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Section

P S A L M S,

CAREFULLY SUITED

TO THE

Christian Worship

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:

B E I N G

DR. WATTS' IMITATION of the *Psalms*
of David, as improved by Mr. BAR-
LOW.

*Allowed by the Reverend Synod of New-
York and Philadelphia, to be sung in
Congregations and Families.*

Isaac Watts

—PHILADELPHIA—

Printed and sold by JOHN M'CULLOCH,
N^o. 1, North Third-street.

M.DCC.XCIV.

It is acknowledged by the best judges of the sacred text, that the Book of Psalms, in its original dress, is a collection of the most elevated and sublime compositions that are to be found in any language; and it has been often lamented, that so much of the piety, dignity, and poetic excellence of the original, has been lost in all the attempts that have been yet made, to give us a literal translation of it in English verse. Many Christians have also wished to see the substance of this excellent collection clothed in language more adapted to the brighter discoveries of the gospel, and the state of the Christian worship; that they may be sung with understanding and devotion, and thereby contribute to the elevation and improvement of the Christian temper. This has been happily executed by the learned and pious Dr. Watts; and the Psalms which he omitted have been supplied by Mr. Barlow, nearly in the same spirit and stile, and all local references, which were found in Dr. Watts' Imitation, have been carefully altered, so as to render the composition better adapted to the circumstances of Christians in every country.

T H E
P S A L M S O F D A V I D,

IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE
N E W T E S T A M E N T.

P S A L M I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:
- 2 But in the statutes of the Lord,
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.
- [3 Hè like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]
- 4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine;
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.
- 5 Not so th' impious and unjust:
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.
- 6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.
- 7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;

But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

P S A L M I. Short Metre.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

- 1 THE man is ever blest'd
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place,
- 2 But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labours of the day,
And watches of the night.
- 3 He like a tree shall thrive,
With waters near the root:
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
His works are heav'nly fruit.
- 4 Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessing find:
Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.
- 5 How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?
- 6 He knows and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners, and their works, shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

P S A L M I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do.

- 2 He loves t' employ his morning-light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure pond'ring o'er the word.
- 3 He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green;
And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin.
- 4 But sinners find their counsels cross'd;
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.
- 5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a diff'rent place.
- 6 " Strait is the way my saints have trode,
" I blest'd the path, and drew it plain,
" But you would chase the crooked road;
" And down it leads to endless pain."

P S A L M II. Short Metre.

Translated according to the divine pattern.
Acts iv. 24, &c.

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

- [1 **M**AKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.
- 2 The things so long foretold
By David, are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]
- 3 Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord,
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

- 4 Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design ;
 Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
 Against his Christ they join.
- 5 The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne ;
 He that hath rais'd him from the dead
 Hath own'd him for his Son.

P A U S E.

- 6 Now he's ascended high,
 To rule the subject earth ;
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heav'nly birth.
- 7 Beneath his sov'reign sway
 The Gentile nations bend :
 Far as the world's remotest bounds
 His kingdom shall extend.
- 8 The nations that rebel
 Must feel his iron rod ;
 He'll vindicate those honours well
 Which he received from God.
- [9 Be wise, ye rulers now
 And worship at his throne ;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's anointed Son.
- 10 If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place :
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

P S A L M II. Common Metre.

- 1 WHY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son ?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down ?

- 2 The Lord, that sits above the skies,
Derides their rage below,
He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
And strikes their spirits through.
- 3 " I call him my eternal Son,
" And raise him from the dead ;
" I make my holy hill his throne,
" And wide his kingdom spread.
- 4 " Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
" The utmost heathen lands :
" Thy rod of iron shall destroy
" The rebel that withstands."
- 5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
Obey th' anointed Lord ;
Adore the king of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word.
- 6 With humble love address his throne ;
For if he frowns ye die ;
Those are secure, and those alone,
Who on his grace rely.

P S A L M II. Long Metre.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

- 1 WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage ?
The Romans why their swords employ
Against the Lord ? their powers engage
His dear Anointed to destroy ?
- 2 " Come, let us break his bands, they say ;
" This man shall never give us laws :"
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the monarch to the cross.
- 3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controuls ;
He'll smite their heart with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.
- 4 " I will maintain the King I made
" On Zion's everlasting hill,

" My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 " And he shall stand your Sov'reign still."

- [5 His wond'rous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known;
 The Lord declares his heav'nly birth;
 " This day have I begot my Son.
- 6 " Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
 " There thou shalt ask and I bestow
 " The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
 " To thee their suppliant tribes shall bow."]
- 7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his lifted rod;
 His arms shall crush th' impious race
 That dare provoke th' avenging God.

P A U S E.

- 8 Now ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 Now to his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.
- 9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
 His love gives life above the sky.
- 10 His storms shall quell the stubborn foe,
 And sink his honour in the dust:
 Happy the souls their God that know,
 And make his grace their only trust.

P S A L M IM. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppressed; or, God our defence
 from sin and Satan.*

- 1 MY God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.
- 2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in Heav'n,

And all my growing sins appear
Too great to be forgiv'n.

3 But thou, my glory, and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head.

[4 I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear;
I call'd, my Father, and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
In spite of all my foes;
I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of Death and Hell,
All arm'd against me stood;
Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save:
Blessing attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave.

PSALM III. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, Long Metre.

A morning psalm.

1 O LORD, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood?
My peace they daily discompose;
But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
To thee I rais'd an evening cry;

Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine Almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heav'nly aid.

I laid me down, and slept secure ;
Not death shall make my heart afraid,
Though I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night ;

Salvation doth to God belong,
He rais'd my head to see the light,
And makes his praise my morning song.

PSALM IV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

*Hearing of prayer ; or, God our portion, and
Christ our hope.*

1 O God of grace and righteousness,
Hear and attend when I complain ;
Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress.
Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
To turn my glory into shame :
How long will scoffers love to lie,
And dare reproach my Saviour's name. .

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
From all the tribes of men beside :
He hears and pities their complaints,
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

4 When our obedient hands have done
A thousand works of righteousness,
We put our trust in God alone,
And glory in thy pard'ning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
" Who will bestow some earthly good ?"
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray ;
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

6 Then shall my chearful pow'rs rejoice
At grace divine, and love so great,

Nor will I change my happy choice,
For all their wealth and boasted state.

PSALM IV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An evening psalm.

- 1 LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray :
I am for ever thine ;
I fear before thee all the day,
Nor would I dare to sin.
- 2 And while I rest my weary head,
From cares and business free,
'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
With my own heart and thee.
- 3 I pay this evening sacrifice ;
And when my work is done,
Great God, my faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.
- 4 Thus, with my thoughts compos'd to peace,
I'll give mine eyes to sleep ;
Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

- 1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

- 4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.
- 5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

P A U S E.

- 6 My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray;
 They flatter with a base design
 To make my soul their prey.
- 7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy;
 While those that in thy mercy trust,
 For ever shout for joy.
- 8 The men that love and fear thy name,
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
 The mighty God will compass them,
 With favour, as a shield.

P S A L M VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness; or, Diseases healed.

- 1 **I**N anger, Lord, do not chastise,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm,
 Nor let thine awful wrath arise
 Against a feeble worm.
- 2 My soul bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppress'd,
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.
- 3 Sorrow and grief wear out my days:
 I waste the night with cries,
 And count the minutes as they pass,
 'Till the slow morning rise.

- 4 Shall I be still tormented more?
 My eyes consum'd with grief?
 How long, my God, how long, before
 Thine hand affords relief?
- 5 He hears his mourning children speak,
 He pities all our groans,
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.
- 6 The virtue of his sov'reign word
 Restores our fainting breath;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

P S A L M VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

- 1 LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness doth chastise;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise.
- 2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal!
- 3 See how in sighs I pass my days,
 And waste in groans the weary night:
 My bed is water'd with my tears;
 My grief consumes and dims my sight.
- 4 Look how the powers of nature move!
 How long, almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall I make thy grace my song?
- 5 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.

- 6 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.

P S A L M VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

- 1 MY trust is in my heav'nly friend,
 My hope in thee, my God:
 Rise, and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.
- 2 With insolence and fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey
 When no deliv'rer's near.
- 3 If e'er my pride provok'd them first,
 Or once abus'd my foe,
 Then let them tread my life to dust,
 And lay my honour low.
- 4 If there be malice found in me,
 I know thy piercing eyes;
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.
- 5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power controul;
 Awake to judgment and command
 Deliv'rance for my soul.

P A U S E.

- [6 Let sinners and their wicked rage
 Be humbled to the dust;
 Shall not the God of truth engage
 To vindicate the just?
- 7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
 He will defend th' upright:

His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spight.

8 Though leagu'd in guile, their malice spread
A snare before my way,
Their mischiefs on their impious head.
His vengeance shall repay.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword :
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord.

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

God's sovereignty and goodness, and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O LORD, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes.
And see the moon complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies ;

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
A-kin to dust and worms ?

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

Thine honours crown his head,
While beasts, like slaves, obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

How rich thy bounties are
And wond'rous are thy ways :

Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

[7 From mouths of feeble babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honors to thy name,
And strike the world with awe.

8 O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

P S A L M VIII. Common Metre.

*Christ's condescension and glorification; or, God
made man.*

1 O LORD, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name?
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And shining stars that grace the sky,
Those moving worlds of light,

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou should'st visit him with grace,
And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm.

5 Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Behold obedient nature own
His Godhead and his pow'r.

The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
And fish, at his command,

Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
Shone through the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
And men confess him God.]

8 Let him with majesty be crown'd,
Who bow'd his head to death;
And his eternal honours sound,
From all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wond'rous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thine heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim.

P S A L M VIII. ver. 1, 2. paraphrased.

First part. Long Metre.

The hosanna of the children; or, Infants praising God.

1 ALMIGHTY ruler of the skies,
Through the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

2 To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honour raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3 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.

4 Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

- 5 The frowning scribes and angry priests
 In vain their impious cavils bring ;
 Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

P S A L M VIII. ver. 3, &c. paraphrased.

Second Part. Long Metre.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
 Adam, the offspring of the dust,
 That thou should set him and his race
 But just below an angel's place?
- 2 That thou should raise his nature so,
 And make him lord of all below,
 Make every beast and bird submit,
 And lay the fishes at his feet?
- 3 But O! what brighter glories wait
 To crown the second Adam's state!
 What honours shall thy Son adorn,
 Who condescended to be born?
- 4 See him below his angels made ;
 Behold him number'd with the dead,
 To save a ruin'd world from sin;
 But he shall reign with power divine.
- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The mis'ries that attend the fall,
 New-made and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

P S A L M IX. First part. Common Metre.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim ;
 Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put thy foes to shame.

- 2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.
- 3 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.
- 4 The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace:
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.
- 5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
Whose works his grace fulfil.

P S A L M IX. ver. 12. Second part.
Common Metre.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

- 1 **W**HEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once enquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.
- 2 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.
- 3 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet
Into the pit they made;
And sinners perish in the net
That their own hands have spread.
- 4 Thus by thy judgment, mighty God,
Are thy deep counsels known;
When men of mischief are destroy'd
In snares that were their own.

P A U S E.

- 5 The wicked shall sink down to hell ;
 Thy wrath devour the lands,
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.
- 6 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait and long complain,
 Their cries shall never be forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.
- [7 Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor,
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.
- 8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain,
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 And they but feeble men.]

P S A L M X. Common Metre.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, Pride, athe-
 ism, and oppression punished.*

For a humiliation day.

- 1 WHY doth the Lord depart so far,
 And why conceal his face,
 When great calamities appear,
 And times of deep distress ?
- 2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy laws ?
 Shall they advance their heads in pride,
 And slight the righteous cause.
- 3 They cast thy judgments from their sight,
 And then insult the poor ;
 They boast in their exalted height,
 That they shall fall no more.
- 4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
 Attend our humble cry ;

No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

P A U S E.

- 5 Why do the men of malice rage.
And say, with foolish pride,
“ The God of heav’n will ne’er engage
“ To fight on Zion’s side.”
- 6 But thou for ever art our Lord,
And pow’rful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perish’d from thy land.
- 7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray
And cause thine ear to hear ;
Accept the vows thy children pay,
And free thy saints from fear.
- 8 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. Long Metre.

God loves the righteous, and hates the wicked.

- 1 MY refuge is the God of love,
Why do my foes insult and cry,
“ Fly like a tim’rous trembling dove,
“ To distant woods or mountains fly.”
- 2 If government be once destroy’d,
(That firm foundation of our peace)
And violence make justice void,
Where shall the righteous seek redress?
- 3 The Lord in heav’n has fix’d his throne,
His eye surveys the world below ;
To him all mortal things are known,
His eye-lids search our spirits through.
- 4 If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love, and try their grace,

What may the bold transgressors fear?
His soul abhors their wicked ways.

- 5 On impious wretches he shall rain
Sulphureous flames of wasting death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.
- 6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

P S A L M XII. Long Metre.

*The saint's safety and hope in evil times; or, Sins
of the tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy,
falsehood, &c.*

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, appear and save!
For vice and vanity prevail:
The godly perish in the grave,
The just depart, the faithful fail.
- 2 The whole discourse, when crowds are met,
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long:
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.
- 4 " 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?"
- 5 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.

- 6 Thy word, O Lord, though often try'd,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, sev'n times purify'd
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.
- 7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend from danger and surprise;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On ev'ry side oppressors rise.

P S A L M XII. Common Metre.

*Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or,
The promise and signs of Christ's coming to
judgment.*

HELP, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
Religion loses ground;
The sons of violence prevail,
And treacheries abound.

Their oaths and promises they break,
Yet act the flatterer's part;
With fair deceitful lips they speak,
And with a double heart.

If we reprove some hateful lie,
They scorn our faithful word:
"Are not our lips their own, they cry,
"And who shall be our Lord?"

Scoffers appear on ev'ry 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.

Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is rarely to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not given the sign?

May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

- 7 “ Yes, faith the Lord, now will I rise,
“ And make th’ oppressors flee;
“ I shall appear to their surprise,
“ And set my servants free.”
- 8 Thy word, like silver sev’n times try’d,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find thy promise sure.

P S A L M XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptation of the devil.

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou conceal thy face?
My God, how long delay?
When shall I feel those heav’nly rays
That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor lab’ring soul
Wrestle and toil in vain?
Thy word can all my foes controul,
And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
All his malicious arts;
He spreads a mist around my eyes,
And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
My soul in safety keep;
Make haste, before mine eyes are seal’d
In death’s eternal sleep.
- 5 How should the tempter boast aloud
Should I become his prey?
Behold the sons of hell grow proud
To see thy long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
And Satan hide his head;
He knows the terrors of thy look,
And hears thy voice with dread.

- 7 Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
 Whence all my comforts spring:
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And thy salvation sing.

PSALM XIV. First part. Common Metre.

By nature all men are sinners.

- 1 FOOLS, in their hearts, believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain,
 "There is no God that reigns on high,
 "Or minds th' affairs of men."

- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.

- 3 The Lord from his celestial throne,
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.

By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease;
 How swift to mischief are their feet!
 Nor know the paths of peace.

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev'ry heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 'Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM XIV. Second part. Common Metre.

The folly of persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they thy saints devour?

And never worship at thy throne,
Nor fear thine awful pow'r?

- 2 Great God, appear to their surprise;
Reveal thy dreadful name;
Let them no more thy wrath despise,
Nor turn our hope to shame.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.*

- 1 WHO shall inhabit in thy hill,
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace?
- 2 The man that walks in pious ways,
And works with righteous hands;
That trusts his Maker's promis'd grace,
And follows his commands.
- 3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue:
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong.
- 4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And though to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word.
- 5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never wrong the poor:

This man shall dwell with God on earth
And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and justice, goodness and truth, or duties
to God and man; or, The qualifications of a
Christian.*

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- [3 Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Or vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
- [4 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.]
- [5 He never deals in bribing gold;
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others scorn and wrong the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.]
- 6 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.
- 7 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.

P S A L M XVI. First part. Long Metre.

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, Good works profit men, not God.

- 1 **P**RESERVE me, Lord, in time of need,
For succour to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.
- 2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess'd
How empty and how poor I am:
My praise can never make thee bless'd,
Nor add new glories to thy name.
- 3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep,
These are the choicest friends I know.
- 4 Let others chuse the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

P S A L M XVI. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

- 1 **H**OW fast their guilt and sorrows rise,
Who haste to seek some idol-god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood.
- 2 My God provides a richer cup,
And nobler food to live upon,
He for my life, has offer'd up
Jesus, his best beloved Son.
- 3 His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right:
And be his name for ever bless'd
Who gives me sweet advice by night.
- 4 I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd

To keep my soul from all surprise,
And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM XVI. Third part. Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

- 1 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.
- 2 Though 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.
- 3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
Then shalt thou lead the wond'rous way
Up to the throne above the sky.
- 4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
And full discoveries of thy grace,
(Which we but tasted here below),
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

PSALM XVI. ver. 1,—3. First part.
Common Metre.

Support and counsel from God without merit.

- 1 SAVE me, O Lord from every foe;
In thee my trust I place,
Though all the good that I can do
Can ne'er deserve thy grace;
 - 2 Yet if my God prolong my breath,
The saints may still rejoice;
The saints, the glory of the earth,
The people of my choice.
- Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone;
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

- 4 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;
 Much am I pleas'd with present good
 But more rejoice in hope.
- 5 God is my portion and my joy;
 His counsels are my light:
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.
- 6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 Not death, nor hell, my hope shall move
 While such a friend is nigh.

P S A L M XVI. Second part. Common Metre.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

- 1 " I SET the Lord before my face,
 " He bears my courage up;
 " My heart, my tongue, their joys express,
 " My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 " My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 " Where souls departed are;
 " Nor quit my body to the grave
 " To see corruption there.
- 3 " Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 " And raise me to thy throne,
 " Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " Thy presence joys unknown."
- [4 Thus in the name of Christ, the Lord,
 The holy David sang,
 And providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.
- 5 Jesus, whom every saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain;
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
 Behold, he lives again!
- 6 When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hills?

There sits the Son at God's right hand,
And there the Father smiles.

P S A L M XVII. ver. 13, &c Short Metre.
Portion of saints and sinners; or, Hope and despair in death.

- 1 **A**RISE, my gracious God,
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod,
To drive thy saints to thee.
- 2 Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here, in this life, his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.
- 3 Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance,
My soul can wish no more.
- 4 I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God;
And stand complete in righteousness,
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.
- 5 There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

P S A L M XVII. Long Metre.

The sinner's portion and saints hope; or, The heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

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.
Their hope and portion lie below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,

- 'Tis all they seek; they take their shares;
And leave the rest among their heirs.
- 3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound:
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise.

P S A L M XVIII. ver. 1—9, 15—18.

First part. Long Metre.

Deliverance from despair; or, Temptation overcome.

- 1 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.
- 2 Death, and the terrors of the grave,
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
- 3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
(Which none but they that fell can tell)
While I was hurry'd in despair
- 4 In my distress I call'd my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine,

He bow'd his ear to my complaint;
And prov'd his saving grace divine.

[5 With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as light'ning shone
The face of my deliv'rer God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
Thè blast of his almighty breath:
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their
But Christ, my Lord, is conqu'ror still [rage;
In all the wars the proud can wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

P S A L M XVIII. ver. 20, 26. Long Metre.
Second part.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 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.

2 Since I have learn'd thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face:
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
Thy love reclaim'd my wandering heart.
What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
But through thy grace that reigns within,
I guard against my darling sin.

That sin that clo'e besets me still;
That works and strives against my will;

- When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
 Destroy it, that it rise no more.
- 5 With an impartial hand, the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward :
 The kind and faithful souls shall find
 A God as faithful and as kind.
- 6 And men that love revenge shall know,
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.
 The just and pure shall ever say,
 Thou art more pure, more just than they.

P S A L M XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.
 Third part. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and triumph.

- 1 JUST are thy ways, and true thy word,
 Great Rock of my secure abode :
 Who is a God besides the Lord?
 Or where's a refuge like our God?
- 2 '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.
- 3 He lives, and blessings crown his reign,
 The God of my salvation lives,
 The dark designs of hell are vain;
 While heavenly peace my Father gives.
- 4 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.
- 5 To David and his royal seed
 Thy grace for ever shall extend;
 Thy love to saints, in Christ their head,
 Knows not a limit, nor an end.

PSALM XVIII. First part. Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

- 1 WE love thee, Lord, and we adore,
Now is thine arm reveal'd;
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
Our bulwark, and our shield.
- 2 We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.
- 3 When God our leader shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms?
The light'ning of his spear?
- 4 He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array,
In millions, wait to know his mind,
And, swift as flames, obey,
- 5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismay'd;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.
- 6 He forms our gen'als for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.
- 7 Oft has the Lord whole nations bless'd,
For his own church's sake;
The pow'rs that give his people rest
Shall of his care partake.

PSALM XVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The conqueror's song.

TO thine almighty arm we owe
The triumphs of the day;
Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
And melt their strength away.

- 2 'Tis by thy aid our troops prevail,
And break united pow'rs;
Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
The proudest of their tow'rs.
- 3 How have we chas'd them through the field,
And trod them to the ground,
While thy salvation was our shield,
But they no shelter found!
- 4 In vain to idol saints they cry,
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful, as our God.
- 5 The God of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest'd;
'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
And gives his people rest.

P S A L M XIX. First part. Short Metre.

The book of nature and scripture.

For a Lord's day morning.

