

3382  
TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES

OF

SEVERAL PASSAGES

OF

SACRED

SCRIPTURE.

Collected and prepared

By a COMMITTEE appointed by the  
GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Church  
of SCOTLAND.

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MDCCLXXI.

# ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often and earnestly desired, by pious and devoute persons, to have our PSALMODY enlarged, by joining with the PSALMS of DAVID some other Scriptural Songs, out of the New Testament as well as the Old. The Church of Scotland had this design in view not long after the Revolution; and it has been at several times under their deliberation, as appears by several acts and recommendations of General Assemblies. By act of Assembly 1742, a committee was appointed to collect and prepare translations and paraphrases of sacred writ in verse: this committee having made no report, the Assembly 1744 renewed their appointment on them for this purpose, and added some others to their number. In consequence of these appointments of the Assembly, letters were writ, in name of this committee, to the several presbyteries, desiring them to send any materials they could furnish for this pious design. These poems, which are now printed, and transmitted to presbyteries, by act of Assembly, are partly collected from the pious and ingenious Dr. WATTS, and some other writers, with such alterations as appeared to fit them more for the present purpose; and partly furnished by ministers of this church. The use for which they were intended required simplicity and plainness of composition and style. The committee who prepared them chiefly aimed at having the

*sense of Scripture expressed in easy verse, such as might be fitted to raise devotion, might be intelligible to all, and might rise above contempt from persons of better taste.*

*The General Assembly 1749 did, by their act, transmit these translations and paraphrases to the committee, with instructions to consider the amendments which have been offered by presbyteries, to admit such as they judge proper and material, and to cause print a new impression of the collection so amended, in order to its being again transmitted to presbyteries: accordingly the proposed amendments have been carefully considered and examined by the committee, and many of them admitted into this new impression.*

# Translations and Paraphrases

FROM

SACRED

SCRIPTURE.

I. LUKE II. 8.—15.

**W**Hile humble shepherds watch'd their  
in Bethleh'ms fields by night, (flocks  
An angel sent from heaven appear'd,  
and fill'd the fields with light.

2 Fear not, said he, (for sudden dread  
had seiz'd their troubled mind),  
Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
to you, and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day  
is born, of David's line,  
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;  
and this shall be the sign:

4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find  
to human view display'd,  
All meanly wrapt in swadling-bands,  
and in a manger laid.

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
appear'd a shining throng  
Of angels praising God, and thus  
address'd their joyful song:

6 All glory be to God on high,  
and to the earth be peace;  
Good will is shown by heav'n to men,  
and never more shall cease.

II. *The song of Mary.*

LUKE I. 46.—56.

**M**Y soul and spirit, fill'd with joy,  
my God and Saviour praise;  
Whose goodness did from poor estate  
his humble handmaid raise.

2 Me bless'd of God, the God of pow'r,  
all ages shall confess;  
Whose name is holy, and whose love  
his saints shall ever bless.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty shew'd;  
the proud he did confound:  
He cast the mighty from their seat;  
the meek and humble crown'd.

4 The hungry with good things are fill'd;  
The rich with hunger pin'd:  
He sent his servant Israel help;  
and call'd his love to mind:

5 Which to our fathers antient race  
his oath did once ensure;  
To Abrah'm and his chosen seed,  
for ever to endure.

III. *The song of Simeon.*

LUKE II. 29.—33.

**N**OW let thy servant die in peace,  
 from this vain world dismiss:  
 I've seen thy great salvation, Lord;  
 and hasten to my rest.

2 Thy long expected grace, disclos'd  
 before the people's view,  
 Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,  
 and promises were true.

3 This is the sun, whose cheering ray  
 through Gentile darkness spreads:  
 Pours glory round thy chosen race,  
 and blessings on their heads.

## IV. LUKE IV. 18. 19.

**H**ARK, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!  
 the Saviour promis'd long!  
 Let every heart a throne prepare,  
 and every voice a song!

2 On him the Spirit largely shed,  
 exerts its sacred fire:  
 Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,  
 his holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to relieve:  
 in Satan's bondage held:  
 The gates of brass before him burst,  
 the iron fetters yield.



4 He comes, from thickest clouds of vice  
to clear the darken'd mind;  
And from on high, a saving light  
to pour upon the blind.

5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,  
the bleeding souls to cure;  
And, with the treasures of his grace,  
t'enrich the humble poor.

6 His silver trumpets publish loud  
the jub'lee of the Lord:  
Our debts are all forgiv'n us now,  
our heritage restor'd.

7 Our glad hosannah's, Prince of Peace!  
thy welcome shall proclaim;  
And heav'n's exalted arches ring  
with thy beloved name!

V. ISAIAH XLII. 1.—13.

**B**Ehold my servant! see him rise,  
exalted in my might!  
Him have I chosen, and in him  
I place supreme delight.

2 In rich effusion, on his soul,  
my Spirit's pow'rs shall flow:  
He'll to the Gentiles, and the isles,  
my truth and judgments show.

3 Peaceful and calm shall be the words  
which from his mouth proceed:  
The smoking flax he shall not quench,  
nor break the bruised reed.

- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;  
the weak he'll not despise;  
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,  
and make the fallen rise.
- 5 His heart shall not despond nor fail,  
nor ought shall him dismay;  
Till judgment in the earth he set,  
and islands own his sway.
- 6 He who spread forth the arch of heav'n,  
and hung its orbs on high:  
Who form'd the earth, and bade his pow'r  
its tribes with breath supply;
- 7 Thus speaks the Lord: Thee have I rais'd,  
my Prophet thee instal;  
In right I've call'd thee, and in strength  
I'll succour whom I call.
- 8 I with the lands establish will  
a covenant in thee,  
To light the Gentiles, and the blind;  
and set the pris'ners free.
- 9 I am the Lord; and by the name  
of great Jehovah known;  
Idols shall not my glory share,  
nor mount into my throne
- 10 Lo! former scenes predicted once,  
conspicuous rise to view;  
And future events, thus foretold,  
shall be accomplish'd too.
- 11 Sing to the Lord a new-made song:  
let earth his praise resound:



Ye who upon the ocean dwell,  
and fill the isles around!

