

H Y M N S

FOR THE

N A T I O N,

In 1782.

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In T W O P A R T S.

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L O N D O N:

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# Hymns for the Nation,

In 1782.

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## P A R T I.

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### H Y M N I.

*After the Defeat at the CHESAPEAKE.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord, th' almighty Lord of hosts  
His own dread purpose hath fulfill'd;  
Rebuk'd a sinful Nation's boasts,  
That all may see his arm reveal'd;  
And Britain humbled in the dust,  
Confess his sharpest judgments just.
- 2 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are!  
We bow to thy severe decree,  
Who, casting out our formal prayer,  
Hast giv'n our foes the victory:  
As pleas'd Rebellion's Cause to bless,  
And crown the Wicked with success.
- 3 The Wicked are thy sword and rod,  
Our crimes commission'd to chastise;  
Who long have fought against our God,  
Provok'd the vengeance of the skies:  
Thy threat'nings mock'd, thy favors spurn'd,  
Thy blessings into curses turn'd.
- A 2
- 4 Therefore

- 4 Therefore the dire decree takes place,  
 Abandon'd as to Satan's power,  
 A desperate; death-devoted race:  
 We see the slaughtering sword devour:  
 Our Legions pass beneath the yoke,  
 Our Nation is of God forfok.
- 5 Yet if thou hast not fixt our doom,  
 And sworn, in wrath no more to spare,  
 If still there is for mercy room;  
 For hope, and penitence, and prayer,  
 Us in our blood once more reprieve,  
 And bid *thy* sentenc'd Rebels live.
- 6 Howe'er the righteous thou conceal,  
 Or under, or above the skies,  
 The wicked *must* thy justice feel;  
 And never shall Britannia rise;  
 Unless we to our Smiter turn,  
 And leave the sins for which we mourn.

## H Y M N II.

*For the Loyal AMERICANS.*

- 1 FATHER of everlasting love,  
 The only refuge of despair,  
 Thy bowels toward th' afflicted move;  
 And now thou hear'st the mournful prayer,  
 We for our helpless Brethren breathe,  
 Who pant within the jaws of death.
- 2 The men who dared their King revere,  
 And faithful to their Oaths abide,  
 'Midst perjur'd Hypocrites sincere,  
 Harrafs'd, oppress'd on every side;  
 Gall'd by the Tyrant's iron yoke,  
 By Britain's faithless sons forfok.

3 Our

3. Our patriot Chiefs betray'd their trust,  
 To serve their own infernal ends,  
 The Slaves of avarice and lust,  
 Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends;  
 Basely repaid their loyal zeal,  
 And left them—to the Murther's will.

4. As sheep appointed to be slain,  
 The victims of fidelity  
 To man they look for help in vain;  
 But shall they look in vain to Thee,  
 God over all, who canst subdue  
 The hearts which mercy never knew.

5. Ev'n now thou canst disarm their rage,  
 (If so thy gracious will intends)  
 The wrath implacable assuage  
 The malice of remorseless fiends:  
 Mercy at last compell'd to show,  
 And let the hopeless captives go.

6. Yet if our Brethren's doom be seal'd;  
 And for superior joys design'd,  
 They have their glorious course fulfill'd;  
 To souls beneath the altar join'd,  
 Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,  
 And every drop exclaims—"How long?"

7. O earth, conceal thou not their blood.  
 Which loud as Zachariah's cries!  
 O God, thou just, avenging God,  
 Behold them with thy flaming eyes,  
 And blast, and utterly consume  
 Those Murtherers of *fanatic* Rome.

8. Till then, thou bidst thy servants rest,  
 Who suffered death for conscience sake,  
 And wait to rise completely blest,  
 The general triumph to partake,  
 To see the righteous Judge come down,  
 And boldly claim the Martyrs crown.

## H Y M N III.

*By whom shall Jacob arise! For he is small,  
Amos viii. 2.*

- 1 **B**Y whom, O God, shall Britain rise,  
So small in all the nation's eyes,  
So lessen'd in our own!  
Out of the deep, we cry to thee,  
And with profound humility  
Besiege thy gracious throne.
- 2 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise?  
Not by th' ignoble slaves of vice  
Who have their country sold,  
Betray'd us in their prosp'rous hour,  
To raise a restless Faction's power,  
And glut their lust of gold.
- 3 Not by the basest tools of war,  
Who all thy plagues and judgments dare,  
In oaths and blasphemies,  
Ravage their friends with sword and fire,  
Thro' covetous or foul desire,  
And hate the thoughts of peace.
- 4 By whom—but we enquire in vain,  
Till thou thy own design explain,  
For only Lord to thee  
Thy works, before the world begun,  
Thy chosen Instrument were known  
From all eternity.
- 5 Thy searching eye beholds him now:  
While suppliant at thy feet we bow  
To us the man be show'd,  
Th' intrepid man of virtuous zeal,  
Resolv'd and incorruptible,  
Who seeks our nation's good:

- 6 Our nation's good, and not his own :  
 While list'ning to the plaintive moan,  
 Of loyalty oppress'd,  
 He serves his King's and God's designs,  
 America and Britain joins,  
 And blends them in his breast.
- 7 O that he in the gap may stand,  
 Rais'd up to save a sinking land,  
 Our blessings to restore,  
 Concord, and peace, and loyal fear,  
 And truth, and piety sincere,  
 Till time shall be no more.
- 8 Then shall we, Lord, surround thy throne,  
 Thro' Christ inseparably one,  
 United in thy praise,  
 And sing, with all those hosts above,  
 The triumphs of all-conquering love  
 In everlasting lays.

## H Y M N IV.

- 1 GREAT God, we know not what to do,  
 But fix our wishful eyes on thee,  
 Who or by many or by few  
 Sav'st in the last extremity!  
 Whose arm, when all resources fail,  
 Its own immortal strength puts on,  
 When the infernal hosts prevail,  
 And Satan shouts—"The work is done."
- 2 Whom hostile multitudes surround,  
 And nations ready to devour,  
 No help for us in man is found,  
 No refuge in our darkest hour,  
 Unless thy greatness interpose,  
 To blast th' infallible design,  
 Confound our proud, triumphant foes,  
 And claim this ransom'd land for thine.

3 Oft hath thine arm, in ancient days,  
 Stretch'd out in our defence appear'd;  
 And ransom'd a devoted race,  
 And snatch'd us from the death we fear'd.  
 Armies and fleets invincible  
 Were baffled in their surest aim,  
 Treasons and plots thou didst dispel  
 Deep as the pit from which they came.

4 Thy Providence revers'd our doom,  
 When Parricides the land o'erflow'd;  
 (Rebellious sects in league with Rome)  
 And turn'd it to a field of blood!  
 For years we groan'd beneath their sway,  
 But mercy by a powerful word,  
 Crush'd all our Tyrants in a day,  
 Our blessings all at once restor'd.