- 1 **BEHOLD** the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.
- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In ev'ry different land
Their gen'ral voice is known
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands rejoice:
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to Nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes,
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 6 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 7 Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight;
Nor gold that has the furnace pass'd,
So much allures the sight.
- 8 While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King,
In my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XIX. Second part. Short Metre.
God's word most excellent; or, Sincerity and watchfulness.

For a Lord's day morning.

- 1 BEHOLD the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just;
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.
- 4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n?
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

P A U S E.

- 5 I heard thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.
- 7 Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.
- 8 While, with my heart and tongue,
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour, and my God.

P S A L M XIX. Long Metre.

*The books of nature and scripture compared; or,
The glory and success of the gospel.*

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy goodness shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

- 5 Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 6 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n,
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XIX. To the tune of the 113th Psalm.
The book of nature and scripture.

- 1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
 Declares the glories of thy name :
 There thy rich works of wonder shine,
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light,
 Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And ev'ry nation knows their voice.
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice,
- 4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles, and speaks his maker God ;
 All nature joins to shew thy praise :
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines ;
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is the book of grace.

PAUSE.

- 5 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.

- 6 From the discov'ries 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 bath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 7 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.
- 8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sin restrain;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

P S A L M XX. Long Metre.

Prayer, and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

- 1 NOW may the God of pow'r and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry!
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.
- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,
 When bucklers fail and brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts;
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.

- 4 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Isra'ls God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts ;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.
- 6 O may the memory of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight !
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with coward flight.]
- 7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
'Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

P S A L M XXI. Common Metre.

National blessings acknowledged.

- 1 IN thee, great God, with songs of praise,
Our favour'd realms rejoice ;
And, blest'd with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n their chearful voice.
- 2 Thy sure defence through nations round,
Hath spread our rising name,
And all our feeble efforts crown'd
With freedom and with fame,
- 3 In deep distress our injur'd land
Implor'd thy power to save ;
For life we pray'd : thy bounteous hand
The timely blessing gave.
- 4 Thy mighty arm, eternal Pow'r,
Oppos'd their deadly aim,
In mercy swept them from our shore,
And spread their sails with shame.
- 5 On thee, in woe or pain,
Our hearts alone rely :

- Our rights thy mercy will maintain,
And all our wants supply.
- 6 Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous pow'r declare,
And still exalt thy name;
While we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

P S A L M XXI. ver. 1,—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

- 1 DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
But Christ, the Son, appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.
- 2 How great the blest Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.
- 3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory, not of gold.
- 4 Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Bless'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.
- 5 Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat, and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

P S A L M XXII. ver. 1,—16. First part.
Common Metre.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

- 1 WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

- 2 Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear our groans as well,
And pity our complaints.
- 3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
And great deliv'rance found;
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.
- 4 With shaking head they pass me by,
And laugh my soul to scorn;
*"In vain he trusts in God, they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."*
- 5 But thou art he, who form'd my flesh,
By thine Almighty word;
And since I hung upon the breast,
My hope is in the Lord.
- 6 Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round.
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?
- P A U S E.
- 7 Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
By foes encompass'd, fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud
- 8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet;
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.
- 9 Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well?
- 10 My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up.

- 11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath :
Thy heavy hand has brought me down,
Low as the dust of death.
- 12 Father, I give my spirit up,
And, trust it in thy hand ;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command.

PSALM XXII. ver. 20, 21, 27, 31. Second Part
Common Metre.

- 1 " NOW from the roaring lion's rage,
" O Lord, protect thy Son,
" Nor leave thy darling to engage
" The pow'rs of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears,
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high ;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans ;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble souls shall see
His table richly spread ;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God,
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

P S A L M XXII. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

- 1 NOW let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord,
When he complain'd in tears of blood,
As one forsaken of his God.
- 2 The Jews behold 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.
- 3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Way doth he fail to help him now?"
- 4 Oh savage people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like raging beasts;
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God hath left him in their power.
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 died.
But God his father heard his cry;
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high;
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

P S A L M XXIII. Long Metre.

God our shepherd.

- 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.
In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
There living waters gently flows,
And all the food divinely blest.

- 3 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.
- 4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God, my Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay ;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.
- 6 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.
- [7 How I rejoice, when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest !
 'Tis a divine anointing shed,
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.
- 8 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.

- 1 MY Shepherd will supply my need,
 JEHOVAH is his name ;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.
- 2 He brings my wandering spirit back
 When I forsake his ways,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake
 In paths of truth and grace.
- 3 When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay ;

One word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in fight of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh may thy house be my abode,
And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
(While others go and come);
No more a stranger and a guest,
But like a child at home.

P S A L M XXIII. Short Metre.

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

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

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.

Amidst surrounding foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

P S A L M XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

- 1 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.
- 2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine above ?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.
- 3 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.
- 4 Now let our soul's immortal pow'rs,
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.
- 5 The King of glory ! who can tell
 The wonders of his might ?
 He rules the nations ; but to dwell
 With saints in his deligh.

P S A L M XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven ; or, Christ's ascension.

- 1 THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men and worms, and beasts and birds
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling place.
- 2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky ;
 Who shall ascend that bless'd abode,
 And dwell so near his maker God ?

- 3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.
- 4 These are the men, the pious race,
 That seek the God of Jacob's face:
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

P A U S E.

- 5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of glory nigh!
 Who can the King of glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.
- 6 Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
 To make the Lord, the Saviour, way:
 Laden and spoils from earth and hell,
 The Conqu'ror comes with God to dwell.
- Rais'd from the dead in awful state,
 He opens heav'n's eternal gate,
 To give his saints a blest abode
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

P S A L M XXV. ver. I,—II. First part.
 Short Metre.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

- 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.
- Sin, and the pow'rs of hell,
 Persuade me to despair;
 Lord make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.
- From beams of dawning light
 'Till evening shades arise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
 With ever longing eyes.

- 4 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth;
Forgive the sins of riper days,
And follies of my youth.
- 5 The Lord is just and kind,
The meek shall learn his ways;
And ev'ry humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 6 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame;
He pardons (though my guilt be great)
Through my Redeemer's name.

P S A L M XXV. ver. 12, 14, 10, 13.
Second part. Short Metre.

Divine instruction.

- 1 WHERE shall the man be found
That fears t' offend his God,
That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
And trembles at the rod?
- 2 The Lord shall make him know
The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his cov'nant show,
And all his love impart.
- 3 The dealings of his pow'r
Are truth and mercy still,
With such as keep his cov'nant sure,
And love to do his will.
- 4 Their soul shall dwell at ease,
Before their Maker's face;
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

P S A L M XXV. ver. 15—22. Third part.
Short Metre.

Distress of soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

- 1 MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promis'd grace,
And rest upon his word.

- 2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand assist my feet
To 'scape the deadly snare?
- 3 When shall the sov'reign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod!
- 4 The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.
- 5 With every morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

P A U S E.

- 6 Behold, the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.
- 7 O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame;
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.
- 8 With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Isra'el it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

P S A L M XXVI. Long Metre.

Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.

- 1 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.
- 2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.
- 3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
Array'd in robes of innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.
- 4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell;
There shall I hear thy holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.
- 5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have pass'd
Among the saints, and near my God.

P S A L M XXVII. ver. 1, 6. First part.
Common Metre.

The church is our delight and safety.

- 1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.
- 2 One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me mine abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still:
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there enquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;

God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around,
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

PSALM XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14.
Second part. Common Metre.

Prayer and hope.

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.”

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life, I flee to thee
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief,
Had not my soul believ'd,
To see thy grace provide relief,
Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

PSALM XXVIII. Long Metre.

God the refuge of the afflicted.

TO thee, O Lord, I raise my cries;
My fervent pray'r in mercy hear;
For ruin waits my trembling soul,
If thou refuse a gracious ear.

- 2 When suppliant tow'rd thy holy hill,
I lift my mournful hands to pray,
Afford thy grace, nor drive me still
With impious hypocrites away.
- 3 To sons of falsehood, that despise
The works and wonders of thy reign,
Thy vengeance gives the due reward,
And sinks their souls to endless pain.
- 4 But ever blessed be the Lord,
Whose mercy hears my mournful voice,
My heart, that trusted in his word,
In his salvation shall rejoice.
- 5 Let every saint, in sore distress,
By faith approach his Saviour God;
Then grant, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And feed thy church with heavenly food.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Storm and thunder.

- 1 **G**IVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power,
Ascribe due honours to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
- 2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Thro' every ocean, every land;
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud
And lightnings blaze at his command.
- 3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
Lay the wide forest bare around;
The fearful hart and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.
- 4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And, lo, the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar, the deserts quake.
- 5 The Lord sits sov'reign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;

But makes his church his blest abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.

- 6 In gentler language, there the Lord
The counsel of his grace imparts :
Amidst the raging storm, his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

P S A L M XXX. First part. Long Metre.

Sickness healed, and sorrows removed.

- 1 I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy command diseases fly :
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?
- 2 Sing to the Lord, ye faints, and prove
How large his grace, how kind his love ;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and trace
The wond'rous records of his grace.
- 3 His anger but a moment stays ;
His love is life and length of days ;
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning star restores the joy.

P S A L M XXX. ver. 6. Second part. Long Metre.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
" Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."
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 died.
I cried aloud to thee, my God,
" What canst thou profit by my blood ?
" Deep in the dust can I declare
" Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?

- 4 "Hear me, O God of grace, (I said)
 "And bring me from among the dead:"
 Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt.
- 5 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.
- 6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n
 For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiv'n.

P S A L M XXXI. ver. 5, 13,—19, 22, 23.
 First part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from death.

- 1 TO thee, O God of truth and love,
 My spirit I commit;
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.
- 2 Despair and comfort, hope and fear,
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife;
 While sorrow, pain, and sin, conspir'd
 To take away my life.
- 3 "My time is in thy hand," I cried,
 "Though I draw near the dust;"
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.
- 4 Oh make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

P A U S E.

- 5 'Twas in my haste my spirit said,
 "I must despair and die,
 "I am cut off before thine eyes;"
 But thou hast heard my cry.

- 6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
 How sweet thy smiling face,
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promis'd grace.
- 7 Oh love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompence the proud.

P S A L M XXXI. ver. 7, 33, 11, 21.

Second part. Common Metre.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

- 1 MY heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my heav'nly trust;
 Thou hast preserv'd me free from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.
- 2 "My life is spent with grief," I cried,
 "My years consum'd in groans,
 "My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
 "And sorrow wastes my bones."
- 3 Among mine enemies my name
 A proverb vile was grown,
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.
- 4 Slander and fear on every side
 Seiz'd and beset me round,
 I to thy throne of grace applied,
 And speedy rescue found.

P A U S E.

How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boasting vain!

Thy children from the strife of tongues
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrong,
 And crush the sons of pride.

- 7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell:
 No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
 Secures a saint so well.

P S A L M XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

- 1 OH blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely bless'd to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care,
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I conceal'd my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 'Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone.

P S A L M XXXII. Common Metre.

*Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, Confession
 and forgiveness.*

- 1 HOW bless'd the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean!
- 2 And blest beyond expression he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 While from the guilty bondage free
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.
- 3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;

He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
No quiet could I find;
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
My secret sins reveal'd,
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray;
When, like a raging flood,
Temptations rise, our strength and stay
Is a forgiving God.

P S A L M XXXII. First part. Long Metre.
Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification and sanctification.

1 BLESS'D is the man, for ever bless'd,
Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Before his judgment seat the Lord
No more permits his crimes to rise;
He pleads no merit of reward,
And not on works, but grace, relies.

3 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.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
That hides and cancels all his sins?
While a bright evidence of grace
Through all his life appears and shines.

P S A L M XXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

- 1 **WHILE** I keep silence, and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel !
What agonies of inward smart !
- 2 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.
- 3 For this shall every humble soul
Make swift addressees to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll,
There shall they find a blest'd retreat.
- 4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark, and storms appear !
And when I walk, thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

P S A L M XXXIII. First part. Common Metre.

Works of creation and providence.

- 1 **REJOICE**, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you :
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true !
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness
Let heav'n and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wond'rous name.
- 3 His word, with energy divine,
Those heav'nly arches spread,
Bade starry hosts around them shine,
And light the heav'ns pervade.
- 4 He taught the swelling waves to flow
To their appointed deep ;

Bade raging seas their limits know,
And still their station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand ;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

5 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

P S A L M XXXIII. Second part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne ;
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

His eye, with infinite survey,
Does the whole world behold ;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

Kings are not rescu'd by the force
Of armies from the grave ;
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can his bold rider save.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
Nor springs our safety thence ;
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

God is their fear, and God their trust ;
When plagues or famine spread,
His watchful eye secures the just,
Among ten thousand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
And bless us from thy throne ;
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm. First part

Works of creation and providence.

- 1 YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
 Great is your theme, your songs be new;
 Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
 His works of nature, and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true!
- 2 Behold, to earth's remotest ends
 His goodness flows, his truth extends;
 His pow'r the heav'nly arches spread;
 His word, with energy divine,
 Bade starry hosts around them shine,
 And light the circling heav'ns pervade.
- 3 His hand collects the flowing seas;
 Those wat'ry treasures know their place,
 And fill the store-house of the deep:
 He spake, and gave all nature birth;
 And fires and seas, and heav'n and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.
- 4 Let mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless pow'r;
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
 Vain are your tho'ts, and weak your hands,
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. As the 113th Psalm.
 Second part.*Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient*

- 5 OH happy nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church, his earthly throne!
 His eye the heathen world surveys,
 He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
 But God their maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed, or courage of an horse,
 To guard his rider, or to fly.
 3 The arm of our almighty Lord
 Doth more secure defence afford,
 When deaths, or dangers threat'ning stand:
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,
 When wars or famine-waste the land.
 In sickness, or the bloody field,
 Our great Physician and our Shield
 Shall send salvation from his throne;
 We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

S A L M XXXIV First part. Long Metre.

God's care of the saints; or, Deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue:
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Let ev'ry heart exalt his name;
 I sought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reach'd his ear;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,
 With heav'nly joy their faces shine,
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and love divine.

5 His holy angels pitch their tents
 Around the men that serve the Lord;
 Oh fear and love him, all his saints,
 Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar through all the wood;
 But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

P S A L M XXXIV. ver. 11, 22. Second part.
 Long Metre.

Religious education; or, Instruction of piety.

1 CHILDREN, in years and knowledge young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue,
 Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
 And peace, to crown your mortal state,
 Restrain your feet from impious ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
 His ears are open to their cries;
 He sets his frowning face against
 The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
 God with his grace is ever nigh;
 Pardon and hope his love imparts,
 When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
 His Son redeems their souls from death,
 His Spirit heals their broken bones,
 His praise employs their tuneful breath.

P S A L M XXXIV. ver. 1,—10. First part.
 Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'LL bless the Lord from day to day,
 How good are all his ways!

- Ye humble souls that use to pray,
Come, help my lips to praise.
- 2 Sing to the honour of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.
- 3 When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes :
- 4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears.

P A U S E.

- 5 O sinners, come and taste his love,
Come, learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.
- He bids the angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell :
What ills their heavenly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.]
- 7 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 !
- Young lions, pinch'd with hunger, roar,
And famish in the wood :
But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.]

S A L M XXXIV. ver. 11, 22. Second part.
Common Metre.

Exhortation to peace and holiness.

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.
- 2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
Pursue the works of peace;
So shall the Lord your ways approve,
And set your souls at ease.
- 3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
His ears attend their cry:
When broken spirits dwell in dust,
The God of grace is nigh.
- 4 What though the sorrows here they taste
Are sharp and tedious too,
The Lord, that saves them all at last,
Is their supporter now.
- 5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
But God secures his own,
Prevents the mischief when they slide,
Or heals the broken bone.
- 6 When desolation, like a flood,
O'er the proud sinner rolls,
Saints find a refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their souls.

P S A L M XXXV. ver. 12, 13, 14.
Common Metre.

*Love to enemies; or, The love of Christ to sinners
typified in David.*

- 1 BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows:
Behold his kind compassion move
For his afflicted foes!
- 2 When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns,
And melts his pious heart.
- 3 How did his flowing tears condole,
As for a brother dead!

And fasting, mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5 O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6 He, the true David, Isra'el's King,
Elect'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Pay'd his own dearest blood.

P S A L M XXXVI. ver. 5, 9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God; or, General providence and special grace.

1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

- 6 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.

P S A L M XXXVI. ver. 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9.
Common Metre.

Practical atheism exposed; or, The being and attributes of God asserted.

- 1 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.”

- 2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare,
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

- 3 How strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes?
But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see, with sore surprise,
The terrors of thy pow'r.

- 4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Though mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea.

- 5 Above these heav'ns' created rounds,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

- 6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest.

- [7 From thee, when creature streams run low,
And mortal comforts die,

Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.

8 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day,
Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 1,—7. Short Metre.

*the wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or,
Practical atheism exposed.*

WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“He hath no faith of God within,
“Nor fear before his eyes.”

He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flatt'ring dream,
Till his dark crimes, at once reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.]

His heart is false and foul,
His words are smooth and fair;
Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
And leaves no goodness there.

He plots upon his bed
New mischiefs to fulfil;
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
To practise all that's ill.

But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear;
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

His truth transcends the sky,
In heav'n his mercies dwell;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.

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. ver. 1,—15. First part.
Common Metre.

*The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or,
The rewards of the righteous and the wicked.*

- 1 WHY should I vex my soul, and fret
To see the wicked rise?
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?
 - 2 As flow'ry grass, cut down at noon,
Before the ev'ning fader,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.
 - 3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
And practise all that's good;
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.
 - 4 I to my God my ways commit,
And chearful wait his will:
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
Shall my desires fulfil.
 - 5 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.
 - 6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches, with abundant peace,
To humble souls are giv'n.
- P A U S E
- 7 Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Though providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.
 - 8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;

The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts;
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pierce their stubborn hearts.

P S A L M XXXVII. ver. 16, 21, 26, 31.
Second part. Common Metre.

Charity to the poor; or, Religion in words and deeds.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just,
Excels the sinners' gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
But never designs to pay;
The saint is merciful, and lends,
Nor turns the poor away.

His alms, with lib'ral heart, he gives
Amongst the sons of need;
His mem'ry to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.

His lips abhor to talk profane,
To slander or defraud;
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide;
Led by the Spirit and the Word,
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;

They shall possess the promis'd land,
And dwell for ever there.

P S A L M XXXVII. ver. 23,—37. Third part.
Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will;
Though they should fall, they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 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.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feasts them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
When justice casts them down.

P A U S E.

- 5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad.
- 6 And, lo, he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 7 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend;
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

P S A L M XXXVIII. Common Metre.

*Guilt of conscience and relief; or, Repentance and
prayer for pardon and health.*

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword.

Thine arrows stick within my heart,
My flesh is sorely press'd;
Between the sorrow and the smart
My spirit finds no rest.

My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t'atone.

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
That sinks my comforts down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

Lord, I am weaken'd and dismay'd,
None of my powers are whole;
My wounds with piercing anguish bleed,
The anguish of my soul.

All my desires to thee are known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And ev'ry sigh, and ev'ry groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.

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.

My foes rejoice whene'er I slide,
To see my virtue fail;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
Whene'er their wiles prevail.

- 9 But I'll confess my guilty ways,
 And grieve for all my sin;
 I'll mourn how weak the seeds of grace,
 And beg support divine.
- 10 My God forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh,
 O Lord of my salvation haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

P S A L M XXXIX. ver. 1, 2, 3.

First part. Common Metre.

*Watchfulness over the tongue; or, Prudence and
 zeal.*

- 1 THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,
 " Now will I watch my tongue,
 " Left I let slip one sinful word,
 " Or do my neighbour wrong."
- 2 Whene'er constrain'd a while to stay
 With men of life profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
- 3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Left scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
- 4 Yet if some proper hour appear;
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinner hear
 That we can speak for God.

P S A L M XXXIX. ver. 4, 5, 6, 7.

Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man as mortal.

- 1 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.

- 2 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.
- 3 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain ;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.
- 4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 5 What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall :
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

P S A L M XXXIX. ver. 9,—13. Third part.
Common Metre.

Sick-bed devotion; or, Pleading without repining.

- 1 GOD of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel ;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.
- 2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command ;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand.
- 3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes :
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
Through thy repeated strokes.

- 4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust:
 Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
 And all our beauty's lost.
- 5 I'm but a stranger here below,
 As all my fathers were;
 May I be well prepar'd to go,
 When I thy summons hear!
- 6 But if my life be spar'd a while
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

P S A L M XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, 17. First part.
 Common Metre.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

- 1 I WAITED patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.
- 2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit,
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 How many are thy thoughts of love;
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.

- 7 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
And light and peace depart,
My God beholds my heavy woe,
And bears me on his heart.

P S A L M XL. ver. 6,—9. Second part.
Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

- 1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
" Give your burnt-offerings o'er,
" In dying goats and bullocks slain
" My soul delights no more."
2 Then spake the Saviour, "Lo, I'm here,
" My God, to do thy will;
" What's'er thy sacred books declare,
" Thy servant shall fulfil.
3 " Thy love is ever in my sight,
" I keep it near my heart;
" Mine eyes are open'd with delight
" To what thy lips impart."
4 And see! the blest'd Redeemer comes!
Th' eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed time assures
The body God prepares.
5 Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
And much his truth he shew'd,
And preach'd the way of righteousness
Where great assemblies stood.
6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart;
He pitied sinners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

P A U S E.

