

THE *M.*
PSALMS
OF
DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And apply'd to the

Christian State and Worship.

By *J. WATTS*, D. D.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things must be fulfilled which were written in—the Psalms concerning me.*

Heb. xi. 32.—*David, Samuel, and the Prophets.*

Ver. 40.—*That they without us should not be made perfect.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN CLARK, and RICHARD HETT,
at the *Bible and Crown*; and RICHARD FORD,
at the *Angel*: Both in the *Poultry*. MDCCXXIX.



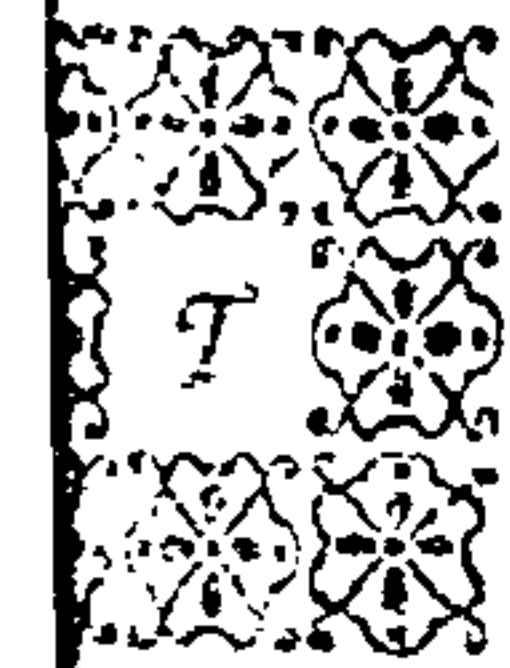
ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

READERS

On the following HEADS.

the different Editions of this
Book.



*THE larger Edition is prefaced with a Discourse on the right Way of fitting the Psalms of David for Christian Worship; wherein a plain Account is given of the Author's general Conduct in this Imi-
on of the Psalms, together with some
dent and convincing Arguments to sup-
There are also particular Notes ad-
at the End of a great Number of the
Psalms, which explain their Evangelical
Use, and shew the Reason why they are ei-
ther*

their paraphras'd or abridg'd in such a Manner here.

At the Request of many Friends, the Author has permitted this Edition in a smaller Form, to render it more portable and convenient for publick Worship; he therefore desires, and may reasonably demand this Piece of Justice of all his Readers, that they will not censure and condemn any Part of this Work without a diligent Perusal of the larger Edition, wherein the Preface and Notes, in the Judgment of many learned and pious Men have given a sufficient Vindication of the whole Performance.

Of the Use of this Psalm-Book.

The chief Design of this Work was to improve Psalmody or Religious Singing and to encourage the frequent Practice of it in publick Assemblies and private Families with more Honour and Delight; yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain the Parlour and the Closet with devout Pleasure and holy Meditations. Therefore he would request his Readers, at proper Seasons to peruse it through; and among 340 sacred Hymns they may find out several that are suitable to their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends;

may teach their Children such as are proper for their Age, and by treasuring them in their Memory they may be furnish'd for pious Remembrance, or may entertain their Friends with *only Melody.*

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

The Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and consulting the Index or Table of Contents at the End, he may find Hymns very proper for many Occasions of the Christian Life and Worship; though no Copy of David's Psalter can provide for all, as I have shewn in the Preface.

Or if he remember the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines will tell where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in Order in Churches or Families, it may be done with Profit; provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special Occurrences of Nations, Churches, or single Christians.

Of naming the Psalms.

Let the Number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular Metre, and particular Part of it: As for Instance;

Let us sing the 33^d Psalm, 2^d Part. Common Metre; *or*, Let us sing the 9th Psalm, 1st Part, beginning at the Pause *or*, ending at the Pause; *or*, Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, &c. And then read over the first Stanza before you begin to sing, that the People may find it in the Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.

Of dividing the Psalm.

If the Psalm be too long for the Time Custom of Singing, there are Pauses in many of them, at which you may properly rest: Or you may leave out those Verses which are included in Crotchets [] without disturbing the Sense: Or in some Places you may begin to sing at a Pause.

Do not always confine your selves to single Stanza's, but sing seven or eight, rather than confound the Sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn Worship.

Of the Manner of Singing.

It were to be wish'd that all Congregations and private Families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant Countries without reading Line by Line. Tho' the Author has done
what

what he could to make the Sense compleat in every Line or two, yet many Inconveniencies will always attend this unhappy Manner of Singing: But where it cannot be alter'd, these two Things may give some Relief.

First, Let as many as can do it bring Psalm-Books with them, and look on the Words while they sing, so far as to make the Sense compleat.

Secondly, Let the Clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the Lines, that the People may have some Notion of what they sing; and not be forc'd to drag on heavily through eight tedious Syllables without any Meaning, till the next Line come to give the Sense of them.

It were to be wish'd also that we might not dwell so long upon every single Note, and produce the Syllables to such a tiresom Extent with a constant Uniformity of Time; which disgraces the Musick, and puts the Congregation quite out of Breath in singing five or six Stanza's; whereas if the Method of Singing were but reformed to a greater Speed of Pronunciation, we might often enjoy the Pleasure of a longer Psalm with less expence of Time and Breath; and our Psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient Churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to our selves.

The various Measures of the Verses
are fitted to the Tunes of the Old
PSALM-BOOK.

To the Common Tunes sing all intitled
Common Metre.

To the Tunes of the 100th Psalm sing all en-
titled Long Metre.

To the Tune of the 25th Psalm sing Short
Metre.

To the 50th Psalm sing one Metre of the 50th
and 93^d.

To the 112th or 127th Psalm sing one Metre
of the 104th and 148th.

To the 113th Psalm sing one Metre of the
19th, 33^d, 58th, 89th, last Part, 96th,
112th, 113th.

To the 122^d Psalm sing one of the Metres
of the 93^d, 122^d, and 133^d.

To the 148th Psalm sing one Metre of the
84th, 121st, 136th, and 148th.

To a New Tune sing one Metre of the 50th
and 115th.

Dec. 1. 1718.

T H

Tunes

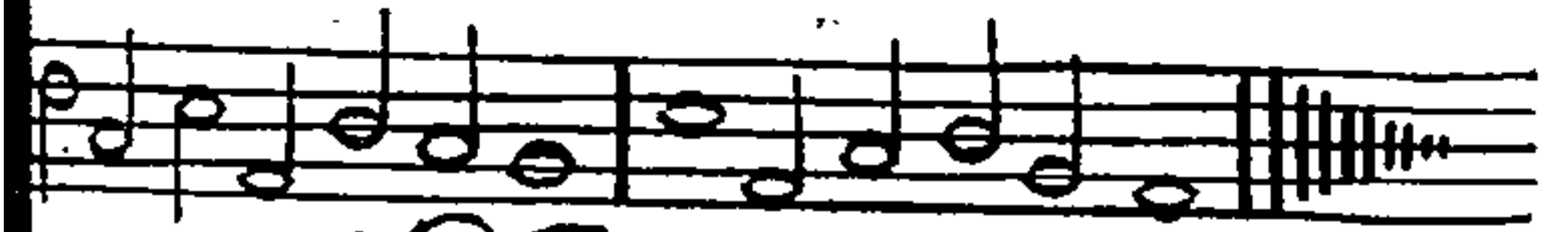
The Tenor Part
Fitted to
The Several Metres

Engraved by Francis Hoffman.

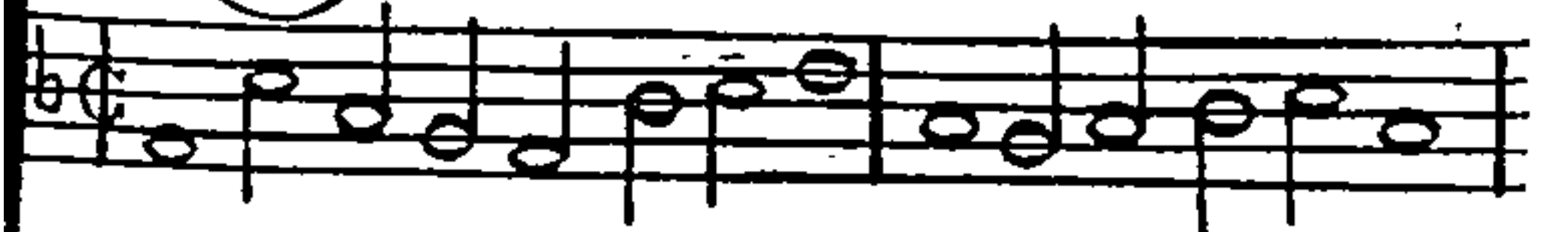
Common Metre Single
Cambridge



David's

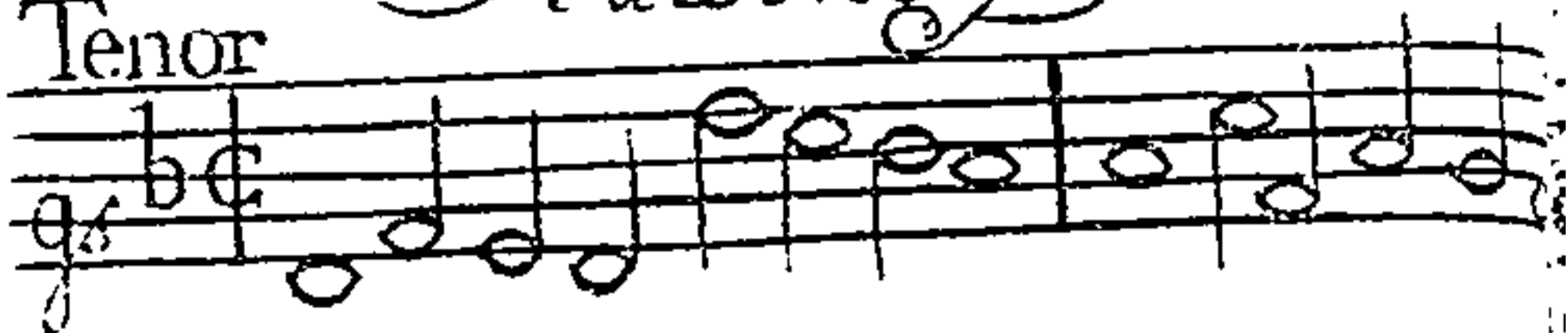


Gloucester

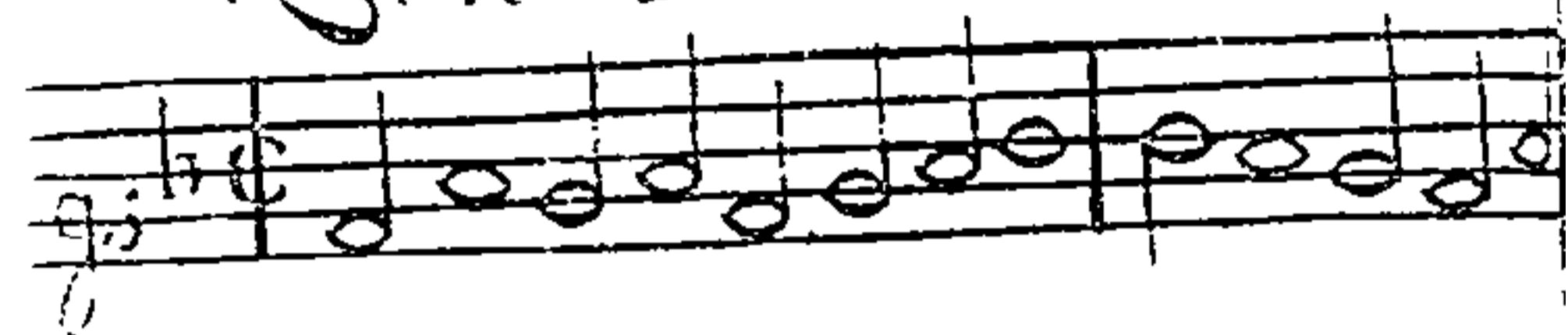


Hackney

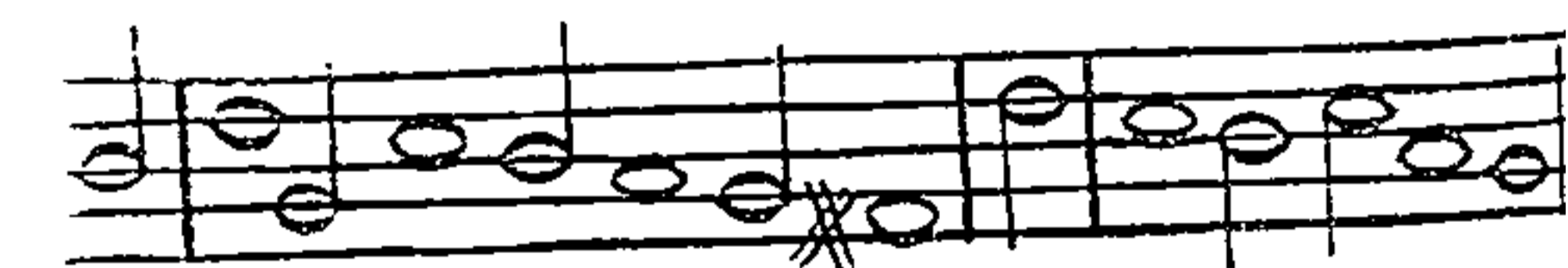
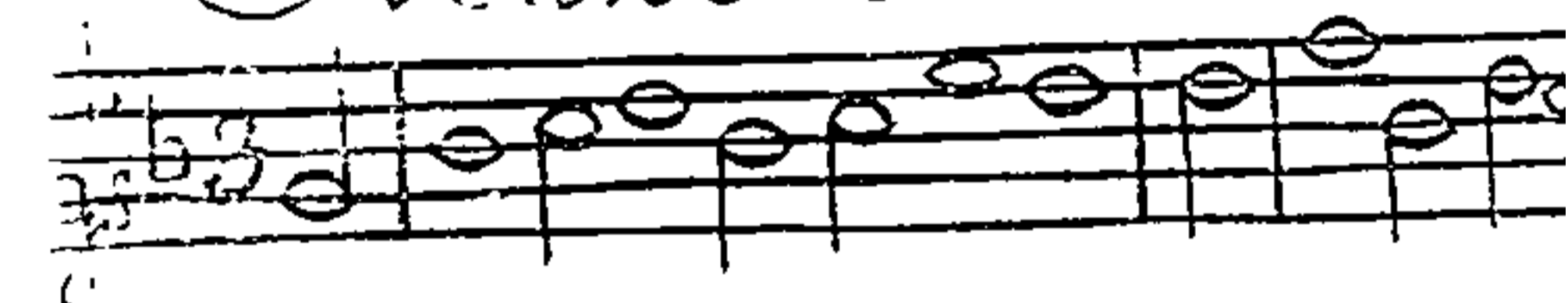
Tenor



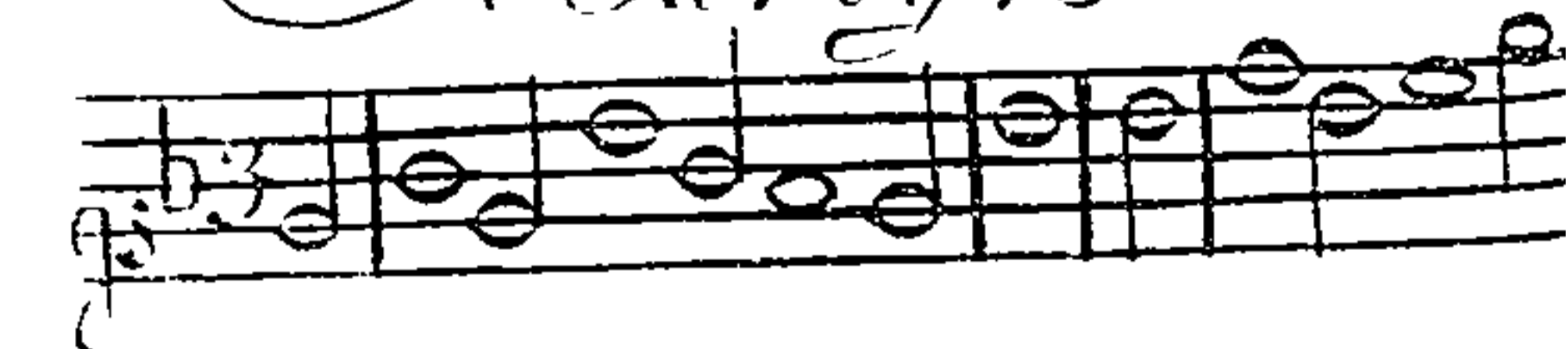
Lin' Dusen



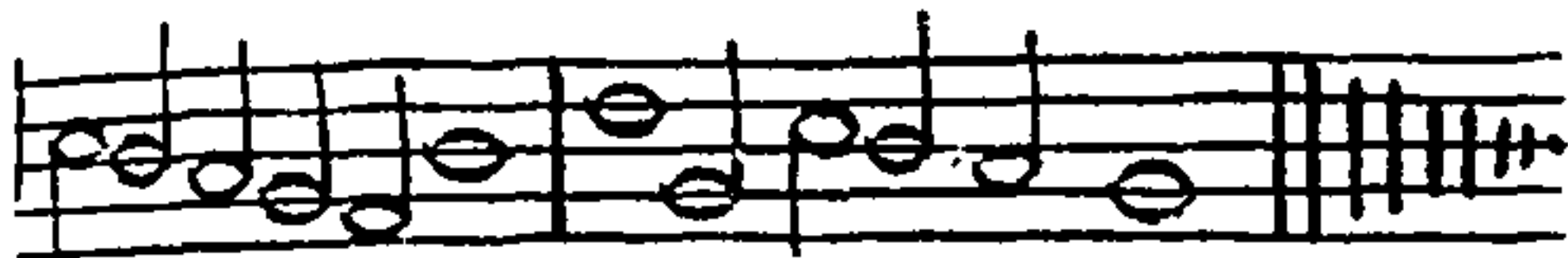
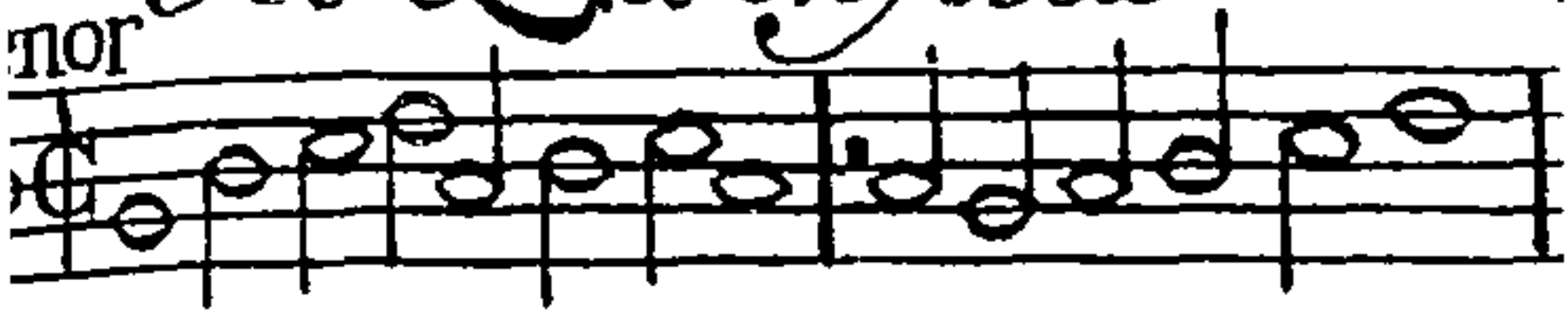
Manchester



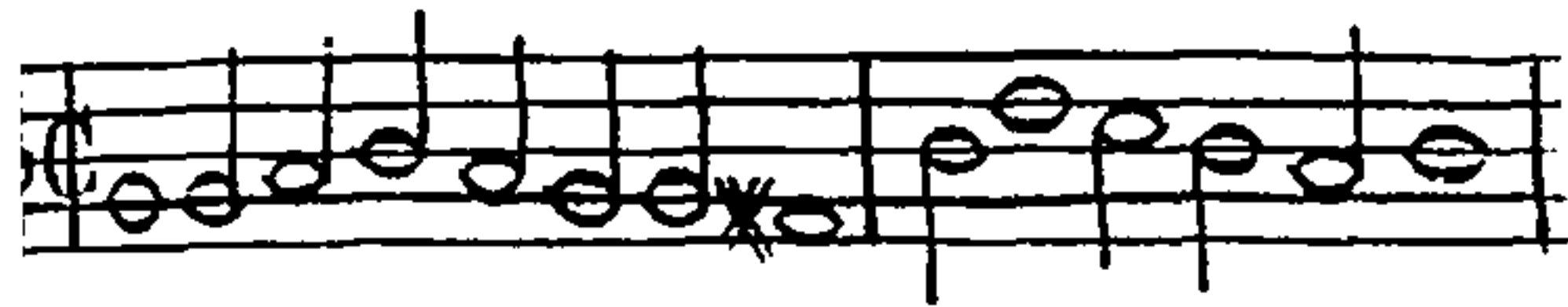
Mounty's



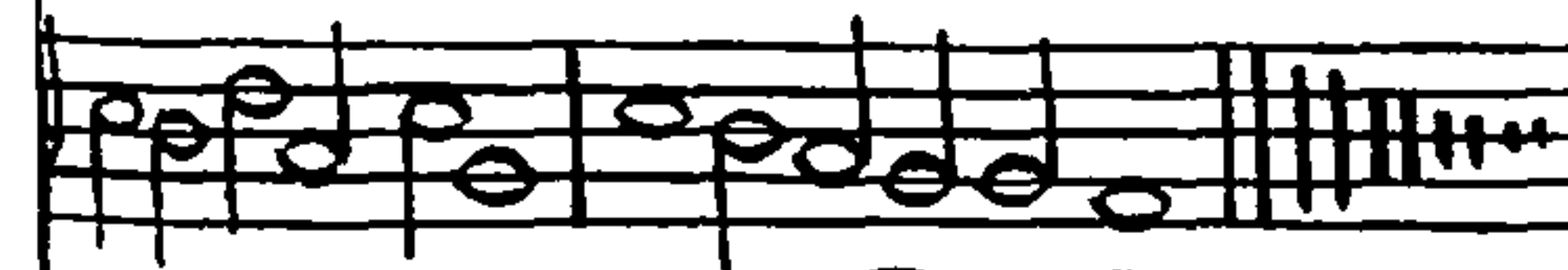
W. Litchfield 3



Windsor



York

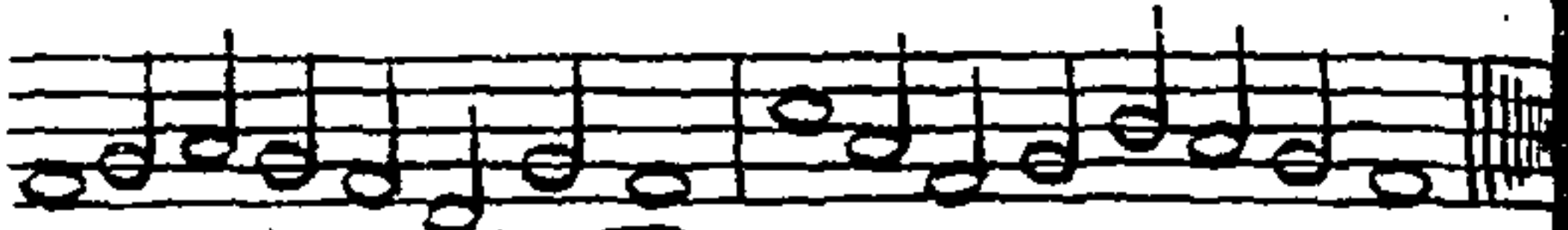
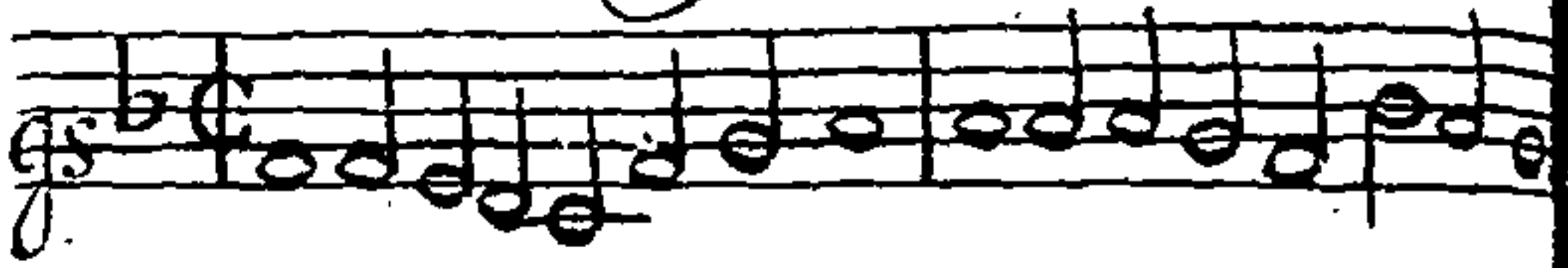


Port. Metre *Southwell* or 25 Psalm.

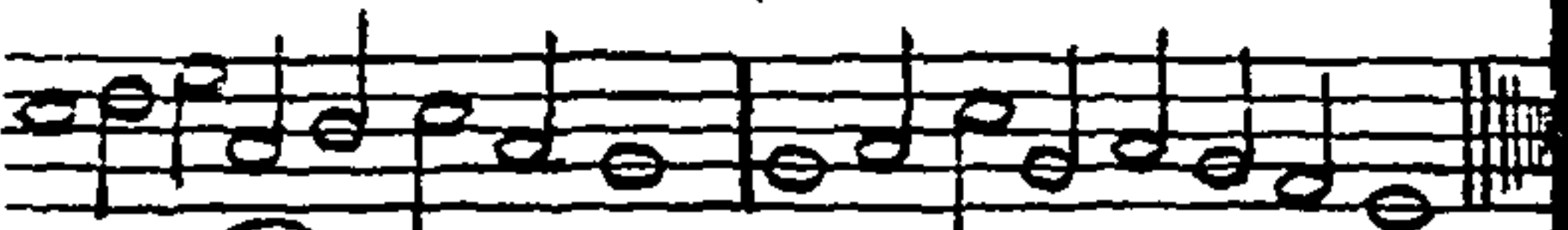
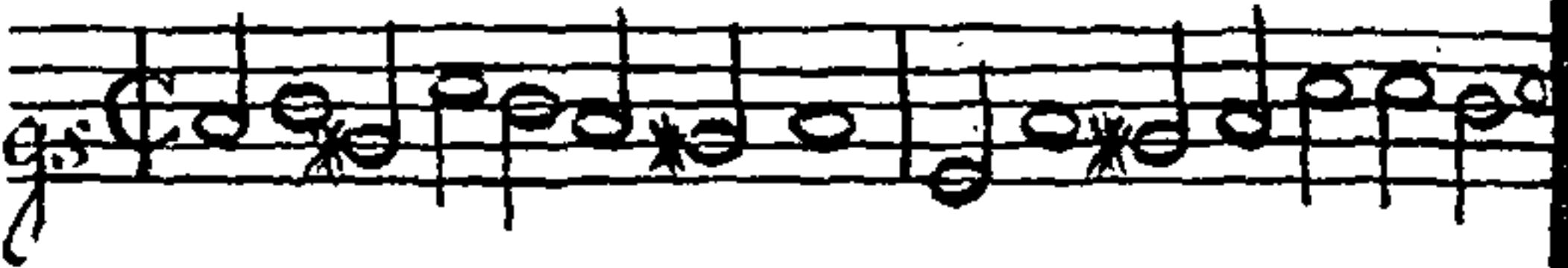


Long Metre Single

The Tune of the C Psalm



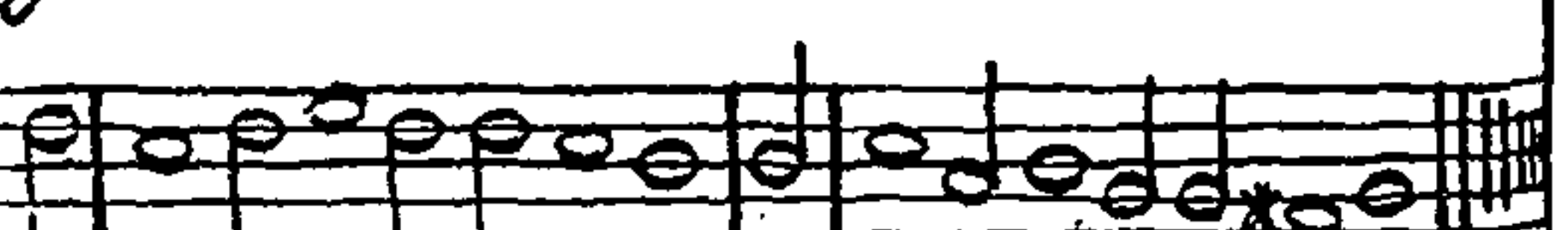
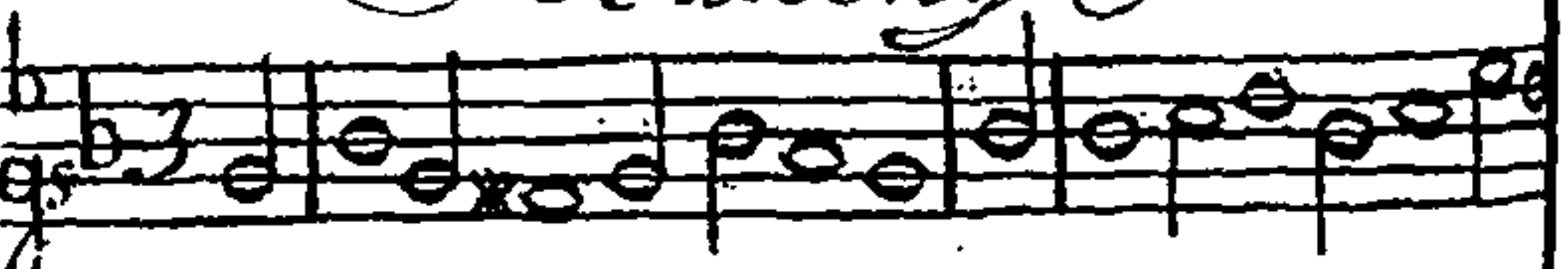
The French C Psalm Tune



Angels' SONG

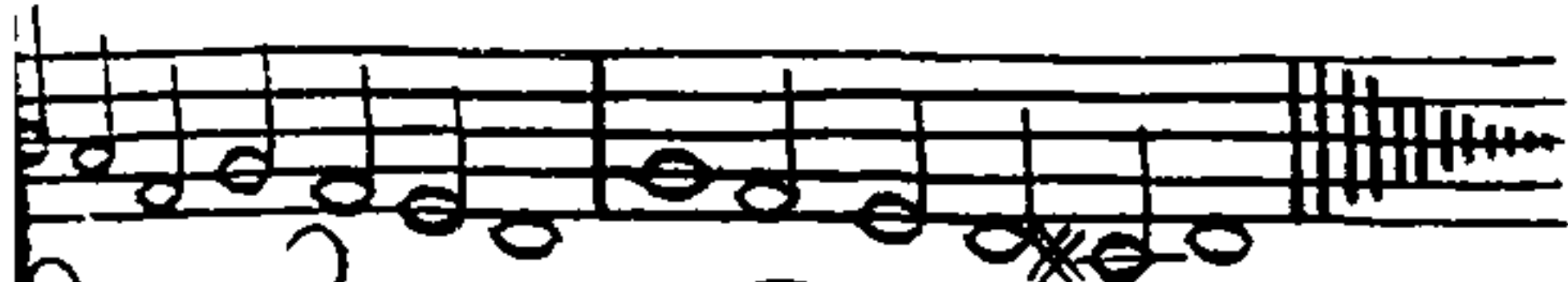
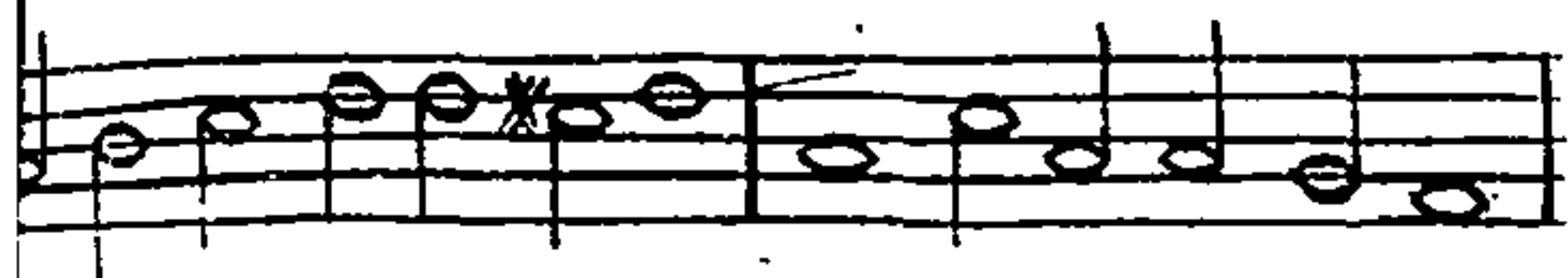


Reading

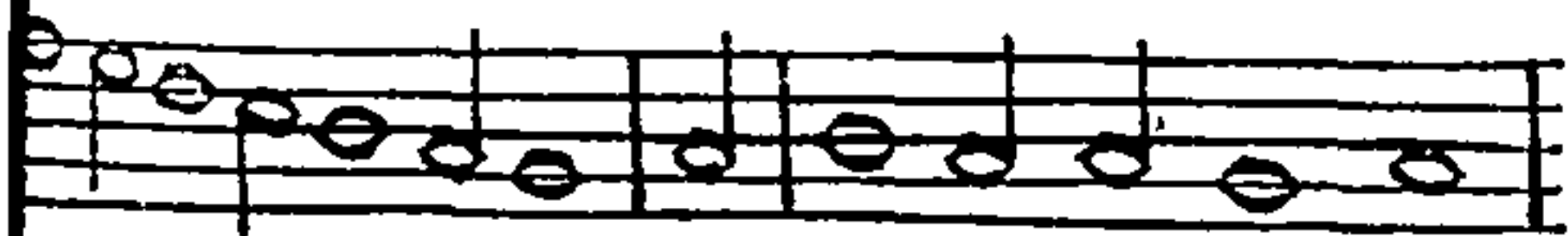
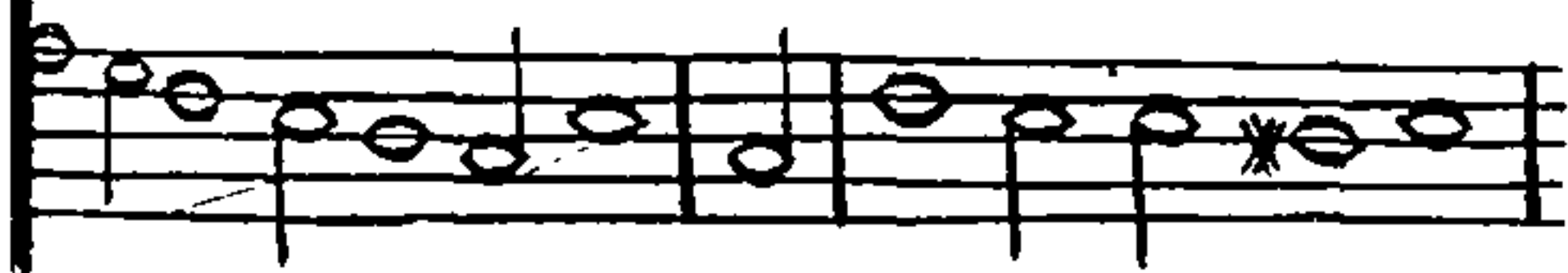


Common Metre double 5

The Tune of the CXCIX Psalm.

