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Humf. Hody, Reverend.
in Christ. Pat. ac D.D.
Johanni Archiep. Cant.
à Sacris Dom.

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1694.

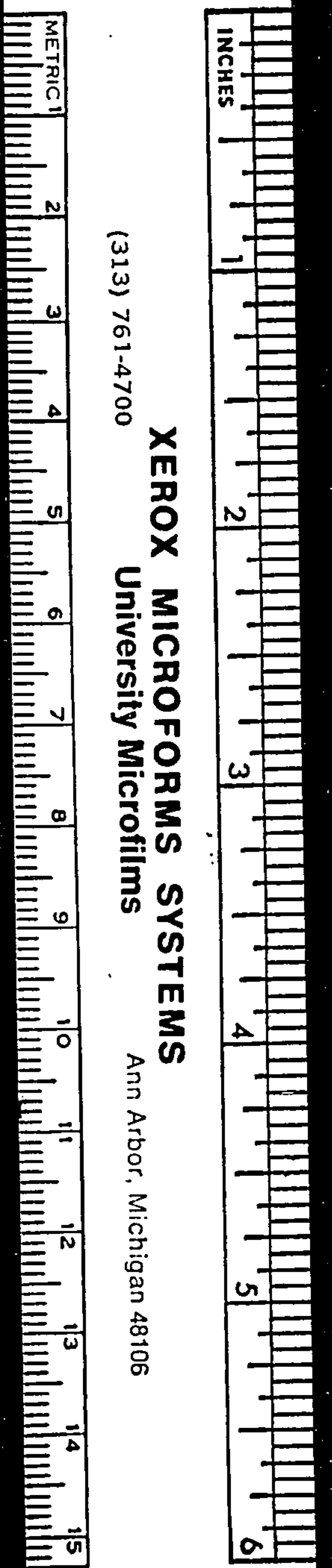
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E S S A Y
OF A
New Version
OF THE
P S A L M S
OF
D A V I D:
CONSISTING
Of the first Twenty.

fitted to the Tunes used in Churches.

Cor. I. xv. *And I will sing with the Under-
standing also.*

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A

*New Version of the PSALMS, &c.**PSALM I.*

1. **H**appy the Man whom ill advice
From Virtue ne're withdrew ;
Who ne're with Sinners stood, nor sat
Amongst the scoffing Crew :
2. But always makes the Law of God
His bus'ness and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3. He, like a Tree by Rivers fed,
With timely Fruit shall bend ;
His Leaf shall flourish, and Success
All his Designs attend.

A 3

4. Ut-

4. Ungodly Men, and their attempts,
 No lasting Root shall find ;
 Untimely blasted, and dispers'd
 Like Chaff before the wind.
5. The Wicked therefore shall not stand
 Before their Judges face ;
 Nor Hypocrites, who pass for Saints,
 Amongst the Just have place.
6. God knows the ways of righteous Men,
 To happiness they tend ;
 But Sinners, and their vain designs,
 Shall both in ruin end.

P S A L M

P S A L M II.

1. **W**ith restless and ungovern'd Rage,
 Why do the Heathen storm ?
 Why in such fond attempts engage,
 As they can ne're perform ?
2. The Great in Council and in Might,
 Their various Forces bring ;
 Against the Lord they all unite,
 And his anointed King.
3. Must we submit to their commands ?
 Blinded with pride they say ;
 No, let us break their slavish bands,
 And cast their chains away.
4. But God, who sits enthron'd on high,
 Whose Wisdom all things guides,
 Does their conspiring strength despise,
 Their empty plots derides.

A 4

5. Thick

5. Thick clouds of wrath Divine shall break
 On his Rebellious Foes ;
 And in loud Thunder thus he'll speak
 To all that dare oppose.

6. " In spight of those who thwart my Will,
 " The King that I approve,
 " Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion's* hill,
 " Like that, shall never move.

7. " Listen, O Earth, whilst I declare
 " My firm unchang'd Decree ;
 " Thou art my Son, this day my Heir
 " Have I begotten thee.

8. " Ask, and receive ; thy just Commands
 " The Heathen World shall sway,
 " The utmost Limits of the Lands
 " Shall thy dread Will obey.

9. " Thy pow'rful Scepter thou shalt shake,
 " And crush them ev'ry where ;
 " As massy bars of Iron break
 " The Potters brittle ware.

