HYMNS
AND
Spiritual Songs.

In Three BOOKS.

I. Collected from the Scriptures.
II. Compos'd on Divine Subjects.
III. Prepared for the Lord's Supper.

With an ESSAY

Towards the Improvement of Christian Psalmody, by the Use of Evangelical Hymns in Worship, as well as the Psalms of *David*.

By *I. WATTS.*

And they sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy, &c. for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us, &c. Rev. 5. 9.

Soliti essent (*i. e. Christiani*) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere. *Plinius in Epist.*

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Humfreys*, for *John Lawrence*, at the Angel in the *Poultrey*. 1707.

THE

PREFACE.

WHile we ſing the Praiſes of our God in his Church, we are employ'd in that part of Worſhip which of all others is the neareſt a-kin to Heaven; and 'tis pity that this of all others ſhould be perform'd the worſt upon Earth. The Gospel brings us nearer to the heavenly State than all the former Diſpenſations of God amongſt Men: And in theſe very laſt Days of the Goſpel we are brought almoſt within ſight of the Kingdom of our Lord; yet we are very much unacquainted with the Songs of the *New Jeruſalem*, and unpractis'd in the Work of Praiſe. To ſee the dull Indifference, the negligent and the thoughtleſs Air that ſits upon the Faces of a whole Aſſembly while the Pſalm is on their Lips, might tempt even a charitable Obſerver to ſuſpect the Fervency of inward Religion, and 'tis much

to be fear'd that the Minds of most of the Worshippers are absent or unconcern'd. Perhaps the Modes of Preaching in the best Churches still want some Degrees of Reformation, nor are the Methods of Prayer so perfect as to stand in need of no Correction or Improvement. But of all our Religious Solemnities *Psalmodie* is the most unhappily manag'd. That very Action which should elevate us to the most delightful and divine Sensations doth not only flat our Devotion, but too often awakens our Regret, and touches all the Springs of Uneasiness within us.

I have been long convinc'd, that one great Occasion of this Evil arises from the Matter and Words to which we confine all our Songs. Some of 'em are almost opposite to the Spirit of the Gospel. Many of them foreign to the State of the New-Testament, and widely different from the present Circumstances of Christians. Hence it comes to pass that when spiritual Affections are excited within us and our Souls are raised a little above the Earth in the beginning of a Psalm, we are check'd on a sudden in our Ascent toward Heaven by some Expressions that are more suited to the Days of *Carnal Ordinances*, and fit only to be sung in the

Worl

Worldly Sanctuary. When we are just ntring into an Evangelic Frame by some f the Glories of the Gospel presented n the brightest Figures of *Judaism*, yet ne very next Line perhaps which the lerk parcels out unto us, hath something n it so extremely *Jewish* and cloudy, hat darkens our Sight of God the Savi-ur: Thus by keeping too close to *David* the House of God, the Vail of *Moses* thrown over our Hearts. While we e kindling into divine Love by the editations of the *loving Kindness of God, d the Multitude of his tender Mercies*, ithin a few Verses some dreadful Curse ainst Men is propos'd to our Lips; That *d would add Iniquity unto their Iniquity, let 'em come into his Righteousness, but t 'em out of the Book of the Living*, Psal. . 16, 27, 28. which is so contrary to e New Commandment, *of loving our emies.* Some Sentences of the *Psalmist* t are expressive of the Temper of our n Hearts and the Circumstances of r Lives may compose our Spirits to iousness, and allure us to a sweet Re-ement within our selves; but we meet h a following Line which so peculiarly ongs but to one Action or Hour of the e of *David* or *Asaph*, that breaks off Song in the midst; our Consciences

are affrighted left we ſhould ſpeak Falſhood unto God: Thus the Powers of our Souls are ſhock'd on a ſudden, and our Spirits ruffled before we have time to reflect that this may be ſung only as a Hiſtory of antient Saints: and perhaps in ſome Inſtances that *Salvo* is hardly ſufficient neither.

Many Miniſters and many private Chriſtians have long groan'd under this Inconvenience, and have wiſh'd rather that attempted a Reformation: At their importunate and repeated Requeſts I have for ſome Years paſt devoted many Hours of leiſure to this Service. Far be it from my Thoughts to lay aſide the Pſalms of *David* in public Worſhip; few can pretend ſo great a Value for 'em as myſelf: It is the moſt artful, moſt devotional and Divine Collection of Poeſy; and nothing can be ſuppos'd more proper to raiſe a pious Soul to Heaven than ſome parts of that Book; never was a piece of Experimental Divinity ſo nobly written and ſo juſtly reverenced and admired. But it muſt be acknowledged ſtill, that there are a thouſand Lines in it which were not made for a Saint in our Days to aſſume as his own; There are alſo many deficiencies of Light and Glory which our Lord *Jeſus* and his Apoſtles have ſupplied

in the Writings of the New Teſtament; and with this Advantage I have compos'd theſe ſpiritual Songs which are now preſented to the World. Nor is the Attempt vain-glorious or preſuming; for in reſpect of clear Evangelic Knowledge, *The leaſt in the Kingdom of Heav'n is greater than all the Jewiſh Prophets*, Mat. 11. 11.

Now let me give a ſhort Account of the following Compoſures.

The greateſt Part of 'em are ſuited to the General State of the Goſpel, and the moſt common Affairs of Chriſtians: I hope there will be very few found but what may properly be uſed in a religious Aſſembly, and not one of 'em but may well be adapted to ſome Seaſons, either of private or of public Worſhip. The moſt frequent Tempers and Changes of our Spirit, and Conditions of our Life are here copied, and the Breathings of our Piety expreſt according to the variety of our Paſſions; our Love, our Fear, our Hope, our Deſire, our Sorrow, our Wonder and our Joy, all refin'd into Devotion, and acting under the Influence and Conduct of the Bleſſed Spirit; all converſing with God the Father by the new and living Way of Acceſs to the Throne, even the

Person and the Mediation of our Lord *Jesus Christ.* To him also, even to the *Lamb that was slain and now lives*, I have addrest many a Song; for thus doth the Holy Scripture instruct and teach us to Worship in the various short Patterns of Christian Psalmodie described in the Revelations. I have avoided the more obscure and controverted Points of Christianity, that we might all obey the Direction of the Word of God, and *sing his Praises with Understanding*, Psal. 47. 7. The Contentions and distinguishing Words of Sects and Parties are secluded, that whole Assemblies might assist at the Harmony, and different Churches join in the same Worship without Offence. The whole Book is confin'd to three Sorts of Metre, and fitted to the most common Tunes. I have seldom permitted a Stop in the middle of a Line, and seldom left the end of a Line without one, to comport a little with the unhappy Mixture of Reading and Singing, which cannot presently be reformed. The Metaphors are generally sunk to the Level of vulgar Capacities. I have aimed at ease of Numbers and Smoothness of Sound, and endeavour'd to make the Sense plain and obvious; if the Verse appears so gentle and flowing as to incur the Censure of

Fee-

eeblenefs, I may honeftly affirm, that metimes it coft me labour to make it o: Some of the Beauties of Poefy are eglected, and fome wilfully defaced: I ave thrown out the Lines that were too norous, and giv'n an Allay to the Verfe, eft a more exalted Turn of Thought or anguage fhould darken or difturb the evotion of the plaineft Souls. But hence comes to pafs, that I have been forc'd o lay afide many Hymns after they were nifhed, and utterly exclude 'em from his Volume, becaufe of the Bolder igures of Speech that crowded themelves into the Verfe, and a more unconn'd Variety of Number which I could ot eafily reftrain. Perhaps thefe may er long appear as an Additional Part to he Poems already Publifhed under the itle of *Horæ Lyricæ.*

I have divided the whole into three ooks.

In the *firft* I have borrow'd the Senfe, nd much of the Form of the Song from ome particular Portions of Scripture, nd have paraphras'd moft of the Doxogies in the New Teftament that conain any thing in 'em peculiarly Evangelial, and many parts of the Old Teftament

also that have a reference to the Time of the *Messiah*. In these I expect to be often censur'd for a too religious Observance of the Words of Scripture, whereby the Verse is weakned and debas'd according to the Judgment of the Criticks. But as my whole Design was to aid the Devotion of Christians, so more Especially this part was written for the meanest of them, and I am satisfied I shall hereby attain two Ends, (*viz.* Assist the Worship of all serious Minds to whom the Expressions of Scripture are ever dear and delightful; and gratify the Taste and Inclination of those who think nothing must be sung unto God but the Translations of his own Word. Yet you will always find in this Paraphrase dark Expressions enlighten'd, and the Levitical Ceremonies, and Hebrew Forms of Speech chang'd into the Worship of the Gospel, and explain'd in the Language of our Time and Nation; and what would not bear such an Alteration is omitted and laid aside. After this manner should I rejoice to see a good part of the Book of Psalms fitted for the use of our Churches, and *David* converted into a Christian. In the first, second and third Psalms especially, I have attempted a Specimen of what I desire and hope

some

me more capable Genius will under-
ke.

The *Second* Part consists of Hymns
hose Form is of meer humane Compo-
re, but I hope the Sense and Materials
ill always appear Divine. I might
ave brought some Text or other, and
plied it to the Margin of every Verse
this method had been as Useful as it was
sy. If there be any Poems in the Book
hat are capable of giving Delight to Per-
ns of a more refin'd Taste and polite
ducation, they must be sought for only
this Part; but except they lay aside
e humour of Criticism, and enter into
devout Frame, every Ode here already
espairs of pleasing. I confess my self to
ave been too often tempted away from
e more Spiritual Designs I propos'd,
some gay and flowry Expressions that
ratify'd the Fancy; The bright Images
o often prevail'd above the Fire of Di-
ne Affection; and the Light exceeded
e Heat: Yet I hope, in many of them
e Reader will find that Devotion dicta-
d the Song, and the Head and Hand
ere nothing but Interpreters and Se-
etaries to the Heart: Nor is the Mag-
ificence or Boldness of the Figures com-
arable to that Divine Licence, which is
found

found in the Eighteenth, and Sixty eight Pſalms, ſeveral Chapters of *Job*, and other poetical Parts of Scripture: And in this reſpect, I may hope to eſcape the reproof of thoſe who pay a Sacred Reverence to the Holy Bible.

I have prepar'd the *Third* Part only for the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, that in imitation of Our Bleſſed Saviour we might ſing an Hymn after we have partaken of the Bread and Wine. Here you will find ſome Paraphraſes of Scripture, and ſome other Compoſitions. There are almoſt an hundred Hymns in the two former Parts that may very properly be uſed in this Ordinance, and ſometimes perhaps appear more ſuitable than any of theſe laſt: But there are Expreſſions uſed in all theſe, which confine 'em only to the Table of the Lord, and therefore I have diſtinguiſh'd and ſet 'em by themſelves.

Since there are ſome Chriſtians who are not yet perſwaded that it is lawful to ſing any thing in Divine Worſhip, but a meer Verſion of ſome part of the Word of God, I have ſubjoyned a Diſcourſe for the ſatisfaction of their Conſciences, wherein I indeavour to prove, that the

Dut

ty of Singing under the Gospel is not nfin'd to the *Jewish* Psalms, or any o-er Scriptural Songs; but that Hymns human Composure suited to the clea- *Revelations* of the New Testament, incouraged by the Word of God, and most necessary for Christian Churches, at desire to worship Christ in the Beau- of Holiness, and praise him for the onders of redeeming Grace. I ear-stly intreat such Persons to read this iscourse over without prejudice or epossession, and seriously to inquire hether it be not possible for 'em to have 'd themselves up too much to Legal rms, and whether they find no ground release their Consciences from those ands, and worship their Redeemer ac-rding to the more glorious Liberty of e Gospel.

If the Lord who inhabits the Praises *Israel*, shall refuse to smile upon this ttempt for the Reformation of Psalmo-e amongst the Churches, yet I humbly ope that his Blessed Spirit will make ese Composures useful to private Chri-ians; and if they may but attain the ho-our of being esteem'd Pious Meditations o assist the devout and the retir'd Soul n the Exercises of Love, Faith and Joy,

'twill

'twill be a valuable Compensation of m Labours; My Heart shall rejoyce at th Notice of it, and my God shall receiv the Glory.

A TABLE

To find any Hymn by the First Line.

Note, The First Figure directs to the Book, the Second to the Hymn.

A.

B.

Be-

Dread

Hap-

B.

J.

Liſt

B.

M.

N.

Na

O.

P.

Raise

B.

R.

S.

T.

Theſ

U.

W.

B.

Y.

Hym

HYMNS
AND
Spiritual Songs.

BOOK I.

Collected from the Holy Scriptures.

I. *A New Song to the Lamb that was ſlain*, Rev. 5. 6, 8, 9, 10, 12.

1 BEhold 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 ſhould take that Book
And open ev'ry Seal?

5 He ſhall fulfil thy great Decrees,
The Son deſerves it well;
Lo, in his Hand the Sov'reign Keys
Of Heav'n, and Death, and Hell.

6 Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
Be endleſs Bleſſings paid;
Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
For ever on thy Head.

7 Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
Haſt ſet the Priſ'ners free,
Haſt made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
And we ſhall reign with thee.

8 The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
Are put beneath thy Pow'r;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying Days,
And bring the promis'd Hour.

I. *The Deity and Humanity of Christ,* John 1. 1, 3, 14. and Col. 1. 16. and Eph. 3. 9, 10.

E'RE the blue Heav'ns were ſtretch't a-
(broad,
From Everlaſting was the Word;
With God he was; the Word was God,
And muſt Divinely be ador'd.

By his own Pow'r were all things made;
By him ſupported all things ſtand;
He is the whole Creation's Head,
And Angels fly at his Command.

E're Sin was born, or *Satan* fell,
He led the Hoſt of Morning-Stars;
Thy Generation who can tell,
Or count the Numbers of thy Years?

But Lo, he leaves thoſe Heavenly Forms,
The Word deſcends and dwells in Clay,
That he may hold Converſe with Worms,
Dreſt in ſuch feeble Fleſh as they.

Mortals with Joy beheld his Face,
Th' Eternal Father's only Son;
How full of Truth! how full of Grace,
When thro' his Eyes the Godhead ſhone!

Arch-Angels leave their high Abode,
To learn new Myſteries here, and tell
The Loves of our deſcending God,
The Glories of *Emanuel.*

III. *The Nativity of Christ*, Luke 1. 30, &c. Luke 2. 10, &c.

1 BEhold, the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd;
Mary the wondrous Virgin bears,
And *Jesus* is the Child.

2 The Lord, the Highest God
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him *David*'s Throne.

3 O're *Jacob* shall he reign
With a peculiar Sway;
The Nations shall his Grace obtain,
His Kingdom ne're decay.

4 To bring the glorious News
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joys,
And banishes their Fears.

5 "Go humble Swains, said he,
"To *David*'s City fly;
"The promis'd Infant born to Day
"Doth in a Manger lye.

6 "With Looks and Hearts serene
"Go Visit *Christ* your *King*;
And strait a flaming Troop was seen;
The Shepherds heard them sing.

7 Glory to God on High,
And heavenly Peace on Earth,

"Go

Good-Will to Men, To Angels Joy,
" At the Redeemer's Birth.

8 In Worſhip ſo Divine
Let Saints imploy their Tongues;
With the Celeſtial Hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

9 " Glory to God on High,
" And Heavenly Peace on Earth,
" Good-Will to Men, To Angels Joy,
" At our Redeemer's Birth.

IV. *Chriſt Crucified, Riſen, Interceding and Reigning,* Pſal. 2.

1 WHy did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage?
The *Romans*, why their Swords (imploy?
Againſt the Lord their Pow'rs engage
His dear Anointed to deſtroy.

2 " Come, let us break his Bands (they ſay)
" This Man ſhall never give us Laws;
And thus they caſt his Yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the Croſs.

3 But God who high in Glory reigns,
Laughs at their Pride, their Rage controlls;
He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
And ſpeak in Thunder to their Souls.

4 " I will maintain the King I made
" On *Sion*'s Everlaſting Hill;
" My Hand ſhall bring him from the Dead,
" And he ſhall ſtand your Sov'reign ſtill.

5 " His wondrous Rising from the Earth
" Makes his Eternal Godhead known;
" Then I declare his Heav'nly Birth,
" *This Day have I begot my Son.*

6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right Hand,
" There Thou shalt ask, and I bestow
" The utmost Bounds of Heathen Land;
" To thee the *British* Isles shall bow.

7 " But all that hate the Saviour-God,
" Both Western *Priest*, and Eastern *Turk*
" Shall fall beneath thine Iron Rod,
" As Potters dash their Earthen Work.

8 Now ye that sit on Earthly Thrones
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now to his Feet submit your Crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

9 With humble Love, Go, kiss the Son,
Lest he grow angry and ye die:
His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown
If ye provoke his Jealousy.

10 His Storms shall drive you quick to Hell
He is a God, and ye but Dust,
Happy the Souls that know him well,
And make his Grace their only Trust.

V. *Submission to afflictive Providences.* Job 1. 21.

1 NAked as from the Earth we came
And crept to Life at first,

We

Ve to the Earth return again,
And mingle with our Duſt.

The dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours borrow'd Now,
To be repay'd Anon.

'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
Or ſinks 'em in the Grave.
He gives, and (bleſſed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry Paſſions then,
Let each rebellious Sigh
Be huſh't into a pious Calm,
And every Murmur die.

If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the Juſtice too
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

VI. *Triumph over Death,* Job 19. ver. 25, 26, 27.

GReat God, I own thy Sentence juſt,
And Nature muſt decay,
I yield my Body to the Duſt,
To dwell with Fellow-clay.

Yet Faith may triumph o're the Grave,
And trample on the Tombs:
My *Jeſus*, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes.

3 The mighty Conqu'ror ſhall appear
High on a Royal Seat,
And Death the laſt of all his Foes
Lie vanquiſh'd at his Feet.

4 Let greedy Worms devour my Skin,
And gnaw my waſting Fleſh,
But God ſhall build my Bones again,
And cloath 'em all afreſh.

5 Then ſhall I ſee thy lovely Face
With ſtrong immortal Eyes,
And feaſt upon thy unknown Grace
With Pleaſure and Surprize.

VII. *The Invitation of the Goſpel.* Iſa. 55. 1, 2, &c.

1 LEt ev'ry Mortal Ear attend,
And ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Goſpel ſounds
With an inviting Voice.

2 Ho, all ye hungry ſtarving Souls
That feed upon the Wind,
And vainly ſtrive with Earthly Toys
To fill an empty Mind.

3 Eternal Wiſdom has prepar'd
A Soul-reviving Feaſt,
And bids your longing Appetites
Of every Dainty taſte.

4 Ho, ye that pant for living Streams,
And pine away and die,

Here you may quench your raging Thirſt
With Springs that never dry.

In a vaſt Ocean of rich Grace
The milky Rivers join,
Salvation in abundance flows
Like Floods of gen'rous Wine.

Ye Periſhing and naked Poor,
Who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own
That will not hide your Sin.

Come naked, and adorn your Souls
In Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Fingers of his Son
And dy'd in ſacred Blood.

Dear God, the Treaſures of thy Love
Are everlaſting Mines,
Deep as our helpleſs Miſeries are,
And boundleſs as our Sins.

The happy Gates of Goſpel-Grace
Stand open Night and Day,
Lord, we are come to ſeek ſupplies,
And drive our Wants away.

VIII. *The Safety and Protection of the Church,* Iſa. 26. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

HOW honourable is the Place
Where we adoring ſtand,
Zion the Glory of the Earth,
And Beauty of the Land!

2 Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
The City where we dwell,
The Walls of ſtrong Salvation made,
Defie th' Aſſaults of Hell.

3 Lift up the everlaſting Gates
Wide ope the Portals 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 ventur'd on 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 rejoycing Hour,
The ruins of her Walls ſhall ſpread
A Pavement for the Poor.

IX. *The Promiſes of the Covenant of Grace*, Iſa. 55. 1, 2. Zech. 13. 1. Mica. 7. 19. Ezek. 36. 25, &c.

1 IN vain we laviſh out our Lives
To gather empty Wind,

The

The choiceſt Dainty's Earth can yield
Will ſtarve a hungry Mind.

Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our Souls
With more ſubſtantial Meat,
With ſuch as Saints in Glory love,
With ſuch as Angels eat.

Our God will ev'ry Want ſupply,
And fill our Hearts with Peace,
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
The Riches of his Grace.

Come, and He'll cleanſe our ſpotted Souls,
And waſh away our Stains
In the dear Fountain that his Son
Pour'd from his dying Veins.

Our Guilt ſhall vaniſh all away
In ſacred crimſon Waves,
Our Sins ſhall ſink beneath the Sea
To everlaſting Graves.

And leſt Defilements ſhou'd o're-ſpread
Our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our Souls
Like purifying Rain.

Our Heart, that flinty ſtubborn thing
That Terrors cannot move,
That fears no threatnings of his Wrath,
Shall be diſſolv'd by Love.

Or elſe he'll put away the Flint
That cou'd not be refin'd,
And from the Treaſures of his Grace
Beſtow a ſofter Mind.

9 There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his Law,
And every Motion of our Souls
To ſwift Obedience draw.

10 Thus will he pour Salvation down
And we ſhall render Praiſe,
We the dear People of his Love,
And he our God of Grace.

X. *The Bleſſedneſs of Goſpel-Times* Or, *The Revelation of Chriſt to Jews and Gentiles*, Iſa. 5. 2, 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. 13. 16, 17.

1 HOw beauteous are their Feet
Who ſtand on *Zion*'s Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

2 How charming is their Voice!
How ſweet the Tidings are!
" *Zion*, behold thy Saviour-King,
" He Reigns and Triumphs here.

3 How happy are our Ears
That hear this joyful Sound
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And ſought, but never found!

4 How bleſſed are our Eyes
That ſee this Heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long
But dy'd without the ſight!

5 The

The Watchmen join their Voice,
And tuneful Notes imploy;
Jerusalem breaks forth in Songs,
And Desarts learn the Joy.

The Lord makes bare his Arm
Thro' all the Earth abroad,
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

XI. *The Ignorant enlightened, and Carnal Reason blinded:* Or, *The Sovereignty of Grace,* Luke 10. 21, 22.

1 THere was an Hour when *Christ* re-
(joyc'd,
And spoke his Joy in Words of Praise;
" Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
" Lord of the Earth and Heavens and Seas.

2 " I thank thy Sov'reign Pow'r and Love,
" That crowns my Doctrine with success;
" And makes the Babes in Knowledge learn
" The Heights, and Breadths, and Lengths
(of Grace.

3 " But all this Glory lies conceal'd
" From Men of Prudence and of Wit:
" The Prince of Darkness blinds their Eyes,
" And their own Pride resists the Light.

4 " Father, 'tis thus, because thy Will
" Chose and ordain'd it should be so;

" 'Tis

"'Tis thy Delight t' abaſe the Proud,
"And lay their haughty Reaſon low.

5 "There's none can know the Father rig
"But thoſe who learn it from the Son;
"Nor can the Son be well receiv'd,
"But where the Father makes him know

6 Then let our Souls adore our God
That deals his Graces as he pleaſe,
Nor gives to Mortals an Account
Or of his Actions, or Decrees.

XII. *Free Grace in revealing Chris*
Luke 10. 21.

1 *JEſus* the Man of conſtant Grief,
A Mourner all his Days;
His Spirit once rejoyc'd aloud,
And turn'd his Joy to Praiſe.

2 "Father, I thank thy wondrous Love
"That hath reveal'd thy Son
"To Men unlearned; and to Babes
"Has made thy Goſpel known.

3 "The Myſt'ries of Redeeming Grace
"Are hidden from the Wiſe,
"While Pride and carnal Reaſon join
"To ſwell and blind their Eyes.

4 Thus doth the Lord of Heav'n and Earth
His great Decrees fulfil,
And orders all his Works of Grace
By his own Sovereign Will.

XIII. *The*

II. *The Son of God incarnate:* Or, *The Titles and the Kingdom of Christ,* Isa. 9. 2, 6, 7.

THE Lands that long in Darkness lay
Now have beheld a heavenly Light;
Nations that sat in Death's cold Shade
Are blest with Beams divinely bright.

The Virgin's promis'd Son is born,
Behold th' expected Child appear;
What shall his Names or Titles be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

This Infant is the Mighty God
Come to be suckled and ador'd;
Th' Eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of *David,* and his Lord.

The Government of Earth and Seas
Upon his Shoulder shall be laid:
His wide Dominions still increase,
And Honours to his Name be paid.

Jesus the Holy Child shall sit
High on his Father *David's* Throne,
Shall crush his Foes beneath his Feet,
And reign to Ages yet unknown.

XIV. *The Triumph of Faith: O Christ's unchangeable Love*, Ro 8. 33. &c.

1 WHo ſhall the Lord's Elect condemn
'Tis God that juſtifies their Souls
And Mercy like a mighty Stream
O're all their Sins divinely rolls.

2 Who ſhall adjudge the Saints to Hell?
'Tis *Chriſt* that ſuffer'd in their ſtead,
And the Salvation to fulfil
Behold him riſing from the Dead.

3 He lives, he lives, and ſits above
For ever interceding there.
Who ſhall divide us from his Love,
Or what ſhould tempt us to deſpair?

4 Shall Perſecution, or Diſtreſs,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedneſs?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.

5 Faith hath an over-coming Power,
It triumphs in the dying Hour;
Chriſt is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a Prop.

6 Not all that Men on Earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his Mercy to remove,
Or wean our Hearts from *Chriſt* our Lov

XV. *Ou*

Our own Weakness, and Christ *our Strength,* 2 Cor. 12. 7, 9, 10.

1 LET me but hear my Saviour say
"*Strength shall be equal to thy Day,*
Then I rejoyce in deep Distress,
Leaning on All-sufficient Grace.

2 Glory in Infirmity,
That *Christ*'s own Pow'r may rest on me;
When I am weak then am I strong,
Grace is my Shield, and *Christ* my Song.

3 I can do all things, or can bear
All Suff'rings if my Lord be there;
Sweet Pleasures mingle with the Pains,
While His Left-Hand my Head sustains.

4 But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the Work alone,
When new Temptations spring and rise
We find how great our Weakness is.

5 So *Sampson* when his Hair was lost,
Met the *Philistines* to his Cost,
Shook his vain Limbs with sad surprize,
Made feeble Fight, and lost his Eyes.

XVI. Hosanna *to Christ,* Mat. 21. 9. Luk. 19. 38, 40.

1 *HOsanna* to the royal Son
Of *David*'s antient Line,

His

His Natures Two, his Person One,
Mysterious and Divine.

2 The Root of *David* here we find,
And Offspring is the same;
Eternity and Time are joyn'd
In our *Emanuel*'s Name.

3 Blest He that comes to wretched Men
With peaceful News from Heav'n;
Hosanna's of the highest Strain
To *Christ* the Lord be giv'n.

4 Let Mortals ne're refuse to take
Th' *Hosanna* on their Tongues,
Left Rocks and Stones should rise, and bre
Their Silence into Songs.

XVII. *Victory over Death*, 1 Co 15. 55, *&c.*

1 O For an overcoming Faith
To chear my Dying Hours,
To triumph o're the Monster Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!

2 Joyful with all the Strength I have,
My quivering Lips should sing,
Where is thy boasted Victory, Grave?
And where the Monsters Sting?

3 If Sin be pardon'd I'm secure,
Death hath no Sting beside;
The Law gives Sin i'ts damning Pow'r,
But *Christ* my Ransom dy'd.

Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' *Christ* our Living Head.

VIII. *Blessed are the Dead that die in the Lord*, Rev. 14. 13.

HEar what the Voice from Heav'n proclaims
For all the pious Dead,
Sweet is the savour of their Names,
And soft their sleeping Bed.

They die in *Jesus* and are blest,
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sins releast,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

Far from this World of Toyl and Strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The Labours of their Mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

XIX. *The Song of* Simeon; *or, Death made Desirable*, Luke 1. 27, *&c.*

1 LOrd, at thy Temple we appear,
As happy *Simeon* came,
And hope to meet our Saviour here;
O make our Joys the same!

2 With what Divine and vast Delight
The good old Man was fill'd,

When

When fondly in his wither'd Arms
He clasp'd the holy Child!

3 "*Now I can leave this World, he cry'd,*
"*Behold thy Servant dies,*
"*I've seen thy great Salvation, Lord,*
"*And close my peaceful Eyes.*

4 "*This is the Light prepar'd to shine*
"*Upon the Gentile Lands,*
"*Thine* Israel's *Glory, and their Hope*
"*To break their Slavish Bands.*

5 *Jesus*, the Vision of thy Face
Hath overpow'ring Charms,
Scarce shall I feel Death's cold Embrace
If Christ be in my Arms.

6 Then while ye hear my Heart-strings bre
How sweet my Minutes roll!
A mortal Paleness on my Cheek,
And Glory in my Soul.

XX. *Spiritual Apparel*, (viz.) T *Robe of Righteousness, and Ga ments of Salvation*, Isaiah 61. 10

1 AWake my Heart, arise my Tongue,
Prepare a tuneful Voice;
In God the Life of all my Joys
Aloud will I rejoyce.

2 'Tis he odorn'd my naked Soul,
And made Salvation mine,
Upon a poor polluted Worm
He makes His Graces shine.

3 And

nd left the ſhadow of a Spot
Should on my Soul be found,
e took the Robe the Saviour wrought,
And caſt it all around.

How far the Royal Robe exceeds
What Princely Spouſes wear;
Theſe Ornaments how bright they ſhine!
How white the Garments are!

The Sanctifying Spirit fram'd
The Needle-work of Grace,
But *Jeſus* ſpent his Life to work
The Robe of Righteouſneſs.

Strangely, my Soul, art thou aray'd
By the great Sacred Three:
In the ſweet Muſick of their Praiſe,
Let all thy Powers agree.

XXI. *A Viſion of the Kingdom of Chriſt among Men,* Revel. 21. 1, 2, 3, 4.

1 LO, what a Glorious Sight appears
To our believing Eyes!
The Earth and Sea are paſs'd away,
And the old rolling Skies.

2 From the third Heaven where God reſides,
That holy happy Place,
The New *Jeruſalem* comes down
Adorn'd with ſhining Grace.

3 Attending Angels ſhout for Joy,
And the bright Armies ſing,

"Mor-

" Mortals, behold the Sacred Seat
" Of your descending King.

4 " The God of Glory down to Men
" Removes his blest Abode,
" Men the dear Objects of his Grace,
" And he the loving God.

5 " His own soft Hand shall wipe the Tears
" From every weeping Eye,
" And Pains, and Groans, and Griefs, and Fears
" And Death it self shall Dye.

6 How Long, dear Saviour, oh how Long
Shall this bright Hour delay?
Rowl swifter round ye Wheels of Time
And bring the welcome day.

XXII. *The Saints Security and Moderated Afflictions*, Psalm 125.

1 UNshaken as the Sacred Hill,
And firm as Mountains be,
Firm as a Rock the Soul shall rest
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 As tow'ring Hills stood Guardians round
Jerusalem of old,
A mighty Wall of stronger Love
Does every Saint enfold.

3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.

4 De

al gently Lord, with Souls ſincere,
And lead them ſafely on
the bright Gates of Paradiſe,
Where their Forerunner's gone.

t thoſe that trace the crooked Paths
That the old Serpent drew,
e Bolts that drove him quick to Hell,
Shall daſh them downward too.

XXIII. *The Same.*

FIrm and unmov'd are they
That lean their Souls on God,
n as the Mount where Glorious Grace
Had choſen its Abode.

Juſt as the Mountains Guard
Old *Salem*'s Sacred Ground,
So Omnipreſence in its Arms
Circles its Saints around.