12 Ye who inhabit desert wilds,  
or peopled cities throng;  
With humble Kedar's scatter'd tribes,  
the joyful notes prolong!

13 Let all combin'd with one accord,  
Jehovah's glories raise;  
Till, in earth's utmost bounds remote,  
the islands sound his praise!

### VI. ISAIAH LIII.

**H**OW few receive with lively faith,  
the truths which we impart?  
How few have felt the pow'r divine  
reveal'd within their heart?

2 The Saviour comes! — no outward pomp  
bespeaks the Saviour nigh:  
No earthly beauty shines in him,  
to draw the carnal eye.

3 As, in dry soil, a tender plant  
weak and neglected grows;  
So, in this cold and barren world,  
that sacred root arose.

4 Rejected and despis'd of men;  
behold, a man of wo!  
Grief was his close companion still,  
through all his life below.

5 Yet these were ours, these griefs he felt;  
ours were the woes he bore:

Pangs

Pangs not his own his spotless soul,  
with bitter anguish, tore.

6 We held him as accurs'd by heav'n,  
an outcast from his God;

Whilst for our sins he groan'd, he bled,  
beneath his Father's rod.

7 That sacred blood hath wash'd our souls  
from sin's polluted stain;

His stripes have heal'd us, and his death  
reviv'd our souls again.

8 The blind apostate race of men  
like sheep had gone astray:

And the transgressions of us all  
the Lord on him did lay.

9 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly he  
in patient silence, stood;

Mute, as the peaceful harmless lamb,  
when brought to shed its blood!

10 Who can his generation tell?  
from prison see him led;

With impious shew of law condemn'd,  
and number'd with the dead.

11 Laid low in dust with sinners he;  
the rich a grave supply'd:

Pure was his life, unstain'd by sin;  
and as he liv'd, he dy'd.

12 Yet God again his head shall raise,  
though thus he brought him low:

This sacred off'ring, once complete,  
shall finish all his wo.

13 For, saith the Lord, my pleasure then  
shall prosper in his hand:

His shall a num'rous issue be,  
and still his honour stand.

14 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold  
the purchase of his pain:

And thousand guilty souls redeem'd  
shall bless Messiah's reign.

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,  
and baffle all his foes:

Though rank'd with sinners here he fell,  
a conqueror he rose.

16 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men;  
that sin might be forgiv'n,

He lives to bless them, and defend  
and plead their cause in heav'n.

#### VII. PHILLIP. II. 6.—12.

**Y**OU who the name of Jesus bear,  
his holy footsteps trace:

On his bright pattern form your mind,  
and be what Jesus was.

2 Who though the form of God he bore,  
his nature though the same,

Nor deem'd it robb'ry in himself  
to equal God supreme;

3 That greatness he for us abas'd;  
for us that glory veil'd:

In human likeness God did dwell,  
his majesty conceal'd.

- 4 Not only man the God appears,  
but stoops a servant low;  
Submits to death, nay to the cross,  
in all it's shame and wo.
- 5 Hence God with high rewards hath crown'd  
this gen'rous love to men;  
Supreme hath set him o'er his works,  
and highly rais'd his name;
- 6 That at his name, with sacred awe,  
each humble knee should bow,  
Of hosts immortal in the skies,  
and nations spread below.
- 7 That pow'rs of hell before his feet  
might fall, and own his sway,  
And, to his Father's praise, each tongue,  
his boundless rule display.

VIII. HEB. IV. 14. 15. 16.

- J**esus the son of God, who once  
for us his life resign'd,  
Hath enter'd heav'n our great high priest,  
and never-dying friend.
- 2 Thro' life, thro' death, let us to him  
with constancy adhere:  
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope  
shall banish every fear.
- 3 For not to human weakness harsh  
is our high priest above;  
With tenderness his heart o'erflows,  
his bowels melt with love.

- 4 Touch'd with a sympathy within,  
 he knows our feeble frame;  
 He knows what fore temptations are,  
 for he has felt the same.
- 5 But spotless, innocent, and pure  
 the great Redeemer stood;  
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
 and did resist to blood.
- 6 He, in the days of feeble flesh,  
 pour'd out his cries and tears;  
 And, though exalted, feels afresh  
 what ev'ry member bears;
- 7 Then let us to the throne of grace,  
 with holy boldness come;  
 There to pour forth our hearts, and there  
 make all our sorrows known;
- 8 That we may find propitious aids  
 of mercy and of grace,  
 To guard us in the evil hour,  
 and help us in distress.

## IX. REV. V. 6.—14.

- B**Ehold the glories of the Lamb,  
 amidst his Father's throne;  
 Prepare new honours for his name,  
 and songs before unknown.
- 2 Let elders worship at his feet;  
 the church adore around:  
 With vials full of odours sweet,  
 and harps of sweeter sound.



3 Those are the prayers of the saints;  
and these the hymns they raise:

Jesus is kind to our complaints;  
he loves to hear our praise.

4 Eternal Father! who shall look  
into thy secret will?

Who, but the Son, shall take that book,  
and open every seal?

5 Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,  
be endless blessings paid:

Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
for ever on thy head!

6 From every kindred, every tongue,  
thou brought thy chosen race:

And distant lands and isles have felt  
the riches of thy grace.

7 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood;  
has set the pris'ners free;

Hast made us kings and priests to God;  
and we shall reign with thee.

8 Hark! how th' adoring hosts above  
with songs surround the throne:

Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
but all their hearts are one.

9 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd; they cry,  
to be exalted thus!

Worthy the Lamb! let us reply,  
for he was slain for us.

10 Jesus is worthy to receive  
honour and power divine:



And blessings more than we can give,  
O Lord! be ever thine.

11 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
let air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
and speak thine endless praise!

