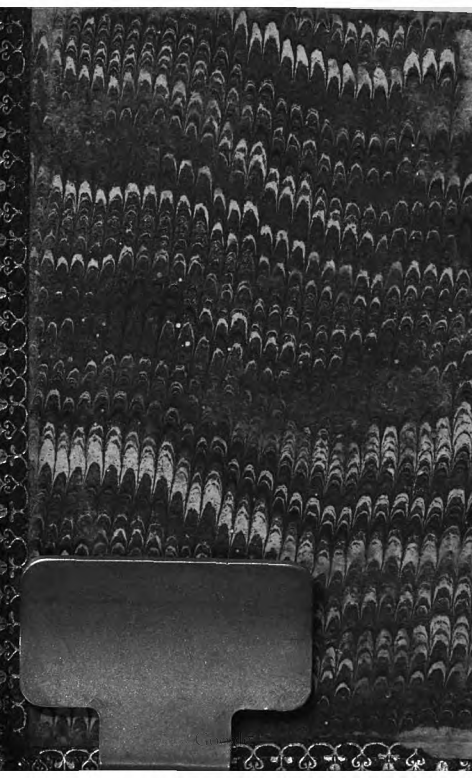

This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

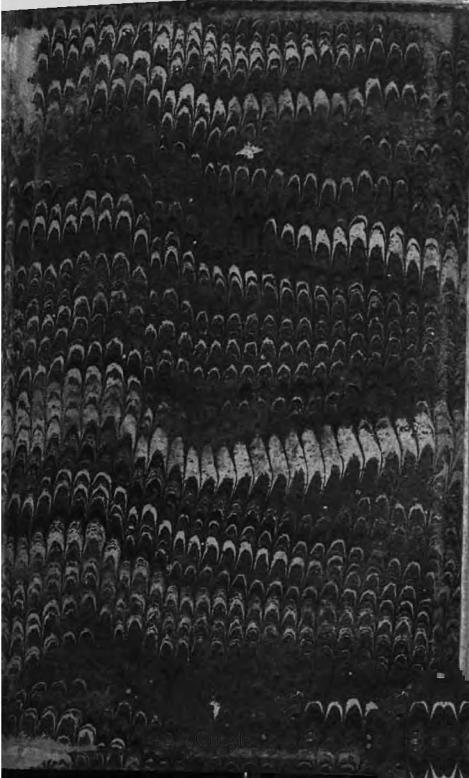
Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>













Bills

K 3437 aa. 6.

THE SPIRIT

OF THE

PSALMS,

OR

The Psalms of David

ADAPTED TO

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

With copious Selections from the authorized New Version.

BY THE REV. H. F. LYTE, A.M.
Minister of Lower Brixham.

FOURTH EDITION,
CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

London:
RIVINGTON, HATCHARD, SEELEY, AND
NISBET.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY J. HADDON, CASTLE-STREET,
FINSBURY.]

Digitized by Google

P R E F A C E.

POETRY and music are never better employed than when they unite in the celebration of the praises of God. "Psalms and hymns and spiritual songs" have accordingly constituted a prominent part of the public worship of the Church in all ages. The Israelites, when delivered from their Egyptian pursuers, expressed in this way their gratitude and joy. The daily services of the Temple at Jerusalem were replete with vocal and instrumental music. Our Lord closed the celebration of His last supper with a hymn. The Apostles frequently inculcated this devotional exercise on their converts; and it was while Paul and Silas were practising it in prison, that God came down to cheer and de-

liver them. The early Christians, as we are informed by a pagan writer, were accustomed to sing in their assemblies "a hymn to Christ as to God;" and at the great Protestant Revival of Christianity, the Psalms of David, says Bishop Burnet, translated into metre, "were much sung "by all who loved the Reformation; and "it was a sign by which men's affections "to that work were measured, whether "they used to sing these or not."

The inspired compositions of "the Sweet Singer of Israel" have indeed been the great fount, from which suitable matter for this part of divine worship has always been drawn. His lyre is one of many strings, tuned to the expression of every variety of devotional feeling. He speaks of the glories of God in strains which mere human powers could never have reached, and tracks religious experience through its various moods in tones which find a response in every Christian heart. These exquisite productions have accordingly formed the grand staple of the devotions of God's servants; and their universal applicability shows how truly the Church is One in spirit in all ages, and how harmoniously its members may be expected to mingle hearts and voices around the throne above.

To transfer these songs of Zion into other tongues, and to adapt them to public worship, has been a favourite object with Christian poets, and some of the greatest names in the literature of our own country stand connected with efforts of this kind. The spirit, however, of these beautiful compositions has, it is allowed, but too generally evaporated in the process of transfusion; and notwithstanding some happy occasional specimens, a good metrical translation of the Psalms is still a desideratum in our language.

The author of this little volume has not had the temerity to hope that he could supply this deficiency. The failure of so many with talents far superior to his own would sufficiently deter him from such an enterprise. Instead, therefore, of attempting a new Version of the Psalms, he has contented himself with endeavouring to condense the leading sentiments of each into a few verses for congregational singing. The modern practice of using only three or four verses at a time would render the great majority of the Psalms, if literally translated, unfit, on the score of length, for public worship; and a few ill-connected verses detached from the rest can scarcely give a more just view of the harmonious whole, than a few bricks can of the building of which they may have formed

a part. The author has therefore simply endeavoured to give the *spirit of each Psalm* in such a compass as the public taste would tolerate, and to furnish, sometimes, when the length of the original would admit of it, an almost literal translation, sometimes a kind of spiritual paraphrase, and at others even a brief commentary on the whole Psalm. He feels in truth that, in order to render the Psalms fully applicable to a Christian audience, considerable liberties must be allowed in the way of adaptation. They ought, he thinks, to be made to express all that David himself would have expressed, had he lived under the superior light which we enjoy, and beheld, not the mere twilight of the yet unrisen "Sun of Righteousness," but, like ourselves, the splendour of His meridian day: What, therefore, he darkly intimates respecting Christ and His Gospel (and the Psalms are full of such intimations), the author has in many instances endeavoured to unfold and expand; and, adapting the whole in some degree to present times, usages, and circumstances, he has sought to preserve the spirit of the originals, while he has somewhat altered the letter.

To these compositions of his own he has added the best and most popular passages of the ordinary New Version of our Church. Many of these possess in themselves consider-

able beauty and fitness; and sanctioned as they are by authority, and familiarized by custom, he doubts not that they will prove an acceptable accompaniment. He has freely altered the words where he thought that he could improve them, and prefixed to each extract an asterisk (*) to distinguish it. In many instances the language is so much changed, that the original may be hardly discernible. Still he has thought it best to affix a mark even to these, lest he might unintentionally incur the charge of plagiarism.

How far his little work may serve its purpose and satisfy its readers, time must determine. The author must candidly own that it by no means satisfies himself. There is a poverty, a flatness, in his translations, which are not to be found in the divine originals. Yet he cannot help thinking that an effective work of this kind is practicable, and would be highly acceptable; and might he hope to stimulate abler hands to the task,—might the heads of the Established Church be themselves induced to provide her members with an authentic and appropriate manual of Psalmody,—what a blessing might it be to the Community! At present this is the only part of divine worship which is destitute of order and uniformity. In some places “every one hath his Psalm.” In others, Psalmody is neglected altogether. The latter error, how-

ever, is the more offensive of the two ; and nothing can be more incongruous than the exhortation from the desk, " Let us sing to the praise and glory of God," and the conduct of too many of those to whom it is addressed. Instead of standing up according to ancient custom at this summons, and joining the company of God's worshippers, they seem to receive it as a signal to cease from worship altogether, and sit to listen to the laboured performances of the Organ or Choir, or the less melodious solo of the Clerk. But the proper office of the Clerk or Choir on such occasions is assuredly to lead, not to supersede, the singing of the congregation ; and the best executed voluntary, or the finest anthem, is little better than an unhallowed intrusion, if substituted for the general concert of hearts and voices singing in less scientific strains the praises of Jehovah. How desirable then is it that our Psalmody should be more attended to and better regulated ! If however, ere this object is attained, these little productions might furnish a humble substitute, and help one pious heart to give vent to its emotions, the author has not laboured in vain.

Be the reception however of this volume what it may, the pains he has employed on it have not, he feels, been altogether thrown away. The composition of it has brought

benefits to himself, for which he is bound here to record his acknowledgments to God. The hours that he has spent over his task have been among the most pleasing and profitable of his life. It has sweetly filled up the intervals of laborious ministerial duty, and solaced many of the trials to which human life is ever subject. Conversing with the divine Psalmist in his beautiful and spiritual compositions, he hopes that he has learnt more of himself and more of God ; and been enabled sometimes to lift his heart in humble unison with the Sweet Singer of Israel. Whatever then be the fate of his little book, all has not been lost. He cannot lose the savour of those precious moments, which he has spent in its composition. And to Him, who has made this task so pleasant and so profitable, he would humbly consecrate the work, entreating Him to prosper it, if likely to contribute to His glory and the good of souls ; and if not, to make the author still thankful for past mercies, and to pardon this presumption of his in aiming at things beyond his reach.

Brixham, April, 1836.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

(*) An asterisk prefixed to a Psalm, implies that it is taken chiefly from the authorized New Version.

[] Brackets inclosing any verse indicate, that the verse is the most proper to be omitted in shortening the Psalm.

Psalms suitable for Particular Occasions.

For opening Divine Service; or before Sermon.—Psalm v., Version 1, 2; xxvii. 2; xxix. 1, 2, 3; xlvi. 2; lxiii. 1; lxxxix. 1, 2, 3; c. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5; cxviii. 2; cxix. 1, 2; cxxii.; cxxxii.

Closing Divine Service, or after Sermon.—xix. 2; lxxxiv. 1, 2, 3; lxxxvii.; lxxxix. 2.

Missionary Psalms.—xiv. 2; xix. 3; xlv. 1, 2; xlvii. 1, 2; liii.; lxvi. 1; lxxvii. 1, 2, 3; lxxii.

Charity Sermon.—xli. 1, 2.

Funeral Psalms.—xxxix. 1, 2, 3; xc. 1, 2; ciii. 4.

Christmas.—xl. 3; xcvi. 1; xcvi. 2.

Advent.—xii. ; l. 1, 2.

Easter and Ascension.—ii. 1, 2; viii. 2; xvi. 2; xxi. 1; xxii. 2; xxiv. 1, 2, 3; lxviii. 1, 2, 3; xciii. 2; xcvi. 2, 3; xcvi. 2; xcvi. 1; cx. 1, 2.

Good Friday.—xxii. 1; lxix. 2; lxxxv. 2, 3; xl. 3.

Whitsunday.—lv. 2; lxviii. 2; lxxx. 1; cxix. 1.

TUNES.

L. Long Measure.

S. Short ditto.

C. Common ditto.

P. Peculiar.

Psalms composed to particular tunes.—
Luther's German Hymn—Ps. xcvi. 2.

148th Psalm tune—xviii. 1; ciii. 1; cxxxvi. 2; cxlviii. 2.

111th Psalm tune—cxvi. 1, 2; cx. 1, 2.

“Creation.”—ciii. 3, 4.

“From Egypt lately come.” (Kelly)—ii. 1; xxxiv. 2; lxviii. 3.

96th Psalm tune.—xlv. 1; xcvi. 3.

“German National Hymn.”—cxxxii. ; lix.

“Adeste fideles.”—xlvi. 2; lv. 2; lxxiii. 2.

Old 104th Psalm.—civ. 1; cxlix.

“Sound the loud timbrel.”—xxix. 1; xc. 2.

Most of the old Psalm tunes have one version of each Psalm to suit them.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. *First Version.*

HOW blest are they who fear to walk
Where sinners tempt, and scorners talk,
Who in the word of God delight,
And feed upon it day and night!

Like trees with water at their root [fruit :
They spread their leaves, and bear their
And thus may we unwithering rise,
And ripen daily for the skies!

Thrice happy he whom God approves ;
From strength to strength he onward moves :
While from His face the scoffer flees,
Like chaff before the driving breeze.

The good and bad are mingled here ;
But ah, the sifting time is near !
The good from light to light shall go ;
The sinner sink to endless woe.

PSALM I. *Second Version.*

BLEST is the man, who fears and flies
 The broad and downward way,
 Where impious scorn its God defies,
 And vice alures to slay.

Blest, who in God's unerring law
 Finds guidance and delight ;
 Walks by His word with daily awe,
 And ponders it by night.

Like trees with water at their root
 The heirs of glory rise ;
 Their boughs are hung with holy fruit,
 Their verdure never dies.

Beneath the wings of heavenly Love,
 On earth they safely dwell ;
 And soar to endless joys above,
 When sinners sink to Hell.

PSALM I. *Third Version.*

UPHOLD me, Lord, too prone to stray,
 Uphold me in Thy narrow way ;
 From sin and folly bid me flee,
 And turn from all who turn from Thee.

The cloud and pillar of Thy word,
 My comfort be, my guide, O Lord ;
 By day, by night, at hand to bless,
 And lead me through the wilderness !

So shall I flourish like a tree
 Planted, and watched, and nursed by Thee,
 With streams of grace around its roots,
 And bending low with holy fruits.

So shall I go from light to light,
 Till prayer is praise, and faith is sight ;
 And while the sinner's doom I see,
 Adore the grace that rescued me !

PSALM II. *First Version.*

WHY do the people rage,
 Devising frantic things ?
 Why do the kings of earth engage
 Against the King of kings ?
 " Come, let us burst His yoke," they say,
 " And cast His hateful bonds away !"

God on His heavenly throne
 Laughs at their impious aims ;
 He made the nations for His own,
 And thus His will proclaims,
 " On Zion's hill My King shall sit ;
 " Perish, ye rebels, or submit !"

" Ere time its course began
 " I issued My decree,
 " This day, My Son, the Son of Man,
 " Have I begotten Thee.
 " To Thee the world and all that live,
 " Thy blood-bought heritage, I give !"

Hear then, ye monarchs, hear !
 Ye great, a Greater own !
 Bow down with holy joy and fear
 Before Messiah's throne !
 Upon him life and death depend ;
 O blest who find in Christ a friend !

PSALM II. *Second Version.*

THE Powers of earth and hell combine
 With Jesus war to wage ;
 God laughs to scorn their mad design,
 And foils their impious rage.

Vain are the brutal pains they spend
 His purpose to defeat ;
 Their wrongs and insults only tend
 His conquests to complete.

He triumphed on the accursed tree,
 He burst the guarded grave ;
 Then rose on high, by God's decree,
 The world to sway and save.

Kings of the earth, your Monarch learn ;
 O kiss the Son of God ;
 Nor bid his golden sceptre turn
 Into an iron rod.

PSALM III.

THY promise, Lord, is perfect peace,
 And yet my trials still increase ;
 Till fears at times my soul assail,
 That Satan's rage must yet prevail.

Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee,
 And in Thy grace my refuge see ;
 Thou heard'st me from Thy holy hill,
 And Thou wilt hear and help me still.

Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep ;
 What foe can harm while Thou dost keep ?
 I wake and find Thee at my side,
 My Omnipresent Guard and Guide !

O why should earth or hell distress,
 With God so strong, so nigh to bless ?
 From Him alone salvation flows ;
 On Him alone, my soul, repose !

PSALM IV. *First Version.*

GOD of all my righteousness,
 Guide through every past distress,
 Show Thy mercy, hear my cry,
 Save, O save me ere I die.

Hark, the awful voice divine !

“ Flee from sin and thou art mine ;

“ Godly men to God are dear ;

“ Serve thou Him, and He will hear.”

“ Stand in awe, nor dare to sin,

“ Commune much with self within,

“ Wake at night with God to talk,

“ Rise at morn with Him to walk ;

“ On His grace thy soul recline,

“ Bring thy offering to His shrine,

“ Plead thy Saviour's righteousness,

“ God will hear, and God will bless !

Many cry, in fretful mood,
 "Who will show us any good?"
 Lord, Thy face lift up on me,
 I have every good in Thee.
 Worldlings, take your corn and wine;
 I am blest, the Lord is mine;
 Glad I wake, and safe I sleep,
 Lord, with Thee my soul to keep.

PSALM IV. *Second Version.*

O GOD of my righteousness, Hearer of
 prayer,
 Almighty to help and defend,
 Thine arm has upborne me through foe and
 through snare,
 O, bear me up still to the end!
 I heard the poor worldling in trouble ex-
 "This earth is a desert to me!" [claim,
 But, Father of mercies, be Thou but the same,
 I'm rich amid ruin, with Thee.
 I look through the clouds, as they gather
 on high;
 I know there is sunshine above;
 And earth and its joys cannot cost me a sigh,
 While heir of Thy heavenly love.
 I lie down on this for my pillow by night,
 And slumber unharmed and unawed:
 Afflictions are blessings, and darkness is
 light,
 While I have a Friend in my God.

PSALM IV. *Third Version.*

LORD of my life, my hopes, my joys,
 My never-failing Friend,
 Thou hast been all my help till now,
 O help me to the end !

While worldly minds impatient grow
 More prosperous times to see,
 O let the glories of Thy face
 Shine brighter, Lord, on me !

So shall my heart o'erflow with joy
 More lasting and more true
 Than theirs, possessed of all that they
 So eagerly pursue.

Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 And take my needful rest :
 No other guard I ask or need,
 Of Thee, O Lord, possessed.

PSALM V. *First Version.*

LORD, in our hearts the feelings read
 Which words can ill express :
 O 'tis a pleasant task to plead
 With One so prompt to bless !

To Thee, O Lord, our voice shall rise
 Each morn with homage due :
 To Thee we lift our waking eyes ;
 Lift Thou our spirits too !

Into Thy house 'tis good to come
 And muse on all Thy love,
 And look on to a better home
 In Thy fair house above.

O, by a safe and easy path
 Thy pilgrims thither lead !
 For stubborn foes reserve Thy wrath,
 Thy people guard and feed.

PSALM V. *Second Version.**

LORD, hear our sabbath song of praise,
 Accept our sabbath prayer ;
 Again before Thy gracious throne
 For mercy we repair.

How pleasant to Thy courts to come,
 Our sacred debt to pay !
 O may we ever meet Thee here,
 On this Thy holy day !

Make plain Thy way before us, Lord,
 And guide us safe along :
 'Tis sweet to trust our all to Thee
 While dangers round us throng.

God never will desert the soul
 That on His grace depends :
 But with His favour all His saints
 As with a shield defends.

PSALM VI. *First Version.*

CORRECT us, Lord, we know it good ;
 Correct, but not in angry mood ;
 A Father's chastening let us prove,
 And temper discipline with love.

Remember man is but a worm,
 And smoothe Thy wave and stay Thy storm ;
 Amid the clouds Thy bow display,
 And interchange our night with day.

Thy name is mercy ; hear our prayer,
 And send us comfort for despair ;
 Behold us trembling o'er the grave,
 And come to succour, come to save.

He comes ! new light around us springs ;
 He comes with healing in His wings !
 The needful cross no more we shun,
 But bow, and say, " Thy will be done."

PSALM VI. *Second Version.*

GENTLY, gently lay Thy rod
 On my sinful head, O God.
 Stay Thy wrath, in mercy stay,
 Lest I sink before its sway.

Heal me, for my flesh is weak ;
 Heal me, for Thy grace I seek ;
 This my only plea I make,
 Heal me for Thy mercy's sake.

Who within the silent grave
 Shall proclaim Thy power to save?
 Lord, my trembling soul reprieve,
 Speak, and I shall rise and live.

Lo! He comes! He heeds my plea!
 Lo! He comes! the shadows flee!
 Glory round me dawns once more;
 Rise, my spirit, and adore!

PSALM VII.

LORD, my God, in Thee I trust;
 Save, O save Thy trembling dust,
 From the roaring lion's power,
 Seeking whom he may devour;
 From a thousand waves that roll
 Shipwreck o'er my sinking soul;
 God Omnipotent, I flee
 From them all to Thee, to Thee.

Thou my inmost wish canst read,
 Thou canst help my utmost need;
 Let the world Thy goodness see,
 Let them mark Thy grace in me.
 Lay the wicked in the dust,
 Raise the feeble, guide the just;—
 Searcher of the heart, I flee
 From myself to Thee, to Thee.

God is righteous, God is strong;
 Much abused, He suffers long;
 Yet if still His love we spurn,
 Love at last to wrath will turn.

O the frown of the I AM !
 O the fury of the Lamb !—
 God of grace and hope, I flee
 From all else to Thee, to Thee.

PSALM VIII. *First Version.*

O LORD, how good, how great art Thou,
 In Heaven and earth the same !
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

When glorious in the nightly sky
 Thy countless worlds I see,
 "O what is man," I wondering cry,
 "To be so loved by Thee ?"

To him Thou hourly deign'st to give
 New mercies from on high ;
 Didst quit Thy throne with him to live,
 For him in pain to die.

Close to Thy own bright Seraphim
 His favoured path is trod,
 And all beside are serving him
 That he may serve his God.

O Lord, how good, how great art Thou,
 In heaven and earth the same !
 There angels at Thy footstool bow,
 Here babes Thy grace proclaim.

PSALM VIII. *Second Version.*

EXALTED Jesus, Heavenly King,
 Angels to Thee their offerings bring :
 And yet Thou scornest not the praise,
 The simple song that children raise.

(When in the nightly sky I see
 The worlds upheld and formed by Thee,
 How wondrous seems the love divine,
 That condescends to me and mine.)

And hast Thou deigned from high to come,
 And make this fallen world Thy home ?
 Yea, bow Thee to the cross and grave,
 And die a sinful worm to save ?

Crown Him with praises, all that live,
 To Him your ceaseless homage give ;
 Praises and homage well are due
 To Him who gave Himself for you.

Exalted Saviour, risen Lord,
 Jesus, by all in Heaven adored,
 Set up with man Thy fallen throne,
 And make all hearts on earth Thy own.

PSALM VIII. *Third Version.**

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Whom all Thy works proclaim,
 Through Heaven and earth how great art Thou,
 How glorious is Thy name !

In Heaven Thy praise is ever sung,
 Nor fully uttered there :
 On earth Thou mak'st the infant tongue,
 Thy love and truth declare.

Lord, when Thy glorious works on high
 Employ our wondering sight,
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 The stars of feebler light,—

Lord, what is man, that Thou shouldst love
 And hold him in such worth,
 Next to Thy angel hosts above,
 And high o'er all on earth.

O Thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Whom all Thy works proclaim,
 In Heaven and earth how great art Thou,
 How glorious is Thy name !

PSALM IX. *First Version.*

OUR hearts shall bless Thee, O most High,
 In Thee rejoice, on Thee rely.
 O how unequal all our aims
 To utter half our Saviour's claims !

High on Thy glorious throne above
 Thou sitt'st, the God of might and love,
 The meek to raise, the proud to tame,
 And save the souls that know Thy name.

That name of love, how sweet it sounds !
 It drops like balm in sorrow's wounds ;
 It puts to shame each guilty fear ;
 And says, ' Be strong, thy God is near !'

O Refuge of the poor and weak,
 More prompt to hear than we to seek,
 Still be Thy arm our souls beneath,
 Still lift us from the gates of death !

(The wicked soon shall sink to Hell,
 Thy servants rise with Thee to dwell,
 Till then, O Lord, our succour be,
 And lead us safe to Heaven and Thee.)

PSALM IX. *Second Version.*

LORD, I will praise Thee ; all my heart
 Thy wonders shall proclaim :
 My lips shall tell how good Thou art,
 While they can speak Thy name.

When countless foes against me rose,
 Thy word dispersed them all :
 My soul, upon thy God repose,
 He will not let thee fall !

O Refuge of the poor and weak,
 O Light of the distress,
 Thou hearest still when sinners seek,
 And givest still the best.

Here on Thy grace my soul shall dwell,
 And trust for all to Thee.
 O when the wicked sink to Hell,
 Arise and rescue me !

PSALM X.

O LORD, why hidest Thou thy face,
 While dangers round me close ?
 Return in all Thy power and grace,
 And save me from my foes.

The haters of Thy word and name
 My firmness fiercely prove ;
 And through Thy servant's fall would aim
 A wound at Him I love.

Arise, O Lord, their rage control,
 Awe down the swelling wave :
 Arise to help the poor in soul,
 And snatch him from the grave.

Thy grace prepares the heart to pray,
 And hears its humble plea :
 Arise to be the trembler's stay,
 Arise to rescue me !

PSALM XI.

MY trust is in the Lord ;
 What foe can injure me ?
 Why bid me like a bird
 Before the fowler flee ?
 The Lord is on His Heavenly throne,
 Omnipotent to save His own.

The wicked may assail,
 The Tempter sorely try,
 All earth's foundations fail,
 All nature's springs be dry ;
 Yet God is in His holy shrine,
 And I am strong while He is mine.

His flock to Him is dear,
 He watches them from high ;
 He sends them trials here
 To fit them for the sky :
 But safely will He tend and keep
 The humblest, feeblest of His sheep.

His foes a season here
 May triumph and prevail ;
 But ah, the hour is near
 When all their hopes must fail :
 While like the sun His saints shall rise,
 And shine with Him above the skies.

PSALM XII.

HELP, Lord, the godly fail !
 Help, Lord, the faithful flee !
 And double hearts and tongues prevail
 That taunt Thy saints and Thee.

With sophistries and lies
 They cheat the simple soul,
 Teach men Thy gospel to despise,
 And spurn Thy mild control.

But ah! there is a voice .
 In this dark growth of crimes,
 That bids prophetic hearts rejoice
 In hope of brighter times.

[The word these fools oppose
 Can well their scoffs endure,
 As silver from the furnace flows
 More precious and more pure.]

Their rage but sooner brings
 The Lord to earth again ;
 And safe beneath Almighty wings,
 His Church shall rest till then.