5 Have we not lately heard and seen  
 More wonderful escapes than these;  
 From furious, persecuting men,  
 From hosts of human savages?  
 Appall'd, we heard Apollyon roar,  
 Aghast we saw the flames aspire,  
 Till rescued by Almighty power,  
 And pluck'd as brands out of the fire.

6 Why then, great God, should we despair,  
 As thou wert not Almighty still,  
 But deaf to thy own people's prayer  
 Who tremble at th' impending ill;  
 Who will not let the Scourge o'erflow,  
 The desolating Judgment come,  
 But still suspend the final blow,  
 And screen the land from Sodom's doom.

7 Wrestling with Abraham's faithful seed  
 Lo! in the gap we humbly stand,  
 The righteous for the wicked plead  
 Protectors of a guilty land,

Thou



Thou infinite in gracious power,  
 With theirs our suppliant suit receive,  
 Stay the rough wind, the fiery shower,  
 And for the remnant's sake forgive.

- 8 If now in us thy Spirit cry,  
 In ours thy own request attend,  
 'The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high  
 Deliverance to thine Israel send:  
 Because thou art the faithful God,  
 Our God in every age the same,  
 Because we trust in Jesu's blood,  
 And ask the grace in Jesu's name.

H Y M N V.

*For his Majesty King GEORGE.*

- 1 **J**ESUS, from whom dominion springs,  
 The faithful Counsellor of kings,  
 The sovereign Lord thou art;  
 Thy Spirit on our King bestow,  
 Who only dost the mazes know  
 Of man's deceitful heart.

- 2 By factious Demagogues gain'd,  
 By fawning Sycophants betray'd  
 Who boast their loyalty,  
 How can he judge, or chuse aright,  
 Unless assisted by thy light,  
 And taught himself by thee?

- 3 Do thou the true discernment give,  
 Whom to reject, and whom receive  
 His royal toils to share;  
 O point him out where'er conceal'd  
 The upright man, with wisdom fill'd,  
 An Empire's weight to bear.

- 4 The man with heavenly courage bold,  
Above the lust of fame, or gold,  
Detach'd and unconfi'd,  
A foe to every selfish end,  
Religion's, and his Country's friend,  
A friend to all mankind.
- 5 Not for himself but others made,  
His Country and his King to aid  
With talents large endow'd;  
Out of the throng thy servant chuse,  
A vessel fitted for thy use,  
And for Britannia's good.
- 6 Him as a guardian Angel send,  
Our feuds, and woes, and wars to end,  
Our sinking State to raise;  
Brethren in lasting bonds to join,  
And then confess—The work is thine;  
And give thee all the praise.
- 7 So shall our happy Monarch see  
His kingdoms in prosperity,  
Thro' thy uniting power,  
The source of all our blessings own,  
And prostrate at thy gracious throne,  
The King of kings adore.

## H Y M N VI.

- 1 **A**T this most alarming crisis,  
Shall we not from sin awake,  
While the great Jehovah rises,  
Terribly the earth to shake?  
While he doth a moment spare,  
Shall we not attend the Rod,  
Hear his thunder's voice, "Prepare,  
O prepare, to meet your God!"

2 Compass'd

- 2 Compass'd round with hostile Nations,  
 All to our destruction sworn,  
 God of unexhausted patience,  
 Still we may to the return:  
 Though thy peremptory sentence  
 Absolute perdition sound,  
 Place there is for true repentance,  
 Mercy sought may yet be found.
- 3 Still thou hear'st the mourners sighing  
 For our wickedness abhorr'd,  
 Thousands in our Israel crying  
 Stop, O stop the slaughtering sword,  
 Drop thy dreadful controversy,  
 While we at thy footstool groan;  
 Lord, in wrath remember mercy,  
 Give us to thy pleading Son.
- 4 By his bloody cross and passion,  
 By his precious death, we pray,  
 Turn aside thine indignation,  
 Take thy heaviest plague away;  
 Sin, the cause of our distresses,  
 Sin the bitter root remove,  
 Then appeas'd, thine anger ceases,  
 Then redeem'd, we praise and love.

## H Y M N VII.

*For CONCORD.*

- 1 **D**IVIDED 'gainst itself so long  
 How could a kingdom stand,  
 Had we not a Redeemer, strong  
 To prop our tottering land?  
 Had he not left himself a seed  
 Who deprecate the woe,  
 Who day and night for mercy plead,  
 And still suspend the blow.

2 Still

- 2 Still let thy praying seed prevail  
 Our evils to remove,  
 Till mercy turns the hovering scale,  
 And justice yields to love;  
 His King till every Briton owns  
 With warmest loyalty,  
 And Faction's and Rebellion's sons  
 Stretch out their hands to thee.
- 3 Now, Lord, a gracious token show,  
 The stoutest hearts incline  
 Their own true happiness to know,  
 Their common foes' design;  
 Against ourselves who turn our swords,  
 That they the spoils may gain,  
 And rise at last despotic lords,  
 And by our ruin reign.
- 4 Why should the specious fiend deceive  
 The many by the few?  
 Saviour, the multitude forgive;  
 They know not what they do;  
 They fancy Those their Country's friends,  
 Who hasten on its doom,  
 And blindly serve the treacherous ends  
 Of Tyranny and Rome.
- 5 Open their eyes Almighty grace,  
 The latent snare to see,  
 That brethren may again embrace  
 In closest amity;  
 Britons no more with Britons fight,  
 No more our God oppose,  
 Let Europe then their powers unite,  
 And all the world be foes.

## HYMN VIII.

*A Prayer for the CONGRESS.*

1 **T**RUE is the Oracle divine,  
 The sentence which thy lips hath past,  
 Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,  
 They shall not, Lord, escape at last;  
 Who for awhile triumphant seem,  
 Curst with their own false heart's desire,  
 Their Empire is a fleeting dream,  
 Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.

2 Surely thou wilt full vengeance take  
 On rebels, 'gainst their King and God,  
 And strictest inquisition make  
 For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,  
 By men who take thy name in vain,  
 By fiends in sanctity's disguise,  
 As thou wert serv'd with nations slain,  
 Or pleas'd with human sacrifice.

3 Thou know'st thine own appointed time  
 Th' ungodly homicides to quell,  
 Chastise their complicated crime,  
 And break their covenant with hell:  
 Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,  
 From proud Ambition's summit driven;  
 And faith foresees th' Usurpers fall,  
 As Lucifer cast down from heaven,

4 Yet if they have not sinn'd the sin  
 Which never can obtain thy grace,  
 When Tophet yawns to take them in,  
 And claims them as their proper place,  
 The authors of our woes forgive,  
 And snatch their souls from endless woes,  
 Who would'st that all mankind should live,  
 Who didst thyself to save thy foes,

## HYMN IX.

*Thy kingdom come!*

1 **J**ESUS, supreme in majesty,  
 Thy kingdom and thy glory claim,  
 For every soul, and every knee  
 Must bow to thy tremendous Name,  
**J**EHOVAH on Jchovah's throne,  
 Falneis of power to thee is given;  
 Thou settest up, and castest down,  
 And orderest all in earth and heaven.

