



The Psalms and Hymns of Isaac Watts

About *The Psalms and Hymns of Isaac Watts*

Title: The Psalms and Hymns of Isaac Watts

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Author(s):

Publisher: ccel

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Status: Profitable future work may include:

- Corrections
- Better formatting
- Conversion of the scripture index from page numbers to hymn numbers
- Addition of other indexes
- Better ThML markup

Editorial Comments:

This is the complete text of the printed edition, except:

- Indexes for the first lines of verses were omitted.
- One hymn by Isaac Watts was included from other sources.

These features of the printed text have been modified:

- Font information was not saved by the OCR.
- Page headers and footers are omitted.
- Page numbers were shifted up or down to avoid breaking stanzas.
- Text centering (of interludes, titles, etc) was not saved by the OCR.
- When the `_Topical Index of Psalms_` was inverted, two references to nonexistant psalms (probably typographical errors) were removed.
- Multicolumn formatting was not preserved.

Orthography was edited to facilitate automated use:

- Decrypted Roman numerals in hymn numbers and Bible chapters.
- Converted Bible references to "chapter:verse" format.
- Removed word wrapping and concomitant hyphenation.
- Americanized spelling (honor, center, today, etc).
- Removed unneeded apostrophes (ev'ry==every, Abra'm==Abram, bless'd==blest, crown'd==crowned, etc.; but not heav'n, gen'rous, etc.)
- Moved footnotes from page footers to the end of the hymn.
- Replaced relative meter ("as the 14th Psalm", etc.) with numeric notation ("8,8,8,8,8,8", etc.)
- HTML semantics of whitespace are assumed in markup.
- Introduced some ThML markup.

CCEL Subjects:

All; Hymns

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The Psalms and Hymns of Isaac Watts

with all the additional hymns and complete indexes



THE PSALMS OF DAVID

PSALM 1

C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.



Blest 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:

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has placed his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

[He, like a plant of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

Green as the leaf, and ever fair,
Shall his profession shine
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the Judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well
But crooked ways of sinners lead

Down to the gates of hell.

PSALM 1

S. M.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

The man is ever blessed
Who shuns the sinners' ways,
Among their counsels never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place;

But makes the law of God
His study and delight,
Amidst the labors of the day,
And watches of the night.

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.

Not so th' ungodly race,
They no such blessings find;
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat,
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet?

He knows, and he approves,
The way the righteous go;
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow.

PSALM 1

L. M.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.



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.

He loves t' employ the morning light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord;
And spends the wakeful hours of night,
With pleasure, pondering o'er his word.

He, like a plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green.
And heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On every work his hands begin.

But sinners find their counsels crossed:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race;
The dreadful Judge, with stern command,
Divides him to a different place.

"Straight is the way my saints have trod;
I blessed the path, and drew it plain;
But you would choose the crooked road,
And down it leads to endless pain."

PSALM 2

S. M.

Translated according to the Divine pattern, Acts 4:24, etc. Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

PAUSE.



[Maker and sovereign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

The things so long foretold
By David are fulfilled,
When Jews and Gentiles joined to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.]

Why did the Gentiles rage,
 And Jews, with one accord,
 Bend all their counsels to destroy
 Th' Anointed of the Lord?

Rulers and kings agree
 To form a vain design;
 Against the Lord their powers unite,
 Against his Christ they join.

The Lord derides their rage,
 And will support his throne;
 He that hath raised him from the dead
 Hath owned him for his Son.

Now he's ascended high,
 And asks to rule the earth
 The merit of his blood he pleads,
 And pleads his heav'nly birth.

He asks, and God bestows
 A large inheritance;
 Far as the world's remotest ends
 His kingdom shall advance.

The nations that rebel
 Must feel his iron rod;
 He'll vindicate those honors well
 Which he received from God.

[Be wise, ye rulers, now,
 And worship at his throne;
 With trembling joy, ye people, bow
 To God's exalted Son.

If once his wrath arise,
 Ye perish on the place;
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace.]

PSALM 2

C. M.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.



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

The Lord, that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below;
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits through.

"I call him my Eternal Son,
 And raise him from the dead;
 I make my holy hill his throne,
 And wide his kingdom spread.

"Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 The utmost heathen lands:
 Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 The rebel that withstands."

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th' anointed Lord,
 Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
 And tremble at his word.

With humble love address his throne;
 For if he frown, ye die:
 Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

PSALM 2

L. M.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

PAUSE.



Why did the Jews proclaim their rage?
 The Romans, why their swords employ?
 Against the Lord their powers engage,
 His dear Anointed to destroy?

"Come, let us break his bands," they say,
 "This man shall never give us laws:"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nailed the Monarch to the cross.

But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls,
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls.

"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 Sovereign still."

[His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known;
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son.

"Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
There thou shalt ask, and I bestow,
The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
To thee the Northern Isles shall bow."]

But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen work is broke.

Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name.

With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry, and ye die;
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown,
If ye provoke his jealousy.

His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust.

PSALM 3

C. M.

Doubts and fears suppressed.



My God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heav'n;
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too big to be forgiv'n.

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

[I cried, and from his holy hill
 He bowed a listening ear;
 I called my Father, and my God,
 And he subdued my fear.

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

What though the hosts of death and hell
 All armed against me stood,
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
 My refuge is my God.

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.

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

PSALM 3

v. 1-5,8
 L. M.
 A Morning Psalm.



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.

Tired with the burdens of the day,
 To thee I raised an evening cry:
 Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.

Supported by thine heav'nly aid,
 I laid me down, and slept secure:
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Though I should wake and rise no more.

But God sustained me all the night:
 Salvation doth to God belong;
 He raised my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song.

PSALM 4

v. 1-3,5-7

L. M.

Hearing of prayer.

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

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 Savior's name?

Know that the Lord divides his saints
 From all the tribes of men beside;
 He hears the cry of penitents,
 For the dear sake of Christ that died.

When our obedient bands have done
 A thousand works of righteousness,
 We put our trust in God alone,
 And glory in his pardoning grace.

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.

Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice,
 At grace and favors so divine;
 Nor will I change my happy choice
 For all their corn, and all their wine.

PSALM 4



v. 3-5,8

C. M.

An Evening Psalm.

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.

And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed,
 With my own heart and thee.

I pay this evening sacrifice:
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

Thus, with my thoughts composed to pray,
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

PSALM 5

C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.



PAUSE.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye;

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.

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.

But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make every path of duty straight,
 And plain before my face.

My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray;
 They flatter, with a base design
 To make my soul their prey.

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy;
 While those that in thy mercy trust,
 For ever shout for joy.

The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favor as a shield.

PSALM 6

C. M.
 Complaint in sickness.



In anger, Lord, rebuke me not;
 Withdraw the dreadful storm;
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot
 Against a feeble worm.

My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppressed;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.

Sorrow and pain wear out my days,
 I waste the night with cries,
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.

Shall I be still tormented more?
 Mine eye consumed with grief?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thine hand afford relief?

He hears when dust and ashes speak,
 He pities all our groans;
 He saves us for his mercy's sake,
 And heals our broken bones.

The virtue of his sovereign word
 Restores our fainting breath;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

PSALM 6

L. M.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise;
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear:
 O let it not against me rise.

Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal!

See how I pass my weary days

In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
 My bed is watered with my tears;
 My grief consumes, and dims my sight.

Look, how the powers of nature mourn!
 How long, Almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall I make thy grace my song?

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.

Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
 And all despairing thoughts, depart;
 My God, who hears lily humble moan,
 Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

PSALM 7



C. M.
 God's care of his people.

PAUSE.

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.

With insolence and fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey,
 When no deliverer's near.

If I had e'er provoked them first,
 Or once abused my foe,
 Then let him tread my life to dust,
 And lay mine honor low.

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.

Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,

Their pride and power control;
 Awake to judgment, and command
 Deliverance for my soul.

[Let sinners, and their wicked rage,
 Be humbled to the dust;
 Shall not the God of truth engage
 To vindicate the just?

He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
 He will defend th' upright
 His sharpest arrows he ordains
 Against the sons of spite.

For me their malice digged a pit,
 But there themselves are cast;
 My God makes all their mischief light
 On their own heads at last.]

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

PSALM 8



S. M.
 God's sovereignty and goodness.

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.

When to thy works on high
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon, complete in light,
 Adorn the darksome skies

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

Lord, what is worthless man,
 That thou shouldst love him so?

Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

Thine honors 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 wondrous are thy ways
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

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

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.]

PSALM 8



C. M.
Christ's condescension and glorification.

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

When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light;

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

That thine eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form;
Made lower than his angels are,

To save a dying worm?

[Yet while he lived on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His Godhead and his power.

The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
And fish, at his command,
Bring their large shoals to Peter's feet,
Bring tribute to his hand.

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

Let him be crowned with majesty,
Who bowed his head to death;
And be his honors sounded high,
By all things that have breath.

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

PSALM 8 PART 1



v.1,2, paraphrased.

L. M.

The hosanna of children.

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.

To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

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.

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

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

PSALM 8 PART 2

v. 3ff, paraphrased.

L. M.

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



Lord, what was man, when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below;
Make every beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

But, O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the Second Adam's state!
What honors shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born!

See him below his angels made;
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruined world from sin;
But he shall reign with power divine.

The world to come, redeemed from all
The miseries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Savior's feet.

PSALM 9 PART 1

vv.1-4,9-11

C. M.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
 Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
 Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness,
 And make his vengeance known.

Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all the poor oppressed;
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.

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.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Who executes his threatening word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM 9 PART 2

v.12ff

C. M.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

PAUSE.



When the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls that mourn in dust
 Shall find a faithful God.

He from the dreadful gates of death
 Does his own children raise;
 In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,

They sing their Father's praise.
 His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,
 Into the pit they made;
 And sinners perish in the net
 That their own hands had spread.
 Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,
 Are thy deep counsels known;
 When men of mischief are destroyed,
 The snare must be their own.
 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
 Thy wrath devour the lands
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.
 Though saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait and long complain,
 Their cries shall not be still forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.
 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor;
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.
 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain;
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 And they but feeble men.]

PSALM 10

C. M.

Prayer heard, saints saved; or, Pride, atheism, and oppressors punished.
 For a humiliation day.

PAUSE.

Why doth the Lord stand off so far?
 And why conceal his face,
 When great calamities appear,
 And times of deep distress?

Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy power?



Shall they advance their heads in pride,
And still thy saints devour?

They put thy judgments from their sight,
And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height,
That they shall fall no more.

Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

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?"

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And powerful is thine hand,
As when the heathens felt thy sword,
And perished from thy land.

Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
And cause thine ear to hear;
He hearkens what his children say,
And puts the world in fear.

Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
No more despise the just;
And mighty sinners shall confess
They are but earth and dust.

PSALM 11

L. M.

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.



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?"

If government be all destroyed,
(That firm foundation of our peace,)
And violence make justice void,

Where shall the righteous seek redress?

The Lord in heav'n has fixed his throne,
His eye surveys the world below:
To him all mortal things are known,
His eyelids search our spirits through.

If he afflicts his saints so far,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear?
His very soul abhors their ways.

On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death;
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM 12

L. M.

The saint's safety and hope in evil times; or, Sins of the tongue complained of, namely, blasphemy, falshood, etc.



Lord, if thou dost not soon appear,
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

The whole discourse, when neighbors meet,
Is filled with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flattery and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

"Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none:
Where is the Lord will ask us why?"

Or say our lips are not our own?"

The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
Will rise to give his children rest,
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,
Void of deceit shall still appear;
Not silver, sev'n times purified
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
Defend the holy soul from harm;
Though when the vilest men have power,
On every side will sinners swarm.

PSALM 12

C. M.

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

PAUSE.



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,
How is their fury stirred
"Are not our lips our own?" they cry;
"And who shall be our Lord?"

Scoffers appear on every side,
Where a vile race of men
Is raised to seats of power and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

Lord, when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold;

When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold;

Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n this sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

"Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
And make oppressors flee;
I shall appear to their surprise,
And set my servants free."

Thy word, like silver sev'n times tried,
Through ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure.

PSALM 13

L. M.

Pleading with God under desertion; or, Hope in darkness.



How long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

Shall I for ever be forgot,
As one whom thou regardest not
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?
And Satan, my malicious foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,

And shall again behold thy face.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM 13

C. M.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

How long wilt thou conceal thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
 That chase my fears away?

How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.

See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.

Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste, before mine eyes are sealed
 In death's eternal sleep.

How would the tempter boast aloud
 If I become his prey!
 Behold, the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay.

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.

Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And victory shall be sung.

PSALM 14 PART 1

C. M.

By Nature all men are sinners.

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

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

The Lord from his celestial throne
 Looked 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 used 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 every heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 Till grace refine the ground.

PSALM 14 PART 2

C. M.

The folly of persecutors.



Are sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the saints devour?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful power?

Great God! appear to their surprise;

Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.

 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.

 O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our distress!
 When God shall bring his children home
 Our songs shall never cease.

PSALM 15

C. M.

Characters of a saint; or, A citizen of Zion; or, The qualifications of a Christian.

Who shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
 So near his throne of grace?

 The man that walks in pious ways,
 And works with righteous hands;
 That trusts his Maker's promises,
 And follows his commands.

 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
 Nor slanders with his tongue;
 Will scarce believe an ill report,
 Nor do his neighbor wrong.

 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
 Loves all that fear the Lord;
 And though to his own hurt he swears,
 Still he performs his word.

 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
 And never gripe the poor:
 This man shall dwell with God on earth,
 And find his heav'n secure.

PSALM 15

L. M.

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



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;

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 neighbor wrong.

[Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vents it to his neighbor's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honored in his eyes.]

[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.]

[He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold;
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet charity attends his door.]

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.

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.

PSALM 16 PART 1

L. M.

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



Preserve me, Lord, in time of need,
 For succor to thy throne I flee,
 But have no merits there to plead:
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
 How empty and how poor I am;
 My praise can never make thee blessed,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.

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.

Let others choose 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.

PSALM 16 PART 2

L. M.

Christ's all-sufficiency.

How fast their guilt and sorrows rise
 Who haste to seek some idol-god!
 I will not taste their sacrifice,
 Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,
 And nobler food to live upon;
 He for my life has offered up
 Jesus, his best-beloved Son.

His love is my perpetual feast;
 By day his counsels guide me right;
 And be his name for ever blessed,
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.

I set him still before mine eyes;
 At my right hand he stands prepared
 To keep my soul from all surprise,
 And be my everlasting guard.

PSALM 16 PART 3

L. M.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.



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.

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.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way
 Up to thy throne above the sky.

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 16 PART 1

v.1-8

C. M.

Support and counsel from God, without merit.

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.

Yet if my God prolong my breath,
 The saints may profit by 't;
 The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The men of my delight.

Let heathens to their idols haste,
 And worship wood or stone;
 But my delightful lot is cast
 Where the true God is known.

His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;
 Much am I pleased with present good,
 But more rejoice in hope.

God is my portion and my joy,
 His counsels are my light;
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.

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.

PSALM 16 PART 2



C. M.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

I set the Lord before my face,
 He bears my courage up;
 My heart and tongue their joys express,
 My flesh shall rest in hope.

"My spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
 Where souls departed are;
 Nor quit my body to the grave,
 To see corruption there.

"Thou wilt reveal the path of life,
 And raise me to thy throne;
 Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 Thy presence joys unknown."

[Thus, in the name of Christ, the Lord,
 The holy David sung;
 And Providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetic tongue.

Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucified and slain:
 Behold, the tomb its prey restores!
 Behold, he lives again!

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.]

PSALM 17

v.13-15

S. M.

Portion of saints and sinners; or, Hope and despair in death.



Arise, my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee;
 They are but thy chastising rod,
 To drive thy saints to thee.

Behold, the sinner dies,
 His haughty words are vain;
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is pain.

Then let his pride advance,
 And boast of all his store;
 The Lord is my inheritance,
 My soul can wish no more.

I shall behold the face
 Of my forgiving God;
 And stand complete in righteousness,
 Washed in my Savior's blood.

There's a new heav'n begun,
 When I awake from death,
 Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,
 And draw immortal breath.

PSALM 17

L. M.

The sinner's portion and saint's hope; or, The heaven of separate souls in 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 lies below:
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

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?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Savior's image rise.

PSALM 18 PART 1



v.1-6,15-18

L. M.

Deliverance from despair; or, Temptations overcome.

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.

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.

I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,

Which none but they that feel can tell;
While I was hurried to despair.

In my distress I called my God,
When I could scarce believe him mine:
He bowed his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.

Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

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

PSALM 18 PART 2



v.20-26

L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

Since I have learned thy holy ways,
I've walked upright before thy face;
Or if my feet did e'er depart,
'Twas never with a wicked 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 which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will:
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

[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.

The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

PSALM 18 PART 3

v.30,31,34,35,46-50

L. M.

Rejoicing in God.



Just are thy ways, and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode:
Who is a God beside the Lord?
Or where's a refuge like our God?

'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.

He lives, and blessed be my Rock!
The God of my salvation lives:
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

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.

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 18 PART 1

C. M.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.



We love thee, Lord, and we adore;
Now is thine arm revealed:
Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tower,
Our bulwark, and our shield.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a sure defence;
His holy name our lips invoke,
And draw salvation thence.

When God, our Leader, shines in arms,
What mortal heart can bear
The thunder of his loud alarms,
The lightning of his spear?

He rides upon the winged wind,
And angels in array
In millions wait to know his mind,
And swift as flames obey.

He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
Whole armies are dismayed;
His voice, his frown, his angry look,
Strikes all their courage dead.

He forms our generals for the field,
With all their dreadful skill;
Gives them his awful sword to wield,
And makes their hearts of steel.

[He arms our captains to the fight,
(Though there his name's forgot;
He girded Cyrus with his might,
But Cyrus knew him not.)

Oft has the Lord whole nations blessed
For his own church's sake;
The powers that give his people rest,

Shall of his care partake.]

PSALM 18 PART 2

C. M.

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.

'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers,
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their towers.

How have we chased them through the field,
 And trod them to the ground,
 While thy salvation was our shield,
 But they no shelter found!

In vain to idol saints they cry,
 And perish in their blood
 Where is a rock so great, so high,
 So powerful as our God?

The Rock of Isr'el ever lives,
 His name be ever blest;
 'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
 And gives his people rest.

On kings that reign as David did,
 He pours his blessings down;
 Secures their honors to their seed,
 And well supports the crown.

PSALM 19 PART 1



S. M.

The books of nature and scripture.
 For a Lord's-day morning

Behold, the lofty sky

Declares its Maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

Ye British lands, rejoice,
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice,
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit,
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

[Not honey to the taste
Affords so much delight,
Nor gold that has the furnace passed
So much allures the sight.

While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my King
In my Redeemer's name.]

PSALM 19 PART 2



S. M.
God's word most excellent; or, Sincerity and watchfulness.
For a Lord's-day morning.
PAUSE.

Behold, the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way;
 His beams through all the nations run,
 And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light;
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!
 And all thy judgments just!
 For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
 And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain
 Are thy directions giv'n!
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n!

I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey:
 Send thy good Spirit from above
 To guide me, lest I stray.

O who can ever find
 The errors of his ways?
 Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind
 I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin,
 Forgive my secret faults,
 And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
 Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue
 I spread thy praise abroad,
 Accept the worship and the song,
 My Savior and my God.

PSALM 19



L. M.

The books of nature and of Scripture compared; or, The glory and success of the Gospel.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

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.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand:
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

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.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view
 In souls renewed and sins forgiv'n;
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

PSALM 19

8,8,8,8,8,8

To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The books of nature and of scripture.

PAUSE.

Great God, the heav'ns' well-ordered 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 power and skill divine.



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.

Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice:
 The sun, like some young bridegroom dressed,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles and speaks his Maker God
 All nature joins to show thy praise:
 Thus God in ev'ry creature shines;
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is thy book of grace.

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.

From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw;
 These are my study and delight:
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain:
 Accept my poor attempts of praise,
 That I have read thy book of grace,

And book of nature, not in vain.

PSALM 20



L. M.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war.

Now may the God of power and grace
Attend his people's humble cry!
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,
And brings deliverance from on high.

The name of Jacob's God defends
Better than shields or brazen walls;
He from his sanctuary sends
Succor and strength, when Zion calls.

Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best deserts;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

In his salvation is our hope,
And, in the name of Isr'el's God,
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts:
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

[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 shameful flight.]

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till the salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM 21

C. M.
Our king is the care of Heaven.

The king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name;
And his successful actions crowned
With majesty and fame.

Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name.

PSALM 21

v.1-9
L. M.
Christ exalted to the kingdom.



David rejoiced in God his strength,
Raised to the throne by special grace;
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the triumph and the praise.

How great is the Messiah's joy
 In the salvation of thy hand!
 Lord, thou hast raised his kingdom high,
 And giv'n the world to his command.

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.

Honor and majesty divine
 Around his sacred temples shine;
 Blest with the favor of thy face,
 And length of everlasting days.

Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM 22 PART 1

v.1-16

C. M.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

PAUSE.



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

Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
 Among thy praising saints,
 Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
 And pity our complaints.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliv'rance found;
 But I'm a worm, despised of men,
 And trodden to the ground.

Shaking the head, they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn;
 "In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
 "Neglected and forlorn."

But thou art he who formed my flesh
 By thine almighty word;
 And since I hung upon the breast,
 My hope is in the Lord.

Why will my Father hide his face,
 When foes stand threat'ning round,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 And not a helper found?

Behold thy darling left among
 The cruel and the proud,
 As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong,
 As lions roaring loud.

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.

Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
 Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well?

My God, if possible it be,
 Withhold this bitter cup
 But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.

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.

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 22 PART 2

v.20,21,27-31

C. M.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.



"Now from the roaring lion's rage,
 O Lord, protect thy Son,
 Nor leave thy darling to engage
 The powers of hell alone."

Thus did our suff'ring Savior pray,
 With mighty cries and tears;
 God heard him in that dreadful day,
 And chased away his fears.

Great was the vict'ry of his death,
 His throne exalted high;
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

A num'rous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans;
 They shall be reckoned in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.

The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread;
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his blood.

PSALM 22

vv.1,7,8,12,13,16,18,24,28,29,31

L. M.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.



Now let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complained in tears and blood,
 As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
 And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn:
 "He rescued others from the grave;
 Now let him try himself to save.

"This is the man did once pretend
 God was his Father and his Friend;
 If God, the blessed, loved him so,
 Why doth he fail to help him now?"

Barbarous people! cruel priests!
 How they stood round like savage beasts!
 Like lions gaping to devour,
 When God had 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;
 Raised from the dead, he reigns on high,
 The nations learn his righteousness,
 And humble sinners taste his grace.

PSALM 23

L. M.

God our shepherd.



My Shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well supplied;
 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 water gently flows,
 And all the food's divinely blest.

My wand'ring 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.

Though I walk through 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.

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.

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.

[How I rejoice when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
 'Tis a divine anointing, shed
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.

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.

PSALM 23

C. M.

God our Shepherd.

My shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed,
 Beside the living stream.

He brings my wand'ring spirit back
 When I forsake his ways;
 And leads me, for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

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

The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days:

O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!
 There would I find a settled rest,
 While others go and come;
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

PSALM 23

S. M.

God our Shepherd.



The Lord my Shepherd is,
 I shall be well supplied;
 Since he is mine and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
 Where heav'nly 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;
 Though I should walk through death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.

In sight of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

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

PSALM 24

C. M.

Dwelling with God.



The earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's num'rous race;
 He raised its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.

But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.

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.

Now let our souls' immortal powers
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.

The King of glory! who can tell
 The wonders of his might?
 He rules the nations; but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.

PSALM 24

L. M.

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

PAUSE.



This spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds:
 He raised the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.

But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
 Who shall ascend that blest abode,
 And dwell so near his Maker God?

He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Savior bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.

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.

Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of glory nigh!
 Who can this King of glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Savior's he.

Ye heav'nly gates, your leaves display,
 To make the Lord the Savior way:
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
 The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

Raised from the dead, he goes before;
 He opens heav'n's eternal door,
 To give his saints a blest abode,
 Near their Redeemer and their God.

PSALM 25 PART 1

v.1-11

S. M.

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 powers of hell,
 Persuade me to despair:
 Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.

From the first dawning light
 Till the dark ev'ning rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways,
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.

For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame:
 He pardons, though my guilt be great,
 Through my Redeemer's name.

PSALM 25 PART 2

v.12,14,10,13

S. M.

Divine instruction.



Where shall the man be found
 That fears t' offend his God?
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod?

The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his cov'nant show,
 And all his love impart.

The dealings of his hand
 Are truth and mercy still,
 With such as to his cov'nant stand,
 And love to do his will.

Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face;
 Their seed shall taste the promises
 In their extensive grace.

PSALM 25 PART 3

v.15-22

S. M.

Distress of soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

PAUSE.



Mine eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;

I love to plead his promises,
And rest upon his word.

Turn, turn thee to my soul,
Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my woe;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins;
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate!
Against my life they rise, and join
Their fury with deceit.

O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again:
Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

L. M.

Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.

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.

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.

Amongst thy saints will I appear
With frauds well washed in innocence;
But when I stand before thy bar,
The blood of Christ is my defence.

I love thy habitation, Lord,
The temple where thine honors dwell;
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell.

Let not my soul be joined at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have passed
Among the saints, and near my God.

PSALM 27 PART 1



v.1-6

C. M.

The church is our delight and safety.

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.

One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God!

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,

And there inquire thy will.
 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 27 PART 2

v.8,9,13,14

C. M.

Prayer and hope.



Soon as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace,"
 My heart replied 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 fly 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 believed,
 To see thy grace provide relief;
 Nor was my hope deceived.

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 29

L. M.

Storm and thunder.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power,
 Ascribe due honors to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

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.

To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And lo, the stately cedars break;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
 The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

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

PSALM 30 PART 1

L. M.

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

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?

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,

And tell how large his goodness is;
 Let all your powers rejoice and bless
 While you record his holiness.

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.

PSALM 30 PART 2

vv.6ff

L. M.

Health, sickness, and recovery.



Firm was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presumed '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?"

"Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
 "And bring me from among the dead:"
 Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe
 Are turned to joy and praises now;
 I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
 And ease and gladness gird me round

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
 Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;
 Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n
 For sickness healed and sins forgiv'n.

PSALM 31 PART 1

v.5,13-19,22,23

C. M.

Deliverance from death.

PAUSE.

Unto thine hand, O God of truth,
 My spirit I commit;
 Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,
 And saved me from the pit.

The passions of my hope and fear
 Maintained a doubtful strife,
 While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired
 To take away my life.

"My times are in thine hand," I cried,
 "Though I draw near the dust;
 Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.

O make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
 And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

['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.]

Thy goodness how divinely free!
 How wondrous is thy grace
 To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promises!

O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud;
 He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompense the proud.

PSALM 31 PART 2



v.7-13,18-21

C. M.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

PAUSE.

My heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my help, my trust;
 Thou hast preserved my face from shame,
 Mine honor from the dust.

"My life is spent with grief," I cried,
 "My years consumed in groans,
 My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,
 And sorrow wastes my bones."

Among mine enemies my name
 Was a mere proverb grown,
 While to my neighbors I became
 Forgotten and unknown.

Slander and fear on every side
 Seized and beset me round
 I to the throne of grace applied,
 And speedy rescue found.

How great deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boastings vain!

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

Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell;
 No fenced city, walled and barred,
 Secures a saint so well.

PSALM 32

S. M.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.



O Blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are covered o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives, without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
 I felt the fest'ring wound;
 Till I confessed my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help, in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

PSALM 32

C. M.

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



Happy the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean!

Happy beyond expression he
 Whose debts are thus discharged;
 And from the guilty bondage free,
 He feels his soul enlarged.

His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.

While I my inward guilt suppressed,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And racked my tortured mind.

Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,

My secret sins revealed;
 Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon sealed.

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

PSALM 32 PART 1

L. M.

Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification and Sanctification.

Blest is the man, for ever blest,
 Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;
 Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,
 And covered with his Savior's blood.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace relies.

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.

How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins,
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Through his whole life appears and shine!

PSALM 32 PART 2

L. M.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

While I keep silence, and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel!
 What agonies of inward smart!



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.

For this shall every humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat;
 When floods of huge temptations roll,
 There shall they find a bless'd retreat.

How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
 When days grow dark and storms appear;
 And when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from every snare.

PSALM 33 PART 1

C. M.

Works of creation and providence.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you;
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!

His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heav'n and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name.

His wisdom and almighty word
 The heav'nly arches spread,
 And by the Spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep).

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

He scorns the angry nations' rage,

And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM 33 PART 2

C. M.

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.



Blest is the nation where the Lord
Hath fixed 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 formed us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mold.

Kings are not rescued by the force
Of armies from the grave;
Nor speed nor courage of a horse
Can the bold rider save.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,
To hope for 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 33 PART 1

8,8,8,8,8,8

Works of creation and providence.



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!

Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves,
 His word the heav'nly arches spread:
 How wide they shine from north to south!
 And by the spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

He gathers the wide-flowing seas
 (Those wat'ry treasures know their place)
 In the vast storehouse of the deep:
 He spake, and gave all nature birth;
 And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

Let mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM 33 PART 2

8,8,8,8,8,8

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

O happy nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church, his earthly throne!
 His eye the heathen world surveys,
 He formed their hearts, he knows their ways;
 But God their Maker is unknown.

Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed, or courage, of a horse,

To guard his rider or to fly.
 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
 Doth more secure defence afford
 When death 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,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,
 Send us salvation from thy throne:
 We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM 34 PART 1



L. M.
 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,
 Come, let us all exalt his name;
 I sought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not exposed my hope to shame.

I told him all my secret grief,
 My secret groaning reached his ears;
 He gave my inward pains relief;
 And calmed the tumult of my fears.

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

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

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

PSALM 34 PART 2

v.11-22

L. M.

Religious education; or, Instructions of piety.



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

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.

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.

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.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
 His Son redeems their souls from death;
 His Spirit heals their broken bones,
 They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM 34 PART 1

v.1-10

C. M.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

PAUSE.



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.

Sing to the honor of his name,
 How a poor suff'rer cried,
 Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
 Nor was his suit denied.

When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
 And endless fears arose,
 Like the loud billows of a flood,
 Redoubling all my woes;

I told the Lord my sore distress,
 With heavy groans and tears;
 He gave my sharpest torments ease,
 And silenced all my fears.

[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 his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell;
 What ills their heav'nly care prevents
 No earthly tongue can tell.]

[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, pinched with hunger, roar
 And famish in the wood;
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With every needful good.]

PSALM 34 PART 2

v.11-22

C. M.

Exhortations 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.

Depart from mischief, practise love,
 Pursue the works of peace;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.

His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry;
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.

What though the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.

Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.

When desolation, like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeemed their souls.

PSALM 35 PART 1

v.1-9

C. M.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints.



Now plead my cause, Almighty God,
 With all the sons of strife;
 And fight against the men of blood,
 Who fight against my life.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
 Lift thine avenging rod;
 But to my soul in mercy say,
 "I am thy Savior God!"

They plant their snares to catch my feet,
 And nets of mischief spread;
 Plunge the destroyers in the pit
 That their own hands have made.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
 And slipp'ry be their ground;
 Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
 And all their rage confound.

They fly like chaff before the wind,
 Before thine angry breath;
 The angel of the Lord behind
 Pursues them down to death.

They love the road that leads to hell;
 Then let the rebels die,
 Whose malice is implacable
 Against the Lord on high.

But if thou hast a chosen few
 Amongst that impious race,
 Divide them from the bloody crew,
 By thy surprising grace.

Then will I raise my tuneful voice,
 To make thy wonders known;
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

PSALM 35 PART 2

v.12-14

C. M.

Love to enemies; or, The love of Christ to sinners typify'd in David.

Behold the love, the gen'rous love,
 That holy David shows;
 Hark, how his sounding bowels move
 To his afflicted foes!

When they are sick his soul complains,
 And seems to feel the smart;
 The spirit of the gospel reigns,
 And melts his pious heart.

How did his flowing tears condole
 As for a brother dead!
 And fasting mortified his soul,
 While for their life he prayed.

They groaned, and cursed him on their bed,
 Yet still he pleads and mourns;
 And double blessings on his head
 The righteous God returns.

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

He, the true David, Isr'el's King,
 Blest and beloved of God,
 To save us rebels, dead in sin,
 Paid his own dearest blood.

PSALM 36

v.5-9

L. M.

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



High in the heav'ns, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines
 Thy truth shall break through every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

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

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.

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.

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.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
 Springs from the presence of the Lord;
 And in thy light our souls shall see
 The glories promised in thy word.

PSALM 36

v.1,2,5-7,9.

C. M.

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



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."

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.

What 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 power.

Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Though mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep, unfathomed sea.

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

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

[From thee, when creature-streams run low.
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.
 Though all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes,
 Thy presence makes eternal day,
 Where clouds can never rise.]

PSALM 36

v.1-7

S. M.

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 awhile concealed
 In a self-flatt'ring dream,
 Till his dark crimes at once revealed
 Expose his hateful name.]

His heart is false and foul,
 His words are smooth and fair;
 Wisdom is banished 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.

PSALM 37 PART 1

v.1-15

C. M.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or, The rewards of the righteous and the wicked; or, The world's hatred and the saint's patience.

PAUSE.



Why should I vex my soul, and fret
 To see the wicked rise?
 Or envy sinners waxing great
 By violence and lies?

As flowery grass, cut down at noon,
 Before the ev'ning fades,
 So shall their glories vanish soon
 In everlasting shades.

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.

I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,
 Shall my desires fulfil.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,
 And make thy judgments known,
 Fair as the light of dawning day,
 And glorious as the noon.

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.

Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,
 Nor let your anger rise,
 Though Providence should long delay

To punish haughty vice.
 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 pain surprise their hearts.

PSALM 37 PART 2

v.16,21,26-31

C. M.

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 sinner's gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,
 But ne'er 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 learned 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,
 Preserved from every snare;
 They shall possess the promised land,
 And dwell for ever there.

PSALM 37 PART 3

v.23-37

C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.
 PAUSE.



My God, the steps of pious men
 Are ordered by thy will;
 Though they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.

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.

The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home;
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.

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.

The haughty sinner have I seen,
 Nor fearing man nor God,
 Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,
 Spreading his arms abroad.

And lo! he vanished from the ground,
 Destroyed by hands unseen;
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
 Where all that pride had been.

But mark the man of righteousness,
 His several steps attend;

True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

PSALM 38

C. M.

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 pressed;
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,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Beneath my Father's frown.

Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole:
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul.

All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed 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 foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride

When they supplant my feet.
 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
 And grieve for all my sin;
 I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
 And beg support divine.
 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh;
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

PSALM 39 PART 1

v.1-3

C. M.

Watchfulness over the tongue; or Prudence and zeal.

Thus I resolved before the Lord,-
 "Now will I watch my tongue;
 Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 Or do my neighbor wrong."
 And if I'm e'er constrained to stay
 With men of lives profane,
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.
 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.
 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overawed,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

PSALM 39 PART 2

v.4-7

C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.



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.

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.

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.

Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore;
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,
 From creatures earth and dust?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

PSALM 39 PART 3

v.9-13

C. M.

Sick-bed devotion.



God of my life, look gently down,
 Behold the pains I feel;
 But I am dumb before thy throne,
 Nor dare dispute thy will.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
 They come at thy command;
 I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
 Against thy chast'ning hand.

Yet I may plead with humble cries,
 Remove thy sharp rebukes;
 My strength consumes, my spirit dies,
 Through thy repeated strokes.

Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,
 We moulder to the dust;
 Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
 And all our beauty's lost.

[This mortal life decays apace,
 How soon the bubble's broke!
 Adam and all his num'rous race
 Are vanity and smoke.]

I'm but a sojourner below,
 As all my fathers were;
 May I be well prepared to go,
 When I the summons hear.

But if my life be spared awhile,
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my business still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM 40 PART 1

v.1-3,5,17

C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.



I waited patient for the Lord,
 He bowed to hear my cry;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

He raised me from a horrid pit,
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds released my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.

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.

How many are thy thoughts of love!
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
 We have not words nor hours enough,
 Their numbers to repeat.

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

PSALM 40 PART 2

v.6-9

C. M.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

PAUSE.



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."

Then spake the Savior, "Lo, I'm here,
 My God, to do thy will;
 Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
 Thy servant shall fulfil.

"Thy law is ever in my sight,
 I keep it near my heart;
 Mine ears are opened with delight
 To what thy lips impart."

And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
 Th' eternal Son appears,
 And at th' appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares.

Much he revealed his Father's grace,
 And much his truth he showed,
 And preached the way of righteousness
 Where great assemblies stood.

His Father's honor touched his heart,
 He pitied sinners' cries,
 And, to fulfil a Savior's part,
 Was made a sacrifice.

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

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

PSALM 40

v.5-10

L. M.

Christ our sacrifice.

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,

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.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears,
 Assumes a body well prepared,
 And well performs a work so hard.

"Behold, I come," the Savior cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes,
 "I come to bear the heavy load
 Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

"'Tis written in thy great decree,
 'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 I must fulfil the Savior's part;
 And lo! thy law is in my heart!

"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.

"The Spirit shall descend and show
 What thou hast done, and what I do
 The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
 Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."

PSALM 41



v.1-3

L. M.

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

Blest is the man whose bowels move,
 And melt with pity to the poor;
 Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
 Feels what his fellow saints endure.

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 bowels 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 42 PART 1

v.1-5

C. M.

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 control,
 "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.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove,
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

PSALM 42 PART 2

v.6-11

L. M.

Melancholy thoughts reprov'd; or, Hope in afflictions.

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.

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

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.

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?"

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.

Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
 My God, my most exceeding joy.

PSALM 44



v.1-3,8,15-26

C. M.

The church's complaint in persecution.

PAUSE.



Lord, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of power and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days.

How thou didst build thy churches here,
 And make thy gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone.

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.

But now our souls are seized with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.

Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,
 Nor have our steps declined the road
 Of duty thou hast giv'n;
 Though dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,
 And thine own hand has bruised us sore
 Hard by the gates of death.
 We are exposed all day to die
 As martyrs for thy cause,
 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
 By sharp and bloody laws.
 Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
 Why should we look like men abhorred
 Or banished from thy face?
 Wilt thou for ever cast us off,
 And still neglect our cries?
 For ever hide thine heav'nly love
 From our afflicted eyes?
 Down to the dust our soul is bowed,
 And dies upon the ground;
 Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
 And all their powers confound.
 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
 Our Savior and our God;
 We plead the honors of thy name,
 The merits of thy blood.

PSALM 45

S. M.

The glory of Christ, the success of the Gospel, and the Gentile church.



My Savior and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every grace is thine.
 Now make thy glory known,

Gird on thy dreadful sword,
 And ride in majesty to spread
 The conquests of thy word.

Strike through thy stubborn foes,
 Or melt their hearts t' 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 proves
 A sceptre in thy hand.

[Thy Father and thy God
 Hath without measure shed
 His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
 T' anoint thy sacred head.]

[Behold, at thy right hand
 The Gentile church is seen,
 Like a fair bride in rich attire,
 And princes guard the queen.]

Fair bride, receive his love,
 Forget thy father's house;
 Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,
 And pay thy Lord thy vows.

O let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 Thy children shall his honors sing
 In palaces of joy.

PSALM 45

C. M.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

I'll speak the honors of my King,
 His form divinely fair;
 None of his sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed;

Thy God, with blessings infinite,
 Hath crowned thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
 Ride with majestic sway;
 Thy terrors shall strike through thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
 To rule the saints by love.

Justice and truth attend thee still,
 But mercy is thy choice;
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

PSALM 45 PART 1

L. M.

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.



Now be my heart inspired to sing
 The glories of my Savior King,
 Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
 His form! how bright his beauties are!

O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with a superior grace;
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.

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,

Justice and grace are 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.

PSALM 45 PART 2

L. M.

Christ and his church; or, The mystical marriage.



The King of saints, how fair his face,
Adorned 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 arrayed in purest gold;
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe 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 loved, and yet adored,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

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

Let endless honors crown his head;
Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
The condescensions of his love.

PSALM 46 PART 1

L. M.

The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

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.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there,
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

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.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

PSALM 46 PART 2

L. M.

God fights for his church.

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 hand 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;
 Keep silence, all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of his name.

"Be still, and learn that I am God;
 I'll be exalted o'er the lands;
 I will be known and feared 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
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

PSALM 47

C. M.

Christ ascending and reigning.

O for a shout of sacred joy
 To God the sovereign King!
 Let every 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 trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honors sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song,
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,



He loved that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known;
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

PSALM 48 PART 1

v.1-8

S. M.

The church is the honor and safety of a nation.



[Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

When kings against her joined,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear.

When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress

We'll to his house repair;
 We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
 And seek deliv'rance there.

PSALM 48 PART 2

v.10-14

S. M.

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 honor raise.

With joy let Judah 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,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful 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 adorned 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.

PSALM 49 PART 1



v.6-14

C. M.

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

PAUSE.



Why doth the man of riches grow

To insolence and pride,

To see his wealth and honors flow

With every rising tide?

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,

Made of the self-same clay,

And boast as though his flesh was born

Of better dust than they?]

Not all his treasures can procure

His soul a short reprieve,

Redeem from death one guilty hour,

Or make his brother live.

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,

The ransom is too high;

Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,

That man may never die.]

He sees the brutish and the wise,

The tim'rous and the brave,

Quit their possessions, close their eyes,

And hasten to the grave.

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."

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,

How soon his memory dies!

His name is written in the dust

Where his own carcass lies.

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,

If honor raise them high,

Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,

And like the beast they die.

[Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,
 Till the last trumpet break their sleep
 In terror and despair.]

PSALM 49 PART 2

v.14,15

C. M.

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 scorned them here?

God will my naked soul receive,
 When sep'rate from the flesh;
 And break the prison of the grave,
 To raise my bones afresh.

Heav'n is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure:
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

PSALM 49

L. M.

The 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 one hour from death,
 With all the wealth in which they trust;

Nor give a dying brother breath,
When God commands him down to dust.

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.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:
The saints shall in the morning rise,
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

His honors perish in the dust,
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
That glorious day exalts the just
To full dominion o'er the proud.

My Savior shall my life restore,
And raise me from my dark abode;
My flesh and soul shall part no more,
But dwell for ever near my God.

PSALM 50 PART 1

v.1-6

C. M.

The last judgment; or, The saints rewarded.



The Lord, the Judge, before his throne
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
The nations near the rising sun,
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"
No more abuse his long delay
To impudence and sin.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come,
Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
Lead on the dreadful day.

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 sealed 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."

PSALM 50 PART 2

vv.8,10,11,14,15,23

C. M.

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.

"Call upon me when trouble's near,
 My hand shall set thee free
 Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 The honor due to me.

"The man that offers humble praise,
 He glorifies me best;
 And those that tread my holy ways
 Shall my salvation taste."

PSALM 50 PART 3

v.1,5,8,16,21,22

C. M.

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.

"Not for the want of bullocks slain
 Will I the world reprove;
 Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,
 Without the fire of love.

"And what have hypocrites to do
 To bring their sacrifice?
 They call my statutes just and true,
 But deal in theft and lies.

"Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 And sin without control?
 But I shall bring your crimes to light,
 With anguish in your soul."

Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear,
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliv'rer there.

PSALM 50 PART 3

L. M.

Hypocrisy exposed.

The Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.

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.

They watch to do their neighbors wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.

To heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
 Defiled with lust, defiled with blood;
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.

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.

PSALM 50



The last judgment.
 P. M.



The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sounding orders spread,
 Through 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 commands,
 "Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

"Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
 Sealed by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,
 And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 That paid the ancient worship or the new,
 There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

"I, their Almighty Savior and their God,
 I 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;
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

"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'rings that were mine before;
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where they feed.

"If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood?
Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

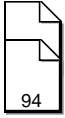
"Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

"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."

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

PSALM 50

To the old proper Tune.
The last judgment.



PAUSE THE FIRST.
 PAUSE THE SECOND.
 EPIPHONEMA.

