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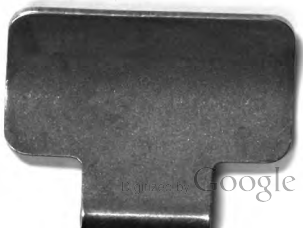
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1802.



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Peace, troubled soul, who's plaintive moan  
Hath taught these rocks the note of woe,  
Cease thy complaint suppress thy groan,  
And let thy tears forget to flow:  
Behold the precious balm is found,  
Which culls thy pain & heals thy wound.  
Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,  
Unburthen here thy weighty load:  
Here find thy refuge, & thy rest,  
Safe on the bosom of thy God.  
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word,  
That sheaths th' avenger's glitt'ring sword.



# Psalms and Hymns,

FOR

*pro:Julian*

PUBLIC OR PRIVATE

Devotion.

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*Joseph Bromhead*



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Sheffield :

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1802.



# PSALMS.

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## PSALM I.

**T**HE man is blest that hath not bent  
To ill advice his ear ;  
Nor stray'd in finners' paths, nor sat  
The scorner's jest to hear :

But makes the perfect law of God  
His study and delight ;  
Devoutly reads therein by day,  
And meditates by night.

He, like the tree that planted near  
Some stream of water grows,  
Shall flourish with a verdant leaf,  
And plenty-loaded boughs.

For God approves the just man's ways,  
To happiness they tend ;  
But finners and the paths they tread  
In woe and ruin end.

## III.

**T**HOU, gracious Lord, art my defence:  
On thee my hopes rely :  
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet  
Lift up my head on high.

Since when foe'er, in like distress,  
To God I made my pray'r,

He heard me from his holy hill ;  
 Why should I now despair ?

Guarded by him, I laid me down,  
 My sweet repose to take ;  
 For I through him securely sleep,  
 Through him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs ;  
 He only can defend :  
 His blessing he extends to all,  
 That on his pow' er depend.

V.

**L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint ;  
 Accept my secret pray'r :  
 To thee alone, my King, my God,  
 Will I for help repair,

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,  
 And with the dawning day  
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
 To thee devoutly pray.

To righteous men the righteous Lord  
 His blessings will extend ;  
 And with his favour all his faints,  
 As with a shield, defend.

## VIII.

**W**HEN heav'n, thy beauteous work on  
high,

Employs my wond'ring fight ;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light ;

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind ?  
Or what his offspring that thou prov'st  
To them so wond'rous kind ?

Him next in pow'r thou didst create  
To thy celestial train,  
Ordain'd, with dignity and state,  
O'er all thy works to reign.

They jointly own his pow'ful sway,  
The beasts that prey or graze ;  
The bird that wings its airy way ;  
The fish that cuts the seas.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow,  
Within this earthly frame,  
Thro' all the world how great art thou !  
How glorious is thy name !

## XV.

**W**ITHIN thy blisful courts, O Lord,  
Who shall inhabit still ?

Or whom wilt thou admit to rest  
On thy most holy hill ?

The man of ever upright mind,  
Whose life unfulled flows ;  
Who thinks no ill, whose tongue sincere  
No guile or falsehood knows :

He who ne'er spreads the sland'rous tale  
His neighbour to degrade ;  
Nor servile stoops to wicked men  
In pow'r and pomp array'd :

Who honours them that fear the Lord,  
And knows no other fear ;  
Who keeps his oath and promises  
With sanctity severe :

Whose gains are honest, and who lends  
Or gives to need its share :  
These paths who treads, he treads secure,  
His God's peculiar care.

## XVI.

**T**HEE, Lord, I bless, the faithful guide,  
Whose counsels o'er my life preside,  
And wisdom to my wakeful breast  
At midnight's silent hour suggest.

In all my acts, in each intent,  
Thee to my soul my thoughts present,  
Whose sure defence my gate has barr'd,  
And planted on my right a guard.

To death, (thy will has thus ordain'd)  
To death's dark shades when I descend,  
There hope shall come, a constant guest,  
And smooth the pillow of my rest.

Then to my eyes thou shalt display  
The path of heav'n's eternal day ;  
Where plenitude of blifs shall flow,  
And pleasures unallay'd with woe.

## XVIII.

**O** GOD, sole object of our love,  
Our refuge from our foes ;  
Our hope, our fortress and defence,  
Our haven of repose.

When danger, misery and death  
Encompass'd us around ;  
In midst of terror and despair,  
Thy mercies still we found.

The Lord descended from above,  
And bow'd the heav'ns most high ;  
And underneath his feet he cast  
The darkness of the sky.



On cherubs' wings, *Jehovah* comes  
 The helpless to redress;  
 The sinking hills, and trembling earth;  
 The righteous judge confess.

## XIX.

**T**HE spacious firmament on high,  
 With all the blue ethereal sky,  
 And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame;  
 Their great Original proclaim.

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display,  
 And publishes to ev'ry land,  
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
 The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And nightly to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all  
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball;  
 What though nor real voice nor sound  
 Amid their radiant orbs be found;

reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 and utter forth a glorious voice ;  
 for ever singing as they shine,  
 "The hand that made us is divine."

## XX.

THE Lord to thy request attend,  
 And hear thee in distress ;  
 the name of Jacob's God defend,  
 And grant thy arms success ;

to aid thee from on high repair,  
 And strength from Sion give ;  
 remember all thy off'ings there,  
 Thy sacrifice receive ;

to compass thy own heart's desire,  
 Thy counsels still direct ;  
 make kindly all events conspire  
 To bring them to effect.

To thy salvation, Lord, for aid  
 We cheerfully repair,  
 With banners in thy name display'd ;  
 "The Lord accept thy pray'r."

Our hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord,  
 Our sov'reign, will defend ;

B

From heav'n resistless aid afford,  
And to his pray'r attend.

Some trust in steeds for war design'd ;  
On chariots some rely :  
Against them all we'll call to mind  
The pow'r of God most high.

## XXIII.

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

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

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

ough in a bare and rugged way,  
 rough devious lonely wilds I stray,  
 ny bounty shall my pains beguile,  
 ne barren wilderness shall smile,  
 ith sudden green and herbage crown'd,  
 nd streams shall murmur all around.

## XXIV.

**T**HE man, whose hands and heart are pure,  
 Whose thoughts from pride are free ;  
 Who honest poverty prefers  
 To gainful perjury :

This, this is he, on whom the Lord  
 Shall show'r his blessings down :  
 Whom God his Saviour shall vouchsafe  
 With righteousness to crown.

Such is the race of saints, by whom  
 The sacred courts are trod ;  
 And such the profelytes that seek  
 The face of Jacob's God.

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

Who is the King of glory? He!  
 Whom heav'n's high hosts obey;  
 Of glory he alone is King,  
 And bears eternal sway.

## XXV.

**T**HY mercies, and thy love,  
 O Lord, recall to mind;  
 And graciously continue still,  
 As thou wert ever kind.

Let all my youthful crimes  
 Be blotted out by thee;  
 And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,  
 In mercy think on me.

His mercy, and his truth,  
 The righteous Lord displays,  
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,  
 And teaching them his ways.

He those in justice guides,  
 Who his direction seek;  
 And in his sacred paths shall lead  
 The humble and the meek.

Thro' all the ways of God,  
 Both truth and mercy shine,

To such as with religious hearts  
To his blest will incline.

