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2

SONGS OF ZION;

BEING

IMITATIONS OF PSALMS.

BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY.



O come let us sing unto the Lord; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

PSALM xcv. 1.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
FATERNOSTER-ROW.

1822.

LONDON :
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

PREFACE.

IN the following Imitations of portions of the true "*Songs of Zion*," the author pretends not to have succeeded better than any that have gone before him; but, having followed in the track of none, he would venture to hope, that, by avoiding the rugged literality of some, and the diffusive paraphrases of others, he may, in a few instances, have approached nearer than either of them have generally done, to the ideal model of what devotional poems, in a modern tongue, grounded upon the subjects of ancient psalms, yet suited for Christian edification, ought to be. Beyond this he dare not say more than

that whatever symptoms of feebleness or bad taste may be betrayed in the execution of these pieces, he offers not to the public the premature fruits of idleness or haste. So far as he recollects, he has endeavoured to do his best, and, in doing so, he has never hesitated to sacrifice ambitious ornament to simplicity, clearness and force of thought and expression. If, in the event, it shall be found that he has added a little to the small national stock of "psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs," in which piety speaks the language of poetry, and poetry the language of inspiration, he trusts that he will be humbly contented and unfeignedly thankful.

Sheffield, May 21. 1822.

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SONGS OF ZION.

PSALM I.

THREE happy he, who shuns the way
That leads ungodly men astray ;
Who fears to stand where sinners meet,
Nor with the scorner takes his seat.

The law of God is his delight ;
That cloud by day, that fire by night,
Shall be his comfort in distress,
And guide him through the wilderness.

B

His works shall prosper ; — he shall be
A fruitful, fair. unwithering tree,
That, planted where the river flows,
Nor drought, nor frost, nor mildew knows.

Not so the wicked ; — they are cast
Like chaff upon the eddying blast ;
In judgement they shall quake for dread,
Nor with the righteous lift their head.

For God hath spied their secret path,
And they shall perish in his wrath ;
He too hath mark'd his people's road,
And brings them to his own abode.

PSALM III.

THE Tempter to my soul hath said,
 “ There is no help in God for thee :”
Lord, lift thou up thy servant’s head
 My glory, shield, and solace be.

Thus to the Lord I raised my cry ;
 He heard me from his holy hill ;
At his command the waves roll’d by ;
 He beckon’d, and the winds were still.

I laid me down and slept ; — I woke ;
 Thou, Lord, my spirit didst sustain ;
Bright from the east the morning broke,
 Thy comforts rose on me again.

I will not fear, though armed throngs
Compass my steps, in all their wrath ;
Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
His presence guards his people's path

PSALM IV.

No. 1.

How long, ye sons of men, will ye
The servant of the Lord despise,
Delight yourselves with vanity,
And trust in refuges of lies?

Know that the Lord hath set apart
The godly man in every age ;
He loves a meek and lowly heart ;
His people are his heritage.

Then stand in awe, nor dare to sin ;
Commune with your own heart ; be still
The Lord requireth truth within,
The sacrifice of mind and will.

PSALM IV.

No. 2.

WHILE many cry, in Nature's night,
Ah! who will show the way to bliss?
Lord, lift on us thy saving light;
We seek no other guide than this.

Gladness thy sacred presence brings,
More than the joyful reaper knows;
Or he who treads the grapes, and sings,
While with new wine his vat o'erflows.

In peace I lay me down to sleep;
Thine arm, O Lord, shall stay my head,
Thine angel spread his tent, and keep
His midnight watch around my bed.

PSALM VIII.

O LORD, our King, how excellent,
Thy name on earth is known!
Thy glory in the firmament
How wonderfully shown!

Yet are the humble dear to Thee;
Thy praises are confest
By infants lisping on the knee,
And sucklings at the breast.

When I behold the heavens on high,
The work of thy right hand;
The moon and stars amid the sky,
Thy lights in every land: —

Lord, what is man, that thou shouldst deign
On him to set thy love,
Give him on earth awhile to reign,
Then fill a throne above?

O Lord, how excellent thy name!
How manifold thy ways!
Let Time thy saving truth proclaim,
Eternity thy praise.

PSALM XI.

THE Lord is in his holy place,
And from his throne on high,
He looks upon the human race
With omnipresent eye.

He proves the righteous, marks their path ;
In Him the weak are strong ;
But violence provokes his wrath,
The Lord abhorreth wrong.

God on the wicked will rain down
Brimstone, and fire, and snares ;
The gloom and tempest of his frown ;
— This portion shall be theirs.

**The righteous Lord will take delight
Alone in righteousness ;
The just are pleasing in his sight,
The humble He will bless.**

PSALM XIX.

No. 1.

THY glory, Lord, the heavens declare,
The firmament displays thy skill ;
The changing clouds, the viewless air,
Tempest and calm thy word fulfil ;
Day unto day doth utter speech,
And night to night thy knowledge teach

Though voice nor sound inform the ear,
Well-known the language of their song,
When one by one the stars appear,
Led by the silent moon along,
Till round the earth, from all the sky,
Thy beauty beams on every eye.

B 6

Waked by thy touch, the morning sun
Comes like a bridegroom from his bower,
And, like a giant, glad to run
His bright career with speed and power ;
— Thy flaming messenger, to dart
Life through the depth of Nature's heart.

While these transporting visions shine
Along the path of Providence,
Glory eternal, joy divine,
Thy word reveals, transcending sense ;
— My soul thy goodness longs to see,
Thy love to man, thy love to me.

PSALM XIX.

No. 2.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light,
Thy testimonies sure ;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Holy, inviolate thy fear,
Enduring as thy throne ;
Thy judgements, chastening or severe,
Justice and truth alone.

More prized than gold, — than gold whose waste
Refining fire expels ;
Sweeter than honey to my taste,
Than honey from the cells.

Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise ;
Let these be gladness to my heart,
The day-spring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warn'd betimes ;
Who knows the guile within ?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness !
With Thee acceptance find.

PSALM XXIII.

**THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest ;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when
 opprest.**

**Through the valley and shadow of death though I
 stray,
 Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.**

**In the midst of affliction my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head ;
 O what shall I ask of thy Providence more ?**

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
I seek, — by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, — thy king-
dom of love.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 1.

THE earth is thine, Jehovah;— thine
Its peopled realms, and wealthy stores;
Built on the flood, by power divine,
The waves are ramparts to the shores.

But who shall reach thine holy place,
Or who, O Lord, ascend thine hill?
The pure in heart shall see thy face,
The perfect man that doth thy will.

He who to bribes hath closed his hand,
To idols never bent the knee,
Nor sworn in falsehood, — He shall stand
Redeem'd, and own'd, and kept by Thee.

PSALM XXIV.

No. 2.

LIFT up your heads, ye gates, and wide
Your everlasting doors display ;
Ye angel-guards, like flames divide,
And give the King of Glory way.