The God of glory sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
 Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:
 The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heav'n 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.
 When 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."
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion
 And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

"Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,
 Sealed by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,
 And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 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," saith the Lord, "ye angels, spread their thrones
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
 Come, my redeemed, possess the joys prepared
 Ere time began; 'tis your divine reward."
 When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion;
 And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation

"I am the Savior, I th' Almighty God,
 I am the Judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad
 My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."
 When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

"Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane,
 Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain:

Thou hypocrite, once dressed in saints' attire,
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

"Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 Without the flame of love; in vain the store
 Of brutal off'rings, that were mine before."
 Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

"If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?
 When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood?
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where they feed."
 All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation;
 Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

"Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?
 Are my eyes charmed 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.

"Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
 A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,
 While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?"
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heav'n rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

"In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends;
 Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends;
 While the false flatt'rer at my altar waits,
 His hardened soul divine instruction hates."
 God is the Judge of hearts, no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

"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 the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
 See, God appears; all nature joins t' adore him;
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

"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.

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise;
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
 Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend:
 Then join the saints, wake every cheerful passion;
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

PSALM 51 PART 1

L. M.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

Show 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 not surpass
 The power 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 every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace:
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.

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.

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.

PSALM 51 PART 2

L. M.

Original and actual sin confessed.

Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin;
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

[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.]

Behold, I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace:
No outward forms can make me clean
The leprosy lies deep within.

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.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

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 bones rejoice.

PSALM 51 PART 3



L. M.

The backslider restored.

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.

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.

I cannot live without thy light
 Cast out and banished from thy sight:
 Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford;
 And let a wretch come near thy throne,
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

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.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
 I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,
 And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

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

PSALM 51 PART 1

v.3-13

C. M.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.



Lord, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes;
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,
 How high my crimes arise!

Shouldst 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.

I from the stock of Adam came,
 Unholy and unclean;
 All my original is shame,
 And all my nature sin.

Born in a world of guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath;
 And as my days advanced, I grew
 A juster prey for death.

Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 With thy forgiving love;
 O make my broken spirit whole,
 And bid my pains remove.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face;
 Create anew my vicious heart,
 And fill it with thy grace.

Then will I make thy mercy known
 Before the sons of men;
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,
 And turn to God again.

PSALM 51 PART 2

v.14-17

C. M.

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 my 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 heifers slain,
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

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

PSALM 53

v.4-6

C. M.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

Are all the foes of Zion fools,
 Who thus devour her saints?
 Do they not know her Savior rules,
 And pities her complaints?

They shall be seized with sad surprise;
 For God's revenging arm
 Scatters the bones of them that rise
 To do his children harm.

In vain the sons of Satan boast
 Of armies in array;
 When God has first despised their host
 They fall an easy prey.

O for a word from Zion's King,
 Her captives to restore!
 Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
 And Judah weep no more.

PSALM 55

v.1-8,16-18,22

C. M.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

PAUSE.



O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
 "Behold my flowing tears;
 For earth and hell my hurt devise,
 And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is leveled at my life,
 My soul with guilt they load,
 And fill my thoughts with inward strife,
 To shake my hope in God.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
 I groan with ev'ry breath;
 Horror and fear beset me round
 Amongst the shades of death.

O were I like a feathered dove,
 And innocence had wings,
 I'd fly, and make a long remove
 From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,
 And find a peaceful home;
 Where storms of malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

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.

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.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand angels must appear,
 If he command their aid.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all;

My courage rests upon his word,
That saints shall never fall.

My highest hopes shall not be vain,
My lips shall spread his praise;
While cruel and deceitful men
Scarce live out half their days.

PSALM 55



v.15-17,19,22

S. M.

Dangerous prosperity; or, Daily devotions encouraged

Let sinners take their course,
And choose 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'll seek his blessing every 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 power can move.

PSALM 56

C. M.

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood.

PAUSE.



O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor 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.

In God most holy, just, and true,
 I have reposed my trust;
 Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

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

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

God counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears;
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,
 A bottle for my tears.

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.

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

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!"
 Thou hast secured my soul from death,
 O set thy pris'ner free!
 That heart and hand, and life and breath,
 May be employ'd for thee.

PSALM 57



L. M.
 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 power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed; my song shall raise
 Immortal honors 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 power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM 58

8,8,8,8,8,8

Warning to magistrates.



Judges, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause,
 When th' injured poor before you stands?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

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.

A poisoned arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds:
 You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the power of charming sounds.

Break out their teeth, eternal God,
 Those teeth of lions dyed 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.

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.

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 suff'rings well repay."

PSALM 60

v.1-5,10-12

C. M.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.



Lord, hast thou cast the nation off?

Must we for ever mourn?

Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?

Shall mercy ne'er return?

The terror of one frown of thine

Melts all our strength away;

Like men that totter drunk with wine,

We tremble in dismay.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke

And dreads thy threat'ning hand;

O heal the island thou hast broke,

Confirm the wav'ring land.

Lift up a banner in the field

For those that fear thy name;

Save thy beloved with thy shield,

And put our foes to shame.

Go with our armies to the fight,

Like a confed'rate God;

In vain confed'rate powers unite

Against thy lifted rod.

Our troops shall gain a wide renown

By thine assisting hand

'Tis God that treads the mighty down,

And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM 61

v.1-6

S. M.

Safety in God.

When, overwhelm'd with grief,

My heart within me dies,

Helpless, and far from all relief,

To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock
 That's high above my head,
 And make the covert of thy wings
 My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
 For ever I'll abide;
 Thou art the tower of my defence,
 The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
 Of those that fear thy name;
 If endless life be their reward,
 I shall possess the same.

PSALM 62



v.5-12

L. M.

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

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.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face:
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

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.

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?

Once has his awful voice declared,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 "All power is his eternal due;
 He must be feared and trusted too."

For sovereign power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne:
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM 63 PART 1

v.1-5

C. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.



Early, my God, without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away
 Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Through all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine.

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.

Not life itself, with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
 As thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM 63 PART 2

v.6-10

C. M.

Midnight thoughts recollected.



'Twas in the watches of the night
 I thought upon thy power,
 I kept thy lovely face in sight
 Amidst the darkest hour.

My flesh lay resting on my bed,
 My soul arose on high:
 "My God, my life, my hope," I said,
 "Bring thy salvation nigh."

My spirit labors up thine hill,
 And climbs the heav'nly road;
 But thy right hand upholds me still,
 While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
 The shadow of thy wings;
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,
 My tongue awakes and sings.

But the destroyers of my peace
 Shall fret and rage in vain;
 The tempter shall for ever cease,
 And all my sins be slain.

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

PSALM 63

L. M.

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



Great God, indulge my humble claim,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 The glories that compose thy name
 Stand all engaged to make me blest.

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
 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.

With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints, and seek thy face;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
 Nor all the joys our senses know,
 Could make me so divinely blest,
 Or raise my cheerful passions so.

My life itself without thy love
 No taste of pleasure could afford;
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

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.

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

PSALM 63

S. M.

Seeking God.

My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine;
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.

My thirsty, fainting soul
 Thy mercy doth implore;
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.

Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place;
 Thy power and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quick'ning grace.

For life without thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compared to this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

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.

In wakeful hours at night
 I call my God to mind;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.

Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

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

PSALM 65 PART 1



v.1-5

L. M.

Public prayer and praise.

PAUSE.

The praise of Zion waits for thee,
 My God, and praise becomes thy house;
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform their public vows.

O thou whose mercy bends the skies
 To save when humble sinners pray,
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
 And islands of the northern sea.

Against my will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away their stain;
 The blood of Christ will never fail
 To wash my garments white again.

Blest 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.

Let Babel fear when Zion prays;
 Babel, prepare for long distress,
 When Zion's God himself arrays
 In terror and in righteousness.

With dreadful glory God fulfils
 What his afflicted saints request;
 And with almighty wrath reveals
 His love, to give his churches rest.

Then shall the flocking nations run
 To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;
 The rising and the setting sun
 Shall see the Savior's name adored.

PSALM 65 PART 2



v.5-13

L. M.

Divine providence in air, earth, and sea.



The God of our salvation hears
 The groans of Zion mixed with tears;
 Yet when he comes with kind designs,
 Through all the way his terror shines.

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.

Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
 Address their frightened souls to God,
 When tempests rage and billows roar
 At dreadful distance from the shore.

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.

Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains, established by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

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.

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 dressed in flowers.

'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.

The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

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.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
O'er every field thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

PSALM 65 PART 1

C. M.

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.



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.

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

Blest are the men whom thou wilt choose
 To bring them near thy face,
 Give them a dwelling in thine house,
 To feast upon thy grace.

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

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.

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 65 PART 2

C. M.

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea.

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

Thy morning light and ev'ning shade

Successive comforts bring;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine;
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
 The Author is divine.

Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM 65 PART 3

C. M.

The blessings of the spring; or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the husbandman.



Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
 Who makes the earth his care;
 Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
 And bids the grass appear.

The clouds, like rivers raised on high,
 Pour out at thy command
 Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.

The softened ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring;
 The valleys rich provision yield,
 And the poor lab'ers sing.

The little hills, on every side,
 Rejoice at falling showers;
 The meadows, dressed in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

The barren clods, refreshed with rain,

Promise a joyful crop;
The parching grounds look green again,
And raise the reaper's hope.

The various months thy goodness crowns;
How bounteous are thy ways!
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
And shepherds shout thy praise.

PSALM 66 PART 1

C. M.

Governing power and goodness; or, Our graces tried by afflictions.



Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful noise;
With melody of sound record
His honors and your joys.

Say to the Power that shakes the sky,
"How terrible art thou!
Sinners before thy presence fly,
Or at thy feet they bow."

[Come, see the wonders of our God,
How glorious are his ways!
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
And cleaves the frightened seas.

He made the ebbing channel dry,
While Isr'el passed the flood
There did the church begin their joy,
And triumph in their God.]

He rules by his resistless might:
Will rebel mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
And tempt that dreadful war?

O bless our God, and never cease;
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
And guides our doubtful ways.

Lord, thou hast proved our suff'ring souls,
To make our graces shine;

So silver bears the burning coals,
 The metal to refine.
 Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,
 We march at thy command;
 Led to possess the promised place
 By thine unerring hand.

PSALM 66 PART 2

v.13-20

C. M.

Praise to God for hearing prayer.

Now shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty Power,
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.

My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known;
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he has done.

When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought his heav'nly aid;
 He saved my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.

If sin lay covered in my heart,
 While prayer employed my tongue,
 The Lord had shown me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.

But God (his name be ever blest)
 Has set my spirit free;
 Nor turned from him my poor request,
 Nor turned his heart from me.

PSALM 67

C. M.

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



Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine,
 With beams of heav'nly grace;
 Reveal thy power through all our coasts,
 And show thy smiling face.

[Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do thou our glory stand,
 And, like a wall of guardian fire,
 Surround the fav'rite land.]

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad;
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Savior and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud with solemn voice;
 While British tongues exalt his praise,
 And British hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
 That sits enthroned above,
 Wisely commands the worlds he made
 In justice and in love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
 And yield a full increase;
 Our God will crown his chosen isle
 With fruitfulness and peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round
 His choicest favors here,
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

PSALM 68 PART 1

v.1-6,32-35

L. M.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

PAUSE.



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.

[He comes arrayed in burning flames
Justice and Vengeance are his names:
Behold his fainting foes expire,
Like melting wax before the fire.]

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.

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.

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

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Isr'el are his mercies known,
Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
When terrors rise and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

PSALM 68 PART 2

v.17,18

L. M.

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



Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious when the Lord was there;
 While he pronounced his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers of hell,
 That thousand souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.

Raised by his Father to the throne,
 He sent the promised Spirit down
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

PSALM 68 PART 3

v.19,9,20-22

L. M.

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



We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food:
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
 He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.

'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.

He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide difference that remains,
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.

The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
 The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.

But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
 And bring them to his courts above;
 There shall they taste his special love.

PSALM 69 PART 1

v.1-14

C. M.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.



"Save me, O God, the swelling floods
 Break in upon my soul;
 I sink, and sorrows o'er my head
 Like mighty waters roll.

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

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

"'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt
 That men could never pay,
 And gave those honors to thy law
 Which sinners took away."

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

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

"Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,
 And sackcloth was my dress,
 While I procured for naked souls
 A robe of righteousness.

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

"I came in sinful mortals' stead,
 To do my Father's will;
 Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,
 They scandalized my zeal.

"My fasting and my holy groans
 Were made the drunkard's song;
 But God, from his celestial throne,
 Heard my complaining tongue.

"He saved me from the dreadful deep,
 Nor let my soul be drowned;
 He raised and fixed my sinking feet
 On well-established ground.

"'Twas in a most accepted hour
 My prayer arose on high;
 And for my sake my God shall hear
 The dying sinner's cry.

PSALM 69 PART 2

v.14-21,26,29,32

C. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

Now let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The sufferings of our great High Priest,
 The sorrows of our King.

He sinks in floods of deep distress;
 How high the waters rise!
 While to his heav'nly Father's ear
 He sends perpetual cries.

"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 honor 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 has broke my bleeding heart,
And lies defiled my name.

"I looked 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 compassions save;
And though my flesh sink down to death,
Redeem it from the grave.

"I shall arise to praise thy name,
Shall reign in worlds unknown;
And thy salvation, O my God,
Shall seat me on thy throne."

PSALM 69 PART 3

C. M.

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



Father, I sing thy wondrous grace,
I bless my Savior's name;
He bought salvation for the poor,
And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has raised us high;

His duty and his zeal
 Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,
 And finished all thy will.

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.

This shall his humble followers see,
 And set their hearts at rest
 They by his death draw near to thee,
 And live for ever blest.

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 the praise.

Zion is thine, most holy God,
 Thy Son shall bless her gates;
 And glory purchased by his blood
 For thy own Isr'el waits.

PSALM 69 PART 1

L. M.

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

Deep in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
 Behold the rising billows roll,
 To overwhelm his holy soul.

In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
 And all the sons of malice, join
 To execute their cursed design.

Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Has made the curse a blessing prove;
 Those dreadful suff'rings of thy Son
 Atoned for sins which we had done.

The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honors of thy law restored;

His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

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 turned to shame.

PSALM 69 PART 2



v.7-24

L. M.

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

'Twas for thy sake, eternal God,
Thy Son sustained that heavy load
Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
And shame defiled his sacred face.

The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
Abused the Man that checked their sin;
While he fulfilled thy holy laws,
They hate him, but without a cause.

["My Father's house," said he, "was made
A place for worship, not for trade:"
Then scatt'ring all their gold and brass
He scourged the merchants from the place.]

[Zeal for the temple of his God
Consumed his life, exposed his blood;
Reproaches at thy glory thrown
He felt, and mourned them as his own.]

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

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.

[Wretches with hearts as hard as stones
Insult his piety and groans;

Gall was the food they gave him there,
And mocked his thirst with vinegar.]

But God beheld, and from his throne
Marks out the men that hate his Son;
The hand that raised him from the dead,
Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

PSALM 71 PART 1



v.5-9

C. M.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

My God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.

My flesh was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine;
And from my mother's painful hour,
I've been entirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the hist'ry of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

PSALM 71 PART 2

v.14-16,22-24

C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.



My Savior, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

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

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

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

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

My tongue shall all the day proclaim
My Savior and my God;
His death has brought my foes to shame,
And drowned them in his blood.

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

PSALM 71 PART 3

v.17-21

C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

PAUSE.



God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declared thy heav'nly truth,

And told thy wondrous ways.
 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God my strength depart?
 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age;
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.
 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love!
 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.
 Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
 And oft endured the grief;
 But when thy hand has pressed me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.
 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.
 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care;
 These withering limbs with thee I trust,
 To raise them strong and fair.

PSALM 72 PART 1

L. M.
 The kingdom of Christ.

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

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.

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

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.

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

The saints shall flourish in his days,
 Dressed in the robes of joy and praise
 Peace, like a river from his throne,
 Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

PSALM 72 PART 2

L. M.

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.



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.

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

There Persia, glorious to behold,
 There India shines in eastern gold;
 And barb'rous nations at his word
 Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

For him shall endless prayer be made,

And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

[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.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

PSALM 73 PART 1

C. M.

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

Now I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And bordered on despair.

I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
"How pleasant and profane they live!
How peaceful is their death!

"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.

"In vain I lift my hands to pray,
And cleanse my heart in vain;



For I am chastened all the day,
The night renews my pain."

Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt 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's feet
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,
Beside a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at thy frown he fell;
His honors 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 promised grace,
And think the wicked blest.

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

PSALM 73 PART 2

v.23-28

C. M.

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 counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness;

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.

What if the springs of life were broke,
And flesh and heart should faint?
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence die;
Not all the idol gods they love
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

PSALM 73



v.22,3,6,17-20

L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,
To see the wicked placed on high,
In pride and robes of honor shine!

But O their end, their dreadful end!
Thy sanctuary taught me so;
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,
And fiery billows roll below.

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.

Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!
Just like a dream when man awakes;

Their songs of softest harmony
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine
Too dear to purchase with my blood;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
My life, my portion, and my God.

PSALM 73

S. M.

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 honor shine.

[Pampered 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.

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

The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought,

To learn thy justice thence.

Thy word with light and power
Did my mistake amend;
I viewed the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.

On what a slipp'ry steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below!

Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

PSALM 74

C. M.

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

PAUSE.

Will God for ever cast us off?
His wrath for ever smoke
Against the people of his love,
His little chosen flock?

Think of the tribes so dearly bought
With their Redeemer's blood;
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,
Where once thy glory stood.

Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
Aloud our ruin calls;
See what a wide and fearful waste
Is made within thy walls.

Where once thy churches prayed and sang,
Thy foes profanely roar;
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
Sad tokens of their power.

How are the seats of worship broke!
They tear the buildings down,
And he that deals the heaviest stroke



Procures the chief renown.

With flames they threaten to destroy
Thy children in their nest;
"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 power and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
But all the seers mourn;
There's not a soul amongst us knows
The time of thy return.

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
Thine holy name profaned?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine 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 power formed every 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 formed them first
Avenge thine injured name?

Think oh the cov'nant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade,
And vex thy mourning dove.

Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,
And give thy children rest.

PSALM 75

L. M.

Power and government from God alone.

[Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William, or the happy accession of King George to the throne.]



To thee, most Holy and most High,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

Britain was doomed to be a slave,
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.

He from thy hand received his crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

Such honors never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

No vain pretence to royal birth

Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
 God, the great Sovereign of the earth,
 Will rise and make his justice known.

[His hand holds out the dreadful cup
 Of vengeance mixed with various plagues,
 To make the wicked drink them up,
 Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

Now shall the Lord exalt the just;
 And while he tramples on the proud,
 And lays their glory in the dust,
 My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

PSALM 76

C. M.

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.



In Judah God of old was known;
 His name in Isr'el 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 received their just complaints
 Against their haughty foes.

From Zion went his dreadful word,
 And broke the threat'ning spear,
 The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
 And crushed 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 stopped the breath
 Of captains and their bands;
 The men of might slept fast in death,
 And never found their 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 power can stand before thy sight,
 When once thy wrath appears?
 When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,
 The earth lies still and fears.

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

[Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
 Ye princes, fear his frown;
 His terror shakes the proudest king,
 And cuts an army down.

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

PSALM 77 PART 1



C. M.
 Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.



To God I cried with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And filled the night with fear.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refused relief;
 I thought on God the just and wise,
 But thoughts increased my grief.

Still I complained, and still oppressed,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew,
 Till I could speak no more;
 Then I within myself withdrew,

And called thy judgments o'er.
 I called back years and ancient times
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit searched for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.
 I called thy mercies to my mind
 Which I enjoyed before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His face appear no more?
 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 recovering grace,
 When flesh could hope no more.
 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
 And men that love thy word
 Have in thy sanctuary known
 The counsels of the Lord.

PSALM 77 PART 2

C. M.
 Comfort derived from ancient providences.



"How 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,
 The King that reigns above;
 I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
 And learn to trust his love.

Long did the house of Joseph lie
 With Egypt's yoke oppressed;
 Long he delayed to hear their cry,
 or gave his people rest.

The sons of good old Jacob seemed
 Abandoned to their foes;
 But his almighty arm redeemed
 The nation that he chose.

Isr'el, his people and his sheep,
 Must follow where he calls;
 He bade them venture through the deep,
 And made the waves their walls.

The waters saw thee, mighty God!
 The waters saw thee come;
 Backward they fled, and frighted stood,
 To make thine armies room.

Strange was thy journey through the sea
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;
 Terrors attend the wondrous way
 That brings thy mercies down.

[Thy voice, with terror in the sound,
 Through clouds and darkness broke;
 All heav'n in lightning shone around,
 And earth with thunder shook.

Thine arrows through the skies were hurled;
 How glorious is the Lord!
 Surprise and trembling seized the world,
 And his own saints adored.

He gave them water from the rock,
 And safe, by Moses' hand,
 Through a dry desert led his flock
 Home to the promised land.]

PSALM 78 PART 1

C. M.

Providences of God recorded.

Let children hear the mighty deeds

Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

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

PSALM 78 PART 2

C. M.

Israel's rebellion and punishment.



O What a stiff rebellious house
Was Jacob's ancient race!
False to their own most solemn vows,
And to their Maker's grace.

They broke the cov'nant of his love,
And did his laws despise;
Forgot the works he wrought to prove
His power before their eyes.

They saw the plagues on Egypt light
From his revenging hand;
What dreadful tokens of his might
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
And marched in safety through,
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

A wondrous pillar marked the road,
Composed of shade and light;

By day it proved a shelt'ring cloud,
A leading fire by night.

He from the rock their thirst supplied
The gushing waters fell,
And ran in rivers by their side,
A constant miracle.

Yet they provoked the Lord most High,
And dared distrust his hand:
"Can he with bread our host supply
Amidst this desert land?"

The Lord with indignation heard,
And caused his wrath to flame;
His terrors ever stand prepared
To vindicate his name.

PSALM 78 PART 3

C. M.

The punishment of luxury and intemperance.



When Isr'el sins, the Lord reproveth
And fills their hearts with dread;
Yet he forgives the men he loves,
And sends them heav'nly bread.

He fed them with a lib'ral hand,
And made his treasures known;
He gave the midnight clouds command
To pour provision down.

The manna, like a morning shower,
Lay thick around their feet
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,
As though 'twere angels' meat.

But they in murm'ring language said,
"Manna is all our feast;
We loathe this light, this airy bread;
We must have flesh to taste."

"Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"
The Lord in wrath replied,
And sent them quails like sand or dust,

Heaped up from side to side.
 He gave them all their own desire,
 And greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.
 When some were slain, the rest returned
 And sought the Lord with tears;
 Under the rod they feared and mourned,
 But soon forgot their fears.
 Oft he chastised and still forgave,
 Till, by his gracious hand,
 The nation he resolved to save
 Possessed the promised land.

PSALM 78 PART 4

v.32ff

L. M.

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



Great God, how oft did Isr'el prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love!
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.
 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.
 The Lord consumed their years ill pain,
 And made their travels long and vain;
 A tedious march through unknown ways
 Wore out their strength, and spent their days.
 Oft when they saw their brethren slain
 They mourned, and sought the Lord again;
 Called him the Rock of their abode,
 Their high Redeemer, and their God.
 Their prayers 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.

Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
The men who not deserved to live;
His anger oft away he turned,
Or else with gentle flame it burned.

He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
He saw temptations still prevail;
The God of Abram loved them still,
And led them to his holy hill.

PSALM 80

L. M.

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

PAUSE I.

PAUSE II.

Great Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep;

Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us through;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved 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 saved, and sigh no more.

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 its beauty thus defaced?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

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

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,
Thou wast its strength and glory too;
Attacked in vain by all its foes,
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose:

Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
Himself a noble vine, and we
The lesser branches of the tree.

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

O for his sake attend our cry,
Shine on thy churches lest they die;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PSALM 81



v.1,8-16

S. M.

The warnings of God to his people.

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

"From vile idolatry
Preserve my worship clean;

I am the Lord, who set thee free
From slavery and sin.

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

"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.

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

"While I destroy their foes,
I'd richly feed my flock;
And they should taste the stream that flows
From their eternal rock."

PSALM 82

L. M.

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.



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.

Why will ye, then, frame wicked laws?
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
When will ye once defend the poor,
That sinners vex the saints no more?

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.

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.

PSALM 83

S. M.

A complaint against persecutors.



And will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep?

Behold, what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread!
 The men that hate thy saints and thee
 Lift up their threat'ning head.

Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice, with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy.

The noble and the base
 Into thy pastures leap;
 The lion and the stupid ass
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.

"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."

Awake, Almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.

Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy name;
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know
 That glorious, dreadful word,
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 84 PART 1

L. M.

The pleasure of public worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

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?

The sparrow chooses where to rest,
 And for her young provides her nest;
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?

Blest are the saints who sit on high
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest 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.

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 84 PART 2

L. M.

God and his church; or, Grace and glory.

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.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

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.

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.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

PSALM 84

v.1-4,10, paraphrased

C. M.

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

PAUSE.



My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving power displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.

With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.

There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will;
 And still we seek thy mercy there,
 And sing thy praises still.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
 While far from thine abode;
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see
 My Savior and my God?

The sparrow builds herself a nest,
 And suffers no remove;
 O make me, like the sparrows, blest,
 To dwell but where I love.

To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employed in carnal joys.

Lord, at thy threshold I would wait
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a throne of state,
 Or live in tents of sin.

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

PSALM 84

6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4

Longing for the house of God.

PAUSE.



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!

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.

God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence:

He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds

From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

PSALM 85 PART 1

v.1-8

L. M.

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

Lord, thou hast called thy grace to mind,
 Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;
 So God forgave when Isr'el sinned,
 And brought his wand'ring captives home.

Thou hast begun to set us free,
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
 Now let our hearts be turned to thee,
 And thy 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.

PSALM 85 PART 2

v.9ff

L. M.

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,
 Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;
 By his obedience so complete,
 Justice is pleased, and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honor shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heav'nly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentle 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.

PSALM 86

v.8-13

C. M.

A general song of praise to God.

Among the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath power 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.

Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
 Teach me thine heav'nly ways,
 And my poor scattered thoughts unite
 In God my Father's praise.

Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

PSALM 87

L. M.

The church the birth-place of the saints.



God in his earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heav'nly praise:
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

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.

What glories were described of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

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.

When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honor to appear
 As one new-born or nourished there!

PSALM 89

L. M.

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, established by his hand.

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.

"Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
 Thy children shall be ever blest;
 Thou art my chosen King: thy throne
 Shall stand eternal like my own.

"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?"

"David, my servant, whom I chose
 To guard my flock, to crush my foes,
 And raised him to the Jewish throne,
 Was but a shadow of my Son."

Now let the church rejoice and sing
 Jesus, her Savior and her King;
 Angels his heav'nly wonders show,
 And saints declare his works below.

PSALM 89 PART 1

C. M.

The faithfulness of God.

My never-ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord;
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heav'n endure;
 And if he speak a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of David held
 The promised Jewish throne!
 But there's a nobler cov'nant sealed
 To David's greater Son.

His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies;
 The meanest subject 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 honors raise
 To thy unchanging love.

PSALM 89 PART 2

v.7ff

C. M.

The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential worship.



With rev'ence let the saints appear,
 And bow before the Lord;
 His high commands with rev'ence hear,
 And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!
 Where is the power that vies with thee,
 Or truth compared to 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 control,
 And rule the boist'rous 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;
 How did thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel!

Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is thy grace;
 While truth and mercy, joined in one,
 Invite us near thy face.

PSALM 89 PART 3

v.15ff

C. M.

A blessed gospel.

Blest are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Through their Redeemer's name;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives;
 Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

PSALM 89 PART 4



v.19ff

C. M.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom; or, His Divine and human nature

Hear what the Lord in vision said,
 And made his mercy known:
 "Sinners, behold your help is laid
 On my Almighty Son.

"Behold the Man my wisdom chose
 Among your mortal race:
 His head my holy oil o'erflows,
 The Spirit of my grace.

"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.

"My truth shall guard him in his way,
 With mercy by his side,
 While in my name through 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 arrayed in grace
 At my right hand shall sit;
 Beneath him angels know their place,
 And monarchs at his feet.

"My cov'nant stands for ever fast,
 My promises are strong;
 Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,
 His seed endure as long."

PSALM 89 PART 5

v.30ff

C. M.

The covenant of grace unchangeable.



"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 eternal love hath spoke
 Eternal truth shall bind.

"Once have I sworn (I need no more)
 And pledged 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.

"Sure as the moon that rules the night
 His kingdom shall endure,
 Till the fixed laws of shade and light
 Shall be observed no more.

PSALM 89 PART 6

v.47ff

L. M.

Mortality and hope. A funeral psalm.



Remember, Lord, our mortal state,
 How frail our life! how short the date!
 Where is the man that draws his breath
 Safe from disease, secure from death'?

Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
 "Must death for ever rage and reign?
 Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

"Where is thy promise to the just?
 Are not thy servants turned to dust?"
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day,
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honor of thy word:
 Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

PSALM 89 LAST PART

v.47ff

8,8,8,8,8,8

Life, death, and the resurrection.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man;
 How few his hours! how short his span!
 Short from the cradle to the grave
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or power to save?

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 turned to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

Hast thou not promised 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.

PSALM 90

L. M.

Man mortal, and God eternal
 A mournful song at a funeral.

PAUSE.

Through every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
 High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
 Or dust was fashioned to a 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.

Death, like an overflowing stream,
 Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,
 An empty tale, a morning flower,
 Cut down and withered in an hour.]

[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.

But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

PSALM 90 PART 1

v.1-5

C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.



Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

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 sun.

[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 op'ning day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleased with the morning light;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie with'ring 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 90 PART 2

v.8-12

C. M.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin.



Lord, if thine eye surveys 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.

'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

[Our vitals with laborious strife
Bear up the crazy load,

And drag those poor remains of life
 Along the tiresome road.]

Almighty God, reveal thy love,
 And not thy wrath alone;
 O let our sweet experience prove
 The mercies of thy throne!

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.

PSALM 90 PART 3

v.13ff

C. M.

Breathing after heaven.



Return, O God of love, return;
 Earth is a tiresome place:
 How long shall we, thy children, mourn
 Our absence from thy face?

Let heav'n succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease,
 And in proportion to our tears
 So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work complete;
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne
 In all thy beauty, Lord;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a Divine reward.

PSALM 90

v.5,10,12

S. M.

The frailty and shortness of life.

Lord, 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 every month, and every day,
'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood, our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

PSALM 91 PART 1

v.1-7

L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

PAUSE.



He that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say, "My God, thy power
Shall be my fortress and my tower;
I, that am formed of feeble dust,
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;
Satan, the fowler, who betrays

Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

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.

If vapors with malignant breath
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Isr'el is safe; the poisoned air
Grows pure, if Isr'el's God be there.

What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

So when he sent his angel down
To make his wrath in Egypt known,
And slew their sons, his careful eye
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.

But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

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.

PSALM 91 PART 2



v.9-16

C. M.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
Exposed to every snare,
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,

And try and trust his care.
 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
 Or if the plague come nigh,
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,
 'Twill raise his saints on high.
 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.
 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?
 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
 The tempter's wiles defeat;
 He that hath broke the serpent's head
 Puts him beneath your feet.
 "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.
 "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.
 "Those that on earth my name have known
 I'll honor them in heav'n;
 There my salvation shall be shown,
 And endless life be giv'n."

PSALM 92 PART 1



L. M.
 A Psalm for the Lord's day.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
 To show thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found,
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

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!

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.

But I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refined my heart;
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

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.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know
 All I desired or wished below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM 92 PART 2

v.12ff

L. M.

The church is the garden of God.



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.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these.

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 show
 The Lord is holy, just, and true;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

PSALM 93

L. M.

The eternal and sovereign God.

Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might:
 The world, created by his hands,
 Still on its first foundation stands.

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 93

10,10,10,10,11,11

The eternal and sovereign God.

The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty:
 This wide creation rose at his command,

Built by his word and 'stablished 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 commotion,
 But heav'n's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
 And the mad world submissive to his will:
 Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

PSALM 93

6,6,8,6,6,8

The eternal and sovereign God.



The Lord Jehovah reigns,
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crowned;
 Arrayed in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by thy commands,
 The world securely stands;
 And skies and stars obey thy word:
 Thy throne was fixed on high
 Before the starry sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

In vain the noisy crowd,
 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.

Let floods and nations rage,

And all their powers engage;
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down:
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new:
 There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove;
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

PSALM 94 PART 1

v.1,2,7-14

C. M.

Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, Instructive afflictions.

O God, to whom revenge belongs,
 "Proclaim thy wrath aloud;
 Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.

They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears:"
 When will the fools be wise?
 Can he be deaf who formed 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 providences and thy 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.

PSALM 94 PART 2

v.16-23

C. M.

God our support and comfort.



Who will arise and plead my right
Against my num'rous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
And all my hopes oppose?

Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
Sustained my fainting head,
My life had now in silence dwelt,
My soul amongst the dead.

"Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried;
Thy promise was my prop;
Thy grace stood constant by my side,
Thy Spirit bore me up.

While multitudes of mournful thoughts
Within my bosom roll,
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

Powers of iniquity may rise,
And frame pernicious laws;
But God my refuge rules the skies,
He will defend my cause.

Let malice vent her rage aloud,
Let bold blasphemers scoff;
The Lord our God shall judge the proud
And cut the sinners off.

PSALM 95

C. M.

A Psalm before prayer.



Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honor sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high and gods below,
 When once compared with him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
 Lies in his spacious hand;
 He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face
 O 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."

PSALM 95

S. M.

A Psalm before sermon.



Come, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

He formed 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 formed us by his word.

Today attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come, like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race;

The Lord, in vengeance dressed,
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 "You that despise my promised rest
 Shall have no portion there."

PSALM 95

v.1-3,6-11

L. M.

Canaan lost through unbelief; or, A warning to delaying sinners.

Come, let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise;
 God is a sovereign King, rehearse
 His honors in exalted verse.

Come, let our souls address the Lord,
 Who framed our natures with his word;
 He is our Shepherd; we the sheep
 His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

Come, let us hear his voice today,
 The counsels of his love obey;
 Nor let our hardened hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that Isr'el knew.

Isr'el, that saw his works of grace,
 Yet tempt their Maker to his face;
 A faithless, unbelieving brood,
 That tired the patience of their God.

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."

[Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead;
 Attend the offered grace today,
 Nor lose the blessing by delay.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
 And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
 Believe, and take the promised rest;
 Obey, and be for ever blest.]

PSALM 96



v.1,10ff

C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue;
 His new-discovered 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.

Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea:
 Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;
 Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold, he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,

And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

PSALM 96

8,8,8,8,8,8

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.

The heathens know thy glory, Lord,
 The wond'ring nations read thy word,
 In Britain is Jehovah known:
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

He framed 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!

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 man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

PSALM 97 PART 1

v.1-5

L. M.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

He reigns! the Lord, the Savior reigns;
 Praise him in evangelic strains
 Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,
 And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown,
 But grace and truth support his throne;
 Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

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.

His enemies, with sore dismay,
 Fly from the sight, and shun the day;
 Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
 And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

PSALM 97 PART 2



v.6-9

L. M.

Christ's incarnation.

The Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim
 His birth; the nations learn his name;
 An unknown star directs the road
 Of eastern sages to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies,
 Go, worship where the Savior lies;
 Angels and kings before him bow,
 Those gods on high and gods below.

Let idols totter to the ground,
 And their own worshippers confound
 But Judah shout, but Zion sing,
 And earth confess her sovereign King.

PSALM 97 PART 3

L. M.

Grace and glory.

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.

O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord:
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

PSALM 97

v.1,3,5-7,11

C. M.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.



Ye islands of the northern sea,
Rejoice, the Savior reigns;
His word, like fire, prepares his way,
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,
And makes the valleys rise;
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
The haughty sinner dies.

The heav'ns his rightful power proclaim,
The idol-gods around
Fill their own worshippers with shame,
And totter to the ground.

Adoring angels at his birth
Make the Redeemer known:
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,

And angels guard his throne.
 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
 And hills and seas retire;
 His children take their unknown flight,
 And leave the world in fire.
 The seeds of joy and glory sown
 For saints in darkness here,
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
 And a rich harvest bear.

PSALM 98 PART 1

C. M.

Praise for the gospel.

To our Almighty Maker, God,
 New honors be addressed;
 His great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.
 He spake the word to Abraham first;
 His truth fulfils the grace;
 The Gentiles make his name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.
 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her different tongues,
 And spread the honors of his name
 In melody and songs.

PSALM 98 PART 2

C. M.

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heav'n and nature sing.
 Joy to the earth! the Savior 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 99 PART 1

S. M.

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.

Jesus the Savior reigns!
Let earth adore its Lord;
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne,
His honors are Divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name!
How terrible his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

PSALM 99 PART 2



S. M.

A holy God worshiped with reverence.

Exalt the Lord our God,

And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.

When Isr'el was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
 He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race;
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abused his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still the same;
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his name.

PSALM 100

L. M.

A plain translation. Praise to our Creator.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign 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 pastures 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 honors 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 100

L. M.

A paraphrase.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice,
 Let every land his name adore;
 The British isles shall send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.

Nations, attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and formed us men;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heav'ns 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 101

L. M.

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.

If I am raised to bear the sword,

I'll take my counsels from thy word;
 Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.

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.

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.

[I'll search the land, and raise the just
 To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;
 The men that work thy holy will
 Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flatt'ring or malicious lies;
 And while the innocent I guard,
 The bold offender sha'n't be spared.

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 suppressed.

PSALM 101

C. M.

A Psalm for a master of a family.

Of 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.

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 neighbor wrong
 By falsehood or by force,



The scornful eye, the sland'rous tongue
I'll thrust them 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.

PSALM 102 PART 1

v.1-13,20,21

C. M.

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?

My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.

My spirits flag like with'ring 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.

My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl;

There the sad raven finds her place,
And there the screaming owl.
Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
Nor give my spirit rest.
My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread, like ashes, grows
Unpleasant to my taste.
Sense can afford no real joy
To souls that feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
My looks like withered leaves appear;
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are
That vanish into night.
But thou for ever art the same,
O my eternal God;
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy works abroad.
Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
That long-expected day.
He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

PSALM 102 PART 2

v.13-21

C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.



Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
Behold the promised 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 sovereign on his throne,
With pity in his eyes;
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,
And when his saints complain,
It shan'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.

PSALM 102 PART 3

v.23-28

L. M.

Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity.



It is the Lord our Savior'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 sorrow should assuage:
 Our Father and our Savior live;
 Christ is the same through every age.

'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 changed at his command.

The starry curtains of the sky,
 Like garments, shall be laid aside;
 But still thy throne stands firm on high,
 Thy church for ever must abide.

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 raised again.

PSALM 103 PART 1

v.1-7

L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

Bless, O my soul, the living God,
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise:
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence and forgot?

'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.

The vices of the mind he heals,
 And cures the pains that nature feels
 Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
 Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

Our youth decayed, his power repairs;
 His mercy crowns our growing years;
 He satisfies our mouth with good,
 And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,
 And often gives the sufferers rest;
 But will his justice more display
 In the last great rewarding day.

[His power he showed 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.]

PSALM 103 PART 2



v.8-18

L. M.

God's gentle chastisement; or, His tender mercy to his people.

PAUSE.



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 placed
 The rising morning from the west,
 As his forgiving grace removes
 The daily guilt of those he loves.

How slowly doth his wrath arise!
 On swifter wings salvation flies;
 And if he lets his anger burn,
 How soon his frowns to pity turn

Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
 His strokes are lighter than our sins
 And while his rod corrects his saints,
 His ear indulges their complaints.

So fathers their young sons chastise
 With gentle hand and melting eyes;
 The children weep beneath the smart,
 And move the pity of their heart.

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.

He knows how soon our nature dies,
 Blasted by every wind that flies;
 Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
 Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

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 103 PART 1

v.1-7

S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

O bless the Lord, my soul,
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses
 And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave;
 He that redeemed my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good,
 He gives the sufferers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

PSALM 103 PART 2

v.8-18

S. M.

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 raised
 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,
 Scattered with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field
 It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

PSALM 103 PART 3

v.19-22

S. M.

God's universal dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.



The Lord, the sovereign King,
 Hath fixed his throne on high;
 O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,
 And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,
 And swift to do his will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait
 The orders of their King,
 And guard his churches when they pray,
 Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wondrous works
 Through his vast kingdom show
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
 Shalt sing his graces too.

PSALM 104

L. M.

8,8,8,8,8,8

The glory of God in creation and providence.

PAUSE I.

PAUSE II.

PAUSE III.

[Note.-This Psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding these two lines to every stanza:

Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th Psalm.]

My soul, thy great Creator praise:
When clothed in his celestial rays,
He in full majesty appears,
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed.
Clouds are his chariot when he flies
On winged storms across the skies.

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.

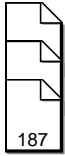
The world's foundations by his hand
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;
He binds the ocean in his chain,
Lest it should drown the earth again.

When earth was covered with the flood,
Which high above the mountains stood,
He thundered, and the ocean fled,
Confined to its appointed bed.

The swelling billows know their bound,
And in their channels walk their round;
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

He bids the crystal fountains flow,
And cheer the valleys as they go;
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
And for the stream wild asses bray.

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.

God from his cloudy cistern pours
On the parched earth enriching showers;
The grove, the garden, and the field,
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

He makes the grassy food arise,
And gives the cattle large supplies
With herbs for man of various power,
To nourish nature or to dire.

What noble fruit the vines produce!
The olive yields a shining juice;
Our hearts are cheered with gen'rous wine,
With inward joy our faces shine.

O bless his name, ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

Behold, the stately cedar stands,
Raised in the forest by his hands;
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,
And build their nests secure on high.

To craggy hills ascends the goat,
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

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.

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.

Then man to daily labor goes;
The night was made for his repose;
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:

Thy wisdom round the world we see;
This spacious earth is full of thee.

Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

There ships divide their wat'ry way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

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.

While each receives his different food,
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in different forms.

But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And, dying, to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

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.

His works, the wonders of his might,
Are honored with his own delight;
How awful are his glorious ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

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 sovereign grace.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
And make my meditations sweet;
Thy praises shall my breath employ,
Till it expire in endless joy.

While haughty sinners die accursed,

Their glory buried with their dust,
 I to my God, my heav'nly King,
 Immortal hallelujahs sing.

Great is the Lord, what tongue can frame
 An equal honor to his name?

PSALM 105 Abridged

C. M.

God's conduct of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

PAUSE I.

PAUSE II.

Give 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.

His cov'nant, which he kept in mind
 For num'rous ages past,
 To num'rous ages yet behind
 In equal force shall last.

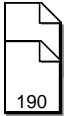
He sware to Abraham and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure;
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truth endure.

"Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
 (Said the Almighty voice,)
 "And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 The type of heav'nly joys."

[How large the grant! how rich the grace,
 To give them Canaan's land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A little feeble band!

Like pilgrims through the countries round
 Securely they removed;
 And haughty kings that on them frowned
 Severely he reproved.

"Touch mine anointed, and my arm
 Shall soon revenge the wrong:



The man that does my prophets harm,
 Shall know their God is strong."

Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Isr'el must live through every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.]

When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,
 And thus provoked their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Armed with his dreadful rod.

He called for darkness; darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming flood;
 He turned each lake and every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.

He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Through the whole country spread;
 And frogs in croaking armies rise
 About the monarch's bed.

Through fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold vengeance flew;
 Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,
 And hail their cattle slew.

Then by an angel's midnight stroke
 The flower of Egypt died;
 The strength of every house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Isr'el must live through every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.

Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
 And left the hated ground;
 Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
 And not one feeble found.

The Lord himself chose out their way,
 And marked their journeys right;
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

They thirst, and waters from the rock

In rich abundance flow;
 And following still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert through.

O wondrous stream! O blessed type
 Of ever-flowing grace!
 So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life
 Through all this wilderness.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,
 The chosen tribes possessed
 Canaan, the rich, the promised land,
 And there enjoyed their rest.

Then let the world forbear its rage,
 The church renounce her fear;
 Isr'el must live through every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.

PSALM 106 PART 1

v.1-5

L. M.

Praise to God; or, Communion with saints.

To God, the great, the ever-blest,
 Let songs of honor be addressed;
 His mercy firm for ever stands
 Give him the thanks his love demands.

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.

Remember what thy mercy did
 For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
 And with the same salvation bless
 The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
 And aid their triumphs with my voice!
 This is my glory, Lord, to be
 Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

PSALM 106 PART 2

v.7,8,12ff

S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.



