning shade.
3. Ah! born to nobler ends,
My soul no more pursue
These fleeting vanities of life;
And bid the world adieu.
4. Thy pity, gracious God,
Thy pardon I implore;
O heal the follies of my mind,
And aid me with thy pow'r.
5. Be thou my friendly guard,
While slumb'ring on my bed;
And, with thy sacred teachings fill
The visions of my head.
6. When morning's gladsome rays
Salute my waking eyes,
All vig'rous, may my soul to thee
In grateful songs arise.

7. Devoted

7. Devoted to thy fear,
 Thy service, and thy praise;
 My God, I would be wholly thine,
 The remnant of my days.

H Y M N CLV.

Evening.

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

H Y M N CLVI.

H Y M N CLVI.

Spring.

1. **B**ENIGN Creator, bounteous Lord!
 Where'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
 Fruits of thy wisdom, pow'r and love,
 In beauteous, various order rise.

2. The flow'ry meads, the verdant vales,
 The bleating flocks, the lowing kine,
 The springing herb, the blooming trees,
 All in thy joyful praises join.

3. Hark! how the sacred theme resounds!
 While the sweet warblers of the grove
 Wing through the air their tractless way
 With soft harmonious notes of love.

4. My soul, and canst thou silent lie,
 Beneath the bounties of thy God?
 Awake my heart, awake my tongue,
 And spread your Maker's praise abroad.

H Y M N CLVII.

A Year of Drought.

1. **T**HE spring, great God, at thy com-
 mand,
 Leads forth the smiling year;
 Gay verdure, foliage, blooms and flow'rs,
 T' adorn her reign, appear.

2. But

2. But soon canst thou, in righteous wrath,
 Blast all the promis'd joy,
 And elements await thy nod
 To bless or to destroy.

3. The sun, thy minister of love,
 That from the naked ground
 Calls forth the hidden seeds to birth,
 And spreads their beauties round;

4. At the dread order of his God,
 Now darts destructive fires:
 Hills, vales and plains are parch'd with
 drought,
 And blooming life expires.

5. Like burnish'd brass, the heav'n around
 In angry terror burns;
 While the earth lies a joyless waste,
 And into iron turns.

6. Lord, pity us in our distress,
 Nor with our land contend;
 Bid the avenging skies relent,
 And show'rs of mercy send.

H Y M N CLVIII.

A Year of Rain.

1. **H**OW hast thou, Lord, from year to
 year,
 Our land with plenty crown'd!

And

And gen'rous fruit, and golden grain,
Have spread their riches round.

2. But we thy mercies have abus'd
To more abounding crimes:
What height, what daring height in sin,
Mark and disgrace our times!

3. Equal, though awful is the doom,
That fierce descending rain
Should into inundations swell,
And crush the rising grain.

4. But Lord have mercy on our land,
These floods of vengeance stay;
Dispel these glooms, and let the sun
Shine in unclouded day.

5. To thee alone we look for help,
None else, of dew or rain
Can ever give the smallest drop,
Or smallest drop restrain.

H Y M N CLIX.

Summer.

1. **T**O praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul wake all thy pow'rs:
He calls, and at his voice come forth
The smiling harvest hours.

2. His.

2. His cov'nant with the earth he keeps;
 My tongue, his goodness sing;
 Summer and winter know their time
 His harvest crowns the spring.
3. Well pleas'd the toiling swains behold
 The waving yellow crop;
 With joy they bear the sheaves away,
 And sow again in hope.
4. Thus teach me, gracious God, to sow
 The seeds of righteousness:
 Smile on my soul, and with thy beams
 The rip'ning harvest bless.

H Y M N CLX.

Autumn.

1. **S**EE, how the little toiling ant
 Improves the harvest hours;
 While summer lasts, thro' all her cells,
 The choicest store she pours.
2. While life remains, our harvest lasts;
 But youth of life's the prime:
 Best is this season for our work,
 And this th' accepted time.
3. *To day attend*, is wisdom's voice;
To-morrow, folly cries,

And

And still to-morrow 'tis, when lo!
To day the sinner dies.

4. When conscience speaks, it's voice regard
And seize the tender hour;
Humbly implore the promis'd grace,
And God will give the pow'r.

H Y M N CLXI.

Winter.

1. **S**TERN winter throws his icy chains,
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortless the plains
With verdure lately crown'd!
2. The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart:
And drooping, lifeless nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
3. My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad;
Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!
4. Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day.