2 We trace thy footsteps in the deep,  
 Who dost in previous judgments come,  
 And with Destruction's besom sweep  
 The earth, to make thy kingdom room:  
 The havock which on earth we see,  
 The dire effects of human will  
 Accomplish thy unknown decree,  
 Thy own mysterious mind fulfil.

3 Thou sufferest now the evil done,  
 Where the rebellious multitude  
 In the new world rush madly on,  
 O'er hills of slain, through seas of blood:  
 Their rage for power, their fury blind  
 Hastens the coming of our Lord,  
 The Good supreme for man design'd,  
 With Paradise on earth restor'd.

4 What'er the plagues that intervene,  
 The judgments, and vindictive days,  
 Saviour, we know the final scene,  
 The earth renew'd in righteousness,  
 Descending on thine azure throne.  
 Thee in the clouds we soon shall see,  
 To reign before thy saints alone,  
 And then through all eternity.

HYMN

## H Y M N X.

- 1 **T**URN us again, our Saviour-God,  
 And let thy righteous anger cease;  
 Be satisfied with seas of blood,  
 Spilt for our Nation's wickedness:  
 But seas of blood cannot atone  
 For sins which cost thee all thine own.
- 2 Thine own, thine own, for respite cries,  
 When smote a sinner turns to Thee;  
 And dares not lift his guilty eyes,  
 But sighs—"Be merciful to me!"  
 O that with hearts, not garments, rent,  
 We all might as one man, repent!
- 3 In vain alas, thy patience spares,  
 Unless thy grace our hearts convince,  
 In vain are all our fasts and prayers,  
 Unless we cast away our sins,  
 (Of all our woes the bitter root,)  
 And bear the penitential fruit.
- 4 O that at last the faithful Seed,  
 Who day and night besiege thy throne,  
 The just who for our Sodom plead,  
 Might pray the contrite Spirit down,  
 On those, who harden'd from thy fear,  
 Defy eternal judgments near.
- 5 Behold them with that pitying eye,  
 Which wept the bloody city's doom;  
 Who wou'dst not let thy murderers die:  
 Who wou'dst not let the flames consume,  
 When urg'd by fiends implacable,  
 We hung as o'er the mouth of hell.
- 6 Hence, by a glimmering ray of hope,  
 Chear'd, we presume to sue for grace;  
 That sin which fills the measure up,  
 That sin which saints and prophets slays,



That only sin, through grace alone  
 Restrain'd, thou know'st, we have not done.

7 Then let thy people's suit succeed,  
 For those that have thy people spar'd,  
 And save them at their greatest need,  
 By general penitence prepar'd,  
 The humbl'd prodigals receive,  
 And for thy own dear sake forgive.

8 Cut short thy work in righteousness,  
 That all thy gracious work may see;  
 Born in a day our Nation blest,  
 With pure, primeval piety;  
 Born in a day, from heaven above,  
 The day of thine Almighty Love.

### H Y M N XI.

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,  
 To bless our earth again,  
 Now assume thy royal power,  
 And o'er the Nations reign:  
 Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,  
 Pow'r compleat to thee is given,  
 Set the last great empire up,  
 Eternal God of heaven.

2 When thy foes are swept away,  
 And meet their righteous doom,  
 Then thy Deity display,  
 And let thy kingdom come:  
 Then in the new world appear,  
 In lands where thou wast never known,  
 There th' Imperial standard rear,  
 And fix thy fav'rite throne.

3 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,  
 Thy holiest Name profan'd,  
 Where the ruin'd earth hath mourn'd,  
 With blood of millions slain:



Open there th' ethereal scene,  
 Claim the savage race for thine,  
 There thy endless reign begin  
 With majesty divine.

4 Universal, Saviour, Thou  
 Wilt all thy creatures bless,  
 Every knee to Thee shall bow,  
 And every tongue confess:  
 None shall in thy mount destroy:  
 War shall then be learnt no more,  
 Saints shall their great King enjoy,  
 And all mankind adore.

5 Then, according to thy word;  
 Salvation is reveal'd;  
 With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,  
 The new-made earth is fill'd:  
 Then we found the mystery,  
 The depths and heights of Godhead prove,  
 Swallow'd up in mercy's sea,  
 For ever lost in Love.

H Y M N XII.

*For the Conversion of the FRENCH.*

1 SUPREME, immortal Potentate,  
 Whose will omnipotent is Fate,  
 Who on thy lofty throne  
 Dost with unrivall'd glory sit,  
 Till earth, and heaven, and hell submit,  
 And bow to thee alone:

2 Hear us, in this our evil day,  
 Against the treacherous Nation pray,  
 Which by pernicious wiles  
 Conspires our Country to o'erthrow,  
 And with the wisdom from below  
 The Christian world embroils.

- 3 A Nation whom no Oaths can bind,  
The false corrupters of mankind,  
The slaves of every lust,  
Despiteful, insolent, and proud,  
Haters of the Redeeming-God,  
And murtherers of the just.
- 4 Fraught with the policy of Rome,  
By the old Felon led, they come  
To scatter, steal, and slay;  
Brethren and countrymen divide,  
While with gigantic steps they stride  
To universal sway.
- 5 Arise, O Lord of hosts, arise,  
Open the drowfy Nations eyes,  
To see the threatened blow;  
Europe's unconscious states alarm,  
In strict confederacy to arm  
Against the common Foe.
- 6 O let thy jealousy awake,  
Into thy hand the matter take,  
That all thy hand may see;  
Which casts the proud and mighty down,  
Which doth the weak, and humble crown  
With more than victory.
- 7 Compel triumphant Gallia's pride  
To own that God is on our side,  
Who nothing fear but God:  
Nor can their plots, or arms succeed,  
While in our Saviour's steps we tread,  
And glory in his blood.
- 8 The wretches, Lord, who thee blaspheme,  
O let thy blood be heard for them,  
Into the furnace cast;  
So shall the infidels return,  
Look upon Thee they pierc'd, and mourn,  
And 'scape the fire at last.