God of eternal love,
 How fickle are our ways!
 And yet how oft did Isr'el prove
 Thy constancy of grace!

They saw thy wonders wrought,
 And then thy praise they sung;
 But soon thy works of power forgot,
 And murmured with their tongue.

Now they believe his word
 While rocks with rivers flow;
 Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
 And he reduced them low.

Yet when they mourned their faults,
 He hearkened to their groans,
 Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,
 And called them still his sons.

Their names were in his book,
 He saved them from their foes
 Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook
 The people that he chose.

Let Isr'el bless the Lord,
 Who loved their ancient race
 And Christians join the solemn word,
 Amen, to all the praise.

PSALM 107 PART 1

L. M.

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.



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.

Let the redeemed of the Lord
 The wonders of his grace record;
 Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,
 And rescued from their mighty foes.

[When God's almighty arm had broke
 Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
 They traced the desert, wand'ring round
 A wild and solitary ground.

There they could find no leading road,
 Nor city for a fixed abode;
 Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage
 Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.]

In their distress, to God they cried
 God was their Savior and their Guide;
 He led their march far wand'ring round,
 'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus, when our first release we gain
 From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
 We have this desert world to pass,
 A dangerous and a tiresome place.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,
 He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
 He guards us with a powerful hand,
 And brings us to the heav'nly land.

O let the saints with joy record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord!
 How great his works! how kind his ways!
 Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107 PART 2

L. M.

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

From age to age exalt his name;
 God and his grace are still the same;
 He fills the hungry soul with food,
 And feeds the poor with every good.

But if their hearts rebel and rise

Against the God that 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 every tongue pronounce his praise.

PSALM 107 PART 3



L. M.
 Intemperance punished and pardoned.

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 powers are lost,
 And fainting life draws near the dust.

The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,
 His soul abhors delicious meat;
 Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,
 Would yield to death to be released.

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.

No med'cines could effect the cure
So quick, so easy, or so sure;
The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
And let their thankful off'rings prove
How they adore their Maker's love

PSALM 107 PART 4

L. M.

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, The seaman's song.



Would you behold the works of God,
His wonders in the world abroad,
Go with the mariners, and trace
The unknown regions of the seas.

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.

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!

When land is far, and death is nigh,
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
His mercy hears the loud address,
And sends salvation in distress.

He bids the winds their wrath assuage,
The furious waves forget their rage;
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see
The haven where they wished to be.

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.

PSALM 107 PART 4

C. M.

The mariner's Psalm.



Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record
 Who trade in floating ships.

At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the towering waves;
 The men astonished 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 bears 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 allayed:
 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.

O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord!
 And those that see thy wondrous ways,
 Thy wondrous love record.

PSALM 107 LAST PART

L. M.

Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.

A Psalm for New England.



When God, provoked with daring crimes,
Scourges the madness of the times,
He turns their fields to barren sand,
And dries the rivers from the land.

His word can raise the springs again,
And make the withered mountains green;
Send showery blessings from the skies,
And harvests in the desert rise.

[Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
Or men as fierce and wild as they,
He bids th' oppressed and poor repair,
And builds them towns and cities there.

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.

Thus they are blessed; but if they sin,
He lets the heathen nations in;
A savage crew invades their lands,
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,
Wander unpitied and forlorn;
The country lies unfenced, untilled,
And desolation spreads the field.

Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
Again his dreadful hand he turns;
Again he makes their cities thrive,
And bids the dying churches live.]

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 wondrous dealings of the Lord!
But wise observers still shall find

The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

PSALM 109

v.1-5,31

C. M.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.



God of my mercy and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song,
 Though 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 compassed him around.

Their miseries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursued;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

Their malice raged without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He prayed for murderers on his cross,
 And blessed his foes in death.

Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul akin to thine,
 To love my enemies.

The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And, in my Savior's name,
 I shall defeat their pride and rage
 Who slander and condemn.

PSALM 110 PART 1

L. M.

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, The success of the gospel.

Thus the eternal Father spake

To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

"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.

"That day shall show thy power is great,
When saints shall flock with willing minds,
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
Where holiness in beauty shines."

O blessed power! O glorious day!
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
And converts, who thy grace obey,
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

PSALM 110 PART 2

L. M.

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.



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 Melchizedek 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 honor and success.

Through the whole earth his reign shall spread,
And crush the powers that dare rebel;

Then shall he judge the rising dead,
And send the guilty world to hell.

Though while he treads his glorious way,
He drinks the cup of tears and blood,
The sufferings of that dreadful day
Shall but advance him near to God.

PSALM 110

C. M.

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.



Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near the 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 sovereign grace.

God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore:
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

"Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man who Abraham blessed,
Was but a type of thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our King for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,
And his high throne maintain;
Shall strike the powers and princes dead
Who dare oppose his reign.

PSALM 111 PART 1

C. M.

The wisdom of God in his works.

Songs of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue,
 To spread his name abroad.

How great the works his hand has wrought
 How glorious in our sight!
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' Eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts designed.

When he redeemed his chosen sons,
 He fixed his cov'nant sure;
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

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?

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.

PSALM 111 PART 2

C. M.

The perfections 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 reverend 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 every sin.

PSALM 112

8,8,8,8,8,8

The blessings of the liberal man.

PAUSE.



That man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law:
His seed on earth shall be renowned;
His house the seat of wealth shall be,
An inexhausted treasury,
And with successive honors crowned.

His lib'ral favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends;
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs
And thus he's just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed;
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.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
His conscience holds his courage up:
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,

Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

[Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart that fixed on God relies,
 Though waves and tempests roar around:
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drowned.

The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony,
 To find their expectations crossed;
 They and their envy, pride, and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

PSALM 112

L. M.

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

Thrice happy man who fears the Lord,
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
 Honor and peace his days attend,
 And blessings to his seed descend.

Compassion dwells upon his mind,
 To works of mercy still inclined;
 He lends the poor some present aid,
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.

When times grow dark, and tidings spread
 That fill his neighbors round with dread,
 His heart is armed against the fear,
 For God with all his power is there.

His soul, well fixed 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 dispersed his alms abroad;
 His works are still before his God;
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners fret in vain.



PSALM 112

C. M.

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-established mind;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

In times of general distress
 Some beams of light shall shine,
 To show the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honor on earth and joys above
 Shall be his sure reward.

PSALM 113

8,8,8,8,8,8

Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.



Ye that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honors of his name record,
 His sacred name for ever bless;
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his power confess.

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,
 Armed with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things;
 His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessing of an heir,
 To rescue their expiring name;
 The mother, with a thankful voice,
 Proclaims his praises and her joys:
 Let every age advance his fame.

PSALM 113

L. M.

God sovereign and gracious.



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.

Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty;
 Nor time nor place his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.

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 honor 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 promised 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.]

PSALM 114

L. M.

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

When Isr'el, 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 sovereign 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 fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Isr'el: see him here;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

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.

PSALM 115



L. M.

The true God our refuge; or, Idolatry reprov'd.

Not to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due,
 Eternal God, thou only just,
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and, to raise our shame,
 Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"

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.

But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
 At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,
 A silver saint or golden god.

[With eyes and ears they carve their head;
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
 In vain are costly off'rings made,
 And vows are scattered in the wind.

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.]

O Isr'el! 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 and the grave;
 But we shall live to sing thy grace,
 And tell the world thy power to save.

PSALM 115

10,10,10,10,10,10

To the tune of the 50th Psalm.

Popish idolatry reprov'd.

A Psalm for the Fifth of November.

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 honors to thy sovereign name:
 Shine through the earth from heav'n, thy blest abode
 Nor let the heathens say, "And where's your God?"

Heav'n is thine higher court, there stands thy throne,
 And through the lower worlds thy will is done;
 Our God fram'd all this earth, these heav'ns he spread;
 But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
 The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
 Their silver saviors, 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,
 They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
 Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
 To their deaf idols and their moveless saints.

The rich have statues well adorned with gold;
 The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
 With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
 Lopped 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.]

Be heav'n and earth amazed! 'Tis hard to say
 Which is more stupid, or their gods or they:
 O Isr'el, trust the Lord; he hears and sees,
 He knows thy sorrows and restores thy peace;
 His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
 He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.

O Britain, trust the Lord: thy foes in vain
 Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
 Had they prevail'd, darkness had closed our days,
 And death and silence had forbid his praise:
 But we are saved, and live; let songs arise,

And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

PSALM 116 PART 1

C. M.

Recovery from sickness.



I love the Lord; he heard my cries,
 And pitied every groan;
 Long as I live, when troubles rise,
 I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,
 And chased my griefs away;
 O let my heart no more despair,
 While I have breath to pray!

My flesh declined, my spirits fell,
 And I drew near the dead;
 While inward pangs and fears of hell
 Perplexed my wakeful head.

"My God," I cried, "thy servant save,
 "Thou ever good and just;
 Thy power can rescue from the grave,
 Thy power is all my trust."

The Lord beheld me sore distressed,
 He bid my pains remove
 Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
 For thou hast known his love.

My God hath saved my soul from death,
 And dried my falling tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

PSALM 116 PART 2

v.12ff

C. M.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church.



What shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints that fill thine house
 My off'rings 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 hath loosed my 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.

PSALM 117

C. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

O all ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue;
 In every language learn his word,
 And let his name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land;
 Proclaim his grace abroad;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand
 Praise ye the faithful God.

PSALM 117

L. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

From all that dwell below the skies
 Let the Creator's praise arise;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM 117

S. M.

Praise to God from all nations.

Thy name, Almighty Lord,
 Shall sound through distant lands;
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
 Thy truth for ever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchanged no more.

**PSALM 118 PART 1**

v.6-15

C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

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.

'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.
 Like bees, my foes beset me round,
 A large and angry swarm;
 But I shall all their rage confound
 By thine almighty arm.
 'Tis through 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 Isr'el tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

PSALM 118 PART 2

v.17-21

C. M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.



Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry
 And rescued 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 chastised him sore,
 Defends him still from death.
 Open the gates 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.

PSALM 118 PART 3

v.22,23

C. M.

Christ the foundation of his church.

Behold the sure foundation-stone
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
And saints adore the name;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain;
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise;
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

PSALM 118 PART 4

v.24-26

C. M.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

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.

Today he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
Today the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.



Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son;
 Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
 Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's name
 To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

PSALM 118

v.22-27

S. M.

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.

PSALM 118

v.22-27

L. M.

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.

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 Savior rise.

Sinners, rejoice; and saints, be glad;
 Hosanna, let his name be blest;
 A thousand honors on his head,
 With peace, and light, and glory rest!

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.

PSALM 119 PART 1

[I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this Psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song on each of them, But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connection. In some places, among the words law, commands, judgments, testimonies, I have used gospel, word, grace, truth, promises, etc., as more agreeable to the New Testament and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the Holy Scriptures.]

C. M.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.



ver. 1-3
 ver. 165
 ver. 6
 ver. 21,118
 ver. 119,155

Blest are the undefiled in heart,
 Whose ways are right and clean;
 Who never from thy law depart,
 But fly from every sin.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,
 And practise thy commands;
 With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
 And serve thee with their hands.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
 How firm their souls abide!
 Nor can a bold temptation draw
 Their steady feet aside.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
 And keep my face from shame,
 When all thy statutes I obey,
 And honor all thy name.

But haughty sinners God will hate,
 The proud shall die accursed;
 The sons of falsehood and deceit
 Are trodden to the dust.

Vile as the dross the wicked are;
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

PSALM 119 PART 2

C. M.
 Secret devotion and spiritual-mindedness.
 ver. 147,55
 ver. 81
 ver. 164
 ver. 62



To thee, before the dawning light

My gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

My spirit faints to see thy grace,
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee;
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

PSALM 119 PART 3

C. M.

Professions of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

ver. 57,60

ver. 30,14

ver. 59

ver. 94,114

ver. 112



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.

I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

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.

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.

Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

PSALM 119 PART 4

C. M.

Instruction from scripture.

ver. 9

ver. 130

ver. 105

ver. 99,100

ver. 104,113

ver. 89-91

ver. 160,140,9,116



How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'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.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

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.

[The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place;
 And these thy servants night and day
 Thy skill and power express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Thy word is everlasting truth,
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

PSALM 119 PART 5

C. M.

Delight in Scripture; or, The word of God dwelling in us.

ver. 97

ver. 148

ver. 3,13,54

ver. 19,103

ver. 72,127

ver. 28,49,175



O how I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

How doth thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yields me a heav'nly song.

Am I a stranger or at home,

'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.

No treasures so enrich the mind;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refined,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

PSALM 119 PART 6

C. M.

Holiness and comfort from the word.

ver. 128

ver. 97,9

ver. 62

ver. 162

Lord, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flatt'ring lust.

Thy precepts often I survey;
 I keep thy law in sight,
 Through all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.

My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

And when my spirit drinks her fill
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compared to mine.

PSALM 119 PART 7

C. M.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

ver. 96, paraphrased.



Let all the heathen writers join
 To form one perfect book;
 Great God! if once compared with thine,
 How mean their writings look!

Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could show one sin forgiv'n,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heav'n.

I've seen an end to what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no further go!

Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every thought.

In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.

Our faith, and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

PSALM 119 PART 8

C. M.

The word of God is the saint's portion.

ver. 111, paraphrased.



Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove,
 With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest;
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

PSALM 119 PART 9

C. M.

Desire of knowledge; or, The teachings of the Spirit with the word.

ver. 64,68,18

ver. 73,125

ver. 19

ver. 26

ver. 33,34

ver. 50,71

ver. 51

ver. 27,171



Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord;
 How good thy works appear!
 Open mine eyes to read thy word,
 And see thy wonders there.

My heart was fashioned by thy hand;
 My service is thy due:
 O make thy servant understand
 The duties he must do.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide

When I confessed my wand'ring ways,
 Thou heard'st my soul complain;

Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

If God to me his statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

[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.

When I have learned my Father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways;
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

PSALM 119 PART 10

C. M.

Pleading the promises.

ver. 38,49

ver. 41,58,107

ver. 123,42

ver. 49,74

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promised quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne?
And yet thy love delays.

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up!
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail
Who dare reproach my hope.

Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

PSALM 119 PART 11

C. M.

Breathing after holiness.

ver. 5,33

ver. 29

ver. 37,36

ver. 133

ver. 176

ver. 35



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!

O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires, arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere;
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

PSALM 119 PART 12

C. M.

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

ver. 153

ver. 39,116

ver. 122,135

ver. 82

ver. 132



My God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause;
 Though I have sinned against thy grace,
 I can't forget thy laws.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
 Which I so justly fear;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Not let my shame appear.

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
 Nor let the proud oppress;
 But make thy waiting servant see
 The shinings of thy face.

My eyes with expectation fail,
 My heart within me cries,
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 And make my comforts rise?"

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
 And show thy grace the same
 As thou art ever wont t' afford
 To those that love thy name.

PSALM 119 PART 13

C. M.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

ver. 10

ver. 11

ver. 63,53,158

ver. 161,163



ver. 161,120
ver. 166,174

With my whole heart I've sought thy face:
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinner's way.

Thy word I've hid within my heart
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From every rising sin.

I'm a companion of the saints
Who fear and love the Lord;
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

While sinners do thy gospel wrong
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

My heart with sacred rev'rence hears
The threat'nings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

PSALM 119 PART 14

C. M.
Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.
ver. 153,81,82
ver. 71
ver. 50
ver. 92
ver. 75
ver. 67



Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliv'rance send;

My soul for thy salvation faints
 When will my troubles end?

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.

This is the comfort I enjoy
 When new distress begins-
 I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.

Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
 My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight
 Had sunk amongst the dead.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Though they may seem severe;
 The sharpest suff'rings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.

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.

PSALM 119 PART 15

C. M.

Holy resolutions.

ver. 93

ver. 15,16

ver. 32

ver. 13,46

ver. 61,69,70

ver. 115

O that thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind!
 Thence I derive a quick'ning power,
 And daily peace I find.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ;

My soul shall ne'er forget thy word;
Thy word is all my joy.

How would I run in thy commands,
If thou my heart discharge
From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
And set my feet at large!

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.

Let bands of persecutors rise
To rob me of my right;
Let pride and malice forge their lies,
Thy law is my delight.

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.

PSALM 119 PART 16



C. M.
Prayer for quickening grace.
ver. 25,37
ver. 107
ver. 156,40
ver. 159,40
ver. 93

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

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.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning powers;
Thy word that I have rested on

Shall help my heaviest hours.
 Are not thy mercies sovereign still,
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heav'nly road?
 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enliv'ning grace!
 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quick'ning power,
 To draw me near the Lord.

PSALM 119 PART 17

L. M.
 Courage and perseverance under persecution.
 ver. 143, 28
 ver. 51,69,110
 ver. 161,78



When pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word:
 My soul dissolves for heaviness;
 Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.
 The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.
 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
 They hate to see me love thy laws;
 But I will trust and fear thy name,
 Till pride and malice die with shame.

PSALM 119. LAST PART

L. M.

Sanctified afflictions; or, Delight in the word of God.

ver. 67,59

ver. 71

ver. 72

ver. 73

ver. 74



Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

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.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

The law that issues from thy mouth
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

PSALM 120

C. M.

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbors; or, A devout wish for peace.

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 brawlings waste
 My golden hours of life.

O 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 had rather spare my foe,
 And melt his heart with love.

PSALM 121

L. M.

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 hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning smiles bless all the day;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.

Isr'el, a name divinely blest,

May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

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.

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.

PSALM 121

C. M.

Preservation by day and night.



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.

Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep.

He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.

Isr'el, rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;

He shields thy head from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go, and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

PSALM 121

6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4

God our preserver.



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.

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 Isr'el keep,
When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day
Nor blasts of ev'ning 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.

Hast thou not giv'n 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.

PSALM 122

C. M.

Going to church.



How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints;
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest!

My Soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Savior reigns.

PSALM 122

6,6,8,6,6,8

Going to church.

How pleased and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God today!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorned 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.

There David's greater Son
 Has fixed his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there:
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

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!

My tongue repeats her vows,
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

PSALM 123



C. M.
 Pleading with submission.

O thou whose grace and justice reign
 Enthroned above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look;

So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God;
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.

Those that in wealth and pleasure live,
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

PSALM 124

L. M.

A song for the fifth of November.



Had not the Lord, may Isr'el say,
 Had not the Lord maintained our side,
 When men, to make our lives a prey,
 Rose like the swelling of the tide;

The swelling tide had stopped our breath,
 So fiercely did the waters roll,
 We had been swallowed deep in death;
 Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escaped the fatal stroke;
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
 Who saved us from the murd'ring sword,
 And made our lives and souls his care.

Our help is in Jehovah's name,

Who formed the earth and built the skies:
 He that upholds that wondrous frame
 Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

PSALM 125

C. M.

The saint's trial and safety.

Unshaken as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That every saint surround.

While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine compassion does allay
 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 smite his followers too.

PSALM 125

S. M.

The saint's trial and safety; or, Moderated afflictions.

Firm and unmoved 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.

Deal gently, Lord, with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope, and love, and every grace,
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

Nor shall the tyrant's rage
 Too long oppress the saint;
 The God of Isr'el will support
 His children lest they faint.

But if our slavish fear
 Will choose the road to hell,
 We must expect our portion there,
 Where bolder sinners dwell.

PSALM 126

L. M.

Surprising deliverance.

When God restored our captive state,
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
 The grace beyond our hopes so great
 That joy appeared a painted dream.

The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honors to thy name;
 While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

When we review our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.

The man that in his furrowed field

His scattered seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

PSALM 126



C. M.

The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

When God revealed his gracious name,
 And changed my mournful state,
 My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
 The grace appeared 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 neighbors cried,
 And owned the power divine;
 "Great is the work," my heart replied,
 "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 buried long in dust,
 It shan't deceive their hope;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace insures the crop.

PSALM 127

L. M.

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 if you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done;
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,
 To shun that poverty you dread;

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest:
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our Sovereign make them so.

Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends:
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are seasoned with his love!

PSALM 127

C. M.

God all in all.

If God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain;
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,
 A useless watch maintain.

Before the morning beams arise,
 Your painful work renew;
 And till the stars ascend the skies,
 Your tiresome toil pursue;

Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
 In vain, till God has blessed;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.

Nor children, relatives, nor friends,
 Shall real blessings prove;
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

PSALM 128

C. M.

Family blessings.



O happy man, whose soul is filled
 With zeal and reverent awe!
 His lips to God their honors yield,
 His life adorns the law.

A careful providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labors of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.

[Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
 Thy children round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honor 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.

PSALM 129

C. M.

Persecutors punished.



Up from my youth, may Isr'el say,
 Have I been nursed in tears;
 My griefs were constant as the day,
 And tedious as the years.

Up from my youth I bore the rage
 Of all the sons of strife;
 Oft they assailed my riper age,
 But not destroyed my life.

Their cruel plow had torn my flesh

With furrows long and deep;
 Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,
 Nor let my sorrows sleep.

The Lord grew angry on his throne,
 And, with impartial eye,
 Measured the mischiefs they had done,
 Then let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surprised
 To hear his thunders roll!
 And all the foes of Zion seized
 With horror to the soul!

Thus shall the men that hate the saints
 Be blasted from the sky;
 Their glory fades, their courage faints
 And all their projects die.

[What though they flourish tall and fair,
 They have no root beneath;
 Their growth shall perish in despair,
 And lie despised in death.]

[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.

It springs and withers on the place;
 No traveller bestows
 A word of blessing on the grass,
 Nor minds it as he goes.]

PSALM 130

C. M.
 Pardoning grace.



Out of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
 My groans to move thine ear.

Great God, should thy severer eye,
 And thine impartial hand,

Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.

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.

[I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.]

[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;

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.]

[Then in the Lord let Isr'el trust,
 Let Isr'el seek his face;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous is his grace.

There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslaved;
 The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Isr'el shall be saved.]

PSALM 130

L. M.

Pardoning grace.

From deep distress and troubled thoughts
 To thee, my God, I raised 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 fixed 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.

PSALM 131



C. M.
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 quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward:
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,
And trust a faithful Lord.

PSALM 132

v.5,13-18

L. M.

At the settlement of a church, or the ordination of a minister.



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?

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 blessed.

Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
 Here shall my power and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word.

Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread;
 Sinners that wait before my door
 With sweet provision shall be fed.

Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,
 My priests, my ministers, shall shine
 Not Aaron in his costly dress
 Made an appearance so divine.

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.

[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 clothed with shame.]

PSALM 132

v.4,5,7,8,15-17

C. M.

A church established.

PAUSE.



[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 placed his name,
 His ark was settled there;
 To Zion the whole nation came
 To worship thrice a year.

But we have no such lengths to go,
 Nor wander far abroad;
 Where'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.]

Arise, O King of grace, arise,
 And enter to thy rest!
 Lo! thy church waits with longing eyes
 Thus to be owned and blessed.

Enter with all thy glorious train,
 Thy Spirit and thy word;
 All that the ark did once contain
 Could no such grace afford.

Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
 Here let thy praise be spread;
 Bless the provisions of thy house,
 And fill thy poor with bread.

Here let the Son of David reign,
 Let God's Anointed shine;
 Justice and truth his court maintain
 With love and power divine.

Here let him hold a lasting throne;
 And as his kingdom grows,
 Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
 And shame confound his foes.

PSALM 133

C. M.

Brotherly love.

Lo! what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree!
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!

When streams of love from Christ the spring

Descend to every soul,
 And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole;

'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's reverend head
 The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shows,
 And makes his grace distil.

PSALM 133

S. M.

Communion of saints; or, Love and worship in a family.



Blest are the sons of peace,
 Whose hearts and hopes are one,
 Whose kind designs to serve and please
 Through all their actions run.

Blest is the pious house
 Where zeal and friendship meet;
 Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
 Make their communion sweet.

Thus when on Aaron's head
 They poured the rich perfume,
 The oil through all his raiment spread,
 And pleasure filled the room.

Thus on the heav'nly hills
 The saints are bless'd above,
 Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

PSALM 133

6,6,8,6,6,8

The blessings of friendship.

How pleasant 'tis to see
 Kindred and friends agree;
 Each in their proper station move,
 And each fulfil their part,
 With sympathizing heart,
 In all the cares of life and love!

'Tis like the ointment shed
 On Aaron's sacred head,
 Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
 The oil through all the room
 Diffused a choice perfume,
 Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

Like fruitful showers of rain,
 That water all the plain,
 Descending from the neighboring hills;
 Such streams of pleasure roll
 Through every friendly soul,
 Where love, like heav'nly dew, distils.

PSALM 134

C. M.
 Daily and nightly devotion.



Ye that obey th' immortal King,
 Attend his holy place;
 Bow to the glories of his power,
 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 spread the heav'ns abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

PSALM 135 PART 1

v.1-4,14,19-21

L. M.

The church is God's house and care.

Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name,
While in his holy courts ye wait,
Ye saints, that to his house belong,
Or stand attending at his gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praise his name is sweet employ:
Isr'el he chose of old, and still
His church is his peculiar joy.

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.

Through every age the Lord declares
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod
He gives his suffering servants rest,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
People and priest, exalt his name:
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
His church is his Jerusalem.

PSALM 135 PART 2

v.5-12

L. M.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.



Great is the Lord, exalted high
Above all powers and every throne:
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

At his command the vapors rise,
The lightnings 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, through 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 Isr'el, whom his hand redeemed,
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

His power 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.

PSALM 135

C. M.

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 vapors rise;
Lightning and storm at his command
Sweep through the sounding skies.

All power that gods or kings have claimed
Is found with him alone
But heathen gods should ne'er be named
Where our Jehovah's known.

Which of the stocks or stones they trust
Can give them showers of rain?
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,
And pray to gold in vain.

[Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
Such as their makers gave;
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,

Nor hands have power to save.
 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.]
 O Britain, know thy living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear;
 He makes thy churches his abode,
 And claims thine honors there.

PSALM 136

C. M.

God's wonders of creation, provideuce, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.



Give thanks to God the sovereign Lord;
 His mercies still endure;
 And be the King of kings adored;
 His truth is ever sure.

What wonders hath his wisdom done!
 How mighty is his hand!
 Heav'n, earth, and sea, he framed alone;
 How wide is his command

The sun supplies the day with light;
 How bright his counsels shine!
 The moon and stars adorn the night;
 His works are all divine.

[He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
 How dreadful is his rod!
 And thence with joy his people led;
 How gracious is our God!

He cleft the swelling sea in two;
 His arm is great in might;
 And gave the tribes a passage through;
 His power and grace unite.

But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;
 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 Isr'el took the promised 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 every 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.

PSALM 136

6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

PAUSE.



Give thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord,
 The sovereign King of kings;
 And be his grace adored.
 His power and grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand!
 What wonders hath he done!
 He formed the earth and seas,
 And spread the heav'ns alone.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure

Abides thy word.

His wisdom framed the sun
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

[He smote the first-born sons,
The flower of Egypt, dead;
And thence his chosen tribes
With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red Sea in two;
And for his people made
A wondrous passage through.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

But cruel Pharaoh there,
With all his host, he drowned;
And brought his Isr'el safe
Through a long desert ground.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand;
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

He saw the nations lie
 All perishing in sin,
 And pitied the sad state
 The ruined world was in.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

He sent his only Son
 To save us from our woe,
 From Satan, sin, and death,
 And every hurtful foe.
 His power and grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his name
 Have endless praise.

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.

PSALM 136 Abridged

L. M.

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption, and salvation.



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,
 When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 And fixed the starry lights on high:
 Wonders of grace to God belong,

Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light;
 He bids the moon direct the night:
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 And brought them to the promised land
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within
 His mercies ever shall endure,
 When death and sin shall reign no more.

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.

Through 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.

PSALM 138

L. M.

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 thy works and names below
 So much thy power and glory show.



To God I cried when troubles rose;
 He heard me, and subdued my foes;
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffused through all my soul.

The God of heav'n maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud, and scorns the great;
 But from his throne descends to see
 The sons of humble poverty.

Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
 Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.

Grace will complete what grace begins,
 To save from sorrows or from sins
 The work that wisdom undertakes
 Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

PSALM 139 PART 1

L. M.

The all-seeing God.

PAUSE I.

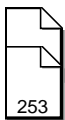
PAUSE II.

Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through,
 Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
 My heart and flesh with all their powers.

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.

Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 I am surrounded still with God.

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.



O 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.

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?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light
 Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
 And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,
 I fly beyond the western sea,
 Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

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.

O 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.

The veil of night is no disguise,
 No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
 Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
 Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

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.

O 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 139 PART 2

L. M.

The wonderful formation of man.

PAUSE.



'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.

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Formed by the model of thy book.

By thee my growing parts were named,
 And what thy sovereign counsels framed-
 The breathing lungs, the beating heart-
 Was copied with unerring art.

At last, to show my Maker's name,
 God stamped his image on my frame,
 And in some unknown moment joined
 The finished members to the mind.

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.

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.

I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

These on my heart are still impressed,
 With these I give my eyes to rest;
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind.

PSALM 139 PART 3

L. M.

Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or, The heart-searching God.

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.

Does not my soul detest and hate
 The sons of malice and deceit?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee,
 I count them enemies to me.

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.

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 139 PART 1

C. M.

God is everywhere.

PAUSE.

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.

Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're formed within;
 And ere my lips pronounce the word
 He knows the sense I mean.



O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secured by sovereign love.

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 winged with beams of morning light
 I fly beyond the west,
 Thy hand, which must support my flight,
 Would soon betray my rest.

If o'er my sins I think to draw
 The curtains of the night,
 Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
 Would turn the shades to light.

The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
 Are both alike to thee
 O may I ne'er provoke that power
 From which I cannot flee.

PSALM 139 PART 2



C. M.
 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.

Thy hand my heart and reins possessed

Where unborn nature grew;
 Thy wisdom all my features traced,
 And all my members drew.

Thine eye with nicest care surveyed
 The growth of every part;
 Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
 Was copied by thy art.

Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Show me thy wondrous skill
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

PSALM 139 PART 3

v.14,17,18

C. M.

The mercies of God innumerable.

An evening Psalm.

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.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill;
 And hourly blessings from thy hands
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee!

PSALM 141



v.2-5

L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.
A morning or evening Psalm.

My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thine house;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

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.

When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

PSALM 142

C. M.

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 poured out all my grief.

My soul was overwhelmed with woes,
My heart began to break;
My God, who all my burden knows,
He knows the way I take.

On every side I cast mine eye,
And found my helpers gone;
While friends and strangers passed me by,
Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raise a louder cry,
And called 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.

PSALM 143

L. M.

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.



My righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,
And cry for succor from thy throne;
O 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.

Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long buried and forgot.

I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain

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?

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.

The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
And lift my heavy soul on high;
For thee sit waiting all the day,
And wear the tiresome hours away.

Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go;
If snares and foes beset the road,
I flee to hide me near my God.

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.

Then shall my soul no more complain,
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
And flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

PSALM 144 PART 1

v.1,2

C. M.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

For ever blessed be the Lord,
My Savior and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care,
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,

And guards me through the war.
 A friend and helper so divine
 Does my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

PSALM 144 PART 2



v.3-6

C. M.

The vanity of man and condescension of God.

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.

O what is feeble, dying man,
 Or any of his race,
 That God should make it his concern
 To visit him with grace?

That God who darts his lightnings down,
 Who shakes the worlds above,
 And mountains tremble at his frown,
 How wondrous is his love!

PSALM 144 PART 3

v.12-15

L. M.

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

Happy the city where their sons,
 Like pillars round a palace set,
 And daughters, bright as polished stones,
 Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the country where the sheep,
 Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
 Where men securely work or sleep,
 Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

Happy the nation thus endowed,
 But more divinely blest are those
 On whom the all-sufficient God
 Himself with all his grace bestows.

PSALM 145

L. M.

The greatness of God.



My 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.

The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

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.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine;
 Let Britain round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honor of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise,
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.

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 145 PART 1

v.1-7,11-13

C. M.

The greatness of God.



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.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
 And let his praise be great;
 I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall through the world be known;
 Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,
 With public splendor shown.

The world is managed by thy hands,
 Thy saints are ruled by love;
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Though rocks and hills remove.

PSALM 145 PART 2

v.7ff

C. M.

The goodness of God.

Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Through the whole earth his bounty shines,

And every want supplies.
 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food;
 Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
 And fills their mouths with good.
 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.
 Creatures with all their endless race
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy name.

PSALM 145 PART 3

v.14,17ff

C. M.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.



Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.
 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distressed
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.
 The Lord supports our tott'ring days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.
 He knows the pains his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil,
 His grace is ever nigh.
 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 He saves the souls whose humble love

Is joined with holy fear.

[His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
And pierce their hearts with pain
But none that serve the Lord shall say,
"They sought his aid in vain."]

[My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
And spread his fame abroad;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honors of their God.]

PSALM 146

L. M.

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

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.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
While immortality endures;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?
Princes must die and turn to dust;
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Isr'el's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless.



He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

PSALM 146

8,8,8,8,8,8

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.



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.

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 power,
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Isr'el's God: he made the sky,
 And earth, and seas, with all their train:
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

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 every tongue, let every 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 powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life, and thought, and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

PSALM 147 PART 1

L. M.

The Divine nature, providence, and grace.

PAUSE.



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 formed the stars, those heav'nly flames;
 He counts their numbers, calls their names;
 His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
 A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

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.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
 Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;
 There he prepares the fruitful rain,
 Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,
 And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
 The beasts with food his hands supply,
 And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,
 The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
 The nimble wit, the active limb?

All are too mean delights for him.
 But saints are lovely in his sight,
 He views his children with delight;
 He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
 And looks, and loves his image there.

PSALM 147 PART 2

L. M.
 Summer and winter.
 A Song for Great Britain.



O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
 And make his honors known abroad,
 He bid the ocean round thee flow;
 Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

Thy children are secure and blest;
 Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
 He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
 And adds his blessing to their meat.

Thy changing seasons he ordains,
 Thine early and thy latter rains;
 His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
 And thus the springing corn defends.

With hoary frost he strews the ground;
 His hail descends with clatt'ring sound:
 Where is the man so vainly bold
 That dares defy his dreadful cold?

He bids the southern breezes blow;
 The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
 But he hath nobler works and ways
 To call the Britons to his praise.

To all the isle his laws are shown,
 His gospel through the nation known;
 He hath not thus revealed his word
 To every land: praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 147

v.7-9,13-18

C. M.

The seasons of the year.



With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Address the Lord on high;
 Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
 And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the raven's cry;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honors high.

His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

When from the dreadful stores on high
 He pours the rattling hail,
 The wretch that dares this 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.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word:
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

PSALM 148

Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

PAUSE.



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.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light:
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

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.

He moved their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last:
 In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous name,
 And speak his praise.

Let 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 power.

Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye th' almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow,
 To execute his word:
 When lightnings shine,
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size,
 That fruit in plenty bear;
 Beasts wild and tame,
 Birds, flies, and worms,
 In various forms,
 Exalt his name.

Ye kings and judges, fear
 The Lord, the sovereign King;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heav'nly honors sing;
 Nor let the dream
 Of power and state
 Make you forget
 His power supreme.

Virgins and youths, engage
 To sound his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join:
 Wide as he reigns
 His name be sung
 By every tongue
 In endless strains.

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 honors high.

PSALM 148 Paraphrased

L. M.

8,8,8,8,8,8

Universal praise to God.

[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:



Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

The Lord, how absolute he reigns!
Let every angel bend the knee;
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

High on a throne his glories dwell,
An awful throne of shining bliss;
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell
How dark thy beams compared to his.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
And the sweet whisper of his name
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

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 flowery plains, proclaim his skill;
Valleys, lie low before his eye;
And let his praise from every 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 different strains;
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;
 Nature demands a song from you;
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream
 Leap up, and mean his praises too.

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 every 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 every chord:
 From all below, and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

Each of his works his name displays
 But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

PSALM 148

S. M.

Universal praise.

PAUSE I.

PAUSE II.

Let every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heav'nly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his name abroad.

Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays;
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

He built those worlds above,



And fixed their wondrous frame;
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.

Ye vapors, when ye rise,
Or fall in showers of snow;
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
His power and glory show.

Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute his word.

By all his works above
His honors be expressed;
But saints that taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

Let earth and ocean know
They owe their Maker praise;
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.

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 creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show,
And flies, in all your shining swarms,
Praise him that dressed you so.

By all the earth-born race
His honors be expressed;
But saints, that know his heav'nly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King;
 Judges, adore that sovereign hand
 Whence all your honors spring.

Let vig'rous youth engage
 To sound his praises high:
 While growing babes, and with'ring age,
 Their feebler 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.

PSALM 149



C. M.

Praise God, all his saints or, The saints judging the world.

All ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new;
 Amidst the church with cheerful voice
 His later wonders show.

The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing;
 And Gentile nations join the praise,
 While Zion owns her King.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
 Whom sinners treat with scorn;
 The meek that lie despised in dust
 Salvation shall adorn.

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.

Then his high praise shall fill their tongues

Their hands shall wield the sword;
 And vengeance shall attend their songs,
 The vengeance of the Lord.

When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,
 And bids the world appear,
 Thrones are prepared for all his friends
 Who humbly loved him here.

Then shall they rule with iron rod
 Nations that dared rebel;
 And join the sentence of their God
 On tyrants doomed to hell.

The royal sinners bound in chains
 New triumphs shall afford:
 Such honor for the saints remains;
 Praise ye, and love the Lord!

PSALM 150



v.1,2,6

C. M.

A song of praise.

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.

Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest;
 Yet, when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

DOXOLOGY 1

THE CHRISTIAN DOXOLOGY.

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,
 Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
 By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

DOXOLOGY 2

C. M.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, be adored,
 Where there are works to make him known,
 Or saints to love the Lord.

DOXOLOGY 3

C. M.

The God of mercy be adored,
 Who calls our souls from death;
 Who saves by his redeeming word,
 And new-creating breath.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 The One in Three, and Three in One,
 Let saints and angels join.

DOXOLOGY 4

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
 And saints that dwell below,
 Worship the Father, praise the Son,
 And bless the Spirit too.



DOXOLOGY 5

8,8,8,8,8,8

Now to the great and sacred Three,
 The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
 Eternal praise and glory giv'n,
 Through all the worlds where God is known,
 By all the angels near the throne,
 And all the saints in earth and heav'n.

DOXOLOGY 6

8,8,8,8,4,4,4,4

To God the Father's throne
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 With all our powers,
 Eternal King,
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 While faith adores.

END OF THE PSALMS

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HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS IN THREE BOOKS.

I. COLLECTED FROM THE SCRIPTURES.

II. COMPOSED ON DIVINE SUBJECTS.

III. PREPARED FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

BY I. WATTS, D. D.

And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God." Rev. 5:9.

Soliti assent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere."
PLIN. IN EPIST.

PLIN. IN EPIST.



Hymns, Book I

Collected from the Holy Scriptures

HYMN 1

C. M.

A new song to the Lamb that was slain. Rev. 5:6-12



Behold the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his name,
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around,
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,
And these the hymns they raise,
Jesus is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our praise.

[Eternal Father, who shall look

Into thy secret will?
 Who but the Son shall take that book,
 And open every sea?]

He shall fulfil thy great decrees,
 The Son deserves it well:
 Lo! in his hand the sovereign keys
 Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

Now to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the pris'ners free;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace
 Are put beneath thy power;
 Then shorten these delaying days,
 And bring the promised hour.

HYMN 2

L. M.

The deity and humanity of Christ.
 John 1:1,3,14; Col. 1:16.

Ere the blue heav'ns were stretched abroad,
 From everlasting was the Word:
 With God he was; the Word was God,
 And must divinely be adored.

By his own power were all things made;
 By him supported all things stand;
 He is the whole creation's head,
 And angels fly at his command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,
 He led the host of morning stars:
 Thy generation who can tell,
 Or count the numbers of thy years?

But lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms,

The Word descends and dwells in clay,
That he may hold converse with worms,
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

Archangels leave their high abode
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The loves of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel.

HYMN 3



S. M.
The nativity of Christ.
Luke 1:30ff; 2:10ff

Behold, the grace appears!
The promise is fulfilled;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child.

[The Lord, the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;
He bids him rule the lands abroad,
And gives him David's throne.

O'er Jacob shall he reign
With a peculiar sway;
The nations shall his grace obtain,
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

To bring the glorious news
A heav'nly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

"Go, humble swains," said he,
"To David's city fly;
The promised infant born to-day
Doth in a manger lie."

"With looks and hearts serene,

Go visit Christ your King;
 And straight a flaming troop was seen:
 The shepherds heard them sing:

"Glory to God on high!
 And heav'nly peace on earth;
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
 At the Redeemer's birth!

[In worship so divine,
 Let saints employ their tongues;
 With the celestial hosts we join,
 And loud repeat their songs:

"Glory to God on high!
 And heav'nly peace on earth;
 Goodwill to men, to angels joy,
 At our Redeemer's birth!"]

HYMN 4 PART 1



C. M.
 The nativity of Christ.
 Luke 2:10ff

"Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes,
 And send your fears away;
 News from the regions of the skies,
 Salvation's born to-day.

"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
 Comes down to dwell with you;
 Today he makes his entrance here,
 But not as monarchs do.

"No gold nor purple swaddling bands.
 Nor royal shining things;
 A manger for his Cradle stands,
 And holds the King of kings.

"Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
 And see his humble throne
 With tears of joy in all your eyes,
 Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around

The heav'nly armies throng;
 They tune their harps to lofty sound,
 And thus conclude the song:

"Glory to God that reigns above!
 Let peace surround the earth!
 Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
 At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord, and shall angels have their songs,
 And men no tunes to raise?
 O may we lose our useless tongues
 When they forget to praise.

Glory to God that reigns above,
 That pitied us forlorn;
 We join to sing our Maker's love,
 For there's a Savior born.

HYMN 4 PART 2



L. M.
 The inward witness to Christianity.
 1 Jn. 5:10.

Questions and doubts be heard no more,
 Let Christ and joy be all our theme;
 His Spirit seals his gospel sure,
 To every soul that trusts in him.

Jesus, thy witness speaks within;
 The mercy which thy words reveal
 Refines the heart from sense and sin,
 And stamps its own celestial seal.

'Tis God's inimitable hand
 That molds and forms the heart anew;
 Blasphemers can no more withstand,
 But bow, and own thy doctrine true.

The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood
 Finds peace and pardon at the cross;
 The sinful soul, averse to God,
 Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

Learning and wit may cease their strife,

When miracles with glory shine;
 The voice that calls the dead to life
 Must be almighty and divine.

HYMN 5

C. M.

Submission to afflictive providences.

Job 1:21.



Naked as from the earth we came,
 And crept to life at first,
 We to the earth return again,
 And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,
 And fondly call our own,
 Are but short favors borrowed now,
 To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
 Or sinks them in the grave;
 He gives, and, blessed be his name!
 He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions, then;
 Let each rebellious sigh
 Be silent at his sovereign will,
 And every murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,
 Its praises shall be spread;
 And we'll adore the justice too
 That strikes our comforts dead.

HYMN 6

C. M.

Triumph over death.

Job 19:25-27.

Great God, I own thy sentence just,
 And nature must decay;

I yield my body to the dust,
 To dwell with fellow clay.
 Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,
 And trample on the tombs
 My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;
 My God, my Savior, comes.
 The mighty Conqueror shall appear
 High on a royal seat,
 And death, the last of all his foes,
 Lie vanquished at his feet.
 Though greedy worms devour my skin,
 And gnaw my wasting flesh,
 When God shall build my bones again,
 He clothes them all afresh.
 Then shall I see thy lovely face
 With strong immortal eyes;
 And feast upon thy unknown grace
 With pleasure and surprise.

HYMN 7

C. M.
 The invitation of the gospel.
 Isa. 55:1,2,etc.



Let every mortal ear attend,
 And every heart rejoice;
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds
 With an inviting voice.
 Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls.
 That feed upon the wind,
 And vainly strive with earthly toys
 To fill an empty mind.
 Eternal Wisdom has prepared
 A soul-reviving feast,
 And bids your longing appetites
 The rich provision taste.
 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
 And pine away and die,

here you may quench your raging thirst
 With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here
 In a rich ocean join;
 Salvation in abundance flows,
 Like floods of milk and wine.

