

# H Y M N S

OCCASIONED BY THE

## EARTHQUAKE,

MARCH 8, 1750.

To which are added

An HYMN for the *English in America*,  
and another for the Year 1756.

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P A R T II.

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The Second Edition.

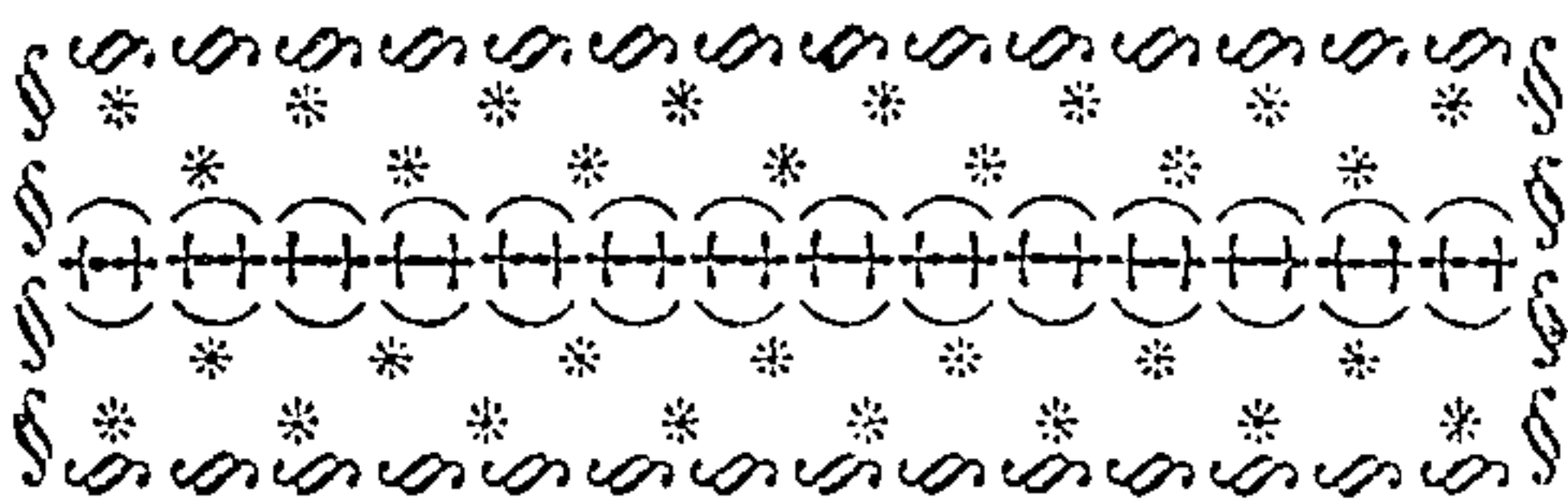
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B R I S T O L:

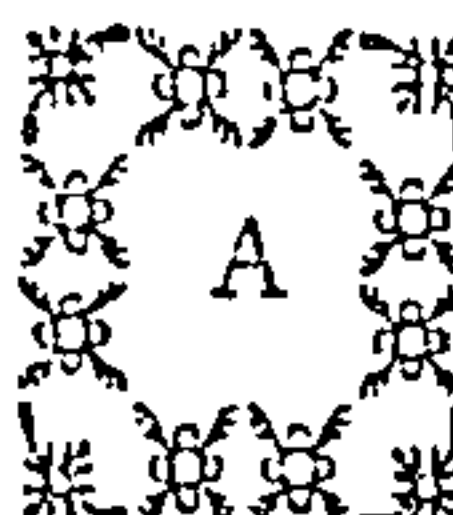
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*Small-street*. 1756.



# H Y M N S, &c.

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## H Y M N I.

ND are thy Plagues and Mercies,  
LORD,  
Already out of Mind?  
Thy threatning and preserving Word  
So quickly cast behind?

II.

The Crowd alarm'd with short Surprize,  
And spar'd, alas! in vain,  
Started, and half unfeal'd their Eyes,  
And dropp'd to sleep again.

III.