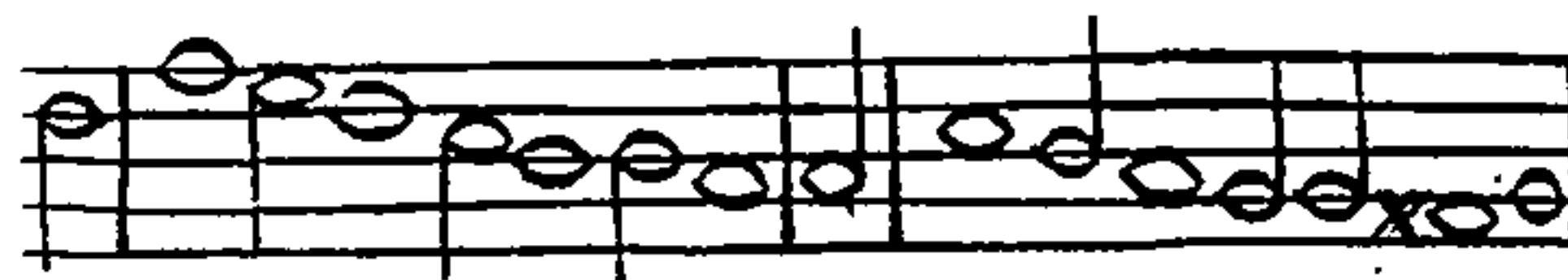
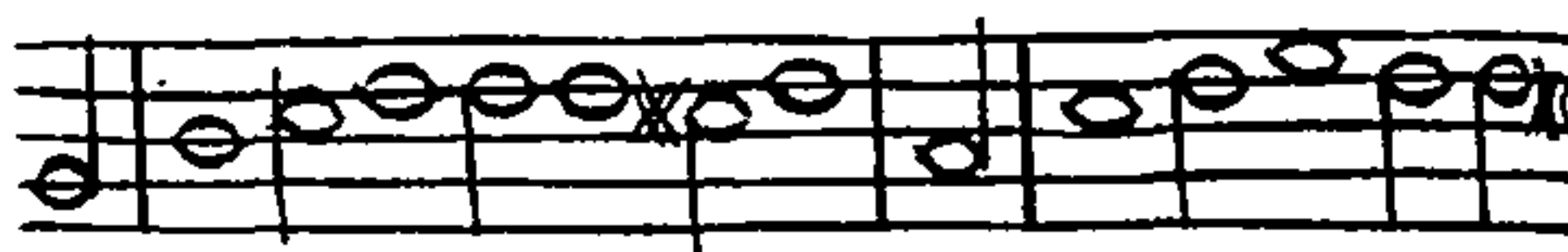
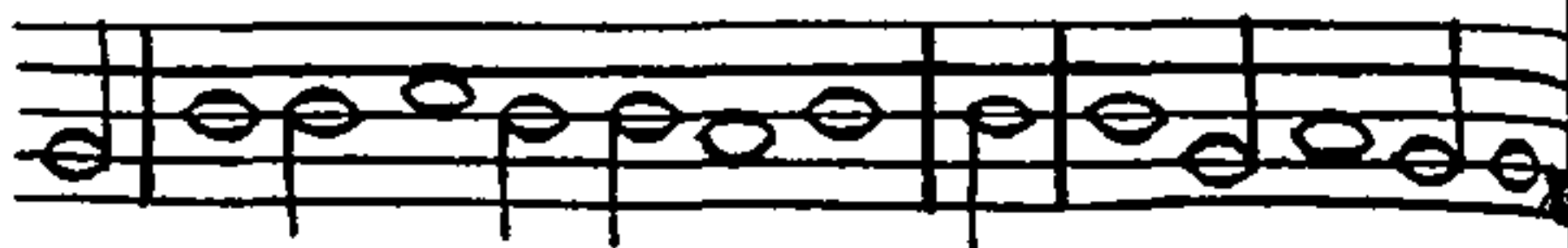
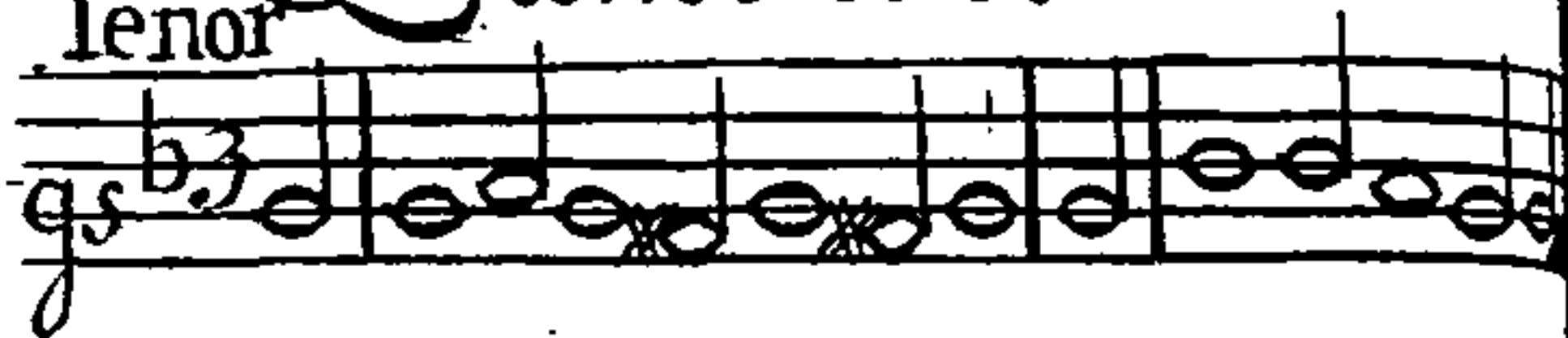


The Tune of the LXXVI Psalm.

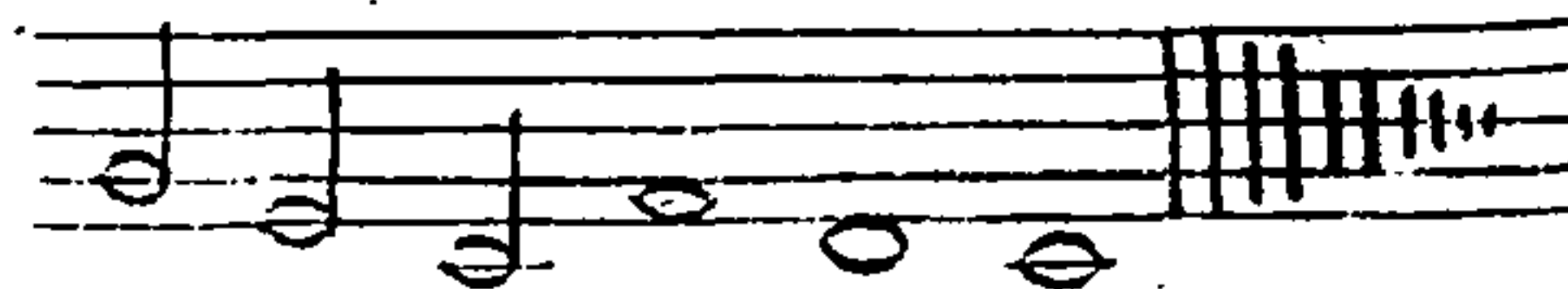
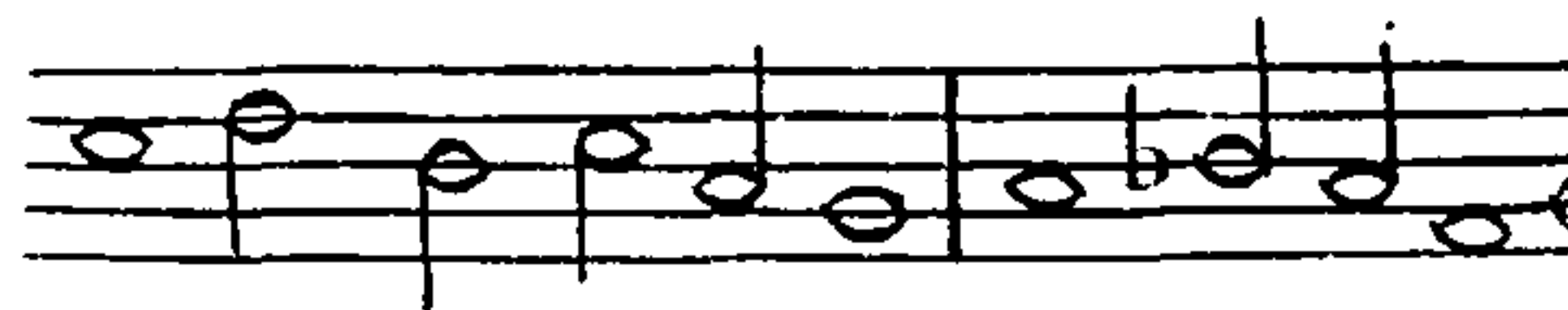
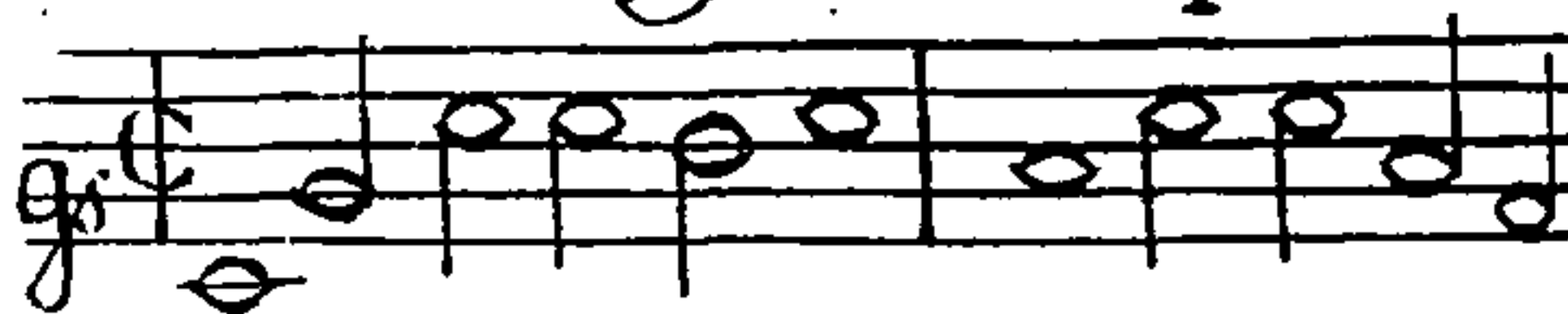


Long METRE Double

Tenor *Lamentation*



The Tune of the 148 Pfa



The Tune of the
CXIII Psalm.

Dr

The first system of music consists of six staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, diatonic style. The first two staves are the upper voice, and the last four staves are the lower voice. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

chester to the CXXII Psalm.

The second system of music consists of four staves. It continues the melody from the first system. The notation is consistent with the first system, featuring a treble clef and common time. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

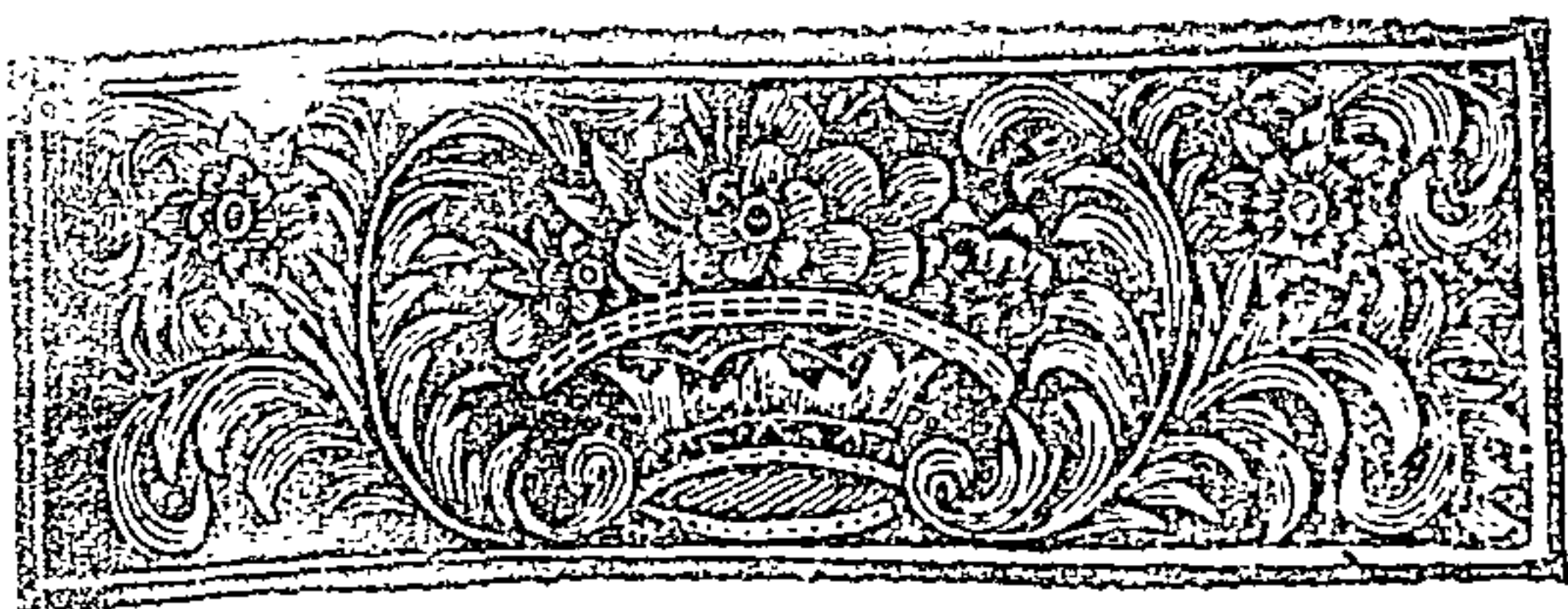
Method I. Psalm. *Tune*

Tenor

The first system of musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is written in a simple, stepwise fashion using half and quarter notes. The second and third staves provide a harmonic accompaniment with similar rhythmic patterns. The fourth staff continues the melodic line, ending with a double bar line.

The new I. Psalm. *Tune*

The second system of musical notation also consists of four staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). The melody is more rhythmic and varied than the first system, incorporating eighth and sixteenth notes. The accompaniment in the second and third staves is more active, with frequent beaming of notes. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line.



THE
PSALMS of DAVID,
Imitated in the
LANGUAGE
OF THE
NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

1. BLESSED is the Man who shuns the Place
Where Sinners love to meet ;

Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

2. But in the Statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief Delight ;

By Day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

A 5

5 [He

- 3 [He like a Plant of generous Kind
By living Waters set,
Safe from the Storms and blasting Wind,
Enjoys a peaceful State.]
- 4 Green as the Leaf; and ever fair
Shall his Profession shine;
While Fruits of Holiness appear
Like Clusters on the Vine.
- 5 Not so the Impious and Unjust;
What vain Designs they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Dust,
Or Chaff before the Storm.
- 6 Sinners in Judgment shall not stand
Amongst the Sons of Grace,
When *Christ* the Judge at his Right-hand
Appoints his Saints a Place.
- 7 His Eye beholds the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre:

The Saint Happy, the Sinner Miserable:

1. **T**HE Man is ever blest
Who shuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counsels never stands,
Nor takes the Scorners Place.
2. But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidst the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.
3. He like a Tree shall thrive,
With Waters near the Root:

PSALM I.

3

As the Leaf his Name shall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

Not so th' ungodly Race,
They no such Blessings find :
Their Hopes shall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before that Judgment-Seat,
Where all the Saints at *Christ's* Right-hand
In full Assembly meet ?

He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go ;
But Sinners and their Works shall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

Happy the Man, whose cautious Feet
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go,
Who hates the Place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

He loves t' employ his Morning-Light
Amongst the Statutes of the Lord ;
And spends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleasure pond'ring o'er the Word.

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

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

4 P S A L M II

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

6 " Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I blest the Path, and drew it plain ;
" But you would chuse the crooked Road ;
" And down it leads to endless Pain.

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the Divine Pattern, *Acts*
24, &c.

Christ Dying, Rising, Interceding, and Reigning

1 [**M**aker and Sovereign Lord
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And answers thy Decrees.

2 The Things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus, thine Holy Child.]

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Design ;
Against the Lord their Powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will support his Throne ;
He that hath rais'd Him from the Dead
Hath own'd Him for his Son.

PSALM II.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He asks, and God bestows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remotest Ends
His Kingdom shall advance.

8 The Nations that rebel
Must feel his Iron Rod;
He'll vindicate those Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 [Be wise, ye Rulers, now,
And worship at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To God's exalted Son.

10 If once his Wrath arise,
Ye perish on the Place;
Then blessed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

1 WHY did the Nations join to slay
The Lord's Anointed Son?
Why did they cast his Laws away,
And tread his Gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the Skies,
Derides their Rage below,
He speaks with Vengeance in his Eyes,
And strikes their Spirits thro'.

3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
" And raise him from the Dead;

PSALM II.

- 1 " I make my holy Hill his Throne,
 " And wide his Kingdom spread.
 2 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 " The utmost *Heathen* Lands :
 " Thy Rod of Iron shall destroy
 " The Rebel that withstands.
 3 Be wise, ye Rulers of the Earth,
 Obey th' Anointed Lord,
 Adore the King of heav'nly Birth,
 And tremble at his Word.
 4 With humble Love address his Throne :
 For if he frown, ye die :
 Those are secure, and those alone
 Who on his Grace rely.

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Christ's Death, Resurrection, and Ascension.

- 1 **W**H^Y did the *Jews* proclaim their Rage,
 The *Romans* why their Swords employ
 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 controuls ;
 He'll vex their Hearts with inward Pains,
 And speak in Thunder to their Souls.
 4 " I will maintain the King I made
 " On *Zion's* everlasting Hill,
 " My Hand shall bring him from the Dead,
 " And he shall stand your Sovereign still.

1 His wond'rous Rising from the Earth:
 2 Makes his Eternal Godhead known;
 3 The Lord declares his heavenly Birth;
 4 This Day have I begot my Son.

5 Ascend, my Son, to my Right-hand,
 6 There, thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 7 The utmost Bounds of Heathen Lands;
 8 To thee the Northern Isles shall bow.]

9 But Nations that resist his Grace
 10 Shall fall beneath his Iron Stroke;
 11 His Rod shall crush his Foes with Ease,
 12 As Potters Earthen Work is broke.

P A U S E.

13 Now ye that sit on earthly Thrones,
 14 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 15 Now to his Feet submit you Crowns,
 16 Rejoice and tremble at his Name.

17 With humble Love address the Son,
 18 Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
 19 His Wrath will burn to Worlds unknown,
 20 If ye provoke his Jealousy.

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

P S A L M III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and Fears suppress! or, God our Defense from
 Sin and Satan.*

1 MY God, how many are my Fears!
 2 How fast my Foes increase!
 3 Conspiring my eternal Death
 4 They break my present Peace.

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

3 But thou, my Glory and my Strength,
Shalt on the Tempter tread,
Shalt glence all my threat'ning Guilt,
And raife my drooping Head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy Hill
He bow'd a lift'ning Ear ;
I call my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my Fear.

5 He shed foft Slumbers on mine Eyes
In fpirit of all my Foes ;
I'woke, and wonder'd at the Grace
That guarded my Repofe.]

6 What tho' the Hofts of Death and Hell
All arm'd againft me flood,
Terrors no more fhall shake my Soul ;
My Refuge is my God.

7 Arife, O Lord, fulfil thy Grace,
While I thy Glory fing :
My God has broke the Serpent's Teeth,
And Death has loft his Sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His Arm alone can fave :
Blessings attend thy People here,
And reach beyond the Grave.

P S A L M III. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A Morning Psalm.

O Lord, how many are my Foes
In this weak State of Flefh and Blood

Peace they daily discompose,
 My Defence and Hope is God.

W'd with the Burdens of the Day
 Thee I rais'd an Evening-Cry:
 Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
 And thine Almighty Help was nigh.

Supported by thine heavenly Aid
 I laid me down and slept secure:
 That Death should make my Heart afraid,
 Or I should wake and rise no more.

God sustain'd me all the Night;
 Salvation doth to God belong;
 He rais'd my Head to see the Light,
 And makes his Praise my Morning-Song.

P S A L M IV. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Song of Prayer; or, God our Portion, and Christ our Hope.

O God of Grace and Righteousness,
 Hear and attend when I complain:
 Thou hast enlarg'd me in Distress,
 Now draw down a gracious Ear again.

Sons of Men, in vain ye try
 To turn my Glory into Shame;
 How long will Scoffers love to lie,
 And dare reproach my Saviour's Name?

How that the Lord divides his Saints
 From all the Tribes of Men beside?
 He hears the Cry of Penitents,
 For the dear Sake of *Christ* that dy'd.

When our obedient Hands have done
 A thousand Works of Righteousness,

We

We put our Trust in God alone,
And glory in his pard'ning Grace.

5 Let the unthinking Many say,
"Who will bestow some earthly Good?
But, Lord, thy Light and Love we pray;
Our Souls desire this heavenly Food.

6 Then shall my chearful Pow'rs rejoice
At Grace and Favour so divine,
Nor will I change my happy Choice
For all their Corn, and all their Wine.

- P S A L M IV. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An Evening Psalm.

1 **L**ORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine;
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary Head
From Cares and Business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my Bed,
With my own Heart and Thee.

3 I pay this Evening Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

4 Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give mine Eyes to sleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

P S A L M V.

For the Lord's-Day Morning.

1 **L**ORD, in the Morning thou shalt hear
My Voice ascending high;

To Thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To Thee lift up mine Eye.

To the Hills where *Christ* is gone
To plead for all his Saints,
Presenting at his Father's Throne
Our Songs and our Complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose Sight
The Wicked shall not stand,
Sinners shall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-hand.

But to thy House will I resort
To taste thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy Court,
And worship in thy Fear.

May thy Spirit guide my Feet
In Ways of Righteousness!
Make every Path of Duty strait,
And plain before my Face.

PAUSE.

My watchful Enemies combine
To tempt my Feet astray;
They flatter with a base Design,
To make my Soul their Prey.

Lord, crush the Serpent in the Dust,
And all his Plots destroy;
While those that in thy Mercy trust,
For ever shout for Joy.

The Men that love and fear thy Name
Shall see their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With Favour as a Shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sicknefs ; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow fo hot
Against a feeble Worm.
- 2 My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Flefh with Pain opprest :
My Couch is Witnefs to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Rest.
- 3 Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days ;
I wafte the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they pafs,
'Till the flow Morning rife.
- 4 Shall I be ftill tormented more ?
Mine Eye confum'd with Grief ?
How long, my God, how long before
Thine Hand afford Relief ?
- 5 He hears when Duft and Afhes fpeak,
He pities all our Groans,
He faves us for his Mercies fake,
And heals our broken Bones.
- 6 The Virtue of his fovereign Word
Reftores our fainting Breath ;
For filent Graves praife not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sicknefs overcome.

- 1 **L**ORD, I can fuffer thy Rebukes,
When thou with Kindnefs doft chaftife
But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not againft me rife !

Ease my languishing Estate,
 And ease the Sorrows that I feel;
 The Wounds thine heavy Hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler Touches heal!

See how I pass my weary Days
 In Sighs and Groans; and when 'tis Night,
 My Bed is water'd with my Tears;
 My Grief consumes, and dims my Sight.

Look how the Pow'rs of Nature mourn!
 How long, Almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine Hour of Grace return?
 When shall I make thy Grace my Song?

I feel my Flesh so near the Grave,
 My Thoughts are tempted to Despair;
 But Graves can never praise the Lord,
 For all is Dust and Silence there.

Depart, ye Tempters, from my Soul;
 And all despairing Thoughts depart;
 My God who hears my humble Moan
 Will ease my Flesh, and cheer my Heart.

P S A L M VII.

Of the Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

MY Trust is in my heavenly Friend,
 My Hope in Thee, my God;
 My Life, and my helpless Life defend
 From those that seek my Blood.

With Insolence and Fury they
 My Soul in Pieces tear,
 As hungry Lions rend the Prey
 When no Deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
Or once abus'd my Foe,
Then let him tread my Life to Dust,
And lay mine Honour low.

4 If there be Malice found in me,
I know thy piercing Eyes;
I should not dare appeal to Thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy Hand,
Their Pride and Pow'r controul;
Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my Soul.

P A U S E.

6 [Let Sinners and their wicked Rage
Be humbled to the Dust;
Shall not the God of Truth engage
To vindicate the Just!]

7 He knows the Heart, he tries the Reins,
He will defend th' Upright:
His sharpest Arrows he ordains
Against the Sons of Spight.

8 For me their Malice digg'd a Pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their Mischief light
On their own Heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting Race
Must feel his dreadful Sword;
Awake, my Soul, and praise the Grace,
And Justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

*Sovereignty and Goodness; and Man's Dominion
over the Creatures.*

D Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all Divine;
Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.

When to thy Works on high
I raise my wond'ring Eyes,
I see the Moon complete in Light
Shorn the darksome Skies:

When I survey the Stars
And all their shining Forms,
What is Man, that worthless Thing
Kin to Dust and Worms?

Lord, what is worthless Man,
That thou should'st love him so?
To thine Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

Thine Honours crown his Head,
While Beasts, like Slaves, obey,
Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And Fish that cleave the Sea.


How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways:
Dust and Worms thy Pow'r can frame
A Monument of Praise.

Out of the Mouths of Babes
And Sucklings thou canst draw
Praising Honours to thy Name,
And strike the World with Awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly King,
 Thy Name is all Divine:
 Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
 And o'er the Heav'ns they shine.]

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*Christ's Condescension and Glorification; or, God
 Man.*

- 1  Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted Name!
 The Glories of thy heav'nly State
 Let Men and Babes proclaim.
- 2 When I behold thy Works on high,
 The Moon that rules the Night,
 And Stars that well adorn the Sky,
 Those moving Worlds of Light.
- 3 Lord, what is Man, or all his Race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou should'st visit him with Grace,
 And love his Nature so?
- 4 That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal Form,
 Made lower than his Angels are,
 To save a dying Worm.
- 5 [Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
 And Men would not adore,
 Th' obedient Seas and Fishes own
 His Godhead and his Pow'r.]
- 6 The Waves lay spread beneath his Feet;
 And Fish at his Command
 Bring their large Shoals to Peter's Net,
 Bring Tribute to his Hand.

7 These lesser Glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleshly Cloud ;
Now we behold him on his Throne,
And Men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with Majesty
Who bow'd his Head to Death ;
And be his Honours founded high,
By all 'Things that have Breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let the whole Earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. Verse 1, 2. Paraphras'd.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Hosanna of the Children ; or, Infants praising
God.

A Almighty Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is spread,
And thine eternal Glories rise
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.

To thee the Voices of the Young
A Monument of Honour raise ;
And Babes with uninstructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praise.

Thy Pow'r assists their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To still the bold Blasphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.

Children amidst thy Temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's Face ;
The Son of David is their Song,
And young Hosanna's fill the Place.

B

5 The

5 The frowning Scribes and angry Priests
 In vain their impious Cavils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their Breasts,
 While *Jewish* Babes proclaim their King.

P S A L M VIII. *Verse 3, &c. Paraphras'd.*

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, Lords of the Old and New Creation.

1 **L**ORD, what was Man, when made at first
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
 That thou should'st set him and his Race
 But just below an Angel's Place ?

2 That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
 And make him Lord of all below,
 Make every Beast and Bird submit,
 And lay the Fishes as his Feet ?

3 But O what brighter Glories wait
 To crown the second *Adam's* State ?
 What Honours shall thy Son adorn
 Who condescended to be born ?

4 See him below his Angels made ;
 See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
 To save a ruin'd World from Sin :
 But he shall reign with Pow'r divine,

5 The World to come Redeem'd from all
 The Miseries that attend the Fall,
 New made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

P S A L M IX. *First Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment-Seat.

1 **W**ITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song
 Thy Wonders I'll proclaim,

Thou sov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put my Foes to shame.

Sing thy Majesty and Grace ;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteousness,
And make his Vengeance known.

When shall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppress'd ;
To save the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Rest.

Let Men that know thy Name will trust
In thy abundant Grace ;
For thou hast ne'er forsok the Just,
Who humbly seek thy Face.

Let Praises to the Righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

P S A L M IX: *Verse 12. Second Part.*

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

WHEN the great Judge Supreme and Just,
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Dust
Shall find a faithful God.

From the dreadful Gates of Death
Does his own Children raise :
Zion's Gates with chearful Breath
They sing their Father's Praise.

Foes shall fall with heedless Feet
Into the Pit they made ;
Sinners perish in the Net
That their own Hands have spread.

4 Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep Counfels known;
When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,
The Snare must be their own.

P A U S E.

5 The Wicked shall sink down to Hell;
Thy Wrath devour the Lands
That dare forget Thee, or rebel
Against thy known Commands.

6 Tho' Saints to fore Distress are brought,
And wait and long complain,
Their Cries shall not be still forgot,
Nor shall their Hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy Seat
To judge and save the Poor;
Let Nations tremble at thy Feet,
And Man prevail no more.

8 Thy Thunder shall affright the Proud,
And put their Hearts to Pain,
Make 'em confess that thou art God,
And they but feeble Men.]

P S A L M X.

*Prayer heard, and Saints saved; or, Pride, &
and Oppression punish'd.*

For a Humiliation Day.

1 **W**HY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Distress?

2 Lord, shall the Wicked still deride
Thy Justice and thy Power?

PSALM XI.

21

Why do they advance their Heads in Pride,
and still thy Saints devour ?

Why put thy Judgments from their sight,
and then insult the Poor ;
Why boast in their exalted Height,
that they shall fall no more.

O God, lift up thine Hand ;
attend our humble Cry ;
No Enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

Why do the Men of Malice rage,
and say with foolish Pride,
*The God of Heav'n will ne'r engage
To fight on Zion's Side.*

For thou for ever art our Lord ;
and pow'rful is thine Hand,
When the Heathens felt thy Sword,
and perish'd from thy Land.

When thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
and cause thine Ear to hear ;
Hearken what his Children say,
and puts the World in Fear.

And Tyrants shall no more oppress,
no more despise the Just ;
And mighty Sinners shall confess
they are but Earth and Dust.

PSALM XI.

Loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

MY Refuge is the God of Love,
Why do my Foes insult and cry,

" Fly like a timorous trembling Dove,

" To distant Woods or Mountains fly.

- 2 If Government be all destroy'd,
(That firm Foundation of our Peace)
And Violence make justice void,
Where shall the Righteous seek Redress?
- 3 The Lord in Heaven has fix'd his Throne,
His Eye surveys the World below ;
To him all mortal Things are known,
His Eye-lids search our Spirits thro'.
- 4 If he afflicts his Saints so far
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Transgressors fear ?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.
- 5 On impious Wretches he shall rain
Tempests of Brimstone, Fire and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of *Sodom*, with his angry Breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous Souls,
Whose Thoughts and Actions are sincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men that his own Image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The Saint's Safety and Hope in evil Times ; or,
of the Tongue complain'd of (viz.) Blasphe-
Falshood, &c.*

- 1 LORD, if thou dost not soon appear,
Vertue and Truth will fly away ;
A faithful Man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.
- 2 The whole Discourse when Neighbours meet,
Is fill'd with Trifles loose and vain ;

Their Lips are Flattery and Deceit,
 And their proud Language is profane,
 Their Lips that with Deceit abound
 Shall not maintain their Triumph long ;
 The God of Vengeance will confound
 The flattering and blaspheming Tongue.
Let shall our Words be free, they cry ;
Our Tongues shall be controul'd by none.
Where is the Lord will ask us why ?
Or say, our Lips are not our own ?
 The Lord who sees the Poor oppress'd,
 And hears th' Oppressor's haughty Strain,
 Will rise to give his Children Rest,
 Or shall they trust his Word in vain.
 Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
 Amid of Deceit shall still appear ;
 Not Silver seven times purify'd
 From Dross and Mixture shines so clear.
 Thy Grace shall in the darkest Hour
 Defend the holy Soul from Harm ;
 Tho' when the vilest Men have Power
 On every side will Sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

*Lament of a general Corruption of Manners ; or,
 The Promise and Signs of Christ's coming to Judg-
 ment.*

HELP, Lord, for Men of Vertue fail,
Religion loses Ground ;
 The Sons of Violence prevail,
 And Treacheries abound.

2 Their Oaths and Promises they break,
 Yet act the Flatterer's Part ;
 With fair deceitful Lips they speak,
 And with a double Heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful Lie,
 How is their Fury stirr'd ?
 " *Are not our Lips our own,* they cry,
 " *And who shall be our Lord.*

4 Scoffers appear on every Side,
 Where a vile Race of Men
 Is rais'd to Seats of Pow'r and Pride,
 And bears the Sword in vain.

P A U S E.

5 Lord, when Iniquities abound,
 And Blasphemy grows bold,
 When Faith is hardly to be found,
 And Love is waxing cold ;

6 Is not thy Chariot halt'ning on ?
 Hast thou not giv'n this Sign ?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A Promise so divine ?

7 " Yes, saith the Lord, now will I rise,
 " And make Oppressors flee ;
 " I shall appear to their Surprise,
 " And set my Servants free.

8 Thy Word, like Silver seven times try'd,
 Thro' Ages shall endure ;
 The Men that in thy Truth confide
 Shall find the Promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*Waiting with God under Desertion; or, Hope in Dark-
ness.*

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Can'st thou thy Face for ever hide?
And I still pray, and be deny'd?

Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my Soul thine Absence mourn?
And still despair of thy Return?

How long shall my poor troubled Breast
Be with these anxious Thoughts oppress'd?
And Satan, my malicious Foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick Relief,
Before my Death conclude my Grief.
If thou with-hold thy heavenly Light,
I sleep in everlasting Night.

How will the Pow'rs of Darknes boast
If but one praying Soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy Grace,
And shall again behold thy Face.

Whate'er my Fears or Foes suggest,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest.
My Heart shall feel thy Love, and raise
My chearful Voice to Songs of Praise.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God, how long delay?

- When shall I feel those heavenly Rays
That chase my Fears away ?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab'ring Soul
Wrestle and toil in vain ?
Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
And ease my raging Pain.
- 3 See how the Prince of Darkness tries
All his malicious Arts,
He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
And throws his fiery Darts.
- 4 Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep ;
Make haste before mine Eyes are seal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.
- 5 How would the Tempter boast aloud
If I become his Prey !
Behold the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy so long Delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy Rebuke,
And *Satan* hide his Head ;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung ;
I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
And Vict'ry shall be sung.

P S A L M XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

- 1 **F**OOLS in their Hearts believe and say,
“ That all Religion's vain,
“ There is no God that reigns on high,
“ Or minds th' Affairs of Men.

From Thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt Discourse proceeds ;
 And in their impious Hands are found
 Abominable Deeds.

The Lord from his Celestial Throne
 Look'd down on Things below,
 To find the Man that sought his Grace,
 Or did his Justice know.

By Nature all are gone astray,
 Their Practice all the same ;
 There's none that fears his Maker's Hand,
 There's none that loves his Name.

Their Tongues are us'd to speak Deceit,
 Their Slanders never cease ;
 How swift to Mischief are their Feet,
 Nor know the Paths of Peace !

Each Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
 In ev'ry Heart are found ;
 Nor can they bear diviner Fruit,
 Till Grace refine the Ground.

P S A L M XIV. Second Part.

The Folly of Persecutors.

ARE Sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the Saints devour ?
 And never worship at thy Throne,
 Nor fear thine awful Power ?

Great God, appear to their Surprise,
 Reveal the dreadful Name ;
 Let them no more thy Wrath despise,
 Nor turn our Hope to Shame.

How oft thou not dwell among the Just,
 And yet our Foes deride,

That we should make thy Name our Trust:
Great God, confound their Pride.

- 4 O that the joyful Day were come
To finish our Distress!
When God shall bring his Children home,
Our Songs shall never cease.

P S A L M XV. Common Metre.

*Characters of a Saint ; or, a Citizen of Zion ; or,
Qualifications of a Christian.*

- 1 **W**HO shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?
- 2 The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.
- 3 He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor flanders with his Tongue;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.
- 4 The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.
- 5 His Hands disdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor.
This Man shall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven secure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

*and Justice, Goodness and Truth; or, Duties
of a Christian and Man; or, the Qualifications of a Chri-*

WHO shall ascend thy heav'nly Place,
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?
Man that minds Religion now,
humbly walks with God below.

whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean;
whose Lips still speak the thing they mean;
Slanders dwell upon his Tongue:
he hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

Farce will he trust an ill Report,
he vents it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Princes of State he can despise,
Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

Firm to his Word he ever stood,
he always makes his Promise good;
he dares to change the thing he swears,
whatever Pain or Loss he bears.]

he never deals in bribing Gold,
he mourns that Justice should be sold:
while others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]

he loves his Enemies, and prays
for those that curse him to his Face:
he doth to all Men still the same
that he would hope or wish from them:

when his holiest Works are done,
his Soul depends on Grace alone:
this is the Man thy Face shall see,
and dwell for ever, Lord, with Thee.

P S A L M X V I. *First Part.* Long Metre

Confession of our Poverty; and, Saints the best Company; or, Good Works profit Men, not God.

- 1 **P**reserve me, Lord, in Time of Need,
For Succour to thy Throne I see,
But have no Merits there to plead;
My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.
- 2 Oft have my Heart and Tongue confess,
How empty and how poor I am;
My Praise can never make thee blest,
Nor add new Glories to thy Name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy Saints on Earth may reap
Some Profit by the Good we do;
These are the Company I keep,
These are the choicest Friends I know.
- 4 Let others chuse the Sons of Mirth
To give a Relish to their Wine,
I love the Men of Heavenly Birth
Whose Thoughts and Language are divine.

P S A L M X V I. *Second Part.* Long Metre

Christ's All-sufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some Idol-God?
I will not taste their Sacrifice,
Their Off'rings of forbidden Blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer Cup,
And nobler Food to live upon,
He for my Life has offer'd up
Jesus his best beloved Son.
- 3 His Love is my perpetual Feast;
By Day his Counsels guide me right;

And be his Name for ever blest,
Who gives me sweet Advice by Night.

I see him still before mine Eyes;
At my Right-hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my Soul from all Surprize,
And be my everlasting Guard.

PSALM XVI. *Third Part.* Long Metres

Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

When God is nigh, my Faith is strong,
His Arm is my almighty Prop:
Be glad, my Heart, rejoice, my Tongue,
My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope.

Tho' in the Dust I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor lose thy Children in the Grave.

My Flesh shall thy first Call obey,
Shake off the Dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

These Streams of endless Pleasure flow;
And full Discoveries of thy Grace
(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread Heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

PSALM XVI. 1—8. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

Save me, O Lord, from every Foe;
In Thee my Trust I place,
Tho' all the Good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy Grace.

- 2 Yet if my God prolong my Breath,
 The Saints may profit by't ;
 The Saints the Glory of the Earth,
 The Men of my Delight.
- 3 Let Heathens to their Idols haste,
 And worship Wood or Stone ;
 But my delightful Lot is cast
 Where the True God is known.
- 4 His Hand provides my constant Food,
 He fills my daily Cup ;
 Much am I pleas'd with present Good,
 But more rejoice in Hope.
- 5 God is my Portion and my Joy ;
 His Counsels are my Light :
 He gives me sweet Advice by Day,
 And gentle Hints by Night.
- 6 My Soul would all her Thoughts approve
 To his all-seeing Eye ;
 Not Death nor Hell my Hope shall move
 While such a Friend is nigh.

P S A L M X V I. *Second Part.* Common Metre

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 " I Set the Lord before my Face,
 " He bears my Courage up :
 " My Heart and Tongue their Joys express,
 " My Flesh shall rest in Hope.
- 2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where Souls departed are ;
 " Nor quit my Body to the Grave
 " To see Corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
 " And raise me to thy Throne ;

Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,
 " Thy Presence Joys unknown.

Thus in the Name of Christ, the Lord,
 The holy *David* sung,
 And Providence fulfils the Word
 Of his Prophetick Tongue.

Jesus, whom every Saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain ;
 Behold the Tomb its Prey restores,
 Behold he lives again.

When shall my Feet arise and stand
 On Heav'n's eternal Hills ?
 There sits the Son at God's Right-hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

PSALM XVII. v. 13, &c. Short Metre.

*Portion of Saints and Sinners ; or, Hope and Despair
 in Death.*

A Rise, my gracious God,
 And make the Wicked flee ;
 They are but thy chastizing Rod
 To drive thy Saints to Thee.

Behold the Sinner dies,
 His haughty Words are vain ;
 Here in this Life his Pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is Pain.

Then let his Pride advance
 And boast of all his Store ;
 The Lord is my Inheritance,
 My Soul can wish no more.

I shall behold the Face
 Of my forgiving God ;

And

And stand compleat in Righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.

5 There's a new Heav'n begun
When I awake from Death,
Drest in the Likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal Breath.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope ; or, The Heav'n
of separate Souls, and the Resurrection.*

1 LORD, I am thine : But thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love ;
When Men of Spite against me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

2 Their Hope and Portion lies below ;
'Tis all the Happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek ; they take their Shares,
And leave the rest among their Heirs.