[Ye perishing and naked poor,
 Who work with mighty pain
 To weave a garment of your own
 That will not hide your sin,

Come naked, and adorn your souls
 In robes prepared by God,
 Wrought by the labors of his Son,
 And dyed in his own blood.]

Dear God! the treasures of thy love
 Are everlasting mines,
 Deep as our helpless miseries are,
 And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace
 Stand open night and day;
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
 And drive our wants away.

HYMN 8

C. M.

The safety and protection of the church.
 Isa. 26:1-6.



How honorable is the place
 Where we adoring stand!
 Zion, the glory of the earth,
 And beauty of the land!

Bulwarks of mighty grace defend
 The city where we dwell;
 The walls, of strong salvation made,
 Defy the assaults of hell.

Lift up the everlasting gates,
 The doors wide open fling;

Enter, ye nations that obey
 The statutes of our King.
 Here shall you taste unmingled joys,
 And live in perfect peace,
 You that have known Jehovah's name.
 And ventured on his grace.
 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
 And banish all your fears;
 Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells,
 Eternal as his years.
 [What though the rebels dwell on high,
 His arm shall bring them low;
 Low as the caverns of the grave
 Their lofty heads shall bow.]
 [On Babylon our feet shall tread
 In that rejoicing hour;
 The ruins of her walls shall spread
 A pavement for the poor.]

HYMN 9

C. M.

The promises of the covenant of grace.

Isa. 55:1,2; Zech. 13:1; Mic. 7:19; Ezek. 36:25, etc.



In vain we lavish out our lives
 To gather empty wind;
 The choicest blessings earth can yield
 Will starve a hungry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls
 With more substantial meat,
 With such as saints in glory love,
 With such as angels eat.

Our God will every want supply,
 And fill our hearts with peace;
 He gives by cov'nant and by oath
 The riches of his grace.

Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,
 And wash away our stains

In the dear fountain that his Son
Poured from his dying veins.

[Our guilt shall vanish all away,
Though black as hell before;
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,
And shall be found no more.

And, lest pollution should o'erspread
Our inward powers again,
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,
Like purifying rain.]

Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,
That terrors cannot move,
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,
Shall be dissolved by love.

Or he can take the flint away
That would not be refined;
And from the treasures of his grace
Bestow a softer mind.

There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,
And deep engrave his law,
And every motion of our souls
To swift obedience draw.

Thus will he pour salvation down,
And we shall render praise;
We the dear people of his love,
And he our God of grace.

HYMN 10



S. M.

The blessedness of gospel times. Isa. 52:2,7-10; Mt. 13:16,17.

How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;

He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God!

HYMN 11

L. M.

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled. Luke 10:21,22.



There was an hour when Christ rejoiced,
And spoke his joy in words of praise:
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,
Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.

"I thank thy sovereign power and love
That crowns my doctrine with success,
And makes the babes in knowledge learn
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

"But all this glory lies concealed
From men of prudence and of wit;
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,
And their own pride resists the light.

"Father, 'tis thus, because thy will
Chose and ordained it should be so;
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,
And lay the haughty scorner low.

"There's none can know the Father right
 But those who learn it from the Son;
 Nor can the Son be well received
 But where the Father makes him known."

Then let our souls adore our God,
 Who deals his graces as he please;
 Nor gives to mortals an account
 Or of his actions or decrees.

HYMN 12

C. M.

Free grace in revealing Christ. Luke 10:21.

Jesus, the man of constant grief,
 A mourner all his days;
 His spirit once rejoiced aloud,
 And tuned his joy to praise:

"Father, I thank thy wondrous love,
 That hath revealed thy Son
 To men unlearned, and to babes
 Has made thy gospel known.

"The mysteries of redeeming grace
 Are hidden from the wise,
 While pride and carnal reasonings join
 To swell and blind their eyes."

Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth
 His great decrees fulfil,
 And orders all his works of grace
 By his own sovereign will.

HYMN 13

L. M.

The Son of God incarnate. Isa. 9:2,6,7.

The lands that long in darkness lay
 Now have beheld a heav'nly light;
 Nations that sat in death's cold shade



Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

The virgin's promised Son is born,
Behold th' expected child appear:
What shall his names or titles be?
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor."

[This infant is the mighty God,
Come to be suckled and adored;
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions still increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

Jesus, the holy child, shall sit
High on his father David's throne;
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

HYMN 14

L. M.

The triumph of faith or, Christ's unchangeable love. Rom. 8:33ff.



Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?
'Tis God that justifies their souls;
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;
And, the salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives and sits above,
For ever interceding there:
Who shall divide us from his love?
Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?
He that hath loved us bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power;
 It triumphs in the dying hour:
 Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,
 Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,
 Nor powers on high, nor powers below,
 Shall cause his mercy to remove,
 Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

HYMN 15

L. M.

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength. 2 Cor. 12:7,9,10.

Let me but hear my Savior say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day,"
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me:
 When I am weak, then am I strong,
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
 All suffrings, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While his left hand my head sustains.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
 And we attempt the work alone,
 When new temptations spring and rise,
 We find how great our weakness is.

[So Samson, when his hair was lost,
 Met the Philistines to his cost;
 Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,
 Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

HYMN 16



C. M.

Hosannah to Christ. Mt. 21:9; Luke 19:38,40.

Hosannah to the royal Son
 Of David's ancient line!
 His natures two, his person one,
 Mysterious and divine.

The root of David here, we find,
 And offspring is the same:
 Eternity and time are joined
 In our Immanuel's name.

Blest he that comes to wretched men
 With peaceful news from heav'n!
 Hosannahs of the highest strain
 To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

Let mortals ne'er refuse to take
 Th' hosannah on their tongues,
 Lest rocks and stones should rise and break
 Their silence into songs.

HYMN 17

C. M.

Victory over death. 1 Cor. 15:55ff

O for an overcoming faith
 To cheer my dying hours;
 To triumph o'er the monster Death,
 And all his frightful powers!

Joyful with all the strength I have
 My quiv'ring lips should sing-
 Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?
 And where the monster's sting?

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside;
 The law gives sin its damning power;
 But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory
 Immortal thanks be paid,
 Who makes us conquerors while we die,
 Through Christ our living head.

HYMN 18

C. M.

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord. Rev. 14:13.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims,
 For all the pious dead;
 Sweet is the savor of their names,
 And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;
 How kind their slumbers are!
 From suff'rings and from sins released,
 And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
 They're present with the Lord;
 The labors of their mortal life
 End in a large reward.

HYMN 19

C. M.

The song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable. Luke 2:27ff



Lord, at thy temple we appear,
 As happy Simeon came,
 And hope to meet our Savior here;
 O make our joys the same!

With what divine and vast delight
 The good old man was filled,
 When fondly in his withered arms
 He clasped the holy child!

"Now I can leave this world," he cried,
 "Behold, thy servant dies;
 I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,
 And close my peaceful eyes.

"This is the light prepared to shine
 Upon the Gentile lands,
 Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope
 To break their slavish bands."

[Jesus! the vision of thy face

Hath overpowering charms;
 Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
 If Christ be in my arms.

Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,
 How sweet my minutes roll!
 A mortal paleness on my cheek,
 And glory in my soul.]

HYMN 20

C. M.

Spiritual apparel. Isa. 61:10.

Awake, my heart; arise, my tongue,
 Prepare a tuneful voice;
 In God, the life of all my joys,
 Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorned my naked soul,
 And made salvation mine;
 Upon a poor polluted worm
 He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot
 Should on my soul be found,
 He took the robe the Savior wrought,
 And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe exceeds
 What earthly princes wear
 These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,
 And hope, and every grace;
 But Jesus spent his life to work
 The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed
 By the great Sacred Three!
 In sweetest harmony of praise
 Let all thy powers agree.

HYMN 21

C. M.

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men. Rev. 21:1-4.



Lo! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes!
 The earth and sea are passed away,
 And the old rolling skies.

From the third heav'n, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing-
 "Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men
 Removes his blest abode;
 Men, the dear objects of his grace,
 And he the loving God.

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
 From every weeping eye,
 And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
 And death itself, shall die."

How long, dear Savior! O how long
 Shall this bright hour delay?
 Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 22 PART 1

L. M.

Christ the eternal life. Rom. 9:5.



Jesus, our Savior and our God,
 Arrayed in majesty and blood,
 Thou art our life; our souls in thee
 Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid

In thee, our surety and our head;
 Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,
 Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme
 Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;
 A word of thy almighty breath
 Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie
 Beneath the blessings of thine eye;
 'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
 To see thy face and taste thy love.

HYMN 22 PART 2

C. M.

Flesh and spirit. Rom. 8:1

What vain desires and passions vain
 Attend this mortal clay!
 Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
 And drawn my heart astray.

How have I wandered from my God!
 And, following sin and shame,
 In this vile world of flesh and blood
 Defiled my nobler frame!

For ever blessed be thy grace
 That formed my soul anew,
 And made it of a heav'n-born race,
 Thy glory to pursue.

My spirit holds perpetual war,
 And wrestles and complains;
 But views the happy moment near
 That shall dissolve its chains.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes
 To part with every lust;
 And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise,
 To leave them in the dust.

My purer spirit shall not fear
 To put this body on;

Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its lusts and passions gone!

HYMN 23 PART 1

L. M.

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord. 2 Cor. 5:8.



Absent from flesh! O blissful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh! illustrious day!
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke
That rends the prison of my clay;
And I can feel my fetters broke.

Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,
Where feet nor wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine,
His presence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I resign,
For angels wait and point my way.

HYMN 23 PART 2

L. M.

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven. Mark 10:21.

Must all the charms of nature, then,
So hopeless to salvation prove?
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

The man who sought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbors all their due;
A modest, sober, lovely youth,
And thought he wanted nothing new.

But mark the change; thus spake the Lord-

"Come, part with earth for heav'n today:"
 The youth, astonished at the word,
 In silent sadness went his way.

Poor virtues that he boasted so,
 This test unable to endure;
 Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,
 To make his land and money sure!

Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!
 Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
 Must this base world be bought so dear?
 Are life and heav'n so cheaply sold?

In vain the charms of nature shine,
 If this vile passion govern me:
 Transform my soul, O love divine!
 And make me part with all for thee.

HYMN 24



L. M.

The rich sinner dying. Psa. 49:6,9; Eccl. 8:8; Job 3:14,15.

In vain the wealthy mortals toil,
 And heap their shining dust in vain,
 Look down and scorn the humble poor,
 And boast their lofty hills of gain.

Their golden cordials cannot ease
 Their pained hearts or aching heads,
 Nor fright nor bribe approaching death
 From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

The ling'ring, the unwilling soul
 The dismal summons must obey,
 And bid a long, a sad farewell
 To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,
 Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;
 Their bones without distinction lie
 Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

HYMN 25

L. M.

A vision of the Lamb. Rev. 5:6-9.



All mortal vanities, begone,
 Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;
 Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,
 A vision of the Lamb appears.

[Glory his fleecy robe adorns,
 Marked with the bloody death he bore;
 Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,
 To speak his wisdom and his power.

Lo! he receives a sealed book
 From him that sits upon the throne;
 Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look
 On dark decrees and things unknown.]

All the assembling saints around
 Fall worshipping before the Lamb,
 And in new songs of gospel sound
 Address their honors to his name.

[The Joy, the shout, the harmony,
 Flies o'er the everlasting hills
 "Worthy art thou alone," they cry,
 To read the book, to loose the seals."]

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,
 And with transporting pleasure sing,
 "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
 To be our Teacher and our King!"

His words of prophecy reveal
 Eternal counsels, deep designs;
 His grace and vengeance shall fulfil
 The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell
 With thine invaluable blood;
 And wretches that did once rebel
 Are now made fav'rites of their God.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,
 That died for treasons not his own,
 By every tongue to be adored,
 And dwell upon his Father's throne!

HYMN 26

C. M.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ. 1 Pet. 1:3-5.



Blest be the everlasting God,
 The Father of our Lord;
 Be his abounding mercy praised,
 His majesty adored.

When from the dead he raised his Son,
 And called him to the sky,
 He gave our souls a lively hope
 That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require
 Our flesh to see the dust,
 Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,
 So all his followers must.

There's an inheritance divine
 Reserved against that day;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot waste away.

Saints by the power of God are kept
 Till the salvation come;
 We walk by faith as strangers here,
 Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN 27

C. M.

Assurance of heaven. 2 Tim. 4:68,18.

[Death may dissolve my body now,
 And bear my spirit home;
 Why do my minutes move so slow,
 Nor my salvation come?

With heav'nly weapons I have fought
 The battles of the Lord;
 Finished my course, and kept the faith,
 And wait the sure reward.]

God has laid up in heav'n for me

A crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone;
But all that love and long to see
Th' appearance of his Son.

Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe
From every ill design;
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep
This feeble soul of mine.

God is my everlasting aid,
And hell shall rage in vain;
To him be highest glory paid
And endless praise--Amen.

HYMN 28



C. M.

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his church. Isa. 63:1-3, etc.

What mighty man, or mighty God,
Comes travelling in state,
Along the Idumean road,
Away from Bozrah's gate?

The glory of his robes proclaim
'Tis some victorious king:
"'Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,
That your salvation bring."

"Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,
"Why thine apparel's red?
And all thy vesture stained like those
Who in the wine-press tread?"

"I by myself have trod the press,
And crushed my foes alone;
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,
My fury stamped them down.

"'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes
With joyful scarlet stains;

The triumph that my raiment wears
 Sprung from their bleeding veins.
 "Thus shall the nations be destroyed
 That dare insult my saints;
 I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,
 An ear for their complaints."

HYMN 29

C. M.

The ruin of Antichrist. Isa. 63:4-7.



"I lift my banner," saith the Lord,
 "Where Antichrist has stood;
 The city of my gospel foes
 Shall be a field of blood.
 "My heart has studied just revenge,
 And now the day appears;
 The day of my redeemed is come
 To wipe away their tears.
 "Quite weary is my patience grown,
 And bids my fury go;
 Swift as the lightning it shall move,
 And be as fatal too.
 "I call for helpers, but in vain;
 Then has my gospel none?
 Well, mine own arm has might enough
 To crush my foes alone.
 "Slaughter and my devouring sword
 Shall walk the streets around,
 Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,
 And stagger to the ground."
 Thy honors, O victorious King!
 Thine own right hand shall raise,
 While we thy awful vengeance sing,
 And our deliv'rer praise.

HYMN 30

L. M.

Prayer for deliverance answered. Isa. 26:12,20,21.



In thine own ways, O God of love,
 We wait the visits of thy grace,
 Our soul's desire is to thy name,
 And the remembrance of thy face.

My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee
 'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;
 My earnest cries salute the skies
 Before the dawn restore the light.

Look, how rebellious men deride
 The tender patience of my God!
 But they shall see thy lifted hand,
 And feel the scourges of thy rod.

Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,
 A mighty voice before him goes;
 A voice of music to his friends,
 But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

Come, children, to your Father's arms,
 Hide in the chambers of my grace,
 Till the fierce storms be overblown,
 And my revenging fury cease.

My sword shall boast its thousands slain,
 And drink the blood of haughty kings,
 While heav'nly peace around my flock
 Stretches its soft and shady wings.

HYMN 31 PART 1

C. M.

Condescending grace. Psa. 138:6.

When the Eternal bows the skies
 To visit earthly things,
 With scorn divine he turns his eyes
 From towers of haughty kings.

He bids his awful chariot roll

Far downward from the skies,
 To visit every humble soul
 With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
 Disdain so lofty kings?
 Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
 Upon such worthless things?

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares
 Dispute his awful will?
 Ask no account of his affairs,
 But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
 All sovereign and all free;
 Great God, how searchless are thy ways,
 How deep thy judgments be!

HYMN 31 PART 2

C. M.

The Christian's hidden life. Col. 3:3.



O happy soul that lives on high
 While men lie grov'ling here
 His hopes are fixed above the sky,
 And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
 While peace and joy combine
 To form a life whose holy springs
 Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
 His God in secret sees;
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heav'nly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time;
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne
 To raise his figure here;

Content and pleased to live unknown,
Till Christ, his life, appear.

He looks to heav'n's eternal hill
To meet that glorious day;
But patient waits his Savior's will
To fetch his soul away.

HYMN 32

C. M.

Strength from heaven. Isa. 40:27-30.



Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?
And where's our courage fled?
Have restless sin and raging hell
Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' almighty name
That formed the earth and sea?
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting might
In our Jehovah dwell;
He gives the conquest to the weak
And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,
And youthful vigor cease:
But we that wait upon the Lord
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,
And taste the promised bliss,
Till their unwearied feet arrive
Where perfect pleasure is.

HYMN 33

C. M.

Absurdity of infidelity. 1 Cor. 1:26-31.

Shall atheists dare insult the cross

Of our Redeemer, God?
 Shall infidels reproach his laws,
 Or trample on his blood?

What if he choose mysterious ways
 To cleanse us from our faults?
 May not the works of sovereign grace
 Transcend our feeble thoughts?

What if his gospel bids us fight
 With flesh, and self, and sin,
 The prize is most divinely bright
 That we are called to win.

What if the foolish and the poor
 His glorious grace partake,
 This but confirms his truth the more,
 For so the prophets spake.

Do some that own his sacred name
 Indulge their souls in sin?
 Jesus should never bear the blame,
 His laws are pure and clean.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,
 Our lips profess his word;
 Nor blush nor fear to walk among
 The men that love the Lord.

HYMN 34 PART 1

L. M.

The gospel the power of God to salvation. Rom. 1:16.



What shall the dying sinner do
 That seeks relief for all his woe?
 Where shall the guilty conscience find
 Ease for the torment of the mind?

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n?
 Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
 Can souls all o'er defiled with sin
 Make their own powers and passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,
 Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;

'Tis there such power and glory dwell
As save rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting spirits up:
We read the grace, we trust the word,
And find salvation in the Lord.

Let men or angels dig the mines,
Where nature's golden treasure shines;
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,
All nature's gold appears but dross.

Should vile blasphemers with disdain
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.

HYMN 34 PART 2

C. M.

None excluded from hope. Rom. 1:16; 1 Cor. 1:24.



Jesus, thy blessings are not few,
Nor is thy gospel weak;
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confined to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

While grace is offered to the prince,
The poor may take their share;
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair

Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native powers;
But to his sovereign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,
He'll form your souls anew;
His gospel and his heart have room

For rebels such as you.
 His doctrine is almighty love;
 There's virtue in his name
 To turn the raven to a dove,
 The lion to a lamb.

HYMN 35 PART 1

L. M.

Faith the way to salvation. Rom. 1:16; Eph. 2:8,9.

Not by the laws of innocence
 Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;
 New works can give us no pretence
 To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

Not the best deeds that we have done
 Can make a wounded conscience whole;
 Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
 That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,
 Fain would I have my soul renewed;
 I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord
 To have it pardoned and subdued.

O may thy grace its power display,
 Let guilt and death no longer reign;
 Save me in thine appointed way,
 Nor let my humble faith be vain.

HYMN 35 PART 2

C. M.

Truth, sincerity, etc. Phil. 4:8.



Let those who bear the Christian name
 Their holy vows fulfil;
 The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
 Are men of honor still.

True to the solemn oaths they take,
 Though to their hurt they swear;

Constant and just to all they speak,
For God and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words devise;
They know the God of truth can see
Through every false disguise.

They hate th' appearance of a lie
In all the shapes it wears;
They live in truth, and when they die,
Eternal life is theirs.

While hypocrites and liars fly
Before the Judge's frown,
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,
Receive th' immortal crown.

HYMN 36

C. M.

A lovely carriage. Matt. 10:16.



O 'tis a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart,
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.

When envy, strife, and wars begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,
Nor let their fury rise;
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

Their frame is prudence mixed with love,
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

Such was the Savior of mankind,
Such pleasures he pursued;
His flesh and blood were all refined,

His soul divinely good.

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow
 In such a heart as mine?
 Thy grace my nature can renew,
 And make my soul like thine.

HYMN 37 PART 1

L. M.

Christ's humiliation, exaltation, and triumph. Phil. 2:8,9; Mark 15:20,24,29; Col. 2:15.



The mighty frame of glorious grace,
 That brightest monument of praise
 That e'er the God of love designed,
 Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,
 A burden for an angel's tongue:
 When Gabriel sounds these awful things,
 He tunes and summons all his stungs.

Proclaim inimitable love:
 Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,
 Puts off the beams of bright array,
 And veils the God in mortal clay!

What black reproach defiled his name,
 When with our sins he took our shame!
 He whom adoring angels blessed
 Is made the impious rebel's jest.

He that distributes crowns and thrones
 Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans!
 The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
 The King of Glory bows to death!

But see the wonders of his power,
 He triumphs in his dying hour;
 And while by Satan's rage he fell,
 He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdued,
 And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;
 Thus he arose, and reigns above,

And conquers sinners by his love.
 Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
 The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:
 How low, how vain are mortal airs,
 When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

HYMN 37 PART 2

C. M.

Zeal and fortitude. Matt. 5:16.

PAUSE.

Do I believe what Jesus saith,
 And think his gospel true?
 Lord, make me bold to own my faith,
 And practise virtue too.

Suppress my shame, subdue my fear,
 Arm me with heav'nly zeal,
 That I may make thy power appear,
 And works of praise fulfil.

If men shall see my virtue shine,
 And spread my name abroad,
 Thine is the power, the praise is thine,
 My Savior and my God!

Thus when the saints in glory meet,
 Their lips proclaim thy grace;
 They cast their honors at thy feet,
 And own their borrowed rays.

Are we the soldiers of the cross?
 The followers of the Lamb?
 And shall we fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

Now must we fight if we would reign
 Increase our courage, Lord
 We'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorions war
 Shall conquer, though they're slain;
 They see the triumph from afar,



And shall with Jesus reign.
 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thy armies shine
 In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

HYMN 38 PART 1

C. M.

The atonement of Christ. Rom. 3:25.

How is our nature spoiled by sin!
 Yet nature ne'er hath found
 The way to make the conscience clean,
 Or heal the painful wound.

In vain we seek for peace with God
 By methods of our own:
 Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood
 Can bring us near the throne.

The threat'nings of thy broken law
 Impress our souls with dread;
 If God his sword of vengeance draw,
 It strikes our spirits dead.

But thine illustrious sacrifice
 Hath answered these demands:
 And peace and pardon from the skies
 Came down by Jesus' hands.

Here all the ancient types agree,
 The altar and the lamb;
 And prophets in their visions see
 Salvation through his name.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,
 'Tis on thy cross we rest;
 For ever be thy love adored,
 Thy name for ever blessed.

HYMN 38 PART 2



L. M.

The universal law of equity. Matt. 8:12.

Blessed Redeemer, how divine,
 How righteous is this rule of thine!
 "To do to all men just the same
 As we expect or wish from them."

This golden lesson, short and plain,
 Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain;
 And every conscience must approve
 This universal law of love.

How blest would every nation be,
 Thus ruled by love and equity!
 All would be friends without a foe,
 And form a paradise below.

Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
 Thy sacred law of love asleep;
 No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
 But thy blest maxims be our guide.

HYMN 39

C. M.

God's tender care of his church. Isa. 49:13ff.



Now shall my inward joys arise,
 And burst into a song;
 Almighty love inspires my heart,
 And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God on his thirsty Zion hill
 Some mercy drops has thrown,
 And solemn oaths have bound his love
 To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,
 Suspicions, and complaints?
 Is he a God, and shall his grace
 Grow weary of his saints?

Can a kind woman e'er forget
 The infant of her womb?
 And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts
 Her suckling have no room?

"Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,
 And mothers monsters prove,
 Zion still dwells upon the heart
 Of everlasting love.

"Deep on the palms of both my hands
 I have engraved her name;
 My hands shall raise her ruined walls,
 And build her broken frame?"

HYMN 40

L. M.

The business and blessedness of glorified saints. Rev. 7:13ff.

"What happy men, or angels, these,
 That all their robes are spotless white?
 Whence did this glorious troop arrive
 At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"

From torturing racks, and burning fires,
 And seas of their own blood, they came;
 But nobler blood has washed their robes,
 Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th' Almighty throne
 With loud hosannahs night and day;
 Sweet anthems to the great Three One
 Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls;
 He bids their parching thirst begone,
 And spreads the shadow of his wings
 To screen them from the scorching sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle throne
 Shall shed around his milder beams;
 There shall they feast on his rich love,
 And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew
 Through the vast round of endless years;
 And the soft hand of sovereign grace
 Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

HYMN 41

C. M.

The same; or, The martyrs glorified. Rev. 7:13ff.

"These glorious minds, how bright they shine!
 Whence all their white array?
 How came they to the happy seats
 Of everlasting day?"

From torturing pains to endless joys
 On fiery wheels they rode,
 And strangely washed their raiment white
 In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,
 And bow before his throne
 Their warbling harps and sacred songs
 Adore the Holy One.

The unveiled glories of his face
 Amongst his saints reside,
 While the rich treasure of his grace
 Sees all their wants supplied.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
 And hunger flee as fast;
 The fruit of life's immortal tree
 Shall be their sweet repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
 Where living fountains rise;
 And love divine shall wipe away
 The sorrows of their eyes.

HYMN 42

C. M.

Divine wrath and mercy. Nah. 1:1-3; Heb. 12:29.



Adore and tremble, for our God
 Is a consuming fire!
 His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,
 And raise his vengeance higher.

Almighty vengeance, how it burns!

How bright his fury glows!
 Vast magazines of plagues and storms
 Lie treasured for his foes.

Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,
 Are forced into a flame;
 But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
 And rend all nature's frame.

At his approach the mountains flee,
 And seek a wat'ry grave;
 The frightened sea makes haste away,
 And shrinks up every wave.

Through the wide air the weighty rocks
 Are swift as hailstones hurled;
 Who dares engage his fiery rage
 That shakes the solid world?

Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace
 Sits regent on the throne;
 The refuge of thy chosen race
 When wrath comes rushing down.

Thy hand shall on rebellious kings
 A fiery tempest pour,
 While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings
 Thy just revenge adore.

HYMN 43 PART 1

L. M.

Jesus our surety and Savior. 1 Pet. 1:18; Gal. 3:13; Rom. 4:25.



Adam, our father and our head,
 Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead;
 The fiery law speaks all despair:
 There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But, O unutterable grace
 The Son of God takes Adam's place;
 Down to our world the Savior flies,
 Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
 And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood:

What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he suik, how high he reigns!

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all the flaming hosts adored;
And say, dear Couqueror, say how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and paved with love
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

HYMN 43 PART 2

L. M.

The Christian's treasure. 1 Cor. 3:21.

How vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

All things are ours: the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Savior's blood;
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use, and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great;
And while my faith can keep her hold,

I envy not the sinner's gold.
 Father, I wait thy daily will;
 Thou shalt divide my portion still;
 Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
 Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

HYMN 44 PART 1



L. M.

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning. Luke 23:27,29,44-46; Mt. 27:50,57; 28:6ff.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load:
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see;
 Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!
 The tomb in vain forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell
 How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save;
 Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"
 And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

HYMN 44 PART 2

C. M.

The true improvement of life. Ps. 90:12.



Ane is this life prolonged to me?
 Are days and seasons giv'n?
 O let me, then, prepare to be
 A fitter heir of heav'n.

In vain these moments shall not pass,
 These golden hours be gone:
 Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
 I bow before thy throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin
 By my Redeemer's blood;
 Now let my flesh and soul begin
 The honors of my God.

Let me no more my soul beguile
 With sin's deceitful toys;
 Let cheerful hope, increasing still,
 Approach to heav'nly joys.

My thankful lips shall loud proclaim
 The wonders of thy praise,
 And spread the savor of thy name
 Where'er I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine,
 And when I leave this state,
 May heav'n receive this soul of mine
 To bliss supremely great.

HYMN 45

C. M.

The last judgment. Rev. 21:5-8.



See where the great incarnate God
 Fills a majestic throne;
 While from the skies his awful voice
 Bears the last judgment down.

["I am the first, and I the last,
 Through endless years the same;
 I AM is my memorial still,
 And my eternal name.

"Such favors as a God can give
 My royal grace bestows:
 Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams,
 Where life and pleasure flows.]

["The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,
 I'll own him for a son;
 The whole creation shall reward
 The conquests he has won.

"But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,
 And all the lying race,
 The faithless and the scoffing crew,
 That spurn at offered grace;

"They shall be taken from my sight,
 Bound fast in iron chains,
 And headlong plunged into the lake
 Where fire and darkness reigns."]

O may I stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled!
 And hear the Judge pronounce my name,
 With blessings on my head!

May I with those for ever dwell
 Who here were my delight!
 While sinners, banished down to hell,
 No more offend my sight.

HYMN 46 PART 1

C. M.

God glorious, and sinners saved. Rom. 1:30; 5:8,9; 1 Pet. 3:22.

Father, how wide thy glories shine!
 How high thy wonders rise!
 Known through the earth by thousand signs,
 By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
 Their motions speak thy skill,
 And on the wings of every hour
 We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy strange design

To save rebellious worms,
 Our souls are filled with awe divine
 To see what God performs.

When sinners break the Father's laws,
 The dying Son atones;
 O the dear myst'ries of his cross,
 The triumph of his groans

Now the full glories of the Lamb
 Adorn the heav'nly plains;
 Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
 And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
 In that immortal song!
 Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
 And love command my tongue.

HYMN 46 PART 2



L. M.

The privileges of the living above the dead. Isa. 38:18,19.

Awake, my zeal; awake, my love,
 To serve my Savior here below,
 In works which perfect saints above
 And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
 The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
 In heav'n are found no sons of need,
 There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
 Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
 Daily thy rising sins control,
 And be thy vict'ries ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
 There are no foes t' encounter there;
 Lord, I would conquer till I die,
 And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
 I gain thy gospel fresh renown;

And when my life and labors cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

HYMN 47

C. M.

Death of kindred improved. Zech. 1:5.



Must friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn?
While sorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

Be thou our comfort, mighty God!
Our helper and our friend;
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,
Till all our trials end.

O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led!
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead.

Let us be weaned from all below,
Let hope our grief expel,
While death invites our souls to go
Where our best kindred dwell.

HYMN 48

L. M.

The Christian race. Isa. 40:28-31.

Awake, our souls; away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought begone;
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power

Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures, while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We'll mount aloft to thine abode
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

HYMN 49

C. M.

The works of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. 15:3.



How strong thine arm is, mighty God!
 Who would not fear thy name?
 Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!
 Who would not love the Lamb?

He has done more than Moses did,
 Our Prophet and our King;
 From bonds of hell he freed our souls,
 And taught our lips to sing.

In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
 Th' Egyptian host was drowned;
 But his own blood hides all our sins,
 And guilt no more is found.

When through the desert Isr'el went,
 With manna they were fed:
 Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
 And calls it living bread.

Moses beheld the promised land,
 Yet never reached the place;
 But Christ shall bring his followers home,
 To see his Father's face.

Then shall our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame;

And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 50

C. M.

The song of Zacharias. Lk. 1:68ff; John 1:29,32.



Now be the God of Isr'el blessed,
Who makes his truth appear;
His mighty hand fulfils his word,
And all the oaths he sware.

Now he bedews old David's root
With blessings from the skies;
He makes the Branch of Promise grow,
The promised Horn arise.

[John wns the prophet of the Lord,
To go before his face;
The herald which our Savior God
Sent to prepare his ways.

He makes the great salvation known,
He speaks of pardoned sins;
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,
In its own glory shines.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cnes.
"That takes our guilt away;
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,
On his baptizing day.]

"Be every vale exalted high,
Sink every mountain low;
The proud must stoop, and humble souls
Shall his salvation know.

"The heathen realms with Isr'el's land
Shall join in sweet accord
And all that's born of man shall see
The glory of the Lord.

"Behold the Morning Star arise,
Ye that in darkness sit;
He marks the path that leads to peace,

And guides our doubtful feet."

HYMN 51

S. M.

Persevering grace. Jude 1:24,25.

To God the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and' his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

HYMN 52

L. M.

Baptism. Matt. 28:19; Acts 2:38.

'Twas the commission of our Lord,
"Go teach the nations, and baptize:"
The nations have received the word
Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,
With grace and pardon in his hands;



And sends his cov'nant with the seals,
To bless the distant British lands.

"Repent, and be baptized," he saith,
For the remission of your sins:"
And thus our sense assists our faith,
And shows us what his gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,
As water makes the body clean;
And the good Spirit from our God
Descends like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to thee,
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;
O may the great eternal Three
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

HYMN 53

L. M.

The Holy Scriptures. Heb. 1:1,2; 2 Tim. 3:15,16; Psa. 147:19,20.



God, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old,
Sent down his Son, with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record:
The bright inheritance of heav'n
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

God's kindest thoughts are here expressed,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

Ye British isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

HYMN 54

L. M.

Electing grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ. Eph. 1:3ff.

Jesus, we bless thy Father's name;
 Thy God and ours are both the same;
 What heav'nly blessings from his throne
 Flow down to sinners through his Son!

"Christ be my first elect," he said,
 Then chose our souls in Christ our head,
 Before he gave the mountains birth,
 Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin
 To raise us up from death and sin;
 Our characters were then decreed,
 "Blameless in love, a holy seed."

Predestinated to be sons,
 Born by degrees, but chose at once,
 A new regenerated race,
 To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our part
 In the affections of his heart;
 Nor shall our souls be thence removed,
 Till he forgets his first-beloved.

HYMN 55

C. M.

Hezekiah's song; or, Sickness and recovery. Isa. 38:9ff.



When we are raised from deep distress,
 Our God deserves a song;
 We take the pattern of our praise
 From Hezekiah's tongue.

The gates of the devouring grave
 Are opened wide in vain,
 If he that holds the keys of death
 Commands them fast again.

Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse

Our minds with slavish fears:
 "Our days are past, and we shall lose
 The remnant of our years."

We chatter with a swallow's voice,
 Or like a dove we mourn,
 With bitterness instead of joys,
 Afflicted and forlorn.

Jehovah speaks the healing word,
 And no disease withstands;
 Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
 And fly at his commands.

If half the strings of life should break,
 He can our frame restore;
 He casts our sins behind his back,
 And they are found no more.

HYMN 56

C. M.

The song of Moses and the Lamb. Rev. 15:3; 16:19; 17:6.

We sing the glories of thy love,
 We sound thy dreadful name;
 The Christian church unites the songs
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

Great God! how wondrous are thy works
 Of vengeance and of grace!
 Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,
 How just and true thy ways!

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,
 Or worship at thy throne?
 Thy judgments speak thine holiness
 Through all the nations known.

Great Babylon that rules the earth,
 Drunk with the martyrs' blood,
 Her crimes shall speedily awake
 The fury of our God.

The cup of wrath is ready mixed,
 And she must drink the dregs:

Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,
And shall fulfil the plagues.

HYMN 57



C. M.

Original sin. Rom. 5:12, etc.; Psa. 51:5; Job 14:4.



Backward with humble shame we look
On our original;
How is our nature dashed and broke
In our first father's fall!

To all that's good averse and blind,
But prone to all that's ill
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!
How obstinate our will!

[Conceived in sin, O wretched state!
Before we draw our breath
The first young pulse begins to beat
Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degen'rate blood
The old corruption reigns,
And, mingling with the crooked flood,
Wanders through all our veins.]

[Wild and unwholesome as the root
Will all the branches be;
How can we hope for living fruit
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal power from things unclean
Can pure productions bring?
Who can command a vital stream
From an infected spring?]

Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love
Can make our nature clean,
While Christ and grace prevail above
The tempter, death, and sin.

The second Adam shall restore
The ruins of the first;
Hosannah to that sovereign power

That new-creates our dust!

HYMN 58

L. M.

The devil vanquished; or, Michael's war with the dragon. Rev. 12:7.

Let mortal tongues attempt to sing
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood
Chief general of th' Eternal King,
And fought the battles of our God.

Against the dragon and his host
The armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

Down to the earth was Satan thrown,
Down to the earth his legions fell;
Then was the trump of triumph blown,
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

Now is the hour of darkness past,
Christ has assum'd his reigning power;
Behold the great accuser cast
Down from the skies to rise no more.

'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine armies trod the tempter down;
'Twas by thy word and powerful name
They gain'd the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heav'ns; let every star
Shine with new glories round the sky;
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

HYMN 59

L. M.

Babylon fallen. Rev. 18:20,21.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:

"Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,
God shall avenge your long complaints."

He said, and dreadful as he stood,
He sunk the millstone in the flood:
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,
Thus, and no more be found at all."

HYMN 60



L. M.

The Virgin Mary's song. Luke 1:46ff.

Our souls shall magnify the Lord,
In God the Savior we rejoice:
While we repeat the Virgin's song,
May the same Spirit tune our voice!

[The Highest saw her low estate,
And mighty things his hand hath done:
His overshadowing power and grace
Makes her the mother of his Son.

Let ev'ry nation call her blest,
And endless years prolong her fame;
But God alone must be ador'd:
Holy and reverend is his name.]

To those that fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands for ever sure:
From age to age his promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

He spake to Abram and his seed,
In thee shall all the earth be blessed;"
The memory of that ancient word
Lay long in his eternal breast.

But now no more shall Isr'el wait,
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:
Lo, the desire of nations comes;
Behold, the promised seed is born!

HYMN 61

L. M.

Christ our High Priest and King. Rev. 1:5-7.



Now to the Lord, that makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honors paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
 And washed us in his richest blood;
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our superior King,
 Be everlasting power confessed,
 And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And every eye shall see him move;
 Though with our sins we pierced him once,
 Then he displays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,
 While we rejoice to see the day:
 Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,
 Nor let thy chariots long delay.

HYMN 62

C. M.

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation. Rev. 5:11-13.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus:"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive

Honor and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth, and seas,
 Conspire to lift thy glories high,
 And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

HYMN 63



L. M.

Christ's humiliation and exaltation. Rev. 5:12.

What equal honors shall we bring
 To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 When all the notes that angels sing
 Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,
 The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;
 Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
 At his Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are his due
 Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;
 Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
 Though he was charged with madness here.

All riches are his native right,
 Yet he sustained amazing loss;
 To him ascribe eternal might,
 Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,
 Instead of scandal and of scorn;
 While glory shines around his head,
 And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb
 Who bore the curse for wretched men;

Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen.

HYMN 64

S. M.

Adoption. 1 John 3:1ff; Gal. 4:6.



Behold what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

'Tis no surprising thing
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their king,
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior here,
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

HYMN 65

L. M.

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord; or, The day of judgment. Rev. 11:15-18.

Let the seventh angel sound on high,
 Let shouts be heard through all the sky;
 Kings of the earth, with glad accord,
 Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God, thy power assume,
 Who wast, and art, and art to come:
 Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,
 For ever live, for ever reign!

The angry nations fret and roar,
 That they can slay the saints no more
 On wings of vengeance flies our God,
 To pay the long arrears of blood.

Now must the rising dead appear;
 Now the decisive sentence hear;
 Now the dear martyrs of the Lord
 Receive an infinite reward.

HYMN 66



L. M.

Christ the King at his table. SS 1:2-5,12,13,17.

Let him embrace my soul, and prove
 Mine interest in his heav'nly love;
 The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"
 Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

On thee th' anointing Spirit came,
 And spreads the savor of thy name;
 That oil of gladness and of grace
 Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

Jesus, allure me by thy charms,
 My soul shall fly into thine arms!
 Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring
 To the fair chambers of the King.

[Wonder and pleasure tune our voice
 To speak thy praises and our joys;
 Our memory keeps this love of thine
 Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

Though in ourselves deformed we are,

And black as Kedar's tents appear,
 Yet, when we put thy beauties on,
 Fair as the courts of Solomon.

[While at his table sits the King,
 He loves to see us smile and sing;
 Our graces are our best perfume,
 And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,
 Such is a dying Christ to me
 And while he makes my soul his guest,
 My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

[No beams of cedar or of fir
 Can with thy courts on earth compare;
 And here we wait, until thy love
 Raise us to nobler seats above.]

HYMN 67



L. M.

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd. SS 1:7.

Thou whom my soul admires above
 All earthly joy and earthly love,
 Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
 Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock,
 That from the sun defends thy flock?
 Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
 Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one
 That turns aside to paths unknown?
 My constant feet would never rove,
 Would never seek another love.

[The footsteps of thy flock I see;
 Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
 A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
 Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
 And bids me drink his richest blood:

Here to these hills my soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

HYMN 68

L. M.

The banquet of love. SS 2:1-4,6,7.



Behold the Rose of Sharon here,
The Lily which the valleys bear;
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;
So in mine eyes my Savior proves,
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'ly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed mine eyes and please my taste.

[Kindly he brought me to the place
Where stands the banquet of his grace;
He saw me faint, and o'er my head
The banner of his love he spread.

With living bread and gen'rous wine,
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;
And op'ning his own heart to me,
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

HYMN 69

L. M.

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company. SS 2:8-13.

The voice of my Beloved sounds

Over the rocks and rising grounds;
 O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief
 He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Now through the veil of flesh I see
 With eyes of love he looks at me;
 Now in the gospel's clearest glass
 He shows the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,
 Both with his beauties and his tongue;
 "Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
 No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

"The Jewish wintry state is gone,
 The mists are fled, the spring comes on;
 The sacred turtle-dove we hear
 Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

"Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root
 Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit:"
 Lo! we are come to taste the wine;
 Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

And when we hear our Jesus say,
 "Rise up, my love, make haste away!"
 Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,
 And leave all earthly loves behind.

HYMN 70



L. M.

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation. SS 2:14-17.

[Hark! the Redeemer from on high
 Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;
 From caves of darkness and of doubt,
 He gently speaks, and calls us out.

"My dove, who hidest in the rock,
 Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,
 Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,
 And let thy voice delight mine ear.

"Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;
 My graces in thy count'nance meet;

Though the vain world thy face despise,
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives
The hope thine invitation gives;
To thee our joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

[I am my Love's, and he is mine;
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;
Nor let a motion, nor a word,
Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.

My soul to pastures fair he leads,
Amongst the lilies where he feeds
Amongst the saints, whose robes are white,
Washed in his blood, is his delight.

Till the day break, and shadows flee,
Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

Be like a hart on mountains green,
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide
My Love, my Savior, from my side.]

HYMN 71



L. M.

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church. SS 3:1-5

Often I seek my Lord by night,
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight;
With warm desire and restless thought
I seek him oft, but find him not.

Then I arise and search the street,
Till I my Lord, my Savior meet:
I ask the watchmen of the night,
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

Sometimes I find him in my way,
Directed by a heav'nly ray;
I leap for joy to see his face,

And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[I bring him to my mother's home,
Nor does my Lord refuse to come
To Zion's sacred chambers, where
My soul first drew the vital air.

He gives me there his bleeding heart,
Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;
I give my soul to him, and there
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

I charge you, all ye earthly toys,
Approach not to disturb my joys;
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,
Nor cause my Savior to depart.

HYMN 72

L. M.

The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church. SS 3:11.



Daughters of Zion, come, behold
The crown of honor and of gold
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,
Placed on the head of Solomon.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept the well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the dear hour when from above
We first received thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,
 And bring that coronation day!
 The King of Grace shall fill the throne,
 With all his Father's glories on.

HYMN 73

L. M.

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ. SS 4:1-11.



Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord,
 Affection sounds in every word:
 Lo! thou art fair, my love," he cries,
 "Not the young doves have sweeter eyes."

["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice
 Salutes mine ear with secret joys;
 No spice so much delights the smell,
 Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]

"Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,
 I will behold no spot in thee."
 What mighty wonders love performs,
 And puts a comeliness on worms!

Defiled and loathsome as we are,
 He makes us white, and calls us fair;
 Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,
 His graces and his righteousness.

"My sister and my spouse," he cries,
 "Bound to my heart by various ties,
 Thy powerful love my heart detains
 In strong delight and pleasing chains."

He calls me from the leopard's den,
 From this wild world of beasts and men,
 To Zion, where his glories are;
 Not Lebanon is half so fair.

Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,
 Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
 Shall hold my feet or force my stay,
 When Christ invites my soul away.

HYMN 74

L. M.

The church the garden of Christ. SS 4:12-15; 5:1.



We are a garden walled around,
 Chosen and made peculiar ground;
 A little spot enclosed by grace
 Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,
 Planted by God the Father's hand;
 And all his springs in Zion flow,
 To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O, heav'nly wind! and come,
 Blow on this garden of perfume;
 Spirit divine! descend and breathe
 A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make our best spices flow abroad,
 To entertain our Savior God
 And faith, and love, and joy appear,
 And every grace be active here.