10. Learn

10. Learn then, ye Princes, and give ear
 Ye Judges of the Earth ;

11. Worship the Lord with holy Fear,
 Rejoyce with awful mirth.

12. Appease the Son with due respect,
 Your humble homage pay ;
 Lest he revenge the cold neglect,
 Incens'd by your delay :

13. If but in part his anger rise,
 Who can endure its flame ?
 Then blest'd are they, whose hope relies
 On his most holy Name.

P S A L M

P S A L M III.

1. **L**ord, how of late are multiply'd
The Troublers of my Peace!
And as their Factious number grows,
So does their Rage increase.
2. Insulting they my Soul upbraid,
And him that I adore;
The God in whom he trusts, say they,
Shall rescue him no more.
3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.
4. Since, whensoe're in like distress
To God I made my pray'r,
He heard me from his holy Hill,
Why should I now despair?
5. Guarded

5. Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through him securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.
6. No force, nor fury of my foes,
My courage shall confound;
Were they as many Hosts, as Men,
That have beset me round.
7. Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast own'd my Cause,
And scatter'd oft these foes to me
And to thy righteous Laws.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His Blessing he extends to all
That on his pow'r depend.

P S A L M IV.

1. **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
To my complaint give ear;
Thou that still free'st me from distress,
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
To blot my fame devise?
How long your vain designs pursue,
And spread malicious lies?
3. Consider, that the righteous Man
Is Gods peculiar choice,
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.
4. Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

5. The

5. The place of other Sacrifice
Let Righteousness supply;
And let your hope securely fix'd,
On God alone rely.
6. Whilst worldly Minds impatient grow
More prosp'rous Times to see,
Still let the glories of thy Face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.
7. So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of Corn and Wine
Successively renew.
8. Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy Defence possess.

P S A L M

P S A L M V.

1. **L**ord, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
2. To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
3. Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
And with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
4. For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve,
Who from thy sacred Dwelling-place
All evil dost remove.
5. Not long shall hardn'd fools remain
Unpunish'd in thy sight.
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy vengeance shall requite.

6. The

6. The stand'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
By thee shall be destroy'd,
Who hat'ft alike the man in blood
And in deceit imploy'd.
7. But when thy boundless Grace shall me
To thy lov'd Courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.
8. Conduct me in thy righteous Paths,
For watchful is my foe :
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.
9. Their mouth vents nothing but deceit,
Their heart is set on wrong ;
Their throat is a devouring grave,
They flatter with their tongue.
10. By their own counsels let them fall,
Opprest with loads of sin ;
For they against thy righteous Laws
Have harden'd rebels been.

11. But

11. But let all those who trust in thee,
 With shouts their joy proclaim;
 Let them rejoyce whom thou preserv'st,
 And all that love thy Name.

12. To righteous Men the righteous Lord
 His Blessing will extend,
 And with his favour, from their foes,
 As with a Shield, defend.

P S A L M

P S A L M VI.

1. **T**HY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
 And spare a wretch forlorn;
 Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
 Too heavy to be born.
2. Have mercy, Lord, my strength decays,
 Unable to endure
 The anguish of my aking bones,
 Which thou alone canst cure.
3. My tortur'd flesh infects my mind,
 And fills my Soul with grief;
 But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
 To grant me thy relief!
4. Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
 And ease my troubled Soul;
 Lord, for thy wond'rous mercy's sake
 Vouchsafe to make me whole.
- B
5. For

5. For after death no more can I
 Thy glorious Acts proclaim ;
 No pris'ner of the silent grave
 Can magnifie thy Name.
6. Quite tir'd with pain, with groaning faint,
 No hope of ease I see ;
 The night, that quiets common griefs,
 Is spent in tears by me.
7. My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
 My eyes with weaknes close ;
 Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
 On my insulting Foes.
8. But those that triumph in my harms
 No longer shall rejoyce ;
 For God, I find, accepts my tears,
 And listens to my voice.
9. 10. God hears and grants my humble pray'r,
 And they that wish my fall,
 Shall blush, and rage, to see that God
 Protects me from them all.

P S A L M

P S A L M VII.

1. **O** Lord, my God, as I have plac'd
 My trust alone in thee,
 From all my persecutors rage
 Do thou deliver me.
2. Save me from my remorseless Foe,
 Lord, interpose thy pow'r ;
 Lest, like a Savage Lyon, he
 My helpless Soul devour.
3. 4. If I am guilty, or did e're
 Against his peace combine ;
 Nay, If I have not spar'd his life,
 Who fought unjustly mine ;
5. Let then to persecuting Foes
 My Soul become a prey ;
 Let them to earth tread down my life,
 In dust my honour lay.