If Trouble for a Moment seize  
Their unawaken'd Breast,  
The Trouble but confirms their Peace,  
The Earthquake rocks to Rest.

IV.

Thy Words behind their Backs they cast,  
Thy patient Pity scorn,  
Nor thank Thee for the Judgment-past,  
Nor dream of its Return.

V.

But whether they thine Hand will see,  
Or still thine Anger dare,  
Saviour of Men we turn to Thee,  
With Thankfulness and Prayer.

## VI.

We own thy Mercy in the Stroke,  
 The Praise to Thee we give,  
 That when the Earth beneath us shook,  
 Thou wouldst not let it *chance*.

## VII.

The Cause of all our Nation's Sin,  
 We mournfully confess;  
 But Thou who didst the Shock begin,  
 Hast made the Motion cease.

## VIII.

Vapours and Damps confess'd their God,  
 And did thy Word fulfil,  
 And Earth observ'd its Maker's Nod,  
 And trembled, and was still.

## IX.

Accepting our Deliverance, LORD,  
 Our long, or short Reprieve,  
 Thy wond'rous Goodness we record,  
 And to thy Glory live.

## X.

We never will the Grace forget,  
 But thankfully improve,  
 And still in Songs of Praise repeat,  
 Thy providential Love.

## H Y M N II.

**A** WAKE, ye guilty Souls, awake,  
 Nor sleep, till *Tophet* takes you in!  
 The LORD of Hosts is ris'n to shake,  
 The Earth polluted with your Sin.

## II.

Enter into the Rock, - and hide  
 Your trembling Spirits in the Dust;  
 Fly to the Cliffs, the *Riven Sides*,  
 And in a dying Saviour trust.

Before

## III.

Before the LORD's fierce Anger come,  
 Before He bring the vengeful Day,  
 And fix th'irrevocable Doom,  
 And Earth's Foundations melt away.

## IV.

Before its Mouth it opens wide,  
 And gasps to feel the final Blow;  
 Firmer Support, ye Worms, provide,  
 Or sink into eternal Woe.

## H Y M N III.

**F**ATHER, and God of *Abraham*, hear,  
 Who didst in faithful Mercy send  
 A kind celestial Messenger,  
 To save the Brother of thy Friend,  
 While Vengeance on the Wicked came,  
 Snatch'd as a Brand out of the Flame;

## II.

Hear us, who now for Mercy call,  
 Us, who in *Abraham's* Footsteps go,  
 Before thy lifted Thunder fall,  
 Before thy Wrath our Land o'erthrow.  
 Like *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah* make,  
 And plunge us in the burning Lake.

## III.

With kind distinguishing Regard  
 Preserve the poor afflicted few,  
 Who watch for all Events prepar'd,  
 With gushing Eyes the wicked view,  
 Vext with their Deeds, while Day by Day,  
 We weep our pensive Lives away.

## VI.

Remember, LORD, the righteous Man,  
 And us, and ours, far off remove,  
 Exempted from judicial Pain,  
 Conducted to the Mount above,

O let us to our *Zoar* fly,  
And find a Place of Refuge nigh.

V.

Thou never canst thy Foes consume,  
Unless Thou first secure thy Friends,  
Thy Friends retard th'impending Doom,  
And lo! the Judgment still impends,  
'Till all who will, escape and rest  
Close shelter'd in their Saviour's Breast.

H Y M N IV.

**A**H! whither would ye fly  
To skreen your guilty Heads?  
Danger, and Death is always nigh,  
Where'er a Sinner treads:  
Impenitent, ye strive  
To 'scape with fruitless Haste,  
Whom Earth must swallow up alive,  
Or Hell receive at last.

II.

Tremble, ye Christless Crowd,  
Whom Death and Hell pursue,  
Strangers and Enemies to God,  
Alas! what will ye do?  
Invain ye change your Place,  
If still unchang'd your Mind,  
Or fly to distant Climes, unless  
Ye leave your Sins behind.

III.

Your Sins for Vengeance call,  
Your Sins the Scourge demand,  
Your Sins have Judgment brought on all  
The sad polluted Land:  
Curst for your only Sake  
The Earth reels to and fro,  
And lo! its deep Foundations shake,  
And *Tophet* yawns below.