[Let my Beloved come and taste
 His pleasant fruits at his own feast:
 "I come, my spouse, I come!" he cries,
 With love and pleasure in his eyes.

Our Lord into his garden comes,
 Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,
 And calls us to a feast divine,
 Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

"Eat of the tree of life, my friends,
 The blessings that my Father sends;
 Your taste shall all my dainties prove,
 And drink abundance of my love:"

Jesus, we will frequent thy board,
 And sing the bounties of our Lord;
 But the rich food on which we live
 Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

HYMN 75

L. M.

The description of Christ the beloved. SS 5:9-16.



The wond'ring world inquires to know
 Why I should love my Jesus so:
 What are his charms," say they, "above
 The objects of a mortal love?"

Yes! my Beloved, to my sight
 Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:
 All human beauties, all divine,
 In my Beloved meet and shine.

White is his soul, from blemish free;
 Red with the blood he shed for me;
 The fairest of ten thousand fairs;
 A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

[His head the finest gold excels;
 There wisdom in perfection dwells,
 And glory like a crown adorns
 Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassions in his heart are found,
 Hard by the signals of his wound:
 His sacred side no more shall bear
 The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

[His hands are fairer to behold
 Than diamonds set in rings of gold;
 Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree
 Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me!

Though once he bowed his feeble knees,
 Loaded with sins and agonies,
 Now on the throne of his command
 His legs like marble pillars stand.]

[His eyes are majesty and love,
 The eagle tempered with the dove;
 No more shall trickling sorrows roll
 Through those dear windows of his soul.

His mouth, that poured out long complaints,
 Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints
 His countenance more graceful is
 Than Lebanon with all its trees.]

All over glorious is my Lord
 Must be beloved, and yet adored;
 His worth if all the nations knew,
 Sure the whole earth would love him too.

HYMN 76

L. M.

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth. SS 6:1-3,12.



When strangers stand and hear me tell
 What beauties in my Savior dwell,
 Where he is gone they fain would know,
 That they may seek and love him too.

My best Beloved keeps his throne
 On hills of light, in worlds unknown;
 But he descends and shows his face
 In the young gardens of his grace.

[In vineyards planted by his hand,
 Where fruitful trees in order stand;
 He feeds among the spicy beds,
 Where lilies show their spotless heads.

He has engrossed my warmest love,
 No earthly charms my soul can move:
 I have a mansion in his heart,
 Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

[He takes my soul ere I'm aware,
 And shows me where his glories are;
 No chariot of Amminadib
 The heav'nly rapture can describe.

O may my spirit daily rise
 On wings of faith above the skies,
 Till death shall make my last remove,
 To dwell for ever with my Love.]

HYMN 77

L. M.

The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her, and provisions for her. SS
7:5-13.

Now in the galleries of his grace
Appears the King, and thus he says,
"How fair my saints are in my sight!
My love how pleasant for delight!"

Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,
There's heav'nly grace in every word;
From that dear mouth a stream divine
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

Such wondrous love awakes the lip
Of saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the praises of thy name,
And makes our cold affections flame.

These are the joys he lets us know
In fields and villages below;
Gives us a relish of his love,
But keeps his noblest feast above.

In Paradise, within the gates,
A higher entertainment waits
Fruits new and old laid up in store,
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

HYMN 78

L. M.

The strength of Christ's love. SSong 8:5-7,13,14.



[Who is this fair one in distress,
That travels from the wilderness?
And pressed with sorrows and with sins,
On her beloved Lord she leans.

This is the spouse of Christ our God,
Bought with the treasure of his blood;
And her request and her complaint
Is but the voice of every saint.]

"O let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

"Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown;
And hell and earth in vain combine
To quench a fire so much divine.

"But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart;
Then let thy name be well impressed
As a fair signet on my breast.

"Till thou hast brought me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come,
Thy count'nance let me often see,
And often thou shalt hear from me.

"Come, my Beloved, haste away,
Cut short the hours of thy delay;
Fly like a youthful hart or roe
Over the hills where spices grow."

HYMN 79

L. M.

A morning hymn. Psa. 19:5,8; 73:24,25.



God of the morning! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

[But I shall rove and lose the race,
If God, my sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wild maze,
To follow every wand'ring star.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,

Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
 Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise.]

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
 And then receive me to thy bliss;
 All my desires and hopes beside
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

HYMN 80

L. M.

An evening hymn. Psa. 4:8; 3:5,6; 148:8.



Thus far the Lord has led me on,
 Thus far his power prolongs my days;
 And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I perhaps am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past,
 He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell
 Tell me a thousand frightful things
 My God in safety makes me dwell
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.

[Faith in his name forbids my fear;
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!
 And in the morning make me hear
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.]

HYMN 81

L. M.

A song for morning or evening. Lam. 3:23; Isa. 45:7.

God, how endless is thy love!
 Thy gifts are every evening new;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,
 To thee I consecrate my days;
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN 82

L. M.

God far above creatures. Job 4:17-21.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood
 Contend with their Creator God?
 Shall mortal worms presume to be
 More holy, wise, or just than he?

Behold, he puts his trust in none
 Of all the spirits round his throne:
 Their natures, when compared with his,
 Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

But how much meaner things are they
 Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!
 Touched by the finger of thy wrath,
 We faint and vanish like the moth.

From night to day, from day to night,
 We die by thousands in thy sight;
 Buried in dust whole nations lie
 Like a forgotten vanity.

Almighty Power, to thee we bow;

How frail are we, how glorious thou!
 No more the sons of earth shall dare
 With an eternal God compare.

HYMN 83



C. M.
 Afflictions and death under Providence. Job 5:6-8.

Not from the dust affliction grows,
 Nor troubles rise by chance;
 Yet we are born to cares and woes;
 A sad inheritance!

As sparks break out from burning coals,
 And still are upwards borne
 So grief is rooted in our souls,
 And man grows lip to mourn.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,
 And trust his promised grace;
 He rules me by his well-known laws
 Of love and righteousness.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore
 Shall spoil my future peace,
 For death and hell can do no more
 Than what my Father please.

HYMN 84

L. M.
 Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ. Isa. 45:21-25.



Jehovah speaks! let Isr'el hear;
 Let all the earth rejoice and fear,
 While God's eternal Son proclaims
 His sovereign honors and his names.

"I am the last, and I the first,
 The Savior God, and God the just;
 There's none beside pretends to show
 Such justice and salvation too.

["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,
Just on the verge of death and hell,
Look up to me from distant lands;
Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

"I by my holy name have sworn,
Nor shall the word in vain return;
To me shall all things bend the knee,
And every tongue shall swear to me.]

"In me alone shall men confess
Lies all their strength and righteousness;
But such as dare despise my name,
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

"In me, the Lord, shall all the seed
Of Isr'el from their sins be freed;
And by their shining graces prove
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

HYMN 85

S. M.

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ. Isa. 45:21-25.

The Lord on high proclaims
His Godhead from his throne:
"Mercy and justice are the names
By which I will be known.

"Ye dying souls that sit
In darkness and distress,
Look from the borders of the pit
To my recov'ring grace."

Sinners shall hear the sound;
Their thankful tongues shall own,
"Our righteousness and strength is found
In thee, the Lord, alone."

In thee shall Isr'el trust,
And see their guilt forgiv'n;
God will pronounce the sinners just,
And take the saints to heav'n.

HYMN 86

C. M.

God holy, just, and sovereign. Job 9:2-10.



How should the sons of Adam's race
 Be pure before their God?
 If he contend in righteousness,
 We fall beneath his rod.

To vindicate my words and thoughts
 I'll make no more pretence;
 Not one of all my thousand faults
 Can bear a just defence.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
 What vain presumers dare
 Against their Maker's hand to rise,
 Or tempt th' unequal war?

[Mountains, by his almighty wrath,
 From their old seats are torn;
 He shakes the earth from south to north,
 And all her pillars mourn.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,
 Th' obedient sun forbears;
 His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
 And seals up all the stars.

He walks upon the stormy sea,
 Flies on the stormy wind;
 There's none can trace his wondrous way,
 Or his dark footsteps find.]

HYMN 87

L. M.

God dwells with the humble and penitent. Isa. 47:15,16.



Thus saith the high and lofty One:
 "I sit upon my holy throne;
 My name is God, I dwell on high,
 Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I descend to worlds below,

On earth I have a mansion too;
 The humble spirit and contrite
 Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble soul my words revive,
 I bid the mourning sinner live,
 Heal all the broken hearts I find,
 And ease the sorrows of the mind.

["When I contend against their sin,
 I make them know how vile they've been;
 But should my wrath for ever smoke,
 Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."]

O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
 Lest we should faint, despair, and die!
 Thus shall our better thoughts approve
 The methods of thy chast'ning love.

HYMN 88

L. M.

Life the day of grace and hope. Eccl. 9:4-6,10.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time t' insure the great reward;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

[Life is the hour that God has giv'n
 To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.]

The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.

[Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands, with all your might pursue;

Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave, to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 89



L. M.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. 11:9.

Ye sons of Adam, vain and young,
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,
Taste the delights your souls desire,
And give a loose to all your fire;

Pursue the pleasures you design,
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know
There is a day of judgment too.

God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done
Must all appear before the sun.

The vengeance to your follies due
Should strike your hearts with terror through:
How will you stand before his face,
Or answer for his injured grace?

Almighty God! turn off their eyes
From these alluring vanities;
And let the thunder of thy word
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

HYMN 90

C. M.

Youth and judgment. Eccl. 11:9.

Lo! the young tribes of Adam rise,

And through all nature rove
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,
And taste the joys they love.

They give a loose to wild desires;
But let the sinners know
The strict account that God requires
Of all the works they do.

The Judge prepares his throne on high,
The frighted earth and seas
Avoid the fury of his eye,
And flee before his face.

How shall I bear that dreadful day,
And stand the fiery test?
I give all mortal joys away,
To be for ever blessed.

HYMN 91



L. M.

Advice to youth; or, Old age and death in an unconverted state. Eccl. 12:1,7; Isa. 45:20.

Now in the heat of youthful blood
Remember your Creator God:
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,
When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"

Behold, the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

The dust returns to dust again;
The soul, in agonies of pain,
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

Eternal King! I fear thy name;
Teach me to know how frail I am;
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

HYMN 92

S. M.

Christ the wisdom of God. Prov. 8:1,22-32.



Shall Wisdom cry aloud,
 And not her speech be heard?
 The voice of God's eternal Word,
 Deserves it no regard?

 "I was his chief delight,
 His everlasting Son,
 Before the first of all his works,
 Creation, was begun.

 ["Before the flying clouds,
 Before the solid land,
 Before the fields, before the floods,
 I dwelt at his right hand.

 "When he adorned the skies,
 And built them, I was there,
 To order where the sun should rise,
 And marshal every star.

 "When he poured out the sea,
 And spread the flowing deep,
 I gave the flood a firm decree
 In its own bounds to keep.]

 "Upon the empty air
 The earth was balanced well.
 With joy I saw the mansion where
 The sons of men should dwell.

 "My busy thoughts at first
 On their salvation ran,
 Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust
 Was fashioned to a man.

 "Then come, receive my grace,
 Ye children, and be wise;
 Happy the man that keeps my ways;
 The man that shuns them dies."

HYMN 93

L. M.

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted. Prov. 8:34-36.

Thus saith the Wisdom of the Lord,
 "Blest is the man that hears my word,
 Keeps daily watch before my gates,
 And at my feet for mercy waits.

"The soul that seeks me shall obtain
 Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;
 Immortal life is his reward;
 Life, and the favor of the Lord.

"But the vile wretch that flies from me
 Doth his own soul an injury;
 Fools that against my grace rebel
 Seek death, and love the road to hell."

HYMN 94

C. M.

Justification by faith, not by works. Rom. 3:19-22.



Vain are the hopes the sons of men
 On their own works have built;
 Their hearts by nature all unclean,
 And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths
 Without a murm'ring word,
 And the whole race of Adam stand
 Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law
 To justify us now;
 Since to convince and to condemn
 Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!
 When in thy name we trust,
 Our faith receives a righteousness
 That makes the sinner just.

HYMN 95

C. M.

Regeneration. John 1:13; 3:3, etc.

Not all the outward forms on earth,
 Nor rites that God has giv'n,
 Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
 Can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sovereign will of God alone
 Creates us heirs of grace
 Born in the image of his Son,
 A new, peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,
 Blows on the sons of flesh,
 New-models all the carnal mind,
 And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake, and rise
 From the long sleep of death;
 On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,
 And praise employs our breath.

HYMN 96

C. M.

Election excludes boasting. 1 Cor. 1:26-31.

But few among the carnal wise,
 But few of noble race,
 Obtain the favor of thine eyes,
 Almighty King of Grace.

He takes the men of meanest name
 For sons and heirs of God;
 And thus he pours abundant shame
 On honorable blood.

He calls the fool, and makes him know
 The myst'ries of his grace,
 To bring aspiring wisdom low,
 And all its pride abase.

Nature has all its glories lost



When brought before his throne;
 No flesh shall in his presence boast,
 But in the Lord alone.

HYMN 97

L. M.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, etc. 1 Cor. 1:30.

Buried in shadows of the night
 We lie till Christ restores the light;
 Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
 And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears
 Till his atoning blood appears;
 Then we awake from deep distress,
 And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Our very frame is mixed with sin,
 His Spirit makes our natures clean
 Such virtues from his sufferings flow,
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains;
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
 The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess
 Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
 Thou art our mighty All, and we
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

HYMN 98

S. M.

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, etc. 1 Cor. 1:30.

How heavy is the night
 That hangs upon our eyes,
 Till Christ with his reviving light
 Over our souls arise!



Our guilty spirits dread
 To meet the wrath of Heav'n;
 But, in his righteousness arrayed,
 We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure
 Are all our thoughts and ways;
 His hands infected nature cure
 With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
 To hold our souls in vain;
 He sets the sons of bondage free,
 And breaks the cursed chain

Lord, we adore thy ways
 To bring us near to God;
 Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
 And thine atoning blood.

HYMN 99

C. M.

Stones made children of Abraham. Matt. 3:9.

Vain are the hopes that rebels place
 Upon their birth and blood,
 Descended from a pious race;
 Their fathers now with God.

He from the caves of earth and hell
 Can take the hardest stones,
 And fill the house of Abram well
 With new-created sons.

Such wondrous power doth he possess
 Who formed our mortal frame,
 Who called the world from emptiness,
 The world obeyed and came.

HYMN 100



L. M.

Believe and be saved. John 3:16-18.

Not to condemn the sons of men,
 Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
 No weapons in his hands are seen,
 No flaming sword nor thunder there.

Such was the pity of our God,
 He loved the race of man so well,
 He sent his Son to bear our load
 Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

Sinners, believe the Savior's word,
 Trust in his mighty name and live;
 A thousand joys his lips afford,
 His hands a thousand blessings give.

But vengeance and damnation lies
 On rebels who refuse the grace;
 Who God's eternal Son despise,
 The hottest hell shall be their place.

HYMN 101

L. M.

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner. Luke 15:7,10.

Who can describe the joys that rise
 Through all the courts of Paradise,
 To see a prodigal return,
 To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve
 The fruit of his eternal love;
 The Son with joy looks down and sees
 The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
 The holy soul he formed anew;
 And saints and angels join to sing,
 The growing empire of their King.

HYMN 102



L. M.

The Beatitudes. Mt. 5:3-12.

[Blest are the humble souls that see
 Their emptiness and poverty;
 Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
 And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[Blest are the men of broken heart,
 Who mourn for sin with inward smart
 The blood of Christ divinely flows,
 A healing balm for all their woes.]

[Blest are the meek, who stand afar
 From rage and passion, noise and war;
 God will secure their happy state,
 And plead their cause against the great.]

[Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
 Hunger and long for righteousness;
 They shall be well supplied, and fed
 With living streams and living bread.]

[Blest are the men whose bowels move
 And melt with sympathy and love;
 From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
 Like sympathy and love again.]

[Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
 From the defiling powers of sin;
 With endless pleasure they shall see
 A God of spotless purity.]

[Blest are the men of peaceful life,
 Who quench the coals of growing strife;
 They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
 The sons of God, the God of peace.]

[Blest are the sufferers who partake
 Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
 Their souls shall triumph in the Lord
 Glory and joy are their reward.]

HYMN 103

C. M.

Not ashamed of the gospel. 2 Tim. 1:12.



I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
 Or to defend his cause;
 Maintain the honor of his word,
 The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God! I know his name,
 His name is all my trust;
 Nor will he put my soul to shame,
 Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
 And he can well secure
 What I've committed to his hands
 Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
 Before his Father's face,
 And in the new Jerusalem
 Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN 104

C. M.

A state of nature and of grace. 1 Cor. 6:10,11.

Not the malicious or profane,
 The wanton or the proud,
 Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain
 The kingdom of our God.

Surprising grace! and such were we
 By nature and by sin,
 Heirs of immortal misery,
 Unholy and unclean.

But we are washed in Jesus' blood,
 We're pardoned through his name;
 And the good Spirit of our God
 Has sanctified our frame.

O for a persevering power

To keep thy just commands
 We would defile our hearts no more,
 No more pollute our hands.

HYMN 105

C. M.

Heaven invisible and holy. 1 Cor. 2:9,10; Rev. 21:27.



Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
 Nor sense nor reason known,
 What joys the Father hath prepared
 For those that love the Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
 Reveals a heav'n to come;
 The beams of glory in his word
 Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,
 And all the region peace;
 No wanton lips nor envious eye
 Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar
 Pollution, sin, and shame
 None shall obtain admittance there
 But followers of the Lamb.

He keeps the Father's book of life,
 There all their names are found;
 The hypocrite in vain shall strive
 To tread the heav'nly ground

HYMN 106

S. M.

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ. Rom. 6:1,2,6.

Shall we go on to sin
 Because thy grace abounds;
 Or crucify the Lord again,
 And open all his wounds?

Forbid it, mighty God!
 Nor let it e'er be said,
 That we whose sins are crucified
 Should raise them from the dead.

We will be slaves no more,
 Since Christ has made us free;
 Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
 And bought our liberty.

HYMN 107



L. M.

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity. Gen. 3:1,15,17; Gal. 4:4; Col. 2:15.

Deceived by subtle snares of hell,
 Adam, our head, our father, fell;
 When Satan, in the serpent hid,
 Proposed the fruit that God forbid.

Death was the threat'ning: death began
 To take possession of the man
 His unborn race received the wound,
 And heavy curses smote the ground.

But Satan found a worse reward;
 Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord
 "Let everlasting hatred be
 Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

"The woman's seed shall be my Son;
 He shall destroy what thou hast done;
 Shall break thy head, and only feel
 Thy malice raging at his heel."

He spake; and bid four thousand years
 Roll on; at length his Son appears;
 Angels with joy descend to earth,
 And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;
 But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,
 He gave their prince a fatal blow,
 And triumphed o'er the powers below.]

HYMN 108

S. M.

Christ unseen and beloved. 1 Pet. 1:5.

Now with our mortal eyes
 Have we beheld the Lord;
 Yet we rejoice to hear his name,
 And love him in his word.

On earth we want the sight
 Of our Redeemer's face;
 Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
 To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,
 Our joys divinely grow
 Unspeakable, like those above,
 And heav'n begins below.

HYMN 109

L. M.

The value of Christ, and his righteousness. Phil. 3:7-9.



No more, my God, I boast no more
 Of all the duties I have done;
 I quit the hopes I held before,
 To trust the merits of thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear his name,
 What was my gain I count my loss;
 My former pride I call my shame,
 And nail my glory to his cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
 All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
 O may my soul be found in him,
 And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands
 Dares not appear before thy throne;
 But faith can answer thy demands
 By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 110

C. M.

Death and immediate glory. 2 Cor. 5:1,5-8.

There is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal and on high;
 And here my spirit waiting stands,
 Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay
 Must be dissolved and fall;
 Then, O my soul! with joy obey
 Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
 That forms thee fit for heav'n;
 And, as an earnest of the place,
 Has his own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,
 Faith lives upon his word;
 But while the body is our home,
 We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
 But we had rather see;
 We would be absent from the flesh,
 And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 111

C. M.

Salvation by grace. Titus 3:3-7.

[Lord, we confess our num'rous faults,
 How great our guilt has been!
 Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
 And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul! for ever praise,
 For ever love his name,
 Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways
 Of folly, sin, and shame.]

['Tis not by works of righteousness

Which our own hands have done;
 But we are saved by sovereign grace
 Abounding through his Son.]

'Tis from the mercy of our God
 That all our hopes begin;
 'Tis by the water and the blood
 Our souls are washed from sin.

'Tis through the purchase of his death
 Who hung upon the tree,
 The Spirit is sent down to breathe
 On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead we live anew;
 And, justified by grace,
 We shall appear in glory too,
 And see our Father's face.

HYMN 112



C. M.

The brazen serpent; or, Looking to Jesus. John 3:14-16.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
 The brazen serpent high,
 The wounded felt immediate ease,
 The camp forbore to die.

"Look upward in the dying hour,
 And live," the prophet cries;
 But Christ performs a nobler cure,
 When Faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Savior hung,
 High in the heav'ns he reigns:
 Here sinners by th' old serpent stung
 Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
 A dying world revives;
 The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
 Th' expiring Gentile lives.

HYMN 113

C. M.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Gen. 17:7; Rom. 15:8; Mk 10:14.

How large the promise, how divine,
 To Abram and his seed!
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 Supplying all their need."

The words of his extensive love
 From age to age endure;
 The Angel of the cov'nant proves,
 And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great fathers giv'n;
 He takes young children to his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!
 His love endures the same;
 Nor from the promise of his grace
 Blots out the children's name.

HYMN 114

C. M.

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles. Rom. 11:16,17.



Gentiles by nature, we belong
 To the wild olive wood;
 Grace took us from the barren tree,
 And grafts us in the good.

With the same blessings grace endows
 The Gentile and the Jew;
 If pure and holy be the root,
 Such are the branches too.

Then let the children of the saints
 Be dedicate to God,
 Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,
 And wash them in thy blood.

Thus to the parents and their seed

Shall thy salvation come,
 And num'rous households meet at last
 In one eternal home.

HYMN 115

C. M.

Conviction of sin by the law. Rom. 7:8,9,14,24.

Lord, how secure my conscience was,
 And felt no inward dread!
 I was alive without the law,
 And thought my sins were dead.

My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,
 But since the precept came
 With a convincing power and light,
 I find how vile I am.

[My guilt appeared but small before,
 Till terribly I saw
 How perfect, holy, just, and pure,
 Was thine eternal law.

Then felt my soul the heavy load,
 My sins revived again
 I had provoked a dreadful God,
 And all my hopes were slain.]

I'm like a helpless captive, sold
 Under the power of sin
 I cannot do the good I would,
 Nor keep my conscience clean.

My God, I cry with every breath
 For some kind power to save,
 To break the yoke of sin and death,
 And thus redeem the slave.

HYMN 116

L. M.

Love to God and our neighbor. Matt. 22:37-40.



Thus saith the first, the great command,
 "Let all thy inward powers unite
 To love thy Maker and thy God
 With utmost vigor and delight.

"Then shall thy neighbor next in place
 Share thine affections and esteem,
 And let thy kindness to thyself
 Measure and rule thy love to him."

This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

But O! how base our passions are!
 How cold our charity and zeal!
 Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

HYMN 117

L. M.

Election sovereign and free. Rom. 9:20-23.



Behold the potter and the clay,
 He forms his vessels as he please:
 Such is our God, and such are we,
 The subjects of his high decrees.

[Doth not the workman's power extend
 O'er all the mass, which part to choose
 And mold it for a nobler end,
 And which to leave for viler use?]

May not the sovereign Lord on high
 Dispense his favors as he will,
 Choose some to life, while others die,
 And yet be just and gracious still?

[What if, to make his terror known,
 He lets his patience long endure,
 Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,
 And seal their own destruction sure?

What if he means to show his grace,

And his electing love employs
 To mark out some of mortal race,
 And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]

Shall man reply against the Lord,
 And call his Maker's ways unjust,
 The thunder of whose dreadful word
 Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truths so bright
 Should dazzle and confound thy sight,
 Yet still his written will obey,
 And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall he make his justice known,
 And the whole world before his throne
 With joy or terror shall confess
 The glory of his righteousness.

HYMN 118

S. M.

Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the law and gospel. John 1:17; Heb. 3:3,5,6;
 10:28,29.

The law by Moses came,
 But peace, and truth, and love,
 Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
 Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God
 Their diff'rent works were done;
 Moses a faithful servant stood,
 But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his new commands
 Be strict obedience paid;
 O'er all his Father's house he stands
 The sovereign and the head.

The man that durst despise
 The law that Moses brought,
 Behold! how terribly he dies
 For his presumptuous fault!

But sorer vengeance falls

On that rebellious race,
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,
And dare resist his grace.

HYMN 119



C. M.

The different success of the gospel. 1 Cor. 1:23,24; 3:6,7; 2 Cor. 2:16.

Christ and his cross is all our theme;
The myst'ries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlightened from above
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love
Shine in their dying Lord.

The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heav'nly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

HYMN 120

C. M.

Faith of things unseen. Heb. 11



Faith is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight,
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,
And dwells in heav'nly light.

It sets times past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

By faith we know the worlds were made
 By God's almighty word;
 Abram, to unknown countries led,
 By faith obeyed the Lord.

He sought a city fair and high,
 Built by th' eternal hands,
 And faith assures us, though we die,
 That heav'nly building stands.

HYMN 121

C. M.

Children devoted to God. Gen. 17:7,10; Acts 16:14,15,33.

[For those who practise infant Baptism.]

Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,
 "I'll be a God to thee;
 I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they
 Shall be a seed for me."

Abram believed the promised grace,
 And gave his sons to God;
 But water seals the blessing now,
 That once was sealed with blood.

Thus Lydia sanctified her house,
 When she received the word;
 Thus the believing jailer gave
 His household to the Lord.

Thus later saints, eternal King!
 Thine ancient truth embrace;
 To thee their infant offspring bring,
 And humbly claim the grace.

HYMN 122

L. M.

Believers buried with Christ in baptism. Rom. 6:3,4,etc.



Do we not know that solemn word,
 That we are buried with the Lord,

Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

HYMN 123

C. M.

The repenting prodigal. Luke 15:13,etc.

Behold the wretch whose lust and wine
Had wasted his estate,
He begs a share among the swine,
To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries,
"I starve in foreign lands;
My father's house has large supplies
And bounteous are his hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue
Fall down before his face,-
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,
Nor can deserve thy grace."

He said, and hastened to his home,
To seek his father's love;
The father saw the rebel come,
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,
Embraced and kissed his son;
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake
For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"
The father gives command,
"Dress him in garments white and clean,

With rings adorn his hand.

"A day of feasting I ordain,
 Let mirth and joy abound;
 My son was dead, and lives again,
 Was lost, and now is found."

HYMN 124



L. M.

The first and second Adam. Rom. 5:12,etc.

Deep in the dust before thy throne
 Our guilt and our disgrace we own;
 Great God! we own th' unhappy name
 Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

Adam the sinner: at his fall,
 Death like a conqueror seized us
 A thousand new-born babes are dead
 By fatal union to their head.

But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,
 Behold the terrors of thy law,
 We sing the honors of thy grace,
 That sent to save our ruined race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,
 Who joined our nature to his own:
 Adam the second from the dust
 Raises the ruins of the first.

[By the rebellion of one man
 Through all his seed the mischief ran;
 And by one man's obedience now
 Are all his seed made righteous too.]

Where sin did reign, and death abound,
 There have the sons of Adam found
 Abounding life; there glorious grace
 Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

HYMN 125

C. M.

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted. Heb. 4:15,16; 5:7; Matt. 12:20.



With joy we meditate the grace
 Of our High Priest above;
 His heart is made of tenderness,
 His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
 He knows our feeble frame;
 He knows what sore temptations mean,
 For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
 The great Redeemer stood,
 While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
 And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh
 Poured out his cries and tears,
 And in his measure feels afresh
 What every member bears.

[He'll never quench the smoking flax,
 But raise it to a flame;
 The bruised reed he never breaks,
 Nor scorns the meanest name.]

Then let our humble faith address
 His mercy and his power;
 We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
 In the distressing hour.

HYMN 126

L. M.

Charity and uncharitableness. Rom. 14:17,19; 1 Cor. 10:32.

Not different food, or different dress,
 Compose the kingdom of our Lord;
 But peace, and joy, and righteousness,
 Faith, and obedience to his word.

When weaker Christians we despise,
 We do the gospel mighty wrong;
 For God, the gracious and the wise,
 Receives the feeble with the strong.

Let pride and wrath be banished hence;
 Meekness and love our souls pursue;
 Nor shall our practice give offence
 To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

HYMN 127

L. M.

Christ's invitation to sinners, or, Humility and pride. Mt. 11:28-30.



"Come hither, all ye weary souls,
 Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
 I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And raise you to my heav'nly home.

"They shall find rest that learn of me;
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take
 My yoke, and bear it with delight;
 My yoke is easy to his neck
 My grace shall make the burden light."

Jesus, we come at thy command;
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
 Resign our spirits to thy hand
 To mold and guide us at thy will.

HYMN 128

L. M.

The apostles' commission. Mark 16:15ff; Matt. 28:18ff.

"O preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
 "Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 He shall be saved that trusts my word,
 He shall be damned that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,

By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

"Teach all the nations my commands,
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted to my hands,
I can destroy, and I defend."

He spake, and light shone round his head
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 129



L. M.

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering up his son. Gen. 22:6, etc.

Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word
Give up your comforts to the Lord;
He shall restore what you resign,
Or grant you blessings more divine.

So Abram with obedient hand
Led forth his son at God's command;
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

"Abram, forbear!" the angel cried,
Thy faith is known, thy love is tried
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed
Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."

Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace.

HYMN 130

L. M.

Love and hatred. Phil. 2:2; Eph. 4:30,etc.

Now by the bowels of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamor, and wrath, and war, begone,
Envy and spite, for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:
Why should we vex and grieve his love
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts,
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

HYMN 131



L. M.

The Pharisee and publican. Luke 18:10ff.

Behold how sinners disagree,
The publican and Pharisee!
One doth his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father! let me never be
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

HYMN 132

L. M.

Holiness and grace. Titus 2:10-13.

O let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess;
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Savior God;
 When the salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;
 While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
 Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

HYMN 133

C. M.

Love and charity. 1 Cor. 13:2-7, 13.

Let Pharisees of high esteem
 Their faith and zeal declare,
 All their religion is a dream,
 If love be wanting there.

Love suffers long with patient eye,
 Nor is provoked in haste;
 She lets the present injury die,
 And long forgets the past.

[Malice and rage, those fires of hell,
 She quenches with her tongue;
 Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,
 Though she endure the wrong.]

[She nor desires nor seeks to know

The scandals of the time;
 Nor looks with pride on those below,
 Nor envies those that climb.]

She lays her own advantage by
 To seek her neighbor's good;
 So God's own Son came down to die,
 And bought our lives with blood.

Love is the grace that keeps her power
 In all the realms above;
 There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints for ever love.

HYMN 134

L. M.

Religion vain without love. 1 Cor. 13:1-3.



Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech, that angels use,
 If love be absent, I am found,
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heav'n and hell;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store
 To feed the bowels of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame,
 To gain a martyr's glorious name;

If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN 135

L. M.

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart. Eph. 3:16ff.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
 By faith and love in every breast;
 Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
 The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
 Make our enlarged souls possess,
 And learn the height, and breadth, and length
 Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do
 More than our thoughts or wishes know,
 Be everlasting honors done
 By all the church, through Christ his Son.

HYMN 136

C. M.

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, formality in worship. John 4:24; Ps. 139:23,24.



God is a Spirit, just and wise,
 He sees our inmost mind;
 In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
 And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne
 With honor can appear;
 The painted hypocrites are known
 Through the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
 Their bending knees the ground;
 But God abhors the sacrifice,
 Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
 And make my soul sincere
 Then shall I stand before thy face,
 And find acceptance there.

HYMN 137

L. M.

Salvation by grace in Christ. 2 Tim. 1:9,10.

Now to the power of God supreme
 Be everlasting honors giv'n;
 He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)
 He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

Not for our duties or deserts,
 But of his own abounding grace,
 He works salvation in our hearts,
 And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun
 To rescue rebels doomed to die;
 He gave us grace in Christ his Son
 Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,
 And makes his Father's counsels known;
 Declares the great transactions past,
 And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies, and in that dreadful night
 Did all the powers of hell destroy;
 Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,
 And took possession of the joy.

HYMN 138

C. M.

Saints in the hands of Christ Jn. 10:28,29.



Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
 My Lord, my hope, my trust;
 If I am found in Jesus' hands,
 My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engaged to save
 The meanest of his sheep;
 All that his heav'nly Father gave
 His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove
 His favorites from his breast;
 In the dear bosom of his love
 They must for ever rest.

HYMN 139

L. M.

Hope in the covenant; or, God's promise and truth unchangeable. Heb. 6:17-19.

How oft have sin and Satan strove
 To rend my soul from thee, my God!
 But everlasting is thy love,
 And Jesus seals it with his blood.

The oath and promise of the Lord
 Join to confirm the wondrous grace;
 Eternal power performs the word,
 And fills all heav'n with endless praise.

Amidst temptations sharp and long,
 My soul to this dear refuge flies;
 Hope is my anchor, firm and strong,
 While tempests blow and billows rise.

The gospel bears my spirit up;
 A faithful and unchanging God
 Lays the foundation for my hope
 In oaths, and promises, and blood.

HYMN 140

C. M.

A living and a dead faith. Collected from several scriptures.



Mistaken souls, that dream of heav'n,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
 While they are slaves to lust!

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;
 'Tis faith that works by love;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell

By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

[Faith must obey her Father's will,
As well as trust his grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous still
For his own holiness.]

When from the curse he sets us free,
He makes our natures clean;
Nor would he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

[His Spirit purifies our frame,
And seals our peace with God;
Jesus and his salvation came
By water and by blood.]

HYMN 141

S. M.

The Humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. 53:1-5,10-12.



Who has believed thy word,
Or thy salvation known?
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,
And glorify thy Son.

The Jews esteemed him here
Too mean for their belief;
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,
And his companion, grief.

They turned their eyes away,
And treated him with scorn;
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,
Their sorrows he has borne.

'Twas for the stubborn Jews,
And Gentiles then unknown,
The God of justice pleased to bruise
His best-beloved Son.

"But I'll prolong his days,
And make his kingdom stand;

My pleasure," saith the God of grace,
 "Shall prosper in his hand."

["His joyful soul shall see
 The purchase of his pain
 And by his knowledge justify
 The guilty sons of men.]

["Ten thousand captive slaves,
 Released from death and sin,
 Shall quit their prisons and their graves
 And own his power divine.]

["Heav'n shall advance my Son
 To joys that earth denied;
 Who saw the follies men had done,
 And bore their sins, and died."]

HYMN 142

S. M.

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ. Isa. 53:6-9,12.



Like sheep we went astray,
 And broke the fold of God,
 Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
 But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour
 When God our wand'rings laid,
 And did at once his vengeance pour,
 Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustained the stroke
 His life and blood the Shepherd pays
 A ransom for the flock.

His honor and his breath
 Were taken both away,
 Joined with the wicked in his death,
 And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And make him see a num'rous seed,

To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,
A portion with the strong;
He shall possess a large reward,
And hold his honors long."

HYMN 143

C. M.

Characters of the children of God. From several scriptures.



So new-born babes desire the breast,
To feed, and grow, and thrive;
So saints with joy the gospel taste,
And by the gospel live.

[With inward gust their heart approves
All that the word relates;
They love the men their Father loves,
And hate the works he hates.]

[Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth
Can make them slaves to lust;
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,
Nor grovel in the dust.

Not all the chains that tyrants use
Shall bind their souls to vice;
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce
A thousand victories.]

[Grace, like an uncorrupting seed,
Abides and reigns within;
Immortal principles forbid
The sons of God to sin.]

[Not by the terrors of a slave
Do they perform his will,
But with the noblest powers they have
His sweet commands fulfil.]

They find access at every hour
To God within the veil;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

O happy souls! O glorious state
 Of overflowing grace!
 To dwell so near their Father's seat,
 And see his lovely face!

Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;
 Call me a child of thine;
 Send down the Spirit of thy Son
 To form my heart divine.

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,
 And make my comforts strong:
 Then shall I say, "My Father God!"
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

HYMN 144

C. M.

The witnessing and sealing Spirit. Rom. 8:14,16; Eph. 1:13,14.

Why should the children of a King
 Go mourning all their days?
 Great Comforter! descend and bring
 Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
 And seal the heirs of heav'n?
 When wilt thou banish my complaints,
 And show my sins forgiv'n?

Assure my conscience of her part
 In the Redeemer's blood
 And bear thy witness with my heart,
 That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
 Will safe convey me home.

HYMN 145



C. M.

Christ and Aaron. Heb. 7; 9.

Jesus, in thee our eyes behold
 A thousand glories more,
 Than the rich gems and polished gold
 The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-offerings brought,
 To purge themselves from sin;
 Thy life was pure without a spot,
 And all thy nature clean.

[Fresh blood as constant as the day
 Was on their altar spilt;
 But thy one offering takes away
 For ever all our guilt.]

[Their priesthood ran through several hands,
 For mortal was their race;
 Thy never-changing office stands
 Eternal as thy days.]

[Once in the circuit of a year,
 With blood, but not his own,
 Aaron within the veil appears
 Before the golden throne:

But Christ, by his own powerful blood,
 Ascends above the skies,
 And in the presence of our God
 Shows his own sacrifice.]

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns
 On Zion's heav'nly hill;
 Looks like a lamb that has been slain,
 And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede
 Before his Father's face:
 Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,
 Nor doubt the Father's grace.

HYMN 146

L. M.

Characters of Christ; borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.



Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
 See in his face what wonders meet!
 Earth is too narrow to express
 His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[The whole creation can afford
 But some faint shadows of my Lord;
 Nature, to make his beauties known,
 Must mingle colors not her own.]

[Is he compared to wine or bread?
 Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed
 That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
 Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[Is he a tree? The world receives
 Salvation from his healing leaves;
 That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,
 Is David's root and offspring too.]

[Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
 Such fragrancy in all her fields:
 Or if the lily he assume,
 The valleys bless the rich perfume.]

[Is he a vine? His heav'nly root
 Supplies the boughs with life and fruit
 O let a lasting union join
 My soul the branch to Christ the vine!]

[Is he the head? Each member lives,
 And owns the vital powers he gives;
 The saints below and saints above
 Joined by his Spirit and his love.]

[Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
 And heal the plague of sin and death
 These waters all my soul renew,
 And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;
 But the true gold sustains no loss:
 Like a refiner shall he sit,
 And tread the refuse with his feet.]

[Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
 The Rock of ages never moves;
 Yet the sweet streams that from him flow
 Attend us all the desert through.]

[Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

[Is he a door? I'll enter in
Behold the pastures large and green,
A paradise divinely fair;
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[Is he designed the corner-stone,
For men to build their heav'n upon?
I'll make him my foundation too,
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[Is he a temple? I adore
Th' indwelling majesty and power
And still to this most holy place,
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

[Is he a star? He breaks the night
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I know the bright, the morning star.]

[Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.

O let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

HYMN 147



L. M.

The names and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.

['Tis from the treasures of his word

I borrow titles for my Lord;
 Nor art nor nature can supply
 Sufficient forms of majesty.

Bright image of the Father's face,
 Shining with undiminished rays;
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son,
 The heir and partner of his throne.]

The King of kings, the Lord most high,
 Writes his own name upon his thigh
 He wears a garment dipped in blood,
 And breaks the nations with his rod.

Where grace can neither melt nor move,
 The Lamb resents his injured love;
 Awakes his wrath without delay,
 And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

But when for works of peace he comes,
 What winning titles he assumes!
 Light of the world, and Life of men;
 Nor bears those characters in vain.

With tender pity in his heart,
 He acts the Mediator's part;
 A Friend and Brother he appears,
 And well fulfils the names he wears.

At length the Judge his throne ascends,
 Divides the rebels from his friends,
 And saints in full fruition prove
 His rich variety of love.

HYMN 148

6,6,6,6,8,8

The names and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.



With cheerful voice I sing
 The titles of my Lord,
 And borrow all the names
 Of honor from his word:
 Nature and art can ne'er supply
 Sufficient forms of majesty.

In Jesus we behold
 His Father's glorious face,
 Shining for ever bright,
 With mild and lovely rays
 Th' eternal God's eternal Son
 Inherits and partakes the throne.]

The sovereign King of kings,
 The Lord of lords most high,
 Writes his own name upon
 His garment and his thigh:
 His name is called The Word of God;
 He rules the earth with iron rod.

Where promises and grace
 Can neither melt nor move,
 The angry Lamb resents
 The injuries of his love;
 Awakes his wrath without delay,
 As lions roar, and tear the prey.

But when for works of peace
 The great Redeemer comes,
 What gentle characters,
 What titles he assumes!
 Light of the world, and Life of men;
 Nor will he bear those names in vain.

Immense compassion reigns
 In our Immanuel's heart,
 When he descends to act
 A Mediator's part:
 He is a Friend and Brother too;
 Divinely kind, divinely true.

At length the Lord the Judge
 His awful throne ascends,
 And drives the rebels far
 From favorites and friends:
 Then shall the saints completely prove
 The heights and depths of all his love.



L. M.

The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.



Join all the names of love and power
That ever men or angels bore,
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

But O what condescending ways
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace
My eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

[The Angel of the cov'nant stands
With his commission in his hands,
Sent from his Father's milder throne,
To make the great salvation known.]

[Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;
By thee the joyful tidings came
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'u.]

[My bright Example and my Guide,
I would be walking near thy side;
O let me never run astray,
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

[I love my Shepherd, he shall keep
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

[My Surety undertakes my cause,
Answering his Father's broken laws:
Behold my soul at freedom set,
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[Jesus, my great High Priest, has died;
I seek no sacrifice beside;
His blood did once for all atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[My Advocate appears on high,
The Father lays his thunder by;
Not all that earth or hell can say
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

[My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King!
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;

Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

[Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,
The Captain of salvation leads;
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

[Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,
Put all their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

HYMN 150

6,6,6,6,8,8

The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.



Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore:
All are too mean to speak his worth,
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our Redeemer use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

[Arrayed in mortal flesh,
He like an angel stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands;
Commissioned from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.]

[Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.]

[Be thou my Counsellor,
 My Pattern, and my Guide;
 And through this desert land
 Still keep me near thy side:
 O let my feet ne'er run astray,
 Nor rove, nor seek the crooked way.]

[I love my Shepherd's voice,
 His watchful eyes shall keep
 My wand'ring soul among
 The thousands of his sheep:
 He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
 His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

[To this dear Surety's hand
 Will I commit my cause;
 He answers and fulfils
 His Father's broken laws:
 Behold my soul at freedom set!
 My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[Jesus, my great High Priest,
 Offered his blood, and died;
 My guilty conscience seeks
 No sacrifice beside:
 His powerful blood did once atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.]

[My Advocate appears
 For my defence on high;
 The Father bows his ears,
 And lays his thunder by:
 Not all that hell or sin can say
 Shall turn his heart, his love away.]

[My dear Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and my King!
 Thy sceptre and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing:
 Thine is the power; behold, I sit
 In willing bonds before thy feet.]

[Now let my soul arise,
 And tread the tempter down;
 My Captain leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown:
 A feeble saint shall win the day,

Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

Should all the hosts of death,
 And powers of hell unknown,
 Put their most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on,
 I shall be safe, for Christ displays
 Superior power, and guardian grace.

END OF BOOK I.



Hymns, Book II

Composed on Divine Subjects.

HYMN 1

L. M.

A song of praise to God from Great Britain.



Nature, with all her powers, shall sing,
 God the Creator and the King;
 Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
 Deny the tribute of their praise.

[Begin to make his glories known,
 Ye seraphs that sit near his throne;
 Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
 To the creation's utmost bound.

All mortal things of meaner frame,
 Exert your force, and own his name;
 Whilst with our souls and with our voice
 We sing his honors and our joys.]

[To him be sacred all we have,
 From the young cradle to the grave;
 Our lips shall his loud wonders tell,
 And every word a miracle.]

[This northern isle, our native land,
 Lies safe in God th' Almighty's hand;

Our foes of victory dream in vain,
And wear the captivating chain.