3 What Sinners value I resign,
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful Face,
And stand compleat in Righteousness.

4 This Life's a Dream, an empty Show ;
But the bright World, to which I go,
Hath Joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake, and find me there ?

5 O glorious Hour ! O blest Abode !
I shall be near, and like my God ?
And Flesh and Sin no more controul
The sacred Pleasures of the Soul.

6 My Flesh shall slumber in the Ground,
Till the last Trumpet's joyful Sound ;

then burst the Chains with sweet Surprise,
and in my Saviour's Image rise.

PSALM XVIII. First Part.

Long Metre. Ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my Strength,
My Rock, my Tower, my high Defence;
Thy mighty Arm shall be my Trust,
For I have found Salvation thence.

Death, and the Terrors of the Grave
Stood round me with their dismal Shade;
While Floods of high Temptations rose,
And made my sinking Soul afraid.

I saw the op'ning Gates of Hell
With endless Pains and Sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurry'd to Despair.

In my Distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his Ear to my Complaint;
Then did his Grace appear divine.

[With Speed he flew to my Relief,
As on a Cherub's Wing he rode;
Awful and bright as Lightning shone
The Face of my Deliverer God.

Temptations fled at his Rebuke,
The Blast of his Almighty Breath;
He sent Salvation from on high,
And drew me from the Deeps of Death.]

Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength, and more their Rage;

But

But *Christ*, my Lord, is Conqueror still
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

- 8 My Song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful Hour;
And give the Glory to the Lord
Due to his Mercy and his Power.

P S A L M · XVIII.

Second Part. V. 20—26. Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

- 1 **L**ORD, thou hast seen my Soul sincere,
Hast made thy Truth and Love appear;
Before mine Eyes I set thy Laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous Cause.
- 2 Since I have learnt thy holy Ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy Face;
Or if my Feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked Heart.
- 3 What fore Temptations broke my Rest!
What Wars and Struglings in my Breast!
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within
I guard against my darling Sin.
- 4 That Sin that close besets me still,
That works and strives against my Will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign Power
Destroy it that it rise no more.
- 5 [With an impartial Hand the Lord
Deals out to Mortals their Reward:
The kind and faithful Souls shall find
A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 The Just and Pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they:

And Men that love Revenge shall know
God hath an Arm of Vengeance too.

PSALM XVIII. *Third Part.* V. 30, 31, 34, 35,
46, &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

JUST are thy Ways, and true thy Word,
Great Rock of my secure Abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a Refuge like our God?

'Tis He that girds me with his Might,
Gives me his holy Sword to wield;
And while with Sin and Hell I fight,
Spreads his Salvation for my Shield.

He lives, (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my Salvation lives,
The dark Designs of Hell are broke;
Sweet is the Peace my Father gives.

Before the Scoffers of the Age
I will exalt my Father's Name,
Nor tremble at their mighty Rage,
But meet Reproach, and bear the Shame.

To David and his Royal Seed
Thy Grace for ever shall extend;
Thy Love to Saints in Christ their Head
Knows not a Limit, nor an End.

PSALM XVIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

WE love Thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine Arm reveal'd:
Thou art our Strength, our heavenly Tow'r,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure Defence;
His holy Name our Lips invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.
- 3 When God our Leader shines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear
The Thunder of his loud Alarms?
The Lightning of his Spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Array
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And swift as Flames obey.
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are dismay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
Strikes all their Courage dead.
- 6 He forms our Generals for the Field
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful Sword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.
- 7 [He arms our Captains to the Fight,
(Tho' there his Name's forgot;
He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
But *Cyrus* knew him not.)
- 8 Oft has the Lord whole Nations blest
For his own Churches sake;
The Powers that give his People Rest
Shall of his Care partake.]

P S A L M XVIII. 2d Part. Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
The Triumphs of the Day;

thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
And melt their Strength away.

'Tis by thine Aid our Troops prevail,
And break united Pow'rs,
Or burn their boasted Fleets, or scale
The proudest of their Tow'rs.

Now have we chas'd them thro' the Field,
And trod them to the Ground,
While thy Salvation was our Shield,
But they no Shelter found!

In vain to Idol Saints they cry,
And perish in their Blood;
Where is a Rock so great, so high,
So powerful as our God?

The Rock of *Israel* ever lives,
His Name be ever blest;
'Tis his own Arm the Victory gives,
And gives his People Rest.

On Kings that reign as *David* did
He pours his Blessings down;
Secures their Honours to their Seed,
And well supports the Crown.

PSALM XIX. *First Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

Behold the lofty Sky
Declares its Maker God,
And all his Starry Works on high
Proclaim his Power abroad.

The Darkness and the Light
Still keep their Course the same;

While

While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

3 In every different Land,
Their general Voice is known;
They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye *British* Lands rejoice,
Here he reveals his Word,
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are set before our Eyes,
He puts his Gospel in our Hands
Where our Salvation lies.

6 His Laws are just and pure,
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 [Not Honey to the Taste
Affords so much Delight,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace past
So much allures the Sight.

8 While of thy Works I sing
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's Name.]

P S A L M XIX. 2d Part. Short Metre.

*God's Word most excellent? or, Sincerity and Wa
fulness.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

1 **B**Ehold the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious Way;

Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

But where the Gospel comes
It spreads diviner Light,
Calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

How perfect is thy Word !
And all thy Judgments just ;
Ever sure thy Promise, Lord,
And Men securely trust.

O my gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n !
May I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heaven !

PAUSE.

Hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me lest I stray.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways ?
With a bold presumptuous Mind
Would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every Sin,
Forgive my secret Faults,
Cleanse this guilty Soul of mine,
Whose Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

While with my Heart and Tongue
I spread thy Praise abroad,
Accept the Worship and the Song,
By Saviour and my God.

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The Books of Nature and of Scripture compar'd ;
The Glory and Success of the Gospel.*

- 1 **T**HE Heavens declare thy Glory, Lord,
In every Star thy Wisdom shines :
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.
- 2 The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Power confess :
But the blest Volumethou hast writ
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.
- 3 Sun, Moon and Stars convey thy Praise
Round the whole Earth, and never stand :
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd, and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest
Till thro' the World thy Truth has run ;
Till *Christ* has all the Nations blest
That see the Light, or feel the Sun.
- 5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark World with heavenly Light ;
Thy Gospel makes the Simple wise ;
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiven :
Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

P S A L M XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Psalm

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

- 1 **G**reat God, the Heaven's well-order'd Frame
Declares the Glories of thy Name :

There thy rich Works of Wonder shine ;
 A thousand starry Beauties there,
 A thousand radiant Marks appear
 Of boundless Power, and Skill divine.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night
 The dawning and the dying Light,
 Lectures of heavenly Wisdom read ;
 With silent Eloquence they raise
 Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,
 And neither Sound nor Language need.

Let their divine Instructions run
 Far as the Journies of the Sun,
 And every Nation knows their Voice :
 The Sun like some young Bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,
 Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

Where-e'er he spreads his Beams abroad
 He smiles, and speaks his Maker, God :
 All Nature joins to shew thy Praise :
 Thus God in every Creature shines ;
 Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines,
 But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

P A U S E.

I love the Volumes of thy Word ;
 What Light and Joy those Leaves afford
 To Souls benighted and distrest !
 Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
 Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray,
 Thy Promise leads my Heart to Rest.

From the Discoveries of thy Law
 The perfect Rules of Life I draw ;
 These are my Study and Delight ;
 Not Honey so invites the Taste,

Nor Gold that hath the Furnace past
Appears so pleasing to the Sight.

7 Thy Threatnings wake my slumbering Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conscience clean,
Converts my Soul, subdues my Sin,
And gives a free, but large Reward.

8 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret Faults,
And from presumptuous Sins restrain :
Accept my poor Attempts of Praise
That I have read thy Book of Grace
And Book of Nature not in vain.

P S A L M XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in Time of War.

1 **N**OW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his Peoples humble Cry !
Jehovah hears when *Israel* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

2 The Name of *Jacob's* God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls ;
He from his Sanctuary sends
Succour and Strength when *Zion* calls.

3 Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds our best Deserts ;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of humble Groans and broken Hearts.

4 In his Salvation is our Hope,
And in the Name of *Israel's* God

Our Troops shall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies spread their Flags abroad.

Some trust in Horses train'd for War,
And some of Chariots make their Boasts ;
Our surest Expectations are
From Thee the Lord of heavenly Hosts.

[O may the Memory of thy Name
Inspire our Armies for the Fight !
Our Foes shall fall and die with Shame,
Or quit the Field with shameful Flight.]

Now save us, Lord, from slavish Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and strong,
Till the Salvation shall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raise the Song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise
Shall in thy Strength rejoice ;
And blest with thy Salvation raise
To Heaven his chearful Voice.

Thy sure Defence thro' Nations round
Has spread his glorious Name ;
And his successful Actions crown'd
With Majesty and Fame.

Then let the King on God alone
For timely Aid rely ;
His Mercy shall support the Throne,
And all our Wants supply.

But, righteous Lord, his stubborn Foes
Shall feel thy dreadful Hand ;
Thy vengeful Arm shall find out those
That hate his mild Command.

- 5 When thou against them dost engage
 Thy just, but dreadful Doom
 Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
 Their Hopes and them consume.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Power declare,
 And thus exalt thy Fame ;
 Whilst we glad Songs of Praise prepare
 For thine Almighty Name.

P S A L M XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Christ Exalted to the Kingdom.

- 1 **D**AVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
 Rais'd to the Throne by the special Grace,
 But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
 Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.
- 2 How great is the *Messiah's* Joy
 In the Salvation of thy Hand !
 Lord, Thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
 And giv'n the World to his Command.
- 3 Thy Goodness grants whate'er he will,
 Nor doth the least Request with-hold ;
 Blessings of Love prevent him still,
 And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.
- 4 Honour and Majesty divine
 Around his sacred Temples shine ;
 Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
 And Length of everlasting Days.
- 5 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes ;
 And as a fiery Oven glows
 With raging Heat and living Coals,
 So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

P S A L M XXII. 1—16. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ,

1 WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford?

(Thus *David* once in Anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet thou can'st hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

3 Our Fathers trusted in thy Name,
And great Deliverance found;
But I'm a Worm despis'd of Men,
And trodden to the Ground.

4 Shaking the Head they pass me by,
And laugh my Soul to scorn;
"In vain be trusts in God, they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn.

5 But thou art he who form'd my Flesh,
By thine Almighty Word,
And since I hung upon the Breast
My Hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his Face
When Foes stand threatening round
In the dark Hour of deep Distress,
And not an Helper found?

P A U S E.

7 Behold thy Darling left among
The Cruel and the Proud,
As Bulls of *Bassan* fierce and strong,
As Lions roaring loud.

- 8 From Earth and Hell my Sorrows meet.
 To multiply the Smart ;
 They nail my Hands, they pierce my Feet,
 And try to vex my Heart.
- 9 Yet if thy Sovereign Hand let loose
 The Rage of Earth and Hell,
 Why will my heavenly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well ?
- 10 My God, if possible it be
 With-hold this bitter Cup :
 But I resign my Will to thee,
 And drink the Sorrows up.
- 11 My Heart dissolves with Pangs unknown,
 In Groans I waste my Breath :
 Thy heavy Hand has brought me down
 Low as the Dust of Death.
- 12 Father, I give my Spirit up,
 And trust it in thy Hand ;
 My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope,
 And rise at thy Command.

P S A L M XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

- 1 " **N**OW from the roaring Lion's Rage,
 " O Lord, protect thy Son,
 " Nor leave thy Darling to engage
 " The Powers of Hell alone.
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
 With mighty Cries and Tears ;
 God heard him in that dreadful Day,
 And chas'd away his Fears.

Great was the Vict'ry of his Death,
 His Throne exalted high ;
 And all the Kindreds of the Earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

A num'rous Offspring must arise
 From his expiring Groans ;
 They shall be reckon'd in his Eyes
 For Daughters and for Sons.

The meek and humble Souls shall see
 His Table richly spread ;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With Joys immortal fed.

The Isles shall know the Righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And Nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his Blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

NOW let our mournful Songs record
 The dying Sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in Tears and Blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shake their Heads and laugh in Scorn ;
 " He rescu'd others from the Grave ;
 " Now let him try himself to save.

" This is the Man did once pretend
 " God was his Father and his Friend ;
 " If God the Blessed lov'd him so,
 " Why doth he fail to help him now ?

Barbarous People ! Cruel Priests !
 How they stood round like savage Beasts ;

Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Power.

5 They wound his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Till Streams of Blood each other meet ;
By Lot his Garments they divide,
And mock the Pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God his Father heard his Cry ;
Rais'd from the Dead he reigns on high ;
The Nations learn his Righteousness,
And humble Sinners taste his Grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

1 **M**Y Shepherd is the living Lord ;
Now shall my Wants be well supply'd ;
His Providence and holy Word
Become my Safety and my Guide.

2 In Pastures where Salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest ;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Food divinely blest.

3 My wand'ring Feet his Ways mistake,
But he restores my Soul to Peace,
And leads me for his Mercy's sake
In the fair Paths of Righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy Vale
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope shall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the Darknes and the Deeps
Thou art my Comfort, Thou my Stay ;
Thy Staff supports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

The Sons of Earth and Sons of Hell
Gaze at thy Goodness, and repine
To see my Table spread so well
With living Bread and chearful Wine.

[How I rejoice when on my Head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a Divine Anointing shed
Like Oil of Gladness at a Feast.]

Surely the Mercies of the Lord
Attend his Household all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To seek his Face, and sing his Praise.]

P S A L M XXIII. Common Metre.

MY Shepherd will supply my Need,
Jehovah is his Name;
In Pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living Stream.

He brings my wand'ring Spirit back
When I forsake his Ways;
And leads me for his Mercy's sake
In Paths of Truth and Grace.

When I walk through the Shades of Death
Thy Presence is my Stay;
A Word of thy supporting Breath
Drives all my Fears away.

Thy Hand in sight of all my Foes
Doth still my Table spread;
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
Thine Oil anoints my Head.

The sure Provisions of my God
Attend me all my Days;

O may thy House be mine Abode,
And all my Work be Praise !

6 There would I find a settled Rest,
(While others go and come)
No more a Stranger or a Guest,
But like a Child at Home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

1 **T**HE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd ;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside ?

2 He leads me to the Place
Where heavenly Pasture grows,
Where living Waters gently pass,
And full Salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray
He doth my Soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his most holy Name.

4 While he affords his Aid
I cannot yield to Fear ;
'Tho' I should walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my Foes
Thou dost my Table spread,
My Cup with Blessings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

6 The Bounties of thy Love
Shall crown my following Days ;
Nor from thy House will I remove
Nor cease to speak thy Praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

THE Earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With *Adam's* numerous Race;
 He rais'd its Arches o'er the Floods,
 And built it on the Seas.

But who among the Sons of Men
 May visit thine Abode?
 He that has Hands from Mischief clean,
 Whose Heart is right with God.

This is the Man may rise and take
 The Blessings of his Grace;
 This is the Lot of those that seek
 The God of *Jacob's* Face.

Now let our Souls, immortal Powers,
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting Doors,
 The King of Glory's near.

The King of Glory! Who can tell
 The Wonders of his Might?
 He rules the Nations; but to dwell
 With Saints is his Delight.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in Heaven; or, Christ's Ascension.

THIS spacious Earth is all the Lord's,
 And Men and Worms, and Beasts and Birds;
 He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
 And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

But there's a brighter World on high,
 Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky:
 Who shall ascend that blest Abode,
 And dwell so near his Maker, God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose Heart is pure, whose Hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
 And clothe his Soul with Righteousness.

4 These are the Men, the pious Race
 That seek the God of *Jacob's* Face :
 These shall enjoy the blisful Sight,
 And dwell in everlasting Light.

P A U S E.

5 Rejoice ye shining Worlds on high,
 Behold the King of Glory nigh ;
 Who can this King of Glory be ?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

6 Ye heavenly Gates, your Leaves display
 To make the Lord the Saviour way :
 Laden with Spoils from Earth and Hell
 The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the Dead he goes before,
 He opens Heaven's eternal Door,
 To give his Saints a blest Abode
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. I—II. *First Part.**Waiting for Pardon and Direction.*

1 **I** Lift my Soul to God,
 My Trust is in his Name ;
 Let not my Foes that seek my Blood
 Still triumph in my Shame.

2 Sin, and the Powers of Hell
 Perswade me to Despair ;
 Lord, make me know thy Covenant well,
 That I may 'scape the Snare.

From the first dawning Light
Till the dark Evening rise
thy Salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever-lōnging Eyes.

Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth;
give the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
The Meek shall learn his Ways,
and every humble Sinner find
The Methods of his Grace.

For his own Goodness sake
He saves my Soul from Shame;
pardons (tho' my Guilt be great)
Thro' my Redeemer's Name.

PSALM XXV. 12, 14, 10, 13. *Second Part:*
Divine Instruction.

WHere shall the Man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
that loves the Gospel's joyful Sound,
and trembles at the Rod?

The Lord shall make him know
The Secrets of his Heart,
Wonders of his Covenant show,
and all his Love impart.

The Dealings of his Hand
are Truth and Mercy still,
whom such as to his Covenant stand,
and love to do his Will.

Their Souls shall dwell at ease
before their Maker's Face,

Their

Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

P S A L M XXV. 15—22. *Third Part.*

Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

1 **M**Ine Eyes and my Desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead his Promises,
And rest upon his Word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my Soul,
Bring thy Salvation near ;
When will thy Hand release my Feet
Out of the deadly Snare ?

3 When shall the Sovereign Grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous Ways
My wandering Feet have trod !

4 The Tumult of my Thoughts
Doth but enlarge my Woe :
My Spirit languishes, my Heart :
Is desolate and low.

5 With every Morning Light
My Sorrow new begins ;
Look on my Anguish and my Pain,
And pardon all my Sins.

P A U S E .

6 Behold the Hosts of Hell,
How cruel is their Hate ?
Against my Life they rise, and join :
Their Fury with Deceit.

7 O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to Shame,

I have plac'd my only Trust
 my Redeemer's Name.

With humble Faith I wait
 to see thy Face again ;
Isr'el it shall ne'er be said,
 who sought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Self-Examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

Judge me, O Lord, and prove my Ways,
 And try my Reins, and try my Heart ;
 My Faith upon thy Promise stays,
 nor from thy Law my Feet depart.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit
 With Men of Vanity and Lies ;
 The Scoffer and the Hypocrite
 are the Abhorrence of mine Eyes.

Amongst thy Saints will I appear
 With Hands well wash'd in Innocence ;
 But when I stand before thy Bar
 the Blood of *Christ* is my Defence.

I love thy Habitation, Lord,
 the Temple where thine Honours dwell ;
 there shall I hear thy holy Word,
 and there thy Works of Wonders tell.

Let not my Soul be join'd at last
 With Men of Treachery and Blood,
 since I my Days on Earth have past
 among the Saints, and near my God.

PSALM XXVII. 1—6. *First Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety,

THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
 And my Salvation too ;

- God is my Strength ; nor will I fear
 What all my Foes can do.
- 2 One Privilege my Heart desires ;
 O grant me an Abode
 Among the Churches of thy Saints,
 The Temples of my God !
- 3 There shall I offer my Requests,
 And see thy Beauty still ;
 Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
 And there enquire thy Will.
- 4 When Troubles rise and Storms appear,
 There may his Children hide ;
 God has a strong Pavilion where
 He makes my Soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my Head be lifted high
 Above my Foes around,
 And Songs of Joy and Victory
 Within thy Temple found.

P S A L M XXVII. Ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part*

Prayer and Hope.

- 1 **S**OON as I heard my Father say,
 " *Ye Children, seek my Grace,*
 My Heart reply'd without Delay,
 " *I'll seek my Father's Face.*
- 2 Let not thy Face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my Soul away ;
 God of my Life, I fly to Thee
 In a distressing Day.
- 3 Should Friends and Kindred near and dear
 Leave me to want or die,
 My God would make my Life his Care,
 And all my Need supply.

My fainting Flesh had dy'd with Grief
 Had not my Soul believ'd,
 To see thy Grace provide Relief,
 Nor was my Hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling Saints;
 And keep your Courage up;
 He'll raise your Spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your Hope.

P S A L M XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

Give to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame;
 Give to the Lord Renown and Power;
 Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
 And his eternal Might adore.

The Lord proclaims his Power aloud
 Over the Ocean and the Land;
 His Voice divides the watry Cloud,
 And Lightnings blaze at his Command.

He speaks, and Tempest, Hail and Wind
 Lay the wide Forest bare around;
 The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind
 Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

To *Lebanon* he turns his Voice,
 And lo, the stately Cedars break;
 The Mountains tremble at the Noise,
 The Valleys roar, the Desarts quake.

The Lord sits Sovereign on the Flood,
 The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
 But makes his Church his blest Abode,
 Where we his awful Glories sing.

In gentler Language there the Lord
 The Counsels of his Grace imparts:

Amidst

Amidst the raging Storm his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

P S A L M XXX. *First Part.*

Sickness heal'd, and Sorrow remov'd.

- 1 **I** Will extol Thee, Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak, and save
From the dark Borders of the Grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodness is;
Let all your Powers rejoice and blest,
While you record his Holiness.
- 3 His Anger but a Moment stays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-Star restores the Joy.

P S A L M XXX. Ver. 6. *Second Part.*

Health, Sickness, and Recovery.

- 1 **F**irm was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be Night:
Fondly I said within my Heart,
"Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart."
- 2 But I forgot thine Arm was strong,
Which made my Mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.
- 3 I cry'd aloud to Thee, my God;
"What can'st thou profit by my Blood?"
"Deep in the Dust can I declare
"Thy Truth, or sing thy Goodness there?"
- 4 "Hear me, O God of Grace, I said,
"And bring me from among the Dead;

thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt;
 thy pardoning Love remov'd my Guilt.
 My Groans, and Tears, and Forms, of Woe
 are turn'd to Joy and Praises now;
 I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
 and Ease and Gladness gird me round.
 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
 shall ne'er be silent of thy Name;
 My Praise shall sound thro' Earth and Heav'n
 for Sickness heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13—19, 22, 23. *First PART*

Deliverance from Death.

Into thine Hand, O God of Truth;
 My Spirit I commit;
 Thou hast redeem'd my Soul from Death;
 And sav'd me from the Pit.

The Passions of my Hope and Fear
 Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
 While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conspir'd
 To take away my Life.

My Times are in thine Hand, I cry'd,
 "Tho' I draw near the Dust;
 Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.

Make thy reconciled Face
 Upon thy Servant shine,
 And save me for thy Mercy sake,
 For I'm intirely thine.

PAUSE.

'Twas in my Haste, my Spirit said,
 I must despair, and die,

“ I am cut off before thine Eyes ;
But thou hast heard my Cry.]

6 Thy Goodness how divinely free !
How wondrous is thy Grace,
To those that fear thy Majesty,
And trust thy Promises !

7 O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And sing his Praises loud ;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompense the Proud.

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part*

Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

1 **M**Y Heart rejoices in thy Name,
My God, my Help, my Trust ;
Thou hast preserv'd my Face from Shame,
Mine Honour from the Dust.

2 “ My Life is spent with Grief, I cry'd,
“ My Years consum'd in Groans,
“ My Strength decays, mine Eyes are dry'd,
“ And Sorrow wastes my Bones.

3 Among mine Enemies my Name
Was a mere Proverb-grown,
While to my Neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and Fear on every side
Seiz'd and beset me round ;
I to the Throne of Grace apply'd,
And speedy Rescue found.

P A U S E.

5 How great Deliverance thou hast wrought
Before the Sons of Men !

the lying Lips to Silence brought,
 And made their Boastings vain ;
 Thy Children from the Strife of Tongues
 Shall thy Pavilion hide,
 And ward them from Infamy and Wrongs,
 And crush the Sons of Pride.

Within thy secret Presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell ;
 As fenced City wall'd and barr'd
 Secures a Saint so well.

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sins upon Confession.

Bless'd Souls are they
 Whose Sins are cover'd o'er !
 Whom the Lord
 Imputes their Guilt no more.

They mourn their Follies past,
 And keep their Hearts with Care ;
 Their Lips and Lives without Deceit
 Shall prove their Faith sincere.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring Wound,
 I confess'd my Sins to Thee,
 And ready Pardon found.

Let Sinners learn to pray,
 Let Saints keep near the Throne ;
 Thy Help in Times of deep Distress
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free Pardon, and sincere Obedience; or, Confession
Forgiveness.*

1 **H**APPY the Man to whom his God
No more imputes his Sin,
But wash'd in the Redeemer's Blood
Hath made his Garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond Expression he,
Whose Debts are thus discharg'd;
And from the guilty Bondage free
He feels his Soul enlarg'd.

3 His Spirit hates Deceit and Lies;
His Words are all sincere:
He guards his Heart, he guards his Eyes,
To keep his Conscience clear.

4 While I my inward Guilt suppress
No Quiet could I find;
Thy Wrath lay burning in my Breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled Thoughts,
My secret Sins reveal'd;
Thy pardoning Grace forgave my Faults;
Thy Grace my Pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy Saints to pray;
When like a raging Flood
Temptations rise, our Strength and Stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Repentance and Free Pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

Blest is the Man, for ever blest,
B Whose Guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose Sins with Sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's Blood.

Blest is the Man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his Iniquities,
 He pleads no Merit of Reward,
 And not on Works, but Grace relies:

From Guile his Heart and Lips are free,
 His humble Joy, his holy Fear,
 With deep Repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his Faith sincere.

How glorious is that Righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his Sins!
 While a bright Evidence of Grace
 Thro' his whole Life appears and shines:

P S A L M XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty Conscience eas'd by Confession and Pardon.

While I keep Silence, and conceal
 My heavy Guilt within my Heart,
 What Torments doth my Conscience feel!
 What Agonies of inward Smart!

Spread my Sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret Faults confess;
 Thy Gospel speaks a pard'ning Word,
 Thine holy Spirit seals the Grace.

For this shall every humble Soul
 Make swift Addresses to thy Seat;

When Floods of huge Temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest Retreat.

- 4 How safe beneath thy Wings I lie,
When Days grow dark, and Storms appear!
And when I walk, thy watchful Eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry Snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre

Works of Creation and Providence.

- 1 **R**ejoice, ye Righteous, in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you:
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How holy, just and true!

- 2 His Mercy and his Righteousness
Let Heaven and Earth proclaim;
His Works of Nature and of Grace
Reveal his wondrous Name.

- 3 His Wisdom and Almighty Word
The Heavenly Arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining Hosts were made.

- 4 He bid the liquid Waters flow
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

- 5 Ye Tenants of the spacious Earth,
With Fear before him stand;
He spake; and Nature took its Birth,
And rests on his Command.

- 6 He scorns the angry Nations Rage,
And breaks their vain Designs;
His Counsel stands thro' ev'ry Age,
And in full Glory shines.

P S A L M X X X I I I . *Second Part.* Common Metre.*Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.*

Blest is the Nation where the Lord
 Hath fix'd his gracious Throne ;
 Where he reveals his heavenly Word,
 And calls their Tribes his own.

His Eye with infinite Survey
 Does the whole World behold ;
 He form'd us all of equal Clay,
 And knows our feeble Mould.

Kings are not rescu'd by the Force
 Of Armies from the Grave ;
 Nor Speed nor Courage of an Horse
 Can the bold Rider save.

Vain is the Strength of Beasts or Men
 To hope for Safety thence ;
 But holy Souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure Defence.

God is their Fear, and God their Trust ;
 When Plagues or Famine spread,
 His watchful Eye secures the Just
 Among ten thousand Dead.

Lord, let our Hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy Throne ;
 For we have made thy Word our Choice,
 And trust thy Grace alone.

P S A L M X X X I I I . As the 113th Psal. *First Part.**Works of Creation and Providence.*

YE holy Souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice ;
 Great is your Theme, your Songs be new ;
 Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,


His Works of Nature and of Grace,
How wise and holy, just and true !

2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodness proves,
His Word the heavenly Arches spread ;
How wide they shine from North to South !
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the starry Armies made.

3 He gathers the wide flowing Seas,
Those watry Treasures know their Place
In the vast Store-house of the Deep.
He spake, and gave all Nature Birth ;
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,
His everlasting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless Power,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage :
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hand
But his eternal Counsel stands,
And rules the World from Age to Age.

P S A L M XXXIII. As the 113th Psal. *Second Part*
Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

1  Happy Nation, where the Lord
Reveals the Treasure of his Word,
And builds his Church, his earthly Throne
His Eye the Heathen World surveys,
He form'd their Hearts, he knows their Ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let Kings rely upon their Host,
And of his Strength the Champion boast ;
In vain they boast, in vain rely ;
In vain we trust the brutal Force,
Or Speed, or Courage of an Horse,
To guard his Rider or to fly.

The Eye of thy Compassion, Lord,
 Doth more secure Defence afford
 When Deaths or Dangers threatening stand :
 Thy watchful Eye preserves the Just,
 Who make thy Name their Fear and Trust,
 When Wars or Famine waste the Land.
 In Sickness or the bloody Field,
 Thou our Physician, Thou our Shield,
 Send us Salvation from thy Throne ;
 We wait to see thy Goodness shine ;
 Let us rejoice in Help Divine,
 For all our Hope is God alone.

P S A L M XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

God's Care of the Saints ; or, Deliverance by Prayer.

L ORD, I will bless thee all my Days,
 Thy Praise shall dwell upon my Tongue ;
 My Soul shall glory in thy Grace,
 While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Come, let us all exalt his Name ;
 I sought th' eternal God, and He
 Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

I told him all my secret Grief,
 My secret Groaning reach'd his Ears ;
 He gave my inward Pains Relief,
 And calm'd the Tumult of my Fears.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
 Their Faces feel the heavenly Shine ;
 A Beam of Mercy from the Skies
 Fills them with Light and Joy Divine.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
 Around the Men that serve the Lord.

- O fear and love him, all his Saints,
Taste of his Grace, and trust his Word.
- 5 The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain
And Hunger roar thro' all the Wood,
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

P S A L M XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

Religious Education; or, Instructions of Piety.

- 1 CHILDREN in Years, and Knowledge young,
Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
Attend the Counsels of my Tongue,
Let pious Thoughts your Mind's employ.
- 2 If you desire a Length of Days,
And Peace to crown your Mortal State,
Restrain your Feet from impious Ways,
Your Lips from Slander and Deceit.
- 3 The Eyes of God regard his Saints,
His Ears are open to their Cries;
He sets his frowning Face against
The Sons of Violence and Lies.
- 4 To humble Souls and broken Hearts
God with his Grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and Hope his Love imparts
When Men in deep Contrition lye.
- 5 He tells their Tears, he counts their Groans,
His Son redeems their Souls from Death;
His Spirit heals their broken Bones,
They in his Praise employ their Breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. 1—10. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

Prayer and Praise for eminent Deliverance.

I'll bless the Lord from Day to Day;
How good are all his Ways?
Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praise.

Sing to the Honour of his Name,
How a poor Sufferer cry'd,
Nor was his Hope expos'd to Shame,
Nor was his Suit deny'd.

When threatening Sorrows round me stood,
And endless Fears arose,
Like the loud Billows of a Flood,
Redoubling all my Woes;

I told the Lord my sore Distress,
With heavy Groans and Tears,
He gave my sharpest Torments Ease,
And silenc'd all my Fears.

P A U S E.

O Sinners, come and taste his Love,
Come, learn his pleasant Ways,
And let your own Experience prove
The Sweetness of his Grace.

He bids his Angels pitch their Tents
Round where his Children dwell;
What Ills their heavenly Care prevents
No earthly Tongue can tell.]

Love the Lord, ye Saints of his;
His Eye regards the Just;
How richly blest their Portion is
Who make the Lord their Trust!

8 Young Lions pinch'd with Hunger roar,
 And famish in the Wood ;
 But God supplies his holy Poor
 With every needful Good.]

P S A L M XXXIV. 11—22. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

- 1 **C**OME, Children, learn to fear the Lord,
 And that your Days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful Word
 Be found upon your Tongue.
- 2 Depart from Mischief, practise Love,
 Pursue the Works of Peace ;
 So shall the Lord your Ways approve,
 And set your Souls at Ease.
- 3 His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
 His Ears attend their Cry ;
 When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
 The God of Grace is nigh.
- 4 What tho' the Sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their Supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the Wicked dead ;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken Bone.
- 6 When Desolation like a Flood
 O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
 Saints find a Refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their Souls.

P S A L M XXXV. 1—9. *First Part.*

Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints ; or, Imprecations mix'd with Charity.

NOW plead my Cause, Almighty God,
With all the Sons of Strife ;
And fight against the Men of Blood,
Who fight against my Life.

Draw out thy Spear and stop their Way,
Lift thy avenging Rod ;
But to my Soul in Mercy say,
" *I am thy Saviour-God.*

They plant their Snares to catch my Feet,
And Nets of Mischief spread ;
Plunge the Destroyers in the Pit
That their own Hands have made.

Let Fogs and Darknes hide their Way,
And slippery be their Ground ;
Thy Wrath shall make their Lives a Prey,
And all their Rage confound.

They fly like Chaff before the Wind,
Before thine angry Breath ;
The Angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to Death.

They love the Road that leads to Hell ;
Then let the Rebels die,
Whose Malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high.

But if Thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious Race ;
Divide them from the bloody Crew
By thy surprizing Grace.

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8 Then will I raise my tuneful Voice
 To make thy Wonders known ;
 In their Salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

P S A L M XXXV. Ver. 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Love to Enemies ; or, the Love of Christ to Sinners
typify'd in David.

1 **B**Ehold the Love, the generous Love
 That holy *David* shows ;
 Hark, how his sounding Bowels move.
 To his afflicted Foes !

2 When they are sick, his Soul complains,
 And seems to feel the Smart ;
 The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious Heart.

3 How did his flowing Tears condole
 As for a Brother dead !
 And falling mortify'd his Soul,
 While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd ; and curs'd him on their Bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns ;
 And double Blessings on his Head
 The Righteous God returns.

5 O glorious Type of heavenly Grace !
 Thus *Christ* the Lord appears ;
 While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
 And pities them with Tears.

6 He the true *David*, *Israel's* King,
 Blest and belov'd of God,
 To save us Rebels dead in Sin
 Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

PSALM XXXVI. 5-9. Long Metre.

Perfections and Providence of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace.

HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God,
Thy Goodness in full Glory shines;
Thy Truth shall break thro' ev'ry Cloud
That veils and darkens thy Designs.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
These are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both Man and Beast thy Bounty share;
The whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

O my God! how excellent thy Grace;
Whence all our Hope and Comfort springs?
The Sons of *Adam* in Distress
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

From the Provisions of thy House
We shall be fed with sweet Repast;
Where Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taste.

Life like a Fountain rich and free
Brings from the Presence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls shall see
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

PSALM XXXVI. Ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Com. Metre.

Religious Atheism expos'd; or, the Being and Attributes of God asserted.

WHile Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a God they own,

My

- My Heart within me often says,
 "Their Thoughts believe there's none.
- 2 Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare
 (Whate'er their Lips profess),
 God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
 Nor will they seek his Grace.
- 3 What strange Self-flattery blinds their Eyes!
 But there's a hast'ning Hour
 When they shall see with fore Surprise
 The Terrors of thy Pow'r.
- 4 Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,
 Tho' Mountains melt away ;
 Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd Sea.
- 5 Above these Heavens created Rounds,
 Thy Mercies, Lord, extend ;
 Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
 Where Time and Nature end.
- 6 Safety to Man thy Goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the Beast ;
 Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
 Thy Children chuse to rest.
- 7 [From thee, when Creature-streams run low
 And mortal Comforts die,
 Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,
 And raise our Pleasures high.
- 8 Tho' all created Light decay,
 And Death close up our Eyes,
 Thy Presence makes eternal Day
 Where Clouds can never rise.]

P S A L M XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

*Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or,
Practical Atheism expos'd.*

When Man grows bold in Sin;
My Heart within me cries,
He hath no Faith of God within,
Nor Fear before his Eyes.

He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flatt'ring Dream,
His dark Crimes at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful Name.]

His Heart is false and foul,
His Words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his Soul,
And leaves no Goodness there.

He plots upon his Bed
New Mischiefs to fulfil,
Sets his Heart, and Hand, and Head
To practise all that's ill.

But there's a dreadful God,
Tho' Men renounce his Fear;
Justice hid behind the Cloud
Shall one great Day appear.

His Truth transcends the Sky,
In Heaven his Mercies dwell;
Deep as the Sea his Judgments lie,
His Anger burns to Hell.

How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety springs!
Never let my Soul remove
From underneath his Wings.

P S A L M XXXVII., 1—15. *First Part.*

The Cure of Envy, Fretfulness, and Unbelief; or, Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked; or, World's Hatred and the Saints Patience.

1 **W**HY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise?

Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

2 As flow'ry Grass cut down at Noon,
Before the Evening fades,
So shall their Glories vanish soon
In everlasting Shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my Trust,
and practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the Just,
And He'll provide me Food.

4 I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my Desires fulfil.

5 Mine Innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

6 The Meek at last the Earth possess,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger rise,
Tho' Providence should long delay
To punish haughty Vice.

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
 And plot, and rage, and foam;
 The Lord derides them, for he sees
 Their Day of Vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
 Have bent the murd'rous Bow,
 To slay the Men that fear the Lord,
 And bring the Righteous low.

My God shall break their Bows, and burn
 Their persecuting Darts,
 Shall their own Swords against them turn;
 And Pain surprize their Hearts.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. *Second Part.*

Justice to the Poor; or, Religion in Words and Deeds;

WHY do the wealthy Wicked boast,
 And grow profanely bold?

The meanest Portion of the Just
 Excels the Sinner's Gold.

The Wicked borrows of his Friends,
 But ne'er designs to pay;
 The Saint is merciful and lends,
 Nor turns the Poor away.

His Alms with lib'ral Heart he gives
 Amongst the Sons of Need;
 His Mem'ry to long Ages lives,
 And blessed is his Seed.

His Lips abhor to talk profane,
 To slander or defraud;
 His ready Tongue declares to Men
 What he has learn'd of God.

The Law and Gospel of the Lord
 Deep in his Heart abide;

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Led by the Spirit and the Word
His Feet shall never slide.

6 When Sinners fall, the Righteous stand,
Preserv'd from ev'ry Snare ;
They shall possess the promis'd Land,
And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—37. *Third Part.*

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

1 **M**Y God, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will ;
Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
Thy Hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their Ways,
Their Vertue he approves ;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

3 The heavenly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home ;
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown ;
Ye shall confess their Pride was vain
When Justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty Sinner have I seen
Nor fearing Man nor God,
Like a tall Bay-Tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

6 And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen ;

Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride had been.

