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

Google[™] books

<http://books.google.com>



COLUMBIA LIBRARIES OFFSITE

RESTRICTED



CR60017767

VP33 1866S 1868 Our own hymn-book :



HYMNOLOGY

ENGLISH

Psalm-Versions

1866

OUR OWN HYMN-BOOK.

A COLLECTION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

FOR

PUBLIC, SOCIAL, AND PRIVATE WORSHIP.

COMPILED BY

C. H. SPURGEON.

LONDON :

SMORE AND ALABASTER,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1868.

to
on
s's
of
tore
imes
apila-
have
nad it
the re-
ntents.
er the
lace,
vil;
he
le
n-

LIBRARY OF UNION

THEOLOGICAL
SEMINARY,
NEW YORK;

—GIFT FROM—

Cyrus W. Field

LONDON:

PASSMORE AND ALABASTER,
STEAM PRINTERS, 31, LITTLE BRITAIN.

P 33

73090

-66 S

(68)

PREFACE.

OUR congregation has long used two hymn-books; namely, the comprehensive edition of "Dr. Rippon's Selection," and "Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns." Despite the judgment of many to the contrary, we believe that the store of spiritual songs contained in these two volumes is not excelled, even if equalled by any compilation extant; and we should most probably have been very well content with those books had it not been for difficulties connected with the remarkably complex arrangement of their contents. To strangers it was no small task to discover the hymn selected for singing; for, in the first place, there were two books, which was in itself an evil; but the matter was made far worse by the fact that these two volumes were each a puzzle to the uninstructed; Rippon with its parts innumerable, and Watts with first, second, and third books. The providence of God brings very many new hearers within the walls of our place of worship, and many a time have we marked their futile researches and pitied the looks of

despair with which they have given up all hope of finding the hymns, and so of joining intelligently in our words of praise. We felt that such ought not to be the state of our service of song and resolved if possible to reform it. None of the collections already published are exactly what our congregation needs, or we would have cheerfully adopted one of them. They are good in their way, but we need something more. Our congregation has distinctive features which are not suited by every compilation, not indeed by any known to us. We thought it best to issue a selection which would contain the cream of the books already in use among us, together with the best of all others extant up to the hour of going to press; and having sought a blessing upon the project, we set about it with all our might, and at last have brought it to a conclusion. Our best diligence has been given to the work, and we have spared no expense: may God's richest blessing rest upon the result of our arduous labours! Unto his glory we dedicate "Our Own Hymn Book."

The area of our researches has been as wide as the bounds of existing religious literature, American and British, Protestant and Romish, ancient and modern. Whatever may be thought of our taste we have used it without prejudice; and a good hymn has not been rejected because

of the character of its author, or the heresies of the church in whose hymnal it first occurred; so long as the language and the spirit commended the hymn to our heart we included it, and believe that we have enriched our collection thereby. The range of subjects is very extensive, comprising not only direct praise, but doctrine, experience, and exhortation; thus enabling the saints according to apostolical command to edify one another in their spiritual songs. If any object that some of the hymns are penitential or doctrinal, and therefore unfit to be sung, we reply that we find examples of such in the Book of Psalms, which we have made our model in compiling our work; there we have Maschils as well as hosannahs, and penitential odes as well as hallelujahs. We have not been able to fall in with modern scruples, but have rested content with ancient precedents. We have not cast about for models suggested by the transient fancy of the hour, but have followed the indications given us in the Word of God and in the long-established usage of the universal church; desiring to be obedient to the sacred precept, "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." We hope that in some few churches of the land we may

be helpful to their service of sacred song, and aid them in praising the Lord.

The features which distinguish this hymn-book are such as to justify its issue, at least in the mind of the compiler, upon whom it has involved immense labour—a labour which has been its own reward. Those features are as follows:—

1. The hymns have been drawn from the original works of the authors, and are given as far as practicable just as they were written. This is so unusual a practice as to be almost a novelty, while the mangling of hymns has grown into a system—a system, however, to be most heartily deprecated. The very few alterations which we have personally made are either grammatical corrections or emendations which seemed to be imperatively demanded by the interests of truth, or were necessary in order to change the metre into such as could be sung.

2. Subjects frequently passed over or pushed into a corner are here made conspicuously the themes of song; such, for instance, as the great doctrines of sovereign grace, the personal Advent of our Lord, and especially the sweetness of present communion with Him.

3. Hymns suitable for revivals, prayer-meetings, and earnest addresses to sinners, are given

in larger numbers and greater variety than in any other selection known to the editor, and several popular verses whose poetic merit had not commended them to previous compilers, have been adopted in deference to the Great Spirit who has so frequently blessed the use of them both to saints and sinners.

4. The Psalms of David are here, by the aid of various writers, more especially, Watts, the English and Scotch versions, Mr. Lyte and Miss Auber, all presented, in whole or in part, in forms suitable for congregational singing, and our endeavour has been to preserve the devout spirit of that inspired book even where the Jewish expressions have been necessarily changed for Christian language.

Our deepest obligations are acknowledged to Mr. D. Sedgwick, of Sun Street, Bishopsgate, without whose diligent assistance our work could never have been accomplished. His large collection of hymn-books, and his marvellous acquaintance with hymnology, render him the indispensable helper of all hymn collectors who would have their work well done. For the authorship, dates, and general correctness of the text, we have relied mainly upon him; and believe that he has enabled us to produce a volume altogether unique and unrivalled in value.

The editor has inserted with great diffidence a very few of his own composition, chiefly among the Psalms, and his only apology for so doing is the fact that of certain difficult Psalms he could find no version at all fitted for singing, and was therefore driven to turn them into verse himself. As these original compositions are but few, it is hoped that they will not prejudice the ordinary reader against the rest of the collection, and possibly one or two of them may gratify the generous judgment of our friends.

To very many proprietors of original hymns we tender earnest thanks for the liberal manner in which consent has invariably been given to us to use their copyrights. If by inadvertence we have used any compositions without permission, we trust the owners will extend to us the same courtesy as if we had written to them, which kind assent we will gladly acknowledge in a future issue. In the large type edition of this collection will be found a complete list of all the authors to whom we are indebted, with titles of their various works; but even in this small copy we are bound to acknowledge our obligations to the proprietors of the invaluable works of James Montgomery, Conder, Lyte, Kelly, Sir Edward Denny, Dr. Neale, and Miss Anna Shipton. We thank Rev. W. Hiley Bathurst for permission to use his excellent "Psalms and Hymns;" Rev.

Thos. Davis, of Roundhay, for like liberty with his valuable "Hymns New and Old;" Dr. Horatius Bonar, for his choice "Hymns of Faith and Hope;" Rev. J. S. Monsell, for his most precious "Spiritual Songs;" Mr. Caswall for assent to use his hymns given through Mr. Stevenson; to Rev. James Kelly, for hymns from his selection; Mr. Edmeston, for several poetical odes; Rev. W. Reid, for aid through his noble "Praise Book;" Mr. Henry Bateman, for use of "Heart Melodies" and other works; Rev. Newman Hall for original pieces, and especially Mr. Albert Midlane for use of "Gospel Echoes," and for several contributions specially written for our assistance. We are grateful to representatives of Dr. Reed for the use of his hymns, and to Rev. Denham Smith and others for the same favour; while to many friends we are thankful for valuable information as to authorship and dates.

We are thus indebted to all classes of Christians, and are furnished with another instance of the intimate fellowship of all saints in their prayers and praises; we pray that believers of all denominations may derive a blessing from the combined works of so many of the Lord's servants.

C. H. SPURGEON.

September, 1866.

CONTENTS.