12 The whole creation join in one,  
to bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
and to adore the Lamb!

## X. The LORD'S PRAYER.

MATTH. VI. 9.—15.

**F**Ather of all! we bow to thee,  
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;  
But present still through all thy works,  
the universal Lord.

2 All hallow'd be thy sacred name,  
o'er all the nations known:  
Advance the kingdom of thy grace;  
and let thy glory come.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,  
with hearts resign'd to thee:

And as in heav'n thy will is done,  
on earth so let it be

4 From day to day we humbly own  
the hand that feeds us still,

Give us our bread and may we rest  
contented in thy will.

5 Our

5 Our sins and trespasses we own;  
O may they be forgiv'n!

That mercy we to others show,  
we pray the like from heav'n.

6 Our life let still thy grace direct;  
from evil guard our way;

And in temptation's fatal path  
permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;  
all glory's due to thee:

Thine from eternity they were;  
and thine shall ever be!

### XI. I COR. XIII.

**T**hough all men's eloquence adorn'd  
my sweet persuading tongue;  
Though I could speak in higher strains  
than ever angel sung;

2 Though prophecy my soul inspir'd,  
and made all mysteries plain;  
Yet were I void of Christian love,  
these gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, tho' my faith, with boundless pow'r,  
ev'n mountains could remove;  
I still am nothing, if I'm void  
of charity and love.

4 Though with my goods the poor I fed,  
my body to the flame,  
In quest of Martyrdom, I gave;  
ev'n this were all in vain.

5 Love suffers long, love envies not;  
but love is ever kind:

She never boasteth of herself,  
nor proudly lifts the mind.

6 Love no unseemly carriage shows;  
she bears no selfish view;

But lays her own advantage by,  
her neighbour's to pursue.

7 Love harbours no suspicious thought;  
is patient to the bad:

Griev'd when she hears of sins and crimes;  
and in the truth is glad.

8 Love beareth much, much she believes:  
she hop's still for the best;

Love still with meekness doth endure,  
though much with hardship prest.

9 Love still shall hold an endless reign  
on earth, and heav'n above,

When tongues shall cease, and prophets fail,  
and every gift but love.

10 Here all our gifts imperfect are;  
but better days draw nigh,

When full perfection's reign shall come,  
and all these shadows fly.

11 Like children here we speak and think,  
whom childish toys amuse:

Our souls, when they to manhood come,  
will flight their present views.

12 Here dark and dim, as through a veil,  
is God and truth beheld:

Then:

Then shall we see as face to face,  
and God shall be unveil'd.

13 Faith, hope, and love, now dwell on  
and earth by them is blest; (earth,  
But faith and hope must yield to love,  
of every grace the best.

14 Hope shall to full fruition rise,  
and faith be sight, above:  
These are the means, but this the end;  
for saints for ever love.

XII. HEB. XII. 1.—13.

**B**Ehold, what witnesses unseen  
encompass us around;  
Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,  
but now with glory crown'd.

2 Like them, inspir'd with patient heart,  
your Christian race begin;  
Be each incumb'rance laid aside,  
and ev'ry fav'rite sin.

3 A pattern; nobler far than theirs,  
demands our first regard;  
Jesus, who leads us in our faith,  
and crowns it with reward.

4 To him your glorious chief look up,  
whom future joy could move  
To bear the cross, despise the shame;  
and now he reigns above.

5 If he the scorn of sinners vile,  
with patience could sustain,

- Becomes it us, with hearts oppress'd,  
to murmur or complain?
- 6 Have you, like him; to blood, to death,  
with all temptations strove?  
And is the word divine forgot,  
which speaks a father's love?
- 7 My son, saith he, with patient mind  
endure the chast'ning rod;  
Believe, when by affliction try'd,  
that thou art lov'd of God.
- 8 His children thus, most dear to him,  
their heavenly Father trains,  
Through all the hard experience led  
of sorrows and of pains:
- 9 'Tis thus we know he owns us his,  
when we correction share;  
Ner wander as a bastard race,  
without our father's care.
- 10 A father's voice; with reverence, we  
on earth have often heard:  
The Father of our spirits, then,  
how much should we regard?
- 11 Our fathers here, with erring hand,  
may sometimes deal the rod:  
But heav'n's wise chastisements are sent,  
to raise our souls to God.
- 12 Tho' harsh and grievous now they seem,  
and spread a field of wo:  
Yet, planted there, the peaceful fruits  
of righteousness shall grow.



13 Then let our hearts no more despond,  
 our hands be weak no more:  
 Still trust your heavenly Father's love;  
 and still his ways adore.

## XIII. JOB I. 21.

**N**Aked as from the earth we came,  
 and enter'd life at first,  
 We to the earth return again,  
 and mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,  
 and fondly call our own,  
 Are but short favours lent us now,  
 to be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
 or sinks them in the grave;  
 He gives, and takes, (bless'd be his name!)  
 he takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;  
 let each rebellious sigh  
 Be silent, at his sov'reign will,  
 and every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
 its praises shall be spread:  
 And we'll adore the justice too  
 that strikes our comforts dead.



## XIV. JOHN XIV. 1.—5.

**L**ET not your hearts with anxious  
 be troubled or dismay'd; (thoughts,  
 But trust to providence divine,  
 and trust my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's house return:  
 there num'rous mansions stand;

And glory manifold abounds  
 through all the happy land.

3 If no such happy land there were,  
 the truth I'd have declar'd;

And not with vain delusive hopes  
 your easy minds ensnar'd.

4 Now, in your name, I go before,  
 to take possession there;

And, in the land of promis'd rest,  
 your mansion to prepare.

5 But thence I shall return again,  
 and take you home with me:

Then shall we meet, to part no more,  
 and still together be!

6 Thus, whither I am bound you know;  
 and I have shewn the road:

For I'm the true and living way,  
 that leads the soul to God.

## XV. JOHN XV. 25.—29.

**Y**OU now must hear my voice no more;  
 my Father calls me home:

But soon from heav'n, the Holy Ghost,  
 your Comforter shall come.

