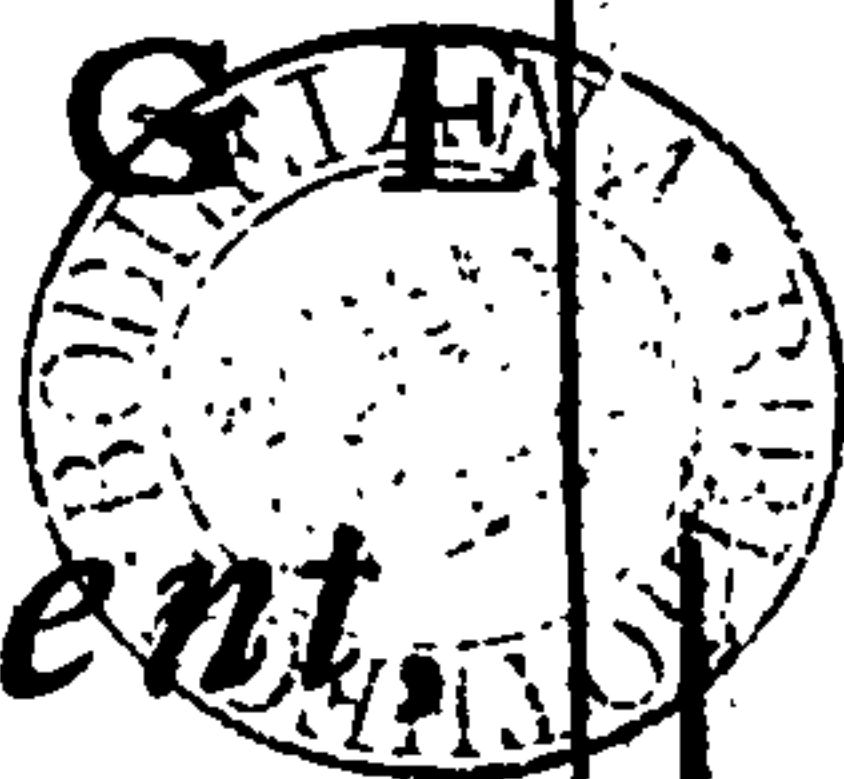


THE
P S A L M S
OF
D A V I D

IMITATED in the
L A N G U A G E
OF THE
New Testament.



And Apply'd to the
Christian STATE and WORSHIP

By I. WATTS, D. D.

The Tenth Edition,
With the PREFACE and NOTES.

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, 5
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Ps. Verse

1736. 2. 1



THE
P R E F A C E ;

O R,

AN ENQUIRY into the right Way of
fitting the Book of P S A L M S for
Christian Worship.



HOUGH the *Psalms of David* are a Work of admirable and divine Composure, tho' they contain the noblest Sentiments of Piety, and breathe a most exalted Spirit of Devotion ; yet when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them in our common Translations, that Spirit of Devotion vanishes and is lost, the Psalm dies upon their Lips, and they feel scarce any thing of the holy Pleasure.

If I were to render the Reasons of it, I would give this for one of the chief, (*viz.*) That the *Royal Psalmist* here expresses his own Concerns,

DAMAGED ORIGINAL

cerns, in Words exactly suited to his own Thoughts, agreeable to his own personal Character, and in the Language of his own Religion: This keeps all the Springs of pious Passion awake, when every Line and Syllable so nearly affects himself; this naturally raises, in a devout Mind, a more lively and transporting Worship. But when we who are *Christians* sing the same Lines, we express nothing but the Character, the Concerns, and the Religion of the *Jewish King*, while our own Circumstances, and our own Religion (which are so widely different from his) have little to do in the Sacred Song; and our Affections want something of Property or Interest in the Words, to awaken them at first, and to keep them lively.

IF this *Attempt* of mine, through the divine Blessing, become so happy as to remove this great Inconvenience, and to introduce warm Devotion into this Part of Divine Worship, I shall esteem it an honourable Service done to the *Church of Christ*.

IT is necessary therefore that I should here inform my Readers at large, what the Title Page expresses in a shorter Way; and assure them, that they are not to expect in this Book an exact Translation of the *Psalms of David*: For if I had not conceiv'd a different Design from all that have gone before me in this Work, I had never attempted a Service so full of Labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its Pleasure too.

IN order to give a plain Account of my present Undertaking, I shall first represent the Methods that my Predecessors have followed in
their

their Versions; in the next place, I hope to make it evident, that those Methods can never attain the noblest and highest Ends of *Christian Psalmody*; and then describe the Course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief Hints of the Reasons that induced me to it.

FIRST, I will represent the *Methods that my Predecessors have followed*. I have seen above twenty Versions of the *Psalter*, by Persons of richer and meaner Talents; and how various soever their Professions and their Prefaces are, yet in the Performance they all seem to aim at this one Point, (*viz.*) to make the *Hebrew Psalmist* only speak *English*, and keep all his own Characters still. Wheresoever the Psalm introduces him as a Soldier or a Prophet, as a Shepherd or a great Musician, as a King on the Throne, or as a Fugitive in the Wilderness, the Translators ever represent him in the same Circumstances. Some of them lead an Assembly of common *Christians* to worship God, as near as possible, in those very words; and they generally agree also to perform and repeat that Worship in the antient *Jewish* Forms, wherever the *Psalmist* uses them.

THERE are several Psalms indeed, which have scarce any thing in them personal or peculiar to *David*, or the *Jews*; such as *Psal. i. xix. xxv. xxxvii. lxxvii. c. &c.* and these, if translated into the plain National Language, are very proper Materials for Psalmody in all Times and Places; but there are but a few of this kind, in comparison of the great Number which have something of *Personal Concerns, Prophetical Darkneses, Hebraisms, or Jewish Affairs* mingled with them.

I CONFESS, Mr. *Milbourn* and Mr. *Darby*, (tho' in very different Verse,) have now and then given an Evangelic Turn to the *Hebrew* Sense; and Dr. *Patrick* hath gone much beyond them in this respect, that he hath made use of the present Language of *Christians* in several Psalms, and left out many of the *Judaisms*. This is the Thing that hath introduced him into the Favour of so many religious Assemblies; even those very Persons that have an Aversion to sing anything in Worship but *David's* Psalms, have been led insensibly to fall in with Dr. *Patrick's* Performance, by a Relish of pious Pleasure; never considering that his Work is by no means a just Translation, but a Paraphrase; and there are scarce any that have departed farther from the inspired *Words of Scripture* than he hath often done, in order to suit his Thoughts to the State and Worship of *Christianity*. This I esteem his peculiar Excellency in those Psalms wherein he has practised it: This I have made my chief Care and Business in every Psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the Art of Verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the Text.

BUT, after all, this good Man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by Custom, as to make all the other personal Characters and Circumstances of *David* appear strong and plain, except that of a *Jew*; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer Terms than the Original. This will appear to any one that compares these following Texts in Dr. *Patrick* with the Bible, (*viz.*) Psal. iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. and cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: So that 'tis hard to find,

find, even in his Version, six or eight Stanza's together in any Psalm (that has personal or national Affairs in it) so fit to be assumed by a *vulgar Christian*, or so proper to be sung by a *whole Congregation*. This renders the due Performance of Psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the Verses: But 'tis extremely troublesome in those Assemblies where the Psalm is sung without reading it Line by Line, which yet is, beyond all Exception, the truest and the best Method: For in this way of singing there can be no Omission of a Verse, tho' it be never so improper; but the whole Church must run down to the next Division of the Psalm, and sing all that comes next to their Lips, till the Clerk puts them to silence. Or, to remedy this Inconvenience, if a wise Man leads the Song, he dwells always upon four or five and twenty Pieces of some select Psalms, tho' the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow Round still, for want of larger Provision suited to our present Circumstances.

I M I G H T here also remark, to what a hard Shift the Minister is put to find proper Hymns at the *Celebration of the Lord's Supper*, where the People will sing nothing but out of *David's Psalm-Book*: How perpetually do they repeat some part of the xxiii^r or the cxviiith Psalm? And confine all the glorious Joy and Melody of that Ordinance to a few obscure Lines, because the Translators have not indulg'd an Evangelical Turn to the Words of *David*; no not in those very Places where the *Jewish Psalmist* seems to mean the Gospel; but as excellent a Poet as he was, he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the Infancy of that Dispensation, and longs for the Aid of a *Christian Writer*. Tho', to speak

my own Sense freely, I do not think *David* ever wrote a Psalm of sufficient Glory and Sweetness, to represent the Blessings of this holy Institution of *Christ*, even tho' it were explain'd by a copious Commentator; therefore 'tis my Opinion, that other *Spiritual Songs* should sometimes be used to render *Christian Psalmody* compleat. But this is not my present Business, and I have written on this Subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the *Second Part* of my Preface, which is to shew, *how insufficient a strict Translation of the Psalms is to attain the design'd End.*

T H E R E are several Songs of this *Royal Author*, that seem improper for any Person besides himself; so that I cannot believe that the *Whole Book of Psalms* (even in the Original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant Worship of the *Jewish Sanctuary or the Synagogues*, tho' several of them might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a *Christian Church*: Yet the way of a close Translation of this whole Book of *Hebrew Psalms*, for *English and Christian Psalmody*, has generally obtain'd among us.

S O M E pretend, 'tis but a just *Respect* for the *Holy Scriptures*; for they have imbib'd a fond Opinion from their very Childhood, that nothing is to be sung at Church but the inspir'd Writings, how different soever the Sense is from our present State. But this Opinion has been taken upon Trust, by the most part of its Advocates, and borrow'd chiefly from Education, Custom, and the Authority of others; which, if duly examin'd, will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble Foundations; the
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Weakness of it I shall shew more at large in another place: But it appears of it self more eminently inconsistent in those Persons that scruple to address God in Prose in any precompos'd Forms whatsoever; and they give this Reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our present Occasions; and yet in Verse they confine their Addresses to such Forms as were fitted chiefly for *Jewish* Worshippers, and for the special Occasions of *David* the King.

O T H E R S maintain, that a strict and scrupulous Confinement to the Sense of the Original is *necessary to do Justice to the Royal Author*; but, in my Judgment, the Royal Author is most honour'd when he is made most intelligible; and when his admirable Composures are copy'd in such Language, as gives Light and Joy to the Saints that live two thousand Years after him: Whereas such a mere Translation of all his Verse into *English*, to be sung in our Worship, seems to darken our Religion, by running back again to *Judaism*, it damps our Delight, and almost forbids the *Christian Worshipper* to pursue the Song. How can we assume to our selves all his Words in our personal or publick Addresses to God, when our Condition of Life, our Time, Place, and Religion, are so vastly different from those of *David*?

I G R A N T 'tis necessary and proper, that in translating every Part of Scripture for our *Reading* or *Hearing*, the Sense of the Original should be exactly and faithfully represented; for there we learn what God says to us in his Word. But in *Singing*, for the most part, the Case is alter'd: For as the greatest Number of the Psalms are devotional, and there the Psalmists express

their own personal or national Concerns; so we are taught, by their Example, what is the chief Design of Psalmody, (*viz.*) that we should represent our own Sense of things in Singing, and address our selves to God, expressing our own Case; therefore the Words should be so far adapted to the general State of the Worshippers, as that we might seldom sing those Expressions in which we have no Concern: Or at least our Translators of the Psalms should observe this Rule, that when the peculiar Circumstances of antient Saints are form'd into a Song, for our present and publick Use, they should be related, rather in an historical manner; and not retain the personal Pronouns *I* and *We*, where the Transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be apply'd to our Persons, Churches, or Nation.

Moses, *Deborah*, and the Princes of *Israel*; *David*, *Asaph*, and *Habakkuk*, and all the Saints under the *Jewish* State, sung their own Joys and Victories, their own Hopes, and Fears, and Deliverances, as I hinted before; and why must we, under the Gospel, sing nothing else but the Joys, Hopes, and Fears of *Asaph* and *David*? Why must *Christians* be forbid all other Melody, but what arises from the Victories and Deliverances of the *Jews*? *David* would have thought it very hard to have been confin'd to the Words of *Moses*, and sung nothing else, on all his Rejoicing-Days, but the *drowning of Pharaoh in the Fifteenth of Exodus*. He might have suppos'd it a little unreasonable, when he had peculiar Occasions of mournful Musick, if he had been forced to keep close to *Moses's Prayer in the Ninetieth Psalm*, and always sung over the *Shortness of human Life*, especially if he were not permitted the Liberty of a Paraphrase: And yet the special
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Concerns of *David* and *Moses* were much more a-kin to each other, than ours are to either of them ; and they were both of the same Religion, but ours is very different.

I T is true, that *David* has left us a richer Variety of holy Songs, than all that went before him ; but, rich as it is, 'tis still far short of the glorious Things that we *Christians* have to sing before the Lord. We, and our Churches, have our own special Affairs as well as they : Now if by a little Turn of their Words, or by the Change of a short Sentence, we may express our own Meditations, Joys, and Desires in the Verse of those *antient Psalmists*, why should we be forbid this sweet Privilege ? Why should we under the *Christian* Dispensation be tied up to Forms more than the *Jews* themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our Age and State too ? Let us remember, that the very Power of *Singing* was given to human Nature chiefly for this purpose, that our own warmest Affections of Soul might break out into natural or divine Melody, and that the Tongue of the Worshipper might express his own Heart.

I C O N F E S S 'tis not unlawful, nor absurd for a Person of Knowledge and Skill in divine things, to sing any part of the *Jewish Psalm Book*, and consider it merely as the *Word of God* ; from which, by wise Meditation, he may draw some pious Inferences for his own Use : For Instruction is allow'd to be one End of Psalmody. But where the Words are obscure *Hebraisms*, or where the Poet personates a *Jew*, a *Soldier*, or a *King*, speaking to himself, or to God, this Mode of Instruction in a Song seems not so natural or easy even to the most skilful Christian, and 'tis almost

almost impracticable to the greatest Part of Mankind: And both the Wise and the Weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own Devotion so well, as if they were speaking in their own Persons, and expressing their own Sense: Besides that the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with the Words he sings, and use them as his own, tho' they are never so foreign to his purpose.

N o w tho' it cannot be, that a large Book of lively Devotions should be so framed, as to have every Line perfectly suited to all the Circumstances of every Worshipper; but, after the Writer's utmost Care, there will still be room for Christian Wisdom to exercise the Thoughts aright in Singing, when the Words seem improper to our particular Case: Yet, as far as possible, every Difficulty of this kind should be remov'd, and such Sentences should by no means be chosen, which can scarce be us'd, in their proper Sense, by any that are present.

I C O U L D never persuade my self, that the best way to raise a devout Frame in *plain Christians*, was to bring a *King*, or a *Captain*, into their Churches, and let him lead and dictate the Worship in his own Style of Royalty, or in the Language of a Field of Battle. Does every menial Servant in the Assembly know how to use these Words devoutly? (*viz.*) *When I receive the Congregation, I will judge uprightly; Psal. lxxv. 2. A Bow of Steel is broken by mine Arms. — As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me; Psal. xviii. 34, 44.* Would I encourage a Parish Clerk to stand up in the midst of a Country Church, and bid all the People join with his Words, and say, *I will praise thee upon a Psaltery;*
or,

or, *I will open my dark Saying upon the Harp*: When even our Cathedrals sing only to the Sound of an Organ, most of the meaner Churches can have no Musick but the Voice, and others will have none besides? Why then must all who will sing a Psalm at Church, use such Words, as if they were to play upon Harp and Psaltery, when Thousands never saw such an Instrument, and know nothing of the Art?

Y O U will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these Expressions upon your Lips, you mean only, *That you will worship God according to his Appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his Day, according to God's Appointment then.* But why will ye confine your selves to speak one thing, and mean another? Why must we be bound up to such Words, as can never be address'd to God in their own Sense? And since the Heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his Lips, why may not his Lips be led to speak his Heart? Experience it self has often shewn, that it interrupts the holy Melody, and spoils the Devotion of many a sincere Good Man or Woman, when, in the midst of the Song, some Speeches of *David* have been almost impos'd upon their Tongues, where he relates his own Troubles, his Banishment, or peculiar Deliverances; where he speaks like a *Jewish* Prince, a Musician, or a Prophet; or where the Sense is so obscure, that it cannot be understood without a learned Commentator.

H E R E I may with Courage address my self to the Heart and Conscience of many pious and observing Christians, and ask them, Whether they have not found a most divine Pleasure in Singing, when the Words of the Psalm have
happily

happily express'd their Frame of Soul? Have you not felt a new Joy spring within you, when you could speak your own Desires and Hopes, your own Faith, Love, and Zeal in the Language of the Holy Psalmist? Have not your Spirits taken wing, and mounted up near to God and Glory, with the Song of *David* on your Tongue? But on a sudden the Clerk has propos'd the next Line to your Lips, with dark Sayings and Prophecies, with Burnt-Offerings or Hyssop, with New-Moons, and Trumpets, and Timbrels in it, with *Confession of Sins* which you never committed, with *Complaints of Sorrows* such as you never felt, *cursing such Enemies* as you never had, giving *Thanks for such Victories* as you never obtain'd, or leading you to speak, in your own Persons, of *Things, Places, and Actions*, that you never knew. And how have all your Souls been discompos'd at once, and the Strings of Harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the Song with your Hearts, and your Lips have sunk their Joy, and faltered in the Tune; you have been balked and ashamed, and knew not whether it were best to be silent, or to follow on with the Clerk and the Multitude, and sing with cold Devotion, and perhaps in Darknes too, without Thought or Meaning.

LET it be *reply'd* here, That to prevent this Inconvenience, *such Psalms or Sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the Song, or may have a more useful Turn given in the Mind of those that sing.* But I answer, Since such Psalms or Sentences are not to be sung, *they may be as well omitted by the Translator, or may have a more useful Turn given in the Verse,* than it is possible for all the Singers to give on a sudden in their Minds. And this is all that I contend for.

I COME therefore to the *Third Thing* I proposed, and that is to explain my own Design, which in short is this; (*viz.*) *to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian Worship.* And in order to this, 'tis necessary to divest *David* and *Asaph*, &c. of every other Character but that of a *Psalmist* and a *Saint*, and to *make them always speak the common Sense of a Christian.*

ATTEMPTING the Work with this View, I have entirely omitted some whole Psalms, and large Pieces of many others; and have chosen, out of all of them, such Parts only, as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various Occasions of the Christian Life, or at least might afford us some beautiful Allusion to Christian Affairs. These I have copy'd and explain'd in the general Style of the Gospel; nor have I confin'd my Expressions to any particular Party or Opinion; that in Words, prepar'd for publick Worship, and for the Lips of Multitudes, there might not be a Syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose Judgments may differ in the lesser Matters of Religion.

WHERE the Psalmist uses sharp Invectives against his personal Enemies, I have endeavour'd to turn the Edge of them against our spiritual Adversaries, *Sin*, *Satan*, and *Temptation*. Where the Flights of his Faith and Love are sublime, I have often sunk the Expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian: Where the Words imply some peculiar Wants or Distresses, Joys or Blessing, I have used Words of greater Latitude and Comprehension, suited to the general Circumstances of Men.

WHERE the Original runs in the Form of Prophecy concerning *Christ* and his Salvation, I have given an Historical Turn to the Sense: There is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful Style of Prediction, when the Things foretold are brought into open Light by a full Accomplishment. Where the Writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms, I have often indulged the Liberty of Paraphrase, according to the Words of *Christ*, or his Apostles. And surely this may be esteem'd *the Word of God still*, tho' borrowed from several Parts of the Holy Scripture. Where the Psalmist describes Religion by the *Fear of God*, I have often join'd *Faith and Love* to it: Where he speaks of the Pardon of Sin, thro' the *Mercies of God*, I have added the *Blood or Merits of a Saviour*: Where he talks of sacrificing *Goats or Bullocks*, I rather chuse to mention the Sacrifice of *Christ, the Lamb of God*: When he attends the *Ark with Shouting* into *Zion*, I sing the *Ascension of my Saviour* into Heaven, or his *Presence in his Church* on Earth; where he promises abundance of *Wealth, Honour, and long Life*, I have changed some of these *Typical Blessings* for *Grace, Glory, and Life Eternal*, which are brought to Light by the Gospel, and promis'd in the New Testament: And I am fully satisfy'd, that more Honour is done to our Blessed Saviour, by speaking his Name, his Graces, and Actions, in his own Language, according to the brighter Discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the *Jewish* Forms of Worship, and the Language of Types and Figures.

ALL Men will confess this is just and necessary in Preaching and Praying; and I cannot find a Reason why we should not sing Praises also in a
manner

manner agreeable to the present and more glorious Dispensation. No Man can be persuaded, that to read a Sermon of the Royal Preacher out of the Book of *Ecclesiastes*, or a Prayer out of *Ezra* or *Daniel*, is so edifying to a Christian Church, (tho' they were inspir'd) as a well compos'd Prayer or Sermon deliver'd in the usual Language of the Gospel of *Christ*. And why should the very Words of the Sweet-Singer of *Israel* be esteem'd so necessary to Christian Psalmody, and the *Jewish Style* so much preferable to the *Evangelical*, in our religious Songs of Praise?

Now since it appears so plain, that the *Hebrew Psalter* is very improper to be the precise Matter and Style of our Songs in a *Christian Church*; and since there is very good Reason to believe that it is left us, not only as a most valuable Part of the Word of God, for our Faith and Practice, but as an admirable and divine Pattern of spiritual Songs and Hymns under the Gospel; I have chosen rather to *imitate* than to *translate*; and thus to compose a *Psalm-Book* for *Christians* after the manner of the *Jewish Psalter*.

IF I could be persuaded, that nothing ought to be sung in Worship, but what was of immediate Inspiration from God, surely I would recommend *Anthems* only; (*viz.*) the Psalms themselves, as we read them in the Bible, set to Musick as they are sung by Choristers in our Cathedral Churches: For these are nearest to the Words of Inspiration; and we must depart far from those Words, if we turn them into Rhyme and Metre of any sort. And upon the foot of this Argument, even *The Scotch Version*, which has been so much commended for its Approach to the Original, would be unlawful, as well as others.

B U T

BUT since I believe that any *Divine Sentence*, or *Christian Verse*, agreeable to Scripture, may be sung, tho' it be compos'd by Men uninspir'd; I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the antient Sense and Meaning of *David*; but have rather express'd myself, as I may suppose *David* would have done, had he lived in the Days of *Christianity*. And by this means, perhaps, I have sometimes hit upon the true Intent of the Spirit of God in those Verses, farther and clearer than *David* himself could ever discover, as St. *Peter* encourages me to hope, 1 *Pet.* i. 11, 12. where he acknowledges that the antient *Prophets* who foretold of the *Grace that should come to us*, were in some measure ignorant of this great Salvation; for tho' they testify'd of the *Sufferings of Christ and his Glory*, yet they were forced to search and enquire after the meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other Places I hope my Reader will find a natural Exposition of many a dark and doubtful Text, and some new Beauties and Connexions of Thought discover'd in the *Jewish Poet*, tho' not in the Language of a *Jew*. In all Places I have kept my grand Design in view, and that is, to teach my Author to speak like a Christian. For why should I now address God my Saviour in a Song, with *Burnt-Sacrifices of Fatlings*, and with the *Incense of Rams*? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with *Hyssop*, or recur to the *Blood of Bullocks and Goats*? Why should I bind my Sacrifice with Cords to the *Horns of an Altar*, or sing the Praises of God to high sounding *Cymbals*, when the Gospel has shewn me a nobler Atonement for Sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual Worship? Why must I join with *David* in his Legal or Prophetick Language, to curse my Enemies, when
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my Saviour, in his Sermons, has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a *Christian* omit all those Passages of the *Jewish* Psalmist, that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming Sorrows, despairing Thoughts, or bitter personal Resentments, none of which are well suited to the Spirit of Christianity, which is a Dispensation of Hope, and Joy, and Love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining Honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy Language of a Religion that is now for ever abolished; especially when Christians are so vehemently warned, in the Epistles of St. *Paul*, against a judaizing Spirit, in their Worship as well as Doctrine? And what Fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful Subjects in the Style of the Gospel, where the Psalm gives any Occasion, since the whole Religion of the *Jews* is censur'd often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect Thing?

THO' I have aimed to provide for a Variety of Affairs in the *Christian Life*, by the different *Meters, Paraphrases, and Divisions* of the Psalms, (of which I shall speak particularly;) yet, after all, there are a great many Circumstances that attend *Common Christians*, which cannot be agreeably express'd by any Paraphrase on the Words of *David*; and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my Book of *Hymns*, that Christians might have something to sing in Divine Worship, answerable to most, or all their Occasions. In the *Preface* to that Book I have shewn the Insufficiency of the common Versions of the *Psalms*, and given further Reasons for my present Attempt.

I AM not so vain, as to expect, that the few short Hints I have mentioned in that *Preface*, or in this, should be sufficient to justify my Performances

performances in the Judgment of all Men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different Sentiments. All the Favour therefore that I desire of my Readers, is this, that they would not censure this Work till they have read my *Discourse of Psalmody*, which I hope will shortly be publish'd; but let them read it with serious Attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere Soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive Truth wheresoever it can be found. In that Treatise I have given a large and particular Account how the Psalms of *Jewish* Composure ought to be translated for *Christian* Worship, and justify'd the Rules I lay down by such Reasons, as seem to carry in them most plentiful Evidence, and a fair Conviction.

I F I might presume so much, I would intreat them also to forget their younger Prejudices for a Season, so far as to make a few Experiments of these Songs; and try whether they are not suited, thro' Divine Grace, to kindle in them a Fire of Zeal and Love, and to exalt the willing Soul to an Evangelic Temper of Joy and Praise. And if they shall find, by sweet Experience, any devout Affections rais'd, and a holy Frame of Mind awakened within them by these Attempts of *Christian Psalmistry*; I persuade my self, that I shall receive their Thanks, and be assisted by their Prayers towards the Recovery of my Health, and my publick Labours in the Church of *Christ*. Whatsoever Sentiments they had formerly entertain'd, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful Opinions to prevail against their own inward Sensations of Piety and Religious Joy.

BEFORE I conclude, I must add a few Things concerning my Division of the Psalms, and my Manner of Versifying.

Of

Of the Division of the Psalms.

IN many of these sacred Songs it is evident, that the Psalmist had several distinct Cases in view at the same time: As *Psalm lxx.* the first four or five Verses describe the *Temple Worship of Prayer and Praise*; the following Verses represent the *Providence of God in the Seasons of the Year.* So in *Psalm lxxviii.* the first six Verses declare *the Majesty and Mercy of God,* and from the 7th Verse to the 16th, *Israel is brought from Egypt, to fix Divine Worship at Jerusalem.* The 17th and 18th are a Prophecy of the *Ascension of Christ.* Verse 24, &c. describes a *Religious Procession, &c.* The like may be observ'd in many other Psalms, especially such as represent some complicated Sorrows, or Joys of the Psalmist. Now it is not to be suppos'd that Christians should have all the same distinct Occasions of Meditation, Complaint or Praise, much less all at the same time to be mentioned before God; therefore I have divided many Psalms into several Parts, and dispos'd them into distinct Hymns on those various Subjects, that may be proper Matter for *Christian Psalmody.*

BESIDES, that excessive long Tone of Voice, that stretches out every Syllable in our publick Singing, allows us neither Time nor Spirits to sing above six or eight Stanza's at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four: Therefore I have reduced almost all the Work into Hymns of such a Length, as may suit the usual Custom of the Churches; that they may not sing broken Fragments of Sense, as is too often done, and spoil the Beauty of this Worship;

ship ; but may finish a whole Song and Subject at once.

F O R this End I have been forced to transpose, or omit, some of the Verses ; and by this means (some will object) that I have left out some useful and significant Lines. Perhaps so : But if I had not, the Clerk would have left them out, to save the Time for other Parts of Worship ; and I desire but the same Liberty which he has to chuse which Verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful Psalm, or Verse, whose Sense is not abundantly repeated in other Parts of the Book ; and what I have left out in one Metre I have often inserted in another.

W H E N the Occasion or Subject are much the same throughout a long Psalm, I have either abridged the Verses, or divided the Psalm by *Pauses*, after the *French* manner, (where the Sense would admit an Interruption) that the Worship may not be tiresome.

Of the Verse.

I R E S I G N to Sir *John Denham* the Honour of the best Poet, if he had given his Genius but a just Liberty ; yet his Work will ever shine brightest among those that have confined themselves to a mere Translation. But that close Confinement has often forbid the Freedom and Glory of Verse, and, by cramping his Sense, has render'd it sometimes too obscure for a plain Reader and the publick Worship, even tho' we liv'd in the Days of *David* and *Judaism*. These

Inconveniencies he himself suspects, and fears in the Preface.

I AM content to yield to Mr. *Milbourne* the Preference of his Poesy in several Parts of his Psalms, and to Mr. *Tate* and Dr. *Brady* in some of theirs; but in those very Places their Turns of Thought and Language are too much raised above a vulgar Audience, and fit only for Persons of an higher Education.

