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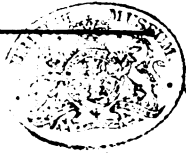


H Y M N S

On the expected Invasion 1759.

*Hymnal.
K*

H Y M N I.



I.

LET GOD, the mighty GOD,
 The Lord of hosts arise,
 With terror clad, with strength endued,
 And rent, and bow the skies !
 Call'd down by faithful prayer,
 Saviour, appear below,
 Thine hand lift up, thine arm make bare,
 And quell thy church's foe.
 Our refuge in distress,
 In danger's darkeſt hour,
 Appear as in the antient days
 With full redeeming power ;
 That thy redeem'd may ſing
 In glad triumphant ſtrains,
The Lord is GOD, the Lord is King,
 The Lord for ever reigns !

II.

We with our ears have heard,
 Our fathers us have told
The work that in their days appear'd,
 And in the times of old ;

A

The

The mighty wonders wrought
 By Heaven in their defence,
 When Jacob's GOD for Britain fought,
 And chas'd th' invaders hence.

Vainly INVINCIBLE
 Their fleets the seas did hide,
 And doom'd our fires to death and hell,
 And Israel's GOD defied :
 But with his wind He blew,
 But with his waves He rose,
 And dash'd, and scatter'd, and o'erthrew,
 And swallow'd up his foes.

III.

Jesus, Jehovah, Lord,
 Thy wonted aid we claim ;
 Not trusting in our bow or sword,
 But in thy saving Name :
 Thy Name the mighty tower,
 From whence our foes we see
 Ready our country to devour,
 Without a nod from thee.

Thou wilt not give us up
 A prey unto their teeth,
 But blast their aim, confound their hope,
 Their league with hell and death ;
 With *such* deliverance blest
 Whom Thou hast chose for thine,
 That we, and Europe, may confess
 The work is all divine !

H Y M N II:

I.

GOD of unbounded power,
GOD of unwearied love,

Be

Be present in our dangerous hour,
 Our danger to remove ;
 To guard our fav'rite land,
 So oft preserv'd by Thee,
Come, Lord, and in the channel stand,
 Come, and block up the sea.
 Refuse them leave to pass,
 Forbid them to draw nigher ;
Surround us as a wall of brass,
 As battlements of fire :
 Our lives, our threaten'd coast
 Beneath thy shadow take,
And turn aside the alien host,
 And drive the ruffians back.

II.

Or if thine awful will
 Admit our Romish foe,
And force the sleeping crowd to feel
 The long-suspended blow ;
 If justice stern hath past
 Th' irrevocable doom,
And arm'd with Britain's sins at last
 The ravagers must come ;
 Come first, thou Man in white,
 Thy Father's love reveal,
His Name on every mourner write,
 And every servant seal ;
 Let their deliverance prove
 Thou canst preserve thine own,
And all who trust thy guardian love
 Are safe in Thee alone.

III.

Come then, ye hostile bands,
 For one short moment come:
The Man in white shall bind your hands,
 Ye murtherers of Rome:
 If suffered from on high
 To reach our threatned shore,
With bridles in your mouths draw nigh,
 And shew your bounded power.
 Your power to GOD submits;
 He keeps our faithful souls;
Above the water-floods he sits,
 And earth and hell controuls:
 In dangers, deaths, and snares
 He lays the sacred line;
Nor can ye touch a man that bears
His Saviour's bloody sign.

H Y M N III.

I.

BUT will the gracious Lord,
 Who hides us in his breast,
 Redeem his servants from the sword,
 And give up all the rest?
 Wilt thou thy fury pour
 On the obdurate crowd,
And let the Romish wolf devour
The men that know not GOD?
 Fowels divine, forbid!
 Forbid it heavenly grace!
And let the mourning praying seed
Protect the sinful race:
 To Abraham's Son and GOD
 With Abraham's faith we cry,

O spare

O spare a nation in their blood,
Nor let the wicked die.

II.

Drawn down by public crimes,
If vengeance must take place,
Why, Lord, in our degenerate times
Hast thou remembered grace?
Thy kingdom why restor'd?
What means thy spirit's strife,
While thousands by his powerful word
Are pass'd from death to life?

The tokens of thy love
On every side we see,
And crowds begotten from above
Stretch out their hands to Thee:
Against this evil day
Ready prepar'd they stand,
To turn thy vengeful wrath away,
And save a guilty land.