## HYMN XIII.

*For her MAJESTY.*

- 1 JESUS, with complaisance see,  
Her our faith presents to thee;  
Her, the choicest gift of heaven,  
To our favor'd Monarch given.
- 2 Giv'n, his joys and griefs to share,  
Ev'ry toil, and ev'ry care;  
Born to soften his distress,  
Born to' insure his happiness.
- 3 Her, thou hast on all bestow'd,  
Lovely minister of good;  
Her, in our flagitious days,  
Beautify'd with every grace.
- 4 Virtuous, wise, without pretence,  
Meek as lamb-like innocence;  
Rival of the saints above,  
Object of a Nation's love.
- 5 Malice ventures not to blame,  
Envy sickens at her name;  
Gen'ral praise is Charlotte's right,  
Parties all in this unite.
- 6 Neither man, nor God they spare,  
Yet they all are friends to her;  
Strangest sight that earth can show,  
Goodness *lives*—without a foe!
- 7 Happy that she long may live,  
Jesus, all thy blessings give;  
Partner of the British throne,  
Count her worthy of thy own.
- 8 Let her then triumphant stand,  
With the blest at thy right-hand;  
She, and all her children given,  
All ordain'd to reign in heaven.

## H Y M N XIV.

*For the ROYAL FAMILY.*

1 **F**ATHER, to thee we bring  
 In faithful, fervent prayer,  
 The Offspring of our gracious King,  
 Thy own peculiar care:  
 Acknowledging for thine,  
 Into thy arms receive,  
 And let them in thy service join,  
 And to thy glory live.

2 From every secret foe,  
 From every flattering friend,  
 Who all thy creatures hearts dost know,  
 Their innocence defend:  
 To make them truly great,  
 Thy grace to them be given,  
 And with thy people's Princes seat  
 Th' anointed heirs of heaven.

3 O may they still approve  
 Their gratitude to thee,  
 And recompense their parents' love  
 With dutious piety;  
 Still bow to thy command,  
 Till the great King comes down,  
 And each receives from Jesu's hand  
 An everlasting crown.

## H Y M N XV.

*Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel in America.*

1 **G**LORY to our redeeming Lord,  
 Whose kingdom over all presides,  
 While in the chariot of the word,  
 And on the whirlwind's wings he rides.

2 Nothing

2 Nothing his rapid course can stay,  
 Or stop his government's increase;  
 Earthquakes, and plagues prepare his way,  
 Wars usher in the Prince of peace.

3 Rebellions, massacres, and blood  
 On every side as water shed,  
 Are suffer'd by a righteous God,  
 That happier days may then succeed.

4 Ev'n now his word doth swiftly run,  
 And saving knowledge multiplies,  
 And still his gracious work goes on,  
 And still his temple's walls arise.

5 The church is built in troublous times,  
 (Jehovah the commission gave)  
 And God from all their sins and crimes  
 Would all the sons of Adam save.

6 Loving to the whole ransom'd race,  
 He fits the creatures for his use,  
 In every age and every place  
 One uniform design pursues.

7 In love he doth his sons chastise,  
 His desolating judgments send!  
 Judgments are mercies in disguise,  
 And all in man's salvation end.

8 Wherefore beneath thy hand we bow,  
 And bless each salutary blow;  
 If what thou dost we know not now,  
 We shall, O Lord, hereafter know.

9 Shall see thy footsteps in th' abyfs,  
 Unwind the providential maze,  
 And own, amidst the general blifs,  
 Mercy, and Truth are all thy ways.

10 With grateful joy we comprehend  
 The meaning of th' eternal mind;  
 Accept, thou universal Friend,  
 The ceaseless praise of all mankind!

## H. Y. M. N. XVI.

1 **G**OD, who wou'dst a world forgive,  
 Offer'st all sufficient grace:  
 All *may* in thy Son believe,  
 Numbers *do* thy Son embrace;  
 Numbers sav'd, from ev'ry Sect,  
 Form the Church of thy Elect.

2 Scatter'd o'er the earth they lie,  
 Sheep with wolves incompast round,  
 Guided by their Shepherd's eye,  
 Safe they in the fold are found;  
 Angels all their steps attend,  
 Serve, and keep them to the end.

3 When thy judgments are abroad,  
 Them thou kindly dost conceal,  
 Hidden in the ark of God,  
 Shelter'd they in Zoar dwell,  
 Find a sanct'ry prepar'd,  
 Find Omnipotence their guard.

4 Poor and mean, whom all reject,  
 Persecute, or else despise,  
 They their enemies protect,  
 Stay the vengeance of the skies:  
 Till thou hast secur'd thine own,  
 Stands the world for Them alone.

5 States and empires rise, or fall,  
 Stands the church till time shall end,  
 Waiting for the Bridegroom's call,  
 List'ning, longing to ascend,  
 Fair, and spotless, and compleat,  
 Jesus in the clouds to meet.

6 When

6 When the number is fulfill'd;  
 When the righteous are brought home,  
 When the mystery is seal'd,  
 Then the world shall meet its doom,  
 Earth burnt up in smoke expire,  
 Sinners in eternal fire.

H Y M N XVII.

1 **L**ET earth be glad; the Lord is King,  
 The multitude of isles may sing,  
 Britain may still rejoice in him  
 The Lord almighty to redeem,  
 Who o'er th' impatient heathen reigns,  
 And holds our furious foes in chains.

2 Frowning on us, he seems awhile  
 On perjur'd parricides to smile,  
 Our foes with much long-suffering spares  
 A bundle of devoted tares,  
 But bids us patiently attend  
 His time, and calmly mark the end!

3 Escaping for their wickedness,  
 Triumphant in their sure success,  
 Off from their necks the yoke they shake,  
 And as *meek saints* the kingdom take,  
 And 'stablish both by land and sea,  
 The fifth the final monarchy.

4 Yet instruments of thy design  
 The kingdom is not theirs, but thine,  
 Who dost with wisdom deep employ  
 Thy foes each other to destroy,  
 And use, beyond their own intent,  
 To shock, and purge the Continent.



5 Extirpating th' ungodly race,  
 With whom wilt thou supply their place?  
 With Israel's tribes so long conceal'd?  
 Just Jews, and real Christians fill'd?  
 With savages thro' Jesu's blood  
 Redem'd, and seal'd the sons of God?

6 America, we trust shall show  
 Thy glorious kingdom fixt below,  
 A kingdom of perennial peace,  
 Pure joy, and perfect righteousness,  
 Not of this world, but that above,  
 Where all is harmony and love.

7 Then shall thy whole design be seen,  
 How far beyond the thoughts of men!  
 When all authority put down,  
 All powers are swallow'd up in one,  
 And challenging thy right divine,  
 Thou claim'st the Universe for thine.

8 Then shall we hallelujah sing,  
 Angels and saints, to Christ our King,  
 Loud as the mighty waters' noise,  
 Loud as the rattling thunder's voice,  
 "Th' Omnipotent his sway maintains,  
 "The Lord our God for ever reigns!"



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P A R T II.