2 Him God the Father, in my name,  
 will send, your guide to be;

Reviving ev'ry sacred truth  
 that ye have heard from me.

3 Peace to your souls I, parting, give;  
 my peace to you bequeath:

I brought the precious gift from heav'n,  
 and seal it with my death.

4 I give not like this word, whose hopes  
 with vain pretence impose:

Seek ye my peace, and trust my words,  
 and ye shall find repose.

5 I know you're griev'd, because I said,  
 that you and I must part;

But when you hear I'm to return,  
 how should it cheer your heart?

6 If, with a pure and grateful love,  
 to me your bosoms glow,

You'll share my joy, since I have said,  
 I to my Father go.

## XVI. ISAIAH XL. 27.—31.

**W**HY pour'st thou forth thine anxious  
 despairing of relief? (plaint,  
 As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,  
 and did not heed thy grief;

2 Hast thou forgot th' almighty name  
 that form'd the earth and sea?

And can an all-creating arm  
 grow weary or decay?

3 Supreme in wisdom, as in pow'r,  
 that rock of ages stands:

Tho' him thou canst not see, nor trace  
 the working of his hands.

4 He gives the conquest to the weak,  
 supports the fainting heart;

And courage in an evil hour  
 his strength'ning aids impart.

5 Mere mortal pow'r shall fade and die,  
 and youthful vigour cease:

But they that wait upon the Lord,  
 shall feel their strength increase.

6 They, with unweary'd feet, shall tread  
 the path of life divine?

They still, with growing ardour, move;  
 with growing brightness shine.

7 On eagles wings they mount, they soar;  
 their wings are faith and love:

Till past the cloudy regions here,  
 they rise to heav'n above.

## XVII. ISAIAH XLIX. 13.—17.

**Y**E heav'ns, send forth your praising song!  
 earth, raise thy voice below!

Let hills and mountains join the hymn;  
 and joy through nature flow!

2 Behold, how gracious is our God!  
 with what comforting strains

He cheers the sorrows of our heart,  
 and bannishes our pains!

3 Cease ye, when days of darkness fall,  
 with troubled hearts to mourn;

As if the Lord could leave a saint  
 forsaken or forlorn.

4 Can a fond mother e'er forget  
 the infant of her womb?

And'mongst a thousand tender thoughts,  
 her suckling have no room?

5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,  
 and mothers monsters prove;

Sion still dwells upon the heart  
 of everlasting love.

6 Deep on the palms of both my hands  
 I have engrav'd her name:

My hands shall raise her ruine'd walls,  
 and build her broken frame.

## XVIII. JOB IX. 2.—10.

**H**OW should the sons of Adam's race  
be pure before their God!

If he contend in righteousness,  
we fall beneath his rod.

2 If he should scan my words and thoughts,  
with strict enquiring eyes;

Could I, for one of thousand faults,  
the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;  
what vain presumers dare

Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
or 'tempt th' unequal war?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,  
and their old seats forsake;

The trembling earth desert her place,  
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
th' obedient sun forbears;

His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
and seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea,  
flies on the stormy wind:

There's none can trace his wondrous way,  
or his dark footsteps find.



## XIX. TITUS III: 3. 9.

**L**ord, we confess our num'rous faults;  
 how great our guilt has been?  
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
 and all our lives were sin.

2 But, O my soul! for ever praise,  
 for ever love his name;  
 Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways  
 of folly, sin, and shame.

3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,  
 which we ourselves have done:  
 But we are sav'd by sov'reign grace,  
 abounding through his Son.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God,  
 that all our hopes begin:  
 His Mercy sav'd our souls from death,  
 and wash'd our souls from sin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,  
 its sacred fire imparts;  
 Refines our dross; and love divine  
 does kindle in our hearts.

6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew;  
 and justify'd by grace,  
 We shall appear in glory too,  
 and see our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope,  
 in holy deeds abound;  
 Thus only faith is genuine prov'd;  
 by active virtue crown'd.



## XX. JOHN III. 14.—19.

**A**S, when the Hebrew prophet rais'd  
 the brazen serpent high,  
 The wounded look'd, and straight were  
 the people ceas'd to die: (cur'd;

2 Look upward in the dying hour,  
 and live, the prophet cries:

So Christ performs a nobler cure,  
 when faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung;  
 high in the heav'ns he reigns:

Here sinners, by th'old serpent stung,  
 look and forget their pains.

4 Such was the pity of our God:  
 mankind he lov'd so well,

He sent his Son to bear our sins,  
 and save our souls from hell.

5 Not to condemn the sons of men  
 the Son of God appear'd;

But that salvation's joyful sound  
 might from his lips be heard.

6 Let sinners hearken to his voice,  
 believe on him and live;

He'll guide them in the paths of bliss,  
 and peace and pardon give.

7 But vengeance just for ever lies  
 on all the rebel race,

Who God's eterna' Son despise,  
 and scorn his offer'd grace.

## XXI. ROM. III. 19.—22.

**V**Ain are the hopes the sons of men  
 on their own works have built;  
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
 and all their actions, guilt.

2 Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths,  
 without a murm'ring word,  
 And the whole race of Adam stand  
 guilty before the Lord.

3 No hope can on the law be built  
 of justifying grace:  
 The law, that shows the sinner's guilt,  
 condemns him to his face.

4 Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
 when in thy name we trust,  
 Our faith receives a righteousness  
 that makes the sinner just.

## XXII. ROM. VI. 1. 2. 6.

**A**ND shall we then go on to sin  
 because thy grace abounds?  
 Or crucify the Lord again,  
 and open all his wounds?

2 Great God! forbid the impious thought;  
 nor let it e'er be said,  
 That we, whose sins are crucify'd,  
 should raise them from the dead.

3 Nay, now we will be slaves no more,  
 since Christ hath made us free;

Has nail'd our tyrants to his cross,  
and bought our liberty.