He builds and guards the British throne,
And makes it gracious like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.]

Raise monumental praises high
To him that thunders through the sky,
And with an awful nod or frown
Shakes an aspiring tyrant down.

[Pillars of lasting brass proclaim
The triumphs of th' Eternal name;
While trembling nations read from far
The honors of the God of war.]

Thus let our flaming zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain, pronounce with warmest joy
Hosannah from ten thousand tongues.

Yet, mighty God! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The strongest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

HYMN 2

C. M.

The death of a sinner.



My thoughts on awful subjects roll,
 Damnation and the dead;
What horrors seize the guilty soul
 Upon a dying bed!

Ling'ring about these mortal shores,
 She makes a long delay,
Till, like a flood, with rapid force
 Death sweeps the wretch away.

Then swift and dreadful she descends
 Down to the fiery coast,
Amongst abominable fiends,

Herself a frightful ghost.

There endless crowds of sinners lie,
 And darkness makes their chains;
 Tortured with keen despair they cry,
 Yet wait for fiercer pains.

Not all their anguish and their blood
 For their old guilt atones,
 Nor the compassion of a God
 Shall hearken to their groans.

Amazing grace! that kept my breath,
 Nor bid my soul remove,
 Till I had learned my Savior's death,
 And well insured his love!

HYMN 3

C. M.

The death and burial of a saint.

Why do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
 To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too
 As fast as time can move?
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow
 To keep us from our love.

Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.

The graves of all his saints he blessed,
 And softened every bed;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And showed our feet the way;
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.

Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN 4



L. M.
 Salvation in the cross.

Here at thy cross, my dying God,
 I lay my soul beneath thy love,
 Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
 Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

Not all that tyrants think or say,
 With rage and lightning in their eyes,
 Nor hell shall fright my heart away,
 Should hell with all its legions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,
 Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
 Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
 If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;
 Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
 Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
 Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,
 And all my foes shall lose their aim:
 Hosannah to my dying God,
 And my best honors to his name.

HYMN 5

L. M.
 Longing to praise Christ better.



Lord, when my thoughts with wonder roll
 O'er the sharp sorrows of thy soul,
 And read my Maker's broken laws

Repaired and honored by thy cross;

When I behold death, hell, and sin
Vanquished by that dear blood of thine,
And see the Man that groaned and died
Sit glorious by his father's side;

My passions rise and soar above,
I'm winged with faith, and fired with love;
Fain would I reach eternal things,
And learn the notes that Gabriel sings.

But my heart fails, my tongue complains,
For want of their immortal strains
And, in such humble notes as these,
Must fall below thy victories.

Well, the kind minute must appear
When we shall leave these bodies here,
These clogs of clay, and mount on high,
To join the songs above the sky.

HYMN 6

C. M.

A morning song.

Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.

Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heav'n on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

'Tis he supports my mortal frame,
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

[On a poor worm thy power might tread,
And I could ne'er withstand;
Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
But mercy held thine hand.

A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.]

Dear God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light,
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a pleasing night.

HYMN 7

C. M.

An evening song.



[Dread Sovereign! let my evening song
 Like holy incense rise;
 Assist the offerings of my tongue
 To reach the lofty skies.

Through all the dangers of the day
 Thy hand was still my guard,
 And still to drive my wants away
 Thy mercy stood prepared.]

Perpetual blessings from above
 Encompass me around,
 But O how few returns of love
 Hath my Creator found!

What have I done for him that died
 To save my wretched soul?
 How are my follies multiplied,
 Fast as my minutes roil

Lord, with this guilty heart of mine
 To thy dear cross I flee;
 And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renewed by thee.

Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
 I lay me down to rest,
 As in th' embraces of my God,
 Or on my Savior's breast.

HYMN 8

C. M.

A hymn for morning or evening.



Hosannah, with a cheerful sound,
 To God's upholding hand;
 Ten thousand snares attend us round,
 And yet secure we stand.

That was a most amazing power
 That raised us with a word,
 And every day and every hour
 We lean upon the Lord.

The evening rests our weary head,
 And angels guard the room;
 We wake, and we admire the bed
 That was not made our tomb.

The rising morning can't assure
 That we shall end the day;
 For death stands ready at the door
 To seize our lives away.

Our breath is forfeited by sin
 To God's avenging law;
 We own thy grace, immortal King,
 In every gasp we draw.

God is our sun, whose daily light
 Our joy and safety brings;
 Our feeble flesh lies safe at night
 Beneath his shady wings.

HYMN 9

C. M.

Godly sorrow arising from the sufferings of Christ.

Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I?

[Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,

And bathed in its own blood,
While all exposed to wrath divine
The glorious Suff'rer stood!]

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 10



C. M.
Parting with carnal joys.

My soul forsakes her vain delight,
And bids the world farewell,
Base as the dirt beneath my feet,
And mischievous as hell.

No longer will I ask your love,
Nor seek your friendship more;
The happiness that I approve
Lies not within your power.

There's nothing round this spacious earth
That suits my large desire
To boundless joy and solid mirth
My nobler thoughts aspire.

[Where pleasure rolls its living flood,
From sin and dross refined,

Still springing from the throne of God,
And fit to cheer the mind;

Th' Almighty Ruler of the sphere,
The glorious and the great,
Brings his own all-sufficiency there,
To make our bliss complete.]

Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd climb the heav'nly road;
There sits my Savior dressed in love,
And there my smiling God.

HYMN 11

L. M.

Parting with carnal joys.



I send the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HYMN 12

C. M.

Christ is the substance of the Levitical priesthood.

The true Messiah now appears,
 The types are all withdrawn;
 So fly the shadows and the stars
 Before the rising dawn.

No smoking sweets, nor bleeding lambs,
 Nor kid nor bullock slain;
 Incense and spice of costly names
 Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his robes away,
 His mitre and his vest,
 When God himself comes down to be
 The offering and the priest.

He took our mortal flesh, to show
 The wonders of his love;
 For us he paid his life below,
 And prays for us above.

"Father," he cries, "forgive their sins,
 For I myself have died;"
 And then he shows his opened veins,
 And pleads his wounded side.

HYMN 13

L. M.

The creation, preservation, dissolution, and restoration of this world.

Sing to the Lord that built the skies,
 The Lord that reared this stately frame;
 Let all the nations sound his praise,
 And lands unknown repeat his name.

He formed the seas, and formed the hills,
 Made every drop, and every dust,
 Nature and time, with all their wheels,
 And pushed them into motion first.

Now from his high imperial throne

He looks far down upon the spheres;
 He bids the shining orbs roll on,
 And round he turns our hasty years.

Thus shall this moving engine last
 Till all his saints are gathered in;
 Then for the trumpet's dreadful blast,
 To shake it all to dust again!

Yet, when the sound shall tear the skies,
 And lightning burn the globe below,
 Saints, you may lift your joyful eyes,
 There's a new heav'n and earth for you.

HYMN 14

S. M.

The Lord's day; or, Delight in ordinances.



Welcome, sweet day of rest,
 That saw the Lord arise;
 Welcome to this reviving breast,
 And these rejoicing eyes!

The King himself comes near,
 And feasts his saints today;
 Here we may sit, and see him here,
 And love, and praise, and pray.

One day amidst the place
 Where my dear God hath been,
 Is sweeter than ten thousand days
 Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
 In such a frame as this,
 And sit, and sing herself away
 To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 15

L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in worship.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
 Let my religious hours alone:
 Fain would my eyes my Savior see;
 I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
 And kindles with a pure desire:
 Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
 And feed my soul with heav'nly love.

[The trees of life immortal stand
 In fragrant rows at thy right hand;
 And in sweet murmurs, by their side,
 Rivers of bliss perpetual glide.

Haste, then, but with a smiling face,
 And spread the table of thy grace;
 Bring down a taste of fruit divine,
 And cheer my heart with sacred wine.]

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
 How sweet thy entertainments are!
 Never did angels taste above
 Redeeming grace, and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
 In thee thy Father's glories shine;
 Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
 That eyes have seen or angels known.

HYMN 16 PART 2

L. M.

The enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in ordinances.



Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace
 Shines through the beauties of thy face,
 And lights our passions to a flame!
 Lord, how we love thy charming name!

When I can say, "My God is mine,"
 When I can feel thy glories shine,
 I tread the world beneath my feet,
 And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys

Our raptured eyes and souls employs,
 Here we could sit, and gaze away
 A long, an everlasting day.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night
 To the fair coasts of perfect light;
 Then shall our joyful senses rove
 O'er the dear object of our love.

[There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,
 And pluck new life from heav'nly trees:
 Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow
 A drop of heav'n on worms below.

Send comforts down from thy right hand,
 While we pass through this barren land,
 And in thy temple let us see
 A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

HYMN 17

C. M.
 God's eternity.



Rise, rise, my soul, and leave the ground,
 Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
 And rouse up every tuneful sound
 To praise th' eternal God.

Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
 Jehovah filled his throne;
 Or Adam formed, or angels made,
 The Maker lived alone.

His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
 But still maintain their prime;
 Eternity's his dwelling-place,
 And ever is his time.

While like a tide our minutes flow,
 The present and the past,
 He fills his own immortal now,
 And sees our ages waste.

The sea and sky must perish too,
 And vast destruction come;

The creatures-look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom!

Well, let the sea shrink all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

HYMN 18

L. M.

The ministry of angels.

High on a hill of dazzling light
The King of glory spreads his seat,
And troops of angels stretched for flight
Stand waiting round his awful feet.

"Go," saith the Lord, "my Gabriel, go,
Salute the virgin's fruitful womb;
Make haste, ye cherubs, down below,
Sing and proclaim the Savior come.

Here a bright squadron leaves the skies,
And thick around Elisha stands
Anon a heav'nly soldier flies,
And breaks the chains from Peter's hands.

Thy winged troops, O God of hosts!
Wait on thy wand'ring church below
Here we are sailing to thy coasts;
Let angels be our convoy too.

Are they not all thy servants, Lord?
At thy command they go and come;
With cheerful haste obey thy word,
And guard thy children to their home.

HYMN 19

C. M.

Our frail bodies, and God our Preserver.



Let others boast how strong they be,
 Nor death nor danger fear;
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
 What feeble things we are.

Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
 And flourish bright and gay;
 A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
 And fades the grass away.

Our life contains a thousand springs,
 And dies if one be gone;
 Strange, that a harp of thousand strings
 Should keep in tune so long!

But 'tis our God supports our frame,
 The God that built us first:
 Salvation to th' Almighty name
 That reared us from the dust.

[He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
 In all their motions rose;
 "Let blood," said he, "flow round the veins,"
 And round the veins it flows.

While we have breath, or use our tongues,
 Our Maker we'll adore;
 His Spirit moves our heaving lungs,
 Or they would breathe no more.]

HYMN 20

C. M.

Backslidings and returns; or, The inconstancy of our love.



Why is my heart so far from thee,
 My God, my chief delight?
 Why are my thoughts no more by day
 With thee, no more by night?

[Why should my foolish passions rove?
 Where can such sweetness be
 As I have tasted in thy love,
 As I have found in thee?]

When my forgetful soul renews

The savor of thy grace,
My heart presumes I cannot lose
The relish all my days.

But ere one fleeting hour is passed,
The flatt'ring world employs
Some sensual bait to seize my taste,
And to pollute my joys.

[Trifles of nature or of art,
With fair, deceitful charms,
Intrude into my thoughtless heart,
And thrust me from thy arms.]

Then I repent, and vex my soul
That I should leave thee so:
Where will those wild affections roll
That let a Savior go?

[Sin's promised joys are turned to pain,
And I am drowned in grief;
But my dear Lord returns again,
He flies to my relief.

Seizing my soul with sweet surprise,
He draws with loving bands
Divine compassion in his eyes,
And pardon in his hands.]

[Wretch that I am, to wander thus
In chase of false delight!
Let me be fastened to thy cross,
Rather than lose thy sight.]

[Make haste, my days, to reach the goal,
And bring my heart to rest
On the dear center of my soul,
My God, my Savior's breast.]

HYMN 21

L. M.

A song of praise to God the Redeemer.



Let the old heathens tune their song
Of great Diana and of Jove;

But the sweet theme that moves my tongue
Is my Redeemer and his love.

Behold, a God descends and dies
To save my soul from gaping hell:
How the black gulf where Satan lies
Yawned to receive me when I fell!

How justice frowned, and vengeance stood
To drive me down to endless pain!
But the great Son proposed his blood,
And heav'nly wrath grew mild again.

Infinite Lover! gracious Lord!
To thee be endless honors giv'n;
Thy wondrous name shall be adored
Round the wide earth and wider heav'n.

HYMN 22

L. M.

With God is terrible majesty.

Terrible God, that reign'st on high,
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

This the old rebel angels knew,
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,
And roars beneath th' eternal load:
"With endless burnings who can dwell?
Or bear the fury of a God?"

Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,
Throw down your arms before his throne;
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

And ye, blest saints, that love him too,
With rev'ence bow before his name;
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:

God is a bright and burning flame.

HYMN 23



L. M.

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our Almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Savior crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

HYMN 24

L. M.

The evil of sin visible in the fall of angels and men.



When the great Builder arched the skies,
And formed all nature with a word,

The joyful cherubs tuned his praise,
And every bending throne adored.

High in the midst of all the throng,
Satan, a tall archangel, sat;
Amongst the morning stars he sung,
Till sin destroyed his heav'nly state.

['Twas sin that hurled him from his throne;
Gro'ling in fire the rebel lies:
"How art thou sunk in darkness down,
Son of the morning, from the skies!"]

And thus our two first parents stood,
Till sin defiled the happy place;
They lost their garden and their God,
And ruined all their unborn race.

[So sprung the plague from Adam's bower,
And spread destruction all abroad;
Sin, the cursed name, that in one hour
Spoiled six days' labor of a God!]

Tremble, my soul, and mourn for grief,
That such a foe should seize thy breast;
Fly to thy Lord for quick relief;
Oh may he slay this treach'rous guest!

Then to thy throne, victorious King,
Then to thy throne our shouts shall rise!
Thine everlasting arm we sing;
For sin, the monster, bleeds and dies.

HYMN 25

C. M.

Complaining of spiritual sloth.



My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul!
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.

The little ants for one poor grain
Labor, and tug, and strive;
Yet we, who have a heav'n t' obtain,

How negligent we live!
 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We, for whose guard the angel bands
 Come flying from above;
 We, for whom God the Son came down
 And labored for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchased with his blood!
 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.
 Then shall our active spirits move,
 Upward our souls shall rise;
 With hands of faith and wings of love
 We'll fly and take the prize.

HYMN 26

L. M.
 God invisible.

Lord, we are blind, we mortals blind,
 We can't behold thy bright abode;
 O 'tis beyond a creature mind
 To glance a thought half way to God!
 Infinite leagues beyond the sky
 The great Eternal reigns alone,
 Where neither wings nor souls can fly,
 Nor angels climb the topless throne.
 The Lord of glory builds his seat
 Of gems insufferably bright,
 And lays beneath his sacred feet
 Substantial beams of gloomy night.
 Yet, glorious Lord, thy gracious eyes
 Look through and cheer us from above
 Beyond our praise thy grandeur flies,
 Yet we adore, and yet we love.

HYMN 27

L. M.

Praise ye him, all his angels. Psa. 148:2.



God! the eternal, awful name
 That the whole heav'nly army fears,
 That shakes the wide creation's frame,
 And Satan trembles when he hears.

Like flames of fire his servants are,
 And light surrounds his dwelling-place;
 But, O ye fiery flames! declare
 The brighter glories of his face.

'Tis not for such poor worms as we
 To speak so infinite a thing;
 But your immortal eyes survey
 The beauties of your sovereign King.

Tell how he shows his smiling face,
 And clothes all heav'n in bright array;
 Triumph and joy run through the place,
 And songs eternal as the day.

Speak, for you feel his burning love,
 What zeal it spreads through all your frame;
 That sacred fire dwells all above,
 For we on earth have lost the name.

[Sing of his power and justice too,
 That infinite right hand of his
 That vanquished Satan and his crew,
 And thunder drove them down from bliss.]

[What mighty storms of poisoned darts
 Were hurled upon the rebels there!
 What deadly jav'lins nailed their hearts
 Fast to the racks of long despair!]

[Shout to your King, ye heav'nly host,
 You that beheld the sinking foe;
 Firmly ye stood when they were lost:
 Praise the rich grace that kept you so.]

Proclaim his wonders from the skies,
 Let every distant nation hear;
 And while you sound his lofty praise,
 Let humble mortals bow and fear.

HYMN 28

C. M.

Death and eternity.



Stoop down, my thoughts, that use to rise,
 Converse awhile with death;
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,
 And pants away his breath.

His quiv'ring lip hangs feebly down,
 His pulses faint and few;
 Then, speechless, with a doleful groan
 He bids the world adieu.

But O! the soul that never dies!
 At once it leaves the clay!
 Ye thoughts, pursue it where it flies,
 And track its wondrous way.

Up to the courts where angels dwell,
 It mounts triumphant there;
 Or devils plunge it down to hell,
 In infinite despair.

And must my body faint and die?
 And must this soul remove?
 O for some guardian angel nigh,
 To bear it safe above!

Jesus, to thy dear faithful hand
 My naked soul I trust,
 And my flesh waits for thy command
 To drop into my dust.

HYMN 29

C. M.

Redemption by price and power.

Jesus, with all thy saints above
 My tongue would bear her part,
 Would sound aloud thy saving love,
 And sing thy bleeding heart.

Blest be the Lamb, my dearest Lord,

Who bought me with his blood,
 And quenched his Father's flaming sword
 In his own vital flood:

The Lamb that freed my captive soul
 From Satan's heavy chains,
 And sent the lion down to howl
 Where hell and horror reigns.

All glory to the dying Lamb,
 And never-ceasing praise,
 While angels live to know his name,
 Or saints to feel his grace.

HYMN 30



S. M.

Heavenly joy on earth.



Come, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

[The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.]

Let those refuse to sing
 That never knew our God;
 But favorites of the heav'nly King
 May speak their joys abroad.

[The God that rules on high,
 And thunders when he please,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And manages the seas;]

This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He shall send down his heav'nly powers
 To carry us above.

There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin;

There, from the rivers of his grace,
 Drink endless pleasures in.
 Yes, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.
 [The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below;
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow.]
 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
 Or walk the golden streets.
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry;
 We're marching through Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

HYMN 31

L. M.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

Why should we start, and fear to die
 What timorous worms we mortals are!
 Death is the gate of endless joy,
 And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
 Fright our approaching souls away;
 Still we shrink back again to life,
 Fond of our prison and our clay.

O! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are,
 While on his breast I lean my head,

And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN 32

C. M.

Frailty and folly.



How short and hasty is our life!
 How vast our souls' affairs!
 Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
 To lavish out their years.

Our days run thoughtlessly along,
 Without a moment's stay;
 Just like a story or a song
 We pass our lives away.

God from on high invites us home,
 But we march heedless on,
 And ever hast'ning to the tomb,
 Stoop downwards as we run.

How we deserve the deepest hell,
 That slight the joys above!
 What chains of vengeance should we feel,
 That break such cords of love!

Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
 And lift our thoughts on high,
 That we may end this mortal race,
 And see salvation nigh.

HYMN 33

C. M.

The blessed society in heaven.



Raise thee, my soul, fly up, and run
 Through every heav'nly street,
 And say, there's naught below the sun
 That's worthy of thy feet.

[Thus will we mount on sacred wings,
 And tread the courts above;

Nor earth, nor all her mightiest things,
 Shall tempt our meanest love.]

There on a high majestic throne
 Th' Almighty Father reigns,
 And sheds his glorious goodness down
 On all the blissful plains.

Bright like a sun the Savior sits,
 And spreads eternal noon;
 No evenings there, nor gloomy nights,
 To want the feeble moon.

Amidst those ever-shining skies,
 Behold the sacred Dove!
 While banished sin and sorrow flies
 From all the realms of love.

The glorious tenants of the place
 Stand bending round the throne;
 And saints and seraphs sing and praise
 The infinite Three One.

[But O! what beams of heav'nly grace
 Transport them all the while
 Ten thousand smiles from Jesus' face,
 And love in every smile!]

Jesus! and when shall that dear day,
 That joyful hour, appear,
 When I shall leave this house of clay,
 To dwell amongst them there?

HYMN 84

C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of devotion desired.

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys;
 Our souls can neither fly nor go

To reach eternal joys.
 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
 At this poor dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 35

C. M.

Praise to God for creation and redemption.



Let them neglect thy glory, Lord,
 Who never knew thy grace;
 But our loud songs shall still record
 The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,
 And send them to thy throne;
 All glory to th' united Three,
 The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)
 That formed us by a word;
 'Tis he restores our ruined frame:
 Salvation to the Lord!

Hosannah! let the earth and skies
 Repeat the joyful sound
 Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice
 In one eternal round.

HYMN 36

S. M.

Christ's intercession.



Well, the Redeemer's gone
 T' appear before our God;
 To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
 With his atoning blood.

No fiery vengeance now,
 Nor burning wrath comes down
 If justice calls for sinners' blood,
 The Savior shows his own.

Before his Father's eye
 Our humble suit he moves;
 The Father lays his thunder by,
 And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Now may our joyful tongues
 Our Maker's honor sing;
 Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
 And bears them to the King.

[We bow before his face,
 And sound his glories high:
 "Hosannah to the God of grace,
 That lays his thunder by.]

"On earth thy mercy reigns,
 And triumphs all above:"
 But, Lord, how weak are mortal strains
 To speak immortal love!

[How jarring and how low
 Are all the notes we sing
 Sweet Savior, tune our songs anew,
 And they shall please the King.]

HYMN 37

C. M.

Christ's intercession.

Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats
 Where your Redeemer stays;
 Kind Intercessor, there he sits,
 And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,
 And shed his vital blood;
 Appeased stern justice on the tree,
 And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,
 And saints their off'rings bring;
 The Priest, with his own sacrifice,
 Presents them to the King.

[Let papists trust what names they please,
 Their saints and angels boast;
 We've no such advocates as these,
 Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

Jesus alone shall bear my cries
 Up to his Father's throne;
 He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,
 And sweetens every groan.

[Ten thousand praises to the King,
 "Hosannah in the highest!"
 Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring
 To God and to his Christ.]

HYMN 38

C. M.

Love to God.



Happy the heart where graces reign,
 Where love inspires the breast;
 Love is the brightest of the train,
 And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
 And all in vain our fear;
 Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
 If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
 In swift obedience move;
 The devils know and tremble too,
 But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings

When faith and hope shall cease;
 'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
 In the sweet, realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
 The wings of love bear us away
 To see our smiling God.

HYMN 39

C. M.

The shortness and misery of life.

Our days, alas! our mortal days
 Are short and wretched too;
 "Evil and few," the patriarch says,
 And well the patriarch knew.

'Tis but at best a narrow bound
 That Heav'n allows to men,
 And pains and sins run through the round
 Of threescore years and ten.

Well, if ye must be sad and few,
 Run on, my days, in haste;
 Moments of sin and months of woe,
 Ye cannot fly too fast.

Let heav'nly love prepare my soul,
 And call her to the skies,
 Where years of long salvation roll,
 And glory never dies.

HYMN 40



C. M.

Our comfort in the covenant made with Christ.

Our God! how firm his promise stands,
 E'en when he hides his face;
 He trusts in our Redeemer's hands
 His glory and his grace.

Then why, my soul, these sad complaints,
 Since Christ and we are one?
 Thy God is faithful to his saints,
 Is faithful to his Son.

Beneath his smiles my heart has lived,
 And part of heav'n possessed;
 I praise his name for grace received,
 And trust him for the rest.

HYMN 41

L. M.

A sight of God mortifies us to the world.



[Up to the fields where angels lie,
 And living waters gently roll,
 Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,
 But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
 Can make this load of guilt remove;
 And thou canst bear me where thou fliest,
 On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!]

O might I once mount up and see
 The glories of th' eternal skies!
 What little things these worlds would be!
 How despicable to my eyes!

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
 Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;
 Vanish as though I saw them not,
 As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
 I should perceive the noise no more
 Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
 While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, Eternal King
 Let me but view thy lovely face,
 And all my powers shall bow, and sing
 Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

HYMN 42

C. M.

Delight in God.

My God, what endless pleasures dwell
 Above at thy right hand
 Thy courts below, how amiable!
 Where all thy graces stand!

The swallow near thy temple lies,
 And chirps a cheerful note;
 The lark mounts upward to the skies,
 And tunes her warbling throat:

And we, when in thy presence, Lord,
 We shout with joyful tongues;
 Or sitting round our Father's board,
 We crown the feast with songs.

While Jesus shines with quick'ning grace,
 We sing, and mount on high;
 But if a frown becloud his face,
 We faint, and tire, and die.

[Just as we see the lonesome dove
 Bemoan her widowed state,
 Wand'ring she flies through all the grove,
 And mourns her loving mate;

Just so our thoughts from thing to thing
 In restless circles rove;
 Just so we droop and hang the wing,
 When Jesus hides his love.]

HYMN 43

L. M.

Christ's sufferings and glory.



Now for a tune of lofty praise
 To great Jehovah's equal Son!
 Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays
 Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,

And the bright robes he wore above;
 How swift and joyful was his flight,
 On wings of everlasting love!

[Down to this base, this sinful earth,
 He came to raise our nature high;
 He came t' atone Almighty wrath;
 Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

[Hell and its lions roared around,
 His precious blood the monsters spilt;
 While weighty sorrows pressed him down,
 Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
 Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay,
 Th' almighty Captive left the earth,
 And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
 Up to his throne of shining grace;
 See what immortal glories sit
 Round the sweet beauties of his face!

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,
 Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
 His sacred name fills all their tongues,
 And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

HYMN 44

L. M.

Hell; or, The vengeance of God.



With holy fear and humble song,
 The dreadful God our souls adore;
 Rev'rence and awe become the tongue
 That speaks the terrors of his power.

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
 The land of horror and despair,
 Justice has built a dismal hell,
 And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,
 Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,

And darts t' inflict immortal pains,
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.]

[There Satan, the first sinner, lies,
And roars, and bites his iron bands;
In vain the rebel strives to rise,
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.]

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,
But they incensed a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;
Sinners, obey the Savior's call;
Else your damnation hastens on,
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

HYMN 45

L. M.

God's condescension to our worship.

Thy favors, Lord, surprise our souls;
Will the Eternal dwell with us?
What canst thou find beneath the poles
To tempt thy chariot downward thus?

Still might he fill his starry throne,
And please his ears with Gabriel's songs;
But th' heav'nly Majesty comes down,
And bows to hearken to our tongues.

Great God! what poor returns we pay
For love so infinite as thine!
Words are but air, and tongues but clay;
But thy compassion's all divine.

HYMN 46

L. M.

God's condescension to human affairs.



Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,
 And views the nations from afar,
 Let everlasting praises fly,
 And tell how large his bounties are.

[He that can shake the worlds he made,
 Or with his word, or with his rod,
 His goodness, how amazing great!
 And what a condescending God!]

[God, that must stoop to view the skies,
 And bow to see what angels do,
 Down to our earth he casts his eyes,
 And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

He overrules all mortal things,
 And manages our mean affairs;
 On humble souls the King of kings
 Bestows his counsels and his cares.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour
 Into the bosom of our God;
 He hears us in the mournful hour,
 And helps us bear the heavy load.

In vain might lofty princes try
 Such condescension to perform;
 For worms were never raised so high
 Above their meanest fellow worm.

O could our thankful hearts devise
 A tribute equal to thy grace,
 To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
 And teach the golden harps thy praise.

HYMN 47

L. M.

Glory and grace in the person of Christ.



Now to the Lord a noble song!
 Awake, my soul; awake, my tongue;
 Hosannah to th' Eternal Name,
 And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,

The brightest image of his grace;
 God, in the person of his Son,
 Has all his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth and spreading flood
 Proclaim the wise and powerful God;
 And thy rich glories from afar
 Sparkle in every rolling star.

But in his looks a glory stands,
 The noblest labor of thine hands;
 The pleasing lustre of his eyes
 Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
 My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
 Ye angels, dwell upon the sound!
 Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!

O may I live to reach the place
 Where he unveils his lovely face!
 Where all his beauties you behold,
 And sing his name to harps of gold!

HYMN 48

C. M.

Love to the creatures is dangerous.

How vain are all things here below!
 How false, and yet how fair!
 Each pleasure hath its poison too,
 And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky
 Give but a flatt'ring light;
 We should suspect some danger nigh
 Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
 The partners of our blood,
 How they divide our wav'ring minds,
 And leave but half for God!

The fondness of a creature's love,
 How strong it strikes the sense!

Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Savior! let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 49



C. M.
Moses dying in the embraces of God.

Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

I could renounce my all below,
If my Creator bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die as Moses did.

Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself should long to drop,
And pray for the command.

Clasped in my heav'nly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

HYMN 50

L. M.
Comfort under sorrows and pains.



Now let the Lord my Savior smile,
And show my name upon his heart,
I would forget my pains awhile,
And in the pleasure lose the smart.

But O, it swells my sorrows high

To see my blessed Jesus frown;
 My spirits sink, my comforts die,
 And all the springs of life are down.

Yet why, my soul, why these complaints?
 Still while he frowns his bowels move;
 Still on his heart he bears his saints,
 And feels their sorrows and his love.

My name is printed on his breast;
 His book of life contains my name;
 I'd rather have it there impressed
 Than in the bright records of fame.

When the last fire burns all things here,
 Those letters shall securely stand,
 And in the Lamb's fair book appear,
 Writ by th' eternal Father's hand.

Now shall my minutes smoothly run,
 Whilst here I wait my Father's will;
 My rising and my setting sun
 Roll gently up and down the hill.

HYMN 51

L. M.

God the Son equal with the Father.



Bright King of glory, dreadful God!
 Our spirits bow before thy seat,
 To thee we lift an humble thought,
 And worship at thine awful feet.

[Thy power hath formed, thy wisdom sways,
 All nature with a sovereign word;
 And the bright world of stars obeys
 The will of their superior Lord.]

[Mercy and truth unite in one,
 And smiling sit at thy right hand;
 Eternal justice guards thy throne,
 And vengeance waits thy dread command.]

A thousand seraphs, strong and bright,
 Stand round the glorious Deity;

But who amongst the sons of light
Pretends comparison with thee?

Yet there is one of human frame,
Jesus, arrayed in flesh and blood,
Thinks it no robbery to claim
A full equality with God.

Their glory shines with equal beams,
Their essence is for ever one,
Though they are known by different names,
The Father God, and God the Son.

Then let the name of Christ our King
With equal honors be adored;
His praise let every angel sing,
And all the nations own their Lord.

HYMN 52

C. M.

Death dreadful or delightful.

Death! 'Tis a melancholy day
To those that have no God,
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode.

In vain to heav'n she lifts her eyes,
But guilt, a heavy chain,
Still drags her downward from the skies
To darkness, fire, and pain.

Awake and mourn, ye heirs of hell,
Let stubborn sinners fear,
You must be driv'n from earth, and dwell
A long forever there.

See how the pit gapes wide for you,
And flashes in your face:
And thou, my soul, look downwards too,
And sing recov'ring grace.

He is a God of sovereign love
That promised heav'n to me,
And taught my thoughts to soar above,

Where happy spirits be.
 Prepare me, Lord, for thy right hand,
 Then come the joyful day,
 Come, death, and some celestial band,
 To bear my soul away.

HYMN 53

C. M.

The pilgrimage of the saints: or, Earth and heaven.



Lord! what a wretched land is this,
 That yields us no supply!
 No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
 Nor streams of living joy!

But pricking thorns through all the ground,
 And mortal poisons grow,
 And all the rivers that are found
 With dangerous waters flow.

Yet the dear path to thine abode
 Lies through this horrid land;
 Lord! we would keep the heav'nly road,
 And run at thy command.

[Our souls shall tread the desert through
 With undiverted feet,
 And faith and flaming zeal subdue
 The terrors that we meet.]

[A thousand savage beasts of prey
 Around the forest roam;
 But Judah's Lion guards the way,
 And guides the strangers home.]

[Long nights and darkness dwell below,
 With scarce a twinkling ray;
 But the bright world to which we go
 Is everlasting day.]

[By glimm'ring hopes and gloomy fears
 We trace the sacred road;
 Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares
 We make our way to God.]

Our journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still;
 Forget these troubles of the ways,
 And reach at Zion's hill.

[See the kind angels at the gates,
 Inviting us to come!
 There Jesus the forerunner waits,
 To welcome trav'lers home!]

There on a green and flowery mount
 Our weary souls shall sit,
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labors of our feet.

[No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear;
 Infinite grace shall be our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.]

Eternal glories to the King
 That brought us safely through;
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
 And endless praise renew.

HYMN 54

C. M.

God's presence is light in darkness.

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights.

In darkest shades if he appear
 My dawning is begun;
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

The opening heav'ns around me shine
 With beams of sacred bliss,
 While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
 And whispers, I am his.

My soul would leave this heavy clay

At that transporting word,
 Run up with joy the shining way
 T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
 I'd break through every foe;
 The wings of love and arms of faith
 Should bear me conqueror through.

HYMN 55

C. M.

Frail life, and succeeding eternity.



Thee we adore, Eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame!
 What dying worms are we!

[Our wasting lives grow shorter still
 As months and days increase;
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.

The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the grave.]

Dangers stand thick through all the ground
 To push us to the tomb,
 And fierce diseases wait around,
 To hurry mortals home.

Great God! on what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings.

Infinite joy or endless woe
 Attends on every breath,
 And yet how unconcerned we go
 Upon the brink of death!

Waken, O Lord! our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dangerous road;

And if our souls be hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

HYMN 56

C. M.

The misery of being without God in this world; or, Vain prosperity.



No, I shall envy them no more
 Who grow profanely great,
 Though they increase their golden store,
 And rise to wondrous height.

They taste of all the joys that grow
 Upon this earthly clod!
 Well, they may search the creature through,
 For they have ne'er a God.

Shake off the thoughts of dying too,
 And think your life your own;
 But death comes hast'ning on to you,
 To mow your glory down.

Yes, you must bow your stately head,
 Away your spirit flies,
 And no kind angel near your bed,
 To bear it to the skies.

Go now, and boast of all your stores,
 And tell how bright you shine;
 Your heaps of glitt'ring dust are yours,
 And my Redeemer's mine.

HYMN 57

L. M.

The pleasures of a good conscience.

Lord, how secure and blest are they
 Who feel the joys of pardoned sin!
 Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
 Their minds have heav'n and peace within.

The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,

Made up of innocence and love;
 And soft and silent as the shades
 Their nightly minutes gently move.

[Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
 But fly not half so swift away;
 Their souls are ever bright as noon,
 And calm as summer evenings be.]

How oft they look to th' heav'nly hills,
 Where groves of living pleasure grow!
 And longing hopes and cheerful smiles
 Sit undisturbed upon their brow.]

They scorn to seek our golden toys,
 But spend the day and share the night
 In numb'ring o'er the richer joys
 That heav'n prepares for their delight.

While wretched we, like worms and moles,
 Lie grov'ling in the dust below:
 Almighty grace, renew our souls,
 And we'll aspire to glory too.

HYMN 58



C. M.

The shortness of life, and the goodness of God.

Time, what an empty vapor 'tis!
 And days, how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or like a shooting star.

[The present moments just appear,
 Then slide away in haste,
 That we can never say, "They're here,"
 But only say, "They're past."]

[Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh;
 The moment when our lives begin
 We all begin to die.]

Yet, mighty God! our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favors share,

Yet with the bounties of thy grace
 Thou load'st the rolling year.
 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are clothed with love;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.
 His goodness runs an endless round;
 All glory to the Lord!
 His mercy never knows a bound,
 And be his name adored!
 Thus we begin the lasting song;
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let the next age thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

HYMN 59

C. M.

Paradise on earth.



Glory to God that walks the sky,
 And sends his blessings through;
 That tells his saints of joys on high,
 And gives a taste below.
 [Glory to God that stoops his throne
 That dust and worms may see
 And brings a glimpse of glory down
 Around his sacred feet.
 When Christ, with all his graces crowned,
 Sheds his kind beams abroad,
 'Tis a young heav'n on earthly ground,
 And glory in the bud.
 A blooming paradise of joy
 In this wild desert springs;
 And every sense I straight employ
 On sweet celestial things.
 White lilies all around appear,
 And each his glory shows:
 The Rose of Sharon blossoms here,

The fairest flower that blows.
 Cheerful I feast on heav'nly fruit,
 And drink the pleasures down;
 Pleasures that flow hard by the foot
 Of the eternal throne.]

But ah! how soon my joys decay!
 How soon my sins arise,
 And snatch the heav'nly scene away
 From these lamenting eyes!

When shall the time, dear Jesus, when
 The shining day appear,
 That I shall leave those clouds of sin,
 And guilt and darkness here?

Up to the fields above the skies
 My hasty feet would go,
 There everlasting flowers arise,
 And joys unwith'ring grow.

HYMN 60



L. M.

The truth of God the promiser; or, The promises are our security.

Praise, everlasting praise, be paid
 To him that earth's foundation laid;
 Praise to the God whose strong decrees
 Sway the creation as he please.

Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word,
 And there, as strong as his decrees,
 He sets his kindest promises.

[Firm are the words his prophets give,
 Sweet words on which his children live;
 Each of them is the voice of God,
 Who spoke, and spread the skies abroad.

Each of them powerful as that sound
 That bid the new-made world go round;
 And stronger than the solid poles
 On which the wheel of nature rolls.]

Whence then should doubts and fears arise?
 Why trickling sorrows drown our eyes?
 Slowly, alas! our mind receives
 The comfort that our Maker gives.

O for a strong, a lasting faith,
 To credit what th' Almighty saith!
 T' embrace the message of his Son,
 And call the joys of heav'n our own.

Then should the earth's old pillars shake,
 And all the wheels of nature break,
 Our steady souls should fear no more
 Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Our everlasting hopes arise
 Above the ruinable skies,
 Where the eternal Builder reigns,
 And his own courts his power sustains.

HYMN 61

C. M.

A thought of death and glory.



My soul, come meditate the day,
 And think how near it stands,
 When thou must quit this house of clay,
 And fly to unknown lands.

[And you, mine eyes, look down and view
 The hollow, gaping tomb;
 This gloomy prison waits for you,
 Whene'er the summons come.]

O could we die with those that die,
 And place us in their stead,
 Then would our spirits learn to fly,
 And converse with the dead:

Then should we see the saints above
 In their own glorious forms,
 And wonder why our souls should love
 To dwell with mortal worms.

[How we should scorn these clothes of flesh,

These fetters, and this load!
 And long for ev'ning to undress,
 That we may rest with God.]

We should almost forsake our clay
 Before the summons come,
 And pray and wish our souls away
 To their eternal home.

HYMN 62

C. M.

God the thunderer; or, The last judgment and hell.

[Made in a great sudden storm of thunder, August 20, 1697.]



Sing to the Lord, ye heav'nly hosts,
 And thou, O earth, adore;
 Let death and hell through all their coasts
 Stand trembling at his power.

His sounding chariot shakes the sky,
 He makes the clouds his throne;
 There all his stores of lightning lie,
 Till vengeance darts them down.

His nostrils breathe out fiery streams
 And from his awful tongue
 A sovereign voice divides the flames,
 And thunder roars along.

Think, O my soul! the dreadful day,
 When this incensed God
 Shall rend the sky, and burn the sea,
 And fling his wrath abroad.

What shall the wretch the sinner do?
 He once defied the Lord;
 But he shall dread the Thund'rer now,
 And sink beneath his word.

Tempests of angry fire shall roll
 To blast the rebel worm,
 And beat upon his naked soul
 In one eternal storm.

HYMN 63

C. M.

A funeral thought.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound;
 My ears, attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the ground
 Where you must shortly lie.

"Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 Must lie as low as ours!"

Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?

Grant us the powers of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly,
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN 64

L. M.

God the glory and defence of Zion.

Happy the church, thou sacred place,
 The seat of thy Creator's grace;
 Thine holy courts are his abode,
 Thou earthly palace of our God!

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
 A guard of heav'nly warriors waits;
 Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
 Fixed on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage,
 Against his throne in vain they rage;
 Like rising waves, with angry roar,
 That dash and die upon the shore.

Then let our souls in Zion dwell,



Nor fear the wrath of Rome and hell;
 His arms embrace this happy ground,
 Like brazen bulwarks built around.

God is our shield, and God our sun;
 Swift as the fleeting moments run,
 On us he sheds new beams of grace,
 And we reflect his brightest praise.

HYMN 65

C. M.

The hope of heaven our support under trials on earth.



When I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
 And hellish darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall,
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heav'n, my all!

There shall I bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heav'nly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

HYMN 66

C. M.

A prospect of heaven makes death easy.

There is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign,
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heav'nly land from ours.

[Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green:
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea,'
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.]

O! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With unobscured eyes!

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 67

C. M.

God's eternal dominion.



Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made;
 Thou art the ever-living God,
 Were all the nations dead.

Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky
 To the great burning day.

Eternity, with all its years.

Stands present in thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
 What worthless worms are we!
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN 68

C. M.

The humble worship of heaven.



Father, I long, I faint to see
 The place of thine abode;
 I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee
 Up to thy seat, my God!

Here I behold thy distant face,
 And 'tis a pleasing sight;
 But to abide in thine embrace
 Is infinite delight.

I'd part with all the joys of sense
 To gaze upon thy throne;
 Pleasure springs fresh for ever thence,
 Unspeakable, unknown.

[There all the heav'nly hosts are seen,
 In shining ranks they move,
 And drink immortal vigor in
 With wonder and with love.

Then at thy feet with awful fear
 Th' adoring armies fall;
 With joy they shrink to nothing there,
 Before th' eternal All.

There I would vie with all the host
 In duty and in bliss;

While "less than nothing" I could boast,
 And "vanity confess."]

The more thy glories strike mine eyes
 The humbler I shall lie;
 Thus while I sink, my joys shall rise
 Unmeasurably high.

HYMN 69

C. M.

The faithfulness of God in the promises.



[Begin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some boundless thing;
 The mighty works, or mightier name,
 Of our eternal King.

Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 And sound his power abroad;
 Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.

Proclaim "salvation from the Lord
 For wretched, dying men;"
 His hand has writ the sacred word
 With an immortal pen.

Engraved as in eternal brass
 The mighty promise shines;
 Nor can the powers of darkness 'rase
 Those everlasting lines.]

[He that can dash whole worlds to death,
 And make them when he please,
 He speaks, and that almighty breath
 Fulfils his great decrees.

His very word of grace is strong
 As that which built the skies,
 The voice that rolls the stars along
 Speaks all the promises.

He said, "Let the wide heav'n be spread,"
 And heav'n was stretched abroad:
 "Abram, I'll be thy God," he said,

And he was Abram's God.
 O might I hear thine heav'nly tongue
 But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
 Those gentle words should raise my song
 To notes almost divine.
 How would my leaping heart rejoice,
 And think my heav'n secure!
 I trust the all-creating voice,
 And faith desires no more.]

HYMN 70

L. M.

God's dominion over the sea. Psa. 107:23ff



God of the seas! thy thund'ring voice
 Makes all the roaring waves rejoice,
 And one soft word of thy command
 Can sink them silent in the sand.
 If but a Moses wave thy rod,
 The sea divides and owns its God;
 The stormy floods their Maker knew,
 And let his chosen armies through.
 The scaly flocks amidst the sea,
 To thee, their Lord, a tribute pay;
 The meanest fish that swims the flood
 Leaps up, and means a praise to God.
 [The larger monsters of the deep
 On thy commands attendance keep;
 By thy permission sport and play,
 And cleave along their foaming way.
 If God his voice of tempest rears,
 Leviathan lies still and fears;
 Anon he lifts his nostrils high,
 And spouts the ocean to the sky.]
 How is thy glorious power adored
 Amidst these wat'ry nations, Lord!
 Yet the bold men that trace the seas,
 Bold men, refuse their Maker's praise!

[What scenes of miracles they see,
And never tune a song to thee!
While on the flood they safely ride,
They curse the hand that smooths the tide!

Anon they plunge in wat'ry graves,
And some drink death among the waves;
Yet the surviving crew blaspheme,
Nor own the God that rescued them.]

O for some signal of thine hand!
Shake all the seas, Lord, shake the land;
Great Judge! descend, lest men deny
That there's a God that rules the sky.