## XXVI.

**I** to thy fearching eyes appeal,  
My guiltless life which see :  
Thy love, great God, my hope sustains,  
My soul relies on thee.

The house of guile and feat of lies,  
With studious care I shun ;  
From crouds that impious deeds devise  
My steps abhorrent run.

In innocence I wash my hands,  
Thy altar compass round,  
And grateful lead the sacred bands,  
Whose hymns thy acts resound.

How oft with joy and warmth divine,  
Thy threshold have I trod !  
How lov'd the courts, whose walls inshrine  
The glory of my God !

## XXXIII.

**S**ING to Jehovah, all the just,  
His truth and mercies tell ;  
'Tis meet to blefs his sacred name,  
His praise becomes you well.

Let lute, let psalt'ries, and the lyre,  
 Harmonious concert join :  
 O sing, in anthems loud and clear,  
 Jehovah's name divine.

Revere, O earth, thy God, whose word,  
 The lands and waters spread,  
 And rear'd yon heav'nly arch, ere time  
 The seasons onward led.

Alone his counsels ever stand  
 From all controul secure :  
 How happy they who trust in him !  
 For their protection's sure.

In war, in famine's blasted plains,  
 In plagues, from them with care  
 His arm averts each shaft of death  
 That viewless wings the air.

## XXXIV.

**T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
 In trouble and in joy ;  
 The praises of my God shall fill  
 My heart and tongue employ.

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

Fear him, ye faints, and you will then  
Have nothing else to fear;  
Make you his service your delight,  
He'll make your wants his care.

## XXXIX.

O let me, heav'nly Lord, extend,  
My view to life's approaching end,  
And, lesson'd by thy wisdom, learn  
How soon I shall to earth return.

What are my days, (a span their line,)  
And what my age compar'd with thine?  
Swift thro' an empty shade we run,  
And vanity and man are one.

O how thy chastisements impair  
The human form, however fair!  
How frail the strongest frame we see,  
If thou the sinner's fate decree!

God of my fathers, here, as they,  
I walk the pilgrim of a day,  
A transient guest, thy works admire,  
And instant to my home retire.

O spare me, Lord, a while, O spare,  
And nature's ruin'd strength repair;  
Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,  
I perish and am seen no more.



## XL.

**W**ho can the wond'rous works recount,  
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?  
The treasures of thy love surmount  
The pow'r of numbers, speech & thought.

I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd  
Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;  
Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd,  
For man's transgression to atone:

When none a ransom could provide  
T'avert the guilty sinner's doom ;  
With pity touch'd, the Saviour cried,  
" I come, Almighty Sire, I come.

" I'll, cloath'd in mortal flesh, fulfil  
" The oracles thy books impart :  
" 'Tis my delight to do thy will,  
" Thy law is written in my heart.

## XLI.

**H**APPY the man, whose pitying aid  
Relieves the poor in woe ;  
Himself, when troubles him surround,  
Thy pity, Lord, shall know.

The Lord, his life, with blessings crown'd,  
In safety shall prolong ;

And disappoint the will of those  
That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,  
Oppress'd with sickness lie;  
The Lord will easy make his bed,  
And inward strength supply.

My God, let me do good like thee,  
And acts of mercy show;  
Then will thy mercy heal my soul,  
And shield from ev'ry foe.

## XLVII.

**A**RISE, ye people, clap the hand;  
Exulting strike the chord:  
Let ev'ry isle and ev'ry land,  
Confess th' Almighty Lord.

Sing to our God, in loudest strain,  
Perpetual praises sing:  
O'er earth's wide bounds extends his reign:  
O praise our God and King.

Prepare, prepare with tuneful art,  
In one assembled throng,  
Your shares of harmony to part,  
And raise the heav'n-taught song.

C

For He, whose hands amid the skies  
 Th' eternal sceptre wield,  
 To earth's whole race his care applies,  
 And o'er them spreads the shield.

## LI.

**O** turn, great ruler of the skies,  
 Turn from my sin thy searching eyes,  
 And let thy clemency divine  
 Conspicuous in my pardon shine :

Let my repentant pray'rs and sighs  
 To thee in full acceptance rise ;  
 Nor let me, wrapt in endless gloom,  
 An outcast from thy presence roam.

O let the fulness of thy grace  
 Th' offences I have done efface,  
 Its influence to my soul convey,  
 And wash each guilty stain away.

Give me a will to thine subdu'd,  
 A conscience pure, a heart renew'd ;  
 Thy saving strength and peace restore,  
 And guard me that I fall no more.

So shall the souls whom error's sway  
 Has urg'd from thee, blest Lord, to stray,  
 From me thy heav'nly precepts learn,  
 And humbled to their God return.

## LXVII.

To blefs thy chofen race,  
 In mercy, Lord, incline;  
 And caufe the brightnefs of thy face  
 On all thy faints to fhine.

That fo to diftant lands  
 Thy counfels may be known ;  
 While all receive thy juft commands,  
 And thy falvation own.

Let differing nations join  
 To celebrate thy fame ;  
 Let all the world, O Lord, combine  
 To praife thy glorious name.

Then fhall the teeming ground  
 A large increafe difclofe ;  
 And we with plenty fhall be crown'd,  
 Which God, our God beftows.

Then God upon our land  
 Shall conftant bleffings fhow'r ;  
 And man's whole race in awe fhall ftand  
 Of his almighty pow'r.

## LXXXIV.

O God of hofts, the mighty Lord,  
 How lovely is thy place,

Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'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.

The birds, more happy far than I,  
Around thy temple throng ;  
Securely there they build, and there  
Securely hatch their young.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,  
How highly blest are they,  
Who in thy temple always dwell,  
And there thy praise display !

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee  
Their sure protection made ;  
Who long to tread the sacred ways  
That to thy dwelling lead !

XC.

**T**HOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,  
Of which he first was made ;  
And when Thou speak'st the word, return,  
'Tis instantly obey'd.

For in Thy fight a thousand years  
 Are like a day that's past,  
 Or like a watch in dead of night,  
 Whose hours unminded waste.

Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood,  
 We vanish hence like dreams.  
 At first we grow like grass, that feels  
 The Sun's reviving beams :

But howsoever fresh and fair  
 It's morning beauty shows ;  
 'Tis all cut down, and wither'd quite,  
 Before the evening close.

So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain sum  
 Of our short days to mind,  
 That to true wisdom all our hearts  
 May ever be inclin'd.

## XCII.

**H**ow good and pleasant m<sup>u</sup>st it be  
 To thank the Lord most High !  
 And with repeated hymns of praise  
 His name to magnify !

With ev'ry morning's early dawn,  
 His goodness to relate ;  
 And of his constant truth, each night,  
 The glad effects repeat !

Thine acts with rapt'rous gratitude  
 My wakeful breast inflame :  
 My tongue, O Lord, with holy joy  
 Thy wonders shall proclaim.

## XCV.

**O** come, loud anthems let us sing,  
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King :  
 For we our voices high should raise,  
 When our salvation's rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,  
 To thank him for his favours past ;  
 To him address, in joyful songs,  
 The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthron'd in state,  
 Is, with unrivall'd glory, great :  
 A King superior far to all,  
 Whom Gods the heathen falsely call.