PSALM XIII. *First Version.*

HOW long, O God of grace,
 Wilt Thou refuse my prayer ?
 How long withdraw Thy glorious face,
 And leave me to despair ?

Without a smile, a word
 Of Thy supporting breath,
 My soul must sink, must perish, Lord,
 And sleep the sleep of death.

Shall foes of Thine exclaim,
 We have at length prevailed ?
 And must Thy servants own with shame,
 That prayer with Thee has failed ?

No, I will trust Thy love,
 And hope for brighter days :—
 And lo, e'en now the clouds remove,
 And prayer bursts into praise !

PSALM XIII. *Second Version.*

HOW long, my God, the God of grace,
 Wilt Thou withdraw Thy shining face ?
 How long shall I Thy word explore,
 Nor gather thence one comfort more ?

O hear me, send me life and light,
 Before I sink in endless night !
 Nor let my foes my ruin see,
 And triumph o'er my God in me.

Shall any such have room say,
 Thou dost not hear when sinners pray ?
 Shall any penitent complain,
 That he has sought Thy face in vain ?

[No ! weak and prostrate in the dust,
 Thy mercy still shall be my trust :
 And lo, I have not sued in vain,
 Salvation's morning breaks again.]

Light dawns upon my soul's despair,
 I feel, I feel the power of prayer ;
 My heart again its praise can pour :
 O shall I ever doubt Thee more ?

PSALM XIII. *Third Version.**

HOW long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?
 Must I for ever mourn ?
 For ever weep an absent God,
 And sigh for His return.

How long shall darkness cloud my soul,
 And fears my heart oppress ?
 How long shall enemies insult,
 And I have no redress ?

O hear, and to my longing eyes
 Restore Thy wonted light ;
 Nor let my sun of comfort set
 In everlasting night.

O come, and change my sighs to songs,
 My grief to lasting joy ;
 O save my life, and bid me still
 That life to Thee employ.

PSALM XIV. *First Version.*

'NO God for me !' the fool exclaims,
 And half believes the wish he frames.
 'Twere well there was no God for them,
 Whom God exists but to condemn.

Plunged in the desperate depths of sin,
 Debased without, corrupt within,
 What wonder men should wish to fly
 An awful Omnipresent eye ?

Yet Jesus from His throne above
 Holds out the sceptre of His love,
 And offers peace to them, to all
 That contrite at His feet will fall.

Rise, Sun of righteousness, and fling
 A brighter morning from Thy wing ;
 The mourner cheer, the captive free,
 And win Thy wanderers all to Thee.

PSALM XIV. *Second Version.*

O THAT the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home.

How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane ?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.

Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart ;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fettered heart.

Let Israel home returning
 Her lost Messiah see ;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy Church to Thee.

PSALM XV.

WITHIN Thy courts, before Thy face,
 Lord, who shall find a dwelling-place ?
 Thy choicest converse who shall prove,
 And feed most largely on Thy love ?

That man alone, whose upright walk,
 Whose righteous aims, and hallowed talk,
 Bespeak a soul by grace renewed,
 And quick to all of right and good.

[That man alone, whose hand nor tongue
 Will do a fellow-creature wrong ;
 Who by his Saviour's precept moves,
 And loved by Him, his brother loves.]

That man who sinners holds abhorred,
 And honours those that fear the Lord ;
 Who bows not down to power or pelf,
 And lives for others more than self.

This man the power of grace displays ;
 The Christian shines in all his ways :
 He walks with Christ on earth below,
 And on from light to light shall go.

PSALM XVI. *First Version.*

O LORD, I am but sinful dust,
 Yet humbly hope in Thee :
 Their idol gods let others trust ;
 The God of gods for me !

A thousand varied gifts of His
 Around me daily shine ;
 Yet richer still my portion is,
 The Lord Himself is mine !

His counsel is my faithful guide,
 His arm my strong defence.
 Whom should I fear, when at my side
 I feel Omnipotence ?

[Through Him my heart with joy o'erflows
 In this dark vale of tears ;
 On Him my flesh shall calm repose,
 When death itself appears.]

He by a new and living way
 Shall bear me safe above ;
 To share with Him eternal day,
 And sing eternal love.

PSALM XVI. *Second Version.*

PILGRIMS here on earth and strangers,
 'Neath a weary load we bend :
 O how sweet, 'mid toils and dangers,
 Still to have a heavenly Friend !
 Christ has suffered ;
 And to sufferers grace will send.

By as deadly foes assaulted,
 By as strong temptations tried,
 Still His footsteps never halted,
 On from strength to strength He hied.
 What could move Him,
 With Jehovah at His side ?

To the shameful cross they nailed Him,
 And that cross became His throne :
 In the tomb they laid and sealed Him ;
 Lo, the Godhead bursts the stone,
 And, ascending,
 Claims all empire as His own.

Saviour, from Thy heavenly glories
 Here an eye of mercy cast ;
 Make our pathway plain before us,
 Smooth the wave, and still the blast.
 Thou hast helped us ;
 Bear us safely home at last.

PSALM XVII.

SUPPORT me, Lord ; my hope Thou art,
 Imperfect though my prayer :
 But Thou hast searched and tried my heart ;
 O read my wishes there !

Fain would I walk in paths of Thine,
 But Thou my help must be.
 How soon would nature's powers decline
 If not sustained by Thee !

New dangers now upon me press,
 New Tempters seek my fall ;
 Arise, Almighty God of grace,
 And bear me safe through all !

O give me to behold Thy face,
 Exempt from sin's control ;
 And waking all Thine image trace
 Reflected in my soul !

PSALM XVIII. *First Version.*

WHOM should we love like Thee,
 Our God, our Guide, our King,
 The Tower to which we flee,
 The Rock to which we cling ?
 O for a thousand tongues to show
 The debt that we to mercy owe !

The storm upon us fell,
 The floods around us rose,
 The depths of death and Hell
 Seemed on our souls to close :
 To God we cried in strong despair ;
 And God was nigh to help our prayer.

He came, the King of Kings,
 He bowed the sable sky,
 And on the tempest's wings
 Rode glorious down from high ;
 The earth before her Maker shook,
 The mountains quaked at His rebuke.

Above the storm He stood,
 And awed it to repose ;
 He drew us from the flood,
 And scattered all our foes :
 He set us in a spacious place,
 And there upholds us by His grace.

Whom should we love like Thee,
 Our God, our Guide, our King,
 The Tower to which we flee,
 The Rock to which we cling?
 O for a thousand tongues to show
 The debt that we to mercy owe!

PSALM XVIII. *Second Version.*

O GOD of truth and Grace,
 My Saviour and my Guide,
 Be with me on my earthly race,
 And lead me to Thy side.

Strength to the weak Thou art;
 O send me health divine;
 And arm my sinful, sinking heart
 With righteousness of Thine.

Thy way is good and just;
 Thy word is tried and true:
 Ye tremblers, in your Saviour trust;
 His arm will bear you through.

He lives; for ever blest
 My Rock and Refuge be!
 He lives to give His people rest,
 He lives to rescue me.

PSALM XVIII. *Third Version.**

NO change of times shall ever shock
 My firm dependance, Lord, on Thee;
 In danger Thou hast been a rock,
 A fortress in distress to me.

And still the same Thou art, my God,
 Supreme in wisdom, love, and power ;
 My Refuge still from foes abroad,
 At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

Praise to the Lord ! He heareth prayer,
 I seek with joy His mercy seat.
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 Nor spurn Thy suppliant from Thy feet.

Through Thee my darkness shall be light,
 Through Thee my weakness shall be strong ;
 O guide my wandering steps aright,
 And be Thy grace my daily song.

PSALM XIX. *First Version.*

PART I.

LORD, the heaven Thy glory speaks ;
 From ten thousand orbs it breaks ;
 Day to day Thy wonders tells,
 Night to night the chorus swells.

Silent though they seem to be,
 Yet they find a voice for Thee ;
 And to all throughout the earth
 Talk of Him who gave them birth.

Monarch-like, the morning sun,
 Joys his daily course to run,
 Flinging from his mighty wings
 Glory to the King of kings.

Duly as his tributes fail
 Moon and stars take up the tale :
 O how blind their hearts must be,
 Who in all find nought of Thee !

PSALM XIX. *Second Version.*

PART II.

WELL Thy works proclaim Thee, Lord ;
 Better still Thy living word :
 All of God that man can bear
 Shines in softened glory there.

[There Thy holy will we read,
 There upon Thy grace we feed,
 There find guidance for our way,
 And correction when we stray.]

Full, and free, and deep, and wide,
 Flows the glorious gospel tide,
 And appropriate balm bestows
 For all human wants and woes.

Let it flow, O Lord, for me ;
 Let it fit my soul for Thee ;
 Try me, prove me, and reveal
 Him who came to wound and heal.

Cleanse me, change me, Lord, within !
 Keep me from presumptuous sin !
 Till Thy Spirit dwell and shine
 In each thought and word of mine.

PSALM XIX. *Third Version.*

HEAVEN speaks Thy glory, Lord ;
 Sun, moon, and stars display Thy skill :
 Yet in Thy pure and perfect word
 We read Thee clearer still.

O let that word go forth
 As freely as the circling sun,
 Till all that walk this fallen earth
 Are to their Saviour won.

Sun of the soul, arise !
 Arise, and bid our darkness flee !
 Make every where the simple wise,
 And draw all hearts to Thee !

The shadows deeper fall,
 The night of error, sense, and sin :
 Rise, Sun of glory, rise o'er all,
 And bid the day begin !

PSALM XIX. *Fourth Version.**

THE Heavens declare Thy glories, Lord,
 From every star they blaze ;
 And day to day, and night to night,
 Roll on their Maker's praise.

Their sacred lesson to no realm
 Or people is confined ;
 'Tis nature's language, and addressed
 Alike to all mankind.

But where Thy Gospel, Lord, is heard,
It spreads a clearer light :

It warms the heart, converts The soul,
And brings the blind their sight.

Lord, let Thy guiding, cleansing grace
To us be freely given ;

Till every thought and word of ours
Is tuned to Thee and Heaven.

PSALM XX.

THE Lord in trouble hear Thee,
And help from Zion send ;

The God of grace be near thee
To comfort and befriend !

Thy human weakness strengthen,
Thy earthly wants supply,

Thy span of nature lengthen
To endless life on high !

Above His own anointed

His banner bright shall wave :
Their times are all appointed ;

The Lord His flock will save :
Through life's deceitful mazes,

Their steps will safely bear ;
Accept their feeble praises,

And hear their every prayer.

Go on, thou heir of glory !

No ill can thee betide :

The prize is full before thee,
Thy Guardian at thy side.

Who trust in mortal forces
 Shall disappointed be ;
 But God a sure Resource is,
 And God shall succour thee.

PSALM XXI. *First Version.*

LORD, Thy best blessings shed
 On our loved monarch's head ;
 Round him abide :
 Teach him Thy holy will,
 Shield him from every ill,
 Guard, guide, and speed him still
 Safe to Thy side.

Grant him, O Lord, to be
 Wise, just, and good like Thee,
 Blessing and blest.
 With every virtue crowned,
 Honoured by nations round,
 Midst earthly monarchs found
 Greatest and best.

Long let his people share,
 Here his paternal care.
 Long 'neath his smile
 May every good increase,
 May every evil cease,
 And freedom, health, and peace
 Dance round our isle.

Under Thy mighty wings
Keep him, O King of kings !

Answer his prayer :
Till he shall hence remove
Up to Thy courts above,
To dwell in light and love
Evermore there.

PSALM XXI. *Second Version.*

THE Lord who died on earth for men
Now fills His Father's throne ;
He loves us as He loved us then,
And watches o'er His own.

For them He offers daily prayer,
(And all His prayers are heard ;)
He tends them with unceasing care,
And feeds them from His word.

Their every wish, and want, and woe,
To Him are fully known ;
They share His trials here below,
And soon shall share His throne.

He guards and blesses them from high,
While they are toiling here.
With such a Friend above the sky,
What have His flock to fear ?

PSALM XXII. *First Version.*

MY Saviour, how Thy soul was awed,
When, hanging on the tree,
Thou criedst aloud, " My God, my God,
" Hast Thou forsaken me ?"

When angry foes around Thee strove,
 And faithless friends forsook ;
 And earth below, and heaven above,
 Wore one dark threatening look.

Beneath Thy cross, Lord, let me lie,
 Thy bleeding love to view ;
 And weep, and watch, and pray that I
 May ne'er those wounds renew.

Beneath Thy cross O let me lie,
 And mark what Thou hast won,
 And hear Thy last triumphant cry,
 " 'Tis done ! the work is done ! "

Lord, let my soul that triumph share ;
 I look to Thee to save.
 Where is thy sting, O death ? and where
 Thy victory, O grave ?

PSALM XXII. *Second Version.*

O WHAT a conquest Jesus won,
 When, on the fatal tree,
 His great atoning work was done,
 And earth from guilt set free !

[" 'Tis finished, " He exulting cried,
 " The mighty Slayer slain ;
 " The wrath of God is pacified,
 " And man may hope again ! "]

O rich reward for every groan !
 O victory complete !
 To call a ransomed world His own,
 And hail it to His feet.

Yes, the great work shall onward go ;
 The sure decree is past :
 The nations to their Lord shall flow,
 And all be Christ's at last.

O hasten, Lord, those blessed times !
 Lead all Thy wanderers home !
 Convert this world of woes and crimes,
 And bid Thy kingdom come !

PSALM XXII. *Third Version.**

LORD, I am Thine ; brought into life
 By Thy creative word :
 And when upon the breast I hung,
 I was Thy care, O Lord.

Thy guardian mercy watched and kept
 My giddy youthful days ;
 And hither hast Thou led me on
 Through life's bewildering ways.

Withdraw not then Thy grace from me
 When foes and snares are nigh :
 O send me help, Thy help, on which
 My soul can best rely.

O Thou who ~~hitherto hast kept~~ ^{and still dost keep}
 Still keep me to the end !
 With Thee my Guide, with Thee my Guard,
 I ask no other Friend.

PSALM XXIII. *First Version.*

THE living Lord my Shepherd is ;
 What can I want, while I am His ?
 In greenest fields my soul He feeds,
 My steps by stillest waters leads.

He guides me in His holy way,
 He brings me back whene'er I stray ;
 The vale of death without a fear
 I walk, for He is kind and near.

Yes, Thou art with me night and day,
 Thy rod my guide, Thy staff my stay :
 By Thee my table still is spread
 Thy oil of joy anoints my head.

Where'er I rest, where'er I go,
 I meet Thy mercies here below.
 When to Thy presence shall I soar,
 To see and praise Thee evermore ?

PSALM XXIII. *Second Version.*

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep,
 May I dare to call me Thine,
 One whom Thou wilt tend and keep
 Safe beneath Thy wings divine ?

Ah, with Thee so kind, and dear,
 What have I to wish or fear ?

Where the heavenly pastures grow,
 Where the living waters glide,
 Led and fed by Thee below,
 I have nought to ask beside ;
 Nought but thankfulness of heart,
 To proclaim how good Thou art.

Keep me in Thy righteous ways,
 Guide me with Thy holy wand,
 Through this life's perplexing maze,
 Through the vale of death beyond ;
 Gracious Thou, and happy I,
 With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert then I'm fed,
 Manna round me rains from high ;
 Holy oil anoints my head,
 And my cruse is never dry ;
 Then from grace I pass to grace,
 Soon to meet Thee face to face.

PSALM XXIII. *Third Version.**

THE Lord Himself, the mighty Lord,
 Vouchsafes to be my Guide ;
 The great good Shepherd tends my soul ;
 My wants are all supplied.

In pastures green He makes me feed,
 Recals me when I stray,
 Refreshes me with streams of grace,
 And leads me in His way.

I pass with Him the vale of death
 From fear and danger free ;
 His friendly rod and staff are there
 To guide and succour me.

My cup is full, my table spread,
 His mercy crowns my days :
 His house shall ever be my home,
 And all my life be praise.

PSALM XXIV. *First Version.*

THE earth is all Thy own, O Lord ;
 Called into being by Thy word,
 At Thy command the waters fled,
 And the young world rose fair instead.

Who in Thy courts shall find a place ?
 Who but the subjects of thy grace ?
 The humble faithful souls, that flee
 For all their righteousness to Thee.

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates :
 Behold the King of glory waits !
 Rich with the spoils of earth He comes,
 And leads His people to their homes.

Lift up your heads, yea, lift them high !
 The King of glory mounts the sky.
 What King of glory ? Christ the Lord !
 He comes to triumph, and reward !

PSALM XXIV. *Second Version.*

JUDGMENT'S awful hour is past,
Sinners have received their doom,
And the sons of God at last

Rise to their eternal home.

Lift your heads, ye heavenly gates!

He that conquered death and sin,
With His ransomed thousands waits,
Open and receive Him in!

Long for Him they bore below

Grief, temptation, toil, and pain;

Now they rise from scorn and woe,

With their risen Lord to reign.

Endless joys await them now,

Angels on their steps attend,

Crowns of glory on their brow,

God their Omnipresent Friend.

Lift, ye heavenly gates, your heads,

Let the heirs of glory in!

Christ on high His people leads;

Let their welcome song begin!

Lord, we walk the desert here;

Nought but gloom around we see:

O vouchsafe our course to cheer

With a glimpse of heaven and Thee.

PSALM XXIV. *Third Version.**

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,

The Lord its Maker is;

And every heart and hand therein

By sovereign right are His.

But who shall take their station, who,
 The nearest to His throne?
 They, they whose nature grace has changed,
 Whom Christ has made His own.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of glory: lo, He comes,
 With all His ransomed train?
 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord for strength renowned;
 In battle mighty o'er His foes
 Eternal Victor crowned!

Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
 Unfold to entertain
 The King of glory; lo, He comes
 O'er heaven and earth to reign!
 Who is the King of glory, who?
 The Lord who died for men,
 And from His conquest now returns
 To claim His throne again.

PSALM XXV. *First Version.*

O GOD, we lift our souls to Thee,
 From all our foes a Refuge be.
 O leave not us, leave none to shame,
 Whose trust is in Thy saving name.
 Direct our blindness in Thy way,
 Our weakness let Thine arm upstay:
 Thy grace in Christ can never fail;
 Let that, and not our sins, prevail.

The Lord is good ; the Lord is strong ;
 He leads the humble safe along ;
 To them his secret love reveals,
 And on their hearts His covenant seals.

Our eyes are ever, Lord, to Thee ;
 Our Saviour and Supporter be !
 O heal our wounds ; our sins forgive,
 And bid us now arise and live.

PSALM XXV. *Second Version.**

THY goodness and Thy truth,
 O Lord, recal to mind ;
 And graciously continue still,
 As Thou wert ever, kind.

Let all my former sins
 Be blotted out by Thee,
 And for a dying Saviour's sake
 In mercy think of me.

The riches of his grace
 The righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wandering sinners home,
 And teaching them His ways.

He never those deserts
 Who His direction seek,
 But in His paths securely leads
 The humble and the meek.

PSALM XXVI.

JUDGE me, O Lord, and try my heart,
 For Thou that heart canst see ;
 And bid each idol thence depart
 That dares compete with Thee.

Though weak and cleaving to the dust
 My soul adores Thee still ;
 Thy grace and truth are all my trust ;
 O mould me to Thy will !

Thy altar, Lord, I would embrace
 With hands by Christ made clean.
 I love Thy house, I love the place
 Where Thy bright face is seen.

O guide me in thy love and fear ;
 My soul on Thee I cast :
 I would not walk with sinners here,
 To share their doom at last.

PSALM XXVII. *First Version.*

PART I.

THE Lord my strong salvation is,
 My Helper ever near :
 While He is mine, and I am His,
 What has my soul to fear ?

One wish, one ardent wish, is mine ;
 Lord, grant my humble plea !
 To dwell for ever near Thy shrine,
 And find my all in Thee.

O give me at Thy side a place
 Secure from every harm ;
 Where I may daily view Thy face,
 And feel Thy helping arm.

From light to light, from strength to strength,
 My soul enlarge and raise ;
 Till from all bounds I burst at length
 To endless joy and praise.

PSALM XXVII. *Second Version.*

PART II.

FATHER, we hail the word of grace
 That issues from Thy throne on high.
 "Seek ye," it cries, "your Saviour's face."
 "We seek it, Lord," our hearts reply.

Our help through trials past Thou wert,
 Our hope through dangers yet unknown ;
 Though father, mother, all desert,
 They still are ours in Thee alone.

Shine on our path and make it plain ;
 Conduct us safe through all our foes ;
 Their wiles defeat, their rage restrain,
 And lead us, feed us to the close.

Our burthened souls would often faint
 Without a glimpse of Thee and home ;
 But Christ supports his trembling saint.
 O wait on him, and joy will come !

PSALM XXVII. *Third Version.*

WHOM shall I fear? the living God,
 My strong salvation is!
 I smile on all my foes around,
 And tell them I am His.

“ My face in need, ye tremblers, seek,”
 The Lord in mercy cries.
 “ Thy glorious face I’ll always seek,”
 My willing heart replies.

That face from me, O hide not now,
 Nor forth Thy suppliant cast;
 Thou hast been all my help before,
 O leave me not at last!

Thou wilt not, Lord, Thou never wilt;
 Thy love is all divine.
 Father and mother may forsake,
 The Lord is ever mine.

O wait on God, in patience wait,
 And He will make thee strong:
 The heart that humbly waits on Him
 Shall never want Him long.

PSALM XXVII. *Fourth Version.**

WHOM should I fear, since God to me
 Is saving health and light?
 Since strongly He my life supports,
 What can my soul affright?

Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
 Whene'er to Thee I cry :
 In mercy all my prayers receive,
 Nor my requests deny.

When us to seek Thy glorious face
 Thou kindly dost advise,
 Thy glorious face I'll always seek,
 My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not Thou Thy face, O Lord,
 Nor me in wrath reject.
 My God and Saviour, leave not him,
 Thou didst so oft protect !

PSALM XXVIII.

LORD, I pray with confidence
 Since I pray to Thee ;
 Thou, the sufferer's sure Defence,
 Thou wilt succour me.
 See me trembling o'er the grave ;
 Come to comfort, come to save !
 To Thy throne I lift mine eyes,
 Lift my hands and heart.
 Hear, O hear my feeble cries ;
 Health and hope impart :
 Leave me not to sink with those
 Who my God and me oppose.
 Ah, He hears, my Saviour hears,
 Blessed be His name !
 In His love I dry my tears,
 And His grace proclaim.

Saints, with mine your thanks record;
 Look at me, and praise the Lord.

O what blessedness is theirs
 Who on Him rely!
 Who like Him can answer prayers,
 And all wants supply?
 Lord, Thy people tend and feed,
 And at last to glory lead.

PSALM XXIX. *First Version.*

GLORY and praise to Jehovah on high:
 Glory from all thro' the earth and the sky!
 Angels, approach Him in homage and duty,
 Fall at the feet of your heavenly King;
 Saints, to His presence O throng in the beauty
 Of holy devotion, His mercies to sing!
 Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
 Glory from all through the earth and the sky!

The voice of Jehovah, majestic and loud,
 In thunder comes forth from His palace of
 cloud.

That voice o'er the silence of ocean is breaking;
 It rolls o'er the waters, it bursts on the
 shore;

The forests are bending, the mountains are
 quaking,

And earth and her creatures stand still
 and adore.

Glory and praise to Jehovah on high!
 Glory from all through the earth and the sky!

The voice of Jehovah more sweetly is heard
 By saints in His temple attending His word.
 He speaks not to them in the whirlwind or
 thunder ;

He comes not to threaten, denounce or re-
 prove ;

He comes with glad tidings of joy and of
 wonder,

He bids them be blest in Immanuel's love.
 Glory and praise to Jehovah on high !
 Glory from all through the earth and the sky !

PSALM XXIX. *Second Version.*

GIVE glory to the Lord,
 His holy name revere ;
 The wonders of His voice record,
 That all who live may hear.

The voice of God is strong,
 The voice of God is grand ;
 It rolls the sounding deep along,
 It breaks upon the land.

The voice of God can shake
 This solid earth around :
 The voice of God the rock can break
 That in the heart is found.

Around His heavenly throne
 Ten thousand thousand sing ;
 O'er the vast flood He sits alone
 The world's eternal King.

Omnipotent His arm,
 Unchangeable His love,
 He keeps His people here from harm,
 And bears them safe above.

PSALM XXIX. *Third Version.*

AWFUL is Thy voice, O God,
 Terrible Thy lifted rod,
 Trembling nature sinks before Thee,
 Souls are humbled, and adore Thee.

At a word of Thine this earth
 Started beauteous into birth,
 Seas have opened, rocks have shaken,
 And the dead shall hear and waken.

Let that quick and powerful word,
 That dread voice, to-day be heard,
 Rocks within our bosom breaking,
 Souls from death to life awaking.

Yet before the sound shall cease,
 Let it melt to love and peace;
 Sweetly soothing every terror,
 Gently winning back from error.

Saviour, make us, keep us Thine,
 Crown us with Thy grace divine;
 From Thy fulness here provide us,
 And at last to glory guide us.

PSALM XXX. *First Version.*

LORD, Thou hast heard my prayer, and Thou
 Shalt hear in turn my praises now ;
 Thy grace hath healed and set me free ;
 Whom should I now adore but thee ?

[Thine anger for a moment burns,
 Then wrath relents, and life returns ;
 Distress may through the night endure,
 But joy at morn comes bright and sure.]

Thy smile is life ; Thy frown is death ;
 Eternity hangs on Thy breath ;
 I stand or fall by Thy decree,
 And am just what Thou makest me.

“ My rock stands strong,” I proudly cried ;
 Thou hid’st thy face, my comforts died :
 Again I sought Thee from the grave,
 And Thou wert prompt to help and save,
 Thou spak’st ; my terrors passed away ;
 My night became a glorious day ;
 My heart was full, my tongue was free :
 Whom should they now adore but Thee ?