Who is the King of Glory ? — He,
The Lord Omnipotent to save,
Whose own right-arm in victory
Led captive death, and spoil'd the grave.

Lift up your heads, ye gates, and high
Your everlasting portals heave ;
Welcome the King of Glory nigh ;
Him let the heaven of heavens receive.

Who is the King of Glory? — Who?

**The Lord of hosts ; — behold his name ;
The kingdom, power and honour due,
Yield Him, ye saints, with glad acclaim.**

PSALM XXVII.

No. 1.

God is my strong salvation,
What foe have I to fear ?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help is near :
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand ;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right-hand ?

Place on the Lord reliance,
My soul, with courage wait ;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate ;

His might thine heart shall strengthen,

His love thy joy increase ;

Mercy thy days shall lengthen ;

— The Lord will give thee peace.

PSALM XXVII.

No. 2.

ONE thing, with all my soul's desire,
I sought and will pursue ;
What thine own Spirit doth inspire,
Lord, for thy servant do.

Grant me within thy courts a place,
Among thy saints a seat,
For ever to behold thy face,
And worship at thy feet : —

In thy pavilion to abide,
When storms of trouble blow,
And in thy tabernacle hide,
Secure from every foe.

“ Seek ye my face ;” — without delay,
When thus I hear Thee speak,
My heart would leap for joy, and say,
“ Thy face, Lord, will I seek.”

Then leave me not when griefs assail,
And earthly comforts flee ;
When father, mother, kindred fail,
My God, remember me.

Oft had I fainted, and resign'd
Of every hope my hold,
But mine afflictions brought to mind
Thy benefits of old.

Wait on the Lord, with courage wait,
My soul, disdain to fear ;
The righteous Judge is at the gate,
And thy redemption near.

PSALM XXIX.

GIVE glory to God in the highest ; give praise,
Ye noble, ye mighty, with joyful accord ;
All-wise are his counsels, all-perfect his ways ;
In the beauty of holiness worship the Lord.

The voice of the Lord on the ocean is known,
The God of eternity thundereth abroad ;
The voice of the Lord, from the depth of his throne,
Is terror and power ; — all nature is awed.

At the voice of the Lord the cedars are bow'd,
And towers from their base into ruin are hurl'd ;
The voice of the Lord, from the dark bosom'd cloud,
Dissevers the lightning in flames o'er the world.

See Lebanon bound, like the kid on his rocks,
And wild as the unicorn Sirion appear ;
The wilderness quakes with the resonant shocks ;
The hinds cast their young in the travail of fear.

The voice of the Lord through the calm of the wood,
Awakens its echoes, strikes light through its caves ;
The Lord sitteth King on the turbulent flood ;
The winds are his servants, his servants the waves.

The Lord is the strength of his people ; the Lord
Gives health to his people, and peace evermore ;
Then throng to his temple, his glory record,
But, O ! when He speaketh, in silence adore.

PSALM XXX.

YEA, I will extol Thee,
Lord of life and light,
For thine arm upheld me,
Turn'd my foes to flight :
I implored thy succour,
Thou wert swift to save,
Heal my wounded spirit,
Bring me from the grave.

Sing, ye saints, sing praises,
Call his love to mind,
For a moment angry,
But for ever kind ;

Grief may, like a pilgrim,
 Through the night sojourn,
 Yet shall joy to-morrow
 With the sun return.

In my wealth I vaunted;
 "Nought shall move me hence;"
 Thou hadst made my mountain
 Strong in thy defence:
 — Then thy face was hidden,
 Trouble laid me low,
 "Lord," I cried, most humbly,
 "Why forsake me so?"

"Would my blood appease Thee,
 In atonement shed?
 Can the dust give glory, —
 Praise employ the dead?"

Hear me, Lord, in mercy ;
God, my helper, hear :”
— Long Thou didst not tarry,
Help and health were near.

Thou hast turn'd my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set from thraldom free :
Thee my ransom'd powers
Henceforth shall adore,—
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore.

PSALM XXXIX.

LORD, let me know mine end,
My days, how brief their date,
That I may timely comprehend
How frail my best estate.

My life is but a span,
Mine age as nought with Thee;
Man, in his highest honour, man
Is dust and vanity.

A shadow even in health,
Disquieted with pride,
Or rack'd with care, he heaps up wealth
Which unknown heirs divide.

What seek I now, O Lord ?

My hope is in thy name ;
Blot out my sins from thy record,
Nor give me up to shame.

Dumb at thy feet I lie,
For Thou hast brought me low ;
Remove thy judgements, lest I die ;
I faint beneath thy blow.

At thy rebuke, the bloom
Of man's vain beauty flies ;
And grief shall, like a moth, consume
All that delights our eyes.

Have pity on my fears,
Hearken to my request,
Turn not in silence from my tears,
But give the mourner rest.

A stranger, Lord, with Thee,
I walk on pilgrimage,
Where all my fathers once, like me,
Sojourn'd from age to age.

O spare me yet, I pray ;
Awhile my strength restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence away,
And seen on earth no more.

PSALM XLII.

No. 1.

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for Thee,
Pants the living God to see ;
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to Thee draw near ?

Tears my food by night, by day
Grief consumes my strength away ;
While his craft the Tempter plies,
“ Where is now thy God ? ” he cries ;
This would sink me to despair,
But I pour my soul in prayer.

For in happier times I went,
Where the multitude frequent ;
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King ;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole ;
Why art thou disquieted ?
God shall lift thy fallen head ;
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

PSALM XLII.

No. 2.

HEARKEN, Lord, to my complaints,
For my soul within me faints ;
Thee, far off, I call to mind,
In the land I left behind,
Where the streams of Jordan flow,
Where the heights of Hermon glow.

Tempest-tost, my failing bark
Founders on the ocean dark ;
Deep to deep around me calls,
With the rush of water-falls ;
While I plunge to lower caves,
Overwhelm'd by all thy waves.

Once the morning's earliest light
Brought thy mercy to my sight,
And my wakeful song was heard
Later than the evening bird ;
Hast Thou all my prayers forgot ?
Dost Thou scorn, or hear them not ?

Why, my soul, art thou perplext ?
Why with faithless trouble vex't ?
Hope in God, whose saving name
Thou shalt joyfully proclaim,
When his countenance shall shine
Through the clouds that darken thine.

PSALM XLIII.

[Continuation of PSALM XLII.]

No. 3.

JUDGE me, Lord, in righteousness ;
Plead for me in my distress ;
Good and merciful Thou art,
Bind this bleeding, broken heart ;
Cast me not despairing hence,
Be thy love my confidence.

Send thy light and truth, to guide
Me, too prone to turn aside,
On thy holy hill to rest,
In thy tabernacles blest ;
There, to God, my chiefest joy,
Praise shall all my powers employ.