Let mark the Man of Righteousness,
His several Steps attend;
True Pleasure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End,

PSALM XXXVIII.

*Of Conscience and Relief; or, Repentance and
Prayer for Pardon and Health.*

A Midst thy Wrath remember Love,
Restore thy Servant, Lord,
Or let a Father's Chastning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword.

Thine Arrows stick within my Heart,
My Flesh is sorely prest;
Between the Sorrow and the Smart
My Spirit finds no Rest.

My Sins a heavy Load appear,
And o'er my Head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone.

My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the Day
Beneath my Father's Frown.

Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my Pow'rs are whole;
The inward Anguish makes me roar,
The Anguish of my Soul.

All my Desire to Thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh, and every Groan
Is notic'd by thine Ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only Hope ;
 My God will hear my Cry,
 My God will bear my Spirit up
 When *Satan* bids me die.

8 [My Foot is ever apt to slide,
 My Feet rejoice to see't ;
 They raise their Pleasure and their Bride
 When they supplant my Feet.

9 But I'll confess my Guilt to Thee,
 And grieve for all my Sin ;
 I'll mourn, how weak my Graces be,
 And beg Support Divine.

10 My God, forgive my Follies past,
 And be for ever nigh ;
 O Lord of my Salvation haste,
 Before thy Servant die.]

P S A L M XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

Watchfulness over the Tongue ; or, Prudence and Zeal

1 **T**Hus I resolv'd before the Lord,
 " Now will I watch my Tongue,
 " Lest I let slip one sinful Word,
 " Or do my Neighbour Wrong.

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With Men of Lives profane,
 I'll set a double Guard that Day,
 Nor let my Talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my Lips to speak
 The pious Thoughts I feel,
 Lest Scoffers should th' Occasion take
 To mock my holy Zeal:

But if some proper Hour appear,
 I'll not be over-aw'd,
 But let the scoffing Sinners hear
 That we can speak for God.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

Teach me the Measure of my Days,
 Thou Maker of my Frame;
 I would survey Life's narrow Space,
 And learn how frail I am.

A Span is all that we can boast,
 An Inch or two of Time;
 Man is but Vanity and Dust
 In all his Flower and Prime.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all the Noise is vain.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
 Some dig for golden Oar,
 They toil for Heirs they know not who,
 And strait are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for then
 From Creatures, Earth and Dust?
 They make our Expectations vain,
 And disappoint our Trust.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
 My fond Desires recall;
 Give my mortal Interest up,
 And make my God my All.

P S A L M XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.*
Sick-Bed Devotion; or, Pleading without Repitition.

1 GOD of my Life, look gently down,
 Behold the Pains I feel;
 But I am dumb before thy Throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy Will.

2 Diseases are thy Servants, Lord,
 They come at thy Command;
 I'll not attempt a murmuring Word,
 Against thy chast'ning Hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
 Remove thy sharp Rebukes:
 My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies
 Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

4 Crush'd as a Moth beneath thy Hand
 We moulder to the Dust;
 Our feeble Powers can ne'er withstand,
 And all our Beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal Life decays apace,
 How soon the Bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous Race
 Are Vanity and Smoke.]

6 I'm but a Sojourner below
 As all my Fathers were;
 May I be well prepar'd to go,
 When I the Summons hear!

7 But if my Life be spar'd a while
 Before my last Remove,
 Thy Praise shall be my Business still,
 And I'll declare thy Love.

P S A L M XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.* Com. Met.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
He bow'd to hear my Cry;
He saw me resting on his Word,
And brought Salvation nigh.

He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,
And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

Firm on a Rock he made me stand,
And taught my chearful Tongue
To praise the Wonders of his Hand
In a new thankful Song.

I'll spread his Works of Grace abroad;
The Saints with Joy shall hear,
And Sinners learn to make my God
Their only Hope and Fear.

How many are thy Thoughts of Love;
Thy Mercies, Lord, how great!
We have not Words nor Hours enough
Their Numbers to repeat.

When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And Light and Peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy Woe,
And bears me on his Heart.

P S A L M XL. 6-9. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

Thus saith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
" Give your Burnt Offerings o'er,
" In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
" My Soul delights no more.

2 Then

2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
 "My God, to do thy Will;
 Whate'er thy sacred Books declare
 "Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
 "I keep it near my Heart:
 "Mine Ears are open'd with Delight
 "To what thy Lips impart.

4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th' Eternal Son appears,
 And at th' appointed Time assumes
 The Body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
 And much his Truth he shew'd,
 And preach'd the Way of Righteousness
 Where great Assemblies stood.

6 His Father's Honour touch'd his Heart,
 He pity'd Sinners Cries,
 And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
 Was made a Sacrifice.

P A U S E.

7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
 Could wash the Conscience clean,
 But the rich Sacrifice he paid
 Atones for all our Sin.

8 Then was the great Salvation spread,
 And Satan's Kingdom shook;
 Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
 The Serpent's Head was broke.

P S A L M XL. 5=10. Long Metre.

Christ our Sacrifice.

THE Wonders, Lord, thy Love has wrought,
Exceed our Praise, surmount our Thought;
Should I attempt the long Detail,
My Speech would faint, my Numbers fail.

No Blood of Beasts on Altars spilt
Can cleanse the Souls of Men from Guilt;
But thou hast set before our Eyes
An All-sufficient Sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
To thy Designs he bows his Ears;
Assumes a Body well prepar'd,
And well performs a Work so hard.

" Behold, I come, (the Saviour cries,
With Love and Duty in his Eyes)

" I come to bear the heavy Load
Of Sins, and do thy Will, my God.

" 'Tis written in thy great Decree,

" 'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,

" I must fulfil the Saviour's Part,

" And lo! thy Law is in my Heart.

" I'll magnify thy holy Law,

" And Rebels to Obedience draw,

" When on my Cross I'm lifted high,

" Or to my Crown above the Sky.

" The Spirit shall descend and show

" What thou hast done, and what I do;

" The wond'ring World shall learn thy Grace,

" Thy Wisdom and thy Righteousness.

P S A L M XLII. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the Poor; or, Pity to the Afflicted.

- 1 **B**Left is the Man whose Bowels move,
BAnd melt with Pity to the Poor,
 Whose Soul by sympathizing Love
 Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.
- 2 His Heart contrives for their Relief
 More Good than his own Hands can do;
 He in the Time of general Grief
 Shall find the Lord has Bowels too.
- 3 His Soul shall live secure on Earth,
 With secret Blessings on his Head,
 When Drought, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
 Around him multiply their Dead.
- 4 Or if he languish on his Couch
 God will pronounce his Sins forgiven,
 Will save him with a healing Touch,
 Or take his willing Soul to Heaven.

P S A L M XLII. 1—5. *First Part.**Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from
 publick Worship.*

- 1 **W**ith earnest Longings of the Mind,
 My God, to Thee I look;
 So pants the hunted Hart to find
 And taste the cooling Brook.
- 2 When shall I see thy Courts of Grace,
 And meet my God again?
 So long an Absence from thy Face
 My Heart endures with Pain.
- 3 Temptations vex my weary Soul,
 And Tears are my Repast;

The Foe insults without Controul,
 " *And where's your God at last ?*

As with a mournful Pleasure now
 I think on antient Days :
 Then to thy House did Numbers go,
 And all our Work was Praise.

But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy Load ?
 Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
 And sin against my God ?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty Hand
 Can all thy Woes remove ;
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring Love.

P S A L M XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*

Solancholy Thoughts reprov'd ; or, Hope in Afflictions.

MY Spirit sinks within me, Lord,
 But I will call thy Name to mind,
 And Times of past Distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.

As huge Troubles with tumultuous Noise
 As well like a Sea, and round me spread ;
 Thy Water-spouts drown all my Joys,
 And rising Waves roll o'er my Head.

But will the Lord command his Love
 When I address his Throne by Day,
 For in the Night his Grace remove ;
 The Night shall hear me sing and pray.

Will I cast my self before his Feet,
 And say, " My God, my heavenly Rock,
 Why doth thy Love so long forget
 The Soul that groans beneath thy Stroke ?

- 5 I'll chide my Heart that sinks so low,
 Why should my Soul indulge her Grief?
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
 He is my Rest, my sure Relief.
- 6 Thy Light and Truth shall guide me still,
 Thy Word shall my best Thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine heavenly Hill,
 My God, my most exceeding Joy.

P S A L M XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

- 1 **L**ORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
 Thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
 When to our Ears our Fathers told
 The Wonders of their Days.
- 2 How thou didst build thy Churches here,
 And make thy Gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine Arm appear,
 Thy Light and Glory shone.
- 3 In God they boasted all the Day,
 And in a chearful Throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And Grace was all their Song.
- 4 But now our Souls are seiz'd with Shame,
 Confusion fills our Face,
 To hear the Enemy blaspheme,
 And Fools reproach thy Grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with Heav'n,
 Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
 Of Duty thou hast giv'n.
- 6 Tho' Dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive Breath,

And thine own Hand has bruis'd us sore
Hard by the Gates of Death.

PAUSE.

We are expos'd all Day to die
As Martyrs for thy Cause,
As Sheep for Slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody Laws:

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted Grace?
Why should we look like Men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy Face?

Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our Cries?
For ever hide thine heavenly Love
From our afflicted Eyes?

Down to the Dust our Soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the Ground;
O Lord our Help, rebuke the Proud,
And all their Pow'rs confound.

Redeem us from perpetual Shame,
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the Honours of thy Name,
The Merits of thy Blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre:

*The Glory of Christ, The Success of the Gospel, and,
The Gentile Church.*

MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
Lips with Blessings overflow,
And every Grace is thine.

How make thy Glory known,
And on thy dreadful Sword,

And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t'obey,
While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.

4 Thy Laws, O God, are right ;
Thy Throne shall ever stand ;
And thy victorious Gospel proves
A Sceptre in thy Hand.

5 [Thy Father and thy God
Hath without Measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy sacred Head.]

6 [Behold, at thy Right-hand
The *Gentile* Church is seen,
Like a fair Bride in rich Attire,
And Princes guard the Queen.]

7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's House ;
Forfake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.

8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest Thoughts employ ;
Thy Children shall his Honour sing
In Palaces of Joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The Personal Glories and Government of Christ,

1 I'LL speak the Honours of my King ;
His Form divinely fair ;
None of the Sons of mortal Race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is thy Speech, and heavenly Grace
 Upon thy Lips is shed ;
 Thy God with Blessings infinite
 Hath crown'd thy sacred Head.

Gird on thy Sword, victorious Prince ;
 Ride with majestick Sway ;
 Thy Terrors shall strike thro' thy Foes,
 And make the World obey.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 Thy Word of Grace shall prove
 A peaceful Sceptre in thy Hands,
 To rule the Saints by Love.

Justice and Truth attend thee still,
 But Mercy is thy Choice ;
 And God, thy God, thy Soul shall fill
 With most peculiar Joys.

P S A L M XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

NOW be my Heart inspir'd to sing
 The Glories of my Saviour-King,
 Jesus the Lord ; how heavenly fair
 His Form ! how bright his Beauties are !

O'er all the Sons of human Race
 He shines with a superior Grace,
 Love from his Lips divinely flows,
 And Blessings all his State compose.

Dress thee in Arms, most mighty Lord,
 Gird on the Terror of thy Sword,
 In Majesty and Glory ride
 With Truth and Meekness at thy Side.

Thine Anger like a pointed Dart
 Shall pierce the Foes of stubborn Heart ;

Or Words of Mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the Rebels at thy Feet.

5 Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the Sceptre in thy Hands;
Thy Laws and Works are just and right,
Justice and Grace are thy Delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
His Oil of Gladness on thy Head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

P S A L M XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ and his Church ; or, The Mystical Marriage

1 **T**HE King of Saints, how fair his Face,
Adorn'd with Majesty and Grace!
He comes with Blessings from above,
And wins the Nations to his Love.

2 At his Right-hand our Eyes behold
The Queen array'd in purest Gold;
The World admires her heavenly Dress,
Her Robe of Joy and Righteousness.

3 He forms her Beauties like his own,
He calls and seats her near his Throne:
Fair Stranger, let thine Heart forget
The Idols of thy native State.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee the Favourite of his Choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For He's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy Hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair Palace in the Skies,
And all thy Sons (a numerous Train)
Each like a Prince in Glory reign!

Let endless Honours crown his Head ;
 Let ev'ry Age his Praises spread ;
 While we with chearful Songs approve
 The Condescensions of his Love.

P S A L M XLVI. *First Part.*

*The Church's Safety and Triumph among National
 Desolations.*

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
 When Storms of sharp Distress invade ;
 E'er we can offer our Complaints
 Behold him present with his Aid,

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
 Down to the Deep, and buried there ;
 Convulsions shake the solid World,
 Our Faith shall never yield to Fear.

Loud may the troubled Ocean roar,
 In sacred Peace our Souls abide,
 While ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Shore
 Trembles and dreads the swelling Tide.

There is a Stream whose gentle Flow
 Supplies the City of our God ;
 Life, Love and Joy still gliding thro',
 And wat'ring our divine Abode.

That sacred Stream, thine holy Word,
 That all our raging Fear controuls:
 Sweet Peace thy Promises afford,
 And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
 Secure against a threat'ning Hour ;
 Nor can her firm Foundations move,
 Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

P S A L M XLVI. *Second Part.**God fights for his Church.*

- 1 **L**ET *Sion* in her King, rejoice
 Tho' Tyrants rage, and Kingdoms rise;
 He utters his Almighty Voice,
 The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.
- 2 The Lord of old for *Jacob* fought,
 And *Jacob's* God is still our Aid;
 Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
 What Desolations he has made.
- 3 From Sea to Sea thro' all the Shores
 He makes the Noise of Battle cease;
 When from on high his Thunder roars
 He awes the trembling World to Peace.
- 4 He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,
 Chariots he burns with heavenly Flame;
 Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
 The Sound and Glory of his Name.
- 5 " Be still, and learn that I am God,
 " I'll be exalted o'er the Lands,
 " I will be known and fear'd abroad,
 " But still my Throne in *Sion* stands.
- 6 O Lord of Hosts, Almighty King,
 While we so near thy Presence dwell,
 Our Faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

P S A L M XLVII.

Christ Ascending and Reigning.

- 1 **O** For a Shout of sacred Joy
 To God the sovereign King!
 Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
 And Hymns of Triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high ;
 His heavenly Guards around
 Attend him rising thro' the Sky,
 With Trumpets joyful Sound.

While Angels shout and praise their King,
 Let Mortals learn their Strains ;
 Let all the Earth his Honours sing ;
 O'er all the Earth he reigns.

Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
 Let Knowledge lead the Song,
 Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
 Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

In *Israel* stood his antient Throne,
 He lov'd that chosen Race,
 But now he calls the World his own,
 And *Heathens* taste his Grace.

The *British* Islands are the Lord's,
 There *Abraham's* God is known,
 While Powers and Princes, Shields and Swords
 Submit before his Throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. I—8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

[Great is the Lord our God,
 And let his Praise be great ;
 He makes his Churches his Abode,
 His most delightful Seat.

These Temples of his Grace,
 How beautiful they stand ?
 The Honours of our Native Place,
 And Bulwarks of our Land.]

In *Sion* God is known
 A Refuge in Distress ;

E 5

How

How bright has his Salvation shone
Thro' all her Palaces!

4 When Kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild Confusion of the Mind
They fled with hasty Fear.

5 When Navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our Peace,
He sends his Tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the Seas.

6 Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the Fold
Where his own Sheep have been.

7 In every new Distress
We'll to his House repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous Grace,
And seek Deliverance there.

PSALM XLVIII. 10—14. *Second Part.*

The Beauty of the Church ; or, Gospel Worship and Order.

1 FAR as thy Name is known
The World declares thy Praise ;
Thy Saints, O Lord, before thy Throne
Their Songs of Honour raise.

2 With Joy let *Judab* stand
On *Sion's* chosen Hill,
Proclaim the Wonders of thy Hand,
And Counsels of thy Will.

3 Let Strangers walk around
The City where we dwell,

Compass and view thine holy Ground,
And mark the Building well.

The Orders of thy House,
The Worship of thy Court,
The chearful Songs, the solemn Vows,
And make a fair Report.

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the Pomp that charms the Eyes,
And Rites adorn'd with Gold.

The God we worship now
Will guide us till we die,
Will be our God while here below,
And ours above the Sky.

PSALM XLIX. 6—14. *First Part.* Com. Met.
Pride and Death; or, The Vanity of Life and Riches.

WHY doth the Man of Riches grow
To Insolence and Pride,
To see his Wealth and Honours flow
With ev'ry rising Tide?

[Why doth he treat the Poor with Scorn,
Made of the self-same Clay,
And boast as tho' his Flesh were born
Of better Dust than they?]

Not all his Treasures can procure
His Soul a short Reprieve,
Redeem from Death one guilty Hour,
Or make his Brother live.

[Life is a Blessing can't be sold,
The Ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with Gold,
That Man may never die.

- 5 He sees the Brutish and the Wise,
 The Timorous and the Brave
 Quit their Possessions, close their Eyes,
 And hasten to the Grave.
- 6 Yet 'tis his inward Thought and Pride,
 " My House shall ever stand ;
 " And that my Name may long abide
 " I'll give it to my Land.
- 7 Vain are his Thoughts, his Hopes are lost,
 How soon his Memory dies !
 His Name is written in the Dust
 Where his own Carcass lies.]

P A U S E.

- 8 This is the Folly of their Way ;
 And yet their Sons as vain
 Approve the Words their Fathers say,
 And act their Works again.
- 9 Men void of Wisdom and of Grace,
 If Honour raise them high,
 Live like the Beast, a thoughtless Race,
 And like the Beast they die.
- 10 [Laid in the Grave like silly Sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,
 Till the last Trumpet break their Sleep
 In Terror and Despair.]

PSALM XLIX. Ver. 14, 15. *Second Part*
 Common Metre.

Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 Y E Sons of Pride, that hate the Just,
 And trample on the Poor,
 When Death has brought you down to Dust
 Your Pomp shall rise no more.

The last great Day shall change the Scene ;
 When will that Hour appear ?
 When shall the Just revive, and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here ?

And will my naked Soul receive,
 When separate from the Flesh ;
 And break the Prison of the Grave,
 To raise my Bones afresh.

Heaven is my everlasting Home,
 Th' Inheritance is sure ;
 Let Men of Pride their Rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

P S A L M XLIX. Long Metre.

The rich Sinner's Death, and the Saint's Resurrection.

WH Y do the Proud insult the Poor,
 And boast the large Estates they have !
 How vain are Riches to secure
 Their haughty Owners from the Grave !
 They can't redeem one Hour from Death
 With all the Wealth in which they trust ;
 Nor give a dying Brother Breath,
 When God commands him down to Dust.

There the dark Earth and dismal Shade
 Shall clasp their naked Bodies round ;
 That Flesh so delicately fed
 Lies cold, and moulders in the Ground,
 Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
 Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat :
 The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
 And find th' Oppressor at their Feet.

His Honours perish in the Dust,
 And Pomp, and Beauty, Birth, and Blood ;

That

That glorious Day exalts the Just
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

5 My Saviour shall my Life restore,
And raise me from my dark Abode :
My Flesh and Soul shall part no more ;
But dwell for ever near my God.

P S A L M L, 1—6. *First Part.* Common Metre
The last Judgment ; or, The Saints rewarded

1 **T**HE Lord, the Judge before his Throne
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh,
The Nations near the rising Sun,
And near the *Western* Sky.

2 No more shall bold Blasphemers say,
“ *Judgment will ne'er begin ;*
No more abuse his long Delay
To Impudence and Sin.

3 Thron'd on a Cloud our God shall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkness, Fire and Storm
Lead on the dreadful Day.

4 Heav'n from above his Call shall hear,
Attending Angels come,
And Earth and Hell shall know, and fear
His Justice, and their Doom.

5 “ But gather all my Saints (he cries)
“ That made their Peace with God
“ By the Redeemer's Sacrifice,
“ And seal'd it with his Blood.

6 “ Their Faith and Works brought forth to Light
“ Shall make the World confess
“ My Sentence of Reward is right,
“ And Heaven adore my Grace.

PSALM L. Ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, " The spacious Fields,
" And Flocks and Herds are mine,
O'er all the Cattle of the Hills
" I claim a Right divine.

I ask no Sheep for Sacrifice,
" Nor Bullocks burnt with Fire ;
To hope and love, to pray and praise
" Is all that I require.

Call upon me when Trouble's near,
" My Hand shall set thee free ;
Then shall thy thankful Lips declare
" The Honour due to me.

The Man that offers humble Praise,
" He glorifies me best ;
And those that tread my holy Ways
" Shall my Salvation taste.

PSALM L. Ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The judgment of Hypocrites.

WHEN *Christ* to Judgment shall descend,
And Saints surround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

Not for the Want of Bullocks slain
" Will I the World reprove ;
Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain
" Without the Fire of Love.

- 3 " And what have Hypocrites to do
 " To bring their Sacrifice?
 " They call my Statutes just and true,
 " But deal in Theft and Lies.
- 4 " Could you expect to 'scape my Sight,
 " And sin without Controul?
 " But I shall bring your Crimes to Light
 " With Anguish in your Soul.
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his Wrath appear;
 If once you fall beneath his Sword,
 There's no Deliverer there.

P S A L M L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocrisy expos'd.

- 1 **T**HE Lord the Judge his Churches warns
 Let Hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their Hope in Rites and Forms,
 But make not Faith nor Love their Care.
- 2 Vile Wretches dare rehearse his Name
 With Lips of Falshood and Deceit;
 A Friend or Brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their Neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's Face;
 They take his Covenant on their Tongue,
 But break his Laws, abuse his Grace.
- 4 To Heav'n they lift their Hands unclean,
 Defil'd with Lust, defil'd with Blood;
 By Night they practise every Sin,
 By Day their Mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his Judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more;

They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful Hour.

Dreadful Hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their Crimes before their Eyes!
 His Wrath their guilty Souls shall tear,
 And no Deliverer dare to rise.

PSALM L. To a New Tune.

The last Judgment.

(forth,

THE Lord, the Sovereign sends his Summons
 Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
 From *East* to *West* the sounding Order's spread
 thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead:
 No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay?
 His Vengeance sleeps no more: behold the Day.

Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are nigh,
 Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky:
 Heav'n, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things
 (come

to hear his Justice and the Sinner's Doom;
 Let gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)
 Calling them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

Behold my Covenant stands for ever good,
 Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
 And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
 That paid the ancient Worship or the new,
 There's no Distinction here; Come, spread their
 (Thrones,

and near me seat my Favourites and my Sons.

Behold their Almighty Saviour and their God,
 Whom their Judge: Ye Heavens, proclaim abroad
 His just eternal Sentence, and declare
 Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear;
 Sinners in *Zion*, tremble and retire;
 Behold the painted Hypocrite to Fire. § Not

- 5 Not for the want of Goats or Bullocks slain
Do I condemn thee; Bulls and Goats are vain
Without the Flames of Love: In vain thou
Of Brutal Offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where
- 6 If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy Bullocks Blood?
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
Thy solemn Chatterings and phantastick Vows?
Are my Eyes charm'd thy Vestments to behold
Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?
- 7 Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou be
A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
While with my Grace and Statutes on thy Tongue
Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother wrong
In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends,
Thieves and Adulterers are thy chosen Friends
- 8 Silent I waited with long-suffering Love,
But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove
And cherish such an impious Thought within,
That God the Righteous would indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now: My Thunders roll
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes; Ye Fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful Morning rise;
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Ways
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend
Left like a Lion his last Vengeance tear,
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliverer near.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The last Judgment.

THE God of Glory sends his Summons forth,
Calls the *South* Nations, and awakes the *North*;
From *East* to *West* the sov'reign Order's spread,
From distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.

*The Trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.*

No more shall Atheists mock his long Delay;
His Vengeance sleeps no more; behold the Day:
Behold the Judge descends; his Guards are nigh;
Tempests and Fire attend him down the Sky.

*When God appears, all Nature shall adore him;
While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.*

(Things come

Heaven, Earth, and Hell draw near; let all
To hear my Justice and the Sinners Doom;
But gather first my Saints; (the Judge com-
(mands)

Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

*When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion;
And shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.*

Behold my Covenant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal Sacrifice in Blood, (*Jew,*
And sign'd with all their Names; the *Greek,* the
That paid the antient Worship or the new;

*There's no Distinction here, join all your Voices,
And raise your Heads, ye Saints, for Heaven rejoices.*

(Thrones,

Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels, spread their
And near me seat my Favourites and my Sons.

“ Come

“ Come, my Redem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd
 “ E'er Time began ; 'tis your divine Reward
*When Christ returns, with every cheerful Pass
 and shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.*

P A U S E the First.

- 5 “ I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
 “ I am the Judge : Ye Heavens, proclaim abo-
 “ My just eternal Sentence, and declare
 “ Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear
*When God appears, all Nature shall adore him ;
 While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.*
- 7 “ Stand forth, thou bold-Blasphemer, and
 “ Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threat
 “ Thou Hypocrite, once drest in Saints Attire
 “ I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.
*Judgment proceeds ; Hell trembles ; Heaven rejoic
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voic*
- 8 “ Not for the Want of Goats or Bullocks slain
 “ Do I condemn thee ; Bulls and Goats are
 “ Without the Flames of Love : In vain the
 “ Of brutal Offerings that were mine before :
*Earth is the Lord's ; all Nature shall adore him ;
 While Sinners tremble, Saints rejoice before him.*
- 9 “ If I were hungry, wou'd I ask thee Food ?
 “ When did I thirst, or drink thy Bullocks Blood ?
 “ Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed
 “ Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests wide
 (they)
*All is the Lord's : He rules the wide Creation ;
 Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.*

Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing Bows,
 Thy solemn Chatterings and phantastick Vows?
 Are my Eyes charm'd, thy Vestments to behold,
 Glaring in Gems, and gay in woven Gold?

*God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
 Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.*

P A U S E the Second.

(to please
 Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope
 A God, a Spirit, with such Toys as these?
 While with my Grace and Statutes on thy
 (Tongue
 Thou lov'st Deceit, and dost thy Brother
 (wrong.

*Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful Voices.*

In vain to pious Forms thy Zeal pretends;
 Thieves and Adulterers are thy chosen Friends;
 While the false Flatterer at my Altar waits,
 His harden'd Soul divine Instruction hates.

*God is the Judge of Hearts, no fair Disguises
 Can screen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.*

Silent I waited with long-suffering Love;
 But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
 And cherish such an impious Thought within,
 That the All-holy would indulge thy Sin?

*God appears, all Nature joins t'adore him;
 Judgment proceeds; and Sinners fall before him.*

Behold my Terrors now: My Thunders roll,
 And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul;
 Now like a Lion shall my Vengeance tear
 Thy bleeding Heart, and no Deliverer near.

Judge

*Judgment concludes ; Hell trembles ; Heaven rejoices ;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful voice*

Epiphonema,

Sinners, awake betimes ; ye Fools, be wise ;
Awake before this dreadful Morning rise : (and
Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Ways
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend

*Then join the Saints : Wake every cheerful Passenger
When Christ returns, he comes for your Salvation*

P S A L M LI. First Part. Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

1. **S**how Pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting Rebel live ;
Are not thy Mercies large and free ;
May not a Sinner trust in Thee ?
2. My Crimes are great, but not surpass
The Power and Glory of thy Grace :
Great God, thy Nature hath no Bound,
So let thy pardoning Love be found.
3. O wash my Soul from every Sin,
And make my guilty Conscience clean ;
Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
And past Offences pain mine Eyes.
4. My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
Against thy Law, against thy Grace :
Lord, should thy Judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
5. Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
I must pronounce Thee Just in Death ;

And if my Soul were sent to Hell
 by righteous Law approves it well.

Save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
 whose Hope still hovering round thy Word,
 would light on some sweet Promise there,
 the sure Support against Despair.

PSALM LI. Second Part. Long Metre.

Original and actual Sin confess'd.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in Sin;
 And born unholy and unclean;
 sprung from the Man whose guilty Fall
 corrupts the Race, and taints us All.

From as we draw our Infant-Breath
 the Seeds of Sin grow up for Death;
 thy Law demands a perfect Heart;
 but we're defil'd in every Part.

Great God, create my Heart a-new,
 and form my Spirit pure and true:
 make me wise betimes, to spy
 my Danger and my Remedy.

Behold I fall before thy Face;
 thy only Refuge is thy Grace:
 No outward Forms can make me clean;
 the Leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding Bird, nor bleeding Beast,
 Nor Hyssop-Branch, nor sprinkling Priest,
 Nor running Brook, nor Flood, nor Sea,
 Can wash the dismal Stain away.

Jesus, my God, thy Blood alone
 hath Power sufficient to atone;
 Thy Blood can make me white as Snow;
 No Jewish Types could cleanse me so.

7 While Guilt disturbs and breaks my Peace,
Nor Flesh nor Soul hath Rest or Ease ;
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning Voice,
And make my broken Bones rejoice.

P S A L M L I. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*The Backslider restor'd ; or, Repentance and Faith
in the Blood of Christ.*

1 **O** Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Memory from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averse to Sin :
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight :
Thine holy Joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort still afford :
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring ;
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

6 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just ;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

When will I teach the World thy Ways ;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign Grace ;
 All lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

O may thy Love inspire my Tongue !
 Salvation shall be all my Song ;
 And all my Powers shall join to bless
 The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

P S A L M LI. 3—13. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confess'd and pardon'd.

L O R D, I would spread my sore Distress
 And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
 Against thy Laws, against thy Grace
 How high my Crimes arise !

Should'st thou condemn my Soul to Hell,
 And crush my Flesh to Dust,
 Heav'n would approve thy Vengeance well,
 And Earth must own it just.

From the Stock of *Adam* came,
 Unholy and unclean ;
 All my Original is Shame,
 And all my Nature Sin.

Born in a World of Guilt I drew
 Contagion with my Breath ;
 And as my Days advanc'd I grew
 A juster Prey for Death.

Pleas'd me, O Lord, and cheer my Soul
 With thy forgiving Love ;
 Make my broken Spirit whole
 And bid my Pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive me from thy Face ;

Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

- 7 Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men ;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

PSALM LI. 14—17. 2^d Part. Common Metre
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ

- 1 **O** God of Mercy, hear my Call,
My Loads of Guilt remove,
Break down this separating Wall
That bars me from thy Love.

- 2 Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
And make thy Praise my Song.

- 3 No Blood of Goats, nor Heifer slain
For Sin could e'er atone ;
The Death of *Christ* shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

- 4 A Soul oppress'd with Sin's Desert
My God will ne'er despise ;
A humble Groan, a broken Heart
Is our best Sacrifice.

PSALM LIII. 4—6.

Victory and Deliverance from Persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
Who thus devour her Saints ?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her Complaints ?

- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprise ;
For God's revenging Arm

ters the Bones of them that rise
To do his Children Harm.

vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
Of Armies in Array ;
When God has first despis'd their Host,
They fall an easy Prey.

For a Word from *Sion's* King
Her Captives to restore !
Reuben with all his Tribes shall sing,
And *Judah* weep no more.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Metre.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

O God, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
Behold my flowing Tears,
For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
And triumph in my Fears.

Their Rage is levell'd at my Life,
My Soul with Guilt they load,
And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife
To shake my Hope in God.

With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
I groan with every Breath ;
Horror and Fear beset me round
Amongst the Shades of Death.

Were I like a feather'd Dove,
And Innocence had Wings ;
I'd fly, and make a long Remove
From all these restless Things.

Let me to some wild Desert go,
And find a peaceful Home,
Where Storms of Malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

116 P S A L M L V.

6 Vain Hopes, and vain Inventions all
 To 'scape the Rage of Hell!
 The mighty God on whom I call
 Can save me here as well.

P A U S E.

7 By Morning Light I'll seek his Face,
 At Noon repeat my Cry,
 The Night shall hear me ask his Grace,
 Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my Soul from Fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand Angels must appear
 If He command their Aid.

9 I cast my Burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all;
 My Courage rests upon his Word
 That Saints shall never fall.

10 My highest Hopes shall not be vain,
 My Lips shall spread his Praise;
 While cruel and deceitful Men,
 Scarce live out half their Days.

P S A L M L V. Ver. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Me

Dangerous Prosperity; or, Daily Devotions encourag

1 **L**ET Sinners take their Course,
 And chuse the Road to Death;
 But in the Worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily Breath.

2 My Thoughts address his Throne
 When Morning brings the Light;
 I seek his Blessing every Noon,
 And pay my Vows at Night.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
 O my eternal God,
 Sinners perish in Surprize
 beneath thine angry Rod.

Because they dwell at Ease,
 And no sad Changes feel,
 Neither fear nor trust thy Name,
 Nor learn to do thy Will.

But I with all my Cares,
 Will lean upon the Lord,
 And cast my Burdens on his Arm
 And rest upon his Word.

His Arm shall well sustain
 The Children of his Love;
 The Ground on which their Safety stands
 No earthly Power can move.

P S A L M LVI.

*Deliverance from Oppression and Falshood; or, God's Care
 of his People in Answer to Faith and Prayer.*

O Thou whose Justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' Oppressor cease,
 Behold how envious Sinners try
 To vex and break my Peace!

The Sons of Violence and Lies
 Join to devour me, Lord;
 But as my hourly Dangers rise
 My Refuge is thy Word.

O God most holy, just and true
 I have repos'd my Trust;
 Nor will I fear what Flesh can do,
 The Offspring of the Dust.

4 They wrest my Words to Mischief still,
 Charge me with unknown Fau'ts ;
 Mischief doth all their Counsels fill,
 And Malice all their Thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy Frown ?
 Must their Devices stand ?
 O cast the haughty Sinner down,
 And let him know thy Hand !

P A U S E.

6 God counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
 Their Groans affect his Ears ;
 Thou hast a Book for my Complaints,
 A Bottle for my Tears.

7 When to thy Throne I raise my Cry,
 The Wicked fear and flee ;
 So swift is Prayer to reach the Sky,
 So near is God to me.

8 In Thee, most holy, just and true,
 I have repos'd my Trust ;
 Nor will I fear what Man can do,
 'The Offspring of the Dust.

9 Thy solemn Vows are on me, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive my Praise ;
 I'll sing, *How faithful is thy Word ;*
How righteous all thy Ways !

10 Thou hast secur'd my Soul from Death,
 O set thy Pris'ner free,
 That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath
 May be employ'd for Thee.

P S A L M L V I I .

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

MY God, in whom are all the Springs
 Of boundless Love and Grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading Wings
 Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

Up to the Heavens I send my Cry,
 The Lord will my Desires perform;
 He sends his Angel from the Sky,
 And saves me from the threatening Storm.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
 Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
 And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

My Heart is fix'd; my Song shall raise
 Immortal Honours to thy Name;
 Awake, my Tongue, to sound his Praise,
 My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost Sky;
 His Truth to endless Years remains,
 When lower Worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
 Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
 And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

P S A L M L V I I I . As the 113th Psalm,

Warning to Magistrates.

Judges, who rule the World by Laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous Cause,
 When th' injur'd Poor before you stands?

- Dare ye condemn the righteous Poor,
 And let rich Sinners 'scape secure,
 While Gold and Greatness bribe your Hands
- 2 Have ye forgot, or never knew
 That God will judge the Judges too?
 High in the Heavens his Justice reigns;
 Yet you invade the Rights of God,
 And send your bold Decrees abroad
 To bind the Conscience in your Chains.
- 3 A poison'd Arrow is your Tongue,
 The Arrow sharp, the Poison strong,
 And Death attends where-e'er it wounds:
 You hear no Counsels, Cries or Tears;
 So the deaf Adder stops her Ears
 Against the Pow'r of charming Sounds.
- 4 Break out their Teeth, eternal God,
 Those Teeth of Lions dy'd in Blood;
 And crush the Serpents in the Dust:
 As empty Chaff, when Whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping Tempest flies,
 So let their Hopes and Names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
 Their Grandeur melts, their Titles die,
 As Hills of Snow dissolve and run,
 Or Snails that perish in their-Slime,
 Or Births that come before their Time,
 Vain Births that never see the Sun.
- 6 Thus shall the Vengeance of the Lord
 Safety and Joy to Saints afford;
 And all that hear shall join and say,
 " Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 " A God that hears his Children cry,
 " And will their Sufferings well repay.

PSALM LX. 1—5, 10—12.

Day of Humiliation for Disappointments in War.

ORD, hast thou cast the Nation off ?

Must we for ever mourn ?

Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath ?

Shall Mercy ne'er return ?

The Terror of one Frown of thine

Melts all our Strength away ?

Like Men that totter drunk with Wine,

We tremble in Dismay.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy Stroke,

And dreads thy threatening Hand ;

Heal the Island Thou hast broke,

Confirm the wav'ring Land.

Lift up a Banner in the Field

For those that fear thy Name ;

Save thy Beloved with thy shield,

And put our Foes to Shame.

Go with our Armies to the Fight

Like a Confed'rate God ;

In vain Confed'rate Pow'rs unite

Against thy lifted Rod.

Our Troops shall gain a wide Renown

By thine assisting Hand ;

'Tis God that treads the Mighty down,

And makes the Feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. 1—6.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief

My Heart within me dies,

Helpless and far from all Relief

To Heaven I lift mine Eyes.

2 O lead me to the Rock.

That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

3 Within thy Prefence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;

Thou art the Tower of my Defence,
The Refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the Lot
Of those that fear thy Name ;
If endless Life be their Reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. 5—12.

*No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in Divine
and Power.*

1 **M**Y Spirit looks to God alone ;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne ;
In all my Fears, in all my Straits
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face :
When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

3 False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity ;
Laid in the Balance both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

4 Make not increasing Gold your Trust,
Nor set your Heart on glittering Dust ;
Why will you grasp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke ?

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
 Once and again my Ears have heard,
 All Power is his eternal Due ;
 He must be fear'd and trusted too.

For Sovereign Power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a Partner of the Throne :
 Thy Grace and Justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last Reward.

PSALM LXIII. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. *First Part.* Com. Met.

The Morning of a Lord's-Day.

Early, my God, without Delay,
 I haste to seek thy Face ;
 My thirsty Spirit faints away
 Without thy chearing Grace.

So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand
 Beneath a burning Sky
 Long for a cooling Stream at hand
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
 Thro' all thy Temple shine ;
 My God, repeat that heavenly Hour,
 That Vision so divine.