- 7 No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

- 8 Then was the great salvation spread,
 And Satan's kingdom shook;
 Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
 The serpent's head was broke.

P S A L M XL. ver. 5,—10. Long Metre.

Christ our sacrifice.

- 1 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 "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.
- 5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
 "'Tis in thy book foretold of me;
 "I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 "And, lo! thy law is in my heart.
- 6 "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.
- 7 "The Spirit shall descend and show
 "What thou hast done, and what I do;
 "The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
 "And all creation tune thy praise."

PSALM XLI. ver. 1, 2, 3. Long Metre.

Charity to the poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

BLESS'D is the man whose breast can move,
And melt with pity to the poor,
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has mercy too.

His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

PSALM XLII. ver. 1,—9. First part.
Common Metre.

*Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence
from public worship.*

WITH earnest longings of the mind,
My God, to thee I look;
So pants the hunted hart to find
And taste the cooling brook.

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.

Temptations vex my weary soul,
And tears are my repast;
The foe insults without controul,
“And where's your God at last?”

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
I think on ancient days;

Then to thy house did numbers go,
And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
Beneath this heavy load?

My spirit why indulge despair,
And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
Can all thy woes remove,

For I shall yet before him stand,
And sing restoring love.

P S A L M XLII. ver. 6,—11. Second part
Long Metre.

*Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, Hope in af-
fliction.*

1 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.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
The rising waves drown all my joys,
And roll tremendous o'er my head.

3 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.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
And say, " My God, my heav'nly Rock,
" Why doth thy love so long forget
" The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
Why should my soul indulge her grief?
Hope in the Lord, and praise him too;
He is my rest, my sure relief.

My God, my most exceeding joy,
Thy light and truth shall guide me still,

Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine heav'nly hill.

P S A L M XLIII. Common Metre.

Safety in divine protection.

JUDGE me, O God, and plead my cause,
Against a sinful race ;
From vile oppression and deceit
Secure me by thy grace.

Oa thee my stedfast hope depends,
And am I left to mourn ?
To sink in sorrows, and in vain
Implore thy kind return ?

Oh send thy light to guide my feet,
And bid thy truth appear,
Conduct me to thy holy hill,
To taste thy mercies there.

Then to thy altar, oh, my God,
My joyful feet shall rise,
And my triumphant songs shall praise
The God that rules the skies.

Sink not, my soul, beneath thy fear,
Nor yield to weak despair ;
For I shall live to praise the Lord,
And bless his guardian care.

P S A L M XLIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 8, 15,—26.
Common Metre.

The church's complaint in persecution.

LORD, we have heard thy works of old,
Thy works of pow'r and grace,
When to our ears our fathers told
The wonders of their days :

They saw thy beauteous churches rise,
The spreading gospel run ;
While light and glory from the skies
Through all their temples shone.

- 3 In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song.
- 4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace.
- 5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n;
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n,
- 6 Though dragons all around us roar,
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore,
Hard by the gates of death.

P A U S E.

- 7 We are expos'd all day to die,
As martyrs for thy name;
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie,
And wait the kindling flame.
- 8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we seem like men abhorr'd,
Or banish'd from thy face.
- 9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
And still neglect our cries?
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes?
- 10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound.
- 11 Redeem us from perpetual shame;
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood.

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

*The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel;
and the Gentile church.*

- MY Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine.
- Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And rise in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word.
- Strike through thy stubborn foes,
Or make their hearts obey,
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,
Attend thy glorious way.
- Thy laws, O God, are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel prove
A sceptre in thy hand.
- Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit, like a grateful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.]
- Behold, at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen,
A beauteous bride, in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.]
- Fair bride, receive his love,
Forget thy father's house;
For sake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows.
- Oh let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
Thy children shall his honour sing,
And taste the heav'nly joy.

P S A L M XLV. Common Metre.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

- 1 I'LL speak the honours of my King,
His form divinely fair :
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.
- 2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace,
Upon thy lips is shed ;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head.
- 3 Gird on thy sword, victorious prince,
Ride with majestic sway ;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.
- 4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.
- 5 Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice ;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

P S A L M XLV. First part. Long Metre.

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

- 1 NOW be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus, the Lord ; how heav'nly fair
His form ! how bright his beauties are !
- 2 O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with far superior grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.
- 3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord ;
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride,
With truth and meekness at thy side.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
But grace and justice thy delight.

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.

SALM XLV. Second part. Long Mètre.
Christ and his church; or, The mystical marriage.

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.

At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen, array'd in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robes of joy and righteousness.

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.

So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favorite of his choice;
Let him be lov'd, and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

Oh happy hour, when thou shalt rise
To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy sons (a numerous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign.

Let endless honours crown his head;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread;

While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

P S A L M XLVI. First part. Long Metre.

*The church's safety and triumph among national
desolations.*

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 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.
- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.
- 4 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God!
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.
- 5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controuls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
- 6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundation move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

P S A L M XLVI. Second part. Long Metre.

God fights for his church.

- 1 LET Zion in her King rejoice,
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
 And Jacob's God is still our aid;
 Behold the works his hands has wrought,
 What desolations he has made.
 From sea to sea, through all the shores
 He makes the noise of battle cease;
 When from on high his thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace,
 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
 Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
 Let earth in silent wonder hear
 The sound and glory of his name.
 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
 "I reign exalted o'er the lands;
 "I will be known and fear'd abroad,
 "But still my throne in Zion stands."

O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing,
 Nor fear the raging pow'rs of hell.

P S A L M XLVII. Common Metre.

Christ ascending and reigning.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sov'reign King!
 Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
 And hymns of triumph sing.
 Jesus, our God, ascends on high,
 His heav'nly guards around
 Attend him, rising through the sky,
 With trumpet's joyful sound.
 While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honours sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.
 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge guide the song;

- Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 5 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
- 6 The Gentile nations are the Lord's,
There Abrah'm's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

P S A L M XLVIII. ver. 1,—3. First part.
Short Metre.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

- [1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]
- 3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone,
How fair his heav'nly grace!
- 4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.
- 5 When navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas
- 6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,

How well our God secures the fold
Where his own flocks have been.

In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
Recal to mind his wond'rous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

S A L M XLVIII. ver. 10,—14. Second part.
Short Metre.

*the beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and
order.*

FAR as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

With joy thy people stand
On Zion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell,
Compass and view thine holy ground,
And mark the building well.

The orders of thy house,
Thy worship of thy court,
The chearful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

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

P S A L M XLIX. ver. 6,—14. First part.
Common Metre.

Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches.

1 WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide?

[2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
Made of the self-same clay,
And boast as though his flesh were born
Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live.

[4 Eternal life can ne'er be sold,
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold,
That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
The timorous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,
“ My house shall ever stand;
“ And that my name may long abide
“ I'll give it to my land.”

[7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
How soon his mem'ry dies!
His name is buried in the dust,
Where his own body lies.]

P A U S E.

8 This is the folly of their way!
And yet their sons, as vain,
Approve the words their fathers say,
And act their works again.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 Though honour raise them high,
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
 And like the beast they die.

O Laid in the grave, like silly sheep,
 Death triumphs o'er them there,
 Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep,
 And wakes them in despair.]

PSALM XLIX. ver. 14, 15. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Death and the resurrection.

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.

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?

God will my naked soul receive,
 Call'd from the world away,
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my mould'ring clay.

Heav'n 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.

Of a rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

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!

They can't redeem an hour from death
 With all the wealth in which they trust;

- Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.
- 3 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.
- 4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 And leaves his glories in the tomb :
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And hear the oppressor's awful doom.
- 5 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.
- 6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
 And raise me from my dark abode ;
 My flesh and soul shall part no more,
 But dwell for ever near my God.

P S A L M L. ver. 1,—6. First part.
 Common Metre.

The last judgment ; or, The saints rewarded.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, before his throne
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.
- 2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 " Judgment will ne'er begin ;"
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.
- 3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way,
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.
- 4 Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,

And earth and hell shall know, and fear
His justice and their doom.

“ 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.
“ Their faith and works, brought forth to light,
“ Shall make the world confess
“ My sentence of reward is right,
“ And heav’n adore my grace.”

P S A L M L. ver. 10, 11, 14, 15, 23.
Second part Common Metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, “ The spacious fields,
“ And flocks and herds, are mine;
“ O’er all the cattle of the hills
“ I claim a right divine.

“ I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
“ Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
“ To hope and love, to pray and praise,
“ Is all that I require.

“ Invoke my name when trouble’s near,
“ My hand shall set thee free;
“ Then shall thy thankful lips declare
“ The honour due to me.

“ The man that offers humble praise,
“ Declares my glory best:
“ And those that tread my holy ways
“ Shall my salvation taste.

P S A L M L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22.
Third part. Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend,
And saints surround their Lord,
He calls the nations to attend,
And hear his awful word.

- 2 " Not for the want of bullocks slain,
 " Will I the world reprove ;
 " Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain
 " Without the fire of love.
- 3 " And what have hypocrites to do
 " To bring their sacrifice ?
 " They call my statutes just and true,
 " But deal in theft and lies.
- 4 " Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 " And sin without controul ?
 " But I shall bring your crimes to light
 " With anguish in your soul."
- 5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear ;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

P S A L M L. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

- 1 THE Lord, the Judge, his churches warns
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.
- 2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name,
 With lips of falsehood and deceit ;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And soothe and flatter those they hate.
- 3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face ;
 They take his covenant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.
- 4 To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood ;
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.
- 5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure, and sin the more ;

They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.
 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise.

P. S A L M L. To a new tune.

The last judgment.

THE Lord, the Sov'reign, sends his summons
 forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sov'reign 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!
 Behold, the Judge descends; his guards are nigh,
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky.
 Heav'n, earth, and hell draw near; let all
 things come
 To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:
 'But gather first my saints,' the Judge com-
 mands, [lands.
 'Bring them, ye angels, from their distant
 Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
 Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
 And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
 That paid the ancient worship, or the new,
 There's no distinction here; prepare their
 thrones,
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.
 , their almighty Saviour, and their God,
 am their Judge: ye heav'ns proclaim abroad
 My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear;
 sinners in Zion, tremble, and retire;
 doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

- 5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain,
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
Without the flames of love; in vain the stone
Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where
they feed.
- 6 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or taste the victim's blood
Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chat'rings, and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?
- 7 Unthinking wretch! how could'st thou 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 adult'ers are thy chosen friend
- 8 Silent, I waited with long-suff'ring love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin
Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.
- 9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful world
amend,
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near

P S A L M I.. To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

- 1 THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north

From east to west the sov'reign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead.
*be 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,
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.
*Then God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all
things come
To hear my justice, and the sinner's doom:
But gather first my saints, the Judge commands,
Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.
*Then Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.*

Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood, [Jew,
And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the
That paid the ancient worship, or the new.
*There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for Heav'n rejoices.*

Here, faith the Lord, ye angels spread their
thrones,
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons;
Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd
Ere time began, 'tis your divine reward.
*Then Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.*

P A U S E the first.

I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God, [broad
The sov'reign Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim a-
My just eternal sentence, and declare
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear.
*Then God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.*

7 Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane
Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'ning
vain;

Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saint's attire
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven rejoice.
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voice.*

8 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 off'ring, that were mine before.

*Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him*

9 If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst? or drink thy bullock's blood?
Mine are the tamer beasts, and savage breeds
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*

10 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'ring, and fantastic vows
Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

PAUSE the second. [plea

11 Unthinking wretch! how could thou hope
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these:

While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong

*Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoice
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voice*

12 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends

While the false flatterer at mine altar waits
His harden'd soul divine instruction hares.

*God is the judge of hearts, no fair disguises
Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.*

13 Silent I waited, with long-sust'ring love,
But did'st thou hope that I should ne'er reprove;
And cherish such an impious thought within,
That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?

*See, God appears; all nations join t' adore him;
Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.*

14 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 deliv'rer near.

*Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.*

E P I P H O N E M A.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your sinful works
amend;

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend.

*Then join, ye saints; wake every cheerful passion;
When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.*

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

A penitent pleading for pardon.

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?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass

The pow'r and glory of thy grace:

Great God, thy nature hath no bound,

So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,

And make my guilty conscience clean;

Here, on my heart, the burden lies,

And past offences pain mine eyes.

- 4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
- 5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death:
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
- 6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

P S A L M LI. Second part. Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

- 1 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.
- 2 Soon as we drew our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grew up for death;
The law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part.
- [3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true:
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.]
- 4 Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean;
The leprosy lies deep within.
- 5 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.
- 6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;

Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh, nor soul, hath rest or ease;
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken heart rejoice.

P S A L M LI. Third part. Long Metre.

*The backslider restored; or, Repentance and faith
in the blood of Christ.*

- 1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;

I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

- 8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

P S A L M - LI. ver. 3;—13. First part.
Common Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

- 1 LORD, I would spread my sore distreis
And guilt before thine eyes;
Against thy laws, against thy grace,
How high my crimes arise!
- 2 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.
- 3 I from the flock of Adam came
Unbless'd and unclean;
All my original is shame,
And all my nature sin.
- 4 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.
- 5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
With thy forgiving love;
O make my broken spirit whole,
And bid my pains remove.
- 6 Let not thy Spirit e'er depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace.
- 7 Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men;

Backsliders shall address thy throne,
And turn to God again.

P S A L M LI. ver. 14,—17. Second part.
Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

O GOD of mercy, hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

No blood of goats, nor heifer slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise:
A humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

P S A L M LII. Common Metre.

The disappointment of the wicked.

WHY should the mighty make their boast,
And heav'nly grace despise?
In their own arm they put their trust,
And fill their mouth with lies.

But God in vengeance shall destroy,
And drive them from his face;
No more shall they his church annoy,
Nor find on earth a place.

But like a cultur'd olive grove,
Dress'd in immortal green,
Thy children blooming in thy love,
Amid thy courts are seen.

- 4 On thine eternal grace, O Lord,
Thy saints shall rest secure,
And all who trust thy holy word,
Shall find salvation sure.

P S A L M LII. Long Metre.

The folly of self-dependence.

- 1 **W**HY should the haughty hero boast,
His vengeful arm, his warlike host?
While blood defiles his cruel hand,
And desolation wastes the land.
- 2 He joys to hear the captive's cry,
The widow's groan, the orphan's sigh;
And when the wearied sword would spare,
His falsehood spreads the fatal snare.
- 3 He triumphs in the deeds of wrong,
And arms with rage his impious tongue;
With pride proclaims his dreadful power,
And bids the trembling world adore.
- 4 But God beholds, and with a frown,
Casts to the dust his honours down;
The righteous freed, their hopes recall,
And hail the proud oppressors fall.
- 5 How low th' insulting tyrant lies,
Who dar'd th' eternal power despise;
And vainly deem'd, with envious joy,
His arm almighty to destroy.
- 6 We praise thee, Lord, who heard our cries,
And sent salvation from the skies;
The saints who saw our mournful days,
Shall join our grateful songs of praise.

P S A L M LIII. ver. 4,—6. Common Metre

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

- 1 **A**RE all the foes of Zion fools,
Who thus destroy her saints?
Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

- 2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's avenging arm
Shall crush the hand that dares arise
To do his children harm.
- 3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array;
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.
- 4 O for a word from Zion's King,
Her captives to restore!
Thy joyful saints thy praise shall sing,
And Israel weep no more.

P S A L M LIV. Common Metre.

- 1 BEHOLD us, Lord, and let our cry
Before thy throne ascend,
Cast thou on us a pitying eye,
And still our lives defend.
- 2 For slaughtering foes insult us round,
Oppressive, proud, and vain;
They cast thy temples to the ground,
And all our rites profane.
- 3 Yet thy forgiving grace we trust,
And in thy power rejoice;
Thine arm shall crush our foes to dust,
Thy praise inspire our voice.
- 4 Be thou with those whose friendly hand
Upheld us in distress,
Extend thy truth through every land,
And still thy people bless.

P S A L M LV. ver. 1,—3, 16, 17, 18, 22.
Common Metre.*Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

- 1 O GOD, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

- 2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
To shake my hope in God.
- 3 What inward pains my heart-strings wound,
I groan with ev'ry breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.
- 4 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.
- 5 Let me to some wild desert go,
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.
- 6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all,
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God, on whom I call,
Can save me here as well.

P A U S E.

- 7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.
- 8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.
- 9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
The Lord sustains them all;
My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.
- 10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

SALM L.V. ver. 15, 16, 17, 19, 22. Short Metre.

LET sinners take their course,
And chuse the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay my vows at night.

Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise
Beneath thine angry rod.

Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.

But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love;
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly pow'r can move.

P S A L M LVI. Common Metre.

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or,
God's care of his people, in answer to faith and
prayer.*

O THOU, whose justice reigns on high,
And makes th' oppression cease,
Behold how envious sinners try
To vex and break my peace.

The sons of violence and lies
Join to devour me, Lord;

But as my hourly dangers rise,
My refuge is thy word.

3 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.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
For mischief all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand?
Oh cast the haughty sinner down,
And let him know thy hand!

P A U S E.

6 God sees the sorrows of his saints,
Their groans affect his ears:
Thy mercy counts my just complaints,
And numbers all my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee:
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word!
"How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
O set thy prisoner free,
That heart and hand, and life and breath,
May be employ'd for thee.

P S A L M LVII. Long Metre.

Praise for protection; grace and truth.

MY God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform;
 He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy name;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
 Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

P S A L M LVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause?
 When vile oppression wastes the land,
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hand?
 Have ye forgot, or never knew
 That God will judge the judges too?

- High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
 Yet you invade the rights of God;
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.
- 3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds;
 You hear no councils, cries, or tears;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears!
 Against the power of charming sounds.
- 4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
 And crush the serpents in the dust.
 As empty chaff, when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.
- 5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run;
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time,
 Vain births that never see the sun.
- 6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
 Safety and joy to saints afford;
 And all that hear shall join and say,
 "Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 A God that hears his children cry,
 And will their sufferings well repay."

P S A L M LIX. Short Metre.

Prayer for national deliverance.

- 1 FROM foes that round us rise,
 O God of heav'n defend,
 Who brave the vengeance of the skies,
 And with thy saints contend.
- 2 Behold, from distant shores
 And desert wilds they come,

Combine for blood their barb'rous force,
And through thy cities roam.

Beneath the silent shade
Their secret plots they lay,
Our peaceful walls by night invade,
And waste the fields by day.

And will the God of grace,
Regardless of our pain,
Permit, secure, that impious race
To riot in their reign?

In vain their secret guile
Or open force they prove;
His eye can pierce the deepest veil,
His hand their strength remove.

Yet save them, Lord, from death;
Lest we forget their doom;
But drive them, with thine angry breath,
Through distant lands to roam.

Then shall our grateful voice
Proclaim our guardian God;
The nations round the earth rejoice,
And sound thy praise abroad.

P S A L M LX. Common Metre.

Looking to God in the distress of war.

LORD, thou hast scourg'd our guilty land,
Behold thy people mourn;
Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand,
And mercy ne'er return?

Beneath the terrors of thine eye
Earth's haughty tow'rs decay;
Thy frowning mantle spreads the sky,
And mortals melt away.

Our Zion trembles at thy stroke,
And dreads thy lifted hand!
Oh, heal the people thou hast broke,
And save the sinking land.

- 4 Exalt thy banner in the field,
For those that fear thy name ;
From barb'rous hosts our nation shield,
And put our foes to shame.
- 5 Attend our armies to the fight,
And be their guardian God ;
In vain shall numerous pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.
- 6 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,
Shall gain a glad renown :
'Tis God who makes the feeble stand,
And treads the mighty down.

P S A L M LXI. ver. 1,—6, Short Metre

Safety in God.

- 1 **WHEN** overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.
- 2 Oh lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.
- 3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide ;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.
- 4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name ;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

P S A L M LXII. ver. 5,—12. Long Metre

*No trust in the creatures ; or, Faith in divine
grace and power.*

- 1 **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.

- 2 Trust him, ye faints, in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.
- 4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,
And not believe what God has spoke.
- 5 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.
- 6 For sov'reign pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a partner of the throne:
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our last reward.

P S A L M LXIII. ver. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First part.
Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims, on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.
- 3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;

My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
That vision so divine.

- 4 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.
- 5 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
- 6 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.

P S A L M I.XIII. ver. 6,—10. Second part.
Common Metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

- 1 'TWAS in the watches of the night
I thought upon thy power,
I kept thy lovely face in sight
Amidst the darkest hour.
- 2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
My soul arose on high;
“ My God, my life, my hope,” I said,
“ Bring thy salvation nigh.”
- 3 My spirit labors up thine hill,
And climbs the heav'nly road;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God.
- 4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shadow of thy wings;
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.
- 5 But the destroyers of my peace
Shall fret and rage in vain;

The tempter shall for ever cease,
And all my sins be slain.

- 6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or in the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXIII. Long Metre.

*Longing after God; or, The love of God better
than life.*

- 1 **G**REAT 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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 sov'reign grace.
- 5 Not fruits or wines, that tempt our taste,
No pleasures that to sense belong
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise so high my cheerful song.
- 6 My life itself without thy love
No taste or pleasure could afford;
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from the Lord.
- 7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,

One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

- 8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And bless the remnant of my days.

P S A L M LXIII. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

- 1 MY God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore :
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for waters more.
- 3 Within thy churches, Lord,
I long to find my place,
Thy power and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.
- 4 For life without thy love
No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not the rich dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.
- 6 In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.
- 7 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

- 3 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

PSALM LXIV. Long Metre.