## VI.

The Nations to rebuke,  
 When God his Power displays,  
 Earth trembles at his threat'ning Look,  
 And moves, and shifts its Place :  
 Infernal Thunders roar,  
 And speaks his kindled Ire,  
 And Hills dissolve like Wax before  
 The Sin-consuming Fire.

## V.

Who can escape the Wreck  
 In that vindictive Day !  
 The Mountains at his Presence quake,  
 The Mountains flee away ;  
 The Rocks He rends and tears,  
 And violently throws down,  
 And Nature in Convulsions bears  
 The Terror of his Frown.

## VI.

Strong Towers, and massy Walls,  
 From their Foundations leap,  
 The heaven-invading City falls  
 Into a ruinous Heap ;  
 His destin'd Prey to seize,  
 Old Ocean bursts his Chain,  
 The Fountains of the great Abyfs  
 Are broken up again.

## VII.

On Hell's apparent Brink,  
 Who shall the Sinner saye ?  
 Cities, and Men, and Kingdoms sink  
 Into a common Grave :  
 What Man the Earth survives,  
 The Earth to Chaos hurl'd,  
 While final Ruin fiercely drives  
 Her Plough-share o'er the World !

## VIII.

One only Place remains,  
 And always shall endure;

A Place where Peace and Safety reigns,  
 And Sinners rest secure,  
 An hidden Place above,  
 Where once the Prophet stood,  
 And saw the Majesty of Love,  
 And saw the passing God.

## IX.

Hither, ye Worms, come up,  
 Who from his Judgments fly,  
 And meet Him on the Mountain-top,  
 And on his Love rely ;  
 Safe in the sacred Rock,  
 Look down on all beneath,  
 And at Destruction smile, and mock  
 The pointless Darts of Death.

## X.

What though the Earth remove,  
 Believers cannot fear,  
 Hid in the Clifts of dying Love,  
 While Death, and Hell are near ;  
 An House Believers have,  
 Eternal in the Skies,  
 And find a Life beyond the Grave,  
 That never never dies.

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 H Y M N V.

**H**OW vain, great God, and worse than vain,  
 How sinful our pretended Pain,  
 In this our evil Day !  
 Unless we to our Smiter turn,  
 The Cause of all our Evils mourn,  
 And cast our Sins away.

## II.

'Gainst Vice we partially declaim,  
 With undiscerning Censure blame  
 Our Nation's Wickedness :  
 But O ! the Sin that loudest cries  
 For all the Vengeance of the Skies,  
 We never once confess.

O might



III.

O might we from our Hearts repent  
Of scorning Him thy Pity sent  
To heal our Sin and Grief!  
Assist us thro' thy Spirit's Power,  
'To own, and feelingly deplore  
Our damning Unbelief.

IV.

Convince the Wretches who deny  
'Their LORD, that stoop'd for them to die,  
Who triumph in his Pain,  
Who trample on his precious Blood,  
And hate, and scoff the dying GOD,  
And crucify again.

V.

Confound the misbelieving Pride  
Of those who impiously divide  
Thy dearest Son and Thee,  
Who will not Him thine Equal own,  
But madly threaten to dethrone  
The Filial Deity.

VI.

And O! Almighty Son of GOD,  
Into the blind self-righteous Crowd  
Thy sharpest Arrows dart;  
The Men who Infidels condemn,  
Nor ever knew themselves the same,  
Mere Infidels in Heart.

VII

A formal self-deceiving Race,-  
Who mock the Counsel of thy Grace,  
The Sense of Sins forgiven,  
The Power of Godliness explode,  
The Witness, and the Peace of GOD,  
And Faith that leads to Heaven.

VIII.

Forgive us, LORD, for such we were,  
And all our guilty Brethren spare,

Our



Our Unbelief reprove,  
 Give us that Root of Sins to own,  
 And make our wounded Spirits groan  
 Beneath their Want of Love.