## C.

**B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,  
 Ye nations bow with sacred joy :  
 Know that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;

And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;  
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with founding 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;

## CIII.

**M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,  
God's holy name for ever bless;  
Of all his favours mindful prove,  
And still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,  
And after sickness makes thee sound:  
From danger he thy life retrieves,  
By him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace;  
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move,  
His willing mercy flies apace.



Let ev'ry creature jointly blefs  
 The Mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,  
 With grateful joy thy thanks exprefs,  
 And in this concert bear thy part.

## CIV.

**M**y foul praise the Lord,  
 Speak good of his name :  
 Great God, o'er all nature  
 Thy pow'r is display'd ;  
 Unbounded thy empire  
 Thy honour and fame ;  
 With light as a garment  
 Thou hast thee array'd :

The heav'ns as a curtain  
 Thy fingers fuspend,  
 The veil of thy glory,  
 Thy canopy high :  
 Thy throne's broad foundations  
 Thro' ether extend :  
 The clouds are thy chariot,  
 Thy footstool the sky.

'Thou ridest sublime on  
 The wings of the wind ;  
 The light'nings, thy heralds,  
 Attend thee with joy ;

Thy angets are spirits,  
 Fulfilling thy mind ;  
 All fly at thy pleasure  
 To save or destroy.

When this earth at creation  
 Emerg'd from the flood,  
 The o'erspreading waters  
 Thy mandate obey ;  
 Uprear'd by thy hand it  
 Immoveably stood,  
 And aw'd by thy thunder  
 The sea fled away.

CIV. *Second Part.*

SING to the Lord a thankful strain :  
 The earth is with his goodness stor'd ;  
 And o'er creation's wide domain,  
 Beauties with lavish hand are pour'd.

The shady trees from scorching beams  
 Yield shelter to the feather'd throng ;  
 And taint with drought to bounteous streams.  
 The beasts are led the vales among.

His rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,  
 That soon transmit the liquid store ;

D.

Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.

Grass for our cattle to devour,  
He makes the growth of every field;  
And herbs for man, of healing pow'r,  
Or such as food salubrious yield.

With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,  
To cheer man's heart oppress'd with cares;  
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,  
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

How various, Lord, thy works are found ;  
For which thy wisdom we adore !  
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd  
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

### CV.

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 wond'rous works rehearse ;  
Make them the theme of your discourse,  
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his Almighty name,  
Alone to be ador'd ;  
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy  
That humbly seek the Lord.

Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength  
Devoutly still implore ;  
And where he's ever present, seek  
His face for evermore.

## CVI.

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 mighty deeds express,  
Not only vast, but numberless ?  
What mortal eloquence can raise  
His tribute of immortal praise ?

Thrice happy, who with steadfast will  
The dictates of his law fulfill !  
With these, thy chosen flock, assign'd,  
May I my lot for ever find !

O grant me, Lord, the bliss to see  
Thy church in full prosperity ;  
That I her choirs of praise may join,  
And count thy people's triumph mine.

## CXII.

**T**HAT man is blest'd, who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law :  
His labours with success are crown'd,  
His seed on earth shall be renown'd.

The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;  
To pity the distress'd, inclin'd,  
As well as just to all mankind.

His lib'ral favours he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends ;  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;  
No evil tidings him surprize  
Whose stedfast heart on God relies.

His hands, while they his alms bestow,  
His glory's future harvest sow ;  
He shall reap safety, wealth, renown,  
A temp'ral and eternal crown.

## CXIII.

**Y**E saints and servants of the Lord,  
The Triumphs of his name record,

For ever blefs his facred name ;  
 Where e'er the circling fun displays  
 His rifing beams or fetting rays,  
 Declare his univerfal fame.

God thro' the world extends his fway :  
 The regions of eternal day  
 But fhadows of his glory are,  
 Yet he whose majesty excels,  
 Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,  
 This God to earth vouchsafes his care.

He lifts the needy from the dust ;  
 He crowns the dwellings of the juft,  
 And fends the aid by them implor'd ;  
 When childless fuppliants him addrefs,  
 Their folitary houfe he'll blefs  
 With fmiling babes around their board.

## CXVII.

FROM all that dwell below the fkies,  
 Let the Creator's praife arife !  
 Let the Redeemer's name be fung  
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue !

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;  
 Thy praife fhall found from fhore to fhore,  
 Till funs fhall rife and fet no more.

## CXIX.

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

How blest'd, whose guide thro' mazy life  
 His righteous law has been!  
 And who have with incessant care  
 His favour sought to win !

Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,  
 Reveal their heavenly light :  
 These my best wealth, my treasur'd store,  
 My study day and night.

Sweeter than honey to my taste  
 The truths which they unfold ;  
 I prize them more than silver heap'd  
 Or Ophir's purest gold.

Eternal and unerring rules  
 Thy testimonies give:  
 Teach me the wisdom that will make  
 My soul for ever live.

## CXXII.

*Merrick.*

THE festal morn, my God, is come,  
 That calls me to thy honour'd dome,

Thy presence to adore :  
 My feet the summons shall attend,  
 With willing step thy courts ascend,  
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

Ev'n now to our transported eyes  
 Fair Sion's tow'rs in prospect rise ;  
 Within her gates we stand,  
 And, lost in wonder and delight,  
 Behold her happy sons unite  
 In friendship's firmest band.

Hither from Judah's utmost end  
 The heav'n-protected tribes ascend ;  
 Their off'rings hither bring ;  
 Here, eager to attest their joy,  
 In hymns of praise their tongues employ,  
 And hail th' immortal king.

## CXXVIII.

*Merrick.*

**H**ow blest the souls, their God who fear,  
 His pow'r confess, his law revere !  
 O happy thou, ordain'd to share  
 Thy Maker's ever constant care !

Thou, privileg'd from want, shalt stand,  
 And eat the labour of thy hand ;  
 The object of thy wedded love  
 Prolific as the vine shall prove ;



Whose foilage o'er thy walls display'd,  
 Spreads wide its amicable shade :  
 While, as the olive-branches fair,  
 Around thy board thy infant care,  
 Shall croud, and bid thy heart o'erflow  
 With joys that only parents know.  
 Such blessings, Lord, thy hands provide  
 For each who makes thy fear his guide.

Hail, favour'd man ! from Sion's tow'r,  
 Thy God on thee his gifts shall show'r :  
 Thou, thankful to thy latest day,  
 Shalt Salem's prosp'ring state survey :

With lengthen'd joy, thine aged eyes  
 Shall see thy children's children rise,  
 And peace her healing wings expand  
 O'er Judah's heav'n-distinguish'd land.

### CXXXIII.

**O** pleasant sight ! O happy state,  
 Resembling that above !  
 When brethren dwell in peace, and join  
 In offices of love.

True love is like that precious oil  
 Which, pour'd on Aaron's head,  
 Ran down his breast, and o'er his robes  
 Its costly fragrance shed.

'Tis like the dew which melting clouds  
 On Hermon's top distil ;  
 Or the sweet show'rs which heav'n lets fall  
 On Sion's holy hill.

Comforts and joys unnumber'd meet,  
 Where mutual love is found ;  
 Their souls are fill'd with inward peace,  
 Their life with blessings crown'd.

## CXXXVI:

**T**o God, the mighty Lord,  
 Your joyful thanks repeat;  
 To him due praise afford,  
 Whose mercies are so great.

*Chorus.* For his mercy endureth for ever.

To him whose power hath made  
 The heavens with mighty hand,  
 And ocean wide hath spread  
 Around the spacious land.  
 For his mercy, &c.

