

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS

ADAPTED TO
Public Worship.

THE THIRD EDITION, CORRECTED.

WITH A SMALL SUPPLEMENT.

— Teaching, and admonishing one another, in Psalms,
and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing, with Grace,
in your Hearts, to the Lord. Col. 3. 16.

B R I S T O L :

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KEITH, in Gracechurch-street, LONDON; 1778.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Duty of Psalmody, when properly attended to, is certainly one of the most noble and elevating Parts of divine Worship. And, it must be confessed, we have been very happy for many Years, in the ample Provision, which has been made by various Authors, for the rational and edifying Performance of this Duty. But still it has been thought, that a COLLECTION of the best Compositions of this Kind, comprehending an adequate Variety of Subjects, and these Subjects arranged in the most orderly Manner, would be an acceptable Service to the Christian Church.

The Method of singing without reading Line by Line, which has been long since recommended by Dr. Watts, we cannot but think, is by far the most eligible. Or, if there are any Congregations where this Method of singing cannot be conveniently introduced, it might, perhaps, in some Measure remedy the Inconvenience, as the same Author observes, were as many as could do it, to bring Books with them, and look on the Words while they sing, so far as to make the Sense compleat. Now such a Collection as is above proposed, would enable us at once to enjoy the united Labors of various Authors, and to perform this Part of Worship in the desirable Manner here recommended.

It is true, several Collections of this Nature have been already published. Nor would we presume to decide on their respective Merits. Yet we have thought there was sufficient Room for Improvement, and have attempted it in the Collection now offered to the Public.

In this Collection, there will be found as many original Compositions, as make nearly a fourth Part of the Volume. Many other Hymns, which are here inserted, have never before appeared in any Work calculated for public Worship: And those very poetical ones particularly, which have the Signature, M, annexed to them, and which are borrowed from the late Rev. Mr. Merrick's Version of the Psalms are not, in that ingenious Author's own Publication of them, divided into Stanzas. As to the rest, where any little Alterations appeared necessary, by Way of Accommodation to our Purpose, we have taken the Liberty to make them.

The many excellent Hymns, with which our Collection has been enriched, taken from two Volumes of Poems on Subjects chiefly Devotional, and which bear the Signature, T, the Author has been so kind as to revise for this Publication: And has likewise favored the Editors with several valuable Originals, which bear the same Signature. They think themselves also much indebted to their various other Friends, who
hav

have kindly contributed any original Picces to this
Collection.

We have only to add, should the great Head of the
Church smile on this Attempt to assist the Devotion of
our Fellow Christians, and render it useful, either in the
Closet, the Family, or in the House of God for which
it is more especially designed, we shall think ourselves
amply repaid for the Labor we have bestowed upon it.

BRISTOL, Sept. 27. JOHN ASH,
1769. CALEB EVANS.





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T A B L E,

To find any HYMN by the first Line of it.

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H Y M N S, &c.

H Y M N . I. *Long Measure.*

The Heavens declare the Being and Glory of God.

THE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim :

Th' unweary'd Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power Display,
And publishes to every Land,
The Work of an almighty Hand.

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wonderful Tale,
And nightly, to the listening Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth :

Whilst 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.

What though, in solemn Silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball ;
What though nor real Voice nor Sound
Amid their radiant Orbs be found ;

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."

H Y M N II. *Long Measure.**The Voice of the Creatures.*

THERE is a God, all Nature speaks,
Through Earth, and Air, and Seas, and Skies:
See, from the Clouds His Glory breaks,
When the first Beams of Morning rise.

The rising Sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide World's extended Frame,
Inscribes in Characters of Light,
His mighty Maker's glorious Name.

Diffusing Life, His Influence spreads,
And Health and Plenty smile around;
And fruitful Fields, and verdant Meads
Are with a thousand Blessings crown'd.

Almighty Goodness, Power divine
The Fields and verdant Meads display;
And bless the Hand, which made them shine,
With various Charms profusely gay.

For Man and Beast, here, daily Food
In wide diffusive Plenty grows;
And there, for Drink, the crystal Flood
In Streams sweet winding, gently flows.

By cooling Streams, and softening Showers,
The vegetable Race are fed;
And Trees, and Plants, and Herbs, and Flowers,
Their Maker's Bounty smiling spread.

The flowery Tribes, all blooming, rise
 Above the weak Attempts of Art;
 Their bright, inimitable Dyes
 Speak sweet Conviction to the Heart.

Ye curious Minds, who roam abroad,
 And trace Creation's Wonders o'er,
 Confess the Footsteps of THE GOD;
 And bow before Him, and adore.

T.

H Y M N III. *Common Measure.*

The Eternity of God.

THOU didst, O mighty God, exist
 E'er Time began its Race;
 Before the ample Elements
 Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

Before the ponderous earthly Globe
 In fluid Air was stay'd;
 Before the Ocean's mighty Springs
 Their liquid Stores display'd.

E'er Men ador'd or Angels knew,
 Or prais'd Thy wonderous Name;
 Thy Bliss, O sacred Spring of Life!
 And Glory were the same.

And when the Pillars of the World,
 With sudden Ruin, break;
 And all this vast, and goodly Frame
 Sinks in the mighty Wreck:

When from her Orb the Moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd Sun roll back ;
 While all the trembling starry Lamps
 Their ancient Course forsake :

For ever permanent and fix'd,
 From Agitation free,
 Unchang'd, in everlasting Years,
 Shall Thy Existence be.

R.

H YMN. IV. *Common Measure.*

God's eternal Dominion.

GREAT God, how infinite art Thou !
 What worthless Worms are we !
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
 And pay their Praise to Thee.

Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
 E'er Seas or Stars were made ;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the Nations dead.

Nature and Time quite naked lie
 To Thine immense Survey,
 From the Formation of the Sky
 To the great Burning Day.

Eternity, with all its Years,
 Stands present in Thy View ;
 To Thee there's Nothing old appears,
 To Thee there's Nothing new.

Our Lives through various Scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling Cares;
 While Thine eternal Thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd Affairs.

Great God, how infinite art Thou!
 What worthless Worms are we!
 Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
 And pay their Praise to Thee.

W.

H Y M N V. *Long Measure.*

The Perfections of God.

GREAT God! Thy Glories shall employ
 Our holy Fear, our humble Joy;
 Our Lips, in Songs of Honor, bring
 Their Tribute to th' eternal King.

Earth, and the Stars, and Worlds unknown,
 Depend precarious on His Throne;
 All Nature hangs upon His Word,
 And Grace and Glory own their Lord.

His sovereign Power what Mortal knows?
 If He commands, who dares oppose?
 With Strength He girds Himself around,
 And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

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.

The Beamings of His piercing Sight
 Bring dark Hypocrisy to Light;
 Death and Destruction naked lie,
 And Hell uncover'd to His Eye.

Th' eternal Law before Him stands;
 His Justice, with impartial Hands,
 Divides to all their due Reward,
 Or by the Sceptre, or the Sword.

Each of His Words demands our Faith;
 Our Souls may rest on all He saith;
 His Truth inviolably keeps
 The largest Promise of His Lips.

Oh, tell us, with a gentle Voice,
 Thou art our God, and we'll rejoice!
 Fill'd with Thy Love, we dare proclaim
 The brightest Honors of thy Name.

W.

H Y M N VI. *Common Measure.*

God's Dominion and Decrees.

K EEP Silence all created Things,
 And wait your Maker's Nod:
 My Soul stands trembling, while she sings
 The Honors of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown
 Hang on His firm Decree:
 He sits on no precarious Throne,
 Nor borrows Leave to BE.

Chain'd to His Throne, a Volume lies,
 With all the Fates of Men ;
 With every Angel's Form and Size,
 Drawn by th' eternal Pen. "

His Providence unfolds the Book,
 And makes His Counsels shine ;
 Each opening Leaf, and every Stroke
 Fulfils some deep Design.

Here, He exalts neglected Worms
 To Scepters and a Crown ;
 And there, the following Page He turns,
 And treads the Monarch down.

Not *Gabriel* asks the Reason why,
 Nor God the Reason gives ;
 Nor dares the favorite Angel pry
 Between the folded Leaves.

My God, I never long to see
 My Fate with curious Eyes ;
 What gloomy Lines are writ for me,
 Or what bright Scenes may rise.

In thy fair Book of Life and Grace,
 May I but find my Name,
 Recorded in some humble Place,
 Beneath my Lord the *Lamb* !

W. L.

HYMN VII. *Common Measure.**Divine Sovereignty.*

Job ix. 2—10.

TO vindicate our Words and Thoughts
 We make no more Pretence;
 Not one of all our numerous Faults
 Can bear a just Defence.

Strong is His Arm, His Heart is wise,
 What vain Presumers dare
 Against their Maker's Hand to rise,
 Or tempt th' unequal War?

Mountains, by His almighty Wrath,
 From their old Seats are torn;
 He shakes the Earth from *South* to *North*,
 And all her Pillars mourn.

He bids the Sun forbear to rise,
 Th' obedient Sun forbears;
 His Hand with Sackcloth spreads the Skies,
 And seals up all the Stars.

He walks upon the foaming Sea,
 Flies on the stormy Wind;
 There's None can trace His wonderous Way,
 Nor His dark Footsteps find.

Yet Truth and Judgment are His Throne,
 And wonderous is His Grace:
 While Power and Mercy, join'd in one,
 Invite us near His Face.

HYMN VIII. *Peculiar Measure.**The Sovereign God.*

Pfal. 93.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal State maintains,
 His Head with awful Glories crown'd ;
 Array'd in Robes of Light,
 Begirt with sovereign Might,
 And Rays of Majesty around.

Upheld by Thy Commands,
 The Earth securely stands ;
 And Heaven obeys Thy sovereign Word :
 Thy Throne was fix'd on high,
 Before the starry Sky ;
 Eternal is Thy Kingdom, Lord.

In vain the noisy Croud,
 Like Billows fierce and loud,
 Against Thine Empire rage and roar :
 In vain, with angry Spite,
 Contending Nations fight,
 And dash like Waves against the Shore.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
 And all their Powers engage.
 Let swelling Tides assault the Sky ;
 The Terrors of Thy Frown
 Shall beat their Madness down :
 Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

Thy Promises are true,
 Thy Grace is ever new ;
 There fix'd, Thy Church shall ne'er remove :
 Thy Saints, with holy Fear,
 Shall in Thy Courts appear,
 And sing Thy everlasting Love.

W.

H Y M N IX. *Short Measure.*

The Sovereignty and Goodness of God.

Pfal. 8.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy Name is all divine ;
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
 And o'er the Heavens they shine.

When to Thy Works on high
 We raise our wondering Eyes,
 And see the Moon, compleat in Light,
 Adorn the darksome Skies.

When we survey the Stars,
 And all their shining Forms ;
 Lord, what is Man, that worthless Thing !
 Akin to Dust and Worms !

Lord, what is worthless Man,
 That Thou should'st love him so !
 Next to Thine Angels is he plac'd,
 And Lord of all below !

Thine Honors crown his Head,
 While Beasts, like Slaves obey ;
 And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
 And Fish that cleave the Sea.

How rich Thy Bounties are !
 And wonderous are Thy Ways ;
 Of Dust and Worms Thy Power can frame
 A Monument of Praise.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy Name is all divine ;
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
 And o'er the Heavens they shine. W.

H Y M N X. *Long Measure.*

The Power and Dominion of God.

Pfal. 93.

THE Lord, the God of Glory, reigns,
 In robes of Majesty array'd ;
 His Rule Omnipotence sustains,
 And guides the Worlds His Hands have made.

E'er rolling Worlds began to move,
 Or e'er the Heavens were stretch'd abroad,
 Thy awful Throne was fix'd above :
 From everlasting Thou art God.

The swelling Floods tumultuous rise,
 Aloud the angry Tempests roar,
 Lift their proud Billows to the Skies,
 And foam and lash the trembling Shore.

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.

Thy sovereign Laws are ever sure,
 Eternal Holiness is Thine ;
 And, Lord, Thy People should be pure,
 And in thy blest Resemblance shine. T.

H Y M N XI. *Common Measure.*

The Greatness of God.

Psal. 145.

GREAT is the Lord, His Power unknown,
 And let His Praise be great :
 We'll sing the Honors of His Throne,
 His Works of Grace repeat.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon our Tongues,
 And while our Lips rejoice,
 The Men that hear our sacred Songs,
 Shall join their cheerful Voice.

Fathers to Sons shall teach Thy Name,
 And Children learn Thy Ways ;
 Ages to come Thy Truth proclaim,
 And Nations sound Thy Praise.

Thy stubborn Foes Thy Sword shall slay,
 And pierce their Hearts with Pain ;
 But none that serve the Lord shall say,
 They sought his Aid in vain.

He knows the Pains His Servants feel,
 He hears His Children cry,
 And, their best Wishes to fulfil,
 His Grace is ever nigh.

Creatures, with all their endless Race,
 Thy Power and Praise proclaim :
 But Saints, that taste Thy richer Grace,
 Delight to bless Thy Name.

W.

H Y M N XII. *Long Measure.*

The Greatness and Goodness of God.

J EHOVAH reigns, His Throne is high,
 His Robes are Light and Majesty ;
 His Glory shines, with Beams so bright,
 No mortal can sustain the Sight.

His Terrors keep the World in awe,
 His Justice guards His Holy Law ;
 His Love reveals His smiling Face,
 His Truth and Promise seal the Grace.

Through all His Works His Wisdom shines,
 And baffles Satan's deep Designs ;
 His Power is sovereign to fulfil
 The noblest Counsels of His Will.

And will *Jehovah* condescend
 To be my Father and my Friend ?
 Then let my Songs with Angels join ;
 Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

H Y M N XIII. *Common Measure.**The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

Psal. 111.

HOW most exact is Nature's Frame !
 How wise th' eternal Mind !
 His Counsels never change the Scheme,
 That His first Thoughts design'd.

How great the Works His Hand has wrought !
 How glorious in our Sight !
 And Men, in every Age, have sought
 His Wonders with Delight.

When He redeem'd His chosen Sons,
 He fix'd His Covenant sure ;
 The Orders, that His Lips pronounce,
 To endless Years endure.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies
 Thy heavenly Skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read Thy Name ?

To fear Thy Power, to trust thy Grace,
 Is our divinest Skill :
 And he's the wisest of our Race,
 Who best obeys Thy Will.

W.

H Y M N XIV. *Long Measure.**The All-seeing God.*

Psal. 139.

LORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine Eye commands with piercing View,
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Soul, my Flesh, and all their Powers.

My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
E'er from my opening Lips they break.

Within Thy circling Power I stand;
On every Side I find Thy Hand;
Awake, asleep, at Home, Abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul, with all the Powers I boast,
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.

HYMN XV. *Common Measure.**The Omnipresence of God.*

Psal. 139.

LORD, where shall guilty Souls retire,
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In Hell, they meet Thy dreadful Fire,
 In Heaven, Thy glorious Throne.

Should we suppress our vital Breath
 To 'scape the Wrath divine,
 Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
 And make the Grave resign.

If, wing'd with Beams of Morning Light,
 We fly beyond the West,
 Thy Hand, which must support our Flight,
 Would soon betray our Rest.

If o'er our Sins we think to draw
 The Curtains of the Night;
 Those flaming Eyes, that guard Thy Law,
 Would turn the Shades to Light.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour
 Are both alike to Thee:
 O may we ne'er provoke that Power,
 From which we cannot flee!

W.

H Y M N XVI. *Common Measure.**God is every where.*

Pfal. 139.

IN all our vast Concerns with Thee,
 In vain our Souls would try
 To shun Thy Presence, Lord, or flee
 The Notice of Thine Eye.

Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
 Our Rising and our Rest;
 Our public Walks, our private Ways,
 And Secrets of our Breast.

Our Thoughts lie open to the Lord,
 Before they're form'd within;
 And e'er our Lips pronounce the Word,
 He knows the Sense we mean.

O wonderful Knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a Creature hide?
 Within Thy circling Arms we lie,
 Beset on every Side.

So let Thy Grace surround us still,
 And like a Bulwark prove;
 To guard our Souls from every Ill,
 Secur'd by sovereign Love.

H Y M N XVII. *Long Measure.**The Greatness and Condescension of God.*

Psal. 8.

IMMORTAL King! through Earth's wide Frame,
 How great thy Honor, Praise, and Name!
 Whose Reign o'er distant Worlds extends,
 Whose Glory Heaven's vast Height transcends.

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:

The silent Moon, with waxing Horn,
 Along th' ethereal Region borne;
 The Stars with vivid Lustre crown'd,
 That nightly walk their destin'd Round.

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?

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:

The Fowls of various Wing, that fly
 O'er the vast Desert of the Sky;
 And all the watery Tribes, that glide
 Through Paths to human Sight deny'd.

Immortal King ! Through Earth's wide Frame,
 How great Thy Honor, Praise, and Name !
 Whose Reign o'er distant Worlds extends,
 Whose Glory Heaven's vast Height transcends.

M.

H Y M N XVIII. *Common Measure.*

The Condescension of God. 1 Kings 8. 27.

ETernal Power, Almighty God !
 Who can approach Thy Throne ?
 Accessless Light is Thy Abode,
 To Angel-Eyes unknown.

Before the Radiance of Thine Eye,
 The Heavens no longer shine ;
 And all the Glories of the Sky
 Are but the Shade of Thine.

Great God, and wilt Thou condescend
 To cast a Look below ?
 To this vile World Thy Notice bend,
 These Seats of Sin and Woe ?

But oh ! To shew Thy smiling Face,
 To bring Thy Glories near,—
 Amazing and transporting Grace,
 To dwell with Mortals here !

How strange ! How awful is Thy Love !
 With Trembling we adore ;
 Not all th' exalted Minds above
 Its Wonders can explore.

While golden Harps, and Angel-Tongues
 Resound immortal Lays ;
 Great God, permit our humble Songs
 To rise, and mean Thy Praise.

T.

H Y M N XIX. *Long Measure.*

The Divine Goodness.

Psal. 34. 8, 9.

TRiumphant, Lord, Thy Goodness reigns
 Through all the wide celestial Plains ;
 And its full Streams redundant flow
 Down to th' Abodes of Men below.

Through Nature's Works its Glories shine ;
 The Cares of Providence are Thine ;
 And Grace erects our ruin'd Frame,
 A fairer Temple to Thy Name.

O give to every human Heart
 To taste, and feel how good Thou art !
 With grateful Love, and holy Fear,
 To know how bless'd Thy Children are.

Let Nature burst into a Song ;
 Ye echoing Hills the Notes prolong !
 Earth, Seas, and Stars, your Anthems raise,
 All vocal with your Maker's Praise !

Ye Saints, with Joy the Theme pursue !
 Its sweetest Notes belong to you ;
 Chosen, by this eternal King,
 For ever round His Throne to sing.

D.

HYMN XX. *Long Measure.**The God of Nature and Providence. Psal. 65.*

JOIN every Tongue to praise the Lord,
 All Nature rests upon His Word:
 Mercy and Truth His Courts maintain,
 And own His universal Reign.

At His Command, the Morning Ray
 Smiles in the East, and leads the Day;
 He guides the Sun's declining Wheels
 Beneath the Verge of western Hills.

Seasons and Times obey His Voice,
 The Evening and the Morn' rejoice,
 To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
 Laden with Fruit, and dress'd in Flowers.

'Tis from His watery Stores on high,
 He gives the thirsty Ground Supply:
 He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
 Doth His enriching Drops dispense.

The Pastures smile in green Array,
 There Lambs and larger Cattle play;
 The larger Cattle, and the Lamb,
 In different Language, speak Thy Name.

Thy Works pronounce Thy Power divine,
 In all the Earth Thy Glories shine;
 Through every Month Thy Gifts appear,
 Great God! Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

HYMN XXI. *Common Measure.**The Works of Creation and Providence.*

Psalm 33.

REJOICE, ye Righteous, in the Lord!
 This Work belongs to you;
 Sing of His Name, His Ways, His Word,
 How holy, just and true!

His Mercy and His Righteousness
 Let Heaven and Earth proclaim;
 His Works of Nature and of Grace
 Reveal His wonderful Name.

His Wisdom and almighty Word
 The heavenly Arches spread;
 And, by the Spirit of the Lord,
 Their shining Hosts were made.

He bid th' obedient Waters flow
 To their appointed Deep;
 The flowing Seas their Limits know,
 And their own Stations keep.

Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
 With Fear before Him stand;
 He spake, and Nature took its Birth,
 And rests on His Command.

He scorns the angry Nations Rage,
 And breaks their vain Designs;
 His Counsel stands through every Age,
 And in full Glory shines.

H Y · M · N · XXII. *Common Measure.**Creation and Providence.*

LORD, when our raptur'd Thought surveys
 Creation's Beauties o'er,
 All Nature joins to teach Thy Praise,
 And bid our Souls adore.

Where'er we turn our gazing Eyes,
 Thy radiant Footsteps shine :
 Ten thousand pleasing Wonders rise,
 And speak their Source divine.

The living Tribes, of countless Forms,
 In Earth, and Sea, and Air ;
 The meanest Flies, the smallest Worms
 Almighty Power declare.

Thy Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, Lord,
 In all Thy Works appear :
 And, O ! let Man Thy Praise record ;
 Man, Thy distinguish'd Care !

From Thee the Breath of Life he drew ;
 That Breath Thy Power maintains ;
 Thy tender Mercy, ever new,
 His brittle Frame sustains.

Yet nobler Favors claim his Praise,
 Of Reason's Light possess'd ;
 By Revelation's brightest Rays,
 Still more divinely bless'd.

Thy Providence, his constant Guard,
 When threatening Woes impend ;
 Or will th' impending Dangers ward,
 Or timely Succors lend.

On us that Providence has shone
 With gentle smiling Rays ;
 O, let our Lips and Lives make known
 Thy Goodness, and Thy Praise ! T.

H Y M N XXIII. *Long Measure.*

The Glories of God in Creation and Providence.

Pfal. 104.

VAST are Thy Works, almighty Lord,
 All Nature rests upon Thy Word ;
 And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
 Waiting their Portion from Thy Hands.

While Each receives his different Food,
 His cheerful Looks pronounce it good ;
 Eagles, and Bears, and Whales, and Worms
 Rejoice, and praise in different Forms.

But when Thy Face is hid, they mourn,
 And dying to their Dust return ;
 Both Man and Beast their Souls resign ;
 Life, Breath, and Spirit, all is Thine.

Yet Thou canst breathe on Dust again,
 And fill the World with Beasts and Men ;
 A Word of Thy creating Breath
 Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

The Earth stands trembling at Thy Stroke,
 And at Thy Touch the Mountains smoke ;
 Yet humble Souls may see Thy Face,
 And tell their Wants to sovereign Grace.

In Thee our Hopes and Wishes meet,
 And make our Meditations sweet ;
 Thy Praises shall our Breath employ,
 Till it expires in endless Joy.

W.

H Y M N XXIV. *Long Measure.*

The wonderful Formation of Man.

Pfal. 139.

’T WAS from Thy Hand, Great God, I came,
 A Work of such a curious Frame ;
 In me Thy fearful Wonders shine,
 And Each proclaims Thy Skill divine.

Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark Confusion lay ;
 Thou saw’st the daily Growth they took,
 Form’d by the Model of Thy Book.

At length, to shew my Maker’s Name,
 God stamp’d His Image on my Frame ;
 And, in some unknown Moment join’d
 The finish’d Members to the Mind.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
 And all the Passions of the Man :
 Great God, our infant Nature pays
 Immortal Tribute to Thy Praise !

And, since in our advancing Age,
 We've acted on Life's busy Stage,
 Thy Thoughts of Love to us surmount
 The Power of Numbers to recount.

We could survey the Ocean o'er,
 And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
 Before our swiftest Thoughts could trace
 The numerous Wonders of Thy Grace.

Still on our Hearts be these impress'd,
 Whene'er we give our Eyes to Rest ;
 And when we wake, still may we find
 God, and His Love possess the Mind.

W.

H Y M N XXV. *Short Measure.*

God my Creator and Benefactor.

MY Maker, and my King,
 To Thee my All I owe ;
 Thy sovereign Bounty is the Spring,
 From whence my Blessings flow.

Thou ever good, and kind,
 A thousand Reasons move,
 A thousand Obligations bind
 My Heart to grateful Love.

The Creature of Thy Hand,
 On Thee alone I live ;
 My God, Thy Benefits demand
 More Praise than Life can give.

Oh! what can I impart,
 When All is Thine before?
 Thy Love demands a thankful Heart,
 The Gift, alas, how poor!

Shall I withhold Thy Due?
 And shall my Passions rove?
 Lord, form this wretched Heart anew,
 And fill it with Thy Love.]

O let Thy Grace inspire
 My Soul with Strength divine;
 Let all my Powers to Thee aspire,
 And all my Days be Thine.

T.

H Y M N XXVI. *Long Measure.*

Praise to the Creator.

Pfal. 100.

BEFORE *Jehovah's* awful Throne,
 Ye Nations, bow with sacred Joy;
 Know, that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign Power, without our Aid,
 Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
 And, when like wandering Sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to His Fold again.

We are His People, we His Care,
 Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:
 What lasting Honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to Thy Name?

D

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.

We'll croud Thy Gates with thankful Songs,
 High as the Heavens our Voices raise ;
 And Earth, with her ten thousand Tongues,
 Shall fill Thy Courts with sounding Praise.

W.

H Y M N XXVII. *Common Measure.*

A Song to creating Wisdom.

ETERNAL Wisdom, Thee we praise,
 Thee the Creation sings :
 With Thy lov'd Name, Rocks, Hills and Seas,
 And Heaven's high Palace rings.

Thy Hand, how wide it spread the Sky !
 How glorious to behold !
 Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling Gold.

Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
 And strike the gazing Sight,
 Through Skies, and Seas, and solid Ground,
 With Terror and Delight.

Infinite Strength, and equal Skill
 Shine through the Worlds abroad ;
 Our Souls with vast Amazement fill,
 And speak the Builder God.

But still the Wonders of Thy Grace
 Our softer Passions move :
 Pity divine in Jesus Face
 We see, adore, and love.

W. L.

H Y M N XXVIII. *Long Measure.*

On Providence.

THE Earth and all the heavenly Frame
 Their great Creator's Love proclaim !
 He gives the Sun his genial Power,
 And sheds the soft refreshing Shower.

The Ground with Plenty blooms again,
 And yields her various Fruits to Men ;
 To Men ! Who, from Thy bounteous Hand,
 Receive the Gifts of every Land.

Nor to the human Race alone
 Is His paternal Goodness shown ;
 The Tribes of Earth, and Sea, and Air
 Enjoy His universal Care.

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.

L. L.

HYMN XXIX. *Common Measure.**The Heavenly Shepherd.*

Pfal. 23.

THE Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide,
 Will all my Wants supply ;
 In Safety I shall still abide
 Beneath His watchful Eye.

Amid the verdant flowery Meads
 He makes my sweet Repose ;
 When pain'd with Thirst, He gently leads
 Where living Water flows.

If from His Fold I thoughtless stray,
 He leads the Wanderer Home :
 And shews my erring Feet the Way,
 Where Dangers cannot come.

Though hastening to the silent Tomb,
 And Death's dark Shades appear ;
 Thy Presence, Lord, shall cheer the Gloom,
 And banish every Fear.

No Evil can my Soul dismay,
 While I am near my God ;
 My Comfort, my Support and Stay,
 Thy Staff and guiding Rod.

Thy constant Bounties me surround,
 Amid my envious Foes ;
 My favor'd Head with Gladness crown'd,
 My Cup with Blessings flows.

Thus shall Thy Goodness, Love, and Care
 Attend my future Days ;
 And I shall dwell for ever near
 My God, and sing His Praise.

T.

H Y M N XXX. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Lord is my Shepherd.

Pfal. 23.

TO Thy Pastures, fair and large,
 Heavenly Shepherd, lead Thy Charge ;
 And my Couch, with tenderest Care,
 Midst the springing Grass prepare.

When I faint with Summer's Heat,
 Thou shalt guide my weary Feet,
 To the Streams, that, still and slow,
 Through the verdant Meadows flow.

Thou my Soul anew shalt frame,
 And, Thy Mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious Paths I stray,
 Teach my Steps the better Way.

Thou my plenteous Board hast spread,
 Thou with Oil refresh'd my Head ;
 Fill'd by Thee my Cup o'erflows,
 For Thy Love no Limit knows.

Constant to my latest End
 Thou my Footsteps shalt attend,
 And shalt bid Thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal Home.

Mf.

HYMN XXXI. *Peculiar Measure.**A Divine Pastoral. Psal. 23.*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my Guardian and
Guide ;

Whatsoever I want He will kindly provide :
Ever since I was born, it is He that hath crown'd
The Life that He gave me with Blessings all round :
While yet on the Breast a poor Infant I hung,
E'er Time had unloosen'd the Strings of my Tongue,
He gave me the Help, which I could not then ask ;
Now therefore to thank Him shall be my lov'd Task.

Through my tenderest Years, with as tender a Care,
My Soul, like a Lamb, in His Bosom He bare ;
To the Brook would He lead me, whene'er I had
Need,

And point out the Pasture, where best I might feed ;
No Harm could approach me, for He was my Shield,
From the Birds of the Air, and the Beasts of the
Field ;

The Wolf to devour me would often-times prowl,
But the Lord was my Shepherd, and guarded my
Soul.

How oft, in my Youth, have I wander'd astray ?
But still hath He brought me back to the right Way !
When, lost in dark Error, no Path I could meet,
His Word, like a Lantern, hath guided my Feet
What wonderous Escapes to His Kindness I owe
When rash and unthinking I sought my own Woe
My Soul long ago had gone down to the Deep,
If the Lord had not watch'd me when I was asleep

When soe'er, at a Distance, He sees me afraid,
He skips o'er the Mountains, and comes to my Aid

Then leads me back gently, and bids me abide
 In the Midst of the Flock, and feed close by His
 Side :

How safe in His Keeping, how happy and free,
 Could I always remain where He bids me to be ;
 Ye blest's'd are the People, and happy thrice told,
 Who obey the Lord's Voice, and abide in the Fold !

The Fold it is full, and the Pasture is green ;
 All is Friendship and Love, and no Enmity seen ;
 There the Lord dwells amongst us, upon His own
 Hill,

With the Flocks all around Him awaiting His Will :
 Himself in the Midst, with a provident Eye,
 Regarding our Wants, and procuring Supply ;
 An Abundance springs up of each nourishing Bud ;
 And we gather His Gifts, and are filled with Good.

P A R T II.

At the Voice of the Shepherd, we move, or we
 stay ;

For the Lord is Himself both the Leader and Way :
 The Hills smoke with Incense where'er He hath
 trod,

And a sacred Perfume shews the Footsteps of God :
 While blest's'd with His Presence, the Valleys be-
 neath

A sweet smelling Savour incessantly breathe ;
 The Delight is renew'd of each sensible Thing,
 And beheld in their Bloom all the Beauties of
 Spring.

Or, if a quite different Scene He prepare,
 And we roam through the Wilderness, barren
 and bare ;

By His wonderful Works, we see plainly enough,
That the Earth is the Lord's, and the Fulness
thereof :

If we hunger, or thirst, and are ready to faint,
A Relief in due Season prevents our Complaint ;
The Rain, at His Word, brings us Food from
the Sky,
And Rocks become Rivers when we are adry.

From the fruitfulest Hill, to the barrenest Rock,
The Lord hath made all for the Sake of His Flock ;
And the Flock, in Return, the Lord always confess,
In Plenty their Joy, and their Hope in Distress ;
He beholds, in our Welfare, His Glory display'd,
And we find ourselves bless'd, in Obedience
repay'd :

With a cheerful Regard, we attend to His Ways ;
Our Attention is Prayer, and our Cheerfulness
Praise.

The Lord is my Shepherd, what then shall I fear?
What Danger can frighten me, whilst He is near?
Not when the Time calls me to walk through the
Vale

Of the Shadow of Death shall my Heart ever fail;
Though afraid, of myself, to pursue the dark Way,
Thy Rod, and Thy Staff, be my Comfort and Stay ;
For I know, by Thy Guidance, when once it is
pass'd,

To a Fountain of Life it will bring one at last.

The Lord is become my Salvation and Song,
His Blessing shall follow me all my Life long !
Whatsoever Condition He places me in,
I am sure 'tis the best it could ever have been :

For the Lord: He is good, and His Mercies are
sure;

He only afflicts us in order to cure:

The Lord, will I praise, while I have any Breath;

Be content all my Life, and resign'd in my Death.

Dr. B.

H Y M N XXII. *Long Measure.*

The Power and Providence of God. Psal. 104.

A WAKE, my Soul, to Hymns of Praise,
To God the Song triumphant raise:
Light forms His Robe, and round His Head,
The Heavens their ample Curtains spread.

Behold, aloft, the King of Kings
Borne on the Wind's expanded Wings,
(His Chariot by the Clouds supply'd,)
Through Heaven's wide Realms triumphant ride.

Around Him, rang'd in awful State,
Th' assembled Storms submissive wait;
And Flames, attentive to fulfil
The Dictates of His mighty Will.

On firmest Base uprear'd, the Earth
To Him ascribes her wondrous Birth:
He spake, and, o'er each Mountain's Head,
The Deep its watery Mantle spread.

He spake, and from the whelming Flood,
Again their Tops emergent stood;
And fast adown their bending Side,
With refluent Streams, the Currents glide.

While, close beside the murmuring Spring,
The feather'd Minstrels sit and sing;
And, shelter'd in the Branches, shun
The Fervors of the Mid-day Sun.

His Showers with Verdure crown the Hills;
The Earth with various Fruits He fills;
Preventive of their Wants, His Aid
Yields to the Brute the springing Blade.

For Man, chief Object of his Care,
His Hands the foodful Herb prepare;
The gladdening Wine, refreshing Oil,
And Bread that strings his Nerves for Toil.

Great God, in ceaseless Strains, my Tongue
Shall meditate the grateful Song,
And, long as Breath informs my Frame,
The Wonders of Thy Love proclaim. M.

H Y M N XXXIII. *Long Measure.*

The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.

Psal. 147.

SING to the Lord, let Praise inspire
The grateful Voice, the tuneful Lyre;
In Strains of Joy, proclaim abroad
The endless Glories of our God.

He counts the Hosts of starry Flames,
Knows all their Natures and their Names:
Great is our God! His wonderous Power,
And boundless Wisdom we adore.

He veils the Sky with treasur'd Showers,
 On Earth the plenteous Blessing pours;
 The Mountains smile in lively Green,
 And fairer blooms the flowery Scene.

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.

In Nature what can Him delight,
 Most lovely in its Maker's Sight?
 Not active Strength His Favormoves,
 Nor comely Form He best approves.

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.

T.

II Y M N XXXIV. *Long Measure.*

The Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.

Pfal. 147.

PRAISE ye the Lord: Oh blissful Theme,
 To sing the Honors of His Name!
 'Tis Pleasure, 'tis divine Delight,
 And Praise is lovely in His Sight.

He speaks! and swiftly from the Skies
 To Earth the sovereign Mandate flies;
 Observant Nature hears His Word,
 And bows obedient to her Lord.

Now thick descending Flakes of Snow,
O'er Earth, a fleecy Mantle throw ;
Now glittering Frost, o'er all the Plains,
Extends its universal Chains.

At His fierce Storms of icy Hail,
The shivering Powers of Nature fail ;
Before His Cold, what Life can stand,
Unshelter'd by His guardian Hand ?

He speaks ! The Ice and Snow obey,
And Nature's Fetters melt away ;
Now vernal Gales soft rising blow,
And murmuring Waters gently flow.

But nobler Works His Grace record,
To Israel He reveals His Word ;
To Jacob's happy Sons, alone,
He makes His sacred Precepts known.

Such Bliss no other Nation shares,
The Laws of Heaven are only theirs ;
Ye favor'd Tribes, your Voices raise,
And bless your God in Songs of Praise.

T:

H Y M N. XXXV. *Peculiar Measure.*

Spring.

HAIL, hail, reviv'd, reviving Spring !
A Fair Type of Heaven's eternal Year !
While Nature's Works Thy Praises sing,
Lo, Gratitude salutes Thee here !
Swell, gently swell the solemn Song,

Now pour the bounding Notes along;
 Teach Choirs below, to Choirs above,
 To echo back the common Lay;
 And, as they Praise unbounded Love,
 To join in Bounty's Holiday.

*To God, the universal King,
 Be sacred every grateful Choir!
 In ceaseless Hymns, all Praises sing,
 That endless Bounty can inspire!*

All lost beneath stern Winter's Reign,
 Creation's genial Powers appear'd;
 Spring call'd them into Life again,
 See, budding Verdure shews they heard.
 Bless, bless, O Man! the kind Design,
 Whose nobler Counter-part is Thine!
 Thy Powers a gloomier Winter froze,
 Till Thy Messiah's cheering Ray,
 Prolific of fair Truth arose,
 And shed the Blaze of mental Day.

*To God, the universal King,
 Be sacred every grateful Choir!
 In ceaseless Hymns, all Praises sing,
 That endless Bounty can inspire!*

All spotless, as the Truth He taught,
 Free as the Mercy He display'd,
 He shew'd what human Duty ought,
 He did, what heavenly Goodness bade;
 Enforc'd each just Command He gave,
 Nor liv'd, nor dy'd, in vain to save.
 His Realms on high, His Worlds below,
 All witness'd His unwearied Care,

The Victim *here* of general Woe,
The Captain of Salvation *there*.

*To God, the universal King,
Be sacred every grateful Choir!
In ceaseless Hymns, all Praises sing,
That endless Bounty can inspire.*

U.

H Y M N XXXVI. *Long Measure.*

Spring.

BENIGN Creator, bounteous Lord!
Where-e'er I turn my ravish'd Eyes,
Fruits of Thy Wisdom, Power and Love,
In beauteous, various Order rise.

The flowery Meads, the verdant Vales,
The bleating Flocks, the lowing Kine,
The springing Herb, the blooming Trees,
All in Thy joyful Praises join.

Hark, how the sacred Theme resounds!
Whilst the sweet Warblers of the Grove,
Wing through the Air their trackless Way,
With soft harmonious Notes of Love.

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!

S.

H Y M N XXXVII. *Long Measure.**Storm and Thunder. Psal. 29.*

THE Lord proclaims His Power aloud,
 Over the Ocean and the Land :
 His Voice divides the watery Cloud,
 And Lightenings blaze at His Command.

He speaks, and Tempest, Hail, and Wind
 Lay the wide Forest bare around ;
 The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind
 Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

To *Lebanon* He turns His Voice,
 And lo, the stately Cedars break :
 The Desert trembl's at the Noise,
 The Valleys roar, the Mountains quake.

The Lord sits Sovereign on the Flood,
 The Thunderer reigns for ever King ;
 But makes His Church His bless'd Abode,
 Where we His awful Glories sing.

In gentler Language there the Lord
 The Counsels of His Grace imparts ;
 Amidst the raging Storm, His Word
 Speaks Peace, and Courage to our Hearts. W.

H Y M N XXXVIII. *Peculiar Measure.**Thunder and Lightning. Psal. 29.*

SING, ye Sons of Might, O sing,
 Praise to Heaven's eternal King ;
 Power and Strength to Him assign,
 Bow before His hallow'd Shrine !

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.

See, as louder yet they rise,
 Echoing through the vaulted Skies;
 See, uprooted from its Seat,
Lebanon itself retreat!

How the bursting Clouds give Way,
 And the vivid Lightnings play!
 Now the Wilds, by Man untrod,
 Hear, dismay'd, th' approaching God.

Prostrate on the sacred Floor,
 Bow ye Saints, His Name adore:
 While His Acts, to every Tongue,
 Yield its Argument of Song.

He the swelling Surge commands,
 Fix'd His Throne for ever stands;
 He His People shall increase,
 Arm with Strength, and bless with Peace. M.

H Y M N XXXIX. *Common Measure.*

Seasonable Showers. Psal. 147.

WITH Songs and Honors, sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the Heavens He spreads His Cloud,
 And Waters veil the Sky.

He sends His Showers of Blessings down
 To cheer the Plains below;
 He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
 And Corn in Valleys grow.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
 He hears the Ravens cry ;
 And Man, who tastes His finest Wheat,
 Should raise His Honors high.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud
 Obey His mighty Word ;
 With Songs and Honors, sounding loud,
 Praise ye the fovereign Lord !

W.

H Y M N XL. *Peculiar Measure.*

*Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary Effects of
 the Gospel.*

Isaiah 55. 10, 11, 12.

MARK the soft-falling Snow,
 And the diffusive Rain,
 To Heaven from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again ;
 But waters Earth through every Pore,
 And calls forth all its secret Store.

Array'd in living Green,
 The Hills and Valleys shine,
 And Man and Beast is fed
 By Providence divine ;
 The Harvest bows its golden Ears,
 The copious Seed of future Years.

E

" So," saith the God of Grace,
 " My Gospel shall descend;
 " Almighty to effect
 " The Purpose I intend;
 " Millions of Souls shall feel its Power,
 " And bear it down to Millions more.

" Joy shall begin their March,
 " And Peace protect their Ways,
 " While all the Mountains round
 " Echo melodious Praise;
 " The vocal Groves shall sing THE GOD,
 " And every Tree consenting nod."

D.

H Y M N XLI. *Common Measure.*

The Lords Prayer.

OUR Father, high enthron'd above,
 With boundless Glory crown'd;
 Fountain of Light, and Life, and Love,
 To thousand Worlds around.

Supremely honor'd be Thy Name,
 By every grateful Mind;
 Whether a pure ethereal Flame,
 Or yet in Flesh confin'd.

Erect Thine Empire, gracious King,
 And spread its Power abroad;
 Till Earth, and all her Millions sing
 The Praises of their God.

O be Thy Will on Earth obey'd,
 As 'tis obey'd above ;
 And the profoundest Homage paid,
 With all the Joys of Love.

Each rising Day renews our Want,
 That Want, O Lord, relieve !
 And with our Food Thy Blessing grant,
 By Both Thy Creatures live.

Our Debts are grown immensely large,
 But, Lord, efface the Score !
 As we a Brother's Debts discharge,
 And never claim them more.

Into Temptation's poison'd Air
 O never let us stray !
 Guard us from Evil by Thy Care,
 Through Life's endanger'd Way !

Thine is the Kingdom, Lord, by Right
 Unbounded and supreme ;
 And Thine the All-sustaining Might,
 And Glory's peerless Beam.

"These are for ever Thine," in Songs;
 Heaven's blissful Myriads cry ;
 "These are for ever Thine," our Tongues
 In humbler Notes reply.

G.

H Y M N XLII. *Long Measure.**Give us this Day our daily Bread.*

Matt. 6. 11.

FOUNTAIN of Blessing, ever bless'd,
 Enriching All, of All possess'd;
 By Whom the whole Creation's fed,
 Give me, each Day, my daily Bread.

To Thee my very Life I owe,
 From Thee do all my Comforts flow;
 And every Blessing, which I need,
 Must from Thy bounteous Hand proceed.

Great Things are not what I desire,
 Nor dainty Meat, nor rich Attire;
 Content with Little would I be,
 That Little, Lord, must come from Thee.

While wicked Men, with all their Store,
 Are ever grasping after more;
 With *Agur's* Wish I'm satisfy'd,
 Nor grudge them all the World beside.

B. B.

H Y M N XLIII. *Peculiar Measure.**An Invocation to praise the Lord.*

YE Works of God, on Him alone,
 In Earth His Footstool, Heaven His Throne,
 Be all your Praise bestow'd;

Whose Hand, the beauteous Fabric made,
 Whose Eye, the finish'd Work survey'd,
 And saw that all was good.

Ye Angels, that, with loud Acclaim,
 Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
 And hail'd th' eternal King ;
 Again, proclaim your Maker's Praise,
 Again, your thankful Voices raise,
 And sacred Anthems sing.

Ye Sons of Men, His Praise display,
 Who stamp'd His Image on your Clay,
 And gave it Power to move ;
 Ye, that in *Judah's* Confines dwell,
 From Age to Age successive tell
 The Wonders of His Love.

And you, your thankful Voices join,
 That oft, at *Salem's* sacred Shrine,
 Before His Altars kneel :
 Where thron'd in Majesty He dwells,
 And from the mystic Cloud reveals
 The Dictates of His Will.

Ye Spirits of the Just and Good,
 That, eager for the bless'd Abode,
 To heavenly Mansions soar ;
 O let your Songs His Praise display,
 Till Heaven itself shall melt away,
 And Time shall be no more.

Praise Him, ye meek and humble Train,
 Ye Saints, whom His Decrees ordain
 The boundless Bliss to share ;

O praise Him till ye take your Way
To Regions of eternal Day,
And reign for ever there.

M.

H Y M N XLIV. *Long Measure.*

An Invocation to praise God. Psal. 150.

PRAISE ye the Lord, let Praise employ,
In His own Courts, your Songs of Joy;
The spacious Firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful Sound.

Recount His Works in Strains divine,
His wonderous Works, how bright they shine!
Praise Him for His almighty Deeds,
Whose Greatness all your Praise exceeds.

Awake the Trumpet's piercing Sound
To spread your sacred Pleasures round;
While sweeter Music tunes the Lute,
The warbling Harp, and breathing Flute:

Let the loud Cymbal, sounding high,
'To softer, deeper Notes reply;
Harmonious let the Concert rise,
And bear the Rapture to the Skies.

Let All, whom Life and Breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful Choir;
But chiefly you, who know His Word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

T.

H Y M N XLV. *Long Measure.**Praise ye the Lord! Psal. 96.*

SING to the Lord some new-taught Song,
 Earth, to His Praise the Note prolong;
 Till Realms remote His Acts have known,
 And Man's whole Race His Wonders own.

Great is the Lord, and great His Praise,
 What God like Him, our Fear can raise?
 Not such as Heathen Lands afford,
 Created first, and then ador'd.

Yield to His Name the Honors due,
 Oft to His Courts your Way pursue;
 With solemn Step, and joyful bring
 The Offering to your heavenly King.

Before the Beauty of His Shrine,
 Ye Saints in low Prostration join;
 Ye Natives of each distant Shore,
 His Power revere, His Name adore.

O tell to All whom Earth sustains,
 O tell them that *Jehovah* reigns;
 That All, who issue from its Womb,
 Shall hear from Him th' unerring Doom.

Exult, ye Heavens, exult, O Earth,
 And, Partner in the sacred Mirth,
 Let Ocean in its Fulness rise,
 And thunder to the distant Skies.