## IX.

Let all the faithless Nation cry,  
 Redeem us, Saviour, or we die,  
 A second Death to feel:  
 Jesus, thine only Name and Blood  
 Can save us from the Wrath of God,  
 Can ransom us from Hell.

## X.

On Thee our dying Souls we cast,  
 Our dying Souls receive at last,  
 And in thy Arms embrace,  
 To triumph in thy pard'ning Love,  
 And sing with all the Sav'd above  
 Thine everlasting Praise.

## H Y M N VI.

**R**IGHTEOUS LORD, thy People spare!  
 Lo! we turn at last to Thee,  
 Humbly the Correction bear  
 Of our past Iniquity,  
 Own the Cause of our Distress,  
 Mournfully our Sins confess.

## II.

We thy Judgments have abhor'd,  
 We thy Covenant have broke,  
 Daringly denied our LORD,  
 Cast away his easy Yoke,  
 Would not cast our Sins away,  
 Would not know our gracious Day.

## III.

Therefore is the Plague begun,  
 Therefore doth it still proceed,  
 Wrath Divine by Means unknown,  
 Wrath Divine hath done the Deed,

Made the Stalls and Pastures void,  
God our Cattle hath destroy'd.

IV.

Heavier Woes He keeps in Store,  
If we still refuse to turn,  
Dare his Anger's utmost Power  
All his lingring Pity scorn;  
But beneath thy Hand we bow,  
Stay thy Plague, and save us now.

V.

JESU, save us from our Sins,  
Save us from our Plague of Heart,  
All of Unbelief convince,  
All unto Thyself convert,  
Let our Sin-sick Spirits find  
Thee the Healer of Mankind.

VI.

No Delight thy Goodness hath  
In the Death of him who dies,  
Grant us then the living Faith,  
Faith that on thy Blood relies,  
Faith that all thy Grace receives,  
Faith that all thy Fulness gives.

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H Y M N VII.

**R**IGHTEOUS, O LORD, are all thy Ways!  
Thy Judgments in the ancient Days  
On unrepenting Sinners fell;  
Thy Wrath descended, in a Flood,  
On a whole World that knew not God,  
And swept their thoughtless Souls to Hell.  
Yet in the universal Wreck,  
Thou didst a kind Exception make,  
In favour of a Child of thine:  
Thou didst for him an Ark provide,  
And safely with his Household hide  
The Heir of Righteousness divine.

Thou

## II.

Thou art in every Age the same,  
 And when our Crimes the Vengeance claim,  
 And when our Measure is fill'd up;  
 Thine Anger yet again shall burn,  
 And force them who thy Mercies spurn,  
 To drink the bitter trembling Cup.  
 Thou, LORD, out of thy Place shalt rise,  
 Open the Windows of the Skies,  
 To plague the People of thine Ire,  
 Thy flaming Ministers employ  
 And terribly at last destroy,  
 The Wicked with a Flood of Fire.

## III.

Great God, if now thy Day is near,  
 Alarm us with a sacred Fear,  
 And snatch from a devoted Race,  
 A World, who, as thy Son foretold,  
 Harden their Hearts like those of old,  
 And live corrupt in all their Ways.  
 They eat, they drink, they plant, they build,  
 Their Hearts with Cares and Pleasures fill'd,  
 No Room can find for Thoughts of Thee,  
 'Till the last dreadful Plagues commence,  
 And sweep their careless Spirits hence  
 Into a sad Eternity.

## IV.

But wilt thou not thine own secure,  
 The Men who great Distress endure,  
 And cruel Mockings for thy Sake,  
 Who tremble at thy Tokens nigh,  
 And to the Ark of Mercy fly,  
 And JESU'S Wounds their Refuge make!  
 Surely thou wilt thy Word fulfil,  
 And give thy caution'd People still,  
 Within the sacred Ark to rest;  
 Ev'n now by Faith we enter in,  
 And mount above the Floods of Sin,  
 Secure in our Redeemer's Breast.