B 2

6. Arise

6. Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
 In my defence engage;
 Exalt thy self above my foes,
 And their insulting rage:

Awake, awake, in my behalf,
 The Judgment to dispence,
 Which thou hast righteously ordain'd
 For injur'd Innocence.

7. So to thy Throne adoring crouds
 Shall still for Justice fly;
 O! therefore for their suffering sakes,
 Do thou return on high.

8. Impartial Judge of all the world,
 I trust my cause to thee;
 O! judge me by my Righteousness,
 And hearts Integrity.

9. Let wickedness, and wicked Men,
 Together be o'erthrown;
 But fix the just, thou God, to whom
 The hearts of both are known.

10, 11. God me protects; nor only me,
 But all of upright Heart;
 And daily lays up wrath for those
 Who from his Laws depart.

12. If they persist, he whets his sword;
 His bow stands always bent;

13. Ev'n now, with swift destruction wing'd,
 His pointed shafts are sent.

14. Those treach'rous plots my foe conceiv'd,
 Abortive are and vain;

15. The pit he digg'd, has prov'd a grave
 His ruins to contain.

16. On his malicious head returns
 The mischief he contriv'd;
 The violence, for me design'd,
 Is to himself arriv'd.

17. Therefore, of providence Divine,
 The Justice I'll proclaim;
 I'll sing the praise of God most high,
 And celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1. **O** Thou, to whom all Creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Thro' all the world how great art Thou!
 How glorious is thy Name!

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 2. And yet thou mak'st the infant Tongue
 Thy boundless Praise declare :

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
 And crush their haughty Foes;
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
 That thee and thine oppose.

3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
 The Moon, that nightly gilds the sky,
 With Stars of feebler light;

4. Lord,

4. Lord, what is man, that still thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind!
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind!

5. Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train;

6. Ordain'd, with dignity and state,
 O'er all thy works to reign.

7. They jointly own his potent sway;
 The Beasts that prey, or graze;

8. The Bird, that wings its airy way,
 The Fish, that cuts the Seas.

9. O thou, to whom all Creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art Thou!
 How glorious is thy Name!

P S A L M IX.

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 raptures bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
Triumphant Praise I sing.

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

4. Against insulting Foes advanc'd,
Thou didst my cause maintain;
My Right asserting from thy Throne,
Where Truth and Justice reign.

5. The

5. The insolence of heathen pride
Thou hast reduc'd to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroy'd,
And blotted out their name.

6. Mistaken Foes! your threats and you
Are to a period come:
Our Cities stand, design'd by you
Their slaughter'd owners Tomb.

7, 8. The Lord endures, who has on high
His Righteous Throne prepar'd,
Impartial Justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

9. His kindness is a sure defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

10. All those who have his Goodness prov'd
Will in his Truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help rely'd.

11. Sing

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

P A R T II.

12. When he enquiry makes for blood,
He'll call their guilt to mind;
The injur'd humble man's complaint
Relief from him shall find.
13. Compassion on my troubles take,
That spiteful Foes create,
Thou, that hast rescu'd me so oft
From death's devouring gate.
14. 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.

15. Deep

15. Deep in the pit they digg'd for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Insensibly betray'd.
16. Thus by the just returns he makes
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own plots
Are shamefully o'erthrown.
17. His injur'd Saints, when most distress,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectation shall be crown'd,
Tho' for a time delay'd.
18. No single Sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscur'd;
Nor Nations from his just Revenge
By numbers be secur'd.
19. Arise, O Lord, assert thy pow'r,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to Judgement, and pronounce
The guilty Heathens doom.

20 Strike

20. Strike terrour through the Nations round,
Till by consenting fear,
They, to each other and themselves,
But mortal Men appear.

B 4

PSALM X.

PSALM X.

1. **T**hy presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy Face?
When dismal Times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted Grace.
2. The wicked, swell'd with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey:
O! let them fall by those designs
Which they for others lay.
3. For strait they triumph, if success
Their thriving crimes attend;
And fordid wretches, whom God hates,
In his despite commend.
4. To own a pow'r above themselves
Their haughty pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn mind
No thought of God remains.