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H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **L**ET every prophet cry aloud,  
 Lift up the voice, the trumpet blow,  
 Shew their transgression to the crowd,  
 The nation's sin to Britons show,  
 That sin which marks the worst of times,  
 Which Heaven with most displeasure sees,  
 Which fills the measure of our crimes,  
 Profane, extreme **UNGODLINESS!**
- 2 Thro' every rank and order spread:  
 The poor and rich, the low and high,  
 Alike disdain their God to dread,  
 And Him throughout their lives deny:  
 His laws, thro' ignorance of Him,  
 His Providence they dare disown,  
 Neglect, despise, insult, blaspheme,  
 And all defy the God unknown.
- 3 Their Oaths have caus'd the land to mourn,  
 The land to its foundation shook,  
 And still the profligates foresworn  
 Are blind to the impending stroke:  
 His outstretch'd Arm they will not see,  
 His thunder's voice they will not hear,  
 But mock at their calamity,  
 And triumph in destruction near.
- C
- 4 God

- 4 God is not in their thoughts, or ways;  
 As Atheists in the world they live,  
 A-cursing, curst, abandon'd race,  
 To Satan's will themselves they give,  
 Daily devote themselves to hell;  
 And when they in their sins expire,  
 Convinc'd, alas, too late they feel  
 The real, true, eternal fire.
- 5 The pit of bottomless despair  
 Hath oped its mouth to take them in:  
 Yet still our nation doth not bear  
 The utmost penalty of sin:  
 Some unknown friend before the throne  
 To God the just for mercy prays,  
 And will not let his wrath alone,  
 To swallow up our impious race.
- 6 A few at this tremendous hour,  
 Whose faithful prayer doth heaven assail,  
 One with their Head, exert their power,  
 And wrestling on with God prevail:  
 Their prayer a longer space supplies,  
 Their prayer hath power with God, we know,  
 Who are not lifting up our eyes,  
 With fiends and infidels below.
- 7 God of all grace and patience, hear  
 The prayer presented thro' thy Son,  
 Who doth our Advocate appear,  
 Who made our every sin his own:  
 Justice and us He stands between;  
 His blood hath quench'd the wrath of Heaven,  
 His blood—which cleanses from all sin,  
 And speaks a guilty world forgiven.

## H Y M N XIX.

1 **G**OD of tremendous power,  
 Our evils we confess,  
 And prostrate in the dust, adore  
 Thy sov'reign Righteousness,  
 Which cuts our Israel short,  
 Which lays our Nation low,  
 And gives us up the scorn and sport  
 Of every taunting foe.

2 Stricken so oft, we mourn,  
 But fear to ask thy aid,  
 By vile, intestine vipers torn,  
 By faithless friends betray'd,  
 By factions fierce and bold,  
 Rebellion's sworn allies,  
 Traitors, who have their Country sold,  
 And on its ruins rise.

3 'Gainst our Anointed Lord  
 The Parricides conspire,  
 With lies and calumnies abhorr'd  
 Th' unthinking people fire,  
 From all restraint set free,  
 Fit instruments of ill,  
 And mad with rage of liberty  
 To do whate'er they will.

4 Of sense Thou dost bereave  
 The slaves of every vice,  
 And to our own confusions leave,  
 And sin by sin chastise ;  
 While from one wickedness  
 We to another fall,  
 Till the dark, bottomless abyss  
 Yawns and receives us all.

5 Alas, what shall we do,  
 To' escape our instant doom?  
 If Thou art just, if Thou art true,  
 The threatened curse *must* come;  
 On such a land as this  
 Thy soul must vengeance take,  
 Nor can thy plagues and judgments cease,  
 Till we our sins forsake.

6 O were the work begun,  
 O were our hearts inclin'd  
 The dire Destroyer's paths to shun,  
 The way of peace to find!  
 Casting our sins away,  
 Might all our nation grieve,  
 To-day, while it is call'd to-day,  
 Return, repent, and live!

7 Father, if still we have  
 An Advocate with Thee,  
 Who can ev'n to the utmost save  
 From sin and misery,  
 Let Justice strike, or spare,  
 We leave it to thy Son,  
 And only offer up *his* prayer,  
 Father, thy will be done!

## H Y M N XX.

1 **T**HOU awful God of righteousness,  
 Whose heavy chastisements we bear,  
 We mournfully our sins confess,  
 Which would not suffer thee to spare,  
 But urg'd the ling'ring ruin on,  
 And forc'd thy heaviest judgments down.

2 Year after year, thy patient grace  
 Hath waited our return to Thee,  
 With mercies blest'd a thankless race,  
 With wide-extended victory,

And

And forc'd the nations to submit,  
And bruis'd our foes beneath our feet.

3 But drunk with insolence of power,  
And surfeited with every good,  
We thought not in our prosperous hour,  
How soon thou couldst abase the proud,  
The victors crush, the vanquish'd raise,  
And crown our en'mies with success.

4 Therefore a sad reverse we find,  
So suddenly of late brought low,  
Scourg'd by the basest of mankind,  
Who aim'd by one destructive blow  
Our plundered Cities to consume,  
And seal a sinful Nation's doom.

5 Therefore the sword abroad bereaves,  
And thousands and ten thousands fall:  
America the yoke receives  
Of Rebels, and perfidious Gaul;  
We weep our friends in pieces torn,  
And the dismember'd Empire mourn.

6 Thou hast an evil spirit sent,  
Brethren from brethren to divide,  
Our land is into parties rent,  
And discord storms on every side,  
And Briton's sons, her curse and shame,  
Throw oil on the outrageous flame.

7 Britain Thou hast to Traitors sold,  
To Faction's and Rebellion's friends,  
Who having quench'd their thirst of gold,  
And serv'd their own flagitious ends,  
For shelter to a Party fly,  
And laws, and King, and God defy.

- 8 Wild, independent anarchy,  
 Sad presage of a nation's fall,  
 And every order and degree  
 Corrupt, profane, for vengeance call,  
 The noble, and ignoble crowd,  
 Whose lives declare There is no God.
- 9 Yet hast thou, Lord, a remnant still,  
 Who for their guilty brethren plead,  
 And wait the counsels of thy will,  
 Th' event by sov'reign love decreed,  
 Whether thou wilt no longer spare,  
 Or give us to thy people's prayer.
- 10 Father of everlasting love,  
 In Jesu's Name and Spirit we cry,  
 Thy judgments with their cause remove,  
 Who wouldst not have one sinner die,  
 Millions in Christ accepted see,  
 And bid us live, restor'd to Thee.

## H Y M N XXI.

*Habbakuk i.*

- 1 **H**OW long, to Thee, O God, shall I  
 Of violence and oppression cry,  
 And Thou refuse to hear?  
 Fresh scenes of wickedness I see,  
 Of bloody strife and cruelty,  
 But no deliverance near.
- 2 Why dost thou to thy servants show  
 Spoiling, and waste, and grievous woe,  
 Which force me to complain:  
 Tyrants and demagogues arise,  
 Where'er I turn my blasted eyes,  
 And fill my heart with pain.