Why, my soul, art thou dismay'd?
Why, of earth or hell afraid?
Trust in God;— disdain to yield,
While o'er thee He casts his shield,
And his countenance divine
Sheds the light of Heaven on thine.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 1.

God is our refuge and defence,
In trouble our unfailing aid ;
Secure in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our soul afraid ?

Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf be hurl'd,
His people smile amid the shock,
They look beyond this transient world.

There is a river pure and bright,
Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains ;
Where, in eternity of light,
The city of our God remains.

Built by the word of his command,
 With his unclouded presence blest,
 Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand ;
 There is our home, our hope, our rest.

Thither let fervent faith aspire ;
 Our treasure and our heart be there ;
 O for a seraph's wing of fire !
 No, — on the mightier wings of prayer, —

We reach at once that last retreat,
 And, ranged among the ransom'd throng,
 Fall with the Elders at *his* feet,
 Whose name alone inspires their song.

Ah, soon ; how soon ! our spirits droop ;
 Unwont the air of heaven to breathe :
 Yet God in very deed will stoop,
 And dwell Himself with men beneath.

Come to thy living temples, then,
As in the ancient times appear ;
Let earth be paradise again,
And man, O God, thine image here.

PSALM XLVI.

No. 2.

COME and behold the works of God,
What desolations He will make ;
In vengeance, when He wields his rod,
The heathen rage, their kingdoms quake :
He utters forth his voice ; — 'tis felt ;
Like wax the world's foundations melt ;
The Lord of hosts' is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

Again He maketh wars to cease,
He breaks the bow, unpoints the spear,
And burns the chariot ; — joy and peace
In all his glorious march appear :

Silence, O earth ! thy Maker own ;
Ye gentiles, He is God alone ;
The Lord of hosts is in the field,
The God of Jacob is our shield.

PSALM XLVII.

EXALT the Lord, the Lord most high,
King over all the earth ;
Exalt his triumphs to the sky
In songs of sacred mirth.

Where'er the sea-ward rivers run,
His banner shall advance,
And every realm beneath the sun
Be his inheritance.

God is gone up with loud acclaim,
And trumpets' tuneful voice ;
Sing praise, sing praises to his name ;
Sing praises, and rejoice.

Sing praises to our God ; sing praise
To every creature's King ;
His wondrous works, his glorious ways,
All tongues, all kindred sing.

God sits upon his holy throne,
God o'er the heathen reigns ;
His truth through all the world is known,
That truth his throne sustains.

Princes around his footstool throng,
Kings in the dust adore ;
Earth and her shields to God belong ;
Sing praises evermore.

PSALM XLVIII.

JEHOVAH is great, and great be his praise ;
In the city of God He is king ;
Proclaim ye his triumphs in jubilant lays,
On the mount of his holiness sing.

The joy of the earth, from her beautiful height,
Is Zion's impregnable hill ;
The Lord in her temple still taketh delight,
God reigns in her palaces still.

At the sight of her splendour, the kings of the earth
Grew pale with amazement and dread ;
Fear seized them like pangs of a premature birth ;
They came, they beheld her, and fled.

Thou breakest the ships from the sea-circled climes,
 When the storm of thy jealousy lowers ;
 As our fathers have told of thy deeds, in their times,
 So, Lord, have we witness'd in ours.

In the midst of thy temple, O God, hath our mind
 Remember'd thy mercy of old ;
 Let thy name, like thy praise, to no realm be con-
 fined ;
 Thy power may all nations behold.

Let the daughters of Judah be glad for thy love,
 The mountain of Zion rejoice,
 For Thou wilt establish her seat from above,
 — Wilt make her the throne of thy choice.

Go, walk about Zion, and measure the length,
 Her walls and her bulwarks mark well ;
 Contemplate her palaces, glorious in strength,
 Her towers and their pinnacles tell.

**Then say to your children :—Our strong hold is tried ;
This God is our God to the end ;
His people for ever his counsels shall guide,
His arm shall or ever defend.**

PSALM LI.

HAVE mercy on me, O my God,
In loving-kindness hear my prayer ;
Withdraw the terror of thy rod ;
Lord, in thy tender mercy spare.

Offences rise where'er I look ;
But I confess their guilt to Thee ;
Blot my transgressions from thy book,
Cleanse me from mine iniquity.

Whither from vengeance can I run ?
Just are thy judgements, Lord, and right ;
For all the evil I have done,
I did it only in thy sight.

Shapen in frailty, born in sin,
 From error how shall I depart?
 Lo, thou requirest truth within;
 Lord, write thy truth upon my heart.

Me through the blood of sprinkling make
 Pure from defilement, white as snow;
 Heal me for my Redeemer's sake;
 Then joy and gladness I shall know.

A perfect heart in me create,
 Renew my soul in innocence;
 Cast not the suppliant from thy gate,
 Nor take thine Holy Spirit hence.

Thy consolations, as of old,
 Now to my troubled mind restore;
 By thy free Spirit's might uphold
 And guide my steps, to fall no more.

Then sinners will I teach thy ways,
And rebels to thy sceptre bring ;
— Open my lips, O God, in praise,
So shall my mouth thy goodness sing.

Not streaming blood, nor purging fire
Thy righteous anger can appease ;
Burnt-offerings Thou dost not require,
Or gladly I would render these.

The broken heart in sacrifice,
Alone may thine acceptance meet ;
My heart, O God, do not despise,
Broken and contrite, at thy feet.

PSALM LXIII.

O God, Thou art my God alone,
Early to Thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land whose springs are dry.

O that it were as it hath been,
When, praying in the holy place,
Thy power and glory I have seen,
And mark'd the footsteps of thy grace.

Yet through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God ;
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways,
I safely tread where Thou hast trod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light,
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with Thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice,
My tongue shall bless Thee while I live.

PSALM LXIX.

GOD, be merciful to me,
For my spirit trusts in Thee,
And to Thee her refuge springs ;
Be the shadow of thy wings
Round the trembling sinner cast,
Till the storm is overpast.

From the water-floods that roll
Deep and deeper round my soul,
Me, thine arm almighty take,
For thy loving kindness' sake ;
If thy truth from me depart,
Thy rebuke would break my heart.

Foes increase, they close me round,
Friend nor comforter is found ;
Sore temptations now assail,
Hope, and strength, and courage fail ;
Turn not from thy servant's grief,
Hasten, Lord, to my relief.

Poor and sorrowful am I ;
Set me, O my God, on high ;
Wonders Thou for me hast wrought ;
Nigh to death my soul is brought ;
Save me, Lord, in mercy save,
Lest I sink below the grave.

PSALM LXX.

HASTEN, Lord, to my release,
Haste to help me, O my God !
Foes, like armed bands, increase ;
Turn them back the way they trod.

Dark temptations round me press,
Evil thoughts my soul assail ;
Doubts and fears, in my distress,
Rise, till flesh and spirit fail.