## V.

Superior to the Storms below,  
 The various Storms of human Woe,  
 Shut up in *Christ* we mount, we rise,  
 Bouy'd by his mighty Spirit up,  
 Above the highest Mountain's Top,  
 Above the ruin'd Earth, and Skies.  
 When Earth and Skies are all on Fire,  
 We then shall mount divinely higher,  
 As by *Elijah's* Whirlwind driven,  
 Triumphant o'er the blazing Flood,  
 The Church and Family of God,  
 Our Ark and we shall rest in Heaven.

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## H Y M N VIII.

**R**ISE every Soul in *JESU's* Name,  
 Who after Him aspires,  
 The Wonders of his Love proclaim,  
 And praise Him in the Fires.

## II.

Amidst impending Plagues and Woes,  
 Extol his saving Power:  
 Earth hath not yawn'd, on us to close,  
 Or open'd to devour.

## III.

Howe'er the Wisdom of our God  
 With us To-morrow deal,  
 We were not Yesterday destroy'd,  
 We now are out of Hell.

## IV.

Wherefore our Lives shall shew his Praise,  
 Long as our Lives are given,  
 Or Snatch'd from Earth obtain a Place  
 Immoveable in Heaven.

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H Y M N IX.

**H**OW weak the Thoughts and vain,  
Of self-deluding Men!  
Men, who fix'd to Earth alone,  
Think their Houses shall endure,  
Fondly call their Lands their own,  
To their distant Heirs secure.

II.

Let us in God confide,  
They for themselves provide,  
Lasting Settlements they make,  
Prudently their Views extend,  
Thought for future Ages take,  
Live, as Time would never end.

III.

How soon may God rebuke  
Their Folly with a look!  
Caus'd by the Almighty's Frown,  
When the sudden Earthquake comes,  
Then their Hopes are tumbled down,  
Then their Houses are their Tombs,

IV.

Their Lands alas! and they,  
Are swept at once away,  
Gaping Earth receives them all,  
Swallows up the Nations boast;  
See the Pride of Ages fall,  
In a fatal Moment lost!

V.

How happy then are we,  
Who build, O LORD, on Thee!  
What can our Foundation shock?  
Though the shatter'd Earth remove,  
Stands our City on a Rock,  
On a Rock of heavenly Love.

VI.

An House we call our own,  
Which cannot be o'erthrown,  
In the general Ruin sure,  
Storms and Earthquakes it defies,  
Built immoveably secure,  
Built eternal in the Skies.

VII.

High on *Immanuel's* Land,  
We see the Fabrick stand,  
From a tottering World remove  
To our stedfast Mansions there:  
Our Inheritance above,  
Cannot pass from Heir to Heir.

VIII.

Those amaranthine Bowers,  
Unalienably ours,  
Bloom, our infinite Reward,  
Rise, our permanent Abode,  
From the founded World prepar'd,  
Purchas'd by the Blood of God.

IX.

O might we quickly find  
The Place for us design'd;  
See the long-expected Day  
Of our full Redemption here!  
Let the Shadows flee away,  
Let the new-made World appear.

X.

High on thy great white Throne,  
O King of Saints, come down;  
In the new *Jerusalem*,  
Now triumphantly descend,  
Let the Final Trump proclaim  
Joys begun which ne'er shall end!



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H Y M N X.

**L**ORD of Hosts, we bow before Thee,  
The prophetic Word receive,  
Now our prostrate Souls adore Thee,  
Now we tremble, and believe:  
Thou the promis'd Sign hast given,  
(O that all might understand!)  
“ I will shake the Earth, and Heaven;  
“ I will shake the Sea, and Land.”

II.

Wars, and Plagues, and great Distresses,  
The tremendous Day fore-run,  
Earthquakes felt in divers Places  
Shew the latter Times begun,  
Want, and national Confusion,  
Boding Grief, and panic Fear,  
Mark the Times of Restitution,  
Speak the great Restorer near.

III.

Never can thy Word be broken,  
Though the World shall pass away;  
Quicken'd by another Token,  
LORD, we wait to see thy Day,  
Big with earnest Expectation,  
Swells our Heart to make Thee room:  
Come, desire of every Nation,  
To thy human Temple come!

IV.