3 The silent laws have lost their force,  
 Where Rebels arm'd obstruct their course,  
 And grasp at sovereign power,  
 Their law their own despotic will,  
 Their whole delight to slay and kill,  
 To murder and devour.

4 Suffer'd by Thee, their swift allies,  
 Whom treach'rous Babylon supplies,  
 To their assistance haste,  
 March thro' a land that is not theirs,  
 Impatient to demand their shares,  
 And seize the whole at last.

5 As hungry wolves, they come from far,  
 With violent rage to rend, and tear  
 America oppress'd,  
 As eagles to the carcase fly,  
 And enemies and friends must die,  
 To furnish out the feast.

6 O Lord, my God, my holy One,  
 High on thine everlasting Throne,  
 Whom Britain's crimes offend,  
 Thou wilt not give our nation up  
 To the Destroyer's will, but hope,  
 And peace is in our end.

7 More righteous than ourselves are they  
 Who scourge us in our evil day?  
 Or dost thou chuse the worst,  
 Thy wrath vindictive to reveal,  
 Thy lighter chastisements to deal,  
 And punish us the first?

8 Thy purer eyes abhor to see,  
 Or look upon iniquity,



Nor wilt thou always bear  
 With treach'rous and blood-thirsty men,  
 Who have their juster brethren slain,  
 And all thy judgments dare.

9 Fishers of men by Satan sent,  
 They hunt them thro' the continent,  
 And catch them in their toils,  
 As reptiles vile they tread them down,  
 And then proclaim their own renown,  
 And glory in their wiles.

10 But soon their evil day shall come,  
 And Thou, the righteous God consume,  
 The weapons of thine ire:  
 Yet merciful when once severe,  
 O let them have their chastening here,  
 And 'scape th' eternal fire!

## H Y M N XXII.

1 **H**APPY, for ever happy they,  
 Taken from the evil day,  
 Who will not live to see  
 Their Country wasted and o'erthrown,  
 Or swell the sympathizing groan  
 At Britain's misery.

2 The great vindictive day's begun,  
 God's destructive work we own,  
 Which general horror spreads;  
 His thunders roar, his lightnings shine,  
 And vials big with wrath divine  
 Are bursting on our heads.

3 But while the showers of vengeance come,  
 May not prayer prevent our doom,

And



And save us from the fire?  
 Have we no part in Abraham's God?  
 Or is it not in Jesu's blood  
 To quench thy flaming ire?

4 With the flagitious multitude  
 Wilt Thou slay the just and good,  
 In whom Thou dost delight,  
 The men who tremble at thy word?  
 Or shall not the great Judge and Lord  
 Of all the earth do right?

5 Wouldst Thou for Fifty righteous men,  
 Wouldst Thou for the sake of Ten  
 Have spar'd the wicked place?  
 And wilt Thou not Ten thousand hear,  
 Who ceaseless advocates appear  
 For our abandon'd Race?

6 Ten thousand now unite their cries  
 Mingled with that Sacrifice  
 Which did for all atone;  
 Thy church, in one request agreed,  
 For mercy ask, and only plead  
 The death of Abraham's Son.

7 The Son of Abraham, and thine,  
 Just with righteousness divine,  
 Doth in his members pray;  
 Our powerful Advocate and Head,  
 He ever lives to intercede,  
 And turn thy wrath away.

8 Thou always hear'st thy favourite Son:  
 Make in Him thy mercy known,  
 That all again may see  
 Britannia pluck'd out of the flame,  
 And glorify our Saviour's Name,  
 For ever One with Thee.

## H Y M N XXIII.

*Mal. iv. 1.*

- 1 **O** Lord of hosts, to whom are known  
 Thy works of judgment and of grace,  
 If thy great day is now begun,  
 And doth as a fierce furnace blaze,  
 The sons of pride shall be cast in,  
 And all the harden'd slaves of sin.
- 2 Expos'd to thy vindictive ire  
 The workers of iniquity,  
 As fuel for the quenchless fire,  
 As stubble, all burnt up shall be,  
 (So doth thy righteous will ordain)  
 And neither root nor branch remain.
- 3 But we who truly fear thy name,  
 And languish to attain thy love,  
 May we not now thy promise claim,  
 The Light to bless us from above,  
 The Sun of Righteousness to rise,  
 The Glory both of earth and skies.
- 4 O Sun of Righteousness, appear,  
 Appear with healing in thy wings,  
 With grace which doth the mourners cheer,  
 Which pardon and salvation brings;  
 Which strong immortal health imparts,  
 And fills with love the fearful hearts.
- 5 Then shall we all go forth in peace,  
 And up to full perfection grow,  
 And strong in finish'd holiness  
 Trample on our infernal foe,  
 Till call'd the Saviour's throne to share,  
 We mount, and reign for ever there!

HYMN

## H Y M N XXIV.

1 **R**IGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy judgments are,  
 Yet let us plead with Thee,  
 Thy mercies manifold declare,  
 To stop thy stern decree;  
 Before the word bring forth the woe,  
 And thy uplifted hand  
 By sword and pestilence o'erthrow  
 Our execrated land.

2 If fully purpos'd to destroy  
 Thou art in vengeance come,  
 Why dost Thou instruments employ  
 To bring thy wand'ers home?  
 Why doth thy grace its work revive,  
 Converting us from sin?  
 And still we find thy Spirit strive  
 Our worthless hearts to win.

3 Thy messengers run to and fro,  
 Believers are increas'd,  
 And thousands their Redeemer know,  
 With life eternal bless'd;  
 Lost sheep for half a century  
 Have flock'd into thy fold:  
 And more are daily call'd by Thee,  
 And in thy book enroll'd.

4 But didst Thou, Lord, thy kingdom send,  
 Thy kingdom to remove,  
 To make of sinners a full end  
 Excluded from thy love?  
 Corrected, and chastis'd, we trust,  
 Thou wilt not give us o'er,  
 But spare the wicked for the Just,  
 And curse our land no more.

5 Out of the deep thy call we wait  
 To bid our Nation rise,  
 Aspiring to our first estate,  
 And by affliction wise;  
 That following after righteousness,  
 We may thy grace retrieve,  
 Repent, believe, and go in peace,  
 And for thy glory live.

6 For this ten thousand faithful souls  
 Are weeping round thy throne,  
 And while thy angry thunder rolls,  
 They in thy Spirit groan:  
 We join the heaven-invading cry,  
 And mercy, mercy claim,  
 O let thy bowels, Lord, reply:  
 We ask in Jesu's Name!

## H Y M N XXV.

1 **H**OW happy, Lord, are we  
 Who have a part in Thee!  
 Following after righteousness,  
 Hidden in thine anger's day,  
 We enjoy an heart-felt peace,  
 Peace which none can take away.