	Nos.
SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS	1—150
THE ADORABLE TRINITY IN UNITY:—	
Doxologies	151—170
GOD THE FATHER:—	
Adoration of God, 19, 36, 44, 45, 47, 57, 65—68, 76, 81, 92, 97, 99, 100, 103, 104, 106, 107, 108, 118—115, 117, 118, 138, 146—150	171—178
Attributes of God, 45, 65, 75, 82, 94, 139	179—202
Acts of God.	
Creation and providence, 19, 75, 93, 111.....	203—217
Predestination in connection with grace.....	218—226
The covenant.....	227—229
OUR LORD JESUS:—	
Deity and incarnation, 8	249—261
Life on earth, 41	262—268
Sufferings and death, 69.....	269—303
Seen of angels	304—305
Resurrection and ascension, 2, 24 ...	306—324
In heaven, 21.....	325—340
Second Advent, 50	341—366
Names and titles, 23, 74	367—409

His praise, 9, 22, 27, 29, 31, 37, 45, 48, 57, 71, 72, 78, 92, 95—99, 101, 105, 110, 111, 116, 134—136, 144—146 ...	410—444
THE WORK OF GRACE AS A WHOLE	230—248
THE HOLY SPIRIT	445—468
MAN :—	
Fallen, 1	469—477
THE HOLY SCRIPTURES	478—482
THE GOSPEL :—	
Its excellence, 3, 85	483—486
Its invitations, 2	487—514
Its expostulations.....	515—529
Stated, 49	530—545
Received by faith, 126	546—567
THE CHRISTIAN :—	
Contrite cries, 28, 30, 35, 38, 51, 55, 63, 77, 79, 86, 88, 102, 123, 130, 141.....	568—615
Conflict and encouragement, 22, 25, 42, 54, 61, 64, 70, 80—83, 86, 88, 109, 116, 120, 124, 125, 140	616—635
Holy anxiety, 14	636—644
Desires after holiness, 58, 119	645—653
Renunciation of the world.....	654—657
Dedication to God, 1	658—664
Longings for perseverance in grace... ..	665—669
Courage and confidence, 5, 60, 62, 121, 142	670—687
Peaceful trust, 3, 4, 10, 15, 52, 127— 129.....	688—693
Zeal	694—695
Patience and resignation, 131	696—703
Humility.....	704—706
Sacred gratitude, 18, 32—34	707—710
Joy and peace, 32	711—727
Christian Privileges.	
Adoption.....	728—729

Unchanging love, 74—89	730—736
Security in Christ, 3, 11, 20, 46, 53, 59, 90, 91	737—738
Final preservation	739—743
Support in affliction, 6, 7, 12, 13, 40, 43, 56, 73, 81, 143	744—756
A happy portion, 23, 73, 112	757—759
Union to Christ.....	760—763
Communion with Jesus	764—820
Death	821—831
Burial	832—838
Resurrection	839—844
Aspirations for heaven, 17, 137	845—860
Heaven	861—880
STATE OF THE LOST, 73	881—883
THE CHURCH, 132.....	884—887
Christian fellowship, 16, 133	888—896
Pastors.....	897—904
Its ordinances—	
Baptism	921—935
The Lord's Supper	936—950
THE LORD'S DAY	905—920
PUBLIC WORSHIP, 26, 84, 87, 95, 122	905—920
Revivals and Missions.....	951—973
Prayer meetings	974—1009
Mothers' meetings	1010—1016
Opening places for worship	1017—1022
Morning	1023—1026
Evening	1027—1032
Harvest	1033—1034
New Year	1035—1043
Marriage	1044—1046
Dismission	1047—1054
Blessing and thanks	1055—1059

SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.



1

PSALM I.

C. M.

- 1 **B**LEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet ;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat :
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight ;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- 3 He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine ;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so the impious and unjust ;
What vain designs they form !
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at His right hand
Appoints His saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread ;
His heart approves it well :
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SPIRIT OF

2

PSALM 2.

148th.

- 1 **T**HOUGH sinners boldly join,
 Against the Lord to rise,
 Against His Christ combine,
 Th' Anointed to despise ;
 Though earth disdain,
 And hell engage,
 Vain is their rage,
 Their counsel vain.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns !
 On Sion is His throne ;
 The Lord's decree sustains
 His own begotten Son :
 Up from the grave
 He bids Him rise,
 And mount the skies,
 With power to save.
- 3 Oh serve the Lord with fear,
 And rev'ence His command ;
 With sacred joy draw near,
 With solemn trembling stand ;
 Kneel at His throne,
 Your homage bear,
 His power declare,
 And kiss the Son.

William Goode, 1811.

3

PSALM 3.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY promise, Lord, is perfect peace,
 And yet my trials still increase ;
 Till fears at times my soul assail,
 That Satan's rage must yet prevail.
- 2 Then, Saviour, then I fly to Thee,
 And in Thy grace my refuge see ;
 Thou heard'st me from Thy holy hill,
 And Thou wilt hear and help me still.
- 3 Beneath Thy wings secure I sleep ;
 What foe can harm while Thou dost keep ?
 I wake, and find Thee at my side,
 My omnipresent Guard and Guide !

THE PSALMS.

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

Henry Francis Lyte, 1334.

4 PSALM 4. C. M.

1 **L**ORD of my life, my hopes, my joys,
My never-failing Friend,
Thou hast been all my help till now,
Oh! help me to the end!

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

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

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

Tate and Brady, 1696.

5 PSALM 5. C. M.

1 **L**ORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be Thy delight,
Nor dwell at Thy right hand.

SPIRIT OF

4 But to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there ;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

5 Oh may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness !
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

6

PSALM 6.

7s.

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

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

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

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

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

7

PSALM 7.

7s.

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

THE PSALMS.

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

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

8

PSALM 8.

C. M.

- 1 **O** LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thine heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold Thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light:
- 3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That Thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?
- 4 That Thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than His angels are,
To save a dying worm?
- 5 Let Him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd His head to death;
And be His honours sounded high
By all things that have breath.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is Thine exalted name!
The glories of Thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SPIRIT OF

9

PSALM 9.

C. M.

- 1 **T**O celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare;
 To all the list'ning world Thy works,
 Thy wondrous works declare.
- 2 The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasure bring;
 Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou Most High,
 Triumphant praise I sing.
- 3 All those who have His goodness proved
 Will in His truth confide;
 Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
 That on His help relied.
- 4 His suffering saints, when most distress'd,
 He ne'er forgets to aid;
 Their expectation shall be crown'd,
 Though for a time delay'd.
- 5 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord
 From Sion, His abode;
 Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
 Confess no other God.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

10

PSALM 10.

C. M.

(Verses 17 & 18.)

- 1 **O** GOD, the help of all Thy saints,
 Our hope in time of ill;
 We'll trust Thee, though Thy face be hid,
 And seek Thy presence still.
- 2 All our desires to Thee are known;
 Thy help is ever near;
 Oh first prepare our hearts to pray,
 And then accept our prayer.

Edward Osler, 1836.

11

PSALM 11.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HEN all bespeaks a Father's love,
 Oh wherefore, fearful as the dove,
 Should we in times of peril flee
 To any refuge, Lord, but Thee?

THE PSALMS.

2 In vain the wicked bend their bow,
And seek to lay the righteous low ;
Thou from Thine everlasting throne
With watchful care regard'st Thine own.

3 Thy voice shall seal the sinner's fate,
Just vengeance shall his crimes await ;
While the bright beams of grace divine,
Shall on Thy faithful servants shine.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

12

PSALM 12.

C. M.

1 **L**ORD, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

2 Is not Thy chariot hastening on ?
Hast Thou not given this sign ?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine ?

3 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee ;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

4 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
Through ages shall endure ;
The men that in Thy truth confide
Shall find Thy promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

13

PSALM 13.

C. M.

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

2 Oh, hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore Thy wonted light ;
Revive my soul, nor let me sleep
In everlasting night.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Since I have always placed my trust
 Beneath Thy mercy's wing,
 Thy saving health will come, and then
 My heart with joy shall spring.
- 4 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
 To Thee, my God, ascend,
 Who to Thy servant in distress
 Such bounty didst extend.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

14

PSALM 14.

7. 6.

(Verse 7.)

- 1 **O**H that the Lord's salvation
 Were out of Zion come,
 To heal His ancient nation,
 To lead His outcasts home.
- 2 How long the holy city
 Shall heathen feet profane?
 Return, O Lord, in pity,
 Rebuild her walls again.
- 3 Let fall Thy rod of terror,
 Thy saving grace impart;
 Roll back the veil of error,
 Release the fetter'd heart.
- 4 Let Israel home returning,
 Her lost Messiah see;
 Give oil of joy for mourning,
 And bind Thy church to Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

15

PSALM 15.

S. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would dwell with Thee,
 On Thy most holy hill:
 Oh shed Thy grace abroad in me,
 To mould me to Thy will.
- 2 Thy gate of pearl stands wide
 For those who walk upright;
 But those who basely turn aside
 Thou chasest from Thy sight.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 Oh tame my tongue to peace,
And tune my heart to love;
From all reproaches may I cease,
Made harmless as a dove.
- 4 The vile, though proudly great,
No flatterer find in me;
I count Thy saints of poor estate
Far nobler company.
- 5 Faithful, but meekly kind;
Gentle, yet boldly true;
I would possess the perfect mind
Which in my Lord I view.
- 6 But, Lord, these graces all
Thy Spirit's work must be;
To Thee, through Jesu's blood I call,
Create them all in me.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

16

PSALM 16.

L. M.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need;
For succour to Thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to Thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make Thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to Thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, Thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SPIRIT OF

17

PSALM 17.

L. M.

- 1 **W**HAT sinners value, I resign ;
 Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
 I shall behold Thy blissful face,
 And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
 But the bright world, to which I go,
 Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
 When shall I wake, and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !
 I shall be near and like my God ;
 And flesh and sin no more control
 The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
 'Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
 Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
 And in my Saviour's image rise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

18

PSALM 18. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my strength and fortitude,
 Of force I must love Thee ;
 Thou art my castle and defence
 In my necessity.
- 2 My God, my rock, in whom I trust,
 The worker of my wealth ;
 My refuge, buckler, and my shield,
 The horn of all my health.
- 3 In my distress I sought my God,
 I sought Jehovah's face ;
 My cry before Him came ; He heard
 Out of His holy place.
- 4 The Lord descended from above,
 And bow'd the heavens most high,
 And underneath His feet He cast
 The darkness of the sky.
- 5 On cherub and on cherubim
 Full royally He rode,
 And on the wings of mighty winds
 Came flying all abroad.

THE PSALMS.

- 6 And so deliver'd He my soul :
Who is a rock but He ?
He liveth—Blessed be my Rock !
My God exalted be !

Thomas Sternhold, 1562.

18 PSALM 18. VERSION II. L. M.

- 1 NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee ;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in Thy mighty power ;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The rock on whose defence I rest :
O'er highest heavens His name be raised,
Who me with His salvation bless'd.
- 4 Therefore to celebrate His fame
My grateful voice to heav'n I'll raise ;
And nations, strangers to His name,
Shall thus be taught to sing His praise.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

18 PSALM 18. VERSION III. L. M.

- 1 JUST are Thy ways, and true Thy Word,
Great Rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord ?
Or where's a refuge like our God ?
- 2 'Tis He that girds me with His might,
Gives me His holy sword to wield :
And while with sin and hell I fight,
Spreads His salvation for my shield.
- 3 He lives, (and blessed be my Rock !)
The God of my salvation lives ;
The dark designs of hell are broke ;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

SPIRIT OF

- 4 Before the scoffers of the age,
I will exalt my Father's name;
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend:
Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

19

PSALM 19.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HE heavens declare Thy glory, Lord;
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars convey Thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when Thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanced on ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

20

PSALM 20.

L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS, with Thy salvation blest,
We yield the glory to Thy name:
Fix'd in Thy strength our banners rest,
With joy Thy vict'ry we proclaim.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 Jehovah hears, He hears Thy prayer,
The prayer on which our hope relies;
Thy cross salvation shall prepare,
From His right hand Thy vict'ries rise.
- 3 Let men the rattling chariot trust,
Or the swift steed, with courage stored,
In Thee our confidence we boast,
Jesus, Messiah, conquering Lord!
- 4 Safe shall we stand, nor yield to fear,
When sinners with their hopes shall fall:
Save, Lord, O King Messiah, hear!
Hear, mighty Saviour, when we call.

William Goode, 1811.

21

PSALM 21.

L. M.

- 1 **T**HY strength, O Lord, makes glad our King
Who once in weakness bow'd the head,
Salvation makes His heart to sing,
For Thou hast raised Him from the dead.
- 2 Thou hast bestow'd His heart's desires,
Shower'd on His path Thy blessings down;
His royal pomp all heaven admires;
Thou on His head hast set the crown.
- 3 A life eternal as Thy years,
A glory infinite like Thine,
Repays Him for His groans and tears,
And fills His soul with joy divine.
- 4 O King, beloved of our souls,
Thine own right hand shall find Thy foes;
Swift o'er their necks Thy chariot rolls,
And earth Thy dreadful vengeance knows.
- 5 As glowing oven is Thy wrath,
As flame by furious blast upblown;
With equal heat Thy love breaks forth,
Like wall of fire around Thine own.
- 6 Be Thou exalted, King of kings,
In Thine own strength sit Thou on high,
Thy Church Thy triumph loudly sings,
And lauds Thy glorious majesty.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

SPIRIT OF

22 PSALM 22. PART I. C. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my God, why leav'st Thou me
When I with anguish faint?
Oh, why so far from me removed,
And from my sad complaint?
- 2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To Thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
- 3 Withdraw not, Lord, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;
Oh, send me help! Thy help, on which
I only can rely.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

22 PSALM 22. PART II. L. M.

- 1 **N**OW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When He complain'd in tears and blood,
As one forsaken of His God.
- 2 They wound His head, His hands, His feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot His garments they divide,
And mock the pangs in which He died.
- 3 But God, His Father, heard His cry;
Raised from the dead, He reigns on high;
The nations learn His righteousness,
And humble sinners taste His grace.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

22 PSALM 22. PART III. C. M.

- 1 **A**LL ye that fear Him, praise the Lord;
His sacred name adore;
And ye His chosen Israel,
Praise Him for evermore.
- 2 Let all the glad converted world
To Him their homage pay,
And scatter'd nations of the earth
One sov'reign Lord obey.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 With humble worship to His throne
Let all for aid resort ;
That power, which first their being gave,
Alone can give support.
- 4 Let them, O Lord, Thy truth declare,
And show Thy righteousness ;
That children, yet unborn, may learn,
Thy glory to confess.

Compiled from Old and New Versions, 1562—1696.

23 PSALM 23. VERSION I. C.M.

- 1 **M**Y Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is His name ;
In pastures fresh He makes me feed,
Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
When I forsake His ways :
And leads me, for His mercy's sake,
In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay ;
A word of Thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.
- 4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread ;
My cup with blessings overflows ;
Thine oil anoints my head.
- 5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days ;
Oh may Thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise !
- 6 There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come ;
No more a stranger, or a guest,
But like a child at home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

23 PSALM 23. VERSION II. C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green : He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
 Yet will I fear no ill :
 For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnishèd
 In presence of my foes ;
 My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me ;
 And in God's house for evermore
 My dwelling-place shall be.

Scotch Version, 1641.

23 PSALM 23. VERSION III. S. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied ;
 Since He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim ;
 And guides me in His own right way,
 For His most holy name.

THE PSALMS.

- 4 While He affords His aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk through death's dark
 My Shepherd's with me there. [shade,
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of Thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from Thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

23 PSALM 23. VER. IV. L. M., 6 lines.

- 1 **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 noonday walks He will attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My stedfast 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.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

24 PSALM 24. L. M.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead;
 Our Jesus is gone up on high;
 The powers of hell are captive led—
 Drag'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay;—
 "Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
 Ye everlasting doors, give way."

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims those mansions as His right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord, that all His foes o’ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 6 “Who is the King of Glory, who?”
The Lord, of glorious power possess’d,
The King of saints and angels too:
God over all, for ever bless’d!

Charles Wesley, 1741.

25

PSALM 25.

S. M.

- 1 **M**INE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead His promises,
And rest upon His word.
- 2 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God,
Restore me from those dang’rous ways
My wandering feet have trod!
- 3 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 4 With every morning-light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.
- 5 Oh keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer’s name.

THE PSALMS.

- 6 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
" He sought the Lord in vain."

Isaac Watts, 1719.