Rich in His Gifts, ye Fields, rejoice,
 While in His Praise the Woods their Voice
 Exalt, and hail, with lowly Nod,
 The Presence of the approaching God.

He comes, in awful Pomp array'd,
 He comes, to judge the World He made :
 Truth shall with Him the Cause decide,
 And Equity His Sentence guide.

M.

H Y M N XLVI. *Long Measure.*

Desiring to praise God.

ALMIGHTY Author of my Frame,
 To Thee my vital Powers belong ;
 Thy Praise, (delightful, glorious Theme!)
 Demands my Heart, my Life, my Tongue.

My Heart, my Life, my Tongue are Thine :
 O be Thy Praise their best Employ !
 But may my Song with Angels join ?
 Nor sacred Awe forbid the Joy ?

Thy Glories, the seraphic Lyre,
 On all its Strings, attempts in vain ;
 Then how shall Mortals dare aspire,
 In Thought, to try th' unequal Strain ?

Yet the great Sovereign of the Skies
 To Mortals bends a gracious Ear ;
 Nor the mean Tribute will despise,
 When offer'd with a Heart sincere.

Great God, accept the humble Praise,
 And guide my Heart, and guide my Tongue ;
 While to Thy Name I trembling raise
 The grateful, though unworthy Song. T.

H Y M N XLVII. *Long Measure.* Psal. 34.

Praising God for His Goodness.

THEE will I thank, and Day by Day
 Form to Thy Praise the joyful Lay ;
 From Morn to Eve the Song extend,
 Thee boast my Father, Thee my Friend.

While pleas'd, each Heart of humble Frame
 Shall wake, great God, to hear Thy Fame ;
 O come, your Voice triumphant raise,
 And sing with me your Maker's Praise.

To Him my Soul disclos'd its Care ;
 He heard, and, present to my Prayer,
 (His faithful Buckler o'er me held,)
 Each Terror from my Breast dispell'd.

His Angel, round the just Man's Tent
 Encamp'd each Danger to prevent,
 His sure Protection round him throws,
 Though harness'd Hosts his Peace oppose.

O taste with me, O taste and prove
 The Blessings of His boundless Love ;
 And, fearless of Repulse or Shame,
 The Promise of His Mercy claim.

Hail, Savior of the human Race!
 Hail, Fountain of exhaustless Grace!
 Thrice happy, who on Thee recline,
 Nor own, nor ask a Help, but Thine.

M.

H Y M N XLVIII. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God for His Goodness and Truth. Psal. 146.

PRAISE ye the Lord, our Hearts shall join,
 In Work so pleasant, so divine;
 Now while the Flesh is our Abode,
 And when our Souls ascend to God.

Praise shall employ our nobler Powers,
 While Immortality endures;
 Our Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
 While Life, and Thought, and Being last.

Why should we make a Man our Trust?
 Princes must die, and turn to Dust;
 Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power,
 And Thoughts, all vanish in an Hour.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely,
 On *Israel's* God, He made the Sky,
 And Earth, and Seas, and all their Train,
 And None shall find His Promise vain.

His Truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppress'd, He feeds the Poor;
 He helps the Stranger in Distress,
 The Widow and the Fatherless.

He loves His Saints, He knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to Hell :
 Thy God, O *Sion*, ever reigns ;
 Praise Him in everlasting Strains.

We'll praise Him while He lends us Breath,
 And, when our Voice is lost in Death,
 Praise shall employ our nobler Powers,
 Whilst Immortality endures.

W.

HYMN XLIX. *Long Measure.*

*Praise to God for His wonderful Works to the Children
 of Men.*

Psal. 107. 31.

YE Sons of Men, with Joy record
 The various Wonders of the Lord ;
 And let His Power and Goodness sound
 Through all your Tribes the Earth around.

Let the high Heavens your Songs invite,
 Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light ;
 Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
 And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

Sing, Earth, in verdant Robes array'd,
 Its Herbs and Flowers, its Fruits and Shade ;
 Peopled with Life of various Forms,
 Of Fish, and Fowl, and Beasts, and Worms.

View the broad Sea's majestic Plains,
 And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
 That Band remotest Nations joins,
 And on each Wave His Goodness shines.

But O ! that brighter World above,
 Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !
 God's only Son, in Flesh array'd,
 For Man a bleeding Victim made.

Thither, my Soul, with Rapture soar ;
 There in the Land of Praise adore ;
 The Theme demands an Angel's Lay,
 Demands an everlasting Day.

D.

H Y M N L. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God for common and special Mercies.

Pfal. 68.

COME bless the Lord, the Just, the Good,
 Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food ;
 Who pours His Blessings from the Skies,
 And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
 'To cheer the Fruits, to warm the Ground ;
 He bids the Clouds, with plenteous Rain,
 Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

'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, He guards the Strong.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
 The common Blessings of His Love ;
 But the wide Difference, that remains,
 Is endless Joy, or endless Pains.

The Lord, who bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
 On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread :
 The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting Wound.

But His right Hand His Saints shall raise,
 From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;
 And bring them to His Courts above,
 There they shall taste His special Love. W.

H Y M N LI. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God for His unnumbered Mercies.

Pfal. 139. 17, 18.

IN glad Amazement, Lord, we stand
 Amidst the Bounties of Thy Hand ;
 How numberless those Bounties are !
 How rich, how various, and how fair !

But O ! what poor Returns we make !
 What lifeless Thanks we pay Thee back !
 Lord, we confess, with humble Shame,
 Our Offerings scarce deserve the Name.

Fain would our laboring Hearts devise
 To bring some nobler Sacrifice ;
 It sinks beneath the mighty Load ;
 What shall we render to our God ?

To Him we consecrate our Praise,
 And vow the Remnant of our Days;
 Yet what, at best, can we pretend,
 Worthy *such* Gifts, from *such* a Friend?

In deep Abasement, Lord, we see
 Our Emptiness and Poverty;
 Enrich our Souls with Grace divine,
 And make them worthier to be Thine. D.

H Y M N LII. *Long Measure.*

Prayer and Praise.

Pfal. 67.

MAY God His favoring Ear incline,
 And bid His Face on *Sion* shine;
 That All, Thy Counsels, Lord, may know,
 Where Earth extends, or Oceans flow.

To Thee, of Life th' eternal Spring,
 Invisible all-potent King,
 One Chorus let all Nations raise,
 One Shout of universal Praise.

Exult each Tribe, exult each Land;
 Heaven's mighty Lord, with equal Hand,
 The Balance holds, and Earth's Domain
 Shall own to latest Age His Reign.

Warm'd by His genial Suns, the Field
 With full Increase its Fruits shall yield;
 And God, Thy God O *Sion*, shed
 His choicest Blessings on thy Head.

Great God, on us Thy Blessings shower,
 Let Man's whole Race revere Thy Power;
 And, thankful, to their wondering Eyes,
 Behold Thy wish'd Salvation rise. M.

H Y M N LIII. *Common Measure.*

Praise to God.

WHEN all Thy Mercies, O my God,
 My rising Soul surveys;
 Transported with the View, I'm lost
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul,
 Thy tender Care bestow'd,
 Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
 From Whom those Comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery Paths of Youth,
 With heedless Steps I ran,
 Thine Arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to Man.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
 Our daily Thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,
 That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
 Divide Thy Works no more,
 Our ever grateful Hearts, O Lord,
 Thy Mercy shall adore.

Through all Eternity to Thee
 A joyful Song we'll raise;
 But Oh! Eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy Praise.

A.

H Y M N LIV. *Common Measure.*

Praise to God.

BEGIN the high celestial Strain,
 My ravish'd Soul, and sing
 A solemn Hymn of grateful Praise
 To Heaven's almighty King.

Ye curling Fountains, as you roll
 Your silver Waves along;
 Whisper, to all your verdant Shores,
 The Subject of my Song.

Bear it, ye Winds, on all your Wings,
 To distant Climes away,
 And round the wide extended World
 The lofty Theme convey.

Take the glad Burden of His Name,
 Ye Clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden Morn,
 Or shade the Evening Skies.

Long let it tremble round the Spheres,
 And echo through the Sky;
 Till Angels, with immortal Skill,
 Improve the Harmony.

While we, with sacred Rapture fir'd,
 The bless'd Creator sing;
 And chant our consecrated Lays,
 To Heaven's eternal King. R.

H Y M N LV. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God.

Pfal. 146.

YE Sons of Sion, praise the Lord,
 Come tune your Songs in sweet Accord;
 Awake, my Soul, awake and join
 The sacred Hymn, in Notes divine.

No more in Princes vainly trust,
 Frail Sons of Earth, Man is but Dust!
 With all his Pride, with all his Power,
 The helpless Creature of an Hour.

Happy the Man, whose Hopes divine
 One Israel's Guardian God recline!
 Who can, with sacred Transport, say,
 This God is mine, my Help, my Stay.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea declare His Name,
 He built and fill'd their spacious Frame;
 But, o'er Creation's fairest Lines,
 His steadfast Truth unchanging shines.

The Lord shall reign for ever King,
 And Age to Age His Glory sing;
 Thy God alone, O Sion, reigns,
 Resound His Praise in joyful Strains. T.

HYMN LVI. *Common Measure.**Praise to God.*

THE glorious Armies of the Sky,
 To Thee, almighty King!
 Triumphant Anthems consecrate,
 And Hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted Flights
 Fall vastly short of Thee;
 How distant then must human Praise
 From Thy Perfections be?

Yet how my God shall I refrain,
 When to my ravish'd Sense,
 Each Creature, in its various Ways,
 Displays Thy Excellence?

The Blushes of the Morn confess,
 That Thou art much more fair;
 When in the East its Beams revive,
 To gild the Fields of Air.

The singing Birds, the whistling Winds,
 And Waters murmuring Fall,
 To praise the First Almighty Cause,
 With different Voices call.

Thy numerous Works exalt Thee thus,
 And shall we silent be?
 No, rather let us cease to breathe,
 Than cease from praising Thee.

HYMN LVII. *Peculiar Measure.**Praise to God.*

Psal. 136.

GIVE Thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord;
 The sovereign King of Kings,
 And be His Grace ador'd.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy Word abides for ever sure.

How mighty is His Hand!
 What Wonders hath He done!
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And spread the Heavens alone.
 His Power and Grace are still the same,
 Let endless Praise exalt His Name.

His Wisdom form'd the Sun,
 To crown the Day with Light;
 The Moon, and all the Stars
 To cheer the darksome Night.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy Word abides for ever sure.

He saw the Nations lie,
 All perishing in Sin,
 And pity'd the sad State,
 The ruin'd World was in.
 His Power and Grace are still the same,
 Let endless Praise exalt His Name.

. He sent His only Son
 To save us from our Woe,
 From Satan, Sin, and Hell,
 And every hurtful Foe.
 Thy Mercy, Lord, shall still endure,
 Thy Word abides for ever sure.

Give Thanks aloud to God;
 To God the heavenly King;
 And let the spacious Earth
 His Works and Glories sing.
 His Power and Grace are still the same,
 Let endless Praise exalt His Name.

W.

H Y M N LVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

Praise to God. Psal. 150.

PRAISE, O praise, the Name divine;
 Praise Him at the hallow'd Shrine;
 Let the Firmament on high
 To its Maker's Praise reply.

Let His Acts, and Power supreme
 To your Songs suggest a Theme:
 Be the Harp no longer mute;
 Sound the Trumpet, touch the Lute:

Let the Organ, in His Praise,
 Learn its loudest Note to raise;
 And the Cymbal's varying Sound
 From the vaulted Roof rebound.

All, who vital Breath enjoy,
 In His Praise that Breath employ ;
 And in one great Chorus join ;
 Praise, O praise, the Name divine.

M.

H Y M N LIX. *Common Measure.*

Wonder and Praise.

MY God, my King, to Thee I'll raise
 My Voice, and all my Powers ;
 Unweary'd Songs of sacred Praise
 Shall fill the circling Hours.

Thy Name shall dwell upon my Tongue,
 While Suns shall set and rise ;
 And tune my everlasting Song,
 When Time and Nature dies.

Great is the Lord ! our Souls adore,
 We wonder whilst we praise !
 His Power what Creature can explore,
 Or equal Honors raise ?

Yet shall Thy Works, almighty Lord,
 Our noblest Songs adorn ;
 Thy glorious Acts we will record,
 For Ages yet unborn.

Thy Praise shall be our awful Theme,
 The Wonders of Thy Power ;
 We'll speak the Honors of Thy Name,
 And bid the World adore.

T.

H Y M N LX. *Long Measure.**Exulting in God.*

Psal. 97.

TO God belongs th' eternal Sway ;
 Let Earth with Joy His Will obey :
 Exult, ye Isles that crown the Main,
 Bless'd in His mild auspicious Reign.

The station'd Clouds around Him meet,
 And Darkness rolls beneath His Feet ;
 While Equity and Truth combine
 To rear aloft His awful Shrine.

Before Him walks the wasting Fire ;
 Wrapt in the Blast His Foes expire !
 And down, like Wax before the Flame,
 Down flows the Mountain's solid Frame.

His righteous Acts the Heavens display,
 His Fame from Pole to Pole convey ;
 And bid His Majesty divine
 To every Eye conspicuous shine.

Shame to the Wretch that Wood and Stones,
 The Objects of his Homage owns ;
 And frantic to the Creature pays
 The Maker's interverted Praise.

Well pleas'd Thy Counsels, Lord, to hear,
 Imperial *Salem* bows the Ear ;
 And *Judah's* happy Daughters sing
 The Mercies of th' eternal King.

Thou, Lord in Majesty serene,
 Exalted o'er the Earth art seen :
 What Power, great God, shall boast a Name
 Like Thine? Like Thee our Homage claim?
M.

H Y M N LXI. *Long Measure.*

God's Name glorified. Psal. 8.

O LORD, how glorious is Thy Name,
 Through the wide Earth's extended Frame!
 Majestic Glories form Thy Seat,
 And Heaven adores beneath Thy Feet.

Thy Power from tender Babes can raise
 A Monument of wonderous Praise;
 At Thy Command, the Infant Song
 Shall still the proud Blasphemer's Tongue.

When all Thy shining Works on high
 I meditate with raptur'd Eye;
 The silver Moon, the starry Train,
 Which gild the fair ethereal Plain:

Lord, what is Man, that he should share
 Thy Notice, Thy indulgent Care?
 That Man, frail Child of Earth, should be
 The Favorite of the Deity?

His Place, Thy forming Hand assign'd,
 But just below th' angelic Kind?
 With noblest Favors circled round,
 And with distinguish'd Honors crown'd:

Invested him with Power and Sway,
 And bid the subject Brutes obey;
 Sovereign of all Thy Works below,
 To him the meaner Creatures bow :

The bleating Flocks, the lowing Herds,
 The gliding Fish, the flying Birds;
 All that the Earth's wide Circuit yields,
 Natives of Air, or Seas, or Fields.

But still let Man, adoring, own
 That Thou, O Lord, art King alone;
 And, through the Earth's extended Frame,
 Declare the Glories of Thy Name. T.

H Y M N LXII. *Peculiar Measure.*

Praise to God from all Creatures. Psal. 148.

YE Tribes of *Adam*, join
 With Heaven, 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.

Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
 And Moon that rules the Night,
 Shine to your Maker's Praise,
 With Stars of twinkling Light.
 His Power declare,
 Ye Floods on high,
 And Clouds that fly
 In empty Air.

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.

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.

Virgins and Youth, 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.

Let all the Nations fear
 The God that rules above:
 He brings His People near,
 And makes them taste His Love:

While Earth and Sky,
 Attempt His Praise,
 His Saints shall raise
 His Honors high.

HYMN LXIII. *Long Measure.**Universal Praise.*

Pfal. 148.

YE blest'd Inhabitants of Heaven,
 To God be all your Praises given ;
 O praise Him from the Realms that lie
 Above the Reach of mortal Eye.

Praise Him, thou Sun, that round the Pole
 With restless Course art seen to roll ;
 And thou, O Moon, whose sharpened Horns
 A Lustre not their own adorns.

Praise Him, ye Stars : His Praise repeat,
 Thou Heaven of Heavens, His awful Seat ;
 And you, ye Floods, that heap'd on high,
 Press with your Weight th' extended Sky.

Nor let the Heaven His Praise confine ;
 O all of Earth, the Chorus join :
 Ye Beasts, that range th' uncultur'd Soil,
 Or patient lend to Man your Toil.

Praise Him, each Bird that wings the Air,
 Each Reptile, nurtur'd by His Care ;
 And every Wind, and every Storm,
 That duteous His Commands perform.

Ye youthful Bands, and virgin Choir,
 Each hisping Babe, and hoary Sire,
 Wake to His Name your grateful Songs ;
 To Him alone all Praise belongs.

His Glory Earth's wide Bounds o'erflows,
 Nor highest Heaven its Limit knows :
 O come, your thankful Voices raise,
 And consecrate to Him your Praise.

M.

H Y M N LXIV. *Common Measure.*

Universal Hallelujah.

PRAISE ye the Lord, immortal Choir !
 That fill the Realms above ;
 Praise Him, who form'd you of His Fire,
 And feeds you with His Love.

Shine to His Praise ye chrystal Skies,
 The Floor of His Abode ;
 Or veil in Shades your thousand Eyes
 Before your brighter God.

Thou restless Globe of golden Light,
 Whose Beams create our Days,
 Join with the silver Queen of Night,
 And own your borrow'd Rays.

Winds, ye shall bear His Name aloud
 Through the ethereal Blue ;
 For when His Chariot is a Cloud,
 He makes His Wheels of you.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging Seas,
 In your eternal Roar ;
 Let Wave to Wave resound His Praise,
 And Shore reply to Shore.

Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms,
 The Troops of His Command,
 Appear in all your dreadful Forms,
 And speak His awful Hand.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,
 To Him that bid you grow ;
 Sweet Clusters, bend the fruitful Vines
 On every thankful Bough.

Thus while the meaner Creatures sing,
 Ye Mortals, catch the Sound ;
 Echo the Glories of your King
 Through all the Nations round. W. L.

H Y M N LXV. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God through the whole of our Existence.

Pfal. 146. 2.

GOD of my Life, through all its Days,
 My grateful Powers shall sound Thy Praise ;
 The Song shall wake with opening Light,
 And warble to the silent Night.

When anxious Cares would break my Rest,
 And Grief would tear my throbbing Breast,
 Thy tuneful Praise I'll raise on high,
 And check the Murmur, and the Sigh.

When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,
 And ail its Powers of Language fail,
 Joy through my swimming Eyes shall break,
 And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.

But O ! when that last Conflict's o'er,
 And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,
 With what glad Accents shall I rise
 To join the Music of the Skies !

Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains,
 Which echo through the heavenly Plains ;
 And emulate, with Joy unknown,
 The glowing *Seraphs* round Thy Throne.

D.

H Y M N LXVI. *Long Measure.*

God exalted above all Praise.

ETERNAL Power ! whose high Abode
 Becomes the Grandeur of a God ;
 Infinite Length, beyond the Bounds
 Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

The lowest Step above Thy Seat
 Rises too high for *Gabriel's* Feet ;
 In vain the tall Arch-angel tries
 To reach the Height with wondering Eyes.

Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 From Sin and Dust to Thee we cry,
 The GREAT, the HOLY, and the HIGH !

Earth, from afar, has heard Thy Fame,
 And Worms have learn'd to lisp Thy Name ;
 But O, the Glories of Thy Mind
 Leave all our soaring Thoughts behind.

God is in Heaven, but Man below ;
 Be short our Tunes ; our Words be few :
 A sacred Reverence checks our Songs,
 And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

W. L.

H Y M N LXVII. *Common Measure.*

A Morning Hymn.

ONCE more, my Soul, the rising Day
 Salutes Thy waking Eyes ;
 Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
 To Him that rules the Skies.

Night unto Night His Name repeats,
 The Day renews the Sound,
 Wide as the Heavens on which He sits,
 To turn the Seasons round.

'Tis He supports my mortal Frame,
 My Tongue shall speak His Praise ;
 My Sins would rouse His Wrath to Flame,
 And yet His Wrath delays.

On us, poor Worms, His Power might tread,
 And we could ne'er withstand ;
 His Justice might have crush'd us dead,
 But Mercy held His Hand.

A thousand wretched Souls are fled
 Since the last setting Sun ;
 And yet He lengthens out our Thread,
 And yet our Moments run.

Great God, let all our Hours be Thine,
 Whilst we enjoy the Light;
 Then shall our Sun in Smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful Night.

W.

H Y M N LXVIII. *Common Measure.*

A Morning Hymn.

WITH 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.

And when, with welcome Slumbers press'd,
 We close our weary Eyes,
 Thy Power, unseen, secures our Rest,
 And makes us joyous rise.

Numbers, this Night, great God, have met
 Their long eternal Doom;
 And lost the Joys of Morning Light
 In Death's tremendous Gloom.

Numbers, on restless Beds still lie,
 And still their Woes bewail;
 While We, by Thy kind Hand uprais'd,
 A thousand Pleasures feel.

To Thee, great God, in thankful Songs,
 Our Morning Thoughts arise;
 Propitious in Thy Son, accept
 The willing Sacrifice.

D. T.

H Y M N LXIX. *Short Measure.**A Morning Hymn.*

A WAKE, my drowsy Soul,
 These airy Visions chase;
 Awake, my active Powers renew'd,
 To run the heavenly Race.

See how the mounting Sun
 Pursues his shining Way;
 And wide proclaims his Maker's Praise,
 With every brightening Ray.

Thus would my rising Soul
 Its heavenly Parent sing;
 And to its great Original
 The humble Tribute bring.

Serene I laid me down
 Beneath His Guardian Care;
 I slept, and I awoke, and found
 My kind Preserver near!

Thus does Thine Arm support
 This weak defenceless Frame:
 But whence these Favors, Lord, to me,
 All worthless as I am?

Oh! How shall I repay
 The Bounties of my God?
 This feeble Spirit pants beneath
 The pleasing, painful Load.

Dear Savior, to Thy Cross
 I bring my Sacrifice;
 Tint'd with Thy Blood, it shall ascend
 With Fragrance to the Skies.

My Life I would anew
 Devote, O Lord, to Thee;
 And, in Thy Service, I would spend
 A long Eternity.

S.

H Y M N LXX. *Common Measure.*

A Morning or Evening Hymn.

HOSANNA, with a cheerful Sound,
 To God's upholding Hand;
 Ten thousand Snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing Power,
 That form'd us with a Word;
 And every Day, and every Hour
 We lean upon the Lord.

The Evening rests our weary Head,
 And Angels guard the Room;
 We wake, and we admire the Bed,
 That was not made our Tomb.

The rising Morning can't assure
 That we shall end the Day;
 For Death stands ready, at the Door,
 To seize our Lives away.

G

Our Lives are forfeited by Sin
 To God's avenging Law :
 We own Thy Grace, immortal King !
 In every Breath we draw.

W.

H Y M N . LXXI. *Short Measure.*

An Evening Hymn.

SOFT Season of Repose,
 Thy sable Curtains spread ;
 Come, downy Sleep, and stretch thy Wings
 Around my weary Head.

But Oh ! the lawless Range,
 With which my Thoughts have stray'd,
 Through mazy Paths of Sense and Sin,
 From Morn to Evening Shade !

Ah ! born to nobler Ends,
 My Soul, no more pursue
 These fleeting Vanities of Life,
 But bid the World Adieu.

Thy Pity, gracious God,
 Thy Pardon I implore ;
 Oh ! heal these Follies of my Mind,
 And aid me with Thy Power.

Be Thou my friendly Guard,
 While slumbering on my Bed ;
 And, with Thy sacred Teachings, fill
 The Visions of my Head.

When Morning's gladfome Rays
 Salute my waking Eyes,
 All vigorous, may my Soul to Thee
 In grateful Songs arife !

Devoted to Thy Fear,
 Thy Service and Thy Praise ;
 My God, I would be wholly Thine,
 The Remnant of my Days.

S.

H Y M N LXXII. *Long Measure.*

An Evening Hymn.

SLEEP, downy Sleep, come close mine Eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding Vanities :
 Welcome, sweet Sleep, that drives away
 The Toils, and Follies of the Day.

On thy soft Bosom will I lie,
 Forget the World, and learn to die :
 O Israel's watchful Shepherd, spread
 Thine Angel-Tents around my Bed.

Clouds and thick Darkness veil Thy Throne,
 Its awful Glories all unknown ;
 O ! dart from thence one cheering Ray,
 And turn my Mid-night into Day.

Thus when the Morn, in Crimson dress'd,
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,
 My grateful Songs of Praise shall rise,
 Like fragrant Incense to the Skies.

HYMN LXXIII. *Long Measure.**For New-Year's Day.*

1 Sam. 7. 12.

ETERNAL God, we bless Thy Name :
 The same Thy Power, Thy Grace the same :
 The Tokens of Thy friendly Care
 Open, and crown, and close the Year.

We 'midst ten thousand Dangers stand,
 Supported by Thy guardian Hand;
 And see, when we survey Thy Ways,
 Ten thousand Monuments of Praise.

Thus far Thy Arm has led us on;
 Thus far we make Thy Mercy known;
 And, while we tread this Desert Land,
 New Mercies shall new Songs demand.

Our grateful Songs, on Jordan's Shore,
 Shall raise one sacred Pillar more;
 Then bear, in His bright Courts above,
 Inscriptions of immortal Love.

D.

HYMN LXXIV. *Long Measure.**For New-Year's Day. Psal. 65. 11.*

ETERNAL Source of every Joy !
 Well may Thy Praise our Lips employ,
 While in Thy Temple we appear
 To hail Thee, Sovereign of the Year.

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.

The flowery Spring, at Thy Command,
 Perfumes the Air, and paints the Land:
 The Summer Rays with Vigor shine
 To raise the Corn and cheer the Vine.

Thy Hand, in Autumn, richly pours
 Through all our Coasts redundant Stores ;
 And Winters, softened by Thy Care,
 No more the Face of Horror wear.

Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days
 Demand successive Songs of Praise ;
 And be the grateful Homage paid,
 With Morning Light, and Evening Shade.

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.

D.

H Y M N LXXV. *Long Measure.*

For New-Year's Day. Jerem. 28. 16.

GOD of my Life, Thy constant Care
 With Blessings crowns each opening Year ;
 This guilty Life dost Thou prolong,
 And wake anew my annual Song.

G 3.

How many precious Souls are fled
 To the vast Regions of the Dead,
 Since, from this Day, the changing Sun
 Through his last yearly Period run ?

We yet survive ; but who can say,
 Or through the Year, or Month, or Day,
 He shall retain his vital Breath ;
 Thus far, at least, in League with Death ?

That Breath is Thine, eternal God,
 'Tis Thine to fix the Soul's abode ;
 We hold our Life from Thee alone,
 On Earth, or in the World unknown.

To Thee our Spirits we resign,
 O make and own them still as Thine ;
 So shall they smile secure from Fear,
 Though Death should blast the rising Year.

Thy Children, eager to be gone,
 Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on ;
 And land them on that happy Shore,
 Where Sin and Death are known no more.

D.

H Y M N LXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Hymn for New-Year's Day.

AND now, my Soul, another Year
 Of thy short Life is pass'd ;
 I cannot long continue here,
 And *this* may be my last.

Much of my dubious Life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing Moments run,
 The few that yet remain.

Awake, my Soul, with utmost Care
 Thy true Condition learn ;
 What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair ;
 And what thy great Concern ?

Now a new Scene of Time begins,
 Set out afresh for Heaven ;
 Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
 In *Christ* so freely given.

Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on His Grace depend ;
 With Zeal pursue the heavenly Road,
 Nor doubt a happy End.

B.

H Y M N LXXVII. *Short Measure.*

The Book of Nature and of Scripture.

Pfal. 19.

BEHOOLD the lofty Sky
 Declares its Maker God,
 And all His glorious Works on high
 Proclaim His Power abroad.

The Darkness and the Light
 Still keep their Course the same ;
 While Night to Day, and Day to Night,
 Divinely teach His Name.

In every different Land
 Their general Voice is known;
 They shew the Wonders of His Hand,
 And Counsels of His Throne.

Ye British Lands, rejoice,
 Here He reveals His Word;
 We are not left to Nature's Voice,
 To bid us know the Lord.

His Statutes and Commands
 Are set before our Eyes;
 He puts His Gospel in our Hands,
 Where our Salvation lies.

His Laws are just and pure,
 His Truth without Deceit;
 His Promises for ever sure,
 And His Rewards are great.

While of Thy Works I sing
 To spread Thy Praise abroad;
 Accept the Worship and the Song,
 My Savior, and my God.

W.

H Y M N LXXVIII. *Common Measure.*

The Perfection of Scripture.

Psal. 119. 96.

LET all the Heathen Writers join
 To form one perfect Book;
 Great God, if once compar'd to Thine,
 How mean their Writings look!

Not the most perfect Rules they gave
 Could shew one Sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave,
 But Thine conduct to Heaven.

Thy Precepts then may we survey,
 And keep Thy Laws in Sight,
 Through all the Business of the Day,
 To form our Actions right.

Great is their Peace who love Thy Law ;
 How firm their Souls abide !
 Nor can a bold Temptation draw
 Their steady Feet aside.

Thy Word is like a heavenly Light;
 That guides them all the Day ;
 And through the Dangers of the Night,
 A Lamp to lead their Way.

Thy Word is everlasting Truth,
 How pure is every Page !
 That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
 And well support our Age.

W.

H·Y·M·N· LXXIX. *Common Measure.*

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

FATHER of Mercies, in Thy Word
 What endless Glory shines ?
 For ever be Thy Name ador'd
 For these celestial Lines.

Here, may the wretched Sons of Want
 Exhaustless Riches find;
 Riches, above what Earth can grant,
 And lasting as the Mind.

Here, the fair Tree of Knowledge grows,
 And yields a free Repast,
 Sublimer Sweets than Nature knows
 Invite the longing Taste.

Here, the Redeemer's welcome Voice
 Spreads heavenly Peace around;
 And Life, and everlasting Joys
 Attend the blissful Sound.

O may these heavenly Pages be
 My ever dear Delight;
 And still new Beauties may I see,
 And still increasing Light.

Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
 Be Thou for ever near,
 Teach me to love Thy sacred Word,
 And view my Savior there. T.

H Y M N LXXX. *Long Measure.*

The Excellency of the Divine Word.

Pfal. 19.

WHEN Israel through the Desert pass'd,
 A fiery Pillar went before,
 To guide them through the dreary Waste,
 And lessen the Fatigues they bore.

Such is Thy glorious Word, O God;
 'Tis for our Light and Guidance given;
 It sheds a Lustre all abroad,
 And points the Path to Bliss and Heaven.

It fills the Soul with sweet Delight,
 And quickens its inactive Powers,
 It sets our wandering Footsteps right,
 Displays Thy Love, and kindles ours.

Its Promises rejoice the Heart,
 Its Doctrines are divinely true;
 Knowledge and Pleasure it imparts,
 It comforts, and instructs us too.

Ye British Isles, bless'd with this Word,
 Ye Saints, who feel its saving Power,
 Unite your Tongues to praise the Lord,
 And His distinguish'd Grace adore.

B. B.

H Y M N LXXXI. *Long Measure.*

The Faithfulness of God in His Word.

PRAISE, everlasting Praise, be paid
 To Him that Earth's Foundation laid:
 Praise to the God whose strong Decrees
 Sway the Creation as He please,

Firm are the Words His Prophets give,
 Sweet Words, on which His Children live;
 Each of them is the Voice of God,
 Who spoke, and spread the Heavens abroad.

Whence then should Fears or Doubts arise ?
 Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eyes ?
 Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
 The Comforts that our Maker gives.

Oh ! for a strong, a lasting Faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith !
 T' embrace the Message of His Son,
 And call the Joys of Heaven our own.

Then should the Earth's old Pillars shake,
 And all the Wheels of Nature break ;
 Our steady Souls should fear no more :
 Than solid Rocks when Billows roar.

W.

H Y M N^s LX·XXII. *Common Measure.*

The Faithfulness of God in the Promises.

BEGIN, ye Saints, some heavenly Theme,
 And speak some boundless Thing,
 The mighty Works or mightier Name
 Of your eternal King.

Tell of His wondrous Faithfulness,
 And sound His Power abroad :
 Sing the sweet Promise of His Grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim Salvation, from the Lord,
 For wretched dying Men ;
 His Hand has writ the sacred Word
 With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd, as in eternal Brass,
 The mighty Promise shines;
 Nor can the Powers of Darkness raise
 Those everlasting Lines.

He that can dash whole Worlds to Death,
 And make them when He please,
 He speaks, and that almighty Breath
 Fulfils His great Decrees.

His very Word of Grace is strong,
 As that which built the Skies;
 The Voice, that rolls the Stars along,
 Speaks all the Promises.

Oh! might I hear Thy heavenly Tongue,
 But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
 Those gentle Words should raise my Song
 To Notes almost divine.

How would my leaping Heart rejoice,
 And think my Heaven secure!
 I trust the All-creating Voice,
 And Faith desires no more.

W.

H Y M N LXXXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Faithfulness of God in His Word.

Pfal. 89.

OUR never ceasing Songs shall show
 The Mercies of the Lord,
 And make succeeding Ages know,
 How faithful is His Word.

The sacred Truth His Lips pronounce,
 To endless Years endure;
 And if He speaks a Promise once,
 Th' eternal Grace is sure.

How long the Race of *David* held
 The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
 But there's a nobler Covenant seal'd
 To *David's* greater Son.

His Seed for ever shall possess
 A Throne above the Skies;
 The meanest Subject of His Grace
 Shall to that Glory rise.

Almighty God; Thy wonderous Ways
 Are sung by Saints above;
 And Saints below their Honors raise,
 To Thy unchanging Love.

W.

H Y M N LXXIV. *Common Measure.*

The First and Second Adam. Rom. 5. 12, &c.

CONCEIV'D in Sin, Oh! wretched State,
 Before we drew our Breath;
 The first young Pulse begins to beat
 Iniquity and Death.

To all that's good averse and blind,
 But prone to all that's ill;
 What dreadful Darkness veils the Mind!
 How obstinate the Will!

Yet, mighty God, Thy wonderous Love
 Can make our Natures clean ;
 Whilst Christ, and Grace prevail above
 The Tempter, Death, and Sin.

The *second Adam* shall restore
 The Ruins of the *first* ;
Hosanna to that sovereign Power,
 That new creates our Dust !

W.

H Y M N LXXXV. *Common Measure.*

Original and actual Sin confessed.

Psal. 51.

WE from the Stock of *Adam* came,
 Unholy and unclean ;
 All our Original is Shame,
 And all our Nature Sin.

Shouldst Thou condemn our Souls to Hell,
 And crush our Flesh to Dust,
 Heaven would approve the Vengeance well,
 And Earth must own it just.

Born in a World of Guilt, we drew
 Contagion with our Breath ;
 And as our Days advanc'd, we grew
 A juster Prey for Death.

Cleanse us, O Lord, and cheer our Souls
 With Thy forgiving Love ;
 O make our broken Spirits whole,
 And bid our Pains remove.

Let not Thy Spirit yet depart,
 Nor drive us from Thy Face;
 Create anew each vicious Heart,
 And fill it with Thy Grace.

Then will we make Thy Mercy known,
 Before the Sons of Men;
 Backsliders shall address Thy Throne,
 And turn to God again. W.

H Y M N LXXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Mortality of Man, the Effect of Sin. Psal. 90.

LORD, if Thine Eyes survey our Faults,
 And Justice grow severe,
 Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
 And burns beyond our Fear.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust;
 By one Offence to Thee,
Adam, with all his Sons, have lost
 Their Immortality.

Life, like a vain Amusement flies,
 A Fable or a Song:
 By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
 Nor can our Joys be long.

'Tis but a Few whose Days amount
 To threescore Years and ten;
 And all beyond that short Account
 Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

Lord, teach our Souls the heavenly Art
 T' improve the Hours we have ;
 That we may act the wiser Part,
 And live beyond the Grave.

W.

H Y M N LXXXVII. *Peculiar Measure.*

Christ Manifested.

SONS of Men, behold Him far,
 Hail the long expected Star ;
Jacob's Star that gilds the Night,
 Guides bewildered Nature right.

Fear not hence, that Ill should flow,
 Wars or Pestilence below ;
 Wars and Tumults now must cease,
 Ushering in the Prince of Peace.

Nations all the Earth abroad,
 Haste and own th' incarnate God,
 Haste, for Him your Hearts prepare,
 Meet Him manifested there !

There behold the Day Spring rise,
 Pouring Light on blinded Eyes ;
 God in His Own Light survey,
 Shining to the perfect Day.

Sing, ye Morning Stars, again,
 God descends on Earth to reign !
 Deigns for Man His Life t' employ !
 Shout, ye Sons of God, for Joy.

C.J.W.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Common Measure.**The Incarnation. John 1. 14.*

A WAKE, awake the sacred Song
 To our incarnate Lord ;
 Let every Heart, and every Tongue
 Adore th' eternal Word.

That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
 By Whom the Worlds were made ;
 (O happy Morn ! illustrious Hour !)
 Was once in Flesh array'd !

Then shone almighty Power and Love
 In all their glorious Forms ;
 When Jesus left His Throne above
 To dwell with sinful Worms.

To dwell with Misery below,
 The Savior left the Skies ;
 And sunk to Wretchedness and Woe,
 That worthless Man might rise.

Adoring Angels tun'd their Songs
 To hail the joyful Day ;
 With Rapture then, let mortal Tongues
 Their grateful Worship pay.

What Glory, Lord, to Thee is due ?
 With Wonder we adore ;
 But could we sing as Angels do,
 Our highest Praise were poor.

HYMN LXXXIX. *Peculiar Measure.**The Nativity.**Luke 2. 10—12.*

HAIL Progeny divine ;
 Hail Virgin's wonderous Son !
 Who for that humble Shrine
 Didst quit th' Almighty's Throne :
 The Infant Lord
 Our Voices sing,
 And be the King
 Of Grace ador'd.

Ye Princes, disappear,
 And boast your Crowns no more ;
 Lay down your Scepters here,
 And in the Dust adore :
 Where *Jesus* dwells,
 The Manger bare,
 In Lustre far
 Your Pomp excels.

With *Bethlem's* Shepherds mild,
 The Angels bow their Head ;
 And, round the sacred Child,
 Their guardian Wings they spread :
 They knew, that where
 Their Sovereign lies,
 In low Disguise,
 Heaven's Court is there:

Thither, my Soul, repair,
 And humble Homage pay,
 To thy Redeemer fair,
 As on His natal Day :
 I kiss Thy Feet,
 And, Lord, would be
 A Child like Thee,
 Whom thus I greet.

D.

H Y M N XC. *Common Measure.*

The Nativity.

- “ SHEPHERDS, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,
 “ And send your fears away ;
 “ News from the Regions of the Skies,
 “ Salvation’s born to Day.
- “ Jesus, the God Whom Angels fear,
 “ Comes down to dwell with you ;
 “ To Day He makes His Entrance here,
 “ But not as Monarchs do.
- “ Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
 “ And see His humble Throne ;
 “ With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
 “ Go, Shepherds, kiss the Son.”

Thus *Gabriel* sang, and strait around
 The heavenly Armies throng,
 They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
 And thus conclude the Song.

“ Glory to God that reigns above,
 “ Let Peace surround the Earth;
 “ Mortals shall know their Maker’s Love,
 “ At their Redeemer’s Birth.”

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs,
 And Men no Tunes to raise?
 O may we lose our useless Tongues,
 When they forget Thy Praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn;
 We join to sing our Maker’s Love,
 For there’s a Savior born.

W.

H Y M N XCI. *Common Measure.*

The Song of Angels at the Birth of Christ.

Luke 2. 13, 14.

HIGH let us swell our tuneful Notes,
 And join th’ angelic Throng;
 For Angels, no such Love have known
 T’ awake a cheerful Song.

Good-will to guilty Men is shewn,
 And Peace on Earth is given;
 For lo! th’ incarnate Savior comes
 With Messages from Heaven.

Justice and Grace, with sweet Accord,
 His rising Beams adorn:
 Let Heaven and Earth in Concert join,
 Now such a Child is born.

Glory to God in highest Strains,
 In highest Worlds be paid ;
 His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,
 And by our Lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blisful Realms,
 Where *Christ* exalted reigns ;
 And learn of the celestial Choir,
 Their own immortal Strains ? D.

H Y M N XCII. *Common Measure.*

The Savior's Advent.

LONG had Earth's numerous Nations sought
 Salvation to obtain,
 Pardon, and Peace, and endless Life,
 And Happiness in vain.

Israel, through every Land dispers'd,
 Sprung forth with eager Wish,
 In their Messiah to embrace
 The long expected Bliss.

And lo ! He comes, the Savior comes,
 The promis'd Seed appears ;
 He, in Whom center'd all the Hopes
 Of past and future Years.

He comes, from an Abyfs of Woes,
 To raise our ruin'd Race ;
 He bleeds, He dies, that we might have
 The Blessings of His Grace.

Wonderous Event, more wonderous Love
Of our incarnate God!
Should we be mute, sure Rocks would wake
To spread His Praise abroad.

Dear Lord, these Wonders of Thy Grace
Our flinty Bosoms fire;
Our Hearts, subdu'd, now pant for Thee.
With fix'd and pure Desire.

Here be Thy Throne for ever fix'd,
And this Thy lasting Rest;
And be our Souls, beneath Thy Smiles,
Through endless Ages blest. S.

H Y M N XCIII. *Common Measure.*

The Advent of Christ.

Luke 4. 18, 19.

HARK, the glad Sound! the *Savior* comes,
The *Savior* promis'd long!
Let every Heart prepare a Throne,
And every Voice a Song.

On Him, the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred Fire;
Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love
His holy Breast inspire.

He comes the Prisoners to release,
In Satan's Bondage held:
The Gates of Brass before Him burst,
The Iron Fetters yield.

He comes from thickest Films of Vice
 To clear the mental Ray ;
 And on the Eyes, oppress'd with Night,
 To pour celestial Day.

He comes the broken Heart to bind,
 The bleeding Soul to cure ;
 And, with the Treasures of His Grace,
 T' enrich the humble Poor.

Our glad *Hofannas*, Prince of Peace,
 Thy Welcome shall proclaim ;
 And Heaven's eternal Arches ring
 With Thy beloved Name.

D.

H Y M N XCIV. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Song of Simeon.

SINCE Thy Mercies, oft of old,
 By Thy chosen Seers foretold,
 Faithful now, and steadfast prove,
 God of Truth, and God of Love :

'Tis enough !——the Hour is come,
 Now, within the silent Tomb,
 Let this mortal Frame decay,
 Mingled with its kindred Clay.

Sun of Righteousness, to Thee,
 Lo ! The Nations bow the Knee ;
 And the Realms of distant Kings
 Own the Healing of Thy Wings.

Those, whom Death had overspread
 With its dark and dreary Shade,
 Lift their Eyes, and, from afar,
 Hail the Light of Jacob's Star.

Now the Beams, intensely shed,
 Shine o'er *Sion's* favor'd Head;
 Never may they hence remove,
 God of Truth, and God of Love.

M.

H Y M N XCV. *Common Measure.*

The Song of Simeon. Luke 2. 27. &c.

L ORD, at Thy Temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Savior here;
 O make our Joys the same!

With what divine, and vast Delight
 The good old Man was fill'd,
 When, fondly in his wither'd Arms,
 He clasp'd the holy Child!

“ Now I can leave this World, he cry'd;
 “ Behold Thy Servant dies!
 “ I've seen Thy great Salvation, Lord,
 “ And close my peaceful Eyes.”

Jesus! The Vision of Thy Face
 Hath overpowering Charms!
 Scarce shall we feel Death's cold Embrace,
 If Christ be in our Arms.

W.

H Y M N XCVI. *Peculiar Measure.**For the Morning of Christmas-Day.*

ARISE, and hail the happy Day;
 Cast all low Cares of Life away,
 And Thought of meaner Things:
 This Day, to cure our deadly Woes,
 The Sun of Righteousness arose,
 With Healing in His Wings.

If Angels on that happy Morn,
 The *Savior* of the World was born,
 Pour'd forth their joyful Songs;
 Much more should we of human Race
 Adore the Wonders of His Grace,
 To whom that Grace belongs.

O then let Heaven and Earth rejoice,
 Let every Creature join his Voice
 To hymn the happy Day;
 When Satan's Empire vanquish'd fell,
 And all the Powers of Death and Hell
 Confess'd His sovereign Sway.

L. L.

H Y M N XCVII. *Common Measure.**For the Morning of Christmas-Day.*

WELCOME, bless'd Morning, to our Eyes,
 That brought th' incarnate Son,
 The great Immanuel, from the Skies,
 To save a World undone.

Angels, array'd in heavenly Light,
 Shoot down th' ethereal Way,
 On radiant Pinions, swift of Flight,
 And hail the blissful Day.

*Glory to God, they joyous sing,
 Through all the Heights of Heaven,
 Tidings of Love to Men we bring,
 And Peace on Earth is given.*

*Glory to God, let all your Tongues,
 In tuneful Notes reply ;
 While Jesus' Love inspires our Songs,
 And sweetens every Joy.*

D. T.

H Y M N XCVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

For Christmas-Day.

HARK, the herald Angels sing,
 " Glory to the new-born King ;
 " Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
 " God and Sinners reconcil'd."

Joyful, all ye Nations rise,
 Join the Triumph of the Skies ;
 Universal Nature, say,
 Christ, the LORD, is born to Day !

*Christ, by highest Heaven ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting LORD,
 Late in Time behold Him come,
 Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.*

Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and Life to all He brings,
 Risen with Healing in His Wings.

Mild He lays His Glory by,
 Born, that Man no more may die ;
 Born, to raise the Sons of Earth,
 Born, to give them second Birth.

Come, Desire of Nations, come,
 Fix in us Thy humble Home ;
 Rise, the Woman's promis'd Seed,
 Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

Glory to the new-born King,
 Let us all the Anthem Sing,
 " Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
 " God and Sinners reconcil'd !"

C. J. W.

H Y M N XCIX. *Long Measure.*

A Dying Savior.

STRETCH'D on the Cross the Savior dies ;
 Hark ! His expiring Groans arise !
 See, from His Hands, His Feet, His Side,
 Runs down the sacred crimson Tide !

But Life attends the deathful Sound,
 And flows from every bleeding Wound ;
 The vital Stream, how free it flows,
 To save and cleanse His rebel Foes !

To suffer in the Traitor's Place,
 To die for Man, surprizing Grace !
 Yet pass rebellious Angels by,—
 O why for Man, dear Savior, why !