5. Op-

5. Oppressive methods they pursue,
And all their Foes they flight;
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd
Are far above their fight.
6. They fondly think, their prosp'rous state
Shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive,
From all misfortunes free.
7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
With curses fill'd and lies;
By which the mischief they intend,
They study to disguise.
8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
And all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
To rife and destroy.
9. Not Lions, couchant in their dens,
Surprise their heedless prey
With greater cunning, or express
More savage rage, than they.

10. Some-

10. Sometimes they act the harmless man,
And humble looks they wear;
That so deceiv'd, the poor may less
Their sudden onset fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous Deeds;
He never minds the suffering poor,
Nor their oppression heeds.
12. But Thou, O Lord, at length arise;
Stretch forth thy mighty Arm;
And by the greatness of thy Pow'r
Defend the poor from harm.
13. No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And proudly boasting say,
"Tush, God regards not what we do,
"He never will repay.
14. But

14. But sure thou see'st, and all their deeds
Impartially shalt try;
The Orphan therefore and the Poor
To thee for succour fly.

15. Defenceless let the wicked fall,
Of all their strength bereft:
Destroy, O God, their vile designs,
Till none of them be left.

16. Assert thy just Dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand;
Through which the Heathen were expell'd
From this thy chosen Land.

17. Thy humble suppliants still thou hear'st
That to thy Throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their pray'r.

18. Thou in thy righteous Judgment weigh'st
The Fatherless and Poor;
That so the Tyrants of the earth
May persecute no more.

PSALM XI.

PSALM XI.

1. **S**ince I in God have plac'd my trust,
A refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a tim'rous Bird,
To distant mountains fly?

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 publick Faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly,
From such deceitful arts.

4. The Lord has both a Temple here,
And righteous Throne above;
Whence he surveys the Sons of Men,
And how their counsels move.

©

5. If

5. If God, the Righteous whom he loves,
For tryal does correct;
What must the Sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

6. Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest show'r;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds
With signal favour grace;
And on the upright man reflect
The brightness of his face.

PSALM XII.

PSALM XII.

1. Since godly men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford
One just and faithful Friend.

2. One Neighbour now can scarce believe
What t'other does impart;
With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
And with a double heart

3. But lips that with deceit abound
Shall never prosper long;
God's Righteous Vengeance will confound
The proud blaspheming Tongue.

4. In vain those foolish boasters say,
"Our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll still betray,
"And be controul'd by none.

C 2

5. For

5. For God, who hears the poor oppress,
And all their sufferings knows,
Will soon arise, and give them rest,
In spite of all their Foes.

6. The word of God shall still abide,
And void of falshood be ;
As is the silver, sev'n-times try'd,
From drossly mixture free.

7. The promise of his aiding Grace
Shall reach its purpos'd end ;
His Servants from this faithless Race
He ever shall defend.

8. Then shall the wicked be perplex'd,
Nor know which way to fly ;
When those, whom they despis'd and vex'd,
Shall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

PSALM XIII.

1. **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me?
Oh! never to return!

2. How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

3. O hear! and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

4. Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.

C 3

5. Surely

5. Surely, as I have plac'd my trust
 Beneath thy mercies wing,
 Ere long, when thy salvation comes,
 My heart with joy shall spring.

6. Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 To thee my God ascend;
 Who to thy servant in distress
 Such bounty didst extend.

P S A L M

P S A L M XIV.

1. **T**H E wicked Fools must sure suppose
 That God is nothing but a name;
 This their corrupt lewd practise shews,
 Since righteous Acts they all disclaim.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'ns high
 And did the race of mankind view; (tow'r,
 To see, if any own'd his pow'r,
 If any, Truth or Justice knew.
3. But all, he saw, were gone aside,
 All were degen'rate grown and base;
 None took Religion for their guide,
 Not one of all the sinful Race.
4. But can these workers of deceit
 Be all so dull and senseless grown?
 That they, like bread, my people eat,
 And God's Almighty Pow'r disown?

C 4

5. How

5. How will they tremble then for fear,
When his just Wrath shall them o'ertake?
For to the righteous God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

6. In vain ungodly Men condemn
Those counsels which the Just pursue;
Since God a refuge is for them
Whom his just Eyes with favour view.

7. Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
To break his peoples servile band!
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly eccho through the Land.

P S A L M

P S A L M XV.

1. **L**ord, who's the happy man, that may
To thy blest Courts repair?
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

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

3. Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbours fame to wound;
Nor hearkens to a false Report,
By malice whisper'd round.

4. Who Vice, in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, tho' cloath'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

Who

Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And tho he promise to his loss,
 He makes his promise good.