- 1 **G**REAT God, attend to my complaint,
 Nor let my drooping spirit faint ;
 When foes in secret spread the snare,
 Let my salvation be thy care.
- 2 Shield me without, and guard within,
 From treach'rous foes and deadly sin ;
 May envy, lust, and pride depart,
 And heav'nly grace expand my heart.
- 3 Thy justice and thy power display,
 And scatter far thy foes away ;
 While list'ning nations learn thy word,
 And saints triumphant bless the Lord.
- 4 Then shall thy church exalt her voice,
 And all that love thy name rejoice ;
 By faith approach thine awful throne,
 And plead the merits of thy Son.

PSALM LXV. ver. 1,—5. First part.
 Long Metre.

Public prayer and praise.

- 1 **T**HE praise of Zion waits for thee,
 My God ; and praise becomes thine house ;
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform their public vows.
- 2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies,
 To save when humble sinners pray,
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
 And every yielding heart obey.
- 3 Against ~~my~~ will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away the stain ;
 The blood of Christ will never fail
 To wash my garments white again. W

- 4 Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt choose,
 And give him kind access to thee;
 Give him a place within thy house,
 To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE

- 5 Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
 Babel, prepare for long distress,
 When Zion's God himself arrays
 In terror and in righteousness.
- 6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
 What his afflicted saints request;
 And with almighty wrath reveals
 His love, to give his churches rest.
- 7 Then shall the flocking nations run
 To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall see the Saviour's name ador'd.

PSALM LXV. ver. 5,—13. Second part.
 Long Metre.

*Divine Providence in air, earth, and sea; or,
 The God of nature and grace.*

- 1 THE God of our salvation hears
 The groans of Zion, mix'd with tears;
 Yet when he comes with kind designs,
 Through all the way his terror shines.
- 2 On him the race of man depends,
 Far as the earth's remotest ends,
 Where the Creator's name is known
 By nature's feeble light alone.
- 3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
 Address their frighted souls to God,
 When tempests rage, and billows roar,
 At dreadful distance from the shore.
- 4 He bids the noisy tempests cease;
 He calms the raging crowd to peace,
 When a tumultuous nation raves,
 Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

- 5 Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form ;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.
- 6 Behold, his ensigns sweep the sky,
Now comets blaze, and light'nings fly ;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
- 7 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.
- 8 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice,
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd in flowers.
- 9 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
He gives the thirsty ground supply :
He walks upon the clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching drops dispense.
- 10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;
The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
- 11 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.
- 12 Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine ;
O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine,
Through ev'ry month thy gifts appear ;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXV. First part. Long Metre.
A prayer-hearing God ; and the Gentiles called.

- 1 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.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
But pard'ning grace is thine,
And thou wilt grant us power and skill
To conquer ev'ry sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt chuse
To bring them near thy face,
Give them a dwelling in thine house,
To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answ'ring what thy church requests,
Thy truth and terror shine,
And works of dreadful righteousness
Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
The Lord is good and just;
And distant islands fly to thee.
And make thy name their trust.

6 They dread thy glitt'ring tokens, Lord,
When signs in heav'n 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 blessings of rain.*

1 'TIS by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
Successive comforts bring:
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;

When clouds distil in fruitful flowers,
The author is divine.

- 4 Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
Borne by the winds around,
Whose wat'ry treasures well supply
The furrows of the ground.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

P S A L M LXV. Third part. Common Metre.
The blessings of the spring; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the Husbandman.

- 1 GOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.
- 2 The clouds, like rivers, rais'd on high,
Pour out at his command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.
- 3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring;
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.
- 4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs;
The meadows, dress'd in beauteous pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.
- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
Promise a joyful crop;
The parched grounds look green again,
And raise the reapers' hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
How bounteous are thy ways! R

The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM LXVI. First part. Common Metre.

*Governing power and goodness; or, Our grace
tried by affliction.*

- 1 SING, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honours and your joys.
- 2 Say to the Pow'r that form'd the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
"Sinners before thy pre'ence fly,
"Or at thy feet they bow."
- 3 Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways?
In Moses' hand he put the rod,
And clave the frightened seas.
- 4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isra'l pass'd the flood;
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]
- 5 He rules by his resistless might;
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?
- 6 O bless our God, and never cease
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.
- 7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;
So silver bears the burning coals,
The metal to refine.
- 8 Through wat'ry deeps and fiery ways
We march at thy command,

Led to possess the promis'd place
By thine unerring hand.

P S A L M LXVI. ver. 13,—20. Second part.
Common Metre.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

- 1 NOW shall my solemn vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
That heard the long requests I made
In my distressful hour.
- 2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
To make his mercies known;
Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
The wonders he has done.
- 3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
I sought the heav'nly aid;
He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
And death's eternal shade.
- 4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart
While pray'r employ'd my tongue,
The Lord had shewn me no regard,
Nor I his praises sung.
- 5 But God (his name be ever blest'd !)
Has set my spirit free,
Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
Nor turn'd his heart from me.

P S A L M LXVII. Common Metre.

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

- 1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace :
Reveal thy pow'r through all our coasts,
And shew thy smiling face.
- [2 Amidst our realm, exalted high
Do thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround the fav'rite land.]

- 3 When shall thy name from shore to shore
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God?
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud, with solemn voice;
 Let every tongue exalt his praise,
 And every heart rejoice.
- 5 He, the great Lord, the sov'reign Judge,
 That sits enthron'd above,
 In wisdom rules the worlds he made
 And bids them taste his love.
- 6 Earth shall obey his high command,
 And yield a full increase;
 Our God will crown his chosen land
 With fruitfulness and peace.
- 7 God the Redeemer scatters round
 His choicest favours here,
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM LXVIII. First part. ver. 1,—6, 32,—35.
 Long Metre.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

- 1 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.
- [2 He comes, array'd in burning flames;
 Justice and Vengeance are his names:
 Behold, his fainting foes expire,
 Like melting wax before the fire.]
- 3 He rides and thunders through the sky;
 His name JEHOVAH sounds on high:
 Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;
 Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

- 4 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.
- 5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
 And pris'ners see the light again ;
 But rebels, that dispute his will,
 Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

P A U S E.

- 6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong ;
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song ;
 His wond'rous names and pow'rs rehearse,
 His honours shall enrich your verse.
- 7 He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms ;
 How terrible is God in arms !
 In Isra'l are his mercies known,
 Isra'l is his peculiar throne.
- 8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest'd ;
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest :
 When terrors rise, and nations faint,
 God is the strength of ev'ry faint.

P S A L M LXVIII. ver. 17, 18. Second part.
 Long Metre.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

- 1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky ;
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there,
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.
- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains, like captives, led.

- 4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

P S A L M LXVIII. ver. 19, 9, 20, 21, 22.

Third part. Long Metre.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, Common and special mercies.

- 1 WE bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with heav'nly food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.
- 2 He sends his sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.
- 3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.
- 4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide diff'rence that remains
Is endless joy or endless pains.
- 5 The Lord, that bruís'd the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread,
The stubborn sinner's heart confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.
- 6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his court above,
There shall they taste his special love.

P S A L M LXIX. ver. 1,—14. First part.

Common Metre.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 1 "SAVE me, O God, the swelling floods,
"Break in upon my soul:

“ I sink; and sorrows o’er my head,
“ Like mighty waters, roll.

2 “ I cry ’till all my voice be gone,
“ In tears I waste the day;
“ My God, behold my longing eyes,
“ And shorten thy delay.

3 “ They hate my soul without a cause,
“ And still their number grows;
“ More than the hairs around my head,
“ And mighty are my foes.

4 “ ’Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
“ That men could never pay,
“ And gave those honours to thy law
“ Which sinners took away.”

5 Thus, in the great Messiah’s name,
The royal prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,
And gives us joy by turns.

6 “ Now shall the saints rejoice, and find
“ Salvation in my name;
“ For I have borne their heavy load
“ Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

7 “ Grief, like a garment, cloth’d me round,
“ And sackcloth was my dress,
“ While I procur’d for naked souls
“ A robe of righteousness.

8 “ Amongst my brethren, and the Jews,
“ I like a stranger stood,
“ And bore their vile reproach, to bring
“ The Gentiles near to God.

9 “ I came, in sinful mortals’ stead,
“ To do my Father’s will;
“ Yet, when I cleans’d my Father’s house,
“ They scandaliz’d my zeal.

10 “ My fastings and my holy groans
“ Were made the drunkard’s song;

- “ But God, from his celestial throne,
 “ Heard my complaining tongue.
- 11 “ He sav’d me from the dreadful deep,
 “ Where fears beset me round;
 “ He rais’d and fix’d my sinking feet,
 “ On well establish’d ground.
- 12 “ ’Twas in a most accepted hour
 “ My pray’r arose on high,
 “ And, for my sake, my God shall hear
 “ The dying sinner’s cry.”

P S A L M LXIX. ver. 14,—21, 26, 29, 32.
 Second part. Common Metre.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

- 1 **N**OW let our lips, with holy fear,
 And mournful pleasure, sing
 The suff’rings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.
- 2 He sinks in floods of deep distress;
 How high the waters rise! .
 While to his heav’nly Father’s ear
 He sends perpetual cries.
- 3 “ Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 “ Nor hide thy shining face;
 “ Why should thy fav’rite look like one
 “ Forsaken of thy grace?
 With rage they persecute the man
 “ That groans beneath thy wound,
 While for a sacrifice I pour,
 “ My life upon the ground.
 They tread my honour to the dust,
 “ And laugh when I complain;
 Their sharp insulting slanders add
 “ Fresh anguish to my pain.
 All my reproach is known to thee,
 “ The scandal and the shame;

- " Reproach hath broke my bleeding heart,
 " And lies defil'd my name.
 7 " I look'd for pity, but in vain;
 " My kindred are my grief;
 " I ask my friends for comfort round,
 " But meet with no relief.
 " With vinegar they mock my thirst,
 " They give me gall for food;
 " And, sporting with my dying groans,
 " They triumph in my blood.
 " Shine into my distressed soul,
 " Let thy compassion save;
 " And though my flesh sink down to death,
 " Redeem it from the grave.
 10 " I shall arise to praise thy name,
 " Shall reign in worlds unknown,
 " And thy salvation, O my God,
 " Shall seat me on thy throne."

P S A L M LXIX. Third part. Common Metre.

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

- 1 FATHER, I sing thy wond'rous grace,
 I bless my Saviour's name,
 He brought salvation for the poor,
 And bore the sinner's shame.
 2 His deep distress has rais'd us high,
 His duty and his zeal
 Fulfill'd the law which mortals broke,
 And finish'd all thy will.
 3 His dying groans, his living songs,
 Shall better please my God,
 Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,
 Than goat's or bullock's blood.
 4 This shall his humble foll'wers see,
 And set their hearts at rest;

- They by his death draw near to thee,
And live for ever blest'd.
- 5 Let heav'n, and all that dwell on high,
To God their voices raise,
While lands and seas assist the sky,
And join t' advance his praise.
- 6 Zion is thine, most holy God;
Thy Son shall bless her gates;
And glory, purchas'd by his blood,
For thine own Isra'el waits.

P S A L M LXIX. First part. Long Metre.

Christ's passion, and sinner's salvation.

- 1 DEEP in our hearts let us record
The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
Behold, the rising billows roll,
To overwhelm his holy soul!
- 2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
While hosts of hell, and pow'rs of death,
And all the sons of malice join
To execute their curs'd design.
- 3 Yet, gracious God, thy pow'r and love
Has made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Aton'd for crimes which we have done.
- 4 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.
- 5 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. ver. 7, &c. Second part. Long Met.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

- 1 'T WAS for our sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustain'd that heavy load

Of base reproach, and sore disgrace,
While shame defil'd his sacred face.

- 2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abus'd the Man that check'd their sin;
While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

- [3 " My Father's house, said he, was made
" A place for worship, not for trade;"
Then, scatt'ring all their gold and brags,
He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

- [4 Zeal for the temple of his God
Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, he mourn'd them as his own.]

- [5 His friends forsook, his followers fled,
While foes and arms surround his head;
They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

- [6 His life they load with hateful lies,
And charge his lips with blasphemies;
They nail him to the shameful tree:
There hung the Man that died for me]

- 7 But God beheld, and, from his throne,
Marks out the men that hates his Son;
The hand that rais'd him from the dead,
Shall pour the veng'ance on their head.

P S A L M LXX. Common Metre,

Protection against personal enemies.

- 1 IN haste, O God, attend my call,
Nor hear my cries in vain;
O let thy speed prevent my fall,
And still my hope sustain.

- 2 When foes insidious wound my name,
And tempt my soul affray,
Then let them fall, with lasting shame,
To their own plots a prey.

- 3 While all that love thy name rejoice,
 And glory in thy word,
 In thy salvation raise their voice,
 And magnify the Lord.
- 4 O thou my help in time of need,
 Behold my sore dismay;
 In pity hasten to my aid,
 Nor let thy grace de'ay

P S A L M LXXI. ver. 5—9. First part.
 Common Metre.

The aged saints reflection and hope.

- 1 MY God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth;
 Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strength'ned all my youth.
- 2 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.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated ev'ry year;
 Behold, my days that yet remain
 I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise;
 And round me let thy glory shine,
 Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in ev'ry page,
 In ev'ry line thy praise.

P S A L M LXXI. ver. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24—
 Second part. Common Metre.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

- 1 MY Saviour, my almighty Friend,
 When I begin thy praise,

Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road,
And march with courage, in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

4 When I am fill'd with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
The vict'ries of my King!
My soul, redeem'd from death and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

[6 My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And sav'd me by his blood.]

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful pow'rs;
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

P S A L M LXXI. ver. 17.—21. Third part.
Common Metre.

*The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, Old age,
death, and the resurrection.*

1 GOD of my childhood, and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?

Who shall sustain my sinking years
If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
Before the rising age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

4 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.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has press'd me fore,
Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign power to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These w ther'd limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

P S A L M LXXII. First part. Long Metre.

The kingdom of Christ.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
All heav'n submits to his commands;

His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads the oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dress'd 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. Long Metre.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

[2 Behold the nations with their kings;
There Europe her best tribute brings;
From north to south the princes meet
To pay their homage at his feet.

3 There Persia, glorious to behold,
And India shines in eastern gold;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.]

4 For him shall endless pray'r be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With ev'ry morning sacrifice.

- 5 People and realms of ev'ry tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 6 Blessings abounds where'er he reigns,
The joyful pris'ner bars his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- [7 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.
- 8 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King:
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeats the loud Amen.]

P S A L M LXXIII. First part. Long Metre.

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

- 1 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.
- 2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleatant and profane they live;
"How peaceful is their death!
- 3 "With well fed flesh and haughty eyes
"They lay their fears to sleep;
"Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,
"While saints in silence weep.
- 4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
"And cleanse my heart in vain;
"For I am chasten'd all the day,
"The night renews my pain."
- 5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
I feel my heart reprove,

“ Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
 “ And grieve the men I love.”

But still I found my doubts too hard,
 The conflict too severe,
 ’Till I retired to search thy word,
 And learn thy secrets there.

There, as in some prophetic glass,
 I saw the sinner sit
 High mounted on a slipp’ry place,
 Beside a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boast,
 ’Till at thy frown he fell;
 His honours in a dream were lost,
 And he awakes in hell.

Lord, what an envious fool I was!
 How like a thoughtless beast!
 Thus to suspect thy promis’d grace,
 And think the wicked blest.

o Yet I was kept from full despair,
 Upheld by pow’r unknown;
 That blessed hand that broke the snare
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

PSALM LXXIII. ver. 23,—28, Second part.
 Common Metre.

God our portion here and hereafter.

GOD, my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.

Thy councils, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Through life’s bewilder’d race;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
 To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heav’n without my God,
 ’Twould be no joy to me;

And whilst this earth is my abode,
I long for none but thee.

- 4 What if the springs of life should break,
And flesh and heart should faint,
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.
- 5 Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die ;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.
- 6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

P S A L M LXXIII. ver. 22, 3, 6, 17,—20.

Long Metre.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

- 1 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.
- 2 But, oh, their end, their dreadful end !
Thy sanctuary taught me so :
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.
- 3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
I'll never envy them again ;
There they may stand with haughty eyes,
'Till they plunge deep in endless pain.
- 4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee !
Like dreams, as fleeting and as vain ;
Their songs of softest harmony,
Are but a prelude to their pain.
- 5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood ;

Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

P S A L M LXXIII. Short Metre.

The mystery of Providence unfolded.

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is religion vain;
Though men of vice may boast aloud,
And men of grace complain.

I saw the wicked rise,
And felt my heart repine,
While haughty fools with scornful eyes
In robes of honour shine.

Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Through all their life oppression reigns,
And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulg'd my doubts to rise;
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumult of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
'Till to thine house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word, with light and power,
Did my mistake amend;
I view'd the sinners life before,
But here I learn'd their end.

- 9 On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And, oh! that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!
- 10 Lord at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine:
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

P S A L M LXXIV. Common Metre.

The church pleading with God under sore persecution.

- 1 WILL God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?
- 2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought;
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.
- 3 Lift up thy feet, and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.
- 4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang,
Thy foes profanely rage;
Amidst thy gates their ensigns hang,
And there their hosts engage.
- 5 How are the seats of worship broke?
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke
Procures the chief renown.
- 6 With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their rest;
"Come let us burn at once" (they cry)
"The temple and the priest."

And still, to heighten our distress,
Thy presence is withdrawn;
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
Thy pow'r and grace are gone.
No prophet speaks to calm our grief,
But all in silence mourn;
Nor know the times of our relief,
The hour of thy return.

P A U S E.

How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme;
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame.

Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thy holy name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thy hand?

What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown,
In ages long before?
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

Hath not thy pow'r form'd ev'ry coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme!
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd name.

- 16 Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy trembling dove.
- 17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thine own cause, almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

P S A L M LXXV. Long Metre.

Praise to God for the return of peace.

- 1 TO thee, most high and holy God,
To thee our thankful hearts we raise;
Thy works declare thy name abroad,
Thy wondrous works demand our praise.
- 2 To slav'ry doom'd, thy chosen sons
Behold their foes triumphant rise;
And, sore oppress'd by earthly thrones,
They sought the Sov'reign of the skies.
- 3 'Twas then, great God, with equal power
Arose thy vengeance and thy grace,
To scourge their legions from the shore,
And save the remnant of thy race.
- 4 Thy hand, that form'd the restless main,
And rear'd the mountain's awful head,
Bade raging seas their course restrain,
And desert wilds receive their dead.
- 5 Such wonders never come by chance,
Nor can the winds such blessings blow;
'Tis God, the judge, doth once advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.
- 6 Let haughty tyrants sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head,
But lay their impious thoughts aside,
And own the empire God hath made.

P S A L M LXXVI. Common Metre.

Israel saved and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

IN Judah God of old was known;
His name in Israel great;
In Salem stood his holy throne,
And Zion was his seat.

Among the praises of his saints,
His dwelling there he chose;
There he receiv'd their just complaints
Against their haughty foes.

From Zion went his dreadful word,
And broke that threat'ning spear;
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
But mighty hills of prey!
The hill on which JEHOVAH dwells
Is glorious more than they.

'Twas Zion's King that stopp'd the breath
Of captains and their bands;
The men of might sleep fast in death,
That quell's their warlike hands.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Both horse and chariot fell:
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
Thy vengeance who can tell?

What pow'r can stand before thy sight
When once thy wrath appears?
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
The earth adores and fears.

When God in his own sov'reign ways,
Comes down to save th' oppress'd,
The wrath of man shall work his praise,
And he'll restrain the rest.

[9 Vows to the Lord, and tribute bring;
 Ye princes, fear his frown;
 His terrors shake the proudest king,
 And smite his armies down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
 Our haughty foes shall feel;
 For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
 But dwells in Zion still.]

PSALM LXXVII. First part. Common Met
Melancholy assau'ting, and hope prevailling.

1 TO God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad hour, when trouble rose,
 And fill'd my heart with fear.

2 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.

3 Still I complain'd, and still oppress'd,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 'Till I could speak no more;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.

6 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?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
 His promise ever fail?

Has he forgot his tender love?

Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought,

This dark, despairing frame,

Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought ;

Thy hand is still the same.

I'll think again of all thy ways,

And talk thy wonders o'er,

Thy wonders of recov'ring grace,

When flesh could hope no more.

Grace dwelt with justice on the throne ;

And men that love thy word

Have in thy sanctuary known

The counsels of the Lord.

P S A L M LXXVII. Second part. Common Metre.

Comfort derived from ancient providence ; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

“ **H**OW awful is thy chast'ning rod?”

(May thy own children say ;)

“ The great, the wise, the dreadful God !

“ How holy is his way !”

I'll meditate his works of old,

Who reigns in heav'n above ;

I'll hear his ancient wonders told,

And learn to trust his love.

He saw the house of Joseph ly

With Egypt's yoke oppress'd ;

Long he delay'd to hear their cry ;

Nor gave his people rest.

The sons of pious Jacob seem'd

Abandon'd to their foes ;

But his almighty arm redeem'd

The nation whom he chose.

From slavish chains he sets them free,

They follow where he calls ;

- He bade them venture through the sea,
And made the waves their walls.
- 6 The waters saw thee, mighty God,
The waters saw thee come;
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
To make thine armies room.
- 7 Strange was thy journey through the sea,
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
Terrors attend the wond'rous way
That brings thy mercies down.
- [8 Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
Through clouds and darkness broke;
All heav'n in lightning shone around,
And earth with thunder shook.
- 9 Thine arrows through the skies were hurl'd;
How glorious is the Lord!
Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
And all his saints ador'd.
- 10 He gave them water from the rock;
And, safe by Moses' hand,
(Through a dry desert led his flock
To Canaan's promis'd land.]