Not all the Blessings of a Feast
 Can please my Soul so well
 As when thy richer Grace I taste,
 And in thy Presence dwell.

Not Life it self with all her Joys
 Can my best Passions move,
 Or raise so high my chearful Voice
 As thy forgiving Love.

Thus till my last expiring Day
 I'll bless my God and King ;

Thus

Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

P S A L M LXIII. 6—10. *Second Part.* Common Metre

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

- 1 'T WAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Pow'r,
I kept thy lovely Face in Sight
Amidst the darkest Hour.
- 2 My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
" My God, my Life, my Hope, I said;
" Bring thy Salvation nigh.
- 3 My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
And climbs the heavenly Road;
But thy Right-hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
The Shadow of thy Wings;
My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
My Tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the Destroyers of my Peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;
The Tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my Sins be slain.
- 6 Thy Sword shall give my Foes to Death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark Caverns of the Earth,
Or to the Deeps of Hell.

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

Long after God; or, The Love of God better than Life.

Great God, indulge my humble Claim,
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest;
 The Glories that compose thy Name
 And all engag'd to make me blest.

Thou Great and Good, thou Just and Wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God;
 And I am thine by sacred Ties;
 Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands
 For Thee I long, to Thee I look,
 As Travellers in thirsty Lands
 Pant for the cooling Water-brook.

With early Feet I love t' appear
 Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face,
 If I have I seen thy Glory there,
 And felt the Power of sovereign Grace.

Not Fruits nor Wines that tempt our Taste,
 Nor all the Joys our Senses know,
 Could make me so divinely blest,
 Or raise my chearful Passion so.

My Life it self without thy Love
 No Taste of Pleasure could afford;
 'T would but a tiresome Burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

Amidst the wakeful Hours of Night,
 When busy Cares afflict my Head,
 One Thought of Thee gives new Delight,
 And adds Refreshment to my Bed.

8 I'll lift my Hands, I'll raise my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praise;
This Work shall make my Heart rejoice,
And spend the Remnant of my Days.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

1. **M**Y God, permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy does implore;
Not Travellers in Desert Lands
Can pant for Water more.
- 3 Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.
- 4 For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praise Thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful Hours at Night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my Help,
To Thee my Spirit flies,

on thy watchful Providence
 My chearful Hope relies.

The Shadow of thy Wings
 My Soul in Safety keeps !
 Now where my Father leads
 And he supports my Steps.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Publick Prayer and Praise.

THE Praise of *Sion* waits for Thee,
 My God : And Praise becomes thy House ;
 There shall thy Saints thy Glory see,
 And there perform their publick Vows.

O Thou, whose Mercy bends the Skies
 To save, when humble Sinners pray ;
 All Lands to Thee shall lift their Eyes,
 And Islands of the *Northern* Sea.

Against my Will my Sins prevail,
 But Grace shall purge away their Stain ;
 The Blood of Christ will never fail,
 To wash my Garments white again.

Blest is the Man whom thou shalt chuse
 And give him kind Access to Thee ;
 Give him a Place within thy House,
 To taste thy Love divinely free.

P A U S E.

Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays ;
Babel, prepare for long Distress,
 When *Sion's* God himself arrays
 In Terror and in Righteousness.

With dreadful Glory God fulfils
 What his afflicted Saints request :

And

And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love to give his Churches Rest.

- 7 Then shall the flocking Nations run
To *Sion's* Hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting Sun
Shall see the Saviour's Name ador'd.

P S A L M L X V. 5—13. *Second Part.* Long Metre
Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea; or, The
God of Nature and Grace.

- 1 **T**HE God of our Salvation hears
The Groans of *Sion* mix'd with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Designs,
Thro' all the Way his Terror shines.
- 2 On him the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.
- 3 Sailors that travel o'er the Flood
Address their frighted Souls to God,
When Tempests rage, and Billows roar
At dreadful Distance from the Shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy Tempest cease;
He calms the raging Crowd to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves
Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.
- 5 Whole Kingdoms shaken by the Storm
He settles in a peaceful Form;
Mountains establish'd by his Hand
Firm on their old Foundations stand.
- 6 Behold his Ensigns sweep the Sky,
New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;

the Heathen Lands with swift Surprize,
 from the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

By his Command the Morning-Ray
 smiles in the East, and leads the Day;
 he guides the Sun's declining Wheels
 over the Tops of Western Hills.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice;
 the Evening and the Morn rejoice
 to see the Earth made soft with Showers,
 laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

He draws from his watry Stores on high
 he gives the thirsty Ground Supply;
 he walks upon the Clouds, and thence
 both his enriching Drops dispense.

The Desert grows a fruitful Field,
 abundant Food the Valleys yield;
 the Valleys shout with chearful Voice,
 and neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

The Pastures smile in green Array,
 here Lambs, and larger Cattle play;
 the larger Cattle and the Lamb,
 each in his Language speaks thy Name.

Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine;
 'er every Field thy Glories shine;
 thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
 Great God, thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *First Part.* Common Metre.

A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

YHWH waits in Sion, Lord, for Thee;

There shall our Vows be paid:

Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,

All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

- 2 Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Power and Skill
To conquer every Sin.
- 3 Bless'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy Face,
Give them a Dwelling in thine House,
To feast upon thy Grace.
- 4 In answ'ring what thy Church requests;
Thy Truth and Terror shine,
And Works of dreadful Righteousness
Fulfil thy kind Design.
- 5 Thus shall the wond'ring Nations see
The Lord is good and just ;
And distant Islands fly to Thee,
And make thy Name their Trust.
- 6 They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heaven appear ;
But they shall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

P S A L M LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth and Sea ; or,
Blessing of Rain.*

- 1 'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
God of eternal Power ;
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Successive Comforts bring :
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
Thy Flow'rs adorn the Spring.

Sons and Times, and Moons and Hours,
 Heaven, Earth and Air are thine ;
 When Clouds distil in fruitful Show'rs,
 The Author is divine.

Those wand'ring Cisterns in the Sky
 Born by the Winds around,
 Whose watry Treasures well supply
 The Furrows of the Ground.

The thirsty Ridges drink their Fill,
 And Ranks of Corn appear ;
 Thy Ways abound with Blessings still,
 Thy Goodness crowns the Year.

PSALM LXV. *Third Part.* Common Metre:

Blessings of the Spring ; or, God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

GOOD is the Lord, the heavenly King,
 Who makes the Earth his Care,
 Who visits the Pastures every Spring,
 And bids the Grass appear.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out at thy Command
 Their watry Blessings from the Sky,
 To cheer the thirsty Land.

The soft'ned Ridges of the Field
 Permit the Corn to spring :
 The Valleys rich Provision yield,
 And the poor Labourers sing.

The little Hills on ev'ry Side
 Rejoice at falling Show'rs :
 The Meadows dress'd in all their Pride
 Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

- 5 The barren Clods refresh'd with Rain.
 Promise a joyful Crop;
 The parching Grounds look green again,
 And raise the Reaper's Hope.
- 6 The various Months thy Goodness crowns;
 How bounteous are thy Ways?
 The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,
 And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

P S A L M LXVI. *First Part.*

*Governing Power and Goodness; or, Our Grace tried
 Afflictions.*

- 1 **S**ING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful Noise;
 With Melody of Sound record
 His Honours and your Joys.
- 2 Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,
 "How terrible art Thou!
 "Sinners before thy Presence fly,
 "Or at thy Feet they bow.
- 3 [Come, see the Wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his Ways!
 In *Moses* Hand he puts his Rod,
 And cleaves the frighted Seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing Channel dry,
 While *Israel* pass'd the Flood;
 There did the Church begin their Joy,
 And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless Might:
 Will Rebel Mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
 And tempt that dreadful War?

bles our God, and never cease;
Ye Saints, fulfil his Praise;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering Souls,
To make our Graces shine;
As Silver bears the burning Coals
The Metal to refine.

Thro' watry Deeps and fiery Ways
We march at thy Command,
Led to possess the promis'd Place
By thine unerring Hand.

PSALM LXVI. 13—20 *Second Part.*

Praise to God for bearing Prayer.

NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
To that Almighty Power
That heard the long Requests I made
In my distressful Hour.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The Wonders he has done.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I sought his heavenly Aid;
He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

Sin lay cover'd in my Heart
While Pray'r employ'd my Tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung.

But God (his Name be ever blest)
Has set my Spirit free;

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Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

P S A L M L X V I I .

The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's Increase

- 1 **S**Hine, mighty God, on *Britain* shine
With Beams of heavenly Grace ;
Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coasts,
And shew thy smiling Face.
- 2 [Amidst our Isle exalted high
Do thou our Glory stand,
And like a Wall of Guardian Fire
Surround the Favourite Land.]
- 3 When shall thy Name from Shore to Shore
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And distant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice ;
While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,
And *British* Hearts rejoice.
- 5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the Worlds he made
In Justice and in Love.
- 6 Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase :
Our God will crown his chosen Isle
With Fruitfulness and Peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest Favours here,
While the Creation's utmost Bound
Shall see, adore and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 1—6, 32—35.

The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

ET God arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to flight;
As Smoak that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.

He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

He rides and thunders thro' the Sky;
His Name *Jehovah* sounds on high,
Sing to his Name, ye Sons of Grace;
Ye Saints, rejoice before his Face.

The Widow and the Fatherless
Fly to his Aid in sharp Distress:
In him the Poor and Helpless find,
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

He breaks the Captive's heavy Chain,
And Pris'ners see the Light again:
But Rebels that dispute his Will
Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.

PAUSE.

Kingdoms and Thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye Nations, in your Song:
His wondrous Names and Pow'rs rehearse;
His Honours shall enrich your Verse.

He shakes the Heavens with loud Alarms;
How terrible is God in Arms!
In *Israel* are his Mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar Throne.

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8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest;
When Terrors rise, and Nations faint,
God is the Strength of every Saint.

P S A L M LXVIII. *Second Part.* Ver. 17, 18
Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten Thousand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Those heavenly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.

2 Not *Sinai's* Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And strook the chosen Tribes with Awe.

3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Powers of Hell,
That thousand Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
That God might dwell on Earth again.

P S A L M LXVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 19, 9, 20, 21
*Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, Common and
Mercies.*

1 **W**E bless the Lord, the Just, the Good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and
Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

2 He sends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground:

He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain
Refresh the thirsty Earth again.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Escapes from Death :
Safety and Health to God belong ;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Blessings of his Love ;
But the wide Difference that remains
Endless Joy or endless Pains.

The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head
In all the Serpent's Seed shall tread,
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

At his Right-hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;
And bring them to his Courts above,
Where shall they taste his special Love.

PSALM LXIX. I—14. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Sufferings of Christ for our Salvation.

SAVE me, O God, the swelling Floods

“ Break in upon my Soul :
I sink ; and Sorrows o'er my Head

“ Like mighty Waters roll.

I cry till all my Voice be gone,

“ In Tears I waste the Day ;

My God, behold my longing Eyes,

“ And shorten thy Delay.

They hate my Soul without a Cause,

“ And still their Number grows,

More than the Hairs around my Head,

“ And mighty are my Foes.

- 4 " 'Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
 " That Men could never pay,
 " And gave those Honours to thy Law
 " Which Sinners took away.
- 5 Thus in the great *Messiah's* Name
 The royal Prophet mourns ;
 Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
 And gives us Joy by turns.
- 6 " Now shall the Saints rejoice and find
 " Salvation in my Name,
 " For I have born their heavy Load
 " Of Sorrow, Pain and Shame.
- 7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
 " And Sackcloth was my Dress,
 " While I procur'd for naked Souls
 A Robe of Righteousness.
- 8 " Amongst my Brethren and the *Jews*
 " I like a Stranger stood,
 " And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
 " The *Gentiles* near to God.
- 9 " I came in sinful Mortals Stead
 " To do my Father's Will ;
 " Yet when I cleans'd my Father's House,
 " They scandaliz'd my Zeal.
- 10 " My Fasting and my holy Groans
 " Were made the Drunkard's Song ;
 " But God from his celestial Throne
 " Heard my complaining Tongue.
- 11 " He sav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
 " Nor let my Soul be drown'd ;
 " He rais'd and fix'd my sinking Feet
 " On well-establiſh'd Ground.

“Twas in a most accepted Hour
 “ My Pray’r arose on high,
 And for my sake my God shall hear
 “ The dying Sinner’s Cry.

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

NOW let our Lips with holy Fear
 And mournful Pleasure sing
 The Sufferings of our great High-Priest,
 The Sorrows of our King.

He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
 How high the Waters rise!
 While to his heavenly Father’s Ear
 He sends perpetual Cries.

Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining Face;
 Why should thy Favourite look like One
 “ Forsaken of thy Grace?

With Rage they persecute the Man
 “ That groans beneath thy Wound,
 While for a Sacrifice I pour
 “ My Life upon the Ground.

They tread my Honour to the Dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain;
 Their sharp insulting Slanders add
 “ Fresh Anguish to my Pain.

All my Reproach is known to Thee,
 “ The Scandal and the Shame;
 Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
 “ And Lies defil’d my Name.

- 7 " I look'd for Pity, but in vain ;
 " My Kindred are my Grief ;
 " I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
 " But meet with no Relief.
- 8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirst,
 " They give me Gall for Food ;
 " And sporting with my dying Groans
 They triumph in my Blood.
- 9 " Shine in to my distressed Soul,
 " Let thy Compassions save ;
 " And tho' my Flesh sink down to Death,
 " Redeem it from the Grave.
- 10 " I shall arise to praise thy Name,
 " Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
 " And thy Salvation, O my God,
 " Shall seat me on thy Throne.

P S A L M LXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.
 Christ's Obedience and Death ; or, God glorified as
 Sinners saved.

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
 I bless my Saviour's Name,
 He bought Salvation for the Poor,
 And bore the Sinner's Shame.
- 2 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
 His Duty and his Zeal
 Fulfill'd the Law which Mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy Will.
- 3 His dying Groans, his living Songs
 Shall better please my God
 Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
 Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

This shall his humble Followers see,
 And set their Hearts at rest ;
 They by his Death draw near to Thee,
 And live for ever blest.

Let Heaven and all that dwell on high
 To God their Voices raise,
 While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
 And join t' advance the Praise.

Zion is thine, Most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her Gates ;
 And Glory purchas'd by his Blood
 For thy own *Israel* waits.

P S A L M LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's Passion, and Sinners Salvation.

DEEP in our Hearts let us record
 The deeper Sorrows of our Lord ;
 Behold the rising Billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy Soul.

In long Complaints he spends his Breath,
 While Hosts of Hell, and Powers of Death,
 And all the Sons of Malice join
 To execute their curst Design.

Yet, gracious God, thy Power and Love
 Has made the Curse a Blessing prove ;
 Those dreadful Sufferings of thy Son
 Atton'd for Sins which we had done.

The Pangs of our expiring Lord
 The Honours of thy Law restor'd :
 His Sorrows made thy Justice known,
 And paid for Follies not his own.

For his Sake our Guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning Sinner live :

The Lord will hear us in his Name,
Nor shall our Hope be turn'd to Shame.

PSALM LXIX. v. 7, &c. *Second Part.* Long Metre

Christ's sufferings and Zeal.

- 1 'T WAS for thy Sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy Load
Of base Reproach and fore Disgrace,
And Shame defil'd his sacred Face.
- 2 The Jews, his Brethren and his Kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their Sin :
While he fulfill'd thy holy Laws,
They hate him, but without a Cause.
- 3 [*My Father's House, said he, was made
A Place for Worship, not for Trade ?
Then scattering all their Gold and Brass,
He scourg'd the Merchants from the Place.*]
- 4 [*Zeal for the Temple of his God
Consum'd his Life, expos'd his Blood :
Reproaches at thy Glory thrown
He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.*]
- 5 [*His Friends forsook, his Followers fled,
While Foes and Arms surround his Head ;
They curse him with a slanderous Tongue,
And the false Judge maintains the Wrong.*]
- 6 His Life they load with hateful Lies,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies ;
They nail him to the shameful Tree ;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.
- 7 [*Wretches with Hearts as hard as Stones
Insult his Piety and Groans ;
Gall was the Food they gave him there,
And mock'd his Thirst with Vinegar.*]

But God beheld ; and from his Throne
 Marks out the Men that hate his Son ;
 The Hand that rais'd him from the Dead,
 Shall pour the Vengeance on their Head.

P S A L M LXXI. 5—9. *First Part.*

The Aged Saint's Reflection and Hope.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy Truth ;
 Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my Youth.

My Flesh was fashion'd by thy Power,
 With all these Limbs of mine ;
 And from my Mother's painful Hour
 I've been entirely thine.

Still has my Life new Wonders seen
 Repeated ev'ry Year ;
 Behold my Days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy Care.

Cast me not off when Strength declines,
 When hoary Hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy Glory shine
 When-e'er thy Servant dies.

Then in the History of my Age,
 When Men review my Days,
 They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
 In ev'ry Line thy Praise.

P S A L M LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24. *Second Part.*

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy Praise,
 Where will the growing Numbers end,
 The Numbers of thy Grace ?

- 2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore?
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.
- 3 My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength
To see my Father-God.
- 4 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.
- 5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Victories of my King!
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation sing.
- 6 [My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God:
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.
- 7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Powers;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
Nor think the Season long.]

P S A L M LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or, Old-age
Death, and the Resurrection.*

- 1 **G**OD of my Childhood and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heavenly Truth,
And told thy wondrous Ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
 And leave my fainting Heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking Years
 If God my Strength depart?

Let me thy Power and Truth proclaim
 To the surviving Age,
 And leave a Savour of thy Name
 When I shall quit the Stage.

The Land of Silence, and of Death
 Attends my next Remove;
 O may these poor Remains of Breath
 Teach the wide World thy Love!

P A U S E.

Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy Deeds;
 Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
 And all my Praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
 And oft endur'd the Grief;
 But when thy Hand has prest me sore,
 Thy Grace was my Relief.

By long Experience have I known
 Thy sovereign Power to save;
 At thy Command I venture down
 Securely to the Grave.

When I lie buried deep in Dust,
 My Flesh shall be thy Care;
 These withering Limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. *First Part.**The Kingdom of Christ.*

- 1 **G**reat God, whose universal Sway:
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne.
- 2 Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heaven submits to his Commands;
His Justice shall avenge the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.
- 3 With Power he vindicates the Just,
And treads th' Oppressor in the Dust;
His Worship and his Fear shall last,
Till Hours and Years and Time be past.
- 4 As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down:
His Grace on fainting Souls distills,
Like heavenly Dew on thirsty Hills.
- 5 The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of over-spreading Death:
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Deserts blossom at the Sight.
- 6 The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
Drest in the Robes of Joy and Praise;
Peace like a River from his Throne
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

P S A L M LXXII. *Second Part.**Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles.*

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where e'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the Islands with their Kings,
 And *Europe* her best Tribute brings ;
 From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
 To pay their Homage at his Feet.

There *Persia* glorious to behold,
 There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold ;
 And barbarous Nations at his Word
 Submit and bow, and own their Lord.]

For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
 And Praises throng to crown his Head ;
 His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
 With every Morning Sacrifice.

People and Realms of every Tongue
 Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song ;
 And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
 Their early Blessings on his Name.

Blessings abound where-e'er he reigns,
 The Prisoner leaps to lose his Chains.
 The Weary find eternal Rest,
 And all the Sons of Want are blest.

Where he displays his healing Power,
 Death and the Curse are known no more ;
 In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
 More Blessings than their Father lost.

Let every Creature rise and bring,
 Peculiar Honours to our King :
 Angels descend with Songs again,
 And Earth repeat the long *Amen.*]

P S A L M LXXIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Elect Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners cursed.

NOW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
 To Men of Heart sincere,

Yes

- Yet once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.
- 2 I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
"How peaceful is their Death!
- 3 "With well-fed Flesh and haughty Eyes
"They lay their Fears to sleep;
"Against the Heavens their Slanders rise,
"While Saints in Silence weep.
- 4 "In vain I lift my Hands to pray,
"And cleanse my Heart in vain,
"For I am chasten'd all the Day,
"The Night renews my Pain.
- 5 Yet while my Tongue indulg'd Complaints,
I felt my Heart reprove;
"Sure I shall thus offend thy Saints,
"And grieve the Men I love.
- 6 But still I found my Doubts too hard,
The Conflict too severe,
Till I retir'd to search thy Word,
And learn thy Secrets there.
- 7 There, as in some prophetic Glass,
I saw the Sinner's Feet
High-mounted on a slippery Place
Beside a fiery Pit.
- 8 I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy Frown he fell;
His Honours in a Dream were lost,
And he awakes in Hell.

Lord, what an envious Fool I was!
 How like a thoughtless Beast!
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
 And think the Wicked blest.

Yet I was kept from full Despair,
 Upheld by Power unknown:
 That blessed Hand that broke the Snare
 Shall guide me to thy Throne.

L M LXXIII. 23—28. 2d Part. Common Metre.
God our Portion here and hereafter.

GOD my Supporter and my Hope,
 My Help for ever near,
 Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
 When sinking in Despair.

Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet
 Thro' this dark Wilderness;
 Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
 To dwell before thy Face.

Were I in Heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no Joy to me;
 And whilst this Earth is my Abode,
 I long for none but Thee.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
 And Flesh and Heart should faint,
 God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
 The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

Behold, the Sinners that remove
 Far from thy Presence die;
 Not all the Idol-Gods they love
 Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to Thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet Employ;

My Tongue shall sound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20. Long Me

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

1 **L**ORD, what a thoughtless Wretch was I,
To mourn and murmur, and repine
To see the Wicked plac'd on high,
In Pride and Robes of Honour shine!

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

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

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

5 Now I esteem their Mirth and Wine,
Too dear to purchase with my Blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My Life, my Portion, and my God.

P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

1 **S**URE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boast aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

2 I saw the Wicked rise,
And felt my Heart repine,

The haughty Fools with scornful Eyes
Robes of Honour shine.

Slamper'd with wanton Ease
Their Flesh looks full and fair,
Their Wealth rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
All their Life Oppression reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

Their impious Tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their Malice blasts the good Man's Name,
And spreads their Lies abroad.

But I with flowing Tears
Bulg'd my Doubts to rise;
Where a God that sees or hears
The Things below the Skies?

The Tumults of my Thought
Had me in hard Suspense,
Till to thy House my Feet were brought
To learn thy Justice thence.

Thy Word with Light and Power
Thy Mistakes amend;
I'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

What a slippery Steep
The thoughtless Wretches go;
And that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below!

10 Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
 My Thoughts no more repine:
 I call my God my Portion now,
 And all my Powers are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV.

The Church pleading with God under sore Persecution

- 1 **W**ILL God for ever cast us off?
 His Wrath for ever smok
 Against the People of his Love,
 His little chosen Flock.
- 2 Think of the Tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's Blood;
 Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
 Where once thy Glory stood:
- 3 Lift up thy Feet, and march in haste,
 Aloud our Ruin calls;
 See what a wide and fearful Waste
 Is made within thy Walls.
- 4 Where once thy Churches pray'd and sang,
 Thy Foes profanely roar;
 Over thy Gates their Ensigns hang,
 Sad Tokens of their Power:
- 5 How are the Seats of Worship broke!
 They tear the Buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest Stroke
 Procures the chief Renown.
- 6 With Flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy Children in their Nest;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The Temple and the Priest.
- 7 And still to heighten our Distress
 Thy Prefence is withdrawn;

Thy wonted Signs of Power and Grace,
Thy Power and Grace are gone.

Thy Prophet speaks to calm our Woes,
But all the Seers mourn,
There's not a Soul amongst us knows
The Time of thy Return.

PAUSE.

How long, eternal God, how long,
Shall Men of Pride blaspheme?
Shall Saints be made their endless Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And still thy Jealousy forbear,
And still with-hold thine Hand?

What strange Deliv'rance hast thou shown
In Ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

Thou didst divide the raging Sea
By thy resistless Might,
To make thy Tribes a wondrous Way,
And then secure their Flight.

Is not the World of Nature thine,
The Darknes and the Day?
Didst not thou bid the Morning shine,
And mark the Sun his Way?

Hath not thy Power form'd every Coast,
And set the Earth its Bounds;
With Summer's Heat, and Winter's Frost,
In their perpetual Rounds.

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15 And shall the Sons of Earth and Dust
That sacred Power blaspheme?
Will not thy Hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

16 Think on the Covenant thou hast made,
And all thy Words of Love;
Nor let the Birds of Prey invade
And vex thy mourning Dove.

17 Our Foes would triumph in our Blood,
And make our Hope their Jest;
Plead thy own Cause, Almighty God,
And give thy Children Rest.

P S A L M LXXV.

Power and Government from God alone.

Apply'd to the glorious Revolution by
WILLIAM, or the happy Accession of
GEORGE to the Throne.

1 **T**O Thee, most Holy, and most High,
To Thee we bring our thankful Praise
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

2 *Britain* was doom'd to be a Slave,
Her Frame dissolv'd; her Fears were great;
When God a new Supporter gave
To bear the Pillars of the State.

3 He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And swear to rule by wholesome Laws;
His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

4 Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful Head;

Let lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
 And own the King that God hath made.

Each Honours never comē by Chance,
 Nor do the Winds Promotion blow :
 'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
 'Tis God that lays another low.

No vain Pretence to Royal Birth
 Shall fix a Tyrant on the Throne,
 God, the great Sovereign of the Earth,
 Will rise and make his Justice known.

His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
 Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
 To make the Wicked drink them up,
 And bring out, and taste the bitter Dregs.

How shall the Lord exalt the Just,
 And while he tramples on the Proud,
 And lays their Glory in the Dust,
 His Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

P S A L M LXXVI.

*As sav'd, and the Assyrians destroy'd; or, God's
 vengeance against his Enemies proceeds from his
 Church.*

IN *Judah* God of old was known ;
 His Name in *Israel* great ;
 In *Salem* stood his holy Throne,
 And *Zion* was his Seat.

Among the Praises of his Saints;
 His Dwelling there he chose ;
 Where he receiv'd their just Complaints
 Against their haughty Foes.

- 3 From *Zion* went his dreadful Word,
And broke the threatning Spear;
The Bow, the Arrows, and the Sword,
And crush'd th' *Assyrian* War.
- 4 What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else
But mighty Hills of Prey?
The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
Is glorious more than they.
- 5 'Twas *Zion's* King that stopp'd the Breath
Of Captains and their Bands:
The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
And never found their Hands.
- 6 At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
Both Horfe and Chariot fell:
Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod?
Thy Vengeance who can tell?
- 7 What Power can stand before thy Sight
When once thy Wrath appears?
When Heaven shines round with dreadful Light
The Earth lies still and fears.
- 8 When God in his own sovereign Ways
Comes down to save th' Opprest,
The Wrath of Man shall work his Praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.
- 9 [Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
Ye Princes, fear his Frown:
His Terror shakes the proudest King,
And cuts an Army down.
- 10 The Thunder of his sharp Rebuke
Our haughty Foes shall feel;
For *Jacob's* God hath not forsook,
But dwells in *Zion* still.]

P S A L M LXXVII. *First Part.**Melancholy assaulting, and Hope prevailing.*

TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
 I sought his gracious Ear,
 The sad Day, when Troubles rose,
 And fill'd the Night with Fear.

Were my Days, and dark my Nights,
 My Soul refus'd Relief;
 Thought on God the Just and Wise,
 But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

When I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My Heart began to break;
 O God, thy Wrath forbid my Rest,
 And kept my Eyes awake.

When overwhelming Sorrows grew,
 Till I could speak no more;
 Then I within my self withdrew,
 And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

When I call'd back Years and antient Times
 When I beheld thy Face;
 My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
 That might with-hold thy Grace.

When I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind
 Which I enjoy'd before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His Face appear no more?

Will he for ever cast me off?
 His Promise ever fail?
 As he forgot his tender Love?
 Shall Anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
 This dark, despairing Frame,

Remem-

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Remembering what thy Hand hath wrought;
Thy Hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy Ways,
And talk thy Wonders o'er;
Thy Wonders of recovering Grace,
When Flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVII. *Second Part.*

*Comfort deriv'd from antient Providences; or,
deliver'd from Egypt and brought to Canaan.*

1 " **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning Rod?
" (May thy own Children say)
" The Great, the Wise, the dreadful God!
" How holy is his Way!

2 I'll meditate his Works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his antient Wonders told,
And learn to trust his Love.

3 Long did the House of *Joseph* lye
With *Egypt's* Yoke oppress;
Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
Nor gave his People Rest.

4 The Sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd
Abandon'd to their Foes;
But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
The Nation that he chose.

5 *Israel* his People and his Sheep
Must follow where he calls;

bid them venture thro' the Deep,
And made the Waves their Walls.

The Waters saw Thee, mighty God,
The Waters saw Thee come;
Backward they fled, and frighted stood
To make thine Armies Room.

Strange was thy Journey thro' the Sea,
Thy Footsteps, Lord, unknown:
Errors attend the wondrous Way
That brings thy Mercies down.

Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
Thro' Clouds and Darknefs broke;
Heav'n in Lightning shone around,
And Earth with Thunder shook.

Five Arrows thro' the Skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprize and Trembling seiz'd the World,
And his own Saints ador'd.

He gave them Water from the Rock;
And safe by *Moses* Hand
Thro' a dry Defart led his Flock
Home to the promis'd Land.]

P S A L M LXXVIII. *First Part.*

*Prophesies of God recorded; or, pious Education and
Instruction of Children.*

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger Years we saw,
And which our Fathers told.

He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Power and Grace;

And

And we'll convey his Wonders down
Thro' every rising Race.

3 Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practise his Commands.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

*Israel's Rebellion and Punishment ; or, The Sins
Chastisements of God's People.*

1 **O** What a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob's* antient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

2 They broke the Cov'nant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Pow'r before their Eyes.

3 They saw the Plagues on *Egypt* light
From his revenging Hand :
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land ?

4 They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd in Safety thro',
With watry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

5 A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light ;

By Day it prov'd a shelt'ring Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd ;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.

Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
And dar'd distrust his Hand :

*Can he with Bread our Host supply
Amidst this Desert Land?*

The Lord with Indignation heard,
And caus'd his Wrath to flame ;
His Terrors ever stand prepar'd
To vindicate his Name.

P S A L M LXXVIII. *Third Part.*

*Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance ; or, Cha-
stisement and Salvation.*

WHEN *Israel* sins, the Lord reproveth,
And fills their Hearts with Dread ;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heavenly Bread.

He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treasures known ;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

The *Manna* like a Morning-show'r
Lay thick around their Feet ;
The Corn of Heaven, so light, so pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

But they in murmuring Language said,
"Manna is all our Feast ;

H

"We

“ We loath this light, this airy Bread ;
 “ We must have Flesh to taste.

5 “ *Ye shall have Flesh to please your Lust,*
 The Lord in Wrath reply'd,
 And sent them Quails like Sand or Dust,
 Heap'd up from Side to Side.

6 He gave them all their own Desire ;
 And greedy as they fed,
 His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
 And smote the Rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And fought the Lord with Tears ;
 Under the Rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their Fears.

8 Oft he chastis'd, and still forgave,
 Till by his gracious Hand
 The Nation he resolv'd to save
 Possess the promis'd Land.

P S A L M LXXVIII. Ver. 32, &c. *Fourth Part*
Backsliding and Forgiveness ; or, Sin punish'd and Saved.

1 **G**reat God, how oft did *Israel* prove
 By turns thine Anger and thy Love ?
 There in a Glass our Hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless *Jews* forgot
 The dreadful Wonders God had wrought !
 Then they provoke him to his Face,
 Nor fear his Power, nor trust his Grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their Years in Pain,
 And made their Travels long and vain ;

A tedious March thro' unknown Ways
Wore out their Strength and spent their Days.

Oft when they saw their Brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and fought the Lord again ;
Call'd him the Rock of their Abode,
Their high Redeemer and their God.

Their Pray'rs and Vows before him rise
As flattering Words or solemn Lies,-
While their rebellious Tempers prove
False to his Cov'nant and his Love.

Yet did his Sovereign Grace forgive
The Men who not deserv'd to live ;
His Anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle Flame it burn'd.

He saw their Flesh was weak and frail,
He saw Temptations still prevail :
The God of *Abraham* lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy Hill.

P S A L M LXXX.

*Church's Prayer under Affliction ; or, The Vineyard
of God wasted.*

Great Shepherd of thine *Israel*,
Who didst between the Cherubs dwell,
And lead the Tribes, thy chosen Sheep,
Safe thro' the Desert and the Deep.

Thy Church is in the Desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro' ;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heavenly Hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,

And wait in vain thy kind Return ?
How long shall thy fierce Anger burn ?

4 Instead of Wine and chearful Bread
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed ;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy Hands
A lovely Vine in *Heathen* Lands ?
Did not thy Power defend it round,
And heavenly Dews enrich the Ground ?

6 How did the spreading Branches shoot,
And blefs the Nations with the Fruit ?
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

7 Why is its Beauty thus defac'd ?
Why hast thou laid her Fences waste ?
Strangers and Foes against her join,
And every Beast devours the Vine.

8 Return, Almighty God, return ;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn :
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E II.

9 Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew
Thou wast its Strength and Glory too !
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes
Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
From *David's* Stock, from *Jacob's* Root ;
Himself a noble Vine, and we
The lesser Branches of the Tree.

'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand
Girt with thy Strength at thy Right-hand ;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
With Power and Grace above the rest.

O ! for his sake attend our Cry,
Shine on thy Churches lest they die ;
Turn us to Thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

P S A L M LXXXI. I, 8—16.

The Warning of God to his People ; or, Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noise :
He is our Strength, our Saviour God ;
Let *Israel* hear his Voice.

From vile Idolatry
Preserve my Worship clean ;
I am the Lord who set thee free
From Slavery and Sin.

Stretch thy Desires abroad,
And I'll supply them well ;
But if ye will refuse your God,
If *Israel* will rebel ;
I'll leave them, saith the Lord,
To their own Lusts a Prey,
And let them run the dangerous Road ;
'Tis their own chosen Way.

Yet, O ! that all my Saints
Would hearken to my Voice !
Then I would ease their sore Complaints,
And bid their Hearts rejoice.

- 6 “ While I destroy their Foes,
 “ I’d richly feed my Flock,
 “ And they should taste the Stream that flows
 “ From their Eternal Rock.

P S A L M LXXXII.

God the Supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warning

- 1 **A**mong th’ Assemblies of the Great
 A greater Ruler takes his Seat;
 The God of Heaven as Judge surveys
 Those Gods on Earth and all their Ways.
- 2 Why will ye then frame wicked Laws?
 Or why support th’ unrighteous Cause?
 When will ye once defend the Poor,
 That Sinners vex the Saints no more?
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know:
 Dark are the Ways in which they go;
 Their Name of earthly Gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like Men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal Throne,
 And rule the Nations with his Rod:
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXIII.

A Complaint against Persecutors.

- 1 **A**ND will the God of Grace
 Perpetual Silence keep?
 The God of Justice hold his Peace,
 And let his Vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold, what cursed Snares
 The Men of Mischief spread:
 The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee
 Lift up their threatening Head.

Against thy hidden Ones
 Their Counfels they employ,
 And Malice with her watchful Eye
 Pursues them to destroy.

The Noble and the Base
 Into thy Pastures leap;
 The Lion and the stupid Ass
 Conspire to vex thy Sheep.

“Come, let us join, thy cry,
 “To root them from the Ground,
 Till not the Name of Saints remain,
 “Nor Mem’ry shall be found.

Awake, Almighty God,
 And call thy Wrath to mind;
 Make them like Forests to the Fire,
 Or Stubble to the Wind.

Convince their Madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy Name:
 Else their stubborn Rage confound,
 That they may die in Shame.

Then shall the Nations know
 That glorious dreadful Word
 Jehovah is thy Name alone,
 And Thou the Sovereign Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are!
 With long Desire my Spirit faints
 To meet th’ Assemblies of thy Saints.

My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,
 My panting Heart cries out for God;

- My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?
- 3 The Sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her Young provides her Nest;
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Childrèn want?
- 4 Blest are the Saints who sit on high
Around thy Throne of Majesty;
Thy brightest Glories shine above,
And all their Work is Praise and Love.
- 5 Blest are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And seek thy Face, and learn thy Praise.
- 6 Blest are the Men whose Hearts are set
To find the Way to Zion's Gate;
God is their Strength; and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk with growing Strength,
Till all shall meet in Heaven at length,
Till all before thy Face appear,
And join in nobler Worship there.

P S A L M LXXXIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The Joy that from thy Presence springs:
To spend one Day with Thee on Earth
Exceeds a thousand Days of Mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest Place
Within thy House, O God of Grace,

Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Power
Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day ;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th' Assaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

All needful Grace will God bestow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too :
He gives us all Things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign Sway
The glorious Hosts of Heaven obey,
And Devils at thy Presence flee,
Blest is the Man that trusts in Thee.

P S A L M LXXIV. Ver. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship ; or, God present in
his Churches.*

MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis Heav'n to see his smiling Face,
Tho' in his earthly Courts.

There the great Monarch of the Skies
His saving Pow'r displays,
And Light breaks in upon our Eyes,
With kind and quickning Rays.

With his rich Gifts the heavenly *Dove*,
Descends and fills the Place,
While *Christ* reveals his wondrous Love,
And sheds abroad his Grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy Words declare
 The Secrets of thy Will ;
 And still we seek thy Mercy there,
 And sing thy Praises still.

P A U S E.

5 My Heart and Flesh cry out for Thee,
 While far from thine Abode ;
 When shall I tread thy Courts, and see
 My Saviour and my God ?

6 The Sparrow builds her self a Nest,
 And suffers no Remove ;
 O make me, like the Sparrows, blest,
 To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one Day beneath thine Eye,
 And hear thy gracious Voice,
 Exceeds a whole Eternity
 Employ'd in carnal Joys.

8 Lord, at thy Threshold I would wait
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a Throne of State,
 Or live in Tents of Sin.

9 Could I command the spacious Land,
 And the more boundless Sea,
 For one blest Hour at thy Right-hand
 I'd give them both away.

P S A L M LXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the House of God.

1 **L**ORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are !

To thine Abode
My Heart aspires,
With warm Desires
To see my God.

The Sparrow for her Young
With Pleasure seeks a Nest,
And wandring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest ;
My Spirit faints
With equal Zeal
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy Men that pay
Their constant Service there !
They praise Thee still ; ,
And happy they
That love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

They go from Strength to Strength
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears :
O glorious Seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet !

P A U S E.

To spend one sacred Day
Where God and Saints abide
Affords diviner Joy
Than thousand Days beside :

Where

Where God resorts
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than shine in Courts.

6 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence ;
With Gift his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Blessings thence ;
He shall bestow
On *Jacob's* Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

7 The Lord his People loves ;
His Hand no Good with-holds
From those his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls :
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in Thee.