Thro' heav'n he did display  
 The num'rous hosts of light ;  
 The sun to rule the day,  
 The moon and stars the night,  
 For his mercy, &c.

**E.**

He does the food supply,  
 On which all creatures live :  
 To God who reigns on high,  
 Eternal praises give.  
 For his' mercy, &c.

## CXXXVI.

*Milton.*

**L**ET US with a gladfome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies still endure,  
 Ever faithful, ever sure.  
 Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of Gods he is the God :  
 For his mercies, &c.

Who did the fixt earth ordain  
 To rise from the watry plain ;  
 For his mercies, &c.  
 Who ordain'd the glorious sun  
 All the day his course to run ;  
 For his mercies, &c.

And the moon to shine by night,  
 Midst her spangled sisters bright ;  
 For his mercies, &c.  
 He hath with a piteous eye,  
 Seen us in our misery ;  
 For his mercies, &c.

Let us with a gladsome mind  
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;  
 For his mercies &c.

Let us blaze his name abroad,  
 For of Gods he is the God ;  
 For his mercies, &c.

## CXLV.

**T**HEE I will bless, my God and King,  
 Thy endless praise proclaim :  
 This tribute daily I will bring,  
 And ever bless thy name.

Thou Lord, beyond compare art great,  
 And highly to be prais'd ;  
 Thy Majesty, with boundless height,  
 Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame  
 To future time extends ;  
 From age to age thy glorious name  
 Successively descends,

Whilst I thy glory and renown,  
 And wond'rous works express,  
 The world with me thy might shall own,  
 And thy great pow'r confess.

## CXLIX.

**O** praise ye the Lord,  
Prepare your glad voice,  
His praise in the full  
Assembly to sing.  
In our great Creator  
Let Israel rejoice ;  
And children of Sion  
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great name  
Extol in the dance ;  
With timbrel and harp  
His praises express ;  
Who always takes pleasure  
His saints to advance,  
And with his salvation  
The humble to bless.

With glory adorn'd,  
His people shall sing  
To God, who their beds  
With safety does shield ;  
Their mouths fill'd with praises  
Of him their great king,  
Shall thanks for his goodness  
Melodiously yield.

Their song shall declare,  
That sin to destroy,  
And men to redeem,  
The Son of God came :  
Through him a sure triumph  
His saints shall enjoy ;  
O therefore for ever  
Exalt his great name.

## CL.

LET all on earth their God adore  
Within his courts below ;  
While in his firmament of pow'r  
Angelic praises flow.

Virgins and youths, his acts record,  
To sing his praise combine ;  
Sing loud to your almighty Lord,  
The majesty divine !

Music on ev'ry tuneful string,  
To his high praise rebound !  
The trumpet's martial clangour bring,  
And organ's noble found !

Whate'er hath breath, whate'er hath tongue  
A grateful hymn to raise ;  
O let them join in joyful song  
His glorious name to praise.

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# HYMNS.



I.

*Morning.*

*Ken.*

**A**WAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run :  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

\*[Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,  
Live this day, as if 'twere thy last :  
T'improve thy talents take due care ;  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere ;  
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;  
Think how th'all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake and lift up thyself my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part ;  
Who, all night long, unwearied sing  
High glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir,  
May your devotions me inspire :

\* What are within the crotchets [ ] may be omitted.

That I, like you my age may spend ;  
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight ;  
Have all day long my God in sight ;  
Perform like you, my Maker's will ;  
O may I never more do ill.]

Glory to God, who safe has kept,  
And has refresh'd me while I slept ;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
Scatter my sins as morning dew :  
Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, controul, suggest this day,  
All I design, or do, or say ;  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, angelic host :  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



## II.

*Evening.*

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light :  
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,  
Under thy own almighty wings,

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,  
The ills that I this day have done ;  
That with the world, myself, and thee,  
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die, that so I may  
With joy behold the judgement-day.

O may my soul on thee repose,  
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close ;  
Sleep that may me more active make  
To serve my God when I awake.

When restless in the night I lie,  
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No pow'rs of darkness me molest !

Let my blest guardian, while I sleep,  
His watchful station near me keep ;

My heart with love celestial fill,  
 And guard me from th' approach of Ill.  
 Lord, let my soul for ever share  
 The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
 Then welcome sleep or death to me,  
 I'm still secure, for still with thee.

Praise God, from whom, &c. *as in Hymn I.*

### III.

**M**Y God has made the sun to know  
 His proper hour to rise,  
 And to give light to all below  
 He sends him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the east,  
 His journey bright begins,  
 He knows not weariness or rest,  
 But round the world he shines.

So, like the sun, would I fulfil  
 The duties of the day ;  
 Begin my work betimes, and still  
 March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,  
 Nor let my soul complain,  
 That the young morning of my days  
 Has all been spent in vain !

F

## IV.

AND now another day is gone,  
 I'll sing my Maker's praise;  
 I ev'ry evening will make known  
 His providence and grace.

Much of my time has run to waste!  
 My sins, how great their sum!  
 Lord give me pardon for the past,  
 And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;  
 Let angels guard my head,  
 And thro' the hours of darkness keep  
 Their watch around my bed.

With chearful heart I close my eyes,  
 Since thou wilt not remove:  
 And in the morning let me rise  
 Rejoicing in thy love.

## V.

*The Lord's Day.*

THIS sabbath is the Lord's own day,  
 And made for holy rest;  
 My soul, by rest from sin improve  
 The day thy God has blest.

'Tis the triumphant day, O Lord,  
 On which thou didst arise ;  
 For sinners having made thyself  
 A sinless sacrifice.

Thou, to redeem us dead in sin,  
 Our woes and guilt didst bear ;  
 Thy blood was shed instead of ours ;  
 Thy love's beyond compare.

Welcome and dear unto my soul  
 Is thy most holy day :  
 May I th' eternal sabbath keep  
 With God my strength and stay !

I come, I wait, I hear, I pray ;  
 Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace :  
 I joy to think this is the way  
 To see my Saviour's face.

These are my preparation-days,  
 And when my soul is drest,  
 These sabbaths shall deliver me  
 To my eternal rest.

## VI.

*Doddridge.*

**L**ORD of the sabbath hear our vows,  
 On this thy day, in this thy house  
 Accept, as grateful sacrifice,  
 The songs which from thy servants rise.

Thy earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above ;  
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire  
 With ardent pangs of strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress ;  
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place ;  
 No groans to mingle with the songs  
 Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes ;  
 No cares to break the long repose ;  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long expected day ! begin ;  
 Dawn on these realms of woe and sin :  
 Fain would we leave this weary road, *Morn*  
 And sleep in death to rest with God. *F. S. - 1*

## VII.

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day,  
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;  
 Once more, my voice, the tribute pay  
 To him, who rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,  
 The day renews the sound,  
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,  
 To turn the seasons round.

Hofannah! with a chearful found,  
 To God's upholding hand ;  
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,  
 And yet secure we stand.

O God ! let all my hours be thine,  
 While I enjoy the light,  
 Then shall the sun in smiles decline,  
 And bring a pleasant night.

## VIII.

*Morning Service.*

*Mason.*

**A** GAIN the day returns of holy rest,  
 Which, when he made the world, Jehovah  
 blest ;

When, like his own, he bad our labour cease,  
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day  
 To learn his will, and all we learn obey ;  
 In pure religion's hallow'd duties share,  
 And join in penitence, and join in pray'r.