What tho the Father's Rod
Drops a Chaſtiſing ſtroke,
Yet leſt it wound their Souls too deep,
I'ts Fury ſhall be broke.

Deal gently Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and Pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope and Love and every Grace
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

But ſuch as turn aſide,
And tread their crooked Ways,
Plagues and ſwift Ruine ſhall purſue,
While *Iſrael* dwells in Peace.

XXIV. *The*

XXIV. *The Rich Sinner Dying, the Poor Saint rising again;* 149. ver. 6, 9, 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy Mortals toyl,
And heap their ſhining Duſt in v
Look down and ſcorn the humble Poo
And boaſt their lofty Hills of Gain.

2 Their Golden Cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained Hearts or aking Heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Dea
From glittering Roofs and downey Be

3 The lingring, the unwilling Soul,
The diſmal Summons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad farewell
To the pale Lump of Lifeleſs Clay.

4 Thence they are huddled to the Grave
Where Kings & Slaves have equal Thr
Their Bones without Diſtinction lie
Amongſt the Heap of meaner Bones.

5 There the dark Earth and gloomy Sha
Shall claſp their naked Body round,
And welcome their delicious Limbs
With the cold Kiſſes of the Ground.

6 Pale Death ſhall riot on their Souls,
Their Fleſh ſhall noiſom Vermine eat,
The Juſt ſhall in the Morning riſe
And find their Tyrants at their Feet.

My Saviour will redeem my Life
From the ſtrong Fetters of the Grave,
And the bright Realms of Paradiſe,
My new-dreſſ'd Spirit ſhall receive.

There Pleaſure flows in living ſtreams,
Pleaſure whoſe fullneſs never cloys,
And Years of long Eternity
Meaſure the Date of circling Joys.

XV. *A Viſion of the Lamb*; Revel. 5. 6, 7, 8, 9.

ALL Mortal Vanities, be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears,
Behold amidſt th' Eternal Throne
A Viſion of the Lamb appears.

2 Glory his Fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death he bore.
Sev'n are his Eyes, and Sev'n his Horns,
To ſpeak his Wiſdom and his Pow'r.

3 Lo, he receives a ſealed Book
From him that ſits upon the Throne:
Jeſus my Lord prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and things unknown.

4 All the aſſembling Saints around
Fall worſhiping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Goſpel-ſound
Addreſs their Honours to his Name.

5 The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o're the Everlaſting Hills,

"Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
"To read the Book, to loose the Seals.

6 Our Voices joyn the Heav'nly Strain,
And with transporting Pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our Teacher and our King.

7 His Words of Prophecy reveal
Eternal Councels, deep Designs;
His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.

8 Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from Hell
With thine invaluable Blood;
And Wretches that did once rebel
Are now made Fav'rites of their God.

9 Worthy for ever is the Lord
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's Throne.

XXVI. *Hope of Heaven by the Resurrection of Christ*; 1 Pet. 1. 3, 4.

1 BLest 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 W

What tho' our inbred Sins require
Our Flesh to see the Dust,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour rose
So all his Followers must.

There's an Inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that Day,
Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot wast away.

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.

XVII. *Assurance of Heaven, or a Saint prepared to die*; 2 Tim. 4. 6, 7, 8, 18.

DEath, I'm prepar'd to meet thee now,
Convey my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
Nor my Salvation come?

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
The Battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my Course, and kept the Faith,
And wait for the Reward.

God has laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade;
The Righteous Judge at that great Day
Shall place it on my Head.

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 me ſafe
From ev'ry ill Deſign;
And to his Heav'nly Kingdom keep
This feeble 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.*

XXVIII. *The Triumph of Chri ver the Enemies of his Church;* 63. 1, 2, 3, *&c.*

1 WHat Mighty Man, or Mighty G
Comes Travelling in ſtate,
Along the *Idumean* Road
Away from *Bozrah*'s Gate?

2 The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'Tis ſome Victorious King,
"'Tis I, the Juſt, th' Almighty One
"That your Salvation bring.

3 Why, Mighty Lord, thy Saints enqu
Why thine Apparel red?
And all thy Veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
Who in the Wine-preſs tread?

4 "I by my ſelf have trod the Preſs,
"And cruſh'd my Foes alone,
"My Wrath has daſh'd the Rebels d
"And Fury ſtamp'd 'em down.

Tis *Edom*'s Blood that dyes my Robes
" With joyful Scarlet Stains,
The Triumph that my Rayment wears
" Sprung from their broken Veins.

Thus shall the Nations be destroy'd
" That dare insult my Saints,
I have an Arm t' avenge their Wrongs,
" An Ear for their Complaints.

IX. *The Second Part; Or, The Ruin of Antichrist;* ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

Lift my Banners, saith the Lord,
Where *Antichrist* has stood,
he City of my Gospel-Foes
Shall be a Field of Blood.

y Heart has study'd just Revenge,
And now the Day appears,
he Day of my Redeem'd is come
To wipe away their Tears.

uite weary is my Patience grown,
And bids my Fury go;
wift as the Lightning it shall move,
And be as fatal too.

call for Helpers, but in vain:
Then has my Gospel none?
Vell, mine own Arm has Might enough
To plague my Foes alone.

laughter and my devouring Sword
Shall walk the Streets around,

Babel ſhall reel beneath my Stroke,
And ſtagger to the Ground.

6 Thy Honours, O victorious King,
Thine own Right-hand ſhall raiſe,
While we thy awful Vengeance ſing,
And our Deliv'rer praiſe.

XXX. *Prayer for Deliverance, and Gracious Anſwer*; Iſa. 26. v. 8, 9, &c. 20, 21.

1 IN thine own ways, O God of Love,
We wait the viſits of thy Grace,
Our Souls Deſire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.

2 My Thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for thee
'Mongſt the black ſhades of loneſom Night
My earneſt Crys ſalute the Skys
Before the Dawn reſtore the Light.

3 Look, how Rebellious Men deride
The tender Patience of my God,
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.

4 Hark, the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before him goes,
A Voice of Muſick to his Friends,
And threatning Thunder to his Foes.

5 Come Children to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
Till the fierce Storms be overblown,
And my revenging Fury ceaſe.

6 M

My Sword ſhall boaſt its thouſands ſlain,
And drink the Blood of haughty Kings,
While Heav'nly Peace around my Flock
Stretches its ſoft and ſhady Wings.

XXI. *The Happy Saint, and Curſed Sinner*; Pſalm 1ſt.

BLeſt is the Man whoſe cautious Feet
Shun the broad Path where Sinners go,
Who hates the Houſe where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

He loves t' employ his Morning Light
Reading the Statutes of the Lord,
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night
With Pleaſure pondring o're the Word.

He like a Plant by gentle Streams
Shall flouriſh in Immortal Green,
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On every Work his Hands begin.

But Sinners find their Counſels croſs'd;
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies,
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the Skies.

In vain the Rebel crowds to ſtand
In Judgment with the Pious Race;
The dreadful Judge with ſtern Command
Divides him to a different Place.

"Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
"I bleſt the Path and drew it plain:

"But you would chuſe the Crooked Ro
"And it leads down to endleſs Pain.

XXXII. *Strength from Heaven*

Iſa. 40. ver. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHence do our mournful Thoug
(ari
And where's our Courage fled?
Has pow'rful Sin and raging Hell
Strook all our Comforts dead?

2 Have we forgot th' Almighty Name
That form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
Grow weary or decay?

3 Treaſures of Everlaſting Might
In our *Jehovah* dwell,
He gives the Conqueſt to the Weak,
And flings their Foes to Hell.

4 Meer Mortal Power ſhall fade and die,
And Youthful Vigour ceaſe,
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our Strength encreaſe.

5 The Saints ſhall mount on Eagles Wings
And taſt the promis'd Bliſs,
Till their unweary'd Feet arrive
where perfect Pleaſure is.

XXX

XXXIII. *Humility*; Pſal. 131.

THere's no Ambition ſwells my Heart,
Search, Gracious God, and ſee,
or ſcornful Pride looks thro' mine Eyes,
I dare appeal to thee.

owly and Meek my Carriage is,
And all my Thoughts are mild,
Content (my Father) with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

The Patience of a humble Soul,
ſhall find a large Reward,
Then *Iſrael*, fix your ſteady Hope
Upon a Faithful Lord.

XXIV. *Devotion in the Church*; Pſalm. 134.

YE that obey th' Immortal King
Attend his holy Place,
Bow to the Glorys of his Power,
And ſing his wondrous Grace.

Lift to the Heav'ns your ſpotleſs Hands,
And raiſe your Souls on high,
Let warm Devotion wing your Thoughts
Above the Starry Sky.

There may our happy Minds converſe
With our Eternal God,
And taſt the Joys our Saviour bought
With his dear dying Blood.

4 There ſhall the Lord revive our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace,
The Lord that ſtretcht the Heavens abroad
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

XXXV. *The Churches Increaſe and Proſperity*; Pſalm 67.

1 SHine Mighty God, on *Britain* ſhine
With beams of healing Grace,
Our waiting Eyes would fain behold
Thy reconciled Face.

2 High in the midſt of all the Iſle
Do thou the Glory ſtand,
And like a Wall of blazing Fire
Surround the naked Land.

3 Then ſhall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Fly all the Earth abroad,
And the Wild Nations ſhall adore
The Ever-loving God.

4 Sing to the Lord ye ſpacious Lands
With loud Eternal Noiſe,
Let every Tongue exalt his Praiſe
And every Heart rejoyce.

5 'Tis He, 'tis Everlaſting He
That ſits enthron'd above,
His Wiſdom rules inferiour things
By Juſtice and by Love.

6 Earth, thou ſhalt hear thy Maker's Will
And yield a full Encreaſe,

Our God will crown his chosen Hill
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest Favours here,
While the Creations utmost Bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

XXVI. *The Prosperity of Sinners Cursed*; Psalm 73. 22, 3, 6, 17, 18, 20.

LOrd, what a thoughtless Wretch was I
To mourn and murmur and complain,
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
And Pride surround 'em like a Chain.

But O their End! their dreadful End!
Thy Sanctuary taught me so:
On slippery Rocks I see them stand,
And fiery Billows rowl below.

Now let 'em boast how tall they rise,
I'le never envy them again,
There they may stand with haughty Eyes,
Till they plunge deep in endless Pain.

Their fancy'd Joys, how fast they flee?
Just like a Dream when one awakes,
Their Songs of softest Harmony
Are but a Preface to their Plagues.

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.

XXXVII. *The*

XXXVII. *The Frailty and Shortn of Life*; Pſalm 90. ver 5, 10, 1

1 LOrd, what a feeble Piece
Is this our Mortal Frame?
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

2 Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day
'Tis crumbling back to Duſt.

3 Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay,
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

4 Well, if our Days muſt fly
We'll number them aright,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdoms Way,
And let them take their Flight.

5 They'll waft us ſooner o're
This Lifes tempeſtuous Sea,
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

XXXVIII. *The Beauty of Publi Worſhip: or, Delight in Ordina ces*; Pſalm 84. 1, 10, &c.

1 YE Saints, how lovely is the Place
Where our dear Lord reſorts?

s Heaven to ſee his ſmiling Face
Tho' in his Earthly Courts.

ere the great Monarch of the Skys
His Royal Love diſplays,
d Light Divine ſalutes our Eyes
With kind and gentle Rays.

ith healing Wings the Heavenly Dove
Hangs hov'ring o're the Place,
hilſt Chriſt unlocks his Stores of Love,
And ſheds abroad his Grace.

here, Mighty God, thy Words declare
The Secrets of thy Will,
here do we pray, and praiſe thee there,
Be thou amongſt us ſtill.

ne Look of Mercy from thine Eyes,
Or Whiſper of thy Voice,
xceeds a whole Eternity
Employ'd in carnal Joys.

ord, I would keep thy Temple Gate
While *Jeſus* is within,
ather than fill the dazling Seat
Of Majeſty and Sin.

ould I command the ſpacious Land,
And the more boundleſs Sea,
or one dear Hour at thy Right Hand,
I'de give them both away.

XXXIX. *God's tender Care of Church*; Isa. 49. v. 13, 14,

1 NOW shall my inward Joys arise
And burst into a Song,
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.

2 God on his thirsty *Sion-hill*
Some Mercy-drops has thrown,
And solemn Oaths have bound his Love
To shower Salvation down.

3 Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suspicions and Complaints?
Is he a God, and shall his Grace
Grow weary of his Saints?

4 Can a kind Woman e're forget
The Infant of her Womb,
And 'mongst a thousand tender Thoug
Her Suckling have no Room?

5 "Yet, saith the Lord, shou'd Nature chan
"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 ruin'd Walls
"And build her broken Frame.

XL. T

The Buſineſs and Bleſſedneſs of Glorify'd Saints; Rev. 7. 13, 14, 15. &c.

WHat happy Men, or Angels theſe,
That all their Robes are ſpotleſs (White?
Whence did this Glorious Troop arrive
To the pure Realms of bliſsful Light?

From tort'ring Racks, and burning Fires,
And Seas of their own Blood they came,
But nobler Blood has waſht their Robes,
Flowing from Chriſt the dying Lamb.

Now they approach the dazling Throne,
With loud *Hoſanna's* Night and Day,
Sweet Anthems to the Great *Three-One*,
Meaſure their bleſt Eternity.

No more ſhall Hunger pinch their Souls,
He bids their parching Thirſt be gone,
And ſpreads the ſhadow of his Wings,
To skreen 'em from the ſcorching Sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle Throne
Shall ſhed around his milder Beams,
There ſhall they feaſt on his rich Love,
And drink full Joys from living Streams.

Thus ſhall their mighty Bliſs renew
Thro' the vaſt round of endleſs Years,
And the ſoft hand of Sovereign Grace
Heals all their Wounds, and wipes their (Tears.

XLI. *The*

XLI. *The Same: Or, the Martyrs Glorify'd*; Rev. 7. 13, &c.

1 THese Glorious Minds, how bright they shine
Whence all their white Array?
How came they to the happy Seats
Of Everlasting Day?

2 From tort'ring Pains to endless Joys
On fiery Wheels they rode,
And strangely washt their Rayment white
In *Jesus* dying Blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps and sacred Songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unvail'd Glories of his Face,
Amongst his Saints reside,
While the rich Treasure of his Grace
Sees all their Wants supply'd.

5 Tormenting Thirst shall leave their Souls
And Hunger flee as fast,
The Fruit of Life's Immortal Tree
Shall be their sweet Repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his Heavenly Flock
Where living Fountains rise,
And Love Divine shall wipe away,
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

I. *Divine Wrath and Mercy;* from Nahum 1. 1, 2, 3, &c.

Dore and tremble at the Name
Of our * *Consuming Fire,* * *Heb.* 12. 29.
jealous Eyes his Wrath enflame,
And raise his Vengeance higher.

Mighty Vengeance how it burns!
How bright his Fury glows!
st Magazines of Plagues and Storms
Lie treasur'd for his Foes.

Those heaps of Wrath by slow degrees
Are forc'd into a Flame,
t kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
And rend all Natures Frame.

his Approach the Mountains flee,
And seek a watry Grave;
he frighted Sea makes hast away,
And shrinks up every Wave.

hrough the wide Air the weighty Rocks
Are swift as Hail-stones hurl'd,
ho dares engage his fiery Rage
That shakes the Solid World?

et Mighty God, thy Sovereign Grace
Sits Regent on the Throne,
he Refuge of thy chosen Race
When Wrath comes rushing down.

hy Hand shall on Rebellious Kings
A fiery Tempest pour,

While

While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring Wi
Thy Juſt Revenge adore.

XLIII. *Praiſe to the Lord fro*
Nations; Pſalm 100.

1 SIng to the Lord with joyful Voice,
Let every Land his Name adore,
The *Britiſh-Iſles* ſhall ſend the Noiſe
A croſs the Ocean to the Shore.

2 With Gladneſs bow before his Thro
And let his Preſence raiſe your Joys,
Know that the Lord is God alone,
And form'd our Souls, and fram'd our

3 Infinite Power without our Aid,
Figur'd our Clay to humane Mould,
And when our wandring Feet had ſt
He brought us to his Sacred Fold.

4 Enter his Gates with thankful Songs,
Thro' his wide Courts your Voices ra
Almighty God, our Joyful Tongues
Shall fill thine Houſe with ſounding P

5 Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as Eternity thy Love,
Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand,
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to mo

XLIV.

XLIV. *Brotherly Love*; Pſal. 133.

1 O, what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree,
Brethren whoſe cheerful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety.

When ſtreams of Love from Chriſt the (Spring
Deſcend to every Soul,
And Heav'nly Peace with balmy Wing
Shades and bedews the whole:

'Tis like the Oil deſcending ſweet,
On *Aaron*'s Reverend Head,
And gently flowing to his Feet
Thro' all his Garments ſpread.

'Tis pleaſant as the Morning Dews
That fall on *Sion*'s Hill,
Where God his mildeſt Glory ſhews,
And makes his Grace diſtil.

XLV. *The Laſt Judgment*; Rev. 21. 5, 6, 7 8---.

1 SEE where the Great Incarnate God
Fills a Majeſtick Throne,
While from the Skies his awful Voice
Bears the Laſt Judgment down.

2 I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
Through endleſs Years the ſame:
I AM is my Memorial ſtill,
And my Eternal Name.

3 Such

3 Such Favours as a God can give
My Royal Grace beſtows,
Ye thirſty Souls, come taſt the Streams
Where Life and Pleaſure flows.

4 The Saint that triumphs o're his Sins,
I'll own him for a Son,
The whole Creation ſhall reward
The Conqueſts he has won.

5 But bloody Hands, and Hearts unclean,
And all the lying Race,
The Faithleſs, and the Scoffing Crew,
That ſpurn at offer'd Grace;

6 They ſhall be taken from my Sight,
Bound faſt in Iron Chains,
And headlong plung'd into the Lake
Where Fire and Darkneſs reigns.

XLVI. *Univerſal Praiſe to God.* Pſalm 148.

1 LOud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord
From the wide Round where Crea-
(tures dwell
Let Heaven begin the Solemn Word,
And ſound it dreadful down to Hell.

2 The Lord! how abſolute He reigns!
Let every Angel bend the Knee;
Sing of his Love in Heavenly Strains,
And ſpeak how fierce his Terrours be.

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
An awful Throne of ſhining Bliſs:

Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
How dazling bright thy Maker is.

Arise ye Tempests, and his Fame
Round the blew Skies Circumference bear;
And the sweet Whisper of his Name
Fill every gentler Breeze of Air.

Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree,
To mix their Praises with the Fire,
And the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this Eternal Song conspire.

Ye Flowry Plains proclaim his Skill;
Valleys, lye low before his Eye;
And let his Praise from ev'ry Hill
Rise tuneful to the Neighbouring Sky.

Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,
Bend your tall Branches and adore:
Praise him ye Beasts in different strains,
Both you that Bleat, and you that Roar.

Birds, ye must make his Praise your (Theme,
For he expects a Tune from you?
While the dumb Fish that cut the Stream,
Leap up and mean his Praises too.

Mortals can you refrain your Tongue,
When Nature all around you sings?
O for a Shout from Old and Young,
From humble Swains and lofty Kings!

Wide as his vast Dominion lies,
Make the Creator's Name be known,
Loud as his Thunder shout his Praise,
And sound it lofty as his Throne.

11 *Jehovah*! 'tis a glorious Word,
O may it dwell on every Tongue!
But Saints who best have known the
Are bound to raise the noblest Song.

12 Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every Chord
From all Below and all Above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

XLVII. *Doubts and Fears suppr*
or, God is our Defence; Psalm

1 LOok gracious God, how numerous
Whose envious Power and Rage,
Conspiring my Eternal Death,
Against my Soul engage.

2 The lying Tempter would perswade,
There's no Relief in Heaven,
And all my swelling Sins appear
Too big to be forgiven.

But God, my Glory and my Strength,
Shall tread the Tempter down,
And drown my Sins beneath the Blood
Of his dear dying Son.

4 I cry'd, and from his sacred Hill
He bow'd a listning Ear,
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he dispers'd my Fear.

5 He threw soft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In sight of all my Foes;

oke, and wondred at the Grace
That guarded my Repose.

hat tho' the Hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood,
errors no more shall shake my Soul,
Nor Tremblings chill my Blood.

rd, I adore thy wondrous Love,
And thy Salvation sing:
y God hath broke the Serpents Teeth,
And Death has lost his Sting.

lvation to the Lord belongs,
'Tis he alone can save:
essings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

VIII. *The Christian Race*; Isa. 40. 28, 29, 30, 31.

A Wake our Souls, away our Fears,
Let every trembling Thought be gone,
wake and run the heavenly Race,
nd put a chearful Courage on.

rue, 'tis a straight and thorny Road,
nd mortal Spirits tire and faint,
ut they forget the Mighty God
hat feeds the Strength of every Saint.

hee, mighty God, whose matchless Pow'r
s ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless Years
Their Everlasting Circles run.

4 From thee the over flowing Spring,
Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply,
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and dye.

5 Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly Road.

XLIX. *The Song of* Moses *and the Lamb*; Revel. 15. 3.

1 HOW strong thine Arm is, Mighty Lord!
Who would not fear thy Name?
Jesus, how sweet thy Graces are!
Who would not love the Lamb?

2 He has done more than *Moses* did,
Our Profit and our King,
From Bonds of Hell he free'd our Souls,
And taught our Lips to sing.

3 In the *Red Sea* by *Moses* hand
The *Egytian* Host was drown'd;
But his own Blood hides all our Sins,
And Guilt no more is found.

4 When thro' the Desart *Israel* went,
With *Manna* they were fed;
Our Lord invites us to his Flesh,
And calls it living Bread.

5 *Moses* beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place;

ut *Christ* shall bring his Followers home
To see his Father's Face.

hen shall our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer flame,
nd sweeter Voices tune the Song
Of *Moses* and the Lamb.

The Song of Zecharias, *and the Message of* John the Baptist; *or, Light and Salvation by Jesus Christ;* Luke 1. 68, &c. John 1. 29, 32.

OW be the God of *Israel* blest,
Who makes his Truth appear;
is mighty Hand fullfils his Word
And all the Oaths he sware.

ow he bedews old *David*'s Root
With Blessings from the Skies;
e makes the Branch of Promise grow,
The promis'd Horn arise.

hn was the Prophet of the Lord
To go before his Face,
he Herald which our Saviour-God
Sent to prepare his Ways.

e makes the great Salvation known,
He speaks of pardon'd Sins;
hile Grace Divine, and heavenly Love
In its own Glory shines.

Behold the Lamb of God, he crys,
" That takes our Guilt away:

" I saw the Spirit o're his Head
" On his Baptizing-Day.

6 " Be every Vale exalted high,
" Sink every Mountain low,
" The proud must stoop, and humble So
" Shall his Salvation know.

7 " The *Heathen* Realms with *Israel's* La
" Shall joyn in sweet Accord:
" And all that's born of Man shall see
" The Glory of the Lord.

8 " Behold the Morning-Star arise
" Ye that in Darkness sit;
" He marks the Path that leads to Peace,
" And guides our doubtful Feet.

LI. *Perseverig Grace*; Jude 24, 2

1 TO God the only Wise,
Our Saviour, and our King
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty Love,
His Counsel, and his Care,
Preserves us safe from Sin and Death,
And every hurtful Snare.

3 He will present our Souls
Unblemish'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,

l bless the Conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

To our Redeemer-God
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
nortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

I. *Baptism*; Mat. 28. 19. Acts 2. 38.

TWas the Commission of our Lord,
"*Go teach the Nations, and Baptize,*
he Nations have receiv'd the Word
nce he ascended to the Skies.

e sits upon th' eternal Hills
Vith Grace and Pardon in his Hands,
nd sends his Covenant with the Seals,
o bless the distant *British* Lands.

Repent and be Baptiz'd, he saith,
For the Remission of your Sins;
nd thus our Sense assists our Faith,
nd shows us what his Gospel means.

ur Souls he washes in his Blood,
s Water makes the Body clean;
nd the good Spirit from our God
escends like purifying Rain.

ere we ingage our selves to Thee,
nd seal our Covenant with the Lord:
may the great Eternal Three
onfirm it at the Heav'nly Board!

LIII. *The Holy Scripture*; Heb. 1. 2 Tim. 3. 15, 16. Pſal. 147. 19, 20.

1 GOD who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of Old,
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in theſe latter Days.

2 Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that ſure Record:
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n,
Is by the ſweet Conveyance giv'n.

3 God's kindeſt Thoughts are here expreſt,
Able to make us Wiſe and Bleſt;
The Doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for Reproof, and Comfort too.

4 Ye *Britiſh* Iſles who read his Love,
In long Epiſtles from above;
(He hath not ſent his Sacred Word
To every Land) Praiſe ye the Lord.

LIV. *Electing Grace: or, Saints loved in Christ*; Eph. 1. 3, &c.

1 JEſus, we bleſs thy Father's Name,
Thy God and ours are both the ſame;
What Heav'nly Bleſſings from his Throne
Flow down to Sinners thro' his Son?

2 "Chri

"*Christ be my first Elect*, he said,
Then chose our Souls in *Christ* our Head,
Before he gave the Mountains Birth,
Or laid Foundations for the Earth.

Thus did eternal Love begin
To raise us up from Death and Sin;
Our Characters were then decreed,
Blameless in Love, A holy Seed.

Predestinated to be Sons,
Born by degrees, but chose at once;
A new regenerated Race,
To praise the Glory of his Grace.

With *Christ* our Lord we share our part
In the Affections of his Heart,
Nor shall our Souls be thence remov'd
Till he forgets his First-belov'd.

V. Hezekiah's *Song: or, Sickness and Recovery*; Isa. 38. 9, &c.

WHen we are rais'd from deep Distress,
Our God deserves a Song;
We take the pattern of our Praise
From *Hezekiah*'s Tongue.

The Gates of the devouring Grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
He that holds the Keys of Death
Commands them fast again.

Pains of the Flesh are apt t' abuse
Our Minds with slavish Fears;

" Our Days are paſt, and we ſhall look
" The remnant of our Years.

4 We chatter with a Swallows Voice,
Or like a Dove we mourn,
With Bitterneſs inſtead of Joys,
Afflicted and forlorn.

5 *Jehovah* ſpeaks the healing Word,
And no Diſeaſe withſtands,
Fevers and Plagues obey the Lord,
And fly at his Commands.

6 If half the ſtrings of Life ſhould break
He can our Frame reſtore:
He caſts our Sins behind his Back,
And they are found no more.

LVI. *The Song of* Moſes *and the Lamb: or,* Babylon *falling*; Rev. 15. 3. & 16. 19. & 17. 6.

1 WE ſing the Glories of thy Love,
We ſound thy dreadful Name;
The Chriſtian Church unites the Songs
Of *Moſes* and the *Lamb*.

2 Great God, how wond'rous are thy Works
Of Vengeance and of Grace?
Thou King of Saints, Almighty Lord,
How juſt and true thy Ways?

3 Who dares refuſe to fear thy Name?
Or worſhip at thy Throne?

Thy Judgments ſpeak thine Holineſs
Thro' all the Nations known.

Great *Babylon* that rules the Earth,
Drunk with the *Martyrs* Blood,
Her Crimes ſhall ſpeedily awake
The Fury of our God.

The Cup of Wrath is ready mixt,
And She muſt drink the Dregs;
Strong is the Lord, her Sovereign Judge,
And ſhall fullfil the Plagues.

VII. *Original Sin: or, the firſt and ſecond* Adam; Rom. 5. 12, &c. Pſal. 51. 5. Job 14. 4.

BAckward with humble Shame we look
On our Original,
How is our Nature daſh'd and broke
In our firſt Father's Fall!

To all that's Good averſe and blind,
But prone to all that's Ill;
What dreadful Darkneſs vails our Mind!
How obſtinate our Will!

Conceiv'd in Sin, (O wretched ſtate!)
Before we draw our Breath,
The firſt young Pulſe begins to beat
Iniquity and Death.

How ſtrong in our degenerate Blood
The old Corruption reigns,
And mingling with the crooked Flood,
Wanders thro' all our Veins!

5 Wild and unwholſom as the Root
Will all the Branches be;
How can we hope for living Fruit
From ſuch a deadly Tree!

6 What mortal Pow'r from things uncle
Can pure Productions bring?
Who can command a vital ſtream
From an infected Spring?

7 Yet mighty God, thy wondrous Love
Can make our Nature clean,
While *Chriſt* and Grace prevail above
The Tempter, Death and Sin.

8 The Second *Adam* ſhall reſtore
The Ruins of the Firſt,
Hoſanna to that Sov'reign Pow'r,
That New-creates our Duſt.

LVIII. *The Devil Vanquiſh'd:* Michael's *War with the Drago* Rev. 12. 7.

1 LET mortal Tongues attempt to ſ
The Wars of Heav'n, when *Mich*
(ſto
Chief General of th' Eternal King,
And fought the Battels of our God.

2 Againſt the Dragon and his Hoſt
The Armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their Courage ſinks, their Weapons fal

3 Dow

Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.

Now is the Hour of Darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning Pow'r;
Behold the great Accuser cast
Down from the Skies, to rise no more.

'Twas by thy Blood, Immortal Lamb,
Thine Armys trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name
They gain'd the Battel and Renown.

Rejoyce ye Heav'ns, let every Star
Shine with new Glories round the Skie;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly War,
Raise your Deliverer's Name on high.

X. Babylon *fallen*; Rev. 18. 20, 21.

IN *Gabriel's* Hand a Mighty Stone
Lyes, a fair Type of *Babylon*:
Prophets rejoyce and all ye Saints,
God shall avenge your long Complaints.

He said, and dreadful as He stood,
He sunk the Millstone in the Flood:
Thus terribly shall *Babel* fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all.

LX. *The Virgin* Mary's *Song: or, the promised* Messiah *Born*; Luke 46, &c.

1 OUR Souls shall magnifie the Lord,
In God the Saviour we rejoyce:
While we repeat the Virgin's Song,
May the same Spirit tune our Voice.

2 The Highest saw her low Estate,
And mighty Things his Hand hath done
His over-shadowing Power and Grace
Makes her the Mother of his Son.

3 Let every Nation call her Blest,
And endless Years prolong her Fame;
But God alone must be ador'd,
Holy and Reverend is his Name.

4 To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His Mercy stands for ever sure:
From Age to Age his Promise lives,
And the Performance is secure.

5 He spake to *Abra'm* and his Seed,
"*In thee shall all the Earth be blest*:
The Memory of that antient Word
Lay long in his Eternal Breast.

6 But now no more shall *Israel* wait,
No more the *Gentiles* lye forlorn:
Lo, the desire of Nations comes;
Behold the promis'd Seed is born.

LXI. Ch

LI. *Christ our High-Priest and King: or, Christ coming to Judgment*; Rev. I. 5, 6, 7.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
e humble Honours paid below,
nd ſtrains of nobler Praiſe above.

Twas he that cleans'd our blackeſt Sins,
nd waſh'd us in his richeſt Blood;
Tis he that makes us Prieſts and Kings,
nd bring us Rebels near to God.

o *Jeſus* our Atoning Prieſt,
o *Jeſus* our Superiour King,
e everlaſting Power confeſt,
nd every Tongue his Glory ſing.

Behold! on flying Clouds he comes,
nd every Eye ſhall ſee him move;
ho' with our Sins we pierc'd him once,
hen he diſplays his pardoning Love.

he Unbelieving World ſhall wail,
While we rejoyce to ſee the Day:
ome Lord; nor let thy Promiſe fail,
or let thy Chariots long delay.