P S A L M LXXXV. Ver. 1—8. *First Part.*
Waiting for an Answer to Prayer ; or, Deliverance
begun and compleated.

1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy Grace to mind,
Thou hast revers'd our heavy Doom :
So God forgave when *Israel* sinn'd,
And brought his wandering Captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
And made thy fiercest Wrath abate :
Now let our Hearts be turn'd to Thee,
And thy Salvation be compleat.

3 Revive our dying Graces, Lord,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice ;

Make known thy Truth, fulfil thy Word ;
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

We wait to hear what God will say ;
He'll speak, and give his People Peace :
But let them run no more astray,
Lest his returning Wrath increase.

PSALM LXXXV. Ver. 9, &c. *Second Part.*
Salvation by Christ.

Salvation is for ever nigh
O The Souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And Grace descending from on high
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from Heaven ;
By his Obedience so compleat
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is given.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heavenly Influence bless the Ground
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

His Righteousness is gone before
To give us free Access to God ;
Our wandering Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

PSALM LXXXVI. Ver. 8—13.

A general Song of Praise to God.

Among the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Power divine ;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine.

The Nations thou hast made shall bring
Their Offerings round thy Throne.

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For thou alone dost wondrous Things,
For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy Feet;
Teach me thine heavenly Ways,
And my poor scatter'd Thoughts unite
In God my Father's Praise.

4 Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue
Shall those sweet Wonders tell,
How by thy Grace my sinking Soul
Rose from the Deeps of Hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII.

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints; or, Jews
Gentiles united in the Christian Church.*

1 **G**OD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly Praise:
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.

2 His Mercy visits every House
That pay their Night and Morning Vows;
But makes a more delightful Stay
Where Churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What Glories were describ'd of old?
What Wonders are of *Zion* told?
Thou City of our God below,
Thy Fame shall *Tyre* and *Egypt* know.

4 *Egypt* and *Tyre*, and *Greek* and *Jew*,
Shall there begin their Lives anew:
Angels and Men shall join to sing
The Hill where living Waters spring.

5 When God makes up his last Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,

will be an Honour to appear
 one new-born or nourish'd there!

PSALM LXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Covenant made with Christ; or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my Song record
 The Truth and Mercy of the Lord:
 Mercy and Truth for ever stand
 like Heaven establish'd by his Hand.

As to his Son he sware, and said,
 With thee my Cov'nant first is made;
 In thee shall dying Sinners live,
 Glory and Grace are thine to give.

Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
 Thy Children shall be ever blest;
 Thou art my chosen King: Thy Throne
 Shall stand eternal like my own.

There's none of all my Sons above
 So much my Image or my Love;
 Celestial Powers thy Subjects are,
 Then what can Earth to Thee compare?

David, my Servant, whom I chose,
 To guard my Flock, to crush my Foes,
 And rais'd him to the Jewish Throne,
 Was but a Shadow of my Son.

Now let the Church rejoice and sing,
 For her Saviour and her King:
 Angels his heavenly Wonders show,
 And Saints declare his Works below.

P S A L M LXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre

The Faithfulness of God.

- 1 **M**Y never-ceasing Songs shall show
The Mercies of the Lord;
And make succeeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.
- 2 The sacred Truth his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heaven endure;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal Grace is sure.
- 3 How long the Race of *David* held
The promis'd *Jewish* Throne!
But there's a nobler Covenant seal'd
To *David's* greater Son.
- 4 His Seed for ever shall possess
A Throne above the Skies;
The meanest Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory rise.
- 5 Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
Are sung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
To thy unchanging Love.

P S A L M LXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part*
The Power and Majesty of God; or, Reverent
Worship.

- 1 **W**ITH Reverence let the Saints appear
And bow before the Lord,
His high Commands with Reverence hear,
And tremble at his Word.
- 2 How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies shine!

Where is the Power that vies with Thee ?
Or Truth compar'd with thine ?

The Northern Pole and Southern rest
On thy supporting Hand ;
Darkness and Day from East to West
Move round at thy Command.

By Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boisterous Deep ;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.

Heaven, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell ;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance shine
When Egypt durst rebel !

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace :
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part.*

A Blessed Gospel.

O Lest are the Souls that hear and know,
The Gospel's joyful Sound ;
Grace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's Name ;
Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

O Lord our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives :
Thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

P S A L M LXXIX. 19, &c. *Fourth Part.**Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, His divine
human Nature.*

- 1 **H**EAR what the Lord in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known:
"Sinners, behold your Help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.
- 2 Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.
- 3 High shall he reign on *David's* Throne,
My Peoples better King;
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.
- 4 My Truth shall guard him in his Way
With Mercy by his Side,
While in my Name thro' Earth and Sea
He shall in Triumph ride.
- 5 Me for his Father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his Rock, his high Abode,
And I'll support my Son.
- 6 My first-born Son array'd in Grace
At my Right-hand shall sit;
Beneath him Angels know their Place,
And Monarchs at his Feet.
- 7 My Covenant stands for ever fast,
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heavens his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

P S A L M LXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

*Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or, Affliction
without Rejection.*

YET (saith the Lord) if *David's* Race,
The Children of my Son,
Should break my Laws, abuse my Grace,
And tempt mine Anger down,
Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
And make their Folly smart;
I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.

My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in Mind;
And what eternal Love hath spoke
Eternal Truth shall bind.

As I have sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holiness
To seal the sacred Promise sure
To *David* and his Race.

As the Sun shall see his Offspring rise
And spread from Sea to Sea,
As he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.

As the Moon that rules the Night
His Kingdom shall endure,
All the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be observ'd no more.

P S A L M LXXIX. 47, &c. 6th Part. Long M

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 **R**emember, Lord, our mortal State,
How frail our Life! how short the Day
Where is the Man that draws his Breath
Safe from Disease, secure from Death?
- 2 Lord, while we see whole Nations die,
Our Flesh and Sense repine and cry,
"Must Death for ever rage and reign?
"Or hast thou made Mankind in vain?"
- 3 Where is thy Promise to the Just?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?
But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.
- 4 That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word:
Awake our Souls, and bless the Lord.

P S A L M LXXIX. 47, &c. Last Part. As
113th Psalm.

Life, Death, and the Resurrection.

- 1 **T**hink, mighty God, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can secure his vital Breath
Against the bold Demands of Death
With Skill to fly, or Power to save?
- 2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
"The Race of Man was only made

For Sicknefs, Sorrow, and the Duft!
 Not thy Servants Day by Day
 To their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
 Lord, where's thy Kindnefs to the Juft?

Art thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his Seed a heavenly Crown?
 But Flefh and Senfe indulge Defpair;
 Ever bleffed be the Lord
 That Faith can read his holy Word,
 And find a Refurrection there.

Ever bleffed be the Lord,
 Who gives his Saints a long Reward,
 For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
 All below, and all above,
 To proclaim thy wondrous Love,
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

P S A L M X C. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

Thro' every Age, eternal God,
 Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
 Which was thy Throne e'er Heaven was made,
 Earth thy humble Foot-ftool laid.

Long hadft thou reign'd e'er Time began,
 Duft was fashion'd to a Man;
 How long thy Kingdom fhall endure
 When Earth and Time fhall be no more.

Man, weak Man, is born to die,
 And up of Guilt and Vanity:
 Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juft,
 Return, ye Sinners, to your Duft.

4 [A thousand of our Years amount
Scarce to a Day in thine Account!
Like Yesterday's departed Light,
Or the last Watch of ending Night.]

P A U S E .

5 Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream;
An empty Tale; a Morning-Flow'r
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.]

6 [Our Age to seventy Years is set;
How short the Term! how frail the State!
And if to Eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.]

7 But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected Years!
Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread:
We fear that Power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man;
And kindly lengthen out our Span,
Till a wise Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with Thee.]

P S A L M . X C . 1—5. *First Part.* Common

Man Frail, and God Eternal.

1 **O**UR God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
And our eternal Home.

2 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure.

Before the Hills in order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
 From everlasting Thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.

Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
Return, ye Sons of Men:
 All Nations rose from Earth at first,
 And turn to Earth again.

A thousand Ages in thy Sight
 Are like an Evening gone;
 Short as the Watch that ends the Night
 Before the rising Sun.

The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
 With all their Lives and Cares
 Are carried downwards by the Flood,
 And lost in following Years.

Like me, like an ever-rolling Stream,
 Bears all its Sons away;
 They fly, forgotten, as a Dream
 Dies at the opening Day.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations stand
 Pleas'd with the Morning-Light;
 The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
 Lie withering e'er 'tis Night.]

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
 And our eternal Home.

P S A L M X C. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part*
Common Metre.

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or, of
old Age, and Preparation for Death.*

1 **L**ORD, if thine Eyes survey our Fau'ts,
And Justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts;
And burns beyond our Fear.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust;
By one Offence to Thee
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

3 Life, like a vain Amusement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose Days amount
To threescore Years and ten;
And all beyond that short Account
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

5 [Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life
Along the tiresome Road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

7 Our Souls would learn the heavenly Art
T' improve the Hours we have,
That we may act the wiser Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

PSALM XC. Ver. 13, &c. *Third Part. Com. Met.*
Breathing after Heaven.

RETURN, O God of Love, return;
 Earth is a tiresome Place:
 How long shall we thy Children mourn
 Our Absence from thy Face?

Let Heaven succeed our painful Years,
 Let Sin and Sorrow cease,
 And in Proportion to our Tears
 So make our Joys increase.

thy Wonders to thy Servants show,
 Make thy own Work compleat,
 Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
 And own thy Love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy Throne
 In all thy Beauty, Lord;
 And the poor Service we have done
 Meet a divine Reward.

PSALM XC. Ver. 5, 10, 12. *Short Metre.*
The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
 Is this our mortal Frame?
 Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the Name!

As, the brittle Clay
 That built our Body first!
 Every Month and every Day
 Is mouldring back to Dust.

As Moments fly apace,
 How will our Minutes stay;
 Like a Flood our hasty Days
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Well, if our Days must fly,
 We'll keep their End in sight,
 We'll spend them all in Wisdom's Way,
 And let them speed their Flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This Life's tempestuous Sea;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
 Of blest Eternity.

P S A L M XCI. 1—7. *First Part.*

Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

1 **H**E that hath made his Refuge God,
 Shall find a most secure Abode;
 Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
 And there at Night shall rest his Head.

2 Then will I say, " My God, thy Power
 " Shall be my Fortrefs and my Tow'r:
 " I that am form'd of feeble Dust
 " Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust.

3 Thrice happy Man! Thy Maker's Care
 Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare,
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
 Unguarded Souls a thousand Ways.

4 Just as a Hen protects her Brood,
 From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood,
 Under her Feathers, so the Lord
 Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

5 If burning Beams of Noon conspire
 To dart a pestilential Fire,
 God is their Life, his Wings are spread:
 To shield them with an healthful Shade.

6 If Vapours with malignant Breath
 Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-death,

el is safe : The poisoned Air
 ws pure, if *Israel's* God be there.

P A U S E.

at tho' a thousand at thy Side,
 thy Right-hand ten Thousand dy'd,
 y God his chosen People saves
 ongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

when he sent his Angel down
 nake his Wrath in *Egypt* known ;
 slew their Sons, his careful Eye
 all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

if the Fire or Plague or Sword
 ive Commission from the Lord
 rike his Saints among the rest,
 ir very Pains and Deaths are blest.

e Sword, the Pestilence or Fire
 l but fulfil their best Desire ;
 n Sins and Sorrows set them free,
 bring thy Children, Lord, to Thee.

P S A L M XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

*tion from Death, Guard of Angels, Victory and
 Deliverance.*

E Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
 Expos'd to ev'ry Snare,
 e, make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
 nd try, and trust his Care.

ll shall enter where you dwell ;
 r if the Plague come nigh,
 sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
 will raise his Saints on high.

l give his Angels charge to keep
 our Feet in all their Ways ;

- To watch your Pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy Days.
- 4 Their Hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the Stones :
Are they not Servants at his Call,
And sent t' attend his Sons ?
- 5 Adders and Lions ye shall tread ;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head
Puts him beneath your Feet.
- 6 " Because on Me they set their Love,
" I'll save them, (saith the Lord)
" I'll bear their joyful Souls above
" Destruction, and the Sword.
- 7 " My Grace shall answer when they call ;
" In Trouble I'll be nigh :
" My Power shall help them when they fall,
" And raise them when they die.
- 8 " Those that on Earth my Name have known
" I'll honour them in Heaven ;
" There my Salvation shall be shown,
" And endless Life be given.

P S A L M X C II. *First Part.*

A Psalm for the Lord's Day.

- 1 **S**weet is the Work, my God, my King,
To praise thy Name, give Thanks and
To shew thy Love by Morning-light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.
- 2 Sweet is the Day of sacred Rest,
No mortal Cares shall seize my Breast ;
O may my Heart in Tune be found
Like *David's* Harp of solemn Sound !

My Heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his Works, and bless his Word;
 Thy Works of Grace how bright they shine!
 How deep thy Counsels! how divine!

Thou shalt never raise their Thoughts so high;
 Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
 Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
 Cast them in everlasting Death.

But I shall share a glorious Part
 When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart,
 And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed
 The holy Oil to cheer my Head.

(my worst Enemy before)
 Shall vex my Eyes and Ears no more:
 My inward Foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my Peace again.

When shall I see and hear and know
 I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And every Power find sweet Employ
 In that eternal World of Joy.

PSALM XCII. Ver. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

The Church is the Garden of God.

MY LORD, 'tis a pleasant Thing to stand
 In Gardens planted by thine Hand;
 And me within thy Courts be seen
 As a young Cedar fresh and green.

Let me grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
 And with thine Influence from above;
 As Lebanon with all its Trees
 Is such a comely Sight as these.

Plants of Grace shall ever live;
 While Time decays, but Grace must thrive)

Time, that doth ali Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

- 4 Laden with Fruits of Age they shew,
The Lord is holy, just and true ;
None that attend his Gates shall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

P S A L M X C I I I. *First Metre, as the 100th ps*
The Eternal and Sovereign God.

- 1 **J**ehovah reigns : He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might :
The World created by his Hands
Still on its first Foundation stands.
- 2 But e'er this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thy self the everlasting God.
- 3 Like Floods the angry Nations rise,
And aim their Rage against the Skies ;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage so high !
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.
- 4 For ever shall thy Throne endure ;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

P S A L M X C I I I. *Second Metre, as the Old 50th*
Psalms.

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Glory reigns ; he reigns on high
His Robes of State are Strength and Majesty
This wide Creation rose at his Command,
Built by his Word, and 'stablish'd by his Hand
Long stood his Throne e'er he began Creation
And his own Godhead is the firm Foundation.

isth' eternal King. Thy Foës in vain
 their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:
 in the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,
 roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies;
 when at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion,
 Heaven's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

Tempests rage no more; Ye Floods be still,
 the mad World submissive to his Will:
 on his Truth his Church must ever stand;
 are his Promises, and strong his Hand:
 his own Sons, when they appear before him,
 at his Foot-stool, and with Fear adore him.

P S A L M X C I I I . *Third Metre, as the Old 122^d
 Psalm.*

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
 And royal State maintains,
 ad with awful Glories crown'd;
 y'd in Robes of Light,
 rt with sovereign Might,
 rays of Majesty around.

eld by thy Commands
 World securely stands;
 ties and Stars obey thy Word:
 Throne was fix'd on high
 ore the starry Sky;
 is thy Kingdom, Lord.

ain the noisy Croud,
 Billows fierce and loud,
 t thine Empire rage and roar;
 ain with angry Spite
 furly Nations fight,
 sh like Waves against the Shore.

4 Let Floods and Nations rage,
 And all their Powers engage,
 Let swelling Tides assault the Sky,
 The Terrors of thy Frown
 Shall beat their Madness down ;
 Thy Throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy Promises are true,
 Thy Grace is ever new ;
 There fix'd thy Church shall ne'er remove :
 Thy Saints with holy Fear
 Shall in thy Courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting Love.

Repeat the fourth Stanza to compleat the Tune.

P S A L M X C I V . 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*

Saints chastised, and Sinners destroy'd ; or, Instructive Afflictions.

1 **O** God to whom Revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy Wrath aloud ;
 Let sovereign Power redress our Wrongs,
 Let Justice smite the Proud.

2 They say, “ *The Lord nor sees nor hears ;*
 When will the Fools be wise ?
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their Ears ?
 Or blind, who made their Eyes ?

3 He knows their impious Thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his Power ;
 His Wrath shall pierce their Souls with Pain
 In some surprizing Hour.

4 But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke
 Thou hast a gentler Rod ;
 Thy Providences and thy Book
 Shall make them know their God.

It is the Man thy Hands chastise,
 And to his Duty draw :
 Scourges make thy Children wise
 When they forget thy Law.

God will ne'er cast off his Saints,
 Nor his own Promise break ;
 pardons his Inheritance
 for their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*

*For Support and Comfort ; or, Deliverance from
 Temptation and Persecution.*

WHO will arise and plead my Right
 Against my numerous Foes,
 While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
 And all my Hopes oppose ?

Not the Lord, my Rock, my Help,
 sustain'd my fainting Head,
 While Life had now in Silence dwelt,
 My Soul amongst the Dead.

! my sliding Feet ! I cry'd,
 My Promise was my Prop ;
 Grace stood constant by my Side,
 My Spirit bore me up.

The Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
 Within my Bosom roll,
 boundless Love forgives my Faults,
 My Comforts cheer my Soul.

Let the Kings of Iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious Laws ;
 God my Refuge rules the Skies,
 Will defend my Cause.

- 6 Let Malice vent her Rage aloud,
 Let bold Blasphemers scoff;
 The Lord our God shall judge the Proud,
 And cut the Sinners off.

PSALM XCV. Common Metre.

A Psalm before Prayer.

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name,
 And in his Strength rejoice;
 When his Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.
- 2 With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And Psalms of Honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's King.
- 3 Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
 How mean their Natures seem,
 Those Gods on high and Gods below;
 When once compar'd with Him.
- 4 Earth with its Caverns dark and deep
 Lies in his spacious Hand;
 He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
 And where the Hills must stand.
- 5 Come, and with humble Souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his Face;
 O may the Creatures of his Power
 Be Children of his Grace!
- 6 Now is the Time, He bends his Ear,
 And waits for your Request;
 Come, lest he rouse his Wrath, and swear,
 " *You shall not see my Rest.*

PSALM XCV, Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

SOME found his Praise abroad,
 And Hymns of Glory sing :
 'Tis the sovereign God,
 Universal King.

Form'd the Deeps unknown ;
 Gave the Seas their Bound ;
 Vast Worlds are all his own,
 All the solid Ground.

Ye, worship at his Throne,
 Ye, bow before the Lord :
 His Works, and not our own :
 Form'd us by his Word.

Day attend his Voice,
 Dare provoke his Rod ;
 Like the People of his Choice,
 Praise your gracious God.

If your Ears refuse
 Language of his Grace,
 Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 An unbelieving Race ;

Lord in Vengeance drest
 Will lift his Hand, and swear,
 That despise my promis'd Rest,
 Shall have no Portion there.

PSALM XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6——11. Long Metre.

An lost thro' Unbelief ; or, a Warning to delaying Sinners.

SOME, let our Voices join to raise
 A sacred Song of solemn Praise :

God

God is a sovereign King : rehearse
His Honours in exalted Verse.

- 2 Come, let our Souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word :
He is our Shepherd ; we the Sheep
His Mercy chose, his Pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his Voice to Day,
The Counsels of his Love obey ;
Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Israel* knew.
- 4 *Israel*, that saw his Works of Grace,
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face ;
A faithless unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, "*How false they prove!*
Forget my Power, abuse my Love ;
Since they despise my Rest, I swear,
Their Feet shall never enter there.
- 6 [Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view those antient Rebels dead ;
Attend the offer'd Grace to Day,
Nor lose the Blessing by Delay.
- 7 Seize the kind Promise while it waits,
And march to *Zion's* heavenly Gates ;
Believe, and take the promis'd Rest ;
Obey, and be for ever blest]

P S A L M XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Common Metre
Christ's first and second Coming.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of every Tongue ;
His new-discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

to the Nations, *Jesus* reigns,
 God's own Almighty Son;
 His Power the sinking World sustains,
 And Grace surrounds his Throne.

Let Heaven proclaim the joyful Day,
 Joy thro' the Earth be seen;
 Let Cities shine in bright Array,
 And Fields in chearful Green.

Let an unusual Joy surprize
 The Islands of the Sea:
 Mountains sink, ye Valleys rise,
 Prepare the Lord his Way.

When he comes, he comes to bless
 The Nations as their God;
 To shew the World his Righteousness,
 And send his Truth abroad.

When his Voice shall raise the Dead,
 And bid the World draw near,
 How will the guilty Nations dread
 To see their Judge appear.

P S A L M X C V I . As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the Earth their Voices raise
 To sing the choicest Psalm of Praise,
 To sing and bless *Jehovah's* Name:
 His Glory let the Heathens know,
 His Wonders to the Nations show,
 And all his saving Works proclaim.

Let Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
 Let wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
 In Britain is *Jehovah* known:

Our Worship shall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the shining Worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in Glory there:
His Beams are Majesty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth shall feel his saving Power,
And barbarous Nations fear his Name;
Then shall the Race of Man confess
The Beauty of his Holiness,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.

P S A L M XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment

1 **H**E reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelick Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Ways surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tomb
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

4 His Enemies with fore Dismay
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;

then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
and sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's Incarnation.

THE Lord is come; the Heavens proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
unknown Star directs the Road
Eastern Sages to their God.

ye bright Armies of the Skies,
worship where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings, before him bow,
those Gods on high, and Gods below.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
and their own Worshipers confound:
Let Judah shout, but Zion sing,
and Earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM XCVII. *Third Part.*

Grace and Glory.

THE Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky;
no' Clouds and Darknefs vail his Feet,
his Dwelling is the Mercy-seat.

ye that love his holy Name,
ate every Work of Sin and Shame:
he guards the Souls of all his Friends,
and from the Snares of Hell defends.

Immortal Light, and Joys unknown,
are for the Saints in Darknefs sown;
whose glorious Seeds shall spring and rise,
and the bright Harvest bless our Eyes.

Rejoice ye Righteous, and record
the sacred Honours of the Lord;

None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holiness.

P S A L M XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Common Meter
Christ's Incarnation, and the last Judgment.

- 1 **Y**E Islands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns :
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.
- 2 His Presence sinks the proudest Hills,
And makes the Valleys rise ;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.
- 3 The Heavn's his rightful Pow'r proclaim ;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worshipers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.
- 4 Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.
- 5 His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire :
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.
- 6 The Seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darknes here,
Shall rise and spring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harvest bear.

P S A L M XCVIII. *First Part.*

- Praise for the Gospel.

- 1 **T**O our Almighty Maker, God,
New Honours be address ;

His great Salvation shines abroad,
And makes the Nations blest.

He spake the Word to *Abraham* first,
His Truth fulfils the Grace;
The *Gentiles* make his Name their Trust,
And learn his Righteousness.

Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
With all her different Tongues;
And spread the Honours of his Name
In Melody and Songs.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

Y to the World; the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King:
Every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heaven and Nature sing.

To the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let Men their Songs employ;
The Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills and Plains;
Repeat the sounding Joy.

More let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Or Thorns infest the Ground:
He comes to make his Blessings flow
Where as the Curse is found.

He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the Nations prove
The Glories of his Righteousness,
And Wonders of his Love.

PSALM XCIX. *First Part.*

Christ's Kingdom and Majesty.

THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear;

Let

Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

2 *Jesus* the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord ;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

3 In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine ;
His Church shall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories shine.

4 How holy is his Name !
How terrible his Praise !
Justice and Truth, and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

P S A L M XCIX. *Second Part.*

A Holy God worshipped with Reverence.

1 **E**Xalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his Feet ;
His Nature is all Holiness,
And Mercy is his Seat.

2 When *Israel* was his Church,
When *Aaron* was his Priest,
When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
He gave his People Rest.

3 Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would destroy their Race ;
And oft he made his Vengeance known
When they abus'd his Grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose Grace is still the same ;
Still he's a God of Holiness,
And jealous for his Name.

PSALM C. First Metre. *A Plain Translation.*

Praise to our Creator.

THE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Praise him with chearful Heart and Voice,
In all your Tongues his Glory sing.

The Lord is God: 'Tis he alone
Whom Life and Breath, and Being give:
We are his Work, and not our own;
Like Sheep that on his Pastures live.

Open his Gates with Songs of Joy,
And Praises to his Courts repair;
And make it your Divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
It is his Grace, his Mercy sure;
The whole Race of Man shall find
Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre. *A Paraphrase.*

ING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land his Name adore;
The British Isles shall send the Noise
Across the Ocean to the Shore.

Angels attend before his Throne
In solemn Fear, with sacred Joy;
To say that the Lord is God alone;
Who can create, and he destroy.

Thy Sovereign Power without our Aid
Thou hast us of Clay, and form'd us Men:
When like wandring Sheep we stray'd,
Thou brought us to his Fold again.

- 4 We are his People; we his Care;
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame:
What lasting Honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?
- 5 We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heavens our Voices raise;
And Earth with her ten thousand Tongues
Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.
- 6 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 move.

P S A L M C I. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

- 1 **M**ercy and Judgment are my Song;
And since they both to Thee belong;
My gracious God, my righteous King,
To Thee my Songs and Vows I bring.
- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the Sword,
I'll take my Counsels from thy Word,
Thy Justice and thy heavenly Grace
Shall be the Pattern of my Ways.
- 3 Let Wisdom all my Actions guide,
And let my God with me reside;
No wicked Thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy Jealousy.
- 4 No Sons of Slander, Rage and Strife
Shall be Companions of my Life;
The haughty Look, the Heart of Pride
Within my Doors shall ne'er abide.
- 5 [I'll search the Land; and raise the Just
To Posts of Honour, Wealth and Trust:

the Men that work thy holy Will
 shall be my Friends and Favourites still.]

vain shall Sinners hope to rise
 by flattering or malicious Lies :
 and while the Innocent I guard,
 the bold Offender shan't be spar'd.

The impious Crew (that factious Band)
 shall hide their Heads, or quit the Land ;
 and all that break the publick Rest,
 where I have Power shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

OF Justice and of Grace I sing,
 And pay my God my Vows,
 thy Grace and Justice, heavenly King,
 Teach me to rule my House.

Draw to my Tent, O God, repair,
 And make thy Servant wise ;
 suffer nothing near me there
 That shall offend thine Eyes.

The Man that doth his Neighbour Wrong
 By Falshood or by Force,
 the scornful Eye, the slanderous Tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my Doors.

I seek the Faithful and the Just,
 And will their Help enjoy ;
 these are the Friends that I shall trust,
 The Servants I'll employ.

The Wretch that deals in sly Deceit
 shall not endure a Night !
 the Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
 and banish from my Sight.

6 I'll purge my Family around
 And make the Wicked flee,
 So shall my House be ever found
 A Dwelling fit for Thee.

PSALM CII. 1—13, 20, 21. *First Part.*
A Prayer of the Afflicted.

1 **H**EAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
 But answer, lest I die:
 Hast thou not built a Throne of Grace
 To hear when Sinners cry?

2 My Days are wasted like the Smoak
 Dissolving in the Air:
 My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
 And sinking in Despair.

3 My Spirits flag like withering Grass
 Burnt with excessive Heat:
 In secret Groans my Minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely Building's Top
 The Sparrow tells her Moan,
 Far from the Tents of Joy and Hope
 I sit and grieve alone.

5 My Soul is like a Wilderness,
 Where Beasts of Midnight howl;
 There the sad Raven finds her Place,
 And there the screaming Owl.

6 Dark dismal Thoughts and boding Fears
 Dwell in my troubled Breast;
 While sharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
 Nor give my Spirit Rest.

7 My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
 And Tears are my Repast;

My daily Bread like Ashes grows
Unpleasant to my Taste.

Life can afford no real Joy
To Souls that feel thy Frown :
For 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
Thy Hand hath cast me down.

My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear ;
And Life's declining Light
Grows faint as Evening-Shadows are,
That vanish into Night.

But thou for ever art the same,
O my Eternal God :
And ages to come shall know thy Name,
And spread thy Works abroad.

When thou wilt arise, and shew thy Face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
That long expected Day.

When he hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by mysterious Ways
Redeems the Prisoners doom'd to die,
And fills their Tongues with Praise.

P S A L M CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restor'd.

LET Zion and her Sons rejoice,
Behold the promis'd Hour :
For God hath heard her mourning Voice,
And comes t'exalt his Power.

For Dust and Ruins that remain
Are precious in our Eyes ;
Those Ruins shall be built again,
And all that Dust shall rise.

- 3 The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
And stand in Glory there ;
Nations shall bow before his Name,
And Kings attend with Fear.
- 4 He sits a Sovereign on his Throne,
With Pity in his Eyes :
He hears the dying Prisoners groan,
And sees their Sighs arise.
- 5 He frees the Souls condemn'd to Death,
And when his Saints complain,
It shan't be said, " That praying Breath
" Was ever spent in vain.
- 6 This shall be known when we are dead,
And left on long Record,
That Ages yet unborn may read,
And trust, and praise the Lord.

P S A L M CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

*Man's Mortality, and Christ's Eternity ; or, Saints
but Christ and the Church live.*

- 1 **I**T is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race ;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.
- 2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon :
Thy Years are one eternal Day,
And must thy Children die so soon ?
- 3 Yet in the midst of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage ;
" Our Father and our Saviour live :
" *Christ* is the same thro' every Age.

It was he this Earth's Foundations laid ;
 Heaven is the Building of his Hand :
 This Earth grows old, these Heav'ns shall fade,
 And all be chang'd at his Command.

The starry Curtains of the Sky
 Like Garments shall be laid aside ;
 But still thy Throne stands firm and high ;
 Thy Church for ever must abide.

Before thy Face thy Church shall live,
 And on thy Throne thy Children reign :
 This dying World shall they survive,
 And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

P S A L M CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

O Bless, O my Soul, the living God,
 O Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad,
 Let all the Bowers within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

Bless, O my Soul, the God of Grace ;
 His Favours claim thy highest Praise :
 Why should the Wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in Silence, and forgot ?

'Tis He, my Soul, that sent his Son
 To die for Crimes which thou hast done ;
 He owns the Ransom, and forgives
 The hourly Follies of our Lives.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
 And cures the Pains that Nature feels ;
 He redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
 Our wasting Life from threaten'g Graves.

When Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs ;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years :

- He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
 And fills our Hopes with heavenly Food,
 6 He sees th' Oppressor and th' Opprest,
 And often gives the Sufferers Rest :
 But will his Justice more display
 In the last great rewarding Day.
- 7 [His Power he shew'd by *Moses* Hands,
 And gave to *Israel* his Commands ;
 But sent his Truth and Mercy down
 To all the Nations by his Son.
- 8 Let the whole Earth his Power confess,
 Let the whole Earth adore his Grace ;
 The *Gentile* with the *Jew* shall join
 In Work and Worship so divine.]

P S A L M CIII. 8—18. *Second Part.* Long Metre

*God's gentle Chastisement; or, His tender Mercy
 to his People.*

- 1 THE Lord, how wondrous are his Ways
 How firm his Truth ! how large his Grace
 He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
 And thence he makes his Glories known.
- 2 Not half so high his Power hath spread
 The starry Heavens above our Head,
 As his rich Love exceeds our Praise,
 Exceeds the highest Hopes we raise.
- 3 Not half so far hath Nature plac'd
 The rising Morning from the West,
 As his forgiving Grace removes
 The daily Guilt of those he loves.
- 4 How slowly doth his Wrath arise !
 On swifter Wings Salvation flies :

And if he lets his Anger burn,
How soon his Frowns to Pity turn.

Amidst his Wrath Compassion shines ;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins :
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

So Fathers their young Sons chastise
With gentle Hand and melting Eyes :
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

The Mighty God, the Wise and Just,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Dust ;
And will no heavy Loads impose
Beyond the Strength that he bestows.

He knows how soon our Nature dies,
Blasted by every Wind that flies ;
Like Grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

But his eternal Love is sure
To all the Saints, and shall endure :
From Age to Age his Truth shall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

O Bles the Lord, my Soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bless his Name,
Whose Favours are divine.

Bles the Lord, my Soul ;
Nor let his Mercies lie

Forgotten in Unthankfulness,
And without Praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneses,
And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ransom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell
Hath sovereign Power to save.

He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Rest;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Justice for th' Opprest.

His wondrous Works and Ways
He made by *Moses* known;
But sent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIII, 8.—18. *Second Part.* Short Meter

*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the
of Judgment.*

MY Soul, repeat his Praise
Whose Mercies are so great;
Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

High as the Heavens are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,

For the Riches of his Grace
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

His Power subdues our Sins,
 And his forgiving Love
 As the East is from the West
 Takes all our Guilt remove.

The Pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his Name
 As tender Parents feel;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

He knows we are but Dust,
 Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
 Anger like a rising Wind
 Can send us swift to Death,

Our Days are as the Grass,
 Like the Morning-flower;
 The sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
 Withers in an Hour.

Let thy Compassions, Lord,
 Endless Years endure;
 Childrens Children ever find
 Thy Words of Promise sure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. *Third Part.* Short Metre.

Universal Dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

THE Lord, the sovereign King,
 Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
 All the heavenly World he rules,
 And all beneath the Sky.

Angels, great in Might,
 Swift to do his Will,
 Praise the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
 Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous Works
Thro' his vast Kingdoms shew
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt sing his Graces too.

P S A L M CIV.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

1 **M**Y Soul, thy great Creator praise;
When cloth'd in his celestial Rays
He in full Majesty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

Note, *This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two Lines to every Stanza, (viz.)*

Great is the Lord; What Tongue can frame
An equal Honour to his Name?

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.

2 The Heavens are for his Curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd Deep he makes his Bed:
Clouds are his Chariot when he flies
On winged Storms a-cross the Skies.

3 Angels, whom his own Breath inspires,
His Ministers, are flaming Fires;
And swift as Thought their Armies move
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

4 The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand:
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Lest it should drown the Earth again.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
The thunder'd ; and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round ;
Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

He bids the Chrystal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go,
Some Heifers there their Thirst allay,
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.

From pleasant Trees which shade the Brink,
The Lark and Linnet light to drink ;
Their Songs the Lark and Linnet raise,
And chide our Silence in his Praise.

P A U S E I.

God from his cloudy Cistern pours
In the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs :
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

He makes the grassy Food arise,
And gives the Cattle large Supplies ;
With Herbs for Man of various Power,
To nourish Nature, or to cure.

What noble Fruit the Vines produce !
The Olive yields a shining Juice ;
Our Hearts are cheer'd with generous Wine,
With inward Joy our Faces shine.

Bless his Name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread :

While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serge him with Vigour in your Hearts.

P A U S E II.

- 13 Behold the stately Cedar stands
Rais'd in the Forest by his Hands ;
Birds to the Boughs for Shelter fly,
And build their Nests secure on high.
- 14 To craggy Hills ascends the Goat ;
And at the airy Mountain's Foot
The feebler Creatures make their Cell ;
He gives them Wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the Sun his circling Race,
Appoints the Moon to change her Face ;
And when thick Darknes vails the Day,
Calls out wild Beasts to hunt their Prey.
- 16 Fierce Lions lead their Young abroad,
And roaring ask their Meat from God ;
But when the Morning-Beams arise,
The savage Beast to Covert flies.
- 17 Then Man to daily Labour goes ;
The Night was made for his Repose :
Sleep is thy Gift, that sweet Relief
From tiresome Toil and wasting Grief.
- 18 How strange thy Works ! how great thy Skill
And every Land thy Riches fill :
Thy Wisdom round the World we see,
This spacious Earth is full of Thee.
- 19 Nor less thy Glories in the Deep,
Where Fish in Millions swim and creep,
With wondrous Motions, swift or slow,
Still wandring in the Paths below.

Where Ships divide their watry Way,
 And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
 Where dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
 And foams and sports in Spite of Man.

P A U S E III.

Vast are thy Works, Almighty Lord,
 All Nature rests upon thy Word,
 And the whole Race of Creatures stands,
 Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

While each receives his different Food,
 Their chearful Looks pronounce it good;
 Eagles, and Bears, and Whales, and Worms
 Rejoice and praise in different Forms.

But when thy Face is hid, they mourn,
 And dying to their Dust return;
 Both Man and Beast their Souls resign;
 Life, Breath and Spirit, all is Thine.

Yet thou can'st breathe on Dust again,
 And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
 Thy Word of thy creating Breath
 Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might
 He honour'd with his own Delight:
 How awful are his glorious Ways!
 The Lord is dreadful in his Praise.

The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,
 And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke;
 That humble Souls may see thy Face,
 And tell their Wants to sovereign Grace.

O Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
 And make my Meditations sweet:

Thy Praises shall my Breath imploy,
Till it expire in endless Joy.

28 While haughty Sinners die accurst,
Their Glory bury'd with their Dust,
I to my God my heavenly King
Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

P S A L M CV. Abridg'd.

God's Conduct of Israel, and the Plagues of Egypt.

1 **G**IVE Thanks to God, invoke his Name,
And tell the World his Grace;
Sound thro' the Earth his Deeds of Fame,
That all may seek his Face.

2 His Covenant, which he kept in Mind
For numerous Ages past,
To numerous Ages yet behind
In equal Force shall last.

3 He sware to *Abraham* and his Seed,
And made the Blessing sure:
Gentiles the antient Promise read,
And find his Truth endure.

4 " Thy Seed shall make all Nations blest,
(Said the Almighty Voice)

" And *Canaan's* Land shall be their Rest,
" The Type of heavenly Joys.

5 [How large the Grant! how rich the Grace,
To give them *Canaan's* Land,
When they were Strangers in the Place,
A little feeble Band!

6 Like Pilgrims thro' the Countries round
Securely they remov'd:
And haughty Kings that on them frown'd
Severely he reprov'd.

“ Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
 “ Shall soon revenge the Wrong ;
 “ The Man that does my Prophets harm
 “ Shall know their God is strong.

*Then let the World forbear its Rage,
 Nor put the Church in Fear ;
 Israel must live thro' every Age,
 And be th' Almighty's Care.]*

P A U S E I.

When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the Saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their Complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful Rod.

He call'd for Darknefs : Darknefs came
 Like an o'erwhelming Flood ;
 Turn'd each Lake and every Stream
 To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

He gave the Sign, and noisome Flies
 Thro' the whole Country spread ;
 And Frogs in croaking Armies rise
 About the Monarch's Bed.