So shall the God of mercy pleas'd receive  
 That only tribute man has pow'r to give ;  
 So shall he hear, while fervently we raise  
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

*Chorus.*

Father of heav'n, in whom our hopes con-  
fide,  
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts  
guide ;  
In life our guardian, and in death our friend,  
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

## IX.

*Evening Service.**Mason.*

SOON will the evening star with silver ray  
Shed its mild lustre on this sacred day :  
Resume we then, ere sleep and silence reign,  
The rites that holiness and heav'n ordain.

Sill let each awful truth our thoughts engage,  
That shines reveal'd on inspiration's page ;  
Nor those blest hours in vain amulements  
waste

Which all, who lavish, shall lament at last.

Here humbly let us hope our Maker's smile  
Will crown with meet success our weekly  
toil ;

And here, on each returning sabbath join  
In prayer, in penitence, and praise divine.

*Chorus.*

Father of heav'n in whom, &c. *as in Hymn VIII.*

## X.

*The Lord's Supper.*

B.

ON that sad evening ere he dy'd,  
 Before the mournful scene began ;  
 The Saviour brake the bread, and cry'd,  
 " Behold my body broke for man !"

And when the wine he bless'd and pour'd,  
 " Tis the new cov'nant blood," he said ;  
 " O think of me your dying Lord,  
 " And how my blood for you was shed,"

May we, prepar'd with ev'ry grace,  
 Record the world's great sacrifice !  
 Let love attend with chearful face,  
 And faith be there with fixed eyes.

How can we, Lord, thy feast decline ?  
 Thy table is divinely stor'd ;  
 The juices of the living Vine,  
 And bread from heav'n are on the board,

Salvation's pledges we revere  
 In these memorials of thy death ;  
 They'll arm us for our warfare here,  
 And chear us in our latest breath ;



## XI.

*Christ's Nativity.**Byron.*

**C**HRISTIANS awake, salute the happy morn,  
 Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;  
 Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
 Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
 With them the joyful tidings first begun,  
 Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
 Who heard th' angelic herald's voice, be-  
 hold!

I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth,  
 To you and all the nations upon earth,  
 This day hath God fulfill'd his promised  
 word;

This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord,

In David's city, shepherds, ye shall find  
 The long foretold Redeemer of mankind;  
 Wrapt up in swadling cloaths, the babe di-  
 vine

Lies in a manger; this shall be your sign.  
 He spoke, and straightway the celestial  
 choir,

In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire.

The praises of redeeming love they sung,  
 And heav'n's whole orb with hallelujahs rung.

God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth and mutual good-will.  
To Bethlehem straight th' enlighten'd shep-  
herds ran,  
To see the wonder God had wrought for  
man ;

And found with Joseph and the blessed maid  
Her Son the Saviour, in a manger laid :  
Amaz'd the wond'rous story they proclaim ;  
The first Apostles of his infant fame :  
While Mary keeps and ponders in her  
heart,  
The heav'nly vision, which the swains im-  
part ;

They to their flocks, still praising God return,  
And their glad hearts within their bosoms  
burn.

Let us, like these good shepherds then em-  
ploy

Our grateful voices to proclaim the joy :  
Like Mary, let us ponder in our mind  
God's wond'rous love in saving lost man-  
kind.

Artless, and watchful as these favour'd swains,  
While virgin meekness in the heart remains:

G

Trace we the babe, who has retriev'd our  
 los,
   
From his poor manger to his bitter cross :
   
Tread in his steps assisted by his grace,
   
Till man's first heav'nly state again takes  
 place.

Then may we hope, th' angelic thrones a-  
 mong,
   
To sing, redeem'd, a glad triumphal song :
   
He that was born upon this joyful day,
   
Around us all, his glory shall display ;
   
Sav'd by his love, incessant we shall sing
   
Of angels, and of angel-men, the King.

## XII.

**L**ET peace her olive-wand extend ;
   
Let white-rob'd innocence descend :
   
Fly swift ye years, and rise the morn ;
   
O, spring to light, blest Babe, be born !

See nature hastes her wreaths to bring,
   
With all the incense of the spring ;
   
Hark ! a glad voice the desert cheers,
   
Prepare the way, a God appears.

A God ! a God ! the groves reply,
   
The rocks proclaim the Deity :

Lo, earth receives him from the skies :  
Bow down ye hills, ye vallies rise !

The Saviour comes ! by seers foretold ;  
Hear him ye deaf, ye blind behold !  
The lame shall leap, the dumb shall sing,  
And hail the coming of their King.

No sigh, no murmur earth shall hear,  
From ev'ry face he wipes the tear :  
In chains the monster death is bound,  
And hell's grim tyrant feels the wound.

Arise, imperial Salem, shine !  
For God's eternal day is thine !  
His promis'd saving pow'r remains,  
And thy Messiah ever reigns.

## XIII.

B.

**A**WAKE, and hail the festal morn  
On which the Prince of peace was born !  
Let holy praise each tongue employ,  
And ev'ry heart exult with joy.

*Chorus.*

Let all in heav'n and all on earth,  
Celebrate the Saviour's birth.

The Son of heav'n's eternal King  
Redemption from above did bring :

He quits his shining realms on high,  
And condescends for man to die.

*Chorus.*—Let all, &c.

The angel choirs sang ere the dawn  
To watching shepherds on the lawn:  
“Glory to God,” their anthems sound,  
“Good will to men and peace profound.”

*Chorus.*—Let all, &c.

See truth and mercy’s brightest ray  
Adorn Messiah’s natal day;  
Darkness and mis’ry take their flight  
Before the sov’rign Prince of light.

*Chorus.*—Let all, &c.

Desire of all the nations, come!  
Our thankful hearts shall give thee room;  
We’ll join the joyful seraphs’ lays,  
And greet thee with our humble praise.

*Chorus.*—Let all, &c.

#### XIV.

*The Song of Simeon.*

*Merrick.*

**T**is enough—the hour is come:  
Now within the silent tomb  
Let this mortal frame decay,  
Mingled with its kindred clay;

Since thy mercies, oft of old  
 By thy chosen seers foretold,  
 Faithful now and stedfast prove,  
 God of truth, and God of love !  
 Since at length my aged eye  
 Sees the day spring from on high !  
 Sun of righteousness, to thee  
 Lo ! the nations bow the knee ;  
 And the realms of distant kings  
 Own the healing of thy wings,  
 Thole whom death had overspread  
 With his dark and dreary shade,  
 Lift their eyes, and from afar  
 Hail the light of Jacob's Star ;  
 Waiting till the promis'd ray  
 Turn their darkness into day.  
 See the beams, intensely shed,  
 Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head !  
 Never may they hence remove,  
 God of truth, and God of love !

## XV.

*The New Year.**Doddridge.*

**G**OD of my life, thy constant care  
 With blessings crowns each op'ning year ;  
 This guilty life dost Thou prolong,  
 And wake anew my annual song.

How many precious souls are fled  
 To the vast regions of the dead,  
 Since from this day the changing sun  
 Thro' his last yearly period run !

We yet survive ; but who can say,  
 Or thro' the year, or month, or day,  
 " I will retain this vital breath ;  
 " Thus far, at least, in league with death ? "

That breath is thine, eternal God !  
 'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;  
 It holds its life from thee alone,  
 On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,  
 Make them, and own them still as thine ;  
 So shall they smile, secure from fear,  
 Tho' death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, eager to be gone,  
 Bid time's impetuous tide roll on,  
 And land them on that blooming shore,  
 Where years and death are known no more.