5. O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heav'nly plains.

6. Great source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

H Y M N CLXII.

New-Year's Day.

1. **E**TERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
 Well may thy praise our lips employ
 While in thy temple we appear,
 To hail thee sov'reign of the year.

2. Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
 Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
 The sun is taught by thee to rise,
 And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3. The flow'ry spring at thy command,
 Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
 The summer rays with vigour shine,
 To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4. Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours
 Through all our coasts redundant stores;

P p

And

And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5. Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid
With morning light and ev'ning shade.

6. Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
'Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

H Y M N CLXIII.

New-Year's Day.

1. **B**EFORE we enter on the new,
Ere yet another year is past;
Let reason teach us to review,
And scan the merits of the last:
In retrospect before our eyes,
Let life's progressive scene arise;
Past errors, though they hurt our pride,
May teach us future to avoid.

2. Thus sad experience duly weigh'd,
Shall keep us from repeating ill;
Nor in the wilds, where once we stray'd,
Shall we be found to wander still:
Nor shall we wait, 'till hoary age,
Bids us in wisdom's paths engage;

But

But in the morning of our youth,
Attend the sober voice of truth.

3. Nearer, with ev'ry added year,
Draws life to it's eventful close;
That close, how distant, or how near,
Eternal wisdom only knows:
Perhaps our course is nearly run,
How much alas! remains undone!
This very day, this very hour
May put repentance past our pow'r.

4. Since life's whole business is to die,
And for our latter end prepare;
To meet our death with fearless eye,
Be this our chief, our only care:
The path of duty to pursue,
To keep eternity in view;
And manage, ere it prove too late,
The int'rests of a future state.

5. Author of life! in thee for aid,
With humble confidence we trust;
Relying on that pow'r which made,
And shap'd us from our parent dust:
As in times past, still let us share,
Thy kind, protecting, guardian care;
And ev'ry year that still remains,
We'll sing thy praise in louder strains.

H Y M N CLXIV.

Sabbath Morning.

1. **A** WAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day,
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
Bright seraphs hail, in songs of praise,
2. At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
Her dark domains confin'd:
Th' angelic host around him bends;
And, 'mid their shouts, the God ascends.
3. All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannahs rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy art thou, who once wast slain,
Through endless years to live and reign:
4. Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car;
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war:
Victorious thou thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5. Make

5. Make bare thy potent arm,
 And wing th' unerring dart,
 With salutary pangs,
 To each rebellious heart:
 Then dying souls for life shall sue,
 Num'rous as drops of early dew.

H Y M N CLXV.

Sabbath Evening.

1. **F**REQUENT the day of God returns,
 To shed it's quick'ning beams;
 And yet how slow devotion burns!
 How languid are it's flames!
2. Accept our faint attempts to love;
 Our frailties, Lord, forgive;
 We would be like thy saints above,
 Unlike them as we live.
3. Increase, O Lord, our faith and hope;
 And fit us to ascend,
 Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,
 The sabbath ne'er shall end.
4. Where we shall breathe in heav'nly air,
 With heav'nly lustre shine;
 Before the throne of God appear,
 And feast on love divine.

Q

5. Where

5. Where we, in high seraphic strains,
 Shall all our pow'rs employ ;
 Delighted range th' ethereal plains,
 And take our fill of joy.

H Y M N CLXVI.

Baptism.

1. **S**EE how the willing converts trace
 The path their great Redeemer trod
 And follow, through his liquid grave,
 The meek, the lowly Son of God.
2. Here they renounce their former deeds,
 And to a heav'nly life aspire ;
 Their rags for glorious robes exchange'd,
 They shine in clear and bright attire.
3. O sacred rite! by thee the name
 Of Jesus, we to own begin ;
 This is our resurrection pledge,
 Pledge of the pardon of our sin.
4. Glory to God on high be giv'n,
 Who shews his grace to sinful men ;
 Let saints on earth and hosts in heav'n
 In concert join their loud Amen !

HYMN CLXVII.

H Y M N CLXVII.

Infant Baptism.

1. **T**HUS faith the mercy of the Lord,
“ I’ll be a God to thee ;
“ I’ll bless thy num’rous race, and they
“ Shall be a seed to me.”

2. Abram believ’d the promis’d grace,
And gave his child to God ;
But water seals the blessing now
That once was seal’d with blood.

3. Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our forefathers giv’n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav’n.

4. Our God! how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children’s name.

5. With the same blessing grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew ;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

6. Then let the children of the saints
Be offer’d up to God :
Pour out thy spirit on them, Lord!
And wash them in thy blood.