Thro' Fields and Towns and Palaces
 The tenfold Vengeance flew ;
 Locusts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
 And Hail their Cattle slew.

Then by an Angel's Midnight Stroke
 The Flower of Egypt dy'd ;
 The Strength of every House was broke,
 Their Glory, and their Pride.

*Now let the World forbear its Rage,
 Nor put the Church in Fear ;*

*Israel must live thro' every Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.*

P A U S E II.

15 Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
And left the hated Ground ;
Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their Way,
And mark'd their Journeys right,
Gave them a leading Cloud by Day,
A fiery Guide by Night.

17 They thirst ; and Waters from the Rock
In rich Abundance flow,
And following still the Course they took
Ran all the Desert thro'.

18 O wondrous Stream ! O blessed Type
Of ever-flowing Grace !
So *Christ* our Rock maintains our Life
Thro' all this Wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand
The chosen Tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
And there enjoy'd their Rest.

20 *Then let the World forbear its Rage,
The Church renounce her Fear ;
Israel must live thro' every Age,
And be th' Almighty's Care.*

P S A L M C V I. I—5. *First Part.*

Praise to God ; or, Communion with Saints.

3 **T**O God the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let Songs of Honour be address ;

His Mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless Praise?
Blest are the Souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

Remember what thy Mercy did
For Jacob's Race, thy chosen Seed;
And with the same Salvation bless
The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

May I see thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to Thee.

PSALM CVI. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, 8, 12—14,
43—48.

*Unpunish'd and pardon'd; or, God's unchangeable
Love.*

GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!
Yet how oft did *Israel* prove
Thy Constancy of Grace!

They saw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praise they sung;
Soon thy Works of Power forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

How they believe his Word
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
With their Lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

But when they mourn'd their Faults,
Hearken'd to their Groans,

Brought

Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them still his Sons.

5 Their Names were in his Book,
He sav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The People that he chose.

6 Let *Israel* bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race:
And Christians join the solemn Word
Amen to all the Praise.

P S A L M C V I I . *First Part.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

1 **G** I V E Thanks to God: He reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Lov'd
His Mercy Ages past have known,
And Ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the Redeemed of the Lord
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Israel; the Nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty Foes.

3 [When God's Almighty Arm had broke
Their Fetters and th' *Egyptian* Yoke;
They trac'd the Desert wandring round;
A wild and solitary Ground!

4 There they could find no leading Road,
Nor City for a fix'd Abode;
Nor Food, nor Fountain to assuage
Their burning Thirst, or Hunger's Rage.]

5 In their Distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far wandring round;
'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.

Thus when our first Release we gain
 From Sin's old Yoke and Satan's Chain,
 We have this desert World to pass,
 A dangerous and a tiresome Place.

He feeds and clothes us all the Way,
 He guides our Footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful Hand,
 And brings us to the heavenly Land.

O let the Saints with Joy record
 The Truth and Goodness of the Lord!
 How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
 Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Second Part.*

Correction for Sin; and Release by Prayer.

FROM Age to Age exalt his Name,
 God and his Grace are still the same:
 He fills the hungry Soul with Food,
 And feeds the Poor with every Good.

But if their Hearts rebel and rise
 Against the God that rules the Skies,
 If they reject his heavenly Word,
 And slight the Counsels of the Lord;

He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
 And no Deliv'rer shall be found;
 Laden with Grief they waste their Breath
 In Darkness and the Shades of Death.

Then to the Lord they raise their Cries,
 He makes the dawning Light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal Shade
 That hung so heavy round their Head.

He cuts the Bars of Brass in two,
 And lets the smiling Prisoners thro;

Takes off the Load of Guilt and Grief,
And gives the labouring Soul Relief.

- 6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodness of the Lord!
How great his Works! how kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praise.

P S A L M CVII. *Third Part.*

*Intemperance punish'd and pardon'd; or, a Psalm
the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

- 1 **V**AIN Man on foolish Pleasures bent
Prepares for his own Punishment,
What Pains, what loathsome Maladies
From Luxury and Lust arise.
- 2 The Drunkard feels his Vitals waste;
Yet drowns his Health to please his Taste;
Till all his active Powers are lost,
And fainting Life draws near the Dust.
- 3 The Glutton groans, and loaths to eat,
His Soul abhors delicious Meat:
Nature with heavy Loads oppress'd
Would yield to Death to be releas'd.
- 4 Then how the frightened Sinners fly
To God for Help with earnest Cry!
He hears their Groans, prolongs their Breath,
And saves them from approaching Death.
- 5 No Med'cines could effect the Cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly Sentence God repeals,
He sends his Sovereign Word and heals.
- 6 O may the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodness of the Lord!

and let their thankful Offerings prove
how they adore their Maker's Love.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Long Metre:

*Deliverance from Storms and Shipwreck; or, The Sea-
man's Song.*

WOULD you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad,
Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And seize the Favour of the Wind;
At God's command, and Tempests rise
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

Now to the Heavens they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful Deeps again;
That strange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a staggering Drunkard reel.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
To all Hope, to God they cry:
His Mercy hears the loud Address,
And sends Salvation in Distress.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage,
The furious Waves forget their Rage;
The Storms are calm; and Sailors smile to see
The Haven where they wish'd to be.

May the Sons of Men record
The wondrous Goodness of the Lord!
When their private Offerings bring,
In the Church his Glory sing.

P S A L M CVII. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.
The Mariner's Psalm.

- 1 **T**HY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy Wonders in the Deeps
 The Sons of Courage shall record
 Who trade in floating Ships.
- 2 At thy Command the Winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring Waves;
 The Men astonish'd mount the Skies
 And sink in gaping Graves.
- 3 [Again they climb the watry Hills,
 And plunge in Deeps again;
 Each like a tottering Drunkard reels,
 And finds his Courage vain.
- 4 Frighted to hear the Tempest roar
 They pant with fluttering Breath;
 And hopeless of the distant Shore
 Expect immediate Death.]
- 5 Then to the Lord they raise their Cries;
 He hears the loud Request,
 And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
 And lays the Floods to rest.
- 6 Sailors rejoice to lose their Fears,
 And see the Storm allay'd:
 Now to their Eyes the Port appears;
 There let their Vows be paid.
- 7 'Tis God that brings them safe to Land;
 Let stupid Mortals know
 That Waves are under his Command,
 And all the Winds that blow.
- 8 O that the Sons of Men would praise
 The Goodness of the Lord!

and those that see thy wondrous Ways
Thy wondrous Love record.

PSALM CVII. *Last Part.*

Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished.

A PSALM for *New-England.*

WHEN God provok'd with daring Crimes,
Scourges the Madness of the Times,
turns their Fields to barren Sand,
and dries the Rivers from the Land,

Word can raise the Springs again,
make the wither'd Mountains green,
and show'ry Blessings from the Skies;
Harvests in the Defart rise.

where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Men as fierce and wild as they,
bids th' Opprest and Poor repair,
and builds them Towns and Cities there.

they sow the Fields, and Trees they plant,
whose yearly Fruit supplies their Want:
their Race grows up from fruitful Stocks,
their Wealth increases with their Flocks.

but they are blest; but if they sin,
lets the Heathen Nations in,
a savage Crew invades their Lands,
their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

their Captive Sons expos'd to Scorn
under unpity'd and forlorn:
their Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
Desolation spreads the Field.

but the humbled Nation mourns,
and his dreadful Hand he turns;

Again.

Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

- 8 The Righteous with a joyful Sense
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that Saints adore.
- 9 How few with pious Care record
These wondrous Dealings of the Lord?
But wise Observers still shall find
The Lord is holy, just and kind.

P S A L M C I X. Ver. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

- 1 **G**OD of my Mercy and my Praise,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
With a blaspheming Tongue.
- 2 When in the Form of mortal Man
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders false and vain
They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their Miseries his Compassion move,
Their Peace he still pursu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.
- 4 Their Malice rag'd without a Cause,
Yet with his dying Breath
He pray'd for Murderers on his Cross,
And blest his Foes in Death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright Example shine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love my Enemies.

The Lord shall on my Side engage,
 And in my Saviour's Name
 shall defeat their Pride and Rage
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

It exalted, and Multitudes converted; or, The Success of the Gospel.

THUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son; "Ascend and sit
 At my Right-hand, till I shall make
 Thy Foes submissive at thy Feet.

From Zion shall thy Word proceed,
 Thy Word, the Scepter in thy Hand,
 Shall make the Hearts of Rebels bleed,
 And bow their Wills to thy Command.

That Day shall shew thy Power is great,
 When Saints shall flock with willing Minds,
 And Sinners croud thy Temple-Gate,
 Where Holiness in Beauty shines.

Blessed Power! O glorious Day!
 What a large Victory shall ensue!
 And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
 exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

PSALM CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ:

THUS the great Lord of Earth and Sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
 Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 And change from Hand to Hand no more.

Aaron and all his Sons must die:
 But everlasting Life is thine,

"To

- “ To save for ever those that fly
 “ For Refuge from the Wrath divine.
 3 “ By me *Melchisedeck* was made
 “ On Earth a King and Priest at once ;
 “ And Thou my heavenly Priest shalt plead,
 “ And thou, my King, shalt rule my Sons.
 4 *Jesus* the Priest ascends his Throne,
 While Counsels of eternal Peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with Honour and Success.
 5 Thro’ the whole Earth his Reign shall spread
 And crush the Powers that dare rebel :
 Then shall he judge the rising Dead,
 And send the guilty World to Hell.
 6 Tho’ while he treads his glorious Way,
 He drink the Cup of Tears and Blood,
 The Sufferings of that dreadful Day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

- 1 **J**esus, our Lord, ascend thy Throne,
 And near the Father sit ;
 In *Zion* shall thy Power be known,
 And make thy Foes submit.
 2 What Wonders shall thy Gospel do !
 Thy Converts shall surpass
 The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew
 And own thy sovereign Grace.
 3 God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
 Nor changes what he swore ;
 “ Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 “ When *Aaron* is no more.

Melchisedeck, that wondrous Priest,
 " That King of high Degree,
 That holy Man who *Abraham* blest
 " Was but a Type of Thee.

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above ;
 Jesus our King for ever gives
 The Blessings of his Love.

God shall exalt his glorious Head,
 And his high Throne maintain,
 Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead
 Who dare oppose his Reign.

PSALM CXI. *First Part.*

The Wisdom of God in his Works.

Songs of immortal Praise belong
 To my Almighty God ;
 He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
 To spread his Name abroad.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought !
 How glorious in our Sight !
 Good Men in every Age have sought
 His Wonders with Delight.

How most exact is Nature's Frame !
 How wise th' Eternal Mind !
 His Counsels never change the Scheme
 That his first Thoughts design'd.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
 He fix'd his Cov'nant sure :
 The Orders that his Lips pronounce
 To endless Years endure.

Heaven and Time, and Earth and Skies
 Thy heavenly Skill proclaim :

What

What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy Name?

- 6 To fear thy Power, to trust thy Grace
Is our divinest Skill;
And he's the wisest of our Race
That best obeys thy Will.

P S A L M C X I. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

- 1 **G**reat is the Lord; his Works of Might
Demand our noblest Songs;
Let his assembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

- 2 Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promise good.

- 3 His Son the great Redeemer came
To seal his Covenant sure:
Holy and Reverend is his Name,
His Ways are just and pure.

- 4 They that would grow divinely wise
Must with his Fear begin;
Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating every Sin.

P S A L M C X II. As the 113th Psalm.

The Blessings of the liberal Man.

- 1 **T**HAT Man is blest who stands in Awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd;
His House the Seat of Wealth shall be,
An inexhausted Treasury,
And with successive Honours crown'd.

His liberal Favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends :
 A generous Pity fills his Mind :
 Let what his Charity impairs,
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs,
 And thus he's just to all Mankind.
 His Hands, while they his Alms bestow'd,
 His Glory's future Harvest sow'd ;
 The sweet Remembrance of the Just
 Like a green Root revives, and bears
 A Train of Blessings for his Heirs,
 When dying Nature sleeps in Dust.
 Beset with threatening Dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground ;
 His Conscience holds his Courage up :
 The Soul that's fill'd with Vertue's Light,
 Shines brightest in Affliction's Night :
 And sees in Darknes Beams of Hope.

P A U S E.

All Tidings never can surprize
 His Heart, that fix'd on God relies,
 Tho' Waves and Tempests roar around :
 Safe on the Rock he sits, and sees
 The Shipwreck of his Enemies,
 And all their Hope and Glory drown'd.
 The Wicked shall his Triumph see,
 And gnash their Teeth in Agony,
 To find their Expectations crost :
 They and their Envy, Pride and Spite
 Sink down to everlasting Night,
 And all their Names in Darknes lost.]

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

1 **T**Hrice happy Man who fears the Lord,
Loves his Commands, and trusts his Word
Honour and Peace his Days attend,
And Blessings to his Seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his Mind,
To Works of Mercy still inclin'd :
He lends the Poor some present Aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When Times grow dark, and Tidings spread
That fill his Neighbours round with Dread,
His Heart is arm'd against the Fear,
For God with all his Pow'r is there.

4 His Soul well fix'd upon the Lord
Draws heavenly Courage from his Word :
Amidst the Darkness Light shall rise,
To cheer his Heart, and bless his Eyes.

5 He hath disperst his Alms abroad,
His Works are still before his God ;
His Name on Earth shall long remain,
While envious Sinners fret in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

1 **H**Appy is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with liberal Hands.

2 As Pity dwells within his Breast
To all the Sons of Need ;
So God shall answer his Request
With Blessings on his Seed.

No evil Tidings shall surprize
 His well-establish'd Mind ;
 His Soul to God, his Refuge, flies,
 And leaves his Fears behind.

In Times of general Distress
 Some Beams of Light shall shine,
 To shew the World his Righteousness,
 And give him Peace divine.

His Works of Piety and Love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honour on Earth and Joys above
 Shall be his sure Reward.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

WE that delight to serve the Lord,
 The Honours of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever bless :
 Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
 His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
 Let Lands and Seas his Power confess.

Not Time, nor Nature's narrow-Rounds ;
 Can give his vast Dominion Bounds ;
 The Heavens are far below his Height :
 Let no created Greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

He bows his glorious Head to view
 What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
 And bends his Care to mortal Things ;
 His sovereign Hand exalts the Poor,
 He takes the Needy from the Door,
 And makes them Company for Kings.

- 4 When childless Families despair,
 He sends the Blessing of an Heir
 To rescue their expiring Name ;
 The Mother with a thankful Voice
 Proclaims his Praises and her Joys :
 Let every Age advance his Fame.

P S A L M CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

- 1 **Y**E Servants of th' Almighty King,
 In every Age his Praises sing ;
 Where-e'er the Sun shall rise or set,
 The Nations shall his Praise repeat.
- 2 Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
 Stands his high Throne of Majesty :
 Nor Time nor Place his Power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal Reign.
- 3 Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
 Or Angels with their God compare ?
 His Glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated Light !
- 4 Behold his Love : He stoops to view
 What Saints above and Angels do ;
 And condescends yet more to know
 The mean Affairs of Men below.
- 5 From Dust and Cottages obscure
 His Grace exalts the humble Poor ;
 Gives them the Honour of his Sons,
 And fits them for their heavenly Thrones.
- 6 [A Word of his creating Voice
 Can make the barren House rejoice :
 Tho' *Sarah's* ninety Years were past,
 The promis'd Seed is born at last.

With Joy the Mother views her Son,
 And tells the Wonders God has done :
 Faith may grow strong when Sense despairs ;
 If Nature fails, the Promise bears.]

P S A L M CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

WHEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* Hand,
 Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
 The Tribes with chearful Homage own
 Their King, and *Judah* was his Throne.

A-cross the Deep their Journey lay ;
 The Deep divides to make them way ;
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
 With backward Current to his Head.

The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep,
 Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap ;
 Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
 Conscious of sovereign Power at Hand.

What Power could make the Deep divide ?
 Make *Jordan* backward roll his Tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little Hills ?
 And whence the Fright that *Sinai* feels ?

Let every Mountain, every Flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching G O D,
 The King of *Israel* : See him here ;
 Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
 The Rock to standing Pools he turns ;
 Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
 And Fires and Seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M C X V. *First Metre.**The true God our Refuge ; or, Idolatry reprov'd.*

- 1 **N**OT to our selves, who are but Dust,
 Not to our selves is Glory due,
 Eternal God, Thou only Just,
 Thou only Gracious, Wise and True.
- 2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name ;
 Why should a *Heathen's* haughty Tongue
 Insult us, and to raise our Shame,
 Say, " *Where's the God you've serv'd so long ?*
- 3 The God we serve maintains his Throne
 Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,
 Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
 He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.
- 4 But the vain Idols they adore
 Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood ;
 At best a Mass of glittering Oar,
 A silver Saint, or golden God.
- 5 [With Eyes and Ears they carve their Head ;
 Deaf are their Ears, their Eyes are blind ;
 In vain are costly Offerings made,
 And Vows are scatter'd in the Wind.
- 6 Their Feet were never made to move,
 Nor Hands to save when Mortals pray ;
 Mortals that pay them Fear or Love
 Seem to be blind and deaf as they]
- 7 O *Israel*, make the Lord thy Hope,
 Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Rest ;
 The Lord shall build thy Ruins up,
 And bless the People and the Priest.
- 8 The Dead no more can speak thy Praise,
 They dwell in Silence and the Grave ;

But we shall live to sing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to save.

PSALM CXV. *Second Metre.* As the New Tune
of the 50th Psalm.

Popish Idolatry reprov'd,

A Psalm for the 5th of November.

NOT to our Names, Thou only Just and True;
Not to our worthless Names is Glory due:
Thy Power and Grace, thy Truth and Justice claim
Immortal Honours to thy sovereign Name.

Shine thro' the Earth from Heaven, thy blest Abode,
Nor let the Heathens say; "*And where's your God?*"

(Throne,
Heaven is thine higher Court: There stands thy
And thro' the lower Worlds thy Will is done:

Our God fram'd all this Earth, these Heavens he
(spread,

But Fools adore the Gods their Hands have made;
The kneeling Crowd with Looks devout behold
Their Silver-Saviours, and their Saints of Gold.

Vain are those artful Shapes of Eyes and Ears;
The molten Image neither sees nor hears:

Their Hands are helpless, nor their Feet can move,
They have no Speech, nor Thought, nor Power,

(nor Love;
Let sottish Mortals make their long Complaints
To their deaf Idols, and their moveless Saints.

The Rich have Statues well adorn'd with Gold;
The Poor content with Gods of coarser Mould,

With Tools of Iron carve the senseless Stock
Cut from a Tree, or broken from a Rock:

People and Priest drive on the solemn Trade,

And trust the Gods that Saws and Hammers made.]

- 5 Be Heaven and Earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their Gods, or they.
O *Israel*, trust the Lord ; he hears and sees,
He knows thy Sorrows, and restores thy Peace
His Worship does a thousand Comforts yield,
He is thy Help, and he thine heavenly Shield.
- 6 O *Britain*, trust the Lord : Thy Foes in vain
Attempt thy Ruin, and oppose his Reign ;
Had they prevail'd, Darknefs had clos'd our Day
And Death and Silence had forbid his Praise :
But we are sav'd, and live : Let Songs arise,
And *Britain* blefs the God that built the Skies.

P S A L M CXVI. *First Part.**Recovery from Sickness.*

- 1 I Love the Lord : He heard my Cries,
And pity'd every Groan,
Long as I live, when Troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his Throne.
- 2 I love the Lord : He bow'd his Ear
And chas'd my Griefs away :
O let my Heart no more despair,
While I have Breath to pray !
- 3 My Flesh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.
- 4 " My God, I cry'd, thy Servant save,
" Thou ever good and just ;
" Thy Power can rescue from the Grave,
" Thy Power is all my Trust.
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
He bid my Pains remove :

Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
For thou hast known his Love.

My God hath sav'd my Soul from Death,
And dry'd my falling Tears:
Now to his Praise I'll spend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

PSALM CXVI. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

*Vows made in Trouble paid in the Church; or, Publick
Thanks for private Deliverance.*

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

Among the Saints that fill thine House
My Offerings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Gracc to me!
My Life which thou hast made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my Purpose move;
Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;

Witness, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all Nations.

- 1 **O** All ye Nations, praise the Lord
Each with a different Tongue ;
In every Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be sung.
- 2 His Mercy reigns thro' every Land ;
Proclaim his Grace abroad ;
For ever firm his Truth shall stand ;
Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the Skies
Let the Creator's Praise arise :
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Thro' every Land, by every Tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy Mercies, Lord ;
Eternal Truth attends thy Word ;
Thy Praise shall sound from Shore to Shore
Till Suns shall rise and set no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 **T**HY Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant Lands ;
Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word ;
Thy Truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine Honour spread,
And long thy Praise endure,
Till Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Shall be chang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. *First Part.* Ver. 6—15.*Deliverance from a Tumult.*

THE Lord appears my Helper now,
Nor is my Faith afraid
What all the Sons of Earth can do,
Since Heaven affords its Aid.

'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in Thee,
And have my God my Friend,
Than trust in Men of high Degree,
And on their Truth depend.

Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
A large and angry Swarm;
But I shall all their Rage confound
By thine Almighty Arm.

'Tis thro' the Lord my Heart is strong;
In him my Lips rejoice;
While his Salvation is my Song,
How chearful is my Voice!

Like angry Bees they girt me round;
When God appears they fly:
So burning Thorns with crackling Sound
Make a fierce Blaze, and die.

Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
The Lord protects their Days:
Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Second Part.* Ver. 17—21.*Publick-Praise for Deliverance from Death.*

LORD, thou hast heard thy Servant cry,
And rescu'd from the Grave;
Now shall he live: (and none can die,
If God resolve to save.)

244 P S A L M CXVIII.

- 2 Thy Praise more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily Breath;
 Thy Hand that hath chastis'd him fore
 Defends him still from Death.
- 3 Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The House where all the Righteous go
 Thy Mercy to declare.
- 4 Among th' Assemblies of thy Saints
 Our thankful Voice we raise;
 There we have told Thee our Complaints,
 And there we speak thy Praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. *Third Part.* Ver. 22, 23.

Christ the Foundation of his Church.

- 1 **B**Ehold the sure Foundation Stone
 Which God in *Zion* lays
 To build our heavenly Hopes upon,
 And his eternal Praise.
- 2 Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,
 And Saints adore the Name,
 They trust their whole Salvation here;
 Nor shall they suffer Shame.
- 3 The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
 Reject it with Disdain;
 Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
 And Envy rage in vain.
- 4 What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood?
 Yet must this Building rise:
 'Tis thy own Work, Almighty God,
 And wondrous in our Eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part.* Ver. 24, 25, 26.

Hosanna; the Lord's-Day; or, Christ's Resurrection; and our Salvation.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the Hours his own;
 Let Heaven rejoice, let Earth be glad,
 And Praise surround the Throne.

To Day he rose and left the Dead;
 And *Satan's* Empire fell;
 To Day the Saints his Triumph spread,
 And all his Wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To *David's* holy Son:

Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
 Salvation from the Throne.

Blest be the Lord who comes to Men
 With Messages of Grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's Name
 To save our sinful Race.

Hosanna in the highest Strains
 The Church on Earth can raise;
 The highest Heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. Ver. 22—27. Short Metre.

Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, A new Song of Salvation by Christ.

SEE what a living Stone
 The Builders did refuse;
 God hath built his Church thereon
 In Spite of envious Jews.

2 The Scribe and angry Priest

Reject thine only Son ;

Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,

As the Chief Corner-stone.

3 The Work, O Lord, is Thine,

And wondrous in our Eyes ;

This Day declares it all Divine,

This Day did *Jesus* rise.

4 This is the glorious Day

That our Redeemer made ;

Let us rejoice and sing, and pray,

Let all the Church be glad.

5 *Hosanna* to the King

Of *David's* Royal Blood ;

Bless Him, ye Saints, He comes to bring

Salvation from your God.

6 We bless thine holy Word

Which all this Grace displays ;

And offer on thine Altar, Lord,

Our Sacrifice of Praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre

*An Hosannah for the Lord's Day ; or, A new Song
Salvation by Christ.*

1 **L**O, what a glorious Corner-stone
The *Jewish* Builders did refuse ;
But God hath built his Church thereon
In Spight of Envy, and the *Jews*.

2 Great God, the Work is all divine,
The Joy and Wonder of our Eyes ;
This is the Day that proves it thine,
The Day that saw our Saviour rise.

Sinners rejoice, and Saints be glad :
 O Lord, let his Name be blest ;
 A thousand Honours on his Head
 With Peace and Light and Glory rest !
 O God's own Name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying Race ;
 O let the whole Church address their King
 With Hearts of Joy, and Songs of Praise.

P S A L M CXIX.

*I have collected and disposed the most useful Verses of
 Psalm under eighteen different Heads, and form'd
 a new Song upon each of them. But the Verses are
 transpos'd to attain some Degree of Connexion.
 In some Places among the Words, Law, Commands,
 Testimonies, I have used Gospel; Word,
 Truth, Promises, &c. as more agreeable to the
 New Testament, and the common Language of Christi-
 and it equally answers the Design of the Psalmist,
 who was to recommend the holy Scripture.*

P S A L M CXIX. First Part.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

Blest are the undefil'd in Heart,
 Whose Ways are right and clean ;
 Who never from thy Law depart,
 But fly from every Sin.
 Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
 And practise thy Commands ;
 With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,
 And serve Thee with their Hands.

Ver. 165.

- 3 Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their steady Feet aside.

Ver. 6.

- 4 Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

Ver. 21, 118.

- 5 But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

Ver. 119, 155.

- 6 Vile as the Dross the Wicked are:
And those that leave thy Ways
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

P S A L M CXIX. *Second Part.*

*Secret Devotion and Spiritual-Mindedness; or, of
Converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

- 1 **T**O Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

Ver. 81.

- 2 My Spirit faints to see thy Grace,
Thy Promise bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.

Ver. 164.

- 3 Seven times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee:

thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.

Ver. 62.

When Midnight-Darkness veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to Mind ;
Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

PSALM CXIX. *Third Part.*

Profession of Sincerity, Repentance and Obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

THOU art my Portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste t^o obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

Ver. 30, 14.

I chuse the Path of Heavenly Truth,
And glory in my Choice :
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me so rejoice.

The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

When once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pardoning Grace.

Ver. 94, 114.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy Servant, Lord ;
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place ;
My Hope is in thy Word.

Ver. 112.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfil ;

And

And thus till mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourth Part.**Instruction from Scripture.*

Ver. 9.

1 **H**OW shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts
To keep the Conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

2 When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

3 'Tis like the Sun, a heavenly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

Ver. 99, 100.

4 The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

Ver. 104, 113.

5 Thy Precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the Sinner's Road:
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise,
But love thy Law, my God.

Ver. 89, 97, 91.

6 [The starry Heavens thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place;
And these thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Power express.

Not still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
 Have Lessons more divine :
 Not Earth stands firmer than thy Word,
 Nor Stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 160, 140, 9, 116.

thy Word is everlasting Truth ;
 How pure is every Page !
 That holy Book shall guide our Youth,
 And well support our Age.

PSALM CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

*Light in Scripture ; or, the Word of God dwelling
 in us.*

Ver. 97.

How I love thy holy Law !
 'Tis daily my Delight ;
 And thence my Meditations draw
 Divine Advice by Night.

Ver. 148.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day
 To meditate thy Word ;
 My Soul with Longing melts away
 To hear thy Gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage ?
 How well employ my Tongue !
 And in my tiresome Pilgrimage
 Yields me a heavenly Song.

Ver. 19, 103.

When I a Stranger, or at Home,
 'Tis my perpetual Feast ;
 Not Honey dropping from the Comb
 So much allures the Taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

Treasures so enrich the Mind ;
 Nor shall thy Word be sold

For

For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When Nature sinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promises of Grace
Are Pillars to support my Hope,
And there I write thy Praise.

PSALM CXIX. *Sixth Part.*

Holiness and Comfort from the Word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 **L**ORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant Fight
With every flattering Lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy Precepts often I survey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Business of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How sweet thy Comforts be;
My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
And bring their Thanks to Thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my Spirit drinks her Fill
At some good Word of thine,
Not mighty Men that share the Spoil
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventh Part.*

Imperfection of Nature, and Perfection of Scripture

Ver. 96. *paraphras'd.*

- 1 **L**ET all the *Heathen* Writers join
To form one perfect Book;
Great God, if once compar'd with Thine,
How mean their Writings look!

Not the most perfect Rules they gave
 Could shew one Sin forgiven ;
 Or lead a Step beyond the Grave,
 But thine conduct to Heaven.

We see an End of what we call
 Perfection here below ;
 How short the Powers of Nature fall,
 And can no farther go.

Yet Men would fain be just with God
 By Works their Hands have wrought ;
 But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every Thought.

In vain we boast Perfection here,
 While Sin defiles our Frame ;
 And sinks our Vertues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the Name.

Our Faith and Love, and every Grace
 Fall far below thy Word ;
 But perfect Truth and Righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

*The Word of God is the Saint's Portion ; or, The
 Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

Ver. III. *paraphras'd.*

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
 My lasting Heritage ;
 Where shall my noblest Powers rejoice,
 My warmest Thoughts engage.

I read the Histories of thy Love,
 And keep thy Laws in Sight,
 While thro' the Promises I rove,
 With ever-fresh Delight.

- 3 'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Blifs are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.
- 4 The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest ;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

P S A L M CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

*Desire of Knowledge ; or, The teaching of the Spirit
with the Word.*

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 **T**HY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear !
Open mine Eycs to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

Ver. 73, 125.

- 2 My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due ;
O make thy Servant understand
The Duties he must do.

Ver. 19.

- 3 Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid,
But mark the Road my Feet should go,
And be my constant Guide.

Ver. 26.

- 4 When I confes'd my wandring Ways,
Thou heard'st my Soul complain ;
Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 34.

- 5 If God to me his Statutes shew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,

His Work for ever I'll pursue,
His Law shall rule my Heart.

Ver. 50, 71.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

Ver. 51.

In vain the Proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy Law,
nor let that blessed Gospel go
Whence all my Hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips inspir'd with Zeal
Shall loud pronounce his Praise.]

PSALM CXIX. *Tenth Part.*

Pleading the Promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

Behold thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

Wast thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quickning Grace?
Wast not my Heart address thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

Thine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
nor let the scoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst Thou not raise my Faith, O Lord?
Then let thy Truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my Reward,
And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*
Breathing after Holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my Ways
To keep his Statutes still!
O that my God would grant me Grace
To know and do his Will.

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!
Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From Vanity turn off my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Design,
Nor covetous Desires arise
Within this Soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

- 4 Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

- 5 My Soul hath gone too far astray,
My Feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
Restore thy wand'ring Sheep.

Ver. 35.

- 6 Make me to walk in thy Commands:
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXIX. *Twelfth Part.*

Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.

Ver. 153.

MY God, consider my Distress,
Let Mercy plead my Cause;
Tho' I have sinn'd against thy Grace,
I can't forget thy Laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
Nor let my Shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

Be thou a Surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the Proud oppress;
But make thy waiting Servant see
The Shinings of thy Face.

Ver. 82.

My Eyes with Expectation fail,
My Heart within me cries,
*When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,
And make my Comforts rise?*

Ver. 132.

Look down upon my Sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy Grace the same
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy Name.

PSALM CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.*

Holy Fear, and Tenderneſs of Conſcience.

Ver. 10.

WITH my whole Heart I've ſought thy Face,
O let me never ſtray
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way.

M

Ver.

Ver. 11.

2 Thy Word I've hid within my Heart
To keep my Conscience clean,
And be an everlasting Guard
From every rising Sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

3 I'm a Companion of the Saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Mⁿ transgress thy Word.

Ver. 161, 163.

4 While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

Ver. 161, 120.

5 My Heart with sacred Rev'ence hears
The Threatnings of thy Word;
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation still;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourteenth Part.**Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.*

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

1 **C**ONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliv'rance send;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end?

Ver. 71.

2 Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;

Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.

Ver. 50.

This is the Comfort I enjoy
When new Distress begins,
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

Ver. 92.

Had not thy Word been my Delight
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppress'd with Sorrows Weight,
Had sunk amongst the Dead.

Ver. 75.

I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest Sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful Care.

Ver. 67.

Before I knew thy chastening Rod
My Feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifteenth Part.*

Holy Resolutions.

Ver. 93.

That thy Statutes every Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Power,
And daily Peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet Employ;
My Soul shall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

M 2

Ver.

Ver. 32.

3 How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart discharge
From Sin and *Satan's* hateful Chains,
And set my Feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

4 My Lips with Courage shall declare
Thy Statutes, and thy Name;
I'll speak thy Word tho' Kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful Shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

5 Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lies,
Thy Law is my Delight.

Ver. 115.

6 Depart from me ye wicked Race,
Whose Hands and Hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his Ways,
And must obey his Will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Sixteenth Part.*
Prayer for quickning Grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

1 **M**Y Soul lies cleaving to the Dust;
Lord, give me Life divine;
From vain Desires, and every Lust
Turn off these Eyes of mine.

2 I need the Influence of thy Grace
To speed me in thy Way,
Lest I should loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet astray.

Ver. 107.

3 When sore Afflictions press me down,
I need thy quickning Powers;
Thy Word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest Hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

Are not thy Mercies sov'reign still ?

And thou a faithful God ?

Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal

To run the heavenly Road ?

Ver. 159, 40.

Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,

And long to see thy Face ?

And yet how slow my Spirits move

Without enlivening Grace !

Ver. 93.

When shall I love thy Gospel more,

And ne'er forget thy Word,

When I have felt its quickning Power

To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

*Age and Perseverance under Persecution ; or, Grace
Joining in Difficulties and Trials.*

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN Pain and Anguish seize me, Lord,

All my Support is from thy Word :

My Soul dissolves for Heaviness,

Uphold me with thy strengthening Grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lies,

They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,

And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin,

But thy Commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 78.

They hate me, Lord, without a Cause,

They hate to see me love thy Laws ;

But I will trust and fear thy Name,

All Pride and Malice die with Shame.

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.**Sanctify'd Afflictions ; or, Delight in the Word of God*

Ver. 67, 59.

1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle Hand ;
 How kind was thy chastising Rod
 That forc'd my Conscience to a Stand,
 And brought my wandering Soul to God !

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
 E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
 I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;
 But now I love and keep thy Word.

Ver. 71.

3 'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
 For Pride is apt to rise and swell ;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
 That I might learn his Statutes well.

Ver. 72.

4 The Law that issues from thy Mouth
 Shall raise my chearful Passions more
 Than all the Treasures of the *South*,
 Or *Western* Hills of golden Ore.

Ver. 73.

5 Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
 Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within ;
 Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
 And guard me safe from Death and Sin.

Ver. 74.

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my Salvation shall rejoice ;
 For I have hoped in thy Word,
 And made thy Grace my only Choice.

P S A L M CXX.

Complaint of quarrelsome Neighbours ; or, A desirous Wish for Peace.

1 THOU God of Love, thou Ever-blest,
 Pity my suffering State ;

When wilt thou set my Soul at Rest
From Lips that love Deceit ?

Hard Lot of mine ! my Days are cast
Among the Sons of Strife,
Whose never-ceasing Brawlings waste
My golden Hours of Life.

O might I fly to change my Place,
How would I chuse to dwell
In some wide lonesome Wilderness,
And leave these Gates of Hell !

Peace is the Blessing that I seek,
How lovely are its Charms !
I am for Peace ; but when I speak,
They all declare for Arms.

New Passions still their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice strong :
What shall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue !

Should burning Arrows smite thee thro'
Strict Justice would approve ;
But I had rather spare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

PSALM CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

U P to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond the Skies ;
Thence all her Help my Soul derives ;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

He lives ; the everlasting God,
That built the World, that spread the Flood ;
The Heav'ns, with all their Hosts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

- 3 He guides our Feet, he guards our Way ;
His Morning-smiles blefs all the Day ;
He ſpreads the Evening Veil, and keeps
The ſilent Hours, while *Israel* ſleeps.
- 4 *Israel*, a Name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt ;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor Surprize.
- 5 No Sun ſhall ſmite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with ſickly Ray
Shall blaſt thy Couch ; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire ſo far.
- 6 Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return
Safe in the Lord ; his heavenly Care
Defends thy Life from every Snare.
- 7 On thee foul Spirits have no Power ;
And in thy laſt departing Hour
Angels that trace the airy Road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

Preſervation by Day and Night.

- 1 **T**O Heaven I liſt my waiting Eyes,
There all my Hopes are laid :
The Lord that built the Earth and Skies
Is my perpetual Aid.
- 2 Their Feet ſhall never ſlide to fall,
Whom he deſigns to keep ;
His Ear attends the ſoſteſt Call ;
His Eyes can never ſleep.
- 3 He will ſuſtain our weakeſt Powers
With his Almighty Arm,

And watch our most unguarded Hours
Against surprising Harm.

Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
Thy Keeper is the Lord ;
His wakeful Eyes employ his Power
For thine eternal Guard.

Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon
Shall have his Leave to smite ;
He shields thy Head from burning Noon,
From blasting Damps at Night.

He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
Where thickest Dangers come ;
Go and return, secure from Death,
Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm,
God our Preserver.

UPward I lift mine Eyes,
From God is all my Aid ;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made :
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly ;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

My Feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since God my Guard and Guide
Defends me from my Fears.
Those wakeful Eyes
That never sleep
Shall *Israel* keep
When Dangers rise.

266 P S A L M CXXII.

3 No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blasts of Evening Air
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there :
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy Word
To save my Soul from Death ?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath :
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

P S A L M CXXII. Common Metre.

Going to Church.

1 **H**OW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly say,
“ In Zion let us all appear,
“ And keep the solemn Day ?

2 I love her Gates, I love the Road ;
The Church adorn'd with Grace
Stands like a Palace built for God
To shew his milder Face.

3 Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair ;
The Son of *David* holds his Throne,
And sits in Judgment there.

4 He hears our Praises and Complaints ;
And while his awful Voice

Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred Place,
And Joy a constant Guest!
With holy Gifts and heavenly Grace
Be her Attendants blest!

My Soul shall pray for *Zion* still,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my best Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXII. *Proper Tune.*

Going to Church.

HOW pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the People cry,
come, let us seek our God to Day;
Yes, with a chearful Zeal
We haste to *Zion's* Hill,
and there our Vows and Honours pay.

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wondrous Grace,
and Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
the sacred Gospel's joyful Sound.

There *David's* greater Son
Has fix'd his royal Throne,
e sits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
and humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait

268 P S A L M CXXIII.

To bless the Soul of every Guest !

The Man that seeks thy Peace,
And wishes thine Increase,
'A thousand Blessings on him rest !