26

PSALM 26.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I delight to find my place
Within the temples of Thy grace ;
Where all Thy heavenly beauties dwell,
And earth's sublimest pomp excel.
- 2 There, where Thy saints Thy glory see,
Let my fix'd rest, my dwelling be ;
Nor 'midst the ungodly race consign
The soul which loves Thy courts to join.
- 3 Fix'd in Thy ways my feet shall stand,
And wait the guidance of Thy hand ;
Then 'midst Thy Church, with sweet accord,
I'll join my praise, all-gracious Lord !

William Goods, 1811.

27

PSALM 27.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength ; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh grant me an abode
Among the churches of Thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see Thy beauty still ;
Shall hear Thy messages of love,
And there enquire Thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may His children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

SPIRIT OF

- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around ;
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within Thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

28

PSALM 28.

7s.

- 1 **L**ORD, my strength, to Thee I pray ;
 Turn not Thou Thine ear away ;
 Gracious to my vows attend,
 While the humble knee I bend.
- 2 On Thy long-experienced aid
 See my hope for ever stay'd :
 Thou my shield, my fortress art ;
 Thou the refuge of my heart.
- 3 Grant me, Lord, Thy love to share,
 Feed me with a Shepherd's care ;
 Save Thy people from distress,
 And Thy fold for ever bless.

James Merrick, 1765 a.

29

PSALM 29.

C. M.

- 1 **A**SCRIBE to God, ye sons of men,
 Ascribe with one accord,
 All praise and honour, might and strength,
 To Him the living Lord !
- 2 Give glory to His holy name,
 And honour Him alone ;
 Give worship to His majesty,
 And bow before His throne.
- 3 The Lord doth sit upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 He reigns above, both Lord and King,
 And evermore shall reign.
- 4 The Lord shall give His people strength,
 And bid their sorrows cease ;
 The Lord shall bless His chosen race
 With everlasting peace.

Thomas Sternhold, 1562 a.

THE PSALMS.

30

PSALM 30.

C. M.

- 1 **I** WILL exalt Thee, Lord of hosts,
 For Thou'st exalted me ;
 Since Thou hast silenced Satan's boasts,
 I'll therefore boast in Thee.
- 2 My sins had brought me near the grave,
 The grave of black despair ;
 I look'd, but there was none to save
 Till I look'd up in prayer.
- 3 In answer to my piteous cries,
 From hell's dark brink I'm brought :
 My Jesus saw me from the skies,
 And swift salvation wrought.
- 4 All through the night I wept full sore,
 But morning brought relief ;
 That hand, which broke my bones before,
 Then broke my bonds of grief.
- 5 My mourning He to dancing turns,
 For sackcloth joy He gives,
 A moment, Lord, Thine anger burns,
 But long Thy favour lives.
- 6 Sing with me then, ye favoured men,
 Who long have known His grace ;
 With thanks recall the seasons when
 Ye also sought His face.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

31

PSALM 31. C. M., Double.

- 1 **T**HE Lord who hath redeem'd our souls
 From death and endless woe,
 Whose wisdom each event controls,
 From whom all mercies flow.
 He hath decreed that even here
 His faithful sons shall prove,
 In weal and woe, 'midst toil and fear,
 The riches of His love.
- 2 But, oh ! when life's brief term is o'er,
 And heaven unfolds her gates,
 For them what blessings are in store,
 For them what glory waits !

SPIRIT OF

Praise, then, the Lord, all ye His saints,
To Him devote your hearts ;
He hears, He pities your complaints,
Health, strength, and joy imparts.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

32

PSALM 32.

C. M.

- 1 **H**APPY the man to whom his God
No more imputes his sin ;
But, wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
Hath made his garments clean !
- 2 Happy beyond expression he,
Whose debts are thus discharged ;
And from the guilty bondage free,
He feels his soul enlarged.
- 3 While I my inward guilt suppress'd
No quiet could I find ;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortured mind.
- 4 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd ;
Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.
- 5 This shall invite Thy saints to pray ;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

33

PSALM 33.

C. M.

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 For faithful is the word of God,
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crown'd.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 By His almighty word at first
The heavenly arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At His command appear'd.
- 4 Whate'er the Mighty Lord decrees,
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of His heart
To ages shall endure.
- 5 How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord for God is known;
Whom He, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for His own!
- 6 Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is He;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in Thee.
- 7 The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend,
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

34 PSALM 34. VERSION I. C. M.

- 1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Come magnify the Lord with me;
With me exalt His name;
When in distress to Him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
- 4 Oh make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide!

SPIRIT OF

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

Tate and Brady, 1696.

34 PSALM 34. VERSION II. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will bless Thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in Thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.
- 2 Come, magnify the Lord with me;
Come, let us all exalt His name;
I sought the eternal God, and He
Has not exposed my hope to shame.
- 3 I told Him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd His ears;
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears.
- 4 To Him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine.
- 5 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
Oh fear and love Him, all His saints;
Taste of His grace, and trust His word.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

35 PSALM 35. SONG 1. 7s.

- 1 **P**LEAD my cause, O Lord of hosts,
Earth and hell now make their boasts,
See, against my soul they strive,
Mischief seek and plots contrive.
- 2 Shield and buckler are with Thee,
Hold them forth, O Lord, for me;
"I am thy salvation," say,
That shall all my foes dismay.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 Inbred sin my soul annoys,
Unbelief my peace destroys,
Fiery darts the tempter flings,
Every day its battle brings.
- 4 Jesus when on earth He dwelt,
Sharpest pangs of conflict felt;
All the powers of darkness warr'd
With our great anointed Lord.
- 5 He has vanquish'd all His foes
For Himself, and all He chose;
His salvation is complete,
All shall worship at His feet.
- 6 Lord, I will rejoice in Thee,
Thy salvation makes me free;
Plead my cause and all is well,
I shall ever with Thee dwell.

Joseph Irons, 1847.

35 PSALM 35. SONG II. C.M.

- 1 **O**H! plead my cause, my Saviour, plead,
I trust it all to Thee:
O Thou who didst for sinners bleed,
A sinner save in me.
- 2 Assure my weak, desponding heart,
My threatening foes restrain;
Oh! tell me Thou my helper art,
And all their rage is vain.
- 3 When round Thy cross they rush'd to kill,
How was their fury foil'd:
Their madness only wrought Thy will,
And on themselves recoil'd.
- 4 The great salvation there achieved
My hope shall ever be;
My soul has in her Lord believed,
And He will rescue me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

SPIRIT OF

36 PSALM 36. SONG I. L. M.

- 1 **H**IGH in the heavens, Eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

36 PSALM 36. SONG II. C. M.

- 1 **A**BOVE these heavens' created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.
- 2 From Thee, when creature-streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.
- 3 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

37 PSALM 37. SONG I. C. M.

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

THE PSALMS.

- 2 **W**hen'e'r they faint, a mighty arm
Is nigh them to uphold;
And sin or Satan cannot harm
The feeblest of Thy fold.
- 3 **T**he Lord is wise, the Lord is just,
The Lord is good and true,
And they who on His promise trust
Will find it bear them through.
- 4 **H**is word will stay their sinking hearts;
Their feet shall never slide:
The heavens dissolve, the earth departs,
They safe in God abide.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

37 PSALM 37. SONG II. C.M.

- 1 **S**ET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
Do good and know no care,
For so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And God thy food prepare.
- 2 **D**elight thyself in God, He'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee;
Commit thy way to God alone,
It brought to pass shall be.
- 3 **A**nd like unto the light He shall
Thy righteousness display;
And He thy judgment shall bring forth,
Like noontide of the day.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

38 PSALM 38. C.M.

- 1 **A**MIDST Thy wrath remember love;
Restore Thy servant, Lord:
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.
- 2 **A**ll my desire to Thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh and every groan
Is noticed by Thine ear.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Thou art my God, my only hope :
 My God will hear my cry ;
 My God will bear my spirit up
 When Satan bids me die.
- 4 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh ;
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,
 Before Thy servant die !

Isaac Watts, 1719.

39

PSALM 39.