## XXIII. ROM. II. 4. 5.

**U**Ngrateful sinner! whence this scorn  
of God's long-suffering grace?

And whence this madness, that insults  
th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it because his patience waits,  
and pitying bowels move,  
You multiply transgressions more,  
and spurn his richest love?

3 Dost thou not know, self-blinded man!  
his goodness is design'd,  
To move repentance in thy soul,  
and melt thy harden'd mind?

4 Is all the treasure'd wrath so small,  
you treasure up still more?  
Though not eternal rolling years  
can e'er exhaust the store.

5 Swift doth the day of vengeance come,  
that must your sentence seal,  
And righteous judgments, now unknown,  
in awful pomp reveal.

6 Alarm'd and melted at the thought,  
our conquer'd hearts should bow;  
And, to escape th' avenger then,  
embrace the Saviour now.

## XXIV. JOB. VIII. 11.—22.

**S**AY, grows the rush without the mire?  
 the flag without the stream!

Green and uncut, it quickly fades,  
 the wicked's fate's the same.

2 Slight is his hope; cut off, and broke;  
 or if entire it rise,

Yet, as the spider's web, when try'd,  
 it yieldeth, breaks, and flies.

3 Fix'd on his house, he leans, his house  
 and all its props decay;

He holds it fast, but faster still  
 the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Though in his garden, to the sun  
 his boughs with verdure smile;

Tho', deeply fix'd, his spreading roots  
 unshaken stand a while;

5 Yet, when from heav'n his sentence flies,  
 he's hurry'd from his place;

It then denies him for its lord,  
 nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo, this the joy of wicked men,  
 who heav'n's just laws despise;

They quickly fall, and in their room,  
 as quickly others rise.

7 But God his pow'r will for the just,  
 with tender care, employ:

He'll fill their mouths with songs of praise,  
 and fill their hearts with joy.

## XXV. LUKE XV. 13.—15.

**B**Ehold the wretch, whose lust and wine  
had wasted his estate;

He begs a share among the swine,  
to taste the husks they eat.

2 Whilst I with hunger die, he cries,  
and starve in foreign land;

The meanest in my father's house  
is fed with bounteous hand.

3 I'll go, and, with a mournful tongue,  
fall down before his face:

Father, I've sinn'd 'gainst heav'n and thee,  
nor can deserve thy grace.

4 He said, and hasten'd to his home,  
to seek his father's love;

The father saw him from afar,  
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
embrac'd and kiss'd his son:

The grieving prodigal bewail'd  
the follies he had done.

6 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,  
the joyful father said;

To him each mark of grace be shown,  
and every honour paid.

7 A day of feasting I ordain;  
let mirth and joy abound:

My son was dead, and lives again;  
was lost, and now is found.



XXVI. MATTH. XI. 25. *to the end.*

**W**ith solemn thanksgiving, our Lord  
 his Father thus address'd:  
 For ever may the Sov'reign Lord  
 of heav'n and earth be blest;

2. Who from the wise and prudent hast  
 thy heav'nly truths conceal'd,  
 Which yet to weak and simple babes  
 thou plainly hast reveal'd.

3. Ev'n so thou, Father! hast ordain'd  
 thy wise decree to stand;  
 Nor men, nor angels may presume  
 the reason to demand.

4. All pow'r my Father me hath giv'n;  
 for me he knows and loves:  
 Him none can know, but they to whom  
 the Son a Saviour proves.

5. Come then, all weary lab'ring souls,  
 with guilt and fears oppress'd;  
 By faith your burdens on me cast,  
 and I will give you rest.

6. Your willing necks bend to my yoke,  
 and own my rightful sway:  
 My pattern learn to imitate,  
 and all my laws obey.

7. Learn from your meek and humble Lord,  
 a meek and humble mind:  
 And thus your weary troubled hearts  
 shall rest and quiet find.

8 Gentle and easy in my yoke,  
 my yoke the sinner frees:  
 And the light burden I impose,  
 a heavier load doth ease.

## XXVII. ISAIAH LV.

**H**O! ye that thirst, approach the spring  
 of ever flowing bliss;  
 Free to the poor life's waters flow,  
 and bought without a price.

2 Why bargain ye for earthly goods,  
 where fruitless is the cost?

In vanity ye waste your days,  
 and all your labour's lost?

3 To me incline your willing ear,  
 so shall your souls be blest;

And fed with truth and real good,  
 attain their native rest.

4 Hear ye, and live for evermore;  
 my mercy shall renew

The hope that gladden'd David's heart,  
 in covenant with you.

5 Him for my witness have I rais'd,  
 your leader and your chief:

The nations he shall call, and they  
 be blest'd in his belief.

6 Behold, great Prophet! lands unknown,  
 and lands that knew not thee,

Shall hasten to thy call, and God  
 in thee exalted be.

7 Seek ye the Lord, whilst yet his ear  
is open to your call,

Whilst offer'd mercy yet is near,  
before his footstool fall.

8 Now let the sons of vice repent;  
from sin the sinner cease:

To God returning, they shall meet  
their God's returning grace.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love;  
for hear the voice divine:

My nature, as 'tis not like yours,  
so nor my ways as thine.

10 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs  
beyond earth's spot extend;

So far my nature, thoughts, and ways,  
your ways and thoughts transcend.

11 For as the rains from heav'n distil,  
nor thither tend again:

But swell the earth with fruitful juice,  
and all its tribes sustain:

12 So not a word that flows from me  
shall ineffectual fall;

But universal nature prove  
obsequious to my call.

13 With joy and peace then shall be led  
the glad converted lands:

The mountains then shall seem to sing,  
the trees to clap their hands.

14 For briars then and thorny wilds,  
shall firs and mirtles spring:

Thus

8 Gentle and easy in my yoke,  
 my yoke the sinner frees:  
 And the light burden I impose,  
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the trees to clap their hands.

14 For briars then and thorny wilds,  
shall firs and mirtles spring:

Thus



Thus shall it ever last; and all  
to God shall praises sing.