And didst Thou bleed, for Sinners bleed ?
 And could the Sun behold the Deed ?
 No, he withdrew his sickening Ray,
 And Darkness veil'd the mourning Day.

Can I survey this Scene of Woe,
 Where mingling Grief and Wonder flow ;
 And yet my Heart unmov'd remain,
 Insensible to Love or Pain ?

Come, dearest Lord, Thy Power impart,
 To warm this cold, this stupid Heart ;
 Till all its powers, and Passions move
 In melting Grief, and ardent Love.

T.

H Y M N C. *Long Measure.*

A View of the Redeemer's Sufferings.

LORD, when my Thoughts delighted rove
 Amid the Wonders of Thy Love,
 Sweet Hope revives my drooping Heart,
 And bids intruding Fears depart.

But while Thy Sufferings I survey,
 And Faith enjoys a heavenly Ray,
 These dear Memorials of Thy Pain
 Present anew the dreadful Scene.

I hear Thy Groans with deep Surprise,
 And view Thy Wounds, with weeping Eyes;
 Each bleeding Wound, each dying Groan,
 With Anguish fraught, and Pains unknown.

For mortal Crimes a Sacrifice,
 The Lord of Life, the Savior dies:
 What Love, what Mercy, how divine!—
 Jesus, and can I call Thee mine?—

Repentant Sorrow fills my Heart,
 But mingling Joy allays the Smart;
 O, may my future Life declare
 The Sorrow and the Joy sincere!

Be all my Heart, and all my Days
 Devoted to my Savior's Praise;
 And let my glad Obedience prove
 How much I owe, how much I love. T.

H Y M N C I. *Short Measure.*

The Attraction of the Cross.

John 12. 32.

BEHOLD th' amazing Sight,
 The Savior lifted high!
 Behold the Son of God's Delight
 In Blood and Anguish die!

For whom, my Soul, for whom
 Were all these Sorrows borne?
 Why did He feel that piercing Smart,
 And meet that various Scorn?

For Sinners 'twas He bleed,
 And all in Torture dy'd;
 'Twas Love, that bow'd His fainting Head,
 And op'd His gushing Side.

We see, and we adore
 In Sympathy of Love;
 We feel the strong attractive Power
 To lift our Souls above.

Drawn by such Cords as these,
 Let all the Earth combine,
 With cheerful Ardor to confess
 The Energy divine.

In Thee our Hearts unite,
 Nor share Thy Grievs alone;
 But from Thy Cross pursue their Flight
 To Thy triumphant Throne.

D.

H Y M N CII. *Long Measure.*

Christ Dying and Rising.

COME tune, ye Saints, your noblest Strains,
 Your dying, rising Lord to sing;
 And echo, to the heavenly Plains,
 The Triumphs of your Savior King.

In Songs of grateful Rapture tell
 How He subdu'd your potent Foes;
 Subdu'd the Powers of Death and Hell,
 And, dying, finish'd all your Woes.

Then to His glorious Throne on high
 Return'd, while, hymning Angels round,
 Through the bright Arches of the Sky,
 The God, the conquering God, resound.

Almighty Love, victorious Power!
 Not Angel-Tongues can e'er display
 The Wonders of that dreadful Hour,
 The Joys of that illustrious Day.

Then well may Mortals try in vain;
 In vain their feeble Voices raise;
 Yet Jesus hears the humble Strain,
 And kindly owns our Wish to Praise.

Dear Savior, let Thy wonderous Grace
 Fill every Heart, and every Tongue,
 Till the full Glories of Thy Face
 Inspire a sweeter, nobler Song.

T.

H Y M N CIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Resurrection of Christ. Luke 24. 31.

YES, the Redeemer rose;
 The Savior left the Dead;
 And o'er our hellish Foes
 High rais'd His conquering Head:
 In wild Dismay,
 The Guards around
 Fall to the Ground,
 And sink away.

Behold th' angelic Bands
 In full Assembly meet,
 To wait His high Commands,
 And worship at His Feet:
 Joyful they come,
 And wing their Way
 From Realms of Day,
 To Jesus' Tomb.

Then back to Heaven they fly,
 And the glad Tidings bear:
 Hark! As they soar on high,
 What Music fills the Air!
 Their Anthems say,
 "Jesus who bled
 Hath left the Dead;—
 He rose to Day."

Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,
 Redeem'd by Him from Hell;
 And send the Echo round
 The Globe on which you dwell:
 Transported cry,
 "Jesus who bled
 Hath left the Dead,
 No more to die."

All-hail, triumphant Lord,
 Who sav'st us with Thy Blood
 Wide be Thy Name ador'd,
 Thou rising, reigning God!
 With Thee we rise,
 With Thee we reign,
 And Empires gain
 Beyond the Skies.

H Y M N CIV. *Peculiar Measure.**The Resurrection Hymn.*

C H R I S T the Lord is risen to Day,	Hal.
Now to Him we Homage pay,	Hal.
Who, so lately on the Cross,	Hal.
Suffer'd to redeem our Loss.	Hal.

Hymns of Praises let us sing,	Hal.
Unto Christ our heavenly King,	Hal.
Who endur'd the Cross and Grave,	Hal.
Sinners to redeem and save.	Hal.

Yes, the Pain, which He endur'd,	Hal.
Our Salvation has procur'd;	Hal.
Now He reigns above the Sky,	Hal.
Where the Angels ever cry,	Hallelujah.

H Y M N CV. *Common Measure.*

The Angels Reply to the Women who sought Christ on the Morning of the Resurrection.

Matt. 28. 5. 6.

YE humble Souls, that seek the Lord,
Chase all your Fears away;
And bow with Pleasure down to see
The Place where *Jesus* lay.

Thus low the Lord of Life was brought;
Such Wonders Love can do;
Thus cold in Death, that Bosom lay,
Which throbb'd, and bled for you.

A Moment give a Loose to Grief,
 Let grateful Sorrows rise;
 And wash the bloody Stains away
 With Torrents from your Eyes.

Then dry your Tears, and tunc your Songs,
 The Savior lives again;
 Not all the Bolts and Bars of Death
 The Conqueror could detain.

High o'er th' angelic Bands He rears
 His once dishonor'd Head;
 And through unnumber'd Years He reigns,
 Who dwelt amongst the Dead.

With Joy, like His, shall every Saint
 His empty Tomb survey;
 Then rise, with his ascending Lord,
 To Realms of endless Day.

D.

H Y M N C V I. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Resurrection and Ascension.

ANGELS, roll the Rock away,
 Death, yield up thy mighty Prey:
 See! He rises from the Tomb,
 Glowing with immortal Bloom.

Hallelujah.

'Tis the Savior, Angels, raise
 Fame's eternal Trump of Praise;
 Let the Earth's remotest Bound
 Hear the Joy-inspiring Sound.

Hallelujah.

Now, ye Saints, lift up your Eyes,
Now to Glory see Him rise,
In long Triumph up the Sky,
Up to waiting Worlds on high.

Hallelujah.

Heaven displays her Portals wide,
Glorious Hero, through them ride ;
King of Glory, mount Thy Throne,
Thy great Father's and Thy Own.

Hallelujah.

Praise Him all ye heavenly Choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden Lyres ;
Shout, O Earth, in rapturous Song,
Let the Strains be sweet and strong.

Hallelujah.

Every Note with Wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captiv'd Hell ;
Where is Hell's once dreaded King ?
Where, O Death, thy mortal Sting ?

Hallelujah.
Dr. S.

H Y M N CVII. *Common Measure.*

The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
Who cloath'd Himself in Clay ;
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

Death is no more the King of Dread,
 Since our *Immanuel* rose ;
 He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
 And spoil'd our hellish Foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts on high,
 And to His Father flies,
 With Scars of Honor in His Flesh,
 And Triumph in His Eyes.

There our exalted Savior reigns,
 And sends His Blessings down ;
 Our Jesus fills the middle Seat
 Of the celestial Throne.

Raise your Devotion, mortal Tongues,
 To reach His blest'd Abode ;
 Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
 To our incarnate God.

Bright Angels, strike your loudest Strings ;
 Your sweetest Voices raise ;
 Let Heaven, and all created Things
 Sound our *Immanuel's* Praise.

W...

H Y M N CVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Titles of Christ.

JOIN all the glorious Names
 OF Wisdom, Love, and Power,
 That ever Mortals knew,
 That ever Angels bore :

All are too mean to speak His Worth,
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

Array'd in mortal Flesh,
He like an Angel stands,
And holds the Promises,
And Pardons in His Hands:
Commission'd from His Father's Throne,
To make His Love to Mortals known.

Great *Prophet* of my God,
My Tongue would bless Thy Name;
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News of Sins forgiven,
Of Hell subdu'd, and Peace with Heaven.

Jesus, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd His Blood and dy'd;
My guilty Conscience seeks
No Sacrifice beside.
His powerful Blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the Throne.

My great almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqueror*, and my *King*,
Thy Scepter and Thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace I sing.
Thine is the Power; behold, I sit
In willing Bonds beneath Thy Feet.

Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down,
My Savior leads me forth
To Conquest and a Crown.

A feeble Saint shall win the Day,
Though Death and Hell obstruct the Way. W.

H Y M N CIX. *Common Measure.*

The Priesthood of Christ and Aaron compared.

JESUS, in Thee our Eyes behold
A thousand Glories more,
Than the rich Gems and polish'd Gold
The Sons of *Aaron* wore.

They first their own burnt Offerings brought
To purge themselves from Sin;
Thy Life was pure without a Spot,
And all Thy Nature clean.

Once in the Circuit of a Year,
With Blood, but not his own,
Aaron within the Veil appears
Before the golden Throne.

But *Christ*, by His Own powerful Blood,
Ascends above the Skies;
And, in the Presence of our God,
Shews His Own Sacrifice.

Jesus, the King of Glory, reigns
On Sion's heavenly Hill;
Looks like a Lamb that once was slain,
And wears His Priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
 Before His Father's Face ;
 Give Him, my Soul, thy Cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's Grace.

W.

H Y M N. CX. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Fountain of Life.

Zech. 13. 1.

HAIL everlasting Spring !
 Celestial Fountain, hail !
 Thy Streams Salvation bring,
 The Waters never fail :
 Still they endure,
 And still they flow,
 For all our Woe
 A sovereign Cure.

Bless'd be His wounded Side,
 And bless'd His bleeding Heart,
 Who all in Anguish dy'd
 Such Favors to impart.
 His precious Blood
 Shall make us clean
 From every Sin,
 And fit for God.

To that dear Source of Love
 Our Souls this Day would come
 And thither from above,
 Lord, call the Nations Home.

That *Jew* and *Greek*,
 With rapturous Songs
 On all their Tongues,
 Thy Praise may speak.

D.

H Y M N CXI. *Peculiar Measure.*

Christ the Living Stone. 1 Pet. 2. 4. 5.

WITH Extasy of Joy
 Extol His glorious Name,
 Who rais'd the spacious Earth,
 And rais'd our ruin'd Frame :
 He built the Church Who built the Sky,
 Shout and exalt His Honors high.

See the Foundation laid
 By Power and Love divine :
Jesus, His first-born Son,
 How bright His Glories shine !
 Low He descends, in Dust He lies,
 That from His Tomb a Church might rise.

But He for ever lives ;
 Nor for Himself alone ;
 Each Saint new Life derives
 From Him, the living Stone :
 His Influence spreads through every Soul,
 And in one House unites the Whole.

To Him with Joy we move ;
 In Him cemented stand :
 The living Temple grows,
 And owns the Founder's Hand,
 That Structure, Lord, still higher raise,
 Louder to found its Builder's Praise.

Descend, and shed abroad
 The Tokens of Thy Grace ;
 And, with more radiant Beams,
 Let Glory fill the Place :
 Our joyful Souls shall prostrate fall,
 And own, our God is ALL in ALL.

D.

H Y M N CXII. *Long Measure.*

The Bright and Morning Star.

YE Worlds of Light, that roll so near
 The Savior's Throne of shining Bliss,
 O tell how mean your Glories are,
 How faint, and few compar'd with His.

We sing the bright and Morning Star,
 (Jesus, the Spring of Light and Love ;)
 See how its Rays, diffus'd from far,
 Conduct us to the Realms above.

Its cheering Beams, spread wide abroad,
 Point out the puzzled Christian's Way ;
 Still as he goes, he finds the Road
 Enlighten'd with a constant Day.

(Thus when the Eastern Magi brought
 Their royal Gifts, a Star appears,
 Directs them to the Babe they sought,
 And guides their Steps, and calms their Fears.)

When shall we reach the heavenly Place,
 Where this bright Star will brightest shine;
 Leave, far behind, these Scenes of Night,
 And view a Lustre so divine! B. B.

H Y M N CXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Pearl of great Price.

Matt. 13. 46.

YE glittering Toys of Earth, adieu,
 A nobler Choice be mine;
 A real Prize attracts my View,
 A Treasure all divine.

Be gone, unworthy of my Cares,
 Ye specious Baits of Sense;—
 Inestimable Worth appears,
 The Pearl of Price immense!

Jesus, to Multitudes unknown,
 O Name divinely sweet!
 Jesus, in Thee, in Thee alone,
 Wealth, Honor, Pleasure meet.

Should both the Indies, at my Call,
 Their boasted Storés resign ;
 With Joy I would renounce them all
 For Léave to call Thee mine.

Should Earth's vain Treasures all depart,
 Of this dear Gift possess'd ;
 I'd clasp it to my joyful Heart,
 And be for ever blest'd.

Dear Sovereign of my Soul's Desires,
 Thy Love is Bliss divine ;
 Accept the Wish that Love inspires,
 And bid me call Thee mine.

H Y M N CXIV. *Short Measure.*

Christ the Great Physician.

BLESS'd *Jesus*, all divine,
 We hail Thy sacred Name,
 And with triumphant Voices join
 To celebrate Thy Fame.

In Thy incarnate State,
 How wonderous was Thy Grace !
 We know Thine Arm is still as great,
 Nor can Thy Love be less.

Twas Thy almighty Breath,
 Set Satan's Prisoners free ;
 Demons, Diseases, Pains and Death,
 Far from Thy Presence flee.

Lord, let us feel Thy Power
 To heal the Plague within;
 Thy cleansing Grace alone can cure
 The Leprosy of Sin.

Descend, celestial Dove,
 Display Thy healing Art;
 And Faith, and Hope, and heavenly Love,
 And every Grace impart. L.

H Y M N CXV. *Long Measure.*

The Great Physician. Luke 6. 19.

YE mourning Sinners, here disclose
 Your deep Complaints, your various Woes;
 Approach, 'tis Jesus, He can heal
 The Pains which mourning Sinners feel.

To Eyes long clos'd in mental Night,
 Strangers to all the Joys of Light,
 His Word imparts a blissful Ray;
 Sweet Morning of celestial Day!

Ye helpless Lame, lift up your Eyes,
 The Lord, the Savior bids you rise;
 New Life and Strength His Voice conveys,
 And plaintive Groans are chang'd for Praise.

Nor shall the Leper, hopeless lie
 Beneath the great Physician's Eye;
 Sin's deepest Power His Word controls,
 That fatal Leprosy of Souls.

That Hand divine, which can assuage
The burning Fever's restless Rage;
That Hand, omnipotent and kind,
Can cool the Fever of the Mind.

When freezing Palsy chills the Veins,
And pale, cold Death already reigns:
He speaks; the vital Powers revive;
He speaks, and dying Sinners live.

Dear Lord, we wait Thy healing Hand;
Diseases fly at Thy Command;
O let Thy sovereign Touch impart
Life, Strength, and Health to every Heart.

T.

H Y M N CXVI. *Long Measure.*

Christ: the Physician of Souls.

Jeremiah 8. 22.

DEEP are the Wounds which Sin has made,
Where shall the Sinner find a Cure?
In vain, alas, is Nature's Aid,
The Work exceeds all Nature's Power.

Sin, like a raging Fever reigns,
With fatal Strength in every Part;
The dire Contagion fills the Veins,
And spreads its Poison to the Heart.

And can no sovereign Balm be found?
And is no kind Physician nigh
To ease the Pain, and heal the Wound,
E'er Life and Hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near;
 Look up, O fainting Soul; and live;
 See in His heavenly Smiles appear;
 Such Ease as Nature cannot give!

See, in the Savior's dying Blood
 Life, Health, and Bliss, abundant flow!
 'Tis only this dear sacred Flood
 Can ease thy Pain and heal thy Woe.

Sin throws in vain its pointed Dart,
 For here a sovereign Cure is found;
 A Cordial for the fainting Heart,
 A Balm for every painful Wound.

T.

H Y M N CXVII. *Long Measure.*

Christ the Great Physician.

WHY droops my Soul with Grief oppress?
 Whence these wild Tumults in my Breast?
 Is there no Balm to heal my Wound,
 No kind Physician to be found?

Raise to the Cross thy tearful Eyes;
 Behold the Prince of Glory dies!
 He dies, extended on the Tree,
 Thence sheds a sovereign Balm for me.

Dear Savior, at Thy Feet I lie,
 Here to receive a Cure or die;
 But Grace forbids that painful Fear,
 Infinite Grace, which triumphs here.

Thou wilt extract the poison'd Dart,
 Bind up and heal the wounded Heart :
 With blooming Health my Face adorn,
 And change the gloomy Night to Morn.

Now give a Loose, my Soul, to Joy,
 Hosannas be thy blest-Imploy ;
 Salvation thy eternal Theme,
 And swell the Song with Jesus' Name. S.

H Y M N CXVIII. *Long Measure.*

, *Christ our Example.* Rom. 13. 14.

BLESS'D Jesus, how divinely bright
 In Thee each heavenly Virtue shone !
 When for our Sakes incarnate here,
 How justly styl'd the *Holy One* !

With what a strange and vivid Flame
 Did Thy Devotion ever rise,
 While each revolving Day and Night
 Witness'd Thy Visits to the Skies !

The guiltless Spirit, and the Mind
 From Pride, from Passion ever free,
 Patient, and just, and pure, and kind,
 Are faint Descriptions, Lord, of Thee.

Oh ! for a Faith, a lively Faith
 To view an absent Savior's Face ;
 To trace the Beauties of His Soul,
 And all the Wonders of His Grace !

Then would I gaze upon Thy Charms,
 With growing Love, and fond Desire,
 Transcribing every Grace from Thee,
 To dress my Soul in Heaven's Attire.

No more my heedless Feet should rove
 In the wild Labyrinths of Sin;
 Nor Earth attract my warmest Love,
 Nor sensual Pleasures reign within.

Fain would I wear Thy lovely Form,
 And in each sacred Virtue shine;
 Oh! may Thy Spirit, on my Soul,
 Deep trace the Portraiture divine!

Thou blessed Sun, with quickening Rays
 Pervade this icy, flinty Breast;
 Kindle up Life through all my Powers,
 And be my Guide to endless Rest.

Yes, dear Redeemer, let Thy Love
 And Power these sacred Gifts impart;
 I'll tune to Thee the Song of Praise,
 With glowing Gratitude of Heart.

The listening Earth shall learn Thy Name,
 Approve, and echo to my Lay;
 Angels and Saints prolong the Theme
 With Joy through one eternal Day.

S.

K

H Y M N CXIX. *Long Measure.**The Immutability of Christ.*

Heb. 13. 8.

WITH Transport, Lord, our Souls proclaim
 Th' immortal Honors of Thy Name :
 Assembled round our Savior's Throne,
 We make His ceaseless Glories known.

High, on His Father's royal Seat,
 Our *Jesus* shone divinely great,
 E'er *Adam's* Clay with Life was warm'd,
 Or *Gabriel's* nobler Spirit form'd,

Through all succeeding Ages, He
 The same hath been, the same shall be :
 Immortal Radiance crowns His Head,
 While Stars and Suns wax old and fade.

The same His Power His Saints to guard,
 The same His Bounty to reward ;
 The same His Faithfulness and Love
 To Saints on Earth, and Saints above.

Let Nature change and sink and die ;
Jesus shall raise His Chosen high ;
 And fix them near His stable Throne
 In Glory changeless as His Own.

H Y M N CXX. *Peculiar Measure.*

*The transcendent Excellencies of Christ in His Person
and Offices.*

JESUS, how precious is Thy Name!
The great Jehovah's Darling, Thou!
O let me catch th' immortal Flame,
With which angelic Bosoms glow!
Since Angels love Thee, I would love,
And imitate the Bless'd above.

My *Prophet* Thou, my heavenly Guide,
Thy sweet Instructions I will hear;
The Words that from Thy Lips proceed,
O how divinely sweet they are!
Thee my great *Prophet* I would love,
And imitate the Bless'd above.

My great *High-Priest*, whose precious Blood
Did once atone upon the Cross;
Who now dost intercede with God,
And plead the friendless Sinners Cause:
In Thee I trust; Thee I would love,
And imitate the Bless'd above.

My *King* supreme, to Thee I bow,
A willing Subject at thy Feet;
All other Lords I disavow,
And to Thy Government submit:
My *Savior King* this Heart would love,
And imitate the Bless'd above.

S. D.

HYMN CXXI. *Long Measure.**The Exalted Savior.*

NOW let us raise our cheerful Strains,
 And join the blissful Choir above;
 There our exalted Savior Reigns,
 And there they sing His wonderous Love.

While Seraphs tune th' immortal Song,
 O may we feel the sacred Flame;
 And every Heart and every Tongue
 Adore the Savior's glorious Name.

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!

Jesus Who dy'd that we might live,
 Dy'd in the wretched Traitor's Place;—
 O what Returns can Mortals give,
 For such immeasurable Grace!

Were universal Nature ours,
 And Art with all her boasted Store;
 Nature and Art with all their Powers,
 Would still confess the Offerer poor!

Yet though for Bounty, so divine!
 We ne'er can equal Honors raise,
 Jesus, may all our Hearts be Thine,
 And all our Tongues proclaim Thy Praise.

HYMN CXXII. *Common Measure.**Christ exalted to the Kingdom.*

Pfal. 2:

JESUS, the Lord, ascended high,
 Assumes His regal Seat;
 While all the Armies of the Sky
 Lie prostrate at His Feet.

There shall He lift His glorious Head,
 And His high Throne maintain;
 Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead,
 Who dare oppose His Reign.

What Wonders shall His Gospel do!
 His Converts shall surpass
 The numerous Drops of Morning Dew,
 And own His sovereign Grace.

Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
 Obey th' anointed Lord;
 Adore the King of heavenly Birth,
 And tremble at His Word.

With humble Love address His Throne,
 For if He frown ye die;
 Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on His Grace rely.

H Y M N CXXIII. *Long Measure.**The Glorious Presence of Christ in Heaven.*

John 17. 24.

O For a sweet, inspiring Ray
 To animate our feeble Strains,
 From the bright Realms of endless Day,
 The blissful Realms, where Jesus reigns !

There low before His glorious Throne,
 Adoring Saints and Angels fall ;
 And with delightful Worship own
 His Smile their Bliss, their Heaven, their All.

Immortal Glories crown His Head,
 While tuneful Hallelujahs rise ;
 And Love, and Joy, and Triumph spread
 Through all th' Assemblies of the Skies.

He smiles, and Seraphs tune their Songs
 To boundless Rapture, while they gaze ;
 Ten thousand thousand joyful Tongues
 Resound His everlasting Praise.

There all the Favorites of the Lamb
 Shall join at last the heavenly Choir ;
 O may the Joy inspiring Theme
 Awake our Faith and warm Desire !

Dear Savior, let Thy Spirit seal
 Our Interest in that blissful Place ;
 Till Death remove this mortal Veil,
 And we behold Thy lovely Face.

HYMN CXXIV. *Peculiar Measure.**The Kingdom of Christ.*

REJOICE, the Savior 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.

His Kingdom cannot fail,
 He rules o'er Earth and Heaven ;
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our *Jesus* given :
 Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

He all His Foes shall quell,
 Shall all our Sins destroy ;
 And every Bosom swell
 With pure seraphic Joy :
 Lift up the Heart, lift up the Voice,
 Rejoice aloud, ye Saints, rejoice.

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 CXXV. *Common Measure.**The Kingdom of the Messiah.*

Psal. 98.

JOY to the World, the Lord is come,
 Let Earth receive her King :
 Let every Heart prepare Him Room,
 And Heaven, and Nature sing.

Joy to the Earth, the Savior reigns,
 Let Men their Songs employ :
 While Seas and Shores, Rocks Hills and Plains
 Repeat the sounding Joy.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
 Nor Thorns infest the Ground ;
 He came to make His Blessings flow
 Far as the Curse is found.

He rules the World, with Truth and Grace,
 And makes the Nations prove
 The Glories of his Righteousness,
 And Wonders of His Love. W.

HYMN CXXVI. *Common Measure.**The King of Saints.*

COME, ye that love the Savior's Name,
 And joy to make it known ;
 The Sovereign of your Hearts proclaim,
 And bow before His Throne.

Behold your King, your Savior crown'd
 With Glories all divine ;
 And tell the wondering Nations round,
 How bright those Glories shine.

While Majesty's effulgent Blaze
 Surrounds His awful Brow ;
 E'en Angels tremble, as they gaze,
 And veil'd, adoring bow.

But Love attempers every Ray,
 Love, how divinely sweet !
 That stoops to view the Sons of Clay,
 And calls them to His Feet !

Infinite Power, and boundless Grace,
 In Him unite their Rays :
 You that have e'er beheld His Face,
 Can you forbear His Praise ?

When in His earthly Courts we view
 The Glories of our King ;
 We long to love as Angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain ?
 Lord teach our Songs to rise !
 Thy Love can animate the Strain,
 And bid it reach the Skies.

O happy Period ! glorious Day !
 When Heaven and Earth shall raise,
 With all their Powers, the raptur'd Lay,
 To celebrate Thy Praise.

HYMN CXXVII. *Peculiar Measure.**Hymn to Jesus.**

SHALL loyal Nations hail the Day,
 That crowns their King with loud Acclaim?
 And shall not Saints their Homage pay
 To their beloved Savior's Name?
 Ye Saints, resound in joyful Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

Jesus who vanquish'd all your Foes,
 Who came to save, who reigns to bless;
 From Him your every Comfort flows,
 Life, Liberty, and Joy, and Peace.
 Resound, resound in joyful Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

Yes, Thou art worthy, dearest Lord,
 Of universal endless Praise;
 With every Power to be ador'd,
 That Men or Angels e'er can raise.
 Let Heaven and Earth unite their Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

But Earth, nor Heaven can e'er proclaim
 The boundless Glories of their King;
 Yet must our Hearts adore His Name,
 Dear Name, whence all our Blessings spring!
 Resound, resound in joyful Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns!

* Written the 22d of September, 1761, the Coronation of King George III.

How mean the Tribute Mortals pay,
 How cold the Heart, how faint the Tongue !
 But, Lord, Thy Coronation Day
 Shall tune a more exalted Song ;
 Resounding in immortal Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns !

He comes, He comes with Triumph crown'd,
 In dazzling Robes of Light array'd,
 Faith views the Splendor dawning round,
 Earth's fairest Lustre sinks in Shade.
 Resound, resound in joyful Strains,
 Jesus the King of Glory reigns! T.

H Y M N CXXVIII. *Common Measure.*

The Condescension and Grace of Christ.

Matt. 20. 28.

S AVIOR of Men, and Lord of Love,
 How sweet Thy gracious Name !
 With Joy that Errand we review,
 On which Thy Mercy came.

While all Thy Own angelic Bands
 Stood waiting on the Wing,
 Charm'd with the Honor to obey
 Their great eternal King.

For us, mean, wretched, sinful Men,
 Thou laid'st that Glory by ;
 First in our mortal Flesh to serve,
 Then in that Flesh to die.

Bought, with Thy Service and Thy Blood,
 We doubly, Lord, are Thine;
 To Thee our Lives we would devote,
 To Thee our Death resign.

D.

H Y M N CXXIX. *Common Measure.*

Redeeming Love.

COME, heavenly Love, inspire my Song
 With Thy immortal Flame;
 And teach my Heart, and teach my Tongue
 The Savior's lovely Name.

The Savior! O what endless Charms
 Dwell in the blissful Sound!
 Its Influence every Fear disarms,
 And spreads sweet Comfort round.

Here Pardon, Life, and Joys divine
 In rich Effusion flow,
 For guilty Rebels, lost in Sin,
 And doom'd to endless Woe.

God's only Son, (stupendous Grace!)
 Forsook His Throne above;
 And, swift to save our wretched Race,
 He flew on Wings of Love.

Th' almighty Former of the Skies
 Stoop'd to our vile Abode;
 While Angels view'd with wondering Eyes,
 And hail'd th' incarnate God.

O the rich Depths of Love divine!
 Of Bliss, a boundless Store!
 Dear Savior, let me call Thee mine;
 I cannot wish for more!

On Thee alone my Hope relies;
 Beneath Thy Cross I fall;
 My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
 My Savior and my All!

T.

H Y M N CXXX. *Common Measure.*

Redemption by Christ.

WHEN the first Parents of our Race
 Rebell'd, and lost their God,
 And the Infection of their Sin
 Had tainted all our Blood.

Infinite Pity touch'd the Heart
 Of God's eternal Son;
 Descending from the heavenly Court,
 He left His Father's Throne.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
 His most divine Array,
 And wrapp'd His Godhead in a Veil
 Of our inferior Clay.

His living Power, and dying Love
 Redeem'd unhappy Men;
 And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
 To Life and God again.

To Thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
 We joyfully resign;
 Bless'd *Jesus*, take us for Thy Own,
 For we are doubly Thine.

Thy Honor shall for ever be
 The Business of our Days;
 For ever shall our grateful Tongues
 Speak Thy deserved Praise.

W.

H Y M N CXXXI. *Long Measure.*

Grace and Glory in the Person of Christ.

NOW to the Lord a noble Song!
 Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue!
 Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
 And all His boundless Love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' Face,
 The brightest Image of His Grace;
 God, in the Person of His Son,
 Hath all His mightiest Works outdone.

The spacious Earth, and spreading Flood
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
 And Thy rich Glories, from afar,
 Sparkle in every rolling Star.

But in His Looks a Glory stands,
 The noblest Labor of Thy Hands!
 The pleasing Lustre of His Eyes
 Outshines the Wonders of the Skies.

Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming Theme!
 My Thoughts rejoice at Jesus' Name!
 Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound,
 Ye Heavens, reflect it to the Ground!

O may I live to reach the Place,
 Where He reveals His lovely Face!
 There, all His Beauties to behold,
 And sing His Name to Harps of Gold! W.

H Y M N CXXXII. *Long Measure.*

Jesus the Only Savior.

CALL a bright Council in the Skies;
 Seraphs the mighty and the wise;
 Speak, are you strong to bear the Load,
 The weighty Vengeance of a God?

In vain we ask; for all around
 Stand silent through the heavenly Ground;
 There's not a glorious Mind above
 Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

But O! unmeasurable Grace!
 Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
 Down to our World the Savior flies,
 Stretches His naked Arms, and dies.

Amazing Work! look down ye Skies,
 Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes;
 Ye Saints below, and Saints above,
 All bow to this mysterious Love.

W. L.

HYMN CXXXIII. *Peculiar Measure.**Praise to Christ.*

HAIL blest'd Immanuel, bright immortal King,
 Sole Monarch of the happy Worlds above;
 To Thee ten thousand Songs of Praise we bring,
 Adore Thy Goodness, and admire Thy Love.

All hail, incarnate God, divinely fair,
 Around Thy Throne bright Beams of Glory play,
 Beyond the Stars, above the rolling Spheres,
 Amid the Blaze of one eternal Day.

Within the azure Curtains of the Sky,
 Far out of human Sight, there stands Thy Throne;
 To these pure Realms my longing Soul would fly,
 And make the deathless Joys of Heaven my own.

When shall I see that happy World of Rest!
 There every anxious Thought shall leave my Soul;
 There shall I be for ever dispossess'd
 Of Sins, that now my pious Thoughts controll.

L.

HYMN CXXXIV. *Common Measure.**Praise to the Redeemer.*

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glimmering Day.

With pitying Eye the Prince of Life
Beheld our helpless Grief;
He saw, and O surprizing Love!
He ran to our Relief.

Down, from the shining Seats above,
With joyful Haste He fled;
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Flesh
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love, let Rocks and Hills
Their lasting Silence break;
And, all harmonious human Tongues,
The Savior's Praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But, when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told.

W.

H Y M N CXXXV. *Long Measure.*

A Hymn of Praise for Redemption by Christ.

WAS it for Man, apostate Man,
Mercy its tenderest Thoughts employ'd?
Sought out and laid this wonderous Plan,
Worthy the Wisdom of a God?

All Heaven amaz'd, bends down to view
The Products of a Father's Grace;
His Darling Son consign'd to Death,
A Ransom for our wretched Race.

.L

Press'd with our pponderous Load of Guilt,
Keen Sorrows round His Heart Strings twine;
There Justice plung'd its every Dart,
Dipt in the Flames of Wrath divine.

But now, her Quiver emptied, stands
Appeas'd, and smiling pleads our Cause;
Mercy triumphant claps her Wings,
And Heaven resounds with loud Applause.

Father, and can we silent lie,
We, the blest'd Subjects of Thy Love?
Well then may Rocks in echoing Songs
Our base Stupidity reprove.

No, every Power shall be combin'd,
To celebrate Thy wonderous Praise,
And one eternal blissful Day,
The Monument of Glory raise. S.

H Y M N CXXXVI. *Common Measure*

Hymn to Jesus.

JESUS, in Thy transporting Name
What blissful Glories rise!
Jesus, the Angels sweetest Theme!
The Wonder of the Skies!

Well might the Skies with Wonder view
A Love so strange as Thine!
No Thought of Angels ever knew
Compassion so divine!

Didst Thou forsake Thy radiant Crown,
 And boundless Realms of Day;
 (Aside Thy Robes of Glory thrown,
 To dwell in feeble Clay?)

Jesus, and didst Thou leave the Sky
 For Miseries and Woes?
 And didst Thou bleed, and groan and die
 For vile rebellious Foes?

Victorious Love! can Language tell
 The Wonders of Thy Power,
 Which conquer'd all the Force of Hell,
 In that tremendous Hour?

Is there a Heart that will not bend
 To Thy divine Controul?
 Descend, O sovereign Love, descend
 And melt that stubborn Soul.

O may our willing Hearts confess
 Thy sweet, Thy gentle Sway;
 Glad Captives of resistless Grace,
 Thy pleasing Rule obey.

Come dearest Lord, extend Thy Reign,
 Till Rebels rise no more;
 Thy Praise all Nature then shall join,
 And Heaven and Earth adore.

T. S.

HYMN CXXXVII. *Common Measure.**The Love of God in sending His Son.*

COME, happy Souls approach your God,
 With loud triumphant Songs ;
 Come, tender to almighty Grace
 The Tribute of your Tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the Love,
 That pity'd dying Men,
 The Father sent His equal Son,
 To give them Life again.

Thy Hands, blest'd Jesus, were not arm'd
 With a revenging Rod ;
 No hard Commission to perform
 The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
 And Wrath forsook the Throne,
 When Christ on the kind Errand came,
 And brought Salvation down.

Here, Sinners you may heal your Wounds,
 And wipe your Sorrows dry ;
 Trust in the mighty Savior's Name,
 And you shall never die.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *Peculiar Measure.**The Grand Scheme of the Gospel. Eph. 1. 9, 10, 11*

WE sing the deep mysterious Plan,
 Which God devis'd e'er Time began.

At length disclos'd in all its Light,
 We bless the wonderous Birth of Love,
 Which beams around us from above,
 With Grace so free, and Hope so bright.

Here has the wise eternal Mind
 In *Christ*, their common Head, conjoin'd
Gentiles and *Jews*, and Earth and Heaven.
 Through Him, from the great Father's Throne,
 Rivers of Bliss come rolling down,
 And endless Peace and Life are given.

No more the awful *Cherubs* guard
 The Tree of Life with flaming Sword,
 To drive afar Man's trembling Race;
 At *Salem's* pearly Gates they stand,
 And smiling wait (a friendly Band!)
 To welcome Strangers to the Place.

While we expect that glorious Sight,
 Love shall our Hearts with theirs unite;
 And ardent Hope our Bosoms raise;
 From Earth's vile Cottages of Clay,
 To those resplendent Realms of Day,
 We'll try to send the sounding Praise.

D.

H Y M N CXXXIX. *Long Measure.*

The Scheme of Salvation worthy of God.

Heb. 2. 10.

IMMORTAL God, on Thee we call,
 The great Original of All;
 By Thee we are, to Thee we tend,
 Our sure Support, our glorious End.

We praise that wise mysterious Grace,
That pitied our revolted Race ;
And *Jesus*, our victorious Head,
The Captain of Salvation made.

He, Thine eternal Love decreed,
Should many Sons to Glory lead ;
And sinful Worms, to Him are given,
A Colony to people Heaven.

Jesus for us, O gracious Name !
Encounter'd Agony and Shame ;
Jesus the Glorious and the Great,
By dreadful Sufferings made compleat.

A Scene of Wonders here we see,
Worthy Thy Son, and worthy Thee :
And while this Theme employs our Tongues,
Let Angels raise their sweeter Songs. D.

H Y M N CXL. *Common Measure*

God glorified in the Gospel.

THE Lord, descending from above,
Invites His Children near :
While Power, and Truth, and boundless Love
Display their Glories here.

Here, in the Gospel's wonderful Frame,
Fresh Wisdom we pursue ;
A thousand Angels learn Thy Name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy Name express'd in fairest Lines,
 Thy Wonders here we trace:
 Wisdom through all the Mystery shines,
 And shines in *Jesus'* Face.

The Law its best Obedience owes
 To our incarnate God;
 And Thy avenging Justice shews
 Its Honors in His Blood.

But still the Lustre of Thy Grace
 Our warmer Thoughts employs;
 Gilds the whole Scene with brighter Rays,
 And more exalts our Joys. W.

H Y M N C X L I. *Common Measure.*

Mercy and Truth met together.

WHEN first the God of boundless Grace
 Disclos'd His kind Design,
 To rescue our apostate Race
 From Misery, Shame and Sin.

Quick, through the Realms of Light and Bliss,
 The joyful Tidings ran;
 Each Heart exulted at the News,
 That God would dwell with Man.

Yet, 'midst their Joys they paus'd awhile,
 And ask'd with strange surprize,
 "But how can injur'd Justice smile,
 "Or look with pitying Eyes?"

“ Will the Almighty deign again
 “ To visit yonder World;
 “ And hither bring rebellious Men,
 “ Whence Rebels once were hurl’d ?

“ Their Tears, and Groans, and deep Distress
 “ Aloud for Mercy call;
 “ But ah ! must Truth and Righteousness
 “ To Mercy Victims fall ?”

So spake the Friends of God and Man,
 Delighted, yet surpriz’d;
 Eager to know the wonderous Plan,
 That Wisdom had devis’d.

The Son of God attentive heard,
 And quickly thus reply’d,
 “ In Me let Mercy be rever’d,
 “ And Justice satisfy’d.

“ Behold ! my vital Blood I pour,
 “ A Sacrifice to God;
 “ Let angry Justice now no more
 “ Demand the Sinner’s Blood.”

He spake, and Heaven’s high Arches rung;
 Praise every Tongue employs;—
 “ He dy’d,” the friendly Angels sung,
 Nor cease their rapturous Joys.

HYMN CXLII. *Common Measure.**The Invitation of the Gospel.*

Isai. 55. 1. 2..

LET every mortal Ear attend,
 And every Heart rejoice ;
 The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
 With an inviting Voice.

Ho ! all ye wretched starving Souls,
 That feed upon the Wind ;
 And vainly strive with earthly Toys
 To fill an empty Mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
 A Soul-reviving Feast,
 And bids your longing Appetites
 The rich Provision taste.

Ho ! ye that pant for living Streams,
 And pine away and die ;
 Here you may quench your raging Thirst
 With Streams that never dry.

Rivers of Love and Mercy here,
 In a rich Ocean join ;
 Salvation in Abundance flows,
 Like Floods of Milk and Wine.

The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
 Stand open Night and Day :
 Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
 And drive our Wants away.

H Y M N CXLIII. *Common Measure.**An Invitation to the Blessings of the Gospel.*

IN vain we lavish out our Lives
 To gather empty Wind;
 The choicest Blessings Earth can give
 Will starve a hungry Mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our Souls
 With more substantial Meat;
 With such as Saints in Glory love,
 With such as Angels eat.

Come, and He'll cleanse our spotted Souls
 And wash away our Stains,
 In the dear Fountain, which His Son
 Pour'd from His dying Veins.

The Heart, that flinty stubborn Thing!
 That Terrors cannot move;
 That fears no Threatenings of His Wrath,
 Shall be dissolv'd in Love.

Or He can take the Flint away
 That would not be refin'd;
 And, from the Treasures of His Grace,
 Bestow a softer Mind.

There shall His sacred Spirit dwell,
 And deep engrave His Law;
 And every Motion of our Souls
 To swift Obedience draw.

H Y M N · CXLIV. *Common Measure.**An Invitation to the Gospel Feast.*

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal Feast !
Where Mercy spreads her bounteous Store,
For every humble Guest.

See, Jesus stands with open Arms ;
He calls, He bids you come :
Guilt holds your back, and Fear alarms ;
But see, there yet is Room.

Room in the Savior's bleeding Heart ;
There Love and Pity meet ;
Nor will He bid the Soul depart,
That trembles at His Feet.

In Him the Father reconcil'd
Invites your Souls to come ;
The Rebel shall be call'd a Child,
And kindly welcom'd Home.

O come, and with His Children taste
The Blessings of His Love ;
While Hope attends the sweet Repast
Of nobler Joys above.

There, with united Heart and Voice,
Before th' eternal Throne,
Ten thousand thousand Souls rejoice,
In Extasies unknown.

And yet ten thousand thousand more;
 Are welcome still to come:
 Ye longing Souls, the Grace adore;
 Approach, there yet is Room.

T.

H Y M N CXLV. *Common Measure.*

The Savior's Invitation. John 7. 37.

THE Savior calls—let every Ear
 Attend the heavenly Sound;
 Ye doubting Souls dismiss your Fear,
 Hope smiles reviving round.

For every thirsty, longing Heart;
 Here Streams of Bounty flow,
 And Life, and Health, and Bliss impart
 To banish mortal Woe.

Here, Springs of sacred Pleasure rise
 To ease your every Pain,
 (Immortal Fountain! full Supplies!)
 Nor shall you thirst in vain.

Ye Sinners, come, 'tis Mercy's Voice,
 The gracious Call obey;
 Mercy invites to heavenly Joys,—
 And can you yet delay?

Dear Savior, draw reluctant Hearts,
 To Thee let Sinners fly;
 And take the Bliss Thy Love imparts,
 And drink, and never die.

T.

HYMN CXLVI. *Long Measure.**Weary Souls invited to Rest.*

Matt. 11. 28.

COME, weary Souls with Sin distrest,
 The Savior offers heavenly Rest;
 The kind, the gracious Call obey,
 And cast your gloomy Fears away.

Oppress'd with Guilt, a painful Load,
 O Come, and spread your Woes abroad;
 Divine Compassion, mighty Love
 Will all the painful Load remove.

Here Mercy's boundless Ocean flows,
 To cleanse your Guilt and heal your Woes;
 Pardon, and Life, and endless Peace;—
 How rich the Gift! how free the Grace!

Lord, we accept, with thankful Heart,
 The Hope Thy gracious Words impart;
 We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
 And bless the kind inviting Voice.

Dear Savior, let Thy powerful Love
 Confirm our Faith, our Fears remove;
 And sweetly influence every Breast,
 And guide us to eternal Rest.

HYMN CXLVII. *Common Measure.**Divine Bounty.*

Col. 1. 19.

LORD, we adore Thy boundless Grace,
 The Heights and Depths unknown
 Of Pardon, Life, and Joy, and Peace,
 In Thy beloved Son.

O wonderful Gift of Love divine;
 Dear Source of every Good;
 Jesus, in Thee what Glories shine!
 How rich Thy flowing Blood!

Come, all ye pining, hungry poor,
 The Savior's Bounty taste;
 Behold a never-failing Store
 For every willing Guest.

Here shall your numerous Wants receive
 A free, a full Supply;
 He has unmeasur'd Bliss to give,
 And Joys that never die.

Can those who hear the Savior's Voice,
 Prefer Earth's empty Toys,
 (Ah, wretched Souls! ah, fatal Choice!)
 To everlasting Joys?

Lord, bring unwilling Souls to Thee,
 With sweet resistless Power;
 Thy boundless Grace, let Rebels see,
 And at Thy Feet adore.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Short Measure.*

Now is the Day of Salvation.

THE swift declining Day,
How fast its Moments fly!
While Evening's broad and gloomy Shade
Gains on the Western Sky.

Ye Mortals, mark its Pace,
And use the Hours of Light;
And know, its Maker can command
An instantaneous Night.

His Word blots out the Sun
In its Meridian Blaze;
And cuts from smiling vigorous Youth
The Remnant of its Days.

On the dark Mountain's Brow
Your Feet shall quickly slide;
And from its dreadful Summit dash
Your momentary Pride.

Give Glory to the Lord,
Who rules the whirling Sphere;
Submissive at His Footstool bow,
And seek Salvation there.

Then shall new Lustre break
Through all the horrid Gloom,
And lead you to unchanging Light,
In your celestial Home.

HYMN CXLIX. *Common Measure.**The Voice of Christ to the Sons of Men.*

NOW let the listening World around,
 In silent Reverence hear ;
 While from on high, the Savior's Voice
 Thus strikes th' attentive Ear.

“ To you, O Sons of Men, I call ;
 “ And from My lofty Throne,
 “ Reclin'd in gentle Pity bow,
 “ To bring Salvation down.

“ Ye careless Sinners, hear My Voice,
 “ Attend My Words and live ;
 “ My Words conduct to solid Joys,
 “ And endless Blessings give.

“ Each faithful Minister is sent
 “ This Message to proclaim ;
 “ In every various Providence
 “ The Language is the same.

“ And could the pale forgotten Dead,
 “ Though deep in Dust they lie,
 “ Arise in visionary Crouds,
 “ They'd join the solemn Cry.

“ Forgetful Mortals, yet be wise,
 “ While o'er the Grave ye stand ;
 “ Left long-neglected Love provoke
 “ The Vengeance of My Hand.”

Dear Jesus, let Thy Spirit breathe
 On Souls which else will die;
 Oh, let Thy Grace our Souls renew,
 And bring Salvation nigh!

D.