C. M.

- 1 **B**EHOLD, O Lord, my days are made
 A handbreadth at the most ;
 Ere yet 'tis noon my flower must fade,
 And I give up the ghost.
- 2 Then teach me, Lord, to know mine end,
 And know that I am frail ;
 To heaven let all my thoughts ascend,
 And let not earth prevail.
- 3 What is there here that I should wait,
 My hope's in Thee alone ;
 When wilt Thou open glory's gate
 And call me to Thy throne ?
- 4 A stranger in this land am I,
 A sojourner with Thee ;
 Oh be not silent at my cry,
 But show Thyself to me.
- 5 Though I'm exiled from glory's land,
 Yet not from glory's King ;
 My God is ever near at hand,
 And therefore I will sing.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

40

PSALM 40.

C. M.

- 1 **I** WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry ;
 He saw me resting on His word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 He raised me from a horrid pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my bonds released my feet,
Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 Firm on a rock He made me stand,
And taught my cheerful tongue
To praise the wonders of His hand,
In a new thankful song.
- 4 How many are Thy thoughts of love!
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not words nor hours enough,
Their numbers to repeat.
- 5 When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on His heart.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

41

PSALM 41.

7s.

- 1 **J**ESUS, poorest of the poor!
Man of sorrows! Child of grief!
Happy they whose bounteous store
Minister'd to Thy relief.
- 2 Jesus, though Thy head is crown'd,
Crown'd with loftiest majesty,
In Thy members Thou art found,
Plunged in deepest poverty.
- 3 Happy they who wash Thy feet,
Visit Thee in Thy distress!
Honour great, and labour sweet,
For Thy sake the saints to bless!
- 4 They who feed Thy sick and faint
For Thyself a banquet find;
They who clothe the naked saint
Round *Thy* loins the raiment bind.
- 5 Thou wilt keep their soul alive;
From their foes protect their head;
Languishing their strength revive,
And in sickness make their bed.

SPIRIT OF

- 6 Thou wilt deeds of love repay;
Grace shall gen'rous hearts reward
Here on earth, and in the day
When they meet their reigning Lord.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

42 PSALM 42. VERSION I. C.M.

- 1 **L**IKE as the hart for water-brooks
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to Thee I may.
- 2 My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst: when shall I near
Unto Thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear?
- 3 My tears have unto me been meat,
Both in the night and day,
While unto me continually,
Where is thy God? they say.
- 4 My soul is poured out in me,
When this I think upon;
Because that with the multitude
I heretofore had gone:
- 5 With them into God's house I went,
With voice of joy and praise;
Yea, with the multitude that kept
The solemn holy days.
- 6 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul?
Why in me so dismay'd?
Trust God, for I shall praise Him yet,
His count'nance is mine aid.
- 7 My God, my soul's cast down in me;
Thee therefore mind I will
From Jordan's land, the Hermonites,
And e'en from Mizar's hill.
- 8 At noise of Thy dread waterspouts,
Deep unto deep doth call;
Thy breaking waves pass over me,
Yea, and Thy billows all.

THE PSALMS.

- 9 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul?
 Why thus with grief opprest,
 Art thou disquieted in me?
 In God still hope and rest :
- 10 For yet I know I shall Him praise,
 Who graciously to me,
 The health is of my countenance,
 Yea, mine own God is He.

Scotch Version, 1641, &c.

42 PSALM 42. VERSION II. C.M.

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase,
 So pants my soul, O God, for Thee,
 And Thy refreshing grace.
- 2 For Thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine ?
- 3 I sigh to think of happier days,
 When Thou, O Lord, wert nigh :
 When every heart was tuned to praise,
 And none more blest than I.
- 4 Oh why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of Him who is Thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

43 PSALM 43. L.M.

- 1 **J**UDGE me, O Lord, to Thee I fly,
 New foes and fears my spirit try ;
 Plead Thou my cause, my soul sustain,
 And let the wicked rage in vain.
- 2 The mourner's refuge, Lord, Thou art ;
 Wilt Thou not take Thy suppliant's part ?
 Wilt Thou desert, and lay me low,
 The scorn of each insulting foe ?

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Send forth Thy light and truth once more ;
To Thy blest house my steps restore :
Again Thy presence let me see,
And find my joy in praising Thee.
- 4 Arise, my soul, and praise Him now ;
The Lord is good, be faithful thou :
His nature changes not like thine ;
Believe, and soon His face will shine.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

44

PSALM 44.

C. M.

- 1 **O**UR ears have heard, O glorious God,
What work Thou did'st of old ;
And how the heathen felt Thy rod
Our fathers oft have told.
- 2 'Twas not Thy people's arm or sword,
But only Thy right hand,
Which scatter'd all the race aghor'd,
And gave Thy tribes their land.
- 3 Thou hadst a favour to the seed
Which sprang of Jacob's line,
And still on men afore decreed
Doth love electing shine.
- 4 These shall the heritage obtain,
And drive out every sin ;
E'en death and hell shall rage in vain,
They *must* the conquest win.
- 5 From grace alone their strength shall spring,
Nor bow nor sword can save ;
To God alone their Lord and King,
Shall all their banners wave.
- 6 Awake, O Lord of Thine elect,
Achieve Thy great design ;
Thy saints from Thee alone expect
Salvation's light to shine.
- 7 In Thee alone we make our boasts,
And glory all day long,
Arise at once, thou Lord of hosts,
And fill our mouth with song.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

THE PSALMS.

45 PSALM 45. VERSION I. C.M.

- 1 **O** THOU that art the mighty One,
 Thy sword gird on Thy thigh;
 Ev'n with Thy glory excellent,
 And with Thy Majesty.
- 2 For meekness, truth and righteousness,
 In state ride prosp'rously;
 And Thy right hand shall Thee instruct
 In things that fearful be.
- 3 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
 Of foemen of the King;
 And under Thy dominion's rule
 The people down do bring.
- 4 For ever and for ever is,
 O God, Thy throne of might;
 The sceptre of Thy kingdom is
 A sceptre that is right.
- 5 Thou lovest right and hatest ill;
 For God, Thy God, is He,
 Above Thy fellows hath with oil
 Of joy anointed Thee.
- 6 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
 A smell Thy garments had,
 Out of the ivory palaces
 Whereby they made Thee glad.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

45 PSALM 45. VERSION II. 7.6.

- 1 **W**ITH hearts in love abounding,
 Prepare we now to sing
 A lofty theme, resounding
 Thy praise, Almighty King;
 Whose love, rich gifts bestowing,
 Redeem'd the human race;
 Whose lips, with zeal o'erflowing,
 Breathe words of truth and grace.
- 2 In majesty transcendent,
 Gird on Thy conquering sword;
 In righteousness resplendent,
 Ride on, Incarnate Word.

SPIRIT OF

Ride on, O King Messiah !
To glory and renown ;
Pierced by Thy darts of fire,
Be every foe o'erthrown.

- 3 So reign, O God, in heaven,
Eternally the same,
And endless praise be given
To Thy almighty name.
Clothed in Thy dazzling brightness,
Thy church on earth behold ;
In robe of purest whiteness,
In raiment wrought in gold.
- 4 And let each Gentile nation
Come gladly in Thy train,
To share her great salvation,
And join her grateful strain :
Then ne'er shall note of sadness
Awake the trembling string ;
One song of joy and gladness
The ransom'd world shall sing.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

45 PSALM 45. VERSION III. 8.7.4.

- 1 **W**ARM with love, my heart's inditing
Cherish'd thoughts on sacred things ;
With my tongue like ready writing,
I'll extol the King of kings ;
Of whose glory
Ev'ry saint and angel sings.
- 2 Thou of all the sons art fairest,
Yea, Thy lips are fill'd with grace ;
All Thy fulness, Lord, Thou sharest
'Mongst Thy chosen, ransom'd race ;
And in glory
They shall see Thee face to face.
- 3 O most mighty, O most blessed,
Gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh ;
Be Thy Majesty confessèd,
Bring Thy blood-bought trophies nigh ;
Let Thy glory
All Thy stubborn foes defy.

THE PSALMS.

- 4 Truth and righteousness, and meekness,
Are the weapons of Thy hand ;
All Thy foes shall know their weakness,
None can Jesus' pow'r withstand ;
 'Tis Thy glory
Rebels bow at Thy command.

Joseph Irons, 1847, a.