## XVI.

### *Christ's Passion.*

**W**HAT dire portents are seen around,  
 When man's Redeemer dies !

Sudden, the earthquakes cleave the ground,  
And darkness veils the skies.

Ah, who the tortures can declare  
Of this vindictive hour?

Wrath he alone had will to share,  
As he alone had pow'r.

See, streaming from th' unhallow'd tree,  
His all atoning blood!

Is this the Infinite?—'Tis he!  
My Saviour and my God!

For me these pangs his soul assail,  
For me the death is borne!

My sin gave sharpness to the nail,  
And pointed ev'ry thorn.

Let sin no more my soul enslave;

Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain;

O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,  
Nor bleed, nor die in vain!

## XVII.

*Easter.*

CHRIST the Lord is ris'n to day, *Hallelujah.*

Sons of men triumphant say! *Hal.*

He, who sinners died to save, *Hal.*

Rises from the conquer'd grave: *Hal.*



Hymns of praises let us sing  
 Unto Christ our heav'nly King ;  
 Who did once upon the cross  
 Suffer to redeem our loss.

*Hal.**Hal.**Hal.**Hal.*

But the pains which he endur'd,  
 Our salvation have procur'd ;  
 Now he reigns above the sky,  
 Where the angels ever cry,

*Hal.**Hal.**Hal.**Hallelujah.*

## XVIII.

**T**HE Lord is risen ! he who came  
 To suffer death, and conquer too,  
 Is risen ! let our song proclaim  
 The praise to man's Redeemer due.  
 He took our nature, and sustain'd  
 The mis'ries of its sinful state ;  
 Sinless himself, for us regain'd ;  
 To paradise an open gate.

*Chorus.*

Worthy of all power and praise,  
 He who dy'd and rose again,  
 Lamb of God, once slain, to raise  
 Man to life redeem'd. Amen.

That life which Adam ceas'd to live,  
 When to this world he turn'd his heart,

And to his children could not give,  
 The second Adam can impart.  
 Our mortal life, our living death  
 Shews that in Adam we all die ;  
 In Christ we have immortal breath,  
 And life's unperishing supply.

*Chorus.*—Worthy of all pow'r &c.

He did the wrath of heav'n atone,  
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the flame,  
 And gave the victory so won,  
 For imitating love to claim.  
 To tread the paths which Jesus trod,  
 We'll strive by grace which he supplies ;  
 We'll die to sin, and live to God,  
 And with our risen Saviour rise.

*Chorus.*—Worthy of all pow'r &c.

XIX. *Whit-Sunday.* *Dryden.*

**C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid  
 The world's foundations first were laid,  
 Come, visit every pious mind,  
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind !  
 From sin and sorrow set us free,  
 And make thy temples worthy thee :

H

Illumine our dull darken'd fight,  
Thou source of uncreated light!

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,  
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire :  
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,  
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of grace descend from high,  
Rich in thy sev'n-fold energy!  
Protect and guide us weak and frail,  
Let not the world or flesh prevail :

Chase from our minds th' infernal foe ;  
And peace the fruit of love bestow :  
Make us eternal truths receive,  
And practice all that we believe.

Proceeding Spirit, may we see  
The Father and the Son by thee!  
Come, visit ev'ry pious mind,  
Come, pour thy joys on human kind!

### XX. *Thanksgiving.*

**G**LORY be to God our King, *Hallelujah.*  
Thy eternal love we sing :  
Thou hast bar'd thy arm divine.  
Wrought salvation, made us thine.

Wand'ring sheep, how far from home,  
Sore bewilder'd did we roam ;  
Till the gracious Shepherd came,  
Sought and fav'd : O praise his name !

Death, no more we dread thy sting ;  
Sin subdu'd, we joyful sing ;  
Grave, thy terrors we defy ;  
We shall live, for Christ did die.

Worthy, worthy may we prove,  
Lord, of such distinguish'd love !  
Elevate our souls to thee ;  
Thou, our guide and guardian be.

Blessing, thankful all our days,  
May we pray, rejoice, and praise ;  
Till the glorious trump shall sound,  
And our raptur'd hearts rebound, *Hallelujah.*

### XXI. *Redemption.*

**A**DAM the ancient cov'nant broke,  
And from its blessings fell ;  
He brought his children by the stroke  
To death, and near to hell.

But Christ our Lord let us adore ;  
He took our flesh and blood,

Our ruin'd nature to restore,  
And make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,  
Which we have disobey'd ;  
He bore our sins upon the cross,  
For us the ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave ;  
Behold him rais'd on high :  
He pleads his merit there to save  
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,  
And, by his pow'r divine,  
Redeems us from the slavish chains  
Of Satan and of sin.

To judgement when his sov'reign voice  
Bids all the dead appear ;  
His faints shall then to joy arise,  
And full redemption share.

XXII. *Safety in God.* Addison.

**H**ow are thy servants bless'd O Lord !  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal Wisdom is their guide  
Their help Omnipotence ;

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

Thy mercy sweetens ev'ry soil,  
 Makes ev'ry region please,  
 The mountain's hoary top it warms,  
 And smooths the boist'rous seas.

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

In midst of dangers, fears, and griefs,  
 Thy goodness I'll adore,  
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
 And humbly hope for more.

My life, while thou preserv'st my life,  
 Thy sacrifice shall be;  
 And death, when death must be my doom,  
 Shall join my soul to thee.

XXIII. *Submission to God's Wisdom.*

**W**HY art thou heavy, O my soul!  
 Say why, distrustful still,

Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll  
O'er scenes of future ill?

Let faith suppress each rising fear,  
Each anxious doubt exclude ;  
Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here,  
A Maker wise and good !

He to thy ev'ry trial knows  
Its just restraint to give,  
Attentive to behold thy woes,  
And faithful to relieve.

Author of good ! to thee I turn ;  
Weak and unknowing I :  
Thou canst my wants alone discern,  
And thou alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,  
Thy love my footsteps guide ;  
That love shall vainer loves expel,  
That fear all fears beside.

Not to my wish, but to my want,  
Do thou thy gifts apply :  
Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant ;  
What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

XXIV. *Early Religion.*

**H**ow blest'd are they, who in their prime  
 The paths of truth have early trod,  
 Who yield the first fruits of their time,  
 And consecrate their youth to God!

They 'scape a thousand woes and snares,  
 Who young the track to heav'n pursue:  
 Their virtue grows with growing years,  
 And flow'rs are strew'd their journey  
 thro'.

In meek simplicity how great!  
 In spotless innocence how strong!  
 Eternal crowns their deeds await,  
 And happy days their lives prolong.

See, in the word of God how clear  
 The precepts of our ways are read!  
 Then let us sacred Wisdom hear,  
 And paths of safety early tread.

## XXV:

*Watts.*

**I**SING th' Almighty pow'r of God,  
 That made the mountains rise,  
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
 And built the lofty skies.



On high he bids the globes of light  
Their endless circles run ;  
The moon there rules the silent night,  
And day obeys the sun.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
That fill'd the earth with food ;  
He form'd the creatures with his word,  
And then pronounc'd them good.

There's not a plant or flower below  
But makes his glories known ;  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
By order from his throne.