H*Y M N CL. *Short Measure.*

*The Voice of God, and an immediate Attention to it
 required.*

Heb. 3. 15.

THE LORD *Jehovah* calls
 Be every Ear inclin'd :
 May such a Voice awake each Heart,
 And captivate the Mind.

If He in Thunder speaks,
 Earth trembles at His Nod;
 But milder Accents here proclaim
 The condescending God.

O harden not your Hearts,
 But hear His Voice To-Day ;
 Lest, e'er To-morrow's earliest Dawn,
 He call your Souls away.

Almighty God, pronounce
 The Word of conquering Grace ;
 So shall the Flint dissolve to Tears,
 And Scorners seek Thy Face.

M.

D.

HYMN CLI. *Common Measure.**The Heavenly Guest.*

Rev. 3. 20.

AND will the Lord thus condescend
 To visit sinful Worms?
 Thus at the Door, shall Mercy stand
 In all her winning Forms?

Surprizing Grace!—and shall my Heart
 Unmov'd and cold remain?
 Has this hard Rock no tender Part?
 Must Mercy plead in vain?

Shall Jesus for Admission sue,
 His charming Voice unheard?
 And this vile Heart, His rightful Due,
 Remain for ever barr'd?

'Tis Sin, alas, with Tyrant Power
 The Lodging has possess'd;
 And Crouds of Traitors bar the Door
 Against the heavenly Guest.

Lord, rise in Thy all-conquering Grace,
 Thy mighty Power display;
 One Beam of Glory, from Thy Face,
 Can drive my Foes away.

Ye dangerous Inmates, hence depart;
 Dear Savior, enter in,
 And guard the Passage to my Heart,
 And keep out every Sin.

HYMN CLII. *Long Measure.**The Gospel Jubilee.*

Pfal. 89. 15.

L OUD let the tuneful Trumpet sound,
 And spread the joyful Tidings round;
 Let every Soul with Transport hear,
 And hail the Lord's accepted Year.

Ye Debtors, whom He gives to know,
 That you ten thousand Talents owe,
 When humble at His Feet you fall,
 Your gracious God forgives them all.

Slaves, that have borne the heavy Chain
 Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic Reign,
 To Liberty assert your Claim,
 And urge the great Redeemer's Name.

The rich Inheritance you lost,
 Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
 Fair *Salem* your Arrival waits,
 With golden Streets and pearly Gates.

Her bless'd Inhabitants no more
 Bondage and Poverty deplore;
 No Debt, but Love immensely great,
 Their Joy still rises with the Debt.

O happy Souls that know the Sound!
 Celestial Light your Steps around
 Shall shew that Jubilee begun,
 Which through eternal Years shall run. . . . D.

HYMN CLIII. *Peculiar Measure.**The Jubilee.*

BLOW ye the Trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn Sound,
 Let all the Nations know
 To Earth's remotest Bound.

The Year of *Jubilee* is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

Exalt the Son of God,
 The all-atoning Lamb;
 Redemption in His Blood
 To all the World proclaim.

The Year of *Jubilee* is come,
 Return, ye ransom'd Sinners, Home.

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.

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.

HYMN CLIV. *Common Measure.**Regeneration.*

John 1. 13.

NOT all the outward Forms on Earth,
 Nor Rites that God hath given;
 Nor Will of Man, nor Blood, nor Birth
 Can raise one Soul to Heaven.

The sovereign Will of God alone
 Creates us Heirs of Grace;
 Born in the Image of His Son,
 A new peculiar Race.

The Spirit, like some heavenly Wind,
 Blows on the Sons of Flesh;
 New models all the carnal Mind,
 And forms the Man afresh.

Our quickened Souls awake, and rise
 From the long Sleep of Death;
 On heavenly Scenes we fix our Eyes,
 And Praise employs our Breath.

W.

HYMN CLV. *Common Measure.**The New Creation.*

AT TEND, while God's exalted Son
 Doth His Own Glories shew;
 Behold, I sit upon My Throne,
 Creating all Things new.

M. 3.

I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
 To the new Heavens I make ;
 None but the new-born Heirs of Grace,
 My Glories shall partake.

Mighty Redeemer ! set us free
 From our old State of Sin ;
 Oh, make our Souls alive to Thee,
 Create new Powers within !

Far from the Regions of the Dead,
 From Sin, and Earth, and Hell ;
 In the new World, that Grace has made,
 We would for ever dwell.

W.

H Y M N CLVI. *Common Measure.*

Conversion.

GREAT God of Glory and of Grace !
 We own, with humble Shame,
 How vile is our degenerate Race,
 And our first Father's Name.

From Adam flows our tainted Blood,
 The Poison reigns within ;
 Makes us averse to all that's good,
 And willing Slaves to Sin.

Daily we break Thy holy Laws,
 And then reject Thy Grace ;
 Engag'd in the old Serpent's Cause
 Against our Father's Face.

We live afar estrang'd from God,
 And love the Distance well ;
 With Haste we run the dangerous Road,
 That leads to Death and Hell.

And can such Rebels be restor'd!
 Such Natures made divine !
 Oh let us see Thy Glory, Lord,
 And feel this Power of Thine.

We raise our Father's Name on high,
 Who His Own Spirit sends,
 To bring rebellious Strangers nigh,
 And turn His Foes to Friends.

W.

H Y M N CLVII. *Common Measure.*

The Necessity of renewing Grace.

HOW helpless guilty Nature lies,
 Unconscious of its Load !
 The Heart, unchang'd, can never rise
 To Happiness and God.

The Will perverse, the Passions blind,
 In Paths of Ruin stray ;
 Reason, debas'd, can never find
 The safe, the narrow Way.

Can Ought beneath a Power divine
 The stubborn Will subdue ?
 'Tis Thine, Eternal Spirit, Thine
 To form the Heart anew.

'Tis Thine the Passions to recall,
 And upwards bid them rise;
 And make the Scales of Error fall
 From Reason's darken'd Eyes.

To chase the Shades of Death away,
 And bid the Sinner live!
 A Beam of Heaven, a vital Ray,
 'Tis Thine alone to give.

O change these wretched Hearts of ours,
 And give them Life divine!
 Then shall our Passions and our Powers,
 Almighty Lord, be Thine. T.

H Y M N CLVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

*Desiring to be delivered from secret and presumptuous
 Sins.*

Psal. 19.

PURGE me, Lord, from Guilt that lies
 Wrap'd within my Heart's Disguise;
 Let me hence, by Thee renew'd,
 Each presumptuous Sin exclude.

Let my Tongue, from Error free,
 Speak the Words approv'd by Thee;
 To Thy all-observing Eyes
 Let my Thoughts accepted rise.

So my Lot shall ne'er be join'd
 With the Men whose impious Mind,
 Fearless of Thy just Command,
 Brave the Vengeance of Thy Hand.

While I thus Thy Name adore,
 And Thy healing Grace implore,
 Bless'd Redeemer, bow Thine Ear,
 God, my Strength; propitious hear.

M.

H Y M N CLIX. *Common Measure.*

Hardness of Heart bewailed.

ALAS! this adamantine Heart,
 This icy Rock within!
 Alas! these active Powers congeal'd
 By the Deceits of Sin!

What! cannot all the melting Charms
 Of a Redeemer's Love,
 Nor Thunderbolts of Wrath divine
 This flinty Bosom move?

Canst Thou my Soul, to Heaven ally'd,
 A Native of the Sky,
 Thus, in ignoble Fetters bound,
 A willing Captive lie?

Oh! burst these Bands, or disavow
 The Reasonable Name;
 Nor dare but with a brutal World
 Affinity to claim.

Vain Efforts these, no Self-sprung Powers
 Can reigning Sin subdue;
 Thine, sacred Spirit, is the Work
 To form the Heart anew.

Oh let that Rock afunder break
 Before Thy awful Face ;
 Or rather melt away beneath
 Thy milder Beams of Grace.

S.

H Y M N CLX. *Common Measure.*

The Joy of remarkable Conversion. Psal. 126.

WHEN God reveal'd His gracious Name,
 And chang'd our mournful State,
 The Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
 The Grace appear'd so great.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
 And did Thy Hand confess ;
 Our Tongues broke out in unknown Strains,
 And sung the wonderous Grace.

Great is the Work, our Neighbors cry'd,
 And own'd the Power divine ;
 Great is the Work, our Hearts reply'd,
 And be the Glory Thine.

The Lord can clear the darkest Skies,
 Can give us Day for Night ;
 Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise
 To Rivers of Delight.

Let those, that sow in Sadness, wait
 Till the fair Harvest come ;
 They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
 And shout the Blessings Home.

Though Seed lie buried long in Duft,
 It shan't deceive their Hope;
 The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
 For Grace insures the Crop.

W.

H Y M N CLXI. *Long Measure.*

The Leadings of the Spirit.

COME Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With Light and Comfort from above;
 Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
 O'er every Thought and Step preside.

Conduct us safe, conduct us far
 From every Sin and hurtful Snare;
 Lead to Thy Word that Rules must give,
 And teach us Lessons how to Live.

The Light of Truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose Thy Way;
 Plant Holy Fear in every Heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

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.

Lead us to God, our final Rest,
 In His Enjoyment to be bless'd;
 Lead us to Heaven, the Seat of Bliss,
 Where Pleasure in Perfection is.

B.

HYMN CLXII. *Peculiar Measure.**The Pardoning God.*

Mich. 7: 18.

GREAT God of Wonders! all Thy Ways
 Are matchless, Godlike, and divine;
 But the fair Glories of Thy Grace
 More Godlike and unrival'd shine:
*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?*

Crimes of such Horror to forgive,
 Such guilty daring Worms to spare,
 This is Thy grand Prerogative,
 And None shall in the Honor share.
*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?*

Angels and Men, resign your Claim.
 To Pity, Mercy, Love, and Grace;
 These Glories crown Jehovah's Name
 With an incomparable Blaze.
*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?*

In Wonder lost, with trembling Joy,
 We take the Pardon of our God,
 Pardon, for Crimes of deepest Dye,
 A Pardon, bought with Jesus' Blood.
*Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?*

O may this strange this matchless Grace,
 This Godlike Miracle of Love
 Fill the wide Earth with grateful Praise,
 And all th' angelic Choirs above!
Who is a pardoning God like Thee?
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

S. D.

H Y M N CLXIII. *Common Measure.*

Pardon and Peace by the Death of Christ.

GREAT God, before whose piercing Eye
 My Follies stand confess'd,
 Thy Mercy I implore to seal
 A Pardon to my Breast.

My numerous Sins to Thee I mourn,
 Ting'd with the deepest Dye;
 And, could my briny Tears atone,
 I'd weep these Fountains dry.

But see, a Savior's wounded Side
 Far richer Streams supplies;
 Here will I bathe my guilty Soul;
 And thence my Hope shall rise.

Justice no more, with awful Frowns,
 Arrays my Father's Face;
 He lays His vengeful Thunder by,
 And melts His Wrath to Grace.

Now tune thy Powers, my grateful Soul,
 To sing redeeming Love;
 And, with an Extasy of Joy,
 Through all it's Wonders rove.

Bless, and adore the sacred Three,
 Whose Grace and Power combine
 To rescue Thee from Sin and Hell,
 And make Salvation Thine.

S.

H Y M N CLXIV. *Common Measure.*

Acceptance through Christ.

HOW shall I dare approach the Lord,
 And bow before His Throne?
 Or how procure His kind Regard,
 And for my Guilt atone?

Shall Altars flame, and Victims bleed,
 And spicy Fumes ascend?
 Will these my earnest Wish succeed,
 And make my God, my Friend?

Should thousand Rams in Flames expire,
 Would these His Favor buy?
 Or Oil, that should for holy Fire,
 Ten thousand Streams supply?

With trembling Hands and bleeding Heart,
 Should I my Offspring slay;
 Would this a cheerful Hope impart,
 Or purge my Guilt away?

Ah! no, my Soul, 'twere fruitless all,
 Such Victims bleed in vain;
 No Fatlings, from the Field nor Stall,
 Such Favor can obtain.

None, but a dying Savior's Blood,
 Can all thy Guilt remove:
 This plead, my Soul, before thy God,
 And sing redeeming Love.

B.

H Y M N CLXV. *Common Measure.*

Justification by Faith.

Rom. 3. 19—22.

VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
 On their own Works have built;
 Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
 And all their Actions Guilt.

Let *Jews* and *Gentiles* stop their Mouths,
 Without a murmuring Word;
 And the whole Race of *Adam* stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

How dare we think God's righteous Law
 Can justify us now?
 Since to convince, and to condemn
 Is all the Law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is Thy Grace!
 When in Thy Name we trust,
 Our Faith receives a Righteousness,
 That makes the Sinner just.

W.

HYMN CLXVI. *Common Measure.**Access to God by Christ.*

COME, let us lift our joyful Eyes
 Up to the Courts above;
 And smile to see our Father there,
 Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of awful Wrath,
 And hot devouring Flame;
 Our God appear'd consuming Fire,
 And Vengeance was His Name.

Rich were the Drops of Jesus' Blood,
 That calm'd His frowning Face;
 That sprinkled o'er the burning Throne,
 And turn'd the Wrath to Grace.

Now we may bow before His Feet,
 And venture near the Lord:
 No fiery Cherub guards His Seat,
 Nor double-flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heavenly Bliss
 Are opened by the Son;
 High let us raise our Notes of Praise,
 And reach th' almighty Throne.

To Thee ten thousand Thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high;
 And Glory to the eternal King,
 Who lays His Fury by.

HYMN CLXVII. *Long Measure.**Life and Safety in Christ alone.*

John 6. 68.

THOU only Sovereign of my Heart,
 My Refuge, my almighty Friend,—
 And can my Soul from Thee depart,
 On Whom alone my Hopes depend?

Whither, ah! whither shall I go,
 A wretched Wanderer from my Lord?
 Can this dark World of Sin and Woe
 One Glimpse of Happiness afford?

Eternal Life Thy Words impart,
 On these my fainting Spirit lives;
 Here sweeter Comforts cheer my Heart
 Than all the Round of Nature gives.

Let Earth's alluring Joys combine,
 While Thou art near, in vain they call;
 One Smile, one blissful Smile of Thine;
 My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

Thy Name my inmost Powers adore,
 Thou art my Life, my Joy, my Care:
 Depart from Thee,—'tis Death,—'tis more!
 'Tis endless Ruin, deep Despair!

Low at Thy Feet my Soul would lie,
 Here Safety dwells, and Peace divine;
 Still let me live beneath Thine Eye,
 For Life, eternal Life is Thine.

H Y M N. CLXVIII. *Long Measure.**Christ our Wisdom and Righteousness.*

1 Cor. 1. 30.

BEWILDER'D in the Shades of Night,
 We lie till Christ restores the Light,
 Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
 And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
 Till His atoning Blood appears;
 Then we awake from deep Distress,
 And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,
 His Spirit makes our Natures clean:
 Such Virtues from His Sufferings flow,
 At once to heal and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding His Slaves in heavy Chains,
 He sets the Prisoners free, and breaks
 The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess
 Grace, Wisdom, Power and Righteousness:
 Thou art our mighty ALL, and we
 Give our whole Selves, O Lord, to Thee.

H Y M N CLXIX. *Long Measure:**Christ our Strength.* 2 Cor. 12. 7, 9, 10.

COULD we but hear the Savior say,
 "Strength shall be equal to the Day;"
 Then we'd rejoice in deep Distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient Grace.

We can do all Things, or can bear
 All Sufferings, if our Lord be there:
 When we are weak, then are we strong,
 Grace is our Shield, and *Christ* our Song.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the Work alone,
 When new Temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our Weakness is.

So *Sampson*, when his Hair was lost,
 Met the *Philistines* to his Cost:
 Shook his vain Limbs with sad Surprize,
 Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

W.

H Y M N CLXX. *Short-Measure.**Adoption.* 1 John 3. 1, &c. Gal. 6. 6.

BEHOLD, what wonderful Grace,
 The Father has bestow'd,
 On Sinners of a mortal Race,
 To call them Sons of God!

'Tis no surprizing Thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jews of old knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son:

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

A Hope so much divine
May Trials well endure;
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As CHRIST the LORD is pure.

If in my Father's Love
I share a filial Part,
Send down Thy Spirit, like a Dove,
To rest upon my Heart.

We would no longer lie,
Like Slaves, beneath the Throne;
Our Faith shall Abba Father cry,
And Thou the Kindred own.

W.

H Y M N CLXXI. *Peculiar Measure.*

Adoption.

LET others boast their ancient Line,
In long Succession great;
In the proud List let Heroes shine,
And Monarchs swell the State:
Descended from the King of Kings,
Each Saint, a nobler Title sings.

Pronounce me, gracious God, Thy Son,
Own me an Heir divine ;
I'll pity Princes on the Throne,
When I can call Thee mine :
Scepters and Crowns unenvied rise,
And lose their Lustre in my Eyes.

Content, obscure I pass my Days,
To all I meet unknown,
And wait till Thou Thy Child shalt raise
And seat me near Thy Throne.
No Name, no Honors here I crave,
Well pleas'd with those beyond the Grave.

Jesus, my elder Brother, lives,
With Him I too shall reign ;
Nor Sin, nor Death, while He survives,
Shall make the Promise vain.
In Him my Title stands secure,
And shall, while endless Years endure.

When He, in Robes divinely bright,
Shall once again appear.
Thou too, my Soul, shalt shine in Light,
And His full Image bear.
Enough !——I wait th' appointed Day,
Bless'd Savior, haste, and come away ! C.

H Y M N CLXXII. *Common Measure*

Abba, Father. Gal. 4. 6.

SOVEREIGN of all the Worlds on high,
Allow my humble Claim ;

Nor, while a Worm would raise its Head,
Disdain a Father's Name.

My Father God! How sweet the Sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the Harmony of Heaven
Could so delight the Ear.

Come, sacred Spirit, seal the Name
On mine expanding Heart;
And shew, that in Jehovah's Grace
I share a filial Part.

Cheer'd by a Signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe;
And Abba, Father, humbly cry,
Nor can the Sign deceive.

D.

H Y M N CLXXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Covenant of Grace unchangeable.

Psal. 89.

YET, saith the Lord, if *David's* Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
And tempt Mine Anger down:

Their Sins I'll visit with my Rod,
And make their Folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from My Truth depart.

Once have I sworn, I need no more,
 And pledg'd my Holiness,
 To seal the sacred Covenant sure
 To *David* and his Race.

The Sun shall see His Offspring rise
 And spread from Sea to Sea,
 Long as He travels round the Skies
 To give the Nations Day.

Sure, as the Moon that rules the Night,
 His Kingdom shall endure;
 Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
 Shall be observ'd no more. W.

H Y M N CLXXIV. *Long Measure.*

The Covenant-keeping God.

MY God, shall I for ever mourn,
 Abandon'd of Thy Grace and Care;
 To Sin and Hell an easy Prey,
 And overwhelm'd with rising Fear?

Hast Thou forgot Thy wondrous Name,
 All-Gracious, Merciful and Kind?
 Can growing Years exhaust the Stores
 Of Love, in Thy eternal Mind?

Shall the least Shadow of a Change
 Becloud the Origin of Light?
 Or can the Hopes, which Truth has rais'd,
 Lie buried in an endless Night?

Sooner may Nature's Laws reverse,
 Revolving Seasons cease their Round;
 Nor Spring appear with blooming Pride,
 Nor Autumn with rich Plenty crown'd :

Yon shining Orbs forget their Course,
 The Sun his destin'd Path forsake;
 And burning Desolation mark,
 Amid the World, his devious Track.

Earth may with all her Powers dissolve,
 (If such her great Creator's Will,)
 But Thou for ever art the same,
 I AM is Thy Memorial still.

Take Courage then, my trembling Soul,
 Fix all thy Thoughts and Hopes above:
 Trust thou in God; He'll yet return,
 And make thee sing surprizing Love. S.

H Y M N CLXXV. *Common Measure.*

Salvation:

Pfal. 35. 3.

SALVATION! O melodious Sound
 To wretched dying Men!
 Salvation, that from God proceeds,
 And leads to God again!

Rescu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,
 From Fiends, and Fires, and Chains;
 Rais'd to a Paradise of Bliss
 Where Love triumphant reigns.

But may a poor bewilder'd Soul,
 Sinful and weak as mine,
 Presume to raise a trembling Eye
 To Blessings so divine?

My Savior God, no Voice but Thine
 These dying Hopes can raise;
 Speak Thy Salvation to my Soul,
 And turn my Prayer to Praise.

My Savior God, this broken Voice
 Transported shall proclaim,
 And call on all th' angelic Harps
 To sound so sweet a Name.

D.

H Y M N CLXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Salvation.

SALVATION! Oh, the joyful Sound!
 'Tis Music to our Ears;
 A sovereign Balm for all our Wounds,
 A Cordial for our Fears!

Salvation! Oh, the Power and Love,
 That here triumphant reign,
 To raise the Soul from Death and Hell
 To Life and God again!

Salvation! may its sovereign Power
 Our stubborn Souls subdue;
 And tune our Tongues to loftier Strains
 Than ever Mortals knew!

Salvation ! Let the Echo fly
 The spacious Earth around ;
 And all the Armies of the Skies
 Conspire to raise the Sound.

W.

H Y M N CLXXVII. *Short Measure.*

Salvation by Grace.

Eph. 2. 5.

GRACE ! 'tis a charming Sound !
 Harmonious to the Ear !
 Heaven with the Echo shall resound,
 And all the Earth shall hear.

Grace first contriv'd a Way
 To save rebellious Man,
 And all the Steps that Grace display,
 Which drew the wonderous Plan.

Grace taught my roving Feet
 To tread the heavenly Road ;
 And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.

Grace all the Work shall crown,
 Through everlasting Days ;
 It lays in Heaven the topmost Stone,
 And well deserves the Praise.

HYMN CLX-XVIII. *Common Measure.**Salvation by Grace.*

Tit. 3. 3—7.

LORD, we confess our numerous Faults,
 How great our Guilt has been;
 Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
 And all our Lives were Sin.

But, O my Soul! for ever praise,
 For ever love His Name,
 Who turns thy Feet from dangerous Ways
 Of Folly, Sin, and Shame.

'Tis not by Works of Righteousness,
 Which our own Hands have done;
 But we are sav'd by sovereign Grace,
 Abounding through His Son.

'Tis from the Mercy of our God,
 That all our Hopes begin;
 'Tis by the Water, and the Blood,
 Our Souls are cleans'd from Sin.

'Tis through the Purchase of His Death,
 Who hung upon the Tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry Bones as we.

Rais'd from the Dead, we live anew,
 And justify'd by Grace,
 We shall appear in Glory too,
 And see our Father's Face.

H Y M N CLXXIX. *Long Measure.**God magnified for His Salvation.*

Pfal. 40. 16.

GOD of Salvation, we adore
 Thy saving Love, Thy saving Power;
 And, to our utmost Stretch of Thought,
 Hail the Redemption Thou hast wrought.

Perish, each Thought of human Pride;
 Let God alone be magnify'd;
 His Glory let the Heavens resound,
 Shouted from Earth's remotest Bound.

Saints, who His full Salvation know,
 Saints, who but taste it here below,
 Join every Angel's Voice to raise
 Harmonious, never-ending Praise.

D.

H Y M N CLXXX. *Long Measure.**No Rest on Earth.*

MAN has a Soul of vast Desires,
 He burns within with restless Fires;
 Toft to and fro, his Passions fly
 Through all the Scenes below the Sky.

In vain on Earth we hope to find
 Some solid Good to fill the Mind;

We try new Pleasures, but we feel
The inward Thirst and Torment still.

So, when a raging Fever burns,
We shift from Side to Side by Turns
And 'tis a poor Relief we gain,
To change the Place, but keep the Pain.

Great God, subdue this vicious Thirst
This Love to Vanity and Dust;
Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,
And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

W.

H Y M N CLXXXI. *Short Measure.*

The Vanity of worldly Schemes.

James 4. 13—15.

TO-Morrow, Lord, is Thine,
Lodg'd in Thy sovereign Hand;
And, if its Sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy Command.

The present Moment flies,
And bears our Life away;
O make Thy Servants truly wise,
That they may live To-day.

Since on this fleeting Hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by Thy almighty Power,
The Aged and the Young.

One Thing demands our Care;
 O be it still pursu'd!
 Lest, slighted once, the Season fair
 Should never be renew'd.

To Jesus may we fly,
 Swift as the Morning Light;
 Lest Life's young golden Beams should die
 In sudden endless Night.

D.

H Y M N CLXXXI. *Common Measure.*

The Three chief Temptations.

WHEN, in the Light of Faith divine,
 We look on Things below,
 Honor, and Gold, and sensual Joy,
 How vain and dangerous too!

Honor's a Puff of noisy Breath;
 Yet Men expose their Blood,
 And venture everlasting Death
 To gain that airy Good.

Whilst others starve the nobler Mind
 To feed on shining Dust,
 They rob the Serpent of his Food
 T' indulge a sordid Lust.

The Pleasures that allure our Sense,
 Are dangerous Snares to Souls!
 There's but a Drop of flattering Sweet,
 And dash'd with bitter Bowls.

God is our all-sufficient Good,
 Our Portion and our Choice;
 In Him our vast Desires are fill'd,
 And all our Powers rejoice. W.

H Y M N CLXXXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Vanity of mortal Man.

Psal. 39.

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.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time;
 Man is but Vanity and Dust,
 In all his Flower and Prime.

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.

Some walk in Honor's gaudy Shew,
 Some dig for golden Ore;
 They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

What shall we wish or wait for then,
 From Creatures, Earth and Dust?
 They make our Expectations vain,
 And disappoint our Trust.

Now we forbid our carnal Hope,
 Our fond Desires recall ;
 We give our mortal Interest up,
 And make our God our All.

W.

H Y M N CLXXXIV. *Common Measure.*

Frail Life and succeeding Eternity.

THEE we adore, eternal Name !
 And humbly own to Thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms are we !

Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Years and Days increase ;
 And every beating Pulse, we tell,
 Leaves but the Number less.

Infinite Joy, or endless Woe
 Attends on every Breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go,
 Just on the Brink of Death !

Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense,
 To walk this dangerous Road ;
 And, if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they ascend to God !

W.

H Y M N CLXXXV. *Common Measure.**A Renunciation of the World.*

VAIN World, thy cheating Arts give o'er,
 Thy Offers we despise ;
 In vain thou spread'st thy tempting Store
 To catch our wandering Eyes.

Bribe us no more, with glittering Toys,
 To cast our Souls away ;
 Nor seek, by such delusive Joys,
 To tempt our Feet astray.

We'll never part with Gold for Dross,
 With solid Good for Shew ;
 Out-live our Bliss, and mourn our Loss
 In everlasting Woe.

We'll never lose the living God,
 For one short Dream of Joy ;
 With fond Embrace cling to a Clod,
 And fling all Heaven away.

Vain World, thy weak Attempts forbear,
 We all thy Charms defy ;
 And rate our precious Souls too dear
 For all thy Wealth to buy. B.

H Y M N CLXXXVI. *Common Measure.**Parting with carnal Joys.*

MY Soul forsakes her vain Delights,
 And bids the World farewell ;

O

Base as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And mischievous as Hell.

No longer will I ask your Love,
Nor seek your Friendship more ;
The Happiness, which I approve,
Is not within your Power.

There's Nothing round this spacious Earth,
That suits my large Desire ;
To boundless Joy, and solid Mirth
My nobler Thoughts aspire.

Had I the Pinions of a Dove,
I'd climb the heavenly Road ;
There sits my Jesus dress'd in Love,
And there my smiling God.

W.

H Y M N CLXXXVII. *Long Measure.*

Parting with the World for Christ.

COME, blessed Jesus, quickly come,
And mark the bright celestial Way ;
Within my Breast erect Thy Throne,
Nor let me faint through long Delay.

I'm weary of these earthly Toys,
The World and all its flattering Charms ;
My Heart pants after purer Joys,
And Christ alone my Bosom warms.

With Coldness and Contempt I view
 These vain, these transitory Scenes;
 Since Grace has form'd my Heart anew,
 And wak'd me from delusive Dreams.

Methinks a Ray of heavenly Light
 Already darts upon my Soul;
 Methinks (the promis'd Land in Sight)
 My Heart's the Needle, Christ the Pole.

What though, for Pageantry and State,
 Thousands to Earth confine their Trust;
 And aiming falsely to be Great,
 Like the vile Serpent, lick the Dust:

My Hope, my Treasure, and my Rest,
 My Heart, my All, is fix'd above;
 The Kingdoms of the World possess'd
 Are vain without my Savior's Love. B. S.

H Y M N CLXXXVIII. *Long Measure.*

Mary's happy Choice.

Luke 10. 42.

B ESET with Snares on every Hand,
 In Life's uncertain Path I stand:
 Savior divine, diffuse Thy Light,
 To guide my doubtful Footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous Heart,
 Great God, to chuse the better Part;
 To scorn the Trifles of a Day,
 For Joys, that None can take away.

Then let the wildest Storms arise ;
 Let Tempests mingle Earth and Skies ;
 No fatal Shipwreck shall I fear,
 But all my Treasure with me bear.

If Thou, my *Jesus*, still art nigh,
 Cheerful I live, and cheerful die ;
 Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,
 To find ten thousand Worlds in Thee. D.

H Y M N CLXXXIX. *Common Measure.*

The Choice of Moses.

Heb. 11. 26.

MY Soul, with all thy waken'd Powers,
 Survey the heavenly Prize ;
 Nor let these glittering Toys of Earth
 Allure thy wandering Eyes.

The splendid Crown, which *Moses* sought,
 Still beams around his Brow ;
 Though soon great *Pharaoh's* scepter'd Pride
 Was taught by Death to bow.

The Joys, and Treasures of a Day
 We cheerfully resign ;
 Rich in that large immortal Store,
 Secur'd by Grace divine.

Let Fools our wiser Choice deride,
 Angels and God approve ;
 Let Scorn of Men, nor Rage of Hell
 Our stedfast Souls shall move.

With ardent Eyes, that bright Reward
 We daily will survey ;
 And, in the blooming Prospect, lose
 The Sorrows of the Way.

D.

H Y M N CXC. *Common Measure.*

Providing Bags that wax not old.

Luke 12. 33.

THESE mortal Joys, how soon they fade !
 How swift they pass away !
 The dying Flower reclines its Head,
 The Beauty of a Day.

The Bags are rent, the Treasures lost,
 We fondly call'd our own ;
 Scarce the Possession could we boast,
 And strait we found it gone.

But there are Joys that cannot die,
 With God laid up in Store ;
 Treasure, beyond the changing Sky,
 Brighter than golden Ore.

To that my rising Soul aspires,
 Secure to find her Rest ;
 And glories in such wide Desires,
 Of all her Wish possess.

The Seeds, which Piety and Love
 Have scatter'd here below,
 In the fair, fertile Fields above,
 To ample Harvests grow.

The Mite, my willing Hands can give,
 At *Jesus* Feet I lay ;
 Grace shall the humble Gift receive,
 And Heaven at large repay.

D.

H Y M N CXCI. *Long Measure.*

The One Thing needful.

Luke 10. 42.

WHY will ye lavish out your Years,
 Amidst a thousand trifling Cares ?
 While in this various Range of Thought,
The one Thing needful is forgot ?

Why will ye chase the fleeting Wind,
 And famish an immortal Mind ?
 While Angels, with Regret, look down
 To see you spurn a heavenly Crown.

Th' eternal God calls from above,
 And *Jesus* pleads His dying Love ;
 Awaken'd Conscience gives you Pain ;
 And shall they join their Pleas in vain ?

Not so your dying Eyes shall view
 Those Objects, which you now pursue ;
 Not so shall Heaven and Hell appear,
 When the decisive Hour is near.

Almighty God, Thy Power impart
 To fix Conviction on the Heart ;
 Thy Power unveils the blindest Eyes,
 And makes the proudest Scorners wise.

D.

HYMN CXCII. *Common Measure.**Happiness in God alone.*

THE great Creator, wise and good,
 Who forms th' unerring Plan,
 Implants a strong Desire of Bliss
 Within His Creature Man.

But ah! these groveling Minds of ours
 Forget their noble Birth;
 And with incessant Labor toil
 For Happiness on Earth.

Pleasure's delusive Form we chase,
 Or dig for shining Ore;
 At Honor's gaudy Shrine we bow,
 Or grasp at boundless Power.

In vain we chase, in vain we dig,
 In vain we Homage pay;
 In vain the rapid Conqueror spreads
 His universal Sway.

For Happiness below, in vain
 For ever may we toil;
 Earth by a righteous Doom's accurs'd,
 And noxious is the Soil.

Cease then, my Soul, these wild Pursuits,
 And upwards turn thine Eyes;
 See where thy gracious Maker's Hand
 Holds forth the glorious Prize.

This precious Gem is found alone
 In His paternal Love!
 This be the Center of my Soul,
 Nor hence my Passions rove!

S.

H Y M N CXCI. *Long Measure.*

Desiring a Taste of real Joy.

WH Y should my Spirit cleave to Earth,
 This Nest of Worms, this vile Abode?
 Why thus forget her nobler Birth,
 Nor wish to trace the heavenly Road?

How barren of sincere Delight
 Are all the fairest Scenes below!
 Though*beauteous Colors charm the Sight,
 They only varnish real Woe.

Were I to mount the flying Wind,
 And search the wide Creation round,
 There's Nothing here to suit the Mind;
 On Earth no solid Joy is found.

Oh! could my weary Spirit rise,
 And, panting with intense Desire,
 Reach the bright Mansions in the Skies,
 And mix among the blissful Choir:

How should I look, with pitying Eye,
 On this low World of gloomy Care:
 And wonder, how my Soul could lie
 Wrapp'd up in Shades, and Darkness there!

Say, happy Natives of the Sky,
 What is it makes your Heaven above?
 You dwell beneath your Father's Eye,
 And feast for ever on His Love.

My God, Thy Presence can impart
 A Glimpse of Heaven to Earth and Night;
 O smile, and bless my mournful Heart,
 Sweet Foretaste of sincere Delight.

Then shall my Soul contented stay,
 Till my Redeemer calls me Home:
 Yet let me oft with Transport say,
 "Come, O my Lord, my Savior come." T.

H Y M N CXCIV. *Common Measure.*

God the Happiness of His People.

1 Sam. 30. 6.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious Name,
 Still pregnant with Delight;
 It scatters round a cheerful Beam
 To gild the darkest Night.

What though our mortal Comforts fade,
 And drop like withering Flowers?
 Nor Time, nor Death can break that Band,
 Which makes *Jehovah* ours.

Our Cares, we give you to the Wind,
 And shake you off like Dust;
 Well may we trust our All with Him,
 With whom our Souls we trust.

Great God, the Covenant of Thy Love
 Abides for ever sure ;
 And, in its matchless Grace, we prove
 Our Happiness secure.

D.

H Y M N C X C V. *Common Measure.*

God the only Happiness of His People.

Pfal. 73. 25.

MY God, my Portion, and my Love,
 My everlasting All,
 I've none but Thee in Heaven above,
 Nor on this earthly Ball.

What empty Things are all the Skies,
 And this inferior Clod !
 There's Nothing here deserves my Joys,
 There's Nothing like my God.

In vain the bright, the burning Sun
 Scatters his feeble Light :
 Thy cheering Beams create my Noon,
 If Thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

To Thee I owe my Wealth and Friends,
 And Health and safe Abode :
 Thanks to Thy Love for meaner Things ;
 But they are not my God.

How vain a Toy is shining Wealth,
 If once compar'd to Thee ?
 Or what's my Safety, or my Health,
 Or all my Friends to me ?

Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
 And grasp in all the Shore;
 Grant me the Visits of Thy Face,
 And I desire no more.

W.

H Y M N CXCVI. *Long Measure.*

The Presence of God the Light and Life of the Soul.

MY God, my Hope, if Thou art mine,
 Why should my Soul with Sorrow pine?
 On Thee alone I cast my Care;
 O leave me not in dark Despair.

Though every Comfort should depart,
 And Life forsake this drooping Heart;
 One Smile from Thee, one blisful Ray,
 Can chase the Shades of Death away.

My God, my Life, if Thou appear,
 Not Death itself can make me fear;
 Thy Presence cheers the sable Gloom,
 And gilds the Horrors of the Tomb.

Not all its Horrors can affright,
 If Thou appear, my God, my Light;
 Thy Love shall all my Fears controul,
 And Glory dawn around my Soul.

Should all created Blessings fade,
 And mourning Nature, disarray'd,
 Deplore her every Charm withdrawn,
 Light, Hope, and Joy, for ever gone:

Though Nought remain below the Sky
 To please my Taste, my Ear, my Eye,
 Be Thou my Hope, my Life, my Light
 Amid the universal Night.

My God, be Thou for ever nigh;
 Beneath the Radiance of Thine Eye,
 My Hope, my Joy, shall ever rise,
 Nor terminate below the Skies.

T.

H Y M N CXCVII. *Common Measure.*

God my only Happiness.

WHEN fill'd with Grief; my anxious Heart,
 To Thee, my God, complains,
 Sweet Pleasure mingles with the Smart,
 And softens all my Pains.

Earth flies with all her soothing Charms;
 Nor I the Loss deplore;
 No more, ye Phantoms, mock my Arms,
 Nor teaze my Spirit more.

I languish for superior Joy
 To all that Earth bestows;
 For Pleasure which can never cloy,
 Nor Change, nor Period knows.

Still, must the Scenes of Bliss remain
 Conceal'd from mortal Eyes?
 And must my Wishes rise in vain,
 And never reach the Skies?

My God, O could I call Thee mine,
 Without a wavering Fear,
 This would be Happiness divine,
 A Heaven of Pleasure here !

This Joy, my Wishes long to find,
 To this my Heart aspires ;
 A Bliss, immortal as the Mind,
 And vast as its Desires !

T.

H Y M N CXCVIII. *Common Measure.*

The Chief Good.

Pfal. 4: 6, 7.

I N vain the erring World enquires
 For some substantial Good ;
 While Earth confines their low Desires,
 They live on airy Food.

Illusive Dreams of Happiness
 Their eager Thoughts employ ;
 They wake, convinc'd their boasted Bliss
 Was visionary Joy.

Be gone, ye gilded Vanities ;
 I seek some solid Good ;
 To real Bliss my Wishes rise,
 The Favor of my God.

Immortal Joy, Thy Smiles impart,
 Heaven dawns in every Ray ;
 One Glimpse of Thee will cheer my Heart,
 And turn my Night to Day.

Not all the Good, which Earth bestows,
 Can fill the craving Mind ;
 Its highest Joys have mingled Woes,
 And leave a Sting behind.

Should boundless Wealth increase my Store,
 Can Wealth my Cares beguile ?
 I should be wretched still, and poor
 Without Thy blisful Smile.

Grant, O my God, this one Request :
 Oh, be Thy Love alone,
 My ample Portion—here I rest,
 For Heaven is in the Boon.

H Y M N CXCIX. *Common Measure.*

Safety in God.

HOW are Thy Servants blest'd, O Lord,
 How sure is their Defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
 Their Help Omnipotence.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
 Supported by Thy Care,
 Through burning Climbs they pass unhurt,
 And breathe in tainted Air.

When, by the dreadful Tempest borne,
 High on the broken Wave,
 They know Thou art not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

The Storm is laid, the Winds retire,
 Obedient to Thy Will :
 The Sea, that roars at Thy Command,
 At Thy Command is still.

In 'midst of Dangers, Fears, and Deaths,
 Thy Goodness we'll adore,
 And praise Thee for Thy Mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

Our Life, while Thou preserv'st that Life,
 Thy Sacrifice shall be ;
 And Death, when Death shall be our Doom,
 Shall join our Souls to Thee. A.

H Y M N CC. *Long Measure.*

Looking upwards for perfect Happiness.

RISE, Sun of Glory, shine reveal'd
 In all Thy Majesty divine ;
 Be Thy bright Face no more conceal'd,
 And give me Power to call Thee mine.

Methinks, a Ray of heavenly Light
 Already darts upon my Soul ;
 Behold the promis'd Land in Sight,
 And Seas of Bliss in Prospect roll.

But soon the radiant Visions fail,
 Returning Fears their Power regain ;
 Darkness and Doubts again prevail,
 And Sin and Guilt overwhelm the Scene.

When shall the long expected Morn,
 Sure Earnest of eternal Day,
 These Griefs and Groans to Transport turn,
 And scatter all the Shades away?

In *Mefech's* Tents, a poor Abode,
 Why must my Soul for ever stay?
 I long to climb the shining Road,
 Freed from the Bonds of Mortal Clay.

All hail, ye Realms of endless Light!
 Of endless Peace, and Joy, and Love!
 Ye Guardian Spirits, aid my Flight,
 And bear me to your Seats above!

C.

H Y M N CCI. *Long Measure.*

God the Defence of His People.

Pfal. 46.

ON Thee, great Ruler of the Skies,
 On Thee our stedfast Hope relies;
 When hostile Powers against us join,
 What Aid so present, Lord, as Thine?

By Thee secur'd, no Fears we own,
 Though Earth convuls'd, beneath us groan;
 Though Tempest o'er her Surface sweep,
 And whirl her Hills into the Deep:

Though arm'd with Rage, before our Eyes,
 That Deep in all its Horrors rise;
 While, as the Tumult spreads around,
 The Mountains tremble at the Sound.

Behold fair Sion's blest'd Retreat,
 Where, God has fix'd His awful Seat :
 God, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Bids Storms around Her harmless fly.

See, rous'd by Discord's fierce Alarms,
 The headlong Nations rush to Arms :
 But God aloud asserts His Sway,
 And Earth's whole Fabrick melts away.

Bow then, ye Sons of Pride, and own
 That He is God, and He alone :
 He binds all Nature to His Will,
 And bids the factious World be still.

On Thee, great Ruler of the Skies,
 On Thee our stedfast Hope relies :
 On Heaven's high Lord our Trust we build :
 The God of Jacob is our Shield.

M.

H Y M N CCII. *Long Measure.*

God the Strength of our Salvation. Psal. 95.

O Come, and to th' eternal King
 New Songs of Triumph let us sing;
 With holy Transport, Him alone
 The Strength of our Salvation own.

Extended wide beyond all Bound,
 Beyond all Height His Power is found ;
 Nor Lords with Him, nor Gods beside,
 The Honors of His Throne divide.

Earth's Store, throughout its inmost Frame,
 He, great Proprietor, shall claim;
 Your Range, ye Cloud-transcending Hills,
 His Power commands, His Presence fills.

Inrich'd by His prolific Hand,
 In Him, the All-productive Land,
 In Him, the Sea, that laves its Shore,
 Their Maker, and their Lord adore.

O come, and let your Knees with mine,
 To Him in lowliest Homage join;
 With holy Transport, Him alone
 The Strength of your Salvation own.

M.

H Y M N C C I I I. *Common Measure.*

God the only Refuge of the troubled Mind.

DEAR Refuge of my weary Soul,
 On Thee, when Sorrows rise;
 On Thee, when Waves of Trouble roll,
 My fainting Hope relies.

While Hope revives, though press'd with Fears,
 And I can say, "My God,"
 Beneath Thy Feet I spread my Cares
 And pour my Woes abroad.

To Thee, I tell each rising Grief,
 For Thou alone canst heal;
 Thy Word can bring a sweet Relief
 For every Pain I feel.

But oh! when gloomy Doubts prevail,
 I fear to call Thee mine;
 The Springs of Comfort seem to fail,
 And all my Hopes decline.

Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
 Thou art my only Trust;
 And still my Soul would cleave to Thee,
 Though prostrate in the Dust.

Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy Face?
 And shall I seek in vain?
 And can the Ear of sovereign Grace
 Be deaf when I complain?

No, still the Ear of sovereign Grace
 Attends the Mourner's Prayer;
 O may I ever find Access
 To breathe my Sorrows there.

Thy Mercy-seat is open still;
 Here let my Soul retreat;
 With humble Hope attend Thy Will,
 And wait beneath Thy Feet.

T.

H·Y·M·N CCIV. *Common Measure.*

Desiring Assurance of the Favor of God.

ETERNAL Source of Joys divine,
 To Thee my Soul aspires:
 O could I say, "The Lord is mine,"
 'Tis all my Soul desires.

Thy Smile can give me real Joy,
 Unmingled and refin'd;
 Substantial Bliss, without Alloy,
 And lasting as the Mind.

Thy Smile can gild the Shade of Woe,
 Bid stormy Trouble cease;
 Spread the fair dawn of Heaven below,
 And sweeten Pain to Peace.

My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord,
 Assure me of Thy Love;
 O speak the kind transporting Word,
 And bid my Fears remove.

Then shall my thankful Powers rejoice,
 And triumph in my God,
 Till heavenly Rapture tune my Voice
 To spread Thy Praise abroad.

T.

H Y M N C C V. *Common Measure.*

Rising to God.

Isai. 60. 20.

YE transient Scenes of Earth, farewell,
 Nor more attract my Sight:
 Farewell, thou ever changing Moon,
 Pale Empress of the Night.

And thou, refulgent Orb of Day,
 In brighter Flames array'd;
 My Soul, that mounts beyond thy Spheres,
 No more demands thine Aid.

Ye Stars, that pave the shining Way
 To His divine Abode,
 I count you Dust beneath my Feet,
 Ascending to my God.

There shall I dwell in perfect Light,
 Beneath His heavenly Ray;
 Nor can one Moment's Darkness mix
 With that unvaried Day.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief
 Shall swell into mine Eyes;
 Nor the Meridian Sun decline
 Amidst those brighter Skies,

There all the Millions of His Saints
 Shall in one Song unite;
 And Each the Bliss of All partake
 With infinite Delight.

D.

H Y M N . CCVI. *Long Measure.*

Rising to God.

NOW let our Souls, on Wings sublime,
 Rise from the Vanities of Time;
 Draw back the parting Veil, and see
 The Glories of Eternity.

Born by a new celestial Birth,
 Why should we grovel here on Earth?
 Why grasp at transitory Toys,
 So near to Heaven's eternal Joys?

Shall Ought beguile us on the Road,
 When we are walking back to God?
 For Strangers into Life we come,
 And Dying is but going Home.

Welcome sweet Hour of full Discharge,
 That sets our longing Souls at Large;
 Unbinds our Chains, breaks up our Cell,
 And gives us with our God to dwell.

To dwell with God, to feel His Love
 Is the full Heaven enjoy'd above;
 And the sweet Expectation now
 Is the young Dawn of Heaven below.

G.

H Y M N C C V I I . *Common Measure.*

Breathing after heavenly Things.