5. Whose soul in usury disdains
 His treasure to employ ;
 Whom no rewards could ever bribe,
 The guiltless to destroy.

The man, who by this steady course
 Has happiness ensur'd ;
 When earths foundations shake, shall stand,
 By providence secur'd.

P S A L M

P S A L M XVI.

1. **P**rotect me from my cruel Foes,
 And shield me, Lord, from harm ;
 Because my trust I still repose
 On thy Almighty Arm.
2. My soul all help but thine does flight,
 All Gods but thee disown ;
 Yet can no deeds of mine requite
 The goodness thou hast shown.
3. But those that are of virtuous Note,
 Who love the thing that's right,
 To favour always and promote,
 Shall be my chief delight.
4. How shall their sorrows be increas'd,
 Who other Gods adore ?
 Their bloody offerings I detest,
 Their very names abhor.

5. My

5. My lot is fal'n in that blest Land
Where God is purely serv'd ;
He fills my cup with lib'ral hand ;
My right's by him preserv'd.
6. In natures most delightful scene
My happy portion lies ;
The place of my appointed reign
All other Lands outvies.
7. Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose Word's my guide and light ;
Who private counsel does afford,
In dark affliction's night.
8. Nothing, I know, can lie conceal'd
From his All-seeing Eye ;
And my firm hope has never fail'd,
Because he still is nigh.
9. Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoyce ;
My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
10. Thou

10. Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell wilt free ;
Nor let thy Holy One in death
The least corruption see.
11. Thou shalt the paths of Life display,
Which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM

P S A L M XVII.

1. **H**ear my just plea, to my complaint
Attend, O Righteous Lord!
And to my pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
A gracious Ear afford.

2. As in thy presence I'm approv'd,
So let my sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
My upright dealing see.

3. For thou hast prov'd my heart by day,
And visited by night;
And on the strictest tryal found
Its secret motions right.

Nor shall thy Justice, Lord, alone
My hearts designs acquit;
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
Shall no offence commit.

4. I know, what wicked men would do,
Their safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild commands
From bloody Paths restrain.

5. That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure;
O! Guide me in thy Righteous Ways,
And make my footsteps sure.

6. Since heretofore I ne'er in vain
To thee my pray'r address'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
To this my just request.

7. The wonders of thy love and care
In my defence engage,
Thou, whose right Hand preserves thy Saints
From their oppressors rage.

PART II.

8, 9. O! keep me in thy tend'rest care,
With shelt'ring wings stretch'd out,
From cruel and oppressing Foes,
That compass me about.

10. O'ergrown with luxury, enclos'd
In their own fat they lie;
And with a proud blaspheming Mouth
Both God and Man defie.

11. Well, may they boast; for they have now
My path encompass'd round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bow'd,
And couching to the ground.

12. In posture of a Lion set,
When greedy of his prey;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
Within a covert way.

13. Arise,

13. Arise, O Lord, defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage controul;
From the ungodly man, thy Sword,
Deliver thou my Soul.

14. From worldly Men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below;
Who, fill'd, with earthly stores, aspire
No other bliss to know;

15. Pleas'd with a num'rous Race, to share
Their substance while they live;
Successive heirs, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.

16. But, Lord, for me, I only crave
The treasure of thy Grace;
And waking in my Soul to find
The Image of thy Face.

D

P S A L M

P S A L M XVIII.

1, 2. **N**O change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee:
For thou hast always been a rock,
A fortress, and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my 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'll still address my pray'r,
To whom my praise I justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.

4, 5. By floods of wicked Men distress'd,
With deadly sorrows compass'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppress'd,
In deaths unwieldy fetters bound.

6. To

6. To Heav'n I make my mournful pray'r,
To God address my humble moan;
Who graciously inclines his Ear,
And hears me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7. When God arose to take my part,
The trembling Earth did quake for fear;
From their firm posts the Hills did start,
Nor durst his dreadful fury bear.

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

9. 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.

10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which troops of harness'd Angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings
With most amazing swiftness flew.

D 2

11, 12.

11, 12. 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.

13. Thro' Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring peal
Gods angry voice, did loudly roar;
While earths sad face, with heaps of hail
And flakes of fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. 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.

15. The deep its secret stores disclos'd;
The worlds Foundations naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd, that dreadful day.

PART III.

16. 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.

17. God

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

18. 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.

19. 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.

20. Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend;
My hands are free from bloody stains,
Therefore the Lord is still my Friend.

21, 22. For I his Judgments kept in sight;
In his just Ways I always trod;
I never did his Statutes slight,
Nor vainly wander'd from my God.

D 3

23,

- 23, 24. But still my Soul sincere and pure,
Did ev'n from darling sins refrain ;
His favours therefore yet endure,
Because my heart and hands are clean.

P A R T IV.

- 25, 26. Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various paths of human kind ;
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.

Thou to the Just shalt Justice shew.
Thy purity the pure shall see ;
Such as perversly chuse to go,
Shall meet perverse returns from thee.

- 27, 28. 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.

29. 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.

30. For

30. For Gods designs shall still succeed ;
His Word will bear the strictest Test ;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

31. 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 ?

P A R T V.

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

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

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

D 4

36. My

36. My goings he enlarg'd abroad,
Before to narrow paths confin'd;
And when in slipp'ry ways I trod,
The method of my steps design'd.
37. Through him I num'rous Foes defeat,
And in their hasty flight o'ertake;
Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
Till a full end of all I make.
38. Cover'd with wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquish'd heads again to rear;
Gro'ling beneath my feet they lie,
From whence to rise they must despair.
39. God, when fierce Armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, and courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40. Through him, the necks of prostrate Foes
My conqu'ring feet in triumph press;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.

41. With

41. With loud complaints all friends they try'd,
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for succour cry'd,
But God wou'd no assistance lend.
42. Like flying dust which winds pursue,
Their broken troops were scatter'd round;
Contemptible and vile they grew,
As loathsom dirt that clogs the ground.
- P A R T VI.
43. Our factious Tribes, at strife till now,
At Gods appointment me obey;
The Heathen to my Scepter bow,
And Foreign Nations own my sway.
44. Remotest Realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charm'd with respect, or aw'd by fear.
45. 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.

46. Let

46. 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 bless'd !

47. '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.

48. My universal safeguard, He !
 From whom my lasting honours flow ;
 He made me great, and set me free
 From my remorseless bloody Foe.

49. 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 ;

50. " 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

P S A L M XIX.

1. **T**HE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill ;
 The Firmament and Stars express
 Their great Creators skill.

2. Revolving days, with ev'ry dawn,
 Fresh beams of knowledge bring ;
 From darkest nights successive rounds
 Divine Instructions spring.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
 Or Region is confin'd ;
 'Tis Natures voice, and understood
 Alike by all Mankind.

4. Their Doctrines sacred Sense itself
 Through Earths extent displays ;
 Whose bright contents the circling Sun
 Around the World conveys.

5. No

5. No Bride-groom, for his Nuptials drest,
Has such a chearful face ;
No Giant does like him rejoyce
To run his glorious race.
6. From East to West, from West to East,
His restless circuit goes ;
And through his progress, chearful light
And vital warmth bestows.

P A R T II.

7. Gods perfect Law converts the Soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred Wisdom his firm Word
The ignorant inspires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are Just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands, in search of Truth,
Assist the feeblest fight.
9. His fear is clean, his worship fix'd
For ever to abide ;
His equal Judgments in the scale
Of Truth and Justice try'd.

10. Of

10. Of more esteem than golden Mines,
Or Gold refin'd with skill ;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distill.
11. My trusty Counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give ;
Divine Rewards attend on those
Who by thy Precepts live.
12. But what frail man observes, how oft
He does thy Laws transgress ?
Do thou, who only know'st them all,
My secret faults redress.
13. Let no presumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
Preserve me guiltless, or at least
From great offences free.
14. So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest ;
And I secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

P S A L M

PSALM XX.

1. **T**HE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress;
The Name of *Jacob's* God defend,
And grant thy Arms success.
2. To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from *Sion* give;
Remember all thy offerings there,
Thy sacrifices receive.
3. To compass thy own heart's desire
Thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.
4. To thy Salvation, Lord, for aid
We'll cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy Name display'd;
The Lord accept thy pray'r.

5. Our

5. Our hopes are now confirm'd, the Lord
Will by our Sov'reign stand;
From Heav'n the saving strength afford
Of his resistless Hand.
6. Some trust in Steeds, for war design'd,
On Chariots some rely;
Against them All, we'll call to mind
The Name of God most high.
7. But from their Steeds and Chariots thrown,
Behold them through the plain,
Disorder'd, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our Troops remain.
8. Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in times of need
The pray'rs that we address.

F I N I S.