7. Thus

7. Thus to the parents and their seed
 Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

H Y M N CLXVIII.

Marriage.

1. **S**INCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast;
 O Lord! we ask thy presence here,
 To make a wedding guest.
2. Upon the wedded pair look down,
 Who now have plighted hands:
 Their union with thy favour crown,
 And bless the nuptial bands.
3. With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
 Of all rich dow'ries best;
 Their substance bless, and peace bestow
 To sweeten all the rest.
4. In purest love their souls unite,
 That they, with christian care,
 May make domestic burdens light,
 By taking mutual care.
5. True helpers may they prove indeed,
 In pray'r and faith and hope,
 And see with joy a godly seed,
 To build their household up.

HYMN CLXIX.

H Y M N CLXIX.

Funeral.

1. **H**ARK! from the tomb a mournful
found!

My ears attend the cry:

“Ye living men come view the ground,
“Where you must shortly lie:

2. “Princes, this clay must be your bed,
“In spite of all your pow’rs;

“The high, the wise, the rev’rend head,
“Must lie as low as our’s.”

3. Great God! is this our certain doom,
And are we still secure?

Still walking downwards to our tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4. Grant us the pow’r of quick’ning grace,
To raise our souls on high;

That, when we drop this dying flesh,
We may ascend the sky.

H Y M N CLXX.

Funeral.

1. **A**ND must this body die?
This vital frame decay?

And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould’ring in the clay?

2. Corruption,

2. Corruption, earth and worms,
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes
To put it on afresh.
3. God my Redeemer lives ;
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.
4. Array'd in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face
Look heav'nly and divine.
5. These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love ;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his pow'r above.
6. O Lord! accept the praise
Of these our humble songs ;
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

H Y M N . CLXXI.

Funeral.

1. **T**HE hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

2. The

2. The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
3. Not in mine innocence I trust:
I bow before thee in the dust;
And, through my Saviour's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne.
4. I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.
5. I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
6. The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

H Y M N · CLXXII.

Funeral.

1. **B**EHOLD the path which mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead;
Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
2. From

2. From vital air, from cheerful light,
To the cold grave's perpetual night,
From scenes of duty, means of grace,
We must to God's tribunal pass.

3. Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
And lose in this each mortal care:
With steady feet that path be trod,
Which through the grave conducts to God.

4. Then shall we smile, secure from fear,
Though death arrest the circling year;
And joy to meet the blissful shore
From which we shall return no more.

H Y M N CLXXIII.

Funeral.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away:
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The

The world recedes; it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring;
 Lend, lend your wings, I mount, I fly,
 O grave! where is thy victory?
 O death! where is thy sting?

H Y M N CLXXIV.

At the Funeral of a Young Person.

1. **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd
 away,
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
 Which pity must demand.
2. While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful pow'r—*I too must die*—
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
3. Let this vain world engage no more;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
4. The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

5. O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

H Y M N CLXXV.

Institution of the Lord's Supper.

1. 'T WAS on that night, when doom'd to
 know

The eager rage of ev'ry foe,
 That night, in which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread.

2. And, after thanks and glory giv'n,
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n,
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke:

3. "My broken body thus I give,
 "For you, for all: take, eat and live:
 "And oft the sacred rite renew,
 "That brings my wond'rous love to view.

4. Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.

5. "My blood I thus pour forth," he cries,
 "To cleanse the soul in sin that lies;

"In

“ In this the covenant is seal’d,
 “ And heav’n’s eternal grace reveal’d.
 6. “ With love to man this cup is fraught,
 “ Let all partake the sacred draught:
 “ Through latest ages let it pour,
 “ In mem’ry of my dying hour.”

H Y M N CLXXVI.

Before the Communion.

1. **E**TERNAL king, enthron’d above,
 Look down in faithfulness and love,
 Prepare our hearts to seek thy face,
 And grant us thy reviving grace.
2. Long have we heard the joyful call,
 But yet our faith and love are small;
 Our hearts are torn with worldly cares,
 And all our paths are fill’d with snares.
3. Unworthy to approach thy throne,
 Our trust is fix’d on Christ alone;
 In him thy cov’nant stands secure,
 And will from age to age endure.
4. O let us hear thy pard’ning voice,
 And bid our mourning hearts rejoice;
 Revive our souls, our faith renew,
 Prepare for duties now in view.
5. Make

5. Make all our spices flow abroad,
A grateful incense to our God;
Let hope and love and joy appear,
And ev'ry grace be active here.