TO Thee, my God, I hourly sigh,
 But not for golden Stores;
 Nor covet I the brightest Gems
 On the rich eastern Shores.

Nor that deluding empty Joy,
 Men call a mighty Name;
 Nor Greatness, in its gayest Forms,
 My restless Thoughts enflame.

Nor Pleasure's soft enticing Charms
 My fond Desires allure;
 Far greater Things than Earth can yield
 My Wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting Smiles,
That brighten Heaven above ;
The boundless Riches of Thy Grace,
And Treasures of Thy Love.

These are the mighty Things I crave ;
O ! make these Blessings mine ;
And all the Glories of the World
I gladly, Lord, resign.

R.

H Y M N CCVIII. *Common Measure.*

Aspiring towards Heaven.

VAIN World, be gone, nor vex my Heart
With thy deluding Wiles ;
Hence, empty Promiser, depart,
With all thy soothing Smiles.

Superior Bliss invites my Eyes,
Delight unmix'd with Woe ;
Now let my nobler Thoughts arise
To Joys unknown below.

Yon starry Plains, how bright they shine,
With radiant Specks of Light ;
Fair Pavement of the Courts divine,
That sparkles on the Sight !

'Tis Distance lessens every Star ;
Could I behold them nigh,
Bright Worlds of Wonder would appear
To my astonish'd Eye !

Thus heavenly Joys attract my Eyes,
 My Heart the Lustre warms:
 But could I reach those upper Skies,
 How infinite their Charms!

Come, Heaven-born Faith, and aid my Flight,
 And guide my rising Thought;
 Till Earth, still lessening to my Sight,
 Shall vanish quite forgot.

T.

H Y M N CCIX. *Long Measure.*

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. 13. 11.

THY Presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all Nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful Eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In every Place Thy Children keep.

While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our Lives and Souls sustain;
 When absent, happy if we share
 Thy Smiles, Thy Counsels, and Thy Care.

To Thee we all our Ways commit,
 And seek our Comforts near Thy Seat;
 Still on our Souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard, and guide us still as Thine.

Give us, in Thy beloved House,
 Again to pay our thankful Vows;
 Or, if that Joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around Thy Throne.

D.

HYMN CCX. *Long Measure.**Desiring the Presence of Christ.*

HAIL, great Emmanuel, all divine !
 In Thee Thy Father's Glories shine ;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known !

Oh, what a Heaven of saving Grace
 Shines through the Beauties of Thy Face,
 And lights our Passions to a Flame !
 Lord, how we love Thy charming Name !

Send Comforts down from Thy Right-hand,
 While we pass through this desert Land ;
 And in Thy Temple, let us see
 A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of Thee.

Our Hearts grow warm with holy Fire,
 And kindle with a pure Desire ;
 Come, dearest Savior, from above,
 And feed our Souls with heavenly Love.

Jesus, allure us by Thy Charms,
 Our Souls shall fly into Thy Arms !
 Our wandering Feet Thy Favors bring
 To the fair Chambers of the King.

W.

HYMN CCXI. *Long Measure.**The Presence of Christ desired. John 20. 19, 10.*

COME, condescending Savior, come,
 Illustrious Conqueror o'er the Tomb :

Here Thine assembled Servants bless,
And fill our Hearts with sacred Peace.

O come Thyself, indulgent Lord,
With all the Joy Thy Smiles afford;
Reveal the Lustre of Thy Face,
And make us feel Thy vital Grace.

Enter our Hearts, Redeemer blest,
Enter, Thou ever-honor'd Guest,
Not for one transient Hour alone,
But there to fix Thy lasting Throne:

Enter our Hearts, make them Thine own;
And when our Life's last Hour is come,
Let us but die as in Thy Sight,
And Death shall vanish in Delight. D.

H Y M N . C C X I I . *Common Measure.*

Longing for the Presence of Christ.

IN vain the dusky Night retires,
And sullen Shadows fly;
In vain the Morn with purple Light,
Adorns the eastern Sky.

In vain, dispensing vernal Sweets,
The gentle Breezes play;
In vain the Birds, with cheerful Songs,
Salute the new-born Day.

In vain, unless my Savior's Face
These gloomy Clouds controul;

And dissipate the sullen Shades,
That press my drooping Soul.

O ! visit then Thy Servants, Lord,
With Favor from on high :
Arise, Thou bright immortal Sun !
And all these Shades shall die.

Lord, when shall we behold Thy Face,
All radiant and serene,
Without those envious dusky Clouds,
That make a Veil between ?

When shall that long expected Day
Of sacred Vision be,
When our impatient Souls shall make
A near Approach to Thee ?

R.

H Y M N CCXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Humble Penitent.

Psal. 130.

FROM the dark Borders of Despair
To Thee, my God, I cry ;
O wilt Thou pitying hear my Prayer,
And every plaintive Sigh.

Lord, shoulds't Thou call me to Thy Face,
And mark, with Eye severe,
My numerous Faults, what Hope of Grace
My mournful Thoughts could cheer ?

But sovereign Mercy dwells with Thee,
 Hope dawns amid my Fears;
 Divine Forgiveness, large and free,
 Shall stay my flowing Tears.

On God alone my Soul would wait,
 His sacred Word my Stay;
 His sacred Word can Light create,
 And turn my Night to Day.

As those who wait with longing Eyes,
 To see the cheerful Morn;
 So shall my ardent Wishes rise,
 Till Thou, my God, return.

Let fainting Israel, on the Lord,
 With cheerful Hope recline;
 For Power and Mercy, in His Word,
 With boundless Glory shine.

Unnumber'd though their Sins appear,
 And fill their Hearts with Pain:
 His saving Love dispels their Fear,
 And cleanses every Stain.

T.

H Y M N C C X I V. *Common Measure.*

A Penitential Hymn.

THOU sacred Power in Heaven above,
 Eternal and supreme!
 Accept the faint Address we make
 To thy adored Name.

Pierc'd with the deepest Sense of Guilt,
 We bow before Thy Throne;
 And humbly hope for pardoning Grace
 Through Thy beloved Son.

O may that Grace our Hearts incline
 To keep the heavenly Road!
 Though all the Powers on Earth combine
 To drive us from our God.

Sinful we are, and oft offend
 Against Thy just Command;
 And yet Protection still we find
 From Thy supporting Hand.

Th' amazing Debt to Thee we owe
 Increases every Day;
 And yet a few relenting Tears
 Is All we can repay.

Thy tender Mercies, Lord, bestow,
 Our many Sins remove;
 And every stubborn Heart subdue
 With thy forgiving Love.

H.

H Y M N CCXV. *Common Measure.*

Sinners pleading for Mercy.

LORD, at Thy Feet we Sinners lie,
 And knock at Mercy's Door;
 With heavy Heart and downcast Eye,
 Thy Favor we implore.

On us, the vast Extent display
 Of Thy forgiving Love;
 Take all our heinous Guilt away,
 This heavy Load remove.

We sink, with all this Weight oppress'd;
 Sink down to Death and Hell;
 Oh, give our troubled Spirits Rest;
 Our numerous Fears dispel.

'Tis Mercy, Mercy we implore,
 We would Thy Bowels move;
 Thy Grace is an exhaustless Store,
 And Thou Thyself art Love.

Oh, for Thy Own, for Jesus' Sake,
 Our many Sins forgive;
 Thy Grace our rocky Hearts can break,
 And breaking soon relieve.

Thus melt us down, thus make us bend,
 And Thy Dominion own;
 Nor let a Rival more pretend
 To repossess Thy Throne.

B.

H·Y·M·N· CCXVI. *Long Measure.*

The Penitent Sinner. Acts 9. 6.

BURDEN'D with Guilt, and pale with Fear,
 Lo, the repenting Sinner stands;
 To God directs his humble Prayer,
 And upward lifts his suppliant Hands.

A conscious Blush o'erspreads his Face,
 And Anguish fills his laboring Soul ;
 A solemn Grief his Looks express,
 And Floods of Sorrow round him roll.

But *Jesus* bids the Floods be still,
 And gently wipes his weeping Eyes ;
 The only Way to *Sion's Hill*,
 By *Sinai's* smoaking Border lies.

B. B.

H Y M N CCXVII. *Common Measure.*

The Returning Prodigal.

Luke 15. 13.

BEHOLD the Wretch, whose Lust and Wine
 Had wasted his Estate ;
 He begs a Share amongst the Swine,
 To taste the Husks they eat !

“ I die with Hunger,” here, he cries,
 “ I starve in foreign Lands ;
 “ My Father's House has large Supplies,
 “ And bounteous are His Hands.”

“ I'll go, and with a suppliant Tongue,
 “ Fall down before His Face ;
 “ Father, I've done Thy Justice Wrong,
 “ Nor can deserve Thy Grace.”

He said, and hasten'd to His Home,
 To seek his Father's Love ;
 The Father saw the Rebel come,
 And all His Bowels move.

W.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Common Measure.**Sins and Sorrows laid before God.*

O That I knew the secret Place,
 Where I might find my God!
 I'd spread my Wants before His Face,
 And pour my Woes abroad.

I'd tell Him how my Sins arise,
 What Sorrows I sustain;
 How Grace decays, and Comfort dies,
 And leaves my Heart in Pain.

He knows what Arguments I'd take
 To wrestle with my God;
 I'd plead for His Own Mercy's Sake,
 And for my Savior's Blood.

My God will pity my Complaints,
 And heal my broken Bones;
 He takes the Meaning of His Saints,
 The Language of their Groans.

Arise, my Soul, from deep Distress,
 And banish every Fear;
 He calls Thee to his Throne of Grace,
 To spread thy Sorrows there.

W. S.

HYMN CCXIX. *Common Measure.**The Complaint and Prayer of a Sinner in deep Distress.*

HOW many Doubts and Fears prevail
 In my distracted Mind!

What sad Anxieties I feel;
My Chains how fast they bind!

Ten thousand Grievs, ten thousand Cares,
Like Billows round me roll,
Whilst not a Ray of Light appears
To cheer my drooping Soul.

Almighty God, reveal Thy Grace,
From Bondage set me free;
Thy Mercy Seat, Thy smiling Face,
I long, I faint to see.

B. B.

H Y M N CCXX. *Long Measure.*

The Pharisee and Publican.

Luke 18. 10, &c.

BEHOLD how Sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee!
One doth his Righteousness proclaim,
The Other owns his Guilt and Shame.

*This Man, at humble Distance stands,
And sues for Grace with lifted Hands;
That boldly rises near the Throne,
And boasts of Duties he has done.*

The Lord their different Language knows,
And different Answers He bestows;
The humble Soul with Grace He crowns,
Whilst on the Proud His Anger frowns.

Dear Father, let me never be
 Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
 I have no Merits of my own,
 But plead the Sufferings of Thy Son.

W.

H Y M N CCXXI. *Common Measure.*

Why weepest thou? John 20. 13.

WHY, O my Soul, why weepest thou?
 Tell me from whence arise
 Those briny Tears that often flow,
 Those Groans that pierce the Skies?

Is Sin the Cause of thy Complaint,
 Or the chastizing Rod?
 Dost thou an evil Heart lament,
 And mourn an absent God?

Lord, let me weep for Nought but Sin,
 And after None but Thee,
 And then, I would, O that I might!
 A constant Weeper be!

B.

H Y M N CXXII. *Long Measure.*

The Penitent pleading for Pardon.

SHEW Pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting Rebel live;
 Are not Thy Mercies large and free?
 May not a Sinner trust in Thee?

My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Power and Glory of Thy Grace;
Great God, Thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let Thy pardoning Love be found.

O wash my Soul from every Sin,
Make my polluted Conscience clean;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain my Eyes.

Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in Death;
And if my Soul were sent to Hell,
Thy righteous Law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whose Hope, still hovering round Thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair. W.

H Y M N CCXXIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Supplication. Mark 10. 47.

JESUS, full of all Compassion,
Hear Thy humble Suppliant's Cry;
Let me know Thy great Salvation,
See, I languish, faint and die.

Guilty, but with Heart relenting,
Overwhelm'd with helpless Grief,
Prostrate at thy Feet repenting,
Send, Oh send me quick Relief!

Whither should a Wretch be flying,
 But to Him who Comfort gives ?
 Whither, from the Dread of dying,
 But to Him who ever lives ?

While I view Thee, wounded, grieving,
 Breathless on the cursed Tree,
 Fain I'd feel my Heart believing,
 That Thou suffered'st thus for me.

With Thy Righteousness and Spirit,
 I am more than Angels blest ;
 Heir with Thee, all Things inherit,
 Peace, and Joy, and endless Rest.

Without Thee, the World possessing,
 I should be a Wretch undone :
 Search through Heaven, the Land of Blessing,
 Seeking Good, and finding None.

Hear then, blessed Savior, hear me,
 My Soul cleaveth to the Dust ;
 Send the Comforter to cheer me,
 Lo ! in Thee I put my Trust.

On the Word, Thy Blood hath sealed,
 Hangs my everlasting All ;
 Let Thine Arm be now revealed,
 Stay, O stay me, lest I fall !

In the World of endless Ruin,
 Let it never, LORD, be said,
 " Here's a Soul that perish'd, suing
 " For the boasted Savior's Aid ?"

Sav'd !—the Deed shall spread new Glory
 Through the shining Realms above;
 Angels sing the pleasing Story,
 All enraptur'd with Thy Love !

D. T.

H Y M N CCXXIV. *Common Measure.*

Imploring Mercy.

JESUS, and didst Thou condescend
 When veil'd in human Clay,
 To heal the Sick, the Lame, the Blind,
 And drive Disease away ?

And didst thou pity wretched Worms,
 And make the Leper whole ?
 O let Thy Power and Mercy heal
 My Sin-diseas'd Soul !

Didst Thou regard the Beggar's Cry,
 And give the Blind to see ?
 Jesus, Thou Son of David, hear,
 Have Mercy too on me !

And didst Thou pity mortal Woe,
 And Sight and Health restore ?
 Pity, O Lord ! and save my Soul,
 Which needs Thy Mercy more !

And didst Thou save a trembling Frame,
 When sinking in the Wave ?
 I perish Lord ! O save my Soul !
 For Thou alone canst save.

Am—a.

HYMN CCXXV. *Peculiar Measure.**The Humble Suppliant hoping in God.*

Pfal. 28.

GOD my Strength, to Thee I pray,
 Turn not Thou Thine Ear away ;
 Gracious to my Words attend,
 While the suppliant Knee I bend.

Give me, nor Thy Wrath to know,
 Nor to feel the vengeful Blow,
 By Thy just Decrees assign'd
 To the Men of impious Mind.

On Thy long-experienc'd Aid,
 See my Hope for ever stay'd ;
 While my Heart, with Joy possest,
 Leaps within my throbbing Breast.

Give me, Lord, Thy Love to share,
 Feed me with a Shepherd's Care :
 Save Thy People from Distress,
 And Thy Patrimony bless.

M.

HYMN CCXXVI. *Long Measure.**The Repenting Sinner accepted. Luke 15. 32.*

THE mighty God will not despise
 The contrite Heart for Sacrifice ;
 The deep fetch'd Sigh, the secret Groan
 Rises accepted to the Throne.

He meets, with Tokens of His Grace,
 The trembling Lip, the blushing Face;
 His Bowels yearn when Sinners pray,
 And Mercy bears their Sins away.

When fill'd with Grief, o'erwhelm'd with Shame,
 He pitying, heals their broken Frame;
 He hears their sad Complaints and spies,
 His Image in their weeping Eyes.

Thus, what a rapturous Joy posselt
 The tender Parent's throbbing Breast,
 To see his Spendthrift Son return,
 And hear him his pass'd Follies mourn!

B. B.

H. Y. M. N. CCXXVII. *Common Measure.*

Pardoning Grace.

Psal. 130.

GREAT God, should Thy severer Eye,
 And Thine impartial Hand
 Mark and revenge Iniquity,
 What mortal Flesh could stand?

But there are Pardons with our God,
 For Crimes of high Degree;
 Thy Son has bought them with His Blood,
 To draw us near to Thee.

Then in the Lord let *Israel* trust,
 Let *Israel* seek His Face;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous in His Grace.

There's full Redemption at His Throne
 For Sinners long enslav'd;
 The great Redeemer is His Son,
 And *Israel* shall be sav'd.

W.

H Y M N CCXXVIII. *Long Measure.*

*Satan repulsed; or, Despair prevented, by Views of
 the Divine Mercy.*

'TIS false thou vile Accuser, go,
 I see through all the thin Disguise;
 Back, to thy native Realms below,
 Thou Parent of Decit and Lies!

Think not to drive my trembling Soul,
 Laden with Guilt, to black Despair:
 Hast thou survey'd the sacred Roll,
 And found my Name not written there?

Presumptuous Thought! to fix the Bound,
 To limit Mercy's sovereign Reign;
 What other happy Souls have found,
 I'll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

I own my Guilt, thy Charge confess,
 Nor can thy Malice make it more;

Of Crimes, already numberless,
Vain the Attempt to swell the Score.

Set the black List before my Sight;—
While I remember Jesus dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier Flight
To seek Salvation at His Side.

Low at His Feet I'll cast me down,
To Him reveal my Grief and Fear;
And, if He spurns me from His Throne,
I'll be the First who perish'd there. C.

H Y M N CCXXIX. *Short Measure.*

The abounding Compassion of God.

Psal. 103.

MY Soul, attempt His Praise
Whose Mercies are so great:
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

He will not always chide,
And, when His Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

High as the Heavens are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of His Grace
Our highest Thoughts exceed.

His Power subdues our Sins,
 And His forgiving Love,
 Far as the East is from the West,
 Doth all our Guilt remove.

The Pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear His Name,
 Is such as tender Parents feel ;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

He knows we are but Dust
 Scatter'd with every Breath ;
 His Anger, like a rising Wind,
 Can send us swift to Death.

But Thy Compassions, Lord,
 To endless Years endure ;
 And Children's Children ever find
 Thy Word of Promise sure.

W.

H Y M N CCXXX. *Common Measure.*

Sinners invited to return to the Lord.

Jer. 4. 1. 2.

IT is the Lord of Glory calls,
 Let every Sinner hear :

“ Stop, ye Revolters, in Course,
 “ And hearken, and come near.

“ What though, in Sin's delusive Paths,
 “ Ye from your Youth have stray'd ;
 “ What though my Messages of Love
 “ Have been with Scorn repay'd ;

“ Yet now return, and Grace divine
 “ Your Wanderings shall forget ;
 “ If loyal Zeal and Love dethrone
 “ Each Idol from its Seat.

“ Return, and dwell secure on Earth,
 “ As in your Lord’s Embrace ;
 “ Till in the Land of perfect Joy,
 “ Ye find a nobler Place.”

Father of Mercies, lo, we come,
 Subdu’d by such a Call ;
 O let the Hand of Grace divine
 Reduce, and bless us all.

D.

H Y M N CCXXXI. *Peculiar Measure.*

It is I, be not afraid.

John 6. 20.

UNCLEAN ! unclean ! and full of Sin,
 From first to last, alas I’ve been !
 Deceitful is my Heart.
 Guilt presses down my burden’d Soul,
 But *Jesus* can the Waves controll,
 And bid my Fears depart.

When first I heard His Word of Grace,
 Ungratefully I hid my Face,
 Ungratefully delay’d :
 At length His Voice more powerful came,
 “ ’Tis I,” He cry’d, “ I, still the same,
 “ Thou need’st not be afraid.”

My Heart was chang'd, in that same Hour
 My Soul confess'd His mighty Power,
 Out flow'd the briny Tear :
 I listen'd still to hear His Voice,
 Again He said. " In Me rejoice,
 "'Tis I, thou need'st not fear."

" Unworthy of Thy Love," I cry'd,
 " Freely I love," He soon reply'd,
 " On Me Thy Faith be staid ;
 " On Me for every Thing depend,
 " I'm *Jesus* still, the Sinner's Friend,
 " Thou need'st not be afraid." I.

H Y M N CCXXXII. *Short Measure.*

Faith.

FAITH!—'tis a precious Grace,
 Where'er it is bestow'd !
 It boasts of a celestial Birth,
 And is the Gift of God !

Jesus it owns a King,
 An All-atoning Priest,
 It claims no Merit of its own,
 But looks for all in Christ.

To Him it leads the Soul,
 When fill'd with deep Distress ;
 Flies to the Fountain of His Blood,
 And trusts His Righteousness.

Since 'tis Thy Work alone,
 And that divinely free ;
 Lord, send the Spirit of Thy Son
 To work this Faith in Me.

B. B.

H Y M N CCXXXIII. *Common Measure.*

Faith. 2 Cor. 5. 7.

FAITH leads to Joys beyond the Sky ;
 Why then is this weak Mind
 Afraid to raise a cheerful Eye,
 To more than Sense can find ?

Sense can but furnish Scenes of Woe,
 In this low Vale of Tears ;
 No Groves of heavenly Pleasure grow,
 No Paradise appears.

Ah ! why should this mistaken Mind
 Still rove with restless Pain ?
 Delight on Earth expect to find,
 Yet still expect in vain ?

Faith, rising upward, points her View
 To Regions in the Skies ;
 There lovelier Scenes than Eden knew
 In bright Perspective rise.

Oh ! if this Heaven-born Grace were mine,
 Would not my Spirit soar,
 Transported gaze on Joys divine,
 And cleave to Earth no more ?

If in my Heart true Faith appears,
 How weak the sacred Ray !
 Feebly aspiring, press'd with Fears,
 Almost it dies away.

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.

Let this weak, erring Mind no more
 On Earth bewilder'd rove ;
 But with celestial Ardor soar
 To endless Joys above.

T.

H Y M N CCXXXIV. *Common Measure.*

The Power of Faith.

FAITH adds new Charms to earthly Bliss,
 And saves me from its Snares ;
 Its Aid in every Duty brings,
 And softens all my Cares.

Extinguishes the Thirst of Sin,
 And lights the sacred Fire
 Of Love to God and heavenly Things,
 And feeds the pure Desire.

The wounded Conscience knows its Power
 The healing Balm to give ;
 That Balm the saddest Heart can cheer,
 And make the Dying live.

Wide it unveils celestial Worlds,
 Where deathless Pleasures reign;
 And bids me seek my Portion there,
 Nor bids me seek in vain.

Shews me the precious Promise, seal'd
 With the Redeemer's Blood;
 And helps my feeble Hope to rest
 Upon a faithful God.

There, there unshaken would I rest,
 Till this vile Body dies;
 And then, on Faith's triumphant Wings,
 At once to Glory rise.

D. T.

H Y M N CCXXXV. *Common Measure.*

A Living and a Dead Faith.

MISTAKEN Souls! that dream of Heaven,
 And make their empty Boast
 Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiven,
 While they are Slaves to Lust!

Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
 If Faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living Power unites
 To Christ the living Head.

'Tis Faith, that purifies the Heart,
 'Tis Faith, that works by Love;
 That bids our sinful Joys depart,
 And lifts our Thoughts above.

'Tis Faith, that conquers Earth and Hell
 By a celestial Power;
 This is the Grace that shall prevail
 In the decisive Hour.

W.

H Y M N CCXXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Fear not for I am with thee.

Isaiah 41. 10.

AND art Thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To dissipate our Fear?
 Dost Thou proclaim Thyself our God,
 Our God for ever near?

Dost Thou a Father's Bowels feel
 For all Thy humble Saints?
 And in such friendly Accents speak
 To sooth their sad Complaints?

Why droop our Hearts? Why flow our Eyes
 While such a Voice we hear?
 Why rise our Sorrows and our Fears,
 While such a Friend is near?

To all Thy other Favors, add
 A Heart to trust Thy Word;
 And Death itself shall hear us sing,
 While resting on the Lord.

D.

H Y M N CCXXXVII. *Peculiar Measure.**Trust in God. Psal. 40.*

WITH 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 the Rock has rais'd my Feet,
 Nor fear my Steps to slide.

His Praise inspires my grateful Tongue,
 And dictates to my Lips a Song,
 In Strains unheard before :
 Admiring Crouds His Work shall see,
 Their Strength on Him repose with me,
 With me His Name adore.

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,
 Nor Numbers can their Sum recount,
 Nor Words their Worth display. M.

H Y M N CCXXXVIII. *Long Measure.**Trust in God under the various Calamities of Life.*

Micah 7. 5—10.

WHY, oh my Heart, these anxious Cares ?
 Why these tumultuous sickening Fears ?
 Why thus, all-pensive and forlorn,
 Dost thou thy thickening Troubles mourn ?
 R

When threatening Storms around Thee rise,
 And lowering Tempests spread the Skies,
 On God, my Soul; thy Burden cast,
 And seek in Him a peaceful Rest.

If Falshood and Deceit abound,
 And Envy's Darts in secret wound,
 If earthly Springs of Comfort dry,
 And every blooming Joy should die;

Silent I'll bear Thy chastening Rod,
 Thy just Displeasure, oh my God;
 On Thee I'll wait with eager Eyes,
 To Thee my Prayer with Hope shall rise.

Yes, I shall hear Thy cheering Voice,
 In Thee my Soul shall yet rejoice;
 Thou wilt reveal Thy smiling Face,
 And hence these gloomy Horrors chase.

Thou art my Savior, Thou my God,
 Thy Grace will I proclaim abroad;
 That Grace which bears my Guilt away,
 And turns the blackest Night to Day.

S.

H Y M N CCXXXIX. *Common Measure.*

A Table furnished in the Wilderness. Psal. 78. 19, 20.

PARENT of universal Good!
 We own Thy bounteous Hand,
 Which doth so rich a Table spread
 In this vile Desert Land.

Struck by Thy Power, the flinty Rocks
 In gushing Torrents flow ;
 The feathered Wanderers of the Air
 Thy guiding Instinct know.

The pregnant Clouds, at Thy Command,
 Send down delicious Bread ;
 And by the pearly Drops of Dew
 Are numerous Armies fed.

Supported thus, Thine Israel march'd
 The promis'd Land to gain ;
 And shall Thy Children now begin
 To seek their God in vain ?

Are all Thy Stores exhausted now ?
 Or does Thy Mercy fail ?
 That Faith should languish in our Breasts,
 And anxious Cares prevail ?

Ye base unworthy Fears, be gone,
 And wide disperse in Air ;
 Then *should* we feel a Father's Rod,
 When we suspect His Care.

D.

H Y M N CCXL. *Common Measure.*

Submission to God in Affliction. Psal. 46. 10.

PEACE, 'tis the Lord Jehovah's Hand,
 That blasts our Joys in Death ;
 Changes the Visage once so dear,
 And gathers back the Breath.

R 2

'Tis He, the Potentate supreme
 Of all the Worlds above,
 Whose steady Counsels wisely rule,
 Nor from their Purpose move.

'Tis He, whose Justice might demand
 Our Souls a Sacrifice ;
 Yet scatters, with unwearied Hand,
 A thousand rich Supplies.

Our Covenant God and Father He,
 In Christ our bleeding Lord ;
 Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart
 With one reviving Word.

Fair Garlands of immortal Bliss
 He weaves for every Brow ;
 And shall rebellious Passions rise,
 When He corrects us now ?

Silent we own Jehovah's Name,
 We kiss the scourging Hand ;
 And yield our Comforts and our Life
 To Thy supreme Command.

D.

H Y M N CCXLI. *Common Measure.*

Submission to the Providence of God. Job 1. 21.

NAKED as from the Earth we came,
 And crept to Life at first ;
 So to the Earth we soon return,
 And mingle with our Dust.

The dear Delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short Favors, borrow'd now,
 To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the Grave;
 He gives, and, blessed be His Name!
 He takes but what He gave.

Peace all our angry Passions then,
 Let each rebellious Sigh
 Be silent at His sovereign Will,
 And every Murmur die.

If smiling Mercy crown our Lives,
 Its Praises shall be spread;
 And we'll adore the Justice too,
 That strikes our Comforts dead.

W.

H Y M N . CCXLII. *Long Measure.*

The Mysteries of Providence.

L ORD, how mysterious are Thy Ways!
 How blind are we! how mean our Praise!
 Thy Steps can mortal Eyes explore?
 'Tis ours, to wonder and adore!

Thy deep Decrees, from Creature Sight,
 Are hid in Shades of awful Night;
 Amid the Lines, with curious Eye,
 Not Angel Minds presume to pry.

Great God, I would not ask to see
 What in Futurity shall be;
 If Light and Bliss attend my Days,
 Then let my future Hours be Praise.

Is Darkness and Distress my Share?
 Then let me trust Thy Guardian Care;
 Enough for me, if Love divine,
 At length through every Cloud shall shine.

Yet this my Soul desires to know,
 Be this my only Wish below;
 "That Christ is mine!"—This great Request
 Grant, bounteous God,—and I am blest!

T.

H Y M N CCXLIII. *Common Measure.*

The Benefit of Afflictions.

TH Y People, Lord, have ever found
 'Tis good to bear Thy Rod;
 Afflictions makes us learn Thy Law,
 And live upon our God.

This is the Comfort we enjoy,
 When new Distress begins;
 We read Thy Word, we run Thy Way,
 And hate our former Sins.

Thy Judgments Lord are always right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest Sufferings, we endure,
 Flow from Thy faithful Care.

Before we knew Thy chastening Rod,
 Our Feet were apt to stray ;
 But now we learn to keep Thy Word,
 Nor wander from Thy Way.

W.

H Y M N CCXLIV. *Common Measure.*

*The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on
 Earth.*

WHEN we can read our Title clear
 To Mansions in the Skies ;
 We bid farewell to every Fear,
 And wipe our weeping Eyes.

Should Death against our Souls engage,
 And hellish Darts be hurl'd ;
 Then we can smile at Satan's Rage,
 And face a frowning World.

Should Cares like a wild Deluge come,
 And Storms of Sorrow fall ;
 May we but safely reach our Home,
 Our God, our Heaven, our All ;

There shall we bathe our weary Souls
 In Seas of heavenly Rest ;
 And not a Wave of Trouble roll
 Across our peaceful Breast.

R 4

W.

HYMN CCXLV. *Common Measure.**For a Time of general Sickness.*

DEATH, with his dread Commission seal'd,
 Now hastens to his Arms;
 In awful State he takes the Field,
 And sounds his dire Alarms.

Attendant Plagues around him stand,
 And wait his dread Command;
 And Pains, and dying Groans obey
 The Signal of his Hand.

With cruel Force, he scatters round
 His Shafts of deadly Power;
 While the Grave waits its destin'd Prey,
 Impatient to devour.

Look up, ye Heirs of endless Joy,
 Nor let your Fears prevail;
 Eternal Life is your Reward,
 When Life on Earth shall fail.

What though his Darts, promiscuous hurl'd,
 Deal fatal Plagues around;
 And Heaps of putrid Carcases
 O'erload the cumber'd Ground:

The Arrows, that shall wound your Flesh,
 Were given him from above,
 Dipt in the great Redeemer's Blood,
 And feather'd all with Love.

These, with a gentle Hand, He throws,
 And Saints lie gasping too ;
 But heavenly Strength supports their Souls,
 And bears them Conquerors through.

Joyful they stretch their wings abroad,
 And all in Triumph rise
 To the fair Palace of their God,
 And Mansions in the Skies. L.

H Y M N CCXLVI. *Common Measure.*

Hope in Affliction.

2 Cor. 4. 17.

LORD, in this wretched Vale of Tears,
 What various Woes we feel !
 Diseases, Pains, and Doubts, and Fears
 Surround Thy Children still.

Darkness and Dangers fill the Road,
 And Storms and Tempests roar ;
 But we march onward to our God,
 And trust His Guardian Power.

What though no lasting Comfort's found
 Through this long Wilderness ?
 When we arrive on heavenly Ground,
 Pleasures shall never cease.

Lord, give us Patience in the Way,
 And let our Faith be strong ;
 Direct our Footsteps lest we stray,
 And guard our Souls along.

Death shall convey Thy Children Home ;
 Thither our Souls aspire ;
 There no Disease shall ever come,
 But Joy shall be entire.

L.

H Y M N CCXLVII. *Long Measure.*

On Recovery from Sickness.

GOD of my Life, to Thee belong
 The thankful Heart, the grateful Song ;
 Touch'd by Thy Love, each tuneful Chord,
 Resounds the Goodness of the Lord.

Thou hast preserv'd my fleeting Breath,
 And chas'd the gloomy Shades of Death ;
 The venom'd Arrows vainly fly,
 When God our great Deliverer's nigh.

Yet why, dear Lord, this tender Care ?
 Why does Thy Hand thus kindly rear
 A useless Cumberer of the Ground,
 On which no pleasant Fruits are found ?

Still may the barren Fig-tree stand !
 And, cultivated by Thy Hand,
 Verdure, and Bloom, and Fruit afford,
 Meet Tribute to its bounteous Lord.

So shall Thy Praise employ my Breath'
 Through Life, and in the Arms of Death,
 My Soul the pleasant Theme prolong,
 Then rise to aid th' angelic Song.

S.

HYMN CCXLVIII. *Common Measure.**Public Thanks for private Deliverance.*

Psal. 116.

WHAT shall I render, O my God,
 For all Thy Kindness shewn?
 My Feet shall visit Thine Abode,
 My Songs address Thy Throne.

Among the Saints, that fill Thy House,
 My Offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my Zeal perform the Vows;
 My Soul in Anguish made.

How much is Mercy Thy Delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God!
 How dear Thy Servants in Thy Sight!
 How precious is their Blood!

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. W.

HYMN CCXLIX. *Long Measure.**Safety amidst Dangers and Diseases. Psal. 91.*

HAPPY the Souls who trust in God!
 They find a most secure Abode;
 They walk all Day beneath His Shade,
 And there at Night they rest their Head.

If burning Beams of Noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential Fire,
 God is their Life, His Wings are spread
 To shield them with a healthful Shade.

If Vapors, with malignant Breath,
 Rise thick, and scatter Midnight Death,
 The Saints are safe; the poison'd Air
 Grows pure, for God Himself is there.

What though a thousand at their Side,
 At their right Hand ten thousand dy'd:
 Their God, His chosen People saves,
 Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword
 Receive Commission from the Lord,
 To strike His Saints among the rest,
 Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

The Sword, the Pestilence, or Fire
 Shall but fulfil their best Desire;
 From Sins and Sorrows set them free,
 And bring Thy Saints, O Lord, to Thee. W.

H Y M N CCL. *Common Measure.*

Absence from God.

O THOU, whose tender Mercy hears
 Contrition's humble Sigh;
 Whose Hand, indulgent, wipes the Tears
 From Sorrow's weeping Eye;

See! low before Thy Throne of Grace,
 A wretched Wanderer mourn;
 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy Face;
 Hast Thou not said, return?

And shall my guilty Fears prevail
 To drive me from Thy Feet?
 O let not this dear Refuge fail,
 This only safe Retreat.

Absent from Thee, my Guide, my Light,
 Without one cheering Ray,
 Through Dangers, Fears, and gloomy Night,
 How desolate my Way!

O shine on this benighted Heart,
 With Beams of Mercy shine;
 And let Thy healing Voice impart
 A Taste of Joys divine.

Thy Presence only can bestow
 Delights which never cloy:
 Be this my Solace, here below,
 And my eternal Joy.

H Y M N CCLI. *Long Measure.*

Hope in Darkness.

Psal. 13.

HOW long, O Lord, shall we complain,
 Like those that seek their God in vain?
 Canst Thou Thy Face for ever hide?
 And we still pray, and be deny'd?

Shall we for ever be forgot,
 As those whom Thou regardest not ?
 Still shall our Souls Thine Absence mourn ?
 And still despair of Thy Return ?

How will the Powers of Darkness boast,
 If but one praying Soul be lost ?
 But we have trusted in Thy Grace,
 And shall again behold Thy Face.

Whate'er our Foes or Fears suggest,
 Thou art our Hope, our Joy, our Rest ;
 We yet shall feel Thy Love, and raise
 Our cheerful Notes to Songs of Praise.

W.

H Y M N. CCLII. *Long Measure.*

Deliverance by Prayer.

Psal. 34.

COME, magnify the Lord with me,
 Come, let us all exalt His Name ;
 I sought th' eternal God, and He
 Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

I told the Lord my sore Distress,
 My secret Groanings reach'd His Ears,
 He gave my sharpest Torments Ease,
 And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
 Around the Men that serve the Lord :
 O fear and love Him, all ye Saints,
 Taste of His Grace, and trust His Word.

The wild young Lions, pinch'd with Pain
 And Hunger, roar through all the Wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want Supplies of real Good.

W.

H Y M N CCLIII. *Common Measure.*

The Compassion of Christ to the Weak and Tempted.

WITH Joy commemorate the Grace,
 Of your high Priest above;
 His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
 His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble Frame;
 He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
 For He has felt the ſame.

But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer ſtood,
 While Satan's fiery Darts He bore,
 And did reſiſt to Blood.

He, in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
 Pour'd out His Cries and Tears;
 And, in His Measure, feels aſreſh
 What every Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
 But raiſe it to a Flame;
 The bruised Reed He never breaks,
 Nor ſcorns the meanest Name.

Then let our humble Faith address
 His Mercy, and His Power;
 We shall obtain delivering Grace
 In the distressing Hour.

W.

H·Y·M·N· CCLIV. *Short Measure.*

Pfal. 149. 4.

YE humble Souls rejoice,
 And cheerful Praises sing;
 Wake all your Harmony of Voice,
 For *Jesus* is your King.

That meek and lowly Lord,
 Whom here your Souls have known,
 Pledges the Honor of His Word
 T' avow you for His Own.

He brings Salvation near,
 For which His Blood was paid;
 How beauteous shall your Souls appear,
 Thus sumptuously array'd?

Sing, for the Day is nigh,
 When near your Savior's Seat,
 The tallest Sons of Pride shall lie,
 The Foot-stool of your Feet.

Salvation, Lord, is Thine,
 And all Thy Saints confess,
 The royal Robes, in which they shine,
 Were wrought by sovereign Grace.

D.

HYMN CCLV. *Common Measure.**Love to God.*

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
 Where Love inspires the Breast;
 Love is the brightest of the Train,
 And quickens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our Fear;
 Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign
 If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love, that makes our cheerful Feet
 In swift Obedience move;
 The Devils know and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

Before we quite forsake our Clay,
 Or leave this dark Abode,
 The Wings of Love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

This is the Grace that lives and sings,
 When Faith and Hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
 In the sweet Realms of Bliss.

HYMN CCLVI. *Peculiar Measure.**Love to Jesus.*

GRACIOUS *Jesus*, Thee I love,
 Thou, my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
 All Thy Ways my Thoughts approve,
 I'm in Thee for ever blest.

'Tis Thy Presence, *Jesus*, Thine,
 Makes my cheerful Powers rejoice;
 Saving Mercy, Love divine,
 Tunes my Heart, and tunes my Voice.

'Tis a Spark, from Thine Abode,
 Sent and kindled to a Flame,
 Warms my Heart with Love to God,
 And with Love to *Jesus*' Name.

Thou, dear Savior, art my own,
 My Redeemer, and my God;
 I shall stand before Thy Throne,
 In Thy bright and blest'd Abode.

L.

HYMN CCLVII. *Common Measure.**Sincere Love to Christ.*

John 21. 15.

DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?
 Behold my Heart and see;
 And turn each cursed Idol out,
 That dares to rival Thee.

Do not I love Thee from my Soul ?

Then let me Nothing love :

Dead be my Heart to every Joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not Thy Name melodious still,

To mine attentive Ear ?

Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound,
My Savior's Voice to hear ?

Thou know'st I love Thee, dearest Lord :

But O ! I long to soar,

Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,
That I may love Thee more.

D.

H Y M N CCLVIII. *Common Measure.*

Longing an Absent Savior. 1 Pet. 1. 8.

THRIICE happy who on Earth beheld,
The dear Redeemer's Face ;
And happy we, who in His Word
His lovely Image trace.

Our Faith, in this fair Mirror, views
His bleeding Glories shine ;
Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Power and Grace,
And Majesty Divine.

That filial Piety to God,
That tender Love to Man,
Which in His spotless Bosom glow'd,
And through His Actions ran.

Amaz'd, we traverse o'er the Scenes
 Through which the Savior past;
 Each rising Proof of Love adore,
 But scarce support the last.

Around the Cross, His Glory shines
 With most refulgent Rays;
 Scarce can our feeble Faith sustain
 Th' unsufferable Blaze.

We catch the Fire, these icy Breasts
 Are kindled to a Flame;
 Seraphs, describe the Love we bear
 An absent Savior's Name.

Bless'd Spirits, that surround the Throne
 Of our incarnate God;
 With purer Fires, in nobler Strains,
 Ye spread His Praise abroad.

Yet not for these, but Rebel Man,
 He shed His vital Blood;
 And, to avert the Wrath of Heaven,
 Our gracious Surety stood.

For us He sits a Priest enthron'd,
 Our Advocate on high,
 To shower the richest Blessings down
 On Sinners doom'd to die.

Love, Gratitude, and Joy beat high
 Within each ravish'd Breast;
 While, with these Glimpses of His Face,
 By Faith our Souls are blest.

H Y M N CCLIX. *Long Measure.*

Desiring to love God with supreme Affection.

AND is it yet, dear Lord, a Doubt,
If in my Breast Thou reign'st alone?
O find the lurking Rival out,
And drag the Traitor from the Throne.

Would Earth's delusive, trifling Charms
Assume a Power above Thy Name?
Stab each Usurper in my Arms,
And vindicate Thy rightful Claim.

By Purchase, Duty, every Tie,
Yea, Choice itself, Lord, I am Thine;
Maintain that Right, or let me die,
E'er from Thy Love my Soul decline.

If my unsteady Heart would rove,
And well Thou know'st its treacherous Frame:
If Ought below, or Ought above
Would share or quench the sacred Flame:

Chase the curs'd Object from my Soul,
Thence, thence the twining Mischief tear;
Reign Thou the Sovereign of the Whole,
Be Lord of every Motion there. C.

H Y M N CCLX. *Common Measure.*

Christ precious to them that believe. 1 Pet. 2. 7.

JESUS, I love Thy charming Name,
'Tis Music to my Ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That Earth and Heaven might hear.

Yes, Thou art precious to my Soul,
 My Transport and my Trust!
 Jewels to Thee are gaudy Toys,
 And Gold is fordid Dust.

All my capacious Powers can wish
 In Thee doth richly meet;
 Nor to my Eyes is Light so dear,
 Nor Friendship half so sweet.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Heart,
 And shed its Fragrance there;
 The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,
 The Cordial of its Care.

I'll speak the Honors of Thy Name,
 With my last laboring Breath;
 And dying, clasp Thee in my Arms,
 The Antidote of Death.

D.

H Y M N CCLXI. *Long Measure.*

Cold Affections.

SURE I must love the Savior's Name,—
 Or is the Heaven-born Passion dead:
 Extinguish'd the celestial Flame,
 And all my Joys for ever fled?

At the sweet Mention of His Love,
 How should the sacred Ardor rise;
 And every Thought, transported, move
 In grateful Joy, and glad Surprise!

Jesus demands this Heart of mine,
 Demands my Wish, my Joy, my Care;
 But ah! how dead to Things divine,
 How cold my best Affections are!

What Death-like Lethargy detains
 My Captive Powers with fatal Art;
 And spreads its unrelenting Chains,
 Heavy and cold, around my Heart!

'Tis Sin, alas! with dreadful Power
 Divides my Savior from my Sight;
 O for one happy, shining Hour
 Of sacred Freedom, sweet Delight!

See, dearest Lord, my wretched State,
 And Thy almighty Power employ:
 To Thee I seek, on Thee I wait,
 For Life, and Liberty, and Joy.

O let Thy Love shine forth and raise
 My Captive Powers from Sin and Death;
 And fill my Heart and Life with Praise,
 And tune my last expiring Breath.

Then bear me to the blissful Seats
 Of perfect Freedom, Life and Light;
 Where Thy redeem'd Assembly meets,
 To love and praise with full Delight.

There shall my Thoughts transported trace,
 And all my Soul for ever prove,
 The boundless Riches of Thy Grace,
 The endless Wonders of Thy Love.

H Y M N CCLXII. *Long Measure.**Bewailing my own Inconstancy.*

I Love the Lord ; but ah ! how far
 My Thoughts from the dear Object are ;
 This treacherous Heart, how wide it roves !
 And Fancy meets a thousand Loves.

If my Soul burn to see my God,
 I tread the Courts of His Abode ;
 But Troops of Rivals throng the Place,
 And tempt me off before His Face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
 I bid my Passions all be gone,
 All but my Love ; and charge my Will
 To bar the Door, and guard it still.

But Cares or Trifles make, or find
 Their secret Inlets to the Mind ;
 'Till I with Grief and Wonder see
 Huge Crouds betwixt my Lord and me.

Look gently down, almighty Grace,
 Prison me round in Thine Embrace ;
 Pity the Soul that would be Thine,
 And let Thy Power my Love confine. W. L.

H Y M N CCLXIII. *Common Measure.**Desiring to know and love Christ more.*

THOU lovely Source of true-Delight
 Whom I unseen adore,

Unveil Thy Beauties to my Sight,
That I may love Thee more.

Thy Glory o'er Creation shines;
But, in Thy sacred Word,
I read, in fairer, brighter Lines,
My bleeding, dying Lord.

'Tis here, whene'er my Comforts droop,
And Sins and Sorrows rise,
Thy Love, with cheerful Beams of Hope,
My fainting Heart supplies.

But ah, too soon, the pleasing Scene
Is clouded o'er with Pain;
My gloomy Fears rise dark between,
And I again complain.

Jesus, my Lord, my Life, my Light,
O come with blissful Ray;
Break radiant through the Shades of Night,
And chase my Fears away.

Then shall my Soul with Rapture trace
The Wonders of Thy Love;
But the full Glories of Thy Face
Are only known above.

T.

H Y M N CCLXIV. *Long Measure.*

Religion vain without Love. 1 Cor. 13 1, 2, 3.

HAD we the Tongues of *Greeks* and *Jews*,
And nobler Speech than Angels use;

If Love be wanting, we are found,
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.

Were we inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heaven and Hell;
Or, could our Faith the World remove,
Still we are Nothing without Love.

Should we distribute all our Store
To cheer the Bowels of the Poor;
Or give our Bodies to the Flame
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name;

If Love to God, and Love to Man
Be absent, all our Hopes are vain:
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal
The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

W.

H Y M N CCLXV. *Long Measure.*

Desiring Communion with God.

MY rising Soul, with strong Desires,
To perfect Happiness aspires,
With steady Steps would tread the Road,
That leads to Heaven, that leads to God.