His presence all his creatures feel :  
At home, or when abroad,  
Asleep, awake I'm with him still,  
Surrounded still with God.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love,  
With wrath in hell beneath !  
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,  
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;  
He keeps me with his eye :  
Why should I then forget the Lord,  
Who is for ever nigh.

XXVI. *Excellence of the Bible.* *Watts.*

**G**REAT God, with wonder and with praise  
 On all thy works I look ;  
 But still thy wisdom, pow'r and grace,  
 Shine brightest in thy book.

Thro' ev'ry age the stars and sun  
 Their useful light have given ;  
 But thy good word to me makes known  
 How I may soar to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and show  
 The goodness of the Lord :  
 But fruits of life and glory grow  
 In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,  
 Here my best comfort lies ;  
 Here my desires are satisfy'd,  
 And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law,  
 Shew what my faults have been ;  
 And from thy gospel let me draw  
 Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd  
 To save my soul from hell :

Not all the books on earth beside  
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me prize this word of truth,  
And read th' unerring page:  
This holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

### XXVII. *Charity.*

A Paraphrase on the 13th Chapter of the 1st Epistle to the Cor-  
inthians. *Prior.*

**D**ID sweeter sounds adorn my flowing  
tongue,

Than ever man pronounc'd, or angel sung:  
Had I all knowledge, human and divine,  
That thought can reach, or science can de-  
fine;

And had I pow'r to give that knowledge  
birth,

In all the speeches of the babbling earth:  
Did the firm martyr's zeal my breast inspire,  
To weary tortures, and rejoice in fire:

Or had I faith like that which Israel saw,  
When Moses gave them miracles and law:

Yet gracious charity, indulgent guest,  
Were not thy pow'r exerted in my breast;  
Those speeches would send up unheeded  
pray'r;

That scorn of life would be but wild despair;  
 A cymbal's sound were better than my voice;  
 My faith were form; my eloquence were  
 noise,

Charity, decent, modest, easy, kind,  
 Softens the high, and rears the abject mind;  
 Knows with just reins and gentle hand, to  
 guide

Betwixt vile shame, and arbitrary pride.  
 Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives;  
 And much she suffers, as she much believes;  
 Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;  
 She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives;  
 Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,  
 And opens in each heart a little heaven.

Each other gift, which God on man be-  
 stows,

Its proper bounds, and due restriction knows;  
 To one fix'd purpose dedicates its pow'r,  
 And finishing its act, exists no more.

Thus, at the time that's mark'd by heav'n's  
 decrees,

Knowledge shall fail, and prophecy shall  
 cease:

Then constant faith, and holy hope shall  
 die,

One lost in certainty, and one in joy;

But gracious Charity shall ever live,  
For ever good diffuse, and praise receive.

XXVIII *The Universal Prayer.*

DEO OPT. MAX,

*Pope.*

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,  
In ev'ry clime ador'd,  
By faint, by savage, and by sage,  
Jehovah, God, or Lord!

[Thou Great First Cause, least understood,  
Who all my sense confin'd  
To know but this, that Thou art good,  
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,  
To see the good from ill;  
And binding nature fast in fate,  
Left free the human will:

What conscience dictates to be done,  
Or warns me not to do,  
This teach me more than hell to shun,  
And that as heav'n pursue.]

What blessings thy free bounty gives,  
Let me not cast away;  
For God is paid when man receives,  
T'enjoy is to obey.

[Yet not to earth's contracted span  
Thy goodness let me bound,  
Or think thee Lord alone of man,  
When thousand worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand  
Presume thy bolts to throw,  
And deal damnation round the land,  
On each I judge thy foe:]

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

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

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

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,  
Since quicken'd by thy breath ;  
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,  
Thro' this day's life or death.

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

To Thee, whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all Beings raise!  
 All Nature's incense rise!

XXIX. *The dying Christian to his Soul.* Pope.

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

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
 "Sister Spirit, come away."  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?  
 The world recedes; it disappears!  
 Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O grave! where is thy victory?  
 O death! where is thy sting?

XXX. *The passing Bell.*

B.

**H**ARK! yonder Bell's slow-pausing toll  
 Speaks the departure of a Soul,  
 Ah whither, to what realm unknown,  
 Is the fleeting Spirit gone?  
 Say, does it hover round its clay?  
 Or wing thro' air its trackless way?  
 Is its allotted dwelling now  
 With saints above, or fiends below?  
 Father of all that die or live,  
 To peace this son of earth receive!  
 This trembling soul, O Saviour! aid,  
 O'er all his faults thy mantle spread!  
 And, while we breathe the vital air,  
 May we for life's last hour prepare!

XXXI. *Burial.*

B.

**A**MID these tombs of turf or stone,  
 Thy triumphs, death, appear!  
 Our mould'ring ancestors lie low  
 In thy dishonours here.



This hallow'd ground,—our recent dead  
 Now coffin'd in his shroud ;  
 A lesson these in wisdom's ear  
 How solemn and how loud !

While to the grave's cold silence we  
 Our brother's dust consign ;  
 Think mortal,—I must also die,  
 The turn may next be mine.

O pierce the fable veil between ;  
 View with unclouded eyes  
 Abodes beyond the reign of death,  
 And mansions in the skies.

To those bright realms the just pursue  
 Their Maker's leading hand ;  
 Unmov'd, their destin'd change survey,  
 And die at his command.

### XXXII. *Judgement.*

**W**HEN rising from the bed of death,  
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
 I view my Maker's righteous bar,  
 O how shall I appear !

How will my trembling heart endure  
 The terrors of that day,

When earth and heav'n before his face  
Astonish'd shrink away?

When, Lord, thy dreadful book's display'd  
To men and angels there,  
Recording ev'ry crime I've done;  
O how shall I appear!

But thou hast told the troubled soul,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.

For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thy only Son has dy'd,  
To make that pardon sure.

XXXIII. *Heaven.* B.

**J**ERUSALEM! my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me!  
When shall my labours have an end  
In joy, and peace, and thee?

K

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls,  
And pearly gates behold;  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold !

O when, thou City of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend ;  
Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And sabbaths have no end ?

There happier bow'rs than Eden bloom,  
Nor sin nor sorrow know :  
Blest Seats ! thro' rude and stormy scenes  
I onward press to you.

Why should I shrink at pain and woe ?  
Or feel at death dismay ?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets there  
Around my Saviour stand ;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem ! my happy home,  
My soul still pants for thee ;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joys shall see.

## XXXIV.

*Watts.*

**T**HERE is a land of pure delight,  
Where fairs immortal reign ;  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,  
And never-with'ring flow'rs :  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heav'nly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
Stand dress'd in living green :  
So to the Jews old Canaan flood  
While Jordan roll'd between.

But tim'rous mortals start and shrink  
To cross this narrow sea,  
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,  
And fear to launch away.

O could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unclouded eyes !

Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er ;  
Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood  
Should fright us from the shore.

XXXV. *Harvest.**Birch.*

**L**ORD of life, all praise excelling,  
Thou in glory unconfin'd,  
Deign to make thy sacred dwelling  
With the poor of humble mind.

As thy love thro' all creation  
Beams like thy diffusive light,  
So the scorn'd or envy'd station  
Shrinks before thine equal fight.

Thus thy care for all providing  
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue,  
Who the lot of all deciding,  
To thy chosen Israel sung.