III.

Ev'n now with them we meet
Around thy gracious throne,
And mercy for a land intreat
Where Thou art truly known:
We wrestle for the throng
Who dead in sins abide,
Because the judgment lingers long
Who all thy threats deride.
What canst thou do to save
The souls insensible,
Who madly their destruction brave,
And laugh at death and hell?

They ask the scourge to see,
 They bid thy day make haste,
 But public ill, o'erul'd by Thee,
 Shall turn to good at last.

H Y M N IV.

I.

HERE then we calmly rest,
 Whate'er thy will intend,
 It must be for thy people best,
 It must in blessings end :
 To those that love the Lord,
 And feel thy sprinkled blood,
 Famine, and pestilence, and sword,
 Shall jointly work for good.
 Our lives are hid with thine,
 Our hairs are numbred all,
 Nor can without the nod divine
 One worthless sparrow fall :
 And shall a nation bleed,
 And shall a kingdom fail,
 While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
 O'er heaven and earth and hell !

II.

Beneath thy wings secure,
 In patience we possess
 Our souls, and quietly endure
 Whatever our GOD decrees :
 Yet still we cry, delay
 The careless sinners doom,
 And, till the judgment comes, we pray
 That it may never come :
 May never come *alone*,
 But guided by thy grace

Our

Our vain self confidence o'eturn,
 And all our pride abase :
 Who will not see thy hand,
 Thy truth and love adore,
 Compel us, Lord, to understand
 The thunder of thy power.

III.

Out of our slumber woke,
 Bid all our nation rise,
 And bless the Providential Stroke,
 That turn'd us to the skies :
 Who walk'd in darkest night,
 In death's dre d shadow lay,
 Shew us the great the glorious light,
 The dawn of gospel-day.

Escap'd the hostile sword,
 O may we fly to Thee,
 And find in our redeeming Lord
 Our life and liberty ;
 Our strength and righteousness,
 O let us hold Thee fast,
 With confidence divine, and peace
 That shall for ever last.

H Y M N V. Jerem. xlvii. 6, 7.

1. **H**OW long, thou weapon of the Lord,
 Jehovah's controversial sword,
 Before thy slaughters cease ?
 Put up thyself into thy sheath,
 Be still, thou Minister of death,
 And sleep in endless peace.

2. How can it sleep, when hostile Heaven
 A charge hath to his Servant given,

Against

Against the British Shore ?
 Appointed by an angry GOD,
 Tho' drunk with seas of human blood,
 The glutton thirsts for more.

3. Have we not dragg'd the judgment down,
 Undaunted at th' Almighty's frown,
 Unsoften'd by his grace ?

And still we madly close our eyes,
 Thy mercy spurn, thy wrath despise,
 And mock Thee to thy face.

4. We dare the evil day to come,
 " The plots and powers of feeble Rome
 " Can never here prevail :
 " Secur'd by rocks our Island stands,
 " By counsels wise, and valiant bands,
 " And fleets invincible.

5. " Confiding in our fleshly arm,
 " Shall Gallic Armaments alarm,
 " Or break our firm repose ?"
 Thy judgments soar beyond our sight
 And therefore with presumptuous slight
 We puff at all our foes.

6. Supinely negligent and proud,
 The noble and ignoble crowd
 In deadly slumber sleep :
 The nation sleeps, of conquest sure,
 Stands on a precipice secure,
 Nor dreads the yawning deep.

7. Tremendous GOD, to whom alone
 Thy strange destructive works are known,
 Thy properest works of grace,
 If prayers and tears may yet prevail,
 Let mercy turn the hovering scale
 For our devoted race.

8. Urg'd to the last extremity,
 So save us, Lord, that all may see
 The work is wholly thine,
 That knowing Him, thro' whom we live,
 Our lives we may to Jesus give,
 A sacrifice divine.

H Y M N VI.