H Y M N CLXXVII.

Sacramental Hymn.

1. **W**HILE round our Saviour's board
we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet;
O let our warm affections move,
In glad return of grateful love.
2. Yes, Lord, we love and we adore;
But long to know and love thee more;
And, while we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.
3. Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wond'rous love display'd;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.
4. Let humble penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope and joy to ev'ry heart.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

H Y M N CLXXVIII.

Sacramental Hymn.

1. **J**ESUS is gone above the sky,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eye,
To thrust our Saviour from our thought.
2. He knows what wand'ring hearts we have;
How weak our faith and hope might prove;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
This kind memorial of his love.
3. The Lord of life this table spread,
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine and bleſs the God.
4. Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow leſs in our eſteem;
Chriſt and his love fill ev'ry thought,
And faith and hope be fix'd on him.
5. Though he is abſent from our ſight,
'Tis to prepare our ſouls a place;
That we may dwell in heavenly light,
And live for ever near his ſight.

H Y M N CLXXIX.

Sacramental Hymn.

1. **T**HUS we commemorate the day,
On which our deareſt Lord was ſlain;
R Thus

Thus we our pious homage pay,
Till he appears on earth again.

2. Come, great Redeemer, open wide
The curtains of the parting sky;
On a bright cloud in triumph ride,
And on the wind's swift pinions fly.

3. Come, King of Kings, with thy bright train
Cherubs and seraphs, heav'nly hosts;
Assume thy right, enlarge thy reign,
As far as earth extends her coasts.

4. Come, Lord, and where thy cross once stood
There plant thy banner, fix thy throne;
Subdue the rebels by thy word,
And claim the nations for thy own.

H Y M N CLXXX.

For a Public Fast.

1. **L**ORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united pray'r
For this our sinful land.

2. Oft have we, Lord, in private pray'd
Our country might find grace:
Now hear the same petitions made
In this appointed place.

3. Thou,

3. Thou, by whose death we finners live,
 By whom our prayers succeed,
 The grace of supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

4. Great God of hosts, deliv'rance send,
 Guide those who hold the helm;
 See at thy throne thy people bend,
 And spare the guilty realm.

5. Or should the dread decree be past,
 And we must feel the rod,
 May faith and patience hold us fast
 To our chastising God.

H Y M N CLXXXI.

For a Public Fast.

1. **W**HEN Abram, full of sacred awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with an humble fervent pray'r,
 For guilty Sodom su'd;

2. With what success, what wond'rous grace
 Was his petition crown'd!
 The Lord would spare, if in the place
 Ten righteous men were found.

3. And could a single pious soul
 So rich a boon obtain?

Great

Great God! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

4. Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?

Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorrhah in her crimes?

5. Still we are thine. we bear thy name;
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest our land!
Forfake us not, O God.

6. O may our rulers, people, priests,
Thy choicest blessings share;
And know thee by that glorious name,
The God who heareth prayer.

H Y M N CLXXXII.

Thanksgiving for Victory.

1. **I**SRRAEL rejoice, and Judah sing,
The Lord assumes his throne;
Let Sion own her heav'nly king,
And make his glories known.

2. The great, the wicked and the proud,
From their high seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
And thunders through the world.

3. He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
Distributes mortal crowns;

Empires

Empires are fix'd beneath his smiles,
And totter when he frowns.

4. Navies, that rule the ocean wide,
Are vanquish'd by his breath;
And legions, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
Descend to wat'ry death.

5. Let tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy land;
Jehovah's name is our defence,
Our buckler is his hand.

H Y M N CLXXXIII.

A General Thanksgiving.

1. **S**AY, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found
As dwells in this much favour'd land?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads:
By God supported still we stand.

2. Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our Maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

3. These are thy gifts, Almighty King!
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
Th'

Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
 The raptures liberty bestows,
 The eternal joys the gospel shows,
 All from thy boundless goodness rise.

4. With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues
 To God we raise united songs;

His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
 And still, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
 Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
 And triumph in his mighty name.

5. Long as the moon her course shall run,
 Or man behold the circling sun,

May'st thou o'er fair Columbia reign;
 Still crown her counsels with success,
 With peace and joy her borders bless,
 And all her sacred rights maintain.

H Y M N CLXXXIV.

To be Sung by Children.