Bring the Kingdom of thy Spirit,  
Joy, and Righteousness, and Peace;  
Purchas'd by thy dying Merit,  
Every Child of Man possess;  
Come to us, who languish for Thee,  
Us, who long thy Face to see,  
Fill the latter House with Glory,  
Then receive us up to Thee.

H Y M N

H Y M N XI.

**Y**E Servants of the LORD,  
In JESU'S Praises join,  
Who now confirms his Word,  
And sends another Sign,  
Sign of his Day, and Kingdom near:  
Look up and see your LORD appear!

II.

His coming He foreshews  
By Famine, Plague, and War,  
And epidemick Woes  
His swift Approach declare,  
'Trembles the Earth to find him near:  
Look up, and see your LORD appear!

III.

Hark how all Nature groans  
In Pangs of second Birth!  
Expect ye ransom'd ones,  
A new-created Earth,  
The Ruin of the old is near:  
Look up, and see your LORD appear!

IV.

His Tokens we espy,  
And now lift up our Head,  
And in the Earthquake cry,  
It is my Saviour's Tread!  
He comes to save his Servants here:  
Look up, and see your LORD appear.

V.

We do with Joy look up,  
In national Distress,  
With Confidence of Hope,  
To meet the Prince of Peace,  
We, unappall'd in general Fear,  
Look up, and see our LORD appear.

## VI.

Our LORD appears again,  
 His glorious Power to shew,  
 He comes, He comes to reign,  
 With all his Saints below,  
 Judgment is MERCY'S Harbinger;  
 'The Earth is gone—and CHRIST is here!

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## H Y M N XII.

**T**HE Sinners how blest,  
 Who Pardon receive!  
 In Trouble we rest,  
 In dying we live,  
 In Danger secure,  
 Whom JESUS hath lov'd,  
 Our Footing is sure,  
 Though Earth is remov'd.

## II.

The Hairs of our Head,  
 Are registerd all,  
 Not one, He hath said,  
 Shall perish or fall  
 Without the Permission  
 Of infinite Grace,  
 Whose blessed Decision  
 We gladly embrace.

## III.

While thus we confide  
 In JESUS'S Blood,  
 Whatever betide,  
 Shall turn to our Good,  
 When Sorrows surround us,  
 Our Joys shall increase,  
 And Earthquakes shall ground us  
 In permanent Peace.

## IV.

Plague, Famine, and War.

But quicken our Hope,  
And bid us prepare,  
And bid us look up ;  
Assur'd by each Warning:  
His Kingdom is near,  
The LORD is returning,  
And soon shall appear.

## V.

Appear in the Skies,  
Thou Saviour of Men,  
Our Bodies shall rise  
To meet Thee again,  
Intomb'd in the Center,  
We shall be restor'd,  
And gloriously enter  
The Joy of our LORD.

## H Y M N XIII.

**C**OME, Desire of Nations come;  
Hasten, LORD, the general Doom,  
Hear the Spirit and the Bride,  
Come, and take us to thy Side.

## II.

Thou who hast our Place prepar'd,  
Make us meet for our Reward,  
Then with all thy Saints descend,  
Then our earthly Trial end.

## III.

Mindful of thy chosen Race,  
Shorten these vindictive Days,  
Who for full Redemption groan,  
Hear us now, and save thine own.

## IV.

Now destroy the Man of Sin,  
Now thine ancient Flock bring in,

Fill'd with Righteousness divine,  
Claim a ransom'd World for thine,

V.

Plant the heavenly Kingdom here,  
Glorious in thy Saints appear,  
Speak the sacred Number seal'd,  
Speak the Mystery fulfill'd.

VI.

Take to Thee thy Royal Power,  
Reign, when Sin shall be no more,  
Reign, when Time no more shall be,  
Reign to all Eternity.





A HYMN for the *English in America*,

Written in *January*, 1756.

SAVIOUR of Life, and Prince of Peace,  
Behold our Brethren in Distress,  
Whose growing Load we bear,  
Victims of every Sex and Age,  
Abandon'd to the Murtherer's Rage,  
And all the Waste of War.

II.

The Hour of their Temptation's come,  
The ruthless Savages of *Rome*  
With Fire and Sword assail,  
Our Friends they rend as slaughter'd Sheep,  
Resolv'd their League with Death to keep,  
Their Covenant with Hell.