LXII. *Christ Jesus the Lamb of G*
Worshiped by all the Creation; R
5. 11, 12, 13.

COme let us joyn our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongs
But all their Joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cr
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For He was slain for us.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Power divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the Skie,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conspire to lift thy Glorys high,
And speak thine endless Praise.

The whole Creation joyn in one,
To bless the Sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

LXIII. *Christ's Humiliation and E*
altation; Rev. 5. 12.

WHat equal Honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lam
Wh

When all the Notes that Angels ſing
Are far Inferiour to thy Name?

Worthy is He that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign,
At his Almighty Father's ſide.

Pow'r and Dominion are his Due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at *Pilate*'s Bar:
Wiſdom belongs to *Jeſus* too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

All Riches are his Native Right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing Loſs:
To him aſcribe eternal Might,
That feebly hung upon the Croſs.

Honour Immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn:
While Glory ſhines around his Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curſe for wretched Men:
Let Angels ſound his Sacred Name,
And every Creature ſay, *Amen*.

LIV. *Adoption*; 1 John 3. 1, &c. Gal. 4. 6.

BEhold what wond'rous Grace
The Father hath beſtow'd
On Sinners of a Mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

2 'Tis no surprizing thing
That we should be unknown;
The *Jewish* World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A Hope so much-divine
May Trials well indure,
May purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
As *Christ* the Lord is pure.

5 If in my Father's Love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a Dove
To rest upon my Heart.

6 We would no longer lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne;
My Faith shall, *Abba* Father, cry;
And thou the Kindred own.

LXV. *The Kingdoms of the World become the Kingdoms of our Lord, or, the Day of Judgment.* Rev. II. 15.

1 LET the Sev'nth Angel sound on high
Let Shouts be heard thro' all the Sky
Kings of the Earth with glad Accord
Give up your Kingdoms to the Lord.

mighty God, thy Pow'r assume,
Who wast, and art, and art to come:
Jesus the Lamb who once was slain,
or ever live, for ever reign.

he angry Nations fret and roar,
hat they can slay the Saints no more;
n wings of Vengeance flys our God
o pay the long Arrears of Blood.

ow must the rising Dead appear,
ow the decisive Sentence hear;
ow the dear Martyrs of the Lord,
eceive an Infinite Reward.

VI. *Christ the King at his Table*; Sol. Song 1. 2, 3, 4, 5, 12, 13, 17.

ET him embrace my Soul, and prove
Mine Interest in his heavenly Love:
he Voice that tells me, *Thou art mine*,
xceeds the Blessings of the Vine.

n Thee th' anointing Spirit came,
nd spreads the savour of thy Name;
hat Oyl of Gladness and of Grace
raws Virgin-Souls to meet thy Face.

Jesus, allure me by thy Charms,
My Soul shall fly into thine Arms:
ur wandring Feet thy Favours bring
o the fair Chambers of the King.

4 Wonder and Pleasure tunes our Voice,
To speak thy Praises, and our Joys:
Our Memory keeps this Love of thine
Beyond the taste of richest Wine.

5 Tho' in our selves deform'd we are,
And black as *Kedar*-Tents appear,
Yet when we put thy Beauties on,
Fair as the Courts of *Solomon*.

6 While at his Table sits the King,
He loves to see us smile and sing:
Our Graces are our best Perfume,
And breath like Spikenard round
(Roo

7 As Myrrh new bleeding from the Tree,
Such is a dying *Christ* to me;
And while he makes my Soul his Guest,
My Bosom, Lord, shall be thy Rest.

8 No Beams of Cedar or of Fir
Can with thy Courts on Earth compare;
And here we wait until thy Love
Raise us to nobler Seats above.

LXVII. *Seeking the Pastures Christ the Shepherd*; Solomo Song I. 7.

1 THou whom my Soul admires above
All Earthly Joy and Earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow

2 Whe

here is the ſhadow of that Rock,
hat from the Sun defends thy Flock?
in would I feed among thy Sheep,
mong them reſt, among them ſleep.

hy ſhould thy Bride appear like one
hat turns aſide to Paths unknown?
y conſtant Feet would never rove,
ould never ſeek another Love.

he Footſteps of thy Flock I ſee;
hy ſweeteſt Paſtures here they be;
wondrous Feaſt thy Love prepares,
ought with thy Wounds, and Groans, (and Tears.

s deareſt Fleſh he makes my Food,
nd bids me drink his richeſt Blood:
ere to theſe Hills my Soul will come,
ll my Beloved lead me Home.

VIII. *The Banquet of Love*; Sol. ong 2. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7.

Ehold the Roſe of *Sharon* here,
The Lilly which the Vallies bear;
hold the Tree of Life, that gives
efreſhing Fruit, and healing Leaves.

mongſt the Thorns ſo Lillies ſhine;
mongſt wild Gourds the noble Vine;
in mine Eyes my Saviour proves
midſt a thouſand meaner Loves.

eneath his cooling Shade I ſat,
o ſhield me from the burning Heat;

Of

Of Heav'nly Fruit he ſpreads a Feaſt,
To feed my Eyes and pleaſe my Taſt.

4 Kindly he brought me to the Place
Where ſtands the Banquet of his Grac
He ſaw me faint, and o're my Head
The Banner of his Love he ſpread.

5 With living Bread and generous Wi
He chears this ſinking Heart of mine;
And opening his own Heart to me,
He ſhows his Thoughts, how kind th

6 O never let my Lord depart,
Lye down and reſt upon my Heart;
I charge my Sins not once to move,
Nor ſtir, nor wake, nor grieve my

LXIX. *Chriſt appearing to his Ch and ſeeking her Company*; Sol. S 2. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE Voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the Rocks and riſing Grou
O're Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief
He leaps, he flys to my Relief.

2 Now thro' the Vail of Fleſh I ſee,
With Eyes of Love he looks at me;
Now in the Goſpels cleareſt Glaſs
He ſhows the Beautys of his Face.

3 Gently he draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue
"*Riſe*, ſaith my Lord, *make haſt* my
"*No mortal Joys are worth thy ſtay.*

he Jewish wintry State is gone,
he Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
he Sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
roclaim the New, the Joyful Year.

h' Immortal Vine of Heavenly Root,
Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit.
, we are come to tast the Wine;
ur Souls rejoyce and bless the Vine.

d when we hear our *Jesus* say,
Rise up my Love, make hast away:
ur Hearts would fain outfly the Wind,
d leave all Earthly Loves behind.

K. *Christ Inviting, and the Church swering the Invitation*; Sol. Song 14, 16, 17.

Ark, the Redeemer from the Sky
Sweetly invites his Favorites nigh;
om Caves of Darkness and of Doubt,
gently speaks, and calls us out.

My Dove, who hidest in the Rock,
Thine Heart almost with Sorrow broke;
Lift up thy Face, forget thy Fear,
And let thy Voice delight mine Ear:

Thy Voice to me sounds ever sweet;
My Graces in thy Count'nance meet;
Tho' the vain World thy Face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine Eyes.

ear Lord, our thankful Heart receives
he Hope thine Invitation gives:

To

To thee our joyful Lips ſhall raiſe
The Voice of Prayer, and of Praiſe.

5 I am my Love's, and he is mine:
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Paſſions
Nor let a Motion, nor a Word,
Nor Thought ariſe to grieve my Lord.

6 My Soul to Paſtures fair he leads,
Amongſt the Lillies where he feeds;
Amongſt the Saints, whoſe Robes are
Waſht in his Blood, is his delight.

7 Till the Day break, and Shadows flee,
Till the ſweet dawning Light I ſee,
Thine Eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkneſs mourn.

8 Be like a Hart on Mountains green,
Leap o're the Hills of Fear and Sin;
Nor Guilt, nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my ſide.

LXXI. *Chriſt found in the Street, and brought to the Church;* Sol. Song 3. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

1 OFten I ſeek my Lord by Night,
Jeſus, my Love, my Soul's delight
With warm Deſire and reſtleſs Thoughts
I ſeek him oft, but find him not.

2 Then I ariſe and ſearch the Street,
Till I my Lord, my Saviour meet;
I ask the Watchmen of the Night,
"*Where did you ſee my Souls delight?*

3 Sometim

ntimes I find him in my Way,
rected by a Heavenly Ray;
ap for Joy to see his Face,
d hold him fast in mine Embrace.

ring him to my Mother's home,
r does my Lord refuse to come,
Sions sacred Chambers, where
Soul first drew the vital Air.

gives me there his bleeding Heart,
rc'd for my sake with deadly Smart:
ve my Soul to him, and there
r Loves their mutual Tokens share.

harge you all, ye Earthly Toys,
proach not to disturb my Joys;
r Sin, nor Hell come near my Heart,
r cause my Saviour to depart.

XII. *The Coronation of Christ, and Espousals of the Church*; Sol. Song 2.

Aughters of *Sion*, come, behold
The Crown of Honour and of Gold,
hich the glad Church with Joys unknown
c'd on the Head of *Solomon*.

us, thou everlasting King,
cept the Tribute which we bring,
cept the well-deserv'd Renown,
d wear our Praises as thy Crown.

every Act of Worship be
e our Espousals, Lord, to Thee;

Like

Like the dear Hour when from above,
We first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.

4 The gladness of that happy Day,
Our Hearts would wish it long to stay
Nor let our Faith forsake it's hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold

5 Each following Minute as it flys,
Increase thy Praise, improve our Joys
Till we are rais'd to sing thy Name
At the great Supper of the Lamb.

6 O that the Months would roll away,
And bring that Coronation Day!
The King of Grace shall fill the Throne
With all his Father's Glories on.

LXXIII. *The Churches Beauty in Eyes of Christ*; Sol. Song 4 10, 11, 7, 9, 8.

1 KInd is the Speech of Christ our Lord
Affection sounds in every Word,
" *Lo, thou art fair, my Love, he cry*
" *Not the young Doves have sweeter Ey*

2 " *Sweet are thy Lips, thy pleasing Voice*
" *Salutes mine Ear with secret Joys,*
" *No Spice so much delights the Smell,*
" *Nor Milk nor Hony taste so well.*

3 " *Thou art all fair, my Bride to me,*
" *I will behold no spot in thee.*
What mighty Wonders Love perform
And puts a Comelinesse on Worms!

l'd and loathsom as we are,
makes us white, and calls us fair:
orns us with that Heavenly Dress,
Graces, and his Righteousness.

y Sister and my Spouse, he crys,
ound to my Heart by various Tyes,
by powerful Love my Heart detains
strong Delight and pleasing Chains.

calls me from the Leopards Den,
m this wild World of Beasts and Men,
Sion where his Glories are:
Lebanon is half so fair.

Dens of Prey, nor flow'ry Plains,
Earthly Joys, nor Earthly Pains,
l hold my Feet, or force my stay,
en *Christ* invites my Soul away.

IV. *The Church the Garden of rist*; Sol. Song 4. 12, 14, 15. d 5. 1.

E are a Garden wall'd around,
Chosen and made peculiar Ground;
ttle Spot inclos'd by Grace
of the World's wide Wilderness.

e Trees of Myrrh and Spice we stand
nted by God the Father's Hand;
all his Springs in *Sion* flow,
make the young Plantation grow.

ake, O heavenly Wind, and come,
w on this Garden of Perfume;

Spirit

Spirit Divine, descend and breath
A gracious Gale on Plants beneath.

4 Make our best Spices flow abroad
To entertain our Saviour-God:
And Faith, and Love, and Joy appe
And every Grace be active here.

5 Let my Beloved come, and taste
His pleasant Fruits at his own Feast.
" *I come, my Spouse, I come,* he crys,
With Love and Pleasure in his Eyes.

6 Our Lord into his Garden comes,
Well pleas'd to smell our poor Perfum
And calls us to a Feast divine,
Sweeter than Hony, Milk, or Wine.

7 " *Eat of the Tree of Life, my Friends,*
" *The Blessings that my Father sends,*
" *Your Taste shall all my Dainties prove,*
" *And drink abundance of my Love,*

8 *Jesus*, we will frequent thy Board,
And sing the Bounties of our Lord:
But the rich Food on which we live
Demands more Praise than Tongues

LXXV. *The Description of Christ Beloved*; Sol. Song 5. 9, 10, 12, 14, 15, 16.

1 THE wondring World enquires to k
Why I should love my *Jesus* so:

" *W*

What are his Charms, say they, *above*
The Objects of a Mortal Love.

es, my Beloved to my sight
ews a sweet mixture, Red and White?
l Human Beauties, all Divine,
my Beloved meet and shine.

hite is his Soul, from Blemish free;
d with the Blood he shed for me;
he fairest of ten thousand Fairs:
Sun amongst ten thouland Stars.

s Head the finest Gold excels,
here Wisdom in Perfection dwells;
nd Glory like a Crown adorns
hose Temples once beset with Thorns.

ompassions in his Heart are found,
ard by the Signals of his Wound;
is sacred Side no more shall bear
he cruel Scourge, the piercing Spear.

is Hands are fairer to behold
han Diamonds set in Rings of Gold;
hose Heavenly Hands that on the Tree
Vere nail'd, and torn, and bled for me.

ho' once he bow'd his feeble Knees,
oaded with Sins and Agonies,
ow on the Throne of his command
is Leggs like Marble Pillars stand.

s Eyes are Majesty and Love,
he Eagle mingled with the Dove:
o more shall trickling Sorrows roll
hro' those dear Windows of his Soul.

9 His Mouth that pour'd out long Complai
Now ſmiles, and chears his fainting Saint
His Countenance more Graceful is,
Than *Lebanon* with all its Trees.

10 All over glorious is my Lord,
Muſt be belov'd, and yet ador'd.
His Worth if all the Nations knew,
Sure the whole Earth would love him t

LXXVI. *Chriſt dwells in Heaven, b visits on Earth*; Sol. Song 6. 2, 3, 12.

1 WHen Strangers ſtand and hear me
What Beauties in my Saviour dwe
Where is he gone, they fain would kn
That they may ſeek and love him too.

2 My beſt-Beloved keeps his Throne
On Hills of Light, in Worlds unknow
But he deſcends and ſhows his Face
In the young Gardens of his Grace.

3 In Vineyards planted by his Hand,
Where fruitful Trees in order ſtand;
He feeds among the ſpicy Beds,
Where Lillys ſhow their ſpotleſs Heads

4 He has ingroſt my warmeſt Love,
No Earthly Charms my Soul can move
I have a Manſion in his Heart,
Nor Death nor Hell ſhall make us part.

He takes my Soul e're I'm aware,
And shows me where his Glorys are;
No Chariot of *Aminadib*
The heavenly Rapture can describe.

O may my Spirit daily rise
On wings of Faith above the Skies,
Till Death shall make my last Remove,
To dwell for ever with my Love.

XXVII *The Love of Christ to the Church, in his Language to her, and Provisions for her*; Sol. Song 7. 5, 6, 9, 12, 13.

NOW in the Galleries of his Grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
How fair my Saints are in my sight!
My Love how pleasant for delight!

Kind is thy Language, Sovereign Lord,
There's heavenly Grace in every Word:
From that dear Mouth a Stream divine,
Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine.

Such wond'rous Love awakes the Lip
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And makes our cold Affections flame.

These are the Joys he lets us know
In Fields and Villages below,
Gives us a relish of his Love,
But keeps his noblest Feast above.

5 In Paradiſe within the Gates
An higher Entertainment waits;
Fruits new and old laid up in ſtore,
Where we ſhall feed, and thirſt no

LXXVIII. *The Strength of Chri Love, and the Souls Jealouſy her own*; Sol. Song 8. 5, 6, 13, 14.

1 WHO is this fair One in diſtreſs,
That travels from the Wilderne
And preſs'd with Sorrows and with Si
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans.

2 This is the Spouſe of Chriſt the God,
Bought with the Treaſure of his Blood
And her Requeſt and her Complaint
Is but the Voice of every Saint.

3 "O let my Name ingraven ſtand
"Both on thy Heart and on thy Hand
"Seal me upon thine Arm; and wear
"That pledge of Love for ever there.

4 "Stronger than Death thy Love is kno
"Which floods of Wrath could n
(dro
"And Hell and Earth in vain combine
"To quench a Fire ſo much divine.

5 "But I am jealous of my Heart,
"Leſt it ſhould once from thee depart;
"Then let thy Name be well impreſt
"As a fair Signet on my Breaſt.

6 "

Till thou haſt brought me to thy home,
Where Fears & Doubts can never come,
Thy Count'nance let me often ſee,
And often thou ſhalt hear from me.

Come my Beloved, haſt away,
Cut ſhort the hours of thy Delay,
Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
Over the Hills where Spices grow.

The End of the Firſt Book.

HYMNS

AND

Spiritual Songs.

BOOK II.

Composed on Divine Subjects, Co
formable to the Word of God.

I. *A Song of Praise, to the God* Great-Britain.

1 NAture with all her Powers ſh
God the Creator and the Kin
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sk
Deny the Tribute of their Praiſe.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that sit near his Throne;
Tune your Harps high, and spread the sound
To the Creations utmost bound.

All mortal Things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force and own his Name;
Whilst with our Souls and with our Voice
We sing his Honours and our Joys.

To him be sacred all we have
From the young Cradle to the Grave:
Our Lips shall his loud Wonders tell,
And every Word a Miracle.

This *Northern*-Isle, our Native Land,
Lies safe in God th' Almighty's Hand:
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

He builds and guards the *British* Throne,
And makes it gracious like his own,
Makes our successive Princes kind,
And gives our Dangers to the Wind.

Raise Monumental Praises high
To him that thunders thro' the Skie,
And with an awful Nod or Frown
Shakes an aspiring Tyrant down.

Pillars of lasting Brass proclaim
The Triumphs of th' Eternal Name;
While trembling Nations read from far
The Honours of the God of War.

Thus let our flaming Zeal imploy
Our loftyest Thoughts and loudest Songs:

Britain, pronounce with warmeſt Joy
Hoſanna from ten thouſand Tongues.

10 Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in-vain to reach thy Name;
The ſtrongeſt Notes that Angels raiſe
Faint in the Worſhip and the Praiſe.

II. *The Death of a Sinner.*

1 MY Thoughts on awful Subjects roll
Damnation and the Dead;
What Horrors ſeize the guilty Soul
Upon a dying Bed.

2 Lingring about theſe mortal Shores
She makes a long delay,
Till like a Flood with rapid Force
Death ſweeps the Wretch away.

3 Then ſwift and dreadful ſhe deſcends
Down to the fiery Coaſt,
Amongſt abominable Fiends,
Her ſelf a frightful Ghoſt.

4 There endleſs Crouds of Sinners lye,
And Darkneſs makes their Chains;
Torment'd with keen Deſpair they cry,
Yet wait for fiercer Pains.

5 Not all their Anguiſh and their Blood
For their old Guilt atones,
Nor the Compaſſions of a God
Shall hearken to their Groans.

Amazing Grace, that kept my Breath,
Nor bid my Soul remove,
Till I had learn'd my Saviour's Death,
And well insur'd his Love!

II. *The Death and Burial of a Saint.*

WHY do we mourn departing Friends?
Or shake at Death's Alarms?
'Tis but the Voice that *Jesus* sends
To call them to his Arms.

Are we not tending upward too
As fast as Time can move?
Nor would we wish the Hours more slow
To keep us from our Love.

Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Flesh of *Jesus* lay,
And left a long Perfume.

The Graves of all his Saints he blest,
And softned every Bed;
Where should the dying Members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose and clim'd the Sky,
And shew'd our Feet the way,
Up to the Lord our Flesh shall fly
At the great Rising Day.

Then let the last loud Trumpet sound,
And bid our Kindred rise,
Awake ye Nations under Ground,
Ye Saints, ascend the Skies.

IV. *Salvation in the Croſs.*

1 HEre at thy Croſs, my dying God,
I lay my Soul beneath thy Love,
Beneath the Dropings of thy Blood,
Jeſus, nor ſhall it e're remove.

2 Not all that Tyrants think or ſay
With Rage and Lightning in their Eye;
Nor Hell ſhall fright my Heart away,
Should Hell with all its Legions riſe.

3 Should Worlds conſpire to drive me then
Moveleſs and firm this Heart ſhould lie;
Reſolv'd (for that's my laſt Defence)
If I muſt periſh, there to dye.

4 But ſpeak, my Lord, and calm my Fear
Am I not ſafe beneath thy Shade?
Thy Vengeance will not ſtrike me here,
Nor *Satan* dares my Soul invade.

5 Yes, I'm ſecure beneath thy Blood,
And all my Foes ſhall looſe their aim.
Hoſanna to my dying God,
And my beſt Honours to his Name.

V. *Longing to Praiſe Chriſt better.*

1 LOrd, when my Thoughts with wonder (1
O're the ſharp Sorrows of thy Soul,
And ſee my Maker's broken Laws
Repair'd and honour'd by thy Croſs.

2 Wh

When I behold Death, Hell and Sin,
Vanquish'd by that dear Blood of thine,
And view the Man that groan'd and dy'd
Sit Glorious by his Father's side:

My Passions rise and soar above,
I'm wing'd with Faith, and fir'd with Love:
Fain would I sing Eternal things,
And play thy Name on Angels Strings,

But my Heart fails, my Tongue complains
For want of their immortal Strains;
And in such humble Notes as these
Must fall below thy Victories.

Well, the kind Minute must appear
When we shall leave these Bodies here,
These clogs of Clay, and mount on high
To joyn the Worship of the Sky.

VI. *A Morning Song.*

ONce more, my Soul, the rising Day
Salutes thy waking Eyes,
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him that rolls the Skys.

Night unto Night his Name repeats,
The Day renews the Sound,
Wide as the Heaven on which He sits
To turn the Seasons round.

'Tis He supports my mortal Frame,
My Tongue shall speak his praise;

My

My Sins would rouze his Wrath to Fla
And yet his Wrath delays.

4 On a poor Worm thy Power might tre
And I could ne're withstand :
Thy Justice might have crush'd me de
But Mercy held thine Hand.

5 A thousand wretched Souls are fled
Since the last setting Sun,
And yet Thou length'nest out my Thre
And yet my Moments run.

6 Dear God, let all mine Hours be thine
Whilst I enjoy the Light,
Then shall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleasing Night.

VII. *An Evening Song.*

1 DRead Sov'reign, let my Evening Sa
Like holy Incense rise,
Assist the Offerings of my Tongue
To reach the lofty Skys.

2 Through all the dangers of the Day,
Thy Hand was still my Guard,
And still to drive my Wants away
Thy Mercy stood prepar'd.

3 Perpetual Blessings from above
Encompass me around,
But oh how few Returns of Love
Hath my Creator found !

4 What have I done for him that dy'd
To save my wretched Soul ?

w are my Follys multiply'd,
Faſt as my Minutes roll!

rd, with this guilty Heart of mine
To thy dear Croſs I flee,
d to thy Grace my Soul reſign
To be renew'd by thee.

rinkled afreſh with pard'ning Blood
I lay me down to reſt,
in th' Embraces of my God,
Or on my Saviour's Breaſt.

III. *A Hymn for Morning or Evening.*

Hosanna, with a cheerful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand,
Ten thouſand Snares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

That was a vaſt amazing Power
That rais'd us with a Word,
And every Day and every Hour
We lean upon the Lord.

The Evening reſts our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room,
We wake and we admire the Bed
That was not made our Tomb.

The riſing Morning can't aſſure
That we ſhall end the Day,
For Death ſtands ready at the Door
To ſeize our Lives away,

5 Our Breath is forfeited by Sin
To God's revenging Law;
We own thy Grace, Immortal King,
In every Gasp we draw.

6 God is our Sun, whose daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings:
Our feeble Flesh lies safe at Night
Beneath his shady Wings.

IX. *Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ.*

1 ALas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign dye?
Would he devote that Sacred Head
For such a Worm as I?

2 Thy Body slain, sweet *Jesus*, thine,
And bath'd in it's own Blood,
While the firm mark of Wrath Divine
His Soul in Anguish stood?

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
And Love beyond degree!

4 Well might the Sun in Darkness hide,
And shut his Glories in,
When God the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man the Creature's Sin.

5 Thus might I hide my blushing Face
While his dear Cross appears,

Dissol-

Diſſolve my Heart in Thankfulneſs,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But drops of Grief can ne're repay
The debt of Love I owe,
Here, Lord, I give my ſelf away,
'Tis all that I can do.

X. *Parting with Carnal Joys.*

MY Soul forſakes her vain Delight,
And bids the World farewel,
Baſe as the Dirt beneath my Feet,
And miſcheivous as Hell.

No longer will I ask your Love,
Nor ſeek your Friendſhip more,
The Happineſs that I approve,
Lies not within your Power.

There's nothing round this ſpacious Earth
That ſuits my large Deſire,
To boundleſs Joy and ſolid Mirth
My nobler Thoughts aſpire.

Where Pleaſure rolls its living Flood,
From Sin and Droſs refin'd,
Still ſpringing from the Throne of God,
And fit to cheer the Mind.

Th' Almighty Ruler of the Sphere,
The glorious, and the great,
Brings his own All-ſufficience there,
To make our Bliſs compleat.

Had I the Pinions of a Dove
I'd climb the Heav'nly Road;

Three

There ſits my Saviour dreſt in Love,
And there my ſmiling God.

XI. *A Farewel to ſinful Pleaſures.*

1 I Send the Joys of Earth away,
Away, ye Tempters of the Mind,
Falſe as the treacherous rolling Sea,
And empty as the whiſtling Wind.

2 Your Streams were floating me along
Down to the Gulph of black Deſpair,
And whilſt I liſten'd to your Song,
Your Streams had e'en convey'd me tha

3 Lord, I adore thy matchleſs Grace,
That warn'd me of that dark Abyſs,
That drew me from thoſe treacherous S
And bid me ſeek ſuperiour Bliſs.

4 Now to the ſhining Realms above
I ſtretch my Hands, and glance mine E
O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies!

5 There from the Boſom of my God
Oceans of endleſs Pleaſure roll,
There would I fix my laſt Abode,
And drown the ſorrows of my Soul.

XII. *Chriſt is the Subſtance of Levitical Prieſthood.*

1 THE True *Meſſiah* now appears,
The Types are all withdrawn,

Fly the Shadows and the Stars
Before the rising Dawn.

No smoaking Sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock slain,
Incense and Spice of costly names
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his Robes away,
His Mitre and his Vest,
When God himself comes down to be
The Off'ring and the Priest.

He took our mortal Flesh to show
The wonders of his Love,
For us He paid his Life below,
And prays for us above.

"Father, He crys, forgive their Sins,
" For I my Self have dy'd;
And then he shows his open'd Veins,
And pleads his wounded Side.

III. *The Creation, Preservation, Dissolution, and Restoration of this World.*

Sing to the Lord that built the Skys,
The Lord that rear'd this stately Frame,
Let half the Nations sound his Praise,
And Lands unknown repeat his Name.

He form'd the Seas and form'd the Hills,
Made every Drop and every Dust,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And push'd them into Motion first.

3 Now from his high Imperial Throne
He looks far down upon the Spheres,
He bids the ſhining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our haſty Years.

4 Thus ſhall this moving Engine laſt
Till all his Saints are gather'd in,
Then for the Trumpets dreadful Blaſ
To ſhake it all to Duſt again.

5 Yet when the Sound ſhall tear the Sky
And Lightning burn the Globe below
Saints, you may lift your Joyful Eye
There's a New Heaven and Earth for

XIV. *The Lord's Day; or, D in Ordinances.*

1 WElcome ſweet Day of Reſt
That ſaw the Lord ariſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breſt,
And theſe rejoycing Eyes!

2 The King himſelf comes near,
And feaſts his Saints to Day,
Here we may ſit, and ſee him here,
And love and praiſe and pray.

3 One Day amidſt the Place,
Where my dear God hath been
Is ſweeter than ten thouſand days
Of pleaſurable Sin.

4 My willing Soul would ſtay
In ſuch a Frame as this,
And ſit and ſing her ſelf away
To Everlaſting Bliſs.

XV

The Enjoyment of Christ: or, Delight in Worship.

AR from my Thoughts, vain World, (be gone,
t my Religious Hours alone,
in would my Eyes my Saviour see,
vait a Visit, Lord, from thee.

y Heart grows warm with Holy Fire,
d kindles with a pure desire,
me my dear *Jesus* from above,
d feed my Soul with Heavenly Love.

e Trees of Life Immortal stand
flourishing Rows at thy Right-hand,
d in sweet Murmurs by their side
vers of Bliss perpetual glide.

ast then, but with a smiling Face,
d spread the Table of thy Grace:
ing down a taste of Fruit Divine,
d cheer my Heart with Sacred Wine.

est *Jesus*, what delicious Fare!
ow sweet thy Entertainments are!
ever did Angels taste above
edeeming Grace and dying Love.

il great *Immanuel*, All-Divine,
thee thy Father's Glorys shine:
ou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
at Eyes have seen, or Angels known.

XVI. *Part the Second.*

7 LOrd, what a Heaven of Saving Gr
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy F
And lights our Paſſions to a Flame!
Lord how we love thy charming Name

8 When I can ſay my God is mine,
When I can feel thy Glories ſhine,
I tread the World beneath my Feet,
And all that Earth calls Good or Great.

9 While ſuch a Scene of Sacred Joys
Our Raptur'd Eyes and Souls imploys,
Here we could ſit, and gaze away
Along, an everlaſting Day.

10 Well, we ſhall quickly paſs the Night
To the fair Coaſts of perfect Light;
Then ſhall our joyful Senſes rove
O'er the dear Object of our Love.

11 There ſhall we drink full draughts of B
And pluck new Life from Heav'nly Tr
Yet now and then, dear Lord, beſtow
A drop of Heaven on Worms below.

12 Send Comforts down from thy Right-h
While we paſs thro' this barren Land,
And in thy Temple let us ſee
A glimpſe of Love, a glimpſe of Thee.

XVII. G

XVII. *God's Eternity.*

Rise, rise my Soul, and leave the Ground,
Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
nd rouze up every tuneful Sound
To praise th' Eternal God.

ong e're the lofty Skys were spread
Jehovah fill'd his Throne,
r *Adam* form'd, or Angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

is boundless Years can ne're decrease,
But still maintain their prime,
ernity's his Dwelling-place,
And *Ever* is his Time.

hile like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The present, and the past,
e fills his own Immortal N O W,
And sees our Ages wast.

he Sea and Sky must perish too,
And vast Destruction come,
he Creatures, look, how old they grow
And wait their fiery Doom.

ell, let the Sea shrink all away
And Flame melt down the Skys,
y God shall live in endless Day
When th' old Creation dies.

XVIII. *The*

XVIII. *The Ministry of Ang*
Heb. 1. ult.

1 HIgh on a hill of dazling Light
The King of Glory spreads his Se
And troops of Angels stretch'd for flig
Stand waiting round his awful Feet.

2 * Go, saith the Lord, my *Gabriel*, g
Salute the Virgins fruitful Womb;
† Make hast, ye Cherubs down belo
Sing and proclaim the Saviour come.

3 || Here a bright Squadron leaves the
And thick around *Elisha* stands,
Anon a heavenly Souldier flies
|||| And breaks the Chains from *Peter's*

4 Thy winged Troops, O God of Hosts
Wait on thy wand'ring Church below,
Here we are sayling to thy Coasts,
Let Angels be our Convoy too.

5 Are they not all thy Servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come,
With cheerful Hast obey thy Word
And guard thy Children to their hom

* Luke 1. 26. † Luke 2. 13. || 2 Kin
17. |||| Acts 12. 7.

XIX.

Our Frail Bodys, and God our Preserver.