Those that seek Thee shall rejoice ;
I am bow'd with misery ;
Yet I make thy law my choice ;
Turn, my God, and look on me.

Thou mine only Helper art,
My Redeemer from the grave;
Strength of my desiring heart,
Do not tarry, haste to save.

PSALM LXXI.

LORD, I have put my trust in Thee,
 Turn not my confidence to shame ;
 Thy promise is a rock to me,
 A tower of refuge is thy name.

Thou hast upheld me from the womb ;
 Thou wert my strength and hope in youth ;
 Now, trembling, bending o'er the tomb,
 I lean upon thine arm of truth.

Though I have long outlived my peers,
 And stand amid the world alone,
 (A stranger, left by former years,)
 I know my God, — by Him am known.

**Cast me not off in mine old age,
Forsake me not in my last hour ;
The foe hath not foregone his rage,
The lion ravens to devour.**

**Not far, my God, not far remove :
Sin and the world still spread their snares ;
Stand by me now, or they will prove
Too crafty yet for my grey hairs.**

**Me, through what troubles hast Thou brought !
Me, with what consolations crown'd !
Now be thy last deliverance wrought ;
My soul in peace with Thee be found.**

PSALM LXXII.

**HAIL to the Lord's anointed !
Great David's greater Son ;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free ;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.**

**He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong ;**

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight,

By such shall He be feared,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, revered ;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down, like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth :

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go ;
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger,
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at his feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore him,
His praise all people sing ;

For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on his throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest:

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is — Love.

PSALM LXXIII.

TRULY the Lord is good to those,
The pure in heart, who love his name ;
But as for me, temptation rose,
And well-nigh cast me down to shame.

For I was envious at their state,
When I beheld the wicked rise,
And flourish in their pride elate,
No fear of death before their eyes.

Not troubled they, as others are,
Nor plagued, with all their vain pretence ;
Pride like a chain of gold they wear,
And clothe themselves with violence.

Swoln are their eyes with wine and lust,
 For more than heart can wish have they ;
 In fraud and tyranny they trust
 To make the multitude their prey.

Their mouth assails the heavens ; their tongue
 Walks arrogantly through the earth ;
 Pleasure's full cups to them are wrung ;
 They reel in revelry and mirth.

“ Who is the Lord, that we should fear,
 Lest He our dark devices know ?
 Who the Most High, that He should hear,
 Or heed, the words of men below ?”

Thus cry the mockers, flush'd with health,
 Exulting while their joys increase ;
 These are the' ungodly ; — men, whose wealth
 Flows like a river, ne'er to cease.

And have I cleansed my heart in vain,
And wash'd in innocence my hands ?
All day afflicted, I complain,
All night I mourn in straitening bands.

Too painful this for me to view,
Till to thy temple, Lord, I went,
And then their fearful end I knew,
How suddenly their light is spent.

Surely in slippery places set,
Down to perdition these are hurl'd ;
Snared in the toils of their own net,
A spectacle to all the world.

As, from a dream when one awakes,
The phantoms of the brain take flight ;
So, when thy wrath in thunder breaks,
Their image shall dissolve in night.

Abash'd, my folly then I saw ;
I seem'd before Thee like a brute ;
Smit to the heart, o'erwhelm'd with awe,
I bow'd, and worshipp'd, and was mute.

Yet Thou art ever at my side ;
O, still uphold me, and defend ;
Me by thy counsel Thou shalt guide,
And bring to glory in the end.

Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee ?
On earth shall none divide my heart ;
Then fail my flesh, my spirit flee,
Thou mine eternal portion art.

PSALM LXXVII.

In time of tribulation,
Hear, Lord, my feeble cries ;
With humble supplication,
To Thee my spirit flies ;
My heart with grief is breaking,
Scarce can my voice complain ;
Mine eyes, with tears kept waking,
Still watch and weep in vain.

The days of old, in vision,
Bring vanish'd bliss to view ;
The years of lost fruition
Their joys in pangs renew :

Remember'd songs of gladness,
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.

Hath God cast off for ever ?
 Can time his truth impair ?
 His tender mercy, never
 Shall I presume to share ?
 Hath He, his loving kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath ?
 — No ; — this is mine own blindness,
 That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
 The years of his right hand ;
 And, strong in his protection,
 Again through faith I stand ;

Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder ;
 Holy are all thy ways ;
 The secret place of thunder
 Shall utter forth thy praise.

Thee, with the tribes assembled,
 O God, the billows saw ;
 They saw Thee, and they trembled,
 Turn'd, and stood still, with awe ;
 The clouds shot hail — they lighten'd ;
 The earth reel'd to and fro ;
 Thy fiery pillar brighten'd
 The gulf of gloom below.

Thy way is in great waters,
 Thy footsteps are not known ;
 Let Adam's sons and daughters
 Confide in Thee alone :

Through the wild sea Thou leddest
Thy chosen flock of yore,
Still on the waves Thou treadest,
And thy redeem'd pass o'er.

PSALM LXXX.

OF old, O God, thine own right hand
A pleasant vine did plant and train ;
Above the hills, o'er all the land,
It sought the sun, and drank the rain.

Its boughs like goodly cedars spread,
Forth to the river went the root ;
Perennial verdure crown'd its head,
It bore, in every season, fruit.

That vine is desolate and torn,
Its scions in the dust are laid ;
Rank o'er the ruin springs the thorn,
The wild boar wallows in the shade.

Lord God of Hosts, thine ear incline,
 Change into songs thy people's fears ;
 Return, and visit this thy vine,
 Revive thy work amidst the years.

The plenteous and continual dew
 Of thy rich blessing here descend ;
 So shall thy vine its leaf renew,
 Till o'er the earth its branches bend.

Then shall it flourish wide and far,
 While realms beneath its shadow rest ;
 The morning and the evening star
 Shall mark its bounds from east to west.

So shall thine enemies be dumb,
 Thy banish'd ones no more enslaved,
 The fulness of the Gentiles come,
 And Israel's youngest born be saved.

PSALM LXXXIV.

How amiable, how fair,

O Lord of Hosts, to me,

Thy tabernacles are !

My flesh cries out for Thee ;

My heart and soul, with heaven-ward fire,

To Thee, the living God, aspire.

The sparrow here finds place

To build her little nest ;

The swallow's wandering race

Hither return and rest ;

Beneath thy roof their young ones cry,

And round thine altar learn to fly.

Thrice-blessed they who dwell
 Within thine house, my God,
 Where daily praises swell,
 And still the floor is trod
 By those, who in thy presence bow,
 By those, whose King and God art Thou.

Through Baca's arid vale,
 As pilgrims when they pass,
 The well-springs never fail,
 Fresh rain renews the grass ;
 From strength to strength they journey still,
 Till all appear on Zion's hill.

Lord God of Hosts, give ear,
 A gracious answer yield ;
 O God of Jacob, hear ;
 Behold, O God, our shield ;
 Look on thine own Anointed One,
 And save through thy beloved Son.