I HAVE not refused, in some few Psalms, to borrow a single Line or two from these three Authors; yet I have taken the most freedom of that sort with Dr. *Patrick*, for his Style best agrees with my Design, tho' his Verse be generally of a lower Strain. But where I have used three or four Lines together of any Author, I have acknowledged it in the *Notes*.

IN some of the more elevated Psalms I have given a little Indulgence to my *Genius*; and if it should appear that I have aimed at the *Sublime*, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned Reader. I never thought the Art of sublime Writing consisted in flying out of sight; nor am I of the Mind of the *Italian*, who said, *Obscurity begets Greatness*. I have always avoided the Language of the Poets, where it did not suit the Language of the Gospel.

IN many of these Composures I have just permitted my Verse to rise above a flat and indolent Style; yet I hope it is every where supported above the just Contempt of the Criticks: Tho' I am sensible that I have often subdued it below their Esteem; because I would neither indulge any bold Metaphors, nor admit of hard
Words,

Words, nor tempt an ignorant Worshipper to sing without his Understanding.

THO' I have attempted to imitate the sacred Beauties of my Author, in some of the sprightly Psalms, such as *Psal.* 45, 46, 49, 65, 72, 90, 91, 104, 114, 115, 139, &c. yet if my youthful Readers complain, that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful Descriptions with which the sacred Original abounds, let them consider that some of those Pieces of descriptive Poesy are the flowery Elegancies peculiar to *Eastern Nations* and antique Ages, and are much too large also to be brought into such short *Christian Sonnets* as are used in our present Worship; almost all those Psalms I have contracted and fitted to more spiritual Devotion, as *Psal.* 18, 68, 73, 78, 105, 106, 109, &c.

Of the Metre and Rhyme.

I HAVE formed my Verse in the *three most usual Metres* to which our Psalm Tunes are fitted, (*viz.*) The *Common Metre*, the *Metre* of the old 25th Psalm, which I call *Short Metre*, and that of the old 100th Psalm, which I call *Long Metre*. Besides these, I have done some few Psalms in Stanza's of six, eight, or twelve Lines, to the best of the old Tunes. Many of them I have also cast into two or three Metres, not by leaving out or adding two Syllables in a Line, whereby others have cramped or stretched their Verse to the Destruction of all Poesy; but I have made an intire new Song, and oftentimes, in the different Metres, I have indulged those different Senses, in which Commentators have explained the inspired Author: and if in one Metre I have given

given the Loofe to a Paraphrafe, I have confined my felf to my Text in the other.

IF I am charged by the Criticks for repeating the fame Rhymes too often, let them confider, that the Words which continually recur in Divine Poesy, admit exceeding few Rhymes to them fit for facred Ufe; thefe are *God, World, Flefh, Soul, Life, Death, Faith, Hope, Heaven, Earth, &c.* which I think will make fufficient Apology; efppecially fince I have coupled all my Lines by Rhymes, much more than either Mr. *Tate* or Dr. *Patrick* have done, which is certainly moft musical and agreeable to the Ear, where Rhyme is ufed at all.

I MUST confeſs I have never yet feen any *Verſion, or Paraphrafe of the Pſalms*, in their own *Jewiſh* Senſe, ſo perfect as to diſcourage all further Attempts. But whoever undertakes the noble Work, let him bring with him a Soul devoted to Piety, an exalted Genius, and withal a ſtudious Application. For *David's* Harp abhors a prophane Finger, and diſdains to answer to an unſkilful or a careleſs Touch. A meaner Pen may imitate at a diſtance, but a compleat Tranſlation, or a juſt Paraphrafe, demands a rich Treasury of Diction, and exalted Fancy, a quick Taſte of devout Paſſion, together with Judgment ſtrict and ſevere to retrench every luxuriant Line, and to maintain a religious Sovereignty over the whole Work. Thus the *Pſalmiſt of Iſrael* might ariſe in *Great Britain* in all his *Hebrew Glory*, and entertain the more knowing and polite *Chriſtians* of our Age. But ſtill I am bold to maintain the great *Principle* on which my preſent Work is founded; and that is, That if the brighteſt Genius on Earth, or an

B

Angel

Angel from Heaven, should translate *David*, and keep close to the Sense and Style of the inspired Author, we should only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly Copy of the *Devotions of the Jewish King*; but it could never make the fittest *Psalms-Book for a Christian People*.

IT was not my Design to exalt my self to the Rank and Glory of Poets; but I was ambitious to be a Servant to the Churches, and a Helper to the Joy of the meanest Christian. Though there are many gone before me, who have taught the *Hebrew Psalmist* to speak *English*, yet I think I may assume this Pleasure of being the First who hath brought down the Royal Author into the common Affairs of the Christian Life, and led the Psalmist of *Israel* into the Church of *Christ*, without any thing of a *Jew* about him. And whensoever there shall appear any *Paraphrase of the Book of Psalms*, that retains more of the Saviour of *David's* Piety, discovers more of the Style and Spirit of the Gospel, with a superior Dignity of Verse, and yet the Lines as easy and flowing, and the Sense and Language as level to the lowest Capacity, I shall congratulate the World, and consent to say, *Let this Attempt of mine be buried in Silence*.

TILL such a Work arise, I must attend these Evangelick Songs (which have been the Labour of so many Years) with a devout Wish.

MAY that God, who has favoured me with Life and Capacity to finish this Work for the Service of his Churches, after so many Years of tiresome Sicknes and Confinement, accept this humble Offering from a thankful Heart. May the
the

the Lord, who dwelt of old amidst the Praises of *Israel*, encourage and bless this Essay, to assist *Christians* in the Work of Praise! And may his Churches exalt him here on Earth in the Language of his Gospel and his Grace, till they shall be called up to Heaven and the noble Society above! There *David* and *Asaph* have changed their ancient Style, and the Song of *Moses* and of the *Lamb* are one: There the *Jews* join with the *Nations*, to exalt their God and Redeemer in the Language of Angels, and in the Strains of compleat Glory. *Amen.*



Advertisement to the READERS.

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 thro', and among 340 sacred Hymns they may find out several that suit their own Case and Temper, or the Circumstances of their Families and Friends; they 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 Retirement, or may entertain their Friends with holy Melody.

Of chusing or finding the Psalm.

THE Perusal of the whole Book will acquaint every Reader with the Author's Method, and by

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, tho' no Copy of David's Psalter can provide for all.

OR if he remember the first Line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines will direct 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 33d Psalm, 2d Part, Common Metre; or, Let us sing the 91st 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 their Books, whether you sing with or without reading Line by Line.

Of Dividing the Psalm.

IF the Psalm be too long for the Time or Custom of Singing, there are Pauses in many of 'em 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.

persuaded David would not have refused it, had he lived under the Gospel; nor St. Paul, had he written a Psalm-Book.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in Sicknes; or, Diseases healed.

I.

IN Anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful Storm;
Nor let thy Fury grow so hot
Against a feeble Worm.

II.

My Soul's bow'd down with heavy Cares,
My Flesh with Pain oppress'd;
My Couch is Witness to my Tears,
My Tears forbid my Rest.

III.

Sorrow and Pain wear out my Days;
I waste the Night with Cries,
Counting the Minutes as they pass,
Till the slow Morning rise.

IV.

Shall I be still tormented more?
Mine Eye consum'd with Grief?
How long, my God, how long before
Thy Hand afford Relief?

V.

He hears when Dust and Ashes speak,
He pities all our Groans,
He saves us for his Mercies sake,
And heals our broken Bones.

VI.

The Virtue of his Sovereign Word
Restores our fainting Breath:
For silent Graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in Death.

Vexation by personal Enemies is not a constant Attendant of Sickness; therefore in this Version I have omitted it as a peculiar Circumstance of David's. In the next Version I have changed these Enemies for Temptations and despairing Thoughts.

The 5th Verse of this Psalm, which is a Plea in the Prayer, may be naturally transposed to the end, as a Ground of Praise.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in Sickness overcome.

I.
L O R D, I can suffer thy Rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;
 But thy fierce Wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise!

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

III.
 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.

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

V.
 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.

VI.

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

Part of the three first Stanza's I have borrow'd from Dr. Patrick, being pleas'd with the agreeable Turn he gives to David's Sense.

P S A L M VII.

God's Care of his People, and Punishment of Persecutors.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

Arise, my God, lift up thy Hand,
 Their Pride and Power controul;

Awake

Awake to Judgment, and command
Deliverance for my Soul.

P A U S E.

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

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

In this Psalm I have not exactly follow'd every single Verse of the Psalmist, but have endeavour'd to contract the Substance of it into fewer Lines, yet not without a regard to the literal Sense and Words also, as will appear by the Comparison.

P S A L M VIII. Short Metre.

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

I.

O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine ;
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heavens they shine.

II.

II.

When to thy Works on high
I raise my wond'ring Eyes,
And see the Moon, compleat in Light,
Adorn the darksome Skies.

III.

When I survey the Stars,
And all their shining Forms,
Lord, what is Man, that worthless Thing,
A-kin to Dust and Worms?

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy Name is all Divine:
Thy Glories round the Earth are spread,
And o'er the Heavens they shine.]

St. 7. The transposing of the 2d Verse of this Psalm toward the End, will not appear offensive, since the Connection of it, with the other Parts of the Psalm, appears so much more visible.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

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

I.

O LORD, our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted Name !
The Glories of thy heavenly State
Let Men and Babes proclaim.

II.

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 :

III.

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 ?

IV.

That thine Eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal Form,
Made lower than his Angels are,
To save a dying Worm ?

V.

[Yet while he liv'd on Earth unknown,
And Men would not adore,
Th' obedient Seas and Fishes own
His Godhead and his Power.

VI.

The Waves lay spread beneath his Feet,
And Fish, at his Command,

Bring



Bring their large Shoals to *Peter's* Net,
Bring Tribute to his Hand.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

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

St. 4. If the Citation of Part of this Psalm by the Apostle, Heb. 2. 5. be but a mere Allusion, yet it affords Ground enough for the Turn I have given it in this Version, and the Application of it to Christ.

St. 6. l. 8. Jesus went to them walking on the Sea, Matt. 14. 25.

Line 2. He said to Simon, Launch out, &c. and they enclosed a great Multitude of Fishes, Luke 5. 4, 6.

Lin. 4. Cast an Hook and take up the Fish----- thou shalt find a Piece of Money, &c. Matt. 17. 27.

PSALM VIII. Verse 1, 2. Paraphras'd.

The First Part. Long Metre.

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

I.

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

C 2

II.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

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

The two last Verses are here paraphras'd and explain'd by the History of the Children crying Hosanna to Christ, Matt. 21. 15, 16. where our Saviour cites and applies those Words of the Psalmist.

PSALM VIII. Verse 3, &c. Paraphras'd.

The Second Part. Long Metre.

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

I.

LORD, 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 ?

II.

That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below ;

Make

Make every Beast and Bird submit,
And lay the Fishes at his Feet ?

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

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.

I am persuaded the true Meaning of the Apostle in citing the Words of this Psalm, and applying them to our Saviour, Heb. 2. 5, &c. is to shew that Christ, the second Adam, must have Dominion over the New World, as Adam, the first Man, had over the Old, and that he is truly and really Man, because the first Adam is the Figure and Type of him in this his Dominion.

PSALM IX. *The first Part.*

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

I.

WITH my whole Heart I'll raise my Song,
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim,
Thou Sovereign Judge of Right and Wrong,
Wilt put my Foes to shame,

II.

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

C 3

III.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

PSALM IX. Verse 12. *The second Part.*

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

I.

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

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death
 Does his own Children raise :
 In *Zion's* Gates, with chearful Breath,
 They sing their Father's Praise.

III.

His Foes shall fall, with heedless Feet,
 Into the Pit they made,
 And Sinners perish in the Net
 That their-own Hands had spread.

IV.

IV.

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

PAUSE.

V.

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

VI.

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.

VII.

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

VIII.

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,
 Atheism, and Oppression punish'd.*

For a Humiliation-Day.

I.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
 And why conceal his Face,

When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Distress?

II.

Lord, shall the Wicked still deride
Thy Justice and thy Power?
Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And still thy Saints devour?

III.

They put thy Judgments from their sight,
And then insult the Poor;
They boast in their exalted Height,
That they shall fall no more.

IV.

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

PAUSE.

V.

Why do the Men of Malice rage,
And say with foolish Pride,
“ *The God of Heaven will ne'er engage*
“ *To fight on Zion's Side?*

VI.

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And perish'd from thy Land.

VII.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray,
And cause thine Ear to hear;
He hearkens what his Children say,
And puts the World in fear.

VIII.

VIII.

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

P S A L M XI.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

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 ?"

II.

If Government be all destroy'd,
 (That firm Foundation of our Peace)
 And Violence make Justice void,
 Where shall the Righteous seek Redress ?

III.

The Lord in Heaven has fixt his Throne,
 His Eye surveys the World below ;
 To him all mortal Things are known,
 His Eye-lids search our Spirits thro'.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

*The Saints Safety and Hope in evil Times ;
or, Sins of the Tongue complain'd of, (viz.)
Blasphemy, Falshood, &c.*

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

But Lips, that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long ;
The God of Vengeance will confound
The Flattering and Blaspheming Tongue.

IV.

“ Yet 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 ?

V.

The Lord, who sees the Poor oppress'd,
And hears th' Oppressor's haughty Strain,
Will rise to give his Children Rest,
Nor shall they trust his Word in vain.

VI.

Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
Void of Deceit shall still appear ;

Not Silver, seven times purify'd
From Dross and Mixture, shines so clear.

VII.

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.

*Complaint of a general Corruption of Manners;
or, The Promise and Signs of Christ's
Coming to Judgment.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

P A U S E.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

St. 4. The last Verse of this Psalm may naturally be inserted here.

St. 5. The Signs of Christ's Coming, mention'd in the New Testament, Mat. 24. 12. Luke 18. 8. are abounding Iniquity, Love waxing cold, and Faith scarce to be found, and seem very much a-kin to the Sense of this Psalm.

P S A L M XIII. Long Metre.

*Pleading with God under Desertion; or,
 Hope in Darknes.*

I.

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?

II.

II.

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?

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptations of the Devil.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heavenly Rays,
That chase my Fears away?

II.

II.

How long shall my poor laboring Soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy Word can all my Foes controul,
 And ease my raging Pain.

III.

See how the Prince of Darkness tries
 All his malicious Arts,
 He spreads a Mist around my Eyes,
 And throws his fiery Darts.

IV.

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.

V.

How would the Tempter boast aloud
 If I become his Prey!
 Behold, the Sons of Hell grow proud
 At thy so long Delay.

VI.

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.

VII.

Thou wilt display that Sovereign Grace,
 Where all my Hopes have hung;
 I shall employ my Lips in Praise,
 And Victory shall be sung.

PSALM XIV. First Part.

By Nature all Men are Sinners.

I.

FOOLS in their Heart believe and say,
 “ That all Religion’s vain,
 “ There is no God that reigns on high,
 “ Or minds th’ Affairs of Men.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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 !

VI.

Such Seeds of Sin (that bitter Root)
 In every Heart are found :
 Nor can they bear Diviner Fruit,
 Till Grace refine the Ground.

Several Verses of this Psalm are cited by the Apostle, Romans 3. 10, &c. to shew the universal Corruption of human Nature ; therefore I have brought more of the Apostle’s Words, there used, into

into the 4th and 5th Stanza's here, and concluded this Part of the Psalm agreeably to St. Paul's Design.

Note, The 2d Part of this Psalm speaks only of Persecutors and the Enemies of the Church; therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM XIV. *The Second Part.*

The Folly of Persecutors.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Dost thou not dwell among the Just,
And yet our Foes deride,
That we should make thy Name our Trust;
Great God! confound their Pride.

IV.

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

PSALM XV. *Common Metre.*

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

I.

WHO shall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

II.

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with righteous Hands ;
That trusts his Maker's Promises,
And follows his Commands.

III.

He speaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor flanders with his Tongue ;
Will scarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord ;
And tho' to his own Hurt he swears,
Still he performs his Word.

V.

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.

*Religion and Justice, Goodness and Truth ;
or, Duties to God and Man ; or, the
Qualifications of a Christian.*

I.

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

II.

Whose Hands are pure, whose Heart is clean,
Whose Lips still speak the thing they mean ;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue ;
He hates to do his Neighbour wrong.

III.

III.

[Scarce will he trust an ill Report,
Nor vents it to his Neighbour's Hurt:
Sinners of State, he can despise,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.]

IV.

[Firm to his Word he ever stood,
And always makes his Promise good;
Nor dares to change the Thing he swears,
Whatever Pain or Loss he bears.]

V.

[He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet Charity attends his Door.]

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all Men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

VII.

Yet 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.

Since our Blessed Saviour, in the New Testament, has so much explain'd the Duties of the Law, and publish'd the Gospel, I should not pass over this Psalm of the Characters of the Jewish Saints, without inserting some brighter Articles that must belong to the Christian: Such as, Alms and Charity to the Poor, Love to Enemies, Blessing those that curse us, Doing to others as we would have them do to us, and Hope of Acceptance only thro' Divine Grace.

I thought it necessary also to leave out the Mention of Usury, ver. 5. which tho' politically forbidden by the Jews among themselves, was never unlawful to the Gentiles, nor to any Christian, since the Jewish Polity expired.

PSALM XVI. *The First Part.* Long Metre.
*Confession of our Poverty, and Saints the best
 Company ; or, Good Works profit Men,
 not God.*

I.

PRESERVE me, Lord, in time of need ;
 For Succour to thy Throne I flee,
 But have no Merits there to plead ;
 My Goodness cannot reach to Thee.

II.

Oft have my Heart and Tongue confest
 How empty and how poor I am ;
 My Praise can never make Thee blest,
 Nor add new Glories to thy Name.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

PSALM XVI. *The Second Part.* Long Metre.
Christ's All-Sufficiency.

I.

HOW fast their Guilt and Sorrows rise,
 Who haste to seek some Idol-god ?
 I will not taste their Sacrifice,
 Their Offerings of forbidden Blood.

II.

My God provides a richer Cup,
 And nobler Food to live upon :

He,

He, for my Life, has offer'd up
Jesus his Best-beloved Son.

III.

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.

IV.

I set 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.

From the Psalmist's Mention of Drink-Offerings of Blood, I take occasion to allude to the Sacrifice of Christ. His flesh is Meat indeed, and his Blood is Drink indeed ; John 6. 55.

PSALM X VI. *The Third Part.* Long Metre.
Courage in Death, and Hope of the Resurrection.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

There Streams of endless Pleasure flow ;
 And full Discoveries of thy Grace

(Which

(Which we but tasted here below)
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

The last Verses of this Psalm are apply'd only to Christ, Acts 13. 36. and 2. 23, &c. yet since they contain so fair a View of a Resurrection, which is so seldom found in this Book, I have formed these four Stanza's into such Expressions as may be assumed by Christians, and apply'd to themselves.

PSALM XVI. 1 — 8. *The First Part.*

Common Metre.

Support and Counsel from God without Merit.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

Let Heathens to their Idols haste,
And worship Wood or Stone ;
But my delightful Lot is cast
Where the True God is known.

IV.

His Hand provides my constant Food,
He fills my daily Cup ;
Much am I pleas'd with present Good,
But more rejoice in Hope.

V.

God is my Portion and my Joy,
His Counsels are my Light ;
He gives me sweet Advice by Day,
And gentle Hints by Night.

VI.

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.

The Second Part. Common Metre.

The Death and Resurrection of Christ.

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.

II.
 “ My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 “ Where Souls departed are ;
 “ Nor quit my Body to the Grave,
 “ To see Corruption there.

III.
 “ Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
 “ And raise me to thy Throne ;
 “ Thy Courts immortal Pleasure give,
 “ Thy Presence Joys unknown.”

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

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

VI.

When shall my Feet arise and stand
 On Heaven's Eternal Hills?
 There sits the Son at God's Right-Hand,
 The there the Father smiles.]

In this Version. I have apply'd the three last-Verses of this Psalm to Christ alone, as St. Peter applies them, Acts 2. 23. yet instead of the fourth Line of the second Stanza, To see Corruption there; you may read thus, To dwell for ever there. And then the three first Stanza's may be sung alone, and apply'd to every Christian.

St. 2. 'Tis now agreed by the Learned, that שְׁאוֹל Sheol, which is render'd Hell, signifies only the State of the Dead, i. e. the Grave for the Body, and the Separate State for the Spirit.

PSALM XVII. ver. 13, &c. Short Metre.
 Portion of Saints and Sinners; or, Hope and
 Despair in Death.

I.

ARISE, my Gracious God,
 And make the Wicked flee;
 They are but thy chastizing Rod;
 To drive thy Saints to thee.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

I shall behold the Face
 Of my forgiving God,
 And stand compleat in Righteousness,
 Wash'd in my Saviour's Blood.

V.

V.

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

St. 5. *The Heaven which Souls enjoy in the Separate State, is so much increased by the Resurrection of the Body, that it may be called a New Heaven, the Heaven of the Body as well as of the Soul.*

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

*The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope; or,
 The Heaven of separate Souls, and the Re-
 surrection.*

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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?

V.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

The Sense of a great Part of this Psalm occurs so often in the Book of Psalms, that I thought it necessary to translate no more than these few Verses of it (viz.) Ver. 3. Thou hast proved my Heart, thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing. Ver. 13. The Wicked are thy Sword. Ver. 14. The Men of the World have their Portion in this Life, whose Belly thou fillest: They leave the rest of their Substance to their Babes. Ver. 15. I shall behold thy Face in Righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy Likeness.

I confess I have indulged a large Exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my Thoughts a Loose upon this Divine Description of compleat Blessedness in the 15th Verse; This bright Abridgment of Heaven.

From the word Awake, I have taken occasion to represent the departing Soul's awaking into the World of Spirits, as well as the Body's awaking from the Grave.

PSALM XVIII. *The First Part.* Long Metre.

Ver. 1—6, 15—18.

Deliverance from Despair; or, Temptations overcome.

I.

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.

II.

Death, and the Terrors of the Grave,
Stood round me with their dismal Shade;

D

While

While Floods of high Temptations rose,
And make my sinking Soul afraid.

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

[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.

VI.

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.]

VII.

Great were my Fears, my Foes were great,
Much was their Strength and more their Rage ;
But *Christ*, my Lord, is Conqueror still
In all the Wars that Devils wage.

VIII.

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.

I have divided this long Psalm into three Parts, and accommodated the several Verses of it to our Spiritual Warfare and Victory through Grace, as being of more frequent and general Use to Christians: Yet there are so noble Expressions of Triumph in God, and
Thanks

Thanks for Victory over temporal Enemies scattered up and down, that persuaded me to form them afterwards in Common Metre also, agreeable to their original Design.

PSALM XVIII.

*The second Part, v. 20—26. Long Metre.
Sincerity proved and rewarded.*

I.

LORD, 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.

II.

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.

III.

What fore Temptations broke my Rest?
What Wars and Strugglings in my Breast?
But thro' thy Grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling Sin.

IV.

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?

V.

[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.

VI.

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. *The Third Part*, v. 30, 31,
34, 35, 46, &c. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and Triumph.

I.

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?

II.

'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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

P S A L M XVIII. *The First Part.*

Common Metre.

Victory and Triumph over Temporal Enemies.

I.

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

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
 And find a sure Defence ;
 His holy Name our Lips invoke,
 And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God, our Leader, shines in Arms,
 What mortal Heart can bear
 The Thunder of his loud Alarms ?
 The Lightning of his Spear ?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,
 And Angels in Array
 In Millions wait to know his Mind,
 And swift as Flames obey.

V.

He speaks, and at his fierce Rebuke,
 Whole Armies are dismay'd ;
 His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look
 Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

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.

D 3

VII.

VII.

[He arms our Captains to the Fight,
 (Tho' there his Name's forgot;
 He girded *Cyrus* with his Might,
 But *Cyrus* knew him not.)

VIII.

Oft has the Lord whole Nations blest,
 For his own Churches sake:
 The Powers that give his People Rest,
 Shall of his Care partake.]

St. 7. *Isa.* 45. 1, 5. Thus saith the Lord to *Cyrus*,----- I
 girded thee, tho' thou hast not known me.

P S A L M XVIII. *The Second Part.*

Common Metre.

The Conqueror's Song.

I.

TO thine Almighty Arm we owe
 The Triumphs of the Day;
 Thy Terrors, Lord, confound the Foe,
 And melt their Strength away.

II.

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

III.

How 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!

IV.

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?

V.

V.

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

VI.

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.

I.

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

II.

The Darkness and the Light
 Still keep their Course the same ;
 While Night to Day, and Day to Night
 Divinely teach his Name.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

The Psalmist here, and in other Psalms, uses the word Law, to express the five Books of Moses, or all the Divine Revelation that he had in his time; yet Christ and the Apostles so frequently distinguish the Law and the Gospel, that I have chosen to imitate their Language, and have often introduced the words Gospel, Truth and Promise, instead of Statutes, Testimonies, &c. as being more agreeable to the Style of the New Testament.

St. 8. I have here inserted the last Verse of the Psalm with an Evangelical Turn, as a proper Conclusion of this first Part; the whole being too long to be sung at once, according to our present Custom.

PSALM XIX. *Second Part.* Short Metre.
*God's Word most excellent; or, Sincerity and
Watchfulness.*

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun,
Begins his glorious Way;

His

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

My Gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions given!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the Path to Heaven!

P A U S E.

V.

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

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous Mind,
I would not dare transgress.

VII.

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

D 5

VIII.

VIII.

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

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

The Books of Nature and of Scripture compared; or, The Glory and Success of the Gospel.

I.

THE 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.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Power confess;
But the blest Volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy Justice and thy Grace.

III.

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 every Land.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

Thy noblest Wonders here we view
 In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n:
 Lord, cleanse my Sins, my Soul renew,
 And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

Tho' the plain Design of the Psalmist is to shew the Excellency of the Book of Scripture above the Book of Nature, in order to convert and save a Sinner, yet the Apostle Paul, in Rom. 10. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th Verse to the spreading of the Gospel over the Roman Empire, which is called the whole World in the New Testament; and in this Version I have endeavoured to imitate him.

PSALM XIX. To the Tune of the 113th Ps.
The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

(Frame;

GREAT God, the Heavens well-order'd
 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.

II.

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.

III.

Yet their Divine Instructions run
 Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
 And every Nation knows their Voice:
 The Sun, like some young Bridegroom dress'd,
 Breaks from the Chambers of the East,
 Rolls round, and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

IV.

Where'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.

V.

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

VI.

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.

VII.

Thy Threatnings wake my slumb'ring 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.

VIII.

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.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

For a Day of Prayer in time of War:

I.

Now may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry!
Jehovah hears, when *Israel* prays,
And brings Deliverance from on high.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

[O may the Memory of thy Name
Inspire our Armies for the Fight!

Our

Our Foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the Field with shameful Flight.]

VII.

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

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our King is the Care of Heaven.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a fiery Oven's Rage,
Their Hopes and them consume.

VI.

VI.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous Power declare,
 And thus exalt thy Fame ;
 Whilst we glad Songs of Praise prepare
 For thine Almighty Name.

I have borrowed almost all these Stanza's from Mr. Tate's Version, and they seem very applicable to his present Majesty King George, 1716.

PSALM XXI. 1—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the Kingdom.

I.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his Strength,
 Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace ;
 But *Christ*, the Son, appears at length,
 Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.

II.

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.

III.

Thy Goodness grants whate'er he will,
 Nor doth the least Request withhold ;
 Blessings of Love prevent him still,
 And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.

IV.

Honour and Majesty Divine
 Around his Sacred Temples shine ;
 Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
 And Length of everlasting Days.

V.

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.

PSALM

P S A L M · XXII. 1—16. *The First Part.*
Common Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Christ.

WHY has my God my Soul forsook,
Nor will a Smile afford?
(Thus *David* oncē, in Anguish, spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

II.

Tho' 'tis thy chief Delight to dwell
Among thy praising Saints,
Yet Thou canst hear a Groan as well,
And pity our Complaints.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

PAUSE.

P A U S E.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

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 ?

X.

My God, if possible it be,
 With-hold this bitter Cup ;
 But I resign my Will to thee,
 And drink the Sorrows up.

XI.

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.

XII.

Father, I give my Spirit up,
 And trust it in thy Hand ;
 My dying Flesh shall rest in Hope,
 And rise at thy Command.

PSALM XXII. 20, 21, 27—31. *The Second Part.* Common Metre.
Christ's Sufferings and Kingdom.

I.

“ **N**OW from the roaring Lion's Rage,
 “ O Lord, protect thy Son ;
 “ Nor leave thy Darling to engage
 “ The Powers of Hell alone.”

II.

Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
 With mighty Cries and Tears ;
 God heard him in that dreadful Day,
 And chas'd away his Fears.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XXII. Long Metre.
Christ's Sufferings and Exaltation.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

“ 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 ?”

IV.