HYMN 71

C. M.

Praise to God from all creatures.



The glories of my Maker God
My joyful voice shall sing,
And call the nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

'Twas his right hand that shaped our clay,
And wrought this human frame;
But from his own immediate breath
Our nobler spirits came.

We bring our mortal powers to God,
And worship with our tongues;
We claim some kindred with the skies,
And join th' angelic songs.

Let grov'ling beasts of every shape,
And fowls of every wing,
And rocks, and trees, and fires, and seas,
Their various tribute bring.

Ye planets, to his honor shine,
And wheels of nature roll,
Praise him in your unwearied course
Around the steady pole.

The brightness of our Maker's name

The wide creation fills,
 And his unbounded grandeur flies
 Beyond the heav'nly hills.

HYMN 72

C. M.

The Lord's day; or, The resurrection of Christ.

Blest morning, whose young dawning rays
 Beheld our rising God,
 That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
 And leave his dark abode!

In the cold prison of a tomb
 The dead Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force
 To hold our God in vain;
 The sleeping Conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, almighty Lord,
 These sacred hours we pay;
 And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 The triumph of the day.

[Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King;
 Let heav'n, and earth, and rocks, and seas,
 With glad hosannahs ring.]

HYMN 73

C. M.

Doubts scattered; or, Spiritual joy restored.

Hence from my soul, sad thoughts, begone,
 And leave me to my joys;
 My tongue shall triumph in my God,
 And make a joyful noise.



Darkness and doubts had veiled my mind,
 And drowned my head in tears,
 Till sovereign grace with shining rays
 Dispelled my gloomy fears.

O what immortal joys I felt,
 And raptures all divine,
 When Jesus told me I was his,
 And my Beloved mine!

In vain the tempter frights my soul,
 And breaks my peace in vain;
 One glimpse, dear Savior, of thy face
 Revives my joys again.

HYMN 74

S. M.

Repentance from a sense of Divine goodness.

Is this the kind return,
 And these the thanks we owe,
 Thus to abuse eternal love,
 Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
 Has sin reduced our mind!
 What strange rebellious wretches we,
 And God as strangely kind!

[On us he bids the sun
 Shed his reviving rays;
 For us the skies their circles run,
 To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their God,
 And bow their necks to men;
 But we, more base, more brutish things,
 Reject his easy reign.]

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
 And mold our souls afresh;
 Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
 And give us hearts of flesh.

Let old ingratitude

Provoke our weeping eyes,
 And hourly as new mercies fall
 Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN 75



C. M.
 Spiritual and eternal joys; or, The beatific sight of Christ.

From thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

The holy triumphs of my soul
 Shall death itself outbrave,
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.

There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heav'n's unmeasured space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.

Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of thy love.

[Sweet Jesus, every smile of thine
 Shall fresh endearments bring;
 And thousand tastes of new delight
 From all thy graces spring.

Haste, my Beloved, fetch my soul
 Up to thy blest abode;
 Fly, for my spirit longs to see
 My Savior and my God.]

HYMN 76

C. M.
 The resurrection and ascension of Christ.



Hosannah to the Prince of light,
 That clothed himself in clay,
 Entered the iron gates of death,
 And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the king of dread,
 Since our Immanuel rose;
 He took the tyrant's sting away,
 And spoiled our hellish foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
 And to his Father flies,
 With scars of honor in his flesh
 And triumph in his eyes.

There our exalted Savior reigns,
 And scatters blessings down;
 Our Jesus fills the middle seat
 Of the celestial throne.

[Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
 To reach his blest abode;
 Sweet be the accents of your songs
 To our incarnate God.]

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
 Your sweetest voices raise
 Let heav'n and all created things
 Sound our Immanuel's praise.]

HYMN 77

L. M.

The Christian warfare.



[Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on,
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain-Savior's gone.]

Hell and thy sins resist thy course,
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when he rose.]

[What though the prince of darkness rage,

And waste the fury of his spite,
 Eternal chains confine him down
 To fiery deeps and endless night.

What though thine inward lusts rebel,
 'Tis but a struggling gasp for life;
 The weapons of victorious grace
 Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.]

Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heav'nly gate;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

HYMN 78

C. M.

Redemption by Christ.

When the first parents of our race
 Rebelled and lost their God,
 And the infection of their sin
 Had tainted all our blood;

Infinite pity touched the heart
 Of the eternal Son;
 Descending from the heav'nly court,
 He left his Father's throne.

Aside the Prince of glory threw
 His most divine array,
 And wrapped his godhead in a veil
 Of our inferior clay.

His living power and dying love
 Redeemed unhappy men,
 And raised the ruins of our race
 To life and God again.

To thee, dear Lord, our flesh and soul
 We joyfully resign;

Bless'd Jesus, take us for thy own,
For we are doubly thine.

Thine honor shall for ever be
The business of our days;
For ever shall our thankful tongues
Speak thy deserved praise.

HYMN 79

C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.



Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, O amazing love!
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains;
Jesus hath freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

[In vain the baffled prince of hell
His cursed projects tries
We that were doomed his endless slaves
Are raised above the skies.]

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

[Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our souls are all on flame;
Hosannah round the spacious earth

To thine adored name.
 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne'er be told.]

HYMN 80

S. M.
 God's awful power and goodness.



O! the almighty Lord!
 How matchless is his power!
 Tremble, O earth, beneath his word,
 While all the heav'ns adore.

Let proud imperious kings
 Bow low before his throne:
 Crouch to his feet, ye haughty things,
 Or he shall tread you down.

Above the skies he reigns,
 And with amazing blows
 He deals insufferable pains
 On his rebellious foes.

Yet, everlasting God,
 We love to speak thy praise;
 Thy sceptre's equal to thy rod,
 The sceptre of thy grace.

The arms of mighty love
 Defend our Zion well:
 And heav'nly mercy walls us round
 From Babylon and hell.

Salvation to the King
 That sits enthroned above!
 Thus we adore the God of might,
 And bless the God of love.

HYMN 81

C. M.

Our sin the cause of Christ's death.



And now the scales have left mine eyes,
 Now I begin to see:
 Oh the cursed deeds my sins have done!
 What murd'rous things they be!

Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
 That thy fair body tore?
 Monsters, that stained those heav'nly limbs
 With floods of purple gore!

Was it for crimes that I had done
 My dearest Lord was slain,
 When justice seized God's only Son,
 And put his soul to pain?

Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,
 I'll wound my God no more:
 Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,
 For Jesus I adore.

Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms
 From grace's magazine,
 And I'll proclaim eternal war
 With every darling sin.

HYMN 82

C. M.

Redemption and protection from spiritual enemies.

Arise, my soul, my joyful powers,
 And triumph in my God;
 Awake, my voice, and loud proclaim
 His glorious grace abroad.

He raised me from the deeps of sin,
 The gates of gaping hell,
 And fixed my standing more secure
 Than 'twas before I fell.

The arms of everlasting love
 Beneath my soul he placed;
 And on the Rock of ages set
 My slipp'ry footsteps fast.

The city of my blest abode
 Is wailed around with grace,
 Salvation for a bulwark stands
 To shield the sacred place.

Satan may vent his sharpest spite,
 And all his legions roar;
 Almighty mercy guards my life,
 And bounds his raging power.

Arise, my soul; awake, my voice,
 And tunes of pleasure sing;
 Loud hallelujahs shall address
 My Savior and my King.

HYMN 83



C. M.
 The passion and exaltation of Christ.

Thus saith the Ruler of the skies:
 "Awake, my dreadful sword;
 Awake, my wrath, and smite the man,
 My fellow," saith the Lord.

Vengeance received the dread command,
 And armed, down she flies;
 Jesus submits t' his Father's hand,
 And bows his head and dies.

But O! the wisdom and the grace
 That join with vengeance now!
 He dies to save our guilty race,
 And yet he rises too.

A person so divine was he
 Who yielded to be slain,
 That he could give his soul away,
 And take his life again.

Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
 Let every nation sing;
 And angels sound with endless joy
 The Savior and the King.

HYMN 84

S. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.



Come, all harmonious tongues,
 Your noblest music bring;
 'Tis Christ the everlasting God,
 And Christ the man, we sing.

Tell how he took our flesh,
 To take away our guilt;
 Sing the dear drops of sacred blood
 That hellish monsters spilt.

[Alas! the cruel spear
 Went deep into his side,
 And the rich flood of purple gore
 Their murd'rous weapons dyed.]

[The waves of swelling grief
 Did o'er his bosom roll,
 And mountains of Almighty wrath
 Lay heavy on his soul.]

Down to the shades of death
 He bowed his awful head;
 Yet he arose to live and reign
 When death itself is dead.

No more the bloody spear,
 The cross and nails no more
 For hell itself shakes at his name,
 And all the heav'ns adore.

There the Redeemer sits
 High on the Father's throne;
 The Father lays his vengeance by,
 And smiles upon his Son.

There his full glories shine
 With uncreated rays,
 And bless his saints' and angels' eyes
 To everlasting days.

HYMN 85

C. M.

Sufficiency of pardon.



Why does your face, ye humble souls,
 Those mournful colors wear?
 What doubts are these that waste your faith,
 And nourish your despair?

What though your num'rous sins exceed
 The stars that fill the skies,
 And aiming at th' eternal throne,
 Like pointed mountains rise:

What though your mighty guilt beyond
 The wide creation swell,
 And has its cursed foundations laid
 Low as the deeps of hell:

See here an endless ocean flows
 Of never-failing grace;
 Behold a dying Savior's veins
 The sacred flood increase.

It rises high, and drowns the hills,
 Has neither shore nor bound:
 Now, if we search to find our sins,
 Our sins can ne'er be found.

Awake, our hearts, adore the grace
 That buries all our faults;
 And pard'ning blood, that swells above
 Our follies and our thoughts.

HYMN 86

C. M.

Freedom from sin and misery in heaven.

Our sins, alas, how strong they be!
 And like a violent sea,
 They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
 And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they rise!

How loud the tempests roar!
 But death shall land our weary souls
 Safe on the heav'nly shore.

There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
 Our speedy feet shall move
 No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
 Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tell
 The wonders of his grace,
 Till heav'nly raptures fire our hearts,
 And smile in every face.

For ever his dear sacred name
 Shall dwell upon our tongue,
 And Jesus and salvation be
 The close of every song.

HYMN 87

C. M.

The Divine glories above our reason.



How wondrous great, how glorious bright,
 Must our Creator be,
 Who dwells amidst the dazzling light
 Of vast infinity!

Our soaring spirits upwards rise
 Toward the celestial throne;
 Fain would we see the blessed Three,
 And the Almighty One.

Our reason stretches all its wings,
 And climbs above the skies;
 But still how far beneath thy feet
 Our grov'ling reason lies!

[Lord, here we bend our humble souls,
 And awfully adore;
 For the weak pinions of our mind
 Can stretch a thought no more.]

Thy glories infinitely rise
 Above our lab'ring tongue;

In vain the highest seraph tries
To form an equal song.

[In humble notes our faith adores
The great mysterious King,
While angels strain their nobler powers,
And sweep the immortal string.]

HYMN 88

C. M.
Salvation.

Salvation! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise by grace Divine
To see a heav'nly day.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN 89



C. M.
Christ's victory over Satan.

Hosannah to our conquering King!
The prince of darkness flies;
His troops rush headlong down to hell,
Like lightning from the skies.

There, bound in chains, the lions roar,
And fright the rescued sheep;
But heavy bars confine their power
And malice to the deep.

Hosannah to our conquering King!

All hail, incarnate love!
 Ten thousand songs and glories wait
 To crown thy head above.

Thy victories and thy deathless fame
 Through the wide world shall run,
 And everlasting ages sing
 The triumphs thou hast won.

HYMN 90

C. M.

Faith in Christ for pardon and sanctification.



How sad our state by nature is!
 Our sin, how deep it stains!
 And Satan binds our captive minds
 Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word:
 "Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust upon the Lord."

My soul obeys th' almighty call,
 And runs to this relief;
 I would believe thy promise, Lord;
 O help my unbelief!

[To the dear fountain of thy blood,
 Incarnate God, I fly;
 Here let me wash my spotted soul
 From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King
 My reigning sins subdue;
 Drive the old dragon from his seat,
 With all his hellish crew.]

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
 On thy kind arms I fall;
 Be thou my strength and righteousness,
 My Jesus, and my all.

HYMN 91

L. M.

The glory of Christ in heaven.



O! the delights, the heav'nly joys,
 The glories of the place,
 Where Jesus sheds the brightest beams
 Of his o'erflowing grace!

Sweet majesty and awful love
 Sit smiling on his brow;
 And all the glorious ranks above
 At humble distance bow.

[Princes to his imperial name
 Bend their bright sceptres down;
 Dominions, thrones, and powers rejoice
 To see him wear the crown.

Archangels sound his lofty praise
 Through every heav'nly street,
 And lay their highest honors down
 Submissive at his feet.

Those soft, those blessed feet of his,
 That once rude iron tore,
 High on a throne of light they stand,
 And all the saints adore.

His head, the dear majestic head
 That cruel thorns did wound,
 See what immortal glories shine,
 And circle it around!]

This is the man, th' exalted man,
 Whom we unseen adore;
 But when our eyes behold his face,
 Our hearts shall love him more.

[Lord, how our souls are all on fire
 To see thy bless'd abode!
 Our tongues rejoice in tunes of praise
 To our incarnate God!

And while our faith enjoys this sight,
 We long to leave our clay,
 And wish thy fiery chariots, Lord,
 To fetch our souls away.]

HYMN 92

C. M.

The church saved, and her enemies disappointed.

[composed for the 5th of November, 1694.]



Shout to the Lord, and let our joys
 Through the whole nation run;
 Ye British skies, resound the noise
 Beyond the rising sun.

Thee, mighty God, our souls admire,
 Thee our glad voices sing,
 And join with the celestial choir
 To praise th' eternal King.

Thy power the whole creation rules,
 And on the starry skies
 Sits smiling at the weak designs
 Thine envious foes devise.

Thy scorn derides their feeble rage,
 And with an awful frown
 Flings vast confusion on their plots,
 And shakes their Babel down.

[Their secret fires in caverns lay,
 And we the sacrifice;
 But gloomy caverns strove in vain
 To 'scape all-searching eyes.

Their dark designs were all revealed,
 Their treasons all betrayed:
 Praise to the God that broke the snare
 Their cursed hands had laid.]

In vain the busy sons of hell
 Still new rebellions try,
 Their souls shall pine with envious rage,
 And vex away and die.

Almighty grace defends our land
 From their malicious power;
 Let Britain with united songs
 Almighty grace adore.

HYMN 93

S. M.

God all, and in all. Psa. 73:25



My God, my life, my love!
 To thee, to thee I call;
 I cannot live if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.

[Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell:
 'Tis paradise when thou art here;
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.]

[The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine embrace,
 And no where else but there.]

[To thee, and thee alone,
 The angels owe their bliss
 They sit around thy gracious throne,
 And dwell where Jesus is.]

[Not all the harps above
 Can make a heav'nly place,
 If God his residence remove,
 Or but conceal his face.]

Nor earth, nor all the sky,
 Can one delight afford,
 No, not a drop of real joy,
 Without thy presence, Lord.

Thou art the sea of love
 Where all my pleasures roll,
 The circle where my passions move,
 And center of my soul.

[To thee my spirits fly
 With infinite desire;
 And yet how far from thee I lie!
 Dear Jesus, raise me higher.]

HYMN 94

C. M.

God my only happiness. Psa. 73:25

My God, my portion, and my love,
 My everlasting all!
 I've none but thee in heav'n above,
 Or on this earthly ball.

[What empty things are all the skies,
 And this inferior clod!
 There's nothing here deserves my joys,
 There's nothing like my God.]

[In vain the bright, the burning sun
 Scatters his feeble light;
 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon;
 If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

And whilst upon my restless bed,
 Amongst the shades I roll,
 If my Redeemer shows his head,
 'Tis morning with my soul.]

To thee we owe our wealth, and friends,
 And health, and safe abode:
 Thanks to thy name for meaner things,
 But they are not my God.

How vain a toy is glitt'ring wealth,
 If once compared to thee!
 Or what's my safety, or my health,
 Or all my friends to me?

Were I possessor of the earth,
 And called the stars my own,
 Without thy graces and thyself
 I were a wretch undone.

Let others stretch their arms like seas
 And grasp in all the shore,
 Grant me the visits of thy face,
 And I desire no more.

HYMN 95

C. M.

Look on him whom they pierced, and mourn.

Infinite grief! amazing woe!
 Behold my bleeding Lord!
 Hell and the Jews conspired his death,
 And used the Roman sword.

O, the sharp pangs of smarting pain
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty whips and ragged thorns
 His sacred body tore!

But knotty whips and ragged thorns
 In vain do I accuse;
 In vain I blame the Roman bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.

'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.

'Twere you that pulled the vengeance down
 Upon his guiltless head:
 Break, break, my heart! O burst, mine eyes!
 And let my sorrows bleed.

Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissembled woe.

HYMN 96

C. M.

Distinguishing love; or, Angels punished and man saved.



Down headlong from their native skies
 The rebel angels fell,
 And thunderbolts of flaming wrath
 Pursued them deep to hell.

Down from the top of earthly bliss

Rebellious man was hurled,
 And Jesus stooped beneath the grave
 To reach a sinking world.

O love of infinite degree!
 Unmeasurable grace!
 Must heav'n's eternal darling die,
 To save a trait'rous race?

Must angels sink for ever down,
 And burn in quenchless fire,
 While God forsakes his shining throne
 To raise us wretches higher?

O for this love let earth and skies
 With hallelujahs ring,
 And the full choir of human tongues
 All hallelujahs sing.

HYMN 97

L. M.

Distinguishing love; or, Angels punished and man saved.

From heav'n the sinning angels fell,
 And wrath and darkness chained them down;
 But man, vile man, forsook his bliss,
 And mercy lifts him to a crown.

Amazing work of sovereign grace
 That could distinguish rebels so!
 Our guilty treasons called aloud
 For everlasting fetters too.

To thee, to thee, Almighty Love,
 Our souls, ourselves, our all we pay:
 Millions of tongues shall sound thy praise
 On the bright hills of heav'nly day.

HYMN 98

C. M.

Hardness of heart complained of.



My heart, how dreadful hard it is!
 How heavy here it lies!
 Heavy and cold within my breast,
 Just like a rock of ice!

Sin, like a raging tyrant, sits
 Upon this flinty throne,
 And every grace lies buried deep
 Beneath this heart of stone.

How seldom do I rise to God,
 Or taste the joys above!
 This mountain presses down my faith,
 And chills my flaming love.

When smiling mercy courts my Soul
 With all its heav'nly charms,
 This stubborn, this relentless thing
 Would thrust it from my arms.

Against the thunders of thy word
 Rebellious I have stood;
 My heart, it shakes not at the wrath
 And terrors of a God.

Dear Savior, steep this rock of mine
 In thine own crimson sea!
 None but a bath of blood divine
 Can melt the flint away.

HYMN 99

C. M.

The book of God's decrees.



Let the whole race of creatures lie
 Abased before their God;
 Whate'er his sovereign voice has formed
 He governs with a nod.

[Ten thousand ages ere the skies
 Were into motion brought,
 All the long years and worlds to come
 Stood present to his thought.

There's not a sparrow or a worm

But's found in his decrees;
 He raises monarchs to their throne,
 And sinks them as he please.]

If light attends the course I run,
 'Tis he provides those rays;
 And 'tis his hand that hides my sun,
 If darkness clouds my days.

Yet I would not be much concerned,
 Nor vainly long to see
 The volume of his deep decrees,
 What months are writ for me.

When he reveals the book of life,
 O may I read my name
 Amongst the chosen of his love,
 The followers of the Lamb!

HYMN 100

L. M.

The presence of Christ is the life of my soul.



[How full of anguish is the thought,
 How it distracts and tears my heart,
 If God, at last, my sovereign Judge,
 Should frown, and bid my soul "Depart!"]

Lord, when I quit this earthly stage,
 Where shall I fly but to thy breast?
 For I have sought no other home;
 For I have learned no other rest.

I cannot live contented here
 Without some glimpses of thy face;
 And heav'n, without thy presence there,
 Would be a dark and tiresome place.

When earthly cares engross the day,
 And hold my thoughts aside from thee,
 The shining hours of cheerful light
 Are long and tedious years to me.

And if no evening visit's paid
 Between my Savior and my soul,

How dull the night! how sad the shade!
How mournfully the minutes roll!

This flesh of mine might learn as soon
To live, yet part with all my blood;
To breathe when vital air is gone,
Or thrive and grow without my food.

[Christ is my light, my life, my care,
My blessed hope, my heav'nly prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.]

[The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off
But they can never, never part
With their dear hold of Christ my love.]

[My God! and can an humble child,
That loves thee with a flame so high,
Be ever from thy face exiled,
Without the pity of thine eye?

Impossible!-for thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to thee;
And in thy book the promise stands,
That where thou art thy friends must be.]

HYMN 101

C. M.

The world's three chief temptations.



When in the light of faith divine
We look on things below,
Honor, and gold, and sensual joy,
How vain and dangerous too!

[Honor's a puff of noisy breath;
Yet men expose their blood,
And venture everlasting death,
To gain that airy good.

Whilst others starve the nobler mind,
And feed on shining dust,
They rob the serpent of his food

T' indulge a sordid lust.]

The pleasures that allure our sense
 Are dangerous snares to souls;
 There's but a drop of flatt'ring sweet,
 And dashed with bitter bowls.

God is mine all-sufficient good,
 My portion and my choice;
 In him my vast desires are filled,
 And all my powers rejoice.

In vain the world accosts my ear,
 And tempts my heart anew;
 I cannot buy your bliss so dear,
 Nor part with heav'n for you.

HYMN 102

L. M.

A happy resurrection.

No, I'll repine at death no more,
 But with a cheerful gasp resign
 To the cold dungeon of the grave
 These dying, with'ring limbs of mine.

Let worms devour my wasting flesh,
 And crumble all my bones to dust,
 My God shall raise my frame anew
 At the revival of the just.

Break, sacred morning, through the skies,
 Bring that delightful, dreadful day;
 Cut short the hours, dear Lord, and come;
 Thy ling'ring wheels, how long they stay!

[Our weary spirits faint to see
 The light of thy returning face,
 And hear the language of those lips,
 Where God has shed his richest grace.]

[Haste, then, upon the wings of love,
 Rouse all the pious sleeping clay,
 That we may join in heav'nly joys,
 And sing the triumph of the day.]

HYMN 103

C. M.

Christ's commission. John 3:16,17



Come, happy souls, approach your God
 With new melodious songs;
 Come, tender to almighty grace
 The tribute of your tongues.

So strange, so boundless was the love
 That pitied dying men,
 The Father sent his equal Son
 To give them life again.

Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
 With a revenging rod,
 No hard commission to perform
 The vengeance of a God.

But all was mercy, all was mild,
 And wrath forsook the throne,
 When Christ on the kind errand came,
 And brought salvation down.

Here, sinners, you may heal your wounds,
 And wipe your sorrows dry;
 Trust in the mighty Savior's name,
 And you shall never die.

See, dearest Lord, our willing souls
 Accept thine offered grace;
 We bless the great Redeemer's love,
 And give the Father praise.

HYMN 104

S. M.

Reconciliation.



Raise your triumphant songs
 To an immortal tune;
 Let the wide earth resound the deeds
 Celestial grace has done.

Sing how eternal love

Its chief Beloved chose,
 And bid him raise our wretched race
 From their abyss of woes.

His hand no thunder bears,
 Nor terror clothes his brow;
 No bolts to drive our guilty souls
 To fiercer flames below.

'Twas mercy filled the throne,
 And wrath stood silent by,
 When Christ was sent with pardons down
 To rebels doomed to die.

Now, sinners, dry your tears,
 Let hopeless sorrow cease;
 Bow to the sceptre of his love,
 And take the offered peace.

Lord, we obey thy call;
 We lay an humble claim
 To the salvation thou hast brought,
 And love and praise thy name.

HYMN 105

C. M.

Repentance flowing from the patience of God.

And are we wretches yet alive?
 And do we yet rebel?
 'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
 That bears us up from hell!

The burden of our weighty guilt
 Would sink us down to flames;
 And threat'ning vengeance rolls above,
 To crush our feeble frames.

Almighty goodness cries, "Forbear!"
 And straight the thunder stays;
 And dare we now provoke his wrath,
 And weary out his grace?

Lord, we have long abused thy love,
 Too long indulged our sin;

Our aching hearts e'en bleed to see
 What rebels we have been.
 No more, ye lusts, shall ye command,
 No more will we obey;
 Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
 And drive thy foes away.

HYMN 106

C. M.

Repentance at the cross.



O, if my soul were formed for woe,
 How would I vent my sighs!
 Repentance should like rivers flow
 From both my streaming eyes.
 'Twas for my sins my dearest Lord
 Hung on the cursed tree,
 And groaned away a dying life
 For thee, my soul, for thee.
 O, how I hate those lusts of mine
 That crucified my God!
 Those sins that pierced and nailed his flesh
 Fast to the fatal wood!
 Yes, my Redeemer, they shall die,
 My heart has so decreed;
 Nor will I spare the guilty things
 That made my Savior bleed.
 Whilst, with a melting, broken heart,
 My murdered Lord I view,
 I'll raise revenge against my sins,
 And slay the murd'ers too.

HYMN 107

C. M.

The everlasting absence of God intolerable.



That awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

Thou lovely chief of all my joys,
 Thou sovereign of my heart!
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

[The thunder of that dismal word
 Would so torment my ear,
 'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
 With most tormenting fear.]

[What! to be banished from my life,
 And yet forbid to die!
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly!]

O, wretched state of deep despair!
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love.

Jesus, I throw my arms around,
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee
 My spirit cannot rest.

O, tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands;
 Show me some promise in thy book
 Where my salvation stands!

[Give me one kind assuring word
 To sink my fears again,
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.]

HYMN 108

C. M.

Access to the throne of grace by a mediator.



Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
 Up to the courts above,
 And smile to see our Father there
 Upon a throne of love.

Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
 And shot devouring flame
 Our God appeared "consuming fire,"
 And Vengeance was his name.

Rich were the drops of Jesus' blood
 That calmed his frowning face,
 That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
 And turned the wrath to grace.

Now we may bow before his feet,
 And venture near the Lord;
 No fiery cherub guards his seat,
 Nor double-flaming sword.

The peaceful gates of heav'nly bliss
 Are opened by the Son;
 High let us raise our notes of praise,
 And reach th' almighty throne.

To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
 Great Advocate on high;
 And glory to th' eternal King,
 That lays his fury by.

HYMN 109

L. M.

The darkness of Providence.

Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
 Th' obscure abyss of Providence,
 Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
 Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now thou array'st thine awful face
 In angry frowns, without a smile;
 We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
 Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress

We sail by faith, and not by sight;
 Faith guides us in the wilderness,
 Through all the briers and the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
 Resolve to scourge us here below,
 Still we must lean upon our God,
 Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

HYMN 110

S. M.

Triumph over death in hope of the resurrection.



And must this body die?
 This mortal frame decay?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay?

Corruption, earth, and worms
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

God my Redeemer lives,
 And often from the skies
 Looks down, and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

Arrayed in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And every shape, and every face,
 Look heav'nly and divine.

These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

HYMN 111

C. M.

Thanksgiving for victory; or, God's dominion and our deliverance.

Zion, rejoice, and Judah, sing,
 The Lord assumes his throne;
 Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
 And make his glories known.

The great, the wicked, and the proud,
 From their high seats are hurled;
 Jehovah rides upon a cloud,
 And thunders through the world.

He reigns upon th' eternal hills,
 Distributes mortal crowns,
 Empires are fixed beneath his smiles,
 And totter at his frowns.

Navies that rule the ocean wide
 Are vanquished by his breath;
 And legions armed with power and pride
 Descend to wat'ry death.

Let tyrants make no more pretence
 To vex our happy land;
 Jehovah's name is our defence,
 Our buckler is his hand.

[Long may the king, our sovereign, live,
 To rule us by thy word;
 And all the honors he can give
 Be offered to the Lord.]

HYMN 112

L. M.

Angels ministering to Christ and the saints.

Great God! to what glorious height
 Hast thou advanced the Lord thy Son!
 Angels, in all their robes of light,
 Are made the servants of his throne.

Before his feet their armies wait,

And swift as flames of fire they move
 To manage his affairs of state,
 In works of vengeance or of love.

His orders run through all their hosts,
 Legions descend at his command
 To shield and guard the British coasts,
 When foreign rage invades our land.

Now they are sent to guide our feet
 Up to the gates of thine abode,
 Through all the dangers that we meet
 In travelling the heav'nly road.

Lord, when I leave this mortal ground,
 And thou shalt bid me rise and come,
 Send a beloved angel down
 Safe to conduct my spirit home.

HYMN 113

C. M.

Angels ministering to Christ and the saints.



The majesty of Solomon,
 How glorious to behold!
 The servants waiting round his throne,
 The ivory and the gold!

But, mighty God! thy palace shines
 With far superior beams;
 Thine angel guards are swift as winds,
 Thy ministers are flames.

[Soon as thine only Son had made
 His entrance on this earth,
 A shining army downward fled
 To celebrate his birth.

And when, oppressed with pains and fears,
 On the cold ground he lies,
 Behold, a heav'nly form appears
 T' allay his agonies.]

Now to the hands of Christ our King
 Are all their legions giv'n;

They wait upon his saints, and bring
 His chosen heirs to heav'n.
 Pleasure and praise run through their host,
 To see a sinner turn;
 Then Satan has a captive lost,
 And Christ a subject born.
 But there's an hour of brighter joy,
 When he his angels sends
 Obstinate rebels to destroy,
 And gather in his friends.
 O! could I say, without a doubt,
 There shall my soul be found,
 Then let the great archangel shout,
 And the last trumpet sound.

HYMN 114

C. M.

Christ's death, victory, and dominion.



I sing my Savior's wondrous death,
 He conquered when he fell:
 "'Tis finished!" said his dying breath,
 And shook the gates of hell.
 "'Tis finished!" our Immanuel cries,
 The dreadful work is done;
 Hence shall his sovereign throne arise,
 His kingdom is begun.
 His cross a sure foundation laid
 For glory and renown,
 When through the regions of the dead
 He passed to reach the crown.
 Exalted at his Father's side
 Sits our victorious Lord;
 To heav'n and hell his hands divide
 The vengeance or reward.
 The saints, from his propitious eye,
 Await their several crowns
 And all the sons of darkness fly

The terror of his frowns.

HYMN 115

C. M.

God the avenger of his saints; or, his kingdom supreme.

High as the heav'ns above the ground
 Reigns the Creator, God;
 Wide as the whole creation's bound
 Extends his awful rod.

Let princes of exalted state
 To him ascribe their crown,
 Render their homage at his feet,
 And east their glories down.

Know that his kingdom is supreme,
 Your lofty thoughts are vain;
 He calls you gods, that awful name,
 But ye must die like men.

Then let the sovereigns of the globe
 Not dare to vex the just;
 He puts on vengeance like a robe,
 And treads the worms to dust.

Ye judges of the earth, be wise,
 And think of heav'n with fear;
 The meanest saint that you despise
 Has an avenger there.

HYMN 116

C. M.

Mercies and thanks.

How can I sink with such a prop
 As my eternal God,
 Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
 And spreads the heav'ns abroad?

How can I die while Jesus lives,
 Who rose and left the dead?



Pardon and grace my soul receives
From mine exalted Head.

All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be for ever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give
My cheerful hands resign.

Yet if I might make some reserve,
And duty did not call,
I love my God with zeal so great
That I should give him all.

HYMN 117

L. M.

Living and dying with God present

I cannot bear thine absence, Lord,
My life expires if thou depart;
Be thou, my heart, still near my God,
And thou, my God, be near my heart.

I was not born for earth or sin,
Nor can I live on things so vile;
Yet I would stay my Father's time,
And hope and wait for heav'n awhile.

Then, dearest Lord, in thine embrace
Let me resign my fleeting breath;
And with a smile upon my face,
Pass the important hour of death.

HYMN 118

L. M.

The priesthood of Christ.



Blood has a voice to pierce the skies,
"Revenge!" the blood of Abel cries;
But the dear stream when Christ was slain
Speaks peace as loud from every vein.

Pardon and peace from God on high;

Behold, he lays his vengeance by,
 And rebels that deserved his sword
 Become the favorites of the Lord.

To Jesus let our praises rise,
 Who gave his life a sacrifice;
 Now he appears before his God,
 And for our pardon pleads his blood.

HYMN 119

C. M.

The Holy Scriptures.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
 I fly to thee, my Lord,
 And not a glimpse of hope appears
 But in thy written word.

The volume of my Father's grace
 Does all my griefs assuage;
 Here I behold my Savior's face
 Almost in every page.

[This is the field where hidden lies
 The pearl of price unknown;
 That merchant is divinely wise
 Who makes the pearl his own.]

[Here consecrated water flows
 To quench my thirst of sin;
 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
 Nor danger dwells therein.]

This is the Judge that ends the strife
 Where wit and reason fail,
 My guide to everlasting life
 Through all this gloomy vale.

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
 My roving feet command;
 Nor I forsake the happy road
 That leads to thy right hand.

HYMN 120

S. M.

The law and gospel joined in Scripture.



The Lord declares his will,
 And keeps the world in awe;
 Amidst the smoke on Sinai's hill
 Breaks out his fiery law.

The Lord reveals his face,
 And smiling from above,
 Sends down the gospel of his grace,
 Th' epistles of his love.

These sacred words impart
 Our Maker's just commands;
 The pity of his melting heart,
 And vengeance of his hands.

[Hence we awake our fear,
 We draw our comfort hence;
 The arms of grace are treasured here,
 And armor of defence.

We learn Christ crucified,
 And here behold his blood;
 All arts and knowledges beside
 Will do us little good.]

We read the heav'nly word,
 We take the offered grace,
 Obey the statutes of the Lord,
 And trust his promises.

In vain shall Satan rage
 Against a book divine,
 Where wrath and lightning guard the page,
 Where beams of mercy shine.

HYMN 121

L. M.

The law and gospel distinguished.



The law commands, and makes us know
 What duties to our God we owe;
 But 'tis the gospel must reveal
 Where lies our strength to do his will.

The law discovers guilt and sin,
 And shows how vile our hearts have been;
 Only the gospel can express
 Forgiving love and cleansing grace.

What curses doth the law denounce
 Against the man that fails but once!
 But in the gospel Christ appears
 Pard'ning the guilt of num'rous years.

My soul, no more attempt to draw
 Thy life and comfort from the law;
 Fly to the hope the gospel gives;
 The man that trusts the promise lives.

HYMN 122

L. M.

Retirement and meditation.

My God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heav'nly birth?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Savior, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
 One sovereign word can draw me thence;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn,
 Let noise and vanity begone;
 In secret silence of the mind
 My heav'n, and there my God, I find.

HYMN 123

L. M.

The benefit of public ordinances.



Away from every mortal care,
 Away from earth, our souls retreat;
 We leave this worthless world afar,
 And wait and worship near thy seat.

Lord, in the temple of thy grace
 We see thy feet, and we adore;
 We gaze upon thy lovely face,
 And learn the wonders of thy power.

While here our various wants we mourn,
 United groans ascend on high;
 And prayer bears a quick return
 Of blessings in variety.

[If Satan rage, and sin grow strong,
 Here we receive some cheering word;
 We gird the gospel armor on
 To fight the battles of the Lord.

Or if our spirit faints and dies,
 (Our conscience galled with inward stings,)
 Here doth the righteous Sun arise
 With healing beams beneath his wings.]

Father! my soul would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side;
 But if my feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in my heart.

HYMN 124

C. M.

Moses, Aaron, and Joshua.

*Joshua, the same with Jesus, and signifies a Savior.

'Tis not the law of ten commands
 On holy Sinai giv'n,
 Or sent to men by Moses' hands,
 Can bring us safe to heav'n.

'Tis not the blood which Aaron spilt,
 Nor smoke of sweetest smell,
 Can buy a pardon for our guilt,
 Or save our souls from hell.

Aaron the priest resigns his breath
 At God's immediate will;
 And in the desert yields to death,
 Upon th' appointed hill.

And thus on Jordan's yonder side
 The tribes of Isr'el stand,
 While Moses bowed his head and died
 Short of the promised land.

Isr'el, rejoice, now Joshua* leads,
 He'll bring your tribes to rest;
 So far the Savior's name exceeds
 The ruler and the priest.

HYMN 125



L. M.
 Faith and repentance, unbelief and impenitence.

Life and immortal joys are giv'n
 To souls that mourn the sins they've done;
 Children of wrath made heirs of heav'n
 By faith in God's eternal Son.

Woe to the wretch that never felt
 The inward pangs of pious grief,
 But adds to all his crying guilt
 The stubborn sin of unbelief!

The law condemns the rebel dead,
 Under the wrath of God he lies;
 He seals the curse on his own head,
 And with a double vengeance dies.

HYMN 126

C. M.

God glorified in the gospel.



The Lord, descending from above,
Invites his children near,
While power, and truth, and boundless love,
Display their glories here.

Here in thy gospel's wondrous flame
Fresh wisdom we pursue;
A thousand angels learn thy name,
Beyond whate'er they knew.

Thy name is writ in fairest lines,
Thy wonders here we trace;
Wisdom through all the myst'ry shines,
And shines in Jesus' face.

The law its best obedience owes
To our incarnate God;
And thy revenging justice shows
Its honors in his blood.

But still the lustre of thy grace
Our warmer thoughts employs,
Gilds the whole scene with brighter rays,
And more exalts our joys.

HYMN 127

L. M.

Circumcision and baptism.

[Written only for those who practise the baptism of infants.]

Thus did the sons of Abram pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's cov'nant, and his love
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood,
Their children set apart for God
His Spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water poured upon the head.

Let every saint with cheerful voice
 In this large covenant rejoice;
 Young children in their early days
 Shall give the God of Abram praise.

HYMN 128

C. M.

Corrupt nature from Adam.



Blest with the joys of innocence
 Adam our father stood,
 Till he debased his soul to sense,
 And ate th' unlawful food.

Now we are born a sensual race,
 To sinful joys inclined;
 Reason has lost its native place,
 And flesh enslaves the mind.

While flesh, and sense, and passion reigns,
 Sin is the sweetest good;
 We fancy music in our chains,
 And so forget the load.

Great God! renew our ruined frame,
 Our broken powers restore,
 Inspire us with a heav'nly flame,
 And flesh shall reign no more.

Eternal Spirit! write thy law
 Upon our inward parts,
 And let the second Adam draw
 His image on our hearts.

HYMN 129

L. M.

We walk by faith, not by sight.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heav'n our home,

Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies,
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heav'nly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

So Abram, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And fired his zeal along the road.

HYMN 130

C. M.

The new creation.



Attend, while God's exalted Son
Doth his own glories show:
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

"Nature and sin are passed away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay,
See the new world arise.

"I'll be a Sun of Righteousness
To the new heav'ns I make;
None but the new-born heirs of grace
My glories shall partake."

Mighty Redeemer! set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new powers within.

Renew mine eyes, and form mine ears,
And mold my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

Far from the regions of the dead,
 From sin, and earth, and hell,
 In the new world that grace has made,
 I would for ever dwell.

HYMN 131

L. M.

The excellency of the Christian religion.



Let everlasting glories crown
 Thy head, my Savior and my Lord;
 Thy hands have brought salvation down,
 And writ the blessings in thy word.

[What if we trace the globe around,
 And search from Britain to Japan,
 There shall be no religion found
 So just to God, so safe for man.]

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
 Some solid ground to rest upon;
 With long despair the spirit breaks,
 Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree!
 How wise and holy thy commands!
 Thy promises, how firm they be!
 How firm our hope and comfort stands.

[Not the feigned fields of heath'nish bliss
 Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
 Nor does the Turkish paradise
 Pretend to joys so well refined.]

Should all the forms that men devise
 Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
 I'd call them vanity and lies,
 And bind the gospel to my heart.

HYMN 132

C. M.

The offices of Christ.

We bless the Prophet of the Lord
That comes with truth and grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy word
Shall lead us in thy ways.

We rev'rence our High Priest above,
Who offered up his blood,
And lives to carry on his love,
By pleading with our God.

We honor our exalted King;
How sweet are his commands!
He guards our souls from hell and sin
By his almighty hands.

Hosannah to his glorious name,
Who saves by different ways!
His mercies lay a sovereign claim
To our immortal praise.

HYMN 133

L. M.

The operations of the Holy Spirit



Eternal Spirit! we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by thine heav'nly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows thy voice,
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

HYMN 134

C. M.

Circumcision abolished.

The promise was divinely free,
 Extensive was the grace;
 "I will the God of Abram be,
 And of his num'rous race.

He said; and with a bloody seal
 Confirmed the words he spoke;
 Long did the sons of Abram feel
 The sharp and painful yoke.

Till God's own Son, descending low,
 Gave his own flesh to bleed;
 And Gentiles taste the blessing now,
 From the hard bondage freed.

The God of Abram claims our praise,
 His promises endure;
 And Christ, the Lord, in gentler ways,
 Makes the salvation sure.

HYMN 135

L. M.

Types and prophecies of Christ.



Behold the woman's promised Seed!
 Behold the great Messiah come!
 Behold the prophets all agreed
 To give him the superior room!

Abram, the saint, rejoiced of old
 When visions of the Lord he saw;
 Moses, the man of God, foretold
 This great fulfiller of his law.

The types bore witness to his name,
 Obtained their chief design, and ceased;
 The incense and the bleeding lamb,
 The ark, the altar, and the priest.

Predictions in abundance meet

To join their blessings on his head
 Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
 And nations own the promised Seed.

HYMN 136

L. M.

Miracles at the birth of Christ.

The King of Glory sends his Son
 To make his entrance on this earth;
 Behold the midnight bright as noon,
 And heav'nly hosts declare his birth!

About the young Redeemer's head
 What wonders and what glories meet!
 An unknown star arose, and led
 The eastern sages to his feet.

Simeon and Anna both conspire
 The infant Savior to proclaim;
 Inward they felt the sacred fire,
 And blessed the Babe, and owned his name.

Let Jews and Greeks blaspheme aloud,
 And treat the holy Child with scorn;
 Our souls adore th' eternal God,
 Who condescended to be born.

HYMN 137

L. M.

Miracles in the life, death, and resurrection of Christ.



Behold the blind their sight receive;
 Behold the dead awake and live;
 The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
 Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
 And seal the mission of the Son;
 The Father vindicates his cause,
 While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

He dies! the heav'ns in mourning stood;
 He rises, and appears a God:
 Behold the Lord ascending high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die!

Hence and for ever from my heart
 I bid my doubts and fears depart
 And to those hands my soul resign
 Which bear credentials so divine.

HYMN 138

L. M.

The power of the gospel.

This is the word of truth and love,
 Sent to the nations from above;
 Jehovah here resolves to show
 What his almighty grace can do.

This remedy did wisdom find
 To heal diseases of the mind;
 This sovereign balm, whose virtues can
 Restore the ruined creature, man.

The gospel bids the dead revive,
 Sinners obey the voice, and live;
 Dry bones are raised and clothed afresh,
 And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

[Where Satan reigned in shades of night
 The gospel strikes a heav'nly light;
 Our lusts its wondrous power controls,
 And calms the rage of angry souls.]

[Lions and beasts of savage name
 Put on the nature of the lamb,
 While the wild world esteem it strange,
 Gaze, and admire, and hate the change.]

May but this grace my soul renew,
 Let sinners gaze and hate me too!
 The word that saves me does engage
 A sure defence from all their rage.

HYMN 139

L. M.
The example of Christ.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God the Judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

HYMN 140

C. M.
The examples of Christ and the saints.

Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod

His zeal inspired their breast;
 And, following their incarnate God,
 Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise
 For his own pattern giv'n,
 While the long cloud of witnesses
 Show the same path to heav'n.

HYMN 141

C. M.

Faith assisted by sense; or, Preaching, baptism, and the Lord's supper.

My Savior God, my Sovereign Prince,
 Reigns far above the skies;
 But brings his graces down to sense,
 And helps my faith to rise.

My eyes and ears shall bless his name,
 They read and hear his word;
 My touch and taste shall do the same
 When they receive the Lord.