PSALM LXXVIII. First part. Common Metre.
*Providence of God recorded; or, Pious education
and instruction of children.*

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known;
His works of pow'r and grace:
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;

That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

- 4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

PSALM LXXVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

*Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, The sins
and chastisements of God's people.*

- 1 O WHAT a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace!
- 2 They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His pow'r before their eyes!
- 3 They saw the plagues on Egypt 'light
From his avenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!
- 4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And march'd with safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
'Till they had 'scap'd the foe.
- 5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
Compos'd of shade and light;
By day it prov'd a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.
- 6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
The gushing waters flow'd,
And ran in rivers by their side,
Along the desert road.
- 7 Yet they provok'd the Lord Most High,
And dar'd distrust his hand:

“ Can he with bread our host supply
 “ Amidst this barren land?”

- 8 The Lord, with indignation, heard,
 And caus'd his wrath to flame;
 His terrors ever stand prepar'd
 To vindicate his name.

PSALM LXXVIII. Third part. Common Metre.

*The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or,
 Chastisement and salvation.*

- 1 WHEN Israel sinn'd, the Lord reprov'd,
 And fill'd their hearts with dread;
 Yet he forgave the men he lov'd,
 And sent them heav'nly bread.
- 2 He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
 And made his treasures known;
 He gave the midnight clouds command
 To pour provision down.
- 3 The manna, like a morning show'r,
 Lay thick around their feet;
 The food of heav'n, so light, so pure,
 As though 'twere angels' meat.
- 4 But they, in murm'ring language, said;
 “ Is manna all our feast?”
 “ We lothe this light, this airy bread;
 “ We must have flesh to taste.”
- 5 “ Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,”
 The Lord in wrath reply'd;
 And sent them quails, like sand, or dust,
 Heap'd up on every side.
- 6 He gave them all their own desire;
 And, greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.
- 7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And sought the Lord with tears;

Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
But soon forgot their fears.

- 8 Oft he chafis'd, and still forgave,
'Till, by his gracious hand,
The nation he resolv'd to save
Possess'd the promis'd land.

PSALM LXXVIII. ver. 32, &c. Fourth part.
Long Metre.

*Backsliding and forgiveness; or, Sin punished
and saints saved.*

- 1 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.
- 2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
Then they provok'd him to his face,
Nor fear his pow'r, nor trust his grace.
- 3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
And made their travels long and vain;
A tedious march, through unknown ways,
Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
- 4 Oft, when they saw their brethren slain,
They mourn'd, and sought the Lord again;
Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
Their high Redeemer, and their God.
- 5 Their pray'rs and vows before him rise,
As flatt'ring words, or solemn lies,
While their rebellious tempers prove
False to his cov'nant and his love.
- 6 Yet could his sov'reign grace forgive
The men who ne'er deserv'd to live;
His anger oft away he turn'd,
Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.
- 7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;

The God of Abra'm lov'd them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

P S A L M LXXIX. Long Metre.

For the distress of war.

- 1 **BEHOLD**, O God, what cruel foes
Thy peaceful heritage invade;
Thy holy temple stands defil'd,
In dust thy sacred walls are laid.
- 2 Wide o'er the vallies drench'd in blood,
Thy people fall'n in death remain;
The fowls of heaven their flesh devour,
And savage beasts divide the slain.
- 3 Th' insulting foes, with impious rage,
Reproach thy children to their face;
"Where is your God of boasted power,
"And where the promise of his grace?"
- 4 Deep from the prison's horrid glooms,
Oh hear the mournful captives sigh,
And let thy sov'reign power relieve
The trembling souls condemn'd to die.
- 5 Let those, who dar'd t' insult thy reign,
Return dismay'd with endless shame,
While heathens, who thy grace despise,
Shall, from thy vengeance, learn thy name.
- 6 So shall thy children, freed from death,
Eternal songs of honour raise,
And every future age shall tell
Thy sov'reign pow'r and pard'ning grace.

P S A L M LXXX. Long Metre.

*The church's prayer under affliction; or, The
vineyard of God wasted.*

- 1 **GREAT** Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep—

Thy church is in the desert, Lord,
 Shine from on high, and light afford;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.
 Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
 How long shall we lament and pray,
 And wait in vain thy kind return?
 How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
 Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

P A U S E the first.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands,
 A lovely vine in heathen lands?
 Did not thy power defend it round,
 And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?
 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.

Why is her beauty thus defac'd?
 Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
 Strangers and foes against her join,
 And ev'ry beast devours the vine.

Return, almighty God, return;
 Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd and sigh no more.

P A U S E the second.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
 Thou wast its strength and glory too!
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
 'Till the fair branch of promise rose.

o 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.

11 'Tis thy own Son ; and he shall stand,
Girt with thy strength, at thy right hand ;
Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest'd
With pow'r and grace above the rest.

12 O ! for his sake, attend my cry,
Shine on thy churches, lest they die ;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PSALM LXXXI. ver. 1, 8,—16. Short Metre

*The warning of God to his people ; or, Spiritual
blessings and punishments.*

1 SING to the Lord aloud,
And make a joyful noise ;
God is our strength, our Saviour God ;
Let Isr'el hear his voice.

2 " From idols false and vain
" Preserve my rights divine ;
" I am the Lord who broke thy chain
" Of slavery and of sin.

3 " Stretch thy desires abroad,
" And I'll supply them well ;
" But if ye will refuse your God,
" If Israel will rebel,

4 " I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
" To their own lusts a prey,
" And let them run the dang'rous road ;
" 'Tis their own chosen way.

5 " Yet, O ! that all my saints
" Would hearken to my voice !
" Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
" And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 " While I destroy their foes,
" I'll richly feed my flock,

“ And they shall taste the stream that flows
 “ From their eternal Rock.”

P S A L M LXXXII. Long Metre.

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

- 1 AMONG th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat;
 The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth, and all their ways.
- 2 Why will ye frame oppressive laws?
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That foes may vex the saints no more;
- 3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
 Dark are the ways in which they go;
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.
- 4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod;
 He is our Judge, and he our God.

P S A L M LXXXII. Short Metre.

A complaint against persecutors.

- 1 AND will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep?
- 2 Behold what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread
 The men that hate thy saints and thee,
 Lift up their threat'ning head.
- 3 Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice, with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy,

- 4 "Come, let us join," they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "'Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor mem'ry shall be found."
- 5 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind;
 Give them, like forests, to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.
- 6 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name:
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.
- 7 Then shall the nations know
 Thy glorious dreadful word,
 JEHOVAH is thy name alone,
 And thou the sov'reign Lord;

P S A L M LXXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

The pleasure of public worship.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints,
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.
- 2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?
- 3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
 And for her young provides her nest;
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?
- 4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high
 Around thy throne above the sky;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.
- 5 Bless'd are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;

- There to behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.
- 6 Bless'd are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength; and through the road
They lean upon their helper God.
- 7 Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n 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.

- 1 GREAT God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs:
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 O God our King, whose sov'reign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Bless'd is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. ver. 1, 2, 3, 10, paraphrased.
Common Metre.

*Delight in ordinances of worship; or, God present
in his churches.*

- 1 MY soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts !
'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends, and fills the place ;
While Christ reveals his wond'rous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There; mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will ;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

P A U S E.

- 5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
While far from thine abode ;
When shall I tread thy courts, and see
My Saviour and my God ?
- 6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
And suffers no remove ;
O make me, like the sparrows, bless'd,
To dwell but where I love.
- 7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
And hear thy gracious voice,
Exceeds a whole eternity
Employ'd in carnal joys.
- 8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
While Jesus is within,
Rather than fill a throne of state,
Among the tents of sin.

Could I command the spacious land,
And the more boundless sea,
For one bless'd hour at thy right hand
I'd give them both away.

S A L M LXXXIV. As the 148th Psalm.

Longing for the house of God.

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.

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.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

P A U S E.

- 5 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.
- 6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts our hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence ;
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.
- 7 The Lord his people loves ;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls ;
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trails
 Alone in thee.

P S A L M LXXXV. ver. 1,—3. First part
 Long Metre.

*Waiting for an answer to prayer ; or, Deliverance
 begun and completed.*

- 1 LORD, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind
 Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom ;
 So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
 And brought his wand'ring captives home
- 2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate :
 Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
 And our salvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,
 And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
 Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;
 We wait for praise to tune our voice.
 We wait to hear what God will say;
 He'll speak, and give his people peace:
 But let them run no more astray,
 Lest his returning wrath increase.

SALM LXXXV. ver. 9, &c. Second part.
 Long Metre.

Salvation by Christ.

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.
 Mercy and truth on earth are met, [heav'n!
 Since Christ the Lord came down from
 By his obedience, so complete,
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is giv'n.
 Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentler reign.
 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.

P S A L M LXXXVI. ver. 8,—13.
 Common Metre.

A general song of praise to God.

AMONG the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath pow'r divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.
 The nations thou hast made shall bring
 Their off'rings round thy throne;

For thou alone dost wondrous things,
For thou art God alone.

- 3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
And all my wand'ring thoughts unite
In God my Father's praise.
- 4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
Shalt those sweet wonders tell,
How by thy grace my sinking soul
'Rose from the deeps of hell.

P S A L M LXXXVII. Long Metre.

*The church the birth place of the saints ; or, Jews
and Gentiles united in the Christian church.*

- 1 **G**OD in his earthly temple lays
Foundation for his heavenly praise ;
He lik'd the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.
- 2 His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
- 3 What glories were de'scrib'd of old !
What wonders are in Zion told ?
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.
- 4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew ;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring,
- 5 When God makes up his last account
Of natives in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born and nourish'd there.

PSALM LXXXVIII. As the 113th. Long Metre.

Loss of friends, and absence of divine grace.

O God of my salvation, hear
My nightly groan, my daily prayer,
That still employ my wasting breath;
My soul, declining to the grave,
Implores thy sov'reign pow'r to save
From dark despair and lasting death.
Thy wrath lies heavy on my soul,
And waves of sorrows o'er me roll,
While dust and silence spread the gloom :
My friends belov'd in happier days,
The dear companions of my ways,
Descend around me to the tomb.
As left in lonely grief I tread
The mournful mansions of the dead,
Or to some throng'd assembly go ;
Through all alike I rove alone,
While, here forgotten, there unknown,
The change renews my piercing woe.
And why will God neglect my call ?
Or who shall profit by my fall,
When life departs and love expires ?
Can dust and darkness praise the Lord ?
Or wake, or brighten at his word,
And tune the harp with heavenly quires ?
Yet, thro' each melancholy day,
I've pray'd to thee, and still will pray,
Imploring still thy kind return—
But oh ! my friends, my comforts, fled,
And all my kindred of the dead
Recall my wandering thoughts to mourn.

PSALM LXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The covenant made with Christ ; or, The true David.

FOR ever shall my song record
The truth and mercy of the Lord ;

Mercy and truth for ever stand,
Like heav'n, establish'd by his hand.

- 2 Thus to his Son he sware and said,
" With thee my cov'nant first is made ?
" In thee shall dying sinners live ;
" Glory and grace are thine to give.
- 3 " Be thou my prophet, thou my priest ;
" Thy children shall be ever blest'd ;
" Thou art my chosen King, thy throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
- 4 " 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 ?
- 5 " 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."
- 9 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. Common Metre.

The faithfulness of God.

- 1 MY never-ceasing song shall show
The mercies of the Lord ;
And make succeeding ages know,
How faithful is his word.
- 2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure ;
And if he speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.
- 3 How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne !
But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
To David's greater Son.

His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies;
 The meanest subjects of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

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. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
 Common Metre.

*The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential
 worship.*

WITH reverence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord,
 His high commands with reverence hear,
 And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories rise!
 How bright thine armies shine!
 Where is the power with thee that vies,
 Or truth compar'd with thine?

The northern pole, and southern, rest
 On thy supporting hand;
 Darkness and day, from east to west,
 Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds controul,
 And rule the boisterous deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.

Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,
 And the dark world of hell;
 They saw thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel.

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wond'rous is thy grace!
 While truth and mercy join'd in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver. 15, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

A blessed gospel.

- 1 BLESS'D are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound!
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
And fills their foes with shame.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM LXXXIX. ver 19, &c. Fourth part.
Common Metre.

*Christ's mediatorial kingdom; or, His divine
and human nature.*

- 1 HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercies known:
"Sinners, behold, your help is laid
"On my almighty Son.
- 2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
"Among your mortal race:
"His head my holy oil o'erflows
"With full supplies of grace.
- 3 "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.
- 4 "My truth shall guard him in the way,
"With mercy by his side;
"While, in my name, o'er earth and sea
"He shall in triumph ride.

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.

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.

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. ver. 30, &c. Fifth part.
 Common Metre.

*covenant of grace unchangeable; or, Affliction
 without rejection.*

YET," saith the Lord, " if David's race,
 " The children of my Son,
 Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 " And tempt mine anger down;
 Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 " And make their folly smart;
 But I'll not cease to be their God,
 " Nor from my truth depart."

My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
 " But keep my grace in mind;
 And what my love eternal spoke,
 " Eternal truth shall bind.

Once have I sworn, (I need no more,)
 " And pledg'd my holiness,
 To seal the sacred promise sure
 " To David and his race.

The sun shall see his offspring rise,
 " And spread from sea to sea,
 Long as he travels round the skies
 " To give the nations day.

- 6 " 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."

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Sixth pa
 Long Metre.

Mortality and hope.

A Funeral Psalm.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal state,
 How frail our life, how short our date
 Where is the man that draws his breath
 Safe from disease, secure from death.
- 2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and strength repine and cry,
 " Must death for ever rage and reign!
 " Or hast thou made mankind in vain?
- 3 " Where is thy promise to the just?
 " Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.
- 4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word:
 Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

P S A L M LXXXIX. ver. 47, &c. Last pa
 As the 113th Psalm.

Life, death, and the resurrection.

- 1 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 pow'r to save?
- 2 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?
 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son,
 And all his seed, a heav'nly 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.
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward,
 For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
 Let all below, and all above,
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
 And each repeat their loud *Amen*.

P S A L M. XC. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

A mournful song at a funeral.

THRO' ev'ry age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
 High was thy throne e'er heav'n was made,
 Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
 Long hadst thou reign'd e'er time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd into man:
 And long thy kingdom shall endure
 When earth and time shall be no more.
 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."
 A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account,
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

P A U S E.

- 5 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flower;
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- [6 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the time! how frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 7 But oh! 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.]
- 8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out the span,
' Fill a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

P S A L M XC. ver. 1,—5. First part.
Common Metre.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And my defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising dawn.

The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their lives and cares,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleas'd with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

PSALM XC. ver. 8, 11, 2, 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 faults,
And justice grows severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.

Thine anger turns our frame to dust ;
By one offence to thee,
Adam, with all his sons, have lost
Their immortality.

Life, like a vain amusement flies,
A fable, or a song ;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.

- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten ;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- [5 Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,
And drag these poor remains of life
Along the tiresome road.]
- 6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone :
Oh let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.
- 7 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have,
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

P S A L M XC. ver. 13, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

Breathing after heaven.

- 1 RETURN, O God of love, return ;
Earth is a tiresome place ;
How long shall we, thy children, mourn
Our absence from thy face ?
- 2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
Let sin and sorrow cease,
And in proportion to our tears
So make our joys increase.
- 3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
Make thy own work complete ;
Then shall our souls thy glory know,
And own thy love was great.
- 4 Then shall we shine before thy throne,
In all thy beauty, Lord :
And the poor service we have done
Meet a divine reward.

PSALM XC. ver. 5, 10, 12. Short Metre.

The frailty and shortness of life.

- L**ORD, what a feeble piece
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life ! how poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !
- Alas, the brittle clay
That built our body first !
And ev'ry month, and ev'ry day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.
- Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay,
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.
- Yet, 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.
- They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest'd eternity.

PSALM XCI. ver. 1,—7. First part. Long Metre.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

- H**E that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.
- 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."
- Thrice happy man ! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare ;
From Satan's wiles, who still betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

- 4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey, that seek their blood,
The Lord his faithful saints shall guard;
And endless life be their reward.
- 5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire;
God is their life, his wings are spread
To shield them with a healthful shade.
- 6 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.

P A U S E.

- 7 What though a thousand, at thy side,
Around thy path, ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves,
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.
- 8 So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Past all the doors of Jacob by.
- 9 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 bless'd.
- 10 The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire;
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

P S A L M XCI. ver. 9,—16. Second part.
Common Metre.

*Protection from death, guard of angels, victory
and deliverance.*

- 1 YE sons of men, a feeble race,
Expos'd to ev'ry snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling place,
And try and trust his care.

- 2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
Or if the plague come nigh,
And sweep the wicked down to hell,
'Twill raise the saints on high.
- 3 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.
- 4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
And dash against the stones;
Are they not servants at his call,
And sent t' attend his sons?
- 5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
The tempter's wiles defeat:
He that hath bruised the serpent's head
Puts him beneath your feet.
- 6 "Because on me they set their love,
"I'll save them," saith the Lord;
"I'll bear their joyful souls above
"Destruction and the sword.
- 7 My grace shall answer when they call,
"In trouble I'll be nigh;
"My power shall help them when they fall,
"And raise them when they die.
- 8 "Those that on earth my name have known,
"I honour will in heav'n;
"There my salvation shall be shown,
"And endless life be giv'n."

P S A L M XCII. First part. Long Metre.

A psalm for the Lord's day.

- 1 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.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast,

- Oh may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 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!
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desir'd, or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

P S A L M XCII. ver. 12, &c. Second part.
Long Metre.

The church is the garden of God.

- 1 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.
- 2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
Bless'd with thine influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its trees,
Yields such a comely sight as these.
- 3 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.
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 100th Psalm.

The eternal and the 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.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

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.

For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

PSALM XCIII. Second Metre.

As the old 50th Psalm.

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, establish'd by his hand:
Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

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 heav'n, they rage with wild com-
motion, [ocean

But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling

- 3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still
And thou, 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

P S A L M XCIII. Third Metre.

As the old 122d Psalm.

- 1 THE Lord JEHOVAH reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crown'd;
Array'd in robes of light,
Begirt with sov'reign might,
And rays of majesty around.
- 2 Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands,
And skies and stars obey thy word:
Thy throne was fix'd on high
Ere stars adorn'd the sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.
- 3 In vain the noisy croud,
Like billows, fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash, like waves, against the shore.
- 4 Let floods and nations rage,
And all their pow'r engage,
Let swelling tides assault the sky:
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down;
Thy throne for ever stands on high.
- 5 Thy promises are true,
Thy grace is ever new,

Here fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the tune.

SALM XCIV. ver. 1, 2, 7,—14. First part.
 Common Metre.

*Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, In-
 structive afflictions.*

O GOD! to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
 Let sov'reign power redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.

They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
 When will the vain be wise;
 Can he be deaf, who form'd their ears?
 Or blind who made their eyes?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his power;
 His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod;
 Thy providence, thy sacred book,
 Shall make them know their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw;
 Thy scourges make thy children wise
 When they forget thy law.

But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break;
 He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

P S A L M XCIV. ver. 16,—23. Second pa
Common Metre.

*God our support and comfort; or, Delivera.
from temptation and persecution.*

- 1 WHO will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes?
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose.
- 2 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.
- 3 "Alas! my sliding feet!" I cry'd,
Thy promise bore me up;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
And rais'd my sinking hope.
- 4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.
- 5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.
- 6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
And cut the sinners off.

P S A L M XCV. Common Metre.

A psalm before prayer.

- 1 SING to the Lord JEHOVAH's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honour sing;

The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Let princes bear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem,
Those gods on high, and gods below,
When once compar'd with him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

Now is the time, he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

P S A L M XCV. Short Metre.

A psalm before sermon.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
JEHOVAH is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

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.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

- 5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race ;
- 6 The Lord, in vengeance dress'd,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 " You that despise my promis'd rest,
 " Shall have no portion there."

PSALM XCV. ver 1, 2, 3, 6,—II.

Long Metre.

*Canaan lost through unbelief ; or, A warning to
 delaying sinners.*

- 1 COME, let your voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise :
 God is a sov'reign King ; rehearse
 His honour in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
 Who fram'd our natures with his word ;
 He is our Shepherd ; we the sheep
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
 The counsels of his love obey ;
 Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that Israel knew.
- 4 Isra'el, that saw his works of grace,
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face ;
 A faithless unbelieving brood,
 That tir'd the patience of their God.
- 5 Thus saith the Lord, " How false they prove
 " Forget my power, abuse my love ;
 " Since they despise my rest, I swear,
 " Their feet shall never enter there."
- [6 Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead ;
 Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
 Nor lose the blessings by delay.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever blest'd.]

PSALM XCVI. ver. 2, 10, &c. Common Metre.

Christ's first and second coming.

SING to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Ye tribes of every tongue;
His new discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
God's own almighty Son;
His power the sinking world sustains,
And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,
Joy through the earth be seen;
Let cities shine in bright array,
And fields in cheerful green.

The joyous earth, the bending skies
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains sink, ye valleys rise,
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold he comes, he comes to bless
The nations as their God;
To shew the world his righteousness,
And send his truth abroad.

His voice shall raise the slumbering dead,
And bid the world draw near;
But how will guilty nations dread
To see their Judge appear!