ET others boast how strong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear,
we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.

sh as the Grass our Bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay,
lasting Wind sweeps o're the Land,
And fades the Grass away.

r Life contains a thousand Springs,
And dies if one be gone;
ange! that a Harp of thousand strings
Should keep in Tune so long.

t 'tis our God supports our Frame,
The God that built us first,
vation to th' Almighty Name
That rear'd us from the Dust.

spoke, and strait our Hearts and Brains
In all their Motions rose,
Let Blood, said he, flow round the Veins,
And round the Veins it flows.

hile we have Breath or use our Tongues,
Our Maker we'll adore,
s Spirit moves our heaving Lungs
Or they would breath no more.

XX. *Backslidings and Returns: the Inconstancy of our Love.*

1 WHY is my Heart so far from the
My God, my chief Delight?
Why are my Thoughts no more by D
With thee, no more by Night?

2 Why should my foolish Passions rove?
Where can such Sweetness be
As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee?

3 When my forgetful Soul renews
The Savour of thy Grace,
I fancy I can never lose
The Relish all my Days.

4 But e're one fleeting Hour is past,
The flattering World employs
Some sensual Bait to seize my Taste,
And to pollute my Joys.

5 Trifles of Nature or of Art
With fair deceitful Charms
Intrude upon my thoughtless Heart,
And thrust thee from my Arms.

6 Then I repent and vex my Soul
That I should leave thee so,
Where will those wild Affections roll
That let a Saviour go?

7 Sins promis'd Joys are turn'd to Pain,
And I am drown'd in Grief;

But my dear Lord returns again,
He flys to my Relief.

Seizing my Soul with ſweet Surprize,
He draws with loving Bands;
Divine Compaſſion in his Eyes,
And Pardon in his Hands.

Wretch that I am to wander thus
In chaſe of falſe Delight!
Let me be faſten'd to thy Croſs
Rather than looſe thy ſight.

10 Make haſt my Days, to reach the Goal,
And bring my Heart to reſt
On the dear Centre of my Soul,
God my Redeemer's Breaſt.

XXI. *A Song of Praiſe to God the Redeemer.*

LET the old Heathens tune their Song
Of great *Diana* and of *Jove*,
But the ſweet Theme that moves my (Tongue
Is the bleſt *Jeſus* and his Love.

I'll ſing the God that left the Skies
To ſave my Soul from gaping Hell;
How the black Gulph where *Satan* lies,
Yawn'd to receive me when I fell!

How Juſtice frown'd, and Vengeance ſtood
To drive me down to endleſs Pain!
But the Great Son propos'd his Blood,
And Heav'nly Wrath grew mild again.

he

4 Infinite Lover, Gracious Lord,
To thee Immortal Shouts shall rise,
Thy wondrous Name shall be ador'd
Round the wide Earth and wider Skies.

XXII. *With God is Terrible Majes*

1 TErrible God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy Thundring Ha
Thy fiery Bolts how fierce they fly!
Nor can all Earth or Hell withstand.

2 This the old rebel-Angels knew,
And *Satan* fell beneath thy Frown:
Thine Arrows strook the Traytor thro',
And weighty Vengeance sunk him dow

3 This *Sodom* felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' Eternal Load,
" With endless Burnings who can dwel
" Or bear the Fury of a God?

4 Tremble, ye Sinners, and submit,
Throw down your Arms before his Thro
Bend your Heads low beneath his Feet,
Or his strong Hand shall crush you dow

5 And ye, blest Saints, that love him too,
With Reverence bow before his Name,
Thus all his Heavenly Servants do:
God is a bright and burning Flame.

XIII. *The Sight of God and Christ in Heaven.*

DEſcend from Heaven, Immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy Wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of theſe Inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower Sky,
Up where Eternal Ages roll,
Where ſolid Pleaſures never die,
And Fruits Immortal feaſt the Soul.

Oh for a ſight, a pleaſing ſight
Of our Almighty Father's Throne!
There ſits our Saviour crown'd with Light,
Cloath'd in a Body like our own.

Adoring Saints around him ſtand,
And Thrones and Powers before him fall;
The God ſhines gracious thro' the Man,
And ſheds ſweet Glories on them all.

O what amazing Joys they feel
While to their golden Harps they ſing,
And ſit on every heavenly Hill,
And play the Triumphs of their King.

When ſhall the Day, dear Lord, appear
That I ſhall mount to dwell above,
And ſtand and bow amongſt 'em there,
And view thy Face, and ſing, and love?

XXIV. *The Evil of Sin visible in Fall of Angels and Men.*

1 WHen the great Builder stretch'd (S
And form'd all Nature with a Word,
The joyful Cherubs tun'd his Praise,
And every bending Throne ador'd.

2 High in the midst of all the Throng
Satan a tall Arch-angel sat,
* Amongst the Morning-Stars he sung
Till Sin destroy'd his Heav'nly State.

3 'Twas Sin that hurl'd him from his Thro
Groveling in Fire the Rebel lies:
† "How art thou sunk in Darkness dow
"Son of the Morning from the Skys!

4 And thus our two first Parents stood
Till Sin defil'd the happy Place,
They lost their Garden and their God,
And ruin'd all their unborn Race.

5 So sprung the Plague from *Adam*'s Bow
And spred Destruction all abroad;
Sin, the curst Name, that in one Hour
Spoil'd six Days Labours of a God.

6 Tremble my Soul, and mourn for Grief
That such a Foe should seize thy Breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick Relief;
O may he slay this treacherous Guest.

---

* Job 38. 7. † Isa. 14. 12.

Then to thy Throne, victorious King,
Then to thy Throne our Shouts shall rise,
Thine everlasting Arm we sing,
For Sin the Monster bleeds and dies.

XV. *Complaining of spiritual Sloth.*

MY drowzie Powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake my sluggish Soul!
Nothing has half thy Work to do,
Yet Nothing's half so dull.

The little Ants for one poor Grain
Labour, and tugg, and strive,
Yet we who have a Heaven t'obtain
How negligent we live!

We for whose Sake all Nature stands,
And Stars their Courses move;
We for whose Guard the Angel-bands
Come flying from above;

We for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood?

Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still?
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And fit and warm our Hearts.

Then shall our active Spirits move,
And travel to the Skies,
With Hands of Faith and Wings of Love
We'll fly and take the Prize.

XXVI. *God Invisible.*

1 LOrd, we are blind, we Mortals blind
We can't behold thy bright Abode;
O 'tis beyond a Creature-Mind,
To glance a Thought half way to God.

2 Infinite Leagues beyond the Sky
Th' Eternal Emperour reigns alone,
Where neither Wings nor Souls can fly,
Nor Angels climb the toplefs Throne.

3 The Lord of Glory builds his Seat
Of Gemms insufferably bright,
And lays beneath his sacred Feet
Substantial Beams of gloomy Night.

4 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious Eyes
Look thro', and chear us from above;
Beyond our Praise thy Grandeur flies,
Yet we adore, and yet we love.

XXVII. *Praise ye him all his Angels.* Psal. 148. 2.

1 GOD! the Eternal awful Name
That the whole Heavenly Army fears
That shakes the wide Creation's Frame,
And *Satan* trembles when he hears.

2 Like Flames of Fire his Servants are,
And Light surrounds his Dwelling-place
But, O ye fiery Flames, declare
The brighter Glories of his Face.

3 T

Tis not for ſuch poor Worms as we
To ſpeak ſo infinite a Thing,
But your immortal Eyes ſurvey
The Beauties of your Sov'reign King.

Tell how he ſhows his ſmiling Face,
And clothes all Heaven in bright Array;
Triumph and Joy run thro' the Place,
And Songs Eternal as the Day.

Speak, (for you feel his burning Love,)
What Zeal it ſpreads thro' all your Frame,
That ſacred Fire dwells all above,
For we on Earth have loſt the Name.

Sing of his Power and Juſtice too,
That infinite right Hand of his
That vanquiſht *Satan* and his Crew,
And Thunder drove them down from Bliſs.

What mighty Storms of poiſon'd Darts
He hurl'd upon the Rebels there!
His deadly Javelins nail'd their Hearts
Faſt to the Racks of long Deſpair.

Shout to your King, you heavenly Hoſt,
You that beheld the ſinking Foe,
Firmly ye ſtood when they were loſt;
Praiſe the rich Grace that kept ye ſo.

Proclaim his Wonders from the Skies,
Let every diſtant Nation hear;
And while you ſound his lofty Praiſe,
Let humble Mortals bow and fear.

XXVIII. *Death and Eternity.*

1 SToop down, my Thoughts, that use
Converse a while with Death:
Think how a gasping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,
His Pulses faint and few,
Then speechless with a doleful Groan
He bids the World Adieu.

3 But, O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
And track its wondrous Way.

4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell
It mounts triumphing there,
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell
In infinite Despair.

5 And must my Body faint and die?
And must this Soul remove?
O for some courteous Angel by
To bear it safe above!

6 *Jesus*, to thy dear faithful Hand
My naked Soul I trust,
And my Flesh waits for thy Command
To drop into my Dust.

XXIX. *Redemption by Price and Power.*

1 *Jesus*, with all thy Saints above
My Tongue would bear her Part,
Would sound aloud thy saving Love,
And sing thy bleeding Heart.

2 Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,
Who bought me with his Blood,
And quencht his Father's flaming Sword
In his own vital Flood.

3 The Lamb that freed my Captive Soul
From Satan's heavy Chains,
And sent the Lion down to howl
Where Hell and Horror reigns.

4 All Glory to the dying Lamb,
And never ceasing Praise,
While Angels live to know his Name,
Or Saints to feel his Grace.

XXX. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

1 COme, we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.

2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banisht from the Place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.

3 Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
That never knew our God,
But Favorites of the heavenly King
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe,
That rides upon the ſtormy Skie,
And manages the Seas.

5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love,
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly Pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There we ſhall ſee his Face,
And never, never ſin:
There from the Rivers of his Grace
Drink endleſs Pleaſures in.

7 Yes, and before we riſe
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of ſuch amazing Bliſs
Should conſtant Joys create.

8 The Men of Grace have found
Young Glory here below,
Young Glory here on earthly Ground
From Faith and Hope may grow.

9 The Hill of *Zion* yields
A thouſand ſacred Sweets
Before we reach the heavenly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.

10 Then let our Songs abound,
And every Tear be dry;

e're marching thro' *Immanuel*'s Ground
To a more joyful Sky.

XXI. *Christ's Presence makes Death easy.*

WHY ſhould we ſtart and fear to die?
What timorous Worms we Mortals (are!
Death is the Gate of endleſs Joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife
Fright our approaching Souls away;
Still we ſhrink back again to Life,
Fond of our Priſon and our Clay.

O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My Soul ſhould ſtretch her Wings in haſt,
Fly fearleſs thro' Death's Iron Gate,
Nor feel the Terrors as ſhe paſt.

Jeſus can make a dying Bed
Feel ſoft as downy Pillows are,
While on his Breaſt I lean my Head,
And breath my Life out ſweetly there.

XXXII. *Frailty and Folly.*

HOW ſhort and haſty is our Life!
How vaſt our Souls Affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs Mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their Years.

Our Days run thoughtleſly along
Without a Moments ſtay,

Juſt

Just like a Story or a Song
We pass our Lives away.

3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on,
And ever hast'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

4 How we deserve the deepest Hell
That slight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance should we fe
That break such Cords of Love!

5 Draw us, O God, with Sovereign Grac
And lift our Thoughts on high,
That when we end this mortal Race,
We may ascend the Skie.

XXXIII. *The blessed Society in Heaven*

1 RAise thee, my Soul, fly up and run
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And say, There's nought below the Sun
That's worthy of thy Feet.

2 Thus will we mount on sacred Wings,
And tread the Courts above;
Nor Earth, nor all her mightiest Things
Shall tempt our meanest Love.

3 There on a tall Majestick Throne
Th' Almighty Father reigns,
And sheds his glorious Goodness down
On all the blissful Plains.

4 Bright like a Sun the Saviour sits,
And spreads Eternal Noon,

N

No Evenings there, nor gloomy Nights
To want the feeble Moon.

And see, amidst those happy Skies
There mounts the sacred Dove,
While banish'd Sin and Sorrow flies
From all the Realms of Love.

The Glorious Tenants of the Place
Stand bending round the Throne;
And Saints and Seraphs sing and praise
The Infinite Three-One.

But O what Beams of heavenly Grace
Transport them all the while,
Ten thousand Smiles from *Jesus* Face,
And Love in every Smile.

Jesus, and when shall that dear Day,
That joyful Hour appear,
When I shall leave this House of Clay
To dwell amongst 'em there?

XXIV. *Breathing after the Holy Spirit: or, Fervency of Devotion desir'd.*

COme Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Powers,
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
And hug these trifling Toys;
Our Souls can neither fly nor go
To reach Eternal Joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,
In vain we ſtrive to riſe,
Hoſannas languiſh on our Tongues,
And our Devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and ſhall we ever lye
At this poor dying rate?
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to thee?
And thine to us ſo great?

5 Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Powers,
Come, ſhed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that ſhall kindle ours.

XXXV. *Praiſe to God for Creation and Redemption.*

1 LET them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Grace,
But our loud Song ſhall ſtill record
The wonders of thy Praiſe.

2 We lift our Shouts, O God, to thee,
And ſend them to thy Throne,
All Glory to th' UNITED Three,
The Undivided One.

3 'Twas He (and we'll adore his Name)
That form'd us by a word,
'Tis He reſtores our ruin'd Frame;
Salvation to the Lord!

4 *Hoſanna*! let the Earth and Skies
Repeat the joyful Sound,

Rock

Rocks, Hills and Vales reflect the Voice
In one Eternal Round.

XXXVI. *Christ's Intercession.*

WEll, the Redeemer's gone
T' appear before our God,
To sprinkle o're the flaming Throne
With his atoning Blood.

2 No fiery Vengeance now,
Nor burning Wrath comes down;
Justice call for Sinners Blood,
He points and shows his own.

3 Before his Father's Eye
Our humble Suit he moves,
The Father lays his Thunder by,
And looks, and smiles, and loves.

4 Now may our joyful Tongues
Our Maker's Honour sing,
Jesus the Priest receives our Songs,
And bears 'em to the King.

5 We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high,
Hosanna to the God of Grace
" That lays his Thunder by.

6 " On Earth thy Mercy reigns,
" And triumphs all above;
But, Lord, how weak are Mortal Strains
To speak Immortal Love?

7 How jarring and how low
Are all the Notes we sing?

Sweet

Sweet Saviour, tune our Songs anew,
And they shall please the King.

XXXVII. *The Same.*

1 LIft up your Eyes to th' heavenly Seat
Where your Redeemer stays;
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

2 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,
And shed his vital Blood,
Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,
And then arose to God.

3 Petitions now and Praise may rise,
And Saints their Offerings bring,
The Priest stands ready on the Skies
To lift 'em to the King.

4 Let Papists trust what Names they please
Their Saints and Angels boast,
We've no such Advocates as these,
Nor pray to th' Heavenly Host.

5 *Jesus* alone shall bear my Crys
Up to his Father's Throne,
He (dearest Lord) perfumes my Sighs,
And sweetens every Groan.

6 Ten thousand Praises to the King,
Hosanna in the high'st;
Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring
To God and to his Christ.

XXXVIII. *L*

XXXVIII. *Love to God.*

HAppy the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inſpires the Breaſt:
Love is the brighteſt of the Train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear,
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign
If Love be abſent there.

'Tis Love that makes our nimble Feet
In ſwift Obedience move,
The Devils know and tremble too,
But *Satan* cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and ſings
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe,
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful ſtrings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

Before we quite forſake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

XXIX. *The Shortneſs and Miſery of Life.*

OUR Days, alaſs! our Mortal Days
Are ſhort and wretched too;

Evil

* *Evil and Few* the Patriarch ſays,
And well the Patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at beſt a narrow Bound
That Heaven allows to Men,
And Pains and Sins run thro' the Round
Of threeſcore Years and ten.

3 Well, if ye muſt be ſad and few,
Then roll, my Days, in haſt.
Moments of Sin, and Months of Woe,
Ye cannot fly too faſt.

4 Let Heavenly Love prepare my Soul,
And call her to the Skies,
Where Years of long Salvation roll,
And Glory never dies.

XL. *Our Comfort in the Covenant made with Chriſt.*

1 OUR God, how firm his Promiſes ſtand
Ev'n when he hides his Face;
He truſts in our Redeemer's hands
His Glory and his Grace.

2 Then why, my Soul, theſe ſad Complaints
Since Chriſt and We are One?
Thy God is faithful to his Saints,
Is faithful to his Son.

3 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,
And part of Heav'n poſſeſt;

* Gen. 47. 9.

raiſe his Name for Grace receiv'd,
And truſt him for the reſt.

. *A ſight of God mortifies us to the World.*

JP to the Fields where Angels lye,
And living Waters gently roll,
in would my Thoughts leap out and fly,
ht Sin hangs heavy on my Soul.

hy wondrous Blood, dear dying Chriſt,
an make this load of Guilt remove;
nd thou canſt bear me where thou fly'ſt,
n thy kind Pinions, Heavenly Dove.

) might I once mount up and ſee
he Glories of th' Eternal Skies,
What little things theſe Worlds would be,
ow deſpicable to my Eyes!

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw 'em not,
As a dim Candle dies at Noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the noiſe no more
Than we can hear a ſhaking Leaf
While rattling Thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, Eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely Face,
And all my Pow'rs ſhall bow and ſing
Thine endleſs Grandeur, and thy Grace.

XLII. *De-*

XLII. *Delight in God.*

1 MY God, what endless Pleasures d
Above at thy Right Hand!
The Courts below how amiable,
Where all thy Graces stand!

2 The Swallow near thine Altar lies,
And chirps a cheerful Note;
The Lark mounts upwards to thy Skie
And tunes her warbling Throat.

3 And we, when in thy Temple Lord,
We shout with Joyful Tongues,
Or sitting round our Father's Board,
We crown the Feast with Songs.

4 While *Jesus* shines with quickning Grac
We sing and mount on high;
But if a Frown becloud his Face,
We faint, and tire, and die.

5 Just as we see the lonesome Dove
Bemoan her Widow'd State,
She hops, and flies thro' all the Grove,
And mourns her loving Mate.

6 Just so our Thoughts from thing to thi
In restless Circles rove,
Just so we droop, and hang the VVing,
VVhen *Jesus* hides his Love.

XLIII. *Chri*

II. *Christ's Sufferings and Glory.*

NOw for a Tune of lofty Praiſe
To great *Jehovah's* equal Son!
Wake my Voice in heavenly Lays!
Tell the loud Wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the happy Skies
And the bright Robes he wore above,
Mark with what joyful haſt he flies
On Wings of everlaſting Love.

Down to this baſe, this ſinful Earth
He came to lift us to the Skie,
He came t'atone Almighty Wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.

Hell and its Lions roar'd around,
His precious Blood the Monſters ſpilt,
While weighty Sorrows preſt him down,
Large as the Loads of all our Guilt.

Deep in the Shades of gloomy Death
Th' Almighty Captive Priſoner lay,
Th' Almighty Captive left the Earth,
And roſe to everlaſting Day.

Lift up your Eyes, ye Sons of Light,
Up to his Throne of glittering Grace,
See what immortal Glories ſit
Round the ſweet Beauties of his Face.

Amongſt a thouſand Harps and Songs
Jeſus the God exalted reigns,
His ſacred Name fills all their Tongues,
And eccho's thro' the heavenly Plains.

XLIV. *Hell, or, The Vengeanc God.*

1 WIth holy Fear, and humble Song
The dreadful God our Souls ado
Reverence and Awe becomes the Tong
That ſpeaks the Terrors of his Power.

2 Far in the Deep where Darkneſs dwell
The Land of Horror and Deſpair,
Juſtice has built a diſmal Hell,
And laid her Stores of Vengeance ther

3 Eternal Plagues, and heavy Chains,
Tormenting Racks and fiery Coals,
And Darts t' inflict immortal Pains
Dy'd in the Blood of Damned Souls.

4 There *Satan* the firſt Sinner lies,
And roars and bites his Iron Bands;
In vain the Rebel ſtrives to riſe
Cruſht with the weight of both thine Ha

5 There guilty Ghoſts of *Adam*'s Race
Shreek out and howl beneath thy Rod,
Once they could ſcorn a Saviour's Grac
But they incens'd a dreadful God.

6 Tremble, my Soul, and kiſs the Son;
Sinners, obey the Saviour's Call,
Elſe your Damnation haſtens on,
And Hell gapes wide to wait your Fall.

V. *God's Condescension to our Worship.*

'HY Favours, Lord, surprize our Souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
hat canst thou find beneath the Poles,
o draw thy Chariot downward thus?

ll might he fill his starry Throne,
nd please his Ears with *Gabriel*'s Songs,
t th' heavenly Majesty comes down,
nd bows to hearken to our Tongues.

reat God, what poor Returns we pay
r Love so infinite as thine?
ords are but Air, and Tongues but Clay,
t thy Compassion's all Divine.

VI. *God's Condescention to Humane Affairs.*

P to the Lord that reigns on high
And views the Nations from afar,
t everlasting Praises fly,
nd tell how vast his Bounties are.

e that can shake the Worlds he made,
r with a Word, or with a Nod,
s Goodness how amazing great!
nd what a condescending God!

od that must stoop to view the Skies,
nd bow to see what Angels do,

Down

Down to our Earth he casts his Eyes,
And bends his Footsteps downward to

4 He over-rules all mortal Things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Bestows his Counsels and his Cares.

5 Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Into the Bosom of our God,
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

6 In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condescention to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd so high
Above their meanest Fellow-worm.

7 O could our thankful Hearts devise
A Tribute equal to thy Grace,
To the third Heav'n our Songs should
And teach the golden Harps thy Praise

XLVII. *Glory and Grace in the Son of Christ.*

1 NOW to the Lord a noble Song!
Awake my Soul, awake my Tong
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless Love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in *Jesus* Face,
The brightest Image of his Grace:
God in the Person of his Son
Has all his mightiest Works out-done

he ſpacious Earth, and ſpreading Flood,
roclaim the wiſe the powerful God,
nd thy rich Glories from afar
parkle in every rolling Star.

ut in his Looks a Glory ſtands,
he nobleſt Labour of thine Hands:
he pleaſing Luſtre of his Eyes
ut-ſhines the Wonders of the Skies.

race, 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme;
ly Thoughts rejoice at *Jeſus* Name:
e Angels, dwell upon the Sound,
e Skies reflect it to the Ground.

O may I live to reach the Place
Where he unvails his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
nd play his Name on Harps of Gold!

VIII. *Love to the Creatures is dangerous.*

HOw vain are all things here below!
How falſe, and yet how fair!
ach Pleaſure hath its Poiſon too,
And every Sweet a Snare.

he brighteſt Things below the Sky
Give but a flattering Light;
We ſhould ſuſpect ſome Danger nigh
Where we poſſeſs Delight.

Our dearest Joys, and nearest Friends,
The Partners of our Blood,

How they divide our wavering Minds,
And leave but half for God.

4 The Fondneſs of a Creatures Love,
How ſtrong it ſtrikes the Senſe!
Thither the warm Affections move,
Nor can we call 'em thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy Beauties be
My Souls Eternal Food;
And Grace command my Heart away
From all created Good.

XLIX. Moſes *dying in the Embra of God.*

1 DEath cannot make our Souls afraid
If God be with us there;
We may walk thro' her darkeſt Shade,
And never yield to Fear:

2 I could renounce my All below
If my Creator bid,
And run if I were call'd to go,
And die as *Moſes* did.

3 Might I but climb to *Piſgah*'s Top,
And view the promis'd Land,
My Fleſh it ſelf ſhould long to drop,
And pray for the Command.

3 Claſpt in my Heavenly Father's Arms
I would forget my Breath,
And loſe my Life among the Charms
Of ſo Divine a Death.

Comfort under Sorrows and Pains.

Now let the God my Saviour ſmile,
And ſhow my Name upon his Heart,
would forget my Pains a while,
nd in the Pleaſure loſe the Smart.

ut oh! it ſwells my Sorrows high
o ſee my *Jeſus* wear a Frown,
y Spirits ſink, my Comforts die,
nd all the Springs of Life are down.

et why, my Soul, why theſe Complaints?
ll while he frowns his Bowels move;
ll on his Heart he bears his Saints,
nd feels their Sorrows and his Love.

y Name is printed on his Breaſt;
is Book of Life contains my Name;
d rather have it there impreſt
han in the brazen Rolls of Fame.

When the laſt Fire burns all things here
hoſe Letters ſhall ſecurely ſtand,
nd in the Lamb's fair Book appear
Writ by th' Eternal Father's Hand.

ow ſhall my Minutes ſmoothly run,
Whilſt here I wait my Father's Will.
y Riſing and my Setting Sun
oll gently up and down the Hill.

LI. *God the Son equal with the Father.*

1 BRight King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat,
To thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worſhip at thine awful Feet.

2 Thy Power hath form'd, thy Wild
(ſw
All Nature with a Sovereign Word;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their ſuperior Lord.

3 Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy Right-hand;
Eternal Juſtice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Comma

4 A Thouſand Seraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the Sons of Light
Pretends Compariſon with thee?

5 Yet there is one of humane Frame,
Jeſus, array'd in Fleſh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.

6 Their Glory ſhines with equal Beams;
Their Eſſence is for ever one,
Tho they are known by different Names
The Father-God, and God the Son.

7 Then let the Name of Chriſt our King
With equal Honours be ador'd;

His Praiſe let every Angel ſing,
And all the Nations own their Lord.

III. *Death dreadful or delightful.*

DEath! 'tis a melancholy Day
To thoſe that have no God,
When the poor Soul is forc'd away
To ſeek her laſt Abode;

In vain to Heaven ſhe lifts her Eyes,
But Guilt, a heavy Chain,
Still drags her downward from the Skies
To Darkneſs, Fire, and Pain.

Awake and mourn ye Heirs of Hell,
Let ſtubborn Sinners fear,
You muſt be driv'n from Earth, and dwell
A long *For ever* there.

See how the Pit gapes wide for you,
And flaſhes in your Face,
And thou, my Soul, look downwards too,
And ſing recovering Grace.

He is a God of ſovereign Love
That promis'd Heaven to me;
And taught my Thoughts to ſoar above,
Where happy Spirits be.

Prepare me, Lord, for thy Right-hand,
Then come the joyful Day,
Come Death, and ſome Celeſtial Band
To bear my Soul away.

LIII. *The Pilgrimage of the Sain or, Earth and Heaven.*

1 LOrd! what a wretched Land is this
That yields us no Supply?
No cheering Fruits, no wholſome Tre
Nor Streams of living Joy.

2 But pricking Thorns thro' all the Grou
And Mortal Poiſons grow,
And all the Rivers that are found
With dangerous Waters flow.

3 Yet the dear Path to thine Abode
Lies thro' this horrid Land,
Lord! we would keep the heavenly Ro
And run at thy Command.

4 Our Souls ſhall tread the Deſart thro'
With undiverted Feet;
And Faith and flaming Zeal ſubdue
The Terrors that we meet.

5 A Thouſand ſavage Beaſts of Prey
Around the Foreſt roam,
But *Judah's* Lion guards the Way,
And guides the Strangers home.

6 Long Nights and Darkneſs dwell below,
With ſcarce a twinkling Ray;
But the bright World to which we go
Is everlaſting Day.

7 By glimmering Hopes and gloomy Fear
We trace the ſacred Road,

Th

Thro' dismal Deeps and dangerous Snares,
We make our Way to God.

Our Journey is a thorny Maze
But we march upward still;
(Forget these Troubles of the Ways)
And reach at *Zion*'s Hill.

See the kind Angels at the Gates
Inviting us to come;
There *Jesus* the Forerunner waits
To welcome Travellers home.

There on the green and flowry Mount
Our weary Souls shall sit,
And with transporting Joys recount
The Labours of our Feet.

No vain Discourse shall fill our Tongue,
Nor Trifles vex our Ear,
Infinite Grace shall be our Song,
And God rejoice to hear.

Eternal Glories to the King
That brought us safely thro';
Our Tongues shall never cease to sing,
And endless Praise renew.

LIV. *God's Presence is Light in Darkness.*

MY God, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights.

2 In darkeſt Shades if he appear,
My Dawning is begun:
He is my Soul's ſweet Morning-Star,
And He my riſing Sun.

3 The opening Heavens around me ſhine
With Beams of ſacred Bliſs,
While *Jeſus* ſhows his Heart is mine,
And whiſpers, *I am his.*

4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
At that tranſporting Word,
Run up with Joy the ſhining Way
T'embrace my dareſt Lord.

5 Fearleſs of Hell and ghaſtly Death
I'd break thro' every Foe;
The Wings of Love, and Arms of Faith
Should bear me Conqueror thro'.

LV. *Frail Life, and ſucceeding Eternity.*

1 THee we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame!
What dying Worms are we!

2 Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill
As Months and Days increaſe;
And every beating Pulſe we tell
Leaves but the Number leſs.

3 The Year rolls round, and ſteals away
The Breath that firſt it gave;

What e're we do, where e're we be,
We're travelling to the Grave.

Dangers ſtand thick thro' all the Ground
To puſh us to the Tomb,
And fierce Diſeaſes wait around
To hurry Mortals home.

Good God! on what a ſlender Thread
Hang everlaſting Things!
Th' Eternal States of all the Dead
Upon Life's feeble Strings.

Infinite Joy or endleſs Woe
Attends on every Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death!

Waken, O Lord our drowſy Senſe
To walk this dangerous Road;
And if our Souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

VI. *The Miſery of being without God in this World; or, Vain Proſperity.*

NO, I ſhall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great,
Tho they increaſe their Golden Store,
And riſe to won'drous Height.

They taſt of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod,
Well they may ſearch the Creature thro',
For they have ne're a God.

3 Shake off the Thoughts of Dying too,
And think your Life your own;
But Death comes haſt'ning on to you
To mow your Glory down.

4 Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately Head,
Away your Spirit flies,
And no kind Angel near your Bed
To bear it to the Skies.

5 Go now, and boaſt of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you ſhine;
Your heaps of glittering Duſt are yours,
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVII. *The Pleaſures of a Good Co[illegible] ſcience.*

1 LOrd, how ſecure and bleſt are they
Whoſe Spotleſs Conſcience knows
(Si[illegible]
Should ſtorms of Wrath ſhake Earth & S[illegible]
Their minds have Heaven and Peace with[illegible]

2 The Day rolls ſweetly o're their Heads,
Made up of Innocence and Love;
And ſoft and ſilent as the Shades
Their Nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their Thoughts their Joys co[illegible]
But fly not half ſo faſt away,
(o[illegible]
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
And calm as Summer-Evenings be.

4 How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills
Where Groves of Living Pleaſure grow!
A[illegible]

And longing Hopes and cheerful Smiles,
Sit undiſturb'd upon their Brow.

They ſcorn to ſeek our Golden Toys,
But ſpend the Day and ſhare the Night
In numbring o're the richer Joys
That Heaven prepares for their delight.

While wretched We like Worms & Moles
Lie groveling in the Duſt below.
Almighty Grace, come, change our Souls,
And we'll aſpire to Glory too.

VIII. *The Shortneſs of Life, and the Goodneſs of God.*

Time! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an *Indian* Arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting Star.

The preſent Moments juſt appear,
And dance away in haſt,
That we can never ſay, *They're here*,
But only ſay, *They're paſt.*

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh,
The Moment when our Lives begin
We all begin to Die.

Yet, Mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy laſting Favours ſhare,
Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
Thou load'ſt the rolling Year.