Lord, I would rather stand
A keeper at thy gate,
Than on the king's right hand
In tents of worldly state ;
One day within thy courts, one day,
Is worth a thousand cast away.

God is a sun of light,
Glory and grace to shed ;
God is a shield of might,
To guard the faithful head ;
O Lord of Hosts, how happy he,
The man who puts his trust in Thee !

PSALM XC.

LORD, Thou hast been thy people's rest
Through all their generations,
Their refuge when by danger prest,
Their hope in tribulations ;
Thou, ere the mountains sprang to birth,
Or ever Thou hadst form'd the earth,
Art God from everlasting.

The sons of men return to clay,
When Thou the word hast spoken,
As with a torrent borne away,
Gone like a dream when broken :
A thousand years are, in thy sight,
But as a watch amid the night,
Or yesterday departed.

At morn, we flourish like the grass
 With dew and sunbeams lighted,
 But ere the cool of evening pass,
 The rich array is blighted :
 Thus do thy chastisements consume
 Youth's tender leaf and beauty's bloom ;
 We fade at thy displeasure.

Our life is like the transient breath
 That tells a mournful story,
 Early or late, stopt short by death ;
 And where is all our glory ?
 Our days are threescore years and ten,
 And if the span be lengthen'd then,
 Their strength is toil and sorrow.

Lo, Thou hast set before thine eyes
 All our misdeeds and errors ;
 Our secret sins from darkness rise,
 At thine awakening terrors :

Who shall abide the trying hour?
 Who knows the thunder of thy power?
 We flee unto thy mercy.

Lord, teach us so to mark our days,
 That we may prize them duly;
 So guide our feet in Wisdom's ways,
 That we may love Thee truly:
 Return, O Lord, our griefs behold,
 And with thy goodness, as of old,
 O satisfy us early.

Restore our comforts as our fears,
 Our joy as our affliction;
 Give to thy Church, through changing years,
 Increasing benediction;
 Thy glorious beauty there reveal,
 And with thy perfect image seal
 Thy servants and their labours.

PSALM XCI:

CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;
In his secret habitation
Dwell, nor ever be dismay'd :
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.

From the sword at noon-day wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defence :

Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow ;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.

Only with thine eye, the anguish
Of the wicked thou shalt see,
When by slow disease they languish,
When they perish suddenly :
Thee, though winds and waves be swelling,
God, thine hope, shall bear through all ;
Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
Thee no evil shall befall.

He shall charge his angel-legions,
Watch and ward o'er thee to keep ;
Though thou walk through hostile regions,
Though in desert-wilds thou sleep ;

On the lion vainly roaring,
On his young, thy foot shall tread,
And, the dragon's den exploring,
Thou shalt bruise the serpent's head.

Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above :
Thou shalt call on Him in trouble,
He will hearken, He will save,
Here for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

PSALM XCIII.

THE Lord is King ; — upon his throne,
He sits in garments glorious ;
Or girds for war his armour on,
In every field victorious :
The world came forth at his command ;
Built on his word, its pillars stand ;
They never can be shaken.

The Lord was King ere time began,
His reign is everlasting ;
When high the floods in tumult ran,
Their foam to heaven up-casting,
He made the raging waves his path ;
— The sea is mighty in its wrath,
But God on high is mightier.

Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure ;
Thy realm fears no commotion,
Firm as the earth, whose shores endure
The eternal toil of ocean.
And Thou with perfect peace wilt bless
Thy faithful flock ; — for holiness
Becomes thine house for ever.

PSALM XCV.

O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice ;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit, one voice :
For Jehovah is King, and He reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne ;
The strength of the hills He maintains,
The ends of the earth are his own.

The sea is Jehovah's ; — He made
The tide its dominion to know ;
The land is Jehovah's ; — He laid
Its solid foundations below :

O come let us worship, and kneel
 Before our Creator, our God ;
 — The people who serve Him with zeal,
 — The flock whom He guides with his rod.

As Moses, the fathers of old,
 Through the sea and the wilderness led,
 His wonderful works we behold,
 With manna from heaven are fed :
 To-day, let us hearken, to-day,
 To the voice that yet speaks from above,
 And all his commandments obey,
 For all his commandments are love.

His wrath let us fear to provoke,
 To dwell in his favour unite ;
 His service is freedom, his yoke
 Is easy, his burden is light :

But, oh ! of rebellion beware,
Rebellion, that hardens the breast,
Lest God in his anger should swear
That *we* shall not enter his rest.

PSALM C.

BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,
O serve Him with gladness and fear ;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.

For Jehovah is God, — and Jehovah alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all ;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own ;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

O enter his gates with thanksgiving and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim ;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand ;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

PSALM CIII.

O MY soul, with all thy powers,
Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
O my soul, till life's last hours,
Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
Thine infirmities He heal'd ;
He thy peace and pardon seal'd.

He with loving-kindness crown'd thee,
Satisfied thy mouth with good ;
From the snares of death unbound thee,
Eagle-like thy youth renew'd :
Rich in tender mercy He,
Slow to wrath, to favour free.

He will not retain displeasure,
 Though awhile He hide his face ;
 Nor his God-like bounty measure
 By our merit, but his grace ;
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us his care extends.

Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath sever'd thus ;
 As a father loving-hearted
 Spares his son, He spareth us ;
 For he knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.

Mark the field-flower where it groweth,
 Frail and beautiful ; — anon,
 When the south-wind softly bloweth,
 Look again, — the flower is gone ;
 Such is man ; his honours pass,
 Like the glory of the grass.

From eternity, enduring
To eternity, — the Lord,
Still his people's bliss insuring,
Keeps his covenanted word ;
Yea with truth and righteousness,
Children's children He will bless.

As in heaven, his throne and dwelling,
King on earth He holds his sway ;
Angels, ye in strength excelling,
Bless the Lord, his voice obey ;
All his works beneath the pole,
Bless the Lord, with thee, my soul.

PSALM CIV.

MY soul, adore the Lord of might ;
With uncreated glory crown'd,
And clad in royalty of light,
He draws the curtain'd heavens around ;
Dark waters his pavilion form,
Clouds are his car, his wheels the storm.

Lightning before Him, and behind
Thunder rebounding to and fro ;
He walks upon the winged wind,
And reins the blast, or lets it go :
— This goodly globe his wisdom plann'd,
He fix'd the bounds of sea and land.

When o'er a guilty world, of old,
He summon'd the avenging main,
At his rebuke the billows roll'd
Back to their parent-gulf again ;
The mountains raised their joyful heads,
Like new creations, from their beds.

Thenceforth the self-revolving tide
Its daily fall and flow maintains ;
Through winding vales fresh fountains glide,
Leap from the hills, or course the plains ;
There thirsty cattle throng the brink,
And the wild asses bend to drink.