PSALM XCVII. As the 113th Psalm.

The God of the Gentiles.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
To sing and bless JEHOVAH's name;

His glory let the heathens know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
The wond'ring nations read thy word,
But here JEHOVAH's name is known :
Nor shall our worship e'er be paid
To gods which mortal hands have made ;
Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
He made the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there ;
His beams are majesty and light ;
His beauties how divinely bright !
His temple how divinely fair !

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barb'rous nations fear his name ;
Then shall the race of men confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM XCVII ver. 1,—5. First part.
Long Metre.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns !
Praise him in evangelic strains ;
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
And distant islands join their voice.

2 Deep are his counsels, and unknown ;
But grace and truth support his throne ;
The' gloomy clouds his ways surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs ;

Before him burns devouring fire,
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

- 4 His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
Then lift your heads, ye faints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM XCVII. ver. 6,—9. Second part.
Long Metre.

Christ's incarnation.

- 1 THE Lord is come; the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.
- 2 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.
- 3 Let idols totter to the ground;
And their own worshippers confound;
But Zion shall his glories sing,
And earth confess her sov'reign King.

PSALM XCVII. Third part. Long Metre.
Grace and glory.

- 1 TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy seat.
- 2 O, ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.
- 3 Immortal light and joys unknown,
Are for his faints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

- 4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

P S A L M XCVII. ver. 3, 5,—7, 11.
Common Metre.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

- 1 LET earth, with ev'ry isle and sea,
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.
- 2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the vallies rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.
- 3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim;
The idol gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.
- 4 Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
And angels guard his throne.
- 5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
And hills and seas retire:
His children take their unknown flight,
And leave the world in fire.
- 6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
For saints in darkness here,
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
And a rich harvest bear.

P S A L M XCVIII. First part. Common Metre

Praise for the gospel.

- 1 TO our almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;

His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest'd.
 To Abra'm first he spoke the word,
 And taught his numerous race;
 The Gentiles own him sov'reign Lord,
 And learn to trust his grace.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her diff'rent tongues;
 And spread the honour of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM XCVIII. Second part. Common Metre.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King:
 Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
 And heav'n and nature sing.
 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.
 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

PSALM XCIX. First part. Short Metre.

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

THE God JEHOVAH reigns,
 Let all the nations fear;
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.

- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.
- 3 In Zion stands his throne,
His honours are divine,
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.
- 4 How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

P S A L M XCIX. Second part. Short Metre.

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

- 1 EXALT the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet,
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.
- 2 When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd—
He gave his people rest.
- 3 Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft' he made his vengeance known
When they abus'd his grace.
- 4 Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

P S A L M C. First Metre. A plain translation.

Praise to our Creator.

- 1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

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 pasture live.

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.

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.

BEFORE JEHOVAH's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone—
He can create, and he destroy.

His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

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?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise:
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

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 magistrate's psalm.

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.

- 2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
I'll take my counsel from thy word;
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
Shall be the pattern of my ways.
- 3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
And let my God with me reside:
No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
Which may provoke thy jealousy.
- 4 No sons of slander, rage, and strife,
Shall be companions of my life;
The haughty look, the heart of pride,
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.
- [5 I'll search the land, and raise the just
To posts of honour, wealth, and trust:
The men that work thy holy will
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]
- 6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
By flattering or malicious lies;
Nor, while the innocent I guard,
Shall bold offenders e'er be spar'd.
- 7 The impious crew, (that factious band,)
Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
And all that break the public rest,
Where I have power shall be suppress'd.

P S A L M CI. Common Metre.

A psalm for a master of a family.

- 1 **O**F justice and of grace I sing,
And pay my God my vows,
Thy grace and justice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my house.
- 2 Now to my tent, O God repair,
And make thy servant wise;
I'll suffer nothing near me there
That shall offend thine eyes.

The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
By falsehood or by force,
The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue,
I'll banish from my doors.

I'll seek the faithful and the just,
And will their help enjoy;
These are the friends that I shall trust,
The servants I'll employ.

The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
I'll not endure a night;
The liar's tongue I ever hate,
And banish from my sight.

I'll purge my family around,
And make the wicked flee;
So shall my house be ever found
A dwelling fit for thee.

S A L M CII. ver. 1,—13, 20, 21. First part.
Common Metre.

A prayer of the afflicted.

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?

Like smoke my waiting days depart,
When it dissolves in air,
My strength is dried, my broken heart
Is sinking in despair.

My spirits flag, like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat:
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.

As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.

- 5 My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.
- 6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
- 7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.
- 8 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.
- 9 My looks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint, as ev'ning shadows are,
That vanish into night.
- 10 But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
- 11 Thou wilt arise, and shew thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay,
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.
- 12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And, by mysterious ways,
Redeems the pris'ners doom'd to die,
And fills their tongue with praise.

P S A L M CII. ver. 13,—23. Second Part.
Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

- 1 LET Zion and her sons rejoice—
Behold the promis'd hour;

Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
And comes t' exalt his power.

Her dust and ruins that remain,
Are precious in our eyes;
Those ruins shall be built again,
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
And stand in glory there;
Nations shall bow before his name,
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sov'reign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the soul condemn'd to death,
And, when his saints complain,
It sha'n't be said, "That praying breath
"Was ever spent in vain."

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.

S A L M CII. ver. 23,—28. Third part.
Long Metre.

*our mortality, and Christ's eternity; or, Saints
die, but Christ and the church live.*

[T is the Lord our Saviour's hand
Weakens our strength amidst the race;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.
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?
Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrows shall alluage;

“ Our Father and our Saviour live;

“ Christ is the same thro’ every age.”

4 ’Twas he this earth’s foundation laid;
Heav’n is the building of his hand;
This earth grows old, these heav’ns shall fade
And all be chang’d at his command.

5 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.

6 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.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part.
Long Metre.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad
Let all the pow’rs within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim the highest praise;
Why should ungrateful silence hide
The blessings which his hands provide?

3 ’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.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pain that nature feels—
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat’ning graves.

5 Our youth decay’d his pow’r repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;

He fills our store with ev'ry good,
And feeds our souls with heav'nly food.

He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
And often gives the suff'rer rest:
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Isr'el his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.]

Let the whole earth his power confess—
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.

P S A L M CIII. Second part. Long Metre.

*d's gentle chastisement; or, His tender mercy
to his people.*

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.

Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heav'ns above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

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.

How slow his awful wrath to rise!
On swifter wings salvation flies:
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins:

And, while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

- 6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hands and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

P A U S E.

- 7 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.
- 8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by ev'ry wind that flies,
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.
- 9 But his eternal love is sure,
To all the saints, and shall endure;
From age to age his truth shall reign,
Nor children's children hope in vain.

PSALM CIII. ver. 1,—7. First part.
Short Metre.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

- 1 OH bless the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 Oh bless the Lord, my soul;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis he forgives thy sin,
'Tis he relieves thy pain,
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransom'd from the grave;

He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sov'reign power to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress'd.
His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

P S A L M CIII. ver. 3,—18. Second part.
Short Metre.

*Abounding compassion of God ; or, Mercy in the
midst of judgment.*

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

God will not always chide ;
And, when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel—
He knows our feeble frame.

He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with every breath :

His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r!
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM CIII. ver. 19,—22. Third part.
Short Metre.

*God's universal dominion; or, Angels praise the
Lord.*

1 THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his throne on high,
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels, great in might,
And swift to do his will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts, who wait
The orders of their King,
And guard his churches when they pray,
Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
Through his vast kingdom, shew
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
Shall sing his graces too.

PSALM CIV.

The glory of God in creation and providence.

1 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 112th or 127th psalm, by adding these two Lines to every stanza—viz.*

“ Great is the Lord! what tongue can frame
“ An equal honour to his name!”

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.

- 2 The heav'ns are for his curtains spread;
Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.
- 3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
His ministers are flaming fires,
And swift as thought their armies move
To bear his vengeance or his love.
- 4 The worlds foundation by his hand
Is pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.
- 5 When earth was cover'd with a flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed bed.
- 6 The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Refreshing streams, by secret veins,
Break from the hills and drench the plains.
- 7 He bids the chrystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
There gentle herds their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.
- 8 From pleasant trees, which shade the brink,
The lark and linnet light to drink;
Their songs the lark and linnet raise,
And chide our silence in his praise.

P A U S E the first.

- 9 God, from his cloudy cistern, pours
On the parch'd earth enriching showers;

The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

- 10 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.
- 11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a pleasing juice;
Our hearts are cheer'd with generous wine,
His gifts proclaim his love divine.
- 12 His bounteous hands our table spread,
He fills our cheerful stores with bread;
While food our vital strength imparts,
Let daily praise inspire our hearts.
- P A U S E the second.
- 13 Behold the stately cedars stand,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And builds their nets secure on high.
- 14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feeble creatures make their cell—
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.
- 15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face:
And, when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.
- 16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.
- 17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.
- 18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
While ev'ry land thy riches fill;

Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of Thee.

9 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wond'rous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

10 There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
The huge leviathan resides,
And, fearless, sports amid the tides.

PAUSE the third.

11 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.

12 While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

13 But when thou hid'st thy face, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all are thine.

14 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.

15 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.

16 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.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
Their glory bury'd with their dust,
I to my God, my heav'nly King,
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

PSALM CV. Abridged. Common Metre.

God's conduct to Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

1 **G**IVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

2 His cov'nant which he kept in mind
For num'rous ages past,
To num'rous ages yet behind
In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abra'm and his seed,
And made the blessing sure:
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations bless'd;
(Said the Almighty voice,) "
"And Canaan's land shall be thy rest,
"The type of heav'nly joys."

[5 How large the grant! how rich the grace!
To give them Canaan's land,
When they were strangers in the place,
A small and feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims, through the countries round
Securely they remov'd;
'And haughty kings, that on them frown'd,
Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and mine arm
"Shall soon avenge the wrong;

“ The man that does my prophets harm,
 “ Shall know their God is strong.”

- 3 *Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Isr'el must live through ev'ry age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.]*

PAUSE the first.

- When Pharoah dar'd to vex the saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent, at their complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.
- o He call'd for darkness; darkness came,
 Like an o'erwhelming flood:
 He turn'd each lake, and ev'ry stream,
 To lakes and streams of blood.
- 1 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread;
 And frogs, in baleful armies, rise
 About the monarch's bed.
- 2 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold veng'ance flew;
 Locusts, in swarms, devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle flew.
- 3 Then, by an angel's midnight stroke,
 The flow'r of Egypt died;
 The strength of ev'ry house he broke,
 Their glory and their pride.
- 4 *Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.*

PAUSE the second.

- 5 Thus were the tribes from bondage freed,
 And left the hated ground;
 Rich with Egyptian spoils, they fled,
 Not was one feeble found.

- 16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journeys right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.
- 17 They thirst; and waters from the rock,
In rich abundance flow,
And, following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert through.
- 18 O wond'rous stream! O blessed type
Of ever-flowing grace!
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life,
And aids our wand'ring race.
- 19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
The chosen tribes possess'd
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.
- 20 *Then let the world forbear its rage.
The church renounce her fear;
Isr'el must live thro' ev'ry age,
And be th' Almighty's care.*

PSALM CVI. ver. 1,—5. First part.
Long Metre.

Praise to God; or, Communication with saints.

- 1 TO God, the great, the ever bless'd,
Let songs of honour be address'd;
His mercy firm for ever stands;
Give him the thanks his love demands.
- 2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
And pay their duty to thy will.
- 3 Remember what thy mercy did
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
And with the same salvation bless
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

- 4 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.

P S A L M CVI. ver. 7, 8, 12,—14, 43,—18.

Second part. Short Metre.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

- 1 GOD of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!
- 2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung:
But soon thy works of pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.
- 3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now, with their lusts, provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.
- 4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.
- 5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.
- 6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

P S A L M CVII. First part. Long Metre.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God; he reigns above;
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love:

His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.
- [3 When God's own arm their fetters broke,
And freed them from th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wand'ring round
A wild and solitary ground.
- 4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for their fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]
- 5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their guide;
He led their wand'ring march around,
And brought their tribes to Canaan's ground.
- 6 Thus, when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dang'rous and a tiresome place.
- 7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a pow'rful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.
- 8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

P S A L M CVII. Second part. Long Metre

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

- 1 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 ev'ry good.

But if their hearts rebel, and rise
 Against the God who rules the skies,
 If they reject his heav'nly word,
 And slight the counsels of the Lord,
 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
 And no deliv'rer shall be found;
 Laden with grief, they waste their breath
 In darkness, and the shades of death.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He makes the dawning light arise,
 And scatters all that dismal shade,
 That hung so heavy round their head.

He cuts the bars of brass in two,
 And lets the smiling pris'ners through;
 Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
 And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let ev'ry tongue pronounce his praise.

S A L M CVII. Third part. Common Metre.
*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, A psalm
 for the glutton and the drunkard.*

VAIN man, on foolish pleasures bent,
 Prepares for his own punishment;
 What pains, what loathsome maladies,
 From luxury and lust arise!

The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
 Yet drowns his health to please his taste;
 Till all his active pow'rs are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.

The glutton groans, and lothes to eat,
 His soul abhors delicious meat;
 Nature, with heavy loads oppress'd,
 Would yield to death to be releas'd.

- 4 Then how the frightened sinners fly
To God for help with earnest cry!
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath
And saves them from approaching death.
- 5 No med'cines could affect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure:
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sov'reign word and heals.
- 6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'ring prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

PSALM CVII. Fourth part. Long Metre
*Deliverance from storms and shipwrecks; or, The
seaman's song.*

- 1 WOULD you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad?
With the bold mariner survey
The unknown regions of the sea.
- 2 They leave their native shores behind,
And seize the favor of the wind;
Till God command, and tempests rise,
That heave the ocean to the skies.
- 3 Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;
What strange affrights young sailors feel,
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!
- 4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears their loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.
- 5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
And stormy tempests cease to rage;
The glad some train their fears give o'er,
And hail with joy their native shore.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
Let them their private off'rings bring,
And in the church his glory sing.

ALM CVII. Fourth part. Common Metre.

The mariner's psalm.

THY works of glory, mighty Lord,
That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of courage shall record,
Who tempt that dang'rous way.

At thy command the winds arise,
And swell the tow'ring waves;
The men, astonish'd, mount the skies,
And sink in gaping graves.

Again they climb the wat'ry hills,
And plunge in deeps again;
Each, like a tott'ring drunkard, reels,
And finds his courage vain.

Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
They pant with flutt'ring breath,
And, hopeless of the distant shore,
Expect immediate death.]

Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He hears the loud request,
And orders silence through the skies,
And lays the floods to rest.

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.

'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
Let stupid mortals know,
That waves are under his command,
And all the winds that blow.

Oh 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. Long Metre
Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished

- 1 WHEN God, provok'd with daring crime
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.
- 2 His word can raise the springs again,
And make the wither'd mountains green,
Send thow'ry blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the deserts rise.
- [3 Where nothing dwells but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppress'd and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.
- 4 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.
- 5 Thus they are bless'd ; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in ;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.
- 6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
Wander, unpity'd and forlorn :
The country lies unenc'd, untill'd,
And desolation spreads the field.
- 7 Yet, if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns ;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]
- 8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
Admire the works of Providence ;
And tongues of atheists shall no more
Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

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.

PSALM CVIII. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

AWAKE, my soul, to sound his praise,
 Awake my harp to sing:
 Join all my pow'rs the song to raise,
 And morning incense bring.
 Among the people of his care,
 And thro' the nations round;
 Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
 And there his name resound.
 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the starry train;
 Diffuse thy heav'nly grace abroad,
 And teach the world thy reign.
 So shall thy chosen sons rejoice,
 And throng thy courts above;
 While sinners hear thy pard'ning voice,
 And taste redeeming love.

PSALM CIX. ver. 1,—5, 31. Common Metre.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

GOD of my mercy and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song;
 Tho' sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.
 When in the form of mortal man,
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.
 Their mis'ries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers, on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes;
 Give me a soul akin to thine,
 To love mine enemies.
- 6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And in my Saviour's name
 I shall defeat their pride and rage,
 Who slander and condemn.

P S A L M CX. First part. Long Metre.
*Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or
 The success of the gospel.*

- 1 **THUS** God, th' eternal Father, spake
 To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
 " At my right hand, till I shall make
 " Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 " From Zion shall thy word proceed;
 " Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 " Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 " And bow their wills to thy command.
- 3 " That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
 " When saints shall flock, with willing mind
 " And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 " Where holiness in beauty shines."
- 4 O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

P S A L M CX. Second part. Long Metre.
The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

- 1 **THUS** the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore:

" Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " And change from hand to hand no more.
 " Aaron and all his sons must die;
 " But everlasting life is thine,
 " To save for ever those that fly
 " For refuge from the wrath divine.
 " By me Melchisedeck was made,
 " On earth, a king and priest at once;
 " And thou, my heav'nly Priest, shalt plead,
 " And thou, my King, shalt rule my sons."
 Jesus, the Priest, ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.
 Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the pow'rs that dare rebel;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.
 Though, while he treads his glorious way,
 He drinks the cup of threats and blood,
 The suff'rings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

P S A L M CX. Common Metre.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near thy Father sit;
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.
 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The num'rous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sov'reign grace.
 God hath pronounc'd a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 " Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 " When Aaron is no more:

- 4 “ Melchisedeck, that wondrous priest,
 “ That king of high degree,
 “ That holy man, who Abraham blest,
 “ Was but a type of thee.”

- 5 Jesus, our Priest, for ever lives
 To plead for us above;
 Jesus, our king, for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

- 6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the pow'rs and princes dead,
 Who dare oppose his reign.

P S A L M CXI. First part. Common Met

The wisdom of God in his works.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand has wrought
 How glorious in our sight!
 And men in ev'ry age have sought
 His wonders with delight.
- 3 How fair and beauteous nature's frame!
 How wise th' eternal Mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.
- 4 When he redeem'd his chosen sons
 He fix'd his cov'nant sure;
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.
- 5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heav'nly skill proclaim;
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy name!
- 6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
 Is our divinest skill?

And he's the wisest of our race
That best obeys thy will.

A L M CXI. Second part. Common Metre.

The perfection of God.

GREAT is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

P S A L M CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

The blessings of the liberal man.

THAT man is bless'd, 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 unexhausted treasury,
And with successive honours crown'd.

His liberal favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A generous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs,
And thus he's just to all mankind.

- 3 His hands, while they his alms beſow'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.
- 4 Beſet with threat'ning dangers round
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his ground ;
His conſcience holds his courage up :
The ſoul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brighteſt in affliction's night ;
And ſees, in darkneſs, beams of grace.

P A U S E.

- [5 Ill tidings never can ſurpriſe
His heart, that, fix'd, on God relies,
Tho' waves and tempeſts roar around :
Safe on a rock he ſits, and ſees
The ſhipwreck of his enemies,
And all their hope and glory drown'd.
- 6 The wicked ſhall his triumph ſee,
And gnaw 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.]

P S A L M CXII. Long Metre.

The bleſſings of the pious and charitable.

- 1 **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.
- 2 Compaſſion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy ſtill inclin'd ;
He lends the poor ſome preſent aid,
Or gives them, not to be repaid.
- 3 When times grow dark, and tidings ſpread
That fill his neighbours round with dread,

His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God, with all his power, is there.
 His spirit, fix'd upon the Lord,
 Draws heav'nly courage from his word;
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
 To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.
 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 His works are still before his God:
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners rage in vain.

P S A L M CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with lib'ral hands.

As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need;
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed

No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well establish'd mind;
 His soul to God, his refuge, flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

In times of danger and distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honour on earth, and joys above,
 Shall be his sure reward.

P S A L M CXIII. Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

HE that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his name record;

His sacred name for ever blest :
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his pow'r confess.

- 2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds ;
 The heav'ns are far below his height :
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

- 3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things ;
 His sov'reign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And seats them on the thrones of kings.

- 4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name ;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys ;
 Let ev'ry age advance his fame.

PSALM CXIII. Long Metre.

God sovereign and gracious.

- 1 YE servants of th' almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing ;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.
- 2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 His throne of glory stands on high ;
 Nor time nor place his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.
- 3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
 Or angels, with their God compare ?
 His glories how divinely bright !
 Who dwells in uncreated light !

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 !

From dust, and cottages obscure,
 His grace exalts the humble poor !
 Gives them the honour of his sons,
 And fits them for their heav'nly thrones.

A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice ;
 Though Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.
 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done ;
 Faith may grow strong when sense despairs ;
 [If nature fails the promise bears.]

P S A L M CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
 The tribes, with cheerful homage, own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.

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.

The mountains shook, like frightened sheep—
 Like lambs, the little hillocks leap !
 Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sov'reign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide—
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills ?
 And whence the dread that Sinai feels ?

Let every mountain, every flood
 Retire, and know th' approaching God ;

The King of Israel: see him here!
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains, at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

P S A L M CXV. First Metre.

The true God our refuge; or, Idolatry reprove

- 1 NOT to ourselves, who are but dust—
Not to ourselves is glory due—
Eternal God, thou only just,
Thou only gracious, wise and true.

- 2 Display to earth thy dreadful name:
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long

- 3 The God we serve, maintains his throne
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;
Through all the earth his will is done,
He knows our groans, he hears our cries

- 4 But the vain idols they adore,
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood:
At best a mass of glittering ore,
A silver faint, or golden god.