XXVIII. ISAIAH II. 2.—6.

**I**N latter days, the mount of God,  
his sacred house, shall rise  
Above the mountains and the hills,  
and strike the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,  
all tribes and tongues shall flow;

Up to the house of God, they'll say,  
to Jacob's God we'll go.

3 To us he'll point the ways of truth;  
the sacred path we'll tread:

From Salem and from Zion hill,  
his law shall then proceed.

4 Among the nations and the isles,  
as judge supreme he'll sit:

And, vested with unbounded pow'r,  
will punish or acquit.

5 No strife shall rage, nor angry feuds  
disturb these peaceful years;

To ploughshares then they'll beat their  
to pruning-hooks their spears. (swords,

6 Then nation shan't 'gainst nation rise,  
and slaughter'd hosts deplore:

They'll lay the useless trumpet by,  
and study war no more.

7 O come ye, then, of Jacob's house,  
our hearts now let us join;

And,

And, walking in the light of God,  
with holy beauties shine.

XXIX. ISAIAH XXVI. 1.—6.

**H**OW honourable is the place,  
where we, adoring, stand;  
Zion, the glory of the earth,  
and beauty of the land!

2 Balwarks of mighty grace defend  
the city where we dwell;  
The walls of strong salvation made,  
defy th' assaults of hell.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates!  
the doors wide open fling!  
Enter, ye nations, that obey  
the statutes of our King.

4 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,  
and live in perfect peace;  
You that have known Jehovah's name,  
and trusted in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,  
and banish all your fears:  
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,  
eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the rebels dwell on high,  
his arm shall bring them low:  
Low as the caverns of the grave,  
their lofty heads shall bow.

7 On Babylon our feet shall tread,  
in that rejoicing hour;

The ruins of her walls shall spread  
a pavement for the poor.

## XXX. I JOHN III. 1.—4.

**B**Ehold th' amazing height of love  
the Father hath bestow'd  
On us, the sinful sons of men,  
to call us sons of God!

2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,  
by this dark world unknown;  
So the world knew not, when he came,  
God's everlasting Son.

3 High is the character we bear;  
but higher we shall rise:  
Tho' what we'll be in future worlds,  
is hid from mortal eyes.

4 But this we know, when he whom now  
heav'n veils from mortal eyes.

Shall in his Father's glory come,  
and call the dead to rise;

5 At that bless'd day we shall transform'd  
into his likeness be;

Because our reptur'd souls shall then  
unveil'd their Saviour see.

6 A hope so great, and so divine  
may trials well endure;

Refine the soul from sense and sin,  
as Christ himself is pure.

## XXXI. IIA B. III. 17. 18.

**W**hat tho' no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe  
 tho' vines their fruit deny?  
 The labours of the olive fail,  
 and fields no meat supply?  
 2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,  
 my flocks cut off I see;  
 Tho' famine pines in empty stalls,  
 where cattle us'd to be:  
 3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,  
 and glory in his love:  
 In him I'll joy who will the God  
 of my salvation prove.  
 4 God is the treasure of my soul;  
 a source of sacred joy;  
 Which no afflictions can control,  
 nor death itself destroy.

## XXXII. 2 TIM. I. 12.

**I**'m not asham'd to own my Lord,  
 or to defend his cause;  
 Maintain the glory of his cross,  
 and honour of his laws.  
 2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
 his name is all my trust:  
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
 nor let my hope be lost.  
 3 Firm, as his throne, his promise stands;  
 and he can well secure

What I've committed to his hands,  
till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name  
before his Father's face;  
And in the new Jerusalem  
appoint my soul a place.

XXXIII. 2 TIM. IV. 6. 7. 8. & 18.

**M**Y race is run: my warfare's o'er;  
The solemn hour is nigh,  
When, offer'd up to God, my soul  
shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
the battles of the Lord;  
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,  
and wait the sure reward.

3 God has laid up in heaven for me  
a crown which cannot fade:

The righteous Judge, at the great day,  
shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
this prize for me alone;

But all that love, and long to see,  
th' appearance of his Son.

5 Jesus, the Lord, shall guard my steps  
from ev'ry ill design;

And to his heav'nly kingdom safe  
preserve this soul of mine.

6 God is my everlasting aid;  
and hell shall rage in vain.



To him be highest glory paid,  
and endless praise. Amen.

XXXIV. HEB. XIII. 20. 21.

**F**Ather of peace, and God of love!  
we own thy power to save;  
By which our mighty Shepherd rose  
victorious o'er the grave.

2 Him from the dead thou brought'st again,  
when, by his sacred blood,  
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore  
th' eternal cov'nant stood.

3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,  
and mould them to thy will;  
That our weak hearts no more may stray,  
but keep thy precepts still.

4 Work in us all thy holy will  
to man by Jesus known;  
Till we, through him improving still,  
at last approach thy throne.

XXXV. ROM. VIII. 31. *to the end.*

**N**OW let our souls ascend above  
the fears of guilt and wo.  
God is for us our friend declar'd;  
who then can be our foe?

2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,  
for us gave up to die,  
Will he with-hold a lesser gift,  
or ought that's good deny?

3 Behold, all blessings seal'd in this,  
the highest pledge of love;  
All grace and peace on earth below,  
and endless life above!

4 Who now shall dare to charge with guilt  
whom God hath justify'd?  
Or who is he that shall condemn;  
since Christ the Saviour dy'd?

5 He dy'd; — but he is ris'n again,  
triumphant from the grave;  
And pleads for us at God's right hand,  
omnipotent to save.

6 Then who can e'er divide us more:  
from Christ and love divine?  
Or what dissolve the sacred band  
that joins our souls to him?

7 Let troubles rise, and dangers roar,  
and days of darkness fall;  
Through him all terrors we'll defy,  
and more than conquer all.

8 Nor death, nor life, nor heaven, nor hell,  
nor time's destroying sway,  
Can e'er efface us from his heart;  
or make his love decay.