Barbarous People! Cruel Priests!
How they stood round like savage Beasts!
Like Lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their Power.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

In this Version I have abridged the whole Psalm, and chosen only those Verses of it which are cited or explained in the New Testament, (viz.) 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 31, 29.

PSALM

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

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

II.

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

III.

My wandering 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.

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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 cheerful Wine.

VII.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

64 P S A L M XXIII.

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

VI.

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.

St. 4. The Oil or Ointment that was used of old to anoint and perfume the Head, in the Sense and Language of the New Testament, must signify the Communications of the Holy Spirit, which is called the Anointing, 1 John 2. 20, 27. as I have explained it in the Long Metre; and Psal. 45. 7. with John 3. 34. approves it.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

I.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

V.

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

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

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

I.

T His 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.

II.

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 ?

III.

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.

IV.

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.

PAUSE.

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

If this Psalm was written at the Ascent of the Ark of God into Zion the City of David, it is not unnatural to apply it to the Presence of Christ with his Church in Worship, as in the Common Metre; or, to the Ascension of Christ to Heaven, as in this Metre. In this, and other Parts of the Psalm, I have endeavoured to make the Connexion plain and easy, which is very obscure in the Text.

PSALM XXV. I—II. *The First Part.*
Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Remember all thy Grace,
And lead me in thy Truth ;

E

Forgive

Forgive the Sins of riper Days,
And Follies of my Youth.

V.

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

VI.

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

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

I.

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

II.

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

III.

The Dealings of his Hand
Are Truth and Mercy still
With such as to his Covenant stand,
And love to do his Will.

IV.

Their Souls shall dwell at ease
Before their Maker's Face ;
Their Seed shall taste the Promises
In their extensive Grace.

PSALM XXV. 15—22. *The Third Part.*
Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion.

I.

MY EYES and my Desire
 Are ever to the Lord ;
 I love to plead his Promises,
 And rest upon his Word.

II.

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

III.

When shall the Sovereign Grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous Ways
 My wand'ring Feet have trod ?

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

VII.

O keep my Soul from Death,
Nor put my Hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only Trust
In my Redeemer's Name.

VIII.

With humble Faith I wait
To see thy Face again ;
Of *Israel* it shall ne'er be said,
He fought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI.

Self-Examination ; or, Evidences of Grace.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

I love thy Habitation, Lord,
The Temple where thine Honours dwell ;
There shall I hear thine Holy Word,
And there thy Works of Wonder tell.

V.

V.

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. *The First Part.*

The Church is our Delight and Safety.

I.

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.

II.

One Privilege my Heart desires;
 O grant me an Abode
 Among the Churches of thy Saints,
 The Temples of my God!

III.

There shall I offer my Requests,
 And see thy Beauty still,
 Shall hear thy Messages of Love,
 And there enquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles rise, and Storms appear,
 There may his Children hide:
 God has a strong Pavilion where
 He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Now shall my Head be lifted high
 Above my Foes around,
 And Songs of Joy and Victory
 Within thy Temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. 8, 9, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Prayer and Hope.

I.

SOON as I heard my Father say,
 “Ye Children seek my Grace,”
 My Heart reply’d without delay,
 “I’ll seek my Father’s Face.”

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

*The 28th Psalm has scarce any thing new, but what is repeated
 in other Psalms.*

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
 Give to the Lord Renown and Power,
 Ascribe

Ascribe due Honours to his Name,
And his Eternal Might adore.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counsels of his Grace imparts;
Amidst the raging Storm his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

PSALM XXX. *The First Part.*
Sickness healed, and Sorrow removed.

I.

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?

E 4

II.

II.

Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodness is ;
Let all your Powers rejoice and blefs,
While you record his Holiness.

III.

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.

PSALM XXX. v. 6. *The Second Part.*

Health, Sicknefs, and Recovery.

I.

FIRM was my Health, my Day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twou'd ne'er be Night ;
Fondly I said within my Heart,
“ *Pleasure and Peace shall ne'er depart.* ”

II.

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.

III.

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 ? ”

IV.

“ 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.

V.

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.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy Name ;
Thy Praise shall sound thro' Earth and Heaven,
For Sickness heal'd, and Sins forgiven.

PSALM XXXI. 5, 13--19, 22, 23. *First Part.*

Deliverance from Death.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

“ *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.

IV.

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

P A U S E.

V.

['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.]

VI.

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

VII.

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

PSALM XXXI. 7—13, 18—21. *Second Part.*
Deliverance from Slander and Reproach.

I.

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

II.

“ 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.”

III.

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

IV.

IV.

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.

V.

How great Deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the Sons of Men !
 The lying Lips to Silence brought,
 And made their Boastings vain !

VI.

Thy Children, from the Strife of Tongues,
 Shall thy Pavilion hide,
 Guard them from Infamy and Wrongs,
 And crush the Sons of Pride.

VII.

Within thy secret Presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell ;
 No fenced City, wall'd and barr'd,
 Secures a Saint so well.

I have much transposed the Parts of this Psalm, that I might unite the Verses of the same Sense and Subject nearer together, and contract them into two Divine Hymns.

P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession.

I.

O BLESSED Souls are they
 Whose Sins are cover'd o'er !
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their Guilt no more !

II.

They mourn their Follies past,
 And keep their Hearts with Care ;

Their

Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
Shall prove their Faith sincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the festering Wound,
Till I confels'd my Sins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.

IV.

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

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.
*Free Pardon, and sincere Obèdience; or, Con-
fession and Forgiveness.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

While I my inward Guilt suppress,
No Quiet could I find;

Thy Wrath lay burping in my Breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd Mind.

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XXXII. *First Part.* Long Metre.
Repentance and Free Pardon ; or, Justification and Sanctification.

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

How glorious is that Righteousness,
That hides and cancels all his Sins !

While

While a bright Evidence of Grace
Thro' his whole Life appears and shines.

These two first Verses of this Psalm being cited by the Apostle in the 4th Chapter of Romans, to shew the Freedom of our Pardon and Justification by Grace without Works, I have, in this Version of it, enlarged the Sense, by mention of the Blood of Christ, and Faith and Repentance; and because the Psalmist adds, A Spirit in which is no Guile, I have inserted that sincere Obedience, which is a Scriptural Evidence of our Faith and Justification.

PSALM XXXII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

A guilty Conscience eased by Confession and Pardon.

I.

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

II.

I 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.

III.

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.

IV.

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 every Snare.

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

Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

His Wisdom and Almighty Word
 The heavenly Arches spread ;
 And by the Spirit of the Lord
 Their shining Hofts were made.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

P S A L M XXXIII. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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.

PSALM XXXIII, as the 113th Psalm,
First Part.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

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!

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Ps. *Second Part.*

Creatures vain, and God All-sufficient.

I.

O 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.

II.

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 a Horse,
To guard his Rider or to fly.

III.

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.

IV.

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,

PSALM XXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.

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

I.

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

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

I.

CHILDREN in Years and Knowledge young,
 Your Parents Hope, your Parents Joy,
 Attend the Counsels of my Tongue,
 Let pious Thoughts your Minds employ.

II.

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.

III.

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 Lyes.

IV.

To humble Souls and broken Hearts
 God with his Grace is ever nigh;
 Pardon and Hope his Love imparts
 When Men in deep Contrition lie.

V.

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.

I'LL bless the Lord from Day to Day;
 How good are all his Ways!

Ye

Ye humble Souls that use to pray,
Come, help my Lips to praise.

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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

P A U S E .

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

VIII.

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

PSALM XXXIV. 11—12. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

Exhortations to Peace and Holiness.

I.

COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord;
 And that your Days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful Word
 Be found upon your Tongue.

II.

Depart from Mischief, practise Love,
 Pursue the Works of Peace;
 So shall the Lord your Ways approve,
 And set your Souls at ease.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Just,
 His Ears attend their Cry ;
 When broken Spirits dwell in Dust,
 The God of Grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the Sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their Supporter now.

V.

Evil shall smite the Wicked dead ;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the Mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken Bone.

VI.

VI.

When Desolation like a Flood
 O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
 Saints find a Refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their Souls.

PSALM XXXV. 1—9. *The First Part.*
Prayer and Faith of persecuted Saints ; or,
Imprecations mix'd with Charity.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

St. 6. Among the Imprecations that David uses against his Adversaries in this Psalm, I have adventur'd to turn the Edge of some of them away from Personal Enemies against the Implacable Enemies of God in the World.

St. 7, 8. Agreeably to the Spirit of the Gospel I have here further mollified these Imprecations by a charitable Distinction and Petition for their Souls, which Spirit of Evangelic Charity appears so conspicuous in the 12, 13, and 14 Verses of the Psalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a short distinct Hymn, enlarging on that glorious Character of a Christian, Love to our Enemies, commanded so particularly, and so divinely exemplify'd by Christ himself.

PSALM XXXV. v. 12, 13, 14. *Second Part.*
Love to Enemies ; or, the Love of Christ to
Sinners typify'd in David.

I.

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

II.

When they are sick, his Soul complains,
 And seems to feel the Smart ;

The

The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart.

III.

How did his flowing Tears condole
As for a Brother dead!

And Fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

See the Notes on the first Part of this Psalm. St. 1. Sounding of the Bowels, is a Scriptural Metaphor, Isa. 63. 15.

PSALM XXXVI. 5—9. Long Metre.

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

I.

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

II.

For ever firm thy Justice stands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;

F

Wife

Wise are the Wonders of thy Hands;
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

Life, like a Fountain rich and free,
Springs 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.

Common Metre.

*Practical Atheism expos'd; or, The Being
and Attributes of God asserted.*

I.

WHILE Men grow bold in wicked Ways,
And yet a God they own,
My Heart within me often says,

“ Their Thoughts believe There's none.

II.

Their Thoughts and Ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their Lips profess)

God

God hath no Wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his Grace.

III.

What strange Self-flattery blindstheirEyes!
But there's a hastning Hour
When they shall see with sore Surprise
The Terrors of thy Power.

IV.

Thy Justice shall maintain its Throne,
Tho' Mountains melt away ;
Thy Judgments are a World unknown,
A deep unfathom'd Sea.

V.

Above these Heavens created Rounds
Thy Mercies, Lord, extend ;
Thy Truth out-lives the narrow Bounds
Where Time and Nature end.

VI.

Safety to Man thy Goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the Beast ;
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wings
Thy Children chuse to rest.

VII.

[From thee, when Creature-streams run low,
And mortal Comforts die,
Perpetual Springs of Life shall flow,
And raise our Pleasures high.

VIII.

Tho' all created Light decay,
And Death close up our Eyes,
Thy Presence makes eternal Day
Where Clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. 1—7. Short Metre.

The Wickedness of Man, and the Majesty of God; or, Practical Atheism exposed.

I.

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

II.

[He walks a while conceal'd
In a Self-flattering Dream,
Till his dark Crimes at once reveal'd
Expose his hateful Name.]

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

VII.

How excellent his Love,
Whence all our Safety springs !
O 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, The Rewards of the Righteous and the
Wicked ; or, The World's Hatred and the
Saint's Patience.*

I.

WHY should I vex my Soul, and fret
To see the Wicked rise ?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lyes ?

II.

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

III.

Then let me make the Lord my Trust,
And practise all that's Good ;
So shall I dwell amongst the Just,
And he'll provide me Food.

IV.

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

V.

Mine Innocence shalt Thou display,
And make thy Judgments known,

Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

VI.

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

P A U S E.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

IX.

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

X.

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

I have turn'd the divine Instructions at the Beginning of this Psalm into the Form of holy Purposes, as more affecting and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. 16, 21, 26—31. *Second Part.*
Charity to the Poor ; or, Religion in Words
and Deeds.

I.

WHY do the wealthy Wicked boast,
 And grow profanely bold?
 The meanest Portion of the Just
 Excels the Sinner's Gold.

II.

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

III.

His Alms with liberal Heart he gives
 Amongst the Sons of Need ;
 His Memory to long Ages lives,
 And blessed is his Seed.

IV.

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

V.

The Law and Gospel of the Lord
 Deep in his Heart abide ;
 Led by the Spirit and the Word,
 His Feet shall never slide.

VI.

When Sinners fall, the Righteous stand,
 Preserv'd from every Snare ;
 They shall possess the promis'd Land,
 And dwell for ever There.

PSALM XXXVII. 23—27. *Third Part:
The Way and End of the Righteous and
Wicked.*

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

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

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

IV.
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.

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

VI.
And lo, he vanish'd from the Ground,
Destroy'd by Hands unseen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found,
Where all that Pride had been.

VII.

VII.

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

This long Psalm abounds with useful Instructions, and Encouragements to Piety, but the Verses are very much unconnected and independent: Therefore I have contracted and transposed them so as to reduce them to three Hymns of a moderate Length, and with some Connexion of the Sense.

PSALM XXXVIII.

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

I.

A MIDST thy Wrath remember Love,
 Restore thy Servant, Lord;
 Nor let a Father's Chastening prove
 Like an Avenger's Sword.

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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

V.

Lord, I am weak and broken fore,
 None of my Pow'rs are whole;

100 P S A L M XXXVIII.

The inward Anguish makes me roar,
The Anguish of my Soul.

VI.

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

VII.

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.

VIII.

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

IX.

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.

X.

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

PSALM XXXIX. 1, 2, 3. *First Part.*

*Watchfulness over the Tongue; or, Prudence
and Zeal.*

I.

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
“ Now will I watch my Tongue,
“ Left

“ Lest I let slip one sinful Word,
 “ Or do my Neighbour wrong.

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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

I have not confin'd my self here to the Sense of the Psalmist, but have taken Occasion from the three first Verses, to write a short Hymn on the Government of the Tongue.

PSALM XXXIX. 4, 5, 6, 7. *Second Part.*
The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move
 Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

They

They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the Noise is vain.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XXXIX. 9—13. *Third Part.*
Sick-Bed Devotion; or, Pleading without
Repining.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries,
Remove thy sharp Rebukes;

My

My Strength consumes, my Spirit dies
Through thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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.

PSALM XL. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. *First Part.*
Common Metre.

A Song of Deliverance from great Distress.

I.

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

II.

He rais'd me from a horrid Pit,
Where mourning long I lay,

And

And from my Bonds releas'd my Feet,
Deep Bonds of miry Clay.

III.

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:

IV.

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.

V.

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

VI.

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

PSALM XL. 6—9. *Second Part.* Com. Metre.
The Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

III.

“ 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.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

PAUSE.

VII.

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

VIII.

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.

If David had written this Psalm in the Days of the Gospel, surely he would have given a much more express and particular Account of the Sacrifice of Christ, as he hath done of his Preaching, V. 9, 10. and enlarged as Paul does in Heb. 10. 4, &c. where
this

this Psalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this Paraphrase, than what I'm persuaded, the Psalmist himself would have done in the Time of Christianity.

The Scriptures which I have used here on this Occasion, are, Heb. 10. 4. It is not possible the Blood of Bulls and of Goats should take away Sin. Ver. 5. A Body hast thou prepared me. John 7. 18. I seek the Glory of him that sent me. Heb. 10. 26. He appeared to put away Sin by the Sacrifice of Himself. Gen. 3. 15. The Seed of the Woman shall bruise the Serpent's Head.

PSALM XL. 5—10. Long Metre.

Christ our Sacrifice.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

“ 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.

V.

“ 'Tis written in thy great Decree,
“ 'Tis in thy Book foretold of Me,
“ I must fulfill the Saviour's Part,
“ And lo! thy Law is in my Heart,

VI.

VI.

“ 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.

VII.

“ 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.

Besides some of the Scriptures mention'd under the former Metre, I have here made use of these also. 1 John 3. 5. The Son of God was manifested, &c. 1 Pet. 2. 24. He bare our Sins. Isa. 42. 21. He will magnify the Law, and make it honourable. John 12. 32. If I be lifted up, I will draw all Men to me. John 16. 14. The Spirit shall receive of mine, and shew it unto you.

PSALM XLI. 1, 2, 3.

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

I.

BLEST is the Man whose Bowels move,
 And melt with Pity to the Poor,
 Whose Soul, by sympathizing Love,
 Feels what his Fellow-Saints endure.

II.

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.

III.

His Soul shall live secure on Earth,
 With secret Blessings on his Head,
 When Drought, and Pestilence, and Death
 Around him multiply their Dead.

IV.

Or if he languish on his Couch,
 God will pronounce his Sins forgiven,

Will

Will save him with a healing Touch,
Or take his willing Soul to Heaven.

The ten last Verses of this Psalm are of quite another Subject, relating to David's personal Enemies, which being so frequently repeated, I have often omitted.

The positive Blessings of long Life, Health, Recovery, and Security, in the midst of Dangers, being so much promised in the Old Testament, and so little in the New; I have given a Turn at the End of this Hymn, to discourage a too confident Expectation of these Temporal Things, and led the Soul to Heavenly Hopes, more agreeable to the Gospel.

PSALM XLII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Desertion and Hope; or, Complaint of Absence from publick Worship.

I.

WITH earnest Longings of the Mind,
My God, to Thee I look;
So pants the hunted Hart to find
And taste the cooling Brook.

II.

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.

III.

Temptations vex my weary Soul,
And Tears are my Repast;
The Foe insults without Controul,
“*And where's your God at last?*”

IV.

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

V.

But why, my Soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy Load?

Why

Why do my Thoughts indulge Despair,
And sin against my God?

VI.

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

PSALM XLII. 6—11. *Second Part.*
Melancholy Thoughts reprov'd; or, Hope in
Afflictions,

I.

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.

II.

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

III.

Yet will the Lord command his Love,
When I address his Throne by Day,
Nor in the Night his Grace remove;
The Night shall hear me sing and pray.

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

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.

The 43d Psalm is so near a-kin to this, that I have omitted it, only borrowing the 3d and 4th Verses to conclude this Hymn.

PSALM XLIV. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15—26.

The Church's Complaint in Persecution.

I.

LORD, we have heard thy Works of old,
 Thy Works of Power and Grace,
 When to our Ears our Fathers told
 The Wonders of their Days.

II.

How thou didst build thy Churches here,
 And make thy Gospel known ;
 Amongst them did thine Arm appear,
 Thy Light and Glory shone.

III.

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.

IV.

But now our Souls are seiz'd with Shame,
 Confusion fills our Face,
 To hear the Enemy blaspheme,
 And Fools reproach thy Grace.

VI.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with Heaven,
 Nor have our Steps declin'd the Road
 Of Duty thou hast given.

VI.

Tho' Dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive Breath,
 And thine own Hand has bruis'd us fore
 Hard by the Gates of Death.

P A U S E.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

Down to the Dust our Soul is bow'd,
 And dies upon the Ground;
 Rise for our Help, rebuke the Proud,
 And all their Powers confound.

XI.

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.*

I.

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

II.

Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

[Thy Father and thy God
Hath without Measure shed,
His Spirit like a joytul Oil
T'atoint thy Sacred Head.]

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

This Psalm is a Description of the personal Glories of Christ, and the Success of his Gospel ; and probably it refers to the Gentile Church, because she is bid to forget her Father's House ; all under the Type of Solomon's Marriage to Pharaoh's Daughter.

St. 5. *John* 3. 34. God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto him.

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The personal Glories and Government of Christ.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

Thy Throne, O God, for ever stands ;
 Thy Word of Grace shall prove

114 P. S A L M X L V .

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.

PSALM XLV. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The Glory of Christ, and Power of his Gospel.

I.

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!

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

PSALM XLV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Christ and his Church ; or, the Mystical
Marriage.

I.

THE 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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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 !

VI.

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

See the Notes on the Short Metre.

PSALM XLVI. *First Part.*

The Church's Safety and Triumph among national Desolations.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

VI.

Sion enjoys her Monarch's Love,
 Secure against a threatening 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.

I.

LET *Sion* in her King rejoice,
 Tho' Tyrants rage and Kingdoms rise ;
 He utters his Almighty Voice,
 The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

“ 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.

VI.

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.

I.

O FOR a Shout of sacred Joy
To God the sovereign King!
Let every Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

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

The Ascens of Christ into Heaven is typify'd in this Psalm, by the Ark brought up to Zion, 2 Sam. 6. 15. And the Kingdom of Christ among the Gentiles, is here represented by David's Victory over the Nations, Ver. 3. I have chosen to omit the Type, and do honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express Language.

PSALM XLVIII. 1—8. *First Part.*

The Church is the Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

In *Sion* God is known
 A Refuge in Distress ;
 How bright has his Salvation shone
 Through all her Palaces !

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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 Wor-
ship and Order.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

Let Strangers walk around
 The City where we dwell,
 Compass and view thine holy Ground,
 And mark the Building well.

IV.

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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.*

I.

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

He sees the Brutish and the Wise,
 The Timorous and the Brave,
 Quit their Possessions, close their Eyes,
 And hasten to the Grave.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

This is the Folly of their Way ;
 And yet their Sons as vain
 Approve the Words their Fathers say,
 And act their Works again.

IX.

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.

X.

Laid in the Grave like silly Sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,

Till

Till the last Trumpet break their Sleep
In Terror and Despair.

PSALM XLIX. v. 14, 15. 2d Part. Com. Met.
Death and the Resurrection.

I.

YE 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.

II.

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?

III.

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

IV.

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

PSALM XLIX. Long Metre.

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

I.

WHY 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!

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

Like thoughtless Sheep the Sinner dies,
Laid in the Grave for Worms to eat:
The Saints shall in the Morning rise,
And find the Oppressor at their Feet.

V.

His Honours perish in the Dust,
And Pomp and Beauty, Birth and Blood;
That glorious Day exalts the Just
To full Dominion o'er the Proud.

VI.

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.

PSALM L. 1—6. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Last Judgment; or, The Saints rewarded.

I.

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

II.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

“ 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.

VI.

“ 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. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. *Second Part.*
 Common Metre.

Obedience is better than Sacrifice.

I.

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.

II.

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

PSALM L. v. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. *Third Part.*

Common Metre.

The Judgment of Hypocrites.

I.

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

II.

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

III.

“ And what have Hypocrites to do,
 “ To bring their Sacrifice?
 “ They call my Statutes just and true,
 “ But deal in Theft and Lyes.

IV.

IV.

“ Could you expect to ‘scape my Sight,
 “ And sin without controul ?
 “ But I shall bring your Crimes to light,
 “ With Anguish in your Soul.

V.

Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his Wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his Sword,
 There’s no Deliverer there.

PSALM L. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

Hypocrisy expos’d.

I.

THE 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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

To Heaven 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.

V.

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.

VI.

O 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.

This Psalm having a plain Reference to the Last Judgment, I have in the first Part omitted every Thing that might obscure the Sense of it.

The latter Part of this Psalm being design'd to expose and terrify all formal Worshippers and Hypocrites, I have formed two or three Hymns on that Subject with some Transposition and Paraphrase of the Verses; but I have kept the same Introduction still, by repeating the first Verse of the Psalm.

P S A L M L. To a New Tune.

The Last Judgment.

I.

THE Lord, the Sovereign sends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nations, and awakes the North;
From East to West the sounding Orders 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.

II.

Behold the Judge descends: His Guards are nigh,
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky:
Heaven, Earth and Hell draw near; let all Things come
To hear his Justice and the Sinner's Doom:
But gather first my Saints (the Judge commands)
Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

III.

Behold my Cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' Eternal Sacrifice in Blood,
And sign'd with all their Names; the Greek, the Jew,
That pay'd the ancient Worship or the new.

There's no Distinction here: Come, spread their Thrones,
And near me seat my Favourites and my Sons.

IV.

I their Almighty Saviour and their God,
I am their Judge: Ye Heavens proclaim abroad
My just Eternal Sentence, and declare
Those awful Truths that Sinners dread to hear:
Sinners in Zion tremble and retire;
I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.

V.

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 the Store
Of brutal Offerings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer Beasts and savage Breed,
Flocks, Herds, and Fields, and Forests where they feed.

VI.

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?

VII.

Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
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.

VIII.

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 wou'd indulge thy Sin?
Behold my Terrors now; My Thunders roll,
And thy own Crimes affright thy guilty Soul.

IX.

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

Left like a Lion his last Vengeance rear,
Your trembling Souls, and no Deliverer near.

In this Metre, as in some of the former, I have taken evident Occasion from this Psalm, to represent the last Judgment, and have therefore left out those Verses that seem to interrupt that Sense.

Stanz. 3. All the Saints have made a Covenant with God by Sacrifice, (as in the Text) and, as it were, set their Names to God's Covenant of Grace, ratified by the Sacrifice of Christ of eternal Virtue; tho' the Jews did it in the antient Forms of Worship, and the Gentiles in the new.

Stanz. 6, 7. As the Jewish formal Worshippers contented themselves with Burnt-Offerings, &c. and trusted in them; so Hypocrites in Christianity build their Hopes upon outward Forms, gay Ceremonies, rigid Austerities, fanciful Vows, &c.

PSALM L. To the old proper Tune.

The Last Judgment.

THE God of Glory sends his Summons forth,
Calls the South Nation, and awakes the North;
From East to West the sovereign Orders spread,
Thro' distant Worlds and Regions of the Dead.

*The Trumpet sounds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with cheerful 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;
Tempest and Fire attend him down the Sky.

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

“ Heaven, Earth, and Hell draw near: Let all Things come
“ To hear my Justice and the Sinners Doom;
“ But gather first my Saints, (the Judge commands)
“ Bring them, ye Angels, from their distant Lands.

*When Christ returns, wake every cheerful 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,

“ And

“ And sign'd with all their Names ; the *Greek*, the *Jew*,
 “ That pay'd the Antient Worship or the New ;
There's no Distinction here. Join all your Voices,
And raise your Heads, ye Saints, for Heaven rejoices.

V.

“ Here (saith the Lord) ye Angels, spread their Thrones,
 “ And near me seat my Favourites, and my Sons.
 “ Come, my Redeem'd, possess the Joys prepar'd
 “ E'er Time began ; 'Tis your divine Reward.
When Christ returns, wake every chearful Passion ;
And shout, ye Saints, he comes for your Salvation.

PAUSE the First.

VI.

“ I am the Saviour, I th' Almighty God,
 “ I am the Judge: Ye Heavens, proclaim abroad
 “ 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.

VII.

“ Stand forth, thou bold Blasphemer, and profane,
 “ Now feel my Wrath, nor call my Threatnings vain ;
 “ Thou Hypocrite, once drest in Saints Attire,
 “ I doom the painted Hypocrite to Fire.
Judgment proceeds; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.

VIII.

“ 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 the Store
 “ Of brutal Offerings that were mine before:
Earth is the Lord's; all Nature shall adore him:
While Sinners tremble; Saints rejoice before him.

IX.

“ If I were hungry, would 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 where they feed,
All is the Lord's: He rules the wide Creation;
Gives Sinners Vengeance, and the Saints Salvation.

X.

- " 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 skreen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.*

P A U S E the Second.

XI.

- " Unthinking Wretch! how could'st thou hope to please
 " 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 chearful Voices.*

XII.

- " 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 skreen the Guilty when his Vengeance rises.*

XIII.

- " Silent I waited with long-suffering Love;
 " But didst thou hope that I shou'd ne'er reprove?
 " And cherish such an impious Thought within,
 " That the All-Holy would indulge thy Sin?
*See, God appears; all Nature joins t'adore him:
 Judgment proceeds, and Sinners fall before him.*

XIV.

- " 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.
*Judgment concludes; Hell trembles; Heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your Heads, ye Saints, with chearful Voices.*

Epiphonema.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye Fools, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful Morning rise:

Change your vain Thoughts, your crooked Works amend,
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your Friend:
*Then join the Saints: Wake every chearful Passion,
 When Christ returns, He comes for your Salvation.*

If the former Heroick Metre do not fit the old proper Tune of the Fiftieth Psalm for want of double Rhymes at the End of every Stanza; I have here alter'd the Form of it much, in order to fit it exactly to the old proper Tune; adding a Chorus, or (as some call it) the Burden of the Song, betwixt every Four Lines. I hope it will not be displeasing to the more musical Part of my Readers to be entertained with such a Variety.

PSALM LI. *First Part.* Long Metre.

A Penitent pleading for Pardon.

I.

SHew Pity, Lord, O Lord forgive,
 Let a repenting Rebel live:
 Are not thy Mercies large and free?
 May not a Sinner trust in thee?

II.

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.

III.

O wash my Soul from every Sin,
 And make my guilty Conscience clean;
 Here on my Heart the Burden lies,
 And past Offences pain my Eyes.

IV.

My Lips with Shame my Sins confess
 Against thy Law, against thy Grace:
 Lord, should thy Judgment grow severe,
 aIm condemn'd, but thou art clear.

V.

Should sudden Vengeance seize my Breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in Death;

And

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

VI.

Yet save a trembling Sinner, Lord,
Whose Hope still hovering round thy Word,
Would light on some sweet Promise there,
Some sure Support against Despair.

PSALM LI. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confess'd.

I.

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.

II.

Soon 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.