PSALM XXXI. *First Version.*

LORD, I look for all to Thee,
 Thou hast been a Rock to me :
 Still Thy wonted aid afford,
 Still be near, my Shield and Sword,
 I to Thee my soul commit,
 Ah, Thy blood has ransomed it.

Faint and sinking on my road,
 Still I cling to Thee my God;
 Bending 'neath a weight of woes,
 Harassed by a thousand foes,
 Hope still chides my rising fears,
 Joys still mingle with my tears.

On Thy word I take my stand,
 All my times are in Thy hand;
 Make Thy face upon me shine,
 Take me 'neath Thy wings divine:
 Lord, Thy grace is all my trust,
 Save, O save, Thy trembling dust.

O what mercies still attend
 Those who make the Lord their friend!
 Sweetly, safely shall they 'bide
 'Neath His eye, and at His side.
 Lord, may this my station be!
 Seek it, all ye saints, with me.

PSALM XXXI. *Second Version.*

MY spirit on Thy care,
 Blest Saviour, I recline;
 Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
 For Thou art love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
 On Thee I calmly rest;
 I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
 And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
 Thy will they all perform :
 Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
 Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall.
 It must be good for me,
 Secure of having Thee in all,
 Of having all in Thee.

PSALM XXXII. *First Version.*

BLEST is the penitent, who feels
 His sins are all forgiven ;
 Thrice blest the soul whom Jesus heals,
 And fills with hopes of heaven.

Before His feet in dumb despair
 A culprit long I lay ;
 But when I prayed He heard my prayer,
 And turned my night to day.

O seek Him, all ye sinners round ;
 Fall low before His face !
 O seek Him while He may be found,
 And share like me His grace !

'Tis ours to pray, 'tis His to bless ;
 The Lord is ever nigh,
 To guide us through the wilderness,
 And land us safe on high.

PSALM XXXII. *Second Version.*

BLEST is the man, (how blest,
 Ye ransomed sinners, say)
 Whose guilt to Christ is all confessed,
 And washed by Him away.

Faith in a risen Lord
 Has conquered death and sin ;
 The Spirit on his heart is poured,
 And hallows all within.

O happy hour, when I
 Was thus to Jesus brought,
 Confessed my guilt, and found Him nigh
 To grant the peace I sought.

Thy work, O Lord, complete ;
 O set me fully free ;
 And lead up many to Thy feet
 To sing Thy grace with me.

PSALM XXXIII. *First Version.*

YE righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;
 To Him your songs are due.
 Well may you give Him heart and voice,
 Who gave Himself for you.

His word how faithful, how profound !
 His works how good and right !
 O praise the Lord, till all around
 Shall in His praise unite.

He spread the starry sky abroad,
 He forth the ocean poured.
 Tremble, thou earth, before thy God
 Who made thee with a word.

His counsels ever constant stand ;
 On Him my soul depend.
 How blest the people of His hand,
 How blest in such a Friend !

PSALM XXX. *Second Version.*

YE righteous in the Lord rejoice,
 To Him your best returns are due ;
 Well may you give Him heart and voice,
 While he vouchsafes His grace to you.
 O sing His wondrous works and ways,
 And emulate His gifts with praise !

His acts are mighty, true His word ;
 Creation with His love o'erflows ;
 He spake, and heaven her Maker heard,
 He called, and lo, the earth arose.
 Let them, let all that live, be awed,
 Be still, before one look from God.

But ye, blest souls, rejoice, rejoice,
 Whom God vouchsafes to make His own,
 O happy in His love and choice,
 Who sees and tends you from His throne.
 Who can support and rescue, who,
 Like Him whose eye is over you ?

When mortal powers grow vain and weak,
 When earthly hopes are low and dim;
 There still is One who heeds the meek,
 And bids them rest for all on Him.
 O Lord, our Lord for ever be;
 O bless the souls that trust in Thee!

PSALM XXXIV. *First Version.*

AT every time, in every place,
 The Lord my song shall be;
 Ye mourners, mark my altered case,
 And sing His grace with me.

I sought Him in my hour of grief,
 And found Him good and true.
 He gave my troubled soul relief;
 He holds the same for you.

Angelic guards His saints embrace;
 O taste, and sweetly prove
 The riches of redeeming grace,
 The depths of heavenly love.

O fear the Lord, all other fears
 Will quickly then subside.
 He who the hungry lion hears,
 Will for His flock provide.

PSALM XXXIV. *Second Version.*

THE praises of the Lord
 My tongue shall ever pour;
 My soul His mercies shall record,
 Till all that hear adore;

Till every sinking heart around
 Shall wake and gladden at the sound.

O praise the Lord with me,
 With me His grace proclaim ;
 He heard my fainting, trembling plea,
 And to my rescue came :
 He snatched me from the jaws of hell,
 And bade His angels round me dwell.

Ye sinners, taste and see
 What grace the Lord can send ;
 O come and learn how blest is he
 Who calls Jehovah friend !
 O fear the Lord, ye saints, and ne'er
 Have ought on earth beside to fear.

Who walk with Him shall find
 Of good a rich supply ;
 He lives the broken heart to bind,
 He hears His people's cry :
 Though trials may their course attend,
 The Lord will save them in the end.

PSALM XXXIV. *Third Version.**

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
 Till all that are distressed
 From my example comfort take
 And charm their griefs to rest,

[O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt His name ;
 When in distress on Him I called,
 He to my rescue came.]

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

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you His service your delight,
 He'll make your wants His care.

PSALM XXXV.

O PLEAD my cause, blest Saviour, plead,
 I trust it all to Thee.

Thou who didst once for sinners bleed,
 A sinner save in me.

Assure my weak desponding heart,
 My threatening foes restrain ;

O tell me Thou my helper art,
 And all their rage is vain.

When round Thy cross they rushed to kill,
 How was their fury foiled : -

Their madness only wrought Thy will,
 And on themselves recoiled.

The great salvation there achieved
 My hope shall ever be ;

My soul has in her Lord believed,
 And He will rescue me.

PSALM XXXVI. *First Version.*

O THOU whom thoughtless men contemn,
 And yet who ne'er neglectest them,
 My soul would Thee adore.
 Thy love the heaven of heavens transcends,
 Thy faithfulness, Thy truth extends
 Beyond where thought can soar.

Thy justice like the mountains stands,
 Vast are the wonders of Thy hands,
 Thy judgments deep and broad ;
 And all Thy creatures, man and beast,
 Down from the loftiest to the least,
 Thy bounty share, O God.

But blest o'er all the heirs of grace,
 The favoured souls that find a place
 Beneath a Saviour's wing.
 How from Thy table are they fed,
 How drink they from the fountain head
 The mercies of their King !

The springs of life are all with Thee ;
 Light in Thy light alone we see,
 Creator, Father, Friend.
 Still on our souls Thy graces shed,
 Still feed us with Thy living bread,
 And keep us to the end.

PSALM XXXVI. *Second Version.*

MY God, what monuments I see
 In all around of Thine and Thee!
 I view Thee in the heavens above;
 More high than these is heavenly love.

I mark the strong eternal hill,
 Thy faithfulness is stronger still.
 I gaze on ocean deep and broad,
 More deep Thy counsels are, O God!

O give me 'neath Thy wings to rest,
 To lean on Thy parental breast,
 To feed on Thee the living bread,
 And drink at mercy's fountain head.

The springs of life are all Thine own,
 They flow from Thine eternal throne:
 Light in Thy light alone we see.
 O save us, for we rest on Thee!

PSALM XXXVI. *Third Version.**

THY mercy, Lord, the sinner's hope,
 The highest orb of heaven transcends:
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
 Through all eternity extends.

Thy justice like the hills remains,
 Unfathomed depths Thy judgments are,
 Thy providence the world sustains,
 The whole creation is Thy care.

Thy saints shall to Thy courts be led
 To banquet on Thy love's repast,
 And drink as from a fountain head
 Of joys that shall for ever last.

The streams of life with Thee abound ;
 Thy presence is eternal day.
 O shower Thy gifts the world around,
 Thy glorious face to all display !

PSALM XXXVII. *First Version.*

WHY should I fret though sinners thrive ?
 Their doom will, ah, too soon, arrive ;
 And one bright glimpse of heavenly day
 Thy servants' sufferings well repay.

O trust the Lord, my soul, and He
 In darkest hours will comfort thee.
 Thy way to him in faith commit,
 His grace will shape and prosper it.

Clad in his righteousness divine,
 Thou soon shalt as the noon-day shine ;
 Shalt in His favour bask below,
 And on from grace to glory go.

The meek, O Lord, the meek shall prove
 The sweetness of Thy saving love :—
 With them to me a place be given
 Near Thee on earth, near Thee in heaven.

PSALM XXXVII. *Second Version.*

O GOD of love, how blest are they
 Who in Thy ways delight!
 Thy presence guides them all the day,
 And cheers them all the night.

Whene'er they faint, a mighty arm
 Is nigh them to uphold;
 And sin or Satan cannot harm
 The feeblest of Thy fold.

The Lord is wise, the Lord is just,
 The Lord is good and true;
 And they who on His promise trust
 Will find it bear them through.

His word will stay their sinking hearts;
 Their feet shall never slide:
 The heavens dissolve, the earth departs;
 They safe in God abide.

PSALM XXXVIII.

REBUKE us, Father, but in love;
 Let all Thy chastenings mercies prove;
 With every stroke Thy grace impart,
 And let them move, not break, the heart.

Thy hand is heavy, but our sin
 Is heavier still our souls within:
 It whelms, it sinks us to the grave;
 Arise, Redeemer, help and save!

Our hearts are open, Lord, to Thee ;
 Our inmost wish Thine eye can see :
 Thou know'st our dangers, foes, and snares,
 And wilt not scorn our humble prayers.

In Thee we hope, on Thee we rest ;
 O give us what thou seest the best !
 Our Guide through every trial past,
 O lead us safely home at last !

PSALM XXXIX. *First Version.*

TEACH us, O Lord, how brief our date,
 How few our fleeting years ;
 How worthless is our best estate
 In this poor vale of tears.

Our life indeed is but a span
 Dependant on Thy breath :
 And all the pomps and gains of man
 But gild the road to death.

We turn from these, we turn from all
 That binds our hearts to dust :
 Down at Thy footstool, Lord, we fall ;
 Thy grace is all our trust.

O free our souls from guilt and fear,
 Let fall Thy angry rod.
 We are, Thou know'st, but strangers here ;
 Be Thou our home, O God.

PSALM XXXIX. *Second Version.*

LORD, at Thy feet I bow ;
 In Thee I live, to Thee I die.
 How great, how changeless, Lord, art Thou ;
 How weak and sinful I !

This life, this eager life,
 What is it, but a fleeting breath ?
 A little hour of toil and strife,
 That hurries on to death.

Remove the veil, O God ;
 My true condition make me see ;
 That I may spurn this earthly clod,
 And soar to heaven and Thee.

[Shall this poor passing show,
 These shadowy joys, detain my soul ?
 Shall these be all my portion ? No !
 I quit for Thee the whole.]

With Thee to bless and cheer,
 I safely roam,
 And a stranger here,
 Returning on to home.

XXXI *Second Version.**

Let the number of days
 be as the sand ;
 and ;
 all the days of my life
 be as the sand ;
 and ;

My life, Thou know'st, is but a span,
 A cipher sums my years ;
 And every man in best estate
 But vanity appears.

Then why should I on worthless toys
 With anxious care attend ?
 On Thee alone my steadfast trust
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.

Lord hear my cry, accept my tears,
 Regard my humble prayer,
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.

PSALM XL. *First Version.*

[IN deep distress to God I prayed,
 My soul upon his promise stayed.
 And O His grace ! He heard my prayer,
 And came and snatched me from despair.

He drew me from the fearful pit,
 Upon a rock He set my feet,
 Upholds my goings in His ways,
 And fills my mouth with thankful praise.

[Ye sinners round, my rescue see,
 And to His footstool throng like me,
 And prove, by sweet experience, prove,
 The freeness, fulness of His love.]

O God of grace, to all below
 How large, how rich, Thy mercies flow!
 And this the crown of all beside,
 That Thy dear Son for sinners died.

He came Thy counsels to fulfil,
 He came to do and teach Thy will:
 On Him I rest my hope and plea;
 Lord, for His sake deliver me!

PSALM XL. *Second Version.*

I WAITED suppliant on the Lord,
 He heard at last my soul's desire,
 He raised me from the pit abhorred,
 He freed me from the clogging mire.

Upon a rock He set my feet,
 He taught me in his ways to go,
 He filled my mouth with praises meet,
 And bade my heart with love o'erflow.

My happy change, ye wanderers, see,
 And quit the paths you long have trod;
 And turn to Him, and find with me
 How sweet it is to hope in God.

Ill can my grovelling powers sustain
 The tribute that to Thee belongs;
 But when Thy holy face I gain
 I hope to give Thee worthier songs.

PSALM XL. *Third Version.*

"I COME, I come," the Saviour cries,
 "The wrath of God to brave."
 My sinful soul, awake, arise,
 And fly to Christ to save.

"I come," he cries, "to you, to all
 New righteousness to give."
 My soul, before Him contrite fall;
 Believe, adore, and live.

'Tis Thine, O Lamb of God, 'tis Thine
 For sinners to atone,
 O touch with grace this soul of mine,
 O break this heart of stone!

Beneath Thy cross O let me sit
 Thy dying love to see!
 And make me feel, while sharing it,
 The same strong love to Thee.

PSALM XLI. *First Version.*

BLEST is the man, whose spirit shares
 A suffering brother's wants and cares:
 The Lord will visit him in grief,
 And bring his trials sweet relief.

The sinner's Friend delights to see
 His people kind and good as He;
 And bids them each with each unite
 To make their common burthen light.

That burthen well the Saviour knows ;
 He bore on earth our sins and woes ;
 By friends betrayed, by foes assailed,
 Yet love divine o'er all prevailed.

That love, O Lord, still let us share,
 Still lead us on through foe and snare,
 Till we Thy face unclouded see,
 And lose ourselves and earth in Thee.

PSALM XLI. *Second Version.* *

HAPPY the man, whose tender care
 Relieves the poor distressed ;
 When troubles compass him around,
 The Lord will give him rest.

His heart with blessings God will crown,
 His life in peace prolong,
 And disappoint the will of those
 Who seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate
 Through pain and sickness lie,
 The Lord will easy make his bed,
 And inward health supply.

The Lord will give him grace to pray,
 And answer his request ;
 And through a Saviour's merits bless
 The man who others blest.

PSALM XLII. *First Version.*

PART FIRST.

AS thirsts the wild deer in the chase,
 So thirst I, Lord, to see Thy face.
 For God, the living God, I pine ;
 When shall His smile again be mine ?

Tears are my portion night and day ;
 " Where is thy God ? " my tempters say.
 The taunt would drive me to despair,
 Could I not ease my soul in prayer.

I turn to brighter days gone by,
 When I was blest, and God was nigh,
 When 'mid his servants I could raise
 The loudest, gladdest song of praise.

Then why; my soul, mistrust Him now ?
 The Lord is good, be faithful thou :
 His nature changes not like thine ;
 Believe, and soon His face will shine.

PSALM XLII. *Second Version.*

PART SECOND.

O GOD, my spirit sinks again,
 I founder 'midst a stormy main ;
 Deep calls to deep, and wave to wave,
 And none at hand to help and save.
 To Thee, O Lord of life, to Thee,
 Through waves and storms I trembling flee.
 Without Thee morning brings no day,
 And night no rest with Thee away.

Why do I seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 Thy saving grace O why restrain?
 Why still that question of despair,
 "Where is thy God, vain boaster, where?"

Be calm, my soul, and meekly bow:
 The Lord is good, be faithful thou.
 He shifts and changes not like thee;
 Believe, and thou His face shalt see.

PSALM XLII. *Third Version.*

LONE amidst the dead and dying,
 Lord, my spirit faints for Thee;
 Longing, thirsting, drooping, sighing,
 When shall I Thy presence see?

O how altered my condition;
 Late I led the joyous throng;
 Beat my heart with full fruition,
 Flowed my lips with grateful song.

Now the storm goes wildly o'er me,
 Waves on waves my soul confound:
 Nought but boding fears before me,
 Nought but threatening foes around.

Save me, save me, O my Father!
 To Thy faithful word I cling.
 Thence, my soul, thy comfort gather;
 Hope, and thou again shalt sing.

PSALM XLII. *Fourth Version.**

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chace,
 So pants my soul, O Lord, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.

For Thee, the Lord, the living Lord,
 My thirsty soul doth pine.
 O when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine ?

I sigh to think of happier days,
 When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh ;
 When every heart was tuned to praise,
 And none so blest as I.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, and thou shalt sing
 His praise again, and find Him still
 Thy health's eternal spring !

PSALM XLIII.

JUDGE me, O Lord ; to Thee I fly ;
 New foes and fears my spirit try ;
 Plead Thou my cause, my soul sustain,
 And let the wicked rage in vain.

The mourner's refuge, Lord, Thou art ;
 Wilt Thou not take Thy suppliant's part ?
 Wilt Thou desert, and lay me low,
 The scorn of each insulting foe ?

Send forth Thy light and truth once more ;
 To Thy blest house my steps restore :
 Again Thy presence let me see,
 And find my joy in praising Thee.

Arise, my soul, and praise Him now :
 The Lord is good, be faithful thou.
 His nature changes not like thine ;
 Believe, and soon His face will shine.

PSALM XLIV.

LORD, we have heard our fathers tell
 The wonders of Thy hand ;
 How all their foes before Thee fell,
 And they possessed the land.

They conquered not by spear or sword,
 Or aught that was their own ;
 And we like them, Almighty Lord,
 Would rest on Thee alone.

But ah, Thou seem'st to cast us off
 And put our hopes to shame :
 And yet amidst defeat and scoff
 We trust Thee still the same.

Arise, great God, no longer sleep ;
 Thy grace no more withhold.
 Redeem, restore Thy scattered sheep,
 And save us as of old.

PSALM XLV. *First Version.*

IN loftier mood of loftier things
 I speak : anointed King of kings,
 Thy glories shall the theme supply ;
 Fairer than all of mortal race,
 Rich in the plénitude of grace,
 And crowned with honours from on high !
 Gird on, great Prince, Thy conquering sword ;
 Send forth Thy soul-subduing word.
 Ride on ; in truth and meekness ride !
 What foe Thy terrors may abide,
 What friend Thy love and power mistrust ?
 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 A righteous sceptre fills Thy hands ;
 O'er all Thou reignest good and just,
 How fair art Thou, how fair Thy bride.
 In golden vesture at Thy side !
 Thy queen, the Church, O still may she
 Forsake all else and follow Thee,
 Trampling o'er earth, and self, and sin ;
 Holy, and great, and good, and wise,
 Like morning let her spread and rise,
 Glorious alike without, within.
 Let her fill earth with praise and love,
 To praise Thee better soon above !

PSALM XLV. *Second Version.*

LORD of the realms above,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 How shall our souls return Thy love,
 And all Thy glories sing ?

O love divine indeed,
 O rich surpassing grace,
 Which brought the Godhead down to bleed
 For man's apostate race!

Great King of glory, gird
 Thy sword upon Thy thigh!
 Speed on, speed on Thy conquering word,
 Till all that live comply!

The world is all Thy own;
 O spread Thy sway abroad,
 Till every heart becomes Thy throne,
 And owns a present God!

PSALM XLVI. *First Version.*

GOD is our refuge tried and proved
 Amid a stormy world;
 We will not fear though earth be moved,
 And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
 Our comforts shall not cease:
 The Lord His saints will not forsake;
 The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
 To us shall ever flow:
 It issues from His throne above,
 It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
 He spake and quelled their powers;
 The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
 The God of grace is ours.

PSALM XLVI. *Second Version.*

THE Lord is our refuge, the Lord is our
guide ;

We smile upon danger with Him at our side :
The billows may blacken, the tempest
increase,

Though earth may be shaken, His saints shall
have peace.

A voice still and small by His people is heard,
A whisper of peace from His life-giving word.
A stream in the desert, a river of love,
Flows down to their hearts from the foun-
tain above.

Be near us, Redeemer, to shield us from ill ;
Speak Thou but the word, and the tempest is
still.

Thy presence to cheer us, Thy arm to defend,
A worm grows Almighty with Thee for a
Friend !

The Lord is our helper ; ye scorners, be
awed !

Ye earthlings, be still, and acknowledge your
God.

The proud He will humble, the lowly defend ;
O happy the people with God for a Friend !

PSALM XLVII. *First Version.*

SHOUT, ye people, clap your hands,
To the Saviour's glory sing ;

Wake, ye dark and distant lands,
Wake to hail your God and King.

Lo, His Church, shall flourish on,
 Till the world shall own His sway.
 Forth to conquest Christ is gone;
 Who His glorious course shall stay?

Praise then to the mighty Lord,
 Praise to our triumphant King!
 All that live, with glad accord
 To His feet your honours bring.

Princes, humbly bow the knee,
 Nations, to His footstool flow.
 Lord He is in heaven, and He
 Shall be Lord of all below!

PSALM XLVII. *Second Version.*

YE that love the Saviour's name,
 Shout, your King is on His throne,
 Terrible His foes to tame,
 Mighty to protect His own.
 He hath triumphed o'er the grave,
 He is risen strong to save.

Onward shall His empire flow
 Over all that live and move,
 Till his will is done below!
 As within his courts above,
 Satan, sense, and sin subdued,
 Evil all reduced to good.

Shout, ye people of the Lord,
 Ye shall rise with Him to reign;
 Christ his servants shall reward,
 Dry their tears, and burst their chain.
 All that live, your homage bring,
 Praise, O praise your Saviour King.

PSALM XLVIII. *First Version.*

GREAT is the Lord; His praise be great!
 Ye lands, your tributes bring:
 And, Britain, thou, His chosen seat,
 Be first to praise thy King.
 God in thy borders well is known
 A strong and faithful Friend:
 O rest thou still on Him alone,
 And He will still defend.
 Here in thy courts again we stand,
 Thy grace, O Lord, to see:
 Soon let it shine on every land,
 And win all hearts to Thee.
 But, Lord, be Britain still thy choice;
 Still walk around her towers:
 Still let her sons in Thee rejoice,
 And cry "the Lord is ours!"

PSALM XLVIII. *Second Version.*

FAIR, O Lord, Thy dwellings are,
 All beside excelling far,
 Bright abodes of peace and love,
 Types on earth of those above.

Here Thy gospel voice is heard,
 Here we feed upon Thy word,
 Here Thy grace is shed abroad,
 Here we feel a present God.

(Here Thy mysteries are known,
 Here is reared Thy earthly throne,
 Hence our prayers accepted rise,
 And our praises reach the skies.)

Lord, Thy Church shall onward flow,
 Till it fills the world below ;
 Undisturbed by countless foes,
 Prospering in the midst of woes.

Still to us propitious be ;
 Shine on those who trust in Thee :
 Living, dying, be our guide,
 Till we safely reach Thy side.

PSALM XLIX.

JEHOVAH speaks ; let earth be awed,
 And deep attention give.
 Ye sinners, hear the way to God !
 Ye dead, arise and live !

Trust not in earthly wealth and show,
 Vain, vain their power to save :
 Gold cannot buy release from woe,
 Or ransom from the grave.

Worlds cannot reach the mighty price
 Of one immortal soul.
 No, Lord ; thy blood and sacrifice
 Alone can make us whole.

In Thee be our salvation sure,
 No other wealth we seek :
 We're rich in Thee, however poor ;
 And strong, however weak.

PSALM L. *First Version.*

'TIS He ! 'tis He ! the Son of God !
 He sends His awful voice abroad :
 Let earth her Lord revere !
 With thousand saints behold Him come ;
 The world before her Judge is dumb,
 And waits her doom to hear.

He calls to heaven, He calls to earth ;
 The nations from their tombs come forth,
 And throng before His face.
 " Approach, ye, first," the Saviour cries,
 " Whose boast is in my sacrifice,
 " And covenant of grace."

" My people, hear ! your God will speak :
 " No empty rites and forms I seek,
 " No specious act or word :
 " Mine eye is on the heart within,
 " And there the service must begin
 That satisfies the Lord."

" Where secret wickedness I see,
 " The fawning lip or bending knee
 " But move my scorn and hate !"
 Lord on our souls this truth impress,
 And make us all that we profess,
 Ere yet it be too late !

PSALM L. *Second Version.*

O THAT day of dread and wonder,
 When to judgment Christ shall come !
 When a voice of more than thunder,
 Sounding through the silent tomb,
 Shall awaken
 All to their eternal doom !

Midst the crowds who then assemble,
 Naked at their Judge's throne,
 Who of all the most shall tremble ?
 They that now among his own
 Dwell and worship,
 But whom Christ has never known.

Empty forms and loud profession,
 Offerings heaped upon his shrine,
 Where there is no heart impression,
 Cannot please the eye divine.
 All is worthless,
 Till the spirit, Lord, is thine.

Light a flame of love within us ;
 Tune our souls to prayer and praise ;
 To thy own blest image win us ;
 Guide us in thy righteous ways.
 Here convert us,
 And at last to glory raise.

PSALM LI. *First Version.*

HAVE mercy on me, Lord !
 My countless sins forgive !
 I cast me on Thy plighted word ;
 O bid me rise and live !

(Upon my guilt I dwell ;
 It haunts me day and night.
 And shouldst Thou send me straight to hell,
 I here must own it right.)

In sin I was brought forth,
 Defiled in every part ;
 And Thou requirest spotless worth,
 And perfectness of heart.

O let the precious blood,
 That on the cross was spilt,
 Pour on my soul its healing flood,
 And wash out all my guilt.

Renew my fallen heart,
 My broken peace restore ;
 And inward light and strength impart,
 That I may fall no more.