- [5 With eyes and ears they carve the head;
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind
In vain are costly offerings made,
And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

- 6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save, when mortals pray;
Mortals, that pay them fear or love,
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

- 7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise —
 They dwell in silence in the grave ;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy power to save.

S A L M CXV. Second Metre. As the new
 tune of the 50th Psalm.

Idolatry reprov'd.

NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
 Not to our worthless names is glory due :
 Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice
 claim
 Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name ;
 Shine thro' the earth, from heav'n thy blest
 abode ; [God?]
 Nor let the heathens say, " Where is your
 Heav'n is thine higher court : there stands thy
 throne,
 And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done :
 God fram'd this earth—the starry heav'ns he
 spread,
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
 Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.
 Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears—
 The molten image neither sees nor hears ;
 Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can
 move, [nor love ;
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power,
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols, and their lifeless saints.
 The rich have statutes 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.]

- 5 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which are more stupid, or their gods, or they
O Israel, trust the Lord: he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace.
His worship does a thousand comforts yield—
He is thy help, and he thine heav'nly shield.
- 6 In God we trust: our impious foes in vain
Attempt our 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 Zion bless the God that built the skies.

P S A L M CXVI. First part. Common Metre

Recovery from sickness.

- 1 I Love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away:
Oh let my heart no more despair,
When I have breath to pray.
- 3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell,
Perplex'd my wakeful head.
- 4 " My God, (I cry'd,) thy servant save,
" Thou ever good and just;
" Thy power can rescue from the grave,
" Thy power is all my trust."
- 5 The Lord beheld me sore distress'd,
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my falling tears :
 Now, to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

P S A L M CXVI. ver. 12, &c. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Thanks for private deliverance.

WHAT shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shewn?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.
 Among the saints, that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid ;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.
 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever-blessed God !
 How dear thy servants in thy sight !
 How precious is their blood !
 How happy all thy servants are !
 How great thy grace to me !
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.
 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move ;
 Thy hand has loosed bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.
 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record ;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

P S A L M CXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to God from all nations.

○ All ye nations praise the Lord,
 Each with a diff'rent tongue ;

In ev'ry language learn his word,
And let his name be sung.

- 2 His mercy reigns thro' ev'ry land;
Proclaim his grace abroad;
For ever firm his truth shall stand—
Praise ye the faithful God.

P S A L M CXVII. Long Metre.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
'Till suns shall set and rise no more.

P S A L M CXVII. Short Metre.

- 1 THY name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound thro' distant lands:
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth for ever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honour spread,
And long thy praise endure,
'Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 6,—15. First part.
Common Metre.

Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 THE Lord appears my helper now,
Nor is my faith afraid
What all the sons of earth can do,
Since heav'n affords its aid.
- 2 '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.

'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
 In him my lips rejoice ;
 While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice !

Like angry bees they girt me round ;
 When God appears they fly :
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
 Make a fierce blaze, and die.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs :
 The Lord protects their days :
 Let Israel tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

S A L M CXVIII. ver. 17,—21. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

LORD, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
 And rescu'd from the grave ;
 Now shall he live : (and none can die,
 If God resolve to save.)

Thy praise, more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath ;
 Thy hand, that hath chastis'd him sore,
 Defends him still from death.

Open the gate of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go,
 Thy mercy to declare.

Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise ;
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

S A L M CXVIII. ver. 22, 23. Third part.
 Common Metre.

Christ the foundation of the church.

BEHOLD the sure foundation stone
 Which God in Zion lays,

To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name,
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain :
Firm on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood ?
Yet must this building rise :
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM CXVIII. ver. 24, 25, 26. Fourth part
Common Metre.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection, and our salvation.

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 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.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son,
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna, in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;

The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Short Metre.
*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of
salvation by Christ.*

SEE what a living stone
The builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his church thereon
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe and angry priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
As the chief corner stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes:
This day declares it all divine,
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood:
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

We bless thine holy word,
Which all this grace displays;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

P S A L M CXVIII. ver. 22,—27. Long Metre.
*An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of
salvation by Christ.*

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.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad;
Hosanna, let his name be bless'd;
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory rest:

4 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.

I have collected and disposed of the most useful verses of the cxixth Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each them. But the verses are much transposed, attain some degree of connexion.

In some places among the words *law, commands, judgments, testimonies*, I have used *gospel, word, truth, grace, 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 commend the holy Scripture.

PSALM CXIX. First part. Common Metre.
The blessedness of saints, and misery of Sinners.

Ver. 1, 2, 3.

1 BLESS'D are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

2 Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;

With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Ver. 165.

Great is their peace who love thy law ;
How firm their souls abide !
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Ver. 6.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Ver. 21, 118.

But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accur'd ;
The sons of falshood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust

Ver. 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 CXI X. Second part.

*Secret devotion and spiritual-mindedness ; or,
Constant converse with God.*

Ver. 147, 55.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I pray ;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

Ver. 81.

My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up ;
And, while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Ver. 164.

Sev'n times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee ;

Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

Ver. 62.

- 4 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.

Profession of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Ver. 57, 60.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

Ver. 13, 14.

- 2 I chuse the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice:
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

- 3 The testimonies of thy grace,
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

Ver. 59.

- 4 If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

Ver. 94, 112.

- 5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord,
Thou art my shield, my hiding place;
My hope is in thy word.

Ver. 112.

- 6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. Fourth. part.

Instruction from Scripture.

Ver. 9.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

Ver. 130.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

Ver. 105.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Ver. 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.

Ver. 104, 113.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

Ver. 89, 90, 91.

6 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth maintains her place;
And these, thy servants, night and day,
Thy skill and pow'r express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
Have lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Ver. 190, 140, 9, 119.

- 8 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
Thy 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.

Ver. 97.

- 1 O HOW I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

Ver. 148.

- 2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word:
My soul with longing melts away,
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Ver. 3, 13, 54.

- 3 Thy heav'nly words my heart engage!
And well employ my tongue!
And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
Yield me a heav'nly song.

Ver. 19, 103.

- 4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
'Tis my perpetual feast;
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

Ver. 72, 127.

- 5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Ver. 28, 49, 175.

- 6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

P S A L M CXIX. Sixth part.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Ver. 128.

- 1 LORD, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring lust.

Ver. 97, 9.

- 2 Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Through all the bus'ness of the day,
To form my actions right.

Ver. 62.

- 3 My heart, in midnight silence, cries,
"How sweet thy comforts be!"
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

Ver. 162.

- 4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
At some good word of thine,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys compar'd to mine.

P S A L M CXIX. Seventh part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture

Ver. 96. paraphrased.

- 1 LET all the Heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!
- 2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
But thine conducts to heav'n.
- 3 I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the powers of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

- 4 Yet men would fain be just with God,
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.
- 5 In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame,
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name.
- 6 Our faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM CXIX. Eighth part.

The excellency and variety of scripture.

Ver. 111. paraphrased.

- 1 LORD, I have made thy word my choice
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever-fresh delight.
- 3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.
- 4 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

PSALM CXIX. Ninth part.

Desire of knowledge.

Ver. 64, 68, 18.

- 1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!

Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

Ver. 73. 125.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,
My service is thy due,
O! make thy servant understand
The duties I must do.

Ver. 19.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Thy path O! do not hide;
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

Ver. 26.

When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

Ver. 33, 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.

Ver. 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.

Ver. 51.

In vain the proud deride me now;
I'll ne'er forget thy law,
Nor let that blessed gospel go,
Whence all my hopes I draw.

Ver. 27, 171.

When I have learn'd my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall sing aloud his praise.

P S A L M CXIX. Tenth part.

Pleading the promises.

Ver. 38, 49.

- 1 **BEHOLD** thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Ver. 41, 58, 107.

- 2 Hast thou not sent salvation down,
 And promis'd quick'ning grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.

Ver. 123, 42.

- 3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Ver. 49, 74.

- 4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

P S A L M CXIX. Eleventh part.

Breathing after holiness.

Ver. 5, 33.

- 1 **O** That the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!

Ver. 29.

- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Ver. 37, 36.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,

Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Ver. 133.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Ver. 176.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet since I keep in mind thy way,
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Ver. 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.

Ver. 153.

MY God, consider my distress,
Let mercy plead my cause;
Though I have sinn'd against thy grace,
I ne'er forgot thy laws.

Ver. 39, 116.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach,
Which I so justly fear;
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
Nor let my shame appear.

Ver. 122, 135.

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
Nor let the proud oppress;
But make thy waiting servant see
The shinings of thy face.

Ver. 81.

My eyes with expectation fail,
My heart within me cries,
“When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
“And bid my comforts rise?”

Ver. 132.

- 5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And show thy grace the same,
Thy tender mercies still afford
To those that love thy name.

P S A L M CXIX. Thirteenth part.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Ver. 10.

- 1 WITH my whole heart I've fought thy face
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Ver. 11.

- 2 Thy word I've plac'd within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

Ver. 63, 53, 158.

- 3 I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

Ver. 161, 163.

- 4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

Ver. 161, 120.

- 5 My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

Ver. 166, 174.

- 6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

P S A L M CXIX. Fourteenth part.

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Ver. 153, 81, 82.

CONSIDER all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end?

Ver. 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.

Ver. 50.

This is the comfort I enjoy,
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

Ver. 92.

Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppress'd with sorrows weight,
Had sunk amongst the dead.

Ver. 75.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

Ver. 67.

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

P S A L M CXIX. Fifteenth part.

Holy resolutions.

Ver. 93.

○ That thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!

Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

Ver. 15, 16.

- 2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

Ver. 32.

- 3 How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart di' charge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains
And set my feet at large?

Ver. 13, 46.

- 4 My lips with courage shall declare
Thy statutes and thy name;
I'll speak thy word though kings should hear,
Nor yield to sinful shame.

Ver. 61, 69, 70.

- 5 Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies;
Thy law is my delight.

Ver. 115.

- 6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
Whose hands and hearts are ill:
I love my God, I love his ways,
And must obey his will.

P S A L M CXIX. Sixteenth part.

A prayer for quickening grace.

Ver. 25, 37.

- 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
Turn off these eyes of mine.

- 2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in thy way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

Ver. 107.

When fore afflictions prefs me down,
 I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Thy word, that I have rested on,
 Shall help my heavieft hours.

Ver. 156, 40.

Are not thy mercies sov'reign ftill,
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heav'nly road?

Ver. 159, 40.

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to fee thy face?
 And yet how flow my fpirits move
 Without enliv'ning grace!

Ver. 93.

Then fhall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r
 To draw me near the Lord.

SALM CXIX. Seventeenth part. Long Metre.

Grace fhining in difficulties and trials.

Ver. 143, 28.

WHEN pain and anguish feize me, Lord,
 All my fupport is from thy word;
 My foul diffolves for heavinefs;
 Uphold me with thy ftrength'ning grace.

Ver. 51, 69, 110.

The proud have fram'd their fcoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 They tempt my foul to fnares and fin;
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Ver. 161, 67.

They hate me, Lord, without a caufe,
 They hate to fee me love thy laws;
 But I will truft and fear thy name,
 Till pride and malice die with fhame.

P S A L M CXLX. Last part.

*Sanctified afflictions; or, Delight in the word
God.*

Ver. 67, 50.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!
- 2 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.

Ver. 71.

- 3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.

Ver. 72.

- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or richest hills of golden ore.

Ver. 73.

- 5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my soul within:
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Ver. 74.

- 6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

P S A L M CXX. Common Metre.

*Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, A
vow wish for peace.*

- 1 THOU God of love, thou ever-blest,
Pity my suff'ring state;

When wilt thou set my soul at rest,
 From lips that love deceit?
 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
 Among the sons of strife,
 Whose never-ceasing quarrels waste
 My golden hours of life.
 Oh might I fly to change my place,
 How would I choose to dwell
 In some wide lonesome wilderness,
 And leave these gates of hell!
 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
 How lovely are its charms!
 I am for peace; but when I speak,
 They all declare for arms.
 New passions still their souls engage,
 And keep their malice strong;
 What shall be done to curb thy rage,
 O thou devouring tongue!
 Should burning arrows smite thee through,
 Strict justice would approve;
 But I would rather spare my foe,
 And melt his heart with love.

P S A L M CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine protection.

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.
 He lives; the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heav'ns, with all their host, he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.
 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles adorn the day:

He spreads the ev'ning veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

- 4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admits no lumber nor surprise.
- 5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Darts his malignant fire so far.
- 6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
Still thou shalt go, and still return;
'Safe in the Lord! his heav'nly care
Defends thy life from every snare.
- 5 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

P S A L M CXCI. Common Metre.

Preservation by day and night.

- 1 TO heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that, built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their steadfast feet shall never fall,
Whom he designs to keep;
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.
- 3 He will sustain our weakest powers
With his almighty arm,
And watch our most unguarded hours
Against surprising harm.
- 4 Israel rejoice, and rest secure,
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

- 5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon
 Shall have its leave to smite :
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.
- 6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come ;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

P S A L M CXXI. As the 148th Psalm.

God our preserver.

- 1 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 tower
 To which I fly :
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.
- 2 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.
- 3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there :
 Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.
- 4 Hast thou not 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.

- 1 **H**OW did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 " In Zion let us all appear,
 " And keep the solemn day."
- 2 I love the gates, I love the road;
 The church, adorn'd with grace,
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To shew his milder face.
- 3 Up to her courts, with joy unknown,
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.
- 4 He hears our praises and complaints;
 And, while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.
- 5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest !
 With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
 Be her attendants blest.
- 6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God, my Saviour, reigns.

P S A L M CXXII. Proper tune.

Going to church.

- 1 **H**OW pleas'd and blest'd 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.

2 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.

3 There David’s greater Son

Has fix’d his royal throne,

He sits for grace and judgment there;

He bids the saints be glad,

He makes the sinners sad,

And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 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 increase,

A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows,

“ Peace to this sacred house!

“ For here my friends and kindred dwell;

“ And since my glorious God

“ Makes thee his blest abode,

“ My soul shall ever love thee well.”

Repeat the 4th stanza to complete the tune.

P S A L M CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with submission.

1 O THOU whose grace and justice reign

Enthron’d above the skies,

To thee our hearts would tell their pain,

To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As servants watch their master’s hand,

And fear the angry stroke;

Or maids before their mistress stand,
And wait a peaceful look :

3 So, for our sins, we justly feel
Thy discipline, O God ;
Yet wait the gracious moment still,
'Till thou remove the rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
Our daily groans deride,
And thy delays of mercy give
Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
In thy compassion lies ;
This thought shall bear our spirits up,
That God will not despise.

P S A L M CXXIV. Common Metre.

God gives victory.

1 **H**AD not the God of truth and love,
When hosts against us rose,
Display'd his vengeance from above,
And crush'd the conquering foes,

2 Their armies, like a raging flood,
Had swept the guardless land,
Destroy'd on earth his bless'd abode,
And 'whelm'd our feeble band.

3 But safe beneath his spreading shield
His sons securely rest,
Defy the dangers of the field
And bare the fearless breast.

4 And now our souls shall bless the Lord,
Who broke the deadly snare ;
Who sav'd us from the murd'ring sword,
And made our lives his care.

5 Our help is in **JEHOVAH'S** name,
Who form'd the heav'n above ;
He that supports their wondrous frame,
Can guard his church by love.

P S A L M CXXV. Common Metre.

The saint's trial and safety.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And firm, as mountains stand,
 Firm, as a rock, the soul shall rest
 That trusts th' almighty hand.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love,
 That ev'ry saint surround.

While tyrants are a smarting scourge,
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine compassion will assuage
 The fury of the rod.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of paradise,
 Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

But if we trace those crooked ways
 That the old serpent drew,
 The wrath that drove him first to hell
 Shall finite his foll'wers too.

P S A L M CXXV. Short Metre.

The saint's trial and safety; or, Moderated afflictions.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
 That rest their souls on God:
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt,
 Or where the ark abode.

As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
 So God and his almighty love
 Embrace his saints around.

What though the Father's rod
 Drop a chastising stroke,

Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
Whose faith and pious fear,
Whose hope and love, and ev'ry grace,
Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's race
Too long oppress the faint;
The God of Israel will support
His children, lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
Will chuse the road to hell,
We must expect our portion there,
Were bolder sinners dwell.

P S A L M CXXVI. Long Metre.

Surprising deliverance.

1 **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 pleasing dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
Unwilling honours to thy name;
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
'Twas hard to think they'll vanish so;
With God we left our flowing tears,
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 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.

P S A L M CXXVI. Common Metre.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

1 **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.
- The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.
- "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine:
"Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."
- The Lord can clear the darkeſt ſkies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of ſacred ſorrow riſe
To rivers of delight.
- Let thoſe that ſow in ſadneſs wait
'Till the fair harveſt come,
They ſhall confeſs their ſheaves are great,
And ſhout the bleſſings home.
- Though ſeed lie bury'd long in duſt,
It ſha'n't deceive their hope:
The precious grain can ne'er be loſt,
For grace ſecures the crop.

P S A L M CXXVII. Long Metre.

The bleſſing of God on the buſineſs and comforts of life.

- 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.
- What though we riſe before the ſun,
And work and toil when day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat our bread,
To ſhun that poverty we dread.
- 'Tis all in vain, 'till God hath bleſs'd;
He can make rich, yet give us reſt;
On God, our ſov'reign, ſtill depends
Our joy in children and in friends.

- 4 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!

P S A L M CXXVII. Common Metre.

God all in all.

- 1 IF God to build the house deny,
The builders work in vain;
And towns, without his wakeful eye,
An useless watch maintain.
- 2 Before the morning beams arise,
Your painful work renew,
And till the stars ascend the skies.
Your tiresome toil pursue.
- 3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
In vain, 'till God has bless'd;
But if his smiles attend your care,
You shall have food and rest.
- 4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
Shall real blessings prove,
Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
If sent without his love.

P S A L M CXXVIII. Common Metre.

Family blessings.

- 1 O HAPPY man, whose soul is fill'd
With zeal and rev'rent awe?
His lips to God their honours yield,
His life adorns the law.
- 2 A careful providence shall stand
And ever guard thy head,
Shall on the labours of thy hand
Its kindly blessings shed.
- 3 Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
Thy children, round thy board,
Each, like a plant of honour, shine,
And learn to fear the Lord.

¶ The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
For months and years to come ;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,
Shall send thee blessings home.

¶ This is the man whose happy eyes
Shall see his house increase,
Shall see the sinking church arise,
Then leave the world in peace.

P S A L M CXXIX. Common Metre.

Persecutors punished.

- 1 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.
- 2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
Of all the sons of strife ;
Oft they assail'd my riper age,
But God preserv'd my life.
- 3 O'er all my frame their cruel dart
Its painful wounds express'd ;
Hourly they vex'd my fainting heart,
Nor let my sorrows rest.
- 4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
And, with impartial eye,
Measur'd the mischiefs they had done,
Then let his arrows fly.
- 5 How was this insolence surpris'd,
To hear his thunders roll !
And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
With horror to the soul.
- 6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
Be blasted from the sky ;
Their glory fades, their courage faints,
And all their prospects die.
- 7 What though they flourish tall and fair,
They have no root beneath ;

Their growth shall perish in despair,
And lie despis'd in death].

[8 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.]

P S A L M CXXX. Common Metre.

Pardoning grace.

- 1 **O**UT of the deeps of long distress,
The borders of despair,
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
My groans to move thine ear.
- 2 Great God, shall thy severer eye,
And thine impartial hand,
Mark and revenge iniquity,
No mortal flesh could stand.
- 3 But there are pardons with my God
For crimes of high degree;
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,
To draw us near to thee.
- [4 I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate]
- [5 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;
- 6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.]
- 7 Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
Let Israel seek his face;
The Lord is good as well as just,
And plenteous in his grace.

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.

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.
 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope and love, as well as fear.
 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long and wish for breaking day—
 So waits my soul before thy gate;
 When will my God his face display?
 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.
 Great is his love, and large his grace,
 Through the redemption of his Son;
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

P S A L M CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and submission.

IS there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.
 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And peaceful as a child.

- 3 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. ver. 5, 13,—18. Long Metre.

*At the settlement of a church ; or, The ordination
 of a minister.*

- 1 WHERE shall we go to seek and find:
 An habitation for our God ;
 A dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
 Among the sons of flesh and blood.
- 2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest ;
 And Zion is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blest.
- 3 “ Here I will fix my gracious throne,
 “ And reign for ever,” saith the Lord ;
 “ Here shall my pow'r and love be known,
 “ And blessings shall attend my word.
- 4 “ Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 “ And fill their souls with living bread ;
 “ Sinners, that wait before my door,
 “ With sweet provisions shall be fed.
- 5 “ Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace
 “ My priests, my ministers, shall shine :
 Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 “ Appears so glorious and divine.
- 6 “ The saints, unable to contain
 “ Their inward joys, shall shout and sing:
 “ The Son of David here shall reign,
 “ And Zion triumph in her King.”
- [7 Jesus shall see a num'rous seed
 Born here, t'uphold his glorious name ;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are cloath'd with shame.

S A L M CXXXII. ver. 4, 5, 7, 8, 15, — 17.
Common Metre.

A church established.

- 1 NO sleep nor slumber to his eyes
Good David would afford,
'Till he had found below the skies
A dwelling for the Lord.
- The Lord in Zion plac'd his name,
His ark was settled there:
And there th' assembled nation came,
To worship thrice a year.
- 2 We trace no more those toilsome ways,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where'er thy people meet for praise,
There is a house for God.]
- P A U S E.
- 4 Arise, O King of grace arise,
And enter to thy rest,
Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be own'd and bless'd.
- 5 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.
- 6 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 7 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and pow'r divine.
- 8 Here let him hold a lasting throne;
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honours shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Common Metre.