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

Stanz. 4, 5. *Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the Branch of Hyssop, sprinkling the Blood of the Bird, and the running Water, Levit. 14. 51. I have here enlarged upon the Insufficiency of all those Rites, for the cleansing of Sin, which is the Leprosy of the Soul.*

Stanz. 6. *Such a glorious Occasion of introducing the Blood of a Saviour, could not be omitted here with Justice to David, or to Christ his Son.*

PSALM LI. Third Part. Long Metre.

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

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

Then will I teach the World thy Ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign Grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

VIII.

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.

The 17th Verse, concerning the Sacrifice of a broken Heart, I have here transposed, to make an easier Connexion.

PSALM LI. 3—13. *First Part.*

Common Metre.

Original and Actual Sin confess'd and pardon'd.

LORD, I would spread my sore Distress
And Guilt before thine Eyes ;
Against

Against thy Laws, against thy Grace
How high my Crimes arise!

II.

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.

III.

I from the Stock of *Adam* came,
Unholy and unclean;
All my Original is Shame,
And all my Nature Sin*.

IV.

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.

V.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and chear my Soul
With thy forgiving Love;
O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove.

VI.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my vicious Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

VII.

Then will I make thy Mercy known
Before the Sons of Men;
Backsliders shall address thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

* Or it may be read, My Nature prone to Sin.

PSALM LI. 14—17. *Second Part. Com. Met.*
Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ.

I.

O God of Mercy, hear my Call,
 My Loads of Guilt remove,
 Break down this separating Wall
 That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Presence of thy Grace,
 Then my rejoicing Tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy Righteousness,
 And make thy Praise my Song.

III.

No Blood of Goats, nor Heifer slain
 For Sin could e'er atone ;
 The Death of *Christ* shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

IV.

A Soul opprest with Sins 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.

I.

ARE all the Foes of *Sion* Fools,
 Who thus devour her Saints ?
 Do they not know her Saviour rules,
 And pities her Complaints.

II.

They shall be seiz'd with sad Surprise ;
 For God's revenging Arm
 Scatters the Bones of them that rise
 To do his Children harm.

III.

III.

In vain the Sons of *Satan* boast
 Of Armies in Array ;
 When God has first despis'd their Host,
 They fall an easy Prey.

IV.

O for a Word from *Sion's* King
 Her Captives to restore !
Jacob with all his Tribes shall sing,
 And *Judah* weep no more.

The first Part of this Psalm is the same with the 14th.

PSALM LV. 1—8, 16, 17, 18, 22. Com. Met.

Support for the afflicted and tempted Soul.

I.

O God, my Refuge, hear my Cries,
 Behold my flowing Tears,
 For Earth and Hell my Hurt devise,
 And triumph in my Fears.

II.

Their Rage is level'd at my Life,
 My Soul with Guilt they load,
 And fill my Thoughts with inward Strife,
 To shake my Hope in God.

III.

With inward Pain my Heart-strings sound,
 I groan with every Breath ;
 Horror and Fear beset me round
 Amongst the Shades of Death.

IV.

O were I like a feather'd Dove,
 And Innocence had Wings ;
 I'd fly, and make a long Remove
 From all these restless Things.

H

V.

V.

Let me to some wild Defart go,
 And find a peaceful Home,
 Where Storms of Malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

VI.

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.

PAUSE.

VII.

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.

VIII.

God shall preserve my Soul from Fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten Thousand Angels must appear,
 If he command their Aid.

IX.

I cast my Burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all;
 My Courage rests upon his Word,
 That Saints shall never fall.

X.

My highest Hopes shall not be vain,
 My Lips shall spread his Praise;
 While cruel and deceitful Men
 Scarce live out half their Days.

I have left out some whole Psalms, and several Parts of others that tend to fill the Mind with overwhelming Sorrows, or sharp Remembrances; neither of which are so well suited to the Spirit of the Gospel, and therefore the particular Complaints of David against Achitophel here are entirely omitted.

PSALM LV. v. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22.

Short Metre.

*Dangerous Prosperity ; or, Daily Devotions
encouraged.*

I.

LET Sinners take their Course,
And chuse the Road to Death;
But in the Worship of my God
I'll spend my daily Breath.

II.

My Thoughts address his Throne
When Morning brings the Light ;
I seek his Blessing every Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my Eternal God,
While Sinners perish in Surprize
Beneath thine angry Rod.

IV.

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad Changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

V.

But I with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord,
I'll cast my Burdens on his Arm,
And rest upon his Word.

VI.

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.*

I.

O Thou whose Justice reigns on high,
And makes th' Oppressor cease,
Behold how envious Sinners try
To vex and break my Peace!

II.

The Sons of Violence and Lyes
Join to devour me, Lord;
But as my hourly Dangers rise,
My Refuge is thy Word.

III.

In 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.

IV.

They wrest my Words to Mischief still,
Charge me with unknown Fau'ts;
Mischief doth all their Counfels fill,
And Malice all their Thoughts.

V.

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.

VI.

God counts the Sorrows of his Saints,
Their Groans affect his Ears;

Thou

Thou hast a Book for my Complaints,
A Bottle for my Tears.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

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 !

X.

Thou hast secur'd my Soul from Death,
O set thy Prisoner free !
That Heart and Hand, and Life and Breath
May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM LVII.

Praise for Protection, Grace and Truth.

I.

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.

II.

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.

H 3

III.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heavens where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heavens where Angels dwell;
Thy Power on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

PSALM LVIII. as the 113th Psalm.

Warning to Magistrates.

I.

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?

II.

Have ye forgot, or never knew
That God will judge the Judges too?
High in the Heavens his Justice reigns;
Yet

Yet you invade the Rights of God,
 And send your bold Decrees abroad,
 To bind the Conscience in your Chains.

III.

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 Power of charming Sounds.

IV.

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.

V.

Th' Almighty thunders from the Sky,
 Their Grandure 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.

VI.

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.

*On a Day of Humiliation for Disappointments
in War.*

I.

LORD, hast thou cast the Nation off?
Must we for ever mourn?
Wilt thou indulge immortal Wrath?
Shall Mercy ne'er return?

II.

The Terror of one Frown of thine
Melts all our Strength away;
Like Men that totter drunk with Wine,
We tremble in Dismay.

III.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy Stroke,
And dreads thy threatening Hand;
O heal the Island thou hast broke,
Confirm the wav'ring Land.

IV.

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.

V.

Go with our Armies to the Fight
Like a Confederate God;
In vain confederate Powers unite
Against thy lifted Rod.

VI.

Our Troops shall gain a wide Renown
By thine assisting Hand;
'Tis God that treads the Mighty down,
And makes the Feeble stand.

P S A L M L X I . 1—6.

Safety in God.

I.

WHEN overwhelm'd with Grief
My Heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all Relief
To Heaven I lift mine Eyes.

II.

O lead me to the Rock
That's high above my Head,
And make the Covert of thy Wings
My Shelter and my Shade.

III.

Within thy Presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the Tower of my Defence
The Refuge where I hide.

IV.

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 L X I I . 5—12.

*No Trust in the Creatures ; or, Faith in
Divine Grace and Power.*

I.

MY 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.

II.

Trust him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face :

H 5

When

148. P S A L M LXIII.

When Helpers fail, and Foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

III.

False are the Men of high Degree,
The baser Sort are Vanity ;
Laid in the Ballance both appear
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

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 ?

V.

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.

VI.

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.*

Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

I.

EARLY; my God, without Delay
I haste to seek thy Face ;
My thirsty Spirit faints away
Without thy chearing Grace.

II.

So Pilgrims on the scorching Sand
Beneath a burning Sky

Long

Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

III.

I've seen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temple shine;
My God repeat that heavenly Hour,
That Vision so divine.

IV.

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.

V.

Not Life it self, with all her Joys,
Can my best Passions move,
Or raise so high my chearful Voice
As thy forgiving Love.

VI.

Thus till my last expiring Day
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to sing.

PSALM LXIII. 6—10. 2d Part. Com. Met.

Midnight Thoughts recollected.

I.

T WAS in the Watches of the Night
I thought upon thy Power,
I kept thy lovely Face in sight
Amidst the darkest Hour.

II.

My Flesh lay resting on my Bed,
My Soul arose on high;
“ My God, my Life, my Hope, I said,
“ Bring thy Salvation nigh.

III.

III.

My Spirit labours up thine Hill,
 And climbs the heavenly Road ;
 But thy Right Hand upholds me still,
 While I pursue my God.

IV.

Thy Mercy stretches o'er my Head
 The Shadow of thy Wings ;
 My Heart rejoices in thine Aid,
 My Tongue awakes and sings.

V.

But the Destroyers of my Peace
 Shall fret and rage in vain ;
 The Tempter shall for ever cease,
 And all my Sins be slain.

VI.

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.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God ; or, The Love of God
 better than Life.*

I.

GREAT God, indulge my humble Claim,
 Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Rest ;
 The Glories that compose thy Name
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

II.

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.

III.

III.

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.

IV.

With early Feet I love t'appear
 Among thy Saints, and seek thy Face;
 Oft have I seen thy Glory there,
 And felt the Power of sovereign Grace.

V.

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 Passions so.

VI.

My Life it self without thy Love
 No Taste of Pleasure could afford;
 'Twould but a tiresome Burden prove
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

PSALM LXIII, Short Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

MY God permit my Tongue
This Joy, to call Thee mine,
And let my early Cries prevail
To taste thy Love divine.

II.

My thirsty fainting Soul
Thy Mercy doth implore ;
Not Travellers in desert Lands
Can pant for Water more.

III.

Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place,
Thy Power and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quickning Grace.

IV.

For Life without thy Love
No Relish can afford ;
No Joy can be compar'd to this,
To serve and please the Lord.

V.

To thee I lift my Hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feast
Such Food or Pleasure give.

VI.

In wakeful Hours at Night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy Counsels are,
And all thy Dealings kind.

VII.

VII.

Since thou hast been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence
My chearful Hope relies.

VIII.

The Shadow of thy Wings
My Soul in Safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my Steps.

After I had finish'd the Common Metre of this Psalm, I observed several pious Turns of Thought in Dr. Patrick's Version, which I have copied in this Metre, tho' with some Difficulty, because of the shorter Lines.

PSALM LXV. 1—5. *First Part.* Long Met.

Publick Prayer and Praise.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

PAUSE.

V.

Let *Babel* fear when *Sion* prays ;
Babel prepare for long Distress
When *Sion's* God Himself arrays
In Terror and in Righteousness.

VI.

With dreadful Glory God fulfils
What his afflicted Saints request ;
And with Almighty Wrath reveals
His Love, to give his Churches Rest.

VII.

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.

PSALM LXV, 5--13. *Second Part.* Long Met.

Divine Providence in Air, Earth and Sea ;
or, The God of Nature and Grace.

I.

THE 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.

II.

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.

III.

III.

Sailors, that travel o'er the Flood,
 Address their frightened Souls to God,
 When Tempests rage and Billows roar
 At dreadful Distance from the Shore.

IV.

He bids the noisy Tempest cease;
 He calms the raging Croud to Peace,
 When a tumultuous Nation raves
 Wild as the Winds, and loud as Waves.

V.

Whole Kingdoms, shaken by the Storm,
 He settles in a peaceful Form;
 Mountains establish'd by his Hand,
 Firm on their old Foundations stand.

VI.

Behold his Ensigns sweep the Sky,
 New Comets blaze, and Lightnings fly;
 The *Heathen* Lands, with swift Surprise,
 From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

VII.

At 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.

VIII.

Seasons and Times obey his Voice;
 The Evening and the Morn rejoice
 To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
 Laden with Fruit, and dress'd in Flowers.

IX.

'Tis from his watry Stores on high
 He gives the thirsty Ground Supply;
 He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
 Doth his enriching Drops dispense.

X.

The Defart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Vallies yield ;
The Vallies shout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

XI.

The Pastures smile in green Array ;
There Lambs and larger Cattle play ;
The larger Cattle and the Lamb,
Each in his Language speaks thy Name.

XII.

Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine ;
O'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-bearing God, and the Gentiles called.

I.

PRAISE waits in *Zion*, Lord, for Thee ;
There shall our Vows be paid :
Thou hast an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Flesh shall seek thine Aid.

II.

Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us Power and Skill
To conquer every Sin.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

In answering what thy Church requests,
 Thy Truth and Terror shine,
 And Works of dreadful Righteousness
 Fulfill thy kind Design.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

PSALM LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

*The Providence of God in Air, Earth, and
 Sea ; or, The Blessing of Rain.*

I.

'Tis by thy Strength the Mountains stand,
 God of Eternal Power ;
 The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
 And Tempests cease to roar.

II.

Thy Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
 Successive Comforts bring ;
 Thy plenteous Fruits make Harvest glad,
 Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

III.

Seasons and Times, and Moons, and Hours,
 Heaven, Earth, and Air are thine ;
 When Clouds distil in fruitful Showers,
 The Author is Divine.

IV.

IV.

Those wandring Cisterns in the Sky,
 Borne by the Winds around,
 With watry Treasures well supply
 The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

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.
The Blessings of the Spring ; or, God gives Rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

I.

GOOD is the Lord, the Heavenly King,
 Who makes the Earth his Care,
 Visits the Pastures every Spring,
 And bids the Grass appear.

II.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out, at thy Command,
 Their watry Blessings from the Sky,
 To cheer the thirsty Land.

III.

The softened Ridges of the Field
 Permit the Corn to spring ;
 The Valleys rich Provision yield,
 And the poor Labourers sing.

IV.

The little Hills, on every Side,
 Rejoice at falling Showers,
 The Meadows, dress'd in all their Pride,
 Perfume the Air with Flowers.

V.

V.

The barren Clods, refresh'd with Rain,
 Promise a joyful Crop;
 The parching Grounds look green again,
 And raise the Reaper's Hope.

VI.

The various Months thy Goodness crowns,
 How bounteous are thy Ways?
 The bleating Flocks spread o'er the Downs,
 And Shepherds shout thy Praise.

PSALM LXVI. *First Part.*

*Governing Power and Goodness; or, Our
 Grace tried by Afflictions.*

I.

SING all ye Nations to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful Noise;
 With Melody of Sound record
 His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Power that shakes the Sky,
 "How terrible art Thou!
 "Sinners, before thy Presence fly,
 "Or at thy Feet they bow.

III.

[Come, see the Wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his Ways!
 In *Moses'* Hand he puts his Rod,
 And cleaves the frightened Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
 While *Israel* pass'd the Flood;
 There did the Church begin their Joy,
 And triumph in their God.]

V.

V.

He rules by his resistless Might ;
 Will rebel Mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
 And tempt that dreadful War ?

VI.

O bless our God, and never cease,
 Ye Saints, fulfill his Praise ;
 He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
 And guides our doubtful Ways.

VII.

Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering Souls,
 To make our Graces shine ;
 So Silver bears the burning Coals
 The Metal to refine.

VIII.

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.

I.

NOW shall my solemn Vows be paid
 To that Almighty Power,
 That heard the long Requests I made
 In my distressful Hour.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
 To make his Mercies known ;
 Come ye that fear my God, and hear
 The Wonders He has done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
 I sought his heavenly Aid,

He

He sav'd my sinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

IV.

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Prayer employ'd my Tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praises sung.

V.

But God (his Name be ever blest)
Has set my Spirit free ;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Request,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

PSALM LXVII.

*The Nation's Prosperity, and the Church's
Increase.*

I.

SHINE, mighty God, on *Britain* shine
With Beams of heavenly Grace ;
Reveal thy Power thro' all our Coasts,
And shew thy smiling Face.

II.

[Amidst our Isle, exalted high,
Do thou our Glory stand,
And, like a Wall of Guardian-Fire,
Surround the Favourite Land.]

III.

When shall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad,
And distant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God ?

IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Sing loud with solemn Voice ;

While

While *British* Tongues exalt his Praise,
And *British* Hearts rejoice.

V.

He the Great Lord, the Sovereign Judge,
That sits enthron'd above,
Wisely commands the Worlds he made
In Justice and in Love.

VI.

Earth shall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increase;
Our God will crown his chosen Isle
With Fruitfulness and Peace.

VII.

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

Having translated the Scene of this Psalm to Great Britain, I have borrow'd a devout and poetical Wish for the Happiness of my native Land, from Zech. 2. 5. and offered it up in the second Stanza. I will be a Wall of Fire round about, and will be the Glory in the midst of her.

PSALM LXVIII. *First Part.* 1—6, 32—35.
The Vengeance and Compassion of God.

I.

LET God arise in all his Might,
And put the Troops of Hell to flight;
As Smoke that sought to cloud the Skies
Before the rising Tempest flies.

II.

[He comes array'd in burning Flames;
Justice and Vengeance are his Names:
Behold his fainting Foes expire
Like melting Wax before the Fire.]

III.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

He breaks the Captives heavy Chain,
 And Prisoners see the Light again ;
 But Rebels, that dispute his Will,
 Shall dwell in Chains and Darkness still.

P A U S E .

VI.

Kingdoms and Thrones to God belong ;
 Crown him, ye Nations, 'in your Song :
 His wondrous Names and Powers rehearse ;
 His Honours shall enrich your Verse.

VII.

He shakes the Heavens with loud Alarms ;
 How terrible is God in Arms !
 In *Israel* are his Mercies known,
Israel is his peculiar Throne.

VIII.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him Bleft ;
 He's your Defence, your Joy, your Rest :
 When Terrors rise, and Nations faint,
 God is the Strength of every Saint.

PSALM LXVIII. *Second Part. v. 17, 18.*
Christ's Ascension, and the Gift of the Spirit.

I.

LORD, 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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

The 17th and 18th Verses of this Psalm are applied to the Ascension of Christ, Eph. 4. 8. and the promised Spirit was then given to Men, Acts 2. 35.

PSALM LXVIII. *3d Part. v. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.*
*Praise for Temporal Blessings; or, Common
 and Special Mercies.*

I.

WE bless the Lord, the Just, the Good,
 Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
 Who pours his Blessings from the Skies,
 And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II

II.

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.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And ail our near Escapes from Death :
Safety and Health to God belong ;
He heals the Weak, and guards the Strong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove
The common Blessings of his Love ;
But the wide Difference that remains,
Is endless Joy, or endless Pains.

V.

The Lord, that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed shall tread ;
The stubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting Wound.

VI.

But his right Hand his Saints shall raise
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas ;
And bring them to his Courts above,
There shall they taste his special Love.

*The Verses marked in the Title afforded me several Hints to form
a Divine Song on the Subject there expressed.*

PSALM LXIX. I--14. *First Part.* Com. Met.

The Sufferings of Christ, for our Salvation.

I.

“ S AVE me, O God, the swelling Floods
“ Break in upon my Soul :
“ I sink ; and Sorrows, o'er my Head,
“ Like mighty Waters roll.

II.

“ I cry till all my Voice be gone,
 “ In Tears I waste the Day :
 “ My God, behold my longing Eyes,
 “ And shorten thy Delay.

III.

“ They hate my Soul without a Cause,
 “ And still their Number grows
 “ More than the Hairs around my Head,
 “ And mighty are my Foes.

IV.

“ ’Twas then I paid that dreadful Debt
 “ That Men could never pay,
 “ And gave those Honours to thy Law
 “ Which Sinners took away.”

V.

Thus, in the Great *Messiah*'s Name,
 The Royal Prophet mourns ;
 Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
 And gives us Joy by turns.

VI.

“ Now shall the Saints rejoice and find
 “ Salvation in my Name ;
 “ For I have borne their heavy Load
 “ Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

VII.

“ Grief, like a Garment, cloth'd me round,
 “ And Sackcloth was my Dress,
 “ While I procur'd for naked Souls
 “ A Robe of Righteousness.

VIII.

“ Amongst my Brethren and the *Jews*
 “ I like a Stranger stood,
 “ And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
 “ The *Gentiles* near to God.

IX.

IX.

“ 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.

X.

“ My Fasting and my holy Groans
 “ Were made the Drunkard’s Song ;
 “ But God, from his Celestial Throne,
 “ Heard my complaining Tongue.

XI.

“ 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.

XII.

“ ’Twas in a most accepted Hour
 “ My Prayer arose on high,
 “ And for my sake my God shall hear
 “ The dying Sinner’s Cry.”

*Stan. 7. I borrow the Robe of Righteousness from Isa. 61. 10.
 to answer the Garment of Sackcloth, ver. 11.*

PSALM LXIX. 14—21, 26, 29, 32. *Second
 Part. Common Metre.*

The Passion and Exaltation of Christ.

I.

NOW let our Lips with holy Fear,
 And mournful Pleasure sing
 The Sufferings of our Great High-Priest,
 The Sorrows of our King.

II.

He sinks in Floods of deep Distress ;
 How high the Waters rise !
 While to his heavenly Father’s Ear
 He sends perpetual Cries.

III.

“ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining Face ;
 “ Why should thy Favourite look like one
 “ Forsaken of thy Grace ?

IV.

“ With Rage they persecute the Man
 “ That groans beneath thy Wound ;
 “ While, for a Sacrifice, I pour
 “ My Life upon the Ground.

V.

“ They tread my Honour to the Dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain ;
 “ Their sharp insulting Slanders add
 “ Fresh Anguish to my Pain.

VI.

“ All my Reproach is known to Thee,
 “ The Scandal and the Shame ;
 “ Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
 “ And Lyes defil'd my Name.

VII.

“ 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.

VIII.

“ With Vinegar they mock my Thirst,
 “ They give me Gall for Food ;
 “ And sporting with my dying Groans,
 “ They triumph in my Blood.

IX.

“ Shine in to my distressed Soul,
 “ Let thy Compassions save ;
 “ And tho' my Flesh sink down to Death,
 “ Redeem it from the Grave.

X.

“ I shall arise to praise thy Name,
 “ Shall reign in Worlds unknown,
 “ And thy Salvation, O my God;
 “ Shall seat me on thy Throne.

PSALM LXIX. *Third Part.* Com. Metre.
Christ's Obedience and Death; or, God glorified and Sinners saved.

I.

FATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
 I bless my Saviour's Name,
 He bought Salvation for the Poor,
 And bore the Sinners Shame.

II.

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.

III.

His dying Groans, his living Songs
 Shall better please my God,
 Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
 Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

Zion is thine, most holy God ;

Thy Son shall bless her Gates :

And Glory purchas'd by his Blood

For thy own *Israel* waits.

PSALM LXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ's Passion, and Sinners Salvation.

I.

DEEP in our Hearts let us record
The deeper Sorrows of our Lord ;
Behold the rising Billows roll
To overwhelm his holy Soul.

II.

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.

III.

Yet, gracious God, thy Power and Love
Has made the Curse a Blessing prove ;
Those dreadful Sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for Sins which we had done.

IV.

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.

V.

O 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.

I.

TWAS 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.

II.

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.

III.

[*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.]

IV.

[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.]

V.

[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.]

VI.

His Life they load with hateful Lyes,
And charge his Lips with Blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful Tree;
There hung the Man that dy'd for me.

I 5

VII.

VII.

[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.]

VIII.

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.

In both the Metres of this Psalm, I have apply'd it to the Sufferings of Christ, as the N. T. gives sufficient Reason by several Citations of this Psalm: From which Places I have borrow'd the Particulars of his Suffering for our Sins, his scourging the Buyers and Sellers out of the Temple, his Crucifixion, &c. But I have omitted the dreadful Imprecations on his Enemies, except what is inserted in this last Stanza, in the Way of a Prediction or Threatning. Stanza 5. The false Judge is the High-Priest, not Pilate.

PSALM LXXI. 5—9. *First Part.*

The aged Saints Reflection and Hope.

I.

MY God, my everlasting Hope,
 I live upon thy Truth ;
 Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
 And strength'ned all my Youth.

II.

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.

III.

Still has my Life new Wonders seen,
 Repeated every Year ;
 Behold my Days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy Care.

IV.

IV.

Cast me not off when Strength declines,
 When hoary Hairs arise ;
 And round me let thy Glories shine
 When e'er thy Servant dies.

V.

Then in the History of my Age,
 When Men review my Days,
 They'll read thy Love in every Page,
 In every Line thy Praise.

PSALM LXXI. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24.
Second Part.

Christ our Strength and Righteousness.

I.

MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy Praise,
 Where will the growing Numbers end,
 The Numbers of thy Grace ?

II.

Thou art my everlasting Trust,
 Thy Goodness I adore ;
 And since I knew thy Graces first,
 I speak thy Glories more.

III.

My Feet shall travel all the Length
 Of the celestial Road,
 And march with Courage in thy Strength,
 To see my Father God.

IV.

When I am fill'd with sore Distress
 For some surprizing Sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.

V.

How will my Lips rejoice to tell
 The Victories of my King!
 My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
 Shall thy Salvation sing.

VI.

[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.]

VII.

Awake, awake, my tuneful Powers,
 With this delightful Song
 I'll entertain the darkest Hours,
 Nor think the Season long.]

If these Verses of the Psalmist do not directly intend, that in God our Saviour is our Righteousness and Strength, as Isa. 45. 21--25. yet there is a fair Occasion given in the Words, for this Evangelical Turn of Thought.

PSALM LXXI. 17—21. *Third Part.*

*The aged Christian's Prayer and Song; or,
 Old Age, Death and the Resurrection.*

I.

GOD of my Childhood and my Youth,
 The Guide of all my Days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly Truth,
 And told thy wond'rous Ways.

II.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary Hairs,
 And leave my fainting Heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking Years
 If God my Strength depart?

III.

Let me thy Power and Truth proclaim
 To the surviving Age,

And

And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I shall quit the Siege.

IV.

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 .

V.

Thy Righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy Deeds ;
Thy Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praise exceeds.

VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threatnings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief ;
But when thy Hand has prest me fore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

VII.

By long Experience have I known
Thy sovereign Power to save ;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

VIII.

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.

So fair a Profession and Faith of the Resurrection in v. 20. I could not omit without Injury to the Psalmist, and to my own Design.

PSALM LXXII. *First Part.**The Kingdom of Christ.*

I.

GREAT God, whose universal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,
Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Power, exalt his Throne.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his Influence down :
His Grace on fainting Souls distills,
Like heavenly Dew on thirty Hills.

V.

The *Heathen* Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of overspreading Death,
Revive at his first dawning Light,
And Desarts blossom at the Sight.

VI.

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.*

I.

JESUS 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.

II.

[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.

III.

There *Persia* glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold ;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit and bow and own their Lord.]

IV.

For him shall endless Prayer be made,
And Praises throng to crown his Head ;
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
With every Morning Sacrifice.

V.

People and Realms of every Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song ;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.

VI.

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.

VII.

[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.

VIII.

Let every Creature rise, and bring
Peculiar Honours to our King ;
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the long *Amen.*]

PSALM LXXIII. *First Part.* Com. Metre.
*Afflicted Saints happy, and prosperous Sinners
cursed.*

I.

NOW I'm convinc'd, the Lord is kind
To Men of Heart sincere :
Yet once my foolish Thoughts repin'd,
And border'd on Despair.

II.

I griev'd to see the Wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry Breath,
“ How pleasant and profane they live !
“ How peaceful is their Death !

III.

“ With well-fed Flesh and haughty Eyes
“ They lay their Fears to sleep ;
“ Against the Heavens their Slanders rise,
“ While Saints in Silence weep.

IV.

“ 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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

There, as in some prophetick Glass,
 I saw the Sinner's Feet
 High-mounted on a slippery Place
 Beside a fiery Pit.

VIII.

I heard the Wretch profanely boast,
 Till at thy Frown he fell ;
 His Honours in a Dream were lost,
 And he awakes in Hell.

IX.

Lord, what an envious Fool I was !
 How like a thoughtless Beast !
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd Grace,
 And think the Wicked blest.

X.

Yet I was kept from full Despair,
 Upheld by Power unknown ;
 That blessed Hand that broke the Snare,
 Shall guide me to thy Throne.

PSALM LXXIII. 23—28. *Second Part.*

Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

I.

GOD my Supporter and my Hope,
G My Help for ever near,
 Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
 When sinking in Despair.

II.

Thy Counsels, Lord, shall guide my Feet
 Through this dark Wilderness;
 Thine Hand conduct me near thy Seat,
 To dwell before thy Face.

III.

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.

IV.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
 And Flesh and Heart should faint,
 God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
 The Strength of every Saint.

V.

Behold, the Sinners that remove
 Far from thy Presence die;
 Not all the Idol-Gods they love
 Can save them when they cry.

VI.

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.

PSALM LXXIII. 22, 3, 6, 17—20.

Long Metre.

The Prosperity of Sinners cursed.

I.

LORD, 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!

II.

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

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

PSALM LXXIII. Short Metre.

The Mystery of Providence unfolded.

I.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain,

Tho'

Tho' Men of Vice may boast aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

II.

I saw the Wicked rise,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with scornful Eyes;
In Robes of Honour shine.

III.

[Pamper'd with wanton Ease
Their Flesh looks full and fair,
Their Weaith rolls in like flowing Seas,
And grows without their Care.

IV.

Free from the Plagues and Pains
That pious Souls endure,
Thro' all their Life Oppression reigns,
And racks the humble Poor.

V.

Their impious Tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their Malice blasts the good Man's Name,
And spreads their Lyes abroad.

VI.

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The Things below the Skies?]