PSALM LI. *Second Version.*

LORD, I have sinned ; but O forgive,
 Nor cast me quite away.
 Restore my soul, and bid me live,
 And be my future stay.

O let me from my fall arise,
 More watchful and more strong ;
 Light up my dim and tearful eyes,
 And fill my mouth with song.

On Christ's prevailing sacrifice
 I all my hopes recline.
 A broken spirit Thou dost prize ;
 And such, O Lord, be mine !

Give me a meek dependant heart,
 For all my days to come ;
 Nor let Thy Spirit e'er depart,
 Till I am safe at home.

PSALM LI. *Third Version.**

HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As Thou wert ever kind.
 I cast my guilty soul on Thee ;
 Let me Thy mercy find !

O let me hear ~~once more~~
 Thy kind ~~forgiving~~ voice !
 A word of Thine can life restore,
 And bid despair rejoice.

Blot out my deadly sin ;
 Bid all my fears be still ;
 Create my soul anew within,
 And mould me to Thy will.

O do not quite forsake,
 Nor cast me from Thy sight ;
 Nor let Thy injured Spirit take
 His everlasting flight.

PSALM LII.

IN vain the powers of darkness try
 To work the Church's ill.
 The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
 And foils them at His will.

Though mischief in their hearts may dwell,
 And on their tongues deceit ;
 A word of His their pride can quell,
 And all their rage defeat.

Let worldlings pant for worldly wealth ;
 Its worth His people see.
 The Lord is their desire and health ;
 The Lord will strengthen me.

My trust is in His grace alone ;
 His mercy is my home.
 How sweet His blessings past to own,
 And hope for more to come !

PSALM LIII.

LORD, what a world of sense and sin
 I find around me and within !
 And in Thy breast what thoughts must rise,
 When Thou look'st hither from the skies !

Thy glorious work so overthrown,
 Thy children all rebellious grown,
 Thy followers faint and few, and those
 Encompassed by unnumbered foes.

O that Thy gospel were gone forth
 From east to west, from south to north !
 Thy people back to Zion come,
 And all thy outcasts gathered home !

Arise, great Sun of righteousness !
 Arise, the world to light and bless !
 From realm to realm advance and shine,
 Till every heart and hand are Thine !

PSALM LIV.

SAVE me by Thy glorious name ;
 Lord, that name is love !
 Help through Christ I humbly claim ;
 Help from Thee above ;
 Hear, O hear my suppliant voice ;
 Hear, and bid my heart rejoice.

Foes to Christ and every good
 Fiercely throng on me :
 Soon my soul must be subdued ;
 Without aid from Thee.
 But with Thee to make me strong ;
 Lord, they shall not triumph long.
 Lo, He comes, He takes my part,
 All my struggles cease :
 Rise in praise, my grateful heart,
 Bless the Prince of peace.
 God Himself has set me free ;
 God my worship ever be !

PSALM LV. *First Version.*

O GOD of mercy, hear my cry,
 Behold me in the dust.
 What should I be, or whither fly,
 If Thou wert not my trust ?
 O that my weary soul had wings ;
 How swiftly would I flee
 From earthly men and earthly things,
 To dwell my God with Thee !
 I look within, I look abroad ;
 The blight on all has passed :
 E'en friends, that seem'd the friends of God,
 Prove foes too oft at last.
 How sweet it is to turn from all,
 Thy converse, Lord, to claim !
 At morn and noon and eve to call,
 And find Thee still the same !

Ye saints, to God your burthens bring,
 And He your strength will be.
 To earthly props let others cling ;
 The Lord, the Lord for me !

PSALM LV. *Second Version.*

O HAD I, my Saviour, the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I soar to Thy presence
 above !
 How soon would I flee where the weary have
 rest,
 And hide all my cares in thy sheltering
 breast !

I flutter, I struggle, and pant to get free ;
 I feel me a captive while banished from
 Thee :

A pilgrim and stranger, the desert I roam,
 And look on to heaven, and long to be home.

Ah, there the wild tempest for ever shall
 cease ;

No billow shall ruffle that haven of peace ;
 Temptation and trouble alike shall depart,
 All tears from the eye, and all sin from the
 heart.

Soon, soon may this Eden of promise be mine ;
 Rise, bright Sun of glory, no more to decline,
 Thy light, yet unrisen, the wilderness cheers ;
 O what will it be when the fulness appears !

PSALM LVI.

PSALM LVI.

LORD, be merciful to me,
 To Thy sheltering side I flee;
 Foes around me fiercely throng
 Faith is weak, and fear is strong,
 Whither shall Thy trembler fly?
 Whither, but to Thee, most High?

Yes, to Thee my soul shall turn;
 Thou wilt not my pleadings spurn.
 On thy word my hopes abide;
 I before its strength have tried:
 Trusting, yielding all to Thee,
 What can shake or injure me?

Foes my faltering steps may view;
 Thou, O Lord, wilt note them too.
 Thou wilt number all my tears,
 Check my wanderings, calm my fears.
 Tended and sustained by Thee,
 What can shake or injure me?

Here to Thee myself I give;
 Thou hast called, and bade me live,
 Ah, the work of grace complete;
 Guide, support my failing feet:
 Lead me on from strength to strength,
 Till I reach Thy face at length.

PSALM LVII. *First Version.*

SHOW mercy, mercy, King of kings !
 On Thee our souls we cast.
 Protect us 'neath thy sheltering wings
 Till life's dark storm is passed.

O be the same Almighty arm
 That held us up till now,
 Outstretched to keep us still from harm ;
 For who can save but Thou ?

Reign, glorious God, through earth and sky ?
 Let all Thy grace adore !
 Win every heart, fix every eye,
 On Thee for evermore !

Awake, awake, my slumbering powers,
 Be first the song to raise !
 While God on me such mercy showers,
 I well may give Him praise.

PSALM LVII. *Second Version.*

BE glorified, O Lord !
 Above the heavens exalted high ;
 By men throughout the earth adored,
 By angels in the sky !
 My heart, my thankful heart,
 Thy mercies, Lord, would fain proclaim ;
 Would tell the world how good Thou art,
 And bid them sing the same.

Awake, my slumbering powers,
 My tenderest thoughts, awake, arise!
 Say what a glorious God is ours,
 How holy, kind, and wise!

O let Thy praises, Lord,
 As widely as Thy bounties flow!
 In heaven by angels be adored,
 By all mankind below!

PSALM LVII. *Third Version.**

THY mercy, Lord, to us extend,
 On Thee alone our hopes depend;
 Thy sheltering wings around us cast
 Till life's rude storm be overpast.

Our hearts, O God, our hearts are fixed;
 Our fears with holy joy are mixed;
 And with our hearts our voice we raise
 To Thee in grateful songs of praise.

Thy praises, Lord, we will resound
 To all the listening nations round:
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends,
 Thy love the highest heaven transcends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
 And as Thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth displayed,
 Till Thou art here as there obeyed!

PSALM LVIII

CHRIStIANS, are the words you speak,
 Like your Master's, kind and meek ?
 Do you judge your fellow-men
 As you would be judged again ?

Do you in your conduct prove
 Children of a God of love,
 Good and gentle, just and true,
 As your Lord has been to you ?

Ah, the bitterness of sin
 Lurks the fallen heart within,
 And from thence unceasing flows,
 Poisoning, blighting as it goes !

Lord, the slanderer's malice blast :
 Let it come to nought at last,
 Let Thy rescued people cry,
 " Yea, there is a God on high !"

PSALM LIX.

LORD, a thousand foes surround us :
 Come to succour and defend.
 Hell's dark hosts cannot confound us,
 While our souls have such a Friend.
 Let their legions round us gather ;
 Be but Thou as nigh to aid :
 Strong in Thee, Almighty Father,
 We can meet them undismayed.
 Holiest, greatest, best, and wisest,
 Who shall dare to cope with Thee ?

When to conflict Thou arisest,
 Ah, how soon the boldest flee !
 Thou Thy people's wrongs resentest ;
 On Thy saving arm we rest :
 Thou with grace our prayers preventest ;
 Thou wilt choose and give the best.

To our help then rise and hasten ;
 Check, if not destroy the foe.
 If he must be left to chasten,
 Let him not our hopes o'erthrow.
 Safe through suffering and temptation
 Lead us to Thy fold at last,
 To adore Thy full salvation,
 And our crowns before Thee cast !

PSALM LX. *First Version.*

WHY hast Thou cast us off, O Lord ?
 Return, return, thy Church to aid ;
 We sink beneath thy chastening rod ;
 O heal the breaches Thou hast made !

How long wilt Thou thy people prove ?
 How long the cup of trembling give ?
 Unfurl the banner of thy love ;
 Proclaim Thy grace, and bid us live.

'Tis sweet in trouble's gathering night
 To muse on Thy unfailing word,
 To think of all Thy love and might,
 And trembling trust in Thee, O Lord.

Vain is the help that earth affords,
 Vain all that human hands bestow :
 But thou be with us, Lord of lords,
 And soon we rise o'er every foe.

PSALM LX. *Second Version.*

THROUGH foes and danger, sin and
 death,

A pilgrim band we move,
 To Canaan's promised land, beneath
 The flag of heavenly love.

Almighty, Omnipresent grace
 Goes with us all the way ;
 And nothing can impede our race,
 With Christ to guide and stay.

The empire of the world is His ;
 By Him from Satan won.
 He speaks the word, and lo, it is ;
 He wills, and all is done !

Though we are weak, the Lord is strong ;
 On Him our hopes depend.
 We cannot dwell in darkness long
 While blest with such a Friend !

PSALM LXI. *First Version.*

LORD, to our prayer attend ;
 Our help and refuge be,
 Remote and rest of every friend,
 We turn for all to Thee.

O lead us to the rock,
 Where we may safe remain :
 Our shield from many a former shock,
 Defend us now again.

Within Thy shrine we rest ;
 Beneath Thy wings we flee :
 Among the holy and the blest
 Our place and portion be.

O let us there be found
 Through all our future days :
 Let mercy, Lord, to us abound,
 To Thee redoubled praise !

PSALM LXI. *Second Version.*

WHEN sinks my heart in gloom and grief,
 And earth no aid supplies,
 One hope remains, one sure relief,
 To heaven I lift my eyes.

The Lord Omnipotent is there,
 The rock no power can move,
 The ear that thrills to every prayer,
 The heart that flows with love.

(My shield, my tower, Thou, Lord, hast
 been,
 My refuge still Thou art :
 Thy spreading wings shall be my screen
 When all beside depart.)

My soul on Thee would calm repose;
 In Thee her portion claim;
 And choose her heritage with those
 Who fear Thy holy name.

O, on my cold and barren heart
 Thy graces largely pour;
 And daily more of zeal impart,
 To love and praise Thee more!

PSALM LXII.

ON God, on God my soul relies;
 From Him shall my salvation rise:
 He is my rock, my strong defence:
 What power shall ever hurl me thence?

My foes may rage, my foes may hate:
 On God, thy God, my spirit, wait!
 He is thy rock, thy sure defence:
 Believe, and none shall hurl thee thence!

Let all that live on God depend,
 And find Him an Almighty Friend;
 Pour out their hearts before His throne,
 And rest for all on Him alone.

How poor are all in heaven and earth,
 When matched with Him who gave them
 birth,
 Friends, yea, and foes, alike must own,
 That might and love are God's alone.

PSALM LXIII. *First Version.*

O MY God, the God of grace,
 Early will I seek Thy face,
 In this weary waste of woe,
 Where no healing waters flow !

O to stand before Thy shrine,
 Basking in Thy light divine !
 O to feed upon Thy love
 As Thy angels feed above !

Better, Lord, than life to me,
 Is one quickening smile from Thee,
 Life indeed is all a void,
 In Thy service unemployed.

Blest with Thee my spirit glows,
 And my heart with song o'erflows.
 Thoughts of Thee at dead of night
 Turn my darkness into light.

Thou till now my help hast been ;
 Still thy wings shall be my screen :
 Hard thy footsteps I pursue ;
 Send me grace, and bear me through.

PSALM LXIII. *Second Version.*

O GOD of love, my God Thou art ;
 To Thee I early cry :
 Refresh with grace my thirsty heart,
 For earthly springs are dry.

Thy power, Thy glory let me see,
 As seen by saints above.
 'Tis sweeter, Lord, than life to me;
 To share and sing Thy love.

I freely yield Thee all my powers,
 Yet ne'er my debt can pay;
 The thought of Thee at midnight hours
 Turns darkness into day.

Lord, Thou hast been my help, and Thou
 My refuge still shalt be.
 I follow hard Thy footsteps now;—
 O when Thy face to see?

PSALM LXIII. *Third Version.**

O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee
 My morning prayer shall offered be:
 For Thee my thirsty soul doth pant.
 My fainting flesh implores Thy grace,
 Within this dry and barren place,
 Where souls refreshing waters want.

When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 And when I wake at dead of night,
 Because Thou still doth succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of Thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

O to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious power restore,
 Which Thy majestic house displays.
 Because to me Thy wondrous love
 Than life itself doth dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak Thy praise.

My life, while I that life enjoy,
 In blessing God I will employ,
 In pouring out my soul on high ;
 And feel the while, that they, who share
 Earth's richest gains or proudest fare,
 Have no such happy lot as I.

PSALM LXIV.

HEAR, O Lord, our supplication ;
 Let our souls on Thee repose !
 Be our hope, our strong salvation,
 'Mid ten thousand threatening foes.

Lord, Thy saints have many troubles,
 In their path lies many a snare :
 But before Thy breath, like bubbles,
 Melt they soon in idle air.

Cunning are the foe's devices,
 Bitter are his words of gall ;
 Sin on every side entices ;
 Lord, conduct us safe through all.

Be our foes by Thee confounded,
 Let the world Thy goodness see ;
 While, by might and love surrounded,
 We rejoice, and trust in Thee.

PSALM LXV. *First Version.*

PRAISE for Thee, Lord, in Zion waits ;
 Prayer shall besiege Thy temple gates ;
 All flesh shall to Thy throne repair,
 And find through Christ salvation there.

(Our spirits faint ; our sins prevail :
 Leave not our trembling hearts to fail.
 O Thou that hearest prayer, descend,
 And still be found the sinner's Friend.

How blest Thy saints ! how safely led ;
 How surely kept, how richly fed !
 Saviour of all in earth and sea,
 How happy they who rest in Thee !)

Thy hand sets fast the mighty hills,
 Thy voice the troubled ocean stills ;
 Evening and morning hymn Thy praise,
 And earth Thy bounty wide displays.

The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
 Thy clouds drop wealth the world around ;
 Through Thee the deserts laugh and sing,
 And nature smiles and owns her King.

Lord, on our souls Thy influence pour ;
 The moral waste within restore.
 O let Thy love our spring-tide be,
 And make us all bear fruit to Thee.

PSALM LXV. *Second Version.*

GOD of the seasons, come again
 To bless the circling year!
 Give us clear shining after rain,
 And bid the spring appear!

Breathe on this fallen world of ours,
 And wake it into life;
 And send us genial suns and showers,
 For winter's stormy strife.

'Tis Thine to rear the tender crop,
 The wandering flocks to feed;
 And plenteous in Thy footsteps drop
 Supplies for every need.

The year is with Thy goodness crowned,
 The vallies laugh and sing,
 The little hills rejoice around,
 And earth adores her King.

God of the year, while thus the rest
 Thy genial influence share,
 Shine into every wintry breast,
 And make a spring-tide there.

PSALM LXV. *Third Version.**

FOR Thee, O Lord, our constant praise
 In Zion waits, Thy chosen seat;
 Thy promised altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.

O Thou, that to our humble prayer
 Didst ever bend a listening ear,
 To Thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at Thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop Thy flowing mercy try;
 While Thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.

(Blest is the man who, near Thee placed,
 Shall in Thy heavenly presence live!
 And blest are we, allowed to taste
 The joys Thy earthly temples give.)

From light to light, from grace to grace,
 Vouchsafe our faltering steps to bear,
 And lead us up before Thy face,
 To know and praise Thee better there.

PSALM LXVI. *First Version.*

PART FIRST.

YE distant lands, in God rejoice,
 Approach, adore, and sing!
 Revere His name, obey His voice,
 And own Him for your King.

O God of mercy, God of might,
 Soon, soon, let all that be,
 Around Thy glorious throne unite,
 And yield men's hearts to Thee!

Thy wondrous acts to us of old
 Surpass our power to tell ;
 Approach, ye nations, and behold,
 He is your God as well.

O bless the Lord, ye people, bless :
 With us His love proclaim,
 He brought us help in our distress,
 He offers you the same.

PSALM LXVI. *Second Version.*

PART SECOND.

'TIS Thine, O Father, to assign
 To each his needful cross ;
 Our souls by trials to refine,
 And purge away the dross.

We know Thee only good, whate'er
 May be withheld or given ;
 And dare not call the lot severe,
 That helps us on to heaven.

It is not ill, it is not woe,
 That comes from such a Friend.
 Through toils and dangers on we go
 To gladness in the end.

O ye that doubt and suffer, come
 Our bettered state to view ;
 He raised the rod, and drove us home ;
 He means the same to you !

PSALM LXVI. *Third Version.*

PART THIRD.

LOW in Thy holy house
 Before Thee, Lord, I fall :
 Well may I pay Thee thankful vows,
 To whom I owe my all.

O ye that love the Lord,
 Come see His grace to me :
 Before His throne my plaint I poured ;
 He spake, and I was free.

Great Hearer of my prayer,
 My praise Thou now shalt hear.
 O guard me still through every snare !
 O guide me in Thy fear !

I yield my all to Thee,
 Though poor the best I bring.
 Ye saints around, O join with me
 To glorify our King !

PSALM LXVII. *First Version.*

BE merciful to us, O God ;
 Upon Thy people shine ;
 And spread Thy saving truth abroad,
 Till all that live are Thine.

Give light and comfort to Thy own ;
 And O that light extend,
 Till Thy prevailing name is known
 To earth's remotest end.

Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord ;
 Let all their homage bring.
 From sea to sea be Thou adored,
 Redeemer, Judge, and King.

Let all the nations praise Thee, Lord ;
 Then earth her fruits shall give :
 Thy blessing shall on all be poured,
 And all to Thee shall live.

PSALM LXVII. *Second Version.*

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
 Show the brightness of Thy face :
 Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
 Fill Thy Church with light divine ;
 And Thy saving health extend
 Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Be by all that live adored :
 Let the nations shout and sing,
 Glory to their Saviour King ;
 At thy feet their tributes pay,
 And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
 Earth shall then her fruits afford :
 God to man His blessing give,
 Man to God devoted live ;
 All below, and all above,
 One in joy, and light, and love !

PSALM LXVII. *Third Version.*

TO bless Thy chosen race
 In mercy, Lord, incline ;
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all thy saints to shine.

That so Thy wondrous way
 May through the earth be known ;
 Till all that live their tributes pay,
 And Thy salvation own.

O let the nations join
 Their Saviour to proclaim ;
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine
 To praise Thy glorious name.

O let them shout and sing
 In awe and holy mirth,
 Till heaven repeats that God is King,
 And joins the hymns of earth.

PSALM LXVIII. *First Version.*

ARISE, O God : let all Thy foes
 Be scattered and o'erthrown :
 Arise, O God, and interpose
 To shield and save Thine own.

O Thou, the widow's, orphan's Friend,
 The contrite sinner's plea ;
 To Thee we pray, on Thee depend,
 For who can help like Thee ?

In Sinai's wilderness of yore!
 How strong to save wert Thou!
 Protector of our sires before,
 Protect their children now.

The same Thou art in every age,
 As faithful, strong, and true:
 And we are on our pilgrimage;
 O bear us safely through!

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Version.*

THE Son of Man is gone on high;
 He fills His Father's throne again;
 He captive leads captivity,
 And wields the gifts of God for men.

O Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 Of gifts divine the first and best,
 Descend on wings of peace and love,
 And fix Thy home in every breast.

Health, light, and comfort, every good
 That man can wish, or God can lend,
 Are all the purchase of Thy blood;
 Our dying, ever-living Friend!

In life, in death, to Thee we cling;
 To Thee with all our wants we come.
 O keep us here beneath Thy wing!
 O guide us soon and safely home!

PSALM LXVIII. *Third Version.*

RISE, King of glory, rise!
 Resume Thy heavenly throne;
 The vaunting sinner to chastise,
 And bless and save Thy own,
 Haleluiah!
 Shout, ye dumb; ye tremblers, sing;
 Christ, the sinner's Friend, is King.

Through Sinai's wilderness
 He led our sires of old;
 And He is still as prompt to bless,
 As strong to guard His fold.
 Haleluiah!

We are in the desert too;
 Saviour, bear us safely through.

For us He came to die,
 For us He rose again;
 And freely offers now from high
 The gifts He won for men.
 Haleluiah!

Jesus here was might and love;
 Jesus is the same above.

O praise our Saviour King;
 Before Him humbly fall.
 To Him let all their tributes bring,
 Whose bounty flows to all.
 Haleluiah!

Mighty Thou, and happy we,
 Blest and shielded, Lord, by Thee!

PSALM LXIX. *First Version.*

SAVE me Lord, the waters roll
 Loud and threatening on my soul;
 Foes without, and fears within,
 Doubt, temptation, sense, and sin,
 Rush at once on helpless me,
 And I have no friend but Thee.

Lord, I look to Thee alone ;
 All my heart to Thee is known.
 O behold me where I wait
 Knocking at Thy mercy's gate,
 Let no foe of Thine maintain,
 That Thou may'st be sought in vain.

Keen reproach for Thee I bear,
 Still I yield not to despair :
 Still to Thee my spirit flies ;
 Still on Thee my hope relies.
 Blest with Thee, whate'er befall,
 Thou art still my all in all.

Poor and feeble though I be,
 Yet how rich, O Lord, in Thee !
 O Thy great salvation give,
 Send Thy grace, and bid me live.
 Send Thy grace, that all may own,
 Thou art God, and Thou alone !

PSALM LXIX. *Second Version.*

LORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye
 Beneath Thy fatal tree,
 And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,
 And think " what love to me !"

Dwell on the sight; my stony heart,
 Till every pulse within
 Shall into contrite sorrow start,
 And hate the thought of sin.

Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave
 The scoff, the scourge, the gall,
 The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave;
 While I deserved them all?

O help me some return to make,
 To yield my heart to Thee,
 And do and suffer for Thy sake
 As Thou didst then for me!

PSALM LXX.

HASTE, O Lord, my spirit faints;
 Hear my weak, but earnest plea:
 Saviour of Thy trembling saints,
 Haste, O haste to rescue me!

Fierce and many on my soul
 Rush the threatening powers of hell.
 Roll them back, Redeemer, roll
 As the rock the ocean's swell.

Shame, confusion, fear, and grief,
 Visit, Lord, Thy foes alone!
 Light, and comfort, and relief,
 Beam for ever on Thine own!

Help the weak, the fallen raise;
 Fill the meek with joy and love:
 Guide us through this earthly maze;
 Land us safe at last above.

PSALM LXXI. *First Version.*

IN Thee, O Lord, my trust I place ;
 They cannot fail who rest on Thee.
 Thou hast upheld me by Thy grace,
 O to the close my Refuge be !

Brought into life by Thee at first,
 My childhood's Guide, my manhood's
 Friend ;
 By Thee till now sustained and nursed,—
 Why should I doubt Thee to the end ?

The Guardian of my earliest hours,
 The Strengtheners of my feeble frame,
 Will not desert my sinking powers,
 But love and tend me still the same.

Strong in Thy righteousness I stand ;
 On in Thy might I hope to move ;
 And each new blessing from Thy hand
 Shall wake from me new praise and love.

PSALM LXXI. *Second Version.**

WHILE foes on me with envy gaze,
 The Lord supports me still.
 His honour therefore, and His praise
 My mouth shall always fill.

His righteous acts and saving health
 My tongue shall still declare,
 Unable to recount them all,
 Though summed with utmost care.

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

Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
 Employ my cheerful voice.
 My grateful heart, by God redeemed,
 Shall in His light rejoice.

PSALM LXXII.

EXALT, O God, Thy glorious Sun !
 Throughout the world His will be done
 Set up on earth His promised throne ;
 And make all hearts and hands His own !

Soft as the dews from heaven descend,
 He comes, He comes, the sinner's Friend !
 The fall'n to raise, the meek to bless,
 And reign o'er all in righteousness !

As bright and lasting as the sun,
 From sea to sea His sway shall run ;
 Kings to His footstool shall repair.
 And nations find their refuge there.

Prayer to His throne shall daily rise,
 His praises sound through earth and skies ;
 His grace on all that live be poured,
 And all but live to serve the Lord.

Thrice welcome to the King of Kings,
 Who comes with healing in His wings !
 From age to age, from shore to shore,
 His name be praised for evermore !

PSALM LXXIII. *First Version.*

YES, God is righteous, God is good ;
 My soul this truth too long withstood ;
 But ah, I see my error now,
 And at His feet submissive bow.

I saw the vile in triumph drest,
 The good by countless ills oppressed.
 "Is this," I said, "Thy saints' reward ?
 "Is this to serve and trust the Lord ?"

[But when the end of each I viewed,
 It checked at once my murmuring mood ;
 And taught how light all ills must be,
 That lead us, Lord, at last to Thee !]

My God, around me ever stand !
 O guide my steps ! O hold my hand !
 O let Thy grace my wants relieve,
 Thy glory then my soul receive !

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee ?
 On earth is none so dear to me.
 When faints my flesh, when fails my heart,
 Thou, Thou my strength and portion art.

PSALM LXXIII. *Second Version.**

GREAT Source of my being, my Guardian
 and Guide,
 Through guilt and neglect still the same at
 my side,

My soul on Thy mercy through life would
depend,
And love Thee and trust Thee the same to
the end.