9 Each future period this will bless,  
as it has bless'd the past:  
He lov'd us from the first of time,  
and loves us to the last.

XXXVI: PROV. VIII. 1. 22.—363.

**S**hall heav'nly Wisdom cry aloud,  
and not her speech be heard?

The voice of God's eternal Word,  
deserves it no regard?

2. I was th' Almighty's chief delight,  
his everlasting Son:

Before the first of all his works,  
creation, was begun.

3. Before the skies and flying clouds,  
before the solid land;

Before the fields, before the flood,  
I dwelt at his right hand.

4. When he adorn'd the arch of heav'n,  
and built it, I was there:

To order when the sun should rise,  
and marshal ev'ry star.

5. When ocean's bed he measur'd out,  
and spread the flowing deep;

I gave the flood a firm decree,  
in its own bounds to keep.

6. When, hung amidst the empty space,  
the earth was balanc'd well,

With joy I saw the mansion, where  
the sons of men should dwell.

7. My thoughts, from everlasting days,  
on their salvation ran;

Ere sin was known, or Adam's dust  
was fashion'd into man.

8 Now, therefore, hearken to my words,  
ye children, and be wise;  
Happy the man that keeps my ways;  
the man that shuns them dies.

9 'Tis I that point the path of life,  
and give the best reward:  
Life shall be his that follows me,  
and favour from the Lord.

10 Surely they to themselves are foes,  
who 'gainst my word rebel:  
And they who my instructions hate,  
do court the road to hell.

### XXXVII. GENESIS I.

**N**OW, let the spacious world arise,  
said the Creator Lord:  
At once th' obedient earth and skies  
rose at his sov'reign word.

2 Dark was the deep, the waters lay  
confus'd, and drown'd the land:  
He call'd, the light; the new-born day  
attends on his command.

3 He bids the clouds ascend on high;  
the clouds ascend, and bear  
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,  
and float on softer air.

4 The liquid element below  
was gather'd by his hand;  
The rolling seas together flow,  
and leave the solid land.

5 With:

5 With herbs and plants (a flow'ry birth)  
 the naked globe he crown'd,  
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,  
 or sun to warm the ground.

6 Then he adorn'd the upper skies,  
 behold, the sun appears:  
 The moon and stars in order rise,  
 to mark out months and years.

7 Out of the deep th' almighty King  
 did vital beings frame;  
 And painted fowls of ev'ry wing,  
 and fish of ev'ry name.

8 He gave the lion and the worm  
 at once their wond'rous birth:  
 And grazing beasts, of various form,  
 rose from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,  
 at last was Adam made:  
 His Maker's image bless'd his soul,  
 and glory crown'd his head.

10 Thus glorious in the Maker's eye  
 the young creation stood:  
 He saw the building from on high;  
 his word pronounc'd it good.

XXXVIII. REV. XXI. 1.—9.

**L**O, what a glorious sight appears  
 to our believing eyes!  
 The earth and seas are pass'd away,  
 and the old rolling skies.



2 From heav'n the new Jerus'lem comes,  
all worthy of its Lord:

See, all things now at last renew'd,  
and paradise restor'd;

3 Attending angels shout for joy,  
and the bright armies sing:

Mortals! behold the sacred seat  
of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men  
removes his bless'd abode:

He dwells with men; his people they,  
and he his people's God.

5 His gracious hands shall wipe the tears  
from ev'ry weeping eye:

And pains, and groans, and griefs, and  
and death itself, shall die. (fears,

6 Behold, I change all human things!  
thus speaks th' eternal One;

The world shall vanish from its place,  
and time shall cease to run.

7 I am the first, and I the last,  
through endless years the same;

I AM, is my memorial still,  
and my eternal name.

8 Such favours as a God can give,  
my royal grace bestows:

Ho! ye that thirst, come taste the stream  
where life and pleasure flows.

9 The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,  
I'll own him for a son;

The whole creation shall reward  
the conquests he has won.

10 But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,  
and all the lying race:

The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
that spurn at offer'd grace;

11 They shall be taken from my sight,  
bound fast in iron chains;

And headlong plung'd into the lake  
where fire and darkness reigns.

12 O may I stand before the Lamb,  
when earth and seas are fled!

And hear the Judge pronounce my name,  
with blessings on my head!

13 How long, dear Saviour, O how long  
shall this bright hour delay?

Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
and bring the promis'd day.

XXXIX. JOB III. 17.—20.

**H**OW still and peaceful is the grave!  
that silent bed how blest!

The wicked there from troubling cease,  
and there the weary rest.

2 There the freed pris'ner groans no more  
beneath life's galling load;

Mute is th' oppressor's cruel voice,  
and broke the tyrant's rod.

3 There slaves and masters equal lie,  
and share the same repose,

The small and great are there: and friends  
now mingle with their foes.

**XL. I PET. I. 3.—5.**

**B**less'd be the everlasting God,  
the Father of our Lord:  
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,  
his Majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,  
and call'd him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
that they should never die.

3 What though our inbred sins require  
our flesh to see the dust;  
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose,  
so all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine  
reserv'd against the day;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,  
and cannot waste away.

5 Saints, by the pow'r of God, are kept  
till the salvation come:  
We walk by faith, as strangers here,  
till Christ shall call us home.

**XLI. I COR. XV. 52. to the end.**

**W**hen the last trumpet's awful voice  
this rending earth shall shake,  
The op'ning graves shall yield their charge,  
and dust to life awake.

2 These bodies, then, so corrupt now,  
shall incorrupted rise:

Mortals they fell, but rise to life  
immortal in the skies.

3 Behold, what heav'nly prophets sung,  
is now at last fulfill'd;

That Death should yield its antient reign,  
and quit the vanquish'd field.

4 Let Faith exalt her joyful voice,  
and thus begin to sing:

O Grave! where be thy triumphs now?  
and where, O Death! thy sting;

5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt;  
'twas this that arm'd thy dart:

The law gave that its strength and force  
to pierce the sinner's heart.