5 'Tis Sovereign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd with Love:
While Grace ſtands pointing out the Road
That leads our Souls above.

6 His Goodneſs runs an endleſs Round;
All Glory to the Lord:
His Mercy never knows a Bound;
And be his Name ador'd.

7 Thus we begin the laſting Song,
And when we climb the Sky,
Let following Years thy Praiſe prolong
Till Time it ſelf ſhall die.

LIX. *Paradiſe on Earth.*

1 GLory to God that walks the Sky,
And ſends his Bleſſings thro',
That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
And gives a taſt below.

2 Glory to God that ſtoops his Throne
That Duſt and Worms may ſee't,
And brings a glimpſe of Glory down
Around his Sacred Feet.

3 When *Chriſt* with all his Graces crown'd
Sheds his kind Beams abroad,
'Tis a Young Heaven on Earthly Ground,
And Glory in the Bud.

4 A green young Paradiſe of Joy
In this wild Deſart ſprings;
And every Senſe I ſtrait employ
On ſweet Celeſtial Things.

5 Whil

'hite Lillies all around appear,
And each his Glory shows;
he Rose of *Sharon* blossoms here,
The fairest Flow 'r that blows.

heerful I feast on heavenly Fruit,
And drink the Pleasures down,
leasures that flow hard by the Foot
Of the Eternal Throne.

ut ah! how soon my Joys decay,
How soon my Sins arise,
nd snatch the Heavenly Scene away
From these lamenting Eyes!

When shall the Time, dear *Jesus*, when
The shining Day appear,
hat I shall leave those clouds of Sin,
And Guilt and Darkness here.

lp to the Fields above the Skies
My hasty Feet would go,
here Everlasting Flowers arise,
And Joys unwithering grow.

X. *The Truth of God the Promiser:* or, *The Promises are our Security.*

PRaise, everlasting Praise be paid,
To him that Earths Foundations laid;
Praise to the God whose strong Decrees
Sway the Creation as they please.

Praise to the Goodness of the Lord
Who rules his People by his Word,

And

And there as ſtrong as his Decrees
He ſets his kindeſt Promiſes.

3 Firm are the Words his Prophets give,
Sweet Words on which his Children li
Each of them is the Voice of God
Who ſpoke and ſpred the Skies abroad.

4 Each of them powerful as that Sound
That bid the New-made Heav'ns go roun
And ſtronger than the Solid Poles
On which the Wheel of Nature rolls.

5 Whence then ſhould Doubts and Fea
(ariſ
Why trickling Sorrows drown our Eye
Slowly, alaſs, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

6 O for a ſtrong, a laſting Faith
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T' embrace the Meſſage of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

7 Then ſhould the Earths old Pillars ſhake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break,
Our ſteddy Souls ſhould fear no more
Than ſolid Rocks when Billows roar.

8 Our Everlaſting Hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable Skies;
Where the Eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Power ſuſtains.

II. A Thought of Death and Glory.

MY Soul, come meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay;
And fly to unknown Lands.

And You mine Eyes look down and view
The hollow gaping Tomb,
This gloomy Priſon waits for You
When e're the Summons come.

O could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their ſtead,
Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead.

Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above
In their own Glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with Mortal Worms.

How we ſhould ſcorn theſe Cloaths of Fleſh,
Theſe Fetters and this Load!
And long for Ev'ning to undreſs,
And leap away to God.

We ſhould almoſt forſake our Clay,
Before the Summons come,
And pray, and wiſh our Souls away
To their Eternal Home.

LXII. God the Thunderer--- or, The Last Judgment, and Hell*.

1 SIng to the Lord, ye Heavenly Hosts,
And thou, O Earth, adore,
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coasts
Stand trembling at his Power.

2 His rolling Chariot shakes the Sky,
He makes the Clouds his Throne,
There all his stores of Lightning lye
Till Vengeance dart them down.

3 His Nostrils breath out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue,
A mighty Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.

4 Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day
When this incensed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad.

5 What shall the Wretch the Sinner do,
That once defy'd the Lord?
But he shall dread the Thunderer now,
And sink beneath his Word.

6 Tempests of angry Fire shall roll
To blast the Rebel-Worm,
And beat upon his naked Soul
In one Eternal Storm.

---

* *Made in a great sudden Storm of Thunder.* Aug. 20th, 1697.

LXIII. *A Funeral Thought.*

[Ark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound!
My Ears attend the Cry,
Ye Living Men, come view the Ground
"Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this Clay must be your Bed
"In spight of all your Tow'rs,
The Tall, the Wise, the Reverend Head
"Must lie as low as ours.

Great God, is this our certain Doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

Grant us the Powers of quickning Grace
To fit our Souls to fly,
Then when we drop this dying Flesh,
We'll rise above the Sky.

XIV. *God the Glory and the Defence of* Sion.

HAppy the Church, thou sacred place,
The Seat of thy Creator's Grace;
Thine holy Courts are his abode,
Thou Earthly Pálace of our God.

Thy Walls are Strength, and at thy Gates,
A Guard of heavenly Warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep Foundations move,
Fixt on his Counsels and his Love.

3 Thy Foes in vain Designs engage,
Against his Throne in vain they rage,
Like rising Waves with angry Roar
That dash and die upon the Shore.

4 Then let our Souls in *Sion* dwell,
Nor fear the Wrath of *Rome* and Hell:
His Arms embrace this happy Ground
Like Brazen Bullwarks built around.

5 God is our Shield, and God our Sun;
Swift as the nimble Moments run
On us he sheds new beams of Grace;
And we reflect his brightest Praise.

LXV. *The Hope of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth.*

1 WHen I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewel to every Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And Hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at *Satan*'s Rage,
And face a frowning World.

3 Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heaven, my All.

4 There shall I bath my weary Soul
In Seas of heavenly Rest;

Nor dares a Wave of Trouble roll
Acroſs my peaceful Breaſt.

XVI. *A Proſpect of Heaven makes Death eaſy.*

THere is a Land of pure Delight
Where Saints Immortal reign,
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleaſures baniſh Pain.

There everlaſting Spring abides,
And never-withering Flowers:
Death like a narrow Sea divides
This Heav'nly Land from ours.

Sweet Fields beyond the ſwelling Flood
Stand dreſt in living Green:
So to the *Jews* Old *Canaan* ſtood,
While *Jordan* roll'd between.

But timorous Mortals ſtart and ſhrink
To croſs this narrow Sea,
And linger ſhivering on the Brink,
And fear to lanch away.

O could we make our Doubts remove,
Theſe gloomy Doubts that riſe,
And ſee the *Canaan* that we love,
With unbeclouded Eyes.

Could we but climb where *Moſes* ſtood,
And view the Landskip o're,
Not *Jordan*'s Stream, nor Death's cold (Flood
Should fright us from the Shore.

LXVII. *God's Eternal Dominion*

1 GReat God, how Infinite art Thou!
What worthleſs Worms are we!
Let the whole Race of Creatures bow,
And pay their Praiſe to thee.

2 Thy Throne Eternal Ages ſtood
'Ere Seas or Stars were made;
Thou art the Everliving God
Were all the Nations dead.

3 Nature and Time quite naked lie
To thine Immenſe Survey,
From the Formation of the Sky
To the great Burning-Day.

4 Eternity with all its Years
Stands preſent in thy View;
To thee there's nothing Old appears,
Great God, there's nothing New.

5 Our Lives thro' various Scenes are drawn
And vex'd with trifling Cares;
While thine Eternal Thought moves on
Thine undiſturb'd Affairs.

6 Great God, how Infinite art Thou!
What worthleſs Worms are we!
Let the whole Race of Creatures bow
And pay their Praiſe to thee.

LXVIII. T

XVIII. *The Humble Worship of Heaven.*

FAther, I long, I faint to see
The Place of thine Abode,
'd leave thy Earthly Courts and flee
Up to thy Seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant Face
And 'tis a pleasing Sight;
But to abide in thine Embrace
Is Infinite Delight.

'd part with all the Joys of Sense
To gaze upon thy Throne:
Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
Unspeakable, Unknown.

There all the Heavenly Hosts are seen,
In shining Ranks they move,
And drink Immortal Vigor in,
With Wonder and with Love.

Then at thy Feet with awful Fear
Th' adoring Armies fall;
With Joy they shrink to NOTHING there
Before th' Eternal ALL.

There I would vie with all the Host,
In Duty and in Bliss,
While LESS THAN NOTHING I could (boast,
* And VANITY confess.

* Isa. 40. 17.

7 The more thy Glories ſtrike mine Eyes
The humbler I ſhall lie;
Thus while I ſink, my Joys ſhall riſe
Unmeaſurably high.

LXIX. *The Faithfulneſs of God in Promiſes.*

1 BEgin my Tongue, ſome heav'nly Theme
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs thing,
The mighty Works or mightier Name
Of our Eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous Faithfulneſs,
And ſound his Power abroad,
Sing the ſweet Promiſe of his Grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim "Salvation from the Lord
"For wretched dying Men;
His Hand has writ the Sacred Word
With an Immortal Pen.

4 Engrav'd as in Eternal Braſs
The mighty Promiſe lies,
Nor can the Powers of Darkneſs raiſe
The Records of the Skies.

5 He that can daſh whole Worlds to Death
And make them when he pleaſe,
He Speaks, and that Almighty Breath
Fulfils his great Decrees.

6 His very Word of Grace is ſtrong
As that which built the Skies,

he Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promises.

e said, "Let the wide Heav'n be spred,
And Heaven was stretch'd abroad;
Abrah'm I'll be thy God, He said,
And He was *Abrah'm*'s God.

might I hear thine Heavenly Tongue
But whisper, *Thou art mine*,
hole gentle Words should raise my Song
To Notes almost Divine.

ow would my leaping Heart rejoyce,
And think my Heaven secure!
rust the All-Creating Voice,
And Faith desires no more.

X. *God's Dominion over the Sea*; Psalm 107. 23, &c.

GOD of the Seas, thy thundering Voice
Makes all the roaring Waves rejoyce,
nd a soft Word of thy Command
an sink them silent in the Sand.

but a *Moses* wave thy Rod,
The Sea divides and owns its God;
he Stormy Floods their Maker knew,
And let his chosen Armies thro'.

he scaly Flocks amidst the Sea
o thee their Lord a tribute pay;
he meanest Fish that swims the Flood
eaps up, and means a Praise to God.

4 The larger Monsters of the Deep,
On thy Commands Attendance keep,
By thy Permission sport and play,
And cleave along their foaming Way.

5 If God his Voice of Tempest rears
Leviathan lies still and fears,
Anon he lifts his Nostrils high,
And spouts the Ocean to the Sky.

6 How is thy glorious Power ador'd
Amidst these watry Nations, Lord!
Yet the bold Men that trace the Seas,
Bold Men, refuse their Makers Praise.

7 What Scenes of Miracle they see,
And never tune a Song to thee!
While on the Flood they safely ride,
They curse the Hand that smooths the T

8 Anon thou dig'st them watry Graves,
And some drink Death among the Wa
Yet the surviving Crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescu'd them.

9 O for some Signal of thine Hand!
Shake all the Seas, Lord, shake the La
Great Judge descend, lest Men deny
That there's a God that rules the Sky.

In the following Hymns of this Second Bo hope the Reader will forgive the neglect of Rh in the First and Third Lines of the Stanza.

LXXI. Pr

LXXI. *Praiſe to God from all Creatures.*

THE Glories of my Maker-God
My Joyful Voice ſhall ſing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his Right Hand that ſhap'd our Clay,
And wrought this Humane Frame,
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

We bring our mortal Powers to God,
And worſhip with our Tongues:
We claim ſome kindred with the Skies
And joyn th' Angelic Songs.

Let groveling Beaſts of every Shape,
And Fowls of every Wing,
And Rocks, and Trees, and Fires, and Seas
Their various Tribute bring.

Ye Planets to his Honour ſhine,
And Wheels of Nature roll,
Praiſe him in your unwearied Courſe
Around the ſteady Pole.

The Brightneſs of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills,
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the Heavenly Hills.

LXXII. *The Lord's Day: or, The Resurrection of Christ.*

1 BLest Morning, whose young dawning (Ra
Beheld our rising God,
That saw him triumph o're the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode.

2 In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

3 Hell and the Grave unite their Force
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

4 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,
These Sacred Hours we pay,
And loud *Hosannas* shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.

5 Salvation and Immortal Praise
To our Victorious King,
Let Heaven, and Earth, and Rocks, an
With glad *Hosannas* ring. (Se

LXXIII. *Doubts scatter'd: or, Spiritual Joy restor'd.*

1 HEnce from my Soul, sad Thoughts, (go
And leave me to my Joys,

My Tongue ſhall triumph in my God,
And make a joyful noiſe.

Darkneſs and Doubts had vail'd my Mind,
And drown'd my Head in Tears,
Till Sovereign Grace with ſhining Rays
Diſpell'd my gloomy Fears.

O what Immortal Joys I felt,
And Raptures all Divine,
When *Jeſus* told me, I was his,
And my Beloved, mine.

In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,
And breaks my Peace in vain,
One Glimpſe, dear Saviour, of thy Face
Revives my Joys again.

XIV. *Repentance from a Senſe of Divine Goodneſs: or, A Complaint of Ingratitude.*

IS this the kind Return,
And theſe the Thanks we owe?
Is to abuſe Eternal Love
Whence all our Bleſſings flow?

To what a ſtubborn Frame
Has Sin reduc'd our Mind?
What ſtrange rebellious Wretches we,
And God as ſtrangely kind?

On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Rays,
As the Skies their Circles run
To lengthen out our Days.

4 The Brutes obey their God,
And bow their Necks to Men,
But we more base, more brutish Things
Reject his easy Reign.

5 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our Souls afresh,
Break, Sov'reign Grace, these stubborn Flin
And give us Hearts of Flesh.

6 Let old Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall
Let hourly Thanks arise.

LXXV. *Spiritual and Eternal Joy, or, The Beatific Sight of Christ.*

1 FRom Thee, my God, my Joys shall
And run Eternal Rounds,
Beyond the Limits of the Skies,
Andall created Bounds.

2 The holy Triumphs of my Soul
Shall Death it self out-brave,
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.

3 There where my Blessed *Jesus* reigns
In Heavens unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long Eternity
In Pleasure and in Praise.

4 Millions of Years my wondring Eyes
Shall o're thy Beauties rove,

And endless Ages I'll adore
The Glories of thy Love.

Sweet *Jesus*, every Smile of thine
Shall fresh Endearments bring,
And thousand Tasts of new Delight
From all thy Graces spring.

Hast my Beloved, fetch my Soul
Up to thy blest Abode,
Fly, for my Spirit longs to see
My Saviour and my God.

XXVI. *The Resurrection and Ascension of Christ.*

HOsanna to the Prince of Light
That cloath'd himself in Clay,
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Barrs away.

Death is no more the King of dread
Since our *Emanuel* rose,
He took the Tyrants Sting away,
And spoil'd our Hellish Foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft
And to his Father flies,
Bearing the Scars of bloody War,
Up to his Native Skies.

There the triumphant Saviour reigns,
And scatters Blessings down,
Our *Jesus* fills the middle Seat
Of the Celestial Throne.

5 Raiſe your Devotion, Mortal Tongues,
To reach his bleſs'd Abode,
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our Incarnate God.

6 Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt Strin
And tune your ſweeteſt Lays,
Let Heaven and all created things
Sound our *Emanuel*'s Praiſe.

LXXVII. *The Chriſtian Warfar*

1 STand up my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears
And gird the Goſpel-Armour on,
March to the Gates of endleſs Joy
Where thy Great Captain-Saviour's gon

2 Hell and thy Sins reſiſt thy Courſe,
But Hell and Sin are vanquiſh'd Foes,
Thy *Jeſus* nail'd 'em to the Croſs,
And ſung a Triumph when he roſe.

3 What tho' the Prince of Darkneſs rage,
And waſt the Fury of his ſpight,
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps and endleſs Night.

4 What tho' thine inward Luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtrugling Gaſp for Life;
The Weapons of Victorious Grace
Shall ſlay thy Sins, and end the Strife.

5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heavenly Gate,
There Peace and Joy Eternal reign,
And glittering Robes for Conquerors wai

6 Then

There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in Immortal Lays,
While the wing'd Armies of the Skies
Joyn in my glorious Leader's Praise.

LXXVIII. *Redemption by Christ.*

WHen the first Parents of our Race
Rebell'd and lost their God,
And the Infection of their Sin
Had tainted all our Blood,

Infinite Pity warm'd the Heart
Of the Eternal Son,
Descending from the heavenly Court
He left his Father's Throne.

Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most divine Aray,
And wrap'd his Godhead in a Veil
Of our inferior Clay.

His living Power, and dying Love,
Redeem'd unhappy Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race
To Life and God again.

To thee, dear Lord, our Flesh and Soul
We joyfully resign,
Blest *Jesus*, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Thine Honour shall for ever be
The Business of our Days,
For ever shall our thankful Tongues
Speak thy deserved Praise.

LXXIX. *Praiſe to the Redeemer.*

1 PLung'd in a Gulph of dark Deſpair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
Or Spark of glimmering Day.

2 With pitying Eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief,
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love)
He ran to our Relief.

3 Down from the ſhining Seats above
With joyful Haſt he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in Mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

4 He ſpoil'd the Powers of Darkneſs thus
And brake our Iron Chains;
Jeſus has freed our captive Souls
From Everlaſting Pains.

5 In vain the baffled Prince of Hell
His curſed Projects trys,
We that were doom'd his endleſs Slaves
Are rais'd above the Skies.

6 O for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The Saviour's Praiſes ſpeak.

7 Yes, we will praiſe thee, deareſt Lord,
Our Souls are all on Flame;
Hoſanna round the ſpacious Earth
To thine adored Name.

ngels, assist our mighty Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
ut when you raise your highest Notes
His Love can ne'er be told.

XXX. *God's awful Power and Goodness.*

O The Almighty Lord!
How matchless is his Power!
mble O Earth beneath his Word,
And all ye Heavens adore.

Let Proud Imperious Kings
Bow low before his Throne,
uch to his Feet ye haughty Things,
For he can dash you down.

Above the Skies he reigns,
And with amazing Blows
deals unsufferable Pains
On his Rebellious Foes.

Yet, Everlasting God,
We love to speak thy Praise,
Scepter's equal to thy Rod,
The Scepter of thy Grace.

The Arms of mighty Love
Defend our *Sion* well,
lofty Mercy walls us round
From *Babylon* and Hell.

Salvation to the King,
That sits enthron'd above;
s we adore the God of Might,
And bless the God of Love.

LXXXI. *Our Sin the Cause of Chri Death.*

1 AND now the Scales have left mine E
And now methinks I see,
Oh the curst Deeds my Sins have done!
What murtherous things they be!

2 Were these the Traytors, dearest Lord
That thy fair Body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly Lim
With Floods of purple Gore?

3 Was it for Crimes that I had done
My dearest Lord was slain,
When Justice seiz'd God's only Son
And put his Soul to Pain?

4 Forgive my Guilt, O Prince of Peace,
I'll wound my God no more,
Hence from my Heart, ye Sins, be gone
For *Jesus* I adore.

5 Furnish me, Lord, with heavenly Arms
From Graces Magazine,
And I'll proclaim Eternal War
With every darling Sin.

LXXXII. *Redemption and Protecti from spiritual Enemies.*

1 ARise my Soul, my Joyful Powers,
And triumph in my God,
Awake my Voice, and loud proclaim
His glorious Grace abroad.

He rais'd me from the Deeps of Sin,
The Gates of gaping Hell,
And fix'd my ſtanding more ſecure
Than 'twas before I fell.

The Arms of everlaſting Love
Beneath my Soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages ſet
My ſlippery Footſteps faſt.

The City of my bleſt Abode
Is wall'd around with Grace,
Salvation for a Bulwark ſtands
To ſhield the Sacred Place.

Satan may vent his ſharpeſt ſpight,
And all his Legions roar,
Almighty Mercy guards my Life,
And bounds his raging Power.

Ariſe my Soul, awake my Voice,
And Tunes of Pleaſure ſing,
Loud Hallelujahs ſhall adore
My Saviour and my King.

XXXIII. *The Paſſion and Exaltation of Chriſt.*

THus ſaith the Lord that rules the Skies,
" *Awake my Iron Rod,*
" *Awake my Sword, and ſmite the Man*
" *That's Fellow to a God.*

Vengeance receiv'd the loud Command,
And armed down ſhe flys,

Jeſus

Jesus submits t' his Father's Hand,
And bows his Head and dies.

3 But oh! the Wisdom and the Grace
That joyn with Vengeance now!
He dies to save our Guilty Race,
And yet he rises too.

4 A Person so divine was he
Who yielded to be Slain,
That he could give his Soul away,
And take his Life again.

5 Live Glorious Lord, and reign on high,
Let every Nation sing,
And Angels sound thro' all the Sky
The Saviour and the King.

LXXXIV. *The Same.*

1 COme all harmonious Tongues,
Your noblest Music bring;
'Tis *Christ* the Everlasting God,
And *Christ* the Man we sing.

2 Tell how he took our Flesh
To take away our Guilt,
Sing the dear Drops of Sacred Blood
That Hellish Monsters spilt.

3 Alas, the cruel Spear
Went deep into his side,
And the rich Flood of purple Gore
Their murth'rous Weapons dy'd.

4 The Waves of swelling Grief
Did o're his Bosom roll,

Mountains of Almighty Wrath
Lay heavy on his Soul.

Down to the ſhades of Death
He bow'd his awful Head,
he aroſe to live and reign
When Death it ſelf is dead.

No more the bloody Spear,
The Croſs and Nails no more;
Hell it ſelf ſhakes at his Name
And all the Heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer ſits
High on the Father's Throne,
Father lays his Vengeance by,
And ſmiles upon his Son.

There his full Glories ſhine
With uncreated Rays,
dbleſs his Saints and Angels Eyes
To everlaſting Days.

LXXXV. *Sufficiency of Pardon.*

WHY does your face, ye humble Souls,
Theſe mournful Colours wear?
What Doubts are theſe that waſte your (Faith,
And nouriſh your Deſpair?

What tho' your numerous Sins exceed
The Spangles of the Skies,
And aiming at th' Eternal Throne
Like pointed Mountains riſe;

What tho' your mighty Guilt beyond
The wide Creation ſwell,

And

And has its curſt Foundations laid
Low as the Deeps of Hell;

4 See here an endleſs Ocean flows
Of never failing Grace,
Floods from a dying Saviour's Veins
The Sacred Tide increaſe:

5 It riſes, ſee, and drowns the Hills,
'T has neither Shore nor Bound:
Now if we ſearch to find our Sins,
Our Sins can ne're be found.

6 Awake our Hearts, adore the Grace
That buries all our Fau'ts,
And pardoning Blood that ſwells above
Our Follies and our Thoughts.

LXXXVI. *Freedom from Sin and Miſery in Heaven.*

1 OUR Sins, alaſs, how ſtrong they be!
And like a violent Sea
They break our Duty (Lord) to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The Waves of Trouble how they riſe!
How loud the Tempeſts roar!
But Death ſhall land our weary Souls
Safe on the heavenly Shore.

3 There to fulfil his ſweet Commands
Our ſpeedy Feet ſhall move,
No Sin ſhall clog our winged Zeal,
Or cool our burning Love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
The Wonders of his Grace,
Till heavenly Raptures fire our Hearts,
And smile in ev'ry Face.

For ever his dear sacred Name
Shall dwell upon our Tongue,
And *Jesus* and Salvation be
The close of every Song.

XXXVII. *The Divine Glories above our Reason.*

HOW wondrous great, how glorious (bright
Is the Eternal He,
That dwells amid'st the dazling Light
Of vast Infinity?

2 Our soaring Spirits upward rise
Tow'rd the Celestial Throne,
Fain would we see the Blessed Three,
And the Almighty One.

3 Our Reason stretches all its Wings,
And climbs above the Skies,
But still how far beneath thy Feet
Our groveling Reason lies!

4 Lord, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore,
For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can stretch a Thought no more.

5 Thy Glories infinitely rise
Above our labouring Tongue,

In

In vain the highest Seraph tries,
To form an equal Song.

6 In humble Notes our Faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While Angels strain their nobler Powers
And sweep th' immortal String.

LXXXVIII. *Salvation.*

1 SAlvation! O the joyful Sound!
'Tis Music to our Ears;
A Sovereign Balm for every Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,
At Hell's dark Door we lay,
But we arise by Grace Divine
To see a heavenly Day.

3 Salvation! let the Eccho fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound.

LXXXIX. *Christ's Victory over Satan.*

1 *HOsanna* to our conquering King,
The Prince of Darkness flies,
His Troops rush headlong down to Hell
Like Lightning from the Skies.

2 There bound in Chains the Lions roar,
And fright the rescu'd Sheep,

But heavy Bars confine their Pow'r
And Malice to the Deep.

Hosanna to our conquering King,
All hail, Incarnate Love!
Ten thousand Songs and Glories wait
To crown thy Head above.

Thy Vict'ries and thy deathless Fame
Thro' the wide World shall run,
And everlasting Ages sing
The Triumphs thou hast won.

C. *Faith in Christ for Pardon and Sanctification*

HOw sad our State by Nature is!
Our Sin how deep it stains!
And *Satan* binds our captive Minds
Fast in his slavish Chains.

But there's a Voice of sovereign Grace
Sounds from the sacred Word,
"Ho, ye despairing Sinners come,
"And trust upon the Lord.

My Soul obeys th' Almighty Call
And runs to this Relief,
I would believe thy Promise, Lord,
Oh, help my Unbelief.

To the dear Crimson of thy Veins
Incarnate God, I fly,
Here let me wash my spotted Soul
From Crimes of blackest Dye.

5 Stretch out thine Arm, victorious Ki
My reigning Sins subdue,
Drive the old Dragon from his Seat,
With all his hellish Crew.

6 A guilty, weak, and helpless Worm
On thy kind Arms I fall,
Be thou my Pardon, and my Strength
My *Jesus*, and my All.

XCI. *The Glory of Christ in Hea*

1 O The Delights, the heavenly Joys,
The Glorys of the Place,
Where *Jesus* sheds the brightest Beams
Of his O'er-flowing Grace!

2 Sweet Majesty and awful Love
Sit smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.

3 Princes to his Imperial Name
Bend their bright Scepters down,
Dominions, Thrones, and Powers rejoi
To see him wear the Crown.

4 Archangels sound his lofty Praise
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And lay their highest Glories down
At his adored Feet.

5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his
That once rude Iron tore,

High on a glittering Throne they ſtand,
And all the Skies adore.

His Head, the dear Majeſtick Head
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See where the dazling Glories ſhine,
And circle it around.

This is the Man, th' exalted Man
Whom we unſeen adore,
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love him more.

Lord, how our Souls are all on Fire
To ſee thy bleſt Abode,
Our Tongues rejoyce in Tunes of Praiſe
To our incarnate God

And whilſt our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay,
And wiſh the Chariots of the Skies
To fetch our Souls away.

CII. *The Church ſaved, and her Enemies diſappointed.*

Compos'd the 5th of November, 1694.

SHout to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye Britiſh Skies reſound the Noiſe
Beyond the riſing Sun.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls adore,
Thee our glad Voices ſing,

And

And join with the Celeſtial Quire
To praiſe th' Eternal King.

3 Thy Power the whole Creation rules,
And on the ſtarry Skies
Sits ſmiling at the weak Deſigns
Thine envious Foes deviſe.

4 Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown
Flings vaſt Confuſion on their Plots,
And nods their *Babel* down.

5 Their ſecret Fires in Caverns lay,
And we the Sacrifice:
But gloomy Caverns ſtrove in vain
To ſcape all-ſearching Eyes.

6 Their dark Deſigns were all reveal'd,
Their Treaſons all betray'd:
Praiſe to the God that broke the Snare
Their curſed Hands had laid.

7 In vain the buſy Sons of Hell
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls ſhall pine with envious Rage
And vex away and die.

8 For mighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Power,
Riſe *England*, and with chearful Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

III. *God all, and in all*; Pſal. 73. 25.

MY God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call,
nnot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy ſhining Grace can cheer
This Dungeon where I dwell,
s Paradiſe when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.

3 The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are!
s Heaven to reſt in thine Embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

4 To thee, and thee alone,
The Angels owe their Bliſs,
ey ſit around thy gracious Throne
And dwell where *Jeſus* is.

5 Not all the Harps above
Can make a heavenly Place,
or Songs nor Strings are heavenly things
If God conceal his Face.

6 Nor Earth nor all the Sky
Can one Delight afford,
o, not a Drop of real Joy
Without thy Preſence, Lord.

7 Thou art the boundleſs Sea
Where all my Pleaſures roll,
he Circle where my Paſſions play,
And Centre of my Soul.

8 To thee my Spirits fly
With infinite Desire,
And yet how far from thee I lie;
Dear *Jesus* raise me nigher.

XCIV. *God my only Happiness*; Psal. 73. 25.

1 MY God, my Portion, and my Love
My everlasting All,
I've none but thee in Heaven above,
Or on this Earthly Ball.

2 What empty things are all the Skies,
And this Inferiour Clod?
There's nothing here deserves my Joys,
There's nothing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burning Sun
Scatters his feeble Light;
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.

4 And whilst upon my restless Bed
Amongst the Shades I roll,
If my Redeemer show his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.

5 To thee we owe our Wealth and Friends
And Health and safe Abode;
Thanks to thy Name for meaner things,
But they are not my God.

6 How vain a Toy is glittering Wealth
If once compar'd to thee?

r what's my Safety, or my Health,
Or all my Friends to me?

Were I Poſſeſſor of the Earth,
And call'd the Stars my own,
Without thy Graces and thy ſelf
I were a Wretch undone?

et others ſtretch their Arms like Seas,
And graſp in all the Shore,
rant me the Viſits of thy Face,
And I deſire no more.

V. *Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.*

Nfinite Grief! amazing Woe!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
ell and the *Jews* conſpir'd his Death,
And us'd the *Roman* Sword.

h the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain
My dear Redeemer bore,
hen knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
His ſacred Body tore!

ut knotty Whips and ragged Thorns
In vain do I accuſe,
vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
And the more ſpightful *Jews*.

were you my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were,
ach of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.

5 'Twere you that pull'd the Vengeance d
Upon his guiltless Head:
Break, break my Heart, oh burst
And let my Sorrows bleed.

6 Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul
Till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Ey
In undissembled Woe.

XCVI. *Distinguishing Love: or, gels punish'd, and Man saved.*

1 DOwn headlong from their native Sk
The Rebel-Angels fell,
And Thunder-bolts of flaming Wrath
Pursu'd them deep to Hell.

2 Down from the Top of earthly Bliss
Rebellious Man was hurl'd,
And *Jesus* stoop'd beneath the Grave
To reach a sinking World.

3 O Love of infinite Degrees!
Unmeasurable Grace!
Must Heaven's eternal Darling die,
To save a trayt'rous Race?

4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in quenchless Fire,
While God forsakes his shining Throne
To raise us Wretches higher?

5 O for this Love let Earth and Skies
With *Hallelujahs* ring,

And the full Choir of human Tongues
All Hallelujah ſing.

XCVII. *The Same.*

FRom Heaven the ſinning Angels fell,
And Wrath and Darkneſs chain'd 'em (down;
But Man, vile Man forſook his Bliſs,
And Mercy lifts him to a Crown.

Amazing Work of Sovereign Grace
That could diſtinguiſh Rebels ſo!
Our Guilty Treaſons call'd as loud
For Everlaſting Fetters too.