The hand that has borne me so well through
the past
Can lead me on safely to glory at last ;
Through life's daily changes on Thee I re-
pose,
For Thou art unchanging in love to the close.
O what is in heaven with Thee to compare ?
'Twould lose all its brightness if Thou wert
not there.
Or what were this earth with its fairest and
best,
If Thou didst not lend them a relish and zest ?
My spirit all weakness, my nature all sin ;
With little to rest on without and within,
'Tis sweet to look up to a Helper divine.
O what can I want, while the Saviour is
mine ?

PSALM LXXIII. *Third Version.**

LORD, Thou art good : I know it well.
To Thee alone the praise is due.
If I have stood while others fell,
It is Thy grace has borne me through.
Thy presence still my strength supplied,
Thy hand did every want relieve.
Thy counsel to the end will guide,
Thy glory then my soul receive.

Whom, Lord, in heaven, but Thee alone,
 Have I whose favour I require?
 Throughout the wide world there is none
 That I before Thee could desire.

My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
 May often fail to succour me;
 But Thou wilt inward strength impart,
 And my eternal Portion be.

PSALM LXXIV. *First Version.*

CAST not, O Lord, Thy Church away!
 Cease not Thy people to befriend!
 Thou hast been Britain's Guide and Stay;
 O bless and shield her to the end.

The walls wherein Thou long hast dwelt,
 The hallowed house of praise and prayer,
 Still let Thy presence there be felt,
 Still shed Thy choicest blessings there.

Unnumbered foes upon us press;
 But, Lord, we look through all to Thee.
 We think of Sinai's wilderness,
 We think of Egypt's traversed sea.

(Thy wonders round us daily stand,
 The world Thy glory wide displays:
 Suns rise and set by Thy command,
 And seasons roll Thy varying praise.)

O Saviour of Thy Church of old,
 Our Guide through every former ill,
 Forsake not now Thy suffering fold,
 But guard, and guide, and save us still.

PSALM LXXIV. *Second Version.*

OF every earthly stay bereft,
Beset by many an ill,
One hope, one precious hope, is left,
The Lord is faithful still.

His Church through every past alarm
In Him has found a Friend.
And, Lord, on Thine Almighty arm
We now for all depend.

[Thy mercies hourly round us shine,
The world Thy power displays ;
The day is Thine, the night is Thine,
The seasons roll Thy praise.]

Thy holy covenant shall stand
For ages bright and sure.
And tell us God is still at hand
To shield, to save, to cure.

On Thee, O Lord, our hopes recline ;
O still Thy comforts give.
Defeat our enemies and Thine,
And bid Thy tremblers live !

PSALM LXXV.

LORD, at Thy feet our thanks we pay,
For all Thy love has borne and done,
For all Thy mercies day by day,
And most of all for Christ Thy Son.

The world beneath her load of sin
 In hopeless, helpless ruin lay ;
 When He, the Lord of life, stepped in,
 And snatched from death and hell the prey.

Be humbled then, ye sons of pride ;
 Rest in His merits, not your own :
 Cast every feebler prop aside,
 And look for all to Christ alone.

'Tis Thine, O Lord, to judge and save ;
 We live or die by Thy decree ;
 Whate'er beside we want or have,
 Lord, we are rich, if found in Thee.

PSALM LXXVI.

GOD in His Church is known,
 His name is glorious there ;
 He there sets up His earthly throne,
 And hears His people's prayer.

The Powers of death and hell
 In vain her peace oppose ;
 A word of His the storm can quell,
 And scatter all her foes.

The Lord to judgment came ;
 Earth trembled and was still.
 'Tis His, 'tis His, the proud to tame,
 And shield the meek from ill.

The fury of His foes
 Fulfils but His decree.
 Ye saints, on Him your hopes repose,
 And He your strength will be.

PSALM LXXVII. *First Version.*

HEAR, O Lord, our supplications,
 Look upon our soul's distress ;
 On through trials and temptations,
 To Thy sheltering side we press.
 Friend of sinners,
 Hear our prayer, O hear and bless !

Musing on Thy grace and favour
 Through so many years gone by,
 " Can the Lord cast off for ever ?
 " Can His mercies fail ?" we cry.
 " He hath blessed us ?
 " Can the fount of love run dry ?"

No ! it is our own delusion ;
 God must still the same abide.
 Contradiction or confusion
 Cannot, Lord, in Thee reside.
 Thou hast promised !
 In that promise we confide.

By Thy many ancient wonders,
 By Thy deeds in Egypt's sea,
 Canaan's conquest, Sinai's thunders,
 Lord, our God, we trust in Thee.
 Israel's Shepherd,
 Still Thy people's Guardian be !

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Version.*

LORD, Thou hast ever heard my cry ;
 To Thee in trouble now I fly :
 To Thee pour out my secret pain ;
 O shall I seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

For Thee I sigh the livelong night,
 For Thee I look at morning light ;
 Ah, morning dawns not, Lord, on me,
 'Till blest by one bright smile from Thee.

Can sovereign Mercy cease to love ?
 Can Truth eternal faithless prove ?
 No, Lord, it is my faithless heart,
 That cannot read Thee as Thou art.

O help my musing eye to trace
 Thy works of providence and grace !
 What to Thy Israel once wert Thou !
 What to Thy suffering people now !

The waters saw Thee then, and fled ;
 Earth heard Thy voice, and shook with
 dread :

And still Thou walk'st the troubled wave,
 As prompt to help, as strong to save.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HOW good, how faithful, Lord, art Thou !
 How false and stubborn we !

O teach us at Thy feet to bow,
 And yield our all to Thee.

Our fathers at their darkest hours
 From Thee found strong relief ;
 O let their mercies, Lord, be ours,
 But not their unbelief !

The rocks were cleft their thirst to slake;
 The skies rained down their food;
 And still Thy word they daily brake,
 And still Thy will withstood.

The same kind Father, Lord, Thou art;
 The same dark rebels we:
 O touch with grace each erring heart,
 And win us all to Thee.

PSALM LXXIX.

LOW in the dust, O Lord, we lie,
 O'erwhelmed beneath Thy chastening rod;
 Yet to Thy throne we humbly cry,
 Yet look for all to God, our God!

How long shall we Thy succour crave,
 And Thou refuse Thy grace divine?
 Arise Thy suffering Church to save,
 And scatter all her foes and Thine!

Our past neglects no more reprove,
 Our countless sins forget, forgive;
 Shine forth once more a God of love;
 Break off our bonds, and bid us live.

Accept the captive's lonely plea;
 The contrite sinner's hopes restore.
 Be Thine to guide, to guard, to free;
 Be ours to praise Thee evermore.

PSALM LXXX. *First Version.*

SHEPHERD of Israel, God of grace,
 Thy saving health display.
 Shine from Thy holy dwelling-place,
 And turn our night to day!

Shine on our inward darkness, shine;
 Convert our hearts to Thee.
 We cast us on Thy grace divine;
 Arise, and set us free,

Beneath Thy chastening frown we pine,
 And seem to sue in vain.
 Shine on our souls, blest Spirit, shine,
 And all will smile again.

From light to light, from grace to grace,
 O bid us onward move;
 Till we behold Thy glorious face
 Without a cloud above.

PSALM LXXX. *First Version.*

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
 Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear:
 Thou that doth now Thy glory hide,
 Forth from Thy holy place appear.

Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
 The brightness of Thy face display;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

O Thou whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
 How long Thy suffering people pray,
 And to their prayers have no return?

Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
 The brightness of Thy face display;
 And all the ills we suffer now,
 Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI.

SING to the Lord our might;
 With holy fervour sing!
 Let hearts and instruments unite
 To praise our heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
 And this His festal day,
 When He accepts the humblest vows
 That we sincerely pay.

The sabbath to our sires
 In mercy first was given;
 The Church her sabbaths still requires,
 To speed her on to heaven.

We still like them of old
 Are in the wilderness;
 And God is still as near His fold,
 To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
 Our mouths for Him to fill :
 And He that Israel then supplied,
 Will help His Israel still.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD is the Judge, and God alone ;
 He marks us from His heavenly throne ;
 He destines with unerring skill,
 And works unmoved His sovereign will.

How long, frail man, wilt Thou presume
 To place thee in thy Maker's room ?
 And judge and doom without dismay
 Thy fellow-creatures of a day ?

From God would'st thou compassion claim,
 To erring man show thou the same.
 To mildest judgments still be prone,
 And spare all errors, but thy own.

Arise, O God ! judge Thou the earth ;
 Assert the claims of injured worth ;
 Put down the boast of sinful men,
 And make all hearts Thine own again.

PSALM LXXXIII.

ASSERT Thy claims, O God !
 Arouse Thy slumbering powers !
 And crush beneath Thy conquering rod
 Thy enemies and ours.

The crafty and the strong
 Conspire 'gainst Thee and Thine.
 O shield Thy hidden ones from wrong,
 And blast their foes' design.

O let the same right arm,
 That helped our sires of yore,
 Preserve Thy people still from harm,
 And their faint hopes restore.

Let Thy prevailing name
 Throughout the earth be known ;
 Put Satan and his hosts to shame,
 And glorify Thy own.

PSALM LXXXIV. *First Version.*

THY earthly dwellings, Lord, are fair,
 More fair Thy courts above.
 When shall I rise, and banquet there
 On Thy eternal love ?

[Happy the birds that round Thy shrine
 Can daily sing and roam !
 I with their songs would mingle mine,
 And choose with them my home.]

'Tis sweet into Thy house to come,
 And all Thy mercies trace ;
 Within Thy arms to find a home,
 And see Thee face to face.

[The spirit thus from strength to strength,
From light to light; shall move;
Till earthly trials end at length
In joy and praise above.]

O happy seasons, spent with Thee
Within Thy house of prayer!
I'd rather there a servant be,
Than reign a king elsewhere.

The Lord will grace and glory give;
A sun and shield is He.
How happy, Lord, how safe they live,
Who trust their all to Thee!

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Version.*

PLEASANT are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe !
 Waters in the desert rise,
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength,
 Till they reach Thy throne at length ;
 At Thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.
 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by Thy saving grace ;
 Give me at Thy side a place.
 Sun and shield alike Thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart :
 Grace and glory flow from Thee ;
 Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me !

PSALM LXXXIV. *Third Version.*

O LORD, how lovely is the place,
 Where saints adore Thy name !
 I long to stand before Thy face ;
 And pay my vows with them.
 I envy, Lord, the birds that can
 To Thy blest shrine repair.
 I envy more the favoured man,
 Who makes his dwelling there.
 From grace to grace, from strength to
 strength,
 He on securely goes ;
 Till, gathered safe to Thee at length,
 No wish or want he knows.

Lord give me in Thy house a place ;
 My sun and buckler be :
 And lead and feed me by Thy grace,
 Till I Thy glory see !

PSALM LXXXIV. *Fourth Version.* *

O GOD of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where Thou enthroned in glory show'st
 The brightness of Thy face !

My longing soul faints with desire
 To view Thy blest abode ;
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For Thee the living God.

For in Thy courts one single day
 'Tis better to attend,
 Than, Lord, in any court beside
 A thousand days to spend.

O God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How highly blest is he,
 Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
 Is still reposed on Thee !

PSALM LXXXV. *First Version.*

LORD, Thou hast set Thy people free ;
 A brighter day begins ;
 And mercy, flowing full from Thee,
 Has covered all their sins.

[Thy anger, Lord, is turned to love;
 O turn our natures too;
 A blest revival let us prove,
 And health and joy renew.]

Thy full salvation bid us see;
 Thy perfect peace restore;
 And bind our souls with love, that we
 May ne'er desert Thee more.

The Gospel sounds. The Lord descends.
 The sinner's fears may cease.
 Mercy and truth have met as friends,
 And justice kisses peace.

Beneath Messiah's golden reign
 May all be soon restored;
 The Lord with man abide again,
 And man adore the Lord.

PSALM LXXXV. *Second Version.*

LORD, Thou art love divine!
 I yield my heart to Thee!
 Fetters and darkness long were mine;
 But grace has set me free.

The Saviour's blood is spilt;
 The day of mercy come:
 And to His cross from shame and guilt
 I flee, and find a home.

Thy work, O Lord, complete ;
 Thy daily grace impart.
 Direct aright my wandering feet ;
 Upstay my sinking heart.

Still let me onward move,
 Rejoicing more and more ;
 Till I behold Thy face above,
 And at Thy feet adore.

PSALM LXXXV. *Third Version.*

WHEN hope is low, and faith is weak,
 And earthly comforts fail to move,
 How good to hear a Father speak !
 How sweet to scan a Saviour's love !

It points me to the mighty plan,
 Matured through countless years on high,
 Brought down by Christ to fallen man,
 And finished, when He deigned to die.

O rich resource ! O plenteous grace !
 So sure, so constant, full, and free !
 Here righteousness and peace embrace,
 And heavenly truth and love agree.

Here let me sit beneath the cross ;
 Here lay my sins and sorrows down :
 And think how light each earthly loss,
 When poised with an eternal crown.

PSALM LXXXVI. *First Version.*

THY gracious ear, O Lord, incline;
 Our Help and Refuge be:
 Preserve our souls, for they are Thine,
 And look for all to Thee.

To Thee we lift our daily prayer.
 O shall we pray in vain?
 Thou hast redeemed us from despair;
 Descend and save again.

[Who is like Thee, the wise, the just?
 Your King, ye nations, own!
 All-good Thou art, and good Thou dost;
 Thou, Thou art God alone.]

Our hearts to Thee in love unite;
 Our mouths with praises fill.
 Direct our wandering steps aright,
 And form us to Thy will.

Plenteous in grace and truth Thou art;
 On us that grace outpour:
 And seal and fix each erring heart
 Thine own for evermore.

PSALM LXXXVI. *Second Version.**

TO my complaint, O Lord, my God,
 Thy gracious ear incline.
 Hear me distressed, and destitute
 Of all relief but Thine.

Teach me, O Lord, Thy way, and I,
 From thence shall ne'er depart.
 In reverence on Thy holy name
 Devoutly fix my heart.

[Thee will I praise, my King, my God ;
 O make that praise sincere.
 And to Thyself within my heart
 Eternal trophies rear]

Thy boundless mercies, Lord, to me
 Surpass my power to tell ;
 Blest as I am, and crowned by Thee,
 And saved from depths of hell.

O still the same Almighty arm
 To my assistance bring,
 Of patience, mercy, truth, and grace
 Thou everlasting Spring !

PSALM LXXXVII.

THE Church of God below
 Is like His Church above,
 Safe shielded from her every foe
 By heavenly power and love.

On high and holy ground
 Her deep foundations rest ;
 And God within her courts is found
 An omnipresent Guest.

He loves her sacred gates,
 Her solemn praise and prayer;
 And none that humbly on Him waits,
 Shall fail to find Him there.

[The Church of God below
 Shall yet more honoured be;
 The nations to her side shall flow,
 The world her glories see.]

O blest and favoured men,
 That in her courts are born!
 Their life but sets to rise again
 In heaven's eternal morn.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

LORD God of my salvation,
 To Thee, to Thee I cry;
 O let my supplication
 Arrest Thine ear on high.
 Distresses round me thicken,
 My life draws nigh the grave;
 Descend, O Lord, to quicken,
 Descend my soul to save.
 Thy wrath lies hard upon me,
 Thy billows o'er me roll,
 My friends all seem to shun me,
 And foes beset my soul.
 Where'er on earth I turn me,
 No comforter is near.
 Wilt Thou too, Father, spurn me?
 Wilt Thou refuse to hear?

No ! banished and heart-broken

My soul still clings to Thee ;

The promise Thou hast spoken

Shall still my refuge be :

So present ills and terrors

May future joy increase,

And scourge me from my errors

To duty, hope, and peace.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Version.*

THE mercies of my God and King

My tongue shall still pursue :

O happy they who, while they sing

Those mercies, share them too !

[As bright and lasting as the sun,

As lofty as the sky,

From age to age Thy truth shall run,

And chance and change defy.]

The covenant of the King of kings

Shall stand for ever sure ;

And 'neath the shadow of Thy wings

Thy saints repose secure.

Thine is the earth, and Thine the skies,

Created at Thy will :

The waves at Thy command arise,

At Thy command are still.

In earth below, in heaven above,

Who, who is Lord like Thee ?

O spread the gospel of Thy love

Till all Thy glories see.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Second Version.*

O HOW blest the congregation,
 Who the gospel know and prize,
 Joyful tidings of salvation
 Brought by Jesus from the skies!
 He is near them,
 Knows their wants, and hears their cries.

In His name rejoicing ever,
 Walking in His light and love,
 And foretasting, in His favour,
 Something here of bliss above ;
 Happy people !
 Who shall harm them ? what shall move ?

In His righteousness exalted,
 On from strength to strength they go ;
 By ten thousand ills assaulted,
 Yet preserved from every foe.
 On to glory
 Safe they speed through all below.

God will keep His own anointed :
 Nought shall harm them, none condemn.
 All their trials are appointed,
 All must work for good to them.
 All shall help them
 To their heavenly diadem.

PSALM LXXXIX. *Third Version.**

THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell ;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never-failing truth shall tell,

For such stupendous love as Thine
 I ne'er can pay the half I owe.
 Help me, ye angel-choirs divine !
 O help me, all ye saints below !

The heavens are Thine, the earth is Thine,
 The wonders of Thy mighty hand :
 And all that round Thee breathe and shine
 Obey Thine infinite command.

[Thou dost the lawless sea control,
 And check and charge the restless deep ;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.]

Thy arm is strong, Thy hand is high ;
 Justice and judgment round Thee wait.
 And who can better tell than I,
 Thou art as good as Thou art great !

PSALM XC. *First Version.*

O GOD of glory, God of grace,
 From age to age our dwelling-place,
 Before Thy throne we bow.
 Ere the vast mountains rose of yore,
 When they and earth shall be no more,
 The same, O Lord, art Thou.

Man's generations rise and pass
 Like morning flowers, or summer grass,
 The creatures of Thy breath,
 Our life runs onward like a stream;
 We come and vanish as a dream,
 The prey of sin and death.

Unnumbered ills beset our path,
 Our days are darkened 'neath Thy wrath;
 And yet how heedless we!
 O touch with grace each erring heart,
 True wisdom to each soul impart,
 And win us all to Thee.

We sink, we perish 'neath Thy frown:
 O send Thy healing mercy down
 To light our coming years.
 Then be they many, be they few,
 Thy grace will bear us safely through
 Beyond the reach of tears.

PSALM XC. *Second Version.*

THOU art, Thou wert, O Lord,
 Long ere the mountains had their birth,
 Long ere at Thy creative word
 Uprose this breathing earth.

Man, like a summer flower,
 Lives through His little varied day,
 The slender creature of an hour,
 That blossoms to decay.

This truth O make us see !
 O bid us, Lord, be timely wise,
 And seek a Saviour, seek from Thee
 The life that never dies !

Forgive us every sin ;
 Fill our dark souls with joy and light ;
 And let that glorious day begin
 That never sinks in night,

PSALM XCI. *First Version.*

THERE is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the Wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;—
 O be that refuge mine !

The least and feeblest there may bide
 Uninjured and unawed ;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God.

[The angels watch him on his way,
 And aid with friendly arm ;
 And Satan roaring for his prey
 May hate, but cannot harm.]

He feeds in pastures large and fair
 Of love and truth divine.
 O child of God, O Glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine !

A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all !

PSALM XCI. *Second Version.*

O HOW safe, how happy he,
 Lord of Hosts, who dwells with Thee !
 Sheltered 'neath Almighty wings
 Guarded by the King of kings !
 Thou my hope, my refuge art ;
 Touch with grace my rebel heart ;
 Draw me home into Thy breast ;
 Give me there eternal rest !

Many are the ills and foes
 Which the child of God inclose ;
 Plagues that walk the sullen night,
 Shafts that fly in noonday light.
 Here his snares the Fowler plies,
 There the world's pollution tries.
 Lord, while thousands round me fall,
 Help, and I am safe from all.

How to him should evil come,
 Who has found in Thee a home ?
 Angels round him take their stand,
 Guide him with unerring hand !
 Safe he speeds his conquering way.
 Where the lion lurks to slay ;
 Treads the crested dragon down,
 Hasting to his heavenly crown.

Hark the voice o. Love divine!
 "Fear not, trembler, thou art mine!
 "Fear not, I am at thy side,
 "Strong to succour, sure to guide.
 "Call on me in want or woe,
 "I will keep thee here below;
 "And, thy day of conflict past,
 "Bear thee to myself at last!"

PSALM XCII. *First Version.*

LORD 'tis a pleasant thing to raise
 Our hearts to Thee above;
 In morning's ear to sound Thy praise,
 And tell the night Thy love.

Morning and night new mercies show;
 O might our gratitude
 To Thee as warmly, freely flow,
 As Thou to us art good.

Thy works are vast, Thy counsels high
 Beyond our power to scan.
 The summer grass, that springs to die,
 Is not more frail than man.

But Thou Most High, art still the same;
 And worthless though we be,
 We hope, when sinners sink to shame,
 To rise and reign with Thee.

PSALM XCII. *Second Version.*

GOOD it is to praise the Lord,
 Good His holy name to bless;
 Morn His mercies shall record,
 Night shall hear His faithfulness:
 Great has been His love to me;
 O that mine might equal be!

Wake, my soul, with all thy powers,
 Speak His wondrous works and ways;
 Say how great a God is ours,
 Fill creation with His praise;
 Put the world around to shame,
 Till they love and sing the same.

How should they their homage give,
 Who His grace have never known?
 How should they before Him live,
 Who must live His foes alone?
 But the children of our King,
 They are blest, and they should sing.

Sinners in their pride shall fall,
 Saints shall higher rise and shine,
 Planted by the Lord of all,
 Watered by His grace divine,
 Monuments of truth and love
 In His courts below, above!

PSALM XCIII. *First Version.*

HIGH above created things
 Reigns the glorious King of kings,
 Seated in approachless light,
 Self-arrayed in awe and might.

Everlasting is His throne ;
 Heaven and earth are all His own,
 Fashioned by His wondrous hand,
 Subject to His strong command.

Ocean lifts his voice on high ;
 Angry waves assault the sky.
 Calmly o'er them sits the Lord,
 And controls them by His word.

Midst the roarings of the sea
 Sweet it is to Him to flee.
 He is faithful, He is near ;
 Wherefore should His people fear ?

PSALM XCIII. *Second Version.*

THE Lord is on His throne again,
 The Lord who came to die for men,
 His earthly scorns and trials past,
 And heaven's full joy restored at last.

He clothes Himself with holy light,
 Wields in His hands eternal might ;
 The nations tremble at His rod,
 And conscious earth adores her God.

Hark, the deep winds lift up their voice,
 Far 'neath His feet the waves rejoice;
 The elements are in His hands,
 And rest or rage as He commands.

More fierce and restless, Lord, than they
 Man's passions too Thy word obey:
 'Tis Thine to temper and control
 The inward workings of the soul.

Breathe on this world of sin and sense,
 O breathe Thy holiest influence:
 Bid passion's angry tumults cease,
 And reign o'er all the Prince of Peace.

PSALM XCIV.

O GOD of glory, wake!
 O Judge of earth arise!
 Our foes amidst their triumphs check,
 And hear Thy people's cries.

We know Thy chastening rod
 Is not upraised to slay;
 And thank Thee for the strokes, O God,
 That keep us in Thy way.

Our hearts are wild and vain;
 But Thou art good and wise:
 And all Thou giv'st of ill and pain
 Is blessing in disguise.

[Thou wilt not cast aside
 The people of Thy love;
 But through the waves Thine ark wilt guide.
 And land us safe above.]

Lord, Thou hast been our Stay
 Through years of trial past;
 And Thou wilt help us all the way
 To Thee and heaven at last.

PSALM XCV. *First Version.*

COME, let us to Jehovah raise
 Our hearts and voices high;
 Resounding back their love and praise
 To angels in the sky.

Before Him let us daily come,
 Our daily debt to pay:
 To look on to a heavenly home,
 And serve Him by the way.

The God of gods Jehovah is,
 Before Him let us fall.
 The sea is His, the land is His:
 He made and loves us all.

Come let us to His voice attend,
 And for His blessing pray.
 He is our Father, Guide, and Friend,
 O prove Him such to-day.

PSALM XCV. *Second Version.*

COME to His presence with song and with
love,

Praise Him on earth as the angels above.
The King of Salvation, O let us adore Him,
With hearts and with voices our gratitude
show.

Ourselves and our all let us lay down before
Him ;

They cannot repay Him the half that we owe,
Come to His presence with song and with
love,

Praise Him on earth as the angels above.

Come to His presence, Jehovah is great :
The armies of glory around Him await.
He speaks, and the universe trembles to hear
Him ;

The mighty creation arose at His call.
O come to His footstool ; fall down and re-
vere Him,

The Maker, Upholder, and Ruler of all.
Come to His presence with song and with
love,

Praise Him on earth as the angels above.

Come to His presence, Jehovah is good,
His wing is our shelter, His word is our
food.

O come where His gospel still sweetly is
 flowing;
 O come where His people are heard when
 they pray.
 Approach Him with feelings all tender and
 glowing,
 And taste the full joys of His temple to-day.
 Come to His presence with song and with
 love;
 Praise Him on earth as the angels above.

PSALM XCV. *Third Version.**

O COME, loud anthems let us raise;
 Tune every heart to thankful praise;
 For heart and voice we well may bring
 To magnify salvation's King.

O let us to His courts repair,
 And humbly bow before Him there,
 Upon His name devoutly call,
 And yield to Him ourselves, our all.

Into His presence let us haste,
 To thank Him for His mercies past.
 To Him our joyful songs address,
 And ask Him still our souls to bless.

He is our God; our Shepherd He,
 His flock and pasture sheep are we,
 O hear his word, His grace adore;
 O praise Him, serve Him evermore!

PSALM XCVI. *First Version.*

SING to the Lord, His praises sound;
 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains;
 Spread the triumphant tidings round,
 And tell the world her Saviour reigns.