Fed by the currents, fruitful groves
Expand their leaves, their fragrance fling,
Where the cool breeze at noon-tide roves,
And birds among the branches sing ;
Soft fall the showers when day declines,
And sweet the peaceful rainbow shines.

Grass through the meadows, rich with flowers,
 God's bounty spreads for herds and flocks :
 On Lebanon his cedar towers,
 The wild goats bound upon his rocks ;
 Fowls in his forests build their nests,
 — The stork amid the pine-tree rests.

To strengthen man, condemn'd to toil,
 He fills with grain the golden ear ;
 Bids the ripe olive melt with oil,
 And swells the grape, man's heart to cheer :
 — The moon her tide of changing knows,
 Her orb with lustre ebbs and flows.

The sun goes down, the stars come out ;
 He maketh darkness, and 'tis night ;
 Then roam the beasts of prey about,
 The desert rings with chase and flight :
 The lion, and the lion's brood,
 Look up, — and God provides them food.

Morn dawns far east ; ere long the sun
 Warms the glad nations with his beams ;
 Day, in their dens, the spoilers shun,
 And night returns to them in dreams :
 Man from his couch to labour goes,
 Till evening brings again repose.

How manifold thy works, O Lord,
 In wisdom, power, and goodness wrought !
 The earth is with thy riches stored,
 And ocean with thy wonders fraught :
 Unfathom'd caves beneath the deep
 For Thee their hidden treasures keep.

There go the ships, with sails unfurl'd,
 By Thee directed on their way ;
 There in his own mysterious world,
 Leviathan delights to play ;
 And tribes that range immensity,
 Unknown to man, are known to Thee.

By Thee alone the living live ;
Hide but thy face, their comforts fly ;
They gather what thy seasons give ;
Take Thou away their breath, they die :
Send forth thy Spirit from above,
And all is life again, and love.

Joy in his works Jehovah takes,
Yet to destruction they return ;
He looks upon the earth, it quakes,
Touches the mountains, and they burn :
— Thou, God, for ever art the same ;
I AM is thine unchanging name.

PSALM CVII.

No. 1.

**THANK and praise Jehovah's name,
For his mercies, firm and sure,
From eternity, the same
To eternity, endure.**

**Let the ransom'd thus rejoice,
Gather'd out of every land,
As the people of his choice ;
Pluck'd from the destroyer's hand.**

**In the wilderness astray,
Hither, thither, while they roam,
Hungry, fainting by the way,
Far from refuge, shelter, home : —**

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

To a pleasant land He brings,
Where the vine and olive grow,
Where from flowery hills the springs
Through luxuriant valleys flow.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 2.

THEY that mourn in dungeon-gloom,
Bound in iron and despair,
Sentenced to a heavier doom
Than the pangs they suffer there; —

Foes and rebels once to God,
They disdain'd his high controul;
Now they feel his fiery rod
Striking terrors through their soul.

Wrung with agony they fall
To the dust, and gazing round,
Call for help; — in vain they call,
Help, nor hope, nor friend are found.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He restores their forfeit-breath,
Breaks in twain the gates of brass ;
From the bands and grasp of death,
Forth to liberty they pass.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 3.

Fools, for their transgression, see
Sharp disease their youth consume,
And their beauty, like a tree,
Withering o'er an early tomb.

Food is loathsome to their taste,
And the eye revolts from light ;
All their joys to ruin haste,
As the sunset into night.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

He with health renews their frame,
Lengthens out their number'd days ;
Let them glorify his name
With the sacrifice of praise.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 4.

THEY that toil upon the deep,
And in vessels light and frail,
O'er the mighty waters sweep
With the billow and the gale, —

Mark what wonders God performs,
When He speaks, and, unconfined,
Rush to battle all his storms
In the chariots of the wind.

Up to heaven their bark is whirl'd
On the mountain of the wave ;
Down as suddenly 'tis hurl'd
To the abysses of the grave.

To and fro they reel, they roll,
As intoxicate with wine ;
Terrors paralyze their soul,
Helm they quit, and hope resign.

Then unto the Lord they cry,
He inclines a gracious ear,
Sends deliverance from on high,
Rescues them from all their fear.

Calm and smooth the surges flow,
And, where deadly lightning ran,
God's own reconciling bow
Metes the ocean with a span.

O that men would praise the Lord,
For his goodness to their race ;
For the wonders of his word,
And the riches of his grace !

PSALM CVII.

No. 5.

LET the elders praise the Lord,
Him let all the people praise,
When they meet with one accord
In his courts, on holy days.

God for sin will vengeance take,
Smite the earth with sore distress,
And a fruitful region make
As the howling wilderness.

But when mercy stays his hand,
Famine, plague, and death depart ;
Yea the rock, at his command,
Pours a river from its heart.

There the hungry dwell in peace,
 Cities build, and plough the ground,
While their flocks and herds increase,
 And their corn and wine abound.

Should they yet rebel, — his arm
 Lays their pride again in dust :
But the poor He shields from harm,
 And in Him the righteous trust.

Whoso wisely marks his will,
 Thus evolving bliss from woe,
Shall, redeem'd from every ill,
 All his loving-kindness know.

PSALM CXIII.

SERVANTS of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His glorious name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

Blest be that name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest ;
Above the heavens his power is known,
Through all the earth his goodness shown.

Who is like God ? — so great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky,
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

He hears the uncomplaining moan
Of those who sit and weep alone ;
He lifts the mourner from the dust,
And saves the poor in Him that trust.

Servants of God, in joyful lays,
Sing ye the Lord Jehovah's praise ;
His saving name let all adore,
From age to age, for evermore.

PSALM CXVI.

I LOVE the Lord; — He lent an ear
 When I for help implor'd ;
 He rescued me from all my fear,
 Therefore I love the Lord.

Bound hand and foot with chains of sin,
 Death dragg'd me for his prey ;
 The pit was moved to take me in ;
 All hope was far away.

I cried in agony of mind,
 “ Lord, I beseech Thee, save :”
 He heard me ; — Death his prey resign'd,
 And Mercy shut the grave.

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From God no longer roam ;
His hand hath bountifully blest,
His goodness call'd thee home.

What shall I render unto Thee,
My Saviour in distress,
For all thy benefits to me,
So great and numberless ?

This will I do, for thy love's sake,
And thus thy power proclaim ;
The sacramental cup I take,
And call upon thy name.

Thou God of covenanted grace,
Hear and record my vow,
While in thy courts I seek thy face,
And at thine altar bow : —

Henceforth to Thee myself I give ;
With single heart and eye,
To walk before Thee while I live,
And bless Thee when I die.

PSALM CXVII.

ALL ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise :
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right-hand
Like his own eternity.

Praise Him, ye who know his love,
Praise Him from the depths beneath,
Praise Him in the heights above ;
Praise your Maker, all that breathe.

PSALM CXXI.

ENCOMPASS'D with ten thousand ills,
Prest by pursuing foes,
I lift mine eyes unto the hills,
From whence salvation flows.