When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,  
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind ;  
To the poor belongs the treasure  
Of the scatter'd ears behind ;  
These thy God ordains to bless  
The widow and the fatherless.

When thine olive plants increasing  
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain ;  
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,  
But not search the boughs again.  
These thy God &c.

When thy favour'd vintage flowing  
 Gladdens thy autumnal scene ;  
 Own the bounteous hand bestowing,  
 But thy vines the poor shall glean.  
 These thy God &c.

Still we read thy Word declaring  
 Mercy, Lord, thine own decree ;  
 Mercy, ev'ry sorrow sharing,  
 Warms the heart resembling Thee.

Still the orphan and the stranger,  
 Still the widow owns thy care,  
 Screen'd by thee from ev'ry danger,  
 Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.  
 Hallelujah, Amen.

XXXVI. *Gratitude.*

**H**ow cheerful along the gay mead,  
 The daisy and cowslip appear :  
 The flocks as they carelessly feed,  
 Rejoice in the spring of the year.

The myrtles that shade the gay bow'rs,  
 The herbage that springs from the sod,  
 Trees, plants, cooling fruits, and sweet  
 flow'rs,  
 All rise to the praise of my God.

Shall man, the great master of all,  
 The only insensible prove ?  
 Forbid it fair Gratitude's call,  
 Forbid it devotion and love :

The Lord, who such wonders could raise,  
 And still can destroy with a nod,  
 My lips shall incessantly praise,  
 My soul shall be wrapt in my God !

## XXXVII.

*Addison.*

**W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys ;  
 Transported with the view, I'm lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,  
 And to my wants gave ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt  
 To form themselves in pray'r.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,  
 With heedless steps I ran,

Thy arm unseen convey'd me safe,  
And led me up to man.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ,  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.

When nature fails, and day and night  
Divide thy works no more,  
My soul in distant worlds, O Lord,  
Thy goodness shall adore.

Thro' all eternity to Thee  
A joyful song I'll raise,  
For O! eternity's too short  
To utter all thy praise.

## XXXVIII.

**W**HEN scenes of woe my soul oppress,  
And veil of death my path surrounds,  
Let hymns of praise my grief redress,  
And lend me aid ye sacred founts.

Wake thou my harp to strains divine,  
Wake, wake to heav'n the raptur'd ear,  
Sweetly footh my heart to join,  
Songs for Sion's God to hear.



Whilst pleasing notes my lips employ,  
 Scenes of bliss my thought surveys ;  
 Taste, O my soul ! seraphic joy,  
 Breathing thus Jehovah's praise ;  
 Hallelujah.

Whilst thus each day my thanks employ,  
 And sorrows change to heav'nly joy ;  
 The morn shall wake with tribute due,  
 The fading eve my song renew.  
 Hallelujah.

XXXIX. *Morning Hymn.* *Goodwin.*

**L**ET christian hearts with joy unite,  
 To bless this holy day ;  
 When Jesus rose from death to light,  
 And led to heaven the way.

Supported by this truth divine,  
 We death's dread power defy,  
 Our bodies rest in hope to shine  
 In realms above the sky.

This cheers our fainting souls e'en when  
 We feel affliction's rod,  
 Creation made us sons of men,  
 Redemption sons of God.

O let us then his day revere,  
 And in his courts attend;  
 With pious awe his precepts hear,  
 And at his altar bend.

Let ev'ry sinful care retire,  
 Each thought be fix'd above,  
 While meditation fans the fire  
 Of pure celestial love.

Then may we hope, in grateful strains,  
 With Angels to adore,  
 When one eternal sabbath reigns,  
 And suns shall beam no more.

## XL.

**H**APPY soul ! that safe from harms  
 Rests within his Shepherd's arms ;  
 Who his quiet shall molest ?  
 Who shall violate his rest ?  
 Jesus doth his spirit bear ;  
 Jesus takes his ev'ry care ;  
 He who sought the wand'ring sheep,  
 Jesus still delights to keep.

Oh that I might so believe,  
 Stedfastly to Jesus cleave,

L

On his only love-rely,  
 Smile at the destroyer nigh;  
 Free from sin and servile fear  
 Have my Jesus ever near;  
 All his care rejoice to prove,  
 All his paradise of love.

## XLI.

*The Day of Judgment. M. Luther.*

**G**REAT GOD! what do I see and hear,  
 The end of things created;  
 The Judge of Mankind does appear  
 On clouds of glory seated:  
 The trumpet sounds, the graves restore  
 The dead which they contain'd before;  
 Prepare my soul to meet him.

**THE END.**



# Contents.

## PSALMS.

I.....	3	XC.....	20
III.....	3	XCII.....	21
V.....	4	XCIV.....	22
VIII.....	5	C.....	22
XV.....	5	CIII.....	23
XVI.....	6	CIV.....	24
XVIII.....	7	CIV..... <i>Second Part.</i>	25
XIX.....	8	CV.....	26
XX.....	9	CVI.....	27
XXIII.....	10	CXII.....	28
XXIV.....	11	CXIII.....	28
XXV.....	12	CXVII.....	29
XXVI.....	13	CXIX.....	30
XXXIII.....	13	CXXII.....	30
XXXIV.....	14	CXXVIII.....	31
XXXIX.....	15	CXXXIII.....	32
XL.....	16	CXXXVI.....	33
XLI.....	16	CXXXVI..... <i>Milton.</i>	34
XLVII.....	17	CXLV.....	35
LI.....	18	CXLIX.....	36
LXVII.....	19	CL.....	37
LXXXIV.....	19		

## HYMNS.

I..... <i>Morning.</i>	38	XXIII..... <i>Submission to God's Wife-</i> <i>dom.</i>	61
II..... <i>Evening.</i>	40	XXIV..... <i>Early Religion.</i>	63
III.....	41	XXV.....	63
IV.....	42	XXVI..... <i>Excellence of the Bible.</i>	65
V..... <i>The Lord's Day.</i>	42	XXVII..... <i>Charity.</i>	66
VI.....	43	XXVIII..... <i>The Universal Prayer</i>	68
VII.....	44	XXIX..... <i>The Dying Christian to</i> <i>his Soul.</i>	70
VIII..... <i>Morning Service.</i>	45	XXX..... <i>The Passing Bell.</i>	71
IX..... <i>Evening Service.</i>	46	XXXI..... <i>Burial.</i>	71
X..... <i>Lord's Supper.</i>	47	XXXII..... <i>Judgement.</i>	72
XI..... <i>Christ's Nativity.</i>	48	XXXIII..... <i>Heaven.</i>	73
XII.....	50	XXXIV.....	75
XIII.....	51	XXXV..... <i>Harvest.</i>	76
XIV..... <i>The Song of Simeon</i>	52	XXXVI..... <i>Gratitude.</i>	77
XV..... <i>The New Year.</i>	53	XXXVII.....	78
XVI..... <i>Christ's Passion.</i>	54	XXXVIII.....	79
XVII..... <i>Evening.</i>	55	XXXIX..... <i>Morning Hymn.</i>	80
XVIII.....	56	XL.....	81
XIX..... <i>White Sunday.</i>	57	XLI..... <i>Luther' Day of Judg-</i> <i>ment.</i>	82
XX..... <i>Thanksgiving.</i>	58		
XXI..... <i>Redemption.</i>	59		
XXII..... <i>Safety in God.</i>	60		









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