45 PSALM 45. VERSION IV. C. M.

- 1 HAIL, mighty Jesus! how divine
Is Thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At Thy commanding word.
- 2 Deep are the wounds Thy arrows give,
They pierce the hardest heart ;
Thy smiles of grace the slain revive,
And joy succeeds to smart.
- 3 Still gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway,
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make Thy foes obey.
- 4 And when Thy victories are complete,
When all the chosen race
Shall round the throne of glory meet,
To sing Thy conquering grace,
- 5 Oh may my humble soul be found
Among that favour'd band!
And I with them Thy praise will sound
Throughout Immanuel's land.

Benjamin Wallin, 1750 ;

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

46 PSALM 46. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of His saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.
- 2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there :
Convulsion shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
That all our raging fears controls:
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on His truth, and arm'd with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

46 PSALM 46. VERSION II. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.
- 2 Though hills amidst the seas be cast;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.
- 3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath His abode.
- 4 God in the midst of her doth dwell;
Nothing shall her remove:
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early, prove.
- 5 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts,
Is still upon our side;
The God of Jacob, our defence
For ever will abide.

Scotch Version, 1641, a.

THE PSALMS.

46 PSALM 46. VERSION III. C. M.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world :
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurl'd.
- 2 The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease ;
The Lord His saints will not forsake ;
The Lord will give us peace.
- 3 A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow ;
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His church below.
- 4 When earth and hell against us came,
He spake, and quell'd their powers ;
The Lord of hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

47 PSALM 47. C. M.

- 1 **O**H for a shout of sacred joy,
To God, the sov'reign King :
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.
- 3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth His honours sing ;
O'er all the earth He reigns.
- 4 Rehearse His praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood His ancient throne ;
He loved that chosen race ;
But now He calls the world His own,
And heathens taste His grace.

SPIRIT OF

- 6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before His throne.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

48

PSALM 48.

S. M.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great;
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of His grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honour of our native place,
And bulwark of our land.
- 3 In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Isaac Wat's, 1719.

49

PSALM 49.

C. M.

- 1 JEHOVAH speaks, let man be awed,
And deep attention give.
Ye sinners, hear the way to God!
Ye dead, arise and live!
- 2 Trust not in earthly wealth and show,
Vain, vain are they to save;
Gold cannot buy release from woe,
Or ransom from the grave.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 Worlds cannot reach the mighty price
Of one immortal soul,
No, Lord, Thy blood and sacrifice
Alone can make us whole.
- 4 In Thee be our salvation sure,
No other wealth we seek:
We're rich in Thee, however poor,
And strong, however weak.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

50

PSALM 50.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge, before His throne,
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse His long delay
To impudence and sin.
- 3 Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare His way:
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heaven from above His call shall hear,
Attending angels come,
And earth and hell shall know and fear
His justice and their doom.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

51

PSALM 51. VERSION I. L. M.

- 1 **S**HOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live:
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace:
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound,
So let Thy pardoning love be found.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess
Against Thy law, against Thy grace :
Lord, should Thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but 'Thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce Thee just in death ;
And, if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord ;
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

51 PSALM 51. VERSION II. L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.
- 2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death ;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.
- 3 Behold I fall before Thy face,
My only refuge is Thy grace ;
No outward forms can make me clean ;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.
- 5 Jesus, my God ! Thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone ;
Thy blood can make me white as snow ;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE PSALMS.

51 PSALM 51. VERSION III. L. M.

- 1 **O** THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let Thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide Thy presence from my heart.
- 3 Though I have grieved Thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near Thy throne,
To plead the merits of Thy Son.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns Thy dreadful sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world Thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn Thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.
- 7 Oh may Thy love inspire my tongue ;
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

51 PSALM 51. VERSION IV. C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My load of guilt remove ;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from Thy love.
- 2 Give me the presence of Thy grace :
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud Thy righteousness,
And make Thy praise my song.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone:
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.
- 4 A soul oppress'd with sin's desert,
My God will ne'er despise!
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

52

PSALM 52.

C. M.

- 1 **I**N vain the powers of darkness try
To work the church's ill,
The Friend of sinners reigns on high,
And checks them at His will.
- 2 Though mischief in their hearts may dwell,
And on their tongues deceit,
A word of His their pride can quell,
And all their aims defeat.
- 3 My trust is in His grace alone;
His house shall be my home,
How sweet His mercies past to own,
And hope for more to come.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

53

PSALM 53.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE foes of Zion quake for fright,
Where no fear was they quail;
For well they know that sword of might
Which cuts through coats of mail.
- 2 The Lord of old defiled their shields,
And all their spears He scorn'd;
Their bones lay scatter'd o'er the fields,
Unburied and unmourn'd.
- 3 Let Zion's foes be fill'd with shame;
Her sons are bless'd of God;
Though scoffers now despise their name,
The Lord shall break the rod.

THE PSALMS.

- 4 Oh would our God to Zion turn,
God with salvation clad;
Then Judah's harps should music learn,
And Israel be glad.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

54

PSALM 54.

7.5.7.7.

- 1 **S**AVE me by Thy glorious name;
Lord, that name is love,
Help from Thee I humbly claim,
Send it from above;
Hear, oh hear my suppliant voice!
Hear, and bid my heart rejoice.
- 2 Foes to Christ and every good
Fiercely throng on me;
Soon my soul must be subdued,
Without aid from Thee:
But with Thee to make me strong,
Lord, they shall not triumph long.
- 3 Lo, He comes, He takes my part,
All my struggles cease,
Rise in praise, my grateful heart,
Bless the Prince of Peace;
God Himself has set me free,
God my worship ever be!

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

55

PSALM 55.

C. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, my refuge, hear my cries;
Behold my flowing tears;
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.
- 2 Oh were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly, and make a long remove
From all these restless things.
- 3 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home;
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

SPIRIT OF

- 4 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.
- 5 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear,
If He command their aid.
- 6 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon His word,
That saints shall never fall.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

56

PSALM 56.

C. M.

- 1 **G**OD counts the sorrows of His saints,
Their groans affect His ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears.
- 2 When to Thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky;
So near is God to me.
- 3 In Thee, most holy, just and true,
I have reposed my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.
- 4 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord;
Thou shalt receive my praise:
I'll sing, "How faithful is Thy word;
How righteous all Thy ways!"
- 5 Thou hast secured my soul from death;
Oh set Thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for Thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE PSALMS.

57

PSALM 57.

L. M.

- 1 **M**Y God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath Thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.
- 2 Up to the heavens I send my cry ;
The Lord will my desires perform ;
He sends His angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 3 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.
- 4 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to Thy name ;
Awake, my tongue, to sound His praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 5 High o'er the earth His mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
- 6 Be Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land Thy wonders tell.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

58

PSALM 58.

L. M.

- 1 **L**ORD, make my conversation chaste,
And all my understanding purge,
Lest with the wicked throng I haste,
And down to hell my pathway urge.
- 2 They from the womb are all estranged,
The serpent's poison fills each vein,
They're not by wise persuasion changed,
But like the adder deaf remain.
- 3 As lion's teeth the hunters break ;
As angry torrents soon are dry ;
So shall Thy bow swift vengeance take
Upon the proud who truth defy.

SPIRIT OF

4 As melts the snail with slimy trail;
As thorns consume in rapid blaze;
Before Thy wrath Thy foes shall fail,
Thy whirlwinds shall their souls amaze.

5 O God, Thou judgest all the earth,
Thy justice cheers my cleansed heart;
Restrain my soul from sinners' mirth,
Lest in their doom I bear a part.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

59

PSALM 59.

7s.

1 I AM hated, Lord, by those
Who Thy holy truth despise;
Save me from my wicked foes,
Lord of hosts, arise, arise!

2 Thou'rt my rock and my defence;
Thou a tower unto Thy saints;
Thee I make my confidence,
Thee I'll trust, though nature faints.

3 Glad Thy mercies will I sing,
All Thy power and love confess;
'Thou hast been, O heavenly King,
My safe refuge in distress!

4 Songs with every morning's light,
Lord, shall rise up to Thy throne;
All Thy saints shall praise Thy might,
And Thy mercy shall make known.

William Allen, 1835.

60

PSALM 60.

L. M.

1 O GOD, Thou hast cast off Thy saints;
Thy face Thou dost in anger hide,
And lo, Thy church for terror faints,
While breaches all her walls divide!