1. **F**ATHER of mercy! hear our pray'r
 For those who aid us now,
 Who ease our want and soothe our care,
 And teach us thee to know.

2. Each heart and hand that lends us aid,
 Thou dost inspire and guide:
 Nor is their bounty unrepaid
 Who for the poor provide.

3. Angels

3. Angels that high in glory dwell,
 Thy love paternal share:
 The poor man weeping in his cell,
 Is not beneath thy care.
4. The shining worlds above confess
 Thy glories never fail;
 Thy hands with modest beauty dress
 The lillies of the vale.
5. Thou still shalt be our grateful theme,
 Thy praise we'll ever sing;
 Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
 But thou th' unfailing spring.
6. Jesus, thy sov'reign grace dispense,
 From sin to set us free;
 Through all the paths of innocence,
 O! lead us up to thee.

H Y M N CLXXXV.

For a Charitable Occasion.

1. **J**ESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace!
 Thy bounties, how complete!
 How shall we count the matchless sum?
 How pay the mighty debt?
2. High on a throne of radiant light,
 Exalted thou dost shine;
 What can our poverty bestow,
 When all the worlds are thine?
3. But

3. But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace;
And wilt confess their humble names,
Before their Father's face.

4. In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And, in their accents of distress,
Our Saviour's voice is heard.

5. Thy face, with rev'ence and with love,
We in thy poor would see;
O let us rather beg our bread
Than keep it back from thee.

H Y M N CLXXXVI.

For a Masonic Festival.

1 **W**ITH grateful hearts your voices
raise,
To sound the great Creator's praise,
Who by his word dispell'd the night,
And form'd the radiant beams of light;
Who fram'd the heav'n's, the earth, the skies,
And bid the wondrous fabric rise,
Who view'd his work, and found it just,
And then created man from dust.
Happy in Eden was he laid,
Nor did he go astray,
'Till, by the serpent, Eve betray'd
First fell and led the way.

2. But

Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with sacred LOVE.

2. May we from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts or gives our brother pain,
And ev'ry secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

3. Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd
To act the friend to all mankind;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.

4. With pity may our breast o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in wo;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

5. Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint, of thine:
Thus shall our life to others prove
That MASONS still are rul'd by LOVE.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII.

At the Ordination of a Minister.

1. **T**HE God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Sion for his ancient rest;
And Sion is his dwelling still;
His church is with his presence blest.

2. Here I will fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;

Here

Here shall my pow'r and grace be known,
And blessings still attend my word.

3. Here will I meet my humble poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners, that wait before my door;
With rich provision shall be fed.

4. Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine.

5. The saints, unable to contain
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
The son of David here shall reign,
And Sion triumph in her king.

H Y M N CLXXXIX.

At the Opening of a New Place of Worship.

1. **A**ND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne,
Avow our temples for his own?

2. We bring the tribute of our praise,
And sing that condescending grace,
Which to our notes will lend an ear,
And call us sinful mortals near.

3. Our Father's watchful care we bless,
Which guards these sacred walls in peace,
That

That no tumultuous foes invade
To fill our worshippers with dread.

4. These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou descending fill the place,
With choicest tokens of thy grace.

5. Here let the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While pow'r divine his word attends,
To conquer foes, and cheer his friends.

6. And in the great decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory here.

H Y M N CXC.

Dismission.

1. **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

2. Tho' we are guilty, thou art good,
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give ev'ry captive soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

DOXOLOGIES.

D O X O L O G I E S.

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.

AS THE 149th PSALM.

By angels in heav'n
 Of ev'ry degree,

And

And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd,
 To God in three persons,
 One God ever bless'd ;
 As it has been, now is,
 And always shall be.

8. 8. 6.

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Be praise, amid the heav'nly host,
 And in the church below ;
 From whom all creatures drew their breath,
 By whom redemption bless'd the earth,
 From whom all comforts flow.

COMMON METRE, *where the Tune includes
 two Stanzas.*

1. The God of mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our souls from death,
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new creating breath.
2. To praise the Father and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine ;
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

LONG METRE, *where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

1. Glory to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;
In essence one, in persons three;
A social nature, yet alone.

2. When all our noblest pow'rs are join'd,
The honours of thy name to raise,
Thy glories over match our mind,
And angels sink beneath thy praise.

SHORT METRE, *where the Tune includes two Stanzas.*

1. Let God the Maker's name,
Have honour, - love and fear;
To God the Saviour pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

2. Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal love.
And Spirit of thy pow'r.

Whitford Smith