Your worthless gods, vain men, forego,
 And give the God of gods His due,
 Your songs, your hearts, your all bestow;
 On Him, who gave Himself for you.

The Lord is good, the Lord is great:
 How good, how great, what tongue can tell:
 Glory and grandeur round Him wait,
 And lo! He comes with man to dwell.

Let heaven be glad, let earth rejoice;
 Let rocks make answer to the wave.
 Woods, hills, and vales, find all a voice
 For Him, who comes to bless and save!

PSALM XCVI. *Second Version.*

SING to the risen Lord!
 A new glad anthem sing!
 Let earth to heaven her joy record,
 And say that Christ is King:

[Proclaim it wide around,
 His saving grace proclaim,
 That all who live may hear the sound,
 And love and praise the same.]

Come to His holy seat,
 Before Him humbly fall :
 Adore, ye nations, at His feet,
 And own Him Lord of all.

O Holy, Good, and Great,
 Beyond our power to scan,
 Sublimèr honours on Thee wait,
 Than spring from dying man.

Let all in heaven rejoice,
 Let all creation sing ;
 Seas, mountains, woods, all find a voice,
 To say that Christ is King.

PSALM XCVI. *Third Version.**

SING to the Lord a new made song ;
 Let all in one assembled throng
 The great Jehovah's might resound.
 Sing to the Lord, and bless His name :
 From day to day His praise proclaim,
 And spread His glories wide around.
 To heathen lands His works rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

Tell the wide world Jehovah reigns,
 Whose power alone that world sustains,
 Whose mercy will its fall restore.
 Let heaven its lofty joy confess,
 And heavenly mirth let earth express,
 Its loud applause let ocean roar.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for His triumphs find a voice.

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring,
Hills, rocks, and plains, all nature, wake.
He comes, He comes, mankind to bless,
He comes in truth and righteousness,
His empire o'er this earth to take.
Through Him we live, on Him we call:
Hail, glorious, gracious Lord of all!

PSALM XCVII. *First Version.*

THE Lord is King, let earth be glad.
He comes in heavenly glory clad,
To fix in human hearts His throne,
And make the mighty world His own.

Darkness and clouds around Him move,
Himself is everlasting love.
Ye heathen, at His footstool fall!
Ye gods, adore the God of all!

Rejoice, ye saints; the King of kings
Appears with healing in His wings.
Rejoice, your Saviour God to view;
He brings but hope and peace to you.

O follow good, and evil flee;
His presence then your joy shall be.
Light for His people here is sown;
The full fruit reaped in heaven alone.

PSALM XCVII. *Second Version.*

THE Lord is on His throne on high ;
 Let all the world adore Him !
 The clouds and tempests of the sky
 Frown dark and solemn o'er Him.
 Wide from His hand the lightnings fly ;
 Earth trembling feels her Maker nigh,
 And bows in awe before Him.

Behold your God, behold and own,
 Ye dark and senseless nations,
 That long to gods of wood and stone
 Have raised your supplications !
 Ye gods, fall down like Dagon prone,
 And to the God of gods alone,
 Yield now your adorations !

He reigns His people's hearts to cheer,
 He reigns their bonds to sever.
 Long have they sought to serve Him here,
 Though vain their best endeavour.
 Now God, their Saviour God, is near,
 To bear them high from toil and tear,
 To light and joy for ever.

PSALM XCVIII. *First Version.*

SING to the Lord; his triumphs tell;
 Let all to Jesus sing.
 Crushed are the Powers of death and hell,
 And Christ alone is King.

Sound forth the gospel ; sound
 His saving name abroad ;
 Till every sinking heart shall bound,
 And own a present God !

Sing to the Lord, thou fallen world,
 Be joyful and adore :
 The curse from off thy head is hurled,
 Thy fields shall mourn no more.

Awake, ye saints ; let every voice
 And heart its tribute bring.
 Seas, woods, and hills, rejoice, rejoice,
 And say that Christ is King !

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Version.*

THE Lord of heaven to earth is come,
 The Lord expected long :
 Let every heart prepare a home,
 And every voice a song.

He comes to free the fettered slaves,
 Their haughty foes to bind.
 Salvation in His banner waves,
 And waves for all mankind.

The sinner finds a Saviour now,
 His trembling Church a King.
 Ye heathen, at His footstool bow ;
 Believe, adore, and sing !

Exult, ye lame ! behold, ye blind !
 Break forth in song, ye dumb !
 Seas, woods, and mountains, voices find,
 And shout, " the Lord is come !"

PSALM XCIX.

JEHOVAH reigns, enthroned in state ;
 Ten thousand angels round Him wait,
 To bless or scourge at His award.
 Tremble, thou earth, before thy Lord !

High o'er this little world of sin
 He sits, and orders all therein.
 Ye nations, own with one accord
 The holy, holy, holy Lord !

Jehovah reigns, He loves the right ;
 And sin with judgment will requite.
 But ah, His people can declare
 How well He hears contrition's prayer.

O Wise, and Good ! Thou canst, Thou wilt,
 The guilty spare, and slay the guilt.
 Let heart and voice with one accord
 Adore the holy, holy Lord !

PSALM C. *First Version.*

WITH humble love, and holy fear,
 Ye nations, to your God draw near :
 Surround His throne in joyful throngs,
 And give Him service, give Him songs !

The God of gods, Jehovah is ;
 He made us all, and we are His ;
 His favoured flock, His pasture sheep,
 Whom He has called, and He will keep.

Approach His courts with joy to-day ;
 Before His shrine your homage pay ;
 His gospel hear, His grace entreat ;
 And lay your all down at His feet.

The Lord is good ; His mercies flow
 As wide as human want and woe.
 O might our grateful homage prove
 As large and lasting as His love.

PSALM C. *Second Version.*

LET all the world in joyful throngs
 Approach Jehovah's throne ;
 To Him pour out their hearts and songs,
 And live to Him alone.

Come to His foot, ye nations, come !
 Come, own your God and King !
 Come find a safe and happy home
 Beneath His spacious wing !

A word of His has made us all ;
 We are His constant care.
 Down in His presence let us fall ;
 And praise Him daily there.

The Lord is good, the sinner's Friend ;
Eternal is His word.

His grace and truth shall never end ;
Let all adore the Lord.

PSALM C. *Third Version.**

WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise ;
Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
And sing before Him songs of praise.

Convinced that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We whom He chooses for His own,
The flock whom He vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then His temple gate !
Thence to His courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat ;
And still His name with praises bless !

For He's the Lord supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which still has firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C. *Fourth Version.**

ALL people who on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.
Him serve with fear ; His praise forth tell ;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
 Without our aid He did us make;
 We are His flock: He doth us feed;
 And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto;
 Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good;
 His mercy is for ever sure:
 His truth at all times firmly stood;
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. *Fifth Version.*

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 formed us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to His fold again.

We'll crowd 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.

Wide as the world is Thy command ;
 Vast as eternity Thy love ;
 Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI.

I SING of judgment and of grace,
 And, Lord, to Thee my song address.
 I tell Thee what I fain would be ;
 The change, I know, must spring from Thee.

Blest Spirit, in my heart abide !
 O'er every thought and step preside !
 And bid me walk in peace and love
 With men on earth, with God above.

O keep me safe from Satan's snare !
 O make me of the world beware !
 Nor let me choose my friends from those
 That are my kind Redeemer's foes.

The froward heart, the haughty eye,
 The slanderous tongue be mine to fly,
 Those whom Thou lovest I would love ;
 And dwell with them below, above.

PSALM CII. *First Version.**

WHEN earthly joys glide fast away,
 When hopes and comforts flee,
 When foes oppress, and friends betray,
 I turn, my God, to Thee.

Thy nature, Lord, no change can know,
 Thy promise still is sure ;
 And ills can ne'er so hopeless grow,
 But Thou canst find a cure.

Deliverance comes most bright and blest,
 At danger's darkest hour ;
 And man's extremity is best,
 To prove Almighty power.

High as Thou art, Thou still art near,
 When suppliants succour crave :
 And as Thine ear is swift to hear,
 Thine arm is strong to save.

PSALM CII. *Second Version.*

IT comes, the awful hour
 Of darkness and despair !
 I feel, I feel, the Tempter's power,
 And flee for aid to prayer.

Frail nature sinks apace ;
 My soul draws nigh the grave ;
 Arise, Almighty God of grace,
 Arise to help and save.

Before Thy feet I bow,
 Beneath Thy wings I fly
 All faint and desolate, but Thou
 Wilt not disdain my cry.

Love is Thy holy name,
 The trembling sinner's plea ;
 And love, eternally the same,
 Shall raise and rescue me.

PSALM CIII. *First Version.*

ADORE, my soul, the Lord,
 Adore His holy name ;
 His love to Thee record,
 And try to love the same.
 Life, health, and hope to thee He gave.
 He lives to bless ; He died to save.

The Lord His people loves ;
 The Lord His people tries :
 His anger slowly moves ;
 His willing mercy flies.
 He gives us, not what we might dread,
 But what His grace suggests instead.

Survey yon spacious sky,
 Its silent glories scan ;
 So wide, so vast, so high,
 The love of God to man.
 Far as the east from west appears,
 He drives from us our sins and fears.

He sees with Father's eye ;
 He knows His creature's frame,
 He hears His feeble cry,
 And thinks from whence he came ;

A child of dust, a summer flower,
That blooms, and fades within an hour.

Ye angels, praise the Lord,
For ye in strength excel:

Ye hear and do His word,
And in His presence dwell.

Ye works of His below, above,
Join with my soul in praise and love.

PSALM CIII. *Second Version.*

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring!

Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?

Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress!

Praise Him still the same for ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless!

Praise Him! praise Him,
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Fatherlike He tends and spares us;
Well our feeble frame He knows.

In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes.

Praise Him! praise Him,
Widely as His mercy flows!

[Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
 Blows the wind, and it is gone.
 But while mortals rise and perish,
 God endures unchanging on.
 Praise Him! praise Him!
 Praise the high eternal One!]

Angels, help us to adore Him;
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him;
 Dwellers all in time and space,
 Praise Him! praise Him!
 Praise with us the God of grace!

PSALM CIII. *Third Version.*

PART FIRST.

AWAKE, my soul, awake and sing
 The praises of thy God and King;
 His thousand benefits recal;
 Awake, my soul, and sing them all!
 My heart, my heart, begin the song;
 My tongue resound it loud and long;
 And all within me join the lays,
 That speak my Benefactor's praise!

Awake, my soul, awake, and sing
 The praises of thy God and King;
 Who raised thee hopeless from the grave,
 And freely all thy guilt forgave;

New health bestowed, new food supplies;
 With daily bounty from the skies:
 Lends more than eagle's eye and wing;
 Awake my soul, His praise to sing!

The Lord subdues the tyrant's arm,
 And shields His own from every harm.
 Long favoured Israel may declare
 How well He hears His people's prayer.
 To melting mercy God is prone;
 His wrath is slow, and quickly gone:
 Our crimes He doth not strictly view;
 Nor sternly bid us take our due.

High is yon azure heaven above;
 But not so high as heavenly love.
 'Tis far from east to yonder west;
 Our sins from us are farther cast.
 A father looks not half so mild
 As God upon his wayward child:
 He knows His creature nought but dust;
 And loves to shew Him more than just.

PSALM CIII. *Fourth Version.*

PART SECOND.

BEHOLD yon flower; it springs; it blooms,
 And wide the morning air perfumes;
 A sudden cloud comes o'er the skies;
 The blast descends; the floweret dies.

Such, such is man ; so bright his bloom ;
 So soon he hastens to the tomb ;
 The creature of a summer day,
 That springs, and blows, and fades away.

Not so his God. Unmoved is He,
 While worlds dissolve, and ages flee ;
 And as unmoved His promise stands,
 To all that keep His high commands.
 That build their hopes on grace alone,
 And make Almighty strength their own.
 They, when all else shall fail or flee,
 They, Lord, shall rise and reign with Thee.

Praise Him, ye angels, and sustain
 With your high notes my sinking strain.
 Ye starry hosts that round Him shine,
 Sun, moon, break forth in strains divine.
 With all thy offspring, earth, arise,
 And join the chorus of the skies.
 Nor thou, my soul, be last to sing
 The praises of thy God and King.

PSALM CIV. *First Version.*

MY soul, bless the Lord,
 The Glorious, the Great,
 By angels adored,
 And seated in state :
 The broad ocean under,
 The sky o'er Him cast :

He speaks in the thunder

He walks on the blast!

All creatures on earth

Upon Him await;

He gave them their birth,

He gives them their date.

To Him as a Father

For nurture they cry;

He gives, and they gather;

Withholds, and they die.

His Spirit is food,

And life to the soul;

By Him 'tis renewed,

By Him 'tis made whole.

As able to humble,

As prompt to forgive;

He frowns, and we tremble.

He smiles, and we live.

To God every day

My homage I'll bring:

His will I'll obey,

His praises I'll sing.

In sweet meditation

His mercies I'll trace;

Enjoy His salvation,

And hope for His face.

PSALM CIV. *Second Version.*

GOD of glory, God of might,
 Seated in approachless light,
 Dwelling where the skies surround
 Like a tent the blue profound,
 Walking on the tempest loud,
 Riding on the rolling cloud,
 Seated on creation's throne,
 Thou art King, and Thou alone!

At the voice of Thy command
 Rose of old the breathing land,
 And the murmuring waters fled
 Down to their appointed bed,
 There to rage, and there to roar,
 But to pass their bounds no more,
 Save to feed the fruitful rills
 Leaping from ten thousand hills.

This wide world is in Thy hand;
 Thine the sea, and Thine the land.
 When Thou breathest on the earth,
 Plant and flower awake to birth,
 Living creatures, great and small,
 Rose obedient to Thy call,
 And dependant die or live,
 As Thou dost withhold or give.

Thou art mighty nature's Soul;
 By Thy will the seasons roll:

Elements obey Thy nod :
 Sun and moon confess Thee God.
 Lord of Providence and Grace,
 Filling, ruling time and space;
 Praise from all that live is Thine ;
 With their hymns I mingle mine.

PSALM-CV. *First Version.*

SING praises to the Lord,
 Adore His holy name ;
 His wondrous works, His saving word,
 To all the world proclaim.

The glories of our King
 Let every lip record ;
 Let every heart rejoice and sing,
 That humbly seeks the Lord.

O seek Him for His grace !
 O seek Him for His might !
 Seek evermore His glorious face,
 And in His love delight !

His mercies to our sires
 To us shall be renewed.
 His covenant, when time expires,
 Shall stand as it has stood.

PSALM CV. *Second Version.**

O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord ;
 Invoke His sacred name.

Acquaint the nations with His deeds ;
 His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to His praise in lofty hymns ;
 His wondrous works rehearse :
 Make them the theme of your discourse,
 And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in His Almighty name,
 Alone to be adored :
 Let every heart o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seeks the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord ; His saving strength :
 Devoutly still implore :
 And where He's ever present seek
 His face for evermore.

PSALM CVI. *First Version.*

O PRAISE the Lord, for He is good :
 Let all that live His wonders know :
 Proclaim His love, that like a flood
 Has flowed, and shall for ever flow.

Who can His mighty works declare ?
 Who can His honours duly raise ?
 Lord, for the task our hearts prepare,
 And bid our lives show forth Thy praise.

Enrol us midst Thy chosen race,
 Their choicest gifts to us impart ;
 And grant us, Lord, with them a place
 Before Thy face, beside Thy heart.

Now in the wilderness we roam ;
 O Lord, our guiding pillar be :
 So shall we reach our promised home,
 And raise a worthier song to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Version.**

O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The Fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His wondrous works express,
 As vast as they are numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to Thy chosen dost afford ;
 When Thou return'st to set them free,
 Let Thy salvation visit me.

O while around Thy throne they prove
 The fulness of eternal love,
 Their joyful chorus let me join,
 And make Thy people's triumph mine !

PSALM CVII. *First Version.*

O PRAISE the Lord, the God of grace,
 The Saviour of our fallen race;
 Who saw us in the desert roam,
 And sought, and here us safely home;

He found us hungry, and He fed
 Our fainting souls with living bread:
 The milk, the manna, of His word.

O that all hearts would praise the Lord!

The Lord the lonely captive cheers;
 The Lord dries up the mourner's tears;
 Binds every wound, bursts every chain,
 And helps when other help is vain!

There lives no grief He cannot heal;
 No curse His grace may not repeal.

The feeblest prayer by Him is heard;
 O that all hearts would praise the Lord!

PSALM CVII. *Second Version.*

THE seaman on the swelling sea
 Meets God in all His majesty;
 He sees Him walk the wind and wave,
 And finds Him daily strong to save.

The storm awakes; the billows rise;
 The staggering ship ascends the skies.
 Thence down they sink in deep despair;
 And nought seems left them,—nought but
 prayer.

They cry ; and lo, their cry is heard !
 Their God redeems them with a word.
 He speaks, and instant at His will
 The tempest and their fears are still.

Swift o'er the main the vessel glides ;
 Soon in the promised haven hides :
 Home, friends, and peace are now restored.
 O that all hearts would praise the Lord !

PSALM CVII. *Third Version.*

BLEST be the mighty Lord !
 The seas obey His will.
 He called, and lo, the billows heard !
 He spake, the storm was still !

Fierce was the swelling flood,
 And weak and helpless I.
 But God above the tempest stood,
 And made its rage comply.

Lord, still make bare Thy arm,
 When dangers on us press.
 What fears can move, what foes can harm,
 With Thee at hand to bless ?

My shattered bark O guide
 O'er life's tempestuous sea ;
 And bring me safe through wind and tide
 To heaven at last and Thee !

PSALM CVIII. *First Version.*

MY God, my King,
 Thy praise I'll sing ;
 My heart is all Thine own.
 My highest powers,
 My choicest hours,
 I yield to Thee alone.

My voice, awake
 Thy part to take ;
 My soul, the concert join ;
 Till all around
 Shall catch the sound,
 And mix their hymns with mine.

But man is weak
 Thy praise to speak ;
 Your God, ye angels, sing :
 Ye taste and see
 More near than we
 The glories of our King.

His truth and grace
 Fill time and space ;
 As large His honours be :
 Till all that live
 Their homage give,
 And praise my God with me.

PSALM CVIII. *Second Version.*

MY heart its God would sing,
 But ah, my powers are small.
 Spirit of grace, Thy succour bring,
 And raise and claim them all.

At morn, at noon, at night
 In secret and abroad,
 O make it still my chief delight
 To thank and praise my God!

Beyond the spreading sky
 Thy love and truth extend.
 Set up Thy glory, Lord, on high,
 And reign the sinner's Friend.

Let earth her Monarch know ;
 Set all Thy people free :
 And while Thou healest others' woe,
 Be gracious, Lord, to me.

PSALM CIX.

STRANGER and pilgrim here below,
 I turn for refuge, Lord, to Thee.
 Thou know'st my every want and woe,
 O smite my foes, and rescue me !

Thy name is Love : for that name's sake
 Sustain and cheer my sinking soul.
 Thou seest me low, and poor, and weak,
 O speak the word, and make me whole.

Help, Lord ! let all my foes perceive,
 'Tis Thine to comfort or condemn.
 With Thee to bless me and relieve,
 I little heed reproach from them.

Arise then, on my soul arise !
 Thy sheltering wings around me cast !
 And all that now afflicts or tries
 Shall work my peace, O Lord, at last.

PSALM CX. *First Version.*

JEHOVAH to Messiah said,
 At My right hand exalted be,
 Until Thine enemies are made
 Thy footstool, subjected to Thee ;
 In the midst among Thy foes,
 Thou shalt reign, and none oppose.

In Zion shall Thine empire be ;
 Thy rod of strength, Thy throne of grace,
 And Zion's sons shall welcome Thee,
 And meet Thee in Thy holy place
 Like the dew from morning's womb ;
 Bright and countless shall they come.

I swore, and heaven's courts within
 Declared and registered the vow,
 For ever Priest, for ever King,
 The true Melchizedek art Thou.
 Prince of peace and righteousness,
 Thou shalt reign, and Thou shalt bless.

Insulting kings shall own Thy sway,
 Opposing nations feel Thy wrath;
 Destruction mark Thine onward way,
 And death and judgment strew Thy path.
 He who drank and hastened on,
 His the triumph, His the crown!

PSALM CX. *Second Version.*

REDEMPTION'S holy work was done;
 The Saviour back from earth returned;
 The Father hailed His conquering Son,
 And gave the crown he well had earned.
 "Ascend," He cried, "and share My throne;
 "Ascend, and make all hearts Thy own!"

"Ascend, and fill Thy native seat,
 "Eternal Prophet, Priest, and King;
 "While foes lie scattered 'neath Thy feet,
 "And friends their free-will offerings
 bring,
 "And converts at Thy word are born,
 "As plenteous as the dews at morn!"

Messiah hears, ascends His throne,
 Begins His mediatorial reign;
 He claims the nations for His own;
 He calls the world to God again;
 And pleads with Him His promise past,
 That all shall be restored at last.

For this He sojourned long below
 A pilgrim in a world of sin,
 And drained Himself the cup of woe,
 A better lot for man to win :
 Upon His cross, upon His throne,
 He died, He lives for man alone !

PSALM CXI. *First Version.*

PRAISE ye the Lord. My spirit glows
 To praise the grateful debt she owes :
 With heart and tongue, at home, abroad,
 Be mine to serve and praise my God.

His works are great. Let those declare
 How great, who His salvation share.
 Let age to age with joy record
 The might and mercy of the Lord.

His ways are just ; His precepts pure ;
 They stand for ever fast and sure ;
 And, more than all, His grace is given
 To help His saints o'er earth to heaven.

Redemption is through Christ revealed,
 By covenant ordained and sealed :
 And wise are they, who onward move
 Through holy fear to joy and love.

PSALM CXI. *Second Version.**

PRAISE ye the Lord. Her God to praise
 My soul her utmost powers shall raise :
 'Mid private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His bounty like a flowing tide
 Hath all His people's wants supplied ;
 His truth, confirmed through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

Just are the dealings of His hands ;
 Immutable are His commands :
 He sets His saints from bondage free.
 O may His grace deliver me !

Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
 Must with the fear of God begin.
 Thrice happy they to whom 'tis given
 To walk with Him o'er earth to heaven.

PSALM CXII. *First Version.*

BLEST is the man who knows the Lord,
 Who joys to work His holy will ;
 He rests on God's unchanging word,
 And finds it food and counsel still.

In prosperous times, when Satan tries,
 His grace shall strengthen nature's
 powers ;
 And light break in with sweet surprise
 To cheer affliction's darkest hours.

God's image in His child we see ;
 He feels for others' woe and pain ;
 And, loving all around him, he
 Is loved himself by God again.

His heart is fixed. He learns to rise
 Above this little world of tears ;
 And, strong in One beyond the skies,
 He smiles at earthly foes and fears.

PSALM CXII. *Second Version.**

THAT man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves His sacred law ;
 To pity the distressed inclined,
 As well as just to all mankind.

If trials come, 'tis his to feel
 That God who smites can also heal ;
 The soul that's filled with Gospel light
 Shines brightest in affliction's night.

Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmoved shall he maintain his ground,
 The sweet remembrance of the just
 Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart that fixed on God relies.
 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies.

PSALM CXIII. *First Version.*

PRAISE ye the Lord, His servants, raise
 Your hearts and voices in His praise :
 His presence seek, His name adore ;
 O praise the Lord for evermore !

[His praise begins. I hear it run
 From rising to the setting sun.
 From clime to clime it rolls along ;
 And heaven to earth repeats the song.]

Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 The Lord in glory reigns on high.
 The best is vile, the brightest dim,
 The loftiest low, compared with Him.

Yet suppliant misery's faintest groan
 Can reach Him on His lofty throne ;
 And all the Godhead from above
 Flows down in melting grace and love.

Lord, to our feeble cry attend ;
 Be still the contrite sinner's Friend :
 Still mark our wants, and hear our plea,
 And bear us on to heaven and Thee.

PSALM CXIII. *Second Version.*

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
 The triumphs of His grace record ;
 His sacred name for ever bless.
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising or his setting rays,
 To Him let all their praise address.

God through the world extends His sway ;
 The splendours of eternal day
 But shadows of His glory are.
 With Him supreme in love and might,
 Who said, " Be light," and there was light,
 Let no created power compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
 In highest heaven what angels do,
 Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care.
 He takes the needy from His cell,
 And gives him in His courts to dwell,
 Companion to the greatest there.

Thus, Lord, to us extend Thy grace,
 Thus find us in Thy courts a place,
 Secure from earthly sin and pain.
 And having walked awhile below
 With Christ our pilgrimage of woe ;
 Thus let us rise with Him to reign.

PSALM CXIV. *First Version.*

WHEN Israel forth from bondage passed,
 The Lord of Hosts before him trod ;
 The sea beheld, and fled aghast,
 The mountains shook, and owned their
 God.

Why do ye shake, ye mountains ? why,
 Thou swelling deep, so fast retreat ?
 Tremble, thou earth, thy God is nigh !
 And who shall dare His face to meet ?

But ah, when Jesus came to earth,
 He left His royal pomps above ;
 Sweet strains of peace announced his birth,
 And fear was lost in joy and love.

His acts were acts of grace alone ;
 He came Himself for man to give ;
 He stooped to raise us to His throne ;
 He died that we might ever live.

O flee from Israel's God of awe
 To Christ, the sinner's hope and plea ;
 Embrace the Gospel for the law,
 And let the Judge thy Saviour be !

PSALM CXIV. *Second Version.*

WHEN bursts the soul its earthly chains,
 And dares be greatly free,
 What hopes and terrors, joys and pains,
 Must long its portion be !

It launches on a weary road
 Beset with ills and foes ;
 Yet leads that narrow way to God,
 And glory crowns its close.