6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd;  
disarms that foe we dread;

And makes us conqu'rors when we die,  
through Christ our living head.

7 Then fix'd and constant be your hearts,  
and in his grace abound:

Thro' him, your labour's not in vain,  
with such an issue crown'd.

**XLII. 2 COR. V. 1.—11.**

**S**oon shall this earthly frame, dissolv'd,  
in death and ruins lie:

But better mansions wait our soul  
prepar'd above the sky.

2 An house eternal, built by God,  
shall clothe a purer mind,  
When once these prison-walls shall fall,  
in which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burden'd with this load of clay,  
our weary'd spirits groan:  
Till death's kind hand shall set them free,  
and God shall bring them home.

4 Not that we wish the soul, uncloth'd,  
might from this body fly;  
But animate a purer frame,  
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that wait the just;  
these hopes their God hath giv'n:  
His Spirit is the earnest now,  
and seals their souls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come;  
faith lives upon his word:  
But, while this body is our home,  
we mourn an absent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,  
we long and pant to see:  
We would be absent from the flesh:  
and present, Lord, with thee.

8 But still, or here, or going hence,  
to this our labours tend,  
That, in his service spent, our life  
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as Judge,  
th' assembled world shall stand,



To take the punishment, or prize,  
from his impartial hand.

10 Impartial retributions then  
our different-lives await :

Our present actions, good or bad,  
shall fix our future fate.

XLIII. Rev. VII. 13.—17.

**T**Hese glorious minds; how bright they  
whence all their white array? (shine  
How came they to the happy seats  
of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they, to endless joy;  
from suff'rings great, who came;  
And wash'd their raiment white in blood,  
the blood of Christ the Lamb.

3 Now they approach a holy God,  
and how before his throne;  
With hearts enlarg'd to serve him still,  
and make his glory known.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy;  
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;  
By day, by night, the bless'd abodes  
with glad Hosannas ring

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
nor suns with scorching ray:  
God is their sun, whose cheering beams  
diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
where living fountains rise:  
And love divine shall wipe away  
the sorrows off their eyes.

## XLIV. GEN. XXVIII. 20.—22.

**O** God of Bethel, by whose hand  
thine Isr'el still is fed!

Who, through this weary pilgrimage,  
hast all our fathers led.

2 To thee our humble vows we raise;  
to thee address our pray'r;

And in thy kind and faithful breast  
deposit all our care.

3 If thou, through each perplexing path,  
wilt be our constant guide;

If thou wilt daily bread supply,  
and raiment wilt provide;

4 If thou wilt spread thy wings around,  
till these our wand'rings cease;

And, at our Father's lov'd abode,  
our souls arrive in peace:

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant God,  
we'll our whole selves resign;

And count that not our tenth alone,  
but all we have is thine.

## XLV. REV. I. 5.—9.

**T**o him that lov'd the souls of men,  
and wash'd us in his blood;

To royal honours rais'd our head,  
and made us priests to God:

2 To him let every tongue be praise,  
and ev'ry heart be love!

All grateful honours paid on earth,  
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!  
his saints shall bless the day;

Whilst they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,  
in anguish and dismay.

4 I am the first, and I the last;  
time centers all in me,

Th' almighty God, who was, and is,  
and evermore shall be!

XLVI. *A Song of praise to the ever blessed  
Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.*

1 **B**less'd be the Father, and his love,  
To whose celestial source we owe  
Rivers of endless joy above,  
And rills of comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,  
From whose dear wounded body rolls  
A precious stream of vital blood,  
Pardon and life for dying souls.

3 We give thee sacred Spirit praise,  
Who in our hearts while here below,  
Makes living springs of grace arise,  
And into boundless glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,  
And God the Spirit we adore,  
That sea of life and love unknown,  
Without a bottom or a shore.

XLVII. *Christ Jesus the Lamb of God worshipped by all the creation, REV. V. 11.—13.*

- 1 **C**ome let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne:  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,  
To be exalted thus:  
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,  
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings more than we can give  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to list thy glories high;  
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the Sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

XLVIII. *A prospect of heaven makes  
death easy.*

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

2 There everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flow'rs:  
Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
This heavenly-land from ours.

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

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

5 Oh! could we make our doubts remove,  
Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
And see the Canaan that we love,  
With unobscured eyes!

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
And view the landscape o'er,  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
Should fright us from the shore.



XLIX. *A Song of praise to the blessed  
Trinity, as the CXLVIII. Psalm.*

**I** Give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all my comforts here,  
And better hopes above:  
He sent his own Eternal Son,  
To die for sins that man had done.

2. To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who bought us with his blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now he lives, and now he reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3. To God the Spirit's name  
Immortal worship give  
Whose new creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live:  
His work compleats the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4. Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honour done  
The undivided Three,  
And the mysterious One:  
Where reason fails with all her pow'rs  
Their faith prevails, and love adores.

## L. PSALM CXLIX.

1. **O** Praise ye the Lord, prepare your glad voice,  
his praise in the great assembly to sing:  
In our great Creator let Isr'el rejoice:  
and children of Sion be glad in their King.
2. Let them his great name extol in the dance:  
with timbrel and harp his praises express:  
Who always takes pleasure his Saints to advance,  
and with his salvation the humble to bless.
3. With glory adorn'd his people shall sing  
to God, who their beds with safety doth shield:  
Their mouths fill'd with praises of him their  
great King:  
whilst a two-edged sword their right hand shall  
wield.
4. Just vengeance to take for injuries past:  
to punish those lands for ruin design'd:  
With chains, as their captives to tie their kings fast,  
with fatters of iron their nobles to bind.
5. Thus shall they make good, when them they  
destroy,  
the dreadful decree which God doth proclaim:  
Such honour and triumph his Saints shall enjoy.  
O therefore for ever exalt his great name.
6. By Angels in Heav'n of ev'ry degree,  
And Saints upon Earth, all praise be address'd,  
To God in three persons one God ever blest;  
As it hath been, now is, and always shall be.

F I N I S.

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