2 When plagues the land o'erflow,  
 We share the common woe:  
 But our patriotic love  
 Is not selfish, or confin'd,  
 But our yearning bowels move  
 Tow'rd the whole afflicted kind.

3 With every sufferer  
 We drop the generous tear,  
 (Whom thy tendering Spirit leads)  
 Pity no distinction knows,  
 Love for all the wounded bleeds,  
 Love embraces friends and foes.

4 Yet

- 4 Yet though for all we feel,  
Our souls are happy still:  
Soft, compassionate distress  
On a wretched world bestow'd,  
Cannot violate our peace,  
Cannot shake our trust in God.
- 5 With deepest sympathy,  
Saviour, we cry to Thee:  
Listening to thy chosen Race,  
Come thou universal Friend,  
Shorten these vindictive days,  
Bring the joy which ne'er shall end.
- 6 Ev'n now with eagle's eye  
We see thee in the sky;  
Soon with eagles' wings we soar,  
Our descending Lord to meet:  
Then the cup of bliss runs o'er,  
Then the rapture is compleat!

H Y M N XXVI.

- 1 **W**HO on the Lord most high  
With humbly fervent zeal,  
With loving faith rely,  
And in his presence dwell,  
In dangers safe and undismay'd,  
We rest beneath th' Almighty shade.
- 2 The ill we cannot fear,  
Which worldly souls alarms,  
Or shrink appal'd to hear  
Of nations up in arms,  
Assured, if empires are o'erthrown,  
The Lord is King, and reigns alone.
- 3 His wise, permissive will  
In all events we see,  
Who orders good and ill  
To' accomplish his decree;

D

Who

Who kindly for his people cares,  
And counts, and keeps their precious hairs.

- 4 O that the world might feel  
What none can comprehend,  
The joy unspeakable,  
The peace which ne'er shall end,  
The happiness his people prove,  
Who trust in their Redeemer's love!
- 5 Then would their vain concern  
For earthly toys be o'er,  
The nations then would learn  
Pernicious war no more,  
But bless the mild Immanuel's sway,  
And count it heav'n on earth to' obey.
- 6 Come, O thou common Lord,  
Thou universal King,  
In every soul restor'd  
Thy peaceful kingdom bring,  
The forces of the sea receive,  
And bid the heathen world believe.
- 7 Hasten the promis'd hour  
Of Monarchy divine,  
And exercise thy power  
Thro' endless ages thine,  
Again thine ancient Israel call,  
And change their hearts, and save them all.
- 8 Not one of Adam's race  
Shall then unlov'd be found,  
But peace and righteousness  
Throughout the earth abound,  
The thrones shall to thy saints be given,  
And the New Earth be turned to heaven.

## H Y M N XXVII.

1 **C**AN the disciples of our Lord  
 With unconcern their Country see  
 Destroy'd by Parricides abhorr'd,  
 And not complain, O God, to Thee?  
 The little flock, the pious few,  
 Whose number *we* aspire to' increase,  
 When sinners reign, what can we do,  
 But pray against their wickedness?

2 Snatch'd from the flames by grace divine,  
 We see the dire assassin-band  
 Pursuing still their curst design,  
 To spread confusion through the land,  
 In league with our inveterate foe,  
 Indignant Britons to inthrall,  
 And gainers by the public woe  
 To triumph in their Country's fall.

3 The factious enemies to peace,  
 The friends of Gaul, and tools of hell,  
 They know, if wars and tumults cease,  
 They must their due demerits feel;  
 Their darkest works shall then appear,  
 If laws revive and order reign,  
 And rulers, freed from servile fear,  
 No longer bear the sword in vain.

4 O might they, Lord, this moment rise,  
 With courage firm inspir'd by Thee,  
 Nor suffer Rebels to despise  
 Their mild, irresolute lenity!  
 Too mild, alas for times like these,  
 Which sterner discipline require,  
 To stem the tide of wickedness,  
 And pluck us from th' infernal fire.

5 Strengthen their hands, Almighty Lord,  
 Incline their hearts to seek thy face,



That truth and righteousness restor'd  
 May flourish as in ancient days,  
 That all the pardoning God may know,  
 Thy kingdom in their hearts receive,  
 And serve thy blessed will below,  
 And sav'd by grace for ever live !

## H Y M N XXVIII

*Part the First.*

- 1 **L**ORD of hosts, and God most high,  
 Canst Thou a nation bless,  
 Who thy providence deny,  
 And rob thee of thy praise,  
 Of their fleets and armies boast,  
 For sure success and victory  
 In themselves entirely trust,  
 And never look to Thee ?
- 2 Thee the Christian-Infidels  
 From thy own world exclude,  
 " Skill and stratagem prevails  
 " And strength and multitude :"  
 They on these alone depend ;  
 And if Thou make thy mercy known,  
 If thine Arm deliverance send,  
 They cry, " 'Tis all their own !"
- 3 Fifty thousand Britons brave  
 To the New World pass o'er,  
 Never yet th' Atlantic wave  
 So huge a burden bore :  
 Who the prowess can withstand  
 Of fleets and hosts invincible ?  
 Lo ! they fly, they reach the land,  
 They see, and conquer all !

4 But



- 4 But if Thou in anger frown,  
 No longer on their side,  
 O how suddenly cast down,  
 They suffer for their pride!  
 Let but One\* his trust betray,  
 A sad reverse their Legions know,  
 Yield—and waste—and sink away  
 Before a conquer'd Foe!
- 5 Yet th' infatuated crowd  
 Will not thy hand confess,  
 When thou dost abase the proud,  
 And when the abject raise;  
 When they pass beneath the yoke,  
 Thy scourge the *chance of war* they call;  
 In the instruments o'erlook  
 The sovereign Cause of all.
- 6 But the men who fear thy Name,  
 Thy power and wisdom own;  
 Now as yesterday the same,  
 Thou sittest on the throne:  
 Good, the creature of thy will,  
 Thou only dost to mortals send,  
 Only Thou permittest ill,  
 Which all in good shall end.
- 7 In this last tremendous blow †  
 Thy righteousness we see,  
 Thousands taken by the foe,  
 Though flush'd with victory:  
 Scandal of the British name,  
 Their brethren they no more oppress:  
 Let their glory end in shame,  
 And let their Rapines cease.

\* *Sir W. H.*      † *Lord C.*

8 Such their Country's Cause to fight,  
 Thou wilt not, Lord, employ,  
 Without human power or might  
 Who canst our foes destroy :  
 When the conquerors come, prepar'd  
 To execute their furious boasts,  
 Then thy mighty arm is bar'd,  
 And scatters all their hosts.

9 Vapours, fire, and hail, and snow  
 Are servants of our Lord,  
 Winds by thy direction blow,  
 And storms fulfil thy word ;  
 Storms go forth at thy command,  
 And with resistless fury sweep,  
 Dash our foes against the strand,  
 Or plunge them in the deep.