1. **I**S this the guilty Nation, Lord,
 (Permit us to inquire)
 Now to be visited by sword,
 And purify'd by fire ?
 No longer can thy wrath delay
 An harden'd people's doom,
 And must we see the evil day,
 And must the Spoiler come !
2. Thou wilt not hide the thing decreed,
 From those Thou call'st thine own,
 From Abraham's faithful praying seed,
 Who trust in Thee alone.
 Ev'n now thine angry rod we hear,
 Thy Spirit's warning cry,
 And feel the visitation near,
 And to the Mountain fly.
3. Thou hast to us thy secret shewn,
 Who tremble at thy name,
 And sigh, and pray, and wrestle on
 For our Jerusalem ;
 To deprecate the fatal hour,
 We on our faces fall :
 Ah ! let not, Lord, thy wrath devour,
 Thy curse o'erwhelm us all.
4. If now, on such a land as this,
 Thou must avenged be,

Yet

Yet snatch us from the dark abyſs
Of endless miſery :

Whome'er thy will appoints to die,
To them repentance give,
And let them with their cloſing eye
Behold thy croſs, and live.

5. If now the alien hoſts break in,
To ſpoil our waſted ſhore,
Let mercy interpoſe between,
And circumscribe their power ;
While arm'd with Heaven's avenging word,
The ready Murtherers ſtand,
Revoke their charge, nor let the ſword
Go thro' our ſinful land.

6. Thou canſt the meditated blow
By ways unſeen divert,
With terror ſtrike the fierceſt foe,
And quell the proudeſt heart :
Thou, whom the winds and ſeas obey,
Look ; and a frown of thine
Shall chaſe the hornets far away,
And blaſt their dire deſign.

7. This is our confidence of hope,
Thou doſt their threatnings ſee,
And wilt not give thy people up
To Popiſh Cruelty :
Whate'er thy Juſtice doth below,
Thou ſhalt thy Church defend,
For Chriſt is in our hearts, we know,
And Heaven in our end.

H Y M N VII.

1. **J** O I N all, whom G O D in Jeſus ſpares,
And mingle praifes with your prayers,
Sing

Sing to the Lord a solemn song,
Whose mercy respites us so long.

2. Mercy alone deferr'd our doom,
And would not let the judgment come :
Thy Mercy we with reverence praise,
And wonder at thy patient grace.
3. Saviour, thy unexhausted love
Did still th' approaching woe remove,
With famine, war, and earthquake near,
It rescued us from year to year.
4. A bush unburnt amidst the flame,
Jesus, we magnify thy name,
Our strange deliverances admire,
And give Thee glory in the fire.
5. Preserv'd so oft, we cannot doubt,
Thy mighty arm shall bear us out,
Our suffering souls like gold refine,
And whiten us in blood divine.
6. And if the sword a few destroys,
The rest shall tremble, and rejoice,
Repent, and know their sins forgiven,
And glorify the GOD of heaven.

H Y M N VIII. Revel. xix. 11, &c.

1. **C**OME, Thou Conqueror of the nations,
On thy great white Horse appear !
Earthquakes, dearths, and desolations,
Signify thy kingdom near :
True and faithful,
Stablish thy dominion here.
2. Thine the kingdom, power and glory,
Thine the ransom'd nations are :
Let the heathen fall before Thee,
Let the isles thy power declare ;
Judge, and conquer
All mankind in righteous war.
3. Thee

3. Thee let all mankind admire,
 Object of *our* joy and dread !
 Flame thine eyes with heavenly fire,
 Many crowns adorn thy head—
 But thine essence,
 None, except Thyself, can read.
4. Yet we know our Mediator,
 By the Father's Grace bestow'd,
 Meanly cloath'd in human nature,
 Thee we call the Word of GOD ;
 Flesh thy Vesture,
 Dipt in thy own sacred blood.
5. Follow'd by the hosts of heaven,
 (White their robes, their coursers white)
 Come, and let the word be given,
 Let thy sword the nations smite ;
 With thy judgments,
 With thine iron sceptre fight.
6. Captain, GOD of our salvation,
 Thou who hast the wine-press trod,
 Borne th' Almighty's indignation,
 Quench'd the fiercest wrath of GOD,
 Take the kingdom,
 Claim the purchase of thy blood.
7. On thy thigh and vesture written,
 Shew the world thy heavenly Name,
 That with loving wonder smitten,
 All may glorify the Lamb,
 All adore Thee,
 All the LORD of LORDS proclaim.
8. Honour, glory, and salvation,
 To the LORD our GOD we give,
 Power and endless adoration,
 Thou art worthy to receive ; 26 SE60
 Reign triumphant,
 KING of KINGS for ever live !
 F I N I S.