VII.

The Tumults of my Thought
Held me in hard Suspense,
Till to thy House my Feet were brought
To learn thy Justice thence.

VIII.

Thy Word with Light and Power
 Did my Mistakes amend ;
 I view'd the Sinners Life before,
 But here I learnt their End.

IX.

On what a slippery Steep
 The thoughtless Wretches go !
 And O that dreadful fiery Deep
 That waits their Fall below !

X.

Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
 My Thoughts no more repine :
 I call my God my Portion now,
 And all my Powers are thine.

This Psalm is a most noble Composure; the Design and Model of it is divinely beautiful, and an admirable Pattern for a Poet to copy. But it being one single Scheme of Thought, I was obliged to contract it, that it might be sung at once; tho' the Dignity and Beauty of the Ode suffers much by this means.

PSALM LXXIV.

*The Church pleading with God under fore
 Persecutions.*

I.

WILL God for ever cast us off?
 His Wrath for ever smother
 Against the People of his Love,
 His little chosen Flock?

II.

Think of the Tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's Blood ;
 Nor let thy *Sion* be forgot,
 Where once thy Glory stood.

III.

III.

Lift up thy Feet, and march in haste,
 Aloud our Ruin calls ;
 See what a wide and fearful Waste
 Is made within thy Walls.

IV.

Where once thy Churches pray'd and sang,
 Thy Foes profanely roar ;
 Over thy Gates their Ensigns hang,
 Sad Tokens of their Power.

V.

How are the Seats of Worship broke !
 They tear thy Buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest Stroke
 Procures the chief Renown.

VI.

With Flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy Children in their Nest ;
Come let us burn at once, they cry,
The Temple and the Priest.

VII.

And still to heighten our Distress
 Thy Presence is withdrawn ;
 Thy wonted Signs of Power and Grace,
 Thy Power and Grace are gone.

VIII.

No Prophet speaks to calm our Woes,
 But all the Seers mourn ;
 There's not a Soul amongst us knows
 The Time of thy Return.

P A U S E .

IX.

How long, Eternal God, how long
 Shall Men of Pride blaspheme ?

Shall

Shall Saints be made their endless Song,
And bear immortal Shame?

X.

Can'st thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And still thy Jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine Hand?

XI.

What strange Deliverance hast thou shown
In Ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

XII.

Thou didst divide the raging Sea
By thy resistless Might,
To make thy Tribes a wondrous Way,
And then secure their Flight.

XIII.

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?

XIV.

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?

XV.

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?

XVI.

XVI.

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.

XVII.

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 King
 W I L L I A M, or the happy Accession of King
 G E O R G E to the Throne.

I.

TO 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.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave,
 Her Frame dissolv'd, her Fears were great;
 When God a new Supporter gave
 To bears the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
 And sware to rule by wholesome Laws;
 His Foot shall tread th' Oppressor down,
 His Arm defend the righteous Cause.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners sink their Pride,
 Nor lift so high their scornful Head;
 But lay their foolish Thoughts aside,
 And own the King that God hath made.

V.

V.

Such Honours never come by chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow :
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.

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.

VII.

[His Hand holds out the dreadful Cup
Of Vengeance mix'd with various Plagues,
To make the Wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter Dregs.

VIII.

Now shall the Lord exalt the Just,
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Dust,
My Lips shall sing his Praise aloud.]

PSALM LXXVI.

*Israel sav'd, and the Assyrians destroy'd ;
or, God's Vengeance against his Enemies
proceeds from his Church.*

I.

IN *Judab* God of old was known ;
His Name in *Israel* great ;
In *Salem* stood his holy Throne,
And *Sion* was his Seat.

II.

Among the Praises of his Saints
His Dwelling there he chose ;
There he receiv'd their just Complaints
Against their haughty Foes.

K

III.

III.

From *Zion* went his dreadful Word,
 And broke the threatening Spear :
 The Bow, the Arrows and the Sword,
 And crush'd th' *Assyrian* War.

IV.

What are the Earth's wide Kingdoms else,
 But mighty Hills of Prey ?
 The Hill on which *Jehovah* dwells
 Is glorious more than they.

V.

'Twas *Zion's* King that stopt the Breath
 Of Captains and their Bands :
 The Men of Might slept fast in Death,
 And never found their Hands.

VI.

At thy Rebuke, O *Jacob's* God,
 Both Horse and Chariot fell :
 Who knows the Terrors of thy Rod ?
 Thy Vengeance who can tell ?

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

IX.

[Vow to the Lord, and Tribute bring,
 Ye Princes fear his Frown :
 His Terror shakes the proudest King,
 And cuts an Army down.

X.

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.

I.

TO God I cry'd with mournful Voice,
 I sought his gracious Ear,
 In the sad Day when Troubles rose,
 And fill'd the Night with Fear.

II.

Sad were my Days and dark my Nights,
 My Soul refus'd Relief :
 I thought on God the Just and Wise,
 But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

III.

Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My Heart began to break ;
 My God, thy Wrath forbid my Rest,
 And kept my Eyes awake.

IV.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew
 'Till I could speak no more ;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

V.

I call'd back Years and antient Times
 When I beheld thy Face ;
 My Spirit search'd for secret Crimes
 That might withhold thy Grace.

VI.

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 ?

VII.

Will he for ever cast me off ?
His Promise ever fail ?
Has he forgot his tender Love ?
Shall Anger still prevail ?

VIII.

But I forbid this hopeless Thought,
This dark despairing Frame,
Remembering what thy Hand hath wrought,
Thy Hand is still the same.

IX.

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.

X.

Grace dwells with Justice on the Throne ;
And Men that love thy Word
Have in thy Sanctuary known
The Counsels of the Lord.

PSALM LXXVII. *Second Part.*

*Comfort deriv'd from antient Providences ;
or, Israel deliver'd from Egypt, and
brought to Canaan.*

I.

“ **H**OW awful is thy chaf't'ning Rod ?
“ (May thy own Children say)
“ The Great, the Wise, the Dreadful God !
“ How holy is his Way !

II.

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.

III.

Long did the House of *Joseph* lie
 With *Egypt's* Yoke opprest ;
 Long he delay'd to hear their Cry,
 Nor gave his People Rest.

IV.

The Sons of good old *Jacob* seem'd
 Abandon'd to their Foes ;
 But his Almighty Arm redeem'd
 The Nation that he chose.

V.

Israel his People and his Sheep
 Must follow where he calls ;
 He bids them venture thro' the Deep,
 And made the Waves their Walls.

VI.

The Waters saw thee, mighty God,
 The Waters saw thee come ;
 Backward they fled, and frighted stood
 To make thine Armies room.

VII.

Strange was thy Journey thro' the Sea,
 Thy Foot-steps, Lord, unknown :
 Terrors attend the wondrous Way
 That brings thy Mercies down.

VIII.

[Thy Voice with Terror in the Sound
 Thro' Clouds and Darknes broke :
 All Heaven in Lightning shone around,
 And Earth with Thunder shook.

IX.

Thine 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.

X.

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.*

Providences of God recorded ; or, Pious Education and Instruction of Children.

I.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
 Which God perform'd of old,
 Which in our younger Years we saw,
 And which our Fathers told.

II

He bids us make his Glories known,
 His Works of Power and Grace ;
 And we'll convey his Wonders down
 Thro' every rising Race.

III

Our Lips shall tell them to our Sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That Generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their Heirs.

IV.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
 Their Hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his Works,
 But practise his Commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. *Second Part.*

Israel's Rebellion and Punishment; or, The Sins and Chastisements of God's People.

I.

O What a stiff rebellious House
Was *Jacob's* antient Race!
False to their own most solemn Vows,
And to their Maker's Grace.

II.

They broke the Covenant of his Love,
And did his Laws despise,
Forgot the Works he wrought to prove
His Power before their Eyes.

III.

They saw the Plagues on *Egypt* light,
From his revenging Hand:
What dreadful Tokens of his Might
Spread o'er the stubborn Land!

IV.

They saw him cleave the mighty Sea,
And march'd in Safety thro',
With wat'ry Walls to guard their Way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the Foe.

V.

A wondrous Pillar mark'd the Road,
Compos'd of Shade and Light;
By Day it prov'd a sheltering Cloud,
A leading Fire by Night.

VI.

He from the Rock their Thirst supply'd;
The gushing Waters fell,
And ran in Rivers by their Side,
A constant Miracle.

K 4.

VII.

VII.

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 ?*

VIII.

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.*

The Punishment of Luxury and Intemperance ;
or, Chastisement and Salvation.

I.

WHEN *Israel* sins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread ;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And sends them heavenly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a liberal Hand,
And made his Treasures known ;
He gave the Midnight-clouds Command
To pour Provision down.

III.

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.

IV.

But they in murmuring Language said,
“ *Manna* is all our Feast ;
“ We loath this light, this airy Bread ;
“ We must have Flesh to taste.

V.

V.

“ *You 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.

VI.

He gave them all their own Desire ;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with secret Fire,
And smote the Rebels dead.

VII.

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.

VIII.

Oft he chastis’d, and still forgave,
Till by his gracious Hand
The Nation he resolv’d to save,
Possess’d the promis’d Land.

PSALM LXXVIII. v. 32, &c. *Fourth Part :*

*Backsliding and Forgiveness ; or, Sin
punished, and Saints saved.*

I.

GREAT 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.

II.

How soon the faithless *Yews* forgot
The dreadful Wonders God had wrought !
Then they provoke him to his Face,
Nor fear his Power, nor trust his Grace.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

Their Pray'rs and Vows before him rise
 As flattering Words or solemn Lyes,
 While their Rebellious Tempers prove
 False to his Covenant and his Love.

VI.

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.

VII.

He saw their Flesh was weak and frail,
 He saw Temptation still prevail;
 The God of *Abraham* lov'd them still,
 And led them to his holy Hill.

P S A L M LXXX.

*The Church's Prayer under Affliction; or,
 The Vineyard of God wasted.*

I.

GREAT Shepherd of thine *Israel*,
 Whodidst between the Cherubs dwell,
 And lead the Tribes, thy chosen Sheep,
 Safe thro' the Desert and the Deep.

II.

II.

Thy Church is in the Defart now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro' ;
Turn us to thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

III.

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 ?

IV.

Instead of Wine and chearful Bread
Thy Saints with their own Tears are fed ;
Turn us to thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

V.

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 ?

VI.

How did the spreading Branches shoot,
And bless the Nations with the Fruit !
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning Vine, that lovely Tree.

VII.

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.

VIII.

Return Almighty God return ;
Nor let thy bleeding Vineyard mourn :

Turn :

198 P S A L M LXXX.

Turn us to thee, thy Love restore,
We shall be fav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

IX.

Lord, when this Vine in *Canaan* grew
Thou wert its Strength and Glory too ;
Attack'd in vain by all its Foes,
Till the fair *Branch of Promise* rose.

X.

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.

XI.

'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.

XII.

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.

*The Warnings of God to his People ; or,
Spiritual Blessings and Punishments.*

I.

SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful Noise :
God is our Strength, our Saviour God ;
Let *Israel* hear his Voice.

II.

“ From vile Idolatry
“ Preserve my Worship clean ;

“ I

“ I am the Lord who set thee free
 “ From Slavery and Sin.

III.

“ Stretch thy Desires abroad,
 “ And I’ll supply them well ;
 “ But if ye will refuse your God,
 “ If *Israel* will rebel,

IV.

“ 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.

V.

“ Yet, O ! that all my Saints
 “ Would hearken to my Voice !
 “ Soon I would ease their sore Complaints,
 “ And bid their Hearts rejoice.

VI.

“ 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 Governour ; or, Magistrates warned.

I.

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.

II.

Why will ye then frame wicked Laws ?
 Or why support th’ unrighteous Cause ?

When

200 P S A L M L X X X I I I .

When will ye once defend the Poor,
That Sinners vex the Saints no more ?

III.

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.

IV.

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.

The last Verse of this Psalm may not improperly be apply'd to Christ, for he is that God that must judge the Earth, Psalm 96, and 98. and have the Nations for his Inheritance, Psal. 2. 8.

P S A L M L X X X I I I .

A Complaint against Persecutors.

I.

AND will the God of Grace
Perpetual Silence keep ?
The God of Justice hold his Peace,
And let his Vengeance sleep ?

II.

Behold what cursed Snares
The Men of Mischief spread ;
The Men that hate thy Saints and Thee
Lift up their threatening Head.

III.

Against thy hidden Ones
Their Counsels they employ,
And Malice, with her watchful Eye,
Pursues them to destroy.

IV.

IV.

The Noble and the Base
 Into thy Pastures leap ;
 The Lion and the stupid Ass
 Conspire to vex thy Sheep.

V.

“ Come let us join, they cry,
 “ To root them from the Ground,
 “ Till not the Name of Saints remain,
 “ Nor Memory shall be found.”

VI.

Awake, Almighty God,
 And call thy Wrath to mind ;
 Give them like Forests to the Fire,
 Or Stubble to the Wind.

VII

Convince their Madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy Name ;
 Or else their stubborn Rage confound,
 That they may die in Shame.

VIII.

Then shall the Nations know
 That glorious dreadful Word,
Jehovah is thy Name alone,
 And thou the Sovereign Lord.

PSALM LXXXIV. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The Pleasure of Publick Worship.

I.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
HO Lord of Hosts, thy Dwellings are !
 With long Desire my Spirit faints
 To meet th' Assemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Flesh would rest in thine Abode,
 My panting Heart cries out for God ;

My

My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my Joys and Thee?

III.

The Sparrow chuses where to rest,
And for her Young provides her Nest:
But will my God to Sparrows grant
That Pleasure which his Children want?

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

PSALM LXXXIV. *Second Part. Long Metre.*
God and his Church; or, Grace and Glory.

I.

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.

I

III

II.

Might I enjoy the meanest Place
 Within thine House, O God of Grace,
 Not Tents of Ease, nor Thrones of Power,
 Should tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

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.

IV.

All needful Grace will God bestow,
 And crown that Grace with Glory too;
 He gives us all Things, and withholds
 No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

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.

PSALM LXXXIV. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10.

Paraphras'd in Common Metre.

*Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God
 present in his Churches.*

I.

MY Soul, how lovely is the Place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis Heaven to see his smiling Face,
 Tho' in his Earthly Courts.

II.

There the Great Monarch of the Skies
 His saving Power displays,
 And Light breaks in upon our Eyes
 With kind and quick'ning Rays.

III.

III.

With his rich Gifts the heavenly *Dove*
 Descends and fills the Place,
 While *Christ* reveals his wond'rous Love,
 And sheds abroad his Grace.

IV.

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.

V.

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?

VI.

The Sparrow builds herself a Nest,
 And suffers no Remove;
 O make me, like the Sparrows, blest,
 To dwell but where I love.

VII.

To sit one Day beneath thine Eye,
 And hear thy Gracious Voice,
 Exceeds a whole Eternity
 Employ'd in carnal Joys.

VIII.

Lord, at thy Threshold I would wait,
 While *Jesus* is within,
 Rather than fill a Throne of State,
 Or live in Tents of Sin.

IX.

Could I command the spacious Land,
 And the more boundless Sea,

For

For one blest Hour at thy Right-hand
I'd give them both away.

PSALM LXXXIV. *as the 148th Psalm.*
Longing for the House of God.

I.

LORD 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.

II.

The Sparrow, for her Young,
With Pleasure seeks a Nest;
And wand'ring Swallows long
To find their wonted Rest:
My Spirit faints,
With equal Zeal,
To rise and dwell
Among thy Saints.

III.

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.

IV.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,

Till

Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in Heaven appears :
 O glorious Seat,
 When God our King
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing Feet !

P A U S E.

V.

To spend one sacred Day,
 Where God and Saints abide,
 Affords Diviner Joy
 Than Thousand Days beside :
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the Door
 Than shine in Courts.

VI.

God is our Sun and Shield,
 Our Light and our Defence ;
 With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
 We draw our Blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On *Jacob's* Race
 Peculiar Grace
 And Glory too.

VII.

The Lord his People loves :
 His Hand no Good withholds
 From those his Heart approves,
 From pure and pious Souls :
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of Hosts,
 Whose Spirit trusts
 Alone in Thee.

PSALM LXXXV. v. 1—8. *First Part.*

*Waiting for an Answer to Prayer ; or, Deli-
verance began and compleated.*

I.

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 wandring Captives home.

II.

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.

III.

Revive our dying Graces, Lord,
And let thy Saints in Thee rejoice ;
Make known thy Truth, fulfill thy Word,
We wait for Praise to tune our Voice.

IV.

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. v. 9, &c. *Second Part.*
Salvation by Christ.

I.

SALVATION is for ever nigh
The Souls that fear and trust the Lord ;
And Grace, descending from on high,
Fresh Hopes of Glory shall afford.

II.

Mercy and Truth on Earth are met,
Since *Christ* the Lord came down from Heaven ;
By

By his Obedience, so compleat,
Justice is pleas'd, and Peace is given.

III.

Now Truth and Honour shall abound,
Religion dwell on Earth again,
And heavenly Influence bless the Ground
In our Redeemer's gentle Reign.

IV.

His Righteousness is gone before
To give us free Access to God ;
Our wand'ring Feet shall stray no more,
But mark his Steps, and keep the Road.

If some Readers should suppose the English Verse here to mistake the Hebrew Sense, yet perhaps these evangelical Allusions, to the Words of the Jewish Psalmist, may be as agreeable and useful to the Christian Worshipper.

PSALM LXXXVI. v. 8—13.

A general Song of Praise to God.

I.

AMONG the Princes, earthly Gods,
There's none hath Power divine ;
Nor is their Nature, mighty Lord,
Nor are their Works like thine.

II.

The Nations, thou hast made, shall bring
Their Offerings round thy Throne ;
For thou alone dost wond'rous Things,
For thou art God alone.

III.

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.

IV.

Great is thy Mercy, and my Tongue,
Shall those sweet Wonders tell,

How

How by thy Grace my sinking Soul
Rose from the Deeps of Hell.

PSALM LXXXVII.

*The Church the Birth-place of the Saints ; or,
Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian
Church.*

I.

GOD in his earthly Temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly Praise :
He likes the Tents of *Jacob* well,
But still in *Zion* loves to dwell.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

When God makes up his last Account
Of Natives in his holy Mount,
'Twill be an Honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there !

*I have explain'd the second Verse at large, and transposed the
last. For Singers and Playets on Instruments, I have introduced
Arge's nich Men.*

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
*The Covenant made with Christ; or, The
 true David.*

I.

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.

II.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 " With thee my Covenant first is made;
 " In thee shall dying Sinners live,
 " Glory and Grace are thine to give.

III.

" 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.

IV.

" 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?

V.

" *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."

VI.

Now let the Church rejoice and sing
Jesus her Saviour and her King;
 Angels his heavenly Wonders show,
 And Saints declare his Works below.

PSALM LXXXIX. *First Part.* Com. Metre.
The Faithfulness of God.

I.

MY never-ceasing Songs shall show
 The Mercies of the Lord,
 And make succeeding Ages know,
 How faithful is his Word.

II.

The sacred Truths his Lips pronounce
 Shall firm as Heaven endure;
 And if he speak a Promise once,
 Th' Eternal Grace is sure.

III.

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.

IV.

His Seed for ever shall possess
 A Throne above the Skies;
 The meanest Subject of his Grace
 Shall to that Glory rise.

V.

Lord God of Hosts, thy wondrous Ways
 Are sung by Saints above;
 And Saints on Earth their Honours raise
 To thy unchanging Love.

PSALM LXXXIX. 7, &c. *Second Part.*
The Power and Majesty of God; or, Re-
verential Worship.

I.

WITH Reverence let the Saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord,

L

His

His high Commands with Reverence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thine Armies shine!
Where is the Power that vies with thee?
Or Truth compar'd to thine?

III.

The *Northern* Pole and *Southern*, rest
On thy supporting Hand;
Darkness and Day from *East* to *West*
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boisterous Deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows sleep.

V.

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!

VI.

Justice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wondrous is thy Grace:
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one
Invite us near thy Face.

I have here transposed the Verses a little, to make the Connexion plainer.

PSALM LXXXIX. 15, &c. *Third Part*
A Blessed Gospel.

I.

BEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful Sound;

Peace

Peace shall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps surround.

II.

Their Joy shall bear their Spirits up
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Righteousness exalts their Hope,
Nor *Satan* dares condemn.

III.

The Lord our Glory and Defence
Strength and Salvation gives:
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. 19, &c. *Fourth Part.*

*Christ's Mediatorial Kingdom; or, his Divine
and Human Nature.*

I.

HEAR what the Lord in Vision said,
And made his Mercy known:
"Sinners behold your Help is laid
"On my Almighty Son.

II.

Behold the Man my Wisdom chose
Among your mortal Race;
His Head my holy Oil o'erflows,
The Spirit of my Grace.

III.

High shall he reign on *David's* Throne,
My People's better King?
My Arm shall beat his Rivals down,
And still new Subjects bring.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

My Covenant stands for ever fast,
My Promises are strong;
Firm as the Heavens his Throne shall last,
His Seed endure as long.

PSALM LXXXIX. 30, &c. *Fifth Part.*

*The Covenant of Grace unchangeable; or,
Afflictions without Rejection.*

I.

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;

II.

Their Sins I'll visit with the Rod,
And make their Folly smart;
But I'll not cease to be their God,
Nor from my Truth depart.

III.

My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
But keep my Grace in mind;

And

And what Eternal Love hath spoke,
Eternal Truth shall bind.

IV.

Once have I sworn, (I need no more)
And pledg'd my Holiness
To seal the sacred Promise sure
To *David* and his Race.

V.

The Sun shall see his Off-spring rise
And spread from Sea to Sea,
Long as he travels round the Skies
To give the Nations Day.

VI.

Sure as the Moon that rules the Night
His Kingdom shall endure,
Till the fix'd Laws of Shade and Light
Shall be observ'd no more.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Sixth Part.*

Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

A Funeral PSALM.

I.

REMEMBER, 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?

II.

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?"

III.

Where is thy Promise to the Just?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Dust?

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But Faith forbids these mournful Sighs,
And sees the sleeping Dust arise.

IV.

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.

PSALM LXXXIX. 47, &c. *Last Part, as
the 113th Psalm.*

Life, Death and the Resurrection.

THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how short his Span!
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?

II.

Lord, shall it be for ever said,
“ The Race of Man was only made
“ For Sickness, Sorrow and the Dust?
Are not thy Servants day by day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindness to the Just?

III.

Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
And all his Seed a heavenly Crown?
But Flesh and Sense indulge Despair;
For ever blessed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word,
And find a Resurrection there.

IV.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a long Reward?
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain;
Let

Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous Love,
And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

PSALM XC. Long Metre.

Man Mortal, and God Eternal.

A mournful Song at a Funeral.

I.

THRO' every Age, Eternal God,
Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode;
High wasthy Throne e'er Heaven was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footstool laid.

II.

Long hadst thou reign'd e'er Time began,
Or Dust was fashion'd to a Man;
And long thy Kingdom shall endure
When Earth and Time shall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just,
"Return, ye Sinners, to your Dust."

IV.

[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.]

PAUSE.

V.

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.]

[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.]

But O how oft thy Wrath appears,
 And cuts off our expected Years!
 Thy Wrath awakes our humble Dread;
 We fear the Power that strikes us dead.]

VIII.
 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.

PSALM XC. 1—5. *First Part.* Com. Met.
Man Frail, and God Eternal.

I.
 OUR God, our Help in Ages past,
 Our Hope for Years to come,
 Our Shelter from the stormy Blast,
 And our eternal Home.

II.
 Under the Shadow of thy Throne
 Thy Saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
 And our Defence is sure.

III.
 Before the Hills in order stood,
 Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless Years the same.

IV.
 Thy Word commands our Flesh to Dust,
 Return, ye Sons of Men:

All Nations rose from Earth at first,
And turn to Earth again.

V.

A Thousand Ages in thy sight
Are like an Evening gone;
Short as the Watch that ends the Night,
Before the rising Son.

VI.

[The busy Tribes of Flesh and Blood
With all their Lives and Cares
Are carry'd downwards by thy Flood,
And lost in following Years.

VII.

Time like an ever-rolling Stream
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a Dream
Dies at the opening Day.

VIII.

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.]

IX.

Our God, our Help in Ages past,
Our Hope for Years to come,
Be thou our Guard while Troubles last,
And our eternal Home.

PSALM X C. 8, 11, 9, 10, 12. *Second Part.*
Common Metre.

*Infirmities and Mortality the Effect of Sin; or,
Life, Old Age and Preparation for Death.*

LORD, if thine Eyes survey our Fau'ts,
And Justice grow severe,

L 5

Thy

Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust;
By one Offence to thee
Adam with all his Sons have lost
Their Immortality.

III.

Life like a vain Amusement flies,
A Fable or a Song;
By swift degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

'Tis but a Few whose Days amount
To Threescore Years and Ten;
And all beyond that short Account
Is Sorrow, Toil and Pain.

V.

[Our Vitals with laborious Strife
Bear up the crazy Load,
And drag those poor Remains of Life
Along the tiresome Road.]

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our sweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne.

VII.

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. v. 13, &c. 3d Part. Com. Met.
Breathing after Heaven.

I.

RETURN, O God of Love, return;
Earth is a tiresome Place:
How long shall we thy Children mourn
Our Absence from thy Face?

II.

Let Heaven succeed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our Tears
So make our Joys increase.

III.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants show,
Make thy own Work compleat,
Then shall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

IV.

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. v. 5, 10, 12. Short Metres.
The Frailty and Shortness of Life.

I.

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

II.

Alas the brittle Clay
That built our Body first!
And every Month and every Day
'Tis mouldring back to Dust.

III.

III.

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

IV.

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.

V.

They'll waft us sooner o'er
This Life's tempestuous Sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful Shore
Of blest Eternity.

PSALM XCI. 1—7. *First Part.*
Safety in publick Diseases and Dangers.

I.

HE 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.

II.

Then will I say, “ My God, thy Power
“ Shall be my Fortress and my Tower :
“ I that am form'd of feeble Dust
“ Make thine Almighty Arm my Trust.

III.

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.

IV.

Just as a Hen protects her Brood
From Birds of Prey that seek their Blood
Under

Under her Feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard.

V.

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.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath
Rise thick, and scatter Midnight-death,
Israel is safe : The poison'd Air
Grows pure, if *Israel's* God be there.

PAUSE.

VII.

What tho' a Thousand at thy Side,
At thy Right-hand Ten Thousand dy'd,
Thy God his chosen People saves
Amongst the Dead, amidst the Graves.

VIII.

So when he sent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in *Egypt* known,
And slew their Sons, his careful Eye
Pass'd all the Doors of *Jacob* by.

IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword
Receive Commission from the Lord
To strike his Saints among the rest,
Their very Pains and Deaths are blest.

X.

The Sword, the Pestilence or Fire
Shall but fulfill their best Desire ;
From Sins and Sorrows set them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

See the Notes on the 43^d Psalm.

PSALM XCI. 9—16. *Second Part.*

*Protection from Death, Guard of Angels,
Victory and Deliverance.*

I.

YE Sons of Men, a feeble Race,
Expos'd to every Snare,
Come, make the Lord your Dwelling-place,
And try, and trust his Care.

II.

No Ill shall enter where you dwell ;
Or if the Plague come nigh,
And sweep the Wicked down to Hell,
'Twill raise his Saints on high.

III.

He'll give his Angels Charge to keep ;
Your Feet in all their Ways ;
To watch your Pillow while you sleep,
And guard your happy Days.

IV.

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 ?

V.

Adders and Lions ye shall tread ;
The Tempter's Wiles defeat ;
He that hath broke the Serpent's Head
Puts him beneath your Feet.

VI

“ Because on me they set their Love,
“ I'll save them (saith the Lord)
“ I'll bear their joyful Soul above
“ Destruction and the Sword.

VII.

VII.

“ My Grace shall answer when they call ;
 “ In Trouble I’ll be nigh :
 “ My Pow’r shall help them when they fall,
 “ And raise them when they die.

VIII.

“ 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.

PSALM XCII. *First Part.*
A Psalm for the Lord’s-Day.

I.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King;
 To praise thy Name, give Thanks and sing ;
 To shew thy Love by Morning-light,
 And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

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 !

III.

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 !

IV.

Fools never raise their Thoughts so high ;
 Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die ;
 Like Grass they flourish, till thy Breath
 Blast them in everlasting Death.

V.

But I shall share a glorious Part
 When Grace hath well refin’d my Heart,

And fresh Supplies of Joy are shed
Like holy Oil to cheer my Head.

VI.

Sin (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.

VII.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below ;
And every Power find sweet Employ
In that Eternal World of Joy.

Stanz. 6. Rejoycing in the Destruction of our personal Enemies. is not so evangelical a Practice, therefore I have given the 11th. verse of this Psalm another Turn : See the Notes on the third Psalm.

PSALM XCII. v. 12, &c. *Second Part.*

The Church is the Garden of God.

I.