10 This the Lord himself hath done,  
 Which, wondrous in our eyes,  
 Fills us, who thy love have known,  
 With rapturous surprise :  
 Jesus, at whose throne we bow,  
 In thee we full affiance have :  
 Surely Thou hast sav'd us now,  
 And shalt for ever save !

## H Y M N XXIX.

### *Part the Second.*

1 **F**OOLISH world, thy vain reply  
 Is to the Faithful known,  
 " If we must on God rely,  
 " And God doth all alone,  
 " Rust our arms our useless bands  
 " And navies be dispers'd abroad,  
 " Let us idly fold our hands,  
 " And leave it all to God."

2 God

- 2 God who doth appoint the end  
 The proper means bestows,  
 Wills us bravely to defend  
 Our country from her foes:  
 "Fight with Amalek," He cries,  
 While Moses on the mountain prays,  
 Brings assistance from the skies,  
 And ascertains success.
- 3 Still the battle is the Lord's,  
 Who doth the victory send:  
 Bring forth all your spears and swords,  
 Yet still on God depend:  
 Courage, strength, and skill exert,  
 Every nerve and sinew strain,  
 Yet unless he takes your part  
 Your utmost effort's vain.
- 4 Did we in our evil day  
 Low at thy footstool mourn,  
 Cast our daring sins away,  
 And to our Smiter turn,  
 Then thou wouldst for us appear,  
 As a wall of brass surround,  
 Put our vaunting foes in fear,  
 And all their force confound.
- 5 Did we, Lord, in every step  
 Look up to Thee for aid,  
 Us thou wouldst in safety keep  
 Beneath th' almighty shade;  
 While our weapons we employ,  
 And in thine only Name confide,  
 None could hurt us, or annoy,  
 With Jesus on our side.
- 6 Britain Thou again wouldst chuse,  
 And call our nation thine,  
 Teach us means, as means to use,  
 And answer thy design,

Wouldst

Wouldst our sins, not us, destroy,  
 Us out of the dunghill raise,  
 Turn our sorrow into joy,  
 And nature into grace.

7 Rise, the Lord of armies, rise  
 In thy appointed hour,  
 Scattering evil with thine eyes,  
 And every adverse power:  
 Then let earth and hell engage,  
 Lodg'd in thine arms to pluck us thence,  
 Raging against us, they rage  
 Against Omnipotence.

8 Crush'd by thine almighty hand,  
 Do Thou our foes suppress,  
 Then throughout the earth command  
 Infernal wars to cease,  
 Bid the ransom'd World be still  
 And know that thou art God alone,  
 Seated on thy holy hill,  
 On thy millennial Throne!

## H Y M N XXX.

1 **J**ESUS, thy flaming eyes  
 Full on the wicked dart,  
 Who in Rebellion's Cause arise,  
 And take the murtherer's part,  
 Their bloody path pursue,  
 A Congress from beneath,  
 A daring, dark, and desperate Crew,  
 In league with Hell and Death.

2 Posselt of lawless power,  
 Of absolute command,  
 The beasts with iron teeth devour  
 A sad distracted land:

Traitors

Traitors with Gaul combin'd  
 Their cruel sway maintain,  
 The scum and refuse of mankind  
 As sovereign lords they reign.

3 Their heart, O Lord, thou know'st  
 Elated with success,  
 Who triumph now, and make their boast  
 Of prosperous wickedness,  
 Who blasphemously claim  
 Divine authority,  
 As acting treasons in thy name,  
 And countenanc'd by Thee.

4 How long, O God, how long,  
 Wilt Thou their crimes pass by,  
 And suffer their oppressive wrong  
 Who all thy plagues defy?  
 Blast the aspiring Fiend,  
 Avenge us of the foe,  
 Confound his sworn Allies, and end  
 Their Empire at a blow.

5 So shall thy people sing  
 The Power that sets us free,  
 The Arm that doth deliverance bring  
 From hellish tyranny;  
 The same in heart and mind  
 With loyal Britons prove,  
 In strictest bonds fraternal join'd,  
 In everlasting love.

6 Then, when the work is done  
 Which fiends in vain withstand,  
 America and Britain, One  
 In thy all-healing Hand,  
 The Lord's Redeem'd shall come,  
 And crown'd with joy arise  
 To Sion's heights, their long-sought home,  
 Their Country in the skies!

## HYMN XXXI.

*For Peace.*

- 1 **C**OME; thou choicest gift of heaven,  
Far from earth by sinners driven,  
While we for thy absence mourn,  
Lovely, lasting Peace return.
- 2 Forfeited by Britain's sin,  
Lost to us thou long hast been,  
Us for our iniquity,  
Punish'd with the want of Thee.
- 3 Never can we know thy way,  
While we from our Maker stray:  
But we now our sin deplore;  
Come, and never leave us more.
- 4 Prince of Peace, and Israel's King,  
With Thyself the blessing bring,  
Peace divine thy Spirit imparts;  
Plant thy kingdom in our hearts.
- 5 Every stubborn spirit bow,  
Turn us, Lord, and turn us now,  
Thou who hear'st thy people's prayer,  
End this dire intestine war.
- 6 Sprinkling us with thy own blood,  
Reconcile us first to God,  
Then let all the British race  
Kindly, cordially embrace.
- 7 Concord, on a distant shore,  
To our Countrymen restore,  
Every obstacle remove  
Melt our hatred into love.
- 8 Gospel-grace to each extend,  
Every foe, and every friend,  
Then in Thee we sweetly find  
Peace with God, and all mankind.

HYMN

## H Y M N XXXII.

*Another.*

1 **W**ITH tender affection inspir'd,  
 With pity for mountains of slain,  
 My soul is of murderers tir'd,  
 And bitterly forc'd to complain;  
 Heavy-laden, and weary of life,  
 Whose sorrows and troubles increase,  
 I pine for an end of the strife,  
 I sigh for the blessings of Peace.

2 O Peace, thou art banish'd and fled!  
 The cause of our evils I see:  
 By sin such a havock is made;  
 By sin we have forfeited Thee:  
 No peace for the wicked there is,  
 Unless we our wickedness mourn,  
 No good for a Nation like this,  
 Unless to our God we return.

3 O God, who art always the same,  
 Whose nature is still to forgive,  
 Permit us in Jesus's name  
 To cry for a farther reprieve:  
 Our sins let us fully confess,  
 Our sins let us deeply deplore:  
 And when from offending we cease,  
 Thou wilt to thy favor restore.

4 When once reconcil'd to our God,  
 We shall with each other agree,  
 Possess of the blessing bestow'd,  
 And one with our Lord on the tree:  
 His blood the alliance hath seal'd,  
 The blessing his Spirit imparts,  
 And peace with its Author reveal'd  
 Eternally reigns in our hearts!

F I N I S.