III.

But wilt Thou let the Leopards tear  
The Men, who arm'd with Faith and Prayer,  
All human Help disown;  
Nor dare their violent Foes withstand,  
The Meek and Quiet in the Land,  
Who trust on Thee alone?

IV.

The simple Men of Hearts sincere,  
Who more than Death thine Anger fear,  
Regard their Helplessness,  
Their tender Dread to disobey,  
Which *antedates* the Gospel-Day  
Of universal Peace.

V.

Now, LORD, in their Defence arise,  
Now Saviour, in the Heathen's Eyes  
Thy glorious Arm make bare,

And



And all who tremble at thy Word,  
Save from the Peril of the Sword,  
The Grievousness of War.

VI.

Far off from them the Woe remove:  
The Woe which soon our own may prove,  
(If so our Sins require,)  
We soon more deeply may bemoan  
Our Country spoil'd, our Land o'rethrown,  
Our Cities burnt with Fire.

VII

But O! prevent the Misery,  
The Ills we tremble to foresee,  
In Mercy, LORD, avert,  
Our Foes, when ready to devour,  
Disarm; and chase the Lust of Power  
From every human Heart.

VIII.

Hasten the long-expected Day,  
When all shall own thy gracious Sway,  
Of thy meek Spirit born,  
Accomplishing thy faithful Words,  
When all shall break their useless Swords,  
Or into Plowshares turn.

IX.

Now let us give our Fightings o're,  
And learn destructive War no more,  
And only strive to prove  
The Blessings of thy peaceful Reign,  
In Love to every Soul of Man,  
In pure millennial Love.

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A HYMN for the Year 1756.

O FOR the saving Fear  
That mov'd in Noab's Breast,  
The solemn Sense of Judgments near,  
By Love divine impress,

The Dread of Ills to come,  
Which may an Ark prepare,  
And arm us 'gainst our threatenng Doom,  
With all the Powers of Prayer!

## II.

The last vindictive Times  
In Pangs all Nature owns,  
Under the Weight of human Crimes  
The whole Creation groans,  
The Elements all conspire  
To scourge a faithless Seed,  
And Woes, and Snares, and Storms of Fire,  
Are bursting on their Head.

## III.

Our Sin-avenging LORD  
Is ris'n from his Place,  
To plead his Cause by Fire and Sword,  
With the apostate Race;  
To sweep his Foes away,  
His gather'd Plague He pours:  
And Thousands rue the slaughtering Day,  
And feels the falling Towers.

## IV.

His Hand is lifted up,  
And shakes the sounding Rod,  
The desolated Nations droop  
Beneath the Curse of GOD;  
His Judgments undermine,  
The Earth on which we dwell:  
It staggers with the Stroke Divine,  
And opens into Hell.

## V.

He speaks the powerful Word,  
Which shakes both Earth and Skies,  
And lo! the great Abyss is stirr'd,  
The treasur'd Waters rise!  
With strange expansive Swell,  
They flow, and ebb, and flow,  
Fly up to Heaven, o're Earth prevail.  
And deluge all below.

## VI.

What ails thee O thou Sea,  
 To start out of thy Bed?  
 Doth Nature's God, displeas'd at Thee,  
 Impress the sudden Dread?  
 Ye Hills, and Mountains why  
 So swift to shift your Place?  
 The LORD descends, the Judge is nigh,  
 And frowns on human Race.

## VII

Who may abide his Frown,  
 Or in his Sight appear,  
 When God with dreadful Pomp comes down.  
 'T'erec't his Kingdom here,  
 'The Wicked to destroy,  
 The Wickedness remove,  
 And deck his Saints with glorious Joy,  
 And crown with endless Love!

## VIII.

Eternal Judge of all,  
 Thy People's Advocate,  
 In Faith we for thy Coming call.  
 And for thy Kingdom wait:  
 Assume thy Royal Power,  
 And bear our Souls away  
 To sing, and triumph, and adore.  
 Thro' one eternal Day.

F I N I S.