When clouds frown o'er it wide and drear,
 When dangers round increase,
 The Lord shall through the storm appear,
 And awe its rage to peace.

Our ills are soon turned all to good
 With Jesus for our Friend ;
 And every trial by the road
 Shall sweeter make the end.

PSALM CXV.

NOT unto us, Almighty Lord,
 But to Thyself the glory be.
 Created by Thy awful word,
 We only live to honour Thee.

Where is their God, the heathen cry,
 And bow to senseless wood and stone ?
 Our God, we tell, them, fills the sky,
 And calls ten thousand worlds His own.

Vain gods ! vain men ! The Lord alone
 Is Israel's Worship, Israel's Friend.
 O fear His power ! His goodness own !
 And love Him, trust Him to the end !

Who lean on Him from strength to strength,
 From light to light, shall onward move !
 Till through the grave they pass at length,
 To sing on high His saving love.

PSALM CXVI. *First Version.*

PART FIRST.

I LOVE the Lord. I'll love Him now,
 While life shall leave me power to love ;
 And call on Him, who deigned to bow
 To me from His high throne above ;
 Who marked the tears, and heard the cry,
 And helped the prayer, of such as I.

Long had I roamed secure and blind,
 But knew my sinful self at last ;
 And all the woes to sin assigned
 In dark array before me past ;
 And death and hell rushed full on me,
 My portion through eternity.

To God I turned in wild distress,
 And for my soul deliverance sought ;
 And He was prompt to hear and bless
 Beyond what I had asked or thought,
 He came to earth ; He died for me ;
 And brought me life and liberty.

Rest then, my soul, securely rest !
 The Lord Himself will guard thee now,
 Upon a Saviour's bleeding breast
 Thy weary head in peace may bow.
 He there invites thee to recline,
 And call His strength and merits thine.

O blessed change for me forlorn !
 And blessed He through endless years,
 Who thus my soul from death has borne,
 My feet from falling, eyes from tears !
 To Him those feet, those eyes shall turn,
 That soul for Him shall ever burn.

PSALM CXVI. *Second Version.*

PART SECOND.³

DARK was my lot ; and long it spurned
 The poor reliefs that man could give ;

Till God my wayward spirit turned,
 And bade me see, believe, and live.
 Then flowed my tears; then woke my
 tongue;
 And loud His grace to sinners sung.

O what return can I bestow,
 Bestow, my God, on mighty Thee?
 What can I give, that will not flow
 In tenfold blessings back on me?
 How rich on earth Thy cup of love!
 How richer still the fount above!

Be mine to own Thy gentle sway,
 To live, to die to Thee alone.
 Whom should I love, and whom obey,
 But Him who made me twice His own?
 Who formed me by His living breath?
 Who rescued me from sin and death?

Him will I praise; heart, hand, and tongue,
 To Him shall daily offerings bring;
 I'll dwell His ransomed train among,
 The Lamb's high song with them to sing:
 Till I shall join a brighter choir,
 And lend a theme to every lyre.

PSALM CXVI. *Third Version.*

PART FIRST.

I LOVE the Lord, the gracious Lord,
 Who heard my humble prayer,
 Who sent His bright consoling word,
 And snatched me from despair.

On Him my hopes secure shall dwell
 Through every coming ill :
 He saved me now from death and hell,
 And He can save me still.

Rest then, my wandering spirit, rest
 Beneath thy Saviour's wings.
 No foe can reach thee in the breast
 Of Him, the King of kings.

He stayed my feet when nigh to fall ;
 He dried my tearful eyes ;
 And He will bear me safe through all
 To glory in the skies.

PSALM CXVI. *Fourth Version.*

PART SECOND.

REDEEMED from guilt, redeemed from
 fears,

My soul enlarged, and dried my tears,
 What can I do, O Love divine,
 What, to repay such gifts as Thine ?

What can I do, so poor, so weak,
 But from Thy hands new blessings seek ?
 A heart to feel my mercies more,
 A soul to know Thee, and adore ?

O teach me at Thy feet to fall,
 And yield Thee up myself, my all ;
 Before Thy saints my debt to own,
 And live and die to Thee alone !

Thy Spirit, Lord, at large impart ;
 Expand, and raise, and fill my heart :
 So may I hope my life shall be
 Some faint return, O Lord, to Thee.

PSALM CXVII.

O PRAISE the Lord ; ye nations, pour
 Your praises at His shrine :
 Around the world, from shore to shore,
 Roll on the strain divine.

Let all that live their tributes bring ;
 They live through Him alone ;
 Let every breeze upon its wing
 Waft homage to His throne.

Ye angels that behold His face,
 His love to earth proclaim :
 Ye earthly children of His grace,
 Resound it back to them.

How rich His mercy, how divine !
 His truth how deep and broad !
 From age to age the same they shine.
 Let all adore our God !

PSALM CXVIII. *First Version.*

PART FIRST.

O BLESS the Lord, the gracious Lord,
 Eternal is His love ;
 By all on earth be Thou adored,
 And praised by all above.

To Thee I never raised mine eye.
 But Thou wert strong and near :
 As poor and helpless still am I,
 And Thou as prompt to hear.

They hedged me in ; they sought my fall ;
 My soul they sorely thrust.
 The Lord has borne me safe through all ;
 The Lord is still my trust.

With Him I hope to rise and shine
 Through many future days ;
 And while the mercies all are mine,
 To Him be all the praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Version.*

PART SECOND.

WITHIN Thy sacred gates again,
 O Lord, we now appear.
 Help us to join the favoured train,
 That meet and praise Thee here.

On Christ, that sure Foundation Stone
 The builders cast aside,
 Thy Church, we know, shall flourish on,
 Whatever ills betide.

'Tis Thine to give us there a place,
 Our souls to raise and cheer :
 And this is, Lord, Thy day of grace,
 When Thou art wont to hear.

Descend then, Lord ; Thy people meet ;
 Descend to bless and save :
 Receive us bending at Thy feet,
 And take the best we have.

PSALM CXIX. *First Version.*

BLEST is the heart enlarged by grace,
 Enlightened by Thy word ;
 Deeply its hallowed truths impress
 Upon my soul, O Lord.

A stranger 'mid a world of sin,
 From Thee I hourly fall.
 O light Thy lamp my breast within ;
 And guide me safe through all.

My soul cleaves to the dust. O burst
 My chains, and set me free.
 Give my fall'n heart a nobler thirst,
 And bid me live to Thee.

Still let Thy precepts guide me right,
 While here on earth I rove.
 And lead me on from faith to sight,
 To praise Thee more above.

PSALM CXIX. *Second Version.*

WORD of God, in mercy given
 To the pilgrims of a day,
 To conduct our steps to heaven,
 To console us by the way,
 Blessed Gospel,
 Be through life our guide and stay !

[Thine it is the soul to quicken,
 Cleaving to this earthly clod ;
 Thine, when troubles round us thicken,
 To proclaim a present God ;
 And remind us,
 Who it is that holds the rod.]

What the steps of youth can order,
 Like the lamp of truth divine ?
 What can cheer life's gloomy border,
 But that still small voice of Thine,
 Sweetly whispering,
 " Fear not, trembler, thou art Mine !"

Thou, when nature's powers are sinking,
 Heavenly health and hope canst give ;
 At Thy fount refreshment drinking
 Dying souls arise and live.
 Bread of heaven,
 Let us all of Thee receive.

Shine on every clime and nation ;
 Soothe all human wants and woes ;
 Bear us safe through all temptation ;
 Shield us from all fears and foes.
 Glorious Gospel,
 Lead us, feed us, to the close !

PSALM CXIX. *Third Version.**

MY hiding place, my refuge tower,
 My shield art Thou, O Lord !
 I firmly anchor all my hopes,
 On Thy sustaining word.

Secure substantial peace have they,
 Who truly love Thy law :
 No smiling mischief them shall tempt,
 No frowning danger awe.
 Eternal and unerring rules
 Thy testimonies give :
 O bid my weak and wavering soul
 To Thee for ever live.
 According to Thy gracious word
 From danger set me free ;
 Nor make me of those hopes ashamed
 That I repose on Thee.

PSALM CXX.

ON God I've called in trouble's hour,
 And never called in vain.
 Again afflictions round me lower ;
 Lord, hear and help again.
 A stranger's lot, a pilgrim's fare,
 Is all I meet below ;
 In every sweet I find a snare ;
 In every smile a foe.
 Ah, woe is me, that I must roam
 So long this land of tears !
 When shall my spirit reach her home,
 Above all foes and fears ?
 There is a peace that none can break,
 A joy that ne'er shall flee.
 When shall I lay me down to wake
 To these, O Lord, and Thee ?

PSALM CXXI. *First Version.*

MY help comes down from God above
 Who made the earth and skies:
 His arm is might, His heart is love;
 To Him I lift mine eyes.

Preserved by Him I safe shall dwell,
 My footsteps shall not slide.
 What should I fear from earth or hell
 While God is at my side?

His eye is watchful o'er me still,
 And guards me day and night;
 His hand is nigh to shield from ill,
 And guide my steps aright.

My soul with Him shall go and come
 Secure through every snare,
 Pass on to her eternal home,
 And serve Him better there.

PSALM CXXI. *Second Version.**

TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
 From thence expecting aid;
 From Zion's hill and Zion's God,
 Who heaven and earth has made.

Rest then, my soul, in safety rest!
 Thy guardian will not sleep.
 A powerful arm, a watchful eye
 Will Israel watch and keep.

Sheltered beneath Almighty wings,
 Thou shalt securely rest ;
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace and war,
 Thy God shall Thee defend ;
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage,
 And crown thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXII. *First Version.*

SWEET is the solemn voice that calls
 The Christian to the house of prayer ;
 I love to stand within its walls,
 For Thou, O Lord, art present there.

I love to tread the hallowed courts
 Where two or three for worship meet ;
 For thither Christ Himself resorts,
 And makes the little band complete.

'Tis sweet to raise the common song,
 To join in holy praise and love ;
 And imitate the blessed throng
 That mingle hearts and songs above.

Within these walls may peace abound,
 May all our hearts in One agree !
 Where brethren meet, where Christ is found,
 May peace and concord ever be.

PSALM CXXII. *Second Version.**

O PRAY we all for Salem's peace ;
 For they shall prosperous be,
 Thou holy city of our God,
 Who bear true love to Thee.

May peace within thy sacred walls,
 A constant guest be found ;
 With plenty and prosperity
 Thy palaces be crowned !

For my dear brethren's sake, and friends
 No less than brethren dear,
 I'll pray, may peace in Salem's towers
 A constant guest appear.

But most of all I'll seek thy good,
 And ever wish thee well,
 For Sion and the temple's sake,
 Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

UNTO Thee I lift my eyes,
 Thou that dwellest in the skies ;
 At Thy throne I meekly bow,
 Thou canst save, and only Thou.

As a servant marks his lord,
 As a maid her mistress' word,
 So I watch and wait on Thee,
 Till Thy mercy visit me.

Let Thy face upon me shine,
 Tell me, Lord, that Thou art mine ;
 Poor and little though I be,
 I have all in having Thee.

Here to be despised, forgot,
 Is Thy children's common lot :
 But with Thee to make it up,
 Lord I ask no better cup.

PSALM CXXIV.

THE Lord is on our side,
 We need not feel alarm ;
 With Him to guard, with Him to guide,
 What enemy can harm ?

Before, when like a flood,
 Our foes upon us rose,
 The Lord has o'er the tempest stood,
 And awed it to repose.

The Lord maintains our cause ;
 His interposing care,
 Has snatched us from the Lion's jaws,
 And burst the Fowler's snare.

Though poor and helpless we,
 The Almighty can defend ;
 The world is His, and He, yea, He,
 Will help us to the end.

PSALM CXXV. *First Version.*

AS firm as Zion's rock are they
 Who trust in Zion's King ;
 They find a sure and lasting stay
 Beneath His sheltering wing.

The hills do not Jerusalem
 More safely round inclose,
 Than heavenly arms encircle them,
 And shield them from their foes.

The rod upon their lot may come,
 But shall not settle there ;
 'Twould scourge them to their heavenly
 home,
 Not drive them to despair.

Lord, by a safe and pleasant path,
 Thy flock to Zion lead ;
 And while the froward feel Thy wrath,
 Thy people bless and feed.

PSALM CXXV. *Second Version.**

WHO place on Zion's God their trust,
 Like Zion's rock shall stand,
 Fixed and upheld immoveably,
 By an Almighty hand.

Look, how the hills on every side
 Jerusalem inclose ;
 So stands the Lord around His saints,
 To guard them from their foes.

Afflictions may be theirs awhile,
 But cannot long oppress ;
 His smile shall turn them now to good,
 And all at last redress.

The wicked shall not prosper long
 Beneath their Maker's frown :
 And the same hour that wrecks their hopes,
 Shall bring His saints their crown.

PSALM CXXVI. *First Version.*

WHEN Jesus to my rescue came,
 And set my spirit free,
 It seemed at first some happy dream
 Of all I longed to see.

My heart with raptures sweet and strange,
 My lips with song o'erflowed ;
 And all around beheld the change,
 And owned the hand of God.

“The Lord, they said, great things hath done,”
 “Yea, things, I cried, divine.”
 Then perfect, Lord, Thy work begun,
 And make me wholly Thine.

Thrice happy they in tears that sow,
 To reap in joy and love ;
 That drop their seed on earth below,
 And find their sheaves above.

PSALM CXXVI. *Second Version.*

A CAPTIVE long 'neath sense and sin,
 In dark despair I lay ;
 The Lord upon my soul looked in,
 And turned my night to day,
 [I saw the glory round me break ;
 I felt the darkness flee ;
 I seemed as from a dream to wake,
 And cried, " it cannot be."
 God's glorious ways I judged by mine,
 Nor half his goodness knew ;
 But (O the depth of love divine !)
 I found the whole was true.]
 My heart was full, my tongue was fain,
 My praises flowed apace ;
 And many round me joined the strain,
 And sang with me His grace.
 Behold, I cried, what God has wrought,
 Beyond my hope or claim !
 Ye mourners, mark my altered lot,
 He offers you the same.
 O holy sighs ! O happy tears !
 By contrite spirits poured.
 O sacred salutary fears,
 That drive us to the Lord !
 The praying lip, the weeping eye,
 Point on to better days ;
 When tears to smiles shall change on high,
 And prayer be turned to praise.

PSALM CXXVII.

O LET the people of the Lord,
 On Him alone depend ;
 His mercies past with joy record,
 And trust Him to the end.

When He assists the house to build,
 Secure and strong it stands.
 The city He vouchsafes to shield
 Is safe from hostile hands.

To late retire, and early rise,
 Cannot insure success ;
 And thrift his labours vainly plies,
 Without the Lord to bless.

Children and friends, yea, every good
 We hold, are all the Lord's.
 O happy were our gratitude
 As large as His rewards !

PSALM CXXVIII.

HOW blest the man who fears the Lord,
 Who walks by His unerring word ;
 His labours find a full increase,
 His days are crowned with health and peace.

Domestic comfort builds her nest
 Beneath his roof, within his breast ;
 And earth's best blessings hourly rise
 To cheer his pathway to the skies.

But earth's best gifts are poor to those
 The Spirit on his soul bestows;
 The earnest here of joys above,
 The foretaste of eternal love.

Onward he goes from strength to strength,
 Till heaven's bright morning breaks at length,
 And calls him to his full reward.—
 How blest the man who fears the Lord!

PSALM CXXIX.

HOW many, Lord, my fall have sought,
 And tried me from my birth!
 The heir of heaven, I see, must not
 Expect his home on earth.

Yet foes and snares have joined in vain
 My steadfastness to move;
 A monument I still remain
 Of Thine unchanging love.

The Lord is strong, the Lord is good:
 Though human powers may fail,
 The wicked in their fiercest mood
 'Gainst Him cannot prevail.

On Zion, Lord, arise and shine;
 Bid all her sufferings cease;
 Blight with one look her foes and thine,
 And give Thy people peace!

PSALM CXXX. *First Version.*

FROM deep distress to Thee I cry ;
 O Lord, vouchsafe me a reply !
 Where should a trembling sinner turn
 Shouldst Thou remain unmoved and stern?

But there is mercy, Lord, with Thee ;
 Yea, mercy even for guilty me.
 To Thee I fly, on Thee depend,
 Nor dare distrust the sinner's Friend.

The shipwrecked seaman does not watch
 More wistfully the dawn to catch,
 Than waits my soul, O Lord, to trace
 The opening daylight of Thy face.

O to Thy trembling suppliant prove
 A God of hope, a God of love !
 I know Thy grace is large and free,
 Lord, pour it largely now on me !

PSALM CXXX. *Second Version.*

FROM depths of woe to God I cry,
 And God my cry will hear :
 The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
 And suppliants need not fear.

I cast me on thy plighted word,
 I knock at mercy's gate ;
 O hear my supplication, Lord,
 Receive me ere too late !

As seamen on the stormy main,
 As pilgrims on their road,
 Look out by night for morn again,
 So looks my soul for God.

Sweet are the dawns of Thy grace,
 More sweet the perfect day,
 Rise, Sun of righteousness, and chase
 Each lingering cloud away!

PSALM CXXX. *Third Version.**

MY soul with patience waits
 On Thee, the living Lord:
 My hopes are on Thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.

My longing hopes look out,
 For Thy enlivening ray,
 More than the eyes that watch all night,
 To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God!
 No bounds His mercy knows;
 The plenteous source and spring from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

His grace for all our wants,
 Can full supplies convey;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

HUMBLE, Lord, my haughty spirit ;
 Bid my swelling thoughts subside ;
 Strip me of my fancied merit :
 What have I to do with pride ?
 Was my Saviour meek and lowly ?
 And shall such a worm as I,
 Weak, and earthly, and unholy,
 Dare to lift my head on high ?
 Teach me, Lord, my true condition ;
 Bring me childlike to thy knee,
 Stripped of every low ambition,
 Willing to be led by Thee.
 Guide me by Thy Holy Spirit ;
 Feed me from Thy blessed word :
 All my wisdom, all my merit,
 Borrowed from Thyself, O Lord !
 Like a little babe, confiding,
 Simple, docile, let me be ;
 Trusting still to Thy providing,
 Willing to be led by Thee.
 Thus my all to Thee submitting,
 I am Thine, and not my own ;
 And, when earthly hopes are flitting,
 Rest secure on God alone.

PSALM CXXXII.

IN this wide, weary world of care,
 How kindly God to man hath given
 A sabbath-day, a house of prayer,
 Fair emblems of approaching heaven !

Here pilgrims view their future home;
 Here find refreshment by the way;
 And here we to Thy footstool come,
 And seek Thy favour, Lord, to-day!
 Arise, O Lord, Thy Church to bless;
 Shower down Thy graces from above.
 O clothe Thy priests in righteousness!
 O crown Thy saints with light and love!
 Thy chosen flock, blest Saviour, lead;
 In every heart set up Thy shrine:
 The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
 And make us all for ever Thine.

PSALM CXXXIII.

'TIS a pleasant thing to see
 Brethren in the Lord agree,
 Children of a God of love
 Live as they shall live above;
 Acting each a christian part,
 One in lip, and one in heart.
 As the precious ointment shed
 Upon Aaron's hallowed head
 Downward through his garments stole,
 Spreading odour o'er the whole;
 So from our High Priest above
 To His Church flows heavenly love.
 Gently as the dews distil
 Down on Zion's holy hill,
 Dropping gladness where they fall,
 Brightening and refreshing all;

Such is christian union, shed
Through the members from the Head.

Where divine affection lives,
There the Lord His blessing gives ;
There His will on earth is done ;
There His heaven is half begun.
Lord, our great Example prove,
Teach us all like Thee to love !

PSALM CXXXIV.

PRAISE to God on high be given,
Praise from all in earth and heaven.
Ye that in His presence stand,
Ye that walk by His command,
Saints below, and hosts above,
Praise, O praise the God of love !

Praise Him at the dawn of light,
Praise Him at returning night ;
Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
In His praises bear your parts.
Thou that madest earth and sky,
Bless us in return from high !

PSALM CXXXV.

O PRAISE the Lord, ye saints of His !
For ye His goodness know ;
And sweet to grateful hearts it is
To pay the debt they owe.

O praise the Lord, the Strong, the Wise!
 He watches o'er His sheep,
 His will is law through earth and skies:
 And He His own will keep.

The elements His word obey,
 The world is in His hand;
 And ills and blessings go or stay
 As He may give command.

His love to Israel's froward race
 His Church may still assure;
 And all who trust His saving grace
 Shall find that trust secure.

PSALM CXXXVI. *First Version.*

O LIFT your hearts! O tune your tongues!
 The God of glory claims your songs:
 The Lord of lords, the King of kings,
 Who life to all and comfort brings;
 The Strong, the Wonderful, the Wise,
 Who filled the seas, who spread the skies.
 Sing, saints below; sing, hosts above;
 Tell earth and heaven that God is love.

Thou, God of Israel, Thou of old
 From Egypt ledd'st Thy captive fold;
 The sea at Thy command withdrew,
 And gave Thy flock a passage through.

The skies rained manna on their road ;
Streams in the burning desert flowed ;
And all around, and all above,
Proclaimed a present God of love.

O God of providence and grace,
The same in every time and place,
Thy flock on earth are wanderers now,
And who can guide and save, but Thou ?
Through Thee refreshment round us flows,
The desert blossoms as the rose ;
And earth is Heaven, while here we prove
An Omnipresent God of love.

PSALM CXXXVI. *Second Version.**

SING praises to the Lord,
The wise, the good, the grand,
Who formed us by His word,
Who leads us with His hand.
The Lord will prove
A faithful Friend ;
His might and love
Shall never end.

Sing praises to our God,
Who bade the world to be,
Who spread the skies abroad,
And filled the sounding sea.
The Lord will prove
A faithful Friend ;
His might and love
Shall never end.

Sing praise to Him, whose eye
Beheld us near the grave:
And sent His Son from high
To succour and to save.
The Lord will prove
A faithful Friend;
His might and love
Shall never end.

Sing creatures all below!
Sing angels in the height!
Ye all your tributes owe;
Let all in praise unite.
The Lord will prove
A faithful Friend;
His might and love
Shall never end.

PSALM CXXXVII. *First Version.*

BY Babel's waters, dark and wide,
A lonely band we sat and sighed:
Our harps upon the willows slept;
We thought of Zion—thought, and wept.
Our foes the while, with taunting tongues,
Cried, sing us one of Zion's songs!
Yea, they that held us captive there
Demanded mirth from our despair.
Where should we find a heart to sing
On hostile ground to God our King?
How should our souls forgetful be,
O Zion, of our home, and Thee?

No ! let my hand forget her skill,
 My tongue in death be mute and still,
 When Thou shalt cease my joy to be,
 When ought beside I match with Thee !

Soon, Lord, the blessed season bring,
 When Zion from the dust shall spring ;
 Her captive children burst their chain,
 And find their long-lost home again.

PSALM CXXXVII. *Second Version.*

FAR from my heavenly home,
 Far from my Father's breast,
 Fainting I cry, blest Spirit, come,
 And speed me to my rest !

[Upon the willows long
 My harp has silent hung ;
 How should I sing a cheerful song
 Till Thou inspire my tongue ?]

My spirit homeward turns,
 And fain would thither flee.
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
 When I remember thee

To thee, to thee, I press,
 A dark and toilsome road.
 When shall I pass the wilderness,
 And reach the saints' abode.

God of my life, be near!
 On Thee my hopes I cast.
 O, guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last!

PSALM CXXXVII. *Third Version.**

WHEN we, our wearied limbs to rest,
 Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
 We wept with heavy thoughts oppressed,
 And Zion was our mournful theme.
 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
 Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
 With silent strings neglected hung
 On willow-trees that withered there.
 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
 To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
 Music and mirth of us required,
 "Come, sing us one of Zion's songs."
 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
 Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
 Shall hymns of joy to God our King
 Be sung by slaves in foreign lands?
 O Salem, once our happy seat,
 When I of thee forgetful prove,
 Let then my trembling hand forget
 The speaking strings with heart to move.
 If I to mention Thee forbear,
 Eternal silence seize my tongue;
 Or if I sing one cheerful air,
 Till thy deliverance is my song.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *First Version.*

OUR hearts shall praise Thee, God of love
 Here in Thy courts below ;
 Praise Thee, as angels praise above,
 For more than they we owe.

When did Thy people call, and Thou
 Their supplication spurn ?
 And shall our souls refuse Thee now
 Their utmost in return ?

Though Thou art high, and we are low,
 We are Thy daily care.
 Thy hand restrains our fiercest foe,
 And heals our worst despair.

Lord, finish what Thou hast begun
 In love and grace divine :
 Thy perfect will in us be done,
 And all the praise be Thine.

PSALM CXXXVIII. *Second Version.*

LORD I adore Thee ; all my heart
 To Thee in praises forth shall flow :
 The heavens shall hear how good Thou art,
 And all the earth Thy greatness know.

I'll bow me in the sacred place,
 Where prayer and praise are duly heard ;
 Here magnify Thy truth and grace,
 Here feed on Thine unfailing word.

[Whene'er I seek Thy heavenly throne,
 Strength to my soul flows promptly down.
 Ye kings of earth, your monarch own,
 And at His feet lay every crown.]

Though God is high, and we are low,
 He still is near His saints to bless :
 He shields our souls from every foe ;
 He cheers us in our worst distress.

Lord, lead us onward to Thy feet ;
 Thy perfect will in us be done.
 And in our hearts let grace complete
 The work that grace has there begun.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Version.*

PART I.

OMNISCIENT God, Thine eye divine
 My inmost soul can see ;
 And every thought and act of mine
 Is open, Lord, to Thee.

When up I rise, when down I lie,
 Still Thou art at my side.
 Where shall I shun Thine awful eye
 Or from Thy Spirit hide ?