My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky ;
I look to his almighty aid,
And ever-watching eye.

— He who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence ;
The Lord thy keeper never sleeps ;
The Lord is thy defence.

The sun, with his afflictive light,
Shall harm thee not by day ;
Nor thee the moon molest by night
Along thy tranquil way.

Thee shall the Lord preserve from sin,
And comfort in distress ;
Thy going out and coming in,
The Lord thy God shall bless.

PSALM CXXII.

GLAD was my heart to hear
My old companions say,
Come — in the house of God appear,
For 'tis an holy day.

Our willing feet shall stand
Within the temple-door,
While young and old, in many a band,
Shall throng the sacred floor.

Thither the tribes repair,
Where all are wont to meet,
And, joyful in the house of prayer,
Bend at the mercy-seat.

Pray for Jerusalem,
The city of our God ;
The Lord from heaven be kind to them
That love the dear abode.

Within these walls may peace
And harmony be found ;
Zion, in all thy palaces,
Prosperity abound !

For friends and brethren dear,
Our prayer shall never cease ;
Oft as they meet for worship here,
God send his people peace !

PSALM CXXIV.

**THE Lord is on our side,
His people now may say ;
The Lord is on our side, — or we
Had fallen a sudden prey.**

**Sin, Satan, Death and Hell,
Like fire, against us rose ;
Then had the flames consumed us quick,
But God repell'd our foes.**

**Like water they return'd,
When wildest tempests rave ;
Then had the floods gone o'er our head,
But God was there to save.**

From jeopardy redeem'd,
As from the lion's wrath,
Mercy and truth uphold our life,
And safety guards our path.

Our soul escaped the toils ;
As from the fowler's snare,
The bird, with disentangled wings,
Flits through the boundless air.

Our help is from the Lord ;
In Him we will confide,
Who stretch'd the heavens, who form'd the earth :
— The Lord is on our side.

PSALM CXXV.

Who make the Lord of hosts their tower,
Shall like Mount Zion be,
Immoveable by mortal power,
Built on eternity.

As round about Jerusalem
The guardian mountains stand,
So shall the Lord encompass them,
Who hold by his right hand.

The rod of wickedness shall ne'er
Against the just prevail,
Lest innocence should find a snare,
And tempted virtue fail.

Do good, O Lord, do good to those
Who cleave to Thee in heart,
Who on thy truth alone repose,
Nor from thy law depart.

While rebel-souls, who turn aside,
Thine anger shall destroy,
Do Thou in peace thy people guide
To thine eternal joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

WHEN God from sin's captivity
Sets his afflicted people free,
Lost in amaze, their mercies seem
The transient raptures of a dream.

But soon their ransom'd souls rejoice,
And mirth and music swell their voice,
Till foes confess, nor dare condemn,
"The Lord hath done great things for them."

They catch the strain and answer thus,
"The Lord hath done great things for us,
Whence gladness fills our hearts, and songs,
Sweet and spontaneous, wake our tongues."

Turn our captivity, O Lord,
As southern rivers, at thy word,
Bound from their channels, and restore
Plenty, where all was waste before.

Who sow in tears shall reap in joy ;
Nought shall the precious seed destroy,
Nor long the weeping exiles roam,
But bring their sheaves rejoicing home.

PSALM CXXX.

Out of the depths of woe
To Thee, O Lord, I cry ;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That Thou art ever nigh.

Then hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint ;
Thou bid'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint.

I cast my hope on Thee,
Thou canst, Thou wilt forgive ;
Wert Thou to mark iniquity,
Who in thy sight could live ?

Humbly on Thee I wait,
 Confessing all my sin ;
 Lord, I am knocking at thy gate ;
 Open, and take me in.

Like them, whose longing eyes
 Watch, till the morning star
 (Though late and seen through tempests) rise,
 Heaven's portals to unbar :—

Like them I watch and pray,
 And though it tarry long,
 Catch the first gleam of welcome day,
 Then burst into a song.

Glory to God above ;
 The waters soon will cease,
 For, lo! the swift returning dove
 Brings home the sign of peace.

Though storms his face obscure,
And dangers threaten loud,
Jehovah's covenant is sure,
His bow is in the cloud.

PSALM CXXXI.

**LORD, for ever at thy side
Let my place and portion be ;
Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility.**

**Meekly may my soul receive
All thy Spirit hath reveal'd ;
Thou hast spoken, — I believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.**

**Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast ;
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On thy faithful word I rest.**

**Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust :
Him in all his ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.**

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 1.

God in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before Him bend ;
Here hath He fix'd his mercy-seat,
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord ;
Shine through the veil, we seek thy face ;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array ;
Joyful thy chosen people be ;
Let those who teach and those who pray,
Let all — be holiness to Thee.

PSALM CXXXII.

No. 2.

LORD, for thy servant David's sake,
Perform thine oath to David's son ; —
Thy truth Thou never wilt forsake ; —
Look on thine own Anointed One.

The Lord in faithfulness hath sworn,
His throne for ever to maintain ;
From realm to realm, the sceptre borne
Shall stretch o'er earth Messiah's reign.

Zion my chosen hill of old,
My rest, my dwelling, my delight,
With loving-kindness I uphold,
Her walls are ever in my sight.

I satisfy her poor with bread,
Her tables with abundance bless,
Joy on her sons and daughters shed,
And clothe her priests with righteousness.

There David's horn shall bud and bloom,
The branch of glory and renown ;
His foes my vengeance shall consume ;
Him with eternal years I crown.

PSALM CXXXIII.

How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bonds of charity ;
'Tis like the precious ointment, shed
O'er all his robes, from Aaron's head.

'Tis like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers ;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers,
When mingling odours breathe around,
And glory rests on all the ground.

For there the Lord commands
 Blessings, a boundless store,
From his unsparing hands,
 Yea, life for evermore :
Thrice happy they who meet above
To spend eternity in love !

PSALM CXXXIV.

BLESS ye the Lord with solemn rite ;
In hymns extol his name,
Ye who, within his house by night,
Watch round the altar's flame.

Lift up your hands amid the place,
Where burns the sacred sign,
And pray, that thus Jehovah's face
O'er all the earth may shine.

From Zion, from his holy hill,
The Lord our Maker send
The perfect knowledge of his will,
Salvation without end.

PSALM CXXXVII.

WHERE Babylon's broad rivers roll,
In exile we sate down to weep,
For thoughts of Zion o'er our soul
Came, like departed joys, in sleep,
Whose forms to sad remembrance rise,
Though fled for ever from our eyes.

Our harps upon the willows hung,
Where, worn with toil, our limbs reclined ;
The chords, untuned and trembling, rung
With mournful music on the wind,
While foes, insulting o'er our wrongs,
Cried, — " Sing us one of Zion's songs."