2 Hard things Thou hast upon us laid,
And made us drink most bitter wine;
But still Thy banner we've display'd,
And borne aloft Thy truth divine.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 Our courage fails not, though the night
No earthly lamp avails to break,
For Thou wilt soon arise in might,
And of our captors captives make.
- 4 Thy right hand shall Thy people aid ;
Thy faithful promise makes us strong ;
We will Philistia's land invade,
And over Edom chant the song.
- 5 In Jesu's name we'll Shechem seize,
And swift divide all Succoth's vale ;
E'en Moab's sons shall bow their knees
And Jesu's conquering sceptre hail.
- 6 Through Thee we shall most valiant prove,
And tread the foe beneath our feet ;
Through Thee our faith shall hills remove,
And small as chaff the mountains beat.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

61 PSALM 61. SONG I. S. M.

- 1 **W**HEN overwhelm'd with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of Thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within Thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear Thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

61 PSALM 61. SONG II. C. M.

- 1 **H**AIL, gracious source of every good,
Our Saviour and defence,
Thou art our glory and our shield,
Our help and confidence.

SPIRIT OF

- 2 When anxious fears disturb the breast,
When threatening foes are nigh,
To Thee we pour our deep complaint,
To Thee for succour fly.
- 3 Blest tower of strength, exalted rock,
Whence living waters flow,
Jesus our Lord, the only hope
Of fallen man below.
- 4 To Thee we heavy laden come,
To Thee our sorrows bring;
Oh hear! and save us from the storm,
Beneath Thy sheltering wing.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

62

PSALM 62.

C. M.

- 1 **W**HEN dangers press, and fears invade,
Oh let us not rely
On man, who, in the balance weigh'd,
Is light as vanity!
- 2 Riches have wings and fly away;
Health's blooming cheek grows pale;
Vigour and strength must soon decay,
And worldly wisdom fail.
- 3 But God, our God, is still the same,
As at that solemn hour
When thunders spake His awful name,
His majesty and power.
- 4 And still sweet mercy's voice is heard,
Proclaiming from above
That good and gracious is the Lord,
And all His works are love.
- 5 Then trust in God, and God alone,
On Him in faith rely;
For man, and all his works, are known
To be but vanity.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

63

PSALM 63. SONG I.

C. M.

- 1 **E**ARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen Thy glory and Thy power,
Through all Thy temple shine ;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.
- 4 Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.
- 5 Not life itself, with all her joys,
Can my best passions move ;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.
- 6 Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

63 PSALM 63. SONG II. C.M.

- 1 **O** GOD of love, my God Thou art ;
To Thee I early cry ;
Refresh with grace my thirsty heart,
For earthly springs are dry.
- 2 Thy power, Thy glory let me see,
As seen by saints above ;
'Tis sweeter, Lord, than life to me,
To share and sing Thy love.
- 3 I freely yield Thee all my powers,
Yet ne'er my debt can pay ;
The thought of Thee at midnight hours
Turns darkness into day.
- 4 Lord, Thou hast been my help, and Thou
My refuge still shalt be :
I follow hard Thy footsteps now ;—
Oh ! when Thy face to see ?

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

63 PSALM 63. SONG III. L. M.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Oh 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.
- 3 Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
 I follow hard on Thee, my God :
 Thy hand unseen upholds my ways ;
 I safely tread where Thou hast trod.
- 4 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.
- 5 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 ?
- 6 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.

James Montgomery, 1822.

64 PSALM 64. 8.7.

- 1 **H**EAR, O Lord, our supplication ;
 Let our souls on Thee repose !
 Be our refuge, our salvation,
 'Mid ten thousand threatening foes.
- 2 Lord, Thy saints have many troubles,
 In their path lies many a snare :
 But before Thy breath, like bubbles
 Melt they soon in idle air.

THE PSALMS.

- 3 Cunning are the foe's devices,
 Bitter are his words of gall;
 Sin on every side entices;
 Lord, conduct us safe through all.
- 4 Be our foes by Thee confounded,
 Let the world Thy goodness see;
 While, by might and love surrounded,
 We rejoice, and trust in Thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

65

PSALM 65.

C.M.

- 1 GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
 Who makes the earth His care;
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
 And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, raised on high,
 Pour out at Thy command
 Their watery blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring;
 The valleys rich provision yield,
 And the poor labourers sing.
- 4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers;
 The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The various months Thy goodness crowns;
 How bounteous are Thy ways!
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

66

PSALM 66. SONG I.

C.M.

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours and your joys.

SPIRIT OF

- 2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
 "How terrible art Thou!
 Sinners before Thy presence fly,
 Or at Thy feet they bow."
- 3 Oh bless our God and never cease,
 Ye saints, fulfil His praise;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.
- 4 Lord, Thou hast proved our suffering souls
 To make our graces shine;
 So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.
- 5 Through watery deeps and fiery ways
 We march at Thy command;
 Led to possess the promised place
 By Thine unerring hand.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

66 PSALM 66. SONG II. C. M.

- 1 **O** ALL ye lands, rejoice in God,
 Sing praises to His name;
 Let the whole earth, with one accord,
 His wondrous acts proclaim.
- 2 And let His faithful servants tell,
 How, by redeeming love,
 Their souls are saved from death and hell,
 To share the joys above.
- 3 Tell how the Holy Spirit's grace
 Forbids their feet to slide;
 And, as they run the Christian race,
 Vouchsafes to be their guide.
- 4 Sing, sing, ye saints, and shout for joy,
 Ye ransom'd of the Lord;
 Be grateful praise your sweet employ,
 His presence your reward.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

67 PSALM 67. SONG I. S. M.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
 In mercy, Lord, incline,
 And cause the brightness of Thy face
 On all Thy saints to shine.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join,
Their Saviour to proclaim ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 Oh let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower ;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of His resistless power.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

67 PSALM 67. SONG II. 7s. 6 lines.

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face ;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,
Fill Thy church with light divine ;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord ;
Be by all that live adored ;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King ;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy will obey.
- 3 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford ;
God to man His blessing give ;
Man to God devoted live ;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

SPIRIT OF

68 PSALM 68. PART I. C. M.

- 1 **L**ET God arise, and scatterèd
 Let all His en'mies be;
 And let all those that do Him hate,
 Before His presence flee.
- 2 As smoke is driv'n so drive Thou them;
 As fire melts wax away,
 Before God's face let wicked men
 So perish and decay.
- 3 But let the righteous all be glad:
 Let them before God's sight
 Be very joyful; yea, let them
 Rejoice with all their might,
- 4 To God sing praise, to God sing praise:
 Extol Him with your voice,
 He rides on heav'n, by His name JAH,
 Before His face rejoice.

Scotch Version, 1641 a.

68 PSALM 68. PART II. 7s.

- 1 **A**S Thy chosen people, Lord,
 Once oppress'd, in numbers few,
 Trusted to Thy steadfast word,
 And a mighty nation grew;
 So Thy church on earth begun,
 By Thy blessings shall increase,
 While the course of time shall run,
 Till Messiah's reign of peace.
- 2 Soon shall every scatter'd tribe
 To her bosom be restored;
 Every heart and tongue ascribe
 Praise and glory to the Lord;
 Militant awhile below,
 Rest and joy shall soon be given;
 Then in rapt'rous strains shall flow
 Her triumphant song in heaven.

Harriett Auber, 1829,

THE PSALMS.