Brotherly love.

- 1 **L**O! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of harmony and love.
- 2 Where streams of bliss from Christ the spring
Descend to ev'ry soul,
And heav'nly peace with balmy wing
Shades and bedews the whole :
- 3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's rev'rend head,
The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.
- 4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dew
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shews,
And makes his grace distil.

P S A L M CXXXIII. Short Metre.

Communion of saints ; or, Love and worship in a family.

- 1 **B**LESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus, when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil through all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.
- 4 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are bless'd above,

Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.

P S A L M CXXXIII. As the 122d Psalm.

The blessings of friendship.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part
With sympathising heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

'Tis like an ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and bless'd his feet.

Like fruitful showers of rain
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.
Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

P S A L M CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and nightly devotions.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy place;
Bow to the glories of his pow'r,
And bless his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,
And send your souls on high;
Raise your admiring thoughts by night
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts
With rays of quick'ning grace;

The God that spreads the heav'ns abroad,
And rules the swelling seas.

P S A L M CXXXV. ver. 1,—4, 14, 19,—21.

First part. Long Metre.

The church is God's house and care.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his earthly courts ye wait,
Ye saints that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ;
Israel he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 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.
- 4 Through ev'ry age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks the oppressor's rod;
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.
- 5 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priests exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is in Jerusalem.

P S A L M CXXXV. ver. 5,—12. Second part.

*The works of creation, providence, redemption of
Israel, and destruction of enemies.*

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne;
Whate'er he please in earth and sea,
Or heav'n, or hell, his hand hath done.
- 2 At his command the vapours rise,
The light'nings flash, the thunders roar;
He pours the rain, he brings the wind
And tempest from his airy store.

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,
 What mighty nations, mighty kings
 He slew, and their whole country gave
 To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!
 His pow'r the same, the same his grace,
 That saves us from the hosts of hell:
 And heav'n he gives us to possess,
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

P S A L M CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praise due to God, not to idols.

AWAKE, ye saints—To praise your King
 Your sweetest passions raise;
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ:
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.

Heav'n, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
 He bids the vapours rise!

Light'ning and storm, at his command,
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

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.

Which of the flocks and flocks they trust
 Can give them show'rs of rain?

In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
 And pray to God in vain.

Their gods have tongues that speechless prove,
 Such as their makers gave:

- Their feet were never form'd to move,
Nor hands have power to save.
- 7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
Nor hear when mortals pray;
Mortals, that wait for their relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.]
- 8 Ye nations, know the living God,
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honours there.

P S A L M CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God, the sov'reign Lord;
“ His mercies still endure;”
And be the King of kings ador'd,
“ His truth is ever sure.”
- 2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
“ How mighty is his hand?”
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone;
“ How wide is his command!”
- 3 The sun supplies the day with light;
“ How bright his counsels shine!”
The moon and stars adorn the night;
“ His works are all divine.”
- [4 He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
“ How dreadful is his rod!”
And thence, with joy, his people led;
“ How gracious is our God!”
- 5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
“ His arm is great in might;”
And gave the tribes a passage through;
“ His pow'r and grace unite.”
- 6 But Pharoah's army there he drown'd;
“ How glorious are his ways!”

And brought his saints through desert ground !

“ Eternal be his praise.”

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand ;

“ Victorious is his sword ;”

While Israel took the promis'd land ;

“ And faithful is his word.”]

He saw the nations dead in sin ;

“ He felt his pity move ;”

How sad the state the world was in !

“ How boundless was his love.”

He sent to save us from our woe ;

“ His goodness never fails ;”

From death and hell, and ev'ry foe ;

“ And still his grace prevails.”

Give thanks to God, the heav'nly King ;

“ His mercies still endure ;”

Let the whole earth his praises sing ;

“ His truth is ever sure.”

P S A L M CXXXVI. As the 148th Psalm.

GIVE thanks to God most high,

The universal Lord ;

The sov'reign King of kings ;

And be his grace ador'd.

“ His pow'r and grace

“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name

“ Have endless praise.

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.”

His wisdom fram'd the sun

To crown the day with light ;

The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night,
“ His pow’r and grace
“ Are still the same ;
“ And let his name
“ Have endless praise.”

[4 He smote the first-born sons,
The flow’r 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.”

5 His pow’r and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-sea in two ;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.
“ His pow’r and grace
“ Are still the same ;
“ And let his name
“ Have endless praise.”

6 But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drown’d ;
And brought his Israel safe
Through a long desert ground.
“ Thy mercy, Lord,
“ Shall still endure ;
“ And ever sure
“ Abides thy word.”

P A U S E.

7 The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand ;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
“ His pow’r and grace
“ Are still the same ;

“ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”]

3 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.”

4 He sent his only Son
 To save us from our wee,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful foe.
 “ His pow'r and grace
 “ Are still the same;
 “ And let his name
 “ Have endless praise.”

5 Give thanks aloud to God,
 To God the heav'nly King;
 And let the spacious earth
 His works and glories sing.
 “ Thy mercy, Lord,
 “ Shall still endure;
 “ And ever sure
 “ Abides thy word.”

S A L M CXXXVI. Abridged. Long Metre.

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.”

Give to the Lord of lords renown;
 The King of kings with glory crown;
 “ His mercies ever shall endure, [more.”
 “ When lords and kings are known on

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fix'd the starry lights on high:

“ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”

- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night;
 “ His mercies ever shall endure, [more.
 “ When suns and moons shall shine no
- 5 The Jews he freed from Pharoah's hand,
 And brought them to the promis'd land;
 “ Wonders of grace to God belong,
 “ Repeat his mercies in your song.”
- 6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity move within!
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,
 “ When death and sin shall reign no more.”
- 7 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.”
- 8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heav'nly seat:
 “ His mercies ever shall endure,
 “ When this vain world shall be no more.”

P S A L M CXXXVII.

The Babylonian captivity.

- 1 **A** LONG the banks where Babel's current
 flows, [stray'd
 Our captive bands in deep despondence
 While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
 Her friends, her children, mingled with the
 dead.
- 2 The tuneless harp, that once with joy we
 strung, [the lay
 When praise employ'd, and mirth inspir'd
 In mournful silence, on the willows, hung;
 And growing grief prolong'd the tedious da

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,
 With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;
 Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,
 While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's
 name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,
 Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise!
 O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
 Thon land of glory, sacred mount of praise.
 If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
 If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
 Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;
 My hands shall perish and my voice shall
 cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls
 O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,
 His arm avenge her desolated walls,
 And raise her children to eternal day.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

Restoring and preserving grace.

WITH all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

Angels, that make thy church their care,
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.]

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word!
 Not all the works and names below,
 So much thy power and glory show.

To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
 He heard me and subdued my foes;
 He did my rising fears controul,
 And strength diffus'd through all my soul.

- 5 The God of heav'n maintains his state,
Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
But from his throne descends to bless
The humble souls that trust his grace.
- 6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
- 7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

P S A L M CXXXIX. First part. Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

- 1 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.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 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.
- 5 "Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

P A U S E the first.

- 6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run!
- 7 If up to heav'n 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.
- 8 If, mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day,
- 10 "Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

P A U S E the second.

- 11 The veil of night is no disguise,
To screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.
- 12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee,
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.
- 13 "Oh may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PSALM CXXXIX. Second part. Long Metre.

The wonderful formation of man.

- 1 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
 A work of such a curious frame;
 In me thy fearful wonders shine,
 And each proclaims thy skill divine.
- 2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay:
 'hou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 form'd by the model of thy book.
- 3 y thee my growing parts were nam'd,
 and what thy sov'reign counsels fram'd,
 4 he breathing lungs, the beating heart,
 Was copy'd with unerring art.
- 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 of the mind.
- 5 There the young seeds of thought began,
 And all the passions of the man,
 Great God, our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise.

P A U S E.

- 6 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.
- 7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The numerous wonders of thy grace.
- These on my heart are still impress'd,
 With these I give my eyes to rest;
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM CXXXIX. Third part. Long Metre.
*Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or, The heart-
 searching God.*

- 1 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.
- 2 Does not my soul detest and hate
 The sons of malice and deceit?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
 I count for enemies to me.
- 3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought—
 Though my own heart accuse me not
 Of walking in a false disguise,
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin?
 O! turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

PSALM CXXXIX. First part. Common Metre.
God is every where.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.
- 2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.
- 3 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.
- 4 Oh! wondrous knowledge! deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?

P S A L M S.

Within thy circling arms I lie,
Inclos'd on ev'ry side.

- 5 So let thy grace furround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

P A U S E.

- 6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?—
In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
Should I suppress my vital breath,
To 'scape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
If, wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

- 9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,
The flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:—
Oh! may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee.

P S A L M CXXXIX. Second part.
Common Metre.

- 1 *The wisdom of God in the formation of man.*

WHEN I, with pleasing wonder, stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord! 'tis thy work—I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd
Where unborn nature grew;

Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd
The growth of every part ;
'Till the whole scheme, thy thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill ;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise ;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM CXXXIX. ver. 14, 17, 18. Third part.
Common Metre.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening psalm.

1 LORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore,
To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep ;
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh ! may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

PSALM CXL. Common Metre.

1 PROTECT us, Lord, from fatal harm !
Behold our rising woes ;
We trust alone thy powerful arm,
To scatter all our foes.

- 2 Their tongue is like a poison'd dart,
 Their thoughts are full of guile,
 While rage and carnage swell their heart,
 They wear a peaceful smile.
- 3 O God of grace, thy guardian care,
 When foes without invade,
 Or spread within a deeper snare,
 Supplies our constant aid.
- 4 Let falsehood flee before thy face,
 Thy heav'nly truth extend,
 All nations taste thy heav'nly grace,
 And all delusion end.
- 5 With daily bread the poor supply;
 The cause of justice plead;
 And be thy truth exalted high,
 With Christ our glorious head.

P S A L M CXLI. ver. 2,—5. Long Metre.

Watchfulness and brotherly love.

A morning or evening psalm.

- 1 **M**Y God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the ev'ning sacrifice.
- 2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From ev'ry rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty paths where sinners lead.
- 3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite and reprove my wand'ring way,
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise but cheer my head.
- 4 When I behold them press'd with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief,
 And, by my warm petitions prove,
 How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM CXLII. Common Metre.

God is the hope of the helpless.

TO God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief;
 In long complaints before his throne
 I pour'd out all my grief.

My soul was o'erwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, who all my burdens knows,
 Beholds the way I take.

On every side I cast mine eye,
 And found my helpers gone,
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by
 Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raise a louder cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near,
 "Thou art my portion when I die,
 "Be thou my refuge here."

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
 Now let thine ear attend,
 And make my foes, who vex me, know
 I've an almighty Friend.

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. Long Metre.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 Hear, when I spread my hands abroad,
 And cry for succour from thy throne—
 Oh! make thy truth and mercy known.

Let judgment not against me pass;
 Behold thy servant pleads thy grace—
 Should justice call us to thy bar,
 No man alive is guiltless there.

- 3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burthen me;
My wasting life draws near the grave;
Make bare thine arm—thy servant save.
- 4 I dwell in darkness and unseen—
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.
- 5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched land for rain.
- 6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn—
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?
- 7 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;
My heart grows faint and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.
- 8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distracting fears;
Oh! might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice?
- 9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my wearied soul on high,
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.
- 10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
The path in which my feet shall go:
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.
- 11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill:
Let the good Spirit of thy love
Conduct me to thy courts above.

- 12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
 The tempter then shall rage in vain;
 And flesh, and sin, my foes before,
 Shall never vex my spirit more.

P S A L M CXLIV. ver. 1, 2. First part.
 Common Metre.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

- 1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word,
 To arm me for the field.
- 2 With sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
 And guards me through the war.
- 3 A friend and helper so divine,
 My fainting hope shall raise;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

P S A L M CXLIV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 6.

Second part. Common Metre.

The vanity of man, and the condescension of God.

- 1 LORD, what is man, poor feeble man,
 Born of the earth at first?
 His life a shadow, light and vain,
 Still hasting to the dust.
- 2 O what is feeble dying man,
 Or all his sinful race,
 That God would make it his concern
 To visit him with grace!
- 3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the world above,
 What terrors wait his awful frown,
 How wondrous is his love!

PSALM CXLIV. ver. 12,—15. Third part
Long Metre.

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

- 1 **H**APPY the city, where their sons,
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters, bright as polish'd stones,
Give strength and beauty to the state.
- 2 Happy the land in culture dress'd,
Whose flocks and corn have large increase
Where men securely work or rest,
Nor sons of plunder break their peace.
- 3 Happy the nation thus endow'd;
But more divinely bless'd are those
On whom the all-sufficient God,
Himself, with all his grace, bestows.

PSALM CXLV. Long Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
'Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
'Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 Thy works with sov'reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let ev'ry realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.
- 5 Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;

And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

- 6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 1,—7, 11,—13. First part.
Common Metre.

The greatness of God.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord, his pow'r unknown,
And let his praise be great;
I'll sing the honours of his throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
And, while my lips rejoice,
The men that hear my sacred song
Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall through the world be known;
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heav'nly state,
With public splendor shown.
- 6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
Thy saints are rul'd by love;
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 7, &c. Second part.
Common Metre.

The goodness of God.

- 1 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food,
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word
To cheer the souls he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim
But saints, that taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM CXLV. ver. 14, 17, &c. Third part.
Common Metre.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

- 1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all;
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distress'd
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

- 3 The Lord supports our sinking days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercies never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
He saves the souls whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.
- [6 His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain :
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
“ They fought his aid in vain.”]
- [7 My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God.]

P S A L M CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

- 1 PRAISE ye the Lord, my heart shall join
In work so pleasant, so divine ;
Now while the flesh is mine abode,
And when my soul ascends to God.
- 2 Praise shall employ my noblest pow'rs,
While immortality endures ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last.
- 3 Why should I make a man my trust ?
Princes must die and turn to dust ;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.
- 4 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God : He made the sky,

And earth, and seas, with all their train;
And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

6 The Lord to sight restores the blind;
The Lord supports our sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves the faints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

P S A L M CXLVII. As the 113th Psalm.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being, last,
Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust;
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Vain is the help of flesh and blood;
Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour:
Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure:
He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;

He sends the lab'ring conscience peace;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this exalted work engage;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being, last,
 Or immortality endures.

P S A L M CXLVII. First part. Long Metre.

The divine nature, providence, and grace.

PRAISE ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
 Our hearts and voices in his praise:
 His nature and his works invite
 To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
 And gathers nations to his name:
 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
 And makes the broken spirit whole.

He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
 He counts their numbers, calls their names:
 His sov'reign wisdom knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

Great is our Lord, and great his might,
 And all his glories infinite;
 He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
 And treads the wicked to the dust.

P A U S E.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds around the sky:

There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

- 6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling field with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And feeds the ravens when they cry.
- 7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The vig'rous man, the warlike horse,
The sprightly wit, the active limb!
All are too mean delights for him.
- 8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And finds and loves his image there.

PSALM CXLVII. Second part. Long Metre

Summer and winter.

- 1 LET Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad;
For sweet the joy our songs to raise,
And glorious is the work of praise.
- 2 Our children live secure and blest'd;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessings to their meat.
- 3 The changing seasons he ordains,
The early and the latter rains:
His flakes of snow, like wool, he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.
- 4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hails descends with dreadful sound:
His icy bands the rivers hold,
And terror arms his wintry cold.
- 5 He bids the warmer breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call his people to his praise.

Thro' all our states his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To ev'ry land: Praise ye the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVII. ver. 7,—9, 13,—18.
Common Metre.

The seasons of the year.

WITH songs and honours, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high,
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He send his show'rs of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
His makes the grass the mountains crown
And corn in vallies grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meet,
He hears the ravens' cry;
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
Should raise his honours high.

His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wint'ry day appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

When, from his dreadful stores on high,
He pours the sounding hail,
The wretch that dares his God defy
Shall find his courage fail.

He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

- 8 The changing wind the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word :
 With songs and honours, sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

- 1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
 With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise.
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright
 In worlds of light
 Begin the song.
- 2 Thou sun, with dazzling rays,
 And moon, that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light.
 His pow'r declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly,
 In empty air.
- 3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command.
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came,
 To praise the Lord.
- 4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last.
 In diff'rent ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

P A U S E.

et all the earth-born race,
And monsters of the deep,
The fish that cleave the seas,
Or in their bosom sleep,
From sea and shore
Their tribute pay,
And still display
Their Maker's pow'r.

e vapours, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' almighty Lord;
nd stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.

When lightings shine,
Or thunders roar,
Let earth adore
His hand divine.

e mountains near the the skies,
With lofty cedars there,
nd trees of humbler size,
That fruit in plenty bear;
Beasts, wild and tame,
Birds, flies, and worms,
In various forms,
Exalt his name.

e kings, and judges, fear
The Lord, the sov'reign King;
nd while you rule us here,
His heav'nly honours sing;
Nor let the dream
Of pow'r and state
Make you forget
His pow'r supreme.

irgins, and youths, engage
To sound his praise divine,
While infancy and age
Their feeble voices join.

Wide as he reigns
His name be sung
By ev'ry tongue
In endless strains.

- 10 Let all the nations fear,
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love;
While earth and sky
Attempt his praise,
His saints shall raise
His honours high.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Paraphrased. Long Met.
Universal praise to God.

- 1 **L** O U D hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell
Let heav'n 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 complete the praise.”

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

- 2 The Lord ! how absolute he reigns !
Let ev'ry angel bend the knee :
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.
- 3 High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss :
Fly though the world, O sun, and tell
How dark thy beams, compar'd to his.
- 4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare ;

Let the sweet whisper of his name
Fill ev'ry gentler breeze of air.

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.

Ye flow'ry plains, proclaim his skill;
Ye vallies, sink before his eye;
And let his praise from ev'ry hill
Rise, tuneful, to the neighb'ring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,
Bend your high branches, and adore:
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Ye birds, his praise must be your theme,
Who form'd to song your tuneful voice;
While the dumb fish, that cut the stream,
In his protecting care rejoice.

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.

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.

JEHOVAH! 'tis a glorious word!
O may it dwell on ev'ry tongue!
But saints who best have known the Lord,
Are bound to raise the noblest song.
Speak of the wonders of that love
Which Gabriel plays on ev'ry chord;
From all below and all above,
Sing hallelujahs to the Lord.

P S A L M CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Universal praise.

- 1 LET ev'ry creature join
To praise th' eternal God;
Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
 - 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
 - 3 He built those worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
 - 4 Ye vapours when ye rise,
Or fall in show'rs or snow;
Ye thunders, murm'ring round the skies,
His pow'r and glory show.
 - 5 Wind, hail, and flaming fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.
 - 6 By all his works above
His honours be express'd,
But saints, that taste his saving love,
Should sing his praises best.
- P A U S E the first.
- 7 Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
 - 8 From mountains near the sky
Let his high praise resound—
From humble shrubs, and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.

- Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- Ye reptile myriads, join
T' exalt his glorious name;
And flies, in beauteous forms that shine,
His wondrous skill proclaim.
- By all the earth-born race,
His honours be express'd;
But saints, that know his heav'nly grace,
Should learn to praise him best.

P A U S E the second.

- Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King—
Judges, adore that sov'reign hand,
Whence all honours spring.
- Let vigorous youth engage
To sound his praises high;
While growing babes and withering age
Their feeble voices try.
- United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise;
God is the Lord; his name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
- 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. Common Metre.

*Praise God, all his saints; or, The saints judging
the world.*

- 1 ALL ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
And let your songs be new;
Amidst the church with cheerful voice
His later wonders shew.
- 2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
Shall their Redeemer sing;
And Gentile nations join the praise,
While Zion owns her King.
- 3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
Whom sinners treat with scorn:
The meek, that lie despis'd in dust,
Salvation shall adorn.
- 4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying bed:
And like the souls in glory sing,
For God shall raise the dead.
- 5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
Their hand shall wield the sword:
And vengeance shall attend their songs,
The vengeance of the Lord.
- 6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
And bids the world appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
Who humbly lov'd him here.
- 7 Then shall they rule with iron rod,
Nations that dar'd rebel:
And join the sentence of their God,
On tyrants doom'd to hell.
- 8 The royal sinners, bound in chains,
New triumph shall afford;
Such honour for the saints remains;
Praise ye, and love the Lord.

PSALM CL. ver. 1, 2, 6. Common Metre.

A song of praise.

- 1 IN God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.
- 2 Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love
Your highest praise exceeds.
- 3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
Proclaim your Maker blest'd;
Yet when my voice expires in death,
My soul shall praise him best.



THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

Long Metre.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise and glory giv'n.
By all on earth, and all in heav'n

Common Metre.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to serve the Lord.

Common Metre. *Where the tune includes two stanzas.*

I.

THE God of mercy be ador'd
Who calls our souls from death,
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new creating breath.

II.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,

The One in three, and Three in one,
Let saints and angels join.

Short Metre.

YE angels, round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

As the 113th Psalm.

NOW to the great and sacred Three,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
Thro' all the worlds where God is known,
By all the angels near his throne,
And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

As the 148th Psalm.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honours raise;
Glory to God the Son,
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers,
Eternal King,
Thy name to sing,
While faith adores.

FINIS.

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Tally

Don't remember

7/11/11

Repent by here of passion

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