If up to Heaven my flight I take,
 I meet Thee face to face ;
 If down to Hell, Thy terrors make
 The darkness of the place.

I plunge into the shades of night,
 But Thou art there with me ;
 And darkness kindles into light
 Before one glance from Thee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Version.*

PART SECOND.

FROM Thee, O Lord, I came at first,
 The creature of Thy hand ;
 Thy providence my life has nursed,
 And by Thy grace I stand.

Each member of my wondrous frame
 Displays Thy skill and power ;
 And countless benefits proclaim
 Thy love from hour to hour.

Down in Thine arms at night I lie ;
 Thou watchest while I sleep.
 I wake at morn ; Thou still art nigh
 My soul to tend and keep.

Search me, O Lord ; my spirit prove ;
 From sin O set me free :
 And make my heart return the love
 It daily shares from Thee.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Version.*

THOU know'st me, Lord. 'Tis Thine to
 view
 Whate'er I am, whate'er I do.
 When up I rise, when down I lie,
 I still am in Thine awful eye.

My inmost thought, my lightest word,
 By Thee is seen, by Thee is heard.
 Thy wonder-working hand I find
 Around, before me, and behind.

Where from Thy presence could I flee?
 Where find a refuge, Lord, from Thee?
 From heaven Thou shin'st in glory down,
 And hell is darkened by Thy frown.

On morning's wings beyond the sea
 I fly, but cannot fly from Thee.
 I plunge me in the depths of night;
 One look from Thee makes darkness light.

Father of mercy, God of grace,
 I cannot, would not, shun Thy face.
 No, be it rather mine to prove
 An omnipresent God of love.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Fourth Version.**

ALL-SEEING God, to Thee is known
 My rising up, and lying down;
 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts, and private ways.

[My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
 Yea, known ere well conceived by me.
 Thou judgest what my lips would vent,
 My yet unuttered heart's intent.]

Surrounded by Thy power I stand,
 On every side I find Thy hand ;
 And every member of my frame
 Bespeaks the source from whence it came.

Let me acknowledge, too, O God,
 That since this maze of life I trod,
 Thine acts of grace to me surmount
 The power of numbers to recount.

Search, try, O Thou that knowst my heart,
 What ill there lurks in every part :
 Correct me when I go astray ;
 And guide me in Thy better way.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Fifth Version.**

COULD I, O Lord, so faithless be,
 To think of once deserting Thee,
 Where, where could I Thy influence shun,
 O whither from Thy presence run ?

[If up to Heaven I took my flight,
 Thou dwellest there enthroned in light :
 Or dived to hell's unhallowed plains,
 There Thine Almighty vengeance reigns.]

If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest Thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun Thy sight
 Beneath the sable wings of night,
 One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
 Would kindle darkness into day.

O let me rather seek to fly
 The guilt that makes me dread Thine eye:
 Then day and night, at home, abroad,
 'Tis joy to feel a present God.

PSALM CXL.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from those
 Who meditate my fall,
 False flattering friends, and threatening foes,
 Preserve me, Lord, from all.

The Tempter's hate or guile
 The feeblest soul may brave,
 The lion's rage, or serpent's wile,
 With Thee at hand to save.

Ere now, in hours of dread
 I found in Thee a friend;
 Thou coveredst my defenceless head;
 And Thou wilt still defend.

Strength of the poor and weak,
 Still faithful, good, and true;
 Put down the proud, uphold the meek,
 And bear Thy people through!

PSALM CXI.

LORD, my spirit flies to Thee,
 Haste, O haste, to succour me ;
 Let my prayer accepted rise,
 Like a holy sacrifice.

Guard my lips ; let no offence
 Smite Thy hallowed ear from thence ;
 And, to keep my hands from sin,
 Purify my heart within.

Let the righteous kindly chide,
 When they see me step aside ;
 And while they my faults condemn,
 Make me love and pray for them.

Many are my snares and foes ;
 Vain my efforts to oppose.
 Lord, mine eyes are unto Thee ;
 Haste, O haste, to succour me.

PSALM CXLII.

TO Thee, O Lord, in deep distress,
 To Thee my suppliant soul would press.
 Ill can my burdened spirit plead ;
 But Thou its untold wish canst read.

I walk 'mid snares on every side,
 No voice to cheer, no hand to guide :
 A lonely, dark, and rugged road,
 But not unknown to Thee, my God.

When earthly helpers fail or flee,
 How sweet to turn, O Lord, to Thee!
 And find in Thy exhaustless love,
 My rest below, my hope above.

O hear, and set my spirit free
 From foes and chains too strong for me!
 My drooping hopes refresh and raise,
 And fill my heart with thankful praise.

PSALM CXLIII. *First Version.*

O HEAR my supplication, Lord!
 O hear and succour me!
 Thy finished work, Thy plighted word,
 This, this is all my plea.

With judgment's stern unbending eye,
 Let not my works be scanned;
 For who could bear that scrutiny?
 O who that trial stand?

Thy mercy, Lord, large, changeless, tried,
 On this alone I call:
 My sins are great, and hell is wide;
 Redeem me, Lord, from all!

O let the brightness of Thy face
 Dispel this night of mine!
 I seek Thy help, I trust Thy grace;
 Arise, O Lord, and shine!

O keep me when my footsteps swerve !
 Incline me to Thy will !
 Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve,
 Bless, guide, defend me still !

PSALM CXLIII. *Second Version.*

LORD, hear my prayer, in mercy hear ;
 That mercy is my trust.
 Who at Thy bar could dare appear
 If Thou wert sternly just ?

But Christ has borne the people's sin,
 And won them from the grave ;
 And from all foes around, within,
 I fly to Him to save.

My sinking soul revives to trace
 Thy love in other days ;
 I fall before Thy throne of grace,
 And prayer turns there to praise.

O let that love still round me shine !
 Recall me when I roam !
 Strike down my enemies and Thine,
 And lead me safely home.

PSALM CXLIV.

BLESSED be the mighty Lord !
 Well He arms us for the fight.
 With Him for our shield and sword,
 Soon we put our foes to flight.

Nature's powers may faint or fail ;
 God is strong, if they are frail.

Bow the heavens, Almighty God !
 Touch the mountains, they shall smoke !
 Launch Thy lightning shafts abroad !
 Break the proud oppressor's yoke !
 Dark the flood around us rolls ;
 Save, O save our sinking souls !

God is gracious ; God is strong.
 He has helped His trembling dust.
 Be His grace our daily song ;
 Be His strength our daily trust.
 Hell may rise with all its Powers ;
 We are safe while God is ours.

We are safe ; yea, every good
 Man can wish, or heaven can lend,
 Light and comfort, health and food,
 All are ours with God our Friend.
 Happy who His mercies share !
 Happy in a Saviour's care !

PSALM CXLV. *First Version.*

THEE will I praise, my God, my King ;
 To Thee my daily homage bring ;
 Begin it now, and bid it prove
 As endless as eternal love.

[Great is the Lord ; His praise be great :
 Let age to age His works repeat ;
 Let clime to clime His glories show :
 Nor half repay the debt they owe.]

O full of goodness, full of grace !
 O Father of our fallen race !
 Thy meanest works Thy praise proclaim.
 Shall we not love and praise the same ?

Yes : let my powers, however weak,
 Of Thee, of Thee delight to speak :
 Till all around Thy mercies see,
 And sing and share them, Lord, with me !

Thy hand our daily wants supplies ;
 Thine ear attends to all our cries :
 Thy grace our sinking souls upstays—
 Oh ! shall our lips neglect Thy praise ?

PSALM CXLV. *Second Version.**

THE Lord is great ; and greatly ought
 His name to be adored ;
 He rises high o'er mortal thought,
 The dread, eternal Lord.

The Lord is good ; his acts of grace
 Beyond our wishes rise ;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.

How holy is the Lord, how just !
 How righteous all His ways !
 How nigh to him whose humble trust
 For heavenly succour prays !

His steadfast throne, from changes free,
 Shall stand for ever fast ;
 And they that serve Him here shall see
 His glorious face at last.

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE the Lord ; my soul shall praise
 Him,
 While I life and being own.
 Praise the Lord ; I hope to raise Him
 Better anthems round His throne.

Who would haughty flesh confide in,
 Soon returning dust to dust ?
 Happy who their God abide in,
 Happy who in Jesus trust.

Great His might, His mercy greater ;
 All in heaven, and earth, and air,
 Own Him for their high Creator,
 Wait upon His daily care.

Thou who suffering souls relievest,
 Thou who sett'st the captive free,
 Want suppliest, guilt reprivest,
 Reign for ever, Lord, in me !

PSALM CXLVII.

O PRAISE the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise
 The grateful heart to God in praise ;
 When fallen raised, when lost restored,
 O it is sweet to praise the Lord !

Great is His power, divine His skill,
 His love diviner, greater still ;
 The sinner's Friend, the mourner's Stay,
 He sends no suppliant sad away.

The lions roar to Him for bread,
 The ravens by His hand are fed ;
 And shall His chosen flock despair :
 Shall they mistrust their Shepherd's care ?

His Church is precious in His sight ;
 He makes her glory His delight.
 His treasures on her head are poured ;
 O Zion's children, praise the Lord !

PSALM CXLVIII. *First Version.*

PRAISE the Lord, ye hosts on high :
 Praise Him, angels through the sky.
 Sun, and moon, and hosts of light,
 Praise your Maker day and night.

He commanded, and you all
 Rose obedient to His call ;
 He commandeth, and you still
 Move submissive to His will.

Praise the Lord, thou earth below ;
 Praise him, lightnings, hail, and snow.
 Ocean, wide His glory roll ;
 Waft it, winds, from pole to pole.
 Seasons, tell it as ye fly,
 Forests deep, and mountains high !
 Birds, and creatures great and small,
 Praise the Lord, the Lord of all !

Let mankind their tributes bring ;
 Monarchs, own a higher King.
 Young and old, His mercies tell ;
 Men and maids, the chorus swell.
 Praise Him, saints, above the rest ;
 Praise Him, for ye know Him best.
 All His love and grace record ;
 Praise our Saviour, praise the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Second Version.**

YE realms of light and love,
 Exalt your Maker's name ;
 Ye Hosts that round Him move,
 His power and skill proclaim.
 Your voices raise,
 Ye Cherubim,
 And Seraphim,
 To sing His praise.

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
 Thou sun, that guid'st the day,
 Ye countless orbs of light,
 To Him your homage pay.
 His praise declare,
 Ye worlds above,
 And clouds that move
 In liquid air.

Let all adore the Lord,
 And praise His holy name.
 At whose Almighty word
 They all from nothing came ;
 And all shall last
 From changes free,
 His strong decree
 Stands ever fast.

Let earth her tribute pay ;
 Sing, creatures great and small,
 In air and land and sea,
 And man above them all.
 From every shore
 Let old and young,
 With heart and tongue,
 Their God adore.

And ye, His chosen race,
 Ye more than all beside
 Who know and share His grace,
 O spread it far and wide.
 His love proclaim,
 Till all around
 Shall catch the sound,
 And seek the same.

PSALM CXLIX.

O PRAISE ye the Lord
 With heart and with voice ;
 His mercies record,
 And round Him rejoice.
 Ye children of Zion,
 Your Saviour adore ;
 And learn to rely on
 His grace evermore.

Repose on His arm,
 Ye sheep of His fold.
 What terror can harm
 With Him to uphold ?
 His saints are His treasure ;
 Their peace He will seek ;
 And pour without measure
 His gifts on the meek.

Go on in His might,
 Ye men of the Lord :
 His word be your light,
 His promise your sword.
 The King of Salvation
 Your foes will subdue ;
 And their degradation
 Bring glory to you.

PSALM CL. *First Version.*

PRAISE the Lord, His glories show,
 Saints within His courts below,
 Angels round His throne above ;
 Praise Him all that share His love.
 Earth, to heaven exalt the strain,
 Send it, heaven, to earth again ;
 Age to age, and shore to shore,
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

Praise the Lord ; His goodness trace !
 All the wonders of His grace ;
 All that He hath borne and done,
 All He sends us through His Son.
 Strings and voices, hands and hearts,
 In the concert bear your parts.
 All that breathe, your Lord adore ;
 Praise Him, praise Him, evermore !

PSALM CL. *Second Version.**

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
 From whence His goodness largely flows ;
 Praise Him in heaven, where He His face
 Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts,
 Which He in our behalf hath done.
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He doth to them afford
In just returns of praise-employ ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly Host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(C) A CAPTIVE long 'neath sense	188
(148) Adore, my soul, the Lord	151.
x (L) All people that on earth do dwell	147
(L) All-seeing God, to Thee is known	204
(C) Arise, O God : let all Thy foes	100
(C) As firm as Zion's rock are they	186
(L) As thirsts the wild deer	65
x (C) As pants the hart for cooling	67
(S) Assert Thy claims, O God	117
(C) At every time, in every place	52
(L) Awake, my soul ; awake and sing	153
(P) Awful is Thy voice, O God	46
(L) Behold yon flower	154
x (L) Before Jehovah's awful throne	148
(P) Be glorified, O Lord	84
(C) Be merciful to us, O God	98
(7,6) Blessed be the mighty Lord	209
(C) Blest is the man who hath not trod	2
(C) Blest is the penitent who feels	49
(S) Blest is the man, (how blest	50
(L) Blest is the man whose spirit	63
(S) Blest be the mighty Lord	162
(L) Blest is the man who knows the	168
(C) Blest is the heart enlarged by	179
(C) Blest is the man who fears and	2
(L) By Babel's waters, dark and wide	198

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(L) Cast not, O Lord, Thy Church	109
(7, 4) Christians, are the words you H (a)	86
(C) Come, let us to Jehovah raise ..	137
(P) Come to His presence with song	138
(L) Correct us, Lord, we know it H	99
(L) Could I, O Lord, so faithless be .	205
(L) Dark was my lot ; and long it	174
(L) Exalt, O God, Thy glorious Son .	106
(L) Exalted Jesus, Heavenly King ..	12
(7, 4) Fair, O Lord, Thy dwellings are	73
(S) Far from my heavenly home	199
(L) Father, we hail the word of grace	41
x (L) For Thee, O Lord, our constant ..	95
(L) From deep distress to Thee I cry	191
(C) From depths of woe to God I cry	191
(C) From Thee, O Lord, I came at	203
(7, 4) Gently, gently lay Thy rod	9
(S) Give glory to the Lord	45
(7, 6) Glorious Shepherd of the sheep .	34
(P) Glory and praise to Jehovah on	44
(7, 8) God of all my righteousness . . .	5
(C) God is our refuge tried and proved	70
(C) God of the seasons, come again .	95
(7, 6) God of mercy, God of grace . . .	99
(S) God in His Church is known . . .	111
(L) God is the Judge, and God alone	117
(7, 8) God of glory, God of might . . .	157
(7, 6) Good it is to praise the Lord . . .	134
(C) Great is the Lord ; his praise be	73
x (P) Great Source of my being, my	107

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
* (C) Happy the man whose tender	64
(7, 6) Haste, O Lord, my spirit faints .	104
(S) Have mercy on me, Lord	77
* (S) Have mercy, Lord, on me	78
(P) Hear, O Lord, our supplication .	93
(P) Hear, O Lord, our supplication .	112
(P) Heaven speaks Thy glory, Lord .	28
(S) Help, Lord, the godly fall	16
(7, 8) High above created things	135
(L) How blest are they who fear to	1
(L) How blest the man who fears the	189
(C) How good, how faithful, Lord, art	113
(S) How long, O God of grace	17
(L) How long, my God, the God of	12
(C) How long wilt Thou forget me,	19
(C) How many, Lord, my fall have	187
(P) Humble, Lord, my haughty spirit	193
(C) "I come, I come," the Saviour	63
(8, 6) I love the Lord. I'll love him	173
(C) I love the Lord, the gracious	175
(L) I sing of judgment and of grace .	149
(L) I waited suppliant on the Lord . .	62
(L) In deep distress to God I prayed	61
(P) In loftier mood of loftier things .	69
(L) In Thee, O Lord, my trust I place	105
(L) In this wide, weary world of care	193
(C) In vain the powers of darkness .	79
(S) It comes, the awful hour.	150
(L) Jehovah reigns enthroned in state	145
(C) Jehovah speaks, let man be awed	74
(P) Jehovah to Messiah said	165

	<i>Page</i>
(C) Judge me, O Lord, and try my	4
(L) Judge me, O Lord; to Thee I fly	6
(7, 8) Judgment's awful hour is past. . .	3
(C) Let all the world in joyful throngs	14
(P) Lone amidst the dead and dying.	6
(C) Lord, in our hearts the feelings	
†(C) Lord, hear our sabbath-song of	
(7, 6) Lord, my God, in Thee I trust . .	1
(L) Lord, I will praise Thee; all my	1
(7, 4) Lord, the heaven Thy glory	2
(P) Lord, Thy best blessings shed . .	3
×(C) Lord, I am Thine; brought into	3
(P) Lord, I pray with confidence	4
x (L) Lord, Thou hast heard my prayer	4
(7, 6) Lord, I look for all to Thee	4
(P) Lord, at Thy feet I bow	6
×(C) Lord, let me kown my term of days	6
(C) Lord, we have heard our fathers	6
(S) Lord of the realms above	6
(C) Lord of my life, my hopes	
(C) Lord, I have sinned; but O	7
(L) Lord, what a world of sense and	8
(7, 6) Lord, be merciful to me	8
(P) Lord, a thousand foes surround us	8
(S) Lord, to our prayer attend.	8
(C) Lord, I would stand with	10
×(L) Lord, Thou art good: I know it	10
(L) Lord, at Thy feet our thanks we	11
(L) Lord, Thou hast ever heard my	11
(C) Lord, Thou hast set Thy people	11
(S) Lord, Thou art love divine	12
(P) Lord God of my salvation	12

	<i>Page.</i>
(C) Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to raise	133
(L) Lord, I adore Thee; all my heart	197
(7, 6) Lord, my spirit flies to Thee . . .	207
(C) Lord, hear my prayer, in mercy	209
(S) Low in Thy holy house	98
(L) Low in the dust, O Lord; we lie .	114
(L) My God, what monuments I see .	56
(C) My God, my King	163
(S) My heart its God would sing . . .	164
(C) My help comes down from God	182
(C) My hiding place, my refuge tower	180
(P) My soul, bless the Lord	155
(S) My soul with patience waits . . .	192
(C) My Saviour, how my soul was	31
(S) My spirit on thy care	48
(P) My trust is in the Lord	15
x(L) No change of times shall ever	25
(L) No God for me! the fool exclaims	19
(L) Not unto us, Almighty Lord	173
(C) O bless the Lord, the gracious	177
x(L) O come, loud anthems let us sing	139
(P) O God of my righteousness	6
(S) O God of truth and grace	25
(L) O God, we lift our souls to Thee	38
(C) O God of love, how blest are they	58
(L) O God, my spirit sinks again . . .	65
(C) O God of mercy, hear my cry . .	81
(C) O God of love, my God Thou	91
x(8, 6) O God, my gracious God, to	92
(P) O God of glory, God of grace . .	129
(S) O God of glory, wake	136

- INDEX
- x(C) O God of Hosts, the mighty . . . 121
 (P) O had I, my Saviour, the wings of . . . 82
 (C) O hear my supplication, Lord . . . 208
 (P) O how blest the congregation . . . 128
 (7, 8) O how safe, how happy he . . . 132
 x(L) O Israel's Shepherd, Joseph's . . . 115
 (C) O let the people of the Lord . . . 189
 (L) O lift your hearts! O tune your . . . 196
 (C) O Lord, how good, how great art . . . 11
 (C) O Lord, I am but sinful dust . . . 21
 (C) O Lord, how lovely is the place . . . 120
 (C) O Lord, why hidest Thou Thy . . . 15
 (7, 4) O my God, the God of grace . . . 91
 (C) O plead my cause, my Saviour . . . 54
 (L) O praise the Lord, for He is good . . . 159
 (L) O praise the Lord, the God of . . . 161
 (C) O praise the Lord; ye nations . . . 177
 (C) O praise the Lord, ye saints of . . . 195
 (L) O praise the Lord, 'tis sweet to . . . 213
 (P) O praise ye the Lord . . . 216
 (L) O praise the Lord in that blest . . . 217
 (C) O pray we all for Salem's peace . . . 184
 (C) O render thanks, and bless the . . . 159
 (L) O render thanks to God above . . . 160
 (P) O that day of dread and wonder . . . 76
 (P) O that the Lord's salvation . . . 20
 (P) O Thou whom thoughtless men . . . 53
 x(C) O Thou to whom all creatures . . . 12
 (C) O what a conquest Jesus won . . . 32
 (C) Of every earthly stay bereft . . . 110
 (C) Omniscient God, Thine eye divine . . . 202
 (L) On God, on God my soul relies . . . 90

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(C) On God I've called in trouble's ..	181
(L) Our hearts shall bless Thee, O,	13
(C) Our hearts shall praise Thee, God	201
(P) Pilgrims here on earth and	22
(7, 8) Pleasant are Thy courts above ...	119
(L) Praise for Thee, Lord, in Zion	94
(P) Praise, my soul, the King of	152
(7, 6) Praise to God on high be given ..	195
(P) Praise the Lord, my soul shall	212
(7, 8) Praise the Lord; ye hosts on high	213
(7, 8) Praise the Lord, His glories show	217
(L) Praise ye the Lord. My spirit	168
(L) Praise ye the Lord, her God to	160
(L) Praise ye the Lord. His servants	177
(S) Preserve me, Lord, from those	206
(L) Rebuke us, Father, but in love ..	59
(8, 6) Redemption's holy work was done	166
(L) Redeemed from guilt, redeemed	176
(P) Rise, King of glory, rise	102
(P) Save me by Thy glorious name ..	79
(7, 6) Save me, Lord, the waters roll ..	103
(C) Shepherd of Israel, God of grace	115
(C) Show mercy, mercy, King of	84
(7, 4) Shout ye people, clap your hands	70
(S) Sing praises to the Lord	158
(P) Sing praises to the Lord	197
(S) Sing to the Lord our might	116
(L) Sing to the Lord, his praises	140
(S) Sing to the risen Lord	140
x (L) Sing to the Lord a new made song	141
(C) Sing to the Lord. His triumphs	143

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(L) Stranger and pilgrim here below .	164
(C) Support me, Lord ; my hope Thou	23
(L) Sweet is the solemn voice that	183
(C) Teach us, O Lord, how brief our	59
(L) That man is blest, who stands in	169
(S) The Church of God below	125
(L) The christian, like His Lord of old	202
(L) The earth is all Thy own, O Lord	36
x(C) The heavens declare Thy glories	28
(P) The Lord in trouble hear thee	29
(C) The Lord who died on earth for	31
(L) The living Lord my Shepherd is .	34
x(C) The Lord himself, the mighty	35
(C) The Lord my strong salvation is .	40
(P) The Lord is our refuge, the Lord	71
(L) The Lord is on his throne again .	135
(L) The Lord is King, let earth be	142
(P) The Lord is on his throne on high	143
(C) The Lord of heaven to earth is	144
(S) The Lord is on our side	185
(C) The Lord is great ; and greatly	211
(C) The mercies of my God and King	127
(C) The powers of earth and hell	4
(P) The praises of the Lord	52
(L) The Son of Man is gone on high .	101
(L) The seaman on the swelling sea .	161
(L) Thee will I praise, my God, my	210
x(C) This spacious earth is all the	37
(P) Thou art, Thou wert, O Lord	130
(L) Thou know'st me Lord. 'Tis	203
(C) There is a safe and secret place . .	131

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(C) Through all the changing scenes .	53
(C) Through foes and dangers, sin . .	88
(C) Thy earthly dwellings, Lord, are	118
(C) Thy gracious ear, O Lord, incline	124
(S) Thy goodness and Thy truth . . .	39
(L) Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my .	129
(L) Thy mercy, Lord, the sinner's . .	56
(L) Thy mercy, Lord, to us extend .	85
(L) Thy promise, Lord, is perfect . .	4
(7, 6) 'Tis a pleasant thing to see	191
(P) 'Tis He! 'tis He! the Son of God	75
(C) 'Tis Thine, O Father, to assign .	97
(S) To bless Thy chosen race	100
(C) To my complaint, O Lord, my God	124
(L) To Thee, O Lord, in deep distress	207
(C) To Zion's hill I lift my eyes	182
(7, 4) Unto Thee I lift my eyes	184
(L) Uphold me, Lord, too prone to . .	2
(7, 4) Well Thy works proclaim Thee .	27
(C) When bursts the soul its earthly .	172
(C) When earthly joys glide fast away	149
(L) When hope is low, and faith is . .	123
(L) When Israel forth from bondage .	171
(C) When Jesus to my rescue came .	187
(C) When sinks my heart in gloom . .	89
(L) When we, our wearied limbs to .	200
(C) While foes on me with envy . . .	105
(C) Who place on Zion's God their . .	186
(C) Whom shall I fear? the living God	42
(C) Whom should I fear, since	42

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>
(P) Whom should we love like Thee	24
(P) Why do the people rage	3
(L) Why hast Thou cast us off, O Lord	87
(L) Why should I fret though sinners	57
(L) With humble love and holy fear .	145
(L) With one consent let all the earth	147
(L) Within Thy courts, before Thy .	21
(C) Within Thy sacred gates again . .	178
(P) Word of God, in mercy given . . .	179
(C) Ye distant lands, in God rejoice	96
(P) Ye realms of light and love	214
(C) Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice	50
(P) Ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice	51
(8, 6) Ye saints and servants of the Lord	170
(7, 6) Ye that love the Saviour's name .	72
(L) Yes, God is righteous, God is good	107

FINIS.

PRESERVATION SERVICE

SHELFMARK ..3437.99.6.

THIS BOOK HAS BEEN
MICROFILMED (1992)
NSTC

MICROFILM NO P.B.M.I.C.
14022