I thirst to drink unmingled Love,
From the pure Fountain-Head above:
My dearest Lord, I long to be
Empty'd of Sin, and full of Thee.

For Thee I pant, for Thee I burn,
 Art Thou withdrawn ? again return,
 Nor let me be the First to say,
 Thou wilt not hear when Sinners pray.

B. B.

H Y M N CCLXVI. *Common Measure.*

The Heart given away.

IF there are Passions in my Soul,
 And Passions sure there be,
 Now they are all at Thy Controll,
 My Jesus, all For Thee.

If Love, that pleasing Power, can rest
 In Hearts so hard as mine,
 Come, dearest Savior, to my Breast,
 For all my Love is Thine.

Let the gay World, with treacherous Art,
 Allure my Eyes in vain ;
 I have convey'd away my Heart,
 Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest Passions dead
 To all that Earth can boast ;
 This Soul of mine was never made
 For Vanity and Dust.

Now I can fix my Thoughts above,
 Amidst these flattering Charms ;
 Till the dear Lord, that hath my Love,
 Shall call me to His Arms.

W. L.

HYMN CCLXVII. *Long Measure.**The Beatitudes.*

BLESS'D are the humble Souls that see
 Their Emptiness and Poverty ;
 Treasures of Grace to them are given,
 And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heaven.

Bless'd are the Men of broken Heart,
 Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart ;
 The Blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing Balm for all their Woes.

Bless'd are the Men who thirst for Grace,
 Hunger and long for Righteousness ;
 They shall be well supply'd, and fed
 With living Streams, and living Bread.

Bless'd are the Men of peaceful Life,
 Who quench the Coals of growing Strife ;
 They shall be call'd the Heirs of Bliss,
 The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

Bless'd are the Men whose Bowels move,
 And melt with Sympathy and Love ;
 From Christ, their Lord, shall they obtain
 Like Sympathy and Love again.

Bless'd are the Pure, whose Hearts are clean
 From the defiling Powers of Sin ;
 With endless Pleasure shall they see
 A God of spotless Purity.

Bless'd are the Men who now partake,
 Of Shame and Pain for Jesus' Sake;
 Their Souls, exulting in the Lord,
 Shall share, at last, the great Reward. W.

H Y M N CCLXXII. *Long Measure.*

Happy Poverty, or the Poor in Spirit blessed.

Matt. 5. 3.

YE humble Souls, complain no more,
 Let Faith survey your future Store;
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The sacred Words of Truth attest.

When conscious Grief laments sincere,
 And pours the penitential Tear;
 Hope points, to your dejected Eyes,
 The bright Reversion in the Skies.

In vain the Sons of Wealth and Pride
 Despise your Lot, your Hopes deride:
 In vain they boast their little Stores,
 Trifles are *theirs*, a Kingdom *yours*.

A Kingdom of immense Delight,
 Where Health, and Peace, and Joy unite;
 Where undecaying Pleasures rise,
 And every Wish hath full Supplies.

A Kingdom which can ne'er decay,
 While Time sweeps earthly Thrones away;
 The State, which Power and Truth sustain,
 Unmov'd for ever must remain.

There shall your Eyes with Rapture view
 The glorious Friend that dy'd for you ;
 That dy'd to ransom, dy'd to raise
 To Crowns of Joy, and Songs of Praise.

Jesus, to Thee I breathe my Prayer,
 Reveal, confirm my Interest there :
 Whate'er my humble Lot below,
 This, this my Soul desires to know!

O let me hear that Voice divine
 Pronounce the glorious Blessing mine !
 Enroll'd among Thy happy Poor,
 My largest Wishes ask no more.

T.

H Y M N CCLXIX. *Short Measure.*

The Happiness of those that fear God. Psal. 25.

WHERE shall that Man be found
 Who fears t'offend his God ;
 Who loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
 And trembles at the Rod ?

The Lord shall make him know
 The Secrets of His Heart ;
 The Wonders of His Covenant show,
 And all His Love impart.

The Dealings of His Hand
 Are Truth and Mercy still,
 With those, who to His Covenant stand,
 And love to do His Will.

Their Souls shall dwell at Ease,
 Before their Maker's Face;
 Their Seed shall taste the Promises
 In their extensive Grace.

W.

H Y M N CCLXX. *Common Measure.*

Light and Strength from God.

Isaiah 42. 16.

PRAISE to the radiant Source of Bliss,
 Who gives the Blind their Sight;
 And scatters round their wondering Eyes
 A Flood of sacred Light.

In Paths unknown He leads them on
 To His divine Abode;
 And shews new Miracles of Grace
 Through all the heavenly Road.

The Ways, all rugged and perplex'd,
 He renders smooth and strait,
 And strengthens every feeble Knce
 To march to *Sion's* Gate.

Through all the Path we sing His Name,
 Till we the Mount ascend;
 Where Toils and Storms are known no more,
 And Anthems never end.

D.

HYMN CCLXXI. *Long Measure.**Rejoicing in God. Jer. 9. 23, 24.*

THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
 Maintains His universal State;
 O'er all the Earth His Power extends,
 All Heaven before His Footstool bends.

Yet Justice still with Power presides,
 And Mercy all His Empire guides;
 Mercy and Truth are His Delight,
 And Saints are lovely in His Sight.

No more, ye Wise, your Wisdom boast,
 No more, ye Strong, your Valor trust;
 No more, ye Rich, survey your Store,
 Elate with Heaps of shining Ore.

Glory, ye Saints, in this alone,
 That God, your God, to you is known;
 That you have own'd His sovereign Sway,
 That you have felt His cheering Ray.

Our Wisdom, Wealth, and Power we find,
 In one Jehovah, all combin'd;
 On Him we fix our roving Eyes,
 And all our Souls in Raptures rise.

All else, which we our Treasure call,
 May in one fatal Moment fall;
 But what their Happiness can move,
 Whom God the blessed deigns to love?

HYMN CCLXXII. *Common Measure.**The Christian's Prospect.*

HAPPY the Soul, whose Wishes climb
 To Mansions in the Skies!
 He looks on all the Joys of Time
 With undefiring Eyes.

In vain soft Pleasure spreads her Charms,
 And throws her silken Chain;
 And Wealth and Fame invite his Arms,
 And tempt his Ear in vain.

He knows that all these glittering Things
 Must yield to sure Decay;
 And sees, on Time's extended Wings,
 How swift they fleet away!

To Things unseen by mortal Eyes,
 A Beam of sacred Light
 Directs his Views, his Prospects rise
 All permanent and bright.

His Hopes, still fix'd on Joys to come,
 Those blissful Scenes on high,
 Shall flourish in immortal Bloom,
 When Time and Nature die.

O were these heavenly Prospects mine,
 These Pleasures could I prove;
 Earth's fleeting Views I would resign,
 And raise my Hopes above.

T.

H Y M N CCLXXIII. *Common Measure.**The Hidden Life of a Christian.*

Col. 3. 3.

O Happy Souls, that live on high,
 While Men lie groveling here;
 Their Hopes are fix'd above the Sky,
 And Faith forbids their Fear.

Their Conscience knows no secret Stings,
 While Grace and Joy combine
 To form a Life, whose holy Springs
 Are hidden and divine.

Their Pleasures rise from Things unseen,
 Beyond this World and Time;
 Where neither Eyes nor Ears have been,
 Nor Thoughts of Mortals climb.

They want no Pomp, nor royal Throne
 To raise their Honors here;
 Content, and pleas'd to live unknown,
 Till Christ their Life appear.

They look to Heaven's eternal Hills,
 To meet that glorious Day;
 Dear Lord, how slow Thy Chariot-Wheels!
 How long is Thy Delay!

HYMN CCLXXIV. *Common Measure.**The Happiness of a Real Christian.*

HOW happy is the Christian's State!
 His Sins are all forgiven;
 A cheering Ray confirms the Grace
 And lifts his Hopes to Heaven.

Though, in the rugged Path of Life,
 He heaves the pensive Sigh;
 Yet, trusting in his God, he finds
 Delivering Grace is nigh.

If, to prevent his wandering Steps,
 He feels the chastening Rod;
 The gentle Stroke shall bring him back
 To his forgiving God.

And when the welcome Message comes,
 To call his Soul away;
 His Soul, in Raptures, shall ascend
 To everlasting Day.

H.

HYMN CCLXXV. *Common Measure.**The Security of God's Israel. Psal. 121.*

LO! from the Lord my Help descends,
 To Him I lift mine Eyes;
 My Strength on Him alone depends,
 Who form'd the Earth and Skies.

He, ever watchful, ever nigh,
 Forbids thy Feet to slide;
 Nor Sleep nor Slumber seals the Eye
 Of *Israel's* Guard and Guide.

He, at thy Hand, array'd in Might,
 His Shield shall o'er thee spread:
 Nor Sun by Day, nor Moon by Night
 Shall hurt thy favor'd Head.

Safe shalt thou go, and safe return,
 While He thy Life defends,
 Whose Eyes thy every Step discern,
 Whose Mercy never ends.

M.

H Y M N CCLXXVI. *Short Measure.*

Christ makes us free. John 8. 36.

AND shall we still be Slaves,
 And in our Fetters lie,
 When summon'd, by a Voice divine,
 T' assert our Liberty?

Did the great Savior bleed
 Our Freedom to obtain,
 That we should trample on His Blood,
 And glory in our Chain?

Alas, the sordid Mind!
 How all its Powers are broke
 Proud of a Tyrant's haughty Sway,
 And practis'd to the Yoke!

Divine Redeemer, hear,
 Thy sovereign Power impart;
 And let Thy generous Spirit wake
 True Ardor in each Heart.

Then shall the Sons of Death,
 That in the Dungeon lie,
 Spring to the Throne of pardoning Grace,
 And *Abba*, Father, cry. D.

H Y M N CCLXXVII. - *Common Measure.*

True Liberty given by Christ. John 8. 36.

HARK! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
 To Life and Liberty;
 Transported fall before His Feet,
 Who makes the Prisoners free.

The cruel Bonds of Sin He breaks,
 And breaks old Satan's Chain;
 Smiling He deals those Pardons round,
 Which free from endless Pain.

Into the Captive Heart He pours
 His Spirit from on high;
 We lose the Terrors of the Slave,
 And *Abba*, Father, cry.

Shake off your Bonds, and sing His Grace;
 The Sinner's Friend proclaim;
 And call on all around to seek
 True Freedom by His Name.

Walk on at large, till you attain
 Your Father's House above ;
 There shall you wear immortal Crowns,
 And sing immortal Love.

D.

H Y M N CCLXXVIII. *Common Measure.*

Captives Delivered. Zech. 9. 11.

YE Prisoners, who in Bondage lie,
 In Darkness and the Pit,
 Behold the Grace that sets you free,
 And to that Grace submit.

The Tidings of Deliverance hear,
 Confess the Covenant good ;
 And bless the Ransom God hath found
 In your *Emanuel's* Blood.

Justice no more asserts its Claim
 Your forfeit Lives to take ;
 But smiling Mercy quick descends
 Your heavy Chains to break.

Walk on at large, and sing the Hand
 To which you Freedom owe ;
 And drink those Rivers with Delight,
 Which through the Desert flow.

He, that hath Liberty bestow'd,
 Will give a Kingdom too ;
 He, that hath loos'd the Bonds of Death,
 The Path of Life will shew.

D.

H Y M N CCLXXIX. *Common Measure.*

*The Sheep of Christ, given by the Father and guarded
by His Omnipotence.*

John 10. 29, 30.

IN one harmonious cheerful Song,
Ye happy Saints, combine;
Loud let it sound from every Tongue,
The Savior is divine.

The least, the feeblest of the Sheep
To Him the Father gave;
Kind is His Heart the Charge to keep,
And strong His Arm to save.

That Hand, which Heaven and Earth sustains,
And bars the Gates of Hell,
And rivets *Satan* down in Chains,
Shall guard His Chosen well.

Now let th' infernal Lion roar,
How vain His Threats appear!
When he can match *Jehovah's* Power,
We will begin to fear.

D.

H Y M N CCLXXX. *Common Measure.*

Seek first the Kingdom of God. Matt. 6. 33.

NOW let a true Ambition rise,
And Ardor fire our Breasts,
To reign in Worlds above the Skies,
In heavenly Glories drest.

Behold, *Jehovah's* royal Hand
 A radiant Crown display,
 Whose Gems with vivid Lustre shine,
 While Stars and Suns decay.

Away each groveling anxious Care,
 Beneath a Christian's Thought!
 We spring to seize immortal Joys,
 Which our Redeemer bought.

Ye Hearts, with youthful Vigor warm,
 The glorious Prize pursue;
 Nor shall ye want the Goods of Earth,
 While Heaven is kept in View.

D.

H Y M N CCLXXXI. *Common Measure.*

The Christian Race. Phil. 3. 12—14.

A WAKE, my Soul, stretch every Nerve,
 And press with Vigor on:
 A heavenly Race demands thy Zeal,
 And an immortal Crown.

'Tis God's All-animating Voice,
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis His Own Hand presents the Prize
 To thine aspiring Eye.

A Cloud of Witnesses around
 Hold thee in full Survey;
 Forget the Steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy Way.

Bless'd Savior, introduc'd by Thee,
 Have we our Race begun ;
 And, crown'd with Victory, at Thy Feet
 We lay our Laurels down. D:

H Y M N CCLXXXII. *Common Measure.*

The Christian Race.

ON Wings of Love the Christian flies,
 And upward speeds his Way ;
 The empty World neglected lies,
 Nor can it tempt his Stay.

Though ravenous Beasts of Prey surround,
 Yet still he onward goes ;
 And resolutely stands his Ground,
 When Multitudes oppose.

Amidst ten thousand lurking Snares,
 He treads the heavenly Road ;
 Drops, as he goes, his Pains and Cares,
 And makes his Way to God.

Now, from his Father's House, he views
 The Labors of the Way ;
 No sad Event his Grief renews,
 Nor shall his Joys decay.

HYMN CCLXXXIII. *Common Measure.**The Pilgrimage of the Saints.*

LORD! what a wretched Land is this,
 That yields us no Supply;
 No cheering Fruits, no wholesome Trees,
 Nor Streams of living Joy?

But pricking Thorns, through all the Ground,
 And mortal Poisons grow;
 And all the Rivers that are found
 With dangerous Waters flow.

Yet the dear Path, to Thine Abode,
 Lies through this horrid Land;
 Lord! we would keep the heavenly Road,
 And run at Thy Command.

Our Journey is a thorny Maze,
 But we march upward still;
 Forget the Troubles of the Way,
 And reach at Sion's Hill.

See the kind Angels, at the Gates,
 Inviting us to come!
 There Jesus the Fore-runner waits
 To welcome Travellers home!

HYMN CCLXXXIV. *Peculiar Measure.**The Pilgrim.*

HOW happy is the Pilgrim's Lot,
 How free from every anxious Thought,
 From worldly Hope and Fear!
 Confin'd to neither Court nor Cell,
 His Soul disdains on Earth to dwell,
 He only sojourns here.

His Happiness in Part is mine,
 Already sav'd from Self-design,
 From every Creature Love!
 Bless'd with the Scorn of finite Good,
 My Soul is lighten'd of its Load,
 And seeks the Things above.

The Things eternal I pursue,
 And Happiness, beyond the View
 Of those who basely pant
 For Things by Nature felt and seen;
 Their Honors, Wealth, and Pleasures mean,
 I neither have nor want.

Nothing on Earth I call my own,
 A Stranger, to the World unknown,
 I all their Goods despise;
 I trample on their whole Delight,
 And seek a Country out of Sight,
 A Country in the Skies.

There is my House and Portion fair,
 My Treasure and my Heart are there,
 And my abiding Home :
 For me my elder Brethren stay,
 And Angels beckon me away,
 And *Jesus* bids me come.

I come, Thy Servant, Lord, replies,
 I come to meet Thee in the Skies,
 And claim my heavenly Rest :
 Now let the Pilgrim's Journey end,
 Now, O my Savior, Brother, Friend,
 Receive me to Thy Breast !

J. C. W.

H Y M N CCLXXXV. *Long Measure.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

Pfal. 107.

GIVE Thanks to God, He reigns above,
 Kind are His Thoughts, His Name is Love;
 His Mercies Ages past have known,
 And Ages long to come shall own.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord
 The Wonders of His Grace record :
Israel the Nation whom He chose,
 And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

In their Distress to God they cry'd,
 God was their Savior, and their Guide ;
 He led their March far wandering round,
 'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.

Thus, when our first Release we gain,
 From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain,
 We have this Desert World to pass,
 A dangerous and a tiresome Place.

He feeds and cloaths us all the Way,
 He guides our Footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful Hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly Land,

O let the Saints with Joy record
 The Truth and Goodness of the Lord !
 How great His Works ! how kind His Ways !
 Let all our Tongues pronounce His Praise. W.

H Y M N CCLXXXVI. *Long Measure.*

The Christian's noblest Resolution.

Joshua 24. 15.

AH wretched Souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the World, and Slaves to Sin !
 A nobler Toil may I sustain,
 A nobler Satisfaction win.

May I resolve with all my Heart,
 With all my Powers to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from His Precepts e'er depart,
 Whose Service is a rich Reward.

O be His Service all my Joy,
 Around let my Example shine,
 Till others love the blest'd Employ,
 And join in Labors so divine.

Be this the Purpose of my Soul,
 My solemn, my determin'd Choice;
 To yield to His supreme Controll,
 And in His kind Commands rejoice.

O may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor wandering leave His sacred Ways;
 Great God, accept my Soul's Desire,
 And give me Strength to live Thy Praise.

T.

H Y M N CCLXXXVII. *Short Measure.*

The Active Christian. Luke 12. 35—38.

YE Servants of the Lord,
 Each in his Office wait,
 Observant of His heavenly Word,
 And watchful at His Gate.

Let all your Lamps be bright,
 And trim the golden Flame;
 Gird up your Loins, as in His Sight,
 For awful is His Name.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's Command;
 And while we speak, He's near:
 Mark the first Signal of His Hand,
 And **READY** all appear.

O happy Servant he,
 In such a Posture found !
 He shall his Lord with Rapture see,
 And be with Honor crown'd.

Christ shall the Banquet spread
 With His own bounteous Hand ;
 And raise that favorite Servant's Head
 Amidst th' angelic Band. D.

H Y M N CCLXXXVIII. *Long Measure.*

Growing in Grace.

2 Pet. 3. 18.

PRAISE to Thy Name, eternal God,
 For all the Grace Thou shed'st abroad ;
 For all Thy Influence from above,
 To warm our Souls with sacred Love.

Bless'd be Thy Hand, which from the Skies
 Brought down this Plant of Paradise ;
 And gave its heavenly Beauties Birth
 To deck this Wilderness of Earth.

But why does that celestial Flower
 Open, and thrive, and shine no more ?
 Where are its balmy Odors fled ?
 And why reclines its beauteous Head ?

Too plain, alas ! the Languor shews
 Th' unkindly Soil in which it grows ;
 Where the black Frost, and beating Storm
 Wither, and rend its tender Form,

Unchanging Sun, Thy Beams display,
To drive the Frost and Storms away ;
Make all Thy potent Virtues known
To cheer a Plant so much Thy Own.

And Thou, bless'd Spirit, deign to blow
Fresh Gales of Heaven on Shrubs below ;
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad
A Fragrance grateful to our God. D.

H Y M N CCLXXXIX. *Common Measure.*

Going on to Perfection.

Heb. 20. 21.

FATHER of Peace, and God of Love,
We own Thy Power to save ;
That Power, by which our *Jesus* rose
Victorious o'er the Grave.

We triumph in the Savior's Name,
Still watchful for our Good ;
Who brought th' eternal Covenant down,
And seal'd it with His Blood.

So may Thy Spirit seal our Souls,
And mould them to Thy Will ;
That our fond Hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy Covenant still.

Still may we gain superior Strength,
And press with Vigor on,
Till full Perfection crown our Hopes,
And fix us near Thy Throne. D.

H Y M N CCXC. *Long Measure.**The Heavenly Conqueror. Rev. 3. 21.*

TO Jesus, our victorious Lord,
 The Praises of our Lives belong;
 For ever be His Name ador'd:
 Sweet Theme of every thankful Song.

Lost in Despair, beset with Foes,
 Undone, and perishing we lay;
 His Pity melted o'er our Woes,
 And sav'd the trembling, dying Prey.

He fought, He conquer'd though he fell,
 While with His last expiring Breath,
 He triumph'd o'er the Powers of Hell,
 And by His dying vanquish'd Death.

Now on His Father's Throne He reigns,
 And all the tuneful Choir above
 Resound in high immortal Strains,
 The Praises of victorious Love.

Though still reviving Foes arise,
 Temptations, Sins, and Doubts appear,
 And pain our Hearts, and fill our Eyes
 With many a Groan, and many a Tear.

Still shall we fight, and still prevail,
 In our almighty Leader's Name:
 His Strength, when'er our Spirits fail,
 Shall all our active Powers inflame.

Immortal Honors wait above
 To crown the dying Conqueror's Brow ;
 And endless Peace, and Joy, and Love
 For the short War sustain'd below.

Exalted near their Savior's Seat,
 His Saints shall dwell, their Dangers o'er ;
 And cast their Crowns beneath His Feet,
 And love, and wonder, and adore.

T.

H Y M N CCXCI. *Common Measure.*

The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.

Rev. 2. 10.

HARK ! 'Tis our heavenly Leader's Voice
 From His triumphant Seat ;
 'Midst all the War's tumultuous Noise,
 How powerful, and how sweet !

“ Fight on, my faithful Band, (He cries)
 “ Nor fear the mortal Blow ;
 “ Who first in such a Warfare dies
 “ Shall speediest Victory know.

“ I have My Days of Combat known,
 “ And in the Dust was laid,
 “ But thence I mounted to My Throne,
 “ And Glory crowns My Head.

“ That Throne, that Glory you shall share ;
 “ My Hands the Crown shall give ;
 “ And you the sparkling Honors wear
 “ While God himself shall live.”

Lord, 'tis enough, our Souls are fir'd
 With Courage and with Love
 Vain are th' Assaults of Earth and Hell,
 Our Hopes are fix'd above. D.

H Y M N CCXCII. *Common Measure.*

Spiritual Life desired.

THE new-born World, immers'd in Night
 And gloomy Horrors lay;
 Th' Almighty said, "Let there be Light,"
 And pour'd the boundless Day.

Thus, o'er the greater World within,
 Let Beams immortal shine;
 Scatter, O Lord, the Clouds of Sin,
 And spread a Dawn divine.

Attendant on this sacred Light,
 Celestial Fire impart;
 And let the Ray, that guides my Sight,
 In flame my frozen Heart.

Thus all the Powers, this Spirit knows,
 Shall to my God be given;
 Sweet, as when *Aaron's* Incense rose
 In fragrant Clouds to Heaven. G.

H Y M N CCXCIII. *Common Measure.*

Breathing after Holiness.

O That the Lord would guide our Ways
 To keep His Statutes still!

O that our God would grant us Grace
To know and do His Will !

Since we are Strangers here below,
Let not Thy Path be hid ;
But mark the Road our Feet should go,
And be our constant Guide.

Order our Footsteps by Thy Word,
And make our Hearts sincere ;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep our Conscience clear.

Make us to walk in Wisdom's Way,
'Tis a delightful Road !
It leads to Realms of endless Day,
It leads to Thine Abode.

W.

H Y M N CCXCIV. . *Peculiar Measure.*

The Influences of the Spirit implored.

ETERNAL Spirit, Source of Light,
Enlivening, consecrating Fire,
Descend, and with celestial Heat
Our dull, our frozen Hearts inspire.
Our Souls refine, our Dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit come !

In our cold Breasts, O strike a Spark
Of the pure Flame, which Seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the Dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our Hearts Thy constant Home !

Whatever Guilt and Madnefs dare,
 We would not quench the heavenly 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!

Let pure Devotion's Fervors rise!
 Let every 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!

S. D.

H Y M N CCXCV. *Long Measure.*

The Complaint.

GREAT God, the Heavens Thy Name declare,
 And Earth, and Sea, Thy Bounty share;
 These praise Thy Name, but as for me,
 How little are my Thoughts on Thee!

How heavy is my sluggish Soul,
 What vain Delights my Powers controul;
 Languid and cold, I stupid lie,
 Scarce can I raise a Thought on high!

Those glorious Orbs of Light above
 Proclaim Thy Wisdom, and Thy Love:
 Their pleasing Influence, Lord, I find,
 But still, what Darknefs veils my Mind!

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Refresh my Heart, rejoice my Eyes;
 Cause some enlivening Beam to shine,
 And fill my Soul with Light divine!

While in this World of Sin I dwell,
 Defend me from the Powers of Hell;
 Be Thou a Sun and Shield to me,
 And raise my Soul to Heaven and Thee.

I. D.

H Y M N CCXCVI. *Long Measure.*

Sin and Holiness.

WHAT jarring Natures dwell within,
 Imperfect Grace, remaining Sin?
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Though Each by Turns my Heart assail.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 Now raise my Songs of Triumph high;
 Sing a rebellious Passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.

One happy Hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards, to my native Skies;
 While Faith assists my soaring Flight
 To Realms of Joy, and Worlds of Light.

Scarce a few Hours or Minutes roll,
 E'er Earth reclaims my Captive Soul;
 I feel its sympathetic Force,
 And headlong urge my downward Course.

Great God! assist me through the Fight;
 Thou the desponding Heart canst raise;
 Canst make me triumph in Thy Might,
 The Victory mine, and Thine the Praise.

C.

H Y M N CCXCVII. *Common Measure.*

Unfruitfulness confessed. Jer. 8. 20.

A LAS, how fast our Moments fly!
 How short our Months appear!
 How swift the various Seasons haste,
 The still-revolving Year!

Seasons of Grace and Days of Hope,
 While *Jesus* waiting stands;
 And spreads the Blessings of His Love
 With wide-extended Hands.

But O! how slow our stupid Souls
 These Blessings to secure!
 Blessings, which through eternal Years
 Unwithering shall endure.

Beneath the Word of Life we die,
 Perish amidst our Store;
 And what Salvation should impart
 Heightens our Ruin more.

Pity this Madness, God of Love,
 And make us truly wise;
 So, from the pregnant Seeds of Grace,
 Shall glorious Harvests rise!

HYMN CCXCVIII. *Common Measure.**Quickening Grace desired. Psal. 119.*

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust,
 Lord, give me Life divine;
 From vain Desires, and every Lust
 Turn off these Eyes of mine.

I need the Influence of Thy Grace
 To speed me in Thy Way;
 Lest I should loiter in my Race,
 Or turn my Feet astray.

When sore Afflictions press me down,
 I need Thy quickening Powers;
 Thy Word, that I have rested on,
 Shall help my gloomiest Hours.

Are not Thy Mercies sovereign still,
 And Thou a faithful God?
 Wilt Thou not grant me warmer Zeal
 To run the heavenly Road?

Does not my Heart Thy Precepts love,
 And long to see Thy Face?
 And yet how slow my Spirits move
 Without enlivening Grace!

Then shall I love Thy Gospel more,
 And ne'er forget Thy Word;
 When I have felt its quickening Power
 To draw me near the Lord.

HYMN CCXCIX. *Common Measure.**Backslidings and Returns.*

WHY is my Heart so far from Thee,
 My God, my chief Delight?
 Why are my Thoughts no more by Day
 With Thee, no more by Night?

Why should my foolish Passions rove?
 Where can such Sweetness be;
 As I have tasted in Thy Love,
 As I have found in Thee?

When my ungrateful Soul renews
 The Savor of Thy Grace;
 My Heart presumes I cannot lose
 The Relish all my Days.

But, e'er one fleeting Hour is past,
 The flattering World employs
 Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
 And to pollute my Joys.

Trifles of Nature or of Art,
 With fair delusive Charms,
 Intrude into my thoughtless Heart,
 And thrust me from Thy Arms.

Then I repent and vex my Soul,
 That I should leave Thee so;
 Where will those wild Affections rove,
 That let a Savior go?

Make haste, my Days, to reach the Goal,
 And bring my Heart to Rest ;
 On the dear Centre of my Soul,
 My God, my Savior's Breast.

W.

H Y M N CCC. *Common Measure.*

The Return of the Backslider. Hof. 2. 6, 7.

THE Lord is kind in all His Ways,
 When most they seem severe ;
 He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,
 That we may learn His Fear.

With Thorns He fences up our Path,
 And builds a Wall around,
 To guard us from the Death, that lurks
 In Sin's forbidden Ground.

When other Lovers, sought in vain,
 Our fond Address despise ;
 He opens His indulgent Arms
 With Pity in His Eyes.

Return, ye wandering Souls, return,
 And seek His tender Breast ;
 Call back the Memory of those Days,
 When there you found your Rest.

Behold, great God, we come to Thee,
 Though Blushes veil our Face ;
 Constrain'd our last Retreat to seek
 In Thy much injur'd Grace.

D.

H Y M N C C C I. *Long Measure.**Restoring and Persevering Grace.*

Psal. 138.

WITH all our Powers 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.

Angels, That make Thy Church their Care,
 Shall witness our Devotions there;
 While holy Zeal directs our Eyes
 To Thy fair Temple in the Skies.

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.

Amidst ten thousand Snares we stand,
 Upheld, and guarded by Thy Hand;
 Thy Words our fainting Souls revive,
 And keep our dying Faith alive.

Grace will compleat, what Grace begins,
 To save from Sorrows or from Sins;
 The Work, that Wisdom undertakes,
 Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

W.

HYMN · CCCII. *Common Measure.**The Good Samaritan.*

Luke 10. 30—37.

FATHER of Mercies, send Thy Grace,
 All-powerful from above,
 To form, in our obedient Souls,
 The Image of Thy Love.

O may our sympathizing Breasts
 That generous Pleasure know;
 Kindly to share in others Joy,
 And weep for others Woe.

When the most helpless Sons of Grief,
 In low Distress are laid,
 Soft be our Hearts their Pains to feel,
 And swift our Hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying Man,
 When thron'd above the Skies;
 And, midst th' Embraces of His God,
 He felt Compassion rise.

On Wings of Love the Savior flew,
 To raise us from the Ground;
 And shed the richest of His Blood,
 A Balm for every Wound.

HYMN CCCIII. - *Common Measure.**Relieving Christ in His Members.*

Matt. 25. 40.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich Thy Grace!
 Thy Bounties how compleat!
 How shall I count the matchless Sum!
 How pay the mighty Debt!

High on a Throne of radiant Light,
 Dost Thou exalted shine;
 What can my Poverty bestow,
 When all the Worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast Brethren here below,
 The Partners of Thy Grace;
 And wilt confess their humble Names
 Before Thy Father's Face.

In them Thou may'st be cloath'd, and fed,
 And visited and cheer'd;
 And, in their Accents of Distress,
 My Savior's Voice is heard.

Thy Face, with Reverence and with Love,
 We in Thy Poor would see;
 O let us rather beg our Bread
 Than keep it back from Thee.

D.

H Y M N CCCIV. *Long Measure.**Gravity and Decency.*

BEHOLD the Sons, the Heirs of GOD,
So dearly bought with *Jesus'* Blood!
Are they not born to heavenly Joys,
And shall they stoop to earthly Toys?

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?

Doth vain Discourse, or empty Mirth
Well suit the Honors of their Birth?
Shall they be fond of gay Attire,
Which Children love, and Fools admire?

What if we wear the richest Vest,
Peacocks and Flies are better drest;
This Flesh, with all its gaudy Forms,
Must drop to Dust and feed the Worms.

Lord, raise our Hearts and Passions higher;
Touch our vain Souls with sacred Fire;
Then, with a Heaven-directed Eye,
We'll pass these glittering Trifles by.

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.

W.

H Y M N CCCV. *Short Measure.*

The Excellency of the Righteous.

Prov. 12. 26.

HOW glorious, Lord, art Thou!
 How bright thy Splendors shine!
 Whose Rays, reflected, gild Thy Saints
 With Ornaments divine.

With Lowliness and Love,
 Wisdom and Courage meet;
 The grateful Heart, the cheerful Eye,
 How amiable, how sweet.

In Beauties such as these,
 Thy Children now are drest;
 But brighter Habits shall they wear
 In Regions of the Blest.

O God of Israel, hear,
 And make this Bliss our own;
 Make us the Children of Thy Care,
 The Members of Thy Son.

D.

H Y M N CCCVI. *Long Measure.*

Hymn on the Sabbath.

ANOTHER six Days Work is done;
 Another Sabbath is begun;
 Return, my Soul, enjoy thy Rest,
 Improve the Day thy God has blest.

Come, bless the Lord, whose Love assigns
 So sweet a Rest to wearied Minds;
 Provides an Antepast of Heaven,
 And gives this Day the Food of Seven.

O that our Thoughts and Thanks may rise,
 As grateful Incense, to the Skies;
 And draw from Heaven that sweet Repose,
 Which None, but he that feels it, knows.

This heavenly Calm, within the Breast,
 Is the dear Pledge of glorious Rest,
 Which for the Church of God remains,
 The End of Cares, the End of Pains.

With Joy, great God, Thy Works we view,
 In varied Scenes both old and new;
 With Praise, we think on Mercies past,
 With Hope, we future Pleasures taste.

In holy Duties let the Day,
 In holy Pleasures pass away;
 How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
 In Hope of one that ne'er shall end!

I. S.

H Y M N CCCVII. *Long Measure.*

A Hymn for Lord's Day Morning.

A WAKE, our drowsy Souls,
 Shake off each slothful Band,
 The Wonders of this Day
 Our noblest Songs demand.
 Auspicious Morn! thy blisful Rays,
 Bright Seraphs hail in Songs of Praise.

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, 'midst their Shouts, THE GOD ascends.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Heaven with Hosannas rings;
 While Earth, in humbler Strains,
 Thy Praise responsive sings:
 Worthy art Thou, who once wast slain,
 Through endless Years to live and reign.

Gird on, great God, Thy Sword,
 Ascend Thy conquering Carr,
 While Justice, Truth, and Love
 Maintain the glorious War.
 Victorious Thou, Thy Foes shalt tread,
 And Sin and Hell in Triumph lead.

Make bare Thy potent Arm,
 And wing th' unerring Dart,
 With salutary Pangs,
 To each rebellious Heart.
 Then dying Souls for Life shall sue,
 Numerous as Drops of Morning Dew. D.

H Y M N CCCVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning.

GREAT God, this sacred Day of Thine
 Demands our Soul's collected Powers:

W

May we employ in Work divine,
 These solemn, these devoted Hours!
 O may our Souls, adoring, own
 The Grace, which calls us to Thy Throne!

Hence, ye vain Cares and Trifles fly,
 Where God resides appear no more;
 Omniscient God, Thy piercing Eye
 Can every secret Thought explore.
 O may Thy Grace our Hearts refine,
 And fix our Thoughts on Things divine.

The Word of Life, dispens'd to Day,
 Invites us to a heavenly Feast;
 May every Ear the Call obey,
 Be every Heart a humble Guest!
 O bid the wretched Sons of Need
 On Soul-reviving Dainties feed!

Thy Spirit's powerful Aid impart,
 O may Thy Word, with Life divine,
 Engage the Ear, and warm the Heart;
 Then shall the Day indeed be Thine:
 Then shall our Souls, adoring, own
 The Grace, which calls us to Thy Throne.

T.

H Y M N CCCIX. *Long Measure.*

For the Lord's Day.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
 To praise Thy Name, give Thanks and sing;
 To shew Thy Love by Morning Light,
 And talk of all Thy Truth at Night.

Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
 No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast ;
 O may my Heart in Tune be found,
 Like David's Harp of solemn Sound !

My Heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless His Works, and bless His Word ;
 His Works of Grace ! how bright they shine !
 How deep His Counsels ! how divine !

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high ;
 Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die ;
 Like Grass they flourish, till Thy Breath
 Blast them in everlasting Death.

But I shall share a glorious Part,
 When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
 And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed,
 Like holy Oil, to cheer my Head.

Sin (my worst Enemy before)
 Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more ;
 My inward Foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my Peace again.

Then shall I see and hear, and know
 All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
 And every Power find sweet Employ
 In that eternal World of Joy.

HYMN CCCX. *Common Measure.**Hofanna, or the Lord's Day.*

Psal. 118.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
 He calls it all His Own;
 Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
 And Praise surround the Throne.

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.

Hofanna to th' anointed King,
 To *David's* holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
 Salvation from Thy Throne.

Hofanna in the highest Strains,
 The Church on Earth can raise;
 The highest Heavens, in which He reigns,
 Shall give Him nobler Praise.

HYMN CCCXI. *Common Measure.**The Lord's Day.*

BLESS'D Morning, whose first dawning Ray
 Beheld our rising God;
 That saw Him triumph o'er the Dust,
 And leave His dark Abode.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb,
 The dead Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving Skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed Day.

Hell and the Grave unite their Force
 To hold our God in vain ;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble Chain.

To Thy great Name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred Hours we pay ;
 And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
 The Triumphs of the Day.

Salvation, and immortal Praise
 To our victorious King ;
 Let Heaven, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas
 With glad Hosannas ring !

W.

H Y M N CCCXII. *Common Measure.*

A Hymn for the Evening of the Lord's Day.

FREQUENT the Day of God returns
 To shed its quickening Beams ;
 And yet how slow Devotion burns !
 How languid are its Flames !

Accept our faint Attempts to love,
 Our Frailties, Lord, forgive ;
 We would be like Thy Saints above,
 Unlike them as we live.

W 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.

Where we shall breathe in heavenly Air,
 With heavenly Lustre shine;
 Before the Throne of God appear,
 And feast on Love divine.

Where we, in high seraphic Strains,
 Shall all our Powers employ;
 Delighted range th' ethereal Plains,
 And take our Fill of Joy.

B.

H Y M N CCCXIII. *Common Measure.*

Going to Church.

Pfal. 122.

HOW did our Hearts rejoice to hear
 Our Friends devoutly say,
 In *Sion* let us all appear,
 And keep the solemn Day.

We love her Gates, we love the Road;
 The Church, adorn'd with Grace,
 Stands like a Palace built for God
 To shew His milder Face.

Up to her Courts, with Joys unknown,
 The holy Tribes repair;
 The Son of *David* holds His Throne,
 And sits in Judgment there.

He hears our Praises and Complaints,
 And, while His awful Voice
 Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred Place,
 And Joy a constant Guest ;
 With holy Gifts, and heavenly Grace
 Be her Attendants blest.

My Soul shall pray for Sion still,
 While Life or Breath remains ;
 There my best Friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God, my Savior, reigns. W.

H Y M N CCCXIV. *Peculiar Measure.*

Going to Church.

Psal. 122.

HOW pleas'd and bless'd was I,
 To hear the People cry,
 Come, let us seek our God to-day :
 Yes, with a cheerful Zeal,
 We haste to Sion's Hill,
 And there our Vows and Homage pay.

Sion, thrice happy Place,
 Adorn'd with wonderous Grace,
 And Walls of Strength embrace Thee round !
 In Thee our Tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

W 4

There *David's* greater Son,
 Hath fix'd His royal Throne,
 He fits for Grace and Judgment there:
 He bids the Saint be glad,
 He makes the Sinner sad
 And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
 And Joy within thee wait
 To bless the Soul of every Guest:
 The Man, that seeks thy Peace,
 And wishes thine Increase,
 A thousand Blessings on him rest.

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
 Peace to this sacred House!
 For there my Friends and Kindred dwell:
 And, since my gracious God
 Makes thee His bless'd Abode,
 My Soul shall ever love thee well. W.

H Y M N C C C X V. *Peculiar Measure.*

Public Worship.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy Feet we humbly bow;
 Oh! do not our Suit disdain,
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

In Thy Own appointed Way,
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay,
 Lord we know not how to go,
 Till a Blessing Thou bestow.

Send some Message from Thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford ;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a God supremely kind ;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee. M. C.

H Y M N CCCXVI. *Long Measure.*

The Pleasure and Advantage of Public Worship.

Pfal. 84.

GREAT God, attend, while Sion sings
The Joy that from Thy Presence springs ;
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.

Might we but fill the meanest Place,
Within Thy House, O God of Grace,
Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Power
Should tempt our Feet to leave Thy Door.

God is our Sun, He makes our Day ;
God is our Shield, He guards our Way
From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without, and Foes within.

All needful Grace will God bestow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too ;
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

Cheerful they walk, with growing Strength,
 Till all shall meet in Heaven at length;
 Till all before Thy Face appear,
 And join in nobler Worship there. W.

H Y M N CCCXVII. *Long Measure.*

The Happiness of the pious Worshipper. Psal. 84.

HOW sweet Thy Dwellings, Lord, how fair!
 What Peace, what Bliss inhabits there!
 With ardent Hope, with strong Desire,
 My Heart, my Flesh, to Thee aspire.

Eternal King, within Thy Dome
 The Sparrow finds her peaceful Home;
 With her, the Dove, a licens'd Guest,
 Assiduous tends her infant Nest.

Bless'd, who, like these from Day to Day,
 Within Thy House permitted stay;
 Whose joyous Tongues Thy Mercies raise
 To Hymns of Gratitude and Praise.

Bless'd, who, their Strength on Thee reclin'
 Thy Seat explore with constant Mind,
 And, *Sion's* distant Towers in View,
 With active Zeal their Way pursue.

Thou, Lord, art *Israel's* Sun and Shield;
 Thy Love shall Grace and Glory yield,
 Nor e'er permit the pious Train
 Thy Gifts to ask, and ask in vain.

From Stage to Stage advancing still,
Behold them reach fair *Sion's* Hill;
And, prostrate at the hallow'd Shrine,
Adore the Majesty divine.

M.

H Y M N CCCXVIII. *Common Measure.*

Reverential Worship.

Psal. 89.

WITH Reverence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high Commands attentive hear,
And tremble at His Word.

How terrible Thy Glories be!
How bright Thy Armies shine!
Where is the Power that vies with Thee?
Or Truth compar'd to Thine?

The Northern Pole, and Southern rest
On Thy supporting Hand;
Darkness and Day, from East to West,
Move round at Thy Command.

Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are Thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did Thy Arm in Vengeance shine,
When Egypt durst rebel!

Justice and Judgment are Thy Throne,
Yet wonderful is Thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near Thy Face.

W.

HYMN. CCCXIX. *Long Measure.**Humble Worship.*

GREAT King of Kings, eternal God,
 Shall mortal Creatures dare to raise
 Their Songs to Thy supreme Abode,
 And join with Angels in Thy Praise ?

The brightest Seraph veils his Face,
 And low before Thy dazzling Throne,
 With prostrate Homage all confess,
 Thou art the Infinite Unknown.

Man, ah how far remov'd below !
 Wrapt in the Shades of gloomy Night ;
 His brightest Day can only show
 A few faint Streaks of distant Light.

But see, the bright, the Morning Star !
 His Beams shall chase the Shades away ;
 His Beams, resplendent from afar,
 Sweet Promise of immortal Day !

To Him our longing Eyes we raise,
 Our Guide to Thee, the Great Unknown ;
 Through Him, O may our humble Praise
 Accepted rise before Thy Throne.

HYMN CCCXX. *Peculiar Measure.**Zeal for the House of God, and Delight in his Worship.*

Pfal. 122.

THE joyful Morn, my God is come,
 That calls me to Thy honor'd Dome
 Thy Prefence to adore :
 My Feet the Summons shall attend,
 With willing Steps Thy Courts ascend ;
 And tread the hallow'd Floor.

Hither from *Judah's* utmost End,
 The Heaven-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.

Be Peace implor'd by each on Thee,
 O *Sion*, while with bended Knee
 To *Jacob's* God we pray :
 How bless'd, who calls himself thy Friend ?
 Success his Labor shall attend,
 And Safety guard his Way.

O may'st thou, free from hostile Fear,
 Nor the loud Voice of Tumult hear,
 Nor War's wild Wastes deplore :
 May Plenty nigh thee take her Stand,
 And in thy Courts, with lavish Hand,
 Distribute all her Store.

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?

M.

H Y M N CCCXXI. *Common Measure.*

Formality in the Worship of God acknowledged.

LONG have we sat beneath the Sound
 Of Thy Salvation, Lord;
 But still how weak our Faith is found,
 And Knowledge of Thy Word!

Oft we frequent Thy holy Place,
 And hear almost in vain;
 How small a Portion of Thy Grace
 Our thoughtless Souls retain!

How cold and feeble is our Love!
 How negligent our Fear!
 How low our Hopes of Joys above!
 How few Affections there!

Great God! Thy sovereign Power impart
 To give Thy Word Success;
 Write Thy Salvation in my Heart,
 And make me learn Thy Grace.

Shew my forgetful Feet the Way,
 That leads to Joys on high :
 There Knowledge grows without Decay,
 And Love shall never die.

W.

H Y M N CCCXXII. *Common Measure.*

Fervency of Devotion desired.

COME, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,*
 With all Thy quickening Powers,
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
 In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look, how on Earth we groveling lie,
 Fond of its glittering Toys ;
 Nor can we lift our Souls on high
 To reach sublimer Joys.

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,
 And our Devotion dies.

Great God, and shall we ever lie,
 At this poor dying Rate ?
 Our Love so cold, so faint to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great ?

* The *σωματικῶς εἶδεν ὡσεὶ περιεσθῆαι* of St. Luke, may it is presumed, sufficiently justify this Mode of Expression.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quickening Powers :
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

W.

H Y M N CCCXXIII. *Common Measure.*

A Song of Praise before Prayer.

Pfal. 95.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
 And in His Strength rejoice ;
 When His Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And loud Hosannas sing ;
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's King.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know
 How mean their Natures seem ;
 Those Gods on high, and Gods below,
 When once compar'd to Him.

Earth, with its Caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in His spacious Hand ;
 He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
 And where the Hills must stand.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
 Come, kneel before His Face ;
 Come, as the Creatures of His Power,
 And own the God of Grace.

Now is the Time He bends His Ear,
 And waits for your Request ;
 Come, lest He rouse His Wrath, and swear,
 " Ye shall not see my Rest." W.

H Y M N CCCXXIV. *Short Measure.*

A Song of Praise before Sermon.

Psal. 95.

COME, spread His Praise abroad,
 And Hymns of Glory sing ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

He form'd the Deeps unknown ;
 He gave the Seas their Bound ;
 The watery Worlds are all His Own,
 And all the solid Ground.

Come, worship at His Throne,
 Come, bow before the Lord ;
 We are His Work, and not our own,
 He form'd us with His Word.

To-day attend His Voice,
 Nor dare provoke His Rod ;
 Come, as the People of His Choice,
 And own your gracious God.