How can we sing the songs we love,
Far from our own delightful land?
— If I prefer thee not above
My chiefest joy, may this right hand,
Jerusalem! — forget its skill,
My tongue be dumb, my pulse be still.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

THEE will I praise, O Lord, in light,
Where seraphim surround thy throne ;
With heart and soul, with mind and might,
Thee will I worship, Thee alone.

I bow toward thy holy place ;
For Thou, in mercy still the same,
Hast magnified thy word of grace
O'er all the wonders of thy name.

In peril, when I cried to Thee,
How did thy strength renew my soul !
Kings and their realms might bend the knee,
Could I to man reveal the whole.

Thou, Lord, above all height art high,
Yet with the lowly wilt Thou dwell ;
The proud far off, thy jealous eye
Shall mark, and with a look repel.

Though in the depth of trouble thrown,
With grief I shall not always strive,
Thou wilt thy suffering servant own,
And Thou the contrite heart revive.

Thy purpose then in me fulfil ;
Forsake me not, for I am thine ;
Perfect in me thine utmost will ;
— Whate'er it be, that will be mine

PSALM CXXXIX.

SEARCHER of hearts, to Thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast ;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,
Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off, through every maze,
Source, stream, and issue, — all my ways.

No word that from my mouth proceeds
Evil or good, escapes thine ear ;
Witness Thou art to all my deeds,
Before, behind, for ever near :
Such knowledge is for me too high ;
I live but in my Maker's eye.

How from thy presence should I go,
 Or whither from thy Spirit flee,
 Since all above, around, below,
 Exist in thine immensity?
 — If up to heaven I take my way,
 I meet Thee in eternal day.

If in the grave I make my bed
 With worms and dust, lo, Thou art there ;
 If, on the wings of morning sped,
 Beyond the ocean I repair,
 I feel thine all-controlling will,
 And Thy right-hand upholds me still.

“ Let darkness hide me,” if I say,
 Darkness can no concealment be ;
 Night, on thy rising, shines like day,
 Darkness and light are one with Thee;
 For Thou mine embryo-form didst view
 Ere her own babe my mother knew.

In me thy workmanship display'd,
A miracle of power I stand ;
Fearfully, wonderfully made,
And framed in secret by Thy hand ;
I lived, ere into being brought,
Through thine eternity of thought.

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me ! how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease ;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God, and know my heart,
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way ;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality.

PSALM CXLI.

LORD, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to Thee,
As on the evening-sacrifice,
Look down from heaven, well-pleased, on me.

Set Thou a watch to keep my tongue,
Let not my heart to sin incline ;
Save me from men who practise wrong,
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love ; — his strokes are kind ;
His mild reproofs, like oil allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

Mine eyes are unto Thee, my God ;
Behold me humbled in the dust ;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod,
I own thy chastisements are just.

But O redeem me from the snares,
With which the world surrounds my feet,
— Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

PSALM CXLII.

I CRIED unto the Lord most just,
Most merciful, in prayer ;
I cried unto Him from the dust,
I told Him my despair.

When sunk my soul within me, — then
Thou knew'st the path I chose ;
Unharm'd I pass'd the spoiler's den,
I alk'd through ambush'd foes.

I look'd for friends, — there was not one
In sorrow to condole ;
I look'd for refuge, — there was none ;
None cared for my soul.

I cried unto the Lord ; — I said, —
Thou art my refuge ; Thou,
My portion ; — hasten to mine aid ;
Hear and deliver *now*.

Now, from the dungeon, from the grave, —
Exalt thy suppliant's head ;
Thy voice is freedom to the slave,
Revival to the dead.

PSALM CXLIII.

HEAR me, O Lord, in my distress,
Hear me in truth and righteousness ;
For at thy bar of judgment tried,
None living can be justified.

Lord, I have foes without, within,
The world, the flesh, indwelling sin,
Life's daily ills, temptation's power,
And Satan roaring to devour.

These, these my fainting soul surround,
My strength is smitten to the ground ;
Like those long dead, beneath their weight
Crush'd is my heart and desolate.

Yet, in the gloom of silent thought,
I call to mind what God hath wrought,
Thy wonders in the days of old,
Thy mercies great and manifold.

Ah! then to Thee I stretch my hands,
Like failing streams through desert-sands;
I thirst for Thee, as harvest plains
Parch'd by the summer thirst for rains.

O let me not thus hopeless lie,
Like one condemn'd at morn to die,
But with the morning may I see
Thy loving-kindness visit me.

Teach me thy will, subdue my own ;
Thou art my God, and Thou alone ;
By thy good Spirit guide me still,
Safe from all foes, to Zion's hill.

Release my soul from trouble, Lord ;
Quicken and keep me by thy word ;
May all its promises be mine ;
Be Thou my portion — I am thine.

PSALM CXLIV.

THE Lord is gracious to forgive,
And slow to let his anger move ;
The Lord is good to all that live,
And all his tender mercy prove.

Thy works, O God, thy praise proclaim ;
The saints thy wondrous deeds shall sing,
Extol thy power, and to thy name
Homage from every nation bring.

Glorious in majesty art Thou ;
Thy throne for ever shall endure ;
Angels before Thy footstool bow,
Yet dost Thou not despise the poor.

The Lord upholdeth them that fall ;
He raiseth men of low degree ;
O God, our health, the eyes of all,
Of all the living, wait on Thee.

Thou openest thine exhaustless store,
And rainest food on every land ;
The dumb creation Thee adore,
And eat their portion from thy hand.

Man, most indebted, most ingrate,
Man only, is a rebel here ;
Teach him to know Thee, ere too late ;
Teach him to love Thee, and to fear.

PSALM CXLVIII.

HERALDS of creation cry,
— Praise the Lord, the Lord most high ;
Heaven and earth, obey the call,
Praise the Lord, the Lord of all.

For He spake, and forth from night
Sprang the universe to light ;
He commanded, — Nature heard,
And stood fast upon his word.

Praise Him, all ye hosts above,
Spirits perfected in love ;
Sun and moon, your voices raise,
Sing, ye stars, your Maker's praise.

Earth, from all thy depths below,
Ocean's hallelujahs flow ;
Lightning, vapour, wind, and storm,
Hail and snow, his will perform.

Vales and mountains, burst in song ;
Rivers, roll with praise along ;
Clap your hands, ye trees, and hail
God, who comes in every gale.

Birds, on wings of rapture, soar,
Warble at his temple-door ;
Joyful sounds, from herds and flocks,
Echo back, ye caves and rocks.

Kings, your Sovereign serve with awe ;
Judges, own his righteous law ;
Princes, worship Him with fear ;
Bow the knee, all people here.

Let his truth by babes be told,
And his wonders by the old ;
Youths and maidens, in your prime,
Learn the lays of heaven betime.

High above all height his throne,
Excellent his name alone ;
Him let all his works confess ;
Him let every being bless.

THE END.

LONDON :
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
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