Baptismal water is designed
 To seal his cleansing grace,
 While at his feast of bread and wine
 He gives his saints a place.

But not the waters of a flood
 Can make my flesh so clean,
 As by his Spirit and his blood
 He'll wash my soul from sin.

Not choicest meats, or noblest wines,
 So much my heart refresh,
 As when my faith goes through the signs,
 And feeds upon his flesh.

I love the Lord that stoops so low
 To give his word a seal;
 But the rich grace his hands bestow
 Exceeds the figures still.

HYMN 142

S. M.

Faith in Christ our sacrifice.



Not all the blood of beasts
 On Jewish altars slain
 Could give the guilty conscience peace.
 Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our sins away;
 A sacrifice of nobler name
 And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
 On that dear head of thine,
 While, like a penitent, I stand,
 And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
 The burdens thou didst bear
 When hanging on the cursed tree,
 And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
 To see the curse remove;
 We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
 And sing his bleeding love.

HYMN 143

C. M.

Flesh and spirit.

What different powers of grace and sin
 Attend our mortal state
 I hate the thoughts that work within,
 And do the works I hate.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 While sin and Satan reign;
 Now raise my songs of triumph high,
 For grace prevails again.

So darkness struggles with the light

Till perfect day arise;
 Water and fire maintain the fight,
 Until the weaker dies.

Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
 And vex and break my peace;
 But I shall quit this mortal life,
 And sin for ever cease.

HYMN 144



L. M.

The effusion of the spirit; or, The success of the gospel.

Great was the day, the joy was great,
 When the divine disciples met;
 Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
 And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
 And power to kill, and power to save!
 Furnished their tongues with wondrous words,
 Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus armed, he sent the champions forth
 From east to west, from south to north
 "Go, and assert your Savior's cause;
 Go, spread the myst'ry of his cross.

These weapons of the holy war,
 Of what almighty force they are
 To make our stubborn passions bow,
 And lay the proudest rebel low!

Nations, the learned and the rude,
 Are by these heav'nly arms subdued;
 While Satan rages at his loss,
 And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
 I would be led in triumph too,
 A willing captive to my Lord,
 And sing the vict'ries of his word.

HYMN 145

C. M.

Sight through a glass, and face to face.



I love the windows of thy grace,
 Through which my Lord is seen,
 And long to meet my Savior's face
 Without a glass between.

Oh that the happy hour were come
 To change my faith to sight!
 I shall behold my Lord at home
 In a diviner light.

Haste, my Beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my powers be praise.

HYMN 146

L. M.

The vanity of creatures; or, No rest on earth.

Man has a soul of vast desires,
 He burns within with restless fires;
 Tossed to and fro, his passions fly
 From vanity to vanity.

In vain on earth we hope to find
 Some solid good to fill the mind;
 We try new pleasures, but we feel
 The inward thirst and torment still.

So when a raging fever burns,
 We shift from side to side by turns,
 And 'tis a poor relief we gain,
 To change the place, but keep the pain.

Great God, subdue this vicious thirst,
 This love to vanity and dust;
 Cure the vile fever of the mind,
 And feed our souls with joys refined.

HYMN 14

C. M.

The creation of the world. Gen. 1



"Now let a spacious world arise,"
 Said the Creator Lord:
 At once th' obedient earth and skies
 Rose at his sovereign word.

[Dark was the deep; the waters lay
 Confused, and drowned the land:
 He called the light; the new-born day
 Attends on his command.

He bids the clouds ascend on high;
 The clouds ascend, and bear
 A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
 And float on softer air.

The liquid element below
 Was gathered by his hand;
 The rolling seas together flow,
 And leave the solid land.

With herbs and plants, a flowery birth,
 The naked globe he crowned,
 Ere there was rain to bless the earth,
 Or sun to warm the ground.

Then he adorned the upper skies;
 Behold the sun appears;
 The moon and stars in order rise
 To make our months and years.

Out of the deep th' almighty King.
 Did vital beings frame,
 The painted fowls of every wing,
 And fish of every name.]

He gave the lion and the worm
 At once their wondrous birth;
 And grazing beasts of various form
 Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was framed of equal clay,
 Though sovereign of the rest
 Designed for nobler ends than they,
 With God's own image blest.

Thus glorious in the Maker's eye
 The young creation stood;
 He saw the building from on high,
 His word pronounced it good.

Lord, while the frame of nature stands,
 Thy praise shall fill my tongue;
 But the new world of grace demands
 A more exalted song.

HYMN 148



C. M.
 God reconciled in Christ

Dearest of all the names above,
 My Jesus, and my God,
 Who can resist thy heav'nly love,
 Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
 The Father smiles again;
 'Tis by thine interceding breath
 The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
 My thoughts no comfort find;
 The holy, just, and sacred Three
 Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
 My hope, my joy begins;
 His name forbids my slavish fear,
 His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
 And Greeks of wisdom boast,
 I love th' incarnate mystery,
 And there I fix my trust.

HYMN 149

C. M.

Honor to magistrates; or, Government from God.



Eternal Sovereign of the sky,
 And Lord of all below;
 We mortals to thy majesty
 Our first obedience owe.

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
 And bless thy providence,
 For magistrates of meaner name,
 Our glory and defence.

[The crowns of British princes shine
 With rays above the rest,
 Where laws and liberties combine
 To make the nation blest.]

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
 While virtue finds reward;
 And sinners perish from the land
 By justice and the sword.

Let Caesar's due be ever paid
 To Caesar and his throne;
 But consciences and souls were made
 To be the Lord's alone.

HYMN 150

C. M.

The deceitfulness of sin.

Sin has a thousand treach'rous arts
 To practise on the mind;
 With flatt'ring looks she tempts our hearts,
 But leaves a sting behind.

With names of virtue she deceives
 The aged and the young;
 And while the heedless wretch believes,
 She makes his fetters strong.

She pleads for all the joys she brings,
 And gives a fair pretence;
 But cheats the soul of heav'nly things,
 And chains it down to sense.

So on a tree divinely fair
 Grew the forbidden food;
 Our mother took the poison there,
 And tainted all her blood.

HYMN 151

L. M.

Prophecy and inspiration.



'Twas by an order from the Lord
 The ancient prophets spoke his word;
 His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
 And warmed their hearts with heav'nly fire.

The works and wonders which they wrought
 Confirmed the messages they brought;
 The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
 To save the holy words from death.

Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
 On the dear volume of thy book;
 There my Redeemer's face I see,
 And read his name who died for me.

Let the false raptures of the mind
 Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
 Here I can fix my hope secure;
 This is thy word, and must endure.

HYMN 152

C. M.

Sinai and Zion. Heb. 12:18ff

Not to the terrors of the Lord,
 The tempest, fire, and smoke;
 Not to the thunder of that word
 Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Zion's hill,
 The city of our God,
 Where milder words declare his will,

And spread his love abroad.
 Behold th' innumerable host
 Of angels clothed in light!
 Behold the spirits of the just,
 Whose faith is turned to sight!
 Behold the blest assembly there
 Whose names are writ in heav'n!
 And God, the Judge of all, declares
 Their vilest sins forgiv'n.
 The saints on earth and all the dead
 But one communion make;
 All join in Christ their living Head,
 And of his grace partake.
 In such society as this
 My weary soul would rest;
 The man that dwells where Jesus is
 Must be for ever blest.

HYMN 153

C. M.

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin



Sin, like a venomous disease,
 Infects our vital blood;
 The only balm is sovereign grace,
 And the physician, God.
 Our beauty and our strength are fled,
 And we draw near to death;
 But Christ the Lord recalls the dead
 With his almighty breath.
 Madness by nature reigns within,
 The passions burn and rage,
 Till God's own Son, with skill divine,
 The inward fire assuage.
 [We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,
 And solid good despise;
 Such is the folly of the mind,
 Till Jesus makes us wise.

We give our souls the wounds they feel,
 We drink the pois'nous gall,
 And rush with fury down to hell;
 But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

[The man possessed among the tombs
 Cuts his own flesh, and cries;
 He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,
 And the foul spirit flies.]

HYMN 154

L. M.

Self-righteousness insufficient.



"Where are the mourners," saith the Lord,
 "That wait and tremble at my word,
 That walk in darkness all the day?
 Come, make my name your trust and stay.

["No works nor duties of your own
 Can for the smallest sin atone
 The robes that nature may provide
 Will not your least pollutions hide.

"The softest couch that nature knows
 Can give the conscience no repose;
 Look to my righteousness and live;
 Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

"Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals
 With your own hands, to warm your souls
 Walk in the light of your own fire,
 Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

"This is your portion at my hands;--
 Hell waits you with her iron bands;
 Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,
 In death, in darkness, and despair."

HYMN 155

C. M.

Christ our passover.

Lo, the destroying angel flies
 To Pharaoh's stubborn land;
 The pride and flower of Egypt dies
 By his vindictive hand.

He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,
 Nor poured the wrath divine;
 He saw the blood on every door,
 And blessed the peaceful sign.

Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,
 To break the Egyptian yoke;
 Thus Isr'el is from bondage freed,
 And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too
 With blood so rich as thine,
 Justice no longer would pursue
 This guilty soul of mine.

Jesus our passover was slain,
 And has at once procured
 Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,
 And God's avenging sword.

HYMN 156

C. M.

Presumption and despair; or, Satan's various temptations.



I hate the tempter and his charms,
 I hate his flatt'ring breath;
 The serpent takes a thousand forms
 To cheat our souls to death.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,
 Or kills with slavish fear;
 And holds us still in wide extremes,
 Presumption or despair.

Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis
 To walk the road to heav'n;"
 Anon he swells our sins, and cries,
 "They cannot be forgiv'n."

[He bids young sinners "yet forbear
 To think of God, or death;
 For prayer and devotion are
 But melancholy breath."

He tells the aged, "they must die,
 "And 'tis too late to pray;
 In vain for mercy now they cry,
 For they have lost their day."]

Thus he supports his cruel throne
 By mischief and deceit,
 And drags the sons of Adam down
 To darkness and the pit.

Almighty God, cut short his power,
 Let him in darkness dwell
 And that he vex the earth no more,
 Confine him down to hell.

HYMN 157

C. M.

Satan's devices.



Now Satan comes with dreadful roar
 And threatens to destroy;
 He worries whom he can't devour
 With a malicious joy.

Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,
 Resist, and he'll begone;
 Thus did our dearest Lord engage
 And vanquish him alone.

Now he appears almost divine,
 Like innocence and love;
 But the old serpent lurks within
 When he assumes the dove.

Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,
 Ye sons of Adam, fly;
 Our parents found the snare too strong,
 Nor should the children try.

HYMN 158

L. M.

Few saved; or, The almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

Broad is the road that leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shows a narrower path,
 With here and there a traveller.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heav'nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteemed almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
 Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 159

C. M.

An unconverted state; or, Converting grace.



[Great King of glory and of grace,
 We own, with humble shame,
 How vile is our degen'rate race,
 And our first father's name.]

From Adam flows our tainted blood,
 The poison reigns within;
 Makes us averse to all that's good,
 And willing slaves to sin.

[Daily we break thy holy laws,
 And then reject thy grace;
 Engaged in the old serpent's cause,
 Against our Maker's face.]

We live estranged afar from God,

And love the distance well;
 With haste we run the dangerous road
 That leads to death and hell.

And can such rebels be restored?
 Such natures made divine?
 Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,
 And feel this power of thine.

We raise our Fathers name on high
 Who his own Spirit sends
 To bring rebellious strangers nigh,
 And turn his foes to friends.

HYMN 160

L. M.

Custom in sin.

Let the wild leopards of the wood
 Put off the spots that nature gives,
 Then may the wicked turn to God,
 And change their tempers and their lives.

As well might Ethiopian slaves
 Wash out the darkness of their skin,
 The deed as well might leave their graves,
 As old transgressors cease to sin.

Where vice has held its empire long,
 'Twill not endure the least control;
 None but a power divinely strong
 Can turn the current of the soul.

Great God! I own thy power divine
 That works to change this heart of mine;
 I would be formed anew, and bless
 The wonders of creating grace.

HYMN 161

C. M.

Christian virtues; or, The difficulty of conversion.



Strait is the way, the door is strait,
 That leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few that find the gate,
 While crowds mistake, and die.

Beloved self must be denied,
 The mind and will renewed
 Passion suppressed, and patience tried,
 And vain desires subdued.

[Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,
 Where it prevails and rules;
 Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,
 Lest they destroy our souls.

The love of gold be banished hence,
 That vile idolatry,
 And every member, every sense,
 in sweet subjection lie.]

The tongue, that most unruly power,
 Requires a strong restraint;
 We must be watchful every hour,
 And pray, but never faint.

Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
 Fulfil a task so hard?
 Thy grace must all my work perform,
 And give the free reward.

HYMN 162

C. M.

Meditation of heaven; or, The joy of faith.



My thoughts surmount these lower skies,
 And look within the veil;
 There springs of endless pleasure rise,
 The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,
 The blessed Three in One;
 And strong affections fix my sight
 On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,

His grace shall ne'er depart;
 He binds my name upon his arm,
 And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings;
 How short our sorrows are,
 When with eternal future things
 The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still
 To that celestial place,
 Where I for ever hope to dwell
 Near my Redeemer's face.

HYMN 163

C. M.

Complaint of desertion and temptations.

Dear Lord! behold our sore distress;
 Our sins attempt to reign;
 Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,
 And let thy foes be slain.

[The lion with his dreadful roar
 Affrights thy feeble sheep:
 Reveal the glory of thy power,
 And chain him to the deep.

Must we indulge a long despair?
 Shall our petitions die?
 Our mournings never reach thine ear,
 Nor tears affect thine eye?]

If thou despise a mortal groan,
 Yet hear a Savior's blood;
 An Advocate so near the throne
 Pleads and prevails with God.

He brought the Spirit's powerful sword
 To slay our deadly foes;
 Our sins shall die beneath thy word,
 And hell in vain oppose.

How boundless is our Father's grace,
 In height, and depth, and length!

He makes his Son our righteousness,
His Spirit is our strength.

HYMN 164



C. M.
The end of the world.

Why should this earth delight us so?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,
And every pleasure dies ?

While time his sharpest teeth prepares
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his power.

Nature shall be dissolved and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Savior's face.

When will that glorious morning rise?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the skies,
From underneath the ground?

HYMN 165

C. M.
Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.



Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain!

[My dear Almighty, and my God,

How little art thou known
 By all the judgments of thy rod,
 And blessings of thy throne!]

How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!

Great God! thy sovereign power impart
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation in my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.

[Show my forgetful feet the way
 That leads to joys on high;
 There knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.]

HYMN 166

C. M.
 The Divine Perfections.



How shall I praise th' eternal God,
 That infinite Unknown?
 Who can ascend his high abode,
 Or venture near his throne?

[The great Invisible! he dwells
 Concealed in dazzling light;
 But his all-searching eye reveals
 The secrets of the night.

Those watchful eyes that never sleep
 Survey the world around
 His wisdom is a boundless deep
 Where all our thoughts are drowned.]

[Speak we of strength? his arm is strong
 To save or to destroy;
 Infinite years his life prolong,
 And endless is his joy.]

[He knows no shadow of a change
 Nor alters his decrees;

Firm as a rock his truth remains
To guard his promises.]

[Sinners before his presence die;
How holy is his name!
His anger and his jealousy
Burn like devouring flame.]

Justice upon a dreadful throne
Maintains the rights of God;
While Mercy sends her pardons down,
Bought with a Savior's blood.

Now to my soul, immortal King!
Speak some forgiving word;
Then 'twill be double joy to sing
The glories of my Lord.

HYMN 167

L. M.

The Divine Perfections.



Great God! thy glories shall employ
My holy fear, my humble joy;
My lips in songs of honor bring
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

[Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his throne;
All nature hangs upon his word,
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

[His sovereign power what mortal knows?
If be command, who dares oppose?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[Who shall pretend to teach him skill,
Or guide the counsels of his will?
His wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[His name is holy, and his eye
Burns with immortal jealousy
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds

His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

[The beamings of his piercing sight
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;
Death and destruction naked lie,
And hell uncovered to his eye.]

[Th' eternal law before him stands;
His justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

[His mercy, like a boundless sea,
Washes our load of guilt away;
While his own Son came down and died
T' engage his justice on our side.]

[Each of his words demands my faith;
My soul can rest on all he saith;
His truth inviolably keeps
The largest promise of his lips.]

O tell me, with a gentle voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim
The brightest honors of thy name.

HYMN 168

L. M.

The Divine Perfections.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
 To be my Father and my Friend?
 Then let my songs with angels join;
 Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

HYMN 169



6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4

The Divine Perfections.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty:
 His glories shine
 With beams so bright,
 No mortal eye
 Can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law:
 And where his love
 Resolves to bless,
 His truth confirms
 And seals the grace.

Through all his ancient works
 Surprising wisdom shines,
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their cursed designs:
 Strong is his arm,
 And shall fulfil
 His great decrees,
 His sovereign will.

And can this mighty King
 Of glory condescend?
 And will he write his name,
 "My Father and my Friend?"
 I love his name,
 I love his word;
 Join all my powers

And praise the Lord.

HYMN 170

L. M.

God incomprehensible and sovereign.



[Can creatures to perfection find
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search his nature out?

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell
And what can mortals know or tell?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.

But man, vain man, would fain be wise;
Born like a wild young colt, he flies
Through all the follies of his mind,
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.]

God is a King of power unknown,
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dares oppose,
Or ask him why or what he does?

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole
He calms the tempest of the soul;
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent, and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

These are a portion of his ways;
But who shall dare describe his face?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand?

END OF BOOK II



Hymns, Book III

Prepared for the Holy Ordinance of the Lord's Supper

HYMN 1

L. M.

The Lord's supper instituted. 1 Cor. 11:23ff



'Twas on that dark, that doleful night
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake:
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."

[For us his flesh with nails was torn,
He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn;
And justice poured upon his head
Its heavy vengeance in our stead.

For us his vital blood was spilt,
To buy the pardon of our guilt,
When, for black crimes of biggest size,
He gave his soul a sacrifice.]

"Do this," he cried, "till time shall end,
In memory of your dying Friend;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Lord."

[Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,

We show thy death, we sing thy name,
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage supper of the Lamb.]

HYMN 2

S. M.

Communion with Christ, and with saints. 1 Cor. 10:16,17

[Jesus invites his saints
 To meet around his board;
 Here pardoned rebels sit and hold
 Communion with their Lord.

For food he gives his flesh,
 He bids us drink his blood;
 Amazing favor! matchless grace
 Of our descending God!]

This holy bread and wine
 Maintains our fainting breath,
 By union with our living Lord,
 And int'rest in his death.

Our heav'nly Father calls
 Christ and his members one;
 We the young children of his love,
 And he the first-born Son.

We are but several parts
 Of the same broken bread;
 One body hath its several limbs,
 But Jesus is the head.

Let all our powers be joined
 His glorious name to raise;
 Pleasure and love fill every mind,
 And every voice be praise.

HYMN 3

C. M.

The new testament in the blood of Christ; or, The new covenant sealed



"The promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good,"
 He said; and gave his soul to death,
 And sealed the grace with blood.

To this dear cov'nant of thy word
 I set my worthless name;
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.

Thy light, and strength, and pard'ning grace,
 And glory, shall be mine
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my powers, are thine.

I call that legacy my own
 Which Jesus did bequeath;
 'Twas purchased with a dying groan,
 And ratified in death.

Sweet is the memory of his name
 Who blessed us in his will,
 And to his testament of love
 Made his own life the seal.

HYMN 4

C. M.
 Christ's dying love; or, Our pardon bought at a dear price.



How condescending and how kind
 Was God's eternal Son!
 Our misery reached his heav'nly mind,
 And pity brought him down.

[When Justice, by our sins provoked,
 Drew forth its dreadful sword,
 He gave his soul up to the stroke
 Without a murm'ring word.]

[He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne;
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
 But cost his heart a groan.]

This was compassion like a God,

That when the Savior knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great;
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor let his saints forget.

[Here we behold his bowels roll,
As kind as when he died;
And see the sorrows of his soul
Bleed through his wounded side.]

[Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love:
Hard is the wretch that never feels
One soft affection move.]

Here let our hearts begin to melt
While we his death record,
And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

HYMN 5

C. M.

Christ the bread of life. John 6:31,35,39.



Let us adore th' eternal Word,
'Tis he our souls hath fed:
Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
And thou th' immortal bread.

[The manna came from lower skies,
But Jesus from above,
Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
And rivers flow with love.

The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heav'nly bread;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.]

Blest be the Lord that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men;

And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath
While Jesus finds supplies;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

[Daily our mortal flesh decays,
But Christ our life shall come;
His unresisted power shall raise
Our bodies from the tomb.]

HYMN 6

L. M.

The memorial of our absent lord. John 16:16; Luke 22:19; John 14:3

Jesus is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not;
And carnal objects court our eyes,
To thrust our Savior from our thought.

He knows what wand'ring hearts we have,
Apt to forget his lovely face;
And, to refresh our minds, he gave
These kind memorials of his grace.

The Lord of life this table spread
With his own flesh and dying blood;
We on the rich provision feed,
And taste the wine, and bless the God.

Let sinful sweets be all forgot,
And earth grow less in our esteem
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

While he is absent from our sight,
'Tis to prepare our souls a place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly light,
And live for ever near his face.

[Our eyes look upwards to the hills
Whence our returning Lord shall come;
We wait thy chariot's awful wheels,

To fetch our longing spirits home.]

HYMN 7



L. M.

Crucifixion to the world by the cross of Christ. Gal. 6:14

When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

[His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree:
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.]

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN 8

C. M.

The tree of life



[COME, Jet us join a joyful tune,
To our exalted Lord,
Ye saints on high around his throne,
And we around his board.

While once upon this lower ground
Weary and faint ye stood,

What dear refreshments here ye found
From this immortal food!]

The tree of life, that near the throne
In heav'n's high garden grows,
Laden with grace, bends gently down
Its ever-smiling boughs.

[Hov'ring amongst the leaves there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love.]

['Tis a young heav'n of strange delight
While in his shade we sit;
His fruit is pleasing to the sight,
And to the taste as sweet.

New life it spreads through dying hearts,
And cheers the drooping mind;
Vigor and joy the juice imparts,
Without a sting behind.]

Now let the flaming weapon stand,
And guard all Eden's trees
There's ne'er a plant in all that land
That bears such fruits as these.

Infinite grace our souls adore,
Whose wondrous hand has made
This living branch of sovereign power
To raise and heal the dead.

HYMN 9

S. M.

The Spirit, the water, and the blood. 1 John 5:6.



[Let all our tongues be one
To praise our God on high,
Who from his bosom sent his Son
To fetch us strangers nigh.

Nor let our voices cease
To sing the Savior's name;
Jesus, th' ambassador of peace,

How cheerfully he came!
 It cost him cries and tears
 To bring us near to God;
 Great was our debt, and he appears
 To make the payment good.]

 [My Savior's pierced side
 Poured out a double flood;
 By water we are purified,
 And pardoned by the blood.

 Infinite was our guilt,
 But he, our Priest, atones;
 On the cold ground his life was spilt,
 And offered with his groans.]

 Look up, my soul, to him
 Whose death was thy desert,
 And humbly view the living stream
 Flow from his breaking heart.

 There, on the cursed tree,
 In dying pangs he lies,
 Fulfils his Father's great decree,
 And all our wants supplies.

 Thus the Redeemer came
 By water and by blood;
 And when the Spirit speaks the same,
 We feel his witness good.

 While the eternal Three
 Bear their record above,
 Here I believe he died for me,
 And seal my Savior's love.

 [Lord, cleanse my soul from sin
 Nor let thy grace depart;
 Great Comforter, abide within,
 And witness to my heart.]

HYMN 10

L. M.

Christ crucified, the wisdom and power of God.



Nature with open volume stands,
 To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
 And every labor of his hands
 Shows something worthy of a God.

But in the grace that rescued man
 His brightest form of glory shines;
 Here, on the cross, 'tis fairest drawn,
 In precious blood and crimson lines.

[Here his whole name appears complete;
 Nor wit can guess, nor reason prove,
 Which of the letters best is writ,
 The power, the wisdom, or the love.]

Here I behold his inmost heart,
 Where grace and vengeance strangely join,
 Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
 To make the purchased pleasure mine.

O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
 Where God the Savior loved and died
 Her noblest life my spirit draws
 From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

I would for ever speak his name,
 In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
 With angels join to praise the Lamb,
 And worship at his Father's throne.

HYMN 11

C. M.

Pardon brought to our senses.

Lord, how divine thy comforts are!
 How heav'nly is the place
 Where Jesus spreads the sacred feast
 Of his redeeming grace!

There the rich bounties of our God,
 And sweetest glories shine;
 There Jesus says that "I am his,
 And my Beloved's mine."

"Here," says the kind, redeeming Lord,

And shows his wounded side;
 "See here the spring of all your joys
 That opened when I died."

[He smiles, and cheers my mournful heart,
 And tells of all his pain;
 'All this," says he, "I bore for thee;"
 And then he smiles again.]

What shall we pay our heav'nly King
 For grace so vast as this?
 He brings our pardon to our eyes,
 And seals it with a kiss.

[Let such amazing loves as these
 Be sounded all abroad;
 Such favors are beyond degrees,
 And worthy of a God.]

To him that washed us in his blood
 Be everlasting praise;
 Salvation, honor, glory, power,
 Eternal as his days.]

HYMN 12



L. M.
 The gospel feast. Luke 14:16ff.

[How rich are thy provisions, Lord!
 Thy table furnished from above!
 The fruits of life o'erspread the board,
 The cup o'erflows with heav'nly love.

Thine ancient family, the Jews,
 Were first invited to the feast:
 We humbly take what they refuse,
 And Gentiles thy salvation taste.

We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
 And help was far, and death was nigh;
 But at the gospel-call we came,
 And every want received supply.

From the highway that leads to hell,
 From paths of darkness and despair,

Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy presence here.]

[What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the heav'n of his abode,
And to this wretched earth came down,
To bring us wand'rers back to God?

It cost him death to save our lives;
To buy our souls it cost his own;
And all the unknown joys he gives
Were bought with agonies unknown.

Our everlasting love is due
To him that ransomed sinners lost
And pitied rebels, when he knew
The vast expense his love would cost.]

HYMN 13



C. M.

Divine love making a feast and calling in the guests. Luke 14:17,22,23

How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

Here every bowl of our God
With soft compassion rolls;
Here peace and pardon bought with blood
Is food for dying souls.

[While all our hearts and all our songs
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cry with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"]

'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in
Else we had still refused to taste,

And perished in our sin.

[Pity the nations, O our God!
 Constrain the earth to come;
 Send thy victorious word abroad,
 And bring the strangers home.

We long to see thy churches full,
 That all the chosen race
 May with one voice, and heart, and soul,
 Sing thy redeeming grace.]

HYMN 14



L. M.

The song of Simeon; or, A sight of Christ makes death easy. Luke 2:28

Now have our hearts embraced our God,
 We would forget all earthly charms,
 And wish to die, as Simeon would,
 With his young Savior in his arms.

Our lips should learn that joyful song,
 Were but our hearts prepared like his
 Our souls still willing to be gone,
 And at thy word depart in peace.

Here we have seen thy face, O Lord,
 And viewed salvation with our eyes,
 Tasted and felt the living word,
 The bread descending from the skies.

Thou hast prepared this dying Lamb,
 Hast set his blood before our face,
 To teach the terrors of thy name,
 And show the wonders of thy grace.

He is our light; our morning star
 Shall shine on nations yet unknown;
 The glory of thine Isr'el here,
 And joy of spirits near thy throne.

HYMN 15

C. M.

Our Lord Jesus at his own table



[The memory of our dying Lord
Awakes a thankful tongue:
How rich he spread his royal board,
And blessed the food, and sung!

Happy the men that eat this bread;
But doubly blest was he
That gently bowed his loving head,
And leaned it, Lord, on thee.

By faith the same delights we taste
As that great favorite did;
And sit and lean on Jesus' breast,
And take the heav'nly bread.]

Down from the palace of the skies,
Hither the King descends:
"Come, my beloved, eat," he cries;
"And drink salvation, friends.

["My flesh is food and physic too,
A balm for all your pains;
And the red streams of pardon flow
From these my pierced veins."]

Hosannah to his bounteous love
For such a taste below!
And yet he feeds his saints above
With nobler blessings too.

[Come the dear day, the glorious hour,
That brings our souls to rest!
Then we shall need these types no more,
But dwell at th' heav'nly feast.]

HYMN 16

C. M.

The agonies of Christ.



Now let our pains be all forgot,
Our hearts no more repine;
Our suff'rings are not worth a thought,
When, Lord, compared with thine.

In lively figures here we see
 The bleeding Prince of love;
 Each of us hope, he died for me,
 And then our griefs remove.

[Our humble faith here takes her rise,
 While sitting round his board;
 And back to Calvary she flies,
 To view her groaning Lord.

His soul, what agonies it felt
 When his own God withdrew;
 And the large load of all our guilt
 Lay heavy on him too!

But the Divinity within
 Supported him to bear;
 Dying, he conquered hell and sin,
 And made his triumph there.]

Grace, wisdom, justice joined and wrought
 The wonders of that day;
 No mortal tongue, nor mortal thought,
 Can equal thanks repay.

Our hymns should sound like those above,
 Could we our voices raise;
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 And all our lives be praise.

HYMN 17

S. M.

Incomparable food; or, The flesh and blood of Christ.



[We sing th' amazing deeds
 That grace divine performs;
 Th eternal God comes down and bleeds
 To nourish dying worms.

This soul-reviving wine,
 Dear Savior, is thy blood;
 We thank that sacred flesh of thine
 For this immortal food.]

The banquet that we eat

Is made of heav'nly things;
 Earth has no dainties half so sweet
 As our Redeemer brings.

In vain had Adam sought
 And searched his garden round;
 For there was no such blessed fruit
 In all that happy ground.

Th' angelic host above
 Can never taste this food;
 They feast upon their Maker's love,
 But not a Savior's blood.

On us th' almighty Lord
 Bestows this matchless grace,
 And meets us with some cheering word,
 With pleasure in his face.

Come, all ye drooping saints,
 And banquet with the King;
 This wine will drown your sad complaints,
 And tune your voice to sing-

Salvation to the name
 Of our adored Christ!
 Through the wide earth his grace proclaim,
 His glory in the high'st.

HYMN 18

L. M.

Incomparable food; or, The flesh and blood of Christ.

Jesus! we bow before thy feet;
 Thy table is divinely stored;
 Thy sacred flesh our souls have eat,
 'Tis living bread; we thank thee, Lord!

And here we drink our Savior's blood;
 We thank thee, Lord, 'tis gen'rous wine
 Mingled with love; the fountain flowed
 From that dear bleeding heart of thine.

On earth is no such sweetness found,
 For the Lamb's flesh is heav'nly food;

In vain we search the globe around
For bread so fine, or wine so good.

Carnal provisions can at best
But cheer the heart, or warm the head;
But the rich cordial that we taste
Gives life eternal to the dead.

Joy to the Master of the feast;
His name our souls for ever bless;
To God the King, and God the Priest,
A loud hosannah round the place.

HYMN 19

L. M.

Glorying in the cross; or, Not ashamed of Christ crucified.



At thy command, our dearest Lord,
Here we attend thy dying feast;
Thy blood like wine adorns thy board,
And thine own flesh feeds every guest.

Our faith adores thy bleeding love,
And trusts for life in one that died
We hope for heav'nly crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucified.

Let the vain world pronounce it shame,
And fling their scandals on the cause;
We come to boast our Savior's name,
And make our triumphs in his cross.

With joy we tell the scoffing age,
He that was dead has left his tomb;
He lives above their utmost rage,
And we are waiting till he come.

HYMN 20

C. M.

The provisions of the table of our Lord.

Lord, we adore thy bounteous hand,

And sing the solemn feast,
Where sweet celestial dainties stand
For every willing guest.

[The tree of life adorns the board
With rich immortal fruit;
And ne'er an angry flaming sword
To guard the passage to 't.

The cup stands crowned with living juice,
The fountain flows above,
And runs down streaming for our use,
In rivulets of love.]

The food's prepared by heav'nly art,
The pleasures well refined
They spread new life through every heart,
And cheer the drooping mind.

Shout and proclaim the Savior's love,
Ye saints that taste his wine
Join with your kindred saints above,
In loud hosannahs join.

A thousand glories to the God
That gives such joy as this;
Hosannah! let it sound abroad
And reach where Jesus is.

HYMN 21

C. M.

The triumphal feast for Christ's victory over sin, and death, and hell.

[Come, let us lift our voices high,
High as our joys arise,
And join the songs above the sky,
Where pleasure never dies.

Jesus, the God that fought and bled,
And conquered when he fell;
That rose, and at his chariot-wheels
Dragged all the powers of hell.]

[Jesus, the God, invites us here
To this triumphal feast,



And brings immortal blessings down
 For each redeemed guest.]

The Lord! how glorious is his face!
 How kind his smiles appear!
 And O! what melting words he says
 To every humble ear!

"For you, the children of my love,
 It was for you I died;
 Behold my hands, behold my feet,
 And look into my side.

"These are the wounds for you I bore,
 The tokens of my pains,
 When I came down to free your souls
 From misery and chains.

["Justice unsheathed its fiery sword,
 And plunged it in my heart;
 Infinite pangs for you I bore,
 And most tormenting smart.

"When hell, and all its spiteful powers,
 Stood dreadful in my way,
 To rescue those dear lives of yours,
 I gave my own away.

"But while I bled, and groaned, and died,
 I ruined Satan's throne;
 High on my cross I hung, and spied
 The monster tumbling down.

"Now you must triumph at my feast,
 And taste my flesh, my blood;
 And live eternal ages blest,
 For 'tis immortal food."

Victorious God! what can we pay
 For favors so divine?
 We would devote our hearts away
 To be for ever thine.]

We give thee, Lord, our highest praise,
 The tribute of our tongues;
 But themes so infinite as these
 Exceed our noblest songs.

HYMN 22

L. M.

The compassion of a dying Christ.



Our spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
 O that our feeble lips could move
 In strains immortal as his name,
 And melting as his dying love!

Was ever equal pity found?
 The Prince of heav'n resigns his breath,
 And pours his life out on the ground,
 To ransom guilty worms from death.

[Rebels, we broke our Maker's laws
 He from the threat'nings set us free,
 Bore the full vengeance on his cross,
 And nailed the curses to the tree.]

[The law proclaims no terror now,
 And Sinai's thunder roars no more;
 From all his wounds new blessings flow,
 A sea of joy without a shore.

Here we have washed our deepest stains,
 And healed our wounds with heav'nly blood;
 Blest fountain! springing from the veins
 Of Jesus, our incarnate God.]

In vain our mortal voices strive
 To speak compassion so divine;
 Had we a thousand lives to give,
 A thousand lives should all be thine.

HYMN 23

C. M.

Grace and glory by the death of Christ.

Sitting around our Father's board,
 We raise our tuneful breath;
 Our faith beholds her dying Lord,
 And dooms our sins to death.]

We see the blood of Jesus shed,

Whence all our pardons rise
 The sinner views th' atonement made,
 And loves the sacrifice.

Thy cruel thorns, thy shameful cross,
 Procure us heav'nly crowns;
 Our highest gain springs from thy loss,
 Our healing from thy wounds.

O! 'tis impossible that we,
 Who dwell in feeble clay,
 Should equal suff'rings bear for thee,
 Or equal thanks repay.

HYMN 24

C. M.

Pardon and strength from Christ.



Father, we wait to feel thy grace,
 To see thy glories shine;
 The Lord will his own table bless,
 And make the feast divine.

We touch, we taste the heav'nly bread,
 We drink the sacred cup;
 With outward forms our sense is fed,
 Our souls rejoice in hope.

We shall appear before the throne
 Of our forgiving God,
 Dressed in the garments of his Son,
 And sprinkled with his blood.

We shall be strong to run the race,
 And climb the upper sky;
 Christ will provide our souls with grace,
 He bought a large supply.

[Let us indulge a cheerful frame,
 For joy becomes a feast;
 We love the memory of his name
 More than the wine we taste.]

HYMN 25

C. M.

Divine glories and our graces.



How are thy glories here displayed!
 Great God, how bright they shine,
 While at thy word we break the bread,
 And pour the flowing wine!

Here thy revenging justice stands,
 And pleads its dreadful cause;
 Here saving mercy spreads her hands,
 Like Jesus on the cross.

Thy saints attend with every grace
 On this great sacrifice;
 And love appears with cheerful face,
 And faith with fixed eyes.

Our hope in waiting posture sits,
 To heav'n directs her sight;
 Here every warmer passion meets,
 And warmer powers unite.

Zeal and revenge perform their part,
 And rising sin destroy;
 Repentance comes with aching heart,
 Yet not forbids the joy.

Dear Savior, change our faith to sight;
 Let sin for ever die;
 Then shall our souls be all delight,
 And every tear be dry.

HYMN 26**DOXOLOGIES.**

[I cannot persuade myself to put a full period to these Divine Hymns till I have addressed a special song of glory to God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Though the Latin name of it, *Gloria Patri*, be retained in our nation from the Roman church, and though there be some excesses of superstitious honor paid to the words of it, which may have wrought some unhappy prejudices in weaker Christians, yet

I believe it still to be one of the noblest parts of Christian worship. The subject of it is the doctrine of the Trinity, which is that peculiar glory of the Divine nature that our Lord Jesus Christ has so clearly revealed unto men, and is so necessary to true Christianity. The action is praise, which is one of the most complete and exalted parts of heavenly worship. I have cast the song into a variety of forms, and have fitted it, by a plain version, or a larger paraphrase, to be sung either alone or at the conclusion of another hymn. I have added also a few Hosannahs, or ascriptions of salvation to Christ, in the same manner, and for the same end.]

L. M.

A song of praise to the ever-blessed Trinity, God the Father, Son, and Spirit.

Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joy above,
And rills of comfort here below.

Glory to thee, great Son of God,
From whose dear wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.

We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, we adore;
That sea of life and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

HYMN 27

C. M.



Glory to God the Father's name,
Who from our sinful race
Chose out his favorites to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay;
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

Glory to God the Spirit give,

From whose almighty power
Our souls their heav'nly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

Glory to God that reigns above,
Th' eternal Three in One,
Who by the wonders of his love
Has made his nature known.

HYMN 28

S. M.

Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his first love derive
The ground of all their songs.

Ye saints, employ your breath
In honor to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death
By offering up his own.

Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.

While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardoned sin,
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.

To the great One in Three
That seal this grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

HYMN 29

L. M.

Glory to God the Trinity,
Whose name has mysteries unknown;



In essence One, in persons Three,
A social nature, yet alone.

When all our noblest powers are joined
The honors of thy name to raise,
Thy glories overmatch our mind,
And angels faint beneath the praise.

HYMN 30

C. M.

The God of mercy be adored,
Who calls our souls from death;
Who saves by his redeeming word,
And new-creating breath.

To praise the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, all divine,
The One in Three, and Three in One,
Let saints and angels join.

HYMN 31

S. M.

Let God the Maker's name
Have honor, love, and fear;
To God the Savior pay the same,
And God the Comforter.

Father of lights above,
Thy mercy we adore,
The Son of thine eternal love,
And Spirit of thy power.

HYMN 32

L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,

Be honor, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

HYMN 33

L. M.

All glory to thy wondrous name,
Father of mercy, God of love;
Thus we exalt the Lord, the Lamb,
And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.

HYMN 34



C. M.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

HYMN 35

C. M.

Honor to the Almighty Three
And everlasting One;
All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son.

HYMN 36

S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, love the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

HYMN 37

S. M.

Give to the Father praise,
 Give glory to the Son,
 And to the Spirit of his grace
 Be equal honor done.

HYMN 38

6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4

A song of praise to the blessed Trinity.



I give immortal praise
 To God the Father's love,
 For all my comforts here,
 And better hopes above:
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son
 To die for sins
 That man had done.

To God the Son belongs
 Immortal glory too,
 Who bought us with his blood
 From everlasting woe:
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the fruit
 Of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
 Immortal worship give,
 Whose new-creating power
 Makes the dead sinner live:
 His work completes
 The great design,
 And fills the soul
 With joy divine.

Almighty God! to thee
 Be endless honors done,
 The undivided Three,
 And the mysterious One:

Where reason fails
 With all her powers,
 There faith prevails
 And love adores.

HYMN 39

8,8,8,8,4,4,4,4



To him that chose us first,
 Before the world began;
 To him that bore the curse
 To save rebellious man;
 To him that formed
 Our hearts anew
 Is endless praise
 And glory due.

The Father's love shall run
 Through our immortal songs;
 We bring to God the Son
 Hosannahs on our tongues:
 Our lips address
 The Spirit's name
 With equal praise,
 And zeal the same.

Let every saint above,
 And angel round the throne,
 For ever bless and love
 The sacred Three in One;
 Thus heav'n shall raise
 His honors high,
 When earth and time
 Grow old and die.

HYMN 40

8,8,8,8,4,4,4,4

To God the Father's throne
 Perpetual honors raise;

Glory to God the Son,
 To God the Spirit praise:
 And while our lips
 Their tribute bring,
 Our faith adores
 The name we sing.

HYMN 41

8,8,8,8,4,4,4,4

To our eternal God,
 The Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, all divine,
 Three mysteries in One,
 Salvation, power,
 And praise be giv'n,
 By all on earth
 And all in heav'n.

HYMN 42

L. M.
 The Hosannah; or, Salvation ascribed to Christ

Hosannah to king David's Son,
 Who reigns on a superior throne;
 We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
 Who brings salvation down to earth.

Let every nation, every age,
 In this delightful work engage;
 Old men and babes in Zion sing
 The growing glories of her King.

HYMN 43

C. M.
 Hosannah to the Prince of grace;

Zion, behold thy King;
 Proclaim the Son of David's race,
 And teach the babes to sing.

Hosannah to th' incarnate Word,
 Who from the Father came;
 Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
 With blessings on his name.

HYMN 44

S. M.

Hosannah to the Son
 Of David and of God,
 Who brought the news of pardon down
 And bought it with his blood.

To Christ th' anointed King
 Be endless blessings giv'n;
 Let the whole earth his glory sing
 Who made our peace with heav'n.

HYMN 45

8,8,8,8,4,4,4,4



Hosannah to the King
 Of David's ancient blood!
 Behold, he comes to bring
 Forgiving grace from God:
 Let old and young
 Attend his way,
 And at his feet
 Their honors lay.

Glory to God on high,
 Salvation to the Lamb;
 Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 His wondrous love proclaim:
 Upon his head
 Shall honors rest,
 And every age

Pronounce him blest.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK

Addendum

To the

Electronic Edition

Other Hymns by Isaac Watts

HYMN 1

C. M.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?
 A follower of the Lamb,
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

Must I be carried to the skies
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to fight?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this dark world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

Sure, I must fight if I would reign
 Increase my courage, Lord.
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by Thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die;
 They see the triumph from afar
 By faith's discerning eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise
 And all Thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be Thine.



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 i.i.clxxxv-p0.19, i.i.clxxxvi-p0.19, i.i.clxxxvii-p0.19, i.i.clxxxviii-p0.19,
 i.i.cxc-p0.9, i.i.cxcii-p0.9, i.i.cxciii-p0.9, i.i.cxciv-p0.9, i.i.xc-p0.9,
 i.i.xci-p0.9, i.i.xcii-p0.9
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 i.i.clxxxi-p0.12, i.i.cxl-p0.8, i.i.cxxxix-p0.7, i.i.cxxxvi-p0.8, i.i.cxxxvii-p0.8,
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 i.i.xxxi-p0.15, i.i.xxxii-p0.15, i.i.xxxiii-p0.15, i.i.xxxiv-p0.16, i.i.xxxv-p0.15
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 i.i.ccxxlix-p0.6, i.i.ccxxlviii-p0.7
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 i.i.cxc-p0.10, i.i.cxcii-p0.10, i.i.cxciii-p0.10, i.i.cxciv-p0.10
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 i.i.clxxxiii-p0.20, i.i.clxxxiv-p0.21, i.i.clxxxix-p0.21, i.i.clxxxv-p0.21,
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-
- Gloria Patri
- PLIN. IN EPIST.
- Soliti assent (i. e. Christiani) convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere."

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