But if your Ears refuse
 The Language of His Grace,
 And Hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving Race ;

The Lord, in Vengeance drest,
 Will lift His Hand and swear,
 “ You that despise my promis’d Rest
 Shall have no Portion there.”

W.

H Y M N CCCXXV. *Common Measure.*

God present in His Churches.

Pfal. 84.

MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
 To which Thy God resorts!
 ’Tis Heaven to see His smiling Face,
 Though in His earthly Courts.

There, the great Sovereign of the Skies
 His saving Power displays,
 And Light breaks in upon our Eyes,
 With kind and quickening Rays.

With His rich Gifts, the heavenly Dove
 Descends and fills the Place,
 While Christ reveals His wonderful Love,
 And sheds abroad His Grace.

There, mighty God, Thy Words declare
 The Secrets of Thy Will;
 And still we seek Thy Mercy there,
 And sing Thy Praises still.

To sit one Day beneath Thine Eye,
 And hear Thy gracious Voice,
 Exceeds a whole Eternity
 Employ’d in carnal Joys.

Lord, at Thy Threshold we would wait,
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a Throne of State,
 Or live in Tents of Sin.

Could we command the spacious Land,
 And the more boundless Sea,
 For one bless'd Hour at Thy Right-hand,
 We'd give them both away. W.

H Y M N CCCXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Intreating the Presence of Christ in His Churches.

Hag. 2. 7.

COME, Thou Desire of all Thy Saints,
 Our humble Strains attend,
 While, with our Praises and Complaints,
 Low at Thy Feet we bend.

When we Thy wonderous Glories hear,
 And all Thy Sufferings trace,
 What sweetly awful Scenes appear!
 What rich unbounded Grace!

How should our Songs, like those above,
 With warm Devotion rise!
 How should our Souls, on Wings of Love,
 Mount upward to the Skies!

But ah! the Song how cold it flows!
 How languid our Desire!
 How faint the sacred Passion glows,
 Till Thou the Heart inspire!

Come Lord, Thy Love alone can raise
 In us the heavenly Flame ;
 Then shall our Lips resound Thy Praise,
 Our Hearts adore Thy Name.

Dear Savior, let Thy Glory shine,
 And fill Thy Dwellings here,
 Till Life, and Love, and Joy divine
 A Heaven on Earth appear.

Then shall our Hearts enraptur'd say,
 Come, great Redeemer, come,
 And bring the bright, the glorious Day,
 That calls Thy Children Home. T.

H Y M N CCCXXVII. *Long Measure.*

The Presence of Christ the Joy of His People.

THE wondering Nations have beheld
 The sacred Prophecy fulfill'd,
 And Angels hail'd the glorious Morn,
 That shew'd the great Messiah born :

The Prince ! the Savior ! long desir'd,
 Whom Prophets taught, by Heaven inspir'd,
 And raptur'd saw the blissful Day
 Rise o'er the World with healing Ray.

Oft in the Temples of His Grace,
 His Saints behold His smiling Face ;
 And oft have seen His Glory shine,
 With Power and Majesty divine :

But soon alas! His Absence mourn,
 And pray and wish His kind Return :
 Without His Life-inspiring Light,
 'Tis all a Scene of gloomy Night.

Come, dearest Lord, Thy Children cry,
 Our Graces droop, our Comforts die ;
 Return, and let Thy Glories rise
 Again to our admiring Eyes :

Till fill'd with Light, and Joy, and Love,
 Thy Courts below, like those above,
 Triumphant Hallelujahs raise,
 And Heaven and Earth resound Thy Praise.

T.

H Y M N CCCXXVIII. *Long Measure.*

The Citizen of Sion. Psal. 15.

WH O shall ascend Thy holy Place,
 Great God, and dwell before Thy Face ?
 The Man that minds Religion now,
 And humbly walks with God below.

His Hands are pure, his Heart is clean ;
 His Lips still speak the Thing they mean ;
 Nor dares he break the Oath he swears,
 Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.

He never deals in bribing Gold,
 But mourns that Justice should be sold ;
 And doth to all Men still the same,
 That he would hope or wish from them.

Yet, when his holiest Works are done,
 His Soul depends on Grace alone ;
 This is the Man Thy Face shall see,
 And dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee. W.

H Y M N CCCXXIX. *Common Measure.*

The Safety and Glory of Sion.

Pfal. 48. 8—10.

L ORD, what our Ears long since have known,
 Our Eyes delighted trace,
 Thy Love in long Succession shown
 To Sion's chosen Race.

Thrice bless'd Abode ! whose every Tower
 By Thee supported stands,
 That God whose wide-extended Power
 Th' ethereal Host commands.

When prostrate at Thy hallow'd Shrine,
 Thy Mercies Each surveys,
 Transported with the View, we join
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise. M.

H Y M N CCCXXX. *Common Measure.*

The Safety and Glory of Sion.

Pfal. 48. 11—14.

L ET Sion's Heaven-devoted Mount,
 With Shouts of Triumph ring,

And Judah's Daughters, pleas'd, recount
The Judgments of her King.

Go, walk her sacred Streets along,
And let her Towers be told ;
With curious Eye her Bulwarks strong,
And beauteous Domes behold.

So shall the fair Description last,
Preserv'd in full Record,
And tell what Glories once have grac'd
The Seat of Jacob's Lord.

To Him our thankful Hearts shall bow,
Nor own a God beside ;
To Life's last Period Him avow,
The ever faithful Guide.

M.

H Y M N CCCXXXI. *Common Measure.*

Good Magistrates a Blessing.

ETERNAL Sovereign of the Sky,
And Lord of all below,
We Mortals to Thy Majesty,
Our first Obedience owe.

Our Souls adore Thy Throne supreme,
And bless Thy Providence,
For Magistrates of meaner Name,
Our Glory and Defence.

The Crowns of British Princes shine,
 With Rays above the rest :
 Where Laws and Liberty combine
 To make the Nation blest.

Let Cæsar's Due be ever paid
 To Cæsar, and his Throne ;
 But Consciences, and Souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

W.

H Y M N CCCXXXII. *Common Measure.*

A Hymn for the Fifth of November.

SION, rejoice, and Judah, sing,
 The Lord assumes His Throne !
 Let *Britain* own the heavenly King,
 And make His Glories known.

His Power the whole Creation rules,
 And, on the starry Skies,
 Sits smiling at the weak Designs,
 His envious Foes devise.

His Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
 And, with an awful Frown,
 Flings vast Confusion on their Plots,
 And shakes their *Babel* down.

Their dark Designs were all reveal'd,
 Their Treasons all betray'd ;
 Praise to the Lord, that broke the Snare
 Their cursed Hands had laid.

In vain the busy Sons of Hell
 Still new Rebellions try ;
 Their Souls shall pine with envious Rage,
 And vex away, and die.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
 From their malicious Power ;
 Let *Britain*, with united Songs,
 Almighty Grace adore. W.

HYMN CCCXXXIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

A Hymn of Praise for the Fifth of November.

Psal. 34. 1.

A ID us, celestial Power,
 While we aloud proclaim
 The Mercies of our God,
 The Glories of His Name.
 The Angel Choir begins the Song,
 And let the Earth His Praise prolong.

Array'd, in Robes of Truth
 And Holiness divine,
 Of Justice, Wisdom, Power,
 Does our Jehovah shine.
 While milder Charms of Love and Grace
 The God displays in Jesus' Face.

Nature, through all her Works,
 Attempts these heavenly Lays,
 But Thy redeemed Ones
 Their nobler Accents raise;

Creating Power, and dying Love
 Their grateful Hearts with Raptures move.

We bless Thy bounteous Hand,
 Whence all our Comforts flow ;
 Thy providential Sway,
 Which governs all below.
 Thy Mercies crown the circling Years,
 And every Land Thy Goodness shares.

Yet, on Britannia's Isle,
 Thy richest Grace is shed,
 While, with the Bread of Life,
 Her favor'd Sons are fed :
 Our Glory Thou, nor can we fear,
 Since Thou, our Help, art ever near.

This Day we celebrate
 The Wonders of Thy Hand,
 Once, and again, display'd
 To save this sinking Land.
 When Earth and Hell in vain did rage,
 For Thou didst guard Thy Heritage.

Then let our grateful Souls
 A joyful Tribute bring,
 And, with harmonious Voice,
 Their great Deliverer sing.
 Ye British Shores, His Praise resound,
 Till Days and Years shall cease their Round.

HYMN CCCXXXIV. *Common Measure.**A Hymn for a Fast-Day.*

WHEN Abram, full of sacred Awe,
 Before Jehovah stood,
 And, with a humble fervent Prayer,
 For guilty Sodom su'd;

With what Success, what wonderous Grace,
 Was his Petition crown'd!
 The Lord would spare if in the Place
 Ten righteous Men were found.

And could a single, holy Soul,
 So rich a Boon obtain?
 Great God, and shall a Nation cry,
 And plead with Thee in vain?

Britain, all guilty as she is,
 Her numerous Saints can boast,
 And now their fervent Prayers ascend,
 And can those Prayers be lost?

Are not the Righteous dear to Thee,
 Now as in ancient Times?
 Or does this sinful Land exceed
Gomorrhah in its Crimes?

Still are we Thine, we bear Thy Name,
 Here yet is Thine Abode;
 Long has Thy Presence bless'd our Land,
 Forlake us not, O God.

HYMN CCCXXXV. *Long Measure.**For a Fast-Day. Isa. 8. 9—14.*

GREAT God of Hosts, attend our Prayer,
 And make the *British* Isles Thy Care ;
 To Thee we raise our suppliant Cries,
 When angry Nations round us rise.

Fain would they tread our Glory down,
 And in the Dust defile our Crown ;
 Deluge our Houses with our Blood,
 And burn the Temples of our God.

But, 'midst the Thunder of their Rage,
 We Thy Protection would engage ;
 O raise Thy saving Arm on high,
 And bring renew'd Deliverance nigh.

Give Ear, ye Countries from afar,
 Ye proud associate Nations, hear ;
 While, fix'd on Him who rules the Sky,
 Our Hearts your threaten'd War defy.

Ye People, gird yourselves in vain,
 Your scatter'd Force unite again ;
 Again shall all that Force be broke,
 If God for us but deal the Stroke.

Now he records our humble Tears,
 With ardent Vows for future Years ;
 And destines, for approaching Days,
 Victorious Shouts, and Songs of Praise.

HYMN CCCXXXVI. *Long Measure.**For a Fast-Day in Time of War.*

GREAT God of Heaven and Nature, rise,
 And hear our loud united Cries;
 See Britain bow before Thy Face
 Through all her Coasts, and seek Thy Grace.

No Arm of Flesh we make our Trust,
 Nor Sword, nor Horse, nor Ships we boast;
 Thine is the Land, and Thine the Main,
 And human Force and Skill are vain.

Our Guilt might draw Thy Vengeance down
 On every Shore, on every Town;
 But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye,
 And lay th' uplifted Thunder by.

Forgive the Follies of our Times,
 And purge the Land from all its Crimes;
 Reform'd, and deck'd with Grace divine,
 Let Prince, and Priests, and People shine.

So shall our God delight to bless,
 And crown our Arms, with wide Success;
 Our Foes shall dread Jehovah's Sword,
 And conquering Britons shout the LORD.

D.

HYMN CCCXXXVII. *Common Measure.**Thanksgiving for Victory.*

ISRAEL rejoice, and *Judah* sing,
 The Lord assumes His Throne;
 Let Sion own her heavenly King,
 And make His Glories known.

The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud
 From their high Seats are hurl'd;
Jehovah rides upon a Cloud,
 And thunders through the World.

He reigns upon th' eternal Hills,
 Distributes mortal Crowns;
 Empires are fix'd beneath His Smiles,
 And totter when He frowns.

Navies, that rule the Ocean wide,
 Are vanquish'd by His Breath;
 And Legions, arm'd with Power and Pride,
 Descend to watery Death.

Let Tyrants make no more Pretence
 To vex our happy Land;
Jehovah's Name is our Defence,
 Our Buckler is His Hand.

Long may the King, our Sovereign, live,
 To rule us by his Word;
 And all the Honors he can give
 Be offer'd to the Lord.

HYMN CCCXXXVIII. *Common Measure.**The Conqueror's Song. Psal. 18.*

TO Thy almighty Power we owe
 The Triumphs of the Day,
 Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
 And melt their Strength away.

'Tis by Thine Aid our Troops prevail,
 And break united Powers;
 Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their Towers.

How have we chas'd them through the Field,
 And trod them to the Ground;
 While Thy Salvation was *our* Shield,
 But *they* no Shelter found.

In vain to Idol Gods they cry,
 And perish in their Blood;
 Where is a Rock so great, so high,
 So powerful, as our God?

On Kings, that reign as David did,
 He pours His Blessings down;
 Secures their Honors to their Seed,
 And well supports their Crown.

W.

HYMN CCCXXXIX. *Peculiar Measure.**Thanksgiving for National Peace.*

NOW let our Songs address the God of Peace,
 Who bids the Tumult of the Battle cease;

The pointed Spears to pruning Hooks He bends,
 And the broad Faulchion in the Plowshare ends,
 His powerful Bands unite contending Nations,
 In kind Embrace, and friendly Salutations.

While we beneath our Vines and Fig-trees sit,
 Or thus, within Thy sacred Temple meet,
 Accept, great God, the Tribute of our Song,
 And all the Mercies of this Day prolong.
 Then spread Thy peaceful Word through every
 Nation,
 That all the Earth may hail Thy great Salvation.
 D.

H Y M N CCCXL. *Long Measure.*

A Song of Praise for Great Britain.

NATURE, and all her Works shall sing,
 God the Creator, and the King;
 Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas
 Deny the Tribute of their Praise.

To Him be sacred all we have,
 From the young Cradle to the Grave;
 Our Lips shall His loud Wonders tell,
 And every Word a Miracle.

This northern Isle, our native Land,
 Lies safe in His almighty Hand;
 Our Foes, of Victory dream in vain,
 And wear the captivating Chain.

He builds and guards the British Throne,
 And makes it gracious like His Own;
 Makes our successive Princes kind,
 And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Then let our flaming Zeal employ
 Our loftiest Praise, our warmest Joy;
 Britain pronounce, in loudest Songs,
 Hosanna from ten thousand Tongues.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
 Attempts in vain to reach Thy Name;
 The strongest Notes, that Angels raise,
 Faint in the Worship and the Praise.

W.

H Y M N CCCXLI. *Common Measure.*

At the Establishment of a Church.

Psal. 132.

THE Lord in *Sion* plac'd His Throne,
 The Ark was settled there;
 To *Sion* the whole Nation came
 To worship thrice a Year.

But we have no such Lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er the Saints assemble now,
 There is a House for God.

Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
 And enter to Thy Rest;
 Lo, Thy Church waits, with longing Eyes,
 Thus to be own'd and blest.

Enter with all Thy glorious Train,
 Thy Spirit and Thy Word;
 All, that the Ark did once contain,
 Could no such Grace afford.

Here, mighty God; accept our Vows,
 Here let Thy Praise be spread;
 Bless the Provisions of Thy House,
 And fill Thy Poor with Bread.

Here let the Son of *David* reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine;
 Justice and Truth His Court maintain,
 With Love and Power divine.

Here let Him hold His lasting Throne,
 And, as His Kingdom grows,
 Fresh Honors shall adorn His Crown,
 And Shame confound His Foes.

W.

H Y M N CCCXLII. *Long Measure.*

At the Ordination of a Minister.

Pfal. 132.

THE 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.

Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
 And reign for ever, saith the Lord,
 Here shall my Power and Grace be known,
 And Blessings still attend my Word.

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.

Girded with Truth, and cloath'd with Grace
 My Priests, My Ministers shall shine;
 Not *Aaron*, in his costly Dress,
 Made an Appearance so divine.

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.

W.

H Y M N CCCXLIII. *Common Measure.*

Watching for Souls. An Ordination Hymn.

Heb. 13. 17.

LET Sion's Watch-men all awake,
 And take the Alarm they give;
 Now let them, from the Mouth of God,
 Their awful Charge receive.

'Tis not a Cause of small Import,
 The Pastor's Care demands;
 But what might fill an Angel's Heart,
 And fill'd a Savior's Hands.

They watch for Souls, for which the Lord
 Did heavenly Bliss forego;
 For Souls, which must for ever live,
 In Raptures, or in Woe.

All to the great Tribunal haste,
 Th' Account to render there;
 And should'st Thou strictly mark our Faults,
 Lord, where should we appear!

May they, that Jesus Whom they preach,
 Their own Redeemer see,
 And watch Thou daily o'er their Souls,
 That they may watch for Thee.

D.

H Y M N CCCXLIV. *Long Measure.*

On opening a new Place of Worship.

GREAT God, Thy watchful Care we bless,
 Which guards our Synagogues in Peace;
 Nor dare tumultuous Foes invade,
 To fill our Worshippers with Dread.

These Walls we to Thy Honor raise,
 Long may they echo to Thy Praise;
 And Thou, descending, fill the Place
 With choicest Tokens of Thy Grace.

Here let the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the Graces of His Train;
 While Power divine His Word attends,
 To conquer Foes, and cheer His Friends.

And in the great decisive Day,
 When God the Nations shall survey;
 May it before the World appear
 That Crouds were born to Glory here.

HYMN CCCXLV. *Long Measure.*

*A Church seeking Direction from God, in the Choice of
a Pastor.*

SHEPHERD of Israel, bend Thine Ear,
Thy Servant's Groans indulgent hear;
Perplex'd, distress'd, to Thee we cry,
And seek the Guidance of Thine Eye.

Send forth, O Lord, Thy Truth and Light,
To guide our doubtful Foot-steps right:
Our drooping Hearts, O God, sustain,
Nor let us seek Thy Face in vain.

Return, in Ways of Peace, return,
Nor let Thy Flock neglected mourn;
May our bless'd Eyes a Shepherd see,
Dear to our Souls, and dear to Thee.

D.

HYMN CCCXLVI. *Short Measure.*

Gospel Worship and Order. Psal. 48.

WHERE'ER Thy Name is known,
The World declares Thy Praise;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before Thy Throne,
Their Songs of Honor raise.

With Joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen Hill;
Proclaim the Wonders of Thy Hand,
And Counsels of Thy Will.

Let Strangers walk around
 The City where we dwell;
 Compass and view the holy Ground,
 And mark the Building well.

The Orders of Thy House,
 The Worship of Thy Court;
 The cheerful Songs, the solemn Vows,
 And make a fair Report.

How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
 Or Rites adorn'd with Gold.

The God we worship now,
 Will guide us till we die;
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the Sky.

H Y M N CCCXLVII. *Short Measure.*

The Church the Honor and Safety of the Nation.

Pfal. 48.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let His Praise be great;
 He makes His Churches His Abode,
 His most delightful Seat.

These Temples of His Grace!
 How beautiful they stand!

The Honors of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.

In Sion God is known,
A Refuge in Distress;
How bright has His Salvation shone
Through all her Palaces!

When Kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there;
In wild Confusion of the Mind,
They fled with trembling Fear.

When Navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our Peace;
He sends His Tempest, roaring loud,
And sinks them in the Seas.

Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often seen;
How well our God defends the Fold,
Where His Own Sheep have been.

In every new Distress,
We'll to His House repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous Grace,
And seek Deliverance there.

W.

H Y M N CCCXLVIII. *Common Measure.*

The Prosperity of the Nation and Increase of the Church.

Psal. 67.

SHINE, mighty God, on Britain shine
With Beams of heavenly Grace;

Y 4

Reveal Thy Power through all her Coasts,
And shew Thy smiling Face.

Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our Glory stand;
And, like a Wall of guardian Fire,
Surround the favorite Land.

When shall Thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad;
And distant Nations know, and love
Their Savior and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice;
While all our Tongues exalt His Praise,
And all our Hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the Worlds He made,
In Justice and in Love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase;
Our God will crown His chosen Isle
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest Favors here;
While the Creation's utmost Bound
Shall see, rejoice, and fear.

H Y M N CCCXLIX. *Short Measure.**The Blessedness of Gospel Times. Isai. 5. 2. &c.*

HOW beauteous are their Feet,
 Who stand on Sion's Hill!
 Who bring Salvation on their Tongues
 And Words of Peace reveal.

How charming is their Voice!
 How sweet the Tidings are!
 "Sion, behold thy Savior King,
 He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our Eyes,
 That see this heavenly Light;
 Prophets and Kings desir'd it long,
 But dy'd without the Sight.

How happy are our Ears,
 That hear this joyful Sound,
 Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found!

The Watchmen join their Voice,
 And sweetest Notes employ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,
 And Deserts learn the Joy.

The Lord makes bare His Arm
 Wide through the Earth abroad;
 Let every Nation now behold
 Their Savior and their God.

HYMN CCCL. *Common Measure.**Distinguishing Grace.*

Acts 13. 26.

AND why do our admiring Eyes,
 These Gospel-Glories see?
 And whence, may every Heart reply,
 Salvation sent to me?

And dost Thou, Lord, my Heart subdue,
 And shew my Sins forgiven;
 And bear Thy Witness to my Part
 Amongst the Heirs of Heaven?

Amazing Love! arise, my Soul,
 And sing the Savior's Name;
 And, while the great Salvation lasts,
 Its boundless Grace proclaim.

D.

HYMN CCCLI. *Long Measure.**The Power of the Gospel.*

THIS is the Word of Truth and Love
 Sent to the Nations from above;
 Jehovah here resolves to shew
 What His almighty Grace can do.

This Remedy did Wisdom find
 To cure Diseases of the Mind;
 This sovereign Balm, whose Virtues can
 Restore the ruin'd Creature, Man,

The Gospel bids the Dead revive,
 Sinners obey the Voice, and live;
 Dry Bones are rais'd and cloath'd afresh,
 And Hearts of Stone are turn'd to Flesh.

Where Satan reign'd in Shades of Night,
 The Gospel strikes a heavenly Light;
 Our Lusts its wonderous Power controlls,
 And calms the Rage of angry Souls.

Lions, and Beasts of savage Name
 Put on the Nature of the Lamb;
 While the vain World esteems it strange,
 Gaze and admire, and hate the Change.

May but this Grace our Souls renew,
 Let Sinners gaze and hate us too;
 The Word, that saves us, doth engage
 A sure Defence from all their Rage.

W.

H Y M N CCCLII. *Long Measure.*

The Gospel is the Power of God to Salvation.

WHAT shall the dying Sinner do,
 That seeks Relief for all his Woe?
 Where shall the guilty Conscience find
 Ease for the Torment of the Mind?

How shall we get our Crimes forgiven,
 Or form our Natures fit for Heaven?
 Can Souls, all o'er defil'd with Sin,
 Make their own Powers and Passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings His Gospel nigh;
 'Tis there that Power and Glory dwell,
 That save rebellious Souls from Hell.

This is the Pillar of our Hope,
 That bears our fainting Spirits up;
 We read the Grace, we trust the Word,
 And find Salvation in the Lord.

Let Men, or Angels dig the Mines,
 Where Nature's golden Treasure shines;
 Brought near the Doctrine of the Cross,
 All Nature's Gold appears but Dross.

Should vile Blasphemers, with Disdain,
 Pronounce the Truths of *Jesus* vain,
 We'll meet the Scandal and the Shame,
 And sing, and triumph in His Name.

W. S.

H Y M N CCCLIII. *Long Measure.*

Praise to God for the Gospel.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call Home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the Powers within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

'Tis He, my Soul, that sent His Son,
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done;
 Let not the Wonders He hath wrought,
 Be lost in Silence and forgot!

The Vices of the Mind He heals,
 And cures the Pains that Nature feels ;
 Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
 Our wasting Life from threatening Graves.

Our Youth, decay'd, His Power repairs,
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years !
 He satisfies our Mouths with Good,
 And fills our Souls with heavenly Food.

His Power He shew'd by *Moses'* Hands,
 And gave to *Israel* His Commands ;
 But sent His Truth and Mercy down
 To all the Nations by His Son.

Let the whole Earth His Power confess,
 Let the whole Earth adore His Grace ;
 The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

W.

H Y M N CCCLIV. *Common Measure.*

A Rational Defence of the Gospel.

SHALL *Atheists* dare insult the Cross
 Of our incarnate God ?
 Shall Infidels revile His Truth,
 And trample on His Blood ?

What if He choose mysterious Ways
 To cleanse us from our Faults ?
 May not the Works of sovereign Grace
 Transcend our feeble Thoughts ?

What if His Gospel bids us strive
 With Flesh, and Self, and Sin ?
 The Prize is most divinely bright,
 That we are call'd to win.

What if the Men, despis'd on Earth,
 Still of His Grace partake ?
 This but confirms His Truth the more,
 For so the Prophets spake.

Do some, that own this sacred Truth,
 Indulge their Souls in Sin ?
 None should reproach the *Savior's* Name,
His Laws are pure and clean.

Then let our Faith be firm and strong,
 Our Lips profess His Word ;
 Nor ever shun those holy Men,
 Who fear and love the Lord.

W.

H Y M N CCCLV. *Long Measure.*

The Waters of the Sanctuary.

Ezek. 47. 7—12.

GREAT Source of Being and of Love,
 Thou waterest all the Worlds above,
 And all the Joys, which Mortals know,
 From Thine exhaustless Fountain flow.

A sacred Spring, at Thy Command,
 From *Sion's* Mount, in *Canaan's* Land,
 Beside Thy Temple, cleaves the Ground,
 And pours its limpid Stream around.

The limpid Stream, with sudden Force,
 Swells to a River in its Course ;
 Through Desert Realms its Windings play,
 And scatter Blessings all the Way.

Close by its Banks, in Order fair,
 The blooming Trees of Life appear ;
 Their Blossoms fragrant Odors give,
 And on their Fruit the Nations live.

To the dead Sea the Waters flow,
 And carry Healing as they go ;
 Its poisonous Dregs their Power confess,
 And all its Shores the Fountain bless.

Flow, wonderous Stream, with Glory crown'd,
 Flow on to Earth's remotest Bound ;
 And bear us, on thy gentle Wave,
 To Him, who all thy Virtues gave.

D.

H Y M N CCCLVI. *Common Measure.*

The Advancement of Christ's Kingdom desired.

S O V E R E I G N of Heaven, Thine Empire spreads,
 O'er all the Worlds on high ;
 And at Thy Frown th' infernal Powers
 In wild Confusion fly.

Like Lightning, from his glittering Throne,
 The great Arch-Traitor fell ;
 Driven, with tremendous Ruin, down
 To Infamy and Hell.

Permitted now to range at large,
 And traverse Earth and Air,
 O'er sinful Souls the Tyrant reigns,
 And boasts his Kingdom there.

Yet thence Thy Grace can drive him out,
 With one almighty Word ;
 O send the fovereign Mandate forth,
 And reign victorious, Lord.

Let wretched Prisoners be releas'd,
 The smiling Light to view ;
 Nor let the vanquish'd Foe return
 Their Bondage to renew.

May Grace compleat that wonderous Work,
 Which Thy Own Power begun ;
 And fill, from Satan's gloomy Realms,
 The Kingdom of Thy Son. D.

H Y M N CCCLVII. *Long Measure.*

The Glory and Success of the Gospel. Psal. 19.

THE Heavens declare Thy Glory, Lord,
 In every Star Thy Wisdom shines :
 But, in the Volume of Thy Word,
 We read Thy Name in fairer Lines.

Sun, Moon, and Stars convey Thy Praise
 Round the whole Earth, and never stand ;
 So, when Thy Truth began its Race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on every Land.

Nor shall Thy spreading Gospel rest,
Till through the Earth Thy Truth has run ;
Till Christ has all the Nations blest,
That see the Light or feel the Sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark World with heavenly Light ;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise,
Thy Laws are pure, Thy Judgments right.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view,
In Souls renew'd and Sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse our Sins, our Souls renew,
And make Thy Word our Guide to Heaven.

W.

H Y M N CCCLVIII. *Peculiar Measure.*

*The Increasing Glory and Perpetuity of the Messiah's
Kingdom.*

ALL hail, incarnate God ;
The wondrous Things foretold
Of Thee in sacred Writ,
With Joy our Eyes behold.
Still does Thine Arm new Trophies wear,
And Monuments of Glory rear.

To Thee the hoary Head
Its silver Honors pays,
To Thee the blooming Youth
Devotes his brightest Days.
And every Age their Tribute bring,
And bow to Thee, all-conquering King.

O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy glorious Day,
 When Souls, like Drops of Dew,
 Shall own Thy gentle Sway.
 Oh may it bless our longing Eyes,
 And bear our Shouts beyond the Skies.

All hail, triumphant Lord,
 Eternal be Thy Reign;
 Behold the Nations sue
 To wear Thy gentle Chain.
 When Earth and Time are known no more,
 Thy Throne shall stand for ever sure.

S.

H Y M N CCCLIX. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Glory of the Church in the latter Day.

Isai. 60. 1.

O Sion, tune thy Voice,
 And raise thy Hands on high,
 Tell all the Earth thy Joys,
 And boast Salvation nigh.
 Cheerful, to God
 Arise and shine,
 While Rays divine
 Stream all abroad.

He gilds thy mourning Face
 With Beams that cannot fade;
 His all-resplendent Grace
 He pours around thy Head;

The Nations round
Thy Form shall view,
With Lustre new,
Divinely crown'd.

In Honor to His Name,
Reflect that sacred Light;
And loud that Grace proclaim,
Which makes thy Darkness bright.
Pursue His Praise,
Till sovereign Love
In Worlds above
The Glory raise.

There on His holy Hill,
A brighter Sun shall rise,
And with His Radiance fill
Those fairer purer Skies;
While round His Throne,
Ten thousand Stars
In nobler Spheres
His Influence own.

D.

H Y M N CCCLX. *Short Measure.*

Christian Love.

Gal. 3. 28.

LET Party Names no more
The Christian World o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and Bond and Free,
Are ONE in Christ their Head.

Among the Saints on Earth,
 Let mutual Love be found ;
 Heirs of the same Inheritance,
 With mutual Blessings crown'd.

Let Envy, Child of Hell !
 Be banish'd far away ;
 Those should in strictest Friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the Church below
 Resemble that above,
 Where Streams of Pleasure ever flow,
 And every Heart is Love.

B. B.

H Y M N C C C L X I. *Common Measure.*

Brotherly Love.

Pfal. 133.

LO! what an entertaining Sight,
 Are Brethren that agree ;
 Brethren, whose cheerful Hearts unite
 In Bands of Piety !

While Streams of Love, from Christ the Spring
 Descend to every Soul,
 And heavenly Peace, with balmy Wing,
 Perfumes and shades the Whole.

Thus Angels on the heavenly Hills,
 Thus Saints are bless'd above;
 There Joy like Morning Dew distills,
 And all the Air is Love.

W.

H Y M N CCCLXII. *Long Measure.*

Family Religion.

Gen. 18. 19.

FATHER of all, Thy Care we bless,
 Which crowns our Families with Peace
 From Thee they spring, and, by Thy Hand,
 They have been, and are still sustain'd.

To God, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic Altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of Heaven, scorns not to dwell
 With Saints in their obscurest Cell.

To Thee may each united House,
 Morning and Night, present its Vows;
 Our Servants there, and rising Race
 Be taught Thy Precepts, and Thy Grace.

O may each future Age proclaim
 The Honors of Thy glorious Name;
 While pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join the Family above.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXIII. *Common Measure.*

Religious Education of Children.

Pfal. 78.

LET Children learn the mighty Deeds,
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

He bids us make His Glories known,
His Works of Power and Grace ;
And we'll convey His Wonders down
Through every rising Race.

Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That Generations, yet unborn,
May teach them to their Heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone,
Their Hope securely stands,
That They may still record His Works,
And practise His Commands.

W.

H Y M N CCCLXIV. *Common Measure.*

The Young encouraged to seek and love Christ.

Prov. 8. 17.

YE Hearts with youthful Vigor warm,
In smiling Crouds draw near,

And turn from every earthly Charm,
A Savior's Voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the Worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays His radiant Glories by,
Your Friendship to pursue.

“ The Soul that longs to see My Face,
“ Is sure My Love to gain ;
“ And those, that early seek My Grace,
“ Shall never seek in vain.”

What Object, Lord, our Souls should move,
If once compar'd with Thee ?
What Beauty should command our Love,
Like what in Christ we see ?

Away, ye false delusive Toys,
Vain Tempters of the Mind !
Here will we fix our lasting Choice,
For here true Blis we find.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXV. *Long Measure.*

Religious Retirement.

Psal. 4. 4.

RETURN, my roving Heart, return,
And chase these shadowy Forms no more ;
Seek out some Solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

Z 4

Oh Thou, my God, whose piercing Eye,
Distinctly marks each deep Recess;
In these sequester'd Hours draw nigh,
And with Thy Presence fill the Place.

Through all the Windings of my Heart,
My Search let heavenly Wisdom guide:
And still its radiant Beams impart,
Till all be search'd, and purify'd.

Then, with the Visits of Thy Love,
Vouchsafe my inmost Soul to cheer;
Till every Grace shall join to prove
That God hath fix'd His Dwelling there.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXVI. *Long Measure.*

Self-Reflection.

O Lord, how oft do I transgress
Against Thy Law, against Thy Grace?
Sins, with amazing Guilt arise,
Distress my Soul, and pain my Eyes.

Wretch that I am, thus to offend
My dearest Lord, my kindest Friend;
Whose Favor is my Life my Joy,
Whose Anger would my Peace destroy.

Great God, who always art the same,
Mercy is Thy prevailing Name;
With Grief and Shame, my Guilt I own,
And fly to Thee through Christ alone.

Through Him, do Thou my Peace restore,
 Help me to love and serve Thee more;
 And let Thy Grace sufficient be
 To guard and lead my Soul to Thee! I. D.

H Y M N CCCLXVII. *Long Measure.*

Self-Examination. Lam, 3. 40.

TH Y piercing Eye, O God, surveys
 The various Windings of our Ways;
 Teach us their Tendency to know,
 And try the Paths in which we go.

How wild, how crooked have they been!
 A Maze of Foolishness and Sin!
 With all the Light we vainly boast,
 Leaving our Guide, our Souls are lost.

O turn us back to Thee again,
 Or we shall search our Ways in vain;
 Shine, and the Path of Life reveal,
 And lead us up to Sion's Hill. D.

H Y M N CCCLXVIII. *Long Measure.*

Self-Examination. Gal. 4. 19, 20.

WHAT strange Perplexities arise?
 What anxious Fears and Jealousies?
 What Clouds in doubtful Light appear?
 How few, alas, approv'd and clear!

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 ?

What Image does my Spirit bear ?
 Is *Jesus* form'd, and living there ?
 Say, do His Lineaments divine
 In Thought and Word, and Action shine ?

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.

Scatter the Clouds, that o'er my Head
 Thick Glooms of dubious Terrors spread ;
 Lead me into celestial Day,
 And, to myself, MYSELF display.

May I at that blest'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. S. D.

H Y M N CCCLXIX. *Long Measure.*

The Sinner will be found wanting. Dan. 5. 27.

RAISE, thoughtless Sinner, raise thine Eye ;
 Behold the Balance lifted high ;
 There shall God's Justice be display'd,
 And there thy Hope and Life be weigh'd.

See, in one Scale, His perfect Law,
 Mark, with what Force its Precepts draw ;
 Wouldst thou the awful Test sustain,
 Thy Works how light, thy Thoughts how vain !

Behold ! the Hand of God appears
 To trace these dreadful Characters ;
 “ *Tekel*, thy Soul is wanting found,
 “ And Wrath shall smite thee to the Ground.”

Let sudden Fear thy Nerves unbrace ;
 Confusion wild o’erspread thy Face ;
 Through all Thy Thoughts let Anguish roll,
 And deep Repentance melt thy Soul.

One only Hope may yet prevail ;
 Christ, in thy Favor, turns the Scale ;
 Still doth the Gospel publish Peace,
 And shew a Savior’s Righteousness.

Jesus, exert Thy Power to save,
 Deep on this Heart Thy Truth engrave ;
 Great God, the Load of Guilt remove,
 That trembling Lips may sing Thy Love. D.

H Y M N CCCLXX. *Long Measure.*

A Baptismal Hymn.

THE great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the Lost to seek and save ;
 Went humbly down, from Jordan’s Shore,
 To find a Tomb beneath the Wave.

“ Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 “ All Righteousness ;” He meekly said ;
 Why should we then to do His Will,
 Or be asham’d, or be afraid ?

With Thee into Thy watery Tomb,
 Lord, ’tis our Glory to descend ;
 ’Tis wonderous Grace that gives us Room,
 To lie inter’d by such a Friend !

But a much more tempestuous Flood
 O’erwhelm’d Thy Body and Thy Soul ;
That plung’d in Tears, and Sweat, and Blood,
 And over *This* black Terrors roll.

Yet as the yielding Waves give Way,
 To let us see the Light again ;
 So, on Thy Resurrection Day,
 The Bands of Death prov’d weak and vain.

Thus, when Thou shalt again appear
 The Gates of Death shall open wide,
 Our Dust Thy powerful Voice shall hear,
 Shall rise and triumph at Thy Side.

These now vile Bodies then shall wear
 A glorious Form, resembling Thine ;
 To be dissolv’d no more shall fear,
 But with immortal Beauty shine.

HYMN CCCLXXI. *Common Measure.**A Baptismal Hymn.*

“**P**ROCLAIM,” saith Christ, “my wonderful
 “To all the Sons of Men; (Grace
 “He that believes, and is baptiz’d
 “Salvation shall obtain.”

Let plenteous Grace descend on those,
 Who, hoping in Thy Word,
 This Day have publicly declar’d
 That *Jesus* is their Lord.

With cheerful Feet, may they go on,
 And run the Christian Race;
 And, in the Troubles of the Way,
 Find all-sufficient Grace. N.

HYMN CCCLXXII. *Common Measure.**A Practical Improvement of Baptism. Col. 3. 1.*

ATTEND, ye Children of your God;
 Ye Heirs of Glory hear;
 For Accents, so divine as these,
 Might charm the dullest Ear.

Baptiz’d into your Savior’s Death,
 Your Souls to Sin must die;
 With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
 With Christ ascend on high.

There by His Father's Side He sits,
 Enthron'd divinely fair;
 Yet owns Himself your Brother still,
 And your Forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly Trifles, rise
 On Wings of Faith and Love;
 Your choicest, brightest Treasure lies,
 And be your Hearts, above.

But Earth and Sin will drag us down,
 When we attempt to fly;
 Lord, send Thy strong attractive Force
 To raise and fix us high. D.

H Y M N CCCLXXIII. *Long Measure.*

The Increase of the Church.

SHOUT, for the blessed Jesus reigns,
 Through distant Lands His Triumphs spread;
 And Sinners, freed from endless Pains,
 Own Him their Savior and their Head.

His Sons and Daughters, from afar,
 Daily at Sion's Gates arrive;
 Those who were dead in Sin before,
 By sovereign Grace are made alive.

Oppressors bow beneath His Feet,
 O'ercome by His victorious Power;
 Princes in humble Posture wait,
 And proud Blasphemers learn t'adore.

Gentiles and Jews His Laws obey,
 Nations remote their Offerings bring,
 And, unconstrain'd, their Homage pay
 To their exalted God and King.

O may His Conquests still increase,
 And every Foe His Power subdue;
 While Ange's celebrate His Praise,
 And Saints His growing Glories shew.

Loud Hallelujahs to the Lamb,
 From all below and all above;
 In lofty Songs exalt His Name,
 In Songs, as lasting as His Love.

B. B.

H Y M N CCCLXXIV. *Common Measure.*

Asking the Way to Sion.

Jer. 50. 5.

ENQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way
 That leads to Sion's Hill,
 And thither set your steady Face,
 With a determin'd Will.

Invite the Strangers all around
 Your pious March to join;
 And spread the Sentiments, you feel,
 Of Faith and Love divine.

O come, and to His Temple haste,
 And seek His Favor there;
 Before His Footstool humbly bow,
 And pour your fervent Prayer!

O come, and join your Souls to God
 In everlasting Bands,
 And seize the Blessings, He bestows,
 With thankful Hearts and Hands.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXXV. *Common Measure.*

The Highway to Sion:

Isa. 35. 8, 9, 10.

SING, ye Redeemed of the Lord,
 Your great Deliverer sing;
 Pilgrims, for Sion's City bound,
 Be joyful in your King.

See the fair Way His Hand hath rais'd;
 How holy, and how plain!
 Nor shall the simplest Travellers err,
 Nor ask the Way in vain.

No ravening Lion shall destroy,
 Nor lurking Serpent wound:
 Pleasure and Safety, Peace and Praise,
 Through all the Path are found.

A Hand divine shall lead you on
 Through all the blisful Road;
 Till to the sacred Mount you rise,
 And see your smiling God.

There Garlands of immortal Joy
 Shall bloom on every Head;
 While Sorrow, Sighing and Distress,
 Like Shadows, all are fled.

March then in your Redeemer's Strength,
 Pursue His Footsteps still ;
 And let the Prospect cheer your Hearts,
 While travelling up the Hill.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXXVI. *Long Measure.*

Rejoicing in our Covenant with God.

2 Chron. 15. 15.

O Happy Day, that fix'd my Choice
 On Thee my Savior, and my God !
 Well may this glowing Heart rejoice,
 And tell its Raptures all abroad.

O happy Bond, that seals our Vows
 To Him who merits all our Love !
 Let cheerful Anthems fill His House,
 While to that sacred Shrine we move.

'Tis done ; the great Transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the Voice divine.

Now rest my long divided Heart,
 Fix'd on this blissful Centre, rest ;
 With Ashes who would grudge to part,
 When call'd on Angels Bread to feast ?

High Heaven, that heard the solemn Vow,
 That Vow renew'd shall daily hear ;
 Till in Life's latest Hour we bow,
 And bless in Death a Bond so dear.

D.

A a

HYMN CCCLXXVII. *Short Measure.**Rejoicing in the Ways of God.*

Pfal. 138. 5.

NOW let our Voices join
 To form a sacred Song;
 Ye Pilgrims, in *Jehovah's* Ways,
 With Music pass along.

How strait the Path appears,
 How open and how fair!
 No lurking Gins t'entrap our Feet;
 No fierce Destroyer there.

But Flowers of Paradise
 In rich Profusion spring;
 The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,
 And dear Companions sing.

See *Salem's* golden Spires
 In beauteous Prospect rise;
 And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,
 Which sparkle through the Skies.

All Honor to His Name,
 Who marks the shining Way;
 To Him, who leads the Wanderers on
 To Realms of endless Day.

HYMN CCCLXXVIII. *Long Measure.**A Sacramental Hymn.*

JESUS, our kind ascended Lord,
 Invites His Saints around His Board;
 With generous Wines, with living Bread,
 Behold the Table richly spread!

His Feast is with His Presence crown'd,
 He smiles, and Joy diffuses round;
 Here every humble Guest shall prove
 The noblest Products of His Love.

His Blood, a sacred Fountain flows
 To cleanse our Guilt, to heal our Woes:
 While the good Spirit Grace imparts
 To renovate and cheer our Hearts.

All hail, Thou dear incarnate God,
 Thine Honors we'll proclaim abroad;
 Our Hearts, our Lips, our Lives shall join
 To celebrate Thy Praise divine. S.

HYMN CCCLXXIX. *Common Measure.**A Sacramental Hymn.*

JESUS! O Word divinely sweet!
 How charming is the Sound!
 What joyful News! what heavenly Sense
 In that dear Name is found!

Our Souls, all guilty, and condemn'd,
 In hopeless Fetters lay ;
 Our Souls, with numerous Sins deprav'd,
 To Death and Hell a Prey.

Jesus, to purge away this Guilt
 A willing Victim fell,
 And on His Cross triumphant broke
 The Bands of Death and Hell.

Our Foes were mighty to destroy ;
 He mighty was to save ;
 He dy'd, but could not long be held
 A Prisoner in the Grave.

Jesus ! who mighty art to save,
 Still push Thy Conquests on ;
 Extend the Triumphs of Thy Cross,
 Where'er the Sun has shone.

O Captain of Salvation ! make
 Thy Power and Mercy known ;
 Till Crouds of willing Converts come
 And worship at Thy Throne.

J. S.

H Y M N CCCLXX[̇]X. *Long Measure.*

A Sacramental Hymn.

THUS we commemorate the Day,
 On which our dearest Lord was slain ;
 Thus we our pious Homage pay,
 Till He appears on Earth again.

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.

Come, King of Kings, with Thy bright Train,
Cherubs and Seraphs, heavenly Hosts ;
Assume Thy Right, enlarge Thy Reign
As far as Earth extends her Coasts.

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.

J. S.

H Y M N CCCLXXXI. *Common Measure.*

The Agonies of Christ.

NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine ;
Our Sufferings are n^ot worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd to Thine.

In lively Figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love ;
Each of us hopes. He dy'd for me,
And then our Griefs remove.

Grace, Wisdom, Justice, join'd, and wrought
The Wonders of that Day :
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

Our Songs should sound like those above,
 Could we our Voices raise ;
 Yet, Lord, our Hearts shall all be Love,
 And all our Lives be Praise.

W.

H Y M N CCCLXXXII. *Common Measure.*

Pardon by the Death of Christ.

HOW condescending, and how kind.
 Was God's eternal Son !
 Our Misery reach'd His heavenly Mind,
 And Pity brought Him down.

When Justice, by our Sins provok'd,
 Drew forth its awful Sword,
 He gave His Soul up to the Stroke
 Without a murmuring Word.

He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
 To raise us to His Throne ;
 There's not a Gift His Hand bestows,
 But Cost His Heart a Groan.

This was Compassion like a God,
 That when the Savior knew
 The Price of Pardon was His Blood,
 His Pity ne'er withdrew.

Here we receive repeated Seals
 Of Jesus' dying Love ;
 Hard is the Wretch that never feels
 One soft Affection move !

Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
 While we His Death record;
 And, with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
 Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord. W.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIII. *Common Measure.*

The Wonders of Redemption.

AND did the Holy and the Just,
 The Sovereign of the Skies,
 Stoop down to Wretchedness and Dust,
 That guilty Worms might rise?

Yes, the Redeemer left His Throne,
 His radiant Throne on high,
 (Surprizing Mercy! Love unknown!)
 To suffer, bleed and die.

He took the dying Traitor's Place,
 And suffer'd in his Stead;
 For Man, (O Miracle of Grace!)
 For Man the Savior bled!

Dear Lord, what heavenly Wonders dwell
 In Thy atoning Blood?
 By this are Sinners snatch'd from Hell,
 And Rebels brought to God.