To thee, to thee Almighty Love,
Our Souls, our Selves, our All we pay,
Millions of Tongues ſhall ſound thy Praiſe
Thro' the bright Streets of heavenly Day.

XCVIII. *Hardneſs of Heart Complain'd.*

MY Heart, how dreadful hard it is!
How heavy here it lies,
Heavy and cold within my Breaſt
Juſt like a Rock of Ice!

Sin like a raging Tyrant ſits
Upon this flinty Throne,
And every Grace lies bury'd deep
Beneath this Heart of Stone.

How ſeldom do I riſe to God,
Or taſt the Joys above?

This Mountain presses down my Faith,
And chills my flaming Love.

4 When smiling Mercy courts my Soul
With all its heavenly Charms,
This stubborn, this relentless thing
Would thrust it from my Arms.

5 Against the Thunders of thy Word
Rebellious I have stood,
My Heart, it shakes not at the Wrath
And Terrors of a God.

6 Dear Saviour, steep this Rock of mine
In thine own crimson Sea,
None but a Bath of Blood Divine
Can melt the Flint away.

XCIX. *The Book of God's Decrees*

1 LET the whole Race of Creatures lie
Abas'd before their God:
What e're his Sovereign Voice has form
He governs with a Nod.

2 Ten thousand Ages e're the Skies
Were into motion brought,
All the long Years and Worlds to come
Stood present to his Thought.

3 There's not a Sparrow or a Worm
But's found in his Decrees;
He raises Monarchs to their Thrones,
And sinks them as he please.

4 If Light attends the Course I run
'Tis he provides those Rays;

And 'tis his Hand that hides my Sun,
If Darkness cloud my Days,

Yet I would not be much concern'd,
Nor vainly long to see
The Volume of his deep Decrees,
What Months are writ for me.

When he reveals the Book of Life,
Oh may I read my Name
Among'st the Chosen of his Love,
The Followers of the Lamb.

The Presence of Christ is the Life of my Soul.

HOW full of Anguish is the Thought,
How it distracts and tears my Heart,
If God at last my Sovereign Judge
Should frown, and bid my Soul, *Depart!*

Lord, when I quit this Earthly Stage
Where shall I fly but to thy Breast?
For I have sought no other Home;
For I have learnt no other Rest.

I cannot live contented here,
Without some Glimpses of thy Face;
And Heaven without thy Presence there
Would be a dark and tiresome Place.

When Earthly Cares ingross the Day,
And hold my Thoughts aside from thee,
The shining Hours of chearful Light
Are long and tedious Years to me.

5 And if no Evening Visit's paid
Between my Saviour and my Soul,
How dull the Night! how sad the Shade!
How mournfully the Minutes roll!

6 This Flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my Blood;
To breath where vital Air is none;
Or thrive and grow without my Food.

7 *Christ* is my Light, my Life, my Care,
My blessed Hope, my heavenly Prize;
Dearer than all my Passions are,
My Limbs, my Bowels, or my Eyes.

8 The Strings that twine about my Heart,
Tortures and Racks may tear them off;
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of *Christ* my Love.

9 My God! and can an humble Child
That loves thee with a Flame so high
Be ever from thy Face exil'd
Without the Pity of thine Eye?

10 Impossible. --- For thine own hands
Have ty'd my Heart so fast to thee;
And in thy Book the Promise stands,
That where thou art thy Friends must be.

CI. *The Worlds Three chief Temptations.*

1 WHen in the Light of Faith Divine
We look on things below,

Honou

Honour, and Gold, and ſenſual Joy,
How vain and dang'rous too.

Honour's a Puff of noiſy Breath:
Yet Men expoſe their Blood,
And venture Everlaſting Death
To gain that airy Good.

Whilſt Others ſtarve the nobler Mind,
And feed on ſhining Duſt;
They rob the Serpent of his Food,
T' indulge a ſordid Luſt.

The Pleaſures that allure our Senſe
Are dangerous Snares to Souls;
There's but a drop of flatt'ring Sweet,
And daſh'd with bitter Bowls.

God is mine All-ſufficient Good,
My Portion and my Choice;
In him my vaſt Deſires are fill'd,
And all my Pow'rs rejoyce.

In vain the World accoſts my Ears,
And tempts my Heart anew;
I cannot buy your Bliſs ſo dear,
Nor part with Heaven for you.

CII. *A Happy Reſurrection.*

NO, I'll repine at Death no more,
But with a joyful Gaſp reſign
To the cold Dungeon of the Grave
Theſe dying, withering Limbs of mine.

Let Worms devour my waſting Fleſh,
And crumble all my Bones to Duſt,

My God shall raise my Frame anew
At the Revival of the Just.

3 Break Sacred Morning thro' the Skys,
Bring that delightful, dreadful Day,
Cut short the Hours, dear Lord, and com
Thy lingring Wheels, how long they sta

4 Our weary Spirits faint to see
The Light of thy returning Face,
And taste the Sweetness of those Lips
Where God has shed his richest Grace.

5 Hast then upon the Wings of Love,
Rouze all the pious sleeping Clay,
That we may joyn in heav'nly Joys,
And sing the Triumph of the Day.

CIII. *Christ's Commission*; John 16, 17.

1 COme, happy Souls, approach your Go
With new melodiouls Songs,
Come render to Almighty Grace
The Tribute of your Tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them Life again.

3 Thy hands, dear *Jesus*, were not arm'd
With an Incensed Rod,
No hard Commission to perform
The Vengeance of a God.

But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forſook the Throne,
When *Chriſt* on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.

Here Sinners you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry,
Truſt in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you ſhall never die.

See, deareſt Lord, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace;
Thanks to the Great Redeemer's Love,
And to the Father Praiſe.

CIV. *The Same.*

1 RAiſe your Triumphant Songs
To an Immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
Celeſtial Grace has done.

2 Sing how Eternal Love
Its chief Beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

3 His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror cloaths his Brow,
No Bolts to blaſt our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

4 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When *Chriſt* was ſent with Pardons down
From the propitious Sky.

5 Now Sinners dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe,
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

6 Lord we obey thy Call,
We lay a humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

CV. *Repentance flowing from the Patience of God.*

1 AND are we Wretches yet alive
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundleſs, 'tis amazing Love
That bears us up from Hell.

2 The burthen of our weighty Guilt
Wou'd ſink us down to Flames,
And threatning Vengeance rolls above
To cruſh our feeble Frames.

3 Almighty Goodneſs cries, *Forbear*,
And ſtrait the Thunder ſtays,
And dare we now provoke his Wrath,
And weary out his Grace?

4 Lord, we have long abus'd thy Love,
Too long indulg'd our Sin,
Our aking Hearts e'en bleed to ſee
What Monſters we have been.

5 No more, ye Luſts ſhall ye command,
No more will we obey,
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering Hand
And drive thy Foes away.

CVI. *Repentance at the Cross.*

O If my Soul was form'd for Woe,
How would I vent my Sighs!
Repentance should like Rivers flow
From both my streaming Eyes.

'Twas for my Sins my dearest Lord
Hung on the cursed Tree,
And groan'd away a dying Life
For Thee, my Soul, for Thee.

Oh how I hate those Lusts of mine
That crucify'd my God,
Those Sins that pierc'd and nail'd his Flesh
Fast to the fatal Wood.

Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
My Heart has so decreed,
Nor will I spare the guilty things
That made my Saviour bleed.

Whilst with a melting broken Heart
My murther'd Lord I view,
I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
And slay the Murtherers too.

VII. *The everlasting Absence of God intolerable.*

THat awful Day will surely come,
Th' appointed Hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn Test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my Joys,
Thou Sovereign of my Heart,
How could I bear to hear thy Voice
Pronounce the ſound, *Depart*?

3 The Thunder of that diſmal Word
Would ſo torment my Ear;
'Twould tear my Soul aſunder, Lord,
With Extaſy of Fear.

4 What to be baniſh'd from my Life,
And yet forbid to die?
To linger in Eternal Pain,
Yet Death for ever fly?

5 O wretched State of deep Deſpair,
To ſee my God remove,
And fix my doleful Station, where
I muſt not taſt his Love!

6 *Jeſus*, I throw my Arms around
And hang upon thy Breaſt;
Without a gracious Smile from thee
My Spirit cannot reſt.

7 O tell me that my little Name
Is graven on thy Hands,
Show me ſome Promiſe in thy Book
Where my Salvation ſtands.

8 Give me one kind aſſuring Word
To ſink my Fears again;
And chearfully my Soul ſhall wait
Her threeſcore Years and ten.

VIII. *Acceſs to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator.*

COme let us lift our joyful Eyes
Up to the Courts above,
And ſmile to ſee our Father there
Upon a Throne of Love.

Once 'twas a Seat of dreadful Wrath,
And ſhot devouring Flame,
Our God appear'd Conſuming Fire,
And Vengeance was his Name.

Rich were the drops of *Jeſus* Blood
That calm'd his frowning Face,
That ſprinkled o're the flaſhing Throne,
And quench'd it into Grace.

Now we may bow before his Feet,
And venture near the Lord,
No fiery Cherub guards his Seat,
Nor double flaming Sword.

The peaceful Gates of heavenly Bliſs
Are open'd by the Son,
High let us raiſe our Notes of Praiſe,
And reach th' Almighty Throne.

To thee ten thouſand Thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And Glory to th' Eternal King
That lays his Fury by.

CIX. *The Darkneſs of Providenc*

1 LOrd, we adore thy vaſt Deſigns,
Th' obſcure Abyſs of Providence,
Too deep to ſound with mortal Lines,
Too dark to view with feeble Senſe.

2 Now thou array'ſt thine awful Face
In angry Frowns, without a Smile;
We thro' the Cloud believe thy Grace,
Secure of thy Compaſſions ſtill.

3 Thro' Seas and Storms of deep Diſtreſs
We ſail by Faith and not by Sight;
Faith guides us in the Wilderneſs,
Through all the Briars and the Night.

4 Dear Father, if thy lifted Rod
Reſolve to ſcourge us here below;
Still we muſt lean upon our God,
Thine Arm ſhall bear us ſafely through.

CX. *Triumph over Death in hope the Reſurrection.*

1 AND muſt this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And muſt theſe active Limbs of mine
Lie mouldring in the Clay?

2 Then wellcome Earth and Worms,
Ye muſt refine this Fleſh,
Till my triumphant Spirit comes,
To put it on afreſh.

God my Redeemer lives,
And often from the Skies
ks down and watches all my Duſt,
Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
Shall theſe vile Bodies ſhine,
d every Shape and every Face
Look heavenly and divine.

5 Theſe lively Hopes we owe
To *Jeſus* dying Love;
e would adore his Grace below,
And ſing his Pow'r above.

6 Dear Lord, accept the Praiſe
Of theſe our humble Songs,
ill Tunes of nobler Sound we raiſe
With our Immortal Tongues.

The End of the Second Book.

HYMNS

HYMNS
AND
Spiritual Songs.

BOOK III.

Prepared for the holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

I. *The Lord's Supper instituted*, 1 Cor. 11. 23, *&c.*

1 'TWAS on that dark, that dole-
(ful Night
When Powers of Earth and
(Hell arose
Against the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:

2 Just

Just e're the mournful Scene began
He took the Bread, and bleſt, and brake:
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wondrous Words of Grace he ſpake!

"*This is my Body broke for Sin,*
"*Receive and eat the living Food:*
Then took the Cup, and bleſt the Wine;
"*'Tis the New-Cov'nant in my Blood.*

For us his Fleſh with Nails was torn,
He bore the Scourge, he felt the Thorn;
And Juſtice pour'd upon his Head
Its heavy Vengeance in our ſtead.

For us his vital Blood was ſpilt,
To buy the Pardon of our Guilt,
When for black Crimes of biggeſt Size
He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.

"*Do this* (he cry'd) *till Time ſhall end,*
"*In Memory of your dying Friend;*
"*Oft as ye meet around my Board*
"*Think of your dear departed Lord.*

Jeſus, thy Feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhow thy Death, we ſing thy Name,
Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

II. *Communion with Christ, and w Saints*; 1 *Cor.* 10. 16, 17.

1 *Jesus* invites his Saints
To meet around his Board;
Here pardon'd Rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For Food he gives his Flesh,
He bids us drink his Blood;
Amazing Favour! matchless Grace
Of our descending God!

3 This holy Bread and Wine
Maintains our fainting Breath,
By Union with our living Lord,
And Interest in his Death.

4 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his Members one;
We the young Children of his Love,
And he the first-born Son.

5 We are but several Parts
Of the same broken Bread;
One Body hath its several Limbs,
But *Jesus* is the Head.

6 Let all our Pow'rs be join'd
His glorious Name to raise;
Pleasure and Love fill every Mind,
And every Voice be Praise.

The New Testament in the Blood of Christ; or, The New-Covenant sealed.

THE Promise of my Father's Love
" Shall stand for ever Good.
He said; and gave his Soul to Death,
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.

Now to thy Cov'nant, mighty Lord,
I set my little Name;
Seal th' Ingagement at thy Board,
And make my humble Claim.

Thy Light and Strength, and pard'ning (Grace
And Glory shall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

I call that Legacy my own
Which *Jesus* did bequeath;
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,
And ratify'd in Death.

Sweet is the memory of his Name,
Who blest us in his Will,
And to his Testament of Love
Made his own Life the Seal.

V. Christ's dying Love; or, Our Pardon bought at a dear Price.

HOw condescending and how kind
Was God's Eternal Son?

Our

Our Misery reach'd his heav'nly Mind
And Pity brought him down.

2 When Justice by our Sins provok'd,
Drew forth its dreadful Sword,
He gave his Soul up to the Stroke
Without a murmuring Word.

3 He sunk beneath our heavy Woes
To raise us to his Throne;
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows
But cost his Heart a Groan.

4 This was Compassion like a God,
That when the Saviour knew
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Now, tho he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great:
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor lets his Saints forget.

6 Here we behold his Bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd;
And see the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.

7 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of *Jesus* dying Love:
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One soft Affection move.

8 Here let our Hearts begin to melt;
And when we leave this Board,
While we rejoice at pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

Christ the Bread of Life, John 6. 31, 35, 39.

LET us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our Souls hath fed;
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal Bread.

The *Manna* came from lower Skies,
But *Jesus* from above,
Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
And Rivers flow with Love.

The *Jews* the Fathers dy'd at last
Who eat that Heavenly Bread;
But these Provisions if we taste,
We live, tho we were dead.

Blest be the Lord that gives his Flesh
To quicken dying Men;
And often spreads his Table fresh
Lest we should faint again.

Our Souls shall draw their Heav'nly Breath
While *Jesus* finds Supplies;
Nor shall our Graces sink to Death
Till our Redeemer dies.

Daily our mortal Flesh decays,
But *Christ* our Life shall come;
His unresisted Power shall raise
Our Bodies from the Tomb.

VI. *The Memorial of our absent L*
John 16. 16. Luke 22. 19. J
14. 3.

1 *Jesus* is gone above the Skies
Where our weak Senses reach him
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thrust our Saviour from our Thou

2 He knows what wandring Hearts we
Apt to forget his lovely Face;
And to refresh our Minds he gave
These kind Memorials of his Grace.

3 The Lord of Life this Table spred
With his own Flesh and dying Blood;
We on the rich Provision feed,
And taste the Wine, and bless the God,

4 Let sinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow less in our Esteem;
Christ and his Love fill every Thought
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on him.

5 While he is absent from our Sight
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
That we may dwell in Heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

6 Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come
We wait thy Chariots and thy Wheels
To fetch our longing Spirits home.

II. *Crucifixion to the World by the Cross of Christ*; Gal. 6. 14.

WHen I survey the wondrous Cross
Where the young Prince of Glory (dy'd,
My richest Gain I count but Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the Death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his Blood.

See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown?

His dying Crimson like a Robe
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree,
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

VIII. *The Tree of Life.*

COme let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted Lord,

Ye

Ye Saints on high around his Throne,
And we around his Board.

2 While once upon this lower Ground
Weary and faint ye ſtood,
What dear Refreſhments here ye found
From this immortal Food?

3 The Tree of Life that near the Throne
In Heavens high Garden grows
Laden with Grace bends gently down
Its ever-ſmiling Boughs.

4 Hovering amongſt the Leaves there ſtand
The ſweet Celeſtial Dove;
And *Jeſus* on the Branches hangs
The Banner of his Love.

5 'Tis a young Heaven of ſtrange Delight
While in his Shade we ſit;
His Fruit is pleaſing to the Sight,
And to the Taſt as ſweet.

6 New Life it ſpreds thro' dying Hearts,
And cheers the drooping Mind,
Vigor and Joy the Juice imparts
Without a Sting behind.

7 Now let the flaming Weapon ſtand,
And guard all *Eden*'s Trees;
There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land
That bears ſuch Fruits as theſe.

8 Infinite Grace our Souls adore,
Whoſe wondrous Hand has made
This living Branch of Sovereign Power
To raiſe and heal the Dead.

The Spirit, the Water and the Blood, 1 John 5. 6.

LET all our Tongues be one
To praiſe our God on high,
ho from his Boſom ſent his Son
To fetch us Strangers nigh.

Nor let our Voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's Name;
th' Embaſſador of Peace
How cheerfully he came!

It coſt him Cries and Tears
To bring us near to God;
at was our Debt, and he appears
To make the Payment good.

My Saviour's pierced Side,
Pour'd out a double Flood;
Water we are purify'd,
And pardon'd by the Blood.

Infinite was our Guilt,
But he our Prieſt atones:
the cold Ground his Life was ſpilt,
And offer'd with his Groans.

Look up my Soul to him
Whoſe Death was thy Deſert,
dhumbly view the living Stream
Flow from his breaking Heart.

There on, the curſed Tree
In dying Pangs he lies,

Ful-

Fulfills his Father's great Decree,
And all our Wants ſupplies.

8 Thus the Redeemer came
By Water and by Blood;
And when the Spirit ſpeaks the ſame,
We feel his Witneſs good.

9 While the Eternal Three
Bear their Record above,
Here I believe he dy'd for me,
And ſeal my Saviour's Love.

10 Lord cleanſe my Soul from Sin,
Nor let thy Grace depart;
Great Comforter, abide within,
And witneſs to my Heart.

X. *Chriſt crucify'd the Wiſdom & Power of God.*

1 NAture with open Volume ſtands
To ſpread her Maker's Praiſe abroad
And every Labour of his Hands
Shows ſomething worthy of a God.

2 But in the Grace that reſcu'd Man
His brighteſt Form of Glory ſhines;
Here on the Croſs 'tis faireſt drawn
In precious Blood and crimſon Lines.

3 Here his whole Name appears compleat
Nor Wit can gueſs, nor Reaſon prove
Which of the Letters beſt is writ,
The Power, the Wiſdom, or the Love.

Here I behold his inmoſt Heart
Where Grace and Vengeance ſtrangely (join
Piercing his Son with ſharpeſt Smart,
To make the purchas'd Pleaſures mine.

O the ſweet Wonders of that Croſs
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!
Her nobleſt Life my Spirit draws
From his dear Wounds and bleeding Side.

I would for ever ſpeak his Name
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown,
With Angels join to praiſe the Lamb,
And worſhip at his Father's Throne.

XI. *Pardon brought to our Senſes.*

LOrd, how Divine thy Comforts are!
How heavenly is the Place
Where *Jeſus* ſpreads the ſacred Feaſt
Of his redeeming Grace!

There the rich Bounties of our God
And ſweeteſt Glories ſhine,
There *Jeſus* ſays that I am his,
And my Beloved's mine.

"Here, (ſays the kind redeeming Lord,
And ſhows his wounded Side)
"See here the Spring of all your Joys,
"That open'd when I dy'd.

He ſmiles and ſhows his guſhing Blood,
And tells of all his Pain,

"All this, says he, I bore for thee,
And then he smiles again.

5 What shall we pay our heavenly King
For Grace so vast as this?
He brings our Pardon to our Eyes,
And seals it with a Kiss.

6 Let such amazing Loves as these
Be sounded all abroad,
Such Favours are beyond Degrees,
And worthy of a God.

7 To him that wash'd us in his Blood
Be everlasting Praise,
Salvation, Honour, Glory, Power,
To all Eternal Days.

XII. *The Gospel-Feast*; Luke 14. 16, *&c.*

1 HOW rich are thy Provisions, Lord,
Thy Table furnish'd from above,
The Fruits of Life o'er-spread the Board
The Cup o'er-flows with heavenly Love.

2 Thine ancient Family the *Jews*
Were first invited to the Feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And *Gentiles* thy Salvation taste.

3 We are the Poor, the Blind, the Lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh,
But at the Gospel-Call we came,
And every Want receiv'd Supply.

From the High-way that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkneſs and Deſpair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Preſence here.

What ſhall we pay th' Eternal Son
That left the Heaven of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down
To bring us Wand'rers back to God.

It coſt him Death to ſave our Lives,
To buy our Souls it coſt his own,
And all the unknown Joys he gives
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

Our everlaſting Love is due
To him that ranſom'd Sinners loſt,
And pity'd Rebels, when he knew
The vaſt Expenſe his Love would coſt.

III. *Divine Love making a Feaſt, and* calling in the Gueſts, *Luke* 14. 17, 22, 23.

HOW ſweet and awful is the Place
With Chriſt within the Doors,
While everlaſting Love diſplays
The choiceſt of her Stores.

Here every Bowel of our God
With ſoft Compaſſion rolls,
Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood
Is Food for dying Souls.

While all our Hearts and all our Songs
Join to admire the Feaſt,

Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
" Lord, why was I a Guest?

4 " Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
" And enter while there's Room?
" When thousands make a wretched choice
" And rather starve than come.

5 'Twas the same Love that spred the Feast,
That sweetly forc'd us in,
Else we had still refus'd to tast,
And perish'd in our Sin.

6 Pity the Nations, O our God,
Constrain the Earth to come;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the Strangers home.

7 We long to see thy Churches full,
That all the chosen Race
May with one Voice and Heart and Soul
Sing thy redeeming Grace.

XIV. *The Song of* Simeon; *Luke* 2. 28. *Or, A Sight of Christ makes Death easy.*

1 NOw have our Hearts embrac'd our God,
We would forget all earthly Charms
And wish to die as *Simeon* wou'd
With his young Saviour in his Arms.

2 Our Lips should learn that joyful Song,
Were but our Hearts prepar'd like his,
Our Souls still willing to be gone,
And at thy Word depart in Peace.

3 Her

Here we have ſeen thy Face, O Lord,
And view'd Salvation with our Eyes,
Taſted and felt the living Word,
The Bread deſcending from the Skies.

Thou haſt prepar'd this dying Lamb,
Haſt ſet his Blood before our Face,
To teach the Terrors of thy Name,
And ſhow the Wonders of thy Grace.

He is our Light, our Morning Star
Shall ſhine on Nations yet unknown:
The Glory of thine *Iſrael* here,
And Joy of Spirits near the Throne.

XV. *Our Lord Jeſus at his own Table.*

THE Memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful Tongue:
How rich he ſpred his Royal Board,
And bleſt the Food, and ſung.

Happy the Men that eat this Bread,
But double-bleſt was he
That gently bow'd his loving Head,
And lean'd it, Lord, on thee.

By Faith the ſame Delights we taſt
As that great Favourite did,
And ſit and lean on *Jeſus* Breaſt,
And take the heavenly Bread.

Down from the Palace of the Skies
Hither the King deſcends,

"Come, my Beloved, Eat, (he cries)
"And drink Salvation, Friends.

5 "My Flesh is Food and Physick too,
"A Balm for all your Pains,
"And the red Streams of Pardon flow
"From these my pierced Veins.

6 *Hosanna* to our bounteous Lord
For such a Tast below!
And yet he spreads his higher Board
With nobler Dainties too.

7 Come the dear Day, the glorious Hour
That mounts our Souls to Rest!
Then we shall need these Types no more
But dwell at th' heavenly Feast.

XVI. *The Agonies of Christ.*

1 NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine,
Our Sufferings are not worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

2 In lively Figures here we see
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us hope, he dy'd for me,
And then our Griefs remove.

3 Our humble Faith here takes her Rise
While sitting round his Board;
And back to *Calvary* she flies
To view her groaning Lord.

4 His Soul what Agonies it felt
When his own God withdrew!

And the large Load of all our Guilt
Lay heavy on him too.

But the Divinity within
Supported him to bear:
Dying, he conquer'd Hell and Sin,
And made his Triumph there.

Grace, Wisdom, Justice joyn'd and wrought
The Wonders of that Day:
No Mortal Tongue, nor Mortal Thought
Can equal Thanks repay.

Our Hymns should sound like those above
Could we our Voices raise;
Yet, Lord, Our Hearts shall all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.

XVII. *Incomparable Food: or, The Flesh and Blood of Christ.*

1 WE sing th'amazing Deeds
That Grace Divine performs:
Th' Eternal God comes down and bleeds
To nourish dying Worms.

2 This Soul-reviving Wine,
Dear Saviour, 'tis thy Blood;
We thank that Sacred Flesh of thine
For this Immortal Food.

3 The Banquet that we eat
Is made of Heav'nly things,
Earth hath no Dainties half so sweet
As our Redeemer brings.

4 In vain had *Adam* ſought
And ſearch'd his Garden round,
For there was no ſuch bleſſed Fruit
In all the happy Ground.

5 Th' Angelic Hoſt above,
Can never taſt this Food,
They feaſt upon their Maker's Love,
But not a Saviour's Blood.

6 On us th' Almighty Lord
Beſtows this matchleſs Grace,
And meets us ſmiling at his Board
With Pleaſure in his Face.

7 Come, all ye drooping Saints,
And banquet with the King,
This Wine will drown your ſad Complaints
And tune your Voice to ſing.

8 Salvation to the Name
Of our adored Chriſt:
Thro' the wide Earth his Grace proclaim,
His Glory in the High'ſt.

XVIII. *The Same.*

1 *JEſus*, we bow before thy Feet,
And praiſe the Bleſſings of thy Board,
Thy Sacred Fleſh our Souls have eat,
'Tis living Bread; we thank thee, Lord!

2 And here we drink our Saviour's Blood,
We thank thee, Lord, 'tis generous Wine;
Mingled with Love the Fountain flow'd
From that dear bleeding Heart of thine.

3 On

On Earth is no ſuch Sweetneſs found,
For the Lamb's Fleſh is heav'nly Food;
In vain we ſearch the Globe around
For Bread ſo fine or Wine ſo good.

Carnal Proviſions can at beſt
But cheer the Heart or warm the Head,
But the rich Cordial that we taſt
Gives Life Eternal to the Dead.

Joy to the Maſter of the Feaſt,
His Name for ever be ador'd:
To God the King and God the Prieſt
A loud *Hoſanna* round the board.

XIX. *Glory in the Croſs: or, not aſham'd of Chriſt Crucify'd.*

AT thy Command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying Feaſt,
Thy Blood like Wine adorns thy Board,
And thine own Fleſh feeds every Gueſt.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
And truſts for Life in one that dy'd,
We hope for heav'nly Crowns above
From a Redeemer Crucify'd.

Let the vain World pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their Scandals on thy Cauſe;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Croſs.

With Joy we tell the ſcoffing Age
He that was dead has left his Tomb,

He lives above their utmoſt Rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

XX. *The Proviſions for the Table of our Lord: Or, The Tree of Life and River of Love.*

1 LOrd, we adore thy bounteous Hand,
And ſing the Solemn Feaſt
Where ſweet Celeſtial Dainties ſtand
For every willing Gueſt.

2 The Tree of Life adorns the Board
With its immortal Fruit,
And ne'er an angry flaming Sword
To guard the Paſſage to't.

3 The Cup ſtands crown'd with living Juice
The Fountain flows above,
And runs down ſtreaming for our Uſe
In Rivulets of Love.

4 The Food's prepar'd by Heavenly Art,
The Pleaſures well refin'd,
They ſpread new Life thro' every Heart,
And cheer the drooping Mind.

5 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's Love
Ye Saints that taſt his Wine,
Join with your Brother-Saints above,
In loud *Hoſanna's* join.

6 A thouſand Glories to the God
That gives ſuch Joys as this,
Hoſanna! let it ſound abroad,
And reach where *Jeſus* is.

XXI. *The Triumphal Feast for Christ's Victory over Sin, and Death, and Hell.*

1 COme let us lift our Voices high,
High as our Joys arise,
And join the Worship of the Sky
Where Pleasure never dies.

2 *Jesus*, the God that fought and bled,
And conquer'd when he fell,
That rose, and at his Chariot-wheels
Drag'd all the Powers of Hell.

3 *Jesus* the God invites us here
To his triumphal Feast,
And brings immortal Blessings down
For each redeemed Guest.

4 The Lord! how glorious is his Face!
How kind his Smiles appear!
And O what melting Words he says
To every humble Ear!

5 "For you, the Children of my Love,
"It was for you I dy'd,
"Behold my Hands, behold my Feet,
"And look into my Side.

6 "These are the Wounds for you I bore,
"The Tokens of my Pains
"When I came down to free your Souls
"From Misery and Chains.

7 "Justice unsheath'd its fiery Sword,
"And plung'd it in my Heart,

"In-

"Infinite Pangs for you I bore,
"And most tormenting Smart.

8 "When Hell and all its spiteful Powers
"Stood dreadful in my Way,
"To rescue those dear Lives of yours
"I gave my own away.

9 "But while I bled, and groan'd and dy'd,
"I ruin'd Satan's Throne,
"High on my Cross I hung, and spy'd
"The Monster tumbling down.

10 "Now you must triumph at my Feast,
"And taste my Flesh, my Blood;
"And live eternal Ages blest,
"For 'tis immortal Food.

11 Victorious God! what can we pay
For Favours so divine?
We would devote our Hearts away
To be for ever thine.

12 We give thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
The Tribute of our Tongues;
But Themes so infinite as these
Exceed our noblest Songs.

XXII. *The Compassion of a dying Christ.*

1 OUr Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love.

Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.

Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws;
He from the Threatning set us free,
Bore the full Vengeance on his Cross,
And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.

The Law proclaims no Terror now,
And *Sinai*'s Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

Here we have washt our deepest Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with heavenly (Blood:
Blest Fountain! springing from the Veins
Of *Jesus* our incarnate God.

In vain our mortal Voices strive
To speak Compassion so Divine;
Had we a Thousand Lives to give,
A thousand Lives should all be thine.

I Cannot perswade my self to put a full Period to these Divine Hymns, till I have address'd a special Song of Glory unto God the Father, the Son, and the holy Spirit. Tho the Latin Name of it, Gloria Patri, *be retain'd in our Nation from the* Roman *Church; and tho there may be some Excesses of superstitious Honour paid to the Words of it, yet I believe it still to be one of the noblest*

noblest Parts of Christian Worship. The Subject of it is the Doctrine of the Trinity, which that peculiar Glory of the Divine Nature, that Our Lord Jesus Christ *has so clearly revealed unto Men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The Action is Praise, which is the most compleat and exalted part of heavenly Worship. I have cast the Song into a Variety of Forms, and have fitted it by a plain Version or a larger Paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the Conclusion of another Hymn.*

A Song of Praise to the ever blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son and Spirit.

1st. *Long Metre.*

1 BLest 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 the sacred Spirit Praise,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
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

That Sea of Life and Love unknown
Without a Bottom or a Shore.

1ſt *Common Metre.*

1 GLory to God the Father's Name,
Who from our ſinful Race
Choſe out his Fav'rites to proclaim
The Honours of his Grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And to redeem us from the Dead
Gave his own Life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whoſe Almighty Power
Our Souls their heavenly Birth derive,
And bleſs the happy Hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above
Th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love
Has made his Nature known.