68 PSALM 68. PART III. L.M.

- 1 **K**INGDOMS and thrones to God belong,
 Crown Him, ye nations, in your song:
 His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
 His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 2 Proclaim Him King, pronounce Him bless'd;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
 When terrors rise and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

69 PSALM 69. C.M.

- 1 **L**ORD, I would stand with thoughtful eye,
 Beneath Thy fatal tree,
 And see Thee bleed, and see Thee die,
 And think, "What love to me!"
- 2 Dwell on the sight, my stony heart,
 Till every pulse within
 Shall into contrite sorrow start,
 And hate the thought of sin.
- 3 Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave
 The scoff, the scourge, the gall,
 The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,
 While I deserved them all?
- 4 Oh! help me some return to make,
 To yield my heart to Thee,
 And do and suffer for Thy sake
 As Thou didst then for me.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

70 PSALM 70. L.M.

- 1 **M**AKE haste, O God, my soul to bless!
 My help and my deliv'rer Thou;
 Make haste, for I'm in deep distress,
 My case is urgent; help me now.
- 2 Make haste, O God! make haste to save!
 For time is short, and death is nigh;
 Make haste ere yet I'm in my grave,
 And with the lost for ever lie.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 Make haste, for I am poor and low;
And Satan mocks my prayers and tears;
O God, in mercy be not slow,
But snatch me from my horrid fears.
- 4 Make haste, O God, and hear my cries;
Then with the souls who seek Thy face,
And those who Thy salvation prize,
I'll magnify Thy matchless grace.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

71 PSALM 71. SONG I. C.M.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin Thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of Thy grace?
- 2 Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew Thy graces first,
I speak Thy glories more.
- 3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in Thy strength,
To see my Father God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead Thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul redeem'd from sin and hell,
Shall Thy salvation sing.
- 6 Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

71 PSALM 71. SONG II. C.M.

- 1 **M**Y God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon Thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold my days that yet remain,
I trust them to Thy care.
- 3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let Thy glory shine,
Whene'er Thy servant dies.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

72 PSALM 72. SONG I. L. M.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are bless'd.
- 5 Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

72 PSALM 72. SONG II. 7s.

- 1 **H**ASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel's call obey.

SPIRIT OF

- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banish'd grief and pain ;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturb'd shall ever reign.
- 3 As when soft and gentle showers
Fall upon the thirsty plain,
Springing grass and blooming flowers
Clothe the wilderness again ;
- 4 So Thy Spirit shall descend,
Soft'ning every stony heart,
And its sweetest influence lend,
All that's lovely to impart.
- 5 Time shall sun and moon obscure,
Seas be dried, and rocks be riven,
But His reign shall still endure,
Endless as the days of heaven.
- 6 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord,
Ever praise His glorious name ;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

73 PSALM 73. PART I. L. M.

- 1 LORD, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honour shine.
- 2 But, oh their end ! their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again ;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancied joys, how fast they flee !
Just like a dream when man awakes :
Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

THE PSALMS.

- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
My life, my portion, and my God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

73 PSALM 73. PART II. C.M.

- 1 **G**OD, my supporter, and my hope,
My help for ever near,
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet *
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near Thy seat,
To dwell before Thy face.
- 3 Were I in heaven without my God
'Twould be no joy to me ;
And whilst this earth is mine abode,
I long for none but Thee.
- 4 What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint ?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Still to draw near to Thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound Thy works abroad
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

73 PSALM 73. PART III. C.M.

- 1 **W**HOM have we, Lord, in heaven but Thee ;
And whom on earth beside ;
Where else for succour shall we flee,
Or in whose strength confide ?
- 2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above ;
Ne'er can our souls an object know
So precious as Thy love.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer;
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, Thou, our only guide through life,
Shalt help and strength supply;
Support us in death's fearful strife,
Then welcome us on high.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

74

PSALM 74.

C. M.

- 1 **O**F every earthly stay bereft,
Beset by many an ill,
One hope, one precious hope is left,
The Lord is faithful still.
- 2 His church through every past alarm
In Him has found a Friend;
And, Lord, on Thine almighty arm
We now for all depend.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

75

PSALM 75.

8.8.6.

- 1 **T**HAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veil'd in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare;
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds,
With providential care.
- 2 Thou settest up, and pullest down;
To Thee the monarch owes his crown,
The conqueror his wreath;
In Thee all creatures live and move;
Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above,
And in the earth beneath.
- 3 Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
Thee only we adore;
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise,
In hallelujahs to the skies,
When time shall be no more.

Harriett Auber, 1820.

THE PSALMS.

76

PSALM 76.

S.M.

- 1 **G**OD in His church is known,
His name is glorious there;
He there sets up His earthly throne,
And hears His people's prayer.
- 2 The powers of death and hell
In vain her peace oppose;
A word of His the storm can quell,
And scatter all her foes.
- 3 The Lord to judgment came;
Earth trembled and was still:
'Tis His, 'tis His, the proud to tame,
And shield the meek from ill.
- 4 The fury of His foes
Fulfil but His decree:
Ye saints, on Him your hopes repose,
And He your strength will be.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

77

PSALM 77.

C.M.

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off;
His love return no more?
His promise, will it never give
Its comfort as before?
- 2 Can His abundant love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has He in wrath shut up and seal'd
His mercy's healing spring?
- 3 I'll call to mind His works of old,
The wonders of His might;
On them my heart shall meditate,
Them shall my tongue recite.
- 4 Thy people, Lord, long since have Thee
A God of wonders found:
Long since hast 'Thou Thy chosen seed
With strong deliv'rance crown'd.

Tate and Brady, 1696 a.

- 1 **O**H praise our great and gracious Lord,
 And call upon His name;
 To strains of joy tune every chord,
 His mighty acts proclaim.
 Tell how He led His chosen race
 To Canaan's promised land;
 Tell how His covenant of grace,
 Unchanged shall ever stand.
- 2 He gave the shadowing cloud by day,
 The moving fire by night;
 To guide His Israel on their way,
 He made their darkness light.
 And have not we a sure retreat,
 A Saviour ever nigh?
 The same clear light to guide our feet,
 The day-spring from on high?
- 3 We, too, have manna from above,
 "The bread that came from heaven;"
 To us the same kind hand of love
 Hath living waters given.
 A rock we have, from whence the spring
 In rich abundance flows;
 "That rock is Christ," our Priest, our King,
 Who life and health bestows.
- 4 Oh let us prize this blessed food,
 And trust our heavenly Guide;
 So shall we find death's fearful flood
 Serene as Jordan's tide;
 And safely reach that happy shore,
 The land of peace and rest,
 Where angels worship and adore,
 In God's own presence bless'd.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

- 1 **T**HOU gracious God, and kind,
 Oh cast our sins away;
 Nor call our former guilt to mind,
 Thy justice to display.

THE PSALMS.

- 2 Thy tenderest mercies show,
 Thy richest grace prepare,
 Ere yet, with guilty fears laid low,
 We perish in despair.
- 3 Save us from guilt and shame,
 Thy glory to display;
 And for the great Redeemer's name,
 Wash all our sins away.
- 4 So we Thy flock, Thy choice,
 The people of Thy love,
 Through life shall in Thy care rejoice;
 But praise Thee best above.

William Goode, 1811.

80

PSALM 80.

L. M.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of Thine Israel,
 Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
 And ledd'st the tribes, Thy chosen sheep,
 Safe through the desert and the deep:
- 2 Thy church is in the desert now;
 Shine from on high, and guide us through;
 Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore;
 We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
- 3 Great God! whom heavenly hosts obey,
 How long shall we lament and pray,
 And wait in vain Thy kind return?
 How long shall Thy fierce anger burn?
- 4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
 Thy saints with their own tears are fed:
 Turn us to Thee, Thy love restore,
 We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

81

PSALM 81.

C. M.

- 1 O GOD, our strength, to Thee the song
 With grateful hearts we raise;
 To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
 All worship, love, and praise.

SPIRIT OF

- 3 In trouble's dark and stormy hour,
Thine ear hath heard our prayer,
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to Thy word,
We seek to do Thy will.
- 4 Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of Thee.
- 5 So shall Thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless,
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And heaven its happiness.

Harriett Auber, 1829.

82

PSALM 82.

C. M.

- 1 **T**HE kings of earth are in the hands
Of God who reigns on high;
He in their council chamber stands,
And sees with watchful eye.
- 2 Though foolish princes tyrants prove,
And tread the godly down;
Though earth's foundations all remove;
He weareth still the crown.
- 3 They proudly boast a godlike birth,
In death like men they fall;
Arise, O God, and judge the earth,
And rule the nations all.
- 4 When shall Thy Son, the Prince of Peace,
Descend with glorious power?
Then only shall oppression cease:
Oh, haste the welcome hour.

Charles H. Spurgeon, 1866.

83

PSALM 83.

L. M.

- 1 **O** GOD, be Thou no longer still,
Thy foes are leagued against Thy law;
Make bare Thine arm on Zion's hill,
Great Captain of our Holy War.