LORD, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
In Gardens planted by thine Hand ;
Let me within thy Courts be seen
Like a young Cedar fresh and green.

II.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Blest with thine Influence from above ;
Not Lebanon with all its Trees
Yields such a comely Sight as these.

III.

The Plants of Grace shall ever live ;
(Nature decays, but Grace must thrive)
Time, that doth all Things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

IV.

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.

PSALM XCIII. *First Metre, as the 100. Pfal.*
The Eternal and Sovereign God.

JEHOVAH reigns: He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majesty and Might;
The World created by his Hands
Still on its first Foundation stands.

II.

But e'er this spacious World was made,
Or had its first Foundations laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

III.

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.

IV.

For ever shall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting Holiness
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

PSALM XCIII. *The Second Metre, as the*
Old 50th Psalm.

I.

THE 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.

II.

God is th' eternal King: Thy Foes in vain
Raise their Rebellions to confound thy Reign:

In vain the Storms, in vain the Floods arise,
 And roar, and toss their Waves against the Skies;
 Foaming at Heaven they rage with wild Commotion,
 But Heaven's high Arches scorn the swelling Ocean.

III.

Ye Tempests rage no more; ye Floods be still,
 And the mad World submissive to his Will:
 Built on his Truth, his Church must ever stand;
 Firm are his Promises, and strong his Hand:
 See his own Sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his Footstool, and with Fear adore him.

PSALM XCIII. Third Metre, as the
old 122d Psalm.

I.

THE Lord *Jehovah* reigns,
 And Royal State maintains,
 His Head with awful Glories crown'd,
 Array'd in Robes of Light,
 Begirt with sovereign Might,
 And Rays of Majesty around.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands
 The World securely stands;
 And Skies and Stars obey thy Word:
 Thy Throne was fix'd on high
 Before the starry Sky;
 Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

III.

In vain the noisy Croud,
 Like Billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine Empire rage and roar;
 In vain with angry Spite
 The furlly Nations fight,
 And dash like Waves against the Shore.

IV.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

Here let the fourth Stanza be repeated to fill the Tune.

PSALM X C I V. 1, 2, 7—14. *First Part.*
Saints chastised; and Sinners destroyed ; or,
Instructive Afflictions.

I.

O God to whom Revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy Wrath aloud ;
 Let sovereign Power redress our Wrongs,
 Let Justice smite the Proud.

II.

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 ?

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

But if thy Saints deserve Rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler Rod ;
 Thy Providences and thy Book
 Shall make them know their God.

V.

Blest is the Man thy Hands chastise,
 And to his Duty draw ;
 Thy Scourges make thy Children wise
 When they forget thy Law.

VI.

But God will ne'er cast off his Saints,
 Nor his own Promise break ?
 He pardons his Inheritance
 For their Redeemer's Sake.

PSALM XCIV. 16—23. *Second Part.*
God our Support and Comfort ; or, Delive-
rance from Temptation and Persecution.

I.

WHo will arise and plead my Right
 Against my numerous Foes,
 While Earth and Hell their Force unite,
 And all my Hopes oppose ?

II.

Had not the Lord, my Rock, my Help
 Sustain'd my fainting Head,
 My Life had now in silence dwelt,
 My Soul amongst the Dead.

III.

Alas ! my sliding Feet ! I cry'd,
 Thy Promise was my Prop ;
 Thy Grace stood constant by my Side,
 Thy Spirit bore me up.

IV.

IV.

While Multitudes of mournful Thoughts
 Within my Bosom roll,
 Thy boundless Love forgives my Faults,
 Thy Comforts cheer my Soul.

V.

Powers of Iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious Laws;
 But God, my Refuge, rules the Skies,
 He will defend my Cause.

VI.

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.

I.

SING to the Lord *Jehovah's* Name,
 And in his Strength rejoice;
 When his Salvation is our Theme,
 Exalted be our Voice.

II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
 And Psalms of Honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless Might,
 The whole Creation's King.

III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
 How mean their Natures seem,
 Those Gods on high and Gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.

IV.

IV.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep
Lies in his spacious Hand;

He fix'd the Seas with Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills must stand.

V.

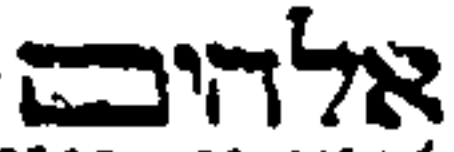
Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;

O may the Creatures of his Power
Be Children of his Grace!

VI.

Now is the Time: He bends his Ear,
And waits for your Request;

Come, lest he rouze his Wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my Rest."

Stan. 3. Angels and Magistrates are those  Elohim or Gods, above which the true God is so often exalted, in this Book of Psalms.

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

A Psalm before Sermon.

I.

COME sound his Praise abroad,
And Hymns of Glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown;
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The watry Worlds are all his own,
And all the solid Ground.

III.

Come, worship at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord:
We are his Works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
 Nor dare provoke his Rod;
 Come, like the People of his Choice,
 And own your gracious God.

V.

But if your Ears refuse
 The Language of his Grace,
 And Hearts grow hard like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving Race,

VI.

The Lord in Vengeance dress'd
 Will lift his Hand and swear,
 "You that despise my promis'd Rest,
 " Shall have no Portion there.

P S A L M XCV. 1, 2, 3, 6—11.

Long Metre.

*Canaan lost thro' Unbelief; or, a Warning
 to delaying Sinners.*

I.

COME, let our Voices join to raise
 A sacred Song of solemn Praise;
 God is a sovereign King: Rehearse
 His Honours in exalted Verse.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

[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.

VII.

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.

In the 3d and 4th Chapter to the Hebrews several Verses of this Psalm are cited, and given for a Caution to Christians: I think apply'd them the same Way in the two last Stanza's.

PSALM XCVI. 1, 10, &c. Com. Metre.
Christ's first and second Coming.

I.

SING to the Lord, ye distant Lands,
Ye Tribes of every Tongue ;
His new discover'd Grace demands
A new and nobler Song.

II.

Say to the Nations, *Jesus* reigns,
God's own Almighty Son ;
His Power the sinking World sustains,
And Grace surrounds his Throne.

III.

III.

Let Heaven proclaim the joyful Day,
 Joy thro' the Earth be seen;
 Let Cities shine in bright Array,
 And Fields in chearful Green.

IV.

Let an unusual Joy surprize
 The Islands of the Sea:
 Ye Mountains sink, ye Vaileys rise,
 Prepare the Lord his Way.

V.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
 The Nations as their God;
 To shew the World his Righteousness,
 And send his Truth abroad.

VI.

But when his Voice shall raise the Dead,
 And bid the World draw near,
 How will the guilty Nations dread
 To see their Judge appear?

In this and the two following Psalms, the first Coming of Christ into the World, is represented in a Prophetic Style, as tho' he were coming the second Time to the Last Judgment: But that Christ's Incarnation, his setting up his Gospel-Kingdom to judge or rule the Gentiles, and the Judgment and Destruction of the Heathen Idols, is the true Design of these three Psalms, is evident from several Expressions in them; and particularly because the Earth, the Fields, the Sea, &c. are call'd to rejoice; whereas the final Judgment of the World is represented dreadful to all Nature, and to the Nations of the Earth. See Rev. 17. and Rev. 20. 11. and 2 Pet. 3. 7, 10. Yet since this last Coming has something in it parallel to his first, I have in the different Parts of the Psalms referr'd to both.

Stanz. 4. Mountains sinking, and Valleys rising, i. e. Pride humbled, and the Humble raised, are the Preparations of Christ's Kingdom. Luke 3. 4, 5.

PSALM XCVI. *as the 113th Psalm.*

The God of the Gentiles.

I.

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.

II.

The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
 The 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.

III.

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!

IV.

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.

PSALM XCVII. 1—5. *First Part.*

Christ reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

I.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns;
Praise him in evangelick Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.

II.

Deep are his Counfels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Ways furround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

III.

In Robes of Judgment, lo! he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

IV.

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.

Tho' the Kingdom of Christ in the two first Stanzas be Matter of Joy to all Nations, yet his coming to Judgment in the two last, is Joy only to the Saints. As this Psalm introduces Zion and Judah rejoicing, v. 8. so Christ bids his Apostles lift up their Heads, &c. Luke 21. 28.

PSALM XCVII. 6—9. *Second Part.*

Christ's Incarnation.

I.

THE Lord is come, the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name:
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eastern* Sages to their God.

M 2

II.

II.

All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worship where the Saviour lies :
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Those Gods on high and Gods below.

III.

Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worshipers confound :
But *Judah* shout, but *Zion* sing,
And Earth confess her sovereign King.

This Psalm foretels the Incarnation of Christ. For the Words of the 7th Verse, worship him all ye Gods, are translated Heb. i. 6. Let all the Angels of God worship him. By this divine Hint I was directed to compose this Hymn, and to introduce the Star that shone at his Birth, as a Part of the Proclamation of him in the Heavens, v. 6. See more, Notes on Ps. 95. Com. Met.

P S A L M XCVII. *Third Part.**Grace and Glory.*

I.

TH' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the Earth, o'er all the Sky ;
Tho' Clouds and Darknes vail his Feet,
His Dwelling is the Mercy-seat.

II.

O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate every Work of Sin and Shame :
He guards the Soul of all his Friends,
And from the Snares of Hell defends.

III.

Immortal Light and Joys unknown
Are for the Saints in Darknes sown ;
Those glorious Seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright Harvest bless our Eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye Righteous, and record
The sacred Honours of the Lord ;

None

None but the Soul that feels his Grace
Can triumph in his Holiness.

PSALM XCVII. 1, 3, 5—7, 11. Com. Met.
Christ's Incarnation and the Last Judgment.

I.

YE Islands of the *Northern* Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns ;
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Presence sinks the proudest Hills,
And makes the Vallies rise ;
The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Power proclaim ;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worshipers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth.
Make the Redeemer known ;
Thus shall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes shall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire :
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

VI.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory sown
For Saints in Darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harvest bear.

See the Notes on Psalm 96.

PSALM XCVIII. *First Part.*
Praise for the Gospel.

I.

TO our Almighty Maker God
 New Honours be addrest ;
 His great Salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the Nations blest.

II.

He spake the Word to *Abraham* first,
 His Truth fulfills the Grace :
 The *Gentiles* make his Name their Trust,
 And learn his Righteousness.

III.

Let the whole Earth his Love proclaim
 With all her different Tongues ;
 And spread the Honours of his Name
 In Melody and Songs.

In these two Hymns which I have formed out of the 98th Psalm, I have fully express'd what I esteem to be the first and chief Sense of the Holy Scriptures, both in this and the 96th Psalm, whose Conclusions are both alike.

PSALM XCVIII. *Second Part.*
The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom.

I.

JOY to the World ; the Lord is come ;
 Let Earth receive her King ;
 Let every Heart prepare him room,
 And Heaven and Nature sing.

II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns ;
 Let Men their Songs employ ;
 While Fields and Floods, Rocks, Hills, and Plains
 Repeat the founding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
 Nor Thorns infest the Ground :

He

He comes to make his Blessings flow
Far as the Curse is found.

IV.

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.

I.

THE God *Jehovah* reigns,
Let all the Nations fear,
Let Sinners tremble at his Throne,
And Saints be humble there.

II.

Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let Earth adore its Lord;
Bright Cherubs his Attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his Word.

III.

In *Zion* is his Throne,
His Honours are divine;
His Church shall make his Wonders known,
For there his Glories shine.

IV.

How holy is his Name!
How terrible his Praise!
Justice and Truth and Judgment join
In all his Works of Grace.

As the three foregoing Psalms refer to the Incarnation of Christ, and the setting up his Kingdom among the Gentiles, because the Nations are required to rejoice in all of them; so this Psalm seems chiefly to pay Honour and Reverence to God, as the God of the Jews, God dwelling in the Ark between the Cherubim; for the People or Gentiles are bid to tremble: Yet I have ventur'd to translate the Scene a little down to Christian Times and Churches, and I hope without offence.

P S A L M X C I X. *Second Part.**A holy God worshipped with Reverence.*

I.

EXALT the Lord our God,
 And worship at his Feet ;
 His Nature is all Holiness,
 And Mercy is his Seat.

II.

When *Israel* was his Church,
 When *Aaron* was his Priest,
 When *Moses* cry'd, when *Samuel* pray'd,
 He gave his People Rest.

III.

Oft he forgave their Sins,
 Nor would destroy their Race ;
 And oft he made his Vengeance known,
 When they abus'd his Grace.

IV.

Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose Grace is still the same ;
 Still he's a God of Holiness,
 And jealous for his Name.

P S A L M C. *First Metre, a plain Translation.*
Praise to our Creator.

I.

YE Nations round the Earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your foveraign King :
 Serve him with chearful Heart and Voice,
 With all your Tongues his Glory sing.

II.

The Lord is God : 'Tis he alone
 Doth Life and Breath and Being give :
 We are his Work, and not our own ;
 The Sheep that on his Pastures live.

III.

III.

Enter his Gates with Songs of Joy,
With Praises to his Courts repair ;
And make it your divine Employ
To pay your Thanks and Honours there.

IV.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his Grace, his Mercy sure ;
And the whole Race of Man shall find
His Truth from Age to Age endure.

PSALM C. Second Metre, *a Paraphrase.*

I.

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

II.

Nations, attend before his Throne
With solemn Fear, with sacred Joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

III.

His sovereign Power without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men :
And when like wand'ring Sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

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 ?

V.

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.

VI.

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.

PSALM CI. Long Metre.

The Magistrates Psalm.

I.

MERCY 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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

[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.]

VI.

VI.

In vain shall Sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious Lyes ;
And while the Innocent I guard,
The bold Offender shan't be spar'd.

VII.

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.

The 1st Stanza represents the Mercy and Judgment which the Psalmist sings, as the due Qualities of good Government, which is the proper Sense of them in this Psalm ; and according to the double Character of David in this Psalm, I have apply'd the first Metre to Magistrates, the 2d to House-holders.

The 5th Stanza can be sung only by the Superior Rank of Magistrates, and not the inferior.

P S A L M C I. Common Metre.

A Psalm for a Master of a Family.

I.

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.

II.

Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wise ;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine Eyes.

III.

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.

IV.

I'll seek the Faithful and the Just,
And will their Help enjoy ;

These

These are the Friends that I shall trust,
The Servants I'll employ.

V.

The Wretch, that deals in sly Deceit,
I'll not endure a Night ;
The Lyar's Tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my Sight.

VI.

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.

I.

HEAR 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 ?

II.

My Days are wasted like the Smoke
Dissolving in the Air ;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And sinking in Despair.

III.

My Spirits flag like withering Grass,
Burnt with excessive Heat :
In secret Groans my Minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

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.

V.

V.

My Soul is like a Wilderness,
 Where Beasts of Midnight howl ;
 There the sad Raven finds her Place,
 And there the screaming Owl.

VI.

Dark dismal Thoughts and boding Fears
 Dwell in my troubled Breast ;
 While sharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
 Nor give my Spirit Rest.

VII.

My Cup is mingled with my Woes,
 And Tears are my Repast ;
 My daily Bread like Ashes grows
 Unpleasant to my Taste.

VIII.

Sense can afford no real Joy
 To Souls that feel thy Frown :
 Lord, 'twas thy Hand advanc'd me high,
 Thy Hand hath cast me down.

IX.

My Looks like wither'd Leaves appear,
 And Life's declining Light
 Grows faint as Evening-Shadows are,
 That vanish into Night.

X.

But thou for ever art the same,
 O my Eternal God ;
 Ages to come shall know thy Name,
 And spread thy Works abroad.

XI.

Thou wilt arise and shew thy Face,
 Nor will my Lord delay
 Beyond th' appointed Hour of Grace,
 That long expected Day.

I

XII.

XII.

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.

PSALM CII. 13—21. *Second Part.*

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

I.

LET *Zion* and her Sons rejoice,
 Behold the promis'd Hour :
 Her God hath heard her mourning Voice,
 And comes t'exalt his Power.

II.

Her Dust and Ruins that remain
 Are precious in our Eyes ;
 Those Ruins shall be built again,
 And all that Dust shall rise.

III.

The Lord will raise *Jerusalem*,
 And stand in Glory there ;
 Nations shall bow before his Name,
 And Kings attend with Fear.

IV.

He sits a Sovereign on his Throne,
 With Pity in his Eyes ;
 He hears the dying Prisoners groan,
 And sees their Sighs arise.

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

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.

PSALM CII. 23—28. *Third Part.*

*Man's Mortality and Christ's Eternity ; or,
 Saints die, but Christ and the Church live.*

I.

IT 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.

II.

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 ?

III.

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.

IV.

'Twas he this Earth's Foundations laid ;
 Heaven is the Building of his Hand :
 This Earth grows Old, these Heavens shall fade,
 And all be chang'd at his Command.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

Several Verses at the End of this Psalm, are directly expounded concerning Christ, Heb. 1. which inclined me to form a distinct Hymn on these Verses, apply'd to the same Subject.

PSALM CIII. 1—7. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body.

I.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
 Call Home thy Thoughts that rove Abroad,
 Let all the Powers within me join
 In Work and Worship so divine.

II.

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 ?

III.

'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.

IV.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
 And cures the Pains that Nature feels ;
 Redeems the Soul from Hell, and saves
 Our wasting Life from threatening Graves.

V.

Our Youth decay'd his Power repairs ;
 His Mercy crowns our growing Years :

He

He satisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heavenly Food.

VI.

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.

VII.

[His Power he shew'd by *Moses*' Hands,
And gave to *Israel* his Commands;
But lent his Truth and Mercy down
To all the Nations by his Son.

VIII.

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.]

PSALM CIII. 8—18. *Second Part. Long Met.*
God's Gentle Chastisement; or, His Tender
Mercy to his People.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

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 !

V.

Amidst his Wrath, Compassion shines ;
 His Strokes are lighter than our Sins :
 And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
 His Ear indulges their Complaints.

VI.

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.

P A U S E.

VII.

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.

VIII.

He knows how soon our Nature dies,
 Blasted by every Wind that flies ;
 Like Grass we spring, and die as soon :
 Or Morning Flowers that fade at Noon.

IX.

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 Met.
Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies.

I.

O Bles the Lord, my Soul ;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my Tongue to bles his Name,
 Whose Favours are divine.

II.

O bles the Lord my Soul ;
 Nor let his Mercies lie
 Forgotten in Unthankfulness,
 And without Praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy Pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy Sickneses,
 And makes Thee young again.

IV.

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.

V.

He fills the Poor with Good ;
 He gives the Sufferers Rest ;
 The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
 And Justice for th' Opprest.

VI.

His wondrous Works and Ways
 He made by *Moses* known ;
 But sent the World his Truth and Grace,
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM CIII. 8—18. 2d Part. Short Met.
*Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy
 in the midst of Judgment.*

I.

MY Soul, repeat his Praise,
 Whose Mercies are so great;
 Whose Anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide;
 And when his Strokes are felt,
 His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
 And lighter than our Guilt.

III

High as the Heavens are rais'd,
 Above the Ground we tread,
 So far the Riches of his Grace
 Our highest Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Power subdues our Sins,
 And his forgiving Love,
 Far as the *East* is from the *West*,
 Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

The Pity of the Lord,
 To those that fear his Name,
 Is such as tender Parents feel;
 He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Dust
 Scatter'd with every Breath;
 His Anger, like a rising Wind,
 Can send us swift to Death.

VII.

Our Days are as the Grass,
Or like the Morning-flower ;
If one sharp Blast sweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

VIII.

But thy Compassions, Lord,
To endless Years endure ;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promise sure.

PSALM CIII. 19—22. *Third Part.* Short Met.

*God's universal Dominion ; or, Angels praise
the Lord.*

I.

THE Lord, the Sovereign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high ;
O'er all the heavenly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfill.

III.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,
And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praise they sing.

IV.

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.

I.

MY 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 old 112 or 127 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 100 Psalm.

II.

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-cro'ss the Skies.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains stood,
He thunder'd; and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

VI.

The swelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet

Yet thence convey'd by secret Veins,
They spring on Hills, and drench the Plains.

VII.

He bids the Crystal Fountains flow,
And cheer the Valleys as they go ;
Tame Heifers there their Thirst allay,
And for the Stream wild Asses bray.

VIII.

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.

PAUSE I.

IX.

God, from his cloudy Cistern, pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs :
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field
A thousand joyful Blessings yield.

X.

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.

XI.

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.

XII.

O blefs his Name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread :
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

P A U S E II.

XIII.

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.

XIV.

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.

XV.

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.

XVI.

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.

XVII.

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.

XVIII.

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.

XIX.

Nor less thy Glories in the Deep,
 Where Fish in Millions swim and creep,

With

With wondrous Motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the Paths below.

XX.

There Ships divide their watry Way,
And Flocks of scaly Monsters play;
There dwells the huge *Leviathan*,
And foams and sports in spite of Man.

PAUSE III.

XXI.

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.

XXII.

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.

XXIII.

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.

XXIV.

Yet thou canst breathe on Dust again,
And fill the World with Beasts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Wastes of Time and Death.

XXV.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his glorious Ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his Praise.

N

XXVI.

XXVI.

The Earth stands trembling at thy Stroke,
 And at thy Touch the Mountains smoke;
 Yet humble Souls may see thy Face,
 And tell their Wants to sov'reign Grace.

XXVII.

In Thee my Hopes and Wishes meet,
 And make my Meditations sweet:
 Thy Praises shall my Breath employ,
 Till it expire in endless Joy.

XXVIII.

While haughty Sinners die accurst,
 Their Glory bury'd with their Dust,
 I to my God, my heavenly King,
 Immortal *Hallelujahs* sing.

Several Lines in this Psalm I have borrow'd of Sir John Denham; if I have made the Connexion more evident, and the Sense more easy and useful to an ordinary Reader, I have attain'd my End; and leave others to judge whether I have dishonour'd his Verse, or improved it.

Stanz. 5. Tho' I am persuaded the Psalmist speaks here of the first Formation of the Sea and Mountains, when the Waters of the Chaos were separated from the Earth, yet the People more easily understand it of Noah's Flood, and therefore I have indulg'd such a Paraphrase as is capable of both Senses.

P S A L M C V. abridg'd.

God's Conduct of Israel and the Plagues of Egypt.

I.

GIVE 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.

II.

His Cov'nant which he kept in mind
 For numerous Ages past,

To

To numerous Ages yet behind,
In equal Force shall last.

III.

He sware to *Abraham* and his Seed,
And made the Blessing sure :
Gentiles the antient Promise read,
And find his Truth endure.

IV.

“ Thy Seed shall make all Nations blest,
(Said the Almighty Voice)
“ And *Canaan*’s Land shall be their Rest,
“ The Type of heavenly Joys.

V.

[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 !

VI.

Like Pilgrims thro’ the Countries round
Securely they remov’d ;
And haughty Kings, that on them frown’d,
Severely he reprov’d.

VII.

“ Touch mine Anointed, and my Arm
“ Shall soon revenge the Wrong ;
“ The Man that does my Prophets harm
“ Shall know their God is strong.”

VIII.

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.

IX.

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.

X.

He call'd for Darkness, Darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming Flood :
 He turn'd each Lake and every Stream
 To Lakes and Streams of Blood.

XI.

He gave the Sign, and noisom Flies
 Thro' the whole Country spread ;
 And Frogs, in croaking Armies, rise
 About the Monarch's Bed.

XII.

Thro' Fields, and Towns, and Palaces
 The tenfold Vengeance flew ;
 Locusts in Swarms devour'd their Trees,
 And Hail their Cattle flew.

XIII.

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.

XIV.

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.

PAUSE II.

XV.

Thus were the Tribes from Bondage brought,
 And left the hated Ground ;
 Each some *Egyptian* Spoils had got,
 And not one feeble found.

XVI.

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.

XVII.

They thirst ; and Waters from the Rock
 In rich Abundance flow,
 And following still the Course they took,
 Ran all the Desert thro'.

XVIII.

O wondrous Stream ! O blessed Type
 Of ever-flowing Grace !
 So *Christ* our Rock maintains our Life
 Thro' all this Wilderness.

XIX.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty Hand
 The chosen Tribes possess
Canaan the rich, the promis'd Land,
 And there enjoy'd their Rest.

XX.

Then let the World forbear its Rage,
 The Church renounce her Fear ;
Israel must live thro' every Age,
 And be th' Almighty's Care.

PSALM CVI. 1—5. *First Part.*

Praise to God ; or, Communion with Saints.

I.

TO God the Great, the Ever-blest,
Let Songs of Honour be addrest :
His Mercy firm for ever stands ;
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

II.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways ?
Who shall fulfill thy boundless Praise ?
Blest are the Souls that fear Thee still,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

III.

Remember what thy Mercy did.
For *Jacob's* Race, thy chosen Seed ;
And with the same Salvation blest
The meanest Suppliant of thy Grace.

IV.

O 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.* v. 7, 8, 12—14,
43—48.

*Israel punish'd and pardon'd ; or, God's un-
changeable Love.*

I.

GOD, of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways !
And yet how oft did *Israel* prove
Thy Constancy of Grace.

II.

II.

They saw thy Wonders wrought,
 And then thy Praise they sung ;
 But soon thy Works of Power forgot,
 And murmur'd with their Tongue.

III.

Now they believe his Word,
 While Rocks with Rivers flow ;
 Now with their Lusts provoke the Lord,
 And he reduc'd them low.

IV.

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
 He hearken'd to their Groans,
 Brought his own Covenant to his Thoughts,
 And call'd them still his Sons.

V.

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.

VI.

Let *Israel* bless the Lord,
 Who lov'd their antient Race ;
 And *Christians* join the solemn Word
Amen to all the Praise.

The chief Design of this whole Psalm I have expressed in the Title, and abridged it in this Form, having enlarged much more on this same Subject in the 77th, 78th, and 105th Psalms.

Tho' the Jews now seem to be cast off, yet the Apostle Paul assures us, that God hath not cast away his People whom he foreknew ; Rom. 11. 2. Their Unbelief and Absence from God is but for a Season, for they shall be recalled again ; v. 25, 26.

PSALM CVII. *First Part.*

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God; he reigns above,
 His Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;
 His Mercy Ages past have known,
 And Ages long to come shall own.

II.

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.

III.

[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.

IV.

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.]

V.

In their Distress to God they cry'd,
 God was their Saviour and their Guide;
 He led their March far wandering round,
 'Twas the right Path to *Canaan's* Ground.

VI.

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.

VII.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.*

Corrcct̄ion for Sin, and Release by Prayer.

I.

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.

II.

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;

III.

He'll bring their Spirits to the Ground,
 And no Deliverer shall be found;
 Laden with Grief they waste their Breath
 In Darkness and the Shades of Death,

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

PSALM CVII. *Third Part.*

*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, a
 Psalm for the Glutton and the Drunkard.*

I.

VAIN Man, on foolish Pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own Punishment;
 What Pains, what loathsome Maladies
 From Luxury and Lust arise?

II.

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.

III.

The Glutton groans and loaths to eat,
 His Soul abhors delicious Meat:
 Nature, with heavy Loads opprest,
 Would yield to Death to be releas'd.

IV.

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.

V.

V.

No Medicines could effect the Cure.
So quick, so easy, or so sure :
The deadly Sentence God repeals,
He sends his Sovereign Word, and heals.

VI.

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 Seaman's Song.*

I.

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.

II.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And seize the Favour of the Wind ;
Till God command, and Tempests rise,
That heave the Ocean to the Skies.

III.

Now to the Heavens they mount again,
Now sink to dreadful Deeps again ;
What strange Affrights young Sailors feel,
And like a staggering Drunkard reel !

IV.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Lost to all Hope, to God they cry :
His Mercy hears the loud Address,
And sends Salvation in Distress.

V.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath assuage,
 The furious Waves forget their Rage:
 'Tis calm, and Sailors smile to see
 The Haven where they wish'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record
 The wond'rous Goodness of the Lord!
 Let them their private Offerings bring,
 And in the Church his Glory sing.

PSALM CVII. *Fourth Part.* Com. Metre.

The Mariner's Psalm.

I.

THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy Wonders in the Deeps,
 The Sons of Courage shall record,
 Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds arise,
 And swell the tow'ring Waves;
 The Men astonish'd mount the Skies,
 And sink in gaping Graves.

III.

[Again they climb the watry Hills,
 And plunge in Deeps again;
 Each like a tottering Drunkard reels,
 And finds his Courage vain.]

IV.

Frighted to hear the Tempest roar,
 They pant with fluttering Breath,
 And hopeless of the distant Shore,
 Expect immediate Death.]

V.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII

'Tis God that brings them safe to Land;
 Let stupid Mortals know,
 That Waves are under his Command,
 And all the Winds that blow.

VIII

O that the Sons of Men would praise
 The Goodness of the Lord!
 And those that see thy wond'rous Ways,
 Thy wond'rous Love record!

P S A L M CVII. *Last Part.*

*Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and
 punish'd.*

A Psalm for New-England.