Jesus, my Soul, adoring, bends
 To Love so full, so free;
 And may I hope that Love extends
 Its sacred Power to me?

What glad Return can I impart
 For Favors so divine ?
 O take my All,—this worthless Heart,
 And make it only Thine. T.

H Y M N CCCLXXXIV. *Common Measure:*

Room at the Gospel-Feast.

Luke 14. 22.

THE King of Heaven His Table spreads,
 And Dainties crown the Board ;
 Not Paradise, with all its Joys,
 Could such Delight afford.

Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
 And endless Life are given ;
 And the rich Blood that Jesus shed
 To raise the Soul to Heaven.

Ye hungry Poor, that long have stray'd,
 In Sin's dark Mazes, come ;
 Come, from your most obscure Retreats,
 And Grace shall find you Room.

Millions of Souls, in Glory now,
 Were fed, and feasted here ;
 And Millions more, still on the Way,
 Around the Board appear.

Yet is His House and Heart so large,
 That Millions more may come,
 Nor could the whole assembled World
 O'er-fill the spacious Room.

All Things are ready, come away,
 Nor weak Excuses frame :
 Croud to your Places at the Feast,
 And bless the Founder's Name.

D.

H Y M N CCCLXXXV. *Common Measure.*

An Invitation to the Gospel-Feast.

Luke 14. 17—22, 23.

HOW sweet and awful is the Place,
 With Christ within the Doors;
 While His redeeming Love displays
 The choicest of its Stores !

Here every Bowel of our God
 With soft Compassion rolls ;
 Here Peace and Pardon, bought with Blood,
 Are Food for dying Souls.

While all our Hearts, and all our Songs
 Join to admire the Feast ;
 Each of us cry, with thankful Tongues,
 Lord, why was I a Guest ?

Why was I made to hear Thy Voice,
 And enter while there's Room ;
 While Thousands make a wretched Choice,
 And rather starve than come ?

'Twas the same Love that spread the Feast,
 That sweetly forc'd us in ;
 Else we had still refus'd to taste,
 And perish'd in our Sin.

Pity the Nations, O our God!
 Constrain the Earth to come;
 Send Thy victorious Word abroad,
 And bring the Strangers Home.

We long to see Thy Churches full,
 That all Thy chosen Race
 May, with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul
 Sing Thy redeeming Grace. W.

H Y M N CCCLXXXVI. *Common Measure.*

Grace and Glory in the Person of Christ.

WHILST we surround this sacred Board,
 We'll raise our tuneful Breath;
 Faith shall behold her dying Lord,
 And doom our Sins to Death.

We see the Blood of Jesus shed,
 Whence all our Pardons rise;
 The Sinner views th' Atonement made,
 And loves the Sacrifice.

Thy cruel Thorns, Thy shameful Cross
 Procure us heavenly Crowns;
 Our highest Gain springs from Thy Loss,
 Our Healing from Thy Wounds.

Oh! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble Clay,
 Should equal Sufferings bear for Thee,
 Or equal Thanks repay. W.

H Y M N CCCLXXXVII. *Long Measure.**Communion with Christ at His Table.*

TO Jesus our exalted Lord,
 (Dear Name, by Heaven and Earth ador'd!)
 Fain would our Hearts, and Voices raise
 A cheerful Song of sacred Praise.

But all the Notes which Mortals know,
 Are weak and languishing and low:
 Far, far above our humble Songs,
 The Theme demands immortal Tongues.

Yet while around His' Board we meet,
 And humbly worship at His Feet:
 O let our warm Affections move
 In glad Returns of grateful Love!

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.

Let Faith our feeble Senses aid,
 To see Thy wonderous Love display'd,
 Thy broken Flesh, Thy bleeding Veins,
 Thy dreadful agonizing Pains.

Let humble penitential Woe,
 With painful, pleasing Anguish, flow;
 And Thy forgiving Smiles impart
 Life, Hope, and Joy to every Heart.

HYMN CCCLXXXVIII. *Common Measure.**Praise to the Redeemer.*

TO our Redeemer's glorious Name,
 Awake the sacred Song !
 O may His Love (immortal Flame !)
 Tune every Heart and Tongue.

His Love, what mortal Thought can reach ?
 What mortal Tongue display ?
 Imagination's utmost Stretch
 In Wonder dies away.

Let Wonder still with Love unite,
 And Gratitude and Joy ;
 Jesus be our supreme Delight,
 His Praise our best Employ.

Jesus who left His Throne on high,
 Left the bright Realms of Bliss,
 And came to Earth to bleed and die !—
 Was ever Love like this !

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
 Our humble Thanks to Thee ;
 May every Heart with Rapture say,
 The Savior dy'd for me.

O may the sweet, the blissful Theme
 Fill every Heart and Tongue ;
 Till Strangers love Thy charming Name,
 And join the sacred Song.

HYMN CCCLXXXIX. *Long Measure.**Mortality.*

Job 7. 8.

SOVEREIGN of Life, before Thine Eye,
 Lo! mortal Men by Thousands die!
 One Glance from Thee, at once, brings down
 The proudest Brow, that wears a Crown.

Banish'd at once from human Sight,
 To the dark Grave's unchanging Night,
 Imprison'd in that dusty Bed,
 We hide our solitary Head.

The friendly Band no more shall greet,
 Accents familiar once, and sweet;
 No more the well-known Features trace,
 No more renew the fond Embrace.

Yet if our Father's faithful Hand
 Conduct us through this gloomy Land;
 Our Souls with Pleasure shall obey,
 And follow where He leads the Way.

He, nobler Friends than here we leave,
 In brighter surer Worlds can give;
 Or, by the Beamings of His Eye,
 A lost Creation well supply.

H Y M N CCCXC. *Common Measure.**A Funeral Hymn.*

WHY do we mourn departed Friends,
 Or shake at Death's Alarms?
 'Tis but the Voice, that Jesus sends
 To call them to His Arms.

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their Bodies to the Tomb?
 There the dear Flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long Perfume.

The Graves of all the Saints He blest,
 And soften'd every Bed;
 Where should the dying Members rest,
 But with the dying Head?

Thence He arose and burst the Chain,
 To shew our Feet the Way,
 From Shades, where Death and Darkness reign,
 To Realms of endless Day.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
 And bid His Kindred rise;
 Awake, ye Nations under Ground,
 Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

HYMN CCCXCI. *Common Measure.**A Funeral Hymn.*

WHILE to the Grave our Friends are borne,
 Around their cold Remains,
 How all the tender Passions mourn,
 And each fond Heart complains !

But down to Earth, alas, in vain
 We bend our weeping Eyes ;
 Ah ! let us leave these Seats of Pain,
 And upward learn to rise.

Hope cheerful smiles amid the Gloom,
 And beams a healing Ray ;
 And guides us from the darksome Tomb,
 To Realms of endless Day.

Jesus, who left His blest Abode,
 (Amazing Grace !) to die,
 Mark'd, when He rose, the shining Road
 To His bright Courts on high.

To those bright Courts, when Hope ascends,
 The Tears forget to flow ;
 Hope views our absent happy Friends,
 And calms the swelling Woe.

Then let our Hearts repine no more,
 That earthly Comfort dies ;
 But lasting Happiness explore,
 And ask it from the Skies.

HYMN CCCXCII. *Common Measure.**At the Funeral of a young Person.*

WHEN blooming Youth is snatch'd away
 By Death's resistless Hand,
 Our Hearts the mournful Tribute pay,
 Which Pity must demand.

While Pity prompts the rising Sigh,
 O may this Truth, imprest
 With awful Power,—I too must die,—
 Sink deep in every Breast.

Let this vain World engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping Tomb!
 It bids us seize the present Hour,
 To-morrow Death may come.

The Voice of this alarming Scene
 May every Heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly Warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose powerful Arm can save ;
 Then shall our Hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the Grave.

Great God, Thy sovereign Grace impart,
 With cleansing, healing Power ;
 This only can prepare the Heart
 For Death's surprizing Hour.

HYMN CCCXCIII. *Long Measure.**A Funeral Hymn.*

THE God of Love will sure indulge
 The flowing Tear the heaving Sigh,
 When righteous Persons fall around,
 When tender Friends and Kindred die.

Yet not one anxious murmuring Thought
 Should with our mourning Passions blend;
 Nor would our bleeding Hearts forget
 Th' Almighty ever living Friend.

Beneath a numerous Train of Ills,
 Our feeble Flesh and Heart may fail;
 Yet shall our Hope in Thee, our God,
 O'er every gloomy Fear prevail.

Parent and Husband, Guard and Guide,
 Thou art each tender Name in one;
 On Thee we cast our every Care,
 And Comfort seek from Thee alone.

Our Father God, to Thee we look,
 Our Rock, our Portion, and our Friend;
 And, on Thy Covenant Love and Truth,
 Our sinking Souls shall still depend.

S.

HYMN CCCXCIV. *Common Measure.*

*The Hope of Heaven, the Soul's Support in the View
of Mortality.*

ALAS! What frail, what tottering Things
These Tenements of Clay!
This curious Work of Heaven, how soon
The Glory fades away!

Sin, like a Leprosy, intertwines
The beauteous Structure round,
Nor thence is purg'd till Death has raz'd
The Building to the Ground.

This gloomy Scene, my drooping Soul
In Silence long survey'd;
But now she bursts the sullen Bands,
And seeks celestial Aid.

All-potent, gracious Maker God,
My mournful Accents hear;
Indulgent to my humble Cry,
Incline Thy pitying Ear.

Oh! still this feeble Frame support,
Which Thine Own Hand has rear'd;
Till I an heavenly House may claim,
By sovereign Grace prepar'd.

Then may this mortal Flesh decay,
The Dust to Dust return;
My gladsome Soul shall soar away,
Nor o'er its Prison mourn.

HYMN CCCXCV. *Common Measure:**The Prospect of Heaven makes Death easy.*

THERE is a Land of pure Delight,
 Where Saints immortal reign;
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,
 And Pleasures banish Pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-fading Flowers;
 Death, like a narrow Sea divides
 This heavenly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields, beyond the swelling Flood,
 Stand dress'd in living Green;
 So to the Jews old *Canaan* stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

But fearful Mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow Sea;
 And linger, shivering on the Brink,
 And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our Doubts remove,
 Those gloomy Doubts that rise,
 And see the *Canaan* that we love,
 With unclouded Eyes!

Could we but climb where *Moses* stood,
 And view the *Lanskip* o'er,
 Not *Jordan's* Streams, nor *Death's* cold Flood
 Should fright us from the Shore.

HYMN CCCXCVI. *Common Measure.**A Prospect of the Resurrection.*

HOW long shall Death the Tyrant reign,
 And triumph o'er the Just;
 While the rich Blood of Martyrs slain
 Lies mingled with the Dust?

Lo, I behold the scatter'd Shades,
 The Dawn of Heaven appears;
 The sweet immortal Morning spreads
 Its Blushes round the Spheres.

I see the Lord of Glory come,
 And flaming Guards around;
 The Skies divide to make Him Room,
 The Trumpet shakes the Ground.

I hear the Voice, "*Ye Dead arise!*"
 And lo the Graves obey;
 And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
 Salute th' expected Day.

They leave the Dust, and on the Wing
 Rise to the mid-way Air,
 In shining Garments meet their King,
 And low adore Him there.

O may our humble Spirits stand
 Amongst them cloath'd in White!
 The meanest Place at His Right Hand
 Is infinite Delight.

How will our Joy and Wonder rise,
 When our returning King,
 Shall bear us homeward through the Skies,
 On Love's triumphant Wing!

W. L.

H Y M N CCCXCVII. *Common Measure.*

Salvation Approaching!

Rom. 13. 11.

A WAKE, ye Saints, and raise your Eyes,
 And raise your Voices high;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign Love,
 That shews Salvation nigh.

On all the Wings of Time it flies,
 Each Moment brings it near;
 Then welcome each declining Day!
 And each revolving Year!

Not many Years their Round shall run,
 Nor many Mornings rise,
 E'er all its Glories stand reveal'd
 To our admiring Eyes.

Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course;
 Ye mortal Powers, decay;
 Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,
 Ye bring eternal Day.

B b 3

D.

H Y M N CCCXCVIII. *Long Measure.**Longing for Immortality.*

SAD Prisoners in a House of Clay,
 With Sins, and Grievs, and Pains oppress'd,
 We groan the lingering Hours away,
 And wish and long to be releas'd.

Nor is it Liberty alone,
 Which prompts our restless ardent Sighs;
 For Immortality we groan,
 For Robes and Mansions in the Skies.

Eternal Mansions! bright Array!
 O bless'd Exchange! transporting Thought!
 Free from th' Approaches of Decay,
 Or the least Shadow of a Spot.

There shall Mortality no more
 Its wide-extended Empire boast;
 Forgotten all its dreadful Power,
 In Life's unbounded Ocean lost.

Bright World of Bliss! O could I see
 One shining Glimpse, one cheerful Ray
 (Fair Dawn of Immortality!)
 Break through these tottering Walls of Clay.

Jesus, in Thy dear Name I trust,
 My Light, my Life, my Savior God;
 When this frail House dissolves in Dust,
 O raise me to Thy bright Abode!

HYMN CCCXCIX. *Long Measure.**The Happiness of being with Christ.*

Phil. 1. 23.

WHILE on the Verge of Life I stand,
 And view the Scene on either Hand,
 My Spirit struggles with my Clay,
 And longs to wing its Flight away.

Where *Jesus* dwells my Soul would be ;
 And faints my much-lov'd Lord to see ;
 Earth, twine no more about my Heart,
 For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic Envoys, come,
 And lead the willing Pilgrim Home ;
 Ye know the Way to *Jesus'* Throne,
 Source of my Joys, and of your own.

That blissful Interview, how sweet !
 To fall transported at His Feet !
 Rais'd in His Arms, to view His Face,
 Through the full Beamings of His Grace !

As with a *Seraph's* Voice to sing !
 To fly as on a *Cherub's* Wing !
 Performing, with unweary'd Hands,
 The present Savior's high Commands.

Yet, with these Prospects full in Sight,
 We'll wait Thy Signal for the Flight ;
 For, while Thy Service we pursue,
 We find a Heaven begun below.

D.

H Y M N CCCC. *Long Measure.*

The Heavenly Inheritance.

Col. 1. 12.

ALL glorious God, what Hymns of Praise
 Shall our transported Voices raise?
 What flaming Love and Zeal are due,
 While Heaven stands open to our View?

Once we were fallen, and O how low!
 Just on the Brink of endless Woe!
 Doom'd to a Heritage in Hell,
 Where Sinners all in Darkness dwell.

But lo, a Ray of cheering Light
 Scatters the horrid Shades of Night!
 Lo, what triumphant Grace is shewn
 To Souls impoverish'd and undone!

Far, far beyond these mortal Shores,
 A bright Inheritance is ours;
 Where Saints in Light our Coming wait
 To share their holy blissful State.

If ready dress'd for Heaven we shine,
 Thine are the Robes the Crown is Thine;
 May endless Years their Course prolong,
 And, "Thine the Praise," be all the Song.

D.

HYMN CCCC. *Common Measure.**The Promised Land. Isa. 33. 17.*

FAR from these narrow Scenes of Night
 Unbounded Glories rise ;
 And Realms of infinite Delight,
 Unknown to mortal Eyes.

Fair distant Land !—could mortal Eyes
 But half its Charms explore,
 How would our Spirits long to rise,
 And dwell on Earth no more !

There Pain and Sickneſs never come,
 And Grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs, in immortal Bloom,
 And endless Pleaſure reigns !

No Cloud thoſe bliſſful Regions know,
 For ever bright and fair !
 For Sin, the Source of mortal Woe,
 Can never enter there.

There no alternate Night is known,
 Nor Sun's faint ſickly Ray ;
 But Glory, from the ſacred Throne,
 Spreads everlaſting Day.

O may the heavenly Proſpect fire
 Our Hearts with ardent Love,
 Till Wings of Faith and ſtrong Deſire
 Bear every Thought above.

Prepare us, Lord, by Grace divine,
 For Thy bright Courts on high :
 Then bid our Spirits rise and join
 The Chorus of the Sky.

T.

H Y M N CCCCII. *Common Measure.*

The Joys of Heaven.

COME Lord, and warm each languid Heart,
 Inspire each lifeless Tongue ;
 And let the Joys of Heaven impart
 Their Influence to our Song.

Then, to the shining Seats of Bliss,
 The Wings of Faith shall soar,
 And all the Charms of Paradise
 Our raptur'd Thoughts explore.

Pleasures, unfully'd, flourish there,
 Beyond the Reach of Time ;
 Not blooming Eden smil'd so fair,
 In all her flowery Prime.

Sorrow, and Pain, and every Care,
 And Discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect Joy, and Love sincere
 Adorn the Realms of Peace.

The Soul, from Sin for ever freed,
 Shall mourn its Power no more ;
 But, cloath'd in spotless Purity,
 Redeeming Love adore,

There on a Throne, (how dazzling bright!)
 Th' exalted Savior shines;
 And beams ineffable Delight
 On all the heavenly Minds.

There shall the Followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal Songs;
 And endless Honors to His Name
 Employ their tuneful Tongues.

Lord, tune our Hearts to Praise and Love,
 Our feeble Notes inspire;
 Till, in Thy blissful Courts above,
 We join th' angelic Choir.

T.

H Y M N CCCCIII. *Common Measure.*

Heaven.

THERE is a Land of living Joy
 Beyond the utmost Skies,
 Where Scenes of Bliss, without Alloy,
 In boundless Prospects rise.

High seated on a blazing Throne
 Th' eternal God appears;
 Puts all His smiling Glories on,
 And awes at once and cheers.

The slaughter'd Lamb at His Right-hand
 Assumes His royal Seat;
 Adoring Angels round Him stand,
 His Ministers of State,

Each Breast with strong Devotion glows,
 Love every Heart inspires ;
 Whilst God's Own Spirit gently blows,
 And fans these holy Fires.

In Strains celestial, every Tongue
 Shall God's high Praise proclaim ;
 And all in Concert join the Song
 Of *Moses* and the *Lamb*.

The Hallelujahs once begun,
 No Pause nor Close shall know ;
 But Joy and Harmony in one
 Perpetual Transport flow.

A constant Bloom, in every Face,
 Shall Age and Death defy ;
 And Sin and Hell, far from the Place,
 In wild Confusion fly.

B.

H Y M N CCCCIV. *Long Measure.*

*The different Character and State of the Righteous and
 the Wicked. Psal. 1.*

HOW greatly bless'd the Man, whose Ear
 The Sinner's Counsel shuns to hear ;
 And, where the Sons of Folly stray,
 Declines with studious Steps the Way :

Nor frantic Mirth he deigns to share,
 Nor sits he in the Scoffers Chair ;
 His Heart, possess'd with sacred Awe,
 Daily revolves, great God, Thy Law.

Like a fair Tree, that taught to grow
Where living Streams of Water flow,
His fruitful Branch he rears on high,
Nor fears a sickening Autumn nigh.

Whate'er his ready Thoughts devise,
He joyful to the Work applies;
And sure to find the wish'd Success
Repay his Hope, his Labor blefs.

Jehovah's Foes, a different Fate,
Terrors with Terrors leagu'd await;
See, see them, to His Wrath consign'd,
Fly like the Chaff before the Wind.

Thy Judge, O Earth, shall quickly come,
And to each Soul assign its Doom;
Think you that then the impious Band
Shall with the Just assembled stand?

Ah no! th' Almighty, these alone,
The Objects of His Love shall own,
While all, who now His Arm defy,
Shall whelm'd in endless Ruin lie.

B. M.

H Y M N CCCC V. *Peculiar Measure.*

The Same. Psal, 1.

O How blest'd the Man, whose Ear
Impious Counsel shuns to hear,
Who nor loves, nor treads the Way,
Where the Sons of Folly stray:

He, who thoughtless, dares not stand
 Social with th' opprobrious Band ;
 Nor their frantic Mirth to share,
 Seated in Derision's Chair.

But, possess'd with sacred Awe,
 Meditates, great God, Thy Law ;
 This by Day his fix'd Employ,
 This by Night his constant Joy.

Like the Tree, that taught to grow
 Where the Streams refreshing flow,
 He his fruitful Branch shall spread,
 Nor his sickening Leaves shall shed :

He, whate'er his Thoughts devise,
 Joyful to the Work applies ;
 Sure to find the wish'd Success
 Crown his Hope, his Labor blefs.

See, ah ! see a different State
 God's obdurate Foes await ;
 See them, to His Wrath consign'd,
 Fly like Chaff before the Wind.

When Thy Judge, O Earth, shall come,
 And to each assign their Doom,
 Say, shall then the impious Band
 With the Just assembled stand ?

These th' Almighty, these alone,
 Objects of His Love shall own ;
 While His Vengeance who defy,
 Whelm'd in endless Ruin lie.

HYMN CCCCVI. *Common Measure.**What will ye do in the Day of Visitation ?*

WHEN Storms hang o'er the Christian's
 He flies unto His God ; [Head,
 And, under His refreshing Shade,
 Finds a secure Abode.

When Foes without and Lusts within,
 Seek to disturb his Peace ;
 To God he makes his Sorrows known,
 And strait his Sorrows cease.

When Winds of strong Temptation blow,
 And Floods of Trouble roll,
 God is the Help, and Refuge too
 Of his distressed Soul.

But when tremendous Terrors seize,
 Where will the Sinner fly ?
 He feels a thousand Agonies,
 And no Deliverer nigh !

B. B.

HYMN CCCCVII. *Common Measure.**The Christian rejoicing in the Views of Death and Judgment.*

Rev. 22. 20.

“ BEHOLD I come,” the Savior cries,
 On Wings of Love I fly :
 So come, dear Lord, my Soul replies,
 And bring Salvation nigh.

I'll greet the Messengers of Death.
 By which Thou call'st me Home;
 But doubly greet that joyful Hour,
 When Thou Thyself shalt come.

Come, plead Thy Father's injur'd Cause,
 And make Thy Glory shine;
 Come, rouse Thy Servant's mouldering Dust,
 And their whole Frame refine.

O come, amidst th' angelic Hosts,
 Their humble Name to own;
 And lead the full Assembly back
 To dwell around Thy Throne.

With winged Speed, Redeemer dear,
 Bring on the illustrious Day;
 Come, lest our Spirits droop and faint
 Beneath Thy long Delay. D.

H Y M N CCCCVIII. *Long Measure.*

The Second Appearance of Christ.

2 Pet. 3. 11, 12.

MY waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings,
 Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;
 See this vain World in Smoke decay,
 And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery Deluge roll,
 Through Heaven's wide Arch from Pole to Pole;
 Pale Sun, no more thy Lustre boast,
 Tremble, and fall, ye starry Host.

This Wreck of Nature all around,
The Angel's Shout the Trumpet's Sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo His tremendous Name.

Children of Adam, all appear
With Reverence round His awful Bar,
For, as His Lips pronounce, ye go
To endless Bliss, or endless Woe.

Lord, to my Eyes this Scene display,
Frequent through each returning Day;
And let Thy Grace my Soul prepare
To meet its full Redemption there. D.

H Y M N CCCCIX. *Short Measure.*

The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.

Matt. 25. 41.

AND will the Judge descend;
And must the Dead arise?
And not a single Soul escape
His All-discerning Eyes?

And from His righteous Lips,
Shall this dread Sentence sound;
And, through the numerous guilty Throng,
Spread black Despair around?

“ Depart from Me, accurs'd,
“ To everlasting Flame,
“ For Rebel Angels first prepar'd,
“ Where Mercy never came.”

How will my Heart endure
 The Terrors of that Day;
 When Earth and Heaven, before His Face,
 Astonish'd shrink away?

But e'er that Trumpet shakes
 The Mansions of the Dead;
 -Hark, from the Gospel's cheering Sound,
 What joyful Tidings spread!

Ye Sinners, seek His Grace,
 Whose Wrath ye cannot bear;
 Fly to the Shelter of His Cross,
 And find Salvation there!

So shall that Curse remove,
 By which the Savior bled;
 And the last awful Day shall pour
 His Blessings on your Head. D.

H Y M N CCCCX. *Common Measure.*

The Final Sentence, and Happiness of the Righteous.

Matt. 25. 34.

ATTEND my Ear, my Heart rejoice;
 While Jesus from His Throne,
 Begirt with all th' angelic Hosts,
 Makes His last Sentence known.

When Sinners, cursed from His Face,
 To raging Flames are driven;
 His Voicè, with Melody divine,
 Thus calls His Saints to Heaven.

- “ Bless’d of my Father, all draw near ;
 “ Receive the great Reward ;
 “ And rise, with Raptures, to possess.
 “ The Kingdom Love prepar’d.
- “ E’er Earth’s Foundations first were laid,
 “ His sovereign Purpose wrought,
 “ And rear’d those Palaces divine,
 “ To which you now are brought.
- “ There shall you reign unnumber’d Years,
 “ Protected by My Power ;
 “ While Sin and Death, and Pains and Cares,
 “ Shall vex your Souls no more.”

Come, dear majestic Savior, come,
 This Jubilee proclaim ;
 And teach us Language fit to praise
 So great, so dear a Name.

D.

H Y M N CCCCXI. *Peculiar Measure.*

Lo He cometh.

LO! He cometh, countless Trumpets
 Blow to raise the sleeping Dead ;
 Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels
 See their great exalted Head,
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome Son of God.

Full of joyful Expectation,
 All behold the Judge appear ;

Truth and Justice go before Him,
 Now the joyful Sentence hear.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome Judge divine.

“ Come ye blessed of my Father,
 “ Enter into Life and Joy;
 “ Banish all your Fears and Sorrows,
 “ Endless Praise be your Employ.”
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Welcome, welcome to the Skies.

Now at once they rise to Glory,
 Jesus brings them to the King;
 There, with all the Hosts of Heaven,
 They eternal Anthems sing.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
 Boundless Glory to the Lamb.

U.

H Y M N CCCCXII. *Common Measure.*

Christ the Lamb of God worshipped by the whole Creation.

COME, let us join the rapturous Songs
 Of Angels round the Throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
 But all their Joys are one.

“ Worthy the Lamb that dy'd,” they cry,
 “ To be exalted thus:
 “ Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
 “ For He was slain for us.”

Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and Power divine ;
 And Blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,
 And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy Glories high,
 And speak Thine endless Praise.

The whole Creation join in one
 To bless the sacred Name
 Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.



THE
SUPPLEMENT.

*A TABLE to find any Hymn in the SUPPLEMENT,
by the first Line of it.*

	B.	Hymn
B EHOLD, where breathing Love divine		13
	C.	
Come Thou Fount of every Blessing		15
	D.	
Descend Celestial Dove	—	11
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	F.	
Father, I long, I faint to see	—	4
Far from my Thoughts vain World be gone		2
	G.	
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Great God we in Thy Courts appear	—	10
Great was the Day, the Joy was great		8
	H.	
Hail happy Day, the Day of holy Rest		1
	L.	
Lord, look on all assembled here	—	16
	M.	
Mighty God, while Angels blest Thee		7
	N.	
Now let our drooping Hearts revive		20
	O.	
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	P.	
Prostrate, dear Jesus, at Thy Feet	—	9
	S.	
See Israel's gentle Shepherd, stand	—	13
So let our Lips and Lives express	—	12
	U.	
Up to the blissful Realms on high	—	3
Up to the Lord that reigns on high	—	6
	W.	
While o'er our guilty Land, O Lord	—	18

T H E
S U P P L E M E N T.

H Y M N I. *Peculiar Measure.*

For the Lord's Day.

HAIL, happy Day! the Day of holy Rest,
When Saints assemble and on Dainties feast,
When all in Smiles the God of Grace descends,
Opens His Stores, and entertains His Friends.

Let Earth and all its Vanities be gone,
Move from my Sight, and leave my Soul alone;
Its flattering, fading Glories I'd despise,
And to immortal Beauties turn mine Eyes.

Fain would I mount and penetrate the Skies,
And on my Savior's Glories fix mine Eyes:
Oh! meet my rising Soul, stoop from above,
Jesus, and waft it to those Realms of Love!

Or, if I must not climb the starry Height,
And see Thee blazing on a Throne of Light;
If still the Veil betwixt us must divide,
And from mine Eyes my Savior's Glories hide.

Yet here display the Wonders of Thy Grace,
Look thro' the Skies, and shew Thy smiling Face:
Stoop down, blest King of Glory, from above,
Shine on my Soul, and ravish me with Love.

HYMN II. *Long Measure.**Delight in Worship.*

FAR from my Thoughts, vain World, be gone,
 Let my religious Hours alone;
 Fain would my Eyes my Savior see,
 I wait a Visit, Lord, from Thee.

Haste then; but with a smiling Face,
 And spread a Table of Thy Grace:
 Bring down a Taste of Truth divine,
 And cheer our Hearts with sacred Wine.

Bless'd Jesus, what delicious Fare!
 How sweet Thy Entertainments are!
 Never did Angels taste above,
 Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

While such a Feast of sacred Joys,
 Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting Day!

W.

HYMN III. *Long Measure.**A Sight of God, mortifies us to the World.*

UP to the blissful Realms on high,
 Where living Waters gently roll,
 Fain would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
 But Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

Thy wonderous Blood, dear dying *Christ*,
 Can make this World of Guilt remove;
 And Thou can'st bear me where Thou fly'st,
 On Thy kind Wings, Celestial Dove!

O might I once mount up and see
 The Glories of th' eternal Skies,
 What little Things these Worlds would be?
 How despicable to my Eyes?

Had I Glance of Thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,
 Vanish, as tho' I saw 'em not,
 As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the Noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking Leaf
 While rattling Thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, Eternal King,
 Let me but view Thy lovely Face,
 And all my Powers shall bow and sing
 Thy endless Grandeur, and Thy Grace.

W.

H Y M N IV. *Common Measure.*

The Humble Worship of Heaven.

FATHER, I long, I faint to see
 The Place of Thine Abode;
 I'd leave Thy earthly Courts, and flee
 Up to Thy Seat, my God!

Here I behold Thy distant Face,
 And 'tis a pleasing Sight;
 But to abide in Thine Embrace,
 Is infinite Delight.

I'd part with all the Joys of Sense,
 To gaze upon Thy Throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, Unknown.

There all the heavenly Hosts are seen,
 In shining Ranks they move,
 And drink immortal Vigor in
 With Wonder, and with Love.

Then at Thy Feet with awful Fear
 Th' adoring Armies fall;
 With Joy they shrink to NOTHING there,
 Before th' Eternal ALL.

There I would vie with all the Host
 In Duty and in Bliss:
 While LESS THAN NOTHING I could boast,
 And VANITY confess.

W.

H Y M N V. *Long Measure.*

The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.

DESCEND from Heaven, immortal Dove,
 Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
 And mount and bear us far above
 The Reach of these inferior Things.

Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
 Up where eternal Ages roll,
 Where solid Pleasures never die,
 And Fruits immortal feast the Soul,

O for a Sight, a pleasing Sight
 Of our Almighty Father's Throne !
 There sits our Savior crown'd with Light,
 Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him stand,
 And Thrones and Powers before Him fall;
 The God shines gracious thro' the Man,
 And sheds sweet Glories on them all !

O what amazing Joys they feel,
 While to their golden Harps they sing,
 And sit on every heavenly Hill,
 And spread the Triumphs of their King !

When shall the Day, dear Lord, appear
 That I shall mount to dwell above,
 And stand and bow amongst them there,
 And view Thy Face, and sing, and love ?

W.

H Y M N VI. *Long Measure.*

The Condescension of God.

U P to the Lord, that reigns on high,
 And views the Nations from afar,
 Let everlasting Praises fly,
 And tell how large his Bounties are.

He that can shake the Worlds He made,
 Or with His Word, or with His Rod,
 His Goodness, how amazing Great!
 And what a condescending God!

God, that must stoop to view the Skies,
 And bow to see what Angels do,
 Down to our Earth He casts His Eyes,
 And bends His Footsteps downwards too.

He over-rules all mortal Things;
 And manages our mean Affairs;
 On humble Souls the King of Kings
 Bestows His Counsels and His Cares.

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
 Into the Bosom of our God;
 He hears us in the mournful Hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy Load.

Oh! could our thankful Hearts devise
 A Tribute equal to Thy Grace,
 To the third Heaven our Songs should rise,
 And teach the golden Harps Thy Praise. W.

H Y M N VII. *Peculiar Measure.*

Praise to the Redeemer.

MIGHTY God, while Angels bless Thee,
 May an Infant lip Thy Name?
 Lord of Men as well as Angels,
 Thou art every Creature's Theme.
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen.

Lord of every Land and Nation,
 Antient of eternal Days ;
 Sounded through the wide Creation
 Be Thy just and lawful Praise. Hal.

For the Grandeur of Thy Nature
 Grand beyond a Seraph's Thought,
 For created Works of Power,
 Works with Skill and Kindness wrought. Hal.

For Thy Providence that governs
 Through Thine Empire's wide Domain :
 Wings an Angel, guides a Sparrow,
 Blessed be Thy gentle Reign. Hal.

But Thy rich Thy free Redemption,
 Dark through Brightness all along :
 Thought is poor, and poor Expression,
 Who dare sing that awful Song? Hal.

Brightness of the Father's Glory,
 Shall Thy Praise unuttered lie ?
 Fly my Tongue such guilty Silence !
 Sing the Lord who came to die. Hal.

Did Archangels sing Thy coming ?
 Did the Shepherds learn their Lays ?
 Shame would cover me ungrateful,
 Should my Tongue refuse to praise. Hal.

From the highest Throne in glory ?
 To the Cross of deepest Woe ?
 Al' to ransom guilty Captives ?
 Flow my Praise for ever flow. Hal.

Go return immortal Savior,
 Leave Thy Footstool, take Thy Throne;
 Thence return, and reign for ever,
 Be the Kingdom all Thine own.
 Hallelujah, &c.

R——n.

H Y M N VIII. *Long Measure.*

*The Effusion of the Spirit; or, The Success of
 the Gospel.*

GREAT 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.

What Gifts, what Miracles He gave!
 And Power to kill, and Power to save!
 Furnish'd their Tongues with wonderful Words,
 Instead of Shields, and Spears and Swords.

Thus arm'd, He sent the Champions forth,
 From *East to West*, from *South to North*:
 Go, and assert your Savior's Cause;
 Go, spread the Mystery of His Cross.

These Weapons of the holy War,
 Of what almighty Force they are,
 To make our stubborn Passions bow,
 And lay the proudest Rebel low!

Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heavenly Arms subdu'd;

While *Satan* rages at his Loss,
And hates the Doctrine of the Cross.

Great King of Grace! my Heart subdue;
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my Lord,
And sing the Victories of His Word.

W.

H Y M N IX. *Common Measure.*

The Penitent.

PROSTRATE, Dear Jesus, at Thy Feet
A guilty Rebel lies;
And upwards to the Mercy Seat
Presumes to lift his Eyes.

O let not Justice frown me hence:
Stay, stay the vengeful Storm:
Forbid it that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble Worm.

If Tears of Sorrow would suffice
To pay the Debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping Eyes
In ceaseless Torrents flow.

But no such Sacrifice I plead
To expiate my Guilt;
No Tears, but those which Thou hast shed,
No Blood, but Thou hast spilt.

Think of Thy Sorrows, dearest Lord,
And all my Sins forgive:
Justice will well approve the Word,
That bids the Sinner live.

D d

S—

HYMN X. *Long Measure.**The Candidate for Baptism. Acts 8. 12.*

GREAT GOD! we in Thy Courts appear,
 With humble Joy, and holy Fear,
 Thy great Injunction we obey:
 Let Saints and Angels hail the Day!

Great Things, O everlasting Son,
 Great Things for us Thy Grace has done!
 Constrain'd by Thine eternal Love,
 Our willing Steps to meet Thee move.

In Thine Assembly now we stand,
 Obedient to Thy great Command;
 The sacred Flood is full in view,
 Thy gentle Voice invites us through.

The Word, the Spirit, and the Bride,
 Must not invite and be deny'd;
 Was not our God, who came to save,
 Inter'd in such a liquid Grave!

Thus we, dear Savior, own Thy Name;
 Receive us rising from the Stream;
 To Thy rich Table let us come,
 And dwell in Zion as our Home.

HYMN XI. *Peculiar Measure.*

*The Divine Presence implored at the Administration
of the Ordinance of Baptism.*

Mat. iii. 16. & 17.

DESCEND, Celestial Dove !
And make Thy Presence known ;
Reveal our SAVIOR'S Love,
And seal us for Thine Own.
Unblest'd by Thee our Works are vain,
Nor e'er can we Acceptance gain.

When Heaven's incarnate GOD,
The sovereign PRINCE OF LIGHT,
In *Jordan's* swelling Flood
Receiv'd the holy Rite ;
In open View Thy Form came down,
And Dove-like flew, The KING to crown.

The Day was never known
Since Time began his Race,
On which such Glory shone,
Or which obtain'd such Grace ;
As that which shed, in *Jordan's* Stream,
On JESUS' Head, Thy heavenly Beam.

Continue still to shine,
And fill us with Thy Fire :
This Ordinance is Thine,
Do Thou our Souls inspire !
On all Thy Sons, do Thou attend,
Thy Promise runs, " Till Time shal end."

Baptiz'd into Thy Name,
 LORD, we our Tribute bring,
 To Thee our PROPHET, PRIEST,
 And our exalted KING;
 Oh! deign to bless, on Thee we call,
 Thee we confess, our ALL in ALL.

F—S.

H Y M N XII. *Long Measure.*

Practical Piety. Titus ii. 10—13.

SO let our Lips and Lives express
 The Holy Gospel we profess;
 So let our Works and Virtues shine,
 To prove the Doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The Honors of our Savior God;
 When the Salvation reigns within,
 And Grace subdues the Power of Sin.

Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
 Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
 Whilst Justice, Temperance, Truth and Love,
 Our inward Piety approve.

Religion bears our Spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed Hope,
 The bright Appearance of the Lord,
 And Faith stands leaning on His Word.

W.

HYMN XIII. *Common Measure.**Brotherly Love.*

BEHOLD, where breathing Love divine,
 Our dying Master stands,
 His weeping Followers gathering round.
 Receive His last Commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting Lips
 What tender Accents fell!
 The gentle Precept which He gave
 Became it's Author well.

“ Blest is the Man whose softening Heart,

“ Feels all another's Pain ;

“ To whom the supplicating Eye

“ Was never rais'd in vain.

“ Whose Breast expands with generous Warmth,

“ A Stranger's Woes to feel,

“ And bleeds in Pity o'er the Wound

“ He wants the Power to heal.

“ He spreads His kind supporting Arms,

“ To every Child of Grief ;

“ His secret Bounty largely flows,

“ And brings unask'd Relief.

“ To gentle Offices of Love,

“ His Feet are never slow ;

“ He views through Mercy's melting Eye,

“ A Brother in a Foe.

“ Peace from the Bosom of His God ;
 “ My Peace to Him I give ;
 “ And, when he kneels before the Throne,
 “ His trembling Soul shall live.

“ To him Protection shall be shewn,
 “ And Mercy from above
 “ Descend on those who thus fulfil
 “ The perfect Law of Love.”

B——d.

H Y M N XIV. *Common Measure.*

Christ's condescending Regard to little Children.

Mark 10. 14.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all-engaging Charms ;
 Hark how He calls the tender Lambs,
 And folds them in His Arms !

Permit them to approach, (He cries)
 Nor scorn their humble Name ;
 For 'twas to bless such Souls as these,
 The Lord of Angels came.

We bring them, Lord, by fervent Prayer,
 And yield them up to Thee ;
 Joyful that we ourselves are Thine,
 Thine let our Offspring be !

Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear,
 Ye Children, seek His Face ;
 And fly with Transport to receive
 The Blessings of His Grace.

If Orphans they are left behind,
 Thy Guardian Care we trust :
 That Care shall heal our bleeding Hearts,
 If weeping o'er their Dust.

D.

H Y M N XV. *Peculiar Measure.*

Eben-ezer. 1 Sam. 7. 12.

COME, Thou Fount of every Blessing,
 Tune my Heart to sing Thy Grace!
 Streams of Mercy never ceasing,
 Call for Songs of loudest Praise :
 Teach me some melodious Sonnet,
 Sung by flaming Tongues above ;
 Praise the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
 Mount of God's unchanging Love.

Here I raise mine *Eben-ezer*,
 Hither by Thy Help I'm come ;
 And I hope by Thy good Pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at Home.
 Jesus sought me, when a Stranger
 Wandering from the Fold of God ;
 He, to rescue me from Danger,
 Interpos'd with precious Blood.

Oh ! to Grace how great a Debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
 Let that Grace, Lord, like a Fetter
 Bind my wandering Heart to Thee !
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my Heart, Lord, take and seal it ;
 Seal it from Thy Courts above !

HYMN XVI. *Common Measure.**For a Public Fast.*

LORD, look on all assembled here
 Who in Thy Presence stand,
 To offer up united Prayer
 For this our sinful Land.

Oft have we, Lord, in private pray'd
 Our Country might find Grace;
 Now hear the same Petitions made
 In this appointed Place.

Or if amongst us some be met,
 So careless of their Sin,
 They have not cry'd for Mercy yet,
 Lord, let them now begin!

Thou, by whose Death we Sinners live,
 By Whom our Prayers succeed,
 The Grace of Supplication give,
 And we shall pray indeed.

Great God of Hosts, Deliverance bring,
 Guide those that hold the Helm,
 Support the State, preserve the King,
 And spare the guilty Realm.

Or should the dread Decree be past,
 And we must feel Thy Rod,
 May Faith and Patience hold us fast,
 To our chastising God!

Whatever be our destin'd Case,
 Accept us in Thy Son,
 Give us Thy Gospel and Thy Grace,
 And let Thy Will be done!

H—t.

H Y M N XVII. *Long Measure.*

Peace prayed for.

ON Britain, long a favor'd Isle,
 Now overwhelm'd with Guilt and Shame,
 Deign, mighty God, once more to smile;
 The same Thy Power, Thy Grace the same.

Let Peace descend with balmy Wing,
 And all its Blessings round her shed;
 Her Liberties be well secur'd,
 And Commerce lift its fainting Head.

Let the loud Cannon cease to roar,
 The warlike Trump no longer found;
 The Din of Arms be heard no more,
 Nor human Blood pollute the Ground.

Let hostile Troops drop from their Hands,
 The useless Sword, the glittering Spear;
 And join in Friendship's sacred Bands,
 Nor one dissentient Voice be there.

Thus save, O Lord, a sinking Land,
 Millions of Tongues shall then adore,
 Resound the Honors of Thy Name,
 And spread Thy Praise from Shore to Shore.

B. B.

HYMN XVIII. *Long Measure.**In a Time of War and Drought.*

WHILE o'er our guilty Land, O Lord,
 We view the Terrors of Thy Sword,
 While Heaven its fruitful Showers denies,
 And Nature round us fades and dies.

On Thee our Guardian God we call,
 Before Thy Throne of Grace we fall;
 And is there no Deliverance there?
 And must we perish in Despair?

Lord, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken God we turn,
 O spare our guilty Country, spare
 The Church which Thou hast planted there!

Revive our withering Fields with Rain,
 Let Peace compose our Land again,
 Silence the horrid Noise of War!
 And spare a guilty People, spare!

S. D.

HYMN XIX. *Common Measure.**Light shining out of Darknefs.*

GOD moves in a mysterious Way,
 His Wonders to perform;
 He plants His Footsteps in the Sea,
 And rides upon the Storm.

Deep in unfathomable Mines,
 With never-failing Skill,
 He treasures up His bright Designs,
 And works His sovereign Will.

Ye fearful Saints, fresh Courage take,
 The Clouds ye so much dread,
 Are big with Mercy, and shall break
 In Blessings on your Head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble Sense,
 But trust Him for His Grace;
 Behind a frowning Providence
 He hides a smiling Face.

His Purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every Hour:
 The Bud may have a bitter Taste,
 But sweet will be the Flower.

Blind Unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan His Work in vain;
 God is His own Interpreter,
 And He will make it plain.

C—r.

H Y M N XX. *Common Measure.*

Comfort under the Loss of pious Ministers.

NOW let our drooping Hearts revive,
 And all our Tears be dry;
 Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief,
 Which view a Savior nigh?

What though the Arm of conquering Death
 Does God's own House invade?
 What though the Prophet, and the Priest
 Be number'd with the Dead?

Though earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,
 The Aged and the Young,
 The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,
 And mute th' instructive Tongue;

Th' eternal Shepherd still survives
 New Comfort to impart;
 His Eye still guides us, and His Voice
 Still animates our Heart.

“Lo, I am with you,” saith the Lord,
 “My Church shall safe abide;
 “For I will ne'er forsake those Souls
 “Who in my Love confide!”

Through every Scene of Life and Death,
 This Promise is our Trust;
 And this shall be our Children's Song,
 When we are cold in Dust.

D

H Y M N XXI. *Common Measure.*

Triumph over Death.

GIVE me the Wings of Faith to rise
 Within the Veil, and see
 The Saints above, how great their Joys,
 And bright their Glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
 And wet their Couch with Tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

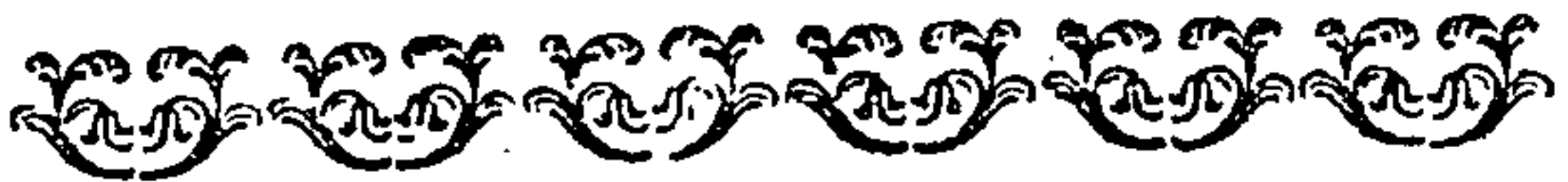
I ask them whence their Victory came?
 They, with united Breath,
 Ascribe their Conquest to the Lamb,
 Their Triumph, to His Death.

They mark'd the Footsteps that He trod,
 (His Zeal inspir'd their Breast:)
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promis'd Rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our Praise,
 For His own Pattern given,
 While the long Crowd of Witnesses
 Shew the same Path to Heaven.

W.

THE END.



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N. B.—S. stands for Supplement.

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