5 My Tongue repeats her Vows,
Peace to this sacred House !

For there my Friends and Kindred dwell ;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest Abode,
My Soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the 9th Stanza to compleat the Tune.

P S A L M CXXIII.

Pleading with Submission.

1 **O** Thou whose Grace and Justice reign
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

2 As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
And fear the angry Stroke ;
Or Maids before their Mistrefs stand,
And wait a peaceful Look :

3 So for our Sins we justly feel
Thy Discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
Till thou remove thy Rod.

4 Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Fresh Courage to their Pride.

5 Our Foes insult us, but our Hope
In thy Compassion lies ;
This Thought shall bear our Spirits up,
That God will not despise.

PSALM CXXIV.

A Song for the 5th of November.

HAD not the Lord, may *Israel* say,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Rose like the Swelling of the Tide.

The swelling Tide had stopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been swallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's cursed Snare,
Who sav'd us from the murdering Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

Our Help is in *Jehovah's* Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wondrous Frame
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety.

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

Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well
Old *Salem's* happy Ground,
As those eternal Arms of Love
That every Saint surround.

- 3 While Tyrants are a smarting Scourge
To drive them near to God,
Divine Compassion does allay
The Fury of the Rod.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with Souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright Gates of Paradise
Where Christ their Lord is gone.
- 5 But if we trace those crooked Ways
That the old Serpent drew,
The Wrath that drove him first to Hell
Shall smite his Followers too.

PSALM CXXV. Short Metre.

The Saints Trial and Safety; or, moderated Affliction

- 1 FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on God;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.
- 2 As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground,
So God and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.
- 3 What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chastising Stroke,
Yet lest it wound their Souls too deep
Its Fury shall be broke.
- 4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose Faith and pious Fear,
Whose Hope, and Love, and every Grace
Proclaim their Hearts sincere.

Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint ;
The God of *Israel* will support.
His Children lest they faint.

But if our slavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there.
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.
Surprizing Deliverance.

WHEN God restor'd our captive State,
Joy was our Song, and Grace our Theme ;
The Grace beyond our Hopes so great,
That Joy appear'd a painted Dream.

The Scoffer owns thy Hand, and pays
Unwilling Honours to thy Name ;
While we with Pleasure shout thy Praise,
With chearful Notes thy Love proclaim.

When we review our dismal Fears,
Twas hard to think they'd vanish so ;
With God we left our flowing Tears,
He makes our Joys like Rivers flow.

The Man that in his furrow'd Field,
His scatter'd Seed with Sadness leaves,
Will shout to see the Harvest yield
A welcome Load of joyful Sheaves.

PSALM CXXVI. Common Metre.
The Joy of a remarkable Conversion ; or, Melancholy removed.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture seem'd a pleasing Dream,
The Grace appear'd so great.

- 2 The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confess:
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And sung surprizing Grace.
- 3 *Great is the Work*, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Power divine;
Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd,
And be the Glory thine.
- 4 The Lord can clear the darkest Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise
To Rivers of Delight.
- 5 Let those that sow in Sadness wait
Till the fair Harvest come,
They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
And shout the Blessings home.
- 6 Tho' Seed lie buried long in Dust,
It shan't deceive their Hope!
The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
For Grace insures the Crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre:

*The Blessing of God on the Business and Comfort
of Life.*

- 1 **I**F God succeed not, all the Cost
And Pains to build the House are lost.
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may sleep.
- 2 What if you rise before the Sun,
And work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and sparing eat your Bread.
To shun that Poverty you dread;

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest ;
 He can make rich, yet give us Rest :
 Children and Friends are Blessings too,
 If God our Sovereign make them so.

Happy the Man to whom he sends
 Obedient Children, faithful Friends !
 How sweet our daily Comforts prove
 When they are season'd with his Love !

PSALM CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

If God to build the House deny,
 The Builders work in vain ;
 And Towns without his wakeful Eye
 An useless Watch maintain.

Before the Morning-Beams arise
 Your painful Work renew,
 And till the Stars ascend the Skies
 Your tiresome Toil pursue.

Short be your Sleep, and coarse your Fare ;
 In vain, till God has blest ;
 But if his Smiles attend your Care,
 You shall have Food and Rest.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
 Shall real Blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly Joys he sends
 If sent without his Love.

PSALM CXXVIII.

Family Blessings.

O Happy Man, whose Soul is fill'd
 With Zeal and reverend Awe !
 His Lips to God their Honours yield,
 His Life adorns the Law.

- 2 A careful Providence shall stand
And ever guard thy Head,
Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindly Blessings shed.
- 3 Thy Wife shall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board
Each like a Plant of Honour shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.
- 4 The Lord shall thy best Hopes fulfil
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord who dwells on *Zion's* Hill
Shall send thee Blessings home.
- 5 This is the Man whose happy Eyes
Shall see his House increase,
Shall see the sinking Church arise,
Then leave the World in Peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

Persecutors punish'd.

- 1 **U**P from my Youth, may *Israel* say,
Have I been nurs'd in Tears;
My Griefs were constant as the Day,
And tedious as the Years.
- 2 Up from my Youth I bore the Rage
Of all the Sons of Strife;
Oft they assail'd my riper Age,
But not destroy'd my Life.
- 3 Their cruel Plow had torn my Flesh
With Furrows long and deep,
Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
Nor let my Sorrows sleep.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
And with impartial Eye

Measur'd the Mischief's they had done,
Then let his Arrows fly.

How was their Insolence surpriz'd
To hear his Thunders roll!

And all the Foes of *Sion* seiz'd
With Horror to the Soul.

Thus shall the Men that hate the Saints
Be blasted from the Sky;
Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
And all their Projects die.

[What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath;
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.]

[So Corn that on the House-top stands
No Hope of Harvest gives;
The Reaper ne'er shall fill his Hands,
Nor Binder fold the Sheaves.

It springs and withers on the Place;
No Traveller bestows
A Word of Blessing on the Grass,
Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

OUT of the Deeps of long Distress,
The Borders of Despair,
I sent my Cries to seek thy Grace,
My Groans to move thine Ear.

Great God, should thy severer Eye
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Flesh could stand.

- 3 But there are Pardons with my God
For Crimes of high Degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his Blood
To draw us near to Thee.
- 4 [I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With strong Desires I wait;
My Soul invited by thy Word
Stands watching at thy Gate.]
- 5 [Just as the Guards that keep the Night
Long for the Morning-Skies,
Watch the first Beams of breaking Light,
And meet them with their Eyes;
- 6 So waits my Soul to see thy Grace,
And more intent than they
Meets the first Openings of thy Face,
And finds a brighter Day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let *Israel* trust,
Let *Israel* seek his Face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous is his Grace.
- 8 There's full Redemption at his Throne
For Sinners long enslav'd;
The great Redeemer is his Son:
And *Israel* shall be sav'd.]

P S A L M CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

- 1 **F**ROM deep Distress and troubl'd Thoughts
To Thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries:
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.
- 2 But thou hast built thy Throne of Grace,
Free to dispense thy Pardons there,

That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wish for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face display?

My Trust is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor shall I trust thy Word in vain:
Let mourning Souls address the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son:
He turns our Feet from sinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

PSALM CXXI.

Humility and Submission.

Is there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

Charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind
Shall have a large Reward:
Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

P S A L M CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Meter

*At the Settlement of a Church; or, The Ordination
of a Minister.*

- 1 **W**Here shall we go to seek and find
An Habitation for our God,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind
Amongst the Sons of Flesh and Blood?
- 2 The God of *Jacob* chose the Hill
Of *Zion* for his ancient Rest;
And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
His Church is with his Presence blest.
- 3 Here will I fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my Power and Love be known,
And Blessings shall attend my Word.
- 4 Here will I meet the hungry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door
With sweet Provision shall be fed.
- 5 Girded with Truth and cloath'd with Grace
My Priests, my Ministers shall shine;
Not *Aaron* in his costly Dress
Made an Appearance so divine.
- 6 The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, shall shout and sing;
The Son of *David* here shall reign,
And *Zion* triumph in her King.
- 7 [*Jesus* shall see a numerous Seed
Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown shall flourish on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloathed with Shame]

PSALM CXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17. Com. Met.

A Church establish'd.

NO Sleep, nor Slumber to his Eyes
 Good *David* would afford,
 He had found below the Skies
 A Dwelling for the Lord.

Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
 His Ark was settled there;
 In *Zion* the whole Nation came
 To worship thrice a Year.

we have no such Lengths to go,
 or wander far abroad;
 Here-e'er thy Saints assemble now
 Here is a House for God.]

P A U S E.

O King of Grace, arise,
 and enter to thy Rest;
 thy Church waits with longing Eyes
 thus to be own'd and blest.

with all thy glorious Train,
 thy Spirit and thy Word;
 that the Ark did once contain
 could no such Grace afford.

mighty God, accept our Vows,
 ere let thy Praise be spread;
 the Provisions of thy House,
 and fill thy Poor with Bread.

let the Son of *David* reign,
 the God's Anointed shine;
 and Truth his Court maintain,
 with Love and Pow'r divine.

8 Here let him hold a lasting Throne ;
 And as his Kingdom grows,
 Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
 And Shame confound his Foes.

PSALM CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

1 **L**O, what an entertaining Sight
 Are Brethren that agree,
 Brethren, whose chearful Hearts unite
 In Bands of Piety !

2 When Streams of Love from Christ the Spring
 Descend to every Soul,
 And heavenly Peace with balmy Wing
 Shades and bedews the Whole :

3 'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
 On *Aaron's* reverend Head,
 The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
 And o'er his Garments spread.

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

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Communion of Saints ; or, Love and Worship in
 Family.*

1 **B**lest are the Sons of Peace,
 Whose Hearts and Hopes are One,
 Whose kind Designs to serve and please
 Thro' all their Actions run.

2 Blest is the pious House
 Where Zeal and Friendship meet,
 Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows
 Make their Communion sweet.

Thus when on *Aaron's* Head
 They pour'd the rich Perfume,
 The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
 And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

Thus on the heavenly Hills
 The Saints are blest above,
 Where Joy like Morning-Dew distils,
 And all the Air is Love.

P S A L M CXXIII. As the 122^d Psalm.
The Blessings of Friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and Friends agree,
 When in their proper Station move,
 And each fulfil their Part
 With sympathizing Heart,
 All the Cares of Life and Love!

'Tis like the Ointment shed
 On *Aaron's* sacred Head,
 So finely rich, divinely sweet;
 The Oil thro' all the Room
 Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
 Thro' his Robes, and blest his Feet.

Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
 That water all the Plain,
 Descending from the neighbouring Hills;
 Such Streams of Pleasure roll
 Thro' every friendly Soul,
 Where Love like heavenly Dew distils.

Repeat the first Stanza to compleat the Tune.

P S A L M CXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

WE that obey th' Immortal King,
 Attend his holy Place,

N

Bow

Bow to the Glories of his Power,
And blefs his wondrous Grace.

2 Lift up your Hands by Morning-light,
And fend your Souls on high;
Raife your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ftarry Sky.

3 The God of *Zion* cheers our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace;
The God that spreads the Heavens abroad,
And rules the fwelling Seas.

P S A L M CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21. *First*
Long Metre.

The Church is God's House and Gate.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait,
Ye Saints, that to his House belong,
Or ftand attending at his Gate.

2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praise his Name is fweet Employ:
Israel he chofe of old, and ftill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

3 The Lord himfelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their fore Complaints
Repents the Sorrows that he fends.

4 Thro' every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreffor's Rod;
He gives his fuffering Servants Reft,
And will be known *Th' Almighty God*.

5 Blefs ye the Lord, who tafte his Love,
People and Priests exalt his Name:

mongst his Saints he ever dwells; and his Church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXV. Ver. 5—12. *Second Part.*

The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.

Great is the Lord, exalted high
Above all Powers, and every Throne;
Whate'er he please in Earth or Sea,
Or Heaven, or Hell, his Hand hath done.

At his Command the Vapours rise,
The Lightnings flash, the Thunders roar;
He pours the Rain, he brings the Wind
And Tempest from his airy Store.

Was he those dreadful Tokens sent,
Egypt, thro' thy stubborn Land;
When all thy first-born Beasts and Men
Were dead by his avenging Hand.

What mighty Nations, mighty Kings
He slew, and their whole Country gave
To *Israel*, whom his Hand redeem'd,
No more to be proud *Pharaoh's* Slave!

His Power the same, the same his Grace,
That saves us from the Hosts of Hell;
And Heaven he gives us to possess,
Whence those apostate Angels fell.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

Wake, ye Saints: To praise your King
Your sweetest Passions raise,
For pious Pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the Praise.

- 2 Great is the Lord ; and Works unknown
Are his divine Employ :
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.
- 3 Heaven, Earth, and Sea confess his Hand ;
He bids the Vapours rise ;
Lightning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the founding Skies.
- 4 All Power that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone ;
But *Heathen* Gods should ne'er be nam'd
Where our *Jehovah's* known.
- 5 Which of the Stocks and Stones they trust
Can give them Show'rs of Rain ?
In vain they worship glittering Dust,
And pray to Gold in vain.
- 6 [Their Gods have Tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their Makers gave :
Their Feet were ne'er design'd to walk ;
Nor Hands have Power to save.
- 7 Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray ;
Mortals, that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 O *Britain*, know thy living God,
Serve him with Faith and Fear ;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thine Honours there.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

*God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption
Israel, and Salvation of his People.*

1 **G**IVE Thanks to God the sovereign Lord
His Mercies still endure.

And be the King of Kings ador'd :

His Truth is ever sure.

What Wonders hath his Wisdom done !

How mighty is his Hand !

Heav'n, Earth and Sea, he fram'd alone :

How wide is his Command !

The Sun supplies the Day with Light ;

How bright his Counsels shine !

The Moon and Stars adorn the Night :

His Works are all divine.

He strook the Sons of Egypt dead :

How dreadful is his Rod ?

And thence with Joy his People led :

How gracious is our God !

He cleft the swelling Sea in two :

His Arm is great in Might,

And gave the Tribes a Passage thro' ;

His Power and Grace unite.

But Pharaoh's Army there he drown'd ;

How glorious are his Ways !

And brought his Saints thro' desert Ground :

Eternal be his Praise.

Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand ;

Victorious is his Sword ;

While Israel took the promis'd Land :

And faithful is his Word.]

He saw the Nations dead in Sin ;

He felt his Pity move.

How sad the State the World was in !

How boundless was his Love !

He sent to save us from our Woe ;

His Goodness never fails ;

286 P S A L M C X X X V I .

From Death and Hell, and every Foe ;
And still his Grace prevails.

10 Give Thanks to God the heavenly King ;
His Mercies still endure.

Let the whole Earth his Praises sing ;
His Truth is ever sure.

P S A L M C X X X V I . As the 148th Psalm

1 **G**IVE Thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord ;
 The sovereign King of Kings ;
 And be his Grace ador'd.

*His Power and Grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.*

2 How mighty is his Hand !
 What Wonders hath he done !
 He form'd the Earth and Seas,
 And spread the Heavens alone.

*Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure ;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.*

3 His Wisdom fram'd the Sun
 To crown the Day with Light ;
 The Moon and twinkling Stars
 To cheer the darksome Night.

*His Power and Grace
 Are still the same ;
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.*

[He smote the first-born Sons,
The Flower of *Egypt*, dead;
And thence his chosen Tribes
With Joy and Glory led.

*Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.*

His Power and lifted Rod
Cleft the Red-Sea in two;
And for his People made
A wondrous Passage thro'.

*His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.*

But cruel *Pharaoh* there
With all his Host he drown'd;
And brought his *Israel* safe
thro' a long desert Ground.

*Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy Word.*

PAUSE.

He Kings of *Canaan* fell
beneath his dreadful Hand;
While his own Servants took
possession of their Land.

*His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.]*

8 He saw the Nations lie
 All perishing in Sin,
 And pity'd the sad State
 The ruin'd World was in.

*Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.*

9 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our Woe,
 From Satan, Sin and Death,
 And every hurtful Foe.

*His Power and Grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his Name
 Have endless Praise.*

10 Give Thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heavenly King:
 And let the spacious Earth
 His Works and Glories sing.

*Thy Mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy Word.*

P S A L M CXXXVI. *Abridg'd.* Long Metre

1 **G**IVE to our God immortal Praise!
 Mercy and Truth are all his Ways:
 Wonders of Grace to God belong,
 Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

2 Give to the Lord of Lords Renown,
 The King of Kings with Glory crown;
 His Mercies ever shall endure:
 When Lords and Kings are known no more.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
 And fix'd the starry Lights on high :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

He fills the Sun with Morning-Light,
 He bids the Moon direct the Night :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Suns and Moons shall shine no more.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's Hand,
 And brought them to the Promis'd Land :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
 And felt his Pity work within :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When Death and Sin shall reign no more.

He sent his Son with Power to save
 From Guilt and Darkness, and the Grave :
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly Seat :
His Mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain World shall be no more.

P S A L M CXXXVIII.

Restoring and Preserving Grace.

WITH all my Powers of Heart and Tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my Song :
 Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
 Approve the Song, and join the Praise.
 Angels that make thy Church their Care
 Shall witness my Devotions there,

While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

3 I'll sing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Power and Glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when Troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdu'd my Foes:
He did my rising Fears controul,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

5 The God of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand Snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

7 Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows, or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre
The All-seeing God.

3 **L**ORD, thou hast search'd, and seen me thro'
Thine Eye commands with piercing View
My rising and my resting Hours,
My Heart and Flesh with all their Powers.

2 My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak
E'er from my opening Lips they break.

Within thy circling Power I stand ;
 On every Side I find thy Hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great !
 What large Extent ! What lofty Height !
 My Soul with all the Pow'rs I boast
 Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

*O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker Passions dare
 Consent to Sin, for God is there.*

P A U S E I.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy Service and thy Love,
 Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful Glory run ?

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light ;
 Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
 And *Satan* groans beneath thy Chains.

If mounted on a Morning-Ray
 I fly beyond the *Western* Sea,
 Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
 And there arrest thy Fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight
 Beneath the spreading Vail of Night,
 One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray
 Wou'd kindle Darkness into Day.

*O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !*

While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.]

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PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Meter
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Within thy circling Power I stand ;
 On every Side I find thy Hand :
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
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 Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

*O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !
 Nor let my weaker Passions dare
 Consent to Sin, for God is there.*

P A U S E I.

Could I, so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy Service and thy Love,
 Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful Glory run ?

If up to Heaven I take my Flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light ;
 Or dive to Hell, there Vengeance reigns,
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 Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
 And there arrest thy Fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy Sight
 Beneath the spreading Vail of Night,
 One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray
 Wou'd kindle Darkness into Day.

*O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
 Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest !*

*Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.*

P A U S E II.

11 The Vail of Night is no Disguise,
No Screen from thy All-searching Eyes;
Thy Hand can seize thy Foes as soon
Thro' Midnight-shades as blazing Noon.

12 Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to Thee.
Not Death can hide what God will spy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

13 *O may these Thoughts possess my Breast,
Where-e'er I rove, where-e'er I rest!
Nor let my weaker Passions dare
Consent to Sin, for God is there.*

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre

The wonderful Formation of Man.

1 'T WAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,
A Work of such a curious Frame;
In me thy fearful Wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy Skill divine.

2 Thine Eyes did all my Limbs survey,
Which yet in dark Confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

3 By Thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy sovereign Counsels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

4 At last to shew my Maker's Name,
God stamp'd his Image on my Frame,

And in some unknown Moment join'd
The finish'd Members to the Mind.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Passions of the Man ;
Great God, our Infant-Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praise.

P A U S E .

Lord, since in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's busy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me surmount
The Power of Numbers to recount.

I could survey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,
Before my swiftest Thoughts could trace
The numerous Wonders of thy Grace.

These on my Heart are still impress'd,
With these I give my Eyes to Rest ;
And at my waking Hour I find
God and his Love possess my Mind.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

*Sincerity profess'd, and Grace try'd ; or, The Heart-
searching God.*

MY God, what inward Grief I feel
When impious Men transgress thy Will !
I mourn to hear their Lips profane,
Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

Does not my Soul detest and hate
The Sons of Malice and Deceit ?
Those that oppose thy Laws and Thee,
I count them Enemies to me.

Lord, search my Soul, try every Thought ;
Tho' my own Heart accuse me not

Of walking in a false Disguise,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

- 4 Doth secret Mischief lurk within?
Do I indulge some unknown Sin?
O turn my Feet when-e'er I stray,
And lead me in thy perfect Way.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre
God is every where.

- 1 **I**N all my vast Concerns with Thee
In vain my Soul wou'd try
To shun thy Prefence, Lord, or flee.
The Notice of thine Eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest,
My publick Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.
- 3 My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e'er my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beset on every Side.
- 5 So let thy Grace surround me still,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from every Ill
Secur'd by sovereign Love.

P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heaven thy glorious Throne.

Should I suppress my vital Breath,
To 'scape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave resign.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
I fly beyond the *West*,
Thy Hand, which must support my Flight,
Wou'd soon betray my Rest.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw
The Curtains of the Night,
Those flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight Hour
Are both alike to Thee :

O may I ne'er provoke that Power
From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre;

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
And all my Frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work ; I own, thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possessest
Where unborn Nature grew ;

Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

Thine Eye with nicest Care survey'd

The Growth of every Part ;

Till the whole Scheme thy Thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy Art.

4 Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind
Shew me thy wondrous Skill.

But I review my self, and find
Diviner Wonders still.

5 Thy awful Glories round me shine,
My Flesh proclaims thy Praise ;
Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
Thy Miracles of Grace.

P S A L M CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

1 **L**ORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprize ;
Not all the Sands that spread the Shore
To equal Numbers rise.

2 My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

3 These on my Heart by Night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with Thee.

P S A L M CXLI. Ver. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

1 **M**Y God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning-Incense in thine House,
And let my nightly Worship rise
Sweet as the Evening Sacrifice.

Watch o'er my Lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless Word;
Nor let my Feet incline to tread
The guilty Path where Sinners lead.

O may the Righteous, when I stray,
Scold and reprove my wand'ring Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,
Shall never bruise but cheer my Head.

When I behold them prest with Grief,
I'll cry to Heaven for their Relief;
And by my warm Petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful Love.

PSALM CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

TO God I made my Sorrows known,
From God I sought Relief;
In long Complaints before his Throne
I pour'd out all my Grief.

My Soul was overwhelm'd with Woes,
My Heart began to break;
My God, who all my Burdens knows,
He knows the Way I take.

On every Side I cast mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raise a louder Cry,
And call'd thy Mercy near,
Thou art my Portion when I die,
"Be thou my Refuge here.

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
Now let thine Ear attend,

And

And make my Foes who vex me know
I'm an Almighty Friend.

- 6 From my sad Prison set me free,
Then shall I praise thy Name,
And holy Men shall join with me
Thy Kindness to proclaim.

PSALM CXLIII.

Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and Body.

- 1 **M**Y righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from thy Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known.
- 2 Let Judgment not against me pass ;
Behold thy Servant pleads thy Grace :
Should Justice call us to thy Bar,
No Man alive is guiltless there.
- 3 Look down in Pity, Lord, and see
The mighty Woes that burden me ;
Down to the Dust my Life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.
- 4 I dwell in Darkness and unseen,
My Heart is desolate within :
My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
The ancient Wonders of thy Grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a Glimpse of Hope
To bear my sinking Spirits up ;
I stretch my Hands to God again,
And thirst like parched Lands for Rain.
- 6 For Thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn ;
When will thy smiling Face return ?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove ?
And God for ever hide his Love ?

My God, thy long Delay to save
 Will sink thy Prisoner to the Grave ;
 My Heart grows faint, and dim mine Eye ;
 Make haste to help before I die.

The Night is Witness to my Tears,
 Distressing Pains, distressing Fears ;
 O might I hear thy Morning Voice,
 How would my wearied Powers rejoice !

In Thee I trust, to Thee I sigh,
 And lift my heavy Soul on high ;
 For Thee sit waiting all the Day,
 And wear the tiresome Hours away.

Break off my Fetters, Lord, and show
 Which is the Path my Feet should go ;
 If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
 I'll flee to hide me near my God.

Teach me to do thy holy Will,
 And lead me to thy heavenly Hill ;
 Let the good Spirit of thy Love
 Conduct me to thy Courts above.

Then shall my Soul no more complain,
 The Tempter then shall rage in vain ;
 And Flesh, that was my Foe before,
 Shall never vex my Spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. *First Part.* Ver. 1, 2.

Assistance and Victory in the spiritual Warfare.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my Shield ;
 He sends his Spirit with his Word,
 To arm me for the Field.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
 He makes my Soul his Care,

Instructs me to the heavenly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

- 3 A Friend and Helper so divine,
Doth my weak Courage raise;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part, Ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.*
The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

- 1 **L**ORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the Dust.

- 2 O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?

- 3 That God who darts his Lightnings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wondrous is his Love!

PSALM CXLIV. *Third Part, Ver. 12—15.*
Grace above Riches; or, The happy Nation.

- 1 **H**appy the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters bright as polish'd Stones
Gives Strength and Beauty to the State.

- 2 Happy the Country, where the Sheep,
Cattle, and Corn, have large Increase;
Where Men securely work or sleep,
Nor Sons of Plunder break the Peace.

- 3 Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those

On whom the All-sufficient God
Himself with all his Grace bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

MY God, my King, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue
Till Death and Glory raise the Song.

The Wings of every Hour shall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thine Ear;
And every setting Sun shall see
New Works of Duty done for Thee.

Thy Truth and Justice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows, an endless Stream;
Thy Mercy swift; thine Anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn Foe.

Thy Works with sovereign Glory shine;
And speak thy Majesty divine;
Let *Britain* round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

Let distant Times and Nations raise
The long Succession of thy Praise:
And unborn Ages make my Song
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous Deeds?
Thy Greatness all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy Ways,
Vast and immortal be thy Praise.

PSALM CXLV. 1-7, 11-13. *First Part.*

The Greatness of God.

LONG as I live I'll bless thy Name,
My King, my God and Love;

My

My Work and Joy shall be the same
In the bright World above.

Great is the Lord, his Power unknown,
And let his Praise be great :
I'll sing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

Thy Grace shall dwell upon my Tongue ;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my sacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways ;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations sound thy Praise.

Thy glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall thro' the World be known ;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State
With publick Splendor shown.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love ;
And thine eternal Kingdom stands
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

P S A L M CXLV. *Second Part.* Ver. 7, &c.
The Goodness of God.

Sweet is the Memory of thy Grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let Age to Age thy Righteousness
In Sounds of Glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodness to the Skies ;
Thro' the whole Earth his Bounty shines,
And every Want supplies.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
 On Thee for daily Food,
 Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat,
 And fills their Mouths with Good.

How kind are thy Compassions, Lord !
 How slow thine Anger moves !
 But soon he sends his pardoning Word
 To cheer the Souls he loves.

Creatures with all their endless Race
 Thy Power and Praise proclaim ;
 But Saints that taste thy richer Grace
 Delight to bless thy Name.

PSALM CXLV. 14, 17, &c. *Third Part.*

Mercy to Sufferers ; or, God hearing Prayer.

LET every Tongue thy Goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
 Thy strengthening Hands uphold the Weak,
 And raise the Poor that fall,

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
 Or Virtue lies distressed
 Beneath some proud Oppressor's Frown,
 Thou giv'st the Mourners Rest.

The Lord supports our tottering Days,
 And guides our giddy Youth :
 Holy and just are all his Ways,
 And all his Words are Truth.

He knows the Pains his Servants feel,
 He hears his Children cry,
 And their best Wishes to fulfil
 His Grace is ever nigh.

His Mercy never shall remove
 From Men of Heart sincere ;

304 P S A L M CXLVI.

He saves the Souls whose humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

6 [His stubborn Foes his Sword shall slay,
And pierce their Hearts with Pain ;
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
“ They fought his Aid in vain.]

7 [My Lips shall dwell upon his Praise,
And spread his Fame abroad ;
Let all the Sons of *Adam* raise
The Honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. My Heart shall join
In Work so pleasant, so divine,
Now while the Flesh is mine Abode,
And when my Soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest Powers
While Immortality endures ;
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last.

3 Why should I make a Man my Trust ?
Princes must die and turn to Dust ;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power,
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour.

4 Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
On *Israel's* God : He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train,
And none shall find his Promise vain.

5 His Truth for ever stands secure :
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor ;
He sends the labouring Conscience Peace,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking Mind :
He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell :
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns ;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.

PSALM CXLVI. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his Goodness and Truth.

I'LL praise my Maker with my Breath ;
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers,
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

Why should I make a Man my Trust ?
Princes must die and turn to Dust ;
Vain is the Help of Flesh and Blood ;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Power
And Thoughts all vanish in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promise good.

Happy the Man whose Hopes rely
On *Israel's* God : He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train :
His Truth for ever stands secure ;
He saves th' Opprest, he feeds the Poor,
And none shall find his Promise vain.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking Mind ;
He sends the labouring Conscience Peace

- He helps the Stranger in Distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.
- 5 He loves his Saints ; he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell :
Thy God, O *Zion*, ever reigns ;
Let every Tongue, let every Age
In this exalted Work engage ;
Praise him in everlasting Strains.
- 6 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers :
My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. *First Part.**The Divine Nature, Providence and Grace.*

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord : 'Tis good to raise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise :
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.
- 2 The Lord builds up *Jerusalem*,
And gathers Nations to his Name :
His mercy melts the stubborn Soul,
And makes the broken Spirit whole.
- 3 He form'd the Stars, those heavenly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names :
His Wisdom vast, and knows no Bound,
A Deep, where all our Thoughts are drown'd.
- 4 Great is our Lord, and great his Might ;
And all his Glories infinite.

He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

P A U S E.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his Cloud all round the Sky;
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

He makes the Grass the Hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn.
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

What is the Creatures Skill or Force,
The sprightly Man, the warlike Horse,
The nimble Wit, the active-Limb?
All are too mean Delights for Him.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight:
He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear;
And looks and loves his Image there.

P S A L M CXLVII. *Second Part.*

Summer and Winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;
He bid the Ocean round thee flow:
Not Bars of Brass could guard thee so.

Thy Children are secure and blest;
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Rest:
He feeds thy Sons with finest Wheat,
And adds his Blessing to their Meat.

- 3 Thy changing Seasons he ordains,
Thine early and thy later Rains ;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he sends,
And thus the springing Corn defends.
- 4 With hoary Frost he strows the Ground ;
His Hail descends with clattering Sound :
Where is the Man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful Cold ?
- 5 He bids the *Southern* Breezes blow ;
The Ice dissolves, the Waters flow :
But he hath nobler Works and Ways
To call the *Britons* to his Praise.
- 6 'To all the Isle his Laws are shown ;
His Gospel thro' the Nation known ;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To every Land : Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. 7—9, 13—18. Common Met.

The Seasons of the Year.

- 1 **W**ITH Songs and Honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the Heav'ns he spreads his Cloud,
And Waters veil the Sky.
- 2 He sends his Show'rs of Blessing down
To cheer the Plains below ;
He makes the Grass the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.
- 3 He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry ;
But Man who tastes his finest Wheat
Should raise his Honours high.

His steady Counfels change the Face
Of the declining Year ;
He bids the Sun cut short his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

His hoary Frost, his fleecy Snow,
Descend and clothe the Ground ;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In Icy Fetters bound.

When from his dreadful Stores on high
He pours the rattling Hail,
The Wretch that dares this God defy
Shall find his Courage fail.

He sends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud
Obey his mighty Word :
With Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all Creatures.

YE Tribes of *Adam* join
With Heaven and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praise.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright
In Worlds of Light
Begin the Song.

2 Thou Sun with dazzling Rays,
 And Moon that rules the Night,
 Shine to your Maker's Praise,
 With Stars of twinkling Light.
 His Power declare,
 Ye Floods on high,
 And Clouds that fly
 In empty Air.

3 The shining Worlds above
 In glorious Order stand,
 Or in swift Courses move
 By his supreme Command.
 He spake the Word,
 And all their Frame
 From Nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty Wheels
 In unknown Ages past,
 And each his Word fulfils
 While Time and Nature last.
 In different Ways
 His Works proclaim
 His wondrous Name,
 And speak his Praise.

P A U S E.

5 Let all the Earth-born Race,
 And Monsters of the Deep,
 The Fish that cleave the Seas,
 Or in their Bosom sleep,
 From Sea and Shore
 Their Tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's Power.

Ye Vapours, Hail, and Snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy Winds that blow
To execute his Word.

When Lightnings shine,
Or Thunders roar,
Let Earth adore
His Hand divine.

Ye Mountains near the Skies,
With lofty Cedars there,
And Trees of humbler Size,
That Fruit in Plenty bear,
Beasts wild and tame,
Birds, Flies and Worms,
In various Forms
Exalt his Name.

Ye Kings, and Judges fear
The Lord, the sovereign King;
And while you rule us here,
His heavenly Honours sing:
Nor let the Dream
Of Power and State
Make you forget
His Power supreme.

Virgins and Youths, engage
To sound his Praise divine,
While Infancy and Age
Their feeble Voices join:
Wide as he reigns
His Name be sung
By every Tongue
In endless Strains.

10 Let all the Nations fear
 The God that rules above
 He brings his People near,
 And makes them taste his Love :
 While Earth and Sky
 Attempt his Praise,
 His Saints shall raise
 His Honours high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in Long Metre.*

Universal Praise to God.

1 **L** OUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord
 From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell
 Let Heaven begin the solemn Word,
 And sound it dreadful down to Hell.

*Note, This Psalm may be sung to the Tune of the
 old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two Lines be added
 to every Stanza, (viz.)*

Each of his Works his Name displays,
 But they can ne'er fulfil the Praise.

*Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes of
 Long Metre.*

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 Terrors be.

3 High on a Throne his Glories dwell,
 An awful Throne of shining Bliss :
 Fly thro' the World, O Sun, and tell
 How dark thy Beams compar'd to his.

- 4 Awake, ye Tempests, and his Fame
In Sounds of dreadful Praise declare;
And the sweet Whisper of his Name
Fill every gentler Breeze of Air.
- 5 Let Clouds, and Winds, and Waves agree
To join their Praise with blazing Fire;
Let the firm Earth and rolling Sea
In this eternal Song conspire.
- 6 Ye flow'ry Plains, proclaim his Skill;
Valleys lie low before his Eye;
And let his Praise from ev'ry Hill
Rise tuneful to the neighbouring Sky.
- 7 Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore:
Praise him, ye Beasts, in different Strains;
The Lamb must bleat, the Lion roar.
- 8 Birds, ye must make his Praise your Theme,
Nature demands a Song from you:
While the dumb Fish that cut the Stream
Leap up and mean his Praises too.
- 9 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!
- 10 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 Lord
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.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

- 1 **L**ET every Creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heavenly Hosts, the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.
- 2 Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praise.
- 3 He built those Worlds above,
And fix'd their wondrous Frame;
By his Command they stand or move,
And ever speak his Name.
- 4 Ye Vapours, when ye rise,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow;
Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Power and Glory show.
- 5 Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

By all his Works above
 His Honours be exprest;
 Let Saints that taste his saving Love
 Should sing his Praises best.

P A U S E I.

Let Earth and Ocean know
 They owe their Maker Praise;
 Praise him, ye watry Worlds below,
 And Monsters of the Seas.

From Mountains near the Sky
 Let his high Praise rebound,
 From humble Shrubs and Cedars high,
 And Vales and Fields around.

Ye Lions of the Wood,
 And tamer Beasts that graze,
 Who live upon his daily Food,
 And he expects your Praise.

O Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
 On high his Praises bear;
 Sit on flow'ry Boughs, and sing
 Your Maker's Glory there.

Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
 His various Wisdom show,
 And Flies in all your shining Swarms,
 Praise him that drest you so.

By all the Earth-born Race
 His Honours be exprest,
 Let Saints that know his heavenly Grace
 Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E II.

13 Monarchs, of wide Command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges, adore that sovereign Hand,
Whence all your Honours spring.

14 Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high;
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

15 United Zeal be shown
His wondrous Fame to raise;
God is the Lord: His Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

16 Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him blest,
But Saints that dwell so near his Heart
Should sing his Praises best.

P S A L M CXLIX.

Praise God, all his Saints; or, The Saints judging the World.

1 **A**LL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidst the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders shew.

2 The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praise
While *Zion* owns her King.

The Lord takes Pleasure in the Just,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn :
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust.
Salvation shall adorn.

Saints should be joyful in their King
E'en on a dying Bed :
And like the Souls in Glory sing,
For God shall raise the Dead.

Then his high Praise shall fill their Tongues,
Their Hands shall weild the Sword :
And Vengeance shall attend their Songs,
The Vengeance of the Lord.

When *Christ* his Judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

Then shall they rule with Iron-Rod.
Nations that dar'd rebel :
And join the Sentence of their God,
On Tyrants doom'd to Hell.

The Royal Sinners bound in Chains
New Triumphs shall afford ;
Such Honour for the Saints remains :
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. 1, 2, 6.

A Song of Praise.

IN God's own House pronounce his Praise;
His Grace he there reveals ;
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raise,
For there his Glory dwells.

- 2 Let all your sacred Passions move,
 While you rehearse his Deeds ;
 But the great Work of saving Love
 Your highest Praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have Motion, Life and Breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest ;
 Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
 My Soul shall praise him best.

The CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be Honour, Praise, and Glory given
 By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit be ador'd,
 Where there are Works to make him known,
 Or Saints to love the Lord.

Common Metre, *Where the Tune includes two Stanzas*

I.

THE God of Mercy be ador'd,
 Who calls our Souls from Death,
 Who saves by his redeeming Word,
 And New-creating Breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all Divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let Saints and Angels join.

Short Metre.

THE Angels round the Throne,
 And Saints that dwell below,
 worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit be
 Eternal Praise and Glory given,
 thro' all the Worlds where God is known,
 all the Angels near the Throne,
 And all the Saints in Earth and Heaven.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's Throne
 Perpetual Honours raise;
 Glory to God the Son,
 God the Spirit Praise:
 With all our Powers,
 Eternal King,
 Thy Name, we sing,
 While Faith adores.

THE END.



An INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a Psalm suited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

Note, In this Table I have not directed to the several Parts or Metres of the Psalm, lest it should breed too great a Confusion of Figures. What is sought in any Psalm may easily be found, by turning a Leaf or two backward or forward to the distinct Parts or Metres.

If you find not what Word you seek in this Table, seek another of the same Signification: Or, seek it under some of the more general Words, such as God, Church, Saints, Psalm, Prayer, Praise, Affliction, Grace, Deliverance, Death, &c.

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