I.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring Crimes,
 Scourges the Madnets of the Times,
 He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
 And dries the Rivers from the Land.

II

His Word can raise the Springs again,
 And make the wither'd Mountains green,
 Send

I.

Send show'ry Blessings from the Skies,
And Harvests in the Desert rise.

III

[Where nothing dwelt but Beasts of Prey,
Or Men as fierce and wild as they ;
He bids th' Opprest and Poor repair,
And builds them Towns and Cities there.

IV.

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.

V.

Thus they are blest ; but if they sin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A savage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

VI.

Their captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn :
The Country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
And Defolation spreads the Field.

VII.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns ;
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

VIII.

The Righteous, with a joyful Sense,
Admire the Works of Providence ;
And Tongues of Atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that Saints adore.

I X.

How few, with pious Care, record
 These wond'rous Dealings of the Lord?
 But wise Observers still shall find
 The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

If this Hymn be too long to sing at once, the two first and two last Stanza's of it may be sung together, and the five middle Stanza's by themselves, as another Hymn: For I could not find any other convenient Division of it.

The 108th Psalm is formed out of the 57th and 60th, therefore I have omitted it.

P S A L M C I X. v. 1—5, 31.

Love to Enemies from the Example of Christ.

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praise,
 Thy Glory is my Song;
 Tho' Sinners speak against thy Grace
 With a blaspheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man
 Thy Son on Earth was found,
 With cruel Slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd Him around.

III.

Their Miseries his Compassion move,
 Their Peace he still pursu'd;
 They render Hatred for his Love,
 And Evil for his Good.

IV.

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.

V.

Lord, shall thy bright Example shine
 In vain before my Eyes?
 Give me a Soul a-kin to Thine,
 To love my Enemies.

VI

The Lord shall on my Side engage,
 And, in my Saviour's Name,
 I shall defeat their Pride and Rage
 Who slander and condemn.

That this Psalm foretells the Sufferings, the Patience, and Love of Christ to Enemies, is universally agreed; but the Curses on Judas and the priests, &c. I have chosen to leave where they stand in the sacred Language of Prophecy.

PSALM CX. *First Part.* Long Metre.

Christ exalted, and Multitudes converted;
 or, the Success of the Gospel.

I

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.

II.

" 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.

III.

" 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."

IV.

O blessed Power! O glorious Day!
 What a large Victory shall ensue!

And

And Converts, who thy Grace obey,
Exceed the Drops of Morning-Dew.

stan. 3, 4 It is generally supposed the 3d Verse of this Psalm describes the numerous Conversions that followed the Ascension of Christ. The Beary or Holiness is but a Periphrasis for the Temple. That the whole Psalm is a Prophecy of Christ in his Kingdom and Priesthood, is abundantly evident from Matth. 22. 44. Heb. 7. &c.

PSALM CX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Kingdom and Priesthood of Christ.

I.

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.

II.

“ Aaron and all his Sons must die ;
But everlasting Life is Thine,
To save for ever those that fly
For Refuge from the Wrath Divine.

III.

By me *Melchisedek* 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.

IV.

Jesus the Priest ascends his Throne,
While Counsels of Eternal Peace,
Between the Father and the Son,
Proceed with Honour and Success.

V.

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.

VI.

VI.

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.

The Priesthood of Christ, after the Order of Melchisedek, is particularly explained, Heb. 7. ver. 1, 3, 23, 24, 25. and is inserted in the three first Stanza's.

Stan. 4. Zech. 6. 13. He shall be a Priest upon his Throne, and the Counsel of Peace shall be between them both.

The last Verse of this Psalm is explain'd by Interpreters in very contrary Senses. Some make his drinking of the Brook to signify mean Refreshments in his Way, and some expound it of his tasting Sorrows and Sufferings; the last is most evangelical and most beautiful, therefore I have chosen it.

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

Christ's Kingdom and Priesthood.

I.

JEsus, our Lord, ascend thy Throne,
 And near the Father sit:
 In Zion shall thy Power be known,
 And make thy Foes submit.

II.

What Wonders shall thy Gospel do!
 Thy Converts shall surpass
 The numerous Drops of Morning-Dew,
 And own thy Sovereign Grace.

III.

God hath pronounc'd a firm Decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy Priesthood be,
 "When *Aaron* is no more.

IV.

"*Melchisedek* that wond'rous Priest,
 "That King of high Decree,
 "That holy Man who *Abraham* blest
 "Was but a Type of Thee."

V.

V.

Jesus our Priest for ever lives,
 To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
 The Blessings of his Love.

VI.

God shall exalt his glorious Head,
 And his high Throne maintain,
 Shall strike the Powers and Princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his Reign.

P S A L M C I X. *First Part.**The Wisdom of God in his Works.*

I.

SONGS of immortal Praise belong
 To my Almighty God:
 He has my Heart, and he my Tongue
 To spread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand has wrought!
 How glorious in our Sight!
 And Men in every Age have sought
 His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How most exact is Nature's Frame!
 How wise th' Eternal Mind!
 His Counsels never change the Scheme
 That his first Thoughts design'd.

IV.

When he redeem'd his chosen Sons,
 He fix'd his Covenant sure:
 The Orders that his Lips pronounce,
 To endless Years endure.

V.

V.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies,
 Thy heavenly Skill proclaim :
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy Name ?

VI.

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.

Of this Psalm I have cho, in several Verses, and formed into two distinct Hymns, keeping the first and the two last Verses in both.

PSALM CXI. *Second Part.*

The Perfections of God.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, his Works of Might
 Demand our noblest Songs ;
 Let his assembled Saints unite
 Their Harmony of Tongues.

II.

Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
 He gives his Children Food ;
 And ever mindful of his Word,
 He makes his Promise good.

III.

His Son, the Great Redeemer, came
 To seal his Covenant sure :
 Holy and Reverend is his Name,
 His Ways are just and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wise,
 Must with his Fear begin ;
 Our fairest Proof of Knowledge lies
 In hating every Sin.

PSALM CXII. *as the 113th Psalm.*

The Blessings of the Liberal Man.

I.

THAT 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.

II.

His liberal Favours he extends,
 To Some he gives, to Others lends;
 A generous Pity fills his Mind:
 Yet what his Charity impairs,
 He saves by Prudence in Affairs.
 And thus he's just to all Mankind.

III.

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.

IV.

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 Darkness Beams of Hope.

PAUSE.

P A U S E.

V.

[Ill 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.

VI.

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 Darkness lost.]

Many Lines of this Metre, and some of the next Psalm, Proper Metre, are borrow'd from Mr. Tate's Version.

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

TH RICE 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.

II.

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.

III.

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 Power is there.

VI.

IV.

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.

V.

He hath dispers'd his Alms abroad,
 His Works are still before his God ;
 His Name on Earth shall long remain,
 While envious Sinners fret in vain.

PSALM CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows his Commands,
 Who lends the Poor without Reward,
 Or gives with liberal Hands.

II.

As Pity dwells within his Breast
 To all the Sons of Need ;
 So God shall answer his Request
 With Blessings on his Seed.

III.

No evil Tidings shall surprize
 His well-establish'd Mind ;
 His Soul to God his Refuge flies,
 And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Distress
 Some Beams of Light shall shine,
 To shew the World his Righteousness,
 And give him Peace divine.

V.

His Works of Piety and Love
 Remain before the Lord ;
 Honour on Earth and Joys above
 Shall be his sure Reward.

Many of the Blessings of Wealth, and Grandeur, and Temporal good Things, that were the Portion of a Good Man and his Children under the Old Testament, I have here abridged agreeable to the New, which foretells rather Temporal Afflictions, and promises everlasting Rewards.

PSALM CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majesty and Condescension of God.

I.

YE 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.

II.

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.

III

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.

IV.

IV.

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.

I.

YE 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.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky,
 Stands his high Throne of Majesty :
 Nor Time nor Place his Power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal Reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of *Adam* dare,
 Or Angels with their God compare ?
 His Glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated Light !

IV.

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.

V.

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.

O

VI.

VI.

[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.]

VII.

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.]

Part of the 6th and 7th Stanza's are borrowed from Genesis 17. 17. and Rom. 4. 19, 20. Shall Sarah that is ninety Years old bear? Abraham was strong in Faith, &c.

P S A L M CXIV.

Miracles attending Israel's Journey.

I.

WHEN *Israel*, freed from *Pharaoh's* Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and *Judab* was his Throne.

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way:
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

III.

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.

IV.

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?

V.

Let every Mountain, every Flood,
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of *Israel*: See him here;
Tremble thou Earth, adore, and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to standing Pool he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the Lord.

This Psalm appears to me an admirable Ode, but if I had introduced the Presence of God into the Camp of Israel removing from Egypt, as all my Predecessors have done, I had lost the Divine Beauty of the Psalm: For had God appeared at first, there could be no Wonder why the Mountains should leap, and the Sea retire; therefore that this Convulsion of Nature may be brought in with due Surprise, the Sacred Poet conceals his Name till afterward, and then with a very agreeable Turn of Thought God is introduced at once in all his Majesty. This is what I have attempted to imitate, and to preserve what I could of the Spirit of the inspired Author.

P S A L M CXV. *First Metre.*

*The True God our Refuge; or, Idolatry
reproved.*

I.

NOT 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.

II.

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?*"

III.

The God we serve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies,

O 2

Thro'

286 P S A L M C X V .

Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans, he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are senseless Shapes of Stone and Wood ;
At best a Mass of glittering Ore,
A silver Saint, or golden God.

V.

[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.

VI.

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.]

VII.

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.

VIII.

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 Power 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.

I.

NOT to our Names, Thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless Names is G'ory 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?"

II.

Heaven is thine higher Court: There stands thy Throne,
 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.

III.

[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:
 Yet sottish Mortals make their long Complaints
 To their deaf Idols, and their moveless Saints.

IV.

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
 Lopt 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.]

V.

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 thy Heavenly Shield.

VI.

O *Britain*, trust the Lord: Thy Foes in vain
 Attempt thy Ruin, and oppose his Reign;
 Had they prevail'd, Darkness had clos'd our Days,
 And Death and Silence had forbid his Praise:
 But we are sav'd, and live: Let Songs arise,
 And *Britain* bless the God that built the Skies.

P S A L M CXVI. *First Part.**Recovery from Sickness.*

I.

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.

II.

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 !

III.

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.

IV.

“ 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.”

V.

The Lord beheld me sore distrest,
 He bid my Pains remove :
 Return, my Soul, to God thy Rest,
 For thou hast known his Love.

VI.

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.*

I.

WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his Kindness shown?
My Feet shall visit thine Abode,
My Songs address thy Throne.

II.

Among the Saints that fill thine House,
My Offerings shall be paid;
There shall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguish made.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-blessed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life, which thou hast made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.

V.

Now I am Thine, for ever Thine,
Nor shall my Purpose move;
Thy Hand hath loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

VI.

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.

I.

O ALL ye Nations, praise the Lord,
Each with a different Tongue;
In every Language learn his Word,
And let his Name be sung.

II.

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.

I.

F R O M 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.

II.

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.

I.

T H Y Name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant Lands;
Great is thy Grace, and sure thy Word;
Thy Truth for ever stands.

II.

Far be thine Honour spread,
And long thy Praise endure,

Till

Till Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

PSALM CXVIII. *First Part, v. 6—15.*

Deliverance from a Tumult.

I.

THE Lord appears my Helper now,
 Nor is my Faith afraid
 What all the Sons of Earth can do,
 Since Heaven affords its Aid.

II.

'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.

III.

Like Bees my Foes beset me round,
 A large and angry Swarm;
 But I shall all their Rage confound
 By thine Almighty Arm.

IV.

'Tis thro' the Lord my Heart is strong;
 In him my Lips rejoice;
 While his Salvation is my Song,
 How chearful is my Voice!

V.

Like angry Bees they girt me round;
 When God appears they fly:
 So burning Thorns, with crackling Sound,
 Make a fierce Blaze, and die.

VI.

Joy to the Saints and Peace belongs;
 The Lord protects their Days:

Let *Israel* tune immortal Songs
To his Almighty Grace.

PSALM CXVIII. *Second Part, v. 17—21.*
Publick Praise for Deliverance from Death.

I.

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.)

II.

Thy Praise, more constant than before,
Shall fill his daily Breath ;
Thy Hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
Defends him still from Death.

III.

Open the Gates of *Zion* now,
For we shall worship there,
The House where all the Righteous go
Thy Mercy to declare.

IV.

Among th' Assemblies of thy Saints
Our thankful Voice we raise ;
There we have told Thee our Complaints,
And there we speak thy Praise.

PSALM CXVIII. *Third Part. v. 22, 23.*
Christ the Foundation of his Church.

I.

BEHOLD the sure Foundation-Stone
Which God in *Zion* lays
To build our heavenly Hopes upon,
And his eternal Praise.

II.

Chosen of God, to Sinners dear,
And Saints adore the Name,

They

They trust their whole Salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer Shame.

III.

The foolish Builders, Scribe and Priest,
Reject it with Disdain ;
Yet on this Rock the Church shall rest,
And Envy rage in vain.

IV.

What tho' the Gates of Hell withstood,
Yet must this Building rise :
'Tis thy own Work, Almighty God,
And wond'rous in our Eyes.

These five Verses, from the 22d to the 27th, containing a glorious Prophecy of Christ, I have explained them at large in the Language of the New Testament, in two distinct Hymns: 1 Pet. 2. 4, 6. Behold, I lay in Zion a chief Corner-stone, Elect, Precious, and he that believeth on Him shall not be ashamed ---- disallowed of Men, but chosen of God, and precious. Matt. 16. 18. Upon this Rock will I build my Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against it. See the Notes on the following Hymns.

PSALM CXVIII. *Fourth Part, v. 24, 25, 26.*

Hosanna ; the Lord's Day : or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

*Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son :*

Help

Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from the Throne.

IV.

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.

V.

Hosanna in the highest Strains
The Church on Earth can raise;
The highest Heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praise.

See the Notes on the foregoing and following Hymns.

Stanza 1. This is the Day wherein Christ fulfilled his Sufferings, and rose from the Dead, and has honour'd it with his own Name, Rev. 1. 10. The Lord's Day.

Stanza 3. This Verse is explained, Mat. 21. 9. Hosanna to the son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the Name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest. The Word Hosanna signifies, Save, we beseech.

PSALM CXVIII. v. 22—27. Short Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's Day; or, a new
Song of Salvation by Christ.*

I.

SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his Church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

II.

The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief Corner-stone.

III.

The Work, O Lord, is Thine,
And wond'rous in our Eyes;

This

This Day declares it all Divine,
This Day did *Jesus* rise.

IV.

This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

V.

Hosanna to the King
Of *David's* Royal Blood:
Bless him, ye Saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

VI.

We bless thine holy Word,
Which all this Grace displays;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

Stan. 6. The 27th ver. must be explained Evangelically; the Gospel is our Light, our Altar is Christ, and our Sacrifices are Prayer and Praise: Heb. 13. 10, 15.

PSALM CXVIII. 22—27. Long Metre.

*An Hosanna for the Lord's-Day; or, a new
Song of Salvation by Christ.*

I.

LO! what a glorious Corner-stone
The *Jewish* Builders did refuse,
But God hath built his Church thereon,
In spite of Envy and the *Jews*.

II.

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.

III.

III.

Sinners rejoice ; and Saints be glad ;
Hosanna, let his Name be blest :
 A thousand Honours on his Head,
 With Peace and Light, and Glory rest !

IV.

In God's own Name he comes to bring
 Salvation to our dying Race :
 Let the whole Church address their King
 With Hearts of Joy and Songs of Praise.

Stan. 3. Hosanna signifies save, we beseech, as v. 25. And since the Hosanna is ascribed to Christ in Matt. 21. 9. it seems to mean properly, An Acclamation to Christ as King; as we say in our Language, G. d save the King, or God bless the King; tho' in the Common Metre I have turned it as a short Prayer for our own Salvation in the Sense in which 'tis often understood.

P S A L M CXIX.

I have collected and disposed the most useful Verses of this Psalm under eighteen different Heads, and formed a Divine Song upon each of them: But the Verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of Connexion.

In some Places, among the words Law, Commands, Judgments, Testimonies, I have used Gospel, Word, Grace, Truth, Promises, &c. as more agreeable to the New Testament, and the common Language of Christians; and it equally answers the Design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scripture.

P S A L M CXIX. First Part.

The Blessedness of Saints, and Misery of Sinners.

I. v. 1, 2, 3.

BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
 Whose Ways are right and clean :
Who

Who never from thy Law depart,
But fly from every Sin.

II.

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.

III. v. 165.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law
How firm their Souls abide !
Nor can a bold Temptation draw
Their stiddy Feet aside.

IV. v. 6.

Then shall my Heart have inward Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame,
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V. v. 21, 118.

But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst ;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are trodden to the Dust.

VI. v. 119, 155.

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, Constant Converse with God.*

I. v. 147, 55.

TO Thee, before the dawning Light,
My gracious God, I pray ;

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I meditate thy Name by Night,
And keep thy Law by Day.

II. v. 81.

My Spirit faints to see thy Grace,
Thy Promise bears me up;
And while Salvation long delays,
Thy Word supports my Hope.

III v. 164.

Seven times a Day I lift my Hands,
And pay my Thanks to Thee;
Thy righteous Providence demands
Repeated Praise from me.

IV. v. 62.

When Midnight-darkness veils the Skies,
I call thy Works to mind;
My Thoughts in warm Devotion rise,
And sweet Acceptance find.

P S A L M CXIX. *Third Part.*

*Professions of Sincerity, Repentance and
Obedience.*

I. v. 57, 60.

THOU art my Portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes haste to obey thy Word,
And suffers no Delay.

II. v. 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.

III.

The Testimonies of thy Grace
I set before my Eyes;

Thence

Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV. v. 59.

If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways,
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And trust thy pardoning Grace.

V. v. 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.

VI. v. 112.

Thou hast inclin'd this Heart of mine
Thy Statutes to fulfill;
And thus all mortal Life shall end
Would I perform thy Will.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fourth Part.*

Instruction from Scripture.

I. v. 9.

How shall the Young secure their Hearts,
And guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choicest Rules imparts
To keep the Conscience clean.

II. v. 130.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It spreads such Light abroad,
The meanest Souls Instruction find,
And raise their Thoughts to God.

III. v. 105.

'Tis like the Sun, a heavenly Light,
That guides us all the Day;

And

And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV. v. 99, 100.

The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiser than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord:

V. v. 104, 113.

Thy Precepts make me truly wise ;
I hate the Sinners Road ;
I hate my own vain Thoughts that rise ;
But love thy Law, my God.

VI. v. 89, 90, 91.

[The starry Heavens thy Rule obey,
The Earth maintains her Place ;
And these thy Servants Night and Day
Thy Skill and Power express.

VII.

But still thy Law and Gospel, Lord,
Have Lessons more divine :
Not Earth stands firmer than thy Word,
Nor Stars so nobly shine.]

VIII. v. 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.

P S A L M CXIX. *Fifth Part.*

*Delight in Scripture ; or, The Word of God
dwelling in us.*

I. v. 97.

O How I love thy holy Law !
'Tis daily my Delight ;
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

II. v. 148.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day
 To meditate thy Word;
 My Soul with Longing melts away
 To hear thy Gospel, Lord,

III. v. 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:

IV. v. 19, 103.

Am I a Stranger, or at Home;
 'Tis my perpetual Feast;
 Not Honey dropping from the Comb
 So much allures the Taste.

V. v. 72, 127.

No Treasures so enrich the Mind;
 Nor shall thy Word be sold:
 For Loads of Silver well-refin'd,
 Nor Heaps of choicest Gold.

VI. v. 28, 49, 175.

When Nature sinks and Spirits droop,
 Thy Promises of Grace
 Are Pillars to support my Hope,
 And there I write thy Praise.

P S A L M. CXIX. *Sixth Part.**Holiness and Comfort from the Word:*

I. v. 128.

LORD, I esteem thy Judgments right,
 And all thy Statutes just;
 Thence I maintain a constant Fight
 With every flattering Lust.

II. v. 97, 9.

Thy Precepts when I survey
 I keep thy Law in sight,
 Thro' all the Business of the Day,
 To form my Actions right.

III. v. 62.

My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
 "How sweet thy Comforts be!
 My Thoughts in holy Wonder rise,
 And bring their Thanks to Thee.

IV. v. 162.

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.*

I. v. 96. *paraphrased.*

LET all the *Heathen* Writers join
 To form one perfect Book,
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
 How mean their Writings look!

II.

Not the most perfect Rules they gave
 Could shew one Sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a Step beyond the Grave;
 But thine conduct to Heaven.

III.

I've seen an End of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the Powers of Nature fall,
 And can no farther go:

IV.

IV.

Yet Men would fain be just with God
 By Works their Hands have wrought ;
 But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every Thought.

V.

In vain we boast Perfection here,
 While Sin defiles our Frame,
 And sinks our Virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith and Love, and every Grace
 Fall far below thy Word ;
 But perfect Truth and Righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

P S A L M CXIX. *Eighth Part.*

*The Word of God is the Saints Portion ; or,
 The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.*

I. v. III. *paraphrased.*

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
 My lasting Heritage:
 There shall my noblest Powers rejoice,
 My warmest Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
 And keep thy Laws in sight,
 While thro' the Promises I rove
 With ever-fresh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
 Where Springs of Life arise,
 Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
 And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

The best Relief that Mourners have,
 It makes our Sorrows blest ;
 Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
 And our eternal Rest.

PSALM CXIX. *Ninth Part.*

*Desire of Knowledge ; or, the Teachings of
 the Spirit with the Word.*

I. v. 64, 68, 18.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
 How good thy Works appear !
 Open mine Eyes to read thy Word,
 And see thy Wonders there.

II. v. 73, 125.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
 My Service is thy Due :
 O make thy Servant understand
 The Duties he must do.

III. v. 19.

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.

IV. v. 26.

When I confess'd my wandering Ways,
 Thou heardst my Soul complain ;
 Grant me the Teachings of thy Grace,
 Or I shall stray again.

V. v. 32, 34.

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.

VI. v. 50, 71.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VII. v. 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.

VIII. v. 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.

I. v. 38, 49.

BEHOLD thy waiting Servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy Fear;
Remember and confirm thy Word,
For all my Hopes are there.

II. v. 41, 58, 107.

Hast thou not writ Salvation down,
And promis'd quickning Grace?
Doth not my Heart address thy Throne?
And yet thy Love delays.

III. v. 123, 42.

Mine Eyes for thy Salvation fail;
O bear thy Servant up;
Nor let the scoffing Lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my Hope.

IV.

IV. v. 49, 74.

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.

PSALM CXIX. *Eleventh Part.*

Breathing after Holiness.

I. v. 5, 33.

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 !

II. v. 29.

O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy Law upon my Heart !
 Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
 Nor act the Lyar's Part,

III. v. 37, 36.

From Vanity turn off my Eyes :
 Let no corrupt Design,
 Nor covetous Desires arise
 Within this Soul of mine.

IV. v. 133.

O Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
 And make my Heart sincere ;
 Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
 But keep my Conscience clear.

V. v. 176.

My Soul hath gone too far astray,
 My Feet too often slip ;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
 Restore thy wandring Sheep.

VI. v. 35.

Make me to walk in thy Commands,
 'Tis a delightful Road;
 Nor let my Head or Heart or Hands
 Offend against my God.

P S A L M CXIX. *Twelfth Part.**Breathing after Comfort and Deliverance.*

I. v. 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.

II. v. 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the sharp Reproach
 Which I so justly fear:
 Uphold my Life, uphold my Hopes,
 Nor let my Shame appear.

III. v. 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.

IV. v. 82.

My Eyes with Expectation fail,
 My Heart within me cries,
 "When will the Lord his Truth fulfil,
 "And make my Comforts rise?"

V. v. 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.

P S A L M CXIX. *Thirteenth Part.**Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.*

I. v. 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 !

II. v. 11.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart
 To keep my Conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting Guard
 From every rising Sin.

III. v. 63, 53, 158.

I'm a Companion of the Saints
 Who fear and love the Lord ;
 My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
 When Men transgress thy Word.

IV. v. 161, 163.

While Sinners do thy Gospel wrong,
 My Spirit stands in awe ;
 My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
 But loves thy righteous Law.

V. v. 161, 120.

My Heart with sacred Rev'ence hears
 The Threatnings of thy Word :
 My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
 The Judgments of the Lord.

VI. v. 166, 174.

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 C X I X . *Fourteenth Part.**Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under 'em.*

I. v. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,
 And thy Deliverance send ;
 My Soul for thy Salvation faints ;
 When will my Troubles end ?

II. v. 71.

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.

III. v. 50.

This is the Comfort I enjoy
 When new Distress begins,
 I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
 And hate my former Sins.

IV. v. 92.

Had not thy Word been my Delight
 When earthly Joys were fled,
 My Soul opprest with Sorrow's Weight
 Had sunk amongst the Dead.

V. v. 75.

I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
 Tho' they may seem severe ;
 The sharpest Sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI. v. 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.*

I. v. 93.

O That thy Statutes every Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quickning Power,
And daily Peace I find.

II. v. 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.

III. v. 32.

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!

IV. v. 13, 46.

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.

V. v. 61, 69, 70.

Let Bands of Persecutors rise
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lyes,
Thy Law is my Delight.

VI. v. 115.

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.*

I. v. 25, 37.

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Dust :
 Lord, give me Life divine ;
 From vain Desires and every Lust
 Turn off these Eyes of mine.

II.

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.

III. v. 107.

When sore Afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quickning Powers ;
 Thy Word that I have rested on
 Shall help my heaviest Hours.

IV. v. 156, 40.

Are not thy Mercies sovereign still ?
 And thou a faithful God ?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
 To run the heavenly Road ?

V. v. 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 !

VI. v. 93.

Then 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.

P S A L M CXIX. *Seventeenth Part.*

*Courage and Perseverance under Persecution ;
or, Grace shining in Difficulties and Trials.*

I. v. 143, 28.

WHEN Pain and Anguish seize me, Lord,
All my Support is from thy Word:
My Soul dissolves for Heavens, .
Uphold me with thy strengthening Grace.

II. v. 51, 69, 110.

The Proud have fram'd their Scoffs and Lyes,
They watch my Feet with envious Eyes,
And tempt my Soul to Snares and Sin,
Yet thy Commands I ne'er decline.

III. v. 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,
Till Pride and Malice die with Shame.

P S A L M CXIX. *Last Part.*

*Sanctify'd Afflictions ; or, Delight in the
Word of God.*

I. v. 67, 59.

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 !

II.

Foolish and vain I went astray
Ere I had felt thy Scourges, Lord,
I left my Guide, and lost my Way ;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

III. v. 71.

'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.

IV. v. 72.

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.

V. v. 73.

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.

VI. v. 74.

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
devout Wish for Peace.*

I.

THOU God of Love, thou ever blest,
Pity my suffering State ;
When wilt thou set my Soul at Rest
From Lips that love Deceit ?

II.

Hard Lot of mine ! my Days are cast
Among the Sons of Strife,

P 4

Whose :

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Whose never-ceasing Brawlings waste
My golden Hours of Life.

III.

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!

IV.

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.

V.

New Passions still their Souls engage,
And keep their Malice strong:
What shall be done to curb thy Rage,
O thou devouring Tongue!

VI.

Should burning Arrows smite thee thro',
Strict Justice would approve;
But I had rather spare my Foe,
And melt his Heart with Love.

I hope the Transposition of several Verses of the Psalm is no Disadvantage to this Imitation of it. Nor will the Spirit of the Gospel, and Charity at the End, render it less agreeable to Christian Ears.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

I.

UP 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.

II.

II.

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.

III.

He guides our Feet, He guards our Way;
His Morning-Smiles bless all the Day;
He spreads the Evening-Veil, and keeps
The silent Hours while *Israel* sleeps.

IV.

Israel, a Name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber nor surprize.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

See the Notes on Psalm 41.

P S A L M CXXI. Common Metre.

Preservation by Day and Night.

I.

TO Heaven I lift my waiting Eyes,
 There all my Hopes are laid:
 The Lord that built the Earth and Skies
 Is my perpetual Aid.

II

Their Feet shall never slide to fall,
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His Ear attends the softest Call,
 His Eyes can never sleep.

III

He will sustain our weakest Powers
 With his Almighty Arm,
 And watch our most unguarded Hours
 Against surprizing Harm.

IV.

Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
 Thy Keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful Eyes employ his Power
 For thine eternal Guard.

V.

Nor scorching Sun, nor sickly Moon
 Shall have his Leave to shine;
 He shields thy Head from burning Noon,
 From blasting Damps at Night.

VI.

He guards thy Soul, he keeps thy Breath,
 Where thick the 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.

I.

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 every Hour.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

Hast thou not given 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.

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
 My Friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear,
 "And keep the solemn Day!"

II.

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.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
 The holy Tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his Throne,
 And sits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our Praises and Complaints,
 And while his awful Voice
 Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this sacred Place,
 And Joy a constant Guest!

With

With holy Gifts and heavenly Grace
Be her Attendants blest !