1ſt *Short Metre.*

1 LET God the Father live
For ever on our Tongues;
Sinners from his firſt Love derive
The Ground of all their Songs.

2 Ye Saints, imploy your Breath
In Honour to the Son,
Who bought your Souls from Hell and Death
By offering up his own.

3 Give to the Spirit Praiſe
Of an immortal Strain,
Whoſe Light and Power and Grace convey
Salvation down to Men.

4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardon'd Sin,
O may the Blood and Water bear
The ſame Record within.

5 To the great One and Three
That ſeal this Grace in Heav'n,
The Father, Son and Spirit be
Eternal Glory giv'n.

2d *Long Metre.*

1 GLory to God the Trinity
Whoſe Name has Myſteries unknown;
In Eſſence One, in Perſon Three;
A ſocial Nature, yet alone.

2 When all our nobleſt Powers are join'd
The Honours of thy Name to raiſe,
Thy Glories over-match our Mind,
And Angels faint beneath the Praiſe.

2d *Common Metre.*

1 THe God of Mercy be ador'd,
Who calls our Souls from Death,
Who ſaves by his Redeeming Word,
And new-creating Breath.

2 To praiſe the Father and the Son
And Spirit all-Divine,

The

The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let Saints and Angels join.

2d *Short Metre.*

1 LEt God the Maker's Name
Have Honour, Love and Fear,
To God the Saviour pay the ſame,
And God the Comforter.

2 Father of Lights above,
Thy Mercy we adore,
The Son of thy eternal Love,
And Spirit of thy Power.

3d *Long Metre.*

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praiſe and Glory giv'n
By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n.

Or thus,

All Glory to thy wondrous Name,
Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
And thus we praiſe the heav'nly Dove.

3d *Common Metre.*

NOw let the Father and the Son
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are Works to make him known,
Or Saints to love the Lord.

Or

Or thus,

Honour to thee, Almighty Three,
And Everlasting One;
All Glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

3d *Short Metre.*

YE Angels round the Throne,
And Saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

Or thus,

Give to the Father Praise,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace,
Be equal Honour done.

The End.

A

TABLE

To find any Hymn by the Title or Contents of it.

Note, *The first Figure directs to the Book, The rest to the Hymn. And if you find not what Hymn you seek under one Word of the Title, seek it in another, or in some Word that is of the same Signification.*

A.

Affli-

Britain's

C.

Crea-

Deligh

E.

F.

G.

Hope

I.

M.

N.

O.

P.

sin-

R,

S.

his

Suffe-

T.

U.

Vir-

W.

Z.

A TABLE of the Scriptures that are Paraphras'd in the First and Third Book.

A

Short Essay

Toward the Improvement of Psalmody: Or, An Enquiry how the Psalms of *David* ought to be translated into Christian Songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other Hymns according to the clearer Revelations of the Gospel, for the Use of the Christian Church.

TO speak the Glories of God in a religious Song, or to breath out the Joys of our own Spirits to God with the Melody of our Voice is an exalted Part of Divine Worship. But so many are the Imperfections in the Practice of this Duty, that the greatest Part of Christians find but little Edification or Comfort in it. There are some Churches that utterly disallow Singing; and I'm perswaded, that the poor Performance of it in the best Societies,

ties, with the mistaken Rules to which it is confined is one great Reason of their intire Neglect; for we are left at a loss (say they) what is the Matter and Manner of this Duty; and therefore they utterly refuse: Whereas if this glorious Piece of Worship were but seen in its Original Beauty, and one that *believes* not this Ordinance, or is *unlearned* in this Part of Christianity should *come into* such *an Assembly, he would be convinced of all; he would be judged of all, he would fall down on his Face, and report that God was in the Midst of it of a Truth*; 1 Cor. 14. 24, 25.

In order to trace out the Matter or Subject of religious Singing, let us collect into one View the chief Texts of the New Testament where this Worship is mention'd, and afterwards see what Arguments may be deduced from thence, to prove, that 'tis proper to use Spiritual Songs of humane Composure, as well as the Psalms of *David* or the Words of other Songs recorded in Scripture.

The most considerable Texts are these;

Mat. 26. 30. & *Mark* 14. 26. relate, that our blessed Lord and his Disciples *sung an Hymn.* Acts 16. 25. *Paul and Silas prayed and sung Praises unto God.* 1 Cor. 14. 15. *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.* Ver. 26. *Every one of you hath a Psalm.* Eph. 5. 19, 20. *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing and making Melody in your Hearts to the Lord, giving Thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the Name of*

of our Lord Jesus Christ. Col. 3. 16, 17. *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: And whatsoever ye do in Word or in Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving Thanks to God and the Father by him.* Jam. 5. 13. *Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: Is any merry, let him sing Psalms.* Rev. 5. 9. *And they sing a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book and to open the Seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood.* Rev. 14. 3. *And they sung as it were a new Song before the Throne.* Rev. 15. 3. *And they sing the Song of* Moses, *the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy Works,* &c. To all these I might add *Acts* 4. 24, &c. Where it is suppos'd the Disciples met together and sung; for *they lift up their Voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord! thou art our God, which hast made Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is: Who by the Mouth of thy Servant* David *hast said, Why did the Heathen rage, and the People imagine a vain thing. The Kings of the Earth stood up, and the Rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a Truth, against thy holy Child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both* Herod *and* Pontius Pilate, *with the Gentiles and the People of* Israel, *were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy Hand and thy Counsel determined before to be done,* &c.

If

If we turn over the New Testament, and search out all the Songs that are there written, we shall find the Matter or Subject of them as various as the Occasions upon which they were sung or spoken: Such are the Song of the Virgin *Mary*, Luke 1. 46, *&c.* The Song of *Zecharias*, ver. 67. The Song of the Angels, *Luke* 2. 13. And of *Simeon*, ver. 29. Besides many others in the Book of the *Revelations.* The three chief Words used to express the Matter of Singing, are Ψαλμοί, Ὕμνοι, καὶ Ὠδαὶ: *Psalms*, *Hymns* and *Songs*, as the three Verbs from which these are derived are generally used to express the Act of Singing, Ψάλλω, ὑμνέω, ἀ, ἄδω. Now if it were lawful after so many learned Contentions about these Words, I would give my Sense of them thus.

1. I think no Man hath better explain'd the original Meaning of these Words than *Zanchy*. A Psalm, Ψαλμὸς, is such a Song as usually is sung with other Instruments besides the Tongue. Hymns, Ὕμνοι, such as are made only to express the Praises, and set out the Excellencies of God. Songs, Ὠδαὶ, such as contain not only Praises, but Exhortations, Prophesies, Thanksgivings; and these only sung with the Voice.

2. The Scripture doth not always confine it self to the original Meaning of all these Words; for ψαλμὸς a Psalm, and the Word ψάλλω, are used, 1 *Cor.* 14. and in other Places of the New Testament, where we can never suppose the primitive Church in those Days

Days had Instruments of Music. And the Word ὠδὴ a Song, is used several times in the Book of *Revelations*, where Harps are join'd with Voices in the Emblematical Prophesy.

3. The Sense therefore of these Words in the New Testament seems to be thus distinguish'd.

A Psalm is a general Name for any thing that is sung in Divine Worship, whatsoever be the particular Theme or Matter; and the Verb ψάλλω is design'd to express the Melody it self rather than to distinguish the Matter of the Song, or Manner whereby the Melody or Music is performed; and therefore in *Eph.* 5. 19. our Translators have well rendred ἄδοντες καὶ ψάλλοντες, *Singing and making Melody*; and it should be thus rendred, *Jam.* 5. 13. *Is any merry, let him make Melody.* I confess in the New Testament the Noun ψαλμὸς refers generally to the Book of Psalms, and without Doubt there are many of the Psalms of *David* and *Asaph*, and other Songs among the Books of the Old Testament which may be prudently chosen and sung by Christians, and may be well accomodated to the Lips and Hearts of the Church under the Gospel. Yet this Word is once used in another Sense, as I shall show afterwards.

An Hymn, whether imply'd in the Verb ὑμνέω, or exprest in the Noun ὕμνος, doth always retain its original Signification, and intend a Song whose Matter or Design is Praise: Nor is there any thing in the Nature or Use of the Word either in Scripture or other

other Authors, that determines it to signify an immediate Inspiration, or humane Composure.

A Song, ᾠδὴ, denotes any Theme or Subject compos'd into a Form fit for Singing, and seems to intend somewhat suited to the Gospel-State, rather than any Jewish Psalms or Songs in all the five Verses in the New Testament where it is used.

Eph. 5. 19. & *Col.* 3. 16. 'Tis join'd with the word *Spiritual*; and that seems to be used by the Apostle in all his Epistles, as a very distinguishing Word between the Law and Gospel, the Jewish and the Christian Worship. The Jews had *carnal Ordinances*, and *carnal Commandments*, and their State and Dispensation is often called *Flesh*, but the Church under the Gospel is a *spiritual House*, *blessed with spiritual Blessings*, endow'd *with spiritual Gifts*, to *worship God in Spirit and in Truth*, to *offer spiritual Sacrifices*, and to *sing spiritual Songs*.

Col. 3. 16. Confirms this Sense, for *the Word of Christ* must *dwell richly in us in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs*. Now tho the Books of the Old Testament may in some Sense be called the *Word of Christ*, because the same Spirit which was afterwards given to *Christ* the Mediator did inspire them; yet this seems to have a peculiar reference to the Doctrine and Discoveries of *Christ* under the Gospel, which might be compos'd into spiritual Songs for the greater Ease of Memory in learning, teaching and admonishing one another.

Rev.

Rev. 5. 9. & 14. 3. There is mention of a *New Song*, and that is pure Evangelical Language, suited to the *New Testament*, the *New Covenant*, the *new and living Way* of Access to God, and to the *new Commandment* of him who sits *upon the Throne*, and *behold*, he *makes all things new*. The Words of this Song are, *Worthy is the Lamb, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood*, &c. *and none could learn it but those who follow the Lamb, who were redeemed from among Men*, &c. And it must be noted here, that this Book of the *Revelations* describes the Worship of the Gospel-Church on Earth, as is agreed by all Interpreters, tho it borrows some of its Emblems from the Things of Heaven, and some from the Jewish State. I might here remark also, that when a *new Song* is mention'd in the Old Testament, it refers to the Times of the *Messiah*, and is prophetical of the Kingdom of *Christ*, or at least it is a Song indited upon a new Occasion publick or personal, and the Words of it are accomodated to some new Tokens of Divine Mercy.

Rev. 15. 3. *They sing the Song of* Moses *the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb*; that is, a Song for temporal and for spiritual Deliverances; or, a Song for all antient or all later Salvations of the Church. As *Moses* was a Redeemer from the House of Bondage, and a Teacher of Divine Worship with Harps and Ceremonies; so the Lamb is a Redeemer from *Babylon* and spiritual Slavery, and he

is

is the great Prophet to teach his Church the spiritual Worship of the Gospel. The Church now under the Salvations and Instructions of the Lamb, sings with the Voice to the Glory of the Vengeance and the Grace of God, as *Israel* under the Conduct of *Moses* sung with Harps; for we must observe, that these Visions of the Apostle *John* often represent Divine Things in a Gospel-Church, in Imitation of the Ranks and Orders of the *Jewish* Camp and Tribes, and by the Rites and Figures used in the time of *Moses*; and it would be as unreasonable to prove from this Text, that we must sing the very words of the 15*th of Exodus* in a Christian Church, as to prove from this Book of the *Revelations* that we must use Harps and Altars, Censers, Fire and Incense. But 'tis plain that the 15*th of Exodus* cannot be here intended, because the Words of the Song are mention'd just after, (*viz.*) *Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints.* Yet after all, if it could be proved, that the very Song which *Moses* sung is here design'd, still it must be confest that the Song of the Lamb is also to be sung; and if the following Words in this Text are not to be esteem'd the Song of *Moses*, then neither are they to be esteem'd the Song of the Lamb; because there is not any express mention of the Lamb, or his Death, or Resurrection, or Redemption; nor is there any other Song in Scripture that bears that Title; and consequently it must signifie a Song compos'd

pos'd to the Praise of God for our Deliverance by the Lamb, in Imitation of the Song compos'd for Deliverance by the Hand of *Moses*: And thus at least we are to suit Part of our Psalmody to the Gospel-State, as well as borrow Part from the Old Testament, which is the chief Point I designed to prove.

The next Inquiry then proceeds thus: how must the Psalms of *David* and other Songs borrow'd from Scripture, be translated in order to be sung in Christian Worship? Surely it will be granted, that to prepare them for Psalmody under the Gospel requires another sort of Management in the Translation, than to prepare them meerly for reading as the Word of God in our Language, and that upon these two Accounts.

First, If it be the Duty of the Churches to sing Psalms, they must necessarily be turn'd into such a sort of Verse and Metre as will best fit them for the whole Church to join in the Worship: Now this will be very different from a Translation of the Original Language word for word; for the Lines must be confin'd to a certain Number of Syllables, and the Stanza or Verse to a certain Number of Lines, that so the Tune being short the People may be acquainted with it, and be ready to sing without much Difficulty; whereas if the Words were meerly translated out of the Hebrew as they are for reading, every Psalm must be set thro' to Music, and every Syllable in it must have a particular musical Note belonging to it self, as in An-

thems that are sung in Cathedrals: But this would be so exceeding difficult to practise, that it would utterly exclude the greatest part of every Congregation from a Capacity of obeying God's Command to sing. Now, in reducing a *Hebrew* or a *Greek* Song to a Form tolerably fit to be sung by an *English* Congregation, here and there a Word of the Original must be omitted, now and then a Word or two superadded, and frequently a Sentence or an Expression a little alter'd and chang'd into another that is something a-kin to it: And yet greater Alterations must the Psalm suffer if we will have any thing to do with Rhime; those that have labour'd with utmost Toil to keep very close to the Hebrew have found it impossible; and when they have attain'd it most, have made but very poor Music for a Christian Church. For it will often happen, that one of the most affectionate and most spiritual Words in the Prose will not submit to its due Place in the Metre, or does not end with a proper Sound, and then it must be secluded, and another of less proper Sense be put in the Room of it: Hereby some of the chief Beauties and Excellencies of *David*'s Poetry will be omitted and lost, which if not reviv'd again, or recompenc'd by some lively or pathetic Expression in the *English*, will necessarily debase the Divine Song into Dullness and Contempt: And hereby also it becomes so far different from the inspired Words in the Original Languages, that it is very hard for any Man to say,

that

that the Version of *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, the *New-England* or the *Scots* Psalms, are in a strict Sense the Word of God. Those Persons therefore that will allow nothing to be sung but the Words of Inspiration or Scripture ought to learn the Hebrew Music, and sing in the Jewish Language; or at least I can find no Congregation with which they can heartily join according to their own Principles, but the Congregation of *Choristers* in Cathedral Churches, who are the only *Levites* that *sing Praise unto the Lord with the Words of* David *and* Asaph *the Seer*, 2 Chron. 29. 30.

Secondly, Another Reason why the Psalms ought not to be translated for Singing just in the same manner as they are for Reading, is this, that the Design of these two Duties is very different: By Reading we learn what God speaks to us in his Word; but when we sing, especially unto God, our chief Design is, or should be, to speak our own Hearts and our Words to God. By Reading we are instructed what have been the Dealings of God with Men in all Ages, and how their Hearts have been exercis'd in their Wandrings from God, and Temptations, or in their Returns and Breathings towards God again; but Songs are generally Expressions of our own Experiences, or of his Glories; we acquaint him what Sense we have of his Greatness and Goodness, and that chiefly in those Instances which have some Relation to us: We breath out our Souls towards him, and make our

Addresses of Praise and Acknowledgment to him. Tho I will not assert it unlawful to sing to God the Words of other Men which we have no Concern in, and which are very contrary to our Circumstances and the Frame of our Spirits; yet it must be confest abundantly more proper, when we address God in a Song, to use such Words as we can for the most part assume as our own: I own that 'tis not always necessary our Songs should be direct Addresses to God; some of them may be mere Meditations of the History of Divine Providences, or the Experiences of former Saints; but even then, if those Providences or Experiences cannot be assum'd by us as parallel to our own, nor spoken in our own Names, yet still there ought to be some Turns of Expression that may make it look at least like our own present Meditation, and that may represent it as a History which we our selves are at that time recollecting. I know not one Instance in Scripture, of any later Saint singing any part of a Composure of former Ages, that is not proper for his own Time, without some Expressions that tend to accommodate or apply it. But there are a multitude of Examples amongst all the scriptural Songs, that introduce the Affairs of preceding Ages in the Method I have described. *Psal.* 44. 1, &c. When *David* is recounting the Wonders of God in planting the Children of *Israel* in the Land of *Canaan*, he begins his Song thus, *We have heard with our Ears, O God, our Fathers have told us*

what

what Works thou didst in their Days, in times of old, how thou didst drive out the Heathen with thy Hand, and plantedst them, how thou didst afflict the People, and cast them out. Psal. 78. 2, &c. *I will open my Mouth in a Parable, I will utter dark Sayings of old which we have heard and known, and our Fathers have told us; we will not hide them from their Children, shewing to the Generation to come the Praises of the Lord.* So he relates the Converse and Covenant of God with *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Israel*, as a Narration of former Providences and Experiences, *Psal.* 105. 8, 9, 10, &c. So in the Virgin *Mary*'s Song, and the Song of *Zechariah*. And I know not any thing can be objected here, but that a Prophet perhaps in some Instances may assume the Words of *Christ* or the Saints in following Ages; but it should be observed that this is almost always in such Respects wherein Persons or Circumstances present were typical of what is future, and so their Cases become parallel.

By these Considerations we are easily led into the true Method of translating ancient Songs into Christian Worship. Psalms that are purely Doctrinal, or meerly Historical, are Subjects for our Meditation, and may be translated for our present Use with no Variation, if it were possible; and in general, all those Songs of Scripture which the Saints of following Ages may assume for their own: Such are the *1st*, the *8th*, the *19th*, and many others. Some Psalms may be apply'd to our Use by the Alteration of a Pronoun, put-

ting *They* in the place of *We*, and changing some Expressions which are not suited to our Case into a Narration or Rehearsal of God's Dealings with others: There are other Divine Songs which cannot properly be accommodated to our Use, and much less be assum'd as our own without very great Alterations, (*viz.*) such as are filled with some very particular Troubles or Enemies of a Person, some Places of Journeying or Residence, some uncommon Circumstances of a Society, to which there is scarce any thing parallel in our Day or Case: Such are many of the Songs of *David*, whose Persecutions and Deliverances were very extraordinary: Again, such as express the Worship paid unto God by carnal Ordinances and Utensils of the Tabernacle and Temple. Now if these be converted into Christian Songs in our Nation, I think the Names of *Ammon* and *Moab* may be as properly chang'd into the Names of the chief Enemies of the Gospel, so far as may be without publick Offence: *Judah* and *Israel* may be called *England* and *Scotland*, and the Land of *Canaan* may be translated into *Great Britain*; The cloudy and typical Expressions of the legal Dispensation should be turned into Evangelical Language, according to the Explications of the New Testament: And when a Christian Psalmist, among the Characters of a Saint, *Psal.* 15. 5. meets with the Man that *puts not out his Money to Usury*, he ought to exchange him for an Oppressor or Extortioner, since Usu-

ry

ry is not utterly forbidden to Christians, as it was by the Jewish Law; and wheresoever he finds the Person or Offices of our Lord *Jesus Christ* in Prophecy, they ought rather to be translated in a way of History, and those Evangelical Truths should be stript of their Vail of Darkness, and drest in such Expressions that Christ may appear in 'em to all that sing. When he comes to *Psal.* 40. 6. and reads these Words, *Mine Ears hast thou opened*, he should learn from the Apostle to say, *A Body hast thou prepared me*, Heb. 10. 5. Instead of *binding the Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of the Altar*, Psal. 118. 27. we should *offer up spiritual Sacrifices* (that is the Prayer and Praise of the Heart and Tongue) *acceptable to God by Jesus Christ*, 1 Pet. 2. 5. Where there are any dark Expressions, and difficult to be understood in the Hebrew Songs, these should be left out in our Psalmody, or at least made very plain by a Paraphrase. Where there are Sentences, or whole Psalms, that can very difficultly be accommodated to our Times, they may be utterly omitted. Such is *Psal.* 150. part of the 38, 45, 48, 60, 68, 81, 108. and some others, as well as a great part of the Song of *Solomon.*

Perhaps 'twill be objected here, that the Book of Psalms would hereby be rendred very imperfect, and some weak Persons might imagine this Attempt to fall under the Censure of *Rev.* 22. 18, 19. that is, *of taking away from, or adding to the Words of the Book*

of God. But 'tis not difficult to reply that though the whole Book of Psalms was given to be read by us as God's Word for our Use and Instruction, yet it will never follow from thence that the whole was written as a Psalter for the Christian Church to use in Singing. For if this were the Design of it, then every Psalm, and every Line of it might be at one time or another proper to be sung by Christians: But there are many hundred Verses in that Book which a Christian cannot properly assume in singing without a considerable Alteration of the Words, or at least without putting a very different Meaning upon them, from what *David* had when he wrote them; and therefore there is no necessity of translating always intire Psalms, nor of preparing the whole Book for *English* Psalmody. I might here add also Dr. *Patrick*'s Apology in his Century of Psalms first publish'd, that he took but the same Liberty which is allow'd to every Parish-Clerk, to chuse what Psalm and what Verses of it he would propose to the People to sing.

Give me leave here to mention several Passages which were hardly made for Christian Lips to assume without some Alteration: *Psal.* 68. 13, 14, 15, 16. *Tho ye have lain among the Pots, yet shall ye be as the Wings of a Dove cover'd with Silver, and her Feathers with yellow Gold: When the Almighty scatter'd Kings in it, it was white as Snow in* Salmon. *The Hill of God is as the Hill of* Bashan, *&c. Why leap ye, ye Hills,* &c. *ver.* 25.

The

The Singers went before, the Players on Instruments followed after, amongst them were the Damsels playing with Timbrels: Bless ye God in the Congregation, even the Lord from the Fountain of Israel: *There is little* Benjamin *with their Ruler, the Princes of* Judah *and their Council, the Princes of* Zebulun, *and the Princes of* Naphtali. *Because of thy Temple at* Jerusalem *Kings shall bring Presents unto thee. Rebuke the Company of Spearmen, the Multitude of Bulls, with the Calves of the People, till every one submit himself with Pieces of Silver.* Psal. 71. 2, 3, &c. *Take a Psalm, and bring hither the Timbrel, the pleasant Harp with the Psaltery, blow up the Trumpet in the New Moon, in the Time appointed on our solemn Feast-Day,* &c. Psal. 84. 3, 6. *The Sparrow hath found an House, and the Swallow a Nest for her self, where she may lay her Young, even thine Altars, O Lord of Hosts,* &c. *Blessed is the Man whose Strength is in thee, in whose Heart are the Ways of them, who passing thro the Valley of* Bacha *make it a Well, the Rain also filleth the Pools.* Psal. 108. 2, 7, 8, 9. *Awake Psaltery and Harp, I my self will awake early. God hath spoken in his Holiness; I will rejoyce, I will divide* Shechem, *and mete out the Vally of* Succoth; Gilead *is mine,* Manasseh *is mine,* Ephraim *also is the Strength of mine Head,* Judah *is my Lawgiver,* Moab *is my Washpot, over* Edom *will I cast out my Shoe, over* Philistia *will I triumph; Who will bring me into the strong City, who will lead me into* Edom. *Psal.* 69. 8. & 109. are so full of Cur-

sings that they hardly become the Tongue of a Follower of the blessed *Jesus*, who dying pray'd for his own Enemies; *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.* Psal. 134. is suited to the Temple or Tabernacle-Worship; the Title is, *A Song of Degrees*, that is, as Interpreters believe, to be sung as the Kings of *Israel* went up by Steps or Degrees to the House of God; In the *two first Verses* the King calls upon the Levites, *which by Night stand in the House of the Lord, to lift up their Hands in the Sanctuary, and to bless the Lord*; the *3d Verse* is an Antiphona or Reply of the Levites to the King; *the Lord that made Heaven and Earth bless thee out of* Zion. 'Twould be endless to give an Account of all the Paragraphs of ancient Songs, which can scarce ever be accommodated to Gospel-Worship.

The Patrons of another Opinion will say we must sing the Words of *David*, and apply them in our Meditation to the things of the New Testament: But can we believe this to be the best Method of worshiping God, to sing one thing and mean another? besides that the very literal Sense of many of these Expressions is exceeding deep and difficult, and not one in twenty of a religious Assembly can possibly understand them at this Distance from the Jewish Days; therefore to keep close to the Language of *David*, we must break the Commands of God by *David*, who requires that we *sing his Praises with Understanding*, Psal. 47. 7. And I am per-

perſwaded, that St. *Paul* if he lived in our Age and Nation, would no more adviſe us to ſing unintelligible Sentences in *London*, than himſelf would ſing in an unknown Tongue at *Corinth*, 1 Cor. 14. 15, 19. After all, if the literal Senſe were known, yet the Application of many Verſes of *David* to our State and Circumſtances was never deſign'd, and is utterly impoſſible; and even where it is poſſible, yet 'tis ſo exceeding difficult that very few Perſons in an Aſſembly are capable of it; and when they attempt it, if their Thoughts ſhould be enquir'd one by one, you would find very various, wretched, and contradictory Meanings put upon the Words of the Hebrew Pſalmiſt, and all for want of an Evangelical Tranſlation of him. 'Tis very obvious and common to obſerve that Perſons of Serioufneſs and Judgment that conſider what they ſing, are often forced to break off in the midſt, to omit whole Lines and Verſes, even where the beſt of our preſent Tranſlations are uſed; and thus the Tune, and the Senſe, and their Devotion is interrupted at once, becauſe they dare not ſing without underſtanding, and almoſt againſt their Conſciences. Whereas the more unthinking Multitude go on ſinging in chearful Ignorance wherefoever the *Clerk* guides them, a-croſs the River *Jordan*, thro' the Land of *Gebal*, *Ammon* and *Amalek*; *He leads 'em into the ſtrong City, he brings them into* Edom; Anon they follow him *thro' the Valley of* Bacha, till they come up to *Jeruſalem*; they wait upon him into

the

the Court of Burnt-Offerings, and *bind their Sacrifice with Cords to the Horns of the Altar*; they enter so far into the Temple, till they join their Song in Consort with the *high sounding Cymbals*, their Thoughts are be-darkened with the Smoke of Incense, and cover'd with *Jewish* Veils. Such Expressions as these are the Beauties and Perfections of a *Hebrew* Song, they paint every thing to the Life: Such Language was suited by Infinite Wisdom to raise the Affections of the Saints of that Day: But I fear they do but sink our Devotion, and hurt our Worship.

I esteem the Book of *Psalms* the most valuable Part of the Old Testament upon many Accounts: I advise the Reading and Meditation of it more frequently than any single Book of Scripture; and what I advise I practise. Nothing is more proper to furnish our Souls with devout Thoughts, and lead us into a World of spiritual Experiences: The Expressions of it that are not *Jewish* or peculiar, give us constant Assistance in Prayer and in Praise: But yet if we would prepare *David*'s Psalms to be sung by Christian Lips, we should observe these two plain Rules.

First, They ought to be translated in such a Manner as we have reason to believe *David* would have compos'd 'em if he had lived in our Day: And therefore his Poems are given as a Pattern to be imitated in our Composures, rather than as the precise and invariable Matter of our Psalmody. 'Tis one of the Excellencies of Scripture-Songs, that they

are

are exactly suited to the very Purpose and Design for which they were written, and that both in the Matter, in the Stile, and in all their Ornaments: This gives Life and Strength to the Expression, it presents Objects to the Ears and to the Eyes, and touches the Heart in the most affecting Manner. *David*'s Language is adapted to his own Devotion, and to the Worship of the *Jewish* Church; he mentions the very Places of his Journies, or Retirements, of his Sorrows, or his Successes; He names the Nations that were Enemies of the Church, or that shall be its Friends; and tho for the most part he leaves the single Persons of his Time nameless in the Body of his Psalm, yet he describes them there with great Particularity, and often names them in the Title. This gives us abundant Ground to infer, that should the *sweet-Singer of Israel* return from the Dead into our Age, he would not sing the Words of his own Psalms without considerable Alteration; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present Circumstances of the Church, and that in the Language of the New Testament: He would see frequent Occasion to insert the Cross of *Christ* in his Song, and often interline the Confessions of his Sins with the Blood of the Lamb; often would he describe the Glories and the Triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing Verse, even as St. *Paul*, when he mentions the Name and Honours of Christ can hardly part his Lips from 'em again:

His

His Expressions would run ever bright and clear; such as here and there we find in a single Verse of his old Composures, when he is transported beyond himself, and carried far away from *Jewish* Shadows by the Spirit of Prophecy and the Gospel. We have the more abundant Reason to believe this, if we observe, that all along the sacred History as the Revelations of God and his Grace were made plainer, so the Songs of the Saints express'd that Grace and those Revelations according to the Measure of their Clearness and Increase. Let us begin at the Song of *Moses*, Exod. 15. and proceed to *David* and *Solomon*, to the Song of the *Virgin Mary*, of *Zecharias*, *Simeon*, and the *Angels*, the *Hosanna* of the young Children, the Praises paid to God by the Disciples in the *Acts*, the Doxologies of *Paul*, and the Songs of the Christian Church in the Book of the *Revelations*: Every Beam of new Light that broke into the World gave occasion of fresh Joy to the Saints, and they were taught to sing of Salvation in all the Degrees of its advancing Glory.

Secondly, In the Translation of *Jewish* Songs for Gospel-Worship, if Scripture affords us any Example, we should be ready to follow it, and the Management thereof should be a Pattern for us. Now tho the Disciples and primitive Christians had so many and so vast Occasions for Praise, yet I know but two Pieces of Songs they borrow'd from the Book of Psalms. One is mention'd in *Luke* 19. 38.

Where

Where the Disciples assume a Part of a Verse from the 118*th* Psalm, but sing it with Alterations and Additions to the Words of *David.*

The other is the Beginning of the second Psalm, sung by *Peter* and *John* and their Company, *Acts* 4. 23, 24, &c. You find there an Addition of Praise in the Beginning, *Lord thou art God which hast made Heaven and Earth, and the Sea, and all that in them is.* Then there is a Narration of what *David* spoke, *who by the Mouth of thy Servant* David *hast said*, &c. Next follow the two first Verses of that Psalm, but not in the very Words of the Psalmist: Afterwards an Explication of the *Heathen* and the *People*, (viz.) the *Gentiles* and *Israel:* The *Kings* and the *Rulers*, (viz.) *Herod* and *Pontius Pilate*, and the *Holy Child Jesus*, is God's *anointed.* Then there is an Enlargement of the Matter of Fact by a Consideration of the Hand of God in it, and the Song concludes with the breathing of their Desires towards God for Mercies most precisely suited to their Day and Duty; and you find when they had sung, they went to Prayer in the Assembly, and then they preached the Word of God by the holy Ghost, and with amazing Success. O may I live to see Psalmody perform'd in these evangelick Beauties of Holiness! May these Ears of mine be entertain'd with such Devotion in Publick, such Prayer, such Preaching, and such Praise! May these Eyes behold such returning Glory in the Churches! Then my Soul shall be all Admiration, my Tongue

shall

shall humbly attempt to mingle in the Worship, and assist the Harmony and the Joy.

After we have found the true Method of translating *Jewish* Songs for the Use of the *Christian* Church, let us enquire also how lawful and necessary 'tis to compose Spiritual Songs of a more evangelic Frame for the Use of Divine Worship under the Gospel.