VI.

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.

I.

How pleas'd and blest was I
To hear the People cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day ?
Yes, with a cheerful Zeal,
We haste to *Zion's* Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

II.

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.

III.

There *David's* greater Son
Has fix'd his Royal Throne,
He sits for Grace and Judgment there ;
He bids the Saint be glad,
He makes the Sinner sad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

IV.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
 And Joy within thee wait
 To bless the Soul of every Guest !
 The Man that seeks thy Peace,
 And wishes thine Encrease,
 A thousand Blessings on him rest !

V.

My Tongue repeats her Vovis,
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 Stanza to complete the Tune.

P S A L M C X X I I I .

Pleading with Submission.

O Thou whose Grace and Justice reign
 Enthron'd above the Spheres,
 To Thee our Hearts would tel. their Pain,
 To Thee we lift our Eyes.

II.

As Servants watch their Master's Hand,
 And fear the angry Stroke ;
 Or Maid before their Mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful Look :

III.

So for our Sins we justly feel
 Thy Discipline, O God ;
 Yet wait the gracious Moment still,
 Till thou remove thy Rod.

IV.

Those that in Wealth and Pleasure live,
 Our daily Groans deride,
 And thy Delays of Mercy give
 Fresh Courage to their Pride.

V.

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.

I.

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 ;

II.

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'er-whelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal Stroke ;
 So flies the Bird with cheerful Wing,
 When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

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.

V.

Our Help is in *Jehovah's* Name,
 Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
 He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
 Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

PSALM CXXV. Common Metre.

The Saints Tryal and Safety.

I.

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

II.

Not Walls nor Hills could guard so well:
 Old *Salem's* happy Ground,
 As those eternal Arms of Love
 That every Saint surround.

III.

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

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with Souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright Gates of Paradise,
 Where *Christ* their Lord is gone.

V.

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 Tryal and Safety ; or, Moderated Afflictions.

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That rest their Souls on God ;
Firm as the Mount where *David* dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains stood to guard
The City's sacred Ground,
So God and his Almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

III.

What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chastizing Stroke,
Yet left it wounds their Souls too deep,
Its Fury shall be broke.

IV.

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

V.

Nor shall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppress the Saint ;
The God of *Israel* will support
His Children lest they faint.

VI.

But if our slavish Fear
Will chuse the Road to Hell,
We must expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

The last Stanza of this Metre more clearly expresses the true Sense of the Psalmist in this Place.

PSALM CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprizing Deliverance.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.*

I.

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.

II.

II.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
 And did thy Hand confess;
 My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
 And sung surprizing Grace.

III.

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.

IV.

The Lord can clear the darkest Skies,
 Can give us Day for Night;
 Make Drops of sacred Sorrow rise
 To Rivers of Delight.

V.

Let those that sow in Sadness wait
 Till the fair Harvest come,
 They shall confess their Sheaves are great,
 And shout the Blessings home.

VI.

Tho' Seed lie bury'd long in Dust,
 It shan't deceive their Hope,
 The precious Grain can ne'er be lost,
 For Grace insures the Crop.

PSALM CXXVII. Long Metre.

*The Blessing of God on the Business and Com-
 forts of Life.*

I.

IF 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.

II.

II.

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 ;

III.

'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.

IV.

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.

I.

IF God to build the House deny,
The Builders work in vain ;
And Towns, without his wakeful Eye,
An useless Watch maintain.

II.

Before the Morning-Beams arise,
Your painful Work renew,
And till the Stars ascend the Skies,
Your tiresome Toil pursue.

III.

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.

IV.

IV.

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.

I.

O HAPPY Man, whose Soul is fill'd
 With Zeal and reverent Awe!
 His Lips to God their Honours yield,
 His Life adorns the Law.

II.

A careful Providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy Head,
 Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
 Its kindly Blessings shed.

III.

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.

IV.

The Lord shall thy best Hopes fulfill
 For Months and Years to come;
 The Lord, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
 Shall send thee Blessings home.

V.

This is the Man whose happy Eyes
 Shall see his House encrease,
 Shall see the sinking Church arise,
 Then leave the World in Peace.

P S A L M CXXIX.

Persecutors punish'd.

I.

UP 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.

II.

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.

III.

Their cruel Plow had torn my Flesh ;
 With Furrows long and deep,
 Hourly they vex'd my Wounds afresh,
 Nor let my Sorrows sleep.

IV.

The Lord grew angry on his Throne,
 And with impartial Eye ;
 Measur'd the Mischiefs they had done,
 Then let his Arrows fly.

V.

How was their Insolence surpriz'd,
 To hear his Thunders roll !
 And all the Foes of *Sion* seiz'd
 With Horror to the Soul.

VI.

Thus shall the Men that hate the Saints
 Be blasted from the Sky ;
 Their Glory fades, their Courage faints,
 And all their Projects die.

VII.

VII.

[What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
They have no Root beneath :
Their Growth shall perish in Despair,
And lie despis'd in Death.]

VIII.

[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.

IX.

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.

I.

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.

II.

Great God, should thy severer Eye,
And thine impartial Hand,
Mark and revenge Iniquity,
No mortal Flesh cou'd stand.

III.

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.

IV.

[I wait for thy Salvation, Lord,
With strong Desires I wait ;
My Soul, invited by thy Word,
Stands watching at thy Gate.]

V.

[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 ;

VI.

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.]

VII.

[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.

VIII.

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.

I.

FROM deep Distress and troubled Thoughts,
To Thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries ;
If thou severely mark our Faults,
No Flesh can stand before thine Eyes.

II.

II.

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.

III.

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?

IV.

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.

V.

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 CXXXI.

Humility and Submission.

I.

IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious God, and see:
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to Thee.

II.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble still,
And all my Carriage mild,
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

Q

III.

III.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind
 Shall have a large Reward:
 Let Saints in Sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM CXXXII. 5, 13—18. Long Metre.
At the Settlement of a Church; or, the Ordination of a Minister.

I.

WHERE 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?

II.

The God of *Jacob* chose the Hill
 Of *Zion* for his antient Rest;
 And *Zion* is his Dwelling still,
 His Church is with his Presence blest.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

Girded with Truth and cloth'd with Grace,
 My Priests, my Ministers shall shine:
 Not *Aaron*, in his costly Dress,
 Made an Appearance so divine.

VI.

VI.

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.

VII.

[*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 cloth'd with Shame.]

PSALM CXXXII. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15—17.
 Common Metre.

A Church establish'd.

I.

[**N**O Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
 Good *David* would afford,
 Till he had found below the Skies
 A Dwelling for the Lord.]

II.

The Lord in *Zion* plac'd his Name,
 His Ark was settled there;
 To *Zion* the whole Nation came,
 To worship thrice a Year.

III.

But we have no such Lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where-e'er thy Saints assemble now,
 There is a House for God.]

PAUSE.

IV.

Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
 And enter to thy Rest:

Q 2

Lo!

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Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes,
Thus to be own'd and blest.

V.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no such Grace afford.

VI.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praise be spread;
Bless the Provisions of thy House,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

VII.

Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Power divine.

VIII.

Here let him hold a lasting Throne;
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

The Settlement of the Ark in Zion, is a fair Type of the Dwelling of Christ in his Churches; and I have so copied this Psalm in both Metres, omitting the Verses less necessary to this Sense.

St. 2. Twice in the Year shall all your Male-Children appear before the Lord, &c. Exod. 34. 23.

St. 3. Where two or three are gather'd together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them, Matt. 18. 20. The House of God, the Church, &c. 1 Tim. 3. 15.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly Love.

I.

LO! what an entertaining Sight
Are Brethren that agree;

Brethren

Brethren whose chearful Hearts unite
In Bands of Piety !

II.

When Streams of Love from Christ the Spring,
Descend to every Soul,
And heavenly Peace, with balmy Wing,
Shades and bedews the whole :

III.

'Tis like the Oil divinely sweet
On *Aaron's* Reverend Head ;
The trickling Drops perfum'd his Feet,
And o'er his Garments spread.

IV.

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

PSALM CXXXIII. Short Metre.

*Communion of Saints ; or, Love and Worship
in a Family.*

I.

BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whose Hearts and Hopes are one ;
Whose kind Designs to serve and please,
Thro' all their Actions run.

II.

Blest is the pious House
Where Zeal and Friendship meet,
Their Songs of Praise, their mingled Vows
Make their Communion sweet.

III.

Thus when on *Aaron's* Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,

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The Oil thro' all his Raiment spread,
And Pleasure fill'd the Room.

IV.

Thus on the heavenly Hills
The Saints are blest above,
Where Joy like Morning-Dew distills,
And all the Air is Love.

P S A L M CXXIII. *as the 122d Psalm.*

The Blessings of Friendship.

I.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move,
And each fulfil their Part
With sympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

II.

'Tis like the Ointment shed
On *Aaron's* sacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The Oil, thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and blest his Feet.

III.

Like fruitful Showers 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 distills.

Repeat the first Stanza to complet the Tune.

P S A L M

PSALM CXXXIV.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

I.

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

II.

Lift up your Hands by Morning-Light,
And fend your Souls on high;
Raife your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ftarry Sky.

III.

The God of *Zion* chears our Hearts
With Rays of quickning Grace;
The God that spread the Heavens abroad,
And rules the fwelling Seas.

This Psalm, with feveral others near it, is called a Song of Degrees; i. e. to be fang on the Steps afcending to the Tabernacle or Temple, as the Learned fuppofe: The King and his Attendants fang the two firft Verfes, addressing themfelves to the Levites that kept the Houfe of the Lord; and the third Verfe is the Refponfe of the Levites to the King. There was a neceffity of changing the Form of this Psalm, to fuit it to our ufual Chriftian Worfhip,

PSALM CXXXV. 1—4, 14, 19—21.

First Part. Long Metre.

The Church is God's Houfe and Care.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
While in his holy Courts ye wait;
Ye Saints, that to his Houfe belong,
Or ftand attending at his Gate.

II.

Praife ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
To praife his Name is fweet Employ:

Israel he chose of old, and still
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

III.

The Lord himself will judge his Saints ;
He treats his Servants as his Friends ;
And when he hears their sore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he sends.

IV.

Thro' every Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaksth' Oppressor's Rod ;
He gives his suffering Servants Rest,
And will be known *th'* Almighty God.

V.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his Love ;
People and Priests exalt his Name :
Amongst his Saints he ever dwells ;
His Church is his *Jerusalem*.

PSALM CXXXV. v. 5—12. *Second Part.*
Long Metre.

*The Works of Creation, Providence, Redemption
of Israel, and Destruction of Enemies.*

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

III.

'Twas He those dreadful Tokens sent,
O *Egypt*, thro' thy stubborn Land;
When all thy first-born Beasts and Men
Fell dead by his avenging Hand.

IV.

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!

V.

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.

This Psalm was too long to be sung at once, yet I could not reduce it into two Parts conveniently, without transposing the Verses considerably, as in the Titles. The Ejection of the Canaanites, and the Inheritance of their Land given to Israel, is a fair Figure of the Inheritance of Heaven, given to the Saints, whence sinning Angels were ejected, as in the last Stanza.

PSALM CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to Idols.

I.

A WAKE, ye Saints, to praise your King,
Your sweetest Passions raise,
Your pious Pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the Praise.

II.

Great is the Lord; and Works unknown
Are his Divine Employ:
But still his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treasure and his Joy.

III.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, confess his Hand ;
 He bids the Vapours rise ;
 Lightning and Storm at his Command
 Sweep thro' the founding Skies.

IV.

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.

V.

Which of the Stocks or Stones they trust
 Can give them Showers of Rain ?
 In vain they worship glittering Dust,
 And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

[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.

VII.

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.]

VIII.

O *Britain*, know thy living God,
 Serve him with Faith and Fear ;
 He makes thy Churches his Abode,
 And claims thine Honours there.

This Psalm is much abridged in this Metre, to reduce the most useful Parts of it to one shorter Divine Song. In the 5th Stanza I have borrowed a Verse from Jer. 14. 22. Are there any among the Vauties of the Gentiles that can cause Rain?

PSALM CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation, Providence, Redemption of Israel, and Salvation of his People.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God the fovereign Lord ;
His Mercies still endure !
 And be the King of Kings ador'd ;
His Truth is ever sure.

II.

What Wonders hath his Wisdom done !
How mighty is his Hand !
 Heaven, Earth, and Sea, he fram'd alone :
How wide is his Command !

III.

The Sun supplies the Day with Light ;
How bright his Counsels shine !
 The Moon and Stars adorn the Night :
His Works are all Divine.

IV.

[He struck the Sons of *Egypt* dead ;
How dreadful is his Rod !
 And thence with Joy his People led :
How gracious is our God !

V.

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.

VI.

But *Pharaoh's* Army there he drown'd ;
How glorious are his Ways !

And

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And brought his Saints thro' defart Ground:
Eternal be his Praise.

VII.

Great Monarchs fell beneath his Hand;
Victorious is his Sword:
While Israel took the promis'd Land;
And faithful is his Word.

VIII.

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!

IX.

He sent to save us from our Woe;
His Goodness never fails:
From Death, and Hell, and every Foe;
And still his Grace prevails.

X.

Give thanks to God the heavenly King;
His Mercies still endure:
Let the whole Earth his Praises sing:
His Truth is ever sure.

In every Stanza of this Psalm I have endeavoured to imitate the Chorus or Burden of the Song, For his Mercy endureth for ever; and yet to maintain a perpetual Variety.

P S A L M CXXXVI. as the 148th Psalm.

I.

GIVE 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.*

II.

II.

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.*

III.

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.*

IV.

[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.*

V.

His Power and lifted Rod
 Cleft the *Red-Sea* in two:
 And for his People made
 A wond'rous Passage thro'.

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*His Power and Grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless Praise.*

VI.

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.*

P A U S E

VII.

The 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.*

VIII.

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.*

IX.

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.*

X.

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.*

*In this Metre, and the next, I have maintained the Chorus,
For his Mercy endureth for ever, in a Double Form, to be used
alternately, i. e. in every other Stanza.*

PSALM CXXXVI. abridg'd. Long Metre.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal Praise ;
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways :
*Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.*

II.

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.*

III.

He built the Earth, he spread the Sky,
And fix'd the starry Lights on high :

Wor-

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*Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.*

VI.

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.*

V.

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.*

VI.

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.*

VII.

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.*

VIII.

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.

I.

[**W**ITH all my Powers of Heart and Tongue
I'll praise my Maker in my Song :
Angels

Angels shall hear the Notes I raise,
Approve the Song, and join the Praise.

II.

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.]

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

The God of Heaven maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and scorns the Great;
But from his Throne descends to see
The Sons of humble Poverty.

VI.

Amidst a thousand Snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

VII.

Grace will compleat what Grace begins,
To save from Sorrows or from Sins:
The Work that Wisdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forsakes.

Stan. 1 and 2. Angels or Kings are the Gods before whom
the Psalmist would sing Praise to his Creator; but common Chri-
stians

stians having so little of the Presence of Kings in their Worship, I have mentioned only the Company of Angels.

PSALM CXXXIX. *First Part.* Long Metre.
The All-seeing God.

I.

LORD, 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.

II.

My Thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the Words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening Lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling Power I stand;
On every Side I find thy Hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

IV.

Amazing Knowledge, vast and great!
What large Extent! what lofty Height!
My Soul with all the Powers I boast
Is in the boundless Prospect lost.

V.

*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.*

PAUSE I.

VI.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where,

Where, Lord, could I thy Presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

VII.

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.

VIII.

If mounted on a Morning-Ray
I fly beyond the *Western* Sea,
Thy swifter Hand wou'd first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

IX.

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.

X.

*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.*

PAUSE II.

XI.

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.

XII.

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.

XIII.

XIII.

*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.*

PSALM CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Met.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

PAUSE.

P A U S E.

VI.

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.

VII.

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.

VIII.

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.

PSALM CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Met.

*Sincerity profess, and Grace try'd; or, The
Heart-searching God.*

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

Lord, search my Soul, try every Thought;
Tho' my own Heart accuse me not

Of

352 P S A L M C X X X I X .

Of walking in a false Disguise,
I beg the Trial of thine Eyes.

IV.

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.

In this noble Psalm I have not refused the Aid of my Predecessors, chiefly Mr. Tate. In some Places where I have borrowed, I hope I have improv'd the Verse: And in others, my own Design constrained me to leave out the Words of a more Poetick Sound, such as, Infernal Plains, Morning's Wings, Western Main, sable Wings of Night, shapeless Embryo, Maze of Life, &c. yet I have endeavour'd to maintain the Spirit of the Psalmist in plainer Language.

The Epiphonema or the Burden of the Song that I have inserted three times in the first Part, was not introduced by any means to add Beauty to the Poem; but merely to reduce it to convenient Lengths for Singing, which has too often confin'd the Ode and debas'd it.

P S A L M C X X X I X . *First Part.* Com. Metre.

God is every where.

I.

IN all my vast Concerns with Thee
In vain my Soul wou'd try
To shun thy Presence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thine Eye.

II.

Thy all-surrounding Sight surveys
My Rising and my Rest,
My publick Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breast.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Sense I mean.

IV.

IV.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a Creature hide?
 Within thy circling Arms I lie,
 Befet on every side,

V.

So let thy Grace furround me still,
 And like a Bulwark prove,
 To guard my Soul from every Ill,
 Secur'd by fovereign Love.

P A U S E.

VI.

Lord, where shall guilty Souls retire
 Forgotten and unknown?
 In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
 In Heaven thy glorious Throne.

VII.

Should I suppress my vital Breath
 To 'scape the Wrath divine,
 Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
 And make the Grave resign.

VIII.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning-Light
 I fly beyond the *West*,
 Thy Hand, which must support my Flight,
 Would soon betray my Rest.

IX.

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.

X.

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!

PSALM CXXXIX. 2d Part. Com. Metre.

The Wisdom of God in the Formation of Man.

I.

WHEN I with pleasing Wonder stand,
 And all my Frame survey,
 Lord, 'tis thy Work: I own, thy Hand
 Thus built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins possessest
 Where unborn Nature grew,
 Thy Wisdom all my Features trac'd,
 And all my Members drew.

III.

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.

IV.

Heaven, Earth, and Sea, and Fire, and Wind
 Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;
 But I review my Self and find
 Diviner Wonders still.

V.

Thy awful Glories round me shine,
 My Flesh proclaims thy Praise;
 Lord, to thy Works of Nature join
 Thy Miracles of Grace.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXIX. 14, 17, 18. *Third Part.*
Common Metre.

The Mercies of God innumerable.

An Evening Psalm.

I.

LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They strike me with Surprize;
Not all the Sands that spread the Shore
To equal Numbers rise.

II.

My Flesh with Fear and Wonder stands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Blessings from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts of Love reveal.

III.

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.

PSALM CXLI. v. 2, 3, 4, 5.

Watchfulness and Brotherly Reproof.

A Morning or Evening Psalm.

I.

MY God, accept my early Vows,
Like Morning-Incense in thine House,
And let my nightly Worship rise
Sweet as the Evening Sacrifice.

II.

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.

R

III.

III.

O may the Righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering Way!
Their gentle Words, like Ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my Head.

IV.

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.

P S A L M CXLII.

God is the Hope of the Helpless.

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

On every Side, I cast mine Eye,
And found my Helpers gone,
While Friends and Strangers past me by
Neglected or unknown.

IV.

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.

V.

V.

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
 Now let thine Ear attend,
 And make my Foes who vex me know
 I've an Almighty Friend.

VI.

From my sad Prison set me free,
 Then shall I praise thy Name,
 And holy Men shall join with me
 Thy Kindness to proclaim.

P S A L M CXLIII.

*Complaint of heavy Afflictions in Mind and
 Body.*

I.

MY 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.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

I dwell in Darkness and unseen ;
 My Heart is desolate within :
 My Thoughts in musing Silence trace
 The antient Wonders of thy Grace.

R 2

V.

V.

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.

VI.

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 ?

VII.

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.

VIII.

The Night is Witness to my Tears,
Distressing Pains, distressing Fears ;
O might I hear thy Morning-Voice,
How would my weary'd Powers rejoice !

IX.

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.

X.

Break off my Fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the Path my Feet shou'd go ;
If Snares and Foes beset the Road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

XI.

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.

XII.

XII.

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.

PSALM CXLIV. *First Part. v. 1, 2.*
Assistance and Victory in the Spiritual Warfare.

I.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield ;
He sends his Spirit with his Word
To arm me for the Field.

II.

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.

III.

A Friend and Helper so divine
Doth my weak Courage raise ;
He makes the glorious Victory mine,
And his shall be the Praise.

The Sense of a great Part of this Psalm is found often repeated in the Book of Psalms. I have therefore only taken three small Parts of it, and form'd three distinct Hymns on very different Subjects.

PSALM CXLIV. *Second Part. v. 3, 4, 5, 6.*
The Vanity of Man, and Condescension of God.

I.

LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at first ?

360 P S A L M CXLIV.

His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hastning to the Dust.

II.

O what is feeble dying Man
Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?

III.

That God who darts his Lightnings down,
Who shakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wondrous is his Love!

P S A L M CXLIV. *Third Part. v. 12—15.*
Grace above Riches; or, The happy Nation.

I.

HAPPY the City, where their Sons
Like Pillars round a Palace set,
And Daughters bright as polish'd Stones
Give Strength and Beauty to the State.

II.

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.

III.

Happy the Nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the All-sufficient God
Himself with all his Grace bestows.

P S A L M CXLIV. Long Metre.

The Greatness of God.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various Praise
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days;
Thy

VIII.

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.

IX.

Virgins and Youth engage
 To sound his Praise Divine,
 While Infancy and Age
 Their feebler Voices join :
 Wide as he reigns
 His Name be sung
 By every Tongue
 In endless Strains.

X.

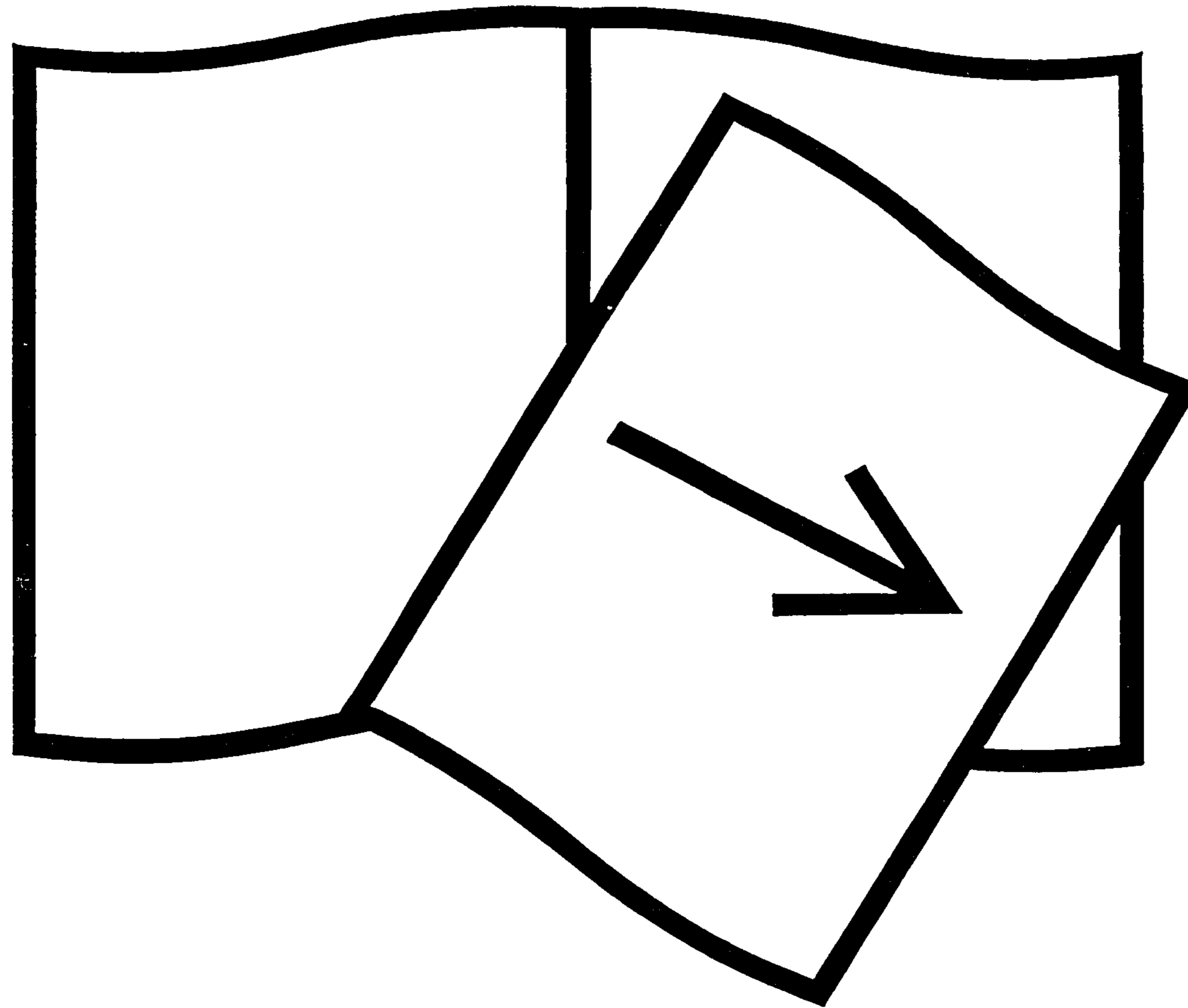
Let all the Nations fear
 The God that rules above,
 He brings his People near,
 And makes them taste his Love :
 While Earth and Sky
 Attempt his Praise,
 His Saints shall raise
 His Honours high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in*
 Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

I.

L OUD *Hallelujahs* to the Lord,
 From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell :
 Let



FOLIOS MISSING

360 P S A L M CXLIV.

His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still hastning to the Dust.

II.

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Or any of his Race,
That God should make it his Concern
To visit him with Grace?

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IX.

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 By every Tongue
 In endless Strains.

X.

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 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.

PSALM CXLVIII. *Paraphras'd in*
 Long Metre.

Universal Praise to God.

I.

Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord,
 From distant Worlds where Creatures dwell:
 Let

374 P S A L M CXLVIII.

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 fulfill the Praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual Tunes of the Long Metre.

II.

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.

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

Ye stubborn Oaks, and stately Pines,
Bend your high Branches and adore :

Praise

Praise him, ye Beasts, in different Strains;
The Lamb must bleat, the Lion roar.

VIII.

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.

IX.

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!

X.

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.

XI.

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.

XII.

Speak of the Wonders of that Love
Which *Gabriel* plays on every Chord:
From all below and all above,
Loud *Hallelujahs* to the Lord.

PSALM CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal Praise.

I.

LET every Creature join
To praise th' Eternal God;
Ye heavenly Hosts, the Song begin,
And sound his Name abroad.

II.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,
 And Moon with paler Rays,
 Ye starry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
 Shine to your Maker's Praise.

III.

He built those Worlds above,
 And fix'd their wond'rous Frame ;
 By his Command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his Name.

IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in Showers or Snow,
 Ye Thunders murmuring round the Skies,
 His Power and Glory show.

V.

Wind, Hail, and flashing Fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful Storms conspire
 To execute his Word.

VI.

By all his Works above
 His Honours be exprest ;
 But Saints; that taste his saving Love,
 Should sing his Praises best.

P A U S E I.

VII.

Let Earth and Ocean know
 They owe their Maker Praise ;
 Praise him, ye watry Worlds below,
 And Monsters of the Seas.

VIII.

From Mountains near the Sky
 Let his high Praise resound,

From

From humble Shrubs and *Cedars* high,
And Vales and Fields around.

IX.

Ye *Lions* of the Wood,
And tamer Beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily Food,
And he expects your Praise,

X.

Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
On high his Praises bear;
Or sit on flowery Boughs, and sing
Your Maker's Glory there.

XI.

Ye creeping Ants and Worms,
His various Wisdom show,
And Flies in all your shining Swarms,
Praise him that drest you so.

XII.

By all the Earth-born Race
His Honours be exprest,
But Saints that know his heavenly Grace
Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E II.

XIII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praise ye th' Eternal King
Judges adore that Sovereign Hand
Whence all your Honours spring.

XIV.

Let vigorous Youth engage
To sound his Praises high;
While growing Babes and withering Age
Their feebler Voices try.

XV.

XV.

United Zeal be shown,
His wond'rous Fame to raise ;
God is the Lord : His Name alone
Deserves our endless Praise.

XVI.

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.*

I.

ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your Songs be new ;
Amidst the Church with chearful Voice
His later Wonders shew.

II.

The *Jews*, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing ;
And *Gentile* Nations join the Praise,
While *Zion* owns her King.

III.

The Lord takes pleasure in the Just,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn :
The Meek that lie despis'd in Dust
Salvation shall adorn.

IV.

Saints should be joyful in their King,
Even on a dying Bed ;
And like the Souls in Glory sing,
For God shall raise the Dead.

V.