The *First* Argument I shall borrow from all the foregoing Discourse concerning the Translation of the Psalms of *David*: For by that time they are fitted for Christian Psalmody, and have all the Particularities of Circumstance that related to *David*'s Person, and Times alter'd and suited to our present Case; and the Language of *Judaism* is chang'd into the Stile of the Gospel; the Form and Composure of the Psalm can hardly be called inspired or Divine: only the Materials or the Sense contain'd therein may in a large Sense be called the Word of God, as it is borrowed from that Word. Why then may it not be esteemed as lawful to take some Divine Sense and Materials agreeable to the Word of God, and suited to the present Case and Experience of Christians, and compose them into a spiritual Song? Especially when we cannot find one ready pen'd in the Bible, whose Subject is near a-kin to our present Condition, or whose Form is adapted to our present Purpose.

The *Second* Argument shall be drawn from the several Ends and Designs of Singing, which can never be sufficiently attain'd by con-

confining our ſelves to *David*'s Pſalms, or the Words of any Songs in Scripture. The firſt and chief intent of this part of Worſhip, is to expreſs unto God what Senſe and Apprehenſions we have of his Eſſential Glories; and what notice we take of his Works of Wiſdom and Power, Vengeance and Mercy; 'tis to vent the inward Devotion of our Spirits in Words of Melody, to ſpeak our own Experience of divine Things, eſpecially our religious Joy; 'twould be tireſom to recount the endleſs Inſtances out of the Book of Pſalms and other divine Songs, where this is made the chief Buſineſs of them. In the Texts of the New Teſtament where Singing is requir'd, the ſame Deſigns are propos'd; when the *Epheſians are filled with the Spirit*, the Enlightner and Comforter, they are charged to indulge thoſe Divine Senſations, and let them break out into a *Spiritual Song*, Eph. 5. 19. When *any is merry* or chearful, the Apoſtle *James* bids him expreſs it by *Singing*. *Giving Thanks unto God*, is the Command of St. *Paul* to the Saints while he injoins Pſalmody on them; And ſpeaking the Wonders of his Power, Juſtice and Grace, is the Practice of the Church conſtantly in the Viſions of St. *John*. To *teach and admoniſh one another*, is mention'd by St. *Paul* as another Deſign of Singing; the Improvement of our Meditations, and the kindling Divine Affections within our ſelves, is one of the Purpoſes alſo of religious Melody, if *Eph.* 5. 19. be rightly tranſlated. Now, how

how is it possible all these Ends should be attain'd by a Christian, if he confines his Meditations, his Joys, and his Praises, to the *Hebrew* Book of Psalms? Have we nothing more of the Nature of God revealed to us than *David* had? Is not the Mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity brought out of Darkness into open Light? Where can you find a Psalm that speaks the Miracles of Wisdom and Power as they are discover'd in a crucify'd *Christ?* And how do we rob God the Son of the Glory of his dying Love, if we speak of it only in the gloomy Language of *Smoke and Sacrifices, Bullocks and Goats, and the Fat of Lambs?* Is not the Ascent of *Christ* into Heaven, and his Triumph over Principalities and Powers of Darkness a nobler Entertainment for our tuneful Meditations, than the removing of the Ark up to the City of *David, to the Hill of God, which is high as the Hill of* Bashan? Is not our Heart often warm'd with holy Delight in the Contemplation of the Son of God our dear Redeemer, whose Love was stronger than Death? Are not our Souls possess'd with a Variety of Divine Affections, when we behold him who is our chief Beloved hanging on the cursed Tree, with the Load of all our Sins upon him, and giving up his Soul to the Sword of Divine Justice in the stead of Rebels and Enemies? And must these Affections be confin'd only to our own Bosoms, or never break forth but in *Jewish* Language, and Words which were not made to express the

Devo

Devotion of the Gospel? The Heaven and the Hell that we are acquainted with by the Discovery of God our Saviour, give us a more distinct Knowledge of the future and eternal State, than all the former Revelations of God to Men: Life and Immortality is brought to light by the Gospel; we are taught to look far into the invisible World, and take a Prospect of the last awful Scene of Things: We see the Graves opening, and the Dead arising at the Voice of the Archangel, and the Sounding of the Trump of God; We behold the Judge on his Tribunal, and we hear the dreadful and the delightful Sentences of Decision that shall pass on all the Sons and Daughters of *Adam*; we are assur'd, that the Saints shall *arise to meet the Lord in the Air, and so shall we be for ever with the Lord*: The Apostle bids us, *Exhort or comfort one another with these Words*, 1 Thess. 4. 17, 18. Now when the same Apostle requires that the *Word of Christ must dwell richly in us in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and spiritual Songs*; can we think he restrains us only to the Psalms of *David*, which speak very little of all these Glories or Terrors, and that in very obscure Terms and dark Hints of Prophesy? Or shall it be suppos'd, that we must admonish one another of the old *Jewish* Affairs and Ceremonies in Verse, and make Melody with those *weak and beggarly Elements, and the Yoke of Bondage*, and yet never dare to speak of the Wonders of new Discovery except in the plain and simple Language of Prose? Per-

Perhaps 'twill be replied here, that there are some Scriptural Hymns in the Book of *Revelations* that describe the Affairs of the New Testament, the Death and Kingdom of our *Lord Jesus*, and these are lawful to be sung in a Christian Church; I am glad that our Friends of a different Opinion will submit to sing any thing that belongs to the Gospel; I rejoice that the Bible hath any such Pieces of Christian Psalmody in it, left every thing that is Evangelical should utterly be excluded from this Worship, by those who will sing nothing but what is inspired; but how seldom are these Gospel-Songs used among our Churches? how little Respect is paid to 'em in comparison of the Jewish Psalms? how little mention would ever be made of them, if it were not to defend the Patrons of Jewish Psalmody from the gross Absurdity of an entire Return to Judaism in this Part of Worship? But give me leave also to add, that these Christian Hymns are but very short, and very few; nor do they contain a hundredth Part of those glorious Revelations that are made to us by *Christ Jesus* and his Apostles; nor can we suppose God excludes all other Parts of the Gospel from Verse and Singing.

Most express Words of Scripture furnish me with a *Third* Argument, *Eph.* 5. 19, 20. & *Col.* 3. 16, 17. Which are the two chief Commands of the New Testament for Singing; both bid us *make Melody, and give Thanks to God the Father, in the Name of our Lord*

Lord Jesus Christ. This is one of the Glories of Gospel-Worship, that all must be offer'd to the Father in his Name. So very particular is our *Lord Jesus* in this Command, that his last Sermon to his Disciples mentions it four times, *John* 14. 13, 14. & 16. 23, 24. Now why should we make Conscience of praying in the Name of *Christ* always, and offer up our Praises in his Name when we speak in Prose? And yet when we give Thanks in Verse, we almost bind our selves to take no more notice of the Name of *Christ* than *David* or *Moses* did. Why should every part of Divine Worship under the Gospel be express'd in Language suited to that Gospel (*viz.*) Praying, Preaching, Baptism and the Lord's Supper; and yet when we perform that part of Worship which brings us nearest to the heavenly State, we must run back again to the Law to borrow Materials for this Service? And when we are employ'd in the Work of Angels, we talk the Language of the Infant-Church, and speak in Types and Shadows? While we bind our selves to the Words of *David*, when *he inclines his Ear to a Parable, and opens his dark Saying upon the Harp*, Psal. 49. 4. we have given too great Countenance to those who still continue the Use of the Harp while they open the dark Saying.

The *Fourth* Argument may be thus drawn up. There is almost an infinite Number of different Occasions for Praise and Thanksgivings, as well as for Prayer, in the Life of a Chri-

Christian; and there is not a Set of Psalms already prepared that can answer all the Varieties of the Providence and the Grace of God. Now if God will be prais'd for all his Mercies, and Singing be one Method of Praise, we have some Reason to believe that God doth not utterly confine us even to the Forms of his own composing. This is thought a very sufficient Reason to resist the Imposition of any Book of Prayers; and I grant that no Number of Prayers of humane Composure can express every new Difficulty or future Want of a Christian; scarce can we suppose a Divine Volume should do it, except it be equal to many *Folio's*. However I can see nothing in the inspired Book of Praises that should perswade me that the Spirit of God design'd it as a universal Psalm-book; nor that he intended these to include or provide for all the Occasions of Thanksgiving that ever should befal *Jews* or *Christians* in a single or social Capacity. We find in the History of Scripture, that new Favours receiv'd from God were continually the Subject of new Songs, and the very minute Circumstances of the present Providence are describ'd in the Verse. The Destruction of *Pharoah* in the *Red-Sea*; the Victory of *Barak* over *Sisera*; the various Deliverances, Escapes and Successes of the Son of *Jesse* are described in the Songs of *Moses*, *Deborah* and *David*. The Jews in a Land of Captivity sat by the Rivers of *Babylon*, and remembred *Sion*; they could find none of the antient Songs of

of *Sion* fit to express their present Sorrow and Devotion, tho some of them are mournful enough; then was that admirable and artful Ode written, the *137th Psalm*, which even in the Judgment of the greatest humane *Cricks*, is not inferiour to the finest Heathen Poems. 'Tis a more dull, and obscure, and unaffecting Method of Worship to preach, or pray, or praise always in Generals: It doth not reach the Heart, nor touch the Passions; God did not think any of his own inspired Hymns clear and full and special enough to express the Praise that was his due for new Blessings of Grace and Providence; and therefore he put a new Song into the Mouths of *Mary*, *Zecharias* and *Simeon*; and 'tis but according to his own Requirement, that the *British Islands* should make their present Mercies under the Gospel the Subject of fresh Praises; *Isa.* 42. 9, 10. *Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them; Sing unto the Lord a new Song, and his Praise from the End of the Earth; Ye that go down to the Sea, and all that is therein; the Isles and the Inhabitants thereof.* As for the new Songs in the *Revelations*, the Occasions of some of them are very particular, and relate to the Fall of *Anti-Christ*; It can never be imagin'd that these are a compleat Collection of Psalms to suit all the Cases of a Christian Church: They are rather given to us as small Originals, by Imitation whereof the Churches should be furnished with Matter

for

for Psalmody, by those who are capable of composing spiritual Songs according to the various or special Occasions of Saints or Churches. Now shall we suppose the Duty of Singing to be so constantly provided for when there was any fresh Occasion under the Old Testament, and just in the very Beginning of the New, and yet that there is no manner of Provision made ever since by ordinary or extraordinary Gifts for the Expression of our particular Joys and Thanksgivings? This would be to sink the Gospel, which is a Dispensation of the Spirit, of Liberty, of Joy, and of Glory, beneath the Level of Judaism, when the Saints were kept in hard Bondage, and had not half so much Occasion for Praise.

The *Fifth* Argument may be borrow'd from the extraordinary Gift of the Spirit to compose or sing spiritual Songs in the primitive Church, express'd in 1 *Cor.* 14. 15, 26. The several Parts of Divine Worship, Praying, Preaching and Singing, were performed by immediate Inspirations of the holy Spirit in that Day, for these two Reasons. (1.) That there might be a Discovery of Divine Power in them, and the Seal of a Miracle set to the several Parts of Christian Worship, to convince the World, and to confirm the Church. (2.) Because there was not time to acquire a Capacity of Preaching, Praying, and composing spiritual Songs by Diligence and Study, together with the ordinary Assistance of Grace and Blessing of

Provi-

Providence, which would have taken up many Years before the Gospel could have been universally preached. But even in those Times of Inspiration, as *Timothy* himself was *not to neglect the Gift that was in him given by Imposition of Hands*, so he was charg'd to *give Attendance to Reading, to Exhortation, to Doctrine, to meditate upon these things, to give himself wholly to them, that his profiting might appear unto all*, 1 Tim. 4. 14, 15. And it is granted by all, that the Ministers of the Gospel in our Day are to acquire and improve the Gifts of Knowledge, Prayer and Preaching, by Reading, Meditation and frequent Exercise, together with earnest Requests to God for the ordinary Assistance of his Spirit, and a Blessing on their Studies; Why then should it be esteem'd sinful, to acquire a Capacity of composing a spiritual Song? Or why is it unlawful to put this Gift in Excercise, for the Use of Singing in the Christian Church, since 'tis one of those three standing Parts of Worship which were at first practis'd and confirm'd by Inspiration and Miracle?

Some may object here, that the Words ψάλλω and ψαλμὸς, which the Apostle useth in this Chapter, intend the Psalms of *David*, and not any new Song: But if we consult the whole Frame and Design of that Chapter, it appears that their Worship was all performed by extraordinary Gifts: Now 'twas no very extraordinary thing to bring forth one of *David's* Psalms; nor would it have been proper to have hindred the inspired Worship with such an Interposition of the ordinary Service of an antient *Jewish* Song; 'tis very credible therefore that the Word *Psalm* in this Place signifies a new spiritual Song, and 'tis so used frequently in the Writings of the Primitive Fathers, as appears in the Citations, *pag.* 274.

To close this Rank of Arguments, I might mention the Divine Delight that many pious Souls have found in the Use of spiritual Songs, suited to their

own Circumstances, and to the Revelations of the New Testament. If the spiritual Joy and Consolation that particular Persons have tasted in the general Duty of Singing, be esteem'd a tolerable Argument to encourage the Duty and confirm the Institution, I am well assured that the Argument would grow strong apace, and seal this Ordinance beyond Contradiction, if we would but stand fast in the Liberty of the Gospel, and not tie our Consciences up to meer Forms of the Old Testament. The Faith, the Hope, the Love, and the heavenly Pleasure that many Christians have profess'd while they have been singing evangelical Hymns; would probably be multiply'd and diffus'd amongst the Churches, if they would but breath out their Devotion in the Songs of the Lamb as well as in the Song of *Moses*.

Thus far have we proceeded in a way of Argument drawn from Scripture and the Reason of Things. Many Objections have been prevented, or sufficient Hints given for the Removal of them. Those that remain and seem to have any considerable Strength, shall be propos'd with an Attempt to answer them; for I would not have Christians venture upon the Practice of any thing in Divine Worship without due Knowledge and Conviction.

Object. 1. The Directions given for Psalmody in some Parts of the Old Testament, lead us to the Use of those Songs which are inspired, *Deut.* 31. 16, 19, &c. *And the Lord said unto* Moses, *write ye this Song for you, and teach it the Children of* Israel, *put it in their Mouths, that this Song may be a Witness for me against the Children of* Israel; *for when I shall have brought them into the Land which I sware unto their Fathers, which floweth with Milk and Hony*, &c. *Then they will turn unto other Gods.* And in *Psal.* 81. 1, 2, 3, 4. Where we are required to worship God by Singing, we are not commanded to make a new Psalm, but to take one that is already made, for the Words run thus,

thus, *Sing aloud unto God our Strength, make a joyful Noise to the God of* Jacob; *Take a Psalm, and bring hither the Tymbrel, the pleasant Harp with the Psaltery, blow up the Trumpet in the New Moon, in the Time appointed, on our solemn Feast-Day, for this was a Statute for* Israel, *and a Law of the God of* Jacob.

Ans. 1. I have cited these Texts at large wherein the Objection lies, that an Answer might appear plain in the Text to every Reader. How peculiarly do these Commands refer to the *Israelites?* The very Words of the Precept confine it to the *Jews*, to the Men that dwelt in *Canaan*, to the Worship that is paid with Tymbrels and Trumpets, to the Days of the New Moon, and solemn Jewish Festivals; and if we will insist upon these Scriptures as precise Rules of our present Duty and Worship, the Men that use Musical Instruments in a *Christian* Church will take the same Liberty of returning to *Jewish* Ordinances, and use the same Text to defend them.

Ans. 2. But if we should grant our selves under the Gospel still obliged by these Commands, yet they do not bind us up intirely to inspired Forms of Singing, since the same sort of Expression is used concerning Prayer; *Hos.* 14. 2. *Take with you Words, and say unto the Lord, take away all Iniquity, and receive us graciously*, &c. Now who is there that esteems himself confin'd to use no other Prayer but scriptural Forms? In other Places, where these Duties are injoin'd, we are bid to pray, or to praise, or to sing; and why should we not be as much at Liberty to suit the Words and the Sense to our present Circumstances in Singing as well as Praying, or in praising with Verse as well as praising in Prose?

Object. 2. The Examples of Scripture direct us to inspired Matter for Singing: *Deut.* 31. 21. Moses *wrote this Song the same Day, and taught it the Children of* Israel. 1 *Chron.* 16. 7. David *delivered first this Song, to thank the Lord, into the Hand of* Asaph *and*

his Brethren. Now in his dying Words, *the sweet Psalmist of* Israel tells us, 2 *Sam.* 23. 1, 2. *The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his Word was in my Tongue.* And in the Days of *Hezekiah*, which was some Ages after *David*: 2 Chron. 29. 27, 28, 29, 30. Hezekiah *commanded to offer the Burnt-Offering upon the Altar; and when the Burnt-Offering began, the Song of the Lord began also with the Trumpets and with the Instruments ordained by* David *King of* Israel, *&c. Moreover* Hezekiah *the King and the Princes commanded the Levites to sing Praise to the Lord, with the Words of* David *and of* Asaph *the Seer.*

Answ. These are nothing but Examples of *Jewish*, and very ceremonious Worship; Nor do they effectually prove, that the *Jews* themselves were forbid upon all Occasions whatsoever to use more private Composures in their Synagogues, tho in the Temple 'tis probable that for the most part they sung inspired Psalms. But it must be remembred, that these Psalms are all suited to their Dispensation, and yet without doubt they chose such out of them from time to time as best fitted their present Case; and so will we Christians take as many of the Psalms of *David* and other Scripture-Songs, as are suited to our Dispensation and our Circumstances; but these will be but very few in Comparison of what the antient Levites might use, especially if we must *sing the very words of* David *and* Asaph *the Seer* without Omission or Paraphrase.

Object. 3. We cannot pretend to make better spiritual Songs than the Spirit of God himself has made, therefore if we should neglect these, and sing humane Composures, we should incur the Censure of the Prophet *Malachy*, Chap. 1. v. 13, 14. *Ye brought that which was torn, and the Lame, and the Sick, thus ye brought an Offering, saith the Lord, should I accept this of your Hands?*

Ans. 1. Can we pretend to make better Prayers than

than the Spirit of God has made and scatter'd up and down thro' all the Old and New Testament? Can we compose better Sermons than *Moses* or *Solomon*? Better than our Saviour and his Apostles preach'd, and the Spirit of God hath recorded? Why then should not we use Scripture Forms of praying and preaching, as well as of Singing? And tho we may hope for the ordinary Assistance of the Spirit in our Prayers and Sermons, yet how can we expect that these shall be as good as those which were compos'd by his extraordinary Inspiration?

Ans. 2. Divine Wisdom accommodates its Inspirations, its Gifts, its Revelations, and its Writings, to the particular Cases and Seasons in which he finds a Saint or a Church. Now tho we cannot pretend to make a better Prayer than that of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, or our Lord, for the Day and Design for which they were prepared; yet a Song, a Sermon, or a Prayer that expresses my Wants, my Duties or my Mercies, tho it be compos'd by a humane Gift, is much better for me than to tie my self to any inspired Words in any part of Worship which do not reach my Case, and consequently can never be proper to assist the Exercise of my Graces or raise my Devotion.

Ans. 3. I believe that Phrases and Sentences used by inspired Writers are very proper to express our Thoughts in Prayer, Preaching or Praise; and God has frequently given Witness in the Hearts of Christians how much he approves the Language of Scripture; but 'tis always with a Proviso that those Phrases be clear, and expressive of our present Sense, and proper to our present Purpose: Yet we are not to dress up our Prayers, Sermons or Songs in the Language of *Judaism* when we design to express the Doctrines of the Gospel: This would but *darken Divine Counsel by Words without Knowledge*; it would amuse and confound the more ignorant Worshipers, 'twould disgust the more Considerate, and give nei-

ther the one nor the other Light or Comfort: And I think it may be as proper in our Churches to read a Sermon of *Moses* or *Isaiah* instead of preaching the Gospel, as to sing a Psalm of *David* whose Expressions chiefly refer to *David* the Shepherd, the King, the Fugitive, the Captain, the Musician and the *Jew*. In short the Prayers, Sermons and Songs in Scripture are rather Patterns by which we should frame our Worship and adjust it to our present Case, than Forms of Worship to which we should precisely and unchangeably confine our selves. And as Sermons which are conformable to the Holy Scripture in a large Sense may be called the *Word of God and the Word of Christ*, and are usually and justly so called if they are agreeable to the Scripture and drawn from thence; so Hymns of Humane Composure according to the Spirit and Doctrines of the Gospel may be as well termed the *Word of Christ*, which is the proper Matter for Christian Psalmody. *Col.* 3. 16. whereas in the strictest and most limited Sense of the Word nothing deserves that Title but the *Hebrew* and *Greek* Originals.

Object. 4. In the New Testament there are Promises of Divine Assistance to Ministers and private Christians in preaching the Gospel and in Prayer; But we have no Promise of the Spirit of God to help us to compose Psalms or Hymns for our private Use or for the Use of the Churches; and how can we practise in the Worship of God what we have no Promise of the holy Spirit to encourage and assist us in?

Ans. 1. There are many general Promises of the Presence of *Christ* with his Ministers, and the Supply of his Spirit in the Discharge of all their Duties for the Edification of the Church: Now there are several Performances which are necessary for the Churches Edification, to which there is no peculiar Promise made of the Assistance of the Spirit in express Words: Such are, Translating the Bible into

our

our Mother-Tongue, Composing our Sermons or at least the Substance and Scheme of them before preaching, Writing pious and useful Treatises upon divine Subjects, and diligent Reading and study of Books so written; nor is there any more express Encouragement to expect the Presence of the Spirit in turning the Psalms of *David* into Rhime and Metre, than in composing new spiritual Songs: And yet Ministers that are fitted for such Performances may pray and hope for Divine Assistance in them all, and trust in the general Promises for Help in particular Services.

Ans. 2. There is no need of these Gifts of Criticism or of Poesy for all Christians nor all Ministers, tho it seems necessary that some should be furnish'd with them. A few Persons in an Age or a Nation may translate the Scriptures into the National Language, and may compose a sufficient Number of Hymns to answer the chief Designs and Wants of the Church for that Day for publick Worship. Where there happen Occasions very particular, the Ministers of the Gospel are not or should not be so utterly destitute of common Ingenuity, as to be unable to compose or at least to collect a few tolerable Verses proper for such a Season.

Object. 5. We find no Instances in Scripture of humane Composures sung by the People of God; and 'tis not good to practise such Pieces of Worship without a Precedent.

Ans. Whensoever there was just Occasion for an Hymn according to some new and special Providence, we almost every where find a new Song recorded in Scripture, and we call it inspired, nor do I know any just Reason to suspect or doubt of the Inspiration; but if there had been any one which was not the Effect of an extraordinary Gift but only compos'd by a good Man, we should be ready to take it for inspired because mention'd in Scripture; as we do too

many

many Expressions of the Saints in that divine History, and make every thing that a good Man saith Heavenly and Divine: However if there can be no Pretence made to such an Example in Scripture, yet so much Reason, Argument and Incouragement as hath been already drawn from Scripture sufficiently justifies this Practice, since we perform many Circumstantials of Worship under the Influence of a general Command without express and special Examples.

Object. 6. We ought to sing nothing to God but what is given us for this very End that it may be sung, lest we indulge Will-worship and the Inventions of Men.

Ans. 1. To convert the Verses of *David* into English Lines, to confine them to an exact Number of Syllables, and to make Melody in particular Tunes, may as well be called the Inventions of Men and Will-Worship: But these Inventions are absolutely necessary for the Performance of Divine Commands, and for the Assistance of a whole Congregation to sing with any tolerable Convenience, Order or Decency, as the Reverend Mr. *Boyse* has well proved.

Ans. 2. Those that refuse to sing Forms of humane Composure tho the Sense be never so divine, generally allow it lawful to take any Parts of Scripture and alter and transpose the Words into a Form fit for Singing; But to take a mere Parable or Story out of the Bible, and put some Rhimes on to the End of every Line of it, without giving it a new and pathetic Turn, is but a dull way of making spiritual Songs, and without a precedent too. *David* did not deal so with *Genesis* and *Exodus*, tho he loved the Words of the Law as well as we pretend to value the Words of the Gospels and Epistles. The most part of the New Testament as it stands in our Bible was never given us for Psalms, Hymns and spiritual Songs; but for divine Instruction and Materials for this and other Duties, that so we might borrow the Doctrines and

Disco-

Discoveries of the New Testament, and compose Sermons and Songs out of them: But if we take Chapters and Verses promiscuously out of the New Testament, and make them jingle and rhime, and so sing them, we are guilty of singing what God never commanded to be sung, as much as if we compos'd spiritual Songs by humane Art agreeable to the Sense of Scripture and the Christian Faith.

If the Addition of humane Testimony concerning the Practice of Churches in former or later Ages might have any Influence to establish the Consciences of those who are doubtful in this Matter, I might acquaint them that the Churches of *Germany* and the *Eastland* Churches, use many Divine Hymns which are compos'd on several Subjects of the Christian Religion, without any Pretence to extraordinary Gifts. The Church of *England* approves this Practice, as appears in those spiritual Songs at the End of the old Translation of the Psalm-Book, and some Churches among the Dissenters. The *Christians of the first Ages were wont to meet together on a Day appointed before it was Light, and to speak a Song to Christ as to God*: Thus *Pliny* the *Roman* testifies in a Letter to *Trajan* the Emperour in the Beginning of the second Century. *Tertullian*, who flourish'd about the Beginning of the Third Century, relating the Manner of Administration of the Lord's Supper, asserts, *That after they had eat and drank what was sufficient for those that must worship God by Night*, &c. *Every one was urged to sing unto God publickly either out of the holy Scriptures, or according to their own Genius and Ability*, Apol. C. 39. *Origen*, who flourish'd in the Middle of the Third Century, speaks *of singing Hymns of Praise to the Father in or by Christ in good Rhime, Tune, Metre and Harmony*. Origen de Orat. Sect. 6. *Eusebius*, *B.* 7. *C.* 19. quotes *Dionisius* writing against *Nepos* thus, *Altho I heartily love* Nepos *for his Faith, his Study of Knowledge and the holy Scriptures, as well as*

for

for various Psalms and Hymns composed by him, which are used to this Day by some Brethren, yet, &c. In the Acts of the Council of *Antioch* mention'd by *Eusebius*, *B.7. C.* 30. It was one of the Accusations of *Paulus Samosatenus* the Heretick Bishop of *Antioch*, that *he abolished those Psalms which were wont to be sung to the Honour of the Lord Jesus Christ as novel and compos'd by Modern Authors, and that he appointed Women on Easter Day in the Middle of the Church to sing Psalms in his Praise.* And in the Fragment of an anonymous Author extant in *Eusebius* we find the Heresy of *Artemon*, who denied the Divinity of Christ, confuted not only by the Scriptures and the Writings of the precedent Fathers, but also by the *Psalms and Hymns of the Brethren which were formerly compos'd by them, wherein they sung Praises to the WORD of God, declaring Christ to be God.* Such a private composed Hymn was that which *Clemens Alexandrinus* mentions as one commonly known among the Christians in his Days, beginning χαῖρε φῶς, or, *Hail Light.* *Spanheim* in his sixth Chapter of the fourth Century of his Christian History speaks thus, *Besides Hymns and Songs, and private Psalms, of which there was a great Number in their solemn Assemblies, the Psalm-Book of* David *was brought into the Western Church in this Age in the Time of* Damasus *and* Ambrose; *but in the Eastern Church the singing of* David's *Psalter by Antiphona's or Responses was brought in by* Flavianus Antiochenus. The Use of Psalms compos'd by private Persons seems not to be forbidden in the Church till the Council of *Laodicea* in the fourth Century.

CONCLUSION.

THUS have I drawn together my Thoughts upon this Subject at the Request of several Ministers and private Christians who practise Psalmody in this Method themselves, and sing the Songs of the

Lamb

amb as well as the Psalms of *David* in their publick nd private Worship, and especially at the Celebra-on of the Lord's Supper. I had design'd and al-most prepar'd a larger Discourse, wherein the Duty f Singing and the Manner of Performance would ave been consider'd. But this Essay has already well'd beyond the Bulk propos'd : There are many hat would rejoice to see Evangelic Songs more uni-ersally encouraged to the Honour of their *Lord Je-s*, and to the Joy and Consolation of their Fellow-aints. If the Spirit of God shall make any of these rguments I have used successful to attain this glo-ious End, I shall take pleasure in the Release of heir Souls from that part of *Judaism* which they have o long indulged. I hope the Difficulties that ap-ear'd frightful and discouraging will be lost and anish by a diligent and fair Perusal of what is writ-en; yet those that pay a sacred Reverence to the nspired Writings, may still find it hard to yield to he Conviction; Scruples and Reliques of an old O-inion will perhaps hang about their Consciences ill: A Fear and Jealousy of admitting any Forms f humane Composure in the Worship of Singing vill scarce permit their Lips to practise that to which heir Understandings have given their Assent. I vould intreat such to give this Discourse a thoughtful Review; and tho they may not judge every Argu-ment conclusive, nor every Objection sufficiently re-nov'd, yet if there be but one unanswerable Reason it ought to be attended to; and the whole put toge-ther may give such Light and Satisfaction as may in-courage the Practice of this Duty. 'Tis very easy to make Cavils and Replies to the strongest Reasonings; but let us have a Care lest we rob our Souls and the Churches of those Divine Comforts of evangelic Psalmody, by a Fondness of our old and preconceived Opinions. *He that believeth may eat all Things*, and should not be forbidden: He may partake of *Flesh*

and

and drink Wine; he may taſt of the various Pleaſur of the Goſpel, and ſing the New Song: *Another w is weak eateth Herbs*, and ſatisfies himſelf with ancie Melody. *Let not him that eateth deſpiſe him that eat not*, and *let not him which eateth not judge him wh eateth, for God hath received him*, Rom. 14. 2.

If the Hymns and ſpiritual Songs which are he preſented to the World are ſo unhappy as to diſcc rage the Deſign of this Eſſay, I will cenſure and prove them my ſelf: If they are condemned as bei unſuitable to the Capacity or Experience of pla Chriſtians, I will eaſily confeſs a Variety of Faults them; 'twas hard to reſtrain my Verſe always wit in the Bounds of my Deſign; 'Twas hard to ſink ev ry Line to the Level of a whole Congregation, a yet to keep it above Contempt. However among great a Number of Songs I hope there will be ſo found that ſpeak the very Language, and Deſires a Senſe of the meaneſt Souls, and will be an Aſſiſtance their Joy and Worſhip. The Blemiſhes of the re may ſerve to awaken ſome more pious and judicio Fancy to a more ſucceſsful Attempt; and whoev ſhall have the Honour of ſuch a Performance, I pr miſe my ſelf a large Share in the Pleaſure. But v muſt deſpair of hearing the *New Song of the Lamb* in i Perfection and Glory, till *Babylon the Great is fallen, a the Kingdoms of this World are become the Kingdoms the Lord and his Chriſt*, till *the New Heavens and t New Earth* appear, till *all the former things are paſſ away, and all things are made New.*

The End.

ERRATA.

Pag. viii. lin. 13. r. *Contentious.* B. I. H. 24. l. 2 for *Souls* r. *Hearts.* H. 49. l. 6. r. *Prophet.* l. 10. *th' Egyptian.* H. 61. l. 8. r. *brings.* P. 246. l. ult. *